



WALKING DRESS.

N^o. 1 of the Ladies Book.

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THE
LADY'S BOOK
VOL. 1



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THE LADY'S BOOK.

THE LATEST ENGLISH FASHIONS.

From *La Belle Assemblée*.

EVENING DRESS.—A straw-coloured crape dress, over a gros de Naples slip to correspond. Corsage uni, cut low and square, and trimmed with a falling tucker of blonde de Cambray-Beret sleeve, finished en Manchette, with the same sort of lace; a nœud of gauze riband, to correspond in colour, is placed in front of the arm. The skirt is trimmed with a most superb flounce of blonde de Cambray, headed by a cluster of narrow rouleaus of satin to correspond with the dress. The trimming is raised a little, in the drapery style, on the left side, and adorned with two bouquets, each formed of a single flower, with buds and foliage. One of these bouquets terminates the trimming, where it is arranged in drapery; the other is placed at some distance below the first. The head-dress is a crape hat of a shade darker than the dress. The inside of the brim is finished next the face, in a very novel manner, with gauze riband. The crown is adorned with white feathers, placed in different directions, some of which pass through openings made in the brim, and partially shade it. The jewellery worn with this dress should be a mixture of gold and pearls.

SECOND EVENING DRESS.—A changeable gros de Naples dress; the colours blue, shot with white. The corsage is cut very low, sits close to the shape, and is ornamented in front of the bust in the fan style, with satin rouleaus to correspond with the dress. A trimming of rich fringe, the head of which is composed of beads, and the remaining part of chenille, goes round the bust. The ceinture fastens behind in a rosette, with a richly-wrought gold clasp in the centre. Beret sleeve, the shortest we have seen. A row of fringe, corresponding with that on the bosom, goes round the upper edge of the hem, which is of the usual depth. Head-dress, a beret of crape corresponding in colour with the skirt. This is of a perfectly novel form, ornamented with two panaches of white cock's feathers, one placed over the left temple, the other at the back of the head. A pearl ornament is fixed at the base of each panache. Gold neckchain, and Grecian brooch of gold and sapphires. White gros de Naples slippers en sandales.

WALKING DRESS.—A jaconet muslin gown; the corsage sets close to the shape, is made up to the throat and to fasten behind. Long sleeves of the usual fulness. The bottom of the skirt is cut in points; they are surmounted by a rich embroidery, over which is a pointed band to correspond with the bottom; another row of embroidery, also surmounted by points, completes the trimming. The pelisse worn over this dress

is of *gros de Tours*, colour *bleu de Berry*. The skirt is open before, so as to let the under dress be partially seen. A very rich embroidery in white floize silk adorns the fronts. The *corsage* sets close to the shape. The pelerine is of a large size, and consists of two falls, each of which is embroidered to correspond with the fronts. The sleeve is not altogether so wide as usual; it is finished at the wrist by a plain tight cuff, surmounted by an embroidery to correspond with the fronts, but considerably smaller. Head-dress, a *gros de Naples* bonnet; the colour is a new shade of *vapeur*. We refer to our print for the shape of this bonnet, which is equally novel and becoming. The trimming consists of a mixture of *nœuds* of gauze riband, and field flowers, arranged in profusion round the crown. The brim, wider on one side than the other, is decorated on the inside with *nœuds* of riband mingled with ends. The strings hang loose; full ruff of blond net; dark citron kid gloves; half boots, the lower part black kid, the upper dark citron *gros de Naples*, laced with blue; parasol of a large size.

From the *Lady's Magazine*.

FULL DRESS.—The skirt is of blonde gauze. The sleeves and flounce are richly figured with a white pattern; but the bouquets embroidered above the deep flounce are in the most delicate shades of white silk variously tinted. The fall round the bust is of French blonde. The corsage of white satin, made plain and tight to the shape both in the back and front. The beret sleeves, beneath those of blonde gauze, are of white satin, and exceedingly full. The long sleeves narrow a little towards the wrists, but were never made fuller at the top. The belt is of plain satin, corded at the edges. The hem of the white satin dress appears below the flounce; it is very much puffed, so as to give a great richness to the finish of the costume. The arrangement of the hair is new and beautiful; braids are wound over one high bow, with two folds. A delicate silver spring is the sole ornament of the head, excepting a long blonde scarf, which is gathered slightly on the top of the bows of hair, and falls on each side nearly as low as the knees. This head-dress is called *en barbe*, and the Parisian ladies have gradually increased the ends to this length. Necklace, earrings, and bracelets of wrought silver and gold. Bouquet of spring flowers.

DINNER DRESS.—The hat is of shot velvet, of a rich green; a rouleau passes round the edge, and is wound round with a silver or gold cord.—Figured gauze ribbons, and a white lancer plume.

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The agrafe seen from beneath the hat is of emeralds; so are the ear-rings, brooch, belt, clasp, and the slides of the belt are studded with small emeralds. The gown is made of soft gros de Naples; the colour, buff or camel's-hair brown. At the belt the corsage is cut rounding in front, very gracefully to the form. The belt is a piece of bias, green satin or velvet, clasped in front, and hanging down nearly to the feet in two long ends, finished by tassels; these ends are united twice by means of slides put on like those of a purse. The sleeves are separated in two divisions; they are finished by a fan-like cuff, turning back towards the arm. The skirt has no ornament but a deep hem. Green velvet bracelets, clasped with emeralds.

CARRIAGE DRESS.—Hat of Italian straw, trimmed with figured gauze ribbons, and two long white ostrich feathers. An embroidered muslin canezou spencer is buttoned down the front with delicately-wrought silver buttons; it has a double falling collar, worked with a wreath, and bordered by points; over the neck and breast the muslin is plaited in horizontal folds, and the shape is elegantly defined by lapels that turn back to the shoulder. The back is a little full at the lower part, but plain in the neck. Half-sleeve epaulettes, finished with rich vandykes, almost cover the beret sleeves of the dress. Ruffles at the elbow. The manchetts at the wrist are worked in

the same pattern. The gown is lavender gros de Naples, shot with mallow colour; the sleeves are very full at top, and strait to the lower arm. A twisted rouleau is the sole ornament at the bottom of the dress. The gaiters are white silk, and the shoes lavender-coloured morocco. Bracelets, chains, and clasps of silver.

WALKING DRESS.—The bonnet is made of soft gros de Naples, white shot with purple pink, which makes a beautiful and durable French white. The shape is new, and of that class which English ladies love to adopt, combining the modesty and elegance that are desirable in a morning bonnet. A large plume of wood hyacinths surmounts the crown, which is low and sloping forward. Much blonde is used among the bows, and rays of fluted lilac satin placed alternately with waved quillings of narrow blonde finish the inner front. The ribbons are lilac, and white striped gauze ribbon. A rouleau of silks is put round the front; wound with narrow lilac ribbon to match the trimmings. The dress is French green satin, vert de cour. A double cape trimmed with narrow green fringe, cut in a point on each shoulder, falls half down the full sleeves.—The bracelet and belt buckles are of silver worked in fillagree. The skirt of the dress is finished at the knees by a narrow fringe, put on a little waved. The boots and gloves are a pale fawn colour.

For the Lady's Book.

THE LEPER'S CONFESSION.

BY R. PENN SMITH.

And the Leper in whom the plague is, his clothes shall be rent, and his head bare, and he shall put a covering upon his upper lip, and shall cry, unclean, unclean.—All the days wherein the plague shall be in him he shall be defiled; he is unclean: he shall dwell alone; without the camp shall his habitation be.—*Leviticus.*

THE curse of heaven is on me.* It has pursued me from my birth, and will adhere to me until this body is mingled with its primitive dust. I brought it into the world with me, and there is no human skill can tear it off. It has turned the whole human race against me. My father fled when he first beheld me, and my mother, even while her heart yearned to press me to her breast, snatched her nipple from my boneless gums, and put me aside with horror. The natural channels

* Rhotaris, King of the Lombards, published an edict against lepers, by which they were considered dead in law, and enjoined not to come near to sound persons, but to apprise them of their approach, by making a noise with a wooden clapper. So early as the eighth century, St. Othmar, in Germany, and St. Nicholas de Corbie, in France, instituted leprous houses, which had been already numerous established in Italy. King Pepin, in 757, and Charles the Great, 780, issued ordinances, by which the marriages of lepers were dissolved, and their association with the healthy prohibited. In fact, a person afflicted with this disease, was treated as a dead body, funeral obsequies were performed, and masses said, for the benefit of his soul.

leading to the heart, have been closed up against me. I have been shut out from communion with mankind. My affections have been crushed, and weeds have sprung up from the soil where flowers would have blossomed. All have fled before me as from a living pestilence, and in my turn I have fled from all, even as Cain fled, fearing an enemy in all he met.

I was reared alone, as if I partook not of the privileges of my nature in common with the rest of my race. I had been taught to feel that even the air I breathed was upon the sufferance of those who were but mortals like myself. My heart was frozen in the first budding of its affections. My parents were but parents in name, and my brothers and sisters feared to acknowledge the ties of kindred with me. The cup I drank from was marked and no one touched it, and even the house dog was driven from the trencher that held my food; not for my sake but in pity to the dog. The days of my boyhood were passed in solitude, and at night, I have laid myself

down in my solitary hiding place, as the dog crawls to his kennel, and wept until the morning.

I left my father's house, for what was my father's house to me more than any other spot on earth. So far from finding my affliction soothed, by being near those whom nature bade me love, their aversion caused me to feel, in the utmost poignancy, the severity of my fate. I was goaded to madness, for my feelings were daily crushed under foot as heedlessly as the flowers that spring in the valley. My father's house became hell to me, and I left it, for I felt that even a Lazar house, compared to it would have been heaven.

I had attained the age of manhood when I went forth into the world. I sought a distant clime where both my person and name were unknown, and I changed my name, lest that might possibly lead to my identity. The marks of my fatal disease were now concealed beneath my clothing, and I mingled with mankind no longer a proscribed wretch, but felt like another being and rose from the earth regenerate. My heart was joyous and leaped at the sound of the glad voices of my fellow mortals. I admired the beauties that nature presented on all sides, as though they had been made for my enjoyment, and while I contemplated them, I ceased to remember that my hopes of happiness had been blighted never to put forth again.

In the enthusiasm of the moment I exclaimed, "this world must last forever. It is too beautiful a creation to have been made to be destroyed. As it was centuries ago it is at the present time; and as it is now it will remain through myriads of unborn ages. No external objects have heretofore influenced its course, nor have internal commotions affected in the slightest degree its movements. Its velocity is the same; its weight neither diminished nor increased, for we bring nothing into the world and nothing can we take out of it. Man in his pride may build, heap mountain upon mountain, until his works bear the same proportion to his hand, as the extended coral reef to the little insect that framed it, and still with all his toil he cannot add as much as the weight of a feather to the weight of the world. He may change the features of the works of nature, but the power of creation to the minutest degree is denied him. The influence of other spheres upon this globe is the same as when the Almighty hand first set the countless orbs in motion. Night follows day, and the various seasons still succeed each other in the order that it was first decreed. The earth has undergone no change in its products, for those plants that were indigenous still remain so, and those that were exotics ages ago will not yet spring spontaneously from the soil. The seed must first be scattered."

Thus I reasoned to convince myself that the world must last forever, and I wished it might be so, but experience soon taught me, that had the extent of its duration been pronounced, no matter how brief, it must have exceeded far the measure of my joys.

I mingled with the world, as I have said, and

appeared to enjoy what was passing, but like the felon who has escaped from prison, I lived in daily terror of detection. I watched the progress of my disease, and had it been the brand of a convict, I could not have contemplated it with greater horror. I lived in constant dread lest it should seize upon my face and hands, and render concealment longer impossible. If the indelible brand of guilt had been stamped upon me, I might have collected sufficient fortitude to brave the odium, for there is a recklessness too frequently attendant upon crime, which renders the offender insensible to the insults of the world, having forfeited its fair opinion—but I was innocent; I was persecuted for a misfortune in which I had no agency, and which was beyond my power to remedy, and the consciousness of this innocence, so far from imparting strength, weighed like a millstone on me, and my mind had not sufficient energy to cast it off. I suffered I knew not wherefore, but it was the will of heaven, and there was no relief.

I had now been so long in the habit of contemplating myself, and viewing my associates with the eye of suspicion, that I became contracted in my feelings, and lived for myself alone. How desolate is the human heart when it meets with no object upon which it can repose! it becomes the sepulchre of its better feelings, and as they decay, weeds and nettles spring up as about the monumental stone that marks the spot where beauty moulders.

My existence might be compared to the dream of a delirious wretch labouring under a raging fever. Nothing appeared in its true colours, and shadows struck as deep terror to my soul as their substance. A change came over me, and instead of admiring the glorious works that had awakened me to new life, I sickened at the sight and closed my eyes upon them. But winter came, and it was spring to my soul as I beheld the trees stripped of their foliage, the streams locked in icy fetters, the earth sterile and covered with snow, and nature in her hour of adversity. There was no music to my ear like the hollow moan of the tempest as it swelled like a dirge over the ruin it had made. Such was my state of mind when I met with one as beautiful as the embodying of a poet's dream, and pure as the lily that grows in the shade and dies untarnished by the rays of the sun. She was one of those that nature at intervals throws among us as it were to give a clue to the imagination of the beholder, to form some idea of the celestial beings who inhabit a purer orb than this. I loved her and was beloved. Her whole soul reposed in me in perfect confidence, and my feelings for her were such as I imagined could never have sprung from my desolate heart.

Months passed away and our love for each other increased daily. The bliss of being near her more than compensated for all my sufferings, for I now felt that there was something worth living for, and while that remained, I should be invulnerable to all calamity. While indulging in this dream, one who was acquainted with me in my boyhood, passed me in the street. There

had never been the slightest congeniality of feeling subsisting between us. I had always instinctively avoided him, and he suffered no opportunity to escape of showing his aversion for me. The affections of early life oftentimes are destroyed as flowers overrun by weeds; they fade, and die, and never spring up again. Not so our dislikes. That which was but a seed in childhood, takes deep root in the genial soil, and is nourished by the very essence of our nature, until, in after life, we behold it standing forth as the oak of the forest, resisting all shocks and casting a deep shade over all that comes within its influence. At least, it has been so with me. He gazed at me as he passed as if he retained an indistinct recollection of having seen me before. I was paralyzed at the sight of him. The sudden appearance of a tenant of the grave could not have filled me with such terror. I turned away, in hopes he would not know me, and he passed on. I hurried home more dead than alive, and hastily locked the door after me, still doubting my safety.

Days elapsed before I ventured abroad. My fears and absence from her I loved, rendered my solitude insupportable. I dared not explain to her the cause of my strange conduct—she was surrounded by admirers, worshipped by the favourites of the world, and every breath of air that approached her was laden with the aspirations of devoted hearts. I was fully aware of this, and I knew how delicate a plant is love—it droops and dies in the shade, and my heart sunk within me at the thought that my apparent neglect might estrange her feelings from me. I reproached myself with cowardice, for happiness was within my grasp and yet I had not the courage to be any thing but wretched. I again summoned my resolution, felt prepared to encounter the worst, and with an unflinching step I left my place of concealment.

It was night as I approached the dwelling of the only being I cared to see. As I came in front of the house I beheld it illuminated and heard the sounds of revelry within. My fears again rushed on my mind and I hesitated whether to enter or return. "Coward," I exclaimed, "what death can equal a life of constant dread!" I paused but for a moment on the threshold and entered. The apartment was filled with light hearts and smiling faces; I looked around, passing with indifference many a brilliant beauty, until my anxious eyes fell upon the sylph-like figure of my beloved. Sadness was seated on her pale brow, but no sooner did she discover me, than a gentle blush tinged her lily white cheeks, and she hastened to where I stood. Her hand trembled as she placed it in mine, and the colour of her cheek became of a deeper die, as she bade me welcome. The faded brow, the blush, the trembling hand, spoke too plainly what I scarcely dared to hope, and such was the ecstasy of my feelings, that it appeared to me as if the happiness of an entire life was concentrated in that single moment.

O, woman! thou best and loveliest work of the master hand! Thou art to the human race as the

sun to the universe. Darkness is dissipated by thy presence, and virtues that otherwise would run to weeds in the rude heart of man, are drawn forth and fostered, until they blossom and bear fruit, in the sunshine of thy countenance. In his youth, thou art more beautiful to him than the wonders of paradise were to the new created Adam; and when in the vale of life, weary and wayworn, still he turns to thee to cheer him on his journey. He looks back, and his heart confesses that his purest and most cherished joys sprung from thee; he looks forward, and though the view presents nothing but darkness and gloom, and the weight of the world be on him, thou smilest, and he rises renovate, like the aged Aeson beneath the magic influence of the daughter of Æetes.

The joy I experienced on our meeting might be compared to the vivid flash of lightning that precedes the roll of the thunder; it was as brilliant and as fleeting. As I looked through the assemblage, I beheld the being whom most I dreaded, and whom most I hated—he who had passed me in the street a few days before. His eyes were fixed upon me; my first impulse was to fly, but I had not the power: my head sunk upon my bosom and I remained silent and motionless, while he approached and accosted me by name. A name that I had not heard for years, and one, that I trusted had been forgotten. Every earthly hope withered at the sound.

He no sooner left me than I withdrew to conceal my confusion. The sudden change that had come over me escaped the notice of all but one, and she followed me to learn the cause. I hurried out of the house in silence, and still she followed, beseeching me to explain my mysterious conduct. Still I hurried on with the feelings of a felon who has escaped from prison, and hears the cry of his pursuers. At length I paused beneath the portico of a chapel, and we concealed ourselves in the deep shade of its columns. I trembled as I took her by the hand.

"For mercy's sake," she exclaimed, "what means this agitation?"

"The time has come, beloved one, when we must part."

"Must part!"

"Yes, forever!"

She faintly repeated, "Forever!" and her languid head fell upon my bosom.

"I am a proscribed wretch—a burden on the face of the earth—there is no resting place for my foot here—I must continue to be the persecuted of man, until I find a refuge in the narrow confines of the grave."

"And wherefore should we part? If grief is your lot, so much the greater need of one to share it with you."

I pressed her yielding form to my bosom, and my heart was too full to speak until relieved by a flood of tears.

"Thou devoted one, thou art incapable of estimating the sacrifice thou wouldst make for me. I am an isolated being; hopeless, cut off from communion with mankind. Return to thy

friends, where thou wilt be happy, and leave me to my fate."

She faintly exclaimed, "Happy, while you are wretched! O, impossible!"

"Thou art the only object in life that is dear to me, but pause ere you take a step that indissolubly links your fate with mine. Remember, the world is a fearful world for the feeble to encounter."

"It is too late for me to think of that now."

"What, wouldst thou leave friends, kindred, home—all for me?"

"All, all for thee."

How brilliant is the dream of youth, when the soul is first awakened by the aspirations of love. We are then as our first parents were before the fall, breathing the very atmosphere of heaven, holding communion with angels, and fearlessly approaching the Creator himself. It is, however, a feeling, that we enjoy but once, and for a moment only; it passes away like a flash of lightning that is succeeded by darkness, and no power can revive it, unless, indeed, it be revived in heaven.

From that hour she became mine. Let not those who adjudge me condemn my selfishness, unless they possess the fortitude to have acted otherwise. She was the only treasure I had ever possessed, and I viewed her as an offering from heaven, that it would have been suicide to have rejected—I could not have survived her loss.

That night we travelled towards a neighbouring city. She hung upon my arm, and spoke cheerfully, drawing a thousand bright pictures of future happiness, that it would have required a thousand lives to have realized, and we were to enjoy the whole in one—Such is the magic pencil with which young love paints! The night was beautiful, clad in the glory of her countless stars. Even the vegetable world appeared to be endued with animal life, and to inhale the refreshing breezes. The lofty trees stood forth like the giants of the earth, and seemed as though they were slumbering in the moonlight, and so awfully calm was nature, that I almost fancied I heard their respiration. It was a calm that foretold the coming storm.

We lived in a secluded spot, obscurely and unknown. Apprehension of being discovered subsided, as days and weeks passed away, and we neither saw nor heard of any one to molest us. I obtained employment, and a new view of life burst upon me as I reflected that by my labour she was supported, who had deserted the world for me. It stimulated me to constant exertion; my mind became more cheerful, and I daily experienced how delicious that coarse bread is which is made with the sweat of the brow. What are all the heartless enjoyments of the more prosperous compared to this! They rove from pleasure to pleasure, gathering sweets, until the luscious hoard palls upon the appetite, and then turn away nauseated, and arrogantly pronounce the choicest blessings that the Creator has bestowed, all vanity. I had but one drop of sweet

mingled in my cup of bitter, it was a potent drop for it made me delirious with joy. I revelled in it, and I was thankful. Man was not made for a round of pleasure, for pleasures soon become toils, and of the most irksome kind when there is no obstacle to be surmounted, nothing to stimulate to exertion, and the mind lies inactive. This state is literally death of the better part of man, and that which is endued with vitality is nothing more than the sepulchre of the spirit—corruption lies within. How dare such hope for pleasure, and impiously complain when they do not attain it?—As well might the dead hope for pleasure in the grave.

The fountain of all pure delight is a virtuous mind, and he who possesses that, with a taste to admire the wondrous works that present themselves, from the minute flower, and the insect of complicated formation, and all things that intervene between them, and the myriads of unexplored worlds, that shine forth so gloriously in the firmament, until he becomes so engrossed with admiration, that he dare, with becoming awe, approach that heaven, above all heavens of the poets' invention—that man may bid defiance to the accumulated sorrows of this world; they may fall upon him, press him to the earth for a time, but they cannot crush him! Come what may, that man cannot be otherwise than happy.

So I once thought, for I studied to convince myself that it was so, and I would fain think so still, but alas! it requires but a slight jar to destroy the harmony of the most carefully attuned instrument, and nothing but grating discord proceeds from it afterwards.

I had been blessed with the society of my wife for more than six months—as I look back to that period, it seems to have been scarcely as many days. One evening, the labour of the day being over earlier than usual, as I was returning to my home, full of joy, in crossing a public square, I again encountered the man who had recognized me before. I endeavoured to evade him, he followed, I turned into obscure streets and increased my speed, without venturing to look behind as I hurried on. The dusk of the evening was gradually increasing, and I trusted that, and the circuitous route I had pursued, would protect me from his vigilance. I did not go directly home, but wandered about until it became quite dark, for I was aware that my wife was more the object of his pursuit than myself. I had learnt since our marriage, that he was attached to her, and was to become her husband with her father's consent, and I dreaded to betray the place of her concealment.

I entered the house exhausted with fatigue and anxiety. I told my wife whom I had encountered, and the measures I had taken to evade him. She endeavoured to quiet my fears, but they increased as I perceived to what an extent her own were awakened. We spoke not long before we concluded to fly the city, and without loss of time, lest by possibility my steps might have been traced. All places were alike to us, provided we were together, for with the human race we ac-

knowned not even the slender ties of fellowship.

An hour had scarcely elapsed before all was in readiness for our flight. I put out the light, and we hoped to have escaped unperceived, but as I opened the street door, I beheld several persons standing in front of my house. I recoiled and closed the door, and as I did so, some one knocked and attempted to open it. I resisted, and in an instant it was burst open, and they rushed in and seized me. I demanded the reason of the outrage, and a voice exclaimed, "He is a leper."—I recognized the voice, I turned towards the person who spoke, and beheld my persecutor. My faculties both physical and mental were prostrated.

As they led me away, my wife attempted to follow, but they forced us asunder. He who had betrayed me took charge of her, and I was lodged in a room the windows of which were grated, and the door secured so that it was impossible to escape. My feelings during that night I may not attempt to describe, for they rushed upon me with the rapidity of lightning, until my brain was in a whirl. Nothing was distinct. One thought, however, operated as a nucleus around which all gathered in fearful array:—My wife was in the power of my worst enemy—in the power of one who loved her, and the marriage ties between us were dissolved forever.

That night appeared as an age, and I thought day would never break. I wished for it, and yet looked forward to it with undefined terror. At length it came, and as I heard the busy hum of the world around me, I longed for the death like stillness of night again. ♣

In the course of the morning, a priest clothed in his surplice and stole, repaired with the cross, to the place where I was confined. He began by exhorting me to bear, in a spirit of resignation and patience, the incurable affliction with which God had stricken me!—It is easier to offer consolation than to receive it!—He then besprinkled me with holy water, and when he supposed my mind sufficiently prepared, for the appalling ceremony that awaited me, he conducted me to the church, and on the way, the same verses were sung as at burials. There I was divested of my ordinary clothing, and a black habit, prepared for the purpose, was put on me. The priest now commanded me to fall on my knees before the altar, between two trestles, and I remained in that position while mass was said. It was the same as is performed for the dead. The mass being over, I was again sprinkled with holy water, the *libera* was sung, and I was conducted to the hut prepared for my reception. When we had arrived there, the priest again exhorted and consoled me, and finished by throwing a shovel full of earth on my feet. I was then as one of the dead in the eyes of the world, and, indeed, I had but little more consciousness of what was passing than one of the dead, although during the whole ceremony my hated enemy was malignantly looking on.

The hut was small, and furnished with a bed,

a vessel for water, a chest, a table, a lamp and a few other necessaries. I was presented with a cowl, a tunic, and a long robe, a little cask, a rattle, a stick, and a girdle of copper. Before the priest left me, he interdicted me from appearing in public without my leper's habit and with naked feet, from going into churches, mills, or where bread was cooking; from washing my hands and clothes in the wells and brooks; from touching any commodity at market, except with a stick, in order to point out the article I wished to purchase. I was farther enjoined not to draw water but with a proper vessel; never to reply to the questions of any one who might meet me on the road if the wind blew towards him; never to touch children, nor to give them any thing which I had touched; never to appear in public meetings, and never to eat or drink with any but lepers. I felt myself literally one of the dead in the midst of the living.

I was now informed that the marriage ties between myself and wife were dissolved, that she was free to make another choice, but that we could never come together again. She had been removed to her father's house, and strictly watched, lest our correspondence should be renewed. Although I seldom stirred abroad from my living grave, few matters of import occurred to that being, without speedily reaching my ears. Scarcely a month had elapsed before I heard that my hated rival had renewed his overtures. I knew her father to be tyrannical, and I was aware of the influence he maintained over her delicate mind, now enfeebled by a constant succession of anxiety and suffering. I felt that she was still my wife in the eye of heaven, though man had parted us.

Another month elapsed, during which time, that thought was as a burning coal upon my mind day and night. It could neither be kindled to a flame, nor could it be quenched, but there it lay unchanged and unchangeable. I endeavoured to excite my feelings to madness, in hopes of gaining relief, but it was impossible. I had been humbled, my soul had been prostrated, and the dull feeling of despair kept it grovelling in the earth.

The next intelligence I received was, that I was likely to become a father. Under different circumstances that would have been joyful tidings, but now I was thankful only because it procrastinated the fate that awaited my wife. In due time the child was born, and I learnt the time and place fixed for his baptism. I repaired to the spot, to see him; as I drew nigh, I perceived that a few servants of the household had already assembled; I sounded my rattle to forewarn them that a leper approached; they started at the sound, and commanded me to come no nearer. I dared not do otherwise than obey.

The priest soon afterwards appeared, and a nurse followed carrying the infant. The ceremony took place, but they did not baptize him in the font of holy water, for he was the child of a leper, and they dreaded lest the little innocent should poison the whole font, and turn into a

curse, that, which had been made holy by the word of the priest. They then took the water in which he had been baptized, and threw it into a lonely place where nothing living would be likely to come near it, for they supposed even the water to be infectious. All this while I stood at a distance looking on, and when I saw them about to depart, I besought them to bring the child to me, that I might kiss and bless it for the first and last time. My prayer was denied, and I was commanded not to come nearer. As they withdrew, I stood gazing at them until they were out of sight, and then retraced my steps to my hovel, conscious that the last tie between myself and the living was broken.

Several months elapsed, when a report reached me, that the day was fixed for the nuptials of my wife with my detested rival. I received a letter from her, beseeching me to save her, as she was heart broken, and that, in her forlorn and dependent state, she doubted her fortitude to resist the severity of her father, by any other means than seeking a refuge in the grave.—I was not long in determining upon what course to pursue, as my choice lay between her death and his who had entailed such a load of wretchedness upon me. That night I left my hovel, and by day-break the following morning, I was within sight of the city where she resided.

I was resting by the way side before the sun had risen above the horizon, when I heard the distant sound of merry voices and the clattering of horses' hoofs approaching, and immediately a party appeared with hawks and hounds on the way to the field. They drew nigh to where I was seated, and the silent air was disturbed by their merriment. Joy and sorrow are distant, and yet we constantly find them breathing the same atmosphere!—As they passed on, I perceived that my wife was of the party, but how changed from what she was when I first beheld her! She was faded, but still beautiful; to me, even more beautiful than ever, but it was not the beauty that belongs to this world. He who had poisoned the very fountain of her life—the detested cause of her premature decay, rode beside her. They passed without perceiving me, and I rose and followed them at a distance.

I have ever believed, that good and evil are mingled in like proportions in the human heart, and that he whose virtues call forth the admiration of the world, is equally capable of rousing its indignation by his vices, if circumstances call them into action. I fully believed myself virtuous—I was sensible of its beauties, and I studied to be so, and yet I glided into the stream of vice, as naturally as if it had been my element, and was hurried along with a wilder sense of delight than ever I had experienced in the course of virtue. That feeling, however, was of short duration.

I kept my eye upon my rival, who pursued the chase like an eager sportsman, and I followed in his track unperceived. He soon became separated from the party; I watched his course—it led him to an entangled wood—I knew the spot that he must pass, for I had myself hunted on the

same ground, and there I stationed myself to await his coming. I had not waited long before he appeared.

As soon as he perceived me, he cried out, "Wretch, why did you not give the alarm to warn me that pestilence was at hand?"

"I will give it now," I replied, and approached him.

"Stand off! have you no fear of punishment?"

"None on earth." I still advanced.

"Villain, another step nigher, and I strike you to my feet." He raised his rapier, which was sheathed, as if he would put his threat in execution.

"Not so," I replied, "Another step nigher, and I strike you to my feet." The blow followed upon the word, my knife was buried to the haft in his bosom, and my enemy lay prostrate on the earth. I drew the knife from the wound, the blood spouted after it, he uttered a deep groan, and the next moment ceased to breathe. I stood for a moment over the inanimate body, and then returned to my home, unobserved, well satisfied with what I had done.

Several weeks after this, as I was sitting in front of my hut, towards evening, I beheld a female approaching. Her step was slow and tottering, and she was accompanied by another bearing an infant child. As they drew nigh, I recognized my wife. I hastened to her, and she sunk exhausted in my arms. When she revived, I asked to know, to what happy occurrence I was indebted for this unlooked for interview. She faintly replied, "The leprosy has restored the leper's wife to his bosom; they can now no longer keep us asunder."—Another look convinced me, that the fatal disease was on her. The agony of that moment, exceeded all that I had hitherto experienced.

I took my child in my arms, and kissed him for the first time, and his mother's face brightened as she beheld me caressing him, though there was pestilence and death in the kiss. There is no feeling more pure and holy, than that which a young mother enjoys, when she beholds a beloved husband caressing her offspring. We then moved on to my hut in silence, as mourners approach the grave.

Day after day, I marked the progress of the disease on my wife. Her frame had wasted away, and there was no longer the slightest trace of beauty remaining in that once angelic countenance. Her mind had sunk beneath the weight that had been heaped upon it, and had been literally crushed; a total change had taken place, and every thing denoted that the fountain of life had been poisoned. Still she bore all with resignation, and never a word of complaint passed her lips. There was one subject that I desired to speak of to her, and yet dreaded to do so—I mean the murder—for it is a relief to the guilty to impart a knowledge of their crimes to others. She never alluded to it by word or look, and I had not the fortitude to do it.

She died as gently as a lamp goes out for want of oil. It took place at midnight. I was

watching beside the bed; she called to me to kiss her, and as I did so, she sighed, and her soul winged its way to heaven from her lips.—The next morning, I sent for a priest, and according to the custom she was buried in the hovel. I stood beside the grave destined to receive the only good I ever possessed on earth, and I helped to close it without shedding a single tear. Before a week had elapsed, my child found a resting place on the bosom of its angel mother, and I was again alone.

Suspicion arose of my being guilty of the murder. I was apprehended, accused, and threatened with the rack unless I confessed. A strange mode that of testing the truth by the strength of

a man's nerves and joints. But the threat was useless; I confessed my guilt, for they cannot be more desirous of taking my life than I am to part with it. I am now in prison to answer for the offence. In making this confession and reviewing my past life, I have been led to analyze my feelings until I believe I thoroughly understand my heart, and judging from that, I have irresistibly arrived at the conclusion, that the decrees of heaven and the laws of man, have rendered many wretched and guilty whose minds were framed to enjoy, to the fullest extent, the various works of nature, and who would otherwise have passed as harmless as the new born infant to the grave.

RETROSPECTION.

BY ROSALIE.

They ask me why my looks are sad
When all around are gay;
They tell me that I once could smile,
And sport throughout the day.
'Tis true, but then each scene was fair
Beneath youth's sunny sky;
I gaily sipp'd life's choicest sweets
Ere I had learn'd to sigh.

At early dawn all nature's deck'd
In gems of sparkling dew;
So in the morning of our days
All's seen in brightest hue.
But soon these visions are dispell'd,
When reason's sun 's on high;
We then look back on pleasures past,
Then first we learn to sigh.

And now when I would smile again,
Or trifle as before,
Reflection brings each form to view
Of friends who are no more.
Again I watch their parting breath
And see the closing eye,
Oh! ask not why my looks are sad,
Nor wonder if I sigh.

They tell me that I still have friends,
Whose love is warm and true,
And that by mourning o'er the past,
We alight the good in view?
It is not that I value less
The blessings which are nigh,
'Tis not, I trust, an ingrate's heart
That breathes so oft a sigh.

But when the calm of sweet content
Comes o'er the troubled mind,
When ev'ry murmuring thought is hush'd,
And we are all resigned,—
Then fears of future ills arise
To cloud the azure sky,
To check the half formed timid smile,
And change it to a sigh.

LIFE'S VISIONS.

The world has many wiles,
Go, taste her pleasures, go—
Many have gone in rosy smiles
Who soon returned in woe—
There's treachery—there's treachery—
In pleasure's bowl that sparkles bright,
As sun-rays in the evening sky
O'er storm clouds throw a golden light.

CURIOSITY.

BY SPRAGUE.

In the pleased infant see its power expand,
When first the coral fills his little hand;
Throned in his mother's lap, it dries each tear,
As her sweet legend falls upon his ear;
Next it assails him in his top's strange hum,
Breathes in his whistle, echoes in his drum;
Each gilded toy, that doting love bestows,
He longs to break and every spring expose.

Placed by your hearth, with what delight he pores
O'er the bright pages of his pictured stores;
How oft he steals upon your graver task,
Of this to tell you, and of that to ask;
And when the warning hour to bed-ward bids,
Though gentle sleep sits waiting on his lids,
How willingly he pleads to gain you o'er,
That he may read one little story more.

I HÆ NÆBODY NOW.

BY THE KTRICK SHEPHERD.

I hae naebody now—I hae naebody now
To meet me upon the green,
Wi' light locks waving o'er her brow,
An' joy in her deep blue een;
Wi' the soft sweet kiss an' the happy smile,
An' the dance o' the lightsome fay,
An' the wee bit tale o' news the while
That had happened when I was away.
I hae naebody now—I hae naebody now
To clasp to my bosom at even;
O'er her calm sleep to breathe the vow,
An' pray for a blessing from heaven;
An' the wild embrace an' the gleesome face,
In the morning that met mine eye:
Where are they now? Where are they now?
In the cauld, cauld grave they lie.

There's naebody kens—there's naebody kens,
An' O may they never prove
That sharpest degree of agony
For the child of their earthly love!
To see a flower in its vernal hour
By slow degrees decay;
Then softly aneath, in the arms o' death
Breathe its sweet soul away.

O, dinna break my poor auld heart,
Nor at thy loss repine;
For the unseen hand that threw the dart
Was sent from her father and thine,
Yes I maun mourn, an' I will mourn,
Even till my latest day;
For though my darling can never return,
I shall follow her soon away.

From the British Magazine.

A SCENE IN THE STAR CHAMBER.

BY MISS JEWSBURY.

IN reading historical novels, one is prone to fancy that all times were better than those which happen to be passing over our heads; the "good old times," the "days of chivalry," and expressions of similar import, are familiar to our ears, and invested with the hues of poetry, are, on paper at least, dear to our imaginations. The costume of past ages seems so much more splendid, their circumstances appear more exciting, and the characters more imposing than those peculiar to our own, that we are tempted to regret our present condition. But when we read history itself, the medal is reversed. The harsh facts that imagination had either kept out of sight, or enveloped in a golden haze, stand out in their native ugliness. The splendour of a court does not, we perceive, atone for barbarism and want in the country at large; and the heroes that we fancied preux chevaliers, are too often discovered to be right noble savages. The stern old barons who have charmed us as portraits, we no longer wish to have known as originals; and we cease to envy their ladies their jewels, their galliards, or their beef-steak breakfasts. We acquire a lively sense of the superiority of carpets over strewn rushes; of beds with sheets over beds without; of carriages over papsaddles and even pillions; of libraries of useful knowledge over manuscript legends of fabulous saints. We begin to apprehend, moreover, that bravery may be attired in scarlet broadcloth as well as in armour, plate or chain; that wisdom may exist in the head of him who shaves every day instead of wearing a beard down to his girdle; and that if necessitated to lose a limb, one would prefer a modern surgeon to an ancient amputator who cauterized with boiling pitch!

The perusal of political history imparts a strong impression of the greater comfort of living when laws, like a lady's drawers, have been somewhat "set to rights," than when a man might lose his head before he precisely knew why, and his property without the pleasure of knowing its destination. Yes, it is the privilege of faithful history to excite gratitude—on behalf of the great men who lived in stormy days, and in rude or semi-civilized ages struggled with their own ignorance and that of their contemporaries,—but never envy. Query: Would any delicate lady like to exchange her musical soiree to join queen Elizabeth at the Bear Gardens? Would any lord chancellor like to enact one of Wolsey's three hours' kneelings to his king? Does any court favourite desire the duke of Buckingham's honours, remembering Felton's stab over the shoulder? What modern Mr. Pym would relish having to return thanks on behalf of the House of Commons to a company of tradesmen's wives who had sent up a petition? What modern offender would

like to take a turn or two on the rack prior to being hanged? Does any patriot sigh to be enabled to give emphasis to the line "friends, countrymen, lend me your ears," by having his own cut off? Does any council-board long for the power of so capacitating him? Lastly, do good men of any denomination wish they had existed in those good old times when the "sword of the spirit" meant an Andrew Ferrara, when the pulpits echoed with railing, and "Judah vexed Ephraim, and Ephraim envied Judah?" Or did the golden age lie in those remoter periods when no truth was discussed, because all truth was hid in darkness, and the whole duty of man lay in believing a lie, or supporting a fraud? "Let us justly appreciate the real benefits our ancestors possessed at their due value, and we shall find ourselves very unwilling to exchange ours for those of Henry VIII., the dungeon and the block; for those of Mary with the rack and the faggot; for those of the heroic and splendid Elizabeth with all her talents; for the James's or the Charles's; or the remoter eras of seignorage, vassalage, of intestine broils, maddening factions, desolation, and civil war."

Will the good-natured reader, then, who may happen to agree with the writer in preferring times present to times past, yield an occasional ten minutes to an occasional sketch, illustrative of various eras in English history? Presuming that the said good-natured reader has given his consent, proceed we now to a scene in the star-chamber in the time of Charles I.

"Well, Mr. Attorney-General," said the earl of Dorset, "well, Mr. Attorney-General, having taken minutes for a decree forbidding the vintners to dress victuals in their houses, till such time as they shall submit to the new tax on their retailed wines, what further remaineth for the morning's occupation? It weareth, methinks, towards noon."

"Would your lordship that the council heard the certificates of all and sundry who have enlarged the city of London, contrary to the late proclamation? Or there are the informations against divers persons of quality for preferring to reside in town when it is his majesty's pleasure that they should away to their several counties."

"Pray, Mr. Attorney-General, craving the license of interrupting you, what may be this plea of Sheffield, the recorder of Salisbury?"

"Marry, my lord, it is a plea why money should not think in his majesty's exchequer;—the man hath contumaciously taken down the church windows, painted with holy mysteries, and hath replaced the same with plain glass, for the which he hath been most justly fined. But I pray you let us despatch the case of that notorious evil-minded, stiff-necked spirit, William

Prynn; he hath long waited for judgment, and I have here abundant evidence."

"Spare us Histrio Mastix at this late hour, Mr. Attorney," said a speaker from the lower end of the board; "'Histrio Mastix, or a scourge for the stage-players,' would have served Goliath instead of his shield; besides, how know you but even a few passages from that book-mountain may so convince us all of the iniquity of stage plays, that our brethren of the inns of court may run restiff; and, to save their pockets, lay claim to a conscience, and drop the masque they have at our instance offered to their majesties?"*

"Never mistrust them, my good Sir Edward; and, if you will dine with me after council this day, you shall hear sundry of the masque committee report progress; a rare show will it be, Sir Edward, not unworthy of our body, or of their majesties' presence!"

"I do beseech ye, then, let us have this pestilent fellow brought in, and make an end; and, as he hath wrought a whip for others, so let us whip the whipper," said the president.

"Amen." said all the lords present; and Mr. Prynn was commanded to be brought before the board on the morrow, to be tried for having put forth a book called *Histrio Mastix*, being a collection of all the passages against theatrical performances that he had found in the fathers, and other grave authors, together with his own prolix remarks thereon; the whole making a light elegant folio of a thousand pages, singularly offensive to the court, where masques and mummings, drolls and dancings, were greatly in request.

Looking back at this time of day upon the whole affair, surprise and a sense of the ludicrous mingle with the graver feelings excited by the result of the prosecution. Prynn was an arrogant bigot, who wrote a book in barbarous taste; moreover, he loved neither the power nor the trappings of royalty; indulged himself in unseemly invectives, and manifested altogether a most unmanageable temper. But Prynn was a brave and conscientious bigot, and his honest endeavours, in after-life, to save king Charles from the block, should, though it was late and unavailing, be admitted as evidence in his favour. Remembering, too, the savage treatment he had experienced at the hands of Charles's ministers, his conduct deserves to be called generous; for he wrote on the king's behalf when so to write involved personal risk. This, however, is a digression from the star-chamber and that fearful folio, *Histrio Mastix*.

On the morrow, the awful court being assembled in full number, the offender, William Prynn, barrister at law, was brought up from the tower, where, for twelve months, he had been incarcerated, to be tried, judged, and condemned; standing the whole time behind lord chief justice Richardson and archbishop Neale. Great was the outward contrast between the prisoner and his judges; between the meanly-attired, dis-

* The masque here alluded to, and which was actually given, cost the learned revellers twenty-one thousand pounds.

graced, prison-worn, yet fiery-hearted puritan, and those whom he considered "silk and satin divines," and courtiers "purple with pride." Yet he stood before them all with as strong and soul-felt a conviction that God was on his side as could be felt by the king upon the throne, or by that somewhat kindred spirit engaged on the opposite cause—archbishop Laud himself. From the thousand pages that poor Prynn had put together, "drawing all things to one," church ceremonies and libels on the court; music and hair-dressing; doctrines and diversions; bishops and bonfires; queens and coifs; Mr. Attorney-General found no difficulty in selecting many hard sayings. "Hear ye," cried the crown lawyer, who seems to have had an ear for music, "hear what charitable terms he bestoweth on church melody, calling it not a noise of men, but rather a bleating of brutes, wherein choristers bellow the tenor amongst them like oxen—bark a counter point like a kennel of dogs—roar a chorus like a sort of bulls—and grunt out a bass as if it were a number of pigs! All stage-players he terms them rogues, in which he doth falsify the very act of parliament, for unless they go abroad they are not rogues. The same term he giveth unto scholars' acting. Mr. Prynn had a purpose in this to infuse it into men's minds that we are now running into Paganism and Gentilism. He falleth upon those things that have not relation to stage plays. He falleth upon hunting, public festivals, Christmas-keeping, May-poles, the dressing up a house with green ivy, yea, perukes do offend him. Then for the time of compiling this book, seven years ago it was compiled, and is since then grown seven times bigger and seven times worse. If then, may it please your lordships, he hath fallen foul upon all things, all persons, all sexes, the king's magistrates, the king's household, and even the king himself. He taketh upon him to teach a remedy, but the remedy is worse than the disease!" Then Mr. Attorney-General called for divers passages, scandalous to the king and government, to be read from Mr. Prynn's book; and after that arose his counsel to endeavour to defend him, who was condemned already. The speeches of that counsel were interesting endeavours to shield their client without compromising their own credit; never did truth in a court of justice assume so lamb-like a part, or speak with such a faltering tongue. Not a word beyond apology for the prisoner; and praise only short of adulation of the marvellous ability of the king's counsel; and a unanimous casting of their cause under the honourable feet gathered under the council board!

That cause being heard and sifted, but not in one day, nor yet in two, the lords sat themselves down to pass sentence on Mr. Prynn. And first spoke the lord Cottington, chancellor of the exchequer; he cited fresh matter of an objectionable nature, how Mr. Prynn had in his book called our English ladies shorn and frizzled, how he liked not music, nor dancing, nor hawking, the love of which recreations he considered a cause of the untimely end of many princes—"my

lords," wound up the chancellor, "shall not all that bear these things, think that it is the mercy of the king that Mr. Pryn is not cut off? This book is in print, it tendeth to bring magistrates into dislike with the people, and yet, my lords, it pleaseth his majesty to let the writer have a trial here! If it do agree with the court, I do adjudge Mr. Pryn to have his book burned by the hangman. I do adjudge Mr. Pryn to be put from the bar. I do condemn Mr. Pryn to stand in the pillory and lose both his ears; and lastly, I do condemn him in 75,000 fine to the king, and perpetual imprisonment." A trifling nota bene, that!

The next, in course, who spoke, was the lord chief justice Richardson.

"We are troubled here with a book, a monster (monstrum horrendum, informe ingens!.)—For the book I do hold it a most scandalous, infamous libel to the king's majesty, a most pious and religious king; to the queen's majesty, a most excellent and gracious queen. I protest unto your lordships it maketh my heart to swell, and my blood in my veins to boil, (so cold as I am,) to see this or any thing attempted which may endanger my gracious sovereign. It is to me the greatest comfort in the world to behold his prosperity.—Not to hold your lordships any longer, my lords, it is a most wicked, infamous, scandalous, and seditious libel. Mr. Pryn, I must now come to my sentence, wherein I agree with my lord Cottington as he began very well—the burning the book and putting its author from the profession of the bar. And for the pillory I hold it just and equal; so do I agree too to the 5000*l.* fine; and perpetual imprisonment I do think fit for him, and to be restrained from writing, neither to have pen, ink, nor paper; yet let him have some pretty prayer book to pray to God to forgive him his sins."

Then spake the earl of Dorset, the queen's chamberlain; and as his speech was twice as long as that made by any of his associates, so was it more thickly strewn with the roses of court flattery, and the thistles of reproach against the prisoner. "If any," said the lord chamberlain, "casts aspersions on his majesty's dear consort, our royal queen, and my gracious mistress, silence would prove impiety in me that do daily contemplate her virtues. Were all such saints as she, I think the Roman church were not to be condemned; the candour of her life is a more powerful motive than all precepts; no hand of fortune or of power can hurt her; her heart is full of honour; majesty, mildness, and meekness are married in her soul; and so, when I have said all in her praise, I can never say enough of her excellency, in the relation whereon an orator nor a poet lie. Mr. Pryn, your iniquity is full, it runs over—it is not Mr. Attorney that calls for judgment against you, but it is all mankind.—Mr. Pryn, I do declare you to be a schism-maker, a sedition-sower, a wolf in sheep's clothing; in a word, *omnium malorum nequamissimus*. I shall fine him ten thousand pounds. I will no more set him at liberty than a mad dog. He is

not a sociable soul—he is not a rational soul—he is fit to live in dens with beasts of prey like himself. Therefore I do condemn him to perpetual imprisonment. Now for corporal punishment, whether should I burn him in the forehead, or slit him in the nose? I should be loth he should escape with his ears, for he may get a perriwig, which he now so much inveighs against, and so hide them, or force his conscience to make use of his unlovely love-locks on both sides. Therefore I would have his ears cropt too."

And, in the course of a few days, that part of the sentence which related to the bodily butchery, was carried into effect; but, with so little converting influence upon Pryn's opinions, that we find him, about three years afterwards, brought before the star chamber to receive sentence for fresh libels, fashioned during his abode in prison. The second sentence added branding to cutting his ears yet closer to the cheek. Good old times!

THE ARCTIC DOVE.

BY BOWRING.

Ride on—the ark, majestic and alone
On the wide waste of the careering deep,
Its hull scarce peering through the night of clouds,
Is seen. But, lo! the mighty deep has shrunk!
The ark, from its terrific voyage, rests,
On Ararat. The raven is sent forth—
Send out the dove—and as her wings far off
Shine in the light, and streaks the evening clouds,
Bid her speed on, and greet her with a song—

Go, beautiful and gentle dove,
But whither wilt thou go?
For though the clouds ride high above,
How sad and waste is all below!

The wife of Shem, a moment to her breast
Held the poor bird and kiss'd it. Many a night
When she was listening to the hollow wind,
She pressed it to her bosom, with a tear;
Or, when it murmur'd in her hand, forgot
The long loud tumult of the storm without—
She kisses it, and, at her father's word,
Bids it go forth.

The dove flies on! In lonely flight
She flies from dawn till dark;
And now amid the gloom of night,
Comes weary to the ark.
Oh! let me in, she seems to say,
For long and lone hath been my way;
Oh! once more, gentle mistress, let me rest,
And dry my dripping plumage on thy breast.

So the bird flew to her who cherished it,—
She sent it forth again out of the ark;
Again it came at evening fall, and lo,
An olive leaf plucked off, and in its bill;
And Shem's wife took the green leaf from its bill,
And kiss'd its wings again, and smilingly
Dropp'd on its neck one silent tear for joy.
She sent it forth once more; and watch'd its flight,
Till it was lost amid the clouds of heaven;
Then gazing on the clouds where it was lost,
Its mournful mistress sung this last farewell:—

Go, beautiful and gentle dove,
And greet the morning ray,
For, lo! the sun shines bright above,
And night and storm are pass'd away!
No longer drooping, here confined,
In this cold prison dwell!
Go, free to sunshine and to wind,
Sweet bird, go forth, and fare thee well.

Oh! beautiful and gentle dove,
Thy welcome sad will be,
When thou shalt hear no voice of love
In murmurs from the leafy tree;
Yet freedom, freedom, shalt thou find,
From this cold prison's cell;
Go, then, to sunshine and the wind,
Sweet bird, go forth and fare thee well.

EMBROIDERY.

NUMEROUS as are the subjects treated on in this work, there are few which furnish a more pleasing occupation than Embroidery. To this art our readers are indebted for some of the most elegant articles of dress. It may, also, afford them opportunities of displaying their taste and ingenuity; and offers a graceful occupation, and an inexhaustible source of laudable and innocent amusement. "The great variety of needle-works," says Mrs. Griffith, "which the ingenious women of other countries, as well as of our own, have invented, will furnish us with constant and amusing employment; and though our labours may not equal a Mineron's, or an Aylesbury's, yet, if they unbend the mind, by fixing its attention on the progress of any elegant, or imitative art, they answer the purpose of domestic amusement; and, when the higher duties of our situation do not call forth our exertions, we may feel the satisfaction of knowing, that we are, at least, innocently employed."

This art may be traced to the most distant periods of antiquity. Coloured Embroidery and Tapestry were, according to Pliny, known, in very remote ages, among the Jews and Babylonians. As a proof, that this art was applied, in the time of Homer, to what may be termed historical subjects, Helen is described, in the third book of the Iliad, as occupied in embroidering the evils of the Greeks and Trojans, of which she was the cause; and when the intelligence of Hector's death was brought to Andromache,

Far in the close recesses of the dome,
Pensive she piled the melancholy loom;
A growing work employed her secret views,—
Spotted, diverse, with intermingling hues.

Penelope beguiled the tedious hours, during Ulysses' absence at the siege of Troy, with Embroidery; and we might adduce many other instances, by which it would be clearly shown, that the art was held in equal estimation by the noble ladies of antiquity, in the olden times, who, surrounded and assisted by their bower-women, employed themselves by representing, in the richest Tapestry-work, the heroic deeds which their living relatives, or noble ancestors, had achieved. Many of these splendid monuments of the genius and industry of the ladies of those days, are still preserved, and constitute the hangings, and other decorations, of the state apartments of some old palaces and castles. Magnificent works of this nature were also performed in convents, by the nuns and ladies of rank, who, from choice, or otherwise, resided within their walls; the talents of the greatest masters in the art of painting being often employed to produce the designs. Raphael's celebrated cartoons were a series of scripture pieces, executed as patterns to be worked in Tapestry.

The art, at length, rose into such high esteem, and Tapestry became so generally adopted, for hangings of apartments, that the needle could no

longer supply the immense demand for it; and looms were invented, in which it was woven on the most extensive scale. This improved method is supposed to have originated in Flanders; it was introduced into England in the reign of Henry the Eighth. James the First gave a large sum of money towards the erection of a manufactory for weaving Tapestry, at Mortlake, on the banks of the Thames, which flourished there for many years. The manufacture of Tapestry in France, was introduced under the auspices of Henry the Fourth; and that kingdom may boast of having once possessed the most magnificent establishment of the kind that ever existed: we allude to the Hotel Royal des Gobelins, which a French dyer, of the name of Giles Gobelin, early in the sixteenth century, erected for the purpose of carrying on his business, near a rivulet, which ran through the suburbs of St. Marcel, in Paris. In the water of this rivulet he discovered certain qualities, which he supposed would be beneficial in the prosecution of his improvement on the mode of dyeing red. His undertaking appeared to be so absurd, that the building was called Gobelin's Folly; but, eventually, he produced so splendid a scarlet, that he grew into high repute as a dyer; and he and his family continued to carry on the business in the same place, until about the year 1667; when the building was purchased by the French government, and Tapestry, on an immense scale, was manufactured there for a considerable period. The establishment is still kept up, but has long been a mere shadow of its former greatness.

A slight sketch of the mode in which Tapestry was woven in this great manufactory, may not be altogether uninteresting. Artists of eminence were employed to design and paint in water-colours, on stiff card, or pasteboard, patterns, called cartons, or cartoons, of the full size of the subjects intended to be woven. The carton was covered with perpendicular and horizontal black lines; its surface thus presenting a series of squares, corresponding with those formed by the upright and cross threads of Tapestry. The workman counted the number of squares in each colour on the carton, as a guide to the number of stitches, or threads, to be inserted in worsteds, or silks, of the respective colours, in the Tapestry; looms, both perpendicular and horizontal were employed, similar in general principle to those in which carpets and hearth-rugs are woven at the present day. Threads, called the warp, were stitched the long way of the intended piece; and alternately elevated and depressed by machinery, for the purpose of introducing between them the silks, or worsteds, intended to form the pattern, and which were collected, by the side of the workman, wound on reels, and inserted in the warp by means of a stick, called the flute, corresponding with a weaver's shuttle. The Tapestry being thus woven in breadths, when joined or fine-drawn together, formed one grand sub-

ject, frequently large enough to cover all the sides of a splendid apartment.

The manufacture of the loom-woven Tapestry originated in Embroidery with the needle, and presented a precisely similar appearance; being merely an extension of the art by means of machinery.

EMBROIDERY ON MUSLIN.

White Embroidery comprises the art of working flowers, and other ornamental designs, on muslin, for dresses, or their trimmings; capes, collars, handkerchiefs, &c.

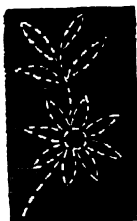
There are two sorts of cotton proper for this work; that which is most generally used, because it washes the best, is the dull cotton; sometimes called Trafalgar, or Indian. The other sort is the glazed, or English cotton, and is only proper to be used on thin muslin; although it looks infinitely the more beautiful of the two, previously to its being washed, yet that operation destroys its beauty, and removes all its gloss; nor is it so smooth and pleasant to use as the other. Patterns for working may be purchased at most of the fancy-shops; but ladies possessing a taste for drawing, may design their own subjects, by making sketches on paper, in pencil, and afterwards going over them again with ink. A pattern may be copied, by placing a thin piece of paper over the original, and tracing it through against a window. The outline of a subject already worked, if of a thick, rich description, may be obtained by laying the muslin on a table, placing a piece of white paper over it, and rubbing the paper with a nutmeg, partly grated: this outline may, afterwards, be perfected with a pen.



The paper pattern for a running design of flowers, foliage, &c. should be from twelve to eighteen inches long, in proportion to its breadth, and shifted along the muslin as the work proceeds. As this sort of pattern is liable to be soon damaged, it is advisable to strengthen it by a lining of cambric-muslin. The pattern for a cape of a dress is usually of the size of the intended cape; but a sketch of one-half of the pattern (Fig. 1) may be made to answer the purpose

equally well, by retracing the design on the other side of the paper, against a window, and when half the cape is worked, turning the pattern over to the other side; in this case the half-pattern must terminate exactly at the middle, or half of the work. The muslin, cambric-muslin, or French cambric, intended to be worked, must be smoothly and evenly tacked on the pattern, so as to prevent its getting out of place; the stems, and external edges of leaves, flowers, or ornaments, must then be traced,

2



by running them round with cotton (Fig. 2); great care should be taken to preserve their shape and form accurately, as a fault in this stage of the work is not easily remedied afterwards. In working the bottom of a dress, flounce, cape, or collar, the edge of the pattern, which is usually a running scallop, a series of scallops, forming larger ones, a vandyke, or a chain, should be done first. The best and strongest way of working this part, is in the stitch used for button-hole work.

From Blackwood's Magazine for April.

TRIUMPHANT MUSIC.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Wherefore and whither bear'st thou up my spirit,
On eagle wings, through every plume that thrills?
It hath no crown of victory to inherit—
Be still, triumphant Harmony! be still!

Thine are no sounds for earth, thus proudly swelling
Into rich floods of joy; it is but pain
To mount so high, yet find on high no dwelling,
To sink so fast, so heavily again!

No sounds for earth! Yes, to young chieftain dying
On his own Battle field at set of sun,
With his freed country's banner o'er him flying,
Well might'st thou speak of Fame's high guerdon won.

No sounds for earth? Yes, for the martyr leading,
Unto victorious Death serenely on,
For patriot by his rescued altars bleeding,
Thou hast a voice in each majestic tone.

But speak not thus to one whose heart is beating
Against life's narrow bound, in conflict vain!
For power, for joy, high hope, and rapturous greeting,
Thou wak'st lone thirst—be hushed exulting strain.

Be hushed, or breathe of grief! of exile yearnings
Under the willows of the stranger-shore;
Breathe of the soul's untold and restless burnings,
For looks, tones, footsteps that return no more.

Breathe of deep love—a lonely vigil keeping
Through the night hours o'er wasted health to pine,
Rich thoughts and sad, like faded rose leaves heaping,
In the shut heart, at once a tomb and shrine.

Or pass as if thy spirit notes came sighing
From worlds beneath some blue Elysian sky:
Breathe of repose, the pure, the bright, th' adying—
Of joy no more—bewildering Harmony.

From the British Magazine.

JACK THE SHRIMP.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

SOME ten or fifteen years ago, there lived in the neighbourhood of Bannow, a long, lean, solitary man, known by no other appellation, than ever I heard of, than that of "Jack the Shrimp." He was a wild, desolate looking creature; black lank hair fell over his face and shoulders, and either rested in straight lines on his pale hollow cheeks, or waved gloomily in the passing breeze; his eyes were deep set and dark; and there was something almost mysterious in his deportment; some persons imagined him to be an idiot; but others who knew Jack better, asserted that his intellects were of a superior order; however, as few enjoyed the privilege of his acquaintance, the former opinion prevailed. Jack could be found every where, except in a dwelling-house; he had a singular antipathy to dry and sheltered abodes; and never appeared at home, except when on the rocky sea shore, scrambling up the cliffs, or in clear weather, looking out for the scattered vessels that passed into Waterford harbour. No body seemed to know how he came to our isolated neighbourhood; his first appearance had created a good deal of village gossip, but that had gone by, and his gentle and kindly manner endeared him to the peasantry; the affectionate greeting of "God save ye"—"God save ye kindly"—was frequently exchanged between the solitary shrimp-gatherer, (for such was Jack's ostensible employment,) and the merry "boys and girls" who, at all seasons, collect seaweed, and burn it into kelp, on the sea-shore.—Often have I seen him in the early morning, at low water, his bare, lank legs tramping over the moist sand, or midway in the rippling wave; his pole, some six feet long, the net full of shrimps at one end, and the heavy hook at the other, balancing it over one shoulder, while from the opposite were suspended two wicker baskets frequently filled with lobsters, or smaller shell-fish, which he contrived to hook out of their holes with extraordinary dexterity. The sole companion of his rambles was a little black—I really know not what to call it so as to distinguish its tribe—but it may be sufficient to state that it was a black ugly dog; who, by way of economy, usually walked upon three legs, was blind of an eye, and, like its master, lonely in its habits, and shy in its demeanour. This animal, who, appropriately enough answered to the name of Crab, was the means of my introduction to its taciturn lord. Even in childhood I was devotedly attached to the sea; somewhat amphibious; fond, when I dare, of getting off my shoes and stockings, and dabbling in the fairy pools which the receding ocean left in the hollow clefts of the rocks; and fonder still of chasing the waves as they rolled along the sloping beach. My affection for this

dangerous amusement was so well known, that I was never permitted to go to the strand, although it was considerably within a mile of our house, unattended by an old steady dependant of the family. But there was another who loved to accompany me on all my excursions, my noble favourite Neptune, a tall, stately Newfoundland dog, thoughtful and sagacious. It was not to be supposed that so high-born an animal would condescend to associate with a low-bred tyke; and no mark of recognition, that ever I perceived, passed between him and Crab, any more than between myself and the shrimp-gatherer, who, I dare say, thought a noisy laughing girl of ten, a sad disturber of his solitude. One morning, during spring-tide, having just bathed, I had quitted the box to take my accustomed stroll along the shore; when, on a rock a considerable distance from land, and which the inflowing rapid waves were covering fast, I saw and heard poor Crab in evident distress; the fact was, that part of his master's tackle wanted some alteration, and Jack, forgetting it was spring-tide, had placed his lobster-baskets on a high rock, and directed his dog to watch them until his return from the village; poor Crab would not desert his trust, and to save him appeared impossible, even to his master, who had just descended the cliffs, as the intermediate waters became deep and dangerous. I never saw any man in greater agony than Jack on this occasion; repeatedly did he call to the faithful animal—yet it would not quit the spot. Neptune was never particularly quick, but when he did comprehend, he was prompt in doing all things for the best; suddenly he understood the entire matter, plunged fearlessly among the waves, and soon returned, bearing Crab between his teeth to the shore; not content with this exploit, he twice re-entered and brought the baskets to the feet of the grateful man of shrimps. I do believe the poor fellow would, to use his own words at the moment, have walked "barefoot to Jericho, to sarve me or mine." He snatched the dripping animal to his bosom, and called it his only friend; ever after, Jack and I were intimate acquaintances. Not so Neptune and the cur; the latter never forgot his obligations; but Neptune only returned the humble caresses of the little creature by a slight movement of his stately tail, or a casting down of his small dark eye, as well as to say, "I see you."

Still there was something about "Jack the Shrimp," I could not make out; his mornings, from the earliest dawn, in fair or foul weather, were employed in catching the unwary fish; at mid-day he attended his several customers, and in the evenings he again repaired to his haunts among the wild birds, and amid the ocean-spray:

his general place of repose was a hollow rock, called the OTTER'S-HOLE; and there he used to eat his lonely meal, and share his straw bed at night, with his faithful dog. I saw him one morning, as usual, poking after shrimps; and was struck by the anxiety and energy of his movements; notwithstanding his seeming employment, he was intensely watching every sail that appeared on the blue waters: when he saw me he rapidly approached.

"The top of the morning to ye, young lady, and may every sunrise increase ye'r happiness."

"Thank ye, Jack; have you caught many shrimps this morning?"

"Yarra no, my lantlan—sorra a many—Ye wouldn't have much company at the big house to-day?"

"I believe we expect some friends."

"Ye wouldn't know their names?" he enquired, looking at me, while his sunken eyes sparkled with feelings which I could not understand.

"Some, Jack, I know—Mr. Amble, and Mr. Cawthorne, and father Mike, and the rector."

"Any of the red-coat officers from Duncannon, Agra?"

"Not that I know of."

"Are ye sure?" he continued, peering earnestly into my face, "Ye wouldn't, sure ye wouldn't tell a lie to poor ould Jack, Miss, darlint,—you, whom he'd go tin pilgrimages to sarve if ye were to die to-morrow;—you, who have so often spoken kindly to him, when ye'r voice fell on his ear like the song of a mermaid—sure ye wouldn't desave me, *maourneen*!"

"Indeed, Jack, there is no reason to deceive you on the subject—the matter cannot concern you; but, to make your mind perfectly easy, I will ask the housekeeper; she knows who are expected, and will let you know when you bring the lobsters to the house."

"God bless ye, and God help ye'r innocent head; sure d'ye think I'm such an ould fool entirely to be bothering myself about what's no business of mine?—may-be, like the rest, ye think me a *natural*!"

His lip curled in bitter scorn as he uttered the last sentence, and his eyes grew brightly dark under the shadow of his beetle brows. After a moment's pause, he continued, "Ax the master himself, dear—ax the master if any of the officers are to be wid ye; the housekeeper won't know—that she won't,—just ax the master who's to dine wid ye to-day, particular about the officers; but don't, Miss, darlint, don't say I hid ye; ye don't know what harm might come of it if ye did; it might cost me my life: besides, it would bemean ye to turn *inform*er. Now, Miss, machree, young as ye are, ye'r the only one about the big house I'd trust wid that; and so God be wid ye, I *depend* on your honour." I was ten years old, and it was a glorious thing to think that a secret, (although I hardly knew in what the secret consisted) was in my keeping, and it was still more glorious to be told that my honour was depended on. Jack was, moreover, a favourite with the household, and I had never been forbidden to

speak to him. Grand-mamma, and mamma were, I knew, busied with the house-keeper in the preparation of jellies and pastries, in the manufacture of which, adhering to the fashion of the good old times, they themselves assisted, on those days of confusion in country-houses, called company-days. I was consequently aware that I should hardly see them until dressed for the drawing-room. During my conversation with Jack, my biped attendant, Nelly Patrell, had been busily employed in packing up my bathing dress, and locking "the box;" so she knew nothing of Jack's anxiety. I saw the old man watch me attentively, until I ascended the upper cliff on my way home, and then he returned to his occupation. I did not fail to ask my grandfather, at the breakfast-table, if he expected any of the officers from Duncannon to dinner that day; the kind man laid down "the Waterford Chronicle," which he was perusing, and smiling one of those sweet and playful smiles, that tell more than words can do, of peace and cheerfulness, enquired, in his turn, if "my head was beginning to think about officers already." I was old enough to blush at this; but returned to my point, and was told that none had been invited. Soon after I saw Jack, and little Crab, the one striding, the other trotting down the avenue; as he passed the open casement, he stopped, and I told him that grandpapa did not expect any officers; the old man crossed his forehead, and muttered, as he reverently bowed, and passed to the kitchen offices, "May heaven be ye'r bed at the last, and may ye niver know either sin or sorrow."

Poor Jack! I have often since thought of his benediction. Dinner was at last over, and dessert fairly placed upon the table, when the feet of one or two horses were heard clattering into the court yard; and, in a few seconds, the servant announced the captain of the detachment of a regiment then quartered at Duncannon; a gentleman who accompanied him, but who was not announced, entered at the same time; he was a gigantic, gloomy, harsh-looking man, and when the servant retired, the officer introduced him as Mr. Loffont, the new chief of the Feather and Duncannon police. This man was universally disliked in the country, and captain Gore knew it well; he in some measure apologised for the intrusion of both, by stating, he had been that morning called upon by Mr. Loffont, to give assistance to the police, in a rencontre with the smugglers, which was that night expected on our side the coast: this was, I believe, unwelcome intelligence to all, but to none more than myself; an undefined dread of some evil that might happen to my poor friend, the shrimp-gatherer, took possession of my mind; and to the astonishment of grandmamma, even my pineapple was untasted. I have since learnt, that when the ladies withdrew, captain Gore informed the company that he expected some of his men to meet them at the termination of our oak belting; and, he added, "he was convinced Mr. Herriott would render every assistance to the king's

men in such a cause." Mr. Herriott was peaceably inclined and only agreed to go to the beach with the soldiers because he thought it likely he might act as a mediator between the parties. Well do I remember the breathless anxiety with which I watched for his passing through the great entrance-hall—it was useless; he did not come out until near midnight, and then he was surrounded by gentlemen, who all spoke in an under tone; at last, with a palpitating heart, I heard the old butler ordered to bring the long double-barrelled gun. The company departed, and I seated myself in the nursery window, which overlooked the beautiful plantations, and the distant sea, that was tranquilly reposing in the beams of the full moon.

Slowly and stealthily did the party proceed to the shore; and they stole in silence, and in safety, upon the unfortunate smugglers, who were, at the time, landing their cargo at the entrance to the OTTER'S-HOLE. A few peasants were waiting, with empty cars, to convey away their purchases; and the gang was, evidently, unprepared for the attack; neither party, however, wanted courage; and they fought man to man, with desperate resolution. Loffont was foremost in the fray; youth, age, and manhood alike, felt the overpowering force of his muscular arm, or the unerring ball of his pistol. Silently and darkly did he fight, more like a destroying spirit than a mortal man. At length, in the midst of a combat, that had given him more than usual trouble, for he had engaged with a bold and daring antagonist, he was arrested by a harsh, growling voice, like the deep but murmured anger of an African lion; and his arm was grasped by long bony fingers, that seemed the outcasts of the grave. "And ye're here, you, who crushed my brave—my eldest boy;—who seduced, from her innocent home, my Kathleen—my daughter—my dear, dear, girl, the stamp of her dead mother;—you, who drove us to wandering and want; stand back, James; drop ye'r houl of my only living child, ye hell fiend," continued the agonized old man, as he shook the huge frame of Loffont, even as a willow-wand; "once before, when my boy was murdered, I struggled with ye for his life, and long it was; but ye cast me from ye as an old tree, but now,"—his eyes glared fearfully upon his victim, and, for a moment, smugglers and soldiers remained silent, and motionless. Loffont trembled in every limb; he felt as if his hour were come, and turning from the shrimp-gatherer, he said, "pass on, John Doherty, enough of the blood of ye'r house is already on my head." The old man, for a moment, replied not; but then exclaimed, "Revenge for my children!" Long and desperate was the struggle,—hand to hand, foot to foot,—until, as they neared the overhanging edge of the precipitous cliff, the shrimp-gatherer grappled the throat of his adversary; one step more; and both went crashing against the pointed rocks, until the deep, heavy splash in the ocean announced that the contest was over.

Instant relief was afforded, and they were both

dragged out of the water, still clasped, as in the death-struggle. Loffont—his harsh and demon-like features blackened and swollen by suffocation—was indeed a corpse; and, although Doherty was living, and in full possession of his faculties, it was evident his spirit was on the wing. Still did he grasp his antagonist's throat; and, even when besought by Mr. Herriott to relax his hold, he raised himself slowly on his elbow, and turned a steady gaze upon the features of one he had hated even unto death. His son knelt by his side—his heart full, almost to bursting, with agonized feeling.—In the meantime the contest between the people and the soldiery and police was renewed, and every inch of cliff was vigorously disputed.

"James," said the dying man, as his glazed eye followed the bloody contest, upon which the full moon cast her bright and tranquil beams;—"James—the boat—they'll be beaten off—but the boat—gain the ship. I do not blame the young lady (he continued, looking at Mr. Herriott), she told me what she knew; nor am I sorry—to say sorry—for my murdered children now can rest in their graves—their murderer is punished."

"Jack," interrupted Mr. Herriott, "for God's sake think of the few moments you have to live—think of where you are going."

"Ay, Sir, if God would spare me to make my soul, now I might think and pray to him—but before—could I think of any but *him*, who are in heaven? Now God—God have mercy on a poor sinful man!"—his hands were clenched in prayer—when a loud shout from the peasantry, which was repeated by a thousand echoes along the rocky shore, announced that they had beaten their opponents fairly off; the old man started—waved his hands wildly over his head, as in triumph—fell back—and expired on his son's bosom.

The smugglers escaped to the vessel, and the youth bore off to it the dead body of his father. Mr. Herriott was perfectly safe amid the lawless gang, for he was never known to commit an unjust, an unkind, or even an immoderate action. The ship's crew and the peasantry disappeared as if by magic, carrying with them as much of the brandy and tobacco as had been landed, for they knew that the police would shortly return with a reinforcement; and in one or two moments Mr. Herriott found himself alone, with the corpse of Loffont, on the wild sea-shore; not quite alone, I should say; the dog of the shrimp-gatherer, poor Crab, came snelling to the strand where his master's body had lain, raised his little voice in weak and pitiful howlings to the receding barque, and finally laid himself down at the feet of the watchful Neptune, who had never deserted his master's side. From that hour the noble animal became the protector of the low-born cur; and never suffered his humble friend to receive either insult or injury.

The body of the wretched man, who had met with so shocking a death, was conveyed to our house—it was buried—but few attended the funeral, which in Ireland is always a mark of dis-

respect. It was not to be wondered at, for the history of poor Jack became generally known; he had once a home, and all the joys which home can give—a wife, two sons, and one lovely daughter, the pride of her father's life, and of her native village. She was seduced by this villain, this Loffont, under the promise of honourable union—her heart broke! She was found one morning a stiffened corpse at her father's door, with a snow shroud for her covering, and the cold ice of December for her bed. Then her mother quietly and calmly laid down and died; the fountain of her tears had dried—her heart withered within her bosom.

The husband and father was rendered wild and desolate, and became a man of desperate fortunes, and swore that nothing but blood should wash out the memory of his daughter's shame. He joined a party of smugglers, with his eldest boy, whom, in an engagement with the police, he saw shot and stabbed by the same hand that had brought sin and death to his happy dwelling. He was so much injured himself in this engagement as to be unable to remain at sea; so he

wandered along the sea-shore, watching the movements of the officers stationed on the preventive service, and directing the movements of the vessel in which his youngest son had embarked. This will account for the great anxiety he manifested to ascertain who was to dine at our house on that eventful day—dreading, doubtless, that the officers were on the look out for the expected ship; he could not have known that Loffont was so near his usual haunts; for, from the fearful nature of his revenge, I am certain he would have stopped at nothing to shed his blood. Yet Jack had fine qualities; but his bad passions had been foully awakened, and the mild and beautiful doctrines of christianity were to him almost unknown.

Alas, that so little has been done by gentle means to instruct the noble peasantry of Ireland in the nature of religious and social duty! When reason and religion take the place of prejudice and bigotry, then, and not till then, will the Irish character burst forth in all its energy and splendor, and be as much distinguished for its wisdom and prudence, as it is now for its wit and bravery.

ISABEL OF ANGOULESME.

BY MISS E. INGRIM.

*Les Femmes doivent servir Dieu,
Par leur patience et leur soumission.*
MADAME COTTIN.

It had been a fete day in Guienne; for it was the year 1200, and King John, of England, had in the morning received oaths of fealty from various counts, amongst whom were those of Angoulesme and La Marche. It was now near evening; and the soft clear breeze had tempted forth the numerous inhabitants of the fancy villas that dotted the woods and hills high up the bank opposite to the rich town of Bordeaux; the latter frowning on them in all her pride of wealth, and majestic beauty, whilst casting her broad shadows over the smooth bosom of the Garonne; on which, too, sported many a gaily-decked skiff filled with light hearts and still lighter spirits. Amongst those the king John's shone pre-eminent in fancy, with its crimson curtains and gay-liveried attendants, reposing on, rather than cutting through, the sunny element. Boat after boat came up with, and shot past it, as scarcely touching aught save the soft fanning vapour that swept over the fairy world of flowers, on the banks by which they passed, till all had disappeared; yet still the idle monarch reclined on its velvet cushioned seats, watching the playful flies, which, as they danced over the mirry purple in fantastic circles, now basking in the full glory of the west, then skimming along the wave, sent glittering lines creaming around him. For once he was admiring nature in the hour when she most disposes the mind to peace

with all around; and he had long been left alone in the watery world, when the soft sounds of a lute came on his ear; and presently a boat, decorated with the purest white, came quickly up with them. The owner, a tall martial-like young man, rose and doffed his cap to the monarch, while his companion, a lovely girl scarcely in the first bloom of womanhood, laid down her lute, and drawing her white veil more closely around her, also rose and gracefully returned John's gracious bend of the neck; for he had recognised in the elegant man before him, the young Count de la Marche. They then passed on, and as the lute was resumed, many a truant breeze bore its strains to the apparently absorbed monarch.

Suddenly, however, turning to his gentleman, he demanded, "Know you if La Marche is married?"

"Sire," answered the attendant, "the Count has, since childhood, been betrothed to the lovely Isabel of Angoulesme, the lady thou sawest with him, and to-morrow Bordeaux will make merry at their nuptials."

"Betrothed!" exclaimed John, "only betrothed to-morrow to consummate the nuptials, sayest thou—ashore—ashore!"

The attendants, aware by his earnestness of manner, that some hasty resolve had just been taken by their capricious master, instantly or-

dered the rowers to "speed," and a very few minutes landed and found them safe within the gates of Bordeaux.

In the mean time the Count de la Marche had landed at his chateau with his beloved Isabel Tailleffer; who, as John's informant had stated, had long been betrothed to him, and for some months had been placed under his protection by her father, the Count of Angoulesme; but their nuptials had not yet taken place on account of her extreme youth. They proceeded to the long hall, where the servants had prepared the light evening meal; and as they sat side by side, and La Marche's lip touched her cheek, she thought—not enough of heaven.

"A pedlar stands at the gate, my Lord, and though I have told him the lady Isabel was well prepared, he insists upon it he has a head-wreath no bride would refuse to buy," said a female attendant entering with breathless haste.

"Nay, girl," interrupted the Count, and he smiled on his young bride, "the lady Isabel and I are indebted to the pedlar for his attention.—We will see this magic wreath—let him enter."

The maiden retired well pleased with the order, for her guerdon if she brought a successful message, was no less a consideration than a tempting new piece—one of the novel coin just issued—and an old mark, would have won the sly abigail to have undertaken a far greater achievement than that of winning her lord's consent to admit one who bore a present worthy of purchase for the bride he doted on. 'Twas true she had made many objections to the mission, but then, each newly-raised objection brought tempting promises of future presents, till "Methinks, old man, thy conscience might trouble thee; I wonder thou art not ashamed to put such profits on thy ware as will enable thee to make presents to timid maidens," said the girl.

"Nay, maiden, 'tis not every one boasts eyes as bright as thine. I will wager this golden ring," at the same time drawing one from his case, "that thy mistress has not brighter; and I know, maiden, I should not lose it to thee, so e'en take it;" and as she raised her hand to open the door, the wily pedlar slid the ring on the hand of the nothing-loath waiting woman; and, be it known, the next day would make her the wife of the talk handsome valet of La Marche, consequently all those fine presents and promises could not have come more opportunely.

Meanwhile the pedlar entered the presence of Isabel and the Count; and the abigail waited on the outer side for his returning, to conduct him again through the long winding galleries.—The contents of the pack were displayed, rings, necklaces, breast-knots, all "inimitable;" and, amongst the rest, the boasted head-wreath.

"That wreath, my Lord, I swear was purchased for the Queen of England," said the pedlar, holding it daintily between his thumb and first finger tips.

"It is, indeed, beautiful," said Isabel; "but hark, my lord, the warden's horn sounds."

"'Tis doubtless, love, some of our good friends

come to rest the night with us, before the morrow's fete.' I will receive them in another chamber: do thou purchase what in this motley collection pleaseth thee best." So saying he smiled on her, and left the hall.

"Nay, good man, what thou askest is a purse of gold."

"Even so, lady; but look at the large pearls, and think how many one of those delicate roses contains," returned the pedlar, drawing more closely to her.

"Ay, 'tis true, and 'tis very beautiful; but I must look lower in thy pack; such an expensive bauble does not become Isabel Tailleffer; so thou must e'en bear it to the Queen of England—and—"

"Place it on her fair brows," concluded the pedlar, snatching up the wreath, and placing it on Isabel's long silken hair with one hand, and with the other, raising the grey scalp from his own head, discovered to the astonished girl King John of England! "Nay, fair lady, attempt not to speak; I know all you would say; excuses for behaving with so little ceremony—and surprise at seeing me here in such a garb; yes, I know all; this is not my business here—dost not think the wreath becomes thy silken tresses?"

"Pardon me, Sire," said Isabel, endeavouring to free her hand from his close grasp, "I must warn my lord whose host he is. The King of England must not remain here in indignity any longer; and—"

"But stay, Isabel Tailleffer, the wreath, I would know ere you leave me, if you think it will best become the Countess de la Marche, or the Queen of England?"

"The royal Avise, Sire," she replied, taking it from her head.

"Nay, I meant not her—"

"Did not you say the Queen of England, Sire?"

"As truly, Isabel, as I meant thee as such—"

"Hush, hush, Sire; an' I knew not thy talent for saying gallant speeches, I should say it becomes not me to listen to thee; but I should indeed be vain to imagine thy words to be in earnest. But I will leave my good Lord only a few moments to bid the Count to his guest—"

"Stay, Isabel of Angoulesme, I command thee, and listen to what I say—ay, and in earnest. Avise is no longer my consort; I shall obtain a dispensation from the Pope to cancel my marriage vows. I have loved thee since the moment I gazed on thee to-night; nay, hear me out; I had wished to win thy free consent to share my throne, but as thou art so madly resolved to refuse our gracious offer, know that I have sworn on the holy cross to possess thee—"

"Never, never! John of England, thou durst not tear the betrothed from the altar—" her feelings overcame her, and she fainted.

John attempted not to revive her, but kneeling by her side he pressed his lips on her icy cheek, and exclaimed—

"Were thou less beautiful, I could pity thee, but as it is, thou must be mine. I will now to thy father; ambition is marked on his high brow and

curling lip, as truly as feminine beauty and maidenly submission are in thy soft hazel eye. I doubt not he would rather be the ancestor of Kings than Counts. Farewell, then, my beloved; in a few short hours we will meet again, and I doubt not, by my side will be one, from whom a well-told tale of inevitable ruin, or displeasure from me, will bend thee to my wishes; but I must be gone—farewell, farewell!" and after imprinting on her lips another impassioned kiss, he rose, and gathering the trinkets in his pack, resumed his grey scalp, and joined the inquisitive abigail, who had been vainly endeavouring to catch one of the many loud words uttered by John. But she appeared by her smiling, sinpering whispers, to be well pleased with the continued conversation of her companion, and it would seem she knew his rank, for as he reached the door and bade her "remember the reward!" she ducked a courtesy even to the ground.

The Count's surprise may be imagined, when on returning to his bride he found her in a death like swoon, and not one of the servants could give him the least explanation. With the greatest pleasure he saw her open her eyes, but she looked timidly around, and whispered, "Is he gone, then?"

"Is who gone, dearest? I could almost chide thee for thus alarming thyself; but you will pardon my long absence when I tell thee the cause; rise, love, and see the bride-like presents King John's knights have brought thee—"

"King John! presents for me—oh, La Marche, I—but dismiss these attendants," said Isabel, faintly; and when they had left, she turned to her astonished lord, and exclaimed, "Let me not look on those baubles; burn them; La Marche, John hath been here: the pedlar with the wreath was he. Away, away, although it be not a maidenly command, I say away to the altar, if you would have Isabel Taillefeffer your wife, for John of England has sworn she shall be his, and who is there knows not his evil passions? As I fainted I felt his hateful breath on my cheek, and I heard him say he would to my father. Oh! La Marche, to thee alone I would breathe it; but Angoulesme's ruling passion is—ambition!"

"Calm thyself, Isabel; thy timid spirit hath taken this mummery too seriously. Depend upon it we shall hear no more of him; John caught but a glimpse of thy charms this evening, but that made him wish a nearer view—and who would not, dearest? I, at least, cannot chide him," said La Marche, smiling in assumed pleasantry, for he but too well knew John's character, to feel at ease.

"Stop, La Marche," interrupted Isabel, thou knowest better; yet I see thy kindness and acknowledge it."

"Well, then, dearest, 'tis but calling the good father some hours earlier; thy good friends must e'en take necessity as an excuse for not waiting their kindly presence. See, Isabel, the west is grey, that was, but a little while since, in its glory; and those myriads of heaven's diamonds tell us that the hour cannot be less than the last be-

fore midnight; then go and deck thee, love, while I haste to the monastery to bid them prepare the chapel by the first vesper bell—"

"Nay, let us not stay for pomp, La Marche," exclaimed Isabel, losing in the importance of the moment all thought of maidenly pride; "I shall pledge my faith as truly in this disordered dress, and on the taperless altar."

"True," answered La Marche; "yet I would not my bride appeared thus; and remember love, John will not conjecture that our bridal hour will be before to-morrow evening; go, then, and let thy woman robe thee; she and my man will alone be present."

Silenced, yet with a foreboding heart, Isabel proceeded, with the before-mentioned waiting-woman, to her toilette; the bridal robe of spotless velvet was drawn forth, but no where could her ornaments, which La Marche had given her, be found. The vesper bell tolled one—the pearly bracelets, &c. were found, and with breathless haste Isabel arrayed herself in them.

"Oh, my lady, had you but purchased the pearl head-wreath, all would have been complete;" said the girl, casting a keen glance on her agitated mistress.

"'Tis better as it is, Alice; but speak no more of that, my good girl; you know I have more momentous thoughts to occupy my mind at present," and she smiled a sad smile. "But my veil, girl,"—the veil was now missing.

In an agony of tears she flung herself on the couch, whilst Alice vainly ransacked every corner; the bell chimed the quarter, then half—Isabel started up and exclaimed wildly, "Attend me, girl; I will be a veilless bride rather than—but haste thee;" and she was darting from the room when Alice drew the long sought-for veil from beneath several dresses, and hastily casting it over her mistress, they proceeded to the monastery chapel.

La Marche had been impatiently awaiting her; yet the rapture of the moment was not unmixed with pain, for the beauty of her pale features was heightened by a wildness which alarmed him, and when he took her hand to lead her to the altar, its icy chillness struck to his heart.

"Nay," he said, as he pressed both hers between his larger and far warmer hands, "you have needlessly hurried yourself. What need we fear now, dearest? a short space will indissolubly unite us," and he placed her before the altar.

The priest began the first solemn prayer, and Isabel, with La Marche, had deeply engaged in silence in it; thus, they had not noticed the entrance of several persons by the eastern door; but now, as they moved up the long aisle, the clanking of armour aroused them to a full and bitter knowledge of their situation.

The intruders advanced towards the altar, and the leader—who, as he threw off his cloak, they discovered to be King John—exclaimed, in a stentorian voice, "Go no farther in that ceremony, John of England commands thee!"

"We are betrayed, my Isabel," exclaimed La Marche, drawing his sword; then turning to John

continued, "I know not, Sir King, by what right thou commandest this holy father to stop; but if by the laws of power, I bid thee defiance. John of England, I claim this lady as my wife!"

"Wife!" exclaimed John, in a transport of rage, "Wife! Girl, hast thou fooled us?" to Alice. "Speak, holy father, how far has this ceremony proceeded?" he continued to the priest.

But the holy man's answer was interrupted by Isabel, who, at John's appeal to Alice, had flown from the altar, and now, standing by the abigail, she bent her eyes wildly and piercingly on her, exclaiming, "Girl, if 'tis true thou hast done this—oh! now I recal the lost veil, and the bracelet; Alice, Alice, may He who sees the most secret thoughts forgive thee."

"Peace, daughter!" now interrupted the priest; "John of England, in answer to thy question, I bid thee, as thou reverest the holy mother church, to allow the scarcely-commenced ceremony to proceed."

"So: 'tis well," said John, bending an amorous glance on Isabel, "Angoulesme, we are yet in time."

"Angoulesme!" screamed Isabel, "is then my father here?" and she rushed towards the tall armour-cased figure, which had stood by John's side on his entrance; and in whom, as he raised his helmet, she recognised her parent.

"Count of Angoulesme!" resumed the deep musical tones of the priest, "it rests with thee alone to settle this disgraceful dispute. I command all here to silence, while this lovely lady's father speaks his will."

Instantly a death-like silence reigned in the holy edifice, and the Count of Angoulesme spoke:—

"Isabel," (she fixed her eyes in agony on him,) "'tis my command you receive the King of England as—"

"No, no, dearest father," she interrupted, and clasped his knees as she knelt before him; "no, no, you cannot mean this. Did not that revered hand place me beneath the protection of La Marche, till my age should fit me for his wife? Father, that time has arrived—thou wilt not tear me from him now?"

For a moment he seemed moved, and even a tear trickled down his steeled corset; but quickly recovering himself, he raised his child, saying, "Isabel, I had not expected disobedience from thee; but I would speak with thee apart; meanwhile I charge thee, Count de la Marche, restrain your words."

La Marche bowed a cold acquiescence; then fixed the point of his sword in the oaken floor, placing one hand on the hilt, while the other leaned on the altar. John also stood at the head of his men, preserving a sullen silence, occasionally bending a look of triumph on his rival, or an amorous glance on Isabel, as she paced the farther end of the chapel in earnest conversation with her father.

Ever and anon, as they stepped where the blaze of the tapers surrounding the altar shone upon them, La Marche caught the agonized ex-

pression of Isabel's features, and occasionally some few words.

"Isabel, my child, I charge thee—I implore thee, publish not my disgrace!" was uttered by Angoulesme, in reply to a firm "never!" from his daughter.

La Marche sprang to the side of his pale bride, clasped her waist, and exclaimed, "Believe him not, he is working on the devotion of thy filial love—telling thee his ruin or his exaltation depends on thee; I know it, but it is false, dearest, false!"

"Hey-day, Sir Springald; false, sayest thou? Does it well become the would-be husband of a maiden to tell her her father lies?" said John, scornfully.

"John of England," replied La Marche, "there are more fitting places than this to beard La Marche. Know that henceforth I swear, even in this holy place, revenge to thee till death. My Lord of Angoulesme, thou knowest thyself safe in the title of father."

"Nay," returned Angoulesme, with a bitter smile, "I care not if I condescend to try good stiel with thee at my leisure. Now I have more weighty business pressing on me." Then turning to Isabel, "Hath a father to tell his child she may rely on his words?"

"No, oh no!" she answered; and gathering her white veil around her face, bent her head on her hands for a few minutes; then raising her tearless eyes to La Marche, said firmly, "La Marche, my first and last love, fare thee well!"

She stopped not to look on his death-like brow, and quivering lip, but stepped tremblingly towards John. He drew the pearl wreath from beneath his cloak, and held it towards her. "John of England, I am thine," she exclaimed, as she bent her brow to receive it; "and may the Holy Virgin plead with her son for thee and my father, if he hath deceived me."

"To horse! to horse, now, my brave knights! Behold your Queen!" The men bowed lowly to the fair girl. "And now, for thee," continued John, turning to Alice, "what I promised thee is there," flinging towards her a purse. Then raising the feeble Isabel in his arms, he bore her to a beautiful palfry; and in a few minutes the distant sound of the horses' hoofs brought to the mind of La Marche the utter desolation of his soul.

"And now to study revenge!" he groaned forth; yet, ere he left the chapel, turned to Alice, and exclaimed, "Go, girl, wed him who loveth thee; and enjoy, if thou canst, thy basely-earned wealth. I forgive thee—or, at least, I hope I do—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the girl, holding the purse to the light, through which shone many a golden piece. "Listen, Count la Marche! Thou knowest I once followed thy steps with love thou scornedst—now I am revenged; farewell!" and she flew madly from the chapel.

What she had just said he knew to be true.—She had sought him unceasingly; repeating her

vows of love with a fervour unbecoming woman. Yet he had hoped, and believed, since the devotion of his valet to her, that she placed her heart in a more fitting sphere; and he had even promised them a pension when the next day should have made them one—and Isabel—the thought was madness—it burnt on his brain, for now all was utter hopelessness for him on this side of the grave.

In a few days Isabel was wedded Queen of England at Poitiers. This, with the fact that she yet again stood at the altar as the bride, and became the wife of La Marche, is well known from the pages of England's histories. And we will add, her love was more chastened—more holy in its fervency—yet not less true than before

time had passed his blanching hand over the once raven locks of La Marche; neither did he look with less rapture on the comely matron, than on the once slight girl.

It may be questioned if Isabel truly performed her duties as John's consort, "ay, and as the mother of John's children." Yet it would seem she proved not truant to her soul's idol when her duties allowed her thoughts to turn that way; for once the sworn revenge of La Marche had placed him as prisoner in John's castle at Rouen. Yet was he soon set at liberty. Who would not fancy by whose interference? Thus she illustrated Madame Cottin's summary of woman's duty to Heaven—"servant Dieu par sa patience et sa soumission."

From the Court and Fashionable Magazine.

BLANCHE OF BROOMSIDE.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"Farewell, farewell, your flowers will glad
The bird, and feed the bee;
And charm ten thousand hearts, although
No more they'll gladden me."
ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

A JOYOUS and a happy girl was Blanche Seabright—the beauty and favourite of Broomside—a lonely and pastoral village in Devon. She was the only daughter of a gentleman of small, but independent fortune; and as her mother died in giving her birth, and her father had remained unmarried, Blanche was exactly what old maids and bachelors call a "spoil'd child," before she entered her teens. Nor was this much to be wondered at—her extreme beauty would have rendered her an object of admiration even in crowded cities, where female loveliness is so frequently seen;—moreover, she had precisely the acquirements that are valuable in country society—she danced and sang to perfection, played on the lute, and possessed more wit than any one in the village—excepting, perhaps, old Admiral Granby, a hale veteran of seventy-six, who told all the stock jokes of the navy for the last fifty years, with an energy which astonished the clergyman, squire, and justice, every Christmas and Michaelmas, when they regularly met at the Bell and Crown, to settle all matters touching church and state; and to discuss the question whether the county member did his duty or not. Certainly Blanche's wit was the most original—but her auditors were seldom particular as to that. The maiden's spirits, when she was about seventeen (that age of sentiment and insipidity, when the girl is donning the womanly robe, and has not made up her mind whether she will at once become stately and artificial, or remain joyous and natural); at that critical age such were her spirits, that every body set her down as a confirmed mad-cap—when, suddenly, or as old people say, "in less than no time," matters changed,

and she became serious and reserved; her cheek, even that blooming cheek, faded; and her bright blue eyes were often filled with tears—then "every body" wondered what could be the matter: some talked of consumption—others of catarrh—and even some of love; this the wise ones laughed at—Blanche Seabright in love! With whom? Not old Admiral Granby, or the lame boy at the apothecary's—and they were the only 'presentable' bachelors in the district. It could not be—in love, indeed! What absurdity! Were the wise ones right or wrong? We shall see. I have said before that Broomside was beautifully situated, but I have not stated that it possessed attractions, passing great, to sportsmen; there was a fine trout stream—good covers for game—and, moreover, about a mile up the hill, a shooting box, which was let in a miscellaneous way every season to whoever chose to take it. The resident gentry knew nothing, and cared little, about its inhabitants—who were seldom seen at that legitimate place for all people to be seen at—the parish church—sweet, tranquil spot, which centuries scarcely altered, save that moss and lichens entirely covered with their bright greenery the patches of roof, from whence some ancient storm had scared the ivy. The parties who, at the time I allude to, occupied the lodge, were the *Roue*, Lord of Dunmeade, and his cousin, Mr. Eversham. Dunmeade was a childless widower, with broken constitution, and well known in the fashionable circles as *un homme celebre*. Plain, simple-minded people would call him a "dangerous character," but the *haut monde* are too well bred to designate things by common terms. Eversham was a very different being from his

itled cousin; he was the second son of a benefited clergyman, and intended for the sacred profession—in fact, he had just taken orders, and was one who did so for conscience sake. To please his mother, who was naturally anxious that, if possible, some of his lordship's worldly goods might hereafter become the property of her son, he joined the noble on a shooting excursion. Few could have been more powerfully contrasted—the Earl of Dunmeade was verging on his fiftieth birth-day, diminutive in stature, and every feature of his face telling of dissipation; the full, gloating eye—the satyr-like mouth—and the sallow spotted skin; his manners, however, were courtly and insinuating—and to this he owed the popularity he undoubtedly possessed in certain circles.

Mr. Eversham was in the first bloom of manhood; his boyish days had been spent at his father's vicarage; and at college his time was devoted to the attainment of literary distinction. When, therefore, he launched into the world, he was in the full possession of a vigorous and untainted mind. His expressive countenance was as a beautiful title-page to a virtuous and learned book; and his whole bearing was that of a scholar and a gentleman. A country event occasioned a meeting between the trio, namely, Blanche Seabright, and the cousins—a passing shower caused both parties to take shelter in a small cottage between Broomside and the hill lodge; the maiden's beauty attracted the gentlemen's attention, and they soon discovered who she was. With what different feelings were their inquiries made; what man would exchange the first beatings of affection—such love as might dwell in the lily's bosom, without contaminating its purity—for the sordid, cold calculation with which in after life he heaps gold—and marries? "She is a fine girl," said his lordship. "Wants an air—a manner—a style in short; which fashionable society would soon give. Bringing out such a creature would create—the most difficult thing in the world to achieve in polished society—a sensation—elf, Eversham?"

Eversham bowed.

"Good family—domestic, doubtless," continued the noble, musingly. "Make an attentive nurse—getting gouty at times (rubbing his leg). Eversham, what do you think, ought I to bind myself again in matrimonial chains?"

Eversham started, and looked at his cousin.

"My dear lord, what are you thinking of?"

"Why, of that rustic beauty—that oriental pearl—Miss Seabright. Should you like her for a relative?"

"Very much," was the young gentleman's laconic reply, as he darted a look of defiance at the noble, which must have annihilated him had he seen it.

The when and the where of the next meeting of Blanche and Eversham is of little consequence. An aged oak—a shady dell—or, sweetest of all, rippling brook, have been lovers' land-marks time out of mind; and though their first, second, perhaps even their third rencontres were of course

accidental, Eversham was too honourable—Blanche too candid—to carry on clandestine courtship. And after the necessary inquiries, which every parent finds it right to make, when the happiness of a beloved child is concerned, Mr. Eversham was received by Mr. Seabright as his daughter's suitor.

"The course of true love never did run smooth." Lord Dunmeade discovered the proceeding, and was enraged. To be foiled by a boy was too bad—not to be forgiven. His power in town was on the decline; but could he have produced such a wife as Blanche, his house would again have been the resort of all the rank and fashion of the time; he knew and felt this, and his bitterness increased when not only his lady-love but her father also rejected his addresses with cold and firm civility. It was now the latter end of November, and the wise ones were convinced that they were wrong, for the wedding-day was fixed, and the bride in constant consultation with the village milliner.

"It is a bright and glorious moonlight, dearest," whispered Eversham to his betrothed; "you have not been out for many days. Do, Sir," he continued, turning to Mr. Seabright, "prevail upon Blanche to walk once, only once round the lawn."

Mr. Seabright seconded the request, and the happy three issued from the folding doors, which opened on the glittering grass. When they reached the bottom of the green, Mr. Seabright wished to extend his walk to the meadow, and prevailed upon Eversham to accompany him.

"Blanche can remain in the green-house until our return, as I fear the dampness of the long herbage for her. We will not be absent ten minutes," said the old gentleman. Blanche leaned her head against the door, and watched their figures recede amongst the trees. How perfectly did she feel the change which a few weeks had wrought in her mind and feelings. She was no longer the thoughtless, light-hearted maiden of Broomside. Love, that pure and holy passion, when it throbs in the bosom of a young and virtuous woman, elevates and refines even while it subdues; the heart, as it were, turning back upon itself, wonders at its former triflings, and owns but one all-guiding influence—devotion to the being it has singled from the crowd for ever. Of such a nature was Blanche Seabright's affections—and although the forms of the two beings dearest to her upon earth had disappeared, her eye still rested on the path they had taken. Suddenly she started, and uttered a faint scream, for a hand rested upon her arm. She turned, and beheld, almost breathing upon her's, the face of an old crone, known by the name of Madge Willis. This creature enjoyed the double reputation of knave and fool, and from her infancy had been an object of terror to Blanche. Her figure was short and square—her fingers and arms of unnatural length and size—and as she clutched the maiden's arm, and peered into her face, the young lady trembled beneath her eye. "I cannot harm ye, Blanche Seabright," she

commenced; and as she spoke, the kerchief which confined her grizzled locks fell back, and her large and twisted features stood in strong relief from the bright blue sky. "I do not want to harm ye—but I must look upon this palm—there, I knew ye'd wed a lord. Such beauty for a plain gentleman—oh, no!—the whitest meat to the kite's nest—to the court, fair lady—to the court—to catch fools.—*You'll never die a plain man's wife.*"

"Woman, unhand me!" cried Blanche, much terrified—"loosen your hold, I say!—Eversham!—Father!" she exclaimed. "Off, woman! how dare you presume." Madge Willis still grasped her as firmly as with a vice, and heeded not her struggles, apparently intent on examining her hand—"the lines tell of early sorrow—and death—well," she continued—"and that is the end of all—but first—ay, first, there is gold and rank—Now listen, lady—it is fated that you"—Poor Blanche again screamed; and, to her great relief, saw Eversham springing across the field.—"Curse on your mummeries, you old hag!" exclaimed the young man, as he caught Blanche almost fainting in his arms; "you have murdered her with your sorceries. Away!" he cried, stamping his foot with impatience, for the woman calmly folded her arms, and looked upon them both.

"I am going—poor Madge is going—but as this," and she pulled up a tuft of primroses that, in defiance of the season, were budding amid the grass—"as this is pulled—even so in ye'r early prime shall ye be torn asunder—and so wither. Don't lay hand on me, young man—ye scorn me—and no cross or coin of your's ever touched my palm—but no matter—I'll see the end of ye yet." So saying, and before Mr. Seabright came up, she walked into the shrubbery, and the gentlemen supported Blanche to the house. Whatever impression this singular scene made on the pride of the village, it is a recorded fact, that she never looked so lovely as when on the following Monday she plighted her faith in the old church to Henry Cavendish Eversham. After the ceremony, as she was leaning on her husband's arm, passing to the carriage, amid the blessings of the assembled peasantry, her eye rested on the countenance of Madge Willis—the woman's stern features wore an aspect of fixed melancholy—and she silently obeyed the summons of the bride's small gloved finger.

"Madge," said Blanche, blushing, and struggling with the terror with which the wild woman inspired her, "you said I would never be a plain man's wife—here is something to console you for being a false prophet."

"I'll not take your gold," she replied, gloomily. "I said you'd never *die a plain man's wife*. I'm no false prophet, lady."—The carriage drove on.

The world talks a great deal, and writes a great deal, about there being no such thing on earth as perfect happiness. I believe it is not general; but as to the non-existence of such a thing, they who assert the contrary never experienced or witnessed the perfect union of souls—

the devotion—the all absorbing happy devotion of perfect love. I am not now going into the question whether such a passion may not detract from the duty which the creature owes the Creator. Nor am I about to inquire whether this more than earthly happiness will bear the wear and tear of a cold and selfish world, which is ever anxious to destroy that in which it cannot participate. But I believe, as the poet sings, that—but let him speak for himself—

"There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,
When two that are link'd in one heavenly tie,
With heart never changing, and brow never cold,
Love on through all ills, and love on till they die:
One hour of a passion so faithful, is worth
Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss,
And, oh! if there be an elysium on earth,
It is this—it is this."

Eversham and his wife certainly enjoyed this elysium. And when Blanche became a mother, such was the extremity of her happiness, that she would silently ask herself if it could always last. Gradually—to her imperceptibly—a change came over the beauty of her beloved—his eye was more bright—his cheek, too, more coloured—and his forehead dazzlingly white;—he did not complain of either pain or sickness—but there was a lassitude, an inactivity in his very step—and then a short cough and restless nights. And at length his wife, with her infant sleeping in her bosom, watched by the death couch of her pride—her husband! Nothing could save him—she wearied heaven with prayers—with her face buried in the pillow that supported his head, would she kneel, beseeching the Almighty to spare the idolized being from whom she could not bear to think of parting. "Oh, God!" she would exclaim, "can it be! Must I resign him to the cold earth—to the worm—and to corruption!" And then, in his calm, low voice, while his fast fleeting breath fell upon her burning brow, like the chill breeze of early spring, he would say, that, over the spirit, death had no dominion—that *he*—the soul—the mind, she so much loved, could not be committed to the silent tomb. But even the tabernacle of that noble essence was dear unto her heart—and Blanche Eversham would not be comforted.

Alas! for the changes of this mortal life! The second anniversary of their union was celebrated by his funeral. As the hearse passed slowly from the door, Blanche, clasping her baby-boy wildly to her bosom, rushed from her friends, and stood at the window as if anxious to witness the last—the very last dread ceremony—and, unwittingly, her eye fell upon the hated figure of Madge Willis—there she was—her hair streaming on the wintry blast, giving to the winds the torn remains of what, in her distraction, Blanche imagined to be the very tuft of wild primroses she had pulled on the night of her evil prophecy. The woman looked at the stiffening figure of the youthful widow, and, pointing to the sable hearse, disappeared among the villagers. What Blanche's ideas as to the mysterious appearance of this weird woman were she never communicated; but it was evident that it had made a great

impression upon her intense imagination. Her troubles did not terminate with her husband's death.—Mr. Scabright, deprived of his daughter's society, felt listless in his lonely cottage, and had been induced to embark part of his property in a mercantile speculation, with which, like most country gentlemen, he was perfectly unacquainted. After her husband's death, Blanche returned to the dwelling of her childhood; but, although her father's affection was unchanged, he had not leisure to devote his sole attention to his daughter as in former times; poor Blanche suffered from an overwrought sensibility, and fancied, what was only the result of occupation, the result of coldness. Had she not her child's welfare so strongly at heart, she must have sunk a victim to real and artificial sorrow. Mr. Scabright at length became gloomy and ill tempered; and even the infantine caresses of his little grandson failed at times to engage his attention. Suddenly he absented himself almost entirely from his dwelling, and his daughter became really alarmed; unskilled in the world's ways, she was at a loss to account for his strange habits; and when, one gloomy December evening, he returned, after a ten days' absence, brooding and melancholy, she ventured upon the dreaded task of inquiring *why* he was so altered.

"Blanche," he replied, "you cannot understand how my affairs have been mismanaged, or how perfectly we are all on the very brink of ruin; in a few days we shall have hardly a roof to shelter us, and I have been occupied in consulting with old Mr. Eversham as to the means of our preservation. Blanche, it is in your power not only to save me from destruction—me, your old grey-headed parent, but to secure for this, your fatherless boy, a rich and noble heritage." Blanche replied not, but pressed her son to her bosom, and looked towards her father with an imploring countenance. "I know not, my child, whether or not you can bear me to proceed—but I rest my hopes on your strength of mind, and the pure affection you bear your relatives."—There was a long pause.—"You know how anxious, about three years ago, your mother-in-law was for your husband to retain the friendship of Lord Dunmeade." Blanche started. "When that nobleman mentioned to me his love (Blanche shuddered) for you, I yielded to your feelings; from fatherly affection, and permitted you to make your own choice—your son is his lordship's relative; and as he is even now anxious to make you his wife, we all think that it would be very unwise in you to lose the opportunity of securing the property to the family—the chances are that this child will be his sole heir." Blanche arose from her chair, and walked with a steady step to the door. One glance at her pale but firm-set countenance told her father that his cause was lost; the old man, in a voice rendered tremulous by agitation, called upon her to stop—and advanced to her at an uneven pace.

"Blanche," he exclaimed, taking her hand, "pause a moment ere you decide. I tell you another week will find me a degraded man: my

credit gone, my hopes blasted. I have engaged in speculation, and been ruined—Lord Dunmeade discovered it, and has generously offered to free me from my difficulties, to marry you, and be a father to your child. Blanche, will you render your father houseless, and a wanderer?—Will you sacrifice this boy on the shrine of unavailing grief?—Will you permit him to say in after life, when struggling with poverty, and smarting under the scourge of adversity, 'My mother could have prevented this, but she would not.' Eversham's family are anxious for it—I speak not of myself," added the old man. Blanche pressed her hand to her forehead, and with a hasty action folded the mourning robe around her figure and rushed from the room. Long and bitterly did she weep—and earnestly did she pray to the Almighty for advice and support—the well-being of her father and her child—the prospect (and who does not tremble at such) the prospect of want;—and then the natural romance of character, which circumstances had deadened, not destroyed—all worked upon her mind, and, after a long struggle, she resolved to immolate herself; to stand at God's altar, and to pledge her hitherto unpolluted faith to one she loathed—for the sake of her father and her child.

She had collected all the energies of body and mind to communicate her resolution to her father. As she was leaving the room, a weight seemed to oppress her, even to suffocation—and she threw open the latticed window to admit the air;—she shrunk quickly from it, for she saw or imagined she saw, under the shadow of the green-house wall, the mummering fortune teller, crouched to the earth, and watching her movements with the eye and attitude of an insidious cat. "It is fated," murmured the future bride of Dunmeade, as she rapidly descended the stairs. "It is vain to strive with fate."

"Rich were the jewels, and gorgeous the equipages that awaited the bridal; and the world talked of the fair prospects of the house of Eversham—and still more of the extraordinary good fortune which awaited a dowless widow. Notes of congratulation—lace—feathers—and satins, crowded the house;—and the boy, in his childish glee, delighted in the pageantry, and tore open afresh (if indeed they had ever healed) the heart-wounds of his fading mother—ever and anon prattling his childish fantasies, and inquiring if his dead papa had been as little and as ugly as his new one. Blanche, to the eye, bore it all astonishingly—even the fulsome and disgusting attentions of her intended lord. Oh, how abominable are such tributes! The settlements were drawn—her father and child provided for—but, contrary to all received opinions, Blanche persisted in her resolution of being married in her village church—this was a whim nobody could account for. Lord Dunmeade was anxious that the ceremony should have been performed in town; but the lady was resolute; and people (*good-natured people*), when talking about her fine fortune, added; that "she had no more feeling than a stone, notwithstanding her pale looks

and pretence, for if she had, she would never be married twice in the same church, particularly as she must pass the simple white tomb of her late husband in the church-yard—the very tomb she had placed over his grave.”

As Blanche descended from her carriage, Madge Willis stood in the church porch; a cold shudder thrilled through her frame, and, heedless of ceremony, she withdrew her hand hastily from the gouty earl, and passed along into the aisle. The words, “said I not the whitest meat to the kite’s nest,” echoed to her ear; and she also noted the half-muttered “peace woman,” of Lord Dunmeade, as he passed a purse into the witch’s hand. Before the conclusion of the ceremony,

all observed the rapidly changing countenance, and fearfully heaving breast of the beautiful bride! As she proceeded out of the church, the aged bridegroom’s arm was insufficient for her support; and her father almost carried her into the open air. She revived a little, and murmured the words, “Stop—stop,” in his ear; she looked wildly around for a moment, and then, with a convulsive effort, threw herself upon Eversham’s grave. They raised her tenderly from the earth—her father knelt—her child pressed her cold hands in his little bosom—all were agitated by one common feeling—even the Lord of Dunmeade felt deeply;—it was useless—the sacrifice was made—the victim had expired!



PRACTICAL OBSERVATIONS ON DANCING.

HOWEVER impossible it may be to acquire a knowledge of dancing unassisted by a master, we feel satisfied, that without depreciating the talent or attention of those by whom they have been instructed in the art, many of our readers may derive much benefit from an attentive perusal of the following observations. It would be folly for us to attempt teaching steps, and useless to offer a series of figures; our attention will be much more profitably directed, so far as regards the reader, to the carriage and deportment of the person, and in suggesting such simple exercises as will tend to improve those who are deficient, and to confirm those who are correct.

OF THE ARMS AND HANDS.

The proper carriage of the arms is certainly one of the greatest difficulties in dancing; it therefore demands the utmost attention on the part of the pupil. Of all the movements made in dancing, the opposition or contrast, of the arms with the feet is the most natural to us: to this, however, but little attention is in general paid. If any person be observed, when in the act of walking, it will be found, that when the right foot is put forward, the left arm follows, and *vice versa*: this is at once natural and graceful; and a similar rule should, in all cases, be followed in dancing. As much depends on placing the arms

properly, and in moving them with grace, as in the execution of steps,—for dancing consists not in the motion of the feet alone,—it requires the appropriate accompaniment of the arms and body: without which, the art degenerates into a mere fantastic mode of stepping. The arms should be kept in an easy semi-oval position, so that the bend of the elbows be scarcely perceptible; otherwise, they would present right angles, which would so offend the eye, as to destroy all appearance of ease or elegance. Care must be taken, neither to raise the shoulders nor spread the arms too far out. The proper situation of the arms, in dancing, is a little in front of the body; they should advance or recede in a natural series of oppositions to the direction of the feet in the execution of the various steps; their movements, in performing these contrasts, must not be sudden or exaggerated, but so easy as to be almost imperceptible. The dress should be held between the fore-finger and thumb of each hand; it is a matter of importance to overcome both tremor and rigidity of the fingers, which should be gracefully grouped, so that the palm be partially seen in front.

In dancing Quadrilles, when the lady advances with her partner, and in all the figures where the hands join, the arms should be kept of such a moderate height as is consistent with grace (Fig. 1).

It is also necessary that the arms should be properly supported, and not suffered to weigh or drag upon those of the persons with whom it may be proper to join hands in the course of the dance. To say nothing of the positive impropriety of falling into such an error, the mere act, during its continuation, is quite destructive to grace, which cannot exist where ease is not apparent. Elegance, without affectation, may be shown in presenting the hand to a partner: rustic abruptness, and childish timidity, are equally to be avoided; a modest confidence is the golden mean to be observed in this, as in every other department of ball-room dancing. To grasp the hand of a person with whom it is necessary to join hands—to detain it when it should be relinquished—are faults which, we trust, our reader's good sense would prevent her from committing, even when dancing with one of her own sex; but even

these offences, in the consideration of propriety and taste, are not more grave than that of display. However excellently a young lady may dance, and whatever powers of brilliant execution she may possess, she should never forget that she is in a ball-room, and not on a stage: studied attitude in presenting the hand (Fig. 2) is reprehensible, as being productive of too much effect, and as showing an inclination for display. Correct execution of the figure and steps, and unobtrusive grace of deportment, should be the zenith of a young lady's ambition; as Shakspeare finely expresses the perfection of dancing, she should move like a wave of the sea; it being of course understood, when the elements are in their most gentle motion. When the hand is not to be presented to another, the arm should depend from the shoulder in an easy oval shape, as previously directed.

A BALL IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, AND A BALL IN THE NINETEENTH.

A LETTER FROM THE LADY MARY GRANDISON TO THE LADY
JANE PLANTAGENET.

St. James's Square, 1728.

MY DEAR LADY JANE—You will naturally wish to learn the result of the birth-night; and you must be persuaded that my poor services are ever at your Ladyship's commands. I am too poor a pen-woman to aspire to the honour of pleasing so great a judge, but your Ladyship's merit should forth no impediment to my own zeal. Their Majesties were in charming looks; nor methinks did I ever see a more brilliant assemblage than that united to do them honour on the present occasion. The new Venetian Ambassador, Signor Mocenigo, made his first appearance at court, and by the splendour of himself and suite contributed surprisingly to the magnificence of a circle which, he was pleased to observe, exhibited a greater display of beauty than any other in Europe to which he had been previously admitted. His Excellency is a polite man, my dear; yet I am free to believe that in this assertion he doth not exceed the limits of good faith. All the other foreign residents, our own Ministers, and a prodigious show of stars were present, whose compliments were graciously received; although it was observed that some faces wore a gloomy and mortified air, in consequence of certain recent changes. Their Graces of Queensbury were thought to be coldly looked upon; and indeed, for her years, my cousin, the Duchess, "*a Singularitie*," as Lady Bolingbroke is pleased to call her, is often pleased to manifest more warmth than discretion in her discourse; a warmth sure to be evil interpreted and maliciously reported in a court where there are too many needy tittle-tattlers on the scout for treason. My Lady Suffolk was scarcely in her usual good looks, having chosen a silver stuff, with a ground of pale straw colour, but doubtfully snited to her

own fair and somewhat faded complexion. Standing too beside her Majesty, who was resplendent in jonquil and gold, the eclipse was manifest to all. The great show of the evening, my dear Lady Jane, and it was one which our grandmothers would have little cared to behold, was the first appearance of the Duchess of Bolton, (THE STAGE-PLAYER) whom Mr. William Gay's unseemly parody was the means of bringing into a too-general notice. My Lord Duke hath boroughs in the North, causing his ill-manners and ill-morals to be lightly looked upon at court: but there was a smile lurking in her Majesty's eyes at the moment of her Grace's reception, such as must have made the bold creature fully sensible of her own littleness; Queen Caroline and a Polly Fentum need not, methinks, have been brought into such near contact!

For beauties we had many; of which the chief (Miss Lepel) should be already known to your Ladyship. It was thought my Lord Hervey was particular in his attendance. My Lady Mary Wortley said a thing on the occasion which perhaps it were unworthy to repeat; since that lady's wit is not for all lips. From the period of her last return from abroad she hath acquired a strange loose gait, and unquiet look with her eyes, only too taking with the men. Her Ladyship wore a *polonoise* of blue spangled lustring, with a feather perked on one side the *tele*, like the hat of a Knight of the Garter. The Duchess of Buckingham was pompous, and bustling, and noisy, and made a vast show of diamonds; but the stomacher and neck-piece were intermixed with balass rubies. The minuets were in general well danced; my Lady Mary Campbell was led out by my young Lord Lennox; and Lady Caroline followed, in a silver train, with a new Lord Somerset. Your humble servant was honoured by Mr. Thynne, who, with my papa's consent, is

to enquire of my health this morning,—whereof I trust shortly to send you news. Being your Ladyship's obliged, faithful friend,

MARY GRANDISON.

My papa and mamma present their respects.

FROM LADY HELENA ***** TO THE HON. MISS *****

OUR ball at the D. House last night, dearest Selina, was a *veritable fœrie!*—any thing so enchanting could scarcely have been imagined by a mortal fancy. Thanks to the severities of Lent, Paris has at length spared us an orchestra worthy to give utterance to the melodies of Guillaume Tell, and movement to our sweet selves; we have now seen the Mazurka in the full perfection of exquisite music, united with Danischio'd's inimitable grace; and the result was indeed delightful. In its first blush of novelty at Berlin and Dresden, I used to think the *Galoppe*—if not exactly "the poetry of motion," at least a very amusing piece of doggrel;—but the Mazurka is a delicious *barbaresque* lyric; like one of Lockhart's Moorish, or Bowring's Hungarian ballads.

But I must not deal in generalities. You, dearest, you are so unseasonably detained in Yorkshire by *le cher Papa's* fit of the gout, or fit of political pouts, will require me to be more particular;—to tell you how *chacun s'arrange avec chacune* this season; who flirts—who sulks—who marries—who dies. In the first place, you must be well aware, that sentiment before Easter would be rather premature; while we continue to dance with closed doors and closed windows, a mamma or any other Argus affords an inevitable inspection; folly has no field to fly to; and nothing but authorized attachments are admissible. *Au reste* society has been recently sobered by a severe shock; and our delightful new Ambassador complains sadly of the respectable domestic severity of our fashionable *belles*.

En fait de modes, I have seen nothing very commendable; and have detected sundry *berets*, hats, ball-dresses, and *chiffons* of last season, *rajeunis a neuf*, at more than one of our *fetes*. Now this is sacrilege. A splendid, or a very varied toilet may be dispensed with where people's bills are longer than their purses; but frippery has no right to insult one with an annual re-appearance. The evergreens in our gardens are alone privileged to remain "*deuil de l'ete,—parure de l'hiver!*" Our sleeves—*soit dit en passant*—have widened into *jupons*; I have a pair a *la Marino Faliero* which would make excellent frocks for my two little girls. At D. House, Lady Lyster, Sophy De Vere, and several of our set wore the new colour, called *Rose du Parnasse*.—I conclude that it has been named in honour of Mrs. Norton.

I do not think there is a particularly good set of young men visible at present; some are still at Melton, and some detained at Paris; but it struck me last night that but for the foreigners, Castlereagh, Clanwilliam, and one or two other *distingues*, the Foresters, and the Hardys, many

of our loveliest and most agreeable friends, would have been ill off for partners. By the way, I heard an amiable trait yesterday of Lord Ashley, which would enchant you, with whom he is so great a favourite. It was told me *en confidence*, and you will therefore hear it on arriving in town.

There are "no new scenery and decorations" this year at D. House, *mais il n'en monque pas*;—for, excepting Lord Hertford's *scagliola* ball-room in the Regent's Park, nothing can exceed the brilliancy of the Duke's.—He has certainly excellent taste; and more the habits of a *Signeur de la vieille cour* than any one I know. Adieu, dearest Selina, I am expecting Marnington every moment to demand a *bouquet* which I promised him last night; but he is so *nonchalant*, that perhaps he has already forgotten his own claims and my folly, *Au revoir!*

From Constable's Edinburgh Magazine.

A SKETCH.

I.

Saw was a thing of morn—With the soft calm
Of summer evening in her pensive air;
Her smile came o'er the gazer's heart like balm,
To soothe away all sorrow save despair;
Her radiant brow scarce wore a tint of care;
Of Hope and Memory all that's bright and fair;
Where no rude breath of Passion came to chase,
Like winds from summer waves, its heaven from that sweet
face.

II.

As one who looks on landscapes beautiful,
Will feel their spirits all his soul pervade,
Even as the heart grows stiller by the lull
Of falling waters when the winds are laid;
So he who gazed upon that heavenly maid
Imbued a sweetness never felt before;
Oh! when with her through autumn fields I've stray'd,
A brighter hue the lingering wild flowers wore,
And sweeter was the song the small bird warbled o'er.

III.

Then came Consumption with her languid moods
Her soothing whispers, and her dreams that seek
To nurse themselves in silent solitudes;
She came with hectic glow, and wasted cheek;
And still the maiden pined more wan and weak,
Till her declining loveliness each day
Faded like the second bow; yet would she speak
The words of Hope, even while she passed away
Amid the closing clouds, and faded ray:

IV.

She died! the bud of being, in the spring,
The time of flowers, and songs, and balmy air
Mid opening blossoms she was withering;
But thus 'twas ever with the good and fair,
The lov'd of Heaven; ere yet the hand of Care
Upon the snowy brow hath set his seal,
Or time's hoar frost come down to blanch the hair,
They fade away, and 'scape what others feel,
The pangs that pass not by—the wounds that never heal!

V.

They laid her in the robes that wrap the dead,
So beautiful in rest ye scarce might dream
From form so fair the gentle spirit fled,
But softly lulled in some Elysian dream;
And still the glory of a vanished beam;
The lingering halo of a parted ray,
Shed o'er her lovely sleep its latest gleam,
Like evening's rose-light, when the summer day
Hath fled o'er sea and shore, and faded far away!

J. M.

OWNEY SULLIVAN.

Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade.

Moore.

In a remote part of the south of Ireland, the union of three valleys forms the bed of an extensive and magnificent lake, from one side of which issues a small river navigable by boats, and communicating with the mighty expanse of the northern Atlantic; the sides of the mountain nearest the lake are in the extreme precipitous, and among their towering heath-clad cliffs and solitary caverns afforded many a secure retreat for those who outlawed themselves by a public adherence to the insurgents of 1798. The side of one of the hills was a beautiful verdant slope, and the decline of an opposing hill was wooded to its summit; the lovely green of the herbage, contrasted with the various tints of the trees as they appeared at different heights and in different groups, produced a delightful effect, and gave an air of gladness to this otherwise apparent solitude; but how much more was it enhanced, when the wearied traveller happened to espy the blue turf smoke curling gracefully upwards, amid the embowering trees, giving evidence of a human habitation. It once presented a sheltering spot, where a night's rest for the weary might with certainty be obtained—when warm hearts were sure to give cheerful welcome, and think their hospitality well repaid to see their guest happy. This lonely sheeling had stood here in humbleness for ages, and was now tenanted by the lonely descendants of the builder. They had one lovely daughter, she was their only comfort, and principal assistant. The father, although the hoariness of age was his, retained all the alertness and vigour of a mountaineer—he tended his scanty flock, and tilled his few acres for his family's support—while the mother with her daughter, kept every thing within doors in the most perfect rural order and neatness.

Mary had the imprint of health upon her face, her eyes sparkled with good nature; and, though naturally vivacious, her innate modesty threw a veil of reservation over her every action, which charmed not less than the perfect symmetry of her form. Such a rustic beauty could not be long without a train of admirers, but one more especially won his way to her affections, and his ardency in the cause for which all then strained their very heartstrings, was additional recommendation in Mary's eyes.

Charley Driscoll was esteemed by all who knew him: he was industrious and prudent, and, though not wealthy, he was independent. He tilled his little farm with care, and lived comfortably upon its produce; but he suffered himself to be seduced into the practices of those who indulged in wild schemes of national redress. He was already celebrated as an expert hurler, and renowned for athletic exploits; and Mary fondly thought one known to local fame required only a more enlarged

field of action to deserve and acquire still greater notoriety. The course of their 'true love' ran on sweetly enough for some time; and, on the first agitation of the country, by the moral volcano of Ninety-eight, every thing wore a favourable aspect; but the reverse was sudden, and, with the downfall of their hopes, came fears and anxieties which their inexperience did not dream of.

During the eventful contest, Charley performed the part of a daring insurgent; he was foremost wherever danger tempted valour, and when 'the day was lost,' he returned home 'wan and faint, but fearless still.' He was an outlaw, but was not without companions in his peril; and, amongst others, Owey Sullivan sought with him the security of the hill and the dale, the wood and the recesses of the shore. A common danger reconciles slight differences; Owey had been Charley's rival, and had formerly drawn upon himself Mary's anger; but all cause of anger or resentment was soon forgotten, and he was hospitably received, along with others, by her, whenever the absence of their pursuers rendered it safe to venture from their places of concealment. Here they found some alleviation of their sufferings; and Charley, still sanguine, cheered the mind of the mountain nymph with prognostics of happier days, and undisturbed, quiet, domestic enjoyment. The times, however, were fearful; the progress of martial law had left its revolting traces in almost every village, and the gallows, like a pestilence, remorselessly prepared its victims for the chilly grave. Under these circumstances even the national gaiety of the Irish character had but little room to display itself; their conversations were necessarily gloomy; and, at length, weary of a life of anxiety and hardship, the outlaws resolved to solicit the interposition of their landlord, a nobleman of great political influence. Owey Sullivan undertook the mission, and as he had some distance to travel, he set out, properly disguised, early in the morning. His comrades waited with anxiety for his return; the day passed away, and Owey did not make his appearance; but there was no apprehension of treachery; he might have fallen into the hands of the enemy, but no one dreamed of deceit.

The evening was now fast falling, and Mary, at the request of her father, went out to see if she could discover the approach of friend or foe; Charley followed her; and both of them took their station on the ruins of an old abbey, which had stood for ages on a beetling rock, towering over the lake,

"Mossed and grey,
A desolate and time-worn pile,
With ivy wreaths and wall-flow'ers."

They strained their eyes over the heath-clad hill, but no human being appeared; all was silent;

and under other circumstances they would have felt the sweetness of the mellow evening, and the increasing breeze which the declining summer's sun seldom fails to call up to refresh, as it were, the living things which his fervour had nearly blasted. The scene, too, was as lovely as ever. Nature is not influenced by the crimes or madness of men; the summer calls forth flowers, whether they bloom to 'waste their sweetness on the desert air,' or to gratify mortals, be they good or vicious. All know this, and feel grateful for it; 'tis an evidence of Omnipotent wisdom; and, amidst cares and perils, reminds us of that beneficent Being who has placed us amidst created wonders, lest we should ever forget, insignificant as we may be, that the eye of superintending Providence is always upon us.

As Charley and Mary looked around them, upon the hills above, and the rippling waves of the lake below, they felt, unknown to themselves, the influence of such a scene and such an hour; they regarded each other with the chastened sentiments of virtuous love, and descending from the ruins upon which they were standing, they strolled carelessly along the bank which immediately overhung the water. In that sweet hour they forgot the business upon which they were sent, and the evening darkening around them, warned them in vain of the anxiety of their friends in the cottage; they surrendered themselves to the witchery of the moment, and 'all forgetting,' they continued to walk forward, until turning an angle of the strand, the rising moon which had been hid by an intervening hill, burst suddenly upon them. Reminded of home, they turned round to retrace their steps, and, at that instant, a wild-shout, and the loud report of fire-arms, were heard. It was a moment of terror; their fears told them too truly that their friends had been betrayed, but it was no time for reflection; they hastened to a neighbouring eminence, and saw the sky above the cottage red with the flames that now ascended from its roof. Regardless of their personal safety, they made for the scene of terror; but, as they drew near, they became sensible of the danger, if not of the folly, of proceeding further. With much persuasion Charley prevailed upon Mary to remain where she was, while he went cautiously forward to learn what they both feared to ascertain. The firing had ceased; the shouting subsided, and when he returned, the only answer he made in reply to Mary's inquiries for her parents, was, 'The Hessians are in search of us.' The mention of these martial ruffians acted like an electrical shock upon the nerves of the unhappy girl; she trembled violently; and as their treatment of the female peasantry was notorious, she forgot every consideration but a sense of her own insecurity.

Throughout the confusion of the period the insurgents paid manly respect to female honour; there is not a recorded instance of their having forgot the deference due to helplessness or beauty; and, on every occasion, they acted, one and all, like men, conscious of being the husbands and brothers of virtuous wives and sisters. Far

different was the conduct of the foreign soldiery; and the horror it excited was a melancholy testimony of the sense in which female purity was held by the Irish peasantry. Amongst the most atrocious in such proceedings were the mercenary troops of Germany; the very mention of their name filled Mary with apprehension; and, in her dread of unmanly violence, she thought of nothing but flight; no time was to be lost—a circuitous path led to the margin of the lake; where, in a narrow inlet, screened from the closest observation, was moored a small boat; and, lying near the mouth of the river which communicated with the sea from the lake, a small skiff was moored, belonging to some fishermen in the neighbourhood; who, along with their usual and professed avocation, carried on contraband trade on every favourable occasion. As an only resource Charley thought of this: but they had to cross the lake ere they reached the stream which would convey them to the sea, where the vessel lay. The night had now completely set in, but 'the moon on high, hung like a gem on the brow of the sky,' beamed upon their path; the fastenings of the little boat were soon loosed, and they entered in a state of indescribable agitation; every rustling of the wind through the heather on the hill, or the flags and rushes which flourished on the border of the lake, filled them with apprehension.

The boat was at length pushed from the shore: and now secure in having escaped from his pursuers, who, like blood-hounds, would glut their fangs in the gore of any fated victim they might seize on, Charley vigorously tugged the oar, and the boat rowed swiftly over the waters. The breadth of the lake being more than three miles across, the distance he had to row, unassisted, was considerable: but his situation added new vigour to his frame; nor did he think, for one moment, of fatigue; the innate courage of his Mary began to rekindle upon her lovely countenance, and, for one smile, what would he not undergo? The horror was banished from her mind, but her parents, who were behind, were now the principal objects of her solicitude. What would she not have endured with them? How could she suffer separation? Were they even alive? But, again, there was an all-seeing Power who would protect them, she thought, as she was conveyed farther away from them; under the protection of one who loved her, who, although outlawed from his country, was dearer to her than life. The conflict of these different sensations in her mind was, even in the wan light of the moon, visibly pictured on her face, although she endeavoured to conceal her emotion from her lover, who undauntedly and firmly sought for himself and her a place of safety.

But the hopes of happiness are not always realized, and dreams of joy are often dissipated by causes which are the least suspected; they who know the uncertainty of the gusts of wind which occasionally blow on inland lakes are aware of their danger, and unfortunately it was the fate of this faithful pair to encounter one which suddenly

arose from the north-east. Its suddenness and its fury quite disconcerted Charley's skill; the boat twirled about in spite of his utmost efforts, and the splashing of the waves, as they dashed against its frail sides, began to fill it with water. Mary sat fixed like a statue in the stern; she was perfectly paralyzed with alarm; and Charley himself felt too much apprehension to attempt the task of a comforter: he spoke not; he hardly breathed, but he desisted not his efforts to propel the little bark through the angry surge. Still the storm abated not, and presently the sky was overcast; the moon hid its pale light behind a dense cloud, and the lightning 'leaped about' as if in mockery of the elemental strife.

There was no time for the interchange of thoughts. Charley laboured with great energy, and he acquired new strength when he heard a prayer, slow, solemn, and impressive, breathed from Mary's lips. One so good, so innocent, was, he thought, like an angel's presence; there could not come harm to anything near her; and this opinion seemed to receive confirmation from the elements; for, on her obtesting heaven, the storm seemed to subside, and the moaning of the wind through the neighbouring hills was distinctly heard. This sound, which at another time would have filled them with melancholy, proved most delightful; it intimated that they were not far from land; but the gladness which suddenly arose within them was as suddenly dashed with fears.

A blast from a bugle burst upon their ears; and the voices of men, as if in reply, were heard indistinctly from various points. Charley, for a moment, suspended his toil; and, looking upwards towards the moon, which was now emerging from the cloud that had obscured it, he perceived that, in the confusion of the darkness and the storm, he had mistaken his course, and was now close upon the shore from which he thought himself receding. There was not a moment to be lost in rectifying his error, and, lest he should give alarm, he pulled his oars cautiously, but forcibly. His fears were but too well grounded; a cheer, long and deafening, struck terror into his soul; and Mary dropped upon her knees in the bottom of the bark:

Charley now saw that there was no chance of safety but by distancing his pursuers, who had already launched a boat, and he exerted all his remaining strength with the energy of a man conscious of being in the mouth of danger. His little skiff, though half filled with water, literally flew over the lake, but his enemies were as determined to capture as he was to escape; the report of a musket was re-echoed from the distant hills, and, by the flash of its pan, he saw that they were no great distance from him; and, on another shot being fired, the bullet rebounded from the water just under his helm. This did not cause him to relax; he strained every sinew, and reached the opposite shore before they could overtake him. As the prow of his boat ploughed up the strand, he gave a triumphant cheer, and extended his arms for Mary to leap into them; but, at that moment, his pursuers fired a volley; a ball

struck him, he reeled, groaned, and expired. A wild, an almost supernatural scream from Mary, announced to the pursuers that part of their object had been accomplished, and in an instant the wild Germans were hustling each other, in the general eagerness to seize the poor forsaken creature, who now thought of nothing but her dead lover, whose spurned corpse was clasped in her arms.

'Azy, boys, azy,' said a voice, which Mary recognized for that of Owney Sullivan, 'you must'nt injure this girl.'

'Save me, Owney,' she cried, wildly abandoning the dead body, as if suddenly awakening to a sense of her situation.

The soldiers gave a loud ironical laugh, and one of them seized her roughly by the arm.

'You shall not,' cried Owney, 'I've sould the pass, 'tis true, but it was bekase I loved this girl—you shall not injure her.'

Another laugh was the only reply he received; and, when he attempted to release Mary from the rude grasp of the Hessian, a blow from one of his comrades stretched him upon the ground.

* * * * *

Three days after this, a sad procession, with two coffins on men's shoulders, entered the cemetery of the ruined abbey; they contained the remains of Charley and Mary. After the usual form had been gone through, they were both committed to the same grave, and their hapless fate, even in this hour of peril, excited more than common sympathy. It was fortunate for Mary that she did not survive the brutal treatment, which she experienced at the hands of her lover's murderers; the world no longer contained any one of those who had made life joyous and happy; her parents had fallen in the attack upon the cottage; her lover was no more, and she herself—Heaven, in mercy, did not permit her to survive her honor.

The wretch who had 'sold the pass,' who in a fit of jealousy betrayed his comrades into the hands of their enemies, had shame enough left to hide his face for ever from the eyes of all who knew him. He quitted the country, and was never afterwards heard of by those who detested his treachery.

TO MY MOTHER.

ON HEARING HER SIGH.

Nay, sigh not! 'tis useless—Oh! I would sigh too,

If I knew any service that sighing could do;

Nay, sigh not! 'tis better to smile if we may,

And thus of our pilgrimage cheat the long way!

We must on,—be our pathway o'er flower, or o'er thorn,

Do thunder-clouds gloom it, or sunbeams adorn!—

Then sigh not! it never will lighten our woe,

But smile, and e'en pleasure from sorrow may flow!

Our path through this wearisome life of a day,

Is obstructed by thorns, which incubate the way,

By a sigh, you those thorns will more thickly arrange;

But, oh! smile, and the briars to roses will change!

In the 'midst of a home, where your children are nigh,

Let your bosom ne'er heave with another sad sigh,

For the fondest affection shall ever be there,

To lighten the burden of sorrow and care!

Then sigh not! dear mother! our kindness shall leave

No cause for a sigh, and no reason to grieve;

"But in peace and soft raptures shall teach life to flow,

And light up a smile on the aspect of woe!"

THE GIRAFFE.

The great attraction—the queen of the Garden of plants at Paris—is the giraffe, to whom I paid frequent visits. She is the only survivor of the three which left Africa much about the same time, and inhabits the large round building in the centre of the menagerie called the Rotonde.—Great care is taken to shelter her from the cold, and in the winter she has a kind of hood and cape, which reach the length of her neck, and a body-cloth, all made of woollen materials. She is only suffered to walk in her little park when the sun shines upon it, and if care and attention can compensate for the loss of liberty, she ought to be the happiest of her kind. She stands about 12 1-2 feet high, and her skin, with its light brown spots, shines like satin; but I confess I was disappointed with regard to her beauty. She looks best when lying down, or standing perfectly upright, in which posture she is very dignified; but the moment she moves she becomes awkward, in consequence of the disproportion of the hinder parts of her body, and the immense length of her neck; which, instead of being arched, forms an angle with her shoulders. When she gallops, her hind feet advance beyond those in front, and the peculiarity of gait caused by moving the hind and fore feet on the same side, at the same time, is very striking. She has great difficulty in reaching the ground with her mouth, and was obliged to make two efforts to separate her fore legs, before she could reach a cistern placed on the pavement. Her head is of remarkable beauty, and the expression of her full black eyes is mild and affectionate; her tongue is long, black, and pointed. She is extremely gentle, yet full of frolic and animation, and when walking in the menagerie her keeper is obliged to hold her head to prevent her biting off the young branches of the trees. Her great delight, however, is to eat rose leaves, and she devours them with the greatest avidity. The African cows, with humps on their shoulders, who supplied her with milk during her passage to Europe, are as gentle as their nursing, and when feeding her they come and softly push your elbows to have their share. Turning from the giraffe one day, and proceeding a yard or two in order to satisfy them, I suddenly felt something overshadow me, and this was no less than the giraffe, who, without quitting her place, bent her head over mine, and helped herself to the carrots in my hand. Her keeper, named Ati, and from Darfur, is a tall and well proportioned black, and at his own request a little gallery has been erected for him in the stable of his charge, where he sleeps and keeps all his property. When in attendance, he dresses in the turban, vest, and full trowsers of his country; but when he walks to Paris, he assumes the European costume, for in his native garb all the children in the streets recognize him, and calling out, "*Ati! Ati! comment va la giraffe?*" hurt his consequence. He is to be found every Sunday evening at one of the Guinguettes in the neighbourhood, dancing with all his might, and during the week he de-

votes his leisure to the acquirement of reading and writing.—*From an article by Mrs. Lee, in the Magazine of Natural History.*

DEFOE.

DEFOE was born in London in the year 1661, and was educated at a dissenting academy for the ministry. In 1685, he joined in Monmouth's rebellion, and narrowly escaped being made prisoner with the rest of the Duke's followers. He was subsequently sentenced to the pillory, on account of his celebrated pamphlet, called the "shortest way with the Dissenters," and the fine and imprisonment that shortly followed, involved him in distress and difficulty, ever after. He was unfortunate throughout his life, either from a careless and improvident disposition that squanders away its advantages, or a sanguine and restless temper that constantly abandons a successful pursuit for some new and gilded project. He was a man of worth, as well as genius; and though unfortunate, and having to contend all his life with vexations and disappointments, with clamour and the hand of power, yet he did nothing to leave a blot on his name, or to make the world ashamed of the interest they must always feel for him. So long as his "*Robinson Crusoe*" has the power to charm and fascinate the mind, as long will his name be remembered and his memory respected.

THE MAGIC MIRROR.

BY T. MOORE.

'Come, if thy magic glass have power'
To call up forms we sigh to see;
Show me my love in that rosy bower,
Where last she pledged her truth to me.'

The wizard showed his lady bright,
Where lone and pale in her bower she lay;
'True-hearted maid,' said the happy knight,
'She's thinking of one who is far away.'

But lo! a page, with looks of joy,
Brings tidings to the lady's ear;
'Tis,' said the knight, 'the same bright boy
Who used to guide me to my dear.'

The lady now, from her favorite tree,
Hath, smiling, plucked a rosy flower;
'Such,' he exclaimed, 'was the gift that she
Each morning sent me from that bower.'

She gives her page that blooming rose,
With looks that say, 'Like lightning fly!'
'Thus,' thought the knight, 'she soothes her woes,
By fancying still her true love nigh.'

But the page returns, and—oh what a sight
For trusty lover's eye to see!—
Leads to that lower another knight
As gay, and, alas! as loved as he!

'Such,' quoth the youth, 'is woman's love!'
Then darting forth with furious bound,
Dashed at the mirror his iron glove,
And strew'd it all in fragments round.

MORAL.

Such ill would never have come to pass,
Had he ne'er sought that fatal view;
The wizard still would have kept his glass,
And the knight still thought his lady true.

JOHN GRAHAME OF CLAVERHOUSE.

THIS remarkable person united the seemingly inconsistent qualities of courage and cruelty, a disinterested and devoted loyalty to his prince with a disregard of the rights of his fellow subjects. He was the unscrupulous agent of the Scottish privy council in executing the merciless severities of the government in Scotland during the reigns of Charles II. and James II.; but he redeemed his character by the zeal with which he asserted the cause of the latter monarch after the revolution, the military skill with which he supported it at the battle of Killiecrankie, and by his own death in the arms of victory. It is said by tradition that he was very desirous to see, and be introduced to, a certain lady Elphinstoun, who had reached the advanced age of one hundred years and upwards. The noble matron, being a staunch whig, was rather unwilling to receive Claver'se (as he was called from his title), but at length consented. After the usual compliments the officer observed to the lady, that, having lived so much beyond the usual term of humanity, she must in her time have seen many strange changes. "Hout, na, sir," said lady Elphinstoun, "the world is just to end with me as it began. When I was entering life, there was ane Knox deaving us a' with his *clavers*, and now I am ganging out, there is one Claver'se deaving us a' with his *knocks*. *Clavers* signifying, in common parlance, idle chat; the double pun does credit to the ingenuity of a lady of a hundred years old. * * *

"As the skirmish of Drumclog has been of late the subject of some inquiry, the reader may be curious to see Claverhouse's own account of the affair, in a letter to the Earl of Linlithgow, written immediately after the action. This gazette, as it may be called, occurs in the volume called Dundee's Letters, printed by Mr. Smythe of Methven, as a contribution to the Bannatyne Club. The original is in the library of the Duke of Buckingham. Claverhouse, it must be observed, spells like a chambermaid:

"My Lord,—Upon Saturday's night, when my Lord Rosse came into this place, I marched out, and because of the insolency that had been done tue nights before at Ruglen, I went thither and inquired for the names. So soon as I got them, I sent our partye to sease on them, and found not only three of those rogues, but also ane intercomend minister called King. We had them at Strevan about six in the morning yesterday, and resolving to convey them to this, I thought that we might make a little tour to see if we could fall upon a conventicle; which we did, little to our advantage; for when we came in sight of them, we found them drawn up in batell, upon a most advantageous ground, to which there was no coming but through mosses and lakes. They were not preaching, and had got all these women and shildring. They consisted of four battalions of foot, and all well armed with fusils and pitchforks, and three squadrons of horse. We sent both partyes to skirmish, they of foot and we of dragoons; they run for it, and sent down a battalion of foot against them; we sent threescore

of dragoons, who made them run again shamefully; but in end, they perceiving that we had the better of them in skirmish, they resolved a general engagement, and immediately advanced with there foot, the horse following; they came throught the lotche; the greatest body of all made up against my troupe; we kepted our fyre till they were within ten paces of us: they received our fyr, and advanced to shok; the first they gave us broght down the Coronet Mr. Crafford and Captain Bleith, besides that with a pitchfork they made such an opening in my rone horse, that his bowels hung out half an elle, and yet he caryed me af an myl; which so discouraged my men, that they sustained not the shok, but fell into disorder. There horse took the occasion of this and pursued us so hotly, that we had no tym to rayly. I saved the standarts, but lost on the place about eight or ten men, besides wounded; but the dragoons lost many mor. They ar not come easly af on the other side, for I sawe severall of them fall befor we cam to the shok. I mad the best retraite the confusion of our people would suffer, and I am now laying with my Lord Rosse. The toun of Strevan drew up as we was making our retrait, and thought of a pass to cut us off; but we took courage, and fell to them, made them run, leaving a dousain on the place. What these rogues will dou yet I know not, but the contry was flocking to them from all hands. This may be counted the beginning of the rebellion, in my opinion.—I am, my lord, your lordship's most humble servant,

J. GRAHAME.

"My lord, I am so wearied, and so sleepy, that I have wryten this very confuscdly."

GENEROSITY.

We know not when we have met with a nobler instance of generosity than the following. It is refreshing

'Mid every day's report
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled,

to meet with a trait of human character like this, to put us in good humor again with human nature!

The Dublin Evening Post contains the following extract of a letter from Paris:—Bann of marriage between a French gentleman of the name of M—, and Miss H. the daughter of the Rev. John H—, have been published at the Church of St. Philippe du Roule, under strange circumstances. A British Officer, now here, was paying his addresses to the young lady in question, with her father's approbation. He discovered, however, that she loved a Frenchman, Monsieur M—, whose disqualification in the estimation of the Rev. Baronet, was want of fortune; ascertaining also that the possession of 100,000 francs would remove all objections to the favored lover, Capt. D—, with a rare generosity, advanced the money, and thus proved, in a way which cannot be questioned, that the happiness of the object of his affections was dearer to him than his own.



RIDING.

The Virgin Queen, peerless Elizabeth,
With grace and dignity rode through the host:
And proudly paced her gallant steed, as though
His saddle was a royal throne.

HEALTH and cheerfulness, says an old author, are pursued with a better prospect of success on horseback than in any other manner. Riding, it is generally admitted, ranks in the first class of exercises: but it is an art, which those who are unskilled in can never sufficiently appreciate, or truly enjoy; and daily experience proves to us, that the greater portion of those ladies who indulge in it, labour under this disadvantage. In no other art are there so many self-taught amateurs: numbers of ladies have a decided objection to going through the ordeal of a riding-school; others do not reside where they can obtain the benefit of a master's instructions; and the generality consider that they are in possession of all that can be acquired on the subject, when they have discovered a mode of retaining the seat and guiding the horse. To such of our readers as happen to belong to either of these classes, and also to those who, having been taught by a riding-master, are still desirous of further improvement, the following treatise will, the writer flatters himself, if carefully perused, be productive of considerable advantage.

MOUNTING.

On approaching a horse, the tail of the habit should be gracefully gathered up, and the whip be carried in the right-hand (Fig. 1). The hat should previously be well secured, and the hair combed back, or otherwise so closely dressed, that neither the wind, the action of the horse, the effect of damp weather, nor exercise, may throw it into disorder. Losing the hat is not only attended with unpleasant consequences of a trifling nature, but its fall may make the horse start, plunge, or even run away; and should it, when blown off the head, be prevented from dropping to the ground, by means of a fastening under the chin, the action of raising the whip-hand in a hurry to replace it, accompanied, as it generally is, by a slight flutter of the whole frame of the rider, if either timid or inexperienced, is

very likely to alarm the horse, if he happen to be shy or spirited. The hair, if loosely dressed, may lose its curl, and, by falling over, or being blown in the eyes of the rider, greatly embarrass and annoy her.

It is the groom's duty, when the rider approaches, to gather up the reins with his left hand, smoothly and evenly, the bit reins between, and somewhat tighter than the bridoon, properly dividing them with his forefinger. The lady receives them a little more forward than the point of the horse's shoulder, with her right hand, which still retains and passes the whip over the saddle to the off (or right) side: on taking the bridle in this manner, her fore-finger is placed between the reins; the groom removes his hand, and the lady draws hers back, suffering the reins to glide gently and evenly through her fingers, until she reaches the near crutch of the pommel, which she takes hold of with her right hand, still holding the whip and reins, and places herself close to the near side of the saddle, with her back almost turned towards it. The groom now quits his former post, and prepares to assist her to mount. The horse being thus left under the lady's government, it is proper, that in passing her hand through the reins she should not have suffered them to become so loose as to prevent her, when her hand is on the pommel, from having a light, but steady bearing on the bit, and thus keeping the horse to his position during the action of mounting. She then places her left foot firmly in the right hand of the groom or gentleman in attendance, who stoops to receive it. The lady then lays her left hand on his right shoulder, and straightening her left knee, she bears her weight on her assistant's hand, which he gradually raises (rising himself at the same time) until she is seated on the saddle. During her elevation, she steadies, and even, if necessary, partly assists herself towards the saddle by her hands; one of which, it will be recollected, is placed on the pommel, and the other on her assistant's shoulder. It is important that she should keep her foot firm and

her knee steady. If these directions be attended to, she will find herself raised to her saddle with but a trifling exertion, either on her own part or that of the assistant. Should the latter be a lad only, or not much accustomed to this part of his business, he should use both hands instead of one (Fig. 2)—joining them by the fingers: indeed, this, generally speaking, is the safer mode. The lady, in all cases, should take care that her weight be well balanced on her left foot, from which she should rise as uprightly as possible; above all things taking care not to put her foot forward, but keeping it directly under her. The assistant should not begin to raise her until she has removed her right foot from the ground, and, by straightening her knee, thrown her weight completely into his hand. Having reached the saddle, while her face is still turned to the near side of the horse, and before she places her knee over the pommel,—when some ladies, very improperly, first take the reins,—the assistant puts the lady's left foot in the stirrup, while she removes her hand from the near to the off crutch of the pommel, holding the whip and reins as before directed. She now raises herself on the stirrup by the aid of her right hand, while the assistant, or the lady herself with her left hand, draws the habit forward in its place. She then places her right knee in the pommel, and her seat is taken.

Should the back part of the habit at this time, or afterwards, in the course of the ride, require any arrangement, the lady raises herself in the stirrup, by strengthening her knee and pulling herself forward by the right hand, which is placed on the off crutch of the pommel, and with her left hand disposes her habit to her satisfaction. This can be done, when the rider has grown expert, while the horse is going at any pace, if not better, than if he were standing still. When the lady is seated, the groom fastens the habit below her left foot, either by pins or a brooch.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHINA.

The city of Canton lies so low, that from no point to which foreigners can penetrate is there an extensive view of it. The river is wide above the Boca Tiger. The water swarms with boats of every size. There may be about twenty of those immense junks of 1,200 tons, but there are countless fleets of boats of fifty tons; families occupy them, whose home is on the water, and who, in half a life, have seldom slept on *terra firma*. There is a huge long oar run out from the stern, moveable on a pin, and the boat is sculled by four or five sailors. The oar strikes the water like a fish's tail. The smaller streams and creeks are populous in the same proportion. The streets are as busy as an ant hill invaded; and, when seen for the first time, it is a ludicrous sight to see so many close shaven heads without any covering. You look down upon them as on the closely packed audience at a theatre. I have sometimes seen one Chinese running away from

another, and it is too much to see with gravity, for their tails were streaming out horizontally a yard and a half. The Chinese form their written characters very nicely. They write with a hair pencil, in lines from top to bottom, beginning at the right hand corner of a page. This is peculiar to China and Japan. In all memorials to Mandarins, but more especially to the Emperor, the greatest nicety is required, both in the expression and characters. There are particular words appropriated to different ranks, and no word must occur twice in the same memorial.—To write a proper memorial in China, is as difficult as to draw a special plea in more favoured countries. But a good penman in China will write with wonderful rapidity. They seem to write as fast as they can think. Would, sir, that I could do it, you would have better "recollections," for when I happen to have a good thought it escapes before I can get it out. In a country where so many thousand families live on the rivers, many must subsist on fish, which are providentially abundant. In China every animal must work, unless, as in England, the hog is the only gentleman. Cormorants, therefore, are employed in the river fisheries. The birds are trained to it with care, and, lest they should swallow a good fish, a leathern thong is tied about his neck, so that he cannot swallow. One fisherman goes out with a dozen birds, which you may see perched on the gunwale of his boat. When one takes a fish too large for its strength, another comes to its assistance, and lifting the prey by the tail and gills, they carry it to the master. Some of the cormorants, like men, have a sense of honesty, and require no bandage about the neck; but, having finished their employer's business, he allows them to fish on their own account. Ducks also are used, as in Lincolnshire, for decoys; but a very common method to catch the fowl is this: In the bays and rivers where they are found, the sportsmen throw in a large kind of gourd, which the ducks get so familiar with that they will swim and play around them. Then comes the traitor, with his head enclosed in a similar gourd, and a bag tied about his middle, in which he carries off as many as he requires, for the fowl are numerous. The Chinese have a passion for flowers, and there are flower-sellers every where in the streets. They have also a taste for cultivating dwarf trees, and on their terraces you may see pines, oaks, and oranges, not so high as your knee. To give some of these trees the appearance of great age, honey is spread over them to attract the insects, that they may bore in the bark. To increase the delusion, they kill a few branches, and cover them with moss. Their rage, however, is for the peony, which they call the king of flowers, and for a favourite plant they will give a hundred dollars. There are about two hundred and fifty species of this flower in China. They are cultivated in large beds, and reared in all forms, and so managed as to blossom in spring, summer and autumn. The Chinese flowers have generally nothing to recommend them but their beauty.

A PROVINCIAL REPUTATION.

I ONCE resided in a country town; I will not specify whether that town was Devizes or Doncaster, Beverly or Brighton: I think it highly reprehensible in a writer to be *personal*, and scarcely more venial do I consider the fault of him who presumes to be *local*. I will, however, state, that my residence lay among the manufacturing districts; but lest any of my readers should be misled by that avowal, I must inform them, that, in my estimation, *all* country towns, from the elegant Bath, down to the laborious Bristol, are (whatever their respective polite or mercantile inhabitants may say to the contrary,) positively, comparatively, and superlatively, manufacturing towns!

Club-rooms, ball-rooms, card-tables, and confectioners' shops, are the *factories*; and gossips, both male and female, are the *labouring classes*. Norwich boasts of the durability of her stuffs; the manufacturers I allude to weave a web more flimsy. The stuff of to-morrow will seldom be the same that is publicly worn to-day; and were it not for the zeal and assiduity of the labourers, we should want novelties to replace the stuff that is worn out hour by hour.

No man or woman who ever ventures to deviate from the beaten track should ever live in a country town. The gossips all turn from the task of nibbling one another, and the character of the *lusus naturæ* becomes public property. I am the mother of a family, and I am known to have written romances. My husband, in an evil hour, took a fancy to a house at a watering-place, which, by way of distinction, I shall designate by the appellation of *Pumpington Wells*: there we established ourselves in the year 1800.

The *manufacturers* received us with a great show of civility, exhibiting to us the most recent stuff, and discussing the merits of the newest fabrications. We, however, were not used to trouble ourselves about matters that did not concern us, and we soon offended them.

We turned a deaf ear to all evil communications. If we were told that Mr. A., "though fond of show, starved his servants," we replied we did not wish to listen to the tale. If we heard that Mr. B. though uxorious in public, was known to beat his wife in private, we cared not for the matrimonial anecdote. When maiden ladies assured us that Mrs. C. cheated at cards, we smiled, for we had no *dealings* with her; and when we were told that Mrs. D. never paid her bills, we repeated not the account to the next person we met; for as we were not her creditors, her accounts concerned us not.

We settled ourselves, much to our satisfaction, in our provincial abode: it was a watering-place, which my husband, as a bachelor, had frequented during its annual season.

As a watering-place he knew it well. Such places are vastly entertaining to visitors, having no "local habitation," and no "name"—caring

not for the politics of the place, and where, if any thing displeases them, they may pay for their lodgings, order post-horses, and never suffer their names to appear in the arrival book again.

But with those who *live* at watering-places, it is quite another affair. For the first six months we were deemed a great acquisition. There were two or three *sets* in Pumpington Wells—the good, the bad, and the indifferent. The bad left their cards, and asked us to dances, the week we arrived; the indifferent knocked at our door in the first month; and even before the end of the second, we were on the visiting lists of the good.

We knew enough of society to be aware that it is impolitic to rush into the embraces of *all* the arms that are extended to receive strangers; but feeling no wish to affront any one in return for an intended civility, we gave card for card; and the doors of the good, bad, and indifferent, received our names.

All seemed to infer, that the amicable gauntlet, which had been thrown down, having been courteously taken up, the unglowed hands were forthwith to be grasped in token of good fellowship; we had left our *names* for them, and by the invitations that poured in upon us, they seemed to say with Juliet—

"And for thy name, which is no part of thee
Take all myself."

No man, not even a provincial, can visit every body; and it seems but fair, that if a selection is to be made, all should interchange the hospitalities of life with those persons in whose society they feel the greatest enjoyment.

Many a dinner, therefore, did we decline—many a rout did we reject; my husband's popularity tottered, and the inviters, though they no longer dined their dinners in our ears, and teased us with their "teas," vowed secret vengeance, and muttered "curses, not loud, but deep."

I have hinted that we had no scandalous capabilities; and though slander flashed around us, we seldom admitted morning visitors, and our street-door was a non-conductor.

But our next door neighbours were maiden ladies, who *had been* younger, and, to use a common term of commiseration, had seen better days—by which, I mean the days of bloom, natural hair, partners, and the probability of husbands.

Their vicinity to us was an infinite comfort to the town, for those who were unable to gain admittance at our door to disturb our business and desires,

"For every man has business and desires,
Such as they are,

were certain of better success at our neighbours', where they at least could gain some information about us "from eye-witnesses who resided on the spot."

My sins were numbered, so were my new bonnets; and for a time my husband was pitied, because "he had an extravagant wife;" but when it was ascertained that his plate was handsome, his dinner satisfactory in its removes, and *comme il faut* in its courses, those whose feet had never been within our door, saw clearly "how it must all end, and really felt for our trades-people."

I have acknowledged that I had written romances; the occupation was to me a source of amusement; and as I had been successful, my husband saw no reason why he should discourage me. A scribbling fool, in or out of petticoats, should be forbidden the use of pen, ink, and paper; but my husband had too much sense to heed the vulgar cry of "blue stocking." After a busy month passed in London, we saw my new novel sent forth to the public, and then returned to our mansion at Pumpington Wells.

As we drove up to our door, our virgin neighbours gazed on us, if possible, with more than their former interest. They wiped their spectacles; with glances of commiseration they saw us alight, and with unwearied scrutiny they witnessed the removal of our luggage from the carriage. We went out—every body stared at us—the people we *did* know touched the hands we extended, and hastened on as if fearful of infection; the people we *did not* know whispered as they passed us, and looked back afterwards; the men servants seemed full of mysterious flurry when we left our cards at the doors of acquaintances, and the maid-servants peeped at us up the areas; and the shopkeepers came from their counters to watch us down the streets—all was whispering and wonder.

I could not make it out; was it to see the authoress? No; I had been an authoress when they last saw me. Was it the brilliant success of my new work? It *could* be nothing else.

My husband met a maiden lady and bowed to her; she passed on without deigning to notice him. I spoke to an insipid man who had always bored me with his unprofitable intimacy, and he looked another way! The next lady we noticed tossed her head, as if she longed to toss it at us; and the next man we met opened his eyes astonishingly wide, and said—

"Are you here! Dear me! I was told you could not show your—I mean, did not mean to return!"

There was evidently some mystery, and we determined to wait patiently for its development. "If," said I, "it bodes us *good*, time will unravel it." "And if," said my husband, "it bodes us *evil*, some good-natured friend will tell us all about it."

We had friends at Pumpington Wells, and good ones too, but no friend enlightened us; that task devolved upon an acquaintance, a little slim elderly man, so frivolous and so garrulous, that he only wanted a turban, some rouge, and a red satin gown, to become the most perfect of old women.

He shook his head simultaneously as he shook our hands, and his little grey eyes twinkled with

delight, while he professed to feel for us both the deepest commiseration.

"You are cut," said he; "its all up with you in Pumpington Wells."

"Pray be explicit," said I faintly, and dreading some cruel calumny, or plot against my peace.

"You've done the most impolitic thing! the most hazardous"—

"Sir!" said my husband, grasping his cane.

"I lament it," said the little man, turning to me; "your book has done it for you."

I thought of the reviews, and trembled.

"How *could* you," continued our tormentor, "how could you put the Pumpington Wells people in your novel?"

"The Pumpington Wells people!—Nonsense; there are good and bad people in my novel, and there are good and bad people in Pumpington Wells; but you flatter the good, if you think that when I dipped my pen in praise, I limited my sketches to the virtuous of this place; and what is worse, you libel the bad if you assert that my sketches of vice were meant personally to apply to the vicious who reside here."

"I libel!—I assert!" said the old lady-like little man; "not I!—every body says so!"

"You may laugh," replied my mentor and tormentor combined, "but personality can be proved against you; and all the friends and relations of Mr. Flaw declare you meant the bad man of your book for him."

"His friends and relations are too kind to him."

"Then you have an irregular character in your book, and Mrs. Blemish's extensive circle of intimates assert that nothing can be more pointed than your allusion to *her* conduct and *her* character."

"And pray what do these persons say about it themselves?"

"They are outrageous, and go about the town absolutely wild."

"Fitting the caps on themselves?"

The little scarecrow shook his head once more; and declaring we should see he had spoken too true, departed, and then lamented so fluently to every body the certainty of our being *cut*, that every body began to believe him.

I have hinted that *my* bonnets and my husband's plate occasioned heart-burnings: no—that is not a correct term, the *heart* has nothing to do with such exhalations—bile collects elsewhere.

Those who had conspired to pull my husband from the throne of his popularity, because their parties excited in us no *party spirit*, and we abstained from hopping at their hops, found, to their consternation, that when the novelty of my *novel* misdemeanour was at an end, we went on as if nothing had occurred. However, they still possessed heaven's best gift, the use of their tongues, and they said of us every thing bad which they knew to be false, and which they wished to see realized.

Their forlorn hope was our "extravagance." "Never mind," said one, "Christmas must come round, and then we shall see."

When once the match of insinuation is applied

to the train of rumoured difficulties, the suspicion that has been smouldering for awhile bounces at once into a *report*, and very shortly its echo is bounced in every parlour in a provincial town.

Long bills, that had been accustomed to wait for payment till Christmas, now lay on my table at midsummer; and tradesmen, who drove denNETTS to cottages once every evening, sent short civil notes, regretting their utter inability to make up a sum of money by Saturday night, unless I favoured them, by the bearer, with the sum of ten pounds, "the amount of my little account."

Dennett-driving drapers actually threatened to fail for the want of ten pounds!—pastry-cooks, who took their families regularly "to summer at the sea," assisted the *counter-plot*, and prematurely dunned my husband!

It is not always convenient to pay sums at midsummer, which we had been in the habit of paying at Christmas; if, however, a single applicant was refused, a new rumour of inability was started, and hunted through the town before night. People walked by our house, looking up wistfully at the windows; others peeped down the area, to see what we had for dinner. One *gentleman* went to our butcher, to inquire how much we owed him; and one *lady* narrowly escaped a legal action, because when she saw a few pipkins lying on the counter of a crockery-ware man, directed to me, she incautiously said, in the hearing of one of my servants, "Are you paid for your pipkins?—ah, it's well if you ever get your money!"

Christmas came at last: bills were paid, and my husband did not owe a shilling in Pumpington Wells. Like the old ladies in the besieged city, the gossips looked at us, wondering when the havoc would begin.

He who mounts the ladder of life, treading step by step upon the identical footings marked out, *may* live in a provincial town. When we want to drink Spa waters, or vary the scene, we now visit watering-places; but rather than force me to live at one again, "stick me up," as *Andrew Fair-service* says, in *Rob Roy*, "as a regimental target for ball-practice." We have long ceased to live at Pumpington.

Fleeting are the tints of the rainbow—perishable the leaf of the rose—variable the love of woman—uncertain the sunbeam of April; but nought on earth can be so fleeting, so perishable, so variable, or so uncertain, as the popularity of a provincial reputation!

THE POSTMASTER OF ARECIFE.

Stopped at the post of Arecife, the master of which is probably the greatest man in the new world—if size and weight constitute greatness. He seldom walks above a few yards from the door of his house, and then drags a chair with him, for the convenience of immediate rest. Of the importance of his person he seems himself to be fully aware, as are all the vassals of his domain, for he employs it occasionally as a punishment for the idle and refractory. When a culprit is brought before him, he orders him to lie

upon the ground, and then seats himself upon him, and smokes a cigar, or perhaps two, according to the nature of the offence; and the poor groaning wretch can no more move under the weight than if buried beneath Mount Athos.—The protuberance of this great man's stomach is so large, that the hands of others are required to adjust the buttons of his waistcoat and nether garment, it being impossible for his own to meet for that purpose; and yet he is married to a respectable and good looking woman, by whom he has three very fine children. We may reasonably suppose that, as a Gaucho, he is in easy circumstances, from the simple fact that he has at this day upwards of ten thousand head of horned cattle, sheep, and horses, grazing in the Pampas, round his premises.

LIGHT OF THE MOON.

The reason why the moon, when eclipsed, that is, when passing through the shadow cast by the earth on the side away from the sun, is almost quite invisible, is, that there are no similar bodies bearing literally on the moon to share their light with it. And the reason why our nights on earth are darker than the shadows behind a house or rock in the sunshine of day, is merely that there are not other earths near us to reflect light into the great night shadow of the earth, as there are other houses and rocks to illumine the day-shadow of these. The moon is the only light-reflecting body which the earth has near it; and we perceive how much less dark the night shadow is when the moon is so placed as to bear upon it. The eclipsed moon, again, is invisible, because facing the shadowed part of the earth; but when the moon is in the situation called new moon, the bright crescent, or part directly illuminated by the sun, is always seen to be surrounding the shaded part, as if holding the old moon in its arms; that is, the shaded side of the moon is then, in a degree, visible to us, because facing the enlightened side of the earth. Many persons have doubted whether the light of the moon could be altogether the reflected light of the sun; the moon appearing to them, more luminous than any opaque body on earth merely exposed to the sun's rays. Their error has arisen from their contrasting the moon while returning direct sunshine with the shadows of night on the earth around them. But could they then see, on a hill near them, a white tower or other object scattering light, as when receiving the rays of a meridian sun, that object would appear to them to be on fire, and, therefore, much brighter than the moon. The moon, when above the horizon in the day-time, is perfectly visible on earth, and is then throwing towards the earth as much light as during the night; but the day-moon does not appear more luminous than any small white cloud, and although visible every day, except near the change, many persons have passed their lives without ever observing it. The full moon gives to the earth only about a one hundred thousandth part as much light as the sun.—*Arnot*.

ROMANTIC HISTORY OF A ROBBER.

A traveller, says *Le National*, who was lately passing through Turin, collected the following authentic account of a famous robber, who was executed there about three months ago.

He was named Rondino. He was an orphan from his childhood, and left to the care of his uncle, the 'squire of the village, an avaricious man, who treated him very ill. When he was old enough to serve as a conscript, for which purpose lots were drawn, the 'squire openly said, "I hope that Rondino will be caught and have to go into the army, and so the country will be rid of him. That lad will never turn out well. Sooner or later he will be a disgrace to his family. He will certainly end his days on the gallows." It is asserted that this man's dislike of Rondino had an unworthy motive. His nephew had a small inheritance coming to him, which the 'squire administered, and of which he was in no hurry to render an account. However this may have been, when they came to draw, Rondino's lot was to serve, and he left the village, persuaded that his uncle had been guilty of some fraud or stratagem with the urns, to force upon him a soldier's ticket.

When he was placed in his regiment, he was insubordinate, frequently absent when the roll was called, and so restive, that finally he was sent into a battalion under discipline. He was extremely mortified at this punishment, swore to change his conduct, and kept his word. At the end of a few months he was restored to his regiment. From that moment he became exact and soldierly in his deportment, and endeavoured to gain the notice of his officers. He knew how to read and write, and was very intelligent. He was soon made corporal and then sergeant.

One day the colonel said to him, "Rondino, your time of service has expired; but I hope that you are going to stay with us."

"Thank you, colonel; I would rather return home."

"You would do wrong; you are well off here; your officers and fellow-soldiers like you; you are a sergeant now, and if you go on as you have begun, you will soon be sergent-major. If you stay with the regiment, you are provided for; if you return to your village you will starve, or be a burthen on your relations."

"Colonel, I have a little property at home."

"You are mistaken; your uncle writes me that the expenses of your education have swallowed it up, that, and more. Besides, if you knew in what light he regards you, you would be in no hurry to return to him. He writes me, begging that I would detain you by all means, that you are a good-for-nothing scape-grace, whom every body is afraid of, and that not a farmer in the place would give you employment." "He says so!" exclaimed Rondino.

"Here is his letter," was the laconic answer.

"Never mind," said Rondino, "I'll go. I want

to see my own place again." As he was bent upon his dismissal it was given him, accompanied with approbatory certificates.

Rondino, on his return, proceeded immediately to his uncle's house, accused him of his injustice, and demanded of him, very haughtily, the property which he said was his, and detained without a right. The 'squire replied, flew into a rage, produced some crooked accounts without head or tail, and at length the dispute rose so high that he struck Rondino. That blow was the fatal pivot on which the fate of Rondino turned. With one stroke of his stiletto he stretched his uncle dead at his feet. He then fled the village, and took asylum with one of his early friends, who lived in a lonely cattle shed among the mountains.

Three gen-d'armes were soon dispatched in search of him.

Rondino took post in a rough winding road, and lay on the look out. He fired, and killed the first that appeared, wounded the second, and the third ran away. Ever since the persecution of the Carbonari, the gen-d'armes are out of favour in Piedmont, and the popular feeling sides with those who overmatch them. Rondino, therefore, was looked upon as a hero by the neighbouring peasantry. In several successive engagements with armed peace-officers he was again fortunate, and this increased his reputation. It is said that in the space of two years and a half he killed fifteen gen-d'armes. He very often changed his hiding-place, but never went further in any direction than seven or eight leagues from his native village. He never pilfered or robbed; only when his ammunition was nearly exhausted, he would ask the first passer by for a quarter-crown-piece, to buy powder and shot. Generally he slept in some deserted, or retired farm house.—His custom was to lock all the doors, and take with him all the keys into the room that had been assigned to him. He kept his gun at his bed side; and outside of the house he left for sentinel an enormous large dog, who followed him every where, and whose formidable teeth had been felt on more occasions than one, by the enemies of his master. At break of day, Rondino restored the keys, thanked his host, and very often the family, before he could get away, would press some provisions upon him.

Mr. A—, a rich land owner in these parts, saw him about three years ago. It was harvest time, and he was in the midst of his labourers, overseeing their work, when a strange fellow appeared of a sudden, and came direct towards him. He was a large, well made man, with a strong, hardy, but not fierce countenance; laying down a musket from his arm, at about fifty paces from the workmen, beside a tree, he ordered his dog to keep watch of it, and then stepped up and asked an alms. "Why," said Mr. A—, "are you not willing to work; suppose you take hold

with my reapers;" he spoke thus, supposing him to be a stout, impudent beggar. The outlaw smiled, and answered, "I am Rondino, sir." Mr. A— immediately held out to him several pistoles. "I never take more than a quarter-crown-piece," said the fugitive, "that fills my horn.— Only, however, if you are anxious to oblige me, be so kind as to order me something to eat, for I am very hungry just now." A slice of bread and bacon was given to him, and he was about moving off with it in his hand, when Mr. A—, whose curiosity was alive to see a little more of a man of whom the whole country was talking, called him back—"Rondino," said he, "you have no way left but to quit this country, or you will be caught at last, as sure as you are there. Go to Genoa or to France, and from there take sail for Greece, where you will find employment as a soldier, and that too, perhaps, among some of your own comrades and countrymen, who will receive you well. I shall willingly make you a present of your travelling expenses." Rondino listened to the proposal with a thankful and thoughtful air, east down his eyes a moment and considered it—"I thank you," said he, "but I could not live elsewhere than in mine own country; and it will go hard, but that I keep the gallows at a distance for some time yet."

One day some robbers by trade, who skulked in the same hiding-places, took Rondino aside, and made him a proposal. "To-night," said they, "a lawyer from Turin is to pass through such a road, with 40,000 livres in his carriage; if you will head us, we shall stop him, and you shall have captain's share." Rondino haughtily drew up, and looking at them with a glance of scorn, exclaimed, "What do you take me for? I am an honest outlaw, not a robber. If ever you repeat it, I shall make you repent such impertinence." He then made all haste to way-lay the lawyer's carriage. Having come up with it just at night fall, he ordered the driver to stop; he mounted the coach box, and then bade the driver proceed. Meanwhile the lawyer, all consternation, expected to be assassinated. The vehicle moved on, and presently, in a defile, the robbers sprang out across the road. Rondino instantly cried out, "Signors! you know who I am; this carriage is under my protection, and whoever attacks it will have to deal with me." His unerring musket was pointed as he spoke, and his monstrous dog stood bristling beside the wheels, ready for a leap, at a sign from his master. The banditti slunk away as suddenly as they had appeared, leaving the carriage to proceed unmolested, and it soon reached a place of safety. The lawyer offered a very large present to Rondino, but he refused it. "I have only done an honest man's duty," said the blood-marked wanderer; "and now I am in need of nothing; however, if you are really as grateful as you pretend to be, just leave word with your tenants not to refuse me a quarter-crown-piece when my powder horn is empty, or something to eat now and then, when I am pressed for food."

Rondino was captured two years ago, in the

following manner. He had craved a night's lodging at a parsonage; he asked as usual for all the keys, but the curate had the address to reserve one, and through the door to which it belonged, as soon as the outlaw was sleeping, he sent a little boy to give information to the nearest brigade of gen-d'armes. Rondino's dog had a most wonderful instinct at observing every suspicion of danger, and the most distant approach of his master's pursuers. His barking awoke his master, who betook himself to flight, but he found every street in the village already alarmed and guarded. He returned to his night's quarters, climbed into the belfry of the chapel, and barricaded himself. As soon as day broke, he began to take aim from the loop-holes, and soon drove the brigade of gen-d'armes into cover. They gave up all thoughts of storming the belfry, and took shelter in the neighbouring houses. A continual discharge of musketry was kept up during the greater part of the day. Rondino had not received a wound, and had disabled three gen-d'armes; but he had neither food nor water, and the heat was suffocating. He perceived that his hour was come. Presently those below saw him thrust his musket out of a window, waving something white at the end of it. The gen-d'armes ceased firing. He then came forward and cried out, "I am tired out with such a life, and am willing to give up; but no gen-d'armes shall have my surrender to boast of." There was a detachment of regular troops not far from the village, the captain of which yielded to the demand of Rondino. He drew up his troops before the belfry, and Rondino came down forthwith. He stepped up to the officer and said with an unfaltering voice, "pray, sir, let me present you with my dog; you will be pleased with him, rely upon it; promise me to take good care of him." The officer promised. Rondino immediately wrenched off the lock of his gun, and threw it away; then gave up his stock and himself without resistance, and was led off by the soldiery, who treated him with much respect. He awaited his trial, in prison, for two years, heard his sentence with firmness, and met his fate without a tremor—or a bravado.

CONSTANCY.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

When the tempest's at the loudest,
On its gale the eagle rides;
When the ocean rolls the proudest
Through the foam the sea-bird glides—
All the rage of wind and sea
Is subdued by Constancy.

Gnawing want and sickness pining,
All the ills that men endure;
Each their various pangs combining,
Constancy can find a cure—
Pain, and fear, and poverty,
Are subdued by Constancy.

Bar me from each wonted pleasure,
Make me abject, mean, and poor;
Heap on insults without measure.
Chain me to a dungeon floor—
I'll be happy, rich and free,
If endow'd with Constancy.

ELOQUENCE OF PATRICK HENRY.

Hook was a Scotchman, a man of wealth, and suspected of being unfriendly to the American cause. During the distresses of the American army, consequent on the joint invasion of Cornwallis and Phillips, in 1781, a Mr. Venable, an army commissary, had taken two of Hook's steers for the use of the troops.—The act had not been strictly legal; and on the establishment of peace, Hook, on the advice of Mr. Cowan, a gentleman of some distinction in the law, thought proper to bring an action of trespass against Mr. Venable, in the District Court of New London. Mr. Henry appeared for the defendant, and is said to have deputed himself in this cause to the infinite enjoyment of his hearers, the unfortunate Hook always excepted. After Mr. Henry became animated in the cause, says a correspondent, he appeared to have complete control over the passions of the audience. At one time he excited their indignation against Hook—vengeance was visible in every countenance. Again, when he chose to relax, and ridicule him, the whole audience was in a roar of laughter. He painted the distresses of the American army, exposed almost naked to the rigor of a winter's sky, and marking the frozen ground over which they trod, with the blood of their unshod feet. Where was the man, who had an American heart in his bosom, who would not have thrown open his fields, his barn, his cellars, the doors of his house, and the portals of his breast, to have received with open arms the meanest soldier in that little band of patriots? Where is the man? *There* he stands—but whatever of the heart of the American beats in his bosom, you, gentlemen, are to be the judge. He carried the Jury, by the power of his imagination, to the plains around York, the surrender of which had followed shortly after the act complained of. He depicted the surrender in the most glowing and noble colours. The audience saw before their eyes the humiliation and dejection of the British as they marched out of their trenches.

They saw the triumph which lighted up every patriot's face, and heard the shouts of victory, and the cry of "Washington and Liberty," as it rung and echoed through the American ranks, and was reverberated from the hills and shores of the neighboring river—"but hark! What notes of discord are these, which disturb the general joy, and silence the acclamations of victory? They are the notes of John Hook, hoarsely bawling through the American camp, *beef! beef!*"

The whole audience were convulsed. A particular incident will give a better idea of the effect than any general description. The clerk of the court, unable to command himself, and unwilling to commit any breach of decorum in his place, rushed out of the court house and threw himself upon the grass, in the most violent paroxysms of laughter, where he was rolling, when Hook, with very different feelings, came out for relief in the yard also. "Jemmy Steptoe," said he to the clerk, "what the devil ails ye, mon?" Mr. Steptoe could only say that he could

not help it. "Never mind ye," said Hook, "wait till Billy Cowan gets up; he'll show him the la!" ---Mr. Cowan, however, was so completely overwhelmed by the torrent which bore upon his client, that, when he rose to reply to Mr. Henry, he was scarcely able to make an intelligible or audible remark. The cause was decided almost by acclamations. The jury retired for form's sake, and instantly returned with a verdict for the defendant. Nor did the effect of Mr. Henry's speech stop here. The people were so highly excited by the tory audacity of such a suit, that Hook began to hear around him a cry more terrible than that of *beef*—it was the cry of *tar and feathers*—from the application of which, it is said, nothing saved him but a precipitate flight and the speed of his horse.—*American Common Place Book.*

FEMALE REVENGE.

DURING the reign of Philip II. of Spain, a gentleman had the misfortune to kill his adversary in a nocturnal rencontre in the streets of Madrid. As he was leaning against the door he perceived to his astonishment, a brilliant light in the church.—He had sufficient courage to advance towards the light, but was seized with inexpressible horror at the sight of a female figure, clothed in white, which ascended from one of the vaults, holding a bloody knife in her hand. "What do you want here?" cried she, with a wild look and a harsh threatening tone, as she approached him. The poor man who, before she spoke, had taken her for an apparition, quivered in every limb and related his adventure without any reserve. "You are in my power," replied she, "but you have nothing to fear from me; I am a murderer like yourself.—I belong to a family of distinction; a base and perjured man has ruined me, and boasted over my weakness and credulity. His life has paid the forfeit of his guilt. But this sacrifice was not sufficient for betrayed and insulted love: I bribed the sexton—I have been down into his vault—I have rent his false heart out of his body—and thus I serve the heart of a traitor." With these words she tore it in pieces with both hands and then trampled it under her feet.

LOVE SONG.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Admire not that I gain'd the prize
From all the village crew;
How could I fall with hand or eyes,
When heart and faith were true?

And when in floods of rosy wine
My comrades drown'd their cares,
I thought but that my heart was mine,
My own leapt light as theirs.

My brief delay then do not blame;
Nor deem your swain untrue;
My form but linger'd at the game,
My soul was still with you.

TWO MONTHS' RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WAR

IN SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.

The following interesting account, extracted from the United Service Journal, is from the pen, or, to speak more correctly, the tongue of a blind private soldier. By a note appended to the communication it appears that he lives at Carrickfergus, upon a well-earned pension, and that the article was dictated by him to an Irish schoolmaster:—

"About the 5th of May we left Montijo, and the other corps composing our division, which had been quartered in the neighbouring villages, also moving at this time, the whole proceeded towards Badajoz, for the purpose of besieging that fortress, then held by the French. We were stationed on the right or south bank of the river Guadiana, opposite Badajoz, to attack St. Christoval, a strong fort communicating with Badajoz by a massy bridge of twenty-eight arches.

"A strong detachment of the enemy still remaining without their works, it was determined to drive them off. To effect this skirmishers were sent forward, who commenced a smart firing, while we advanced in line to their support. During this service the city and fort kept up a constant fire of shot and shells, and a large shot striking the ground in front of a section, cast up such a mass of earth and sand as completely to overwhelm the whole. We concluded that they were killed, but were soon agreeably surprised to see them getting up, shaking the earth from their clothes, and resuming their places in the ranks. Having accomplished the object of our attack, we placed a strong guard on the ground gained, while the greater part of those who had been engaged retired to the camp, about one mile and a half in the rear. On this night, which was very dark, I was on picket, close to the enemy's works; our officer (a Frenchman) kept us stepping slowly backwards and forwards the whole night, in rear of a chain of our sentinels, some of whom were not more than thirty paces from the palisades of Fort St. Christoval. The silence of this tedious night was only broken by the solemn tones of the city clock, and the voices of their sentinels. We could hear distinctly the '*qui vive*,' as they challenged on the ramparts, and every quarter of an hour their cautionary call, '*Sentinel, gardez-vous*;' 'Ho! sentinel, take care of yourself.' On the first streak of daylight we retired under shelter of a rising ground, but were greatly annoyed by the shot and shells from the garrison. If a shell dropped beside us, our only resource was to fall flat on the earth, and remain in that state till after the explosion. Watching those shells from the time the dull report of the mortar announced they had left the enemy's works, till they burst or fell, furnished us with ample matter for speculation, and even of mirth, at the desperate runnings on seeing them come near. On this day a detachment of

Portuguese infantry of the regiment of Elvas, who had joined us the day before, were stationed in advance, and the shells falling freely about them, their officer, a portly citizen, commenced a precipitate retreat. When observed, he was running at a furious rate, and at his heels his men. Coming near we cheered, on which a sergeant, evidently ashamed, turned about, and rallying the greater number of the fugitives, came over to us; but his officer continued his route, taking a final leave of the glorious but perilous laurels of the tented field. The Portuguese, however, when under British officers, often evinced the utmost bravery, though their ranks were recruited by compulsory conscriptions. We often witnessed their levies arrive guarded by cavalry, and fastened together by ropes, in the manner convicts are sent off for transportation. These recruits were as dirty and ragged as can be well imagined; barefooted and covered with large broad brimmed hats; and at first sight they appeared as so many miserable old men; but when clothed we were often surprised to see them as it were metamorphosed into a body of athletic young fellows.

"Two evenings after I was ordered on a covering party; that is, a body of men who are to protect those about to cast up entrenchments, raise batteries, carry gabions, fascines, or any other work connected with the service. At dusk we moved from our camp, in the utmost silence, and, arriving in the vicinity of St. Christoval, we lay down flat beneath a rising ground, a little in rear of the place where intrenchments were about to be cast up. Then, with a slow and silent pace, came an engineer, heading the working party with picks, spades, and shovels; these were followed by others carrying gabions, which they laid down in rows a little in advance of where we were crouched. The engineer now pointed out the intended works, afterwards called the grand battery, and the massy picks struck the earth; but never shall I forget the terrific noises that followed the breaking of that ground. For a time our ears and senses were alike astounded by the conflicting peals of the artillery and musketry, which, bursting at once on the stillness of the night gave such an appalling shock to us who were inactive spectators, as the oldest veterans had never experienced in their numerous conflicts. Occasionally the atmosphere was partially illuminated by the comet-like fuses of the bombs in their passage towards us; in a few instances they burst in the air within view, thus affording us a momentary respite from the dread of their effects.

"In the mean time gabions continued to be brought up from the rear, and placed close to each other, six deep. Their carriage was truly a perilous service; the men were without shelter

of any kind, and as they advanced with their unwieldy burthens many were killed or wounded under the eyes of their comrades. Every minute we heard from the works going forward the cries of "I'm wounded," while the men who still remained unhurt toiled on with a furious assiduity, in order to get under cover. The shot continued to fly over us with a fearful noise, and owing either to the distance they had come, different degrees of velocity, or causes to us unknown, they seemed to emit a variety of sounds, some of which at another time might have been accounted musical.

"In this state of awful inactivity we lay listening till near day-light, and, though the firing of the artillery of the garrison continued without intermission, yet some of us dropped into a kind of sleep, from which many were destined never to awaken in this world. At day-break a large shell alighted on the brow of the hillock, above where we lay, and giving a few rapid rolls towards us, burst between the legs of a sergeant, tearing off his thigh, and killing or wounding seventeen others. On the noise of this explosion I started up, and the first object that met my half-opened eyes was a German soldier, whose knapsack was on fire, shouting lustily to get it off his back. It appeared that the fusee of the shell having caught his cartridge-box, it blew up, setting his knapsack in a blaze, and in his terror and confusion he was unable himself to get rid of his fiery burthen.

"During this day the enemy slackened their fire, and as the workers were by this time nearly sheltered little loss was for a time sustained; the chief annoyance was their shells; wherever a group of us sought shelter, shells were almost certain of falling immediately after, and, although their near approach was announced by the smoke of their fusee, and a kind of whistling noise, we were kept in a state of perpetual agitation to elude them. In several instances I observed the shells, after their fall, roll about, sometimes like enormous foot-balls, and passing over the bodies of several who had fallen flat, exploded without doing the least injury.

"At twilight the party we had been anxiously expecting from the camp for our relief appeared; on which the enemy opened a most tremendous fire of grape and musketry, and though they came into the trenches at double-quick, several were killed and wounded. We retired in a like hasty manner, and also suffered some loss.

"From our camp we could perceive that of the two other brigades of our division which, under General Stewart, were stationed on the opposite side of the city, where the firing of cannon and musketry was constantly heard; our only communication was by a ford, several miles up the river. At this period, cannon and military stores were arriving daily from Elvas; they were forwarded on large cars, drawn by bullocks, and called by us "shea-cars," from the term used by the drivers when goading the animals forward.— Our provisions were forwarded on mules, which travelled in troops, and besides the muleteers

each troop was under the direction of a leader, called the capitras.

"On the evening of the 9th May I was one of a picket of eighty men at Major Ward's battery, then erecting on the right of the great road leading to St. Christoval. The night passed over without any event that could be deemed remarkable in our situation. We had, as it were, the same annoyance by shot and shells as on a former night; the same painful scenes to witness of killed and wounded, and similar hair-breadth escapes, watchings, and alarms. At day-break the sentinel at the outer end of the bastion reported that the French were coming out of St. Christoval, in considerable numbers, and the next minute that they were outside the palisadoes; and in his third report that they had set out at double-quick towards our grand battery, where the next moment resounded the firing of musketry. We immediately set forward in that direction, but no sooner were clear of the trenches than the fort opened its fire, and in crossing the road leading to the bridge we suffered severely, the grape shot literally pouring upon us. Before our arrival the enemy had been repulsed, and were now assailed in their turn. We were ordered to advance, and sprang over the rampart with alacrity. The French had by this time got under cover of their guns, which now commenced a most destructive fire, and our gallant leader, Captain Smyth, having fallen, and the enemy moving into the fort, the bugles sounded a recall, and we retired into the trenches, now half-filled with the dying and the dead. Those of the French smelled strongly of brandy, of which they were reported to have had a double allowance that morning. Before the firing had entirely ceased, the light companies of our brigade from the camp appeared on the road near the bridge; and at the same time their esteemed commander, Major Birmingham, was observed to fall from his horse, being struck on the thigh by a grape shot. These troops perceiving that the enemy were not only repulsed, but also moving along the bridge into the city, from which many of them had come that morning, retired to the camp. Major Birmingham died on the following day, regretted by every man in our regiment, by whom he was regarded as a brave officer and common friend. On returning to our former station, we had to cross the road near the bridge where so many had fallen on our advance, on which the fort again opened its guns, but not with such destructive effect as before. Amongst the dead was recognised our fugleman, with his head and shoulder besmeared with blood and brains, and some, observing that he was alive, gave him a push with their feet, on which he moved his eyes, and we hurried him into the trenches. It was soon discovered that he was not even wounded, and that the blood and brains must have been those of the person who covered him in the ranks, and whose head had been struck off by a cannon shot, and dashed against his with a force by which he had been knocked down and stupified. For some time he was unconscious of his situation, and at length

complained greatly of his head, which we bound up, and he remained lying in the trenches till our relief arrived. He did not recover the effect of this shock for several days, though as brave a man as any in the regiment. On counting our files it was found that of the eighty men who set forward to oppose the sortie made by the enemy exactly forty were enabled to resume their stand in the ranks. Our total loss in the affair amounted to 400 men. On the same day an officer of the engineers got on the bastion to view the enemy's fortifications, to which our guns were about to be opposed. He remained standing with a spy-glass for about ten minutes, had turned round, stooped a little, ready to jump down, when a cannon-shot carried away his head. His glass dropping from his hand, as his body fell into the trenches, we had a hard struggle for his instrument, while the shot were flying over our heads; so callous had we become by custom to every sense of danger that death had lost the greater part of his grim and grisly terrors.

"On the 12th I was again on duty at the grand battery, which was yet incomplete, and without cannon. The great ramparts of earth cast up, prevented our receiving much injury either by round or grape shot, yet our situation was even more perilous and irksome than on any former occasion. By this time the besieged had arrived at such fatal precision, as to the due distance of throwing their shells, that they mostly either fell on the gabions, or dropped into the trenches, thus rendered as unsafe as any other place within range of their guns. We retaliated briskly, by taking aim at those exposed when loading the cannon at the embrasures, and in this deliberate work of death we were pretty successful, as was obvious from the irregular discharge from those parts exposed to the effects of our unceasing shot. On this day a large shell dropped into the trenches near a Sergeant Fullen, who, to evade its effects, caught it up like a large putting-stone, and, to the terror and astonishment of many, threw it over the bastion, where it exploded, without doing the smallest mischief! The other occurrences and casualties at this time were so very similar to those already mentioned that I omit their relation.

"Here, as on other occasions, when mingled with the Portuguese soldiers, we had frequent dealings with them for their rations of rum, which they reserved in horns, and, being very abstemious from liquors, were always willing to dispose of. If provisions were scarce they would only exchange their rum for bread, if plenty they would have money; but as we sometimes had neither, stratagem was resorted to in their place. Their common salutation when holding out their horns, was, 'Compra ruma?' 'Will you buy rum?' Our answer, 'Si Senhor, provemos primeiro,'—'Let's try it first.' Taking a hasty mouthful, and passing it to another, we exclaimed, 'Ah noa esta bom ruma,' 'It's not good rum,' and in this manner their horns were often nearly emptied in these trials; on which discovery their owners would exclaim in great agitation, 'Ah, ladrao! bebe todo,'

'Ah, thief! you have drunk it all.' When higgling, and not likely to agree in those bargains, they would put the horn to their mouths, and giving a great stagger declare they would get drunk and fight like the *Inglezes*.

"On the morning of the 14th, the grand battery, consisting of brass twenty-four pounders, and some howitzers, opened on fort St. Christoval; but, though a spirited fire was kept up, it was soon evident that they must be silenced by that of the enemy, who, being in a great measure disengaged in that quarter, poured a terrible and overwhelming fire upon them. By the following morning our fire was considerably abated, several of the cannon being dismounted, and the muzzles of others so beaten by the large shot struck against them as to be unserviceable, and by noon only one gun was enabled to reply to the furious and unremitting cannonade of St. Christoval. Major Ward's battery was still without cannon, hence unable to take any part in the severe and conflicting events going forward.—Fortunately, on this evening, an express arrived from Marshal Beresford to raise the siege, and, hasten to join him in the direction of Albuera, as Marshal Soult was advancing from Seville with a powerful army to the relief of Badajoz. At twilight our outposts were withdrawn, and every article brought off that was serviceable; and pressing forward with cheerful alacrity we entered Elvas by eleven o'clock the same night.—Heartily tired of the dangerous and harassing service we had left, we rejoiced at decamping from a place that had been marked by a succession of the most perilous services, and conceived that any change must be for the better compared with our state for the last eight days. Indeed there is no duty so truly harassing to a soldier as a protracted siege, and certainly none to which he feels so marked an aversion. A general action or assault brings matters to a speedier issue, and valour and military gallantry have there a more extended field; and except a disastrous retreat, there is no situation which damps the spirit and ardour of an army so much as a tedious siege.

"We halted only a few hours at Elvas, and continuing our route, crossed the Guadiana at Jurumanha, and during our march heard at intervals the deep rolling sounds of artillery in the direction of Albuera. Late on this evening we entered Olivenza, where we halted till about two o'clock next morning, and on setting out met some of those who had been wounded early in the action we had heard the preceding day. Their accounts were vague and contradictory as to the probable issue of the contest they had left. In our progress we passed numerous troops of wounded, seated on mules or asses, and many straggling slowly forward on foot, or lying by the road, some of whom were already dead.—Their numbers increased as we advanced, and fully testified that the battle had been one of the most sanguinary kind. Such scenes as these were really ill-calculated to excite a thirst for military fame and the "pride and pomp of glo-

rious war," yet they did not in the least damp our ardour to step out, for, though generally young in years, we were veterans in warfare, and as well inured to the warlike sounds of the cannon as to that of the bugle or drum.

"About six o'clock, A. M., we came in sight of our troops on the field of battle at Albuera; the French were discerned in a wood, about a mile and a half in their front. We now advanced in subdivisions, at double distance, to make our numbers appear as formidable as possible, and arriving on the field piled our arms, and were permitted to move about. With awful astonishment we gazed on the terrific scene before us; a total suspension took place of that noisy gaiety so characteristic of Irish soldiers; the most obdurate or risible countenances sunk at once into a pensive sadness, and for some time speech was supplanted by an exchange of sorrowful looks and significant nods. Before us lay the appalling sight of upwards of 6,000 men, dead, and mostly stark-naked, having, as we were informed, been stripped by the Spaniards during the night; their bodies disfigured with dirt and clotted blood, and torn with the deadly gashes inflicted by the bullet, bayonet, sword, or lance, that had terminated their mortal existence. Those who had been killed outright appeared merely in the pallid sleep of death, while others whose wounds had been less suddenly fatal, from the agonies of their last struggle, exhibited a fearful distortion of features. Near our arms was a small stream almost choked with bodies of the dead, and from the deep traces of blood on its miry margin it was evident that many of them had crawled thither to allay their last thirst. The waters of this oozing stream were so deeply tinged that it seemed actually to run blood. A few perches distant was a draw-well, about which were collected several hundreds of those severely wounded, who had crept or had been carried thither. They were sitting or lying in the puddle, and each time the bucket reached the surface with its scanty supply there was a clamorous and heart-rending confusion, the cries for water resounding in at least ten languages, while a kindness of feeling was visible in the manner this beverage was passed to each other.

"Turning from this painful scene of tumultuous misery we again strolled amongst the mangled dead. The bodies were seldom scattered about, as witnessed after former battles, but lying in rows or heaps; in several places whole subdivisions or sections appeared to have been prostrated by one tremendous charge or volley.

"We here found the fusileer and Portuguese brigade of our subdivision, whom we had not seen since we went to Badajoz, where they had also been employed. They had arrived on the ground just before the action commenced, in which the former brigade was nearly annihilated. When we separated from that at Olivenza the fusileers amounted to at least 2,250 men, and on their muster this day only about 350 stood in their ranks. Before their going to Badajoz twenty-nine men of our regiment had been detached to this brigade to assist as artificers during the siege

of that fortress; of these only one now remained fit for service. The loss in several other British regiments was reported to have been equally severe; those of the 3d, 31st, 48th, 57th, and 66th, were particularly mentioned, and the field before us presented ample proofs that those reports were but too true. All the survivors with whom we conversed were heartless and discontented. They complained bitterly that the army had been sacrificed by a series of blunders, especially in placing the Spaniards on the key of the position, and in not crediting that the lancers, who had for a time been mistaken for Spaniards, were really French. In our inquiries amongst the fusileers the following particulars were collected on the spot; but, before proceeding to their relation, I shall notice the numbers of the contending armies and relative situations to the bloody field.

"The combined army was under the orders of Marshal Beresford, and amounted to nearly 28,000 men, forming in round numbers about the following proportions:—12,000 Spaniards, 8,000 Portuguese, some German artillery and riflemen, and the remainder British. Marshal Soult commanded the French forces, consisting of at least 25,000 veteran troops, about 4,000 of whom were cavalry, a species of force in which we were very defective. The enemy occupied exactly the same position as noticed on our advance thither, and our army the same ground as at this time. About half a mile in our front was a river from which the ground towards us rose in a gentle swell, free from ditches or wood, except a few dwarfish shrubs. Near the extremity of our line, on the right, the ground was more elevated, rising into a few knolls; and rather in front, on the left, was the ruinous village of Albuera, on the great road leading to a bridge over the river. The only living creatures seen in Albuera at this time were an old man and a cat.

"About eight o'clock, on the morning of the 16th, the enemy began to move from the wood seen in front, which, till that time, had concealed their numbers. Soon after several columns advanced towards the river, one of which immediately crossed on the right, and commenced a vigorous attack on the Spaniards, while others attempted to pass at fords, and at the bridge.—The Spaniards, consisting of the united corps of Generals Blake, Castanos, and Ballasteros, defended themselves with the utmost bravery, but were at length driven from their position, leaving behind them ample and indubitable proofs of the obstinate valour by which it had been maintained. From this post the enemy's artillery was now enabled to rake the field, and scattered death throughout our line. Before even attempting its recovery it became necessary to change our front, and while executing this manoeuvre a large body of French lancers, which had been for some time hovering about, dashed between the open divisions, and in the confusion that ensued a dreadful havoc was made before they could be expelled. Favoured by a tremendous shower of rain and hail, which had fallen early in

the action, those lancers passed the river unobserved, and, on the storm abating, they were seen in front within musket shot of our lines, and reports were made that they were French, but not credited. From their being thus allowed to move quietly about, they evidently perceived that they were mistaken for friends, and kept in a compact body, waiting an opportunity to pounce upon us. At length, while our divisions were detached, in the act of deploying into line, they advanced in squadrons, at full gallop, shouting in Spanish, "Vivan los Ingleser!" "Vivan los amigos de Espana!" and in the next moment they were in our ranks, which were so completely surprised that whole companies were destroyed without firing one shot.

"The defeat of the enemy, the recovery of the heights that had been so fatally lost, and the other events of this action being so well known, I omit their relation, and shall only observe that my narrators gave their commander little credit for what has been since termed one of the most brilliant victories of the Peninsular war. Their complaints were loud and general, and always ended with some expression of deep regret for the absence of him whom we looked up to with unlimited confidence, whose presence gave us additional courage, and under whom we deemed ourselves invincible and certain of success—need I add that person was Wellington!

"From the heavy rain that had fallen the preceding day, and the trampling of men and horses, the field of battle was at this time a perfect puddle, without one dry or green spot on which we could repose or be seated. Wearied and chilled after our forced march, and wading through the sloughs, we kindled fires, and, as fuel could not be had, the muskets lying about were thrown on promiscuously for that purpose. These arms made truly a *crack* fire, for several being charged immediately exploded, the balls whistling through the mud and casting it up in our faces. Alarmed at those salutes, we for some time examined if the guns were discharged, but, tired of those researches, several again exploded, happily without doing any mischief.

"On this night our situation was, if possible, more gloomy and uncomfortable than any we had yet experienced, war on every hand presenting one of his most horrid and terrific forms, while, at the same time, we laboured under the greatest privations. Neither provisions nor liquors could be had at any price, and the surrounding country was so wild and depopulated as to bid defiance to all attempts to better our state, even by marauding. The only place of rest, if such it could be called, was sitting on our knapsacks in the mud, into which many occasionally dropped, overcome with sleep and fatigue, and remained for a time as insensible as the gory corpse on the field. During those heavy and lengthened hours, when about to fall into the mire, I several times started up, and gazed on this strange and appalling scene. The ghastly lines of the dead were faintly visible through the gloom, while the deep snoring of those lying

about, or who still maintained their balance on their seats, nearly drowned the calls of the sentinels and the low moanings of the mutilated soldiers who still continued to feel. The dull monotony of those sounds were at times broken by others in strict unison with such a time and place. From about midnight the howling of wolves was heard in the direction of the river; they had probably left their dens in the adjacent wood to feast on this field of carnage. Their howls seemed at times as if answered by the calls and croakings of the birds of prey which kept hovering about. I even thought that they seemed to say, "Why remain you here, after having laid out for us such a grand and rich repast?" The thoughts of home, the friends I had there left, and the fabulous legends of infancy passed over my memory in quick review. I paused, and found that the most horrid of those "tales of terror," all the ideal terrors of romance, were surpassed by the horrid realities before me. I several times endeavoured to collect my bewildered thoughts in contrasting my former and present state, but recoiled with horror from the task, and found that truth was indeed strange, 'stranger than fiction.'

From an English Magazine.

MEMORY OF THE BRAVE.

They have not fled!
They live in each drop of their country's tears,
In each sorrow that melts, in each sigh that endears—
The dead—the glorious dead:

They have not pass'd away!
Doth the perfume die with the faded flow'r?
Doth gladness depart with the summer hour?
Less sad—less faded are they!

They were not meant for death,
The spirits whose strength could pierce the tomb;
They shall live in the days and the years to come,
More strong than their parted breath!

Their home is their country's breast!
In the songs which tell of their glorious deeds,
In each hope that is nurtur'd, each anguish that bleeds,
For a spirit and a zest.

They shall dwell by the household hearth!
In the voices that peal from the sunny hills,
In each pray'r that is breath'd, in each whisper that thrill
The glorious of the earth!

They do but sleep—not die!
The life-spark thrills in the dreamer's breast,
And their spirit is freed from its mortal rest,
But to borrow its hues from on high.

They shall be as a power and sway,
To breathe the feelings of love and of might,
On the patriot's gloom, and the lover's blight,
Like the soul to the senseless clay.

And oh! more dear to the brave!
The tears of the fair shall be shed o'er their tomb:
And who for each praise would not envy their doom,
And sigh for the patriot's grave?

THE TOILET.

Discourse we now of silks and cloth of gold;
Of roses for birth-days and high festivals;
The maiden's simple, unadorn'd attire,
And of the modest toilet of the bride.

OUR intention in the treatment of this delicate and important subject is by no means to attempt establishing a beau ideal of dress; because, even in the event of our being successful, it would be only applicable to the beau ideal of form and feature: indeed, it appears to us, that there is not only a perfect style of costume, adapted to the various classes of figure and face, but for almost every individual of which they are composed. To enter into a description of these styles, would be to embark into an hopeless and endless task; for, to be complete, they must be as infinite and varied as nature herself. Our limits may be much more advantageously occupied by an inquiry into general principles, leaving their application, in most cases, to the young reader's taste, which, however, we shall endeavour in our progress, to correct, advance, or confirm.

Although the Toilet should never be suffered to engross so much of the attention as to interfere with the higher duties of life, yet, as a young lady's dress, however simple, is considered a criterion of her taste, it is, certainly, worthy of her attention. Her chief object, in this respect, should be, to acquire sufficient skill and good taste to do all that it is needful, with regard to the attire, in the least possible period of time,—to abbreviate the labours of the Toilet, so as not to trench upon hours which should be devoted to the useful avocations of life, or the embellishments of the mind. It will be a laudable ambition in her, to curb those excesses of "each revolving mode" with which she is in some measure obliged to comply; to aim at grace and delicacy rather than richness of dress; to sacrifice exuberance of ornament (which is never becoming to the young) whenever it is possible, to an admirable neatness, equally distant from the prim and the negligent; to learn the valuable art of imparting a charm to the most simple article of dress, by its proper adjustment to the person, and by its harmonious blending, or agreeably contrasting with the other portions of the attire. It is a truth, which should ever be borne in mind, that a higher order of taste is often displayed, and a better effect produced by a paucity or total absence of ornament, than by the most profuse and splendid decorations. The youthful Isabella of Portugal looks better in that simple head-dress in which she is occasionally depicted, than in the nuptial robes which she wore on the day of her marriage with Philip the Good.

Fashion demands a discreet, but not a servile observance: much judgment may be shown in the time, as well as the mode, chosen for complying with her caprices. It is injudicious to adopt every new style immediately it appears; for many novelties in dress prove unsuccessful—

being abandoned even before the first faint impression they produce is worn off; and a lady can scarcely look more absurd than in a departed fashion, which, even during its brief existence, never attained a moderate share of popularity. The wearer must, therefore, at once relinquish the dress, or submit to the unpleasant result we have mentioned: so that, on the score of economy, as well as good taste, it is advisable not to be too eager in following the modes which whim or ingenuity create in such constant succession. On the other hand, it is unwise to linger so long as to suffer "Fashion's ever varying flower" to bud, blossom, and nearly "waste its sweetness" before we gather and wear it: many persons are guilty of this error; they cautiously abstain from a too early adoption of novelty, and fall into the opposite fault of becoming its proselytes at the eleventh hour: they actually disburse as much in dress as those who keep pace with the march of mode, and are always some months behind those who are about them;—affording, in autumn, a post-obit reminiscence to their acquaintance, of the fashions which were popular in the preceding spring. Such persons labour under the further disadvantage of falling into each succeeding mode when time and circumstances have deformed and degraded it from its "high and palmy state:" they do not copy it in its original purity, but with all the deteriorating additions which are heaped upon it subsequently to its invention. However beautiful it may be, a fashion rarely exists in its pristine state of excellence long after it has become popular: its aberrations from the perfect are exaggerated at each remove; and if its form be in some measure preserved, it is displayed in unsuitable colours, or translated into inferior materials, until the original design becomes so vulgarized as to disgust.

There are many persons who, while they affect to despise Fashion, and are ostensibly the most bitter enemies of "the goddess with the rainbow zone," are always making secret compacts and compositions with her. Their constant aim is to achieve the effect of every new style of dress, without betraying the most distant imitation of it: they pilfer the ideas of the *modiste*, which they use (to adopt the happy expression of Sir Fretful) "as gypsies do stolen children,—disfigure them to make them pass for their own." This is pitiful hypocrisy.

Although the fickle goddess rarely approaches the realms of the truly beautiful, except immediately after having rioted in the regions of absurdity; and scarcely sojourns in the classic air of Greece for a moment, ere she wings her way to that which is most Gothic and barbarous; yet, in spite of her absurdities, she is not only obeyed,

but admired in all ages and in all climes. By the force of habit, and by an unconscious association in the mind of a dress and its wearer, Fashion, even to those who are somewhat fastidious, generally appears graceful. To please her, the fine lady of one country almost feeds herself into an apoplexy; and the would-be beauty of another, starves herself into "the sister to a shade." The Chinese females cripple their feet; and the Europeans torture their waists into the narrowest possible compass. In one age she induces the fair sex to cover their faces with patches; and in the next, to blush, if necessity compel them to apply one; alternately, to cashier, as it were, their natural tresses in favour of "false locks set on wires to make them stand at a distance from the head," as the honest old herald, Randle Holme, describes the fashions of 1670;—to elevate their hair to an immoderate height, as exhibited in the fine portraits of Sir Joshua Reynolds;—and to cultivate it into those ringlets drooping over the ears, so much admired in the fifteenth century, which have often come into partial favour during our own time.



Fashion is usually warranted by the fact of its being directly opposite, in letter and spirit, to its predecessor: thus, if one year she elevate the zone to its utmost possible height, she generally depresses it in an equally unreasonable degree the next; if she prescribe evergreens for the embellishment of the hair, in June, she commands "summer's glowing coronal," for the same purpose, in December. Should high flounces be patronized, short ladies must abstain from adopting them, because they are becoming only to the tall; and if narrow dresses obtain pre-eminence, the slender must not sacrifice that fulness in the attire, for which, to them, the most exquisite display of fashion can never be a sufficient compensation. The example of those who have long necks and low shoulders, should never lead those of a different style of person, to wear necklaces of great breadth, to raise the dress towards the ears, or, by quantity of drapery, or profusion of ornament, to produce an apparent union of the head-gear and the shoulders. Such a costume as that of Elizabeth of York, queen of Henry the Seventh, (Fig. 1) may add dignity to a certain order of forms, but it would certainly produce a contrary effect on the appearance of those who have neither long necks nor depressed shoulders.

General fashions should certainly be conformed to, when, as Goldsmith observes, they happen not to be repugnant to private beauty. They may often be so modified as to suit the persons of all; and occasionally be so managed as to seem to have been created expressly for the most advantageous display of many individuals' graces of form or delicacy of complexion. But alterations in modes must be made with considerable judgment, otherwise there is a risk of falling into absurdities: sometimes they are altogether intractable; it is impossible so to change a fashion, which has been especially invented for some tall and slender arbitress of taste, that it may at once retain much of its original character, and look becoming one whose form is either stout or petite. In this and similar cases the attempt should be abandoned, with the consoling idea, that the next mode will, in all probability, be decidedly advantageous to those who are, for the time being, debarred by nature from appearing at once graceful and fashionable, and the "Cynthia's of the minute," in their turn, be thrown into the shade; for the authenticity of every new edict of

Jewellery should never be used to cover any imperfections of form in the neck; it is in much better taste, for such a purpose, to wear a neat collar, reaching as high as the cheek (Fig. 2, Mary Queen of England). Those who happen to be faultless in this respect, look better, perhaps, with the neck altogether unadorned (Fig. 3, costume of Mary de Berri, wife of John Duke of Bourbon.)

Whatever the reigning mode, and however beautiful a fine head of hair may be generally esteemed, those who are short in stature, or small in features, should never indulge in a profuse display of their tresses, if they would, in the one case, avoid the appearance of dwarfishness and unnatural size of the head, and in the other, of making the face seem less than it actually is, and thus causing what is merely petite to appear insignificant. If the hair be closely dressed by others, those who have round or broad faces should, nevertheless, continue to wear drooping clusters of curls; and, although it be customary to part the hair in the centre, the division should be made on one side, if it grow low on the forehead and beautifully high on the temples; but if the hair be too distant from the eyebrows, it should be parted only in the middle.

where it is generally lower than at the sides, whatever temptations Fashion may offer to the contrary. We might multiply instances *ad libitum*; but the foregoing cases will, we doubt not, satisfactorily elucidate our proposition. It is our object to impress on our readers, the propriety of complying with the ordinances of Fashion, when their observance is not forbidden, by individual peculiarities; and the necessity of fearlessly setting them at defiance, or offering only a partial obedience, when a compliance with them would be positively detrimental to personal grace: by these means they may escape the imputation of resembling those pictures, in which "the face is the work of a Raphael, but the draperies are thrown out by some empty pretender, destitute of taste, and entirely unacquainted with design."

CASPAR KARLINSKI.

In the course of the sanguinary war which was carried on between the Swedes and the Poles, in the sixteenth century, respecting the rights of Sigismund II. the King of Poland, to the throne of Sweden, the Swedish usurper prepared to invade Poland with the whole force of his kingdom. Sigismund, unable to make head in the field against the overwhelming superiority of the enemy, contented himself with reinforcing the garrisons of his frontier towns, and placing in the chief command a warrior of approved courage and fidelity.

Among others, the King selected Caspar Karlinski, as one on whom he could safely rely in the emergencies of his situation. He was a nobleman, then advanced in years, and renowned among his countrymen, not so much for his wealth or his rank, as for the dauntless valour he had displayed in the service of his native land. He willingly obeyed the commands of his sovereign, and repaired immediately to the fortress of Olfzyn, the post assigned to him.

A formidable body soon made their appearance before Olfzyn, and a threatening summons to surrender was sent to Karlinski. His answer was—"I will obey no orders but those of my king, and will keep the faith I have pledged to him untarnished until death." The enemy changed their mode of attack, and made him the most splendid offers—a seat in the senate, the highest rank and boundless possessions, if he would surrender Olfzyn and embrace their party. Karlinski treated their bribes even with greater scorn than their threats. The hostile leaders set before him the disproportion of the contending forces—the weakness of his side, and the consequent dangers to which he exposed himself by his obstinacy. Karlinski saw only the peril of his country, and remained equally inflexible. Convinced at last of his unbending integrity, and confident of victory, the enemy made a furious attack upon the castle; but through the strength of the walls, the bravery of the besieged, and still

more the skill of their gallant commander, they were repulsed with immense slaughter.

The foe were discouraged by this defeat, but still determined on the attempt to gain by stratagem what negotiation and force had alike failed in procuring for them. Every disposition was therefore made, as if they intended another assault. The gallant Karlinski

———"on the heights arrayed
"His trusty warriors, few but undismay'd,"

and relying on his good cause, and the bravery of his followers, excited as it was by their recent victory, looked fearlessly on the result of the approaching conflict. The adversary advanced still nearer and nearer: they were already within gun-shot of the castle-walls, when the front rank unfolded, and an armed man, leading a woman by the hand with a child in her arms, came forward. The besieged gazed on one another in astonishment at the unexpected appearance: and Karlinski, as if spell-bound, remained looking on it for sometime in mute amazement—all on a sudden he uttered a loud cry, and exclaimed, "Gracious heaven! it is my son! my Sigismund!" and fell motionless on the ramparts.

It was indeed his son, whom the enemy, at the instigation of a friend, had surprised with his nurse and carried away; hoping through this expedient to be able to advance to the castle walls without being exposed to the fire of the ramparts.

Their cunning was at first successful. The besieged, from the love of their adored commander, dared not discharge a single cannon, and the Swedes approached undisturbed, almost to the foot of the walls, and prepared to scale them. Karlinski at this moment recovered his senses, but it was only to suffer greater anguish. He saw the danger, but no means of averting it without a sacrifice too dreadful to think of. "I have lost," he cried out in a despairing voice, "seven brave sons have I lost in battle for my country, and is this last sacrifice required of me?" A death-like silence ensued, broken only by the cries of the child, whose features could now be distinctly traced, as he was still carried in the advance of the onward-moving ranks. Karlinski at last seemed inspired with superhuman strength—he snatched a lighted brand from one of the gunners—"Heavens!" he cried, "I was a Pole before I was a father!" and with his own hand, discharged the gun which was to be a signal for a general volley. A tremendous fire was immediately poured from every battlement; it swept away to death Karlinski's infant, and great multitudes of the enemy; the besieged made a vigorous sally. Karlinski was completely victorious.

—◆—

Gross and vulgar minds will always pay a higher respect to wealth than to talent, for wealth, although it be a far less efficient source of power than talent, happens to be far more intelligible.

The London Court Journal contains the annexed, from the MS. Journal of a Detenu.

YOUNG NAPOLEON.

THE following anecdotes relating to the infancy of Napoleon's son were communicated to me in Paris at the time, by Madame de —, whose duty it was to be frequently in attendance upon the young Monarch:—

THE PETITION.—The natural taciturnity of the Emperor upon this joyful event gave way to an unusual cheerfulness; the officers who were continually about his person were astonished at the surprising alteration in his manners; he appeared to be the happiest of fathers. The nurse appointed to take charge of this precious infant was either bribed, or, at least, prevailed upon, to place a sheet of paper upon the lace covering of the cradle. It was a petition addressed to "His Majesty, the King of Rome," and the pompous title was inscribed in letters of gold. It could not fail to be remarked when the Emperor approached to see his child. On observing the paper he hastily seized it; a frown passed over his brow, and casting a severe look at the attendant, and particularly at the nurse, he exclaimed,—"Well! what have we here? Who dares"—at this moment the infant began to cry, and the nurse taking it into her arms, it was immediately quiet. The anger of Napoleon passed away, and smiling, he unfolded the paper and read aloud the following words:—"To his Majesty, the King of Rome: Sire,—In vain has an unfortunate man addressed himself to your father; his supplications cannot have reached the Emperor, or he would have listened to them. Of you I now venture to ask for liberty. I am confined in the Chateau de Vincennes as a state prisoner. I am sorry for the errors of my youth. Grant, I beseech you, my prayer. Your father will henceforth find me a loyal subject and a devoted servant.—LA TOUR." "Now, Sire," continued Napoleon, in a jocosé manner, addressing himself to his child, "what does your Majesty say to this request? Is the petitioner to remain incarcerated on account of his foolish meddling in politics, or do you please that he be set at liberty? What! no reply!" Then turning to one of his officers, he said, "Qui ne dit mot, consent—Let the prisoner be discharged forthwith, and he is permitted to resume his rank in the army."

THE LULLABY.—A few angry words passed between the Emperor and Maria Louise upon the following occasion:—He frequently came into the apartment of the infant, accompanied by some of his officers; one of the latter wore large moustaches and prodigious whiskers. The child on seeing him appeared to be frightened, and showed its feelings by screaming loudly. At first the cause of its terror was not divined, but the mother, who was sitting near the cradle, discovered the reason of the child's fright, and in an abrupt and almost violent manner, she said to the

officer, "It is you, Monsieur, who terrify the infant—Retirez vous." "Restez," replied Napoleon, "this boy shall not be spoiled—from his very infancy he must"—here he paused. "Mais—" continued the Empress—"Point de mais dans cette affaire," said Napoleon rather harshly; then thinking probably that he had evinced somewhat of military acerbity, he added with a smile, "Al-lons! Monsieur l'officier a moustaches, vous chantez—have the goodness to sing a song to my son; the softness of your voice will, perhaps, make him forget the roughness of your chin." The officer, who was remarkable for his musical talents, instantly complied, and almost addressing the Empress, he gave the following from a new opera, (Francoise de Foix, I believe,) then quite the rage among the Parisian *dilletanti*:—

"Plaire sans art—tel est votre partage; (bis)
La touchante simplicité
Qui chez vous pare la beauté,
Vous assure, en tous lieux, le plus brillant hommage."

The Empress was flattered, the Emperor laughed, and the child actually ceased crying. To this circumstance the officer in question owed a more rapid rise in the army than he would otherwise have obtained; as it is a fact, that when the young Sire was particularly unruly, "L'officier a Moustaches" was sent for, and frequently succeeded in appeasing the child.

VACCINATION OF THE KING.—It was not without difficulty that the Empress could be prevailed upon to allow her son to be vaccinated. Although this method had superseded inoculation among the higher classes, persons of rank were still to be found, particularly in Austria, extremely averse to the operation. It seems that one of the *dames d'honneur*, who had accompanied Marie Louise from Vienna, entertained a strong prejudice against vaccination, and had imprudently communicated her thoughts upon the subject to the Empress. Napoleon discovered that the translation of an English work respecting the deformities, maladies, &c. engendered by introducing the *virus* into the veins of infants, had fallen into her hands. A clear refutation of this work had been published by a German surgeon, and the circumstance was known to Boyer, (I think,) her medical attendant, who stated this to the Emperor. Orders were instantly given to procure it, but it was not to be found in the shops of any of the foreign booksellers in Paris. Telegraphic communications were instantly made to Brussels and Strasburg, and being met with in this latter town, it was forwarded to Paris. The Empress read the book, and as precautions had been taken to remove her imprudent adviser, who was sent back to Vienna, under pretence of giving the Emperor of Austria every particular relating to

the birth of his grandson, Marie Louise was satisfied, and consented that the child should undergo vaccination. The *virus* was taken from a fine healthy child, the son of a farmer residing at Garche, a hamlet near Mont Saint Valerein.

THE TEETHING.—At that period when children are cutting their teeth, the infant King suffered more than usual pain, and his health was so much impaired by frequent convulsive fits, that fears were entertained that he would expire during one of the paroxysms; the greatest alarm prevailed among the immediate attendants, but strict injunctions were imposed upon them not to give the slightest intimation of his declining health. Madame de —, who gave me this and the preceding anecdotes, was present when the infant had one of its severest attacks; every remedy generally employed proved ineffectual—the convulsions continued—one of the ladies told the medical attendant that she was acquainted with a person who possessed a soothing syrup, which in these cases produced almost always immediate relief. “*Un charlatan*, probably,” said the doctor, but the Empress instantly interrupted him, by desiring her to procure immediately some

of the medicine. In half an hour she returned with a small phial containing the syrup, and to the extreme joy of the mother, and the still greater astonishment of the professional gentleman, the child fell into a gentle slumber and gradually recovered. Whenever it was attacked in a similar manner, the same specific was successfully applied. The individual who had been instrumental in relieving the infant, and perhaps in saving its life, was a Mrs. Reilly, the widow of an Irish officer, who at the time was living in the Rue St. Honore, and was gaining a comfortable subsistence by vending this syrup for the use of children. It was analysed by M. Cadet de Veaux who found its ingredients were simple herbs and, I think, a small quantity of opium. Mrs. Reilly received a present of 12,000 francs, and although by the *Code Imperial* it was strictly enjoined that no person should sell or administer nostrums or quack medicines, she was permitted by the police to carry on her trade in syrup undisturbed, and when I knew her some years after, she had acquired a small fortune by the sale of an article which then bore the high-sounding appellation of *Syrop du Roi de Rome*.

From the MS. Notes of a Foreign Nobleman.

ROYAL MASKED BALL AT VIENNA, DURING THE CONGRESS.

I NEVER witnessed any thing equal in splendour and picturesque effect to the scene presented by the *Apollo Saal* on the night of the Masked Ball and Supper—it was absolutely the world in miniature. The whole, formed by a union of various and incongruous parts, exhibited a most extraordinary *coup d'œil*; and it might truly be said, that, in this instance, disorder was the highest effort of art.

All the amusements which took place at Vienna during the Congress were on a scale of grandeur worthy of the exalted individuals in whose honour they were prepared. The masked ball was a perfectly unique entertainment, and in point of splendour it fully realized some of the most brilliant descriptions in the “*Arabian Nights*.”

The spacious building in which the entertainment took place exhibited the most ingenious diversity in fitting up, &c. There were illuminated saloons, fragrant groves, Turkish kiosks, and Lapland huts. In the centre of the principal supper-room rose an immense rock, from whence, amidst clusters of flowers, issued cascades, which fell into basins containing fish. On the adornment of this room every possible variety of decoration seemed to have been lavished, and hundreds of variegated lamps and wax lights, sparkling in the chandeliers of crystal, diffused their radiance on every surrounding object.

When we arrived the chief portion of the company had already assembled. I was told that there were not less than eight or ten thousand

persons present; but when the company gradually betook themselves to the various amusements of the evening, the assemblage, numerous as it was, did not prove too great for the space allotted to their reception.

I joined Baron Tettenhorn, and we seated ourselves near one of the doors—a situation in which we could observe the whole of the company as they promenaded the vast suite of rooms. The freedom attached to the *incognito* observed by the Sovereigns at public balls, led them to prefer these entertainments to the formality of private court parties. They gladly exchanged empty demonstrations of respect for sincere testimonies of affection. Consequently they were affable and communicative, and seemed even thankful that they could, for a while, lay aside the burthen of exalted rank. Besides, the habit of continually seeing them for several weeks, had considerably exhausted curiosity, particularly in a place like Vienna, where every individual may approach his Sovereign, as he would his father.

The King of Bavaria and his two sons were among the latest arrivals. His Majesty was attended by his Chamberlain, Count Charles von Rechberg, who stepped up to me and engaged me to sup with him after the King should retire. While he was talking to me some one came behind him, and gently pinching his ear, said:—“Well, gossipper, what are you doing there?” This was no other than the King of Bavaria himself. On perceiving him, Tettenhorn and I immediately rose, and the King, turning to us,

said, with that air of good nature so peculiar to him, "Do not disturb yourselves, I beg gentlemen; but, I assure you, it is always thus with the Count. As soon as I turn my head he is off, and I must perform the office of public crier to find him again." Count von Rechberg excused himself by observing that he had unexpectedly met a friend, and he easily obtained forgiveness for his little breach of duty. The tone of the remonstrance, and the playful correction which accompanied it, sufficiently proved how fully he possessed the affection of his Sovereign.

I soon distinguished, amidst the throng, the noble figure of the Prince de Ligne, who, advancing towards me, said, "I am glad I have found you. There are some persons here to whom I wish you to introduce me. I have already been your *cicerone*, and now you have an opportunity of paying your debt."

We retired to a billiard-room, which was fitted up as a Chinese temple. Here we found the King of Denmark, attended only by a single Chamberlain. He accosted the Prince de Ligne with those testimonials of esteem, which all the Sovereigns evinced for the man whom their fathers had so highly distinguished. The Prince presented me to his Majesty, who immediately recollected me, though I had not seen him since he was Prince Royal. "Have you learned German," inquired he, "since you left Copenhagen?"—"No, Sire," I replied, "but I have not forgotten the short lesson which your Majesty condescended to give me." He kindly inquired after my family. "The events which have taken place within the few last months," said he, "have been favourable to their interests. I suppose they are now in France." I returned thanks for his flattering inquiries, assuring him how gratifying they would prove to the individuals who were remembered by him. His Majesty maintained a conversation of some length with the Prince de Ligne, which afforded me an opportunity of appreciating his amiable *bonhomie*, and extensive information. I observed no change in his personal appearance since I had last seen him. He was still pale and thin, and his hair which was a light blond nearly approaching to white, was perfectly in keeping with the peculiar expression of his countenance.

We entered the grand ball-room, where we found kings, generals, and statesmen, mingled in the crowd with persons of very inferior rank; and here and there might be seen a princely Al-maviva, who apparently preferred the charms of some simple Rosina, to the studied graces of courtly coquettes.

We were soon joined by Zebini, and Count Rechberg, who summoned us to the supper table, round which we found a party of friends already assembled. At a table near us were seated Prince Kosloffsky, Alfred and Stanislaus Potocki, and some other Russians attached to the Emperor's suite. A little further off, I espied Tettenhorn, Noslitz, Borrel, and Hesse-Homburg. Healths were toasted, bon-mots exchanged, and wit and champagne sparkled in brilliant rivalry.

The Princes of Bavaria were of our party; I happened to sit next Prince Charles, and my residence at Munich enabled me to converse about persons and things which were interesting to us both. I reminded him of the accident at the bridge of the Izard, an occasion on which he evinced so much courage and humanity.* "And here we are both at Vienna," said he, "surrounded by pleasure and amusement. Really this seems a land of enchantment, and one may say of it, what a clever Frenchwoman said of Paris: '*C'est le lieu ou l'on peut le mieux se passer de bonheur.*'" "Certainly, Prince, Vienna is a delightful place to those who have nothing but amusement to seek."—"All my family are here, therefore what else have I to seek or to wish for?"—"Oh nothing, Prince, unless it were, perhaps, the presence of one who is now in Munich." At this allusion, the veteran general of two-and-twenty blushed like a girl of fifteen. The Prince Royal, now King of Bavaria, sat next to Count Rechberg, who did the honours in his usual brilliant manner, and the party separated at a late hour, all evidently disposed to rank the evening's entertainments among their most gratifying recollections of Vienna.

* In 1813, the breaking of a dyke occasioned a great swell in the river Izard. Multitudes of people assembled on the bridge to witness the spectacle; the swell of the water, however, soon increased to such a degree of violence and rapidity, that the bridge was broken, and almost entirely washed away. Prince Charles, who happened to be near the spot when the accident occurred, by his courageous exertions saved several persons from an untimely grave. Upwards of 300 lives were lost.

WEEP NOT FOR HER.

Weep not for her! Her span was like the sky,
Whose thousand stars shine beautiful and bright,
Like flowers that know not what it is to die,
Like long linked shadeless months of polar light,
Like music floating o'er a waveless lake,
While echo answers from the flowery brake,
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! By fleet or slow decay
It never griev'd her bosom's core to mark
The playmates of her childhood wane away,
Her prospects wither and her hopes grow dark,
Translated by her God with spirit shriv'n,
She pass'd as 'twere, on smiles from earth to heaven:
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! It was not hers to feel
The miseries that corrode amassing years,
'Gainst dreams of baffled bliss the heart to steel,
'To wander sad down age's vale of tears,
As whirl the wither'd leaves from friendship's tree,
And on earth's wint'ry world alone to be:
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! Her memory is the shrine
Of pleasant thoughts soft as the scent of flowers,
Calm as on windless eve the sun's decline,
Sweet as the song of birds among the bowers,
Rich as a rainbow with its hues of light,
Pure as the moonshine of an autumn night;
Weep not for her!

LOVE'S RITORNELLO:

THE MUCH ADMIRER AIR, AS SUNG BY MR. WALLACK,

AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE, LONDON, IN THE POPULAR DRAMA OF THE BRIGAND,

Written by J. P. Planche, Esq.—The Music composed by T. Cooke.

Allegretto.

Gentle Zi - tel - la, whither a - way, Love's Ri - tor - nel - la, list while
I play. No, I have lingered too long on my road, Night is ad - vanc - ing, The
Brigand's a - broad, Lonely Zi - tel - la hath too much to fear, Love's Ri - tor -
nel - la, she may not hear; Charming Zi - tel - la, why should'st thou care,
Night is not darker than thy raven hair; And those bright eyes, if the Brigand should
see, Thou art the robber, the captive is he. Gentle Zi - tel - la,
banish thy fear, Love's Ri - tor - nel - la, tarry and hear. Simple Zi - tel -
la, be - ware, ah, be - ware! List ye no dit - ty, grant ye no pray'r!
To your light footsteps let ter - ror add wings, 'Tis Mas - sa - ro - ni, him -
self, who now sings. Gen - tle Zi - tel - la, ban - ish thy
fear. Love's Rit - tor - nel - la, tar - ry and hear.

CARTHAGE.

FROM THE PAINTING OF W. LINTON, ESQ.,

BY MISS JEWSBURY.

A city of the days when cities rose
 As if the builder's were a poet's hand !
 When the cold quarry, stirred from its repose,
 Became a treasure-cave to many a land ;
 When statues and their pedestals came forth
 Breathing with might and beauty;—palace-domes
 And temples (nobler than their gods) had birth
 And summer never left such glorious homes;—
 When man was a magician, and he built
 As if for angels all sustained by guilt !
 Yes, man, art, nature, have their triumph all
 In luxury and beauty never sere;—
 Alas ! fond dreamer !—Time hath flung his pall
 And desolation revelled even here ;
 Man builds, and nature garlands both for death ;
 Columns outlive their heroes, but they sink ;
 Flowers, infants of the garden, yield their breath,
 And grey moss gathers on the cataract's brink ;—
 Yet hallowed is the art that thus portrays
 The vanished glories of departed days !

CONVIVIAL SONG.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

When friends are met o'er merry cheer,
 And lovely eyes are laughing near,
 And in the goblet's bosom clear
 The cares of day are drown'd;
 When puns are made and bumpers quaff'd,
 And wild wit shoots his roving shaft,
 And Mirth his jovial laugh has laugh'd,
 Then is our banquet crown'd,
 Ah gay,
 Then is our banquet crown'd.

When glees are sung, and catches troll'd,
 And bashfulness grows bright and bold,
 And beauty is no longer cold,
 And age no longer dull;
 When chimes are brief, and cocks do crow,
 To tell us it is time to go,
 Yet how to part we do not know,
 Then is our feast at full,
 Ah gay,
 Then is our feast at full.

THE GATHERER.

"A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."
Shakspeare.

It is singular that the same maxim should have been adopted by three distinguished commanders: Turenne, Buonaparte, and Nelson, each of whom is recorded to have said, "He had done nothing, so long as any thing remained to be done."

To forget all benefits and to conceal the remembrance of all injuries, are maxims by which political men lose their honour but make their fortunes.—*Life of Bishop Watson.*

INDIAN JONAS.—Herrera, D. 3. L. 2. C. 5. relates a story of an Indian diver for oysters being swallowed by a fish called "Marrajo." The Indian's companions baited for the monster with a dog, caught it, opened the fish, and restored their countryman to life.—*Southey's Chronological History of the West Indies.*

PHILOSOPHERS have puzzled themselves how to define man, so as to distinguish him from other animals. Burke says, "Man is an animal that cooks his victuals." "Then," says Johnson, "the proverb is just, there is reason in roasting eggs." Dr. Adam Smith has hit this case; "Man," says he, "is an animal that makes bargains; no other animal does this—one dog does not change a bone with another."

ALL travel has its advantages.—If the passenger visits better countries he may learn to inform his own; and if fortune carries him to a worse, he may learn to improve his own.—*Johnson's Journey to the Hebrides.*

EDUCATION AT PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—Our seminaries of learning do not exactly correspond with the precept of a Spartan king, "that the

child should be instructed in the arts which will be useful to the man;" since a finished scholar may emerge from the head of Westminster or Eton, in total ignorance of the business and conversation of English gentlemen in the latter end of the eighteenth century.—*Life of Edward Gibbon.—Autobiography.*

PUBLIC attention has been greatly excited by the announcement of a work to issue from the London press, under the title of CONVERSATIONS ON RELIGION, held in Cephalonia, between the late Lord Byron, and a Dr. Kennedy. We understand it will satisfactorily prove, that the deceased poet was far from being the sceptic he is generally represented. We question, however, the propriety of the publication. It will, doubtless, contain some subtle arguments against christianity, of which shallow reasoners will take advantage.

THE Italian Journals state, that the mortal remains of CANOVA have been distributed in a singular manner. One church has his body, another his heart, and the Venetian Academy of Fine Arts, his right hand; with a stipulation, however, on the part of the Academy, that if they should be either suppressed or removed, the hand is to become the property of the church that possesses his body. This is, at all events, a proof that a prophet may sometimes receive honour in his own country; and in the case of Canova, that honour was not all paid after death.

ST. MARTIN'S LITTLE SUMMER.—In *Times' Telescope* for 1825, we are told that a few fine days which sometimes occur about the beginning of November have been denominated, "St. Mar-

tin's Little Summer." To this Shakspeare alludes in the first part of *King Henry the Fourth*, (Act 1, Scene 2), where *Prince Henry* says to *Falstaff*, "Farewell, thou latter spring! farewell, All-hallowen summer!" And in the first part of *King Henry the Sixth*, (Act 1, Scene 2), *Joan La Pucelle* says,

"Assign'd am I to be the English scourge—
 "This night the siege assuredly I'll raise—
 "Expect St. Martin's Summer, halcyon days,
 "Since I have entered into these wars."

A FURIOUS wife, like a musket, may do a great deal of execution in her house, but then she makes a great noise in it at the same time. A mild wife, will, like an air-gun, act with as much power without being heard.

STRAWBERRIES.—One of the most remarkable examples of the power of the human body in the endurance of great and continued fatigue, is shown by the strawberry women of England, who, during the season, carry a heavy basket on their head twice daily from Twickenham to Covent Garden, walking upwards of forty miles. Fatigue like this would soon destroy a horse; but these women, who come purposely from Wales and the collieries, endure the labour for weeks without injury or complaint.

THE London Literary Gazette states that the two gold medals, given by the King and annually awarded by the Royal Society of Literature, have this year been given to Hallam, and Washington Irving.

WIT AND HUMOUR.—Wit is abstract and refined: it resembles a delineation of Nature in some of her eternal forms, recognized in every age. Humour is more conventional; it is an emblem of the fleeting fashions of the day.

LOSING CASTE.—That class of persons to whom nature has been niggardly in the gifts of mind or body, have always the means of equalizing themselves in society; let them descend a single step in the scale of rank, and they will be received with esteem and consideration by those below; but, alas! how rare is the spirit that dictated the choice of the Roman, (first in a village, rather than second at Rome); these slighted people, who seem to be fashioned in mind and person for the foils or appendages of society, live in contented inferiority, and regard forfeiture of *caste* as the only mortal disgrace.

EGOTISM.—The fanciful, the boundless egotism of genius flows from the same obscure principle that inspires the insipid garrulity of the unlettered, superannuated valctudinarian who forever prates of his disease. It is an inherent propensity, ripened to an unwonted exuberance by the prevailing fashions of the day—for how little is known of the secret emotions that thrilled the bosoms of Pope and his contemporaries? But to the wits of the present era a Boswell were a superfluous appendage—the moralist will perhaps derive new lights from this universal confidence.

CHRISTIANITY.—Pure and genuine Christianity never was, and never can be, the National

Religion of any country upon earth. It is a gold, too refined to be worked up with any human institution without a large portion of alloy—for no sooner is this small grain of mustard seed watered with the fertile showers of civil emoluments, than it grows up into a large and spreading tree, under the shelter of whose branches the *birds of prey and plunder* will not fail to make for themselves comfortable habitations, and thence deface its beauty and destroy its fruits.—
Soame Jennings.

EARLY RISING.—There is, or should be, a belief that it will insure a good complexion, to wash the face in May-dew; for, if the dew should fail to give a bloom, the early rising will add something attractive to beauty itself. A wise physician to a foolish prince recommended that his patient should play a daily game with a medicated ball, the influence of which, he pretended would be imbibed through the palm of the hands. This was only a pretence to make the great man exercise; but the prescription was successful. The same certainty will attend the washing in May-dew.

FRIENDSHIP.

WHEN friendship is altogether an affair of taste, and founded on the airy basis of caprice, it resembles the craving felt for peculiar fruits, flowers, or beautiful toys; this species of friendship springs from the refinement of independence or the recklessness of obscure poverty; the struggling aspirant for consequence finds it too unprofitable to meet his views, he requires a more solid foundation—but the common friendship of the world goes for something, and its bonds should not for trifling perfidies be severed; this error of sensibility is too common in early youth, where the self-love of one party, wounded by the self-love and self-interest of another, recoils as though appalled by discoveries hateful and horrid, and vehemently renounces all social ties—but what a dream is life without society or extended interests.

LOSS OF BEAUTY.

THE world affects to commiserate the wounds of the heart, and to disregard those of vanity:—What a division of ideas is here produced by two phrases, that are in reality synonymous. With what superficial frivolity the loss of beauty is treated by authors of great merit in other respects, and also in those gossiping conversations in actual life which mean nothing; and yet, to the individual, how immense is that loss—what consequences it involves!—often glory, honour, respect, consideration, esteem, power, love, extinction of influence either for good or evil; it strikes at all the moral part of being, and if these are not wounds of the heart, what are? Circumstances or dispositions sometimes render beauty a thing indifferent to its possessor; but often it is so identified with being, as to make the destiny of the individual, and its destruction un-

hinges the whole order of life, bringing more piercing ills to the heart of sensibility, than perfidy, calumny, or even penury.

FRENCH WOMEN.

Are gifted with so redundant a share of genius and energy, that in them common sentiments become passions: of this nature was Du Deffand's friendship for Walpole; and the love of De Sevigne for her daughter. For nearly two centuries France was embellished by a succession of resplendent women; their decay, was, indeed, "impregnate with divinity," which shone with great lustre as life's frail taper waned; their youth was crowned with wit and gaiety—their age consoled by devotion, or philosophy, brilliant recollections, and above all, by the early acquired habit of happiness; the friendships of youth were retained and matured by these amiable old people, and youth sought admittance to their venerable coteries as to the repositories of the wit and grace of other days. In our land, old people have no influence over sentiment or fashion; custom prescribes to them a dull, cloistered, monotonous life, which withers the mind ere the frame loses its vigour; there exists no good without its attendant evil, and our happy government, which ensures to youthful industry the certainty of independence, re-acts on age in the form of cold neglect or reluctant obedience.

A CHARACTER.

THE contour of his head and face was intellectual and majestic, and his features handsome, though not perhaps symmetrically regular, wore a look of penetration and sensibility that could never be mistaken; yet there was a shade over their meaning, and the sophisticated eye of society might have deemed his history too intensely written there. In those countenances where benevolence is strongly conspicuous, there is usually an accompanying look of imbecility. I have noticed this effect in the portraits of philanthropists and saints, whether sketched from nature or imagination—but his was at once benign and intellectual. His politeness was invincible—it resembled inspiration, and had its resource in the heart—there it emanated, and from the most rare and amiable weaknesses,—tenderness for the feelings of others, and boundless indulgence towards human frailty. He commenced on life and its varieties on a drama too hacknied to elicit severity of criticism; and the charm of his address arose from the delicate flattery of manner rather than phrase—enforced by the tones of a voice exquisitely modulated.

ADDISON.

A CERTAIN author was introduced one day by a friend to Mr. Addison, who requested him at the same time to peruse and correct a copy of English verses. Addison took the verses and found them afterwards very stupid. Observing that above twelve lines from Homer were prefixed to

them by way of motto, he only erased the Greek lines, without making any amendment in the poem, and returned it. The author, seeing this, desired his friend, who had introduced him, to inquire of Mr. Addison the reason of his doing so. "Whilst the statues of Caligula," said he, "were all of a piece, they were little regarded by the people, but when he fixed the heads of gods upon unworthy shoulders, he profaned them, and made himself ridiculous. I, therefore, made no more conscience to separate Homer's verses from this poem, than the thief did who stole the silver head from the brazen body in Westminster Abbey."

DISEASE OF SILK WORMS.

IN the southern provinces of France, where silk worms are bred, it is very common to find them attacked by a disease called the jaundice, in consequence of the colour acquired by them; and very careful examination is continually made for the discovery of such worms as may be attacked by it, that they may be removed, lest the disease, being contagious, should spread to the others. The Abbe Eyseeeric, of Carpentras, had recourse to a remedy in these cases, which, though apparently dangerous, has been warranted by the success of twenty years.—He used to powder his worms over with quick lime, by means of a silk sieve; he then gave them mulberry leaves moistened with a few drops of wine, and the insects instantly set about devouring the leaves with an eagerness which they did not usually show; not one of the hurdles upon which he raised his worms appeared infected with the jaundice. It was at first supposed that the cocoons of silk were injured by this process, this however is not the case, and his method of practice is now adopted generally in the department of Vaucluse.

ENIGMA.

I was an useless thing, a lonely reed!
No blossom hung its beauty on the weed.
Alike in summer's sun and winter's gloom,
I sigh'd no fragrance, and I wore no bloom.
No cluster wreath'd me—day and night I pined
On the wild moor, and wither'd in the wind.
At length a wanderer found me. From my side
He smooth'd the pale decaying leaves, and dyed
My lips in Helicon! From that high hour
I spoke!—My words were flame and living power!
And there was sweetness round me—never fell
Eve's sweeter dews upon the lily's bell.
I shone!—night died!—as if a trumpet call'd,
Man's spirit rose, pure, fiery, disenthral'd
Tyrants of earth, ye saw your light decline,
When I stood forth a wonder and a sign!
To me the iron sceptre was a wand,
The roar of nations peal'd at my command;
To me the dungeon, sword, and scourge, were vain,
I smote the smiter, and I broke the chain:
Or towering o'er them all without a plume,
I pierced the purple air, the tempest's gloom;
Till burst th' Olympian splendors on my eye,
Stars, temples, thrones, and gods—Infinity!

VOLTAIRE'S PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

THE highest gratification which I derived from Voltaire's residence at Lausanne, was the uncommon circumstance of hearing a great poet declaim his own productions on the stage. He had formed a company of ladies and gentlemen, some of whom were not destitute of talents. A decent theatre was framed at Monrepos, a country house at the end of a suburb; dresses and scenes were provided at the expense of the actors; and the author directed the rehearsals with the zeal and attention of paternal love. In two successive winters his tragedies of *Zaire*, *Alzire*, *Sulime*, and his sentimental comedy of the *Enfant Prodigue*, were played at the theatre of Monrepos. Voltaire represented the characters best adapted to his years—Lusignan, Alvarez, Benassar, Euphemon. His declamation was fashioned to the pomp and cadence of the old stage; and he expressed the enthusiasm of poetry, rather than the feelings of nature.—*Life of Edward Gibbon*.

WHEN we are in the company of sensible men, we ought to be doubly cautious of talking too much, lest we lose two good things—their good opinions, and our improvement; and disclose one thing which had better have been concealed—our self-sufficiency; for what we have to say we know, but what they have to say we know not.

ASPARAGUS.

If a patient, suffering from excessive action of the heart, eat asparagus, M. Broussais assures us, he will experience considerable relief. Syrup of the green ends of asparagus, like the plant itself, he says, has the power of diminishing the action of the heart and arteries, without annoying the stomach. There is, says Dr. Ryan, a popular, and, perhaps, even professional opinion, that asparagus acts as a diuretic. The asparagus, affording, on distillation, an essential terebinthinate oil, we are disposed to consider the plant a diuretic. If it produces, as Broussais says, a sedative effect on the heart and arteries, it is an excellent article of diet, during the inflammatory stage of pulmonary affections. A mild sedative nutrient article of diet is a great desideratum in a variety of inflammatory diseases, particularly the early stages of pulmonary consumption, scrofula, &c.—*Gazette of Health*.

NAZARETH.

From Fuller's Tour in the Turkish Empire, we extract the following:—

THE conventual church of Nazareth is handsome, though inferior to that of St. Giovanni.—From the centre of the western entrance, a broad flight of steps leads down to a grotto, and on each flank is another flight leading up to the high altar. In the grotto, or rather just at its entrance, is reported to have stood the memorable house of the Madonna, which was miraculously removed to Loretto; and some holes in the rock are point-

ed out as the places in which the beams rested. Though the house itself has disappeared, yet the exact spot in which the Incarnation took place is still preserved with religious accuracy. Two broken pillars indicate the place where stood the announcing angel; and the seat of the Virgin is occupied by an altar, on which blazes, in letters of gold, the awful inscription:—

HIC verbum caro factum est.

ENGLISH SOCIETY.

WHAT unimaginable aristocrats the English are! they firmly believe that all their plebeians come hideous from the hands of nature; then the solemn frivolity of their distinctions, and the solemn pedantry with which they are displayed; would not the stoic laugh to read that the use of the fork in eating, and the disuse of cheese, are deemed the surest tests, not only of gentility, but of all the finest qualities, and this from authors of learning and reputation. What exquisite specimens in their Tremaines and De Lisles—what an assumed contempt of France, and proud devotion to the minutest of her customs—and then the perpetual rivalries, and tasteless struggles for pre-eminence through every branch of society—the author of Pelham and Vivian Grey, has some faint glimpses of the truth, which he announces with the tone of a first discoverer—but surely the story of these novels is every way unnatural.

For the Lady's Book.

LINES

ON WITNESSING THE INTERMENT OF

TWO SISTERS,

Who died within the same hour, and were committed to the same grave, amid the terrors of a thunder storm.

The day was low'ring darky, and the clouds were big with rain,

The howling blast with fury swept across the parched plain;
The long grass bent in terror, as the airy current past,
And the hoarse sea-gull pour'd its cry upon the shrieking blast.

Amid the din they laid them in the cold and quiet grave,
Nor cared that wild above them, the dark'ning tempests rave;
Two lovely rosebuds parted from their drooping parent stem,
That trembled if the summer's gale too rudely breath'd on them.

The pall that veiled the coffins, as they sought their narrow home,

Was the lightnings' crimson banner, wide floating o'er their tomb;

And the groan was hush'd in silence, as the thunder burst above,

The Heaven's awful requiem o'er the objects of their love.

While gazing on their sepulchre, each trembling lid was dry,
For grief had drunk the off'ring, e'er it reached the glassy eye;

But the sky rain'd down its sorrow, as the yawning cavern cast

Its black shade o'er their resting place, the stillest and the last.

"I am the resurrection," the stoled priest had said,
And crumbling earth and ashes had knelled the silent dead—
The earth had heav'd its bosom in a twin-mound of sod—
We turn'd away in silence—and left them with their God.

S.

THE LADY'S BOOK.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE PORTRAIT.

Few parts of a public exhibition of paintings are of less general interest than those which are marked on the catalogue, "Portrait of a Lady"—"Portrait of a Gentleman"—and this too, though SULLY or NEALE should have laid the colours on the canvass. Perhaps "the Portrait" which fronts this article, will of itself attract little attention beyond what is due the successful exertion of the artists: though to me, there are circumstances connected therewith, which call up mournful reflections whenever my eye rests upon it.

Death had taken from me an only child—the solitary lab of my bosom—them nurstling where-with I solaced misfortune, and upon which I built the ideal fabric of earthly comfort—Time tempers grief, and the conventional usages of society forbid its protracted indulgence. But I was wont to sit upon the little mound that had been raised over him, and indulge in feelings, which those who have not lost an only child cannot know, and which those who *have*, will allow are undefinable. It is not the absorption of grief—it is not the indulgence of tears—they are the common consequences of common deprivations. But to kneel down upon the swelling hillock, to shut out the world and all its painful, sickening realities, to look through the incrustation of this life, and in the thronged population of the grave; to mingle with them, join spirit to spirit, to press again to the widowed bosom the object of its joy; to throw back the clustering locks, and plant a kiss on the polished forehead of the beloved; to inhale once more from his lip the fragrant breath; to feel him nestling to the bosom, to clasp him closer and closer to the heart, and not once loose the melancholy consciousness that he is not there. To find the soul, while in the enjoyment of its *ideal* bliss, alive to the dread *reality*—and uttering, from the consciousness of its self-deception, the language of the smitten monarch of Israel, "I shall go to him but he shall not return to me."

These are the sensations which spring up, when the heart bows down at the grave of a lost child—and from such an indulgence I was once startled by an audible sigh. I raised my head, and at a little distance discovered a female stretched out upon a grave, and giving that form of expression to her feelings that recent bereavement allows. I would not for worlds have intruded upon the sacredness of grief, nor shocked the mourner by presenting myself as the witness of her outpoured sorrow. I retained my position for a few minutes, when the female rose, drew from her bosom a miniature, pressed it convulsively to her lips and to her heart, then turning, she slowly left the church yard, but not till I had obtained a view of her face, the fea-

tures of which were regular, but grief and its recent indulgence were too conspicuous for beauty.

When the female had departed, I rose, and, anxious to know whose manes were blessed with the tears of such a mourner, I read the headstone; and, as I was about to pass on, I discovered at the side of the grave a small white object—taking it up, I saw that it was a miniature PORTRAIT of the female who had just left the place; it was without a frame, having apparently been set as an obverse to that which the original had recently so passionately kissed.

My first intention was to hasten out of the yard, and restore the portrait to its owner if I could find her. But recollecting that such a restoration would be painful to both of us; as conveying to her the assurance that I had been witness of her emotion, and certain that I could ascertain her residence by inquiring as to the individual at whose grave she had come to weep, I deferred until a more suitable opportunity the execution of my design.

If the spirit, separated from the gross fetters of flesh, is allowed to look down upon the things of life, to mingle an unobserved spectator in scenes where once it had joy as an actor; if it is touched with human sympathy, and is allowed to rejoice in the fond devotion of those with whom it sojourned in mortality; if it can feel the sensations that belong to this world, how blest must have been the disembodied spirit of WORTHINGTON in the pure, the heart-engendered sigh that AMELIA had breathed over his grave. All that there is pure in affection; all that there is sincere in woman's deep, undying devotion; all that there is rich in the breathings of her undivided love; all that is holy in the firstlings of her heart's deep yearnings, were his in offering; and that gift, laid on his grave with such an incense, must have been acceptable even to one that asks not from earth its means of happiness.

Amelia was an orphan—even from the hour of her birth. Her father fell a victim to the legal swindling, that tore from him his honest gains as a merchant, while he whose credit he had supported by the error of endorsements, lived in affluence upon the *reputed* property of a wife. The ill-fated father of Amelia sunk beneath the shock: her mother died in giving her birth, and she was nursed on the bosom of a stranger. Yet the charities of the world were not cold to her. She grew up in the fostering smiles of a family, who deemed it of more virtue to raise unto usefulness a single human being and fit her for the high destinies of her nature, than to amass the wealth of a Croesus, or enjoy the highest gift that the bribed acclamation of party favour could bestow.

Amelia responded to the wishes of her foster



Boaden Pinet.

Hamilton Sc.

THE PORTRAIT.

N^o 2 OF THE LADY'S BOOK.

Published by L.A. Godey & Co. 112 Chestnut Street — Philadelphia

THE LADY'S BOOK.

Written for the Lady's Book.

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Amelia responded to the wishes of her foster

parents. She was all that the excellent family of Mr. Worthington could have hoped, when they determined to adopt her as their own: she was more—Charles Worthington was about five years old when the infant Amelia became a member of his father's family. The first smile that dimpled her cheek was for him; the first step she made was guided by his hand. Her first articulation of sound was his name; her first efforts at learning were aided by him. Her childhood was defended by his care, and is it strange that her image was upmost in his heart? "Twas friendship ripening into love." The affection thus early rooted in the heart and nurtured by hourly kindness for years, is not of the kind to wither in a single blast: it endures, fruitful in its season, overshadowing all the lesser friendships of the breast.

Charles Worthington was worthy the heart of Amelia, which he fully possessed, and on his return from a southern voyage he was to receive her hand.

He returned, but the disease of the climate was preying on him. On a Sabbath morning he was slowly conveyed from the ship to his father's house. On the following Saturday "he was carried out by him" and laid in the grave over which I had seen Amelia pouring out the anguish of her broken heart.

The little PORTRAIT which I had brought from the grave, a skilful artist copied, giving in the vanity of his profession a more modern decoration to the head than the picture from which he drew possessed. He knew not its history, nor did I comprehend his views in thus desiring a copy of the portrait—that which I had found was returned through the person from whom I received the facts which I have already stated. The *burin* of the engraver has been employed in multiplying the pictures—may those who see them, bear in mind that the bosom which that PORTRAIT represents, covered a heart that knew no guile, that had but one earthly love, though it beat in full communion with all the virtuous of the earth. It beats not now. The eye that beams so mildly in the portrait, has lost its lustre, and the form that moved in youthful grace and purity, is now a tenant of the grave, "where darkness and the shadow of death stain it."

It was many months after I received the information above stated, before I learned that the *hand* of Amelia had been again asked by one worthy of her *heart*. The demand was respectfully but decidedly refused. On a renewal of the request, the situation of her affection was explained. Still the suit was urged, and the well-meant interference of Mr. and Mrs. Worthington had a weight with Amelia, which they would not have desired, had they rightly interpreted the few but expressive signs of unconquerable affection, and unextinguishable grief, which her looks and conduct gave.

It was the Sabbath morning after Amelia had consented to sacrifice her feelings and inclinations on what she esteemed the altar of her duty,

that I next saw her. I had left the spot consecrated by the ashes of my child, and was leaning against the head-stone of Charles Worthington's grave. The people of the congregation were assembling fast, and as they passed along, the mementos of the dead threw over their countenances a solemnity that suited the place and the high duties of the day. The church was nearly filled; and only here and there a later visitant to the house of God was seen approaching by the two avenues. When turning my eye towards the Pine street entrance, I saw Mr. and Mrs. Worthington, and closely following was Amelia, leaning upon the arm of him whom she had consented to take as a husband; her face now more nearly resembled the portrait than when I saw it flushed with grief at Charles' grave, but the fullness of youthful health was wasted. The eye had lustre, but the cheeks were ashy pale, save upon each a brilliant and unnatural flush. As she approached the place where I was standing, her eye fell upon the name of CHARLES WORTHINGTON, cut conspicuously on the stone, against the back of which I was leaning. The coloured spot on her cheek faded, she gasped, a most horrid convulsion distorted her features—a slight groan broke from her lips, and she sunk down half supported by *him* who accompanied her.

A carriage conveyed Amelia home, where the kindest attention of friends and the unreturned but not unregarded affection of *one* were employed to aid in her recovery. They were employed in vain, nature yielded to a trial which was beyond its endurance; and in a few weeks the rank grass upon Charles Worthington's grave, rested drooping upon the sod that had been laid upon that of AMELIA.

Should my readers seek (and they may easily find) the resting place of Charles and Amelia, let them disregard the *names*, they are fictitious, but remember that side by side are sleeping in the grave over which sympathy bows, he whose virtues were worthy the affection they excited; and she, whose excellence of life, whose pure, unshaken affection, were worthy a higher tribute than my humble admiration and imperfect PORTRAIT.

J. R. C.

THE DEPARTED.

BY L. E. L.

Set thy spur to thy steed, thy sail to the wind,
You may leave the far vale and the mountain behind;
Like the storm o'er the south in the flight thou may'st be;
But where may'st thou fly from the memory of me?

The struggle, the pleasure, the toil, and the strife,
May fill up the days with the hurry of life,
But night cometh lowly o'er land and o'er sea,
And in silence and shadow I still am with thee.

With no rose in my cheek, with no rose in my hair,
But cold as the love whose remembrance I bear,
Breathing vows that are broken, and hopes that are fled,
A voice breaks my slumber—the voice of the dead.

Let the loveliest slave lull thy sleep with her strain—
Ay, drain the red wine-cup—it all is in vain:
From the haunt of thy midnight I will not depart,
For thy guilt is my power—my home is thy heart.

From the London Court Journal.

GAITIES OF THE COURT OF GEORGE III.

BY AN OCTOGENARIAN.

THERE is an idea prevalent among the rising, and the just risen parts of the community, that splendour, magnificence, costliness, and taste are of recent growth amongst us. I occasionally hear stripling Earls, and dandisette Peeresses by courtesy, speak of the Levees, Drawing-rooms, *fetes*, and Galas of the late reign, as if they were poor, staid, sombre meetings—as if nothing were to have been seen at them but stiff, starch figures, and grim visages, and nothing heard but dull compliments in blank verse, and moral aphorisms uttered with a pulpit cadence. Where these modern foplings and young ladies can have acquired their notions, I know not; but really to hear them talk, one would suppose that my contemporaries went to the early courts of George III. in rusty coats with tarnished lace, and that our wives and daughters were presented at court, in cotton gowns, and darned stockings. In vain do we strive to correct the notions of this wise generation. It was only three weeks ago, that I heard the two witty daughters of the old Earl — drawing humorous sketches of the early festivities of their *pa* and *ma*, when the family plate was unpacked twice a year, and the cases of jewels opened on the first Sunday of the month, to see that all were safe.

I am now nearly an octogenarian. I recollect my father, the second Earl of — describing the drawing-rooms, the levees, and private evening-parties of George II. and Queen Caroline. I have vividly impressed upon my memory, my first introduction to the late King and Queen. I was then a boy of fifteen years of age, and appeared, for the first time in public, at the splendid juvenile gala given at Windsor Castle by the royal parents, in honour of the birth-day of their eldest son, the Prince of Wales, now his Majesty, George IV. These juvenile *fetes* were excellent; and I can call to mind my presence at that given by the Prince of Wales (when only seven years old) and the Princess Royal, in the Princess Amelia's apartments at St. James's. The Prince and Duke of York were in full-dress military uniforms, whilst the rest of the children were seated in Roman Togas upon crimson velvet ottomans. How well do I recollect his present gracious Majesty, a tall, well-formed child of eight years of age, with an open countenance, a profusion of well-powdered hair, and a scarlet and gold uniform with the sash and collar, and star of the Garter; whilst his younger brother, the Duke of York, was dressed as Bishop of Osnaburg, in blue and gold, with the sash and insignia of the Bath.—And then the Queen took such delight in her young guests; whilst his Majesty would enjoy the surprise of some of the children, the joy of others, and the roguish looks of others.

No notion can be more erroneous than that the last was an economical reign, with respect to the expenses of the royal household. Until latterly, very few crowned heads ever enjoyed themselves with more cost. Their Majesties were constantly travelling. They did not, as in more recent times, fly down to Brighton in less than five hours, with four post-horses, like a private gentleman. The Royal Family travelled long distances, and in great numbers, slept on the road, took refreshment at the inns, and, in the early part of their reign, travelled with relays. I was with their Majesties in their journey to Cheltenham, in 1788, from whence they visited Worcester, and the western counties, and particularly Plymouth.

The consort of George III. had an almost insatiable love of diamonds and lace. I remember that for years after the Court given upon her wedding day, nothing was talked of but her Majesty's diamond tiara and her diamond stomacher. A tiara at that day required almost a mine to ornament it, for ladies then wore toupetts and "systems," or a frame-work of hair, compared to which a grenadier's cap, in point of size, is as a wart to Ossa! On the Monday following, their Majesties, in chairs, a splendid cavalcade, went to the theatre. The Queen wore this much-celebrated stomacher, the diamonds of which had cost 150,000, and the centre brilliant alone had cost 710,000; an enormous sum, considering the relative value of money at that period.

Their Majesties' coronation was brilliant, beyond what has been seen in these degenerate days. They repaired to Westminster Abbey from St. James's Palace in their state sedans, attended by almost a regiment of lacqueys, with mounted canes and rich scarfs. Not only were galleries erected in Westminster Hall for the company, but a species of hanging gallery was contrived from the extraordinary roof of the building. But amidst all the extravagant pomp there was much neglect of detail; and I may instance that the Lord Chamberlain's officers had even forgot the chairs and canopies of state, and even the sword of state, and his Majesty was obliged to borrow that of the Lord Mayor!

In passing from the Abbey to the Hall, the great diamond fell out of his Majesty's crown, and rolled among the crowd; but it was picked up and given to the King. So dissatisfied were some of the peers at the arrangement of their seats at the dinner in the Hall, that they assailed the Lord Steward, the Earl of Shrewsbury, with their complaints, and he, forgetting himself, exclaimed, "I am a match for any of you."

Their Majesties were much disposed to splendour and festivity; and, on the birth of the Prince of Wales, the public were allowed to see the royal infant in the state cradle, in such numbers,

that the caudle given to the ladies cost 40*l.* a day.

Then came the splendid *fete* given in the Park by Miss Chudleigh, afterwards the too-famous Duchess of Kingston, and the Duke of Richmond's masquerade, and the illuminated *fete* of prodigious cost, with which the Queen so suddenly surprized the King, that it was not until two screens were thrown back at ten at night, and exhibited the illuminated gardens, bridge, and temple, that he had any idea but that of passing a domestic evening. But the grand *coup* that evening was an illuminated dessert, which appeared almost like magic after the supper.

The Prince's cradle had been costly beyond what it would be now safe to mention, but this was eclipsed by the celebrated state-bed in which her Majesty received the company at the christening of the Duke of Clarence. The lace counterpane cost 3,780*l.* Talk not of Queen Ann's state-bed presented to her by a whole corporation, and now exhibited as a relique at Windsor Castle. The lace counterpane alone of this bed of Queen Charlotte exceeded in price that of the whole bed of Queen Ann.

When the King recovered from his first mental disorder in 1765, the Queen's favourite, the Countess of Northumberland, gave a *fete* at the Mansion at Charing Cross, beyond what modern times can imagine. Pyramids and columns of spiral flames rose among the trees, and there was a diamond necklace of lamps suspended from two lace columns or obelisks of flame, whilst little bands of music, dressed in every species of costume, were fantastically interspersed in every direction. Count de Guerchy, the French Ambassador, tried to rival this exhibition, and his plan was to stud the whole front of his spacious mansion in Soho Square as thickly as possible with lamps.

Such were the scenes of my early days. How "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable" are modern times—mere degeneracy—when a gallopade, the mazurka, or a dandy's cabinet of snuff, of cigars, or gloves, can afford food for conversation for half a season.

I faintly recollect the great ball given by the Queen to the King of Denmark, when her Majesty "kept it up" to four in the morning, and the King frolicked with us lads and lasses, with a heart revelling in young delight. And then, only a fortnight after, the King of Denmark gave a splendid masquerade to "the nobility and gentry of England" at the Opera House. The Queen had a prejudice against masquerades, and would not be present, nor would she suffer her royal consort to go; but the King was gay of heart and cunning; and he contrived to accompany his two brothers and sister, and by sitting in a box inclosed with shutters, he enjoyed the scene to his heart's content, without his presence being known. How he accounted to the Queen for this breach of discipline and obedience I know not, but it occasioned many quizzical jokes amongst us "*youngsters.*" This juvenile *fete* was the happy prelude to many more at the

palaces, and to many imitations of them by the nobility.

It was about this period that the rage for feathers and high head-dresses occasioned so many squibs and caricatures. The lovely Duchess of Devonshire appeared at Court with feathers and a head-dress that, for magnitude and height, surpassed all that imagination had previously conceived. The Queen, however, had forbidden such preposterous enormities, and resolved to practice what she preached; she appeared without feathers, and in a low head-dress *au naturel*, her curls and locks being disposed plainly amongst masses of diamonds and huge pearls. The contrast of the two head-dresses gave occasion to many witticisms; for that age was redolent with wit.

But the peculiar entertainments of those days were his Majesty's great musical parties. The great commemoration of Handel in Westminster Abbey, in 1784, was never exceeded in any country; but I allude more particularly to the rich musical treat so frequently given by the King and Queen in St. George's Hall, at Windsor Castle.

It was, I think (for I am growing old, and my memory begins to fail me) but I think it was in 1789, that her Majesty gave a grand gala in honour of the King's recovery. The cards to the young sporting nobility prescribed that they were to be dressed in the Windsor uniform but some hoaxer persuaded the grave Lords Camden, Mansfield, Loughborough, and other old and learned Lords, that the Windsor uniform; was indispensable to all; and when their Majesties saw Lord Camden enter with a dress so *outré* for his age and learned profession, they could scarcely contain themselves. "What, what, what! Camden, Camden, leave the law, and turn Nimrod!" cried his Majesty, joking the old Lord. Lord Thurlow was not to be hoaxed, and he appeared in his old brown coat and wig and speckled stockings.

Shortly after, the Princess Royal gave her grand gala at Windsor to the "unmarried branches of the nobility." Fortunately, I was of the unmarried. The supper in St. George's Hall was superb, the King's cross-table exhibiting a profusion of modern and antique gold plate. This was one of the last entertainments at which I recollect that cygnets were eaten. The golden goblets and massive services of gold plate were particularly admired by foreigners on these occasions.

The King and Queen visited the nobility familiarly, and were at the grand *fete* given by the French Ambassador in Portman Square, and at the still more superb gala given by the Ambassador of Spain at Ranelagh. At this entertainment, the Rotunda was lighted by magic flames issuing out of innumerable gold flagree baskets, whilst two hundred footmen, superbly dressed, waited on the company.

The world spoke much of her Majesty's diamonds. Many magnificent presents of them had been made to her, particularly by the Turkish

Ambassador; and the celebrated present of diamonds to the King by the Nizam, exceeded any thing known in Europe. These were the days of *parure*. Dresses were more varied and elaborate, and better adapted for the display of costly jewellery. Her Majesty, on some occasions, seemed a stream of liquid light, dazzling all beholders.

But the devices of the table were then more ingenious and beautiful. There was a mode of making running streams of pellucid jelly, with coruscations of light from the bottom, reflected by floating objects, that was very beautiful, though it has been laid aside.

Many of her Majesty's *feles* at Frogmore were excellent, whilst those at Weymouth with the Dutch fairs, and water parties on board the *San Fiorenzo*, were in every respect novel and delightful.

The last, or nearly the last royal *fete* I was ever at, was the memorable and splendid one given by his late Majesty in 1805, on his taking up his permanent residence at Windsor. There was the new service of plate, which had just cost £30,000; and there were the curious silver candelabras and chandeliers, with the silver tables, which had been saved from Hanover at the invasion of the French; and, to match these, were the silver tables of William III. and Queen Anne,

and a great deal of the old plate of Henry VIII. About five hundred persons were present. The King's table used nothing but gold plate, whilst only silver was permitted at the side tables. Between 250 and 260 dozen of silver plates were used on this occasion.

I recollect the Princess Charlotte, then aged about nine, was present with her governess, the Lady de Clifford; and I cannot forget the reluctance with which the royal child left the splendid scene at eleven o'clock.

I do not wish to make comparisons, but let not the present generation imagine that ancient days were more splendid in my eyes because youth enabled me to enjoy them; whilst now my eyes lack the lustre which I complain is not to be found in the scenes around me.

There are two other subjects on which I would wish to descant in the *Court Journal*. The first relates to the celebrated Beauties that adorned the early Court of our late sovereign; and the other refers to the festivities of foreign courts, particularly that of the late Emperor Joseph, at Vienna. But, ere I attempt these themes, let me learn whether these reminiscences of one of the oldest of the old can convince the young at Almack's that their grandfathers knew how to enjoy life as well as those who are now so wise in their generation.

NESTOR.

THE DEAF POSTILION.

In the month of January, 1804, Joey Duddle, a well-known postilion on the North Road, caught cold by sleeping without his night-cap; deafness was, eventually, the consequence; and, as it will presently appear, a young fortune-hunter lost twenty-thousand pounds, and a handsome wife, through Joey Duddle's indiscretion, in omitting, on one fatal occasion, to wear his six-penny woollen night-cap.

Joey did not discontinue driving, after his misfortune; his eyes and his spurs were, generally speaking, of more utility in his monotonous avocation than his ears. His stage was, invariably, nine miles up the road, or "a short fifteen" down towards Gretna; and he had repeated his two rides so often, that he could have gone over the ground blindfold. People in chaises are rarely given to talking with their postilions: Joey knew, by experience, what were the two or three important questions in posting, and the usual times and places when and where they were asked; and he was always prepared with the proper answers. At those parts of the road, where objects of interest to strangers occurred, Joey faced about on his saddle, and if he perceived the eyes of his passengers fixed upon him, their lips in motion, and their fingers pointing towards a gentleman's seat; a fertile valley, a beautiful stream, or a fine wood, he naturally enough presumed

that they were in the act of inquiring what the seat, the valley, the stream, or the wood was called; and he replied according to the fact. The noise of the wheels was a very good excuse for such trifling blunders as Joey occasionally made: and whenever he found himself progressing towards a dilemma, he very dexterously contrived, by means of a sly poke with his spur, to make his hand-horse evidently require the whole of his attention. At the journey's end, when the gentleman he had driven produced a purse, Joey, without looking at his lips, knew that he was asking a question, to which it was his duty to reply "Thirteen and sixpence," or "Two-and-twenty shillings," according as the job had been, "the short up," or "the long down." If any more questions were asked, Joey suddenly recollected something that demanded his immediate attention; begged pardon, promised to be back in a moment, and disappeared, never to return. The natural expression of his features indicated a remarkably taciturn disposition: almost every one with whom he came in contact, was deterred, by his physiognomy, from asking him any but necessary questions; and as he was experienced enough to answer, or cunning enough to evade them, when he thought fit, but few travellers ever discovered that Joey Duddle was deaf. So blind is man in some cases, even

to his bodily defects, that Joey, judging from his general success, in giving correct replies to the queries propounded to him, almost doubted his own infirmity; and never would admit that he was above one point beyond "a little hard of hearing."

On the first of June, in the year 1806, about nine o'clock in the morning, a chaise and four was perceived approaching towards the inn kept by Joey's master, at a first-rate Gretna-green gallop. As it dashed up to the door, the post-boys vociferated the usual call for two pair of horses in a hurry: but unfortunately, the inn-keeper had only Joey and his tits at home; and as the four horses which brought the chaise from the last posting-house, had already done a double job that day, the lads would not ride them on, through so heavy a stage as "the long down."

"How excessively provoking!" exclaimed one of the passengers; "I am certain that our pursuers are not far behind us. The idea of having the cup of bliss dashed from my very lips,—of such beauty and affluence being snatched from me for want of a second pair of paltry posters, drives me frantic!"

"A Gretna-Green affair, I presume, sir?" observed the inquisitive landlord.

The gentleman made no scruple of admitting that he had run away with the fair young creature who accompanied him, and that she was entitled to a fortune of twenty thousand pounds:—"one half of which," continued the gentleman, "I would freely give, if I had it, to be, at this instant, behind four horses, scampering away, due north, at full speed."

"I can assure you, sir," said the landlord, "that a fresh pair of such animals as I offer you, will carry you over the ground as quick as if you had ten dozen of the regular road-hacks. No man keeps better cattle than I do, and this pair beats all the others in my stables by two miles an hour. But in ten minutes, perhaps, and certainly within half an hour—"

"Half an hour! half a minute's delay might ruin me," replied the gentleman; "I hope I shall find the character you have given your cattle a correct one;—dash on postilion."

Before this short conversation between the gentleman and the innkeeper was concluded, Joey Duddle had put to his horses,—which were, of course, kept harnessed,—and taken his seat, prepared to start at a moment's notice. He kept his eye upon his innkeeper, who gave the usual signal of a rapid wave of the hand, as soon as the gentleman ceased speaking; and Joey Duddle's cattle, in obedience to the whip and spur, hobbled off at that awkward and evidently painful pace, which is, perforce, adopted by the most praiseworthy post-horses for the first ten minutes or so of their journey. But the pair, over which Joey presided, were, as the innkeeper had asserted, very speedy; and the gentleman soon felt satisfied, that it would take an extraordinary quadruple team to overtake them. His hopes rose at the sight of each succeeding mile-stone; he ceased to put his head out of the window eve-

ry five minutes, and gaze anxiously up the road; he already anticipated a triumph,—when a crack, a crush, a shriek from the lady, a jolt, an instant change of position, and a positive pause occurred, in the order in which they are stated, with such suddenness and relative rapidity, that the gentleman was, for a moment or two, utterly deprived of his presence of mind by alarm and astonishment. The bolt which connects the fore-wheels, splinter-bar, springs, fore-bed, axle-tree, et cetera, with the perch, that passes under the body of the chaise, to the hind wheel-springs and carriage, had snapped asunder: the whole of the fore parts were instantly dragged onward by the horses; the braces by which the body was attached to the fore-springs, gave way; the chaise fell forward, and, of course, remained stationary with its contents in the middle of the road; while the Deaf Postilion rode on, with his eyes intently fixed on vacuity before him, as though nothing whatever had happened.

Alarmed, and indignant in the highest degree, at the postilion's conduct, the gentleman shouted with all his might such exclamations as any man would naturally use on such an occasion; but Joey, although still but at a little distance, took no notice of what had occurred behind his back, and very complacently trotted his horses on at the rate of eleven or twelve miles an hour. He thought the cattle went better than ever; his mind was occupied with the prospect of a speedy termination to his journey; he felt elated at the idea of outstripping the pursuers,—for Joey had discrimination enough to perceive, at a glance, that his passengers were runaway lovers,—and he went on very much to his own satisfaction. As he approached the inn, which terminated "the long down," Joey, as usual, put his horses upon their metal, and they having nothing but a fore-carriage and a young lady's trunk behind them, rattled up to the door at a rate unexampled in the annals of posting, with all the little boys and girls of the neighbourhood hallooing in their rear.

It was not until he drew up to the inn-door, and alighted from his saddle, that Joey discovered his disaster; and nothing could equal the utter astonishment which his features then displayed. He gazed at the place where the body of his chaise, his passengers, and hind-wheels ought to have been, for above a minute: and then suddenly started down the road on foot, under an idea that he must very recently have dropped them. On reaching a little elevation, which commanded above two miles of the ground over which he had come, he found, to his utter dismay, that no traces of the main body of his chaise were perceptible; nor could he discover his passengers, who had, as it appeared in the sequel, been overtaken by the young lady's friends. Poor Joey immediately ran into a neighbouring hay-loft, where he hid himself, in despair, for three days; and when discovered, he was, with great difficulty, persuaded by his master, who highly esteemed him, to resume his whip and return to his saddle.



THE TOILET.

To form the taste and improve the style of dress, a careful observation of classical figures, and some of the costumes of bygone centuries, will, doubtless, be found of considerable advantage. Let not the reader imagine that it is impossible to borrow hints for the attire from such sources without incurring a risk of appearing somewhat antiquated; for several of the most popular modes of the present century have been mere revivals of ancient costumes. Prince Rupert's mother appears to have dressed her hair very much in the same manner as a number of ladies did only a few years since; and the gentle Lady Jane Grey's attire (Fig. 4) is very similar to that of a plainly-dressed young woman of our own time; but these are minor resemblances to what some of the costumes of past times afford. The female head-dress in 1688 (5), for instance, is remarkably similar to that which was very lately in fashion among the ladies. Holme states, that the forehead was adorned with a knot of divers-coloured ribands, the head with a ruffle quif set in corners, and the like ribands behind the head: and this mode does not appear to have been the invention of our author's day, but rather a revival of some mode of a still more remote period; for, in speaking of this and other devices of a like nature, he says, *all* are brought again from the old; for there is no new thing under the sun, and what is now hath been formerly.

We have still a much more singular coincidence of coiffure in reserve than any that have hitherto been noticed. However strange the statement may appear in words, it is true in fact, that the small bonnets worn by the ladies of England a few years ago, and which struck the French, as being so excessively ridiculous, that they are still found in their caricatures of English women,—those awkward, inelegant, and now deservedly-abolished little bonnets,—are almost fac-similes of the helmet of Minerva (Fig. 6).

In attempting to engraft any part of the attire of olden times upon modern styles, as much discretion and judgment are required as in the modification of an ephemeral fashion to personal peculiarities: in the words of an Eastern sage, it is not enough that we go into the valley of flowers to gather a rose,—even there we should

not snatch, but select. In turning over the leaves of a port-folio of old prints, or a richly-illuminated missal, a lady must not hastily adopt a head-dress because it is attractive and unexceptionable in the place it occupies:—she should rather consider, in the first place, whether it will admit of being incorporated with the style of the day; and next, if it will become her own figure or features. The coiffure of Sappho, however classical it may be, would by no means suit a round and rural face.

It is almost impossible to form a theory of the proper combination of colours applicable to dress: they are subject to a thousand contingencies, and we daily discover agreeable harmonies of tint where we least expected them, and excruciating discords produced by the juxta-position of hues, which, from our previous experience, we were induced to imagine would prove pleasing rather than offensive. The influence of some neighbouring tint, the position of the colours combined, their relative stations, and the materials adopted for each, frequently tend to produce these effects. The colour of a single rosette often destroys the general tone and appearance of the dress, and occasionally it may be managed with such skill as to blend the tints of two or more principal parts of the costume, which, without some such mediator, would render each other obnoxious to the eye of taste. It is quite certain, that the same colour, which imparts a liveliness and brilliancy when used for light embellishments, and in a small quantity, becomes vulgar, shewy, and disagreeable, if adopted for the most extensive portion and leading tint of the attire; and, on the other hand, the delicate or neutral colours, which look well when displayed over a considerable surface, dwindle into insignificance if used in small detached portions for minor ornaments. Generally speaking, trimmings will bear a greater richness of colours than the principal material of the dress, the breadth of which is apt entirely to subdue its decorations if they be not a little more powerful in tint. But it is a grave error to endow the minor parts of the costume with an undue superiority over the rest; it should never be forgotten, that the trimming is intended to embellish the dress, rather than that the dress should sink into a mere field for the display of the trimming: sufficient importance should al-

ways be given to the latter, so that it may enhance the beauty, add to the richness, or harmonize with the purity and neatness of the former; but if its colours be too strong, or even when of the proper shade, if the material be too profuse, or not of a quality sufficiently delicate, it gives to the wearer either a frittered, gaudy, or coarse appearance, according to the nature of the fault. The same tint which looks well in a delicate material, will not become an article which is made of "sterner stuff."

From the Ladies' Magazine.

LATEST LONDON FASHIONS.

BALL DRESS.—Dress of white blonde gauze, over a pale pink satin slip; from a white rose on each shoulder a pink ribbon is draped and confined under another white rosette, above the centre of a pink satin belt. The skirt is trimmed with blush roses, each being united by a satin loop; the hem is formed by a rich gauze ribbon, figured with white satin. The hair is arranged in large *Madonna* curls, which are somewhat drawn up and heightened by a wreath of blush roses, without leaves.

DINNER AND CARRIAGE DRESS.—Hat of rice straw, trimmed with bunches of the pink azalia. Ribbons of light green, shaded *a mille rayes*, the stripes very minute, and shot with white. The dress is of soft gros de Naples of prismatic rose colour, the lights of which are bright lilac; many other varieties of colour in shot silk are used, but this is a favourite. The corsage is made with large horizontal plaits, confined up the front with a band. The shoulders trimmed with three falls of silk; the edges are worked in loose floss silk into small points; these falls are seen one below the other, and narrow till they meet in front under the belt, which is broad and plain, of the same material as the dress. The sleeves are full at top, and likewise set full slanting to the wrist. They are lightly plaited under a band at the elbow, and plaited to correspond at the wrist, where the sleeve is confined under a broad gold band, clasped by a large topaz. A very rich double *ruche* of leaves, like the dress, worked in points, surrounds the skirt somewhat lower than the knees. The bottom and top leaves are placed reverse to each other, and are separated by a rouleau of the same material as the dress. The only addition made to this dress, when worn for the carriage, is a lace pelerine, with the ends in front, worn under the band and made to come through a little.

WALKING DRESS.—Hat of white crape, with two white and green plumes laid very near the edge of the front. The ribbons of primrose colour, a great deal puffed on the inner front. The pelisse is of gros de Naples, the tender new green, called by the French *vert colibri*. It robes back with lapels to show a folded *gilet* made of plaited silk, the same as the dress, and a *chemisette* fastened in front with pearl ornaments. A full double *ruche* surrounds the throat, and a cravat is

worn of white silk, with a lace rosette in front.—A narrow plaited trimming of silk falls over the fulness of the sleeves and passes round the back; it is continued gradually narrowing to the belt, which clasps in front with a cipher buckle. The sleeves are of great width at the elbow, and are plaited down the arm *à la pingotte*, at the wrist three fleur-de-lis are embroidered, and the whole sleeve is finished by a full short *ruche* at the hand. The pelisse is closed by embroidered fleur-de-lis, placed horizontally and united by rosettes. The hem of the dress is finished with a border of plaited silk, the ornaments of the *corsage*. Half boots of green morocco and cachemire, to match the colour of the dress. There is something exquisitely finished and tasteful in the *toute ensemble* of this figure.

From La Belle Assemblée.

EVENING DRESS.—A dress of white watered *gros de Naples*; the *corsage*, cut extremely low, is ornamented with an embroidery in white floss silk, *en garbe*, and trimmed round the bust *à l'enfant*, with *blonde de Cambray*, set on very full.—*Beret* sleeve, finished with a trimming of the same lace. A very rich, and deep flounce, also of *blonde de Cambray*, goes round the border of the skirt, and is surmounted by a wreath of honeysuckle, embroidered in white silk, and very highly raised. The hair is parted so as to display the whole of the forehead, and dressed in light loose ringlets at the sides of the face. It is twisted up behind in a large *noud* at the back of the head; a profusion of ringlets issuing from the *noud*, fall as low as the neck. A double *bandeau* of forget-me-not, composed of coloured gems, is tastefully arranged among the curls in front and round the back of the head. There is much originality, as well as simple elegance, in this *coiffeure*. Necklace and ear-rings, pearls and sapphires.

TRIBUTE TO AN ALBUM.

BY MISS ANNA MARIA PORTER.

THE nightmare came to my silent bed,
In the stillest hour of night,
When 'at rest was laid my weary head,
And the inkhorn vanish'd quite.

Oh, think of the horrible shape it wore!
It was not a demon grim;
Nor a dragon with scales and talcs a score;
Nor a head without a limb;

Nor a mocking fiend, with a madd'ning laugh
Nor the whirling sails of a mill;
Nor a cup of blood, for the lip to quaff,
In spite of the shudd'ring will;

Nor a monstrous bird, with a fun'ral note;
Nor the black dog on my breast;
Nor the ghost of Burke, with its grips on my throat,
That came to disturb my rest;—

But my sister pale, with a gray-goose quill,
And an ALBUM—sight of sorrow!
"Get up!" she cried, "and a long page fill,
"For this book must go back to-morrow!"

From the Western Monthly Review.

AGNES SOREL DE MERIVANNE.

THE RECLUSE COQUETTE.

WHOEVER has been among the singular mountainous hills of Cote Florissant, not far from the south shore of Red river above the Raft, must have seen the beautiful plantation of this lady. It is in a charming vale, showing, as if scooped out between the savine-crowned, cone-shaped eminences, that cluster round it in a circle, as though they were the mounds of the giants of old times. A more lonely position could scarcely have been selected on our globe. It is far away from the settlements of Peccan point, still farther from the populous country of Louisiana below the Raft. A few French, Spanish, Indians, and people, in whose blood these races are mixed, subsisting on fowl, fish, and game, dwell in dispersed cabins at distances of three or four leagues from the abode of the Recluse.

The cottage is of one story, with verandas running round it, tastefully arranged, and furnished within, and neatly painted, and enclosed without. It is literally embowered in vines of the multiflora rose, and in the centre of an area of three acres, shaded with laurier almond, and Bois d'arcs, the most beautiful trees of the American forest. Fig trees, peach trees, Cape Jessamine shrubs, and other splendid flowering plants adorn the garden, through which winds a spring branch from the foot of the hills; these shades, together with those of huge oaks and peccans, and the sheltering elevation of the hills, cause that the sun visits the valley but a portion of the day. Even when the perpendicular rays fall upon the place, the broad foliage of the Bois d'arcs, and the intertwined verdure of the multiflora rose so intercept the flickering radiance, that it only trembles in points; and a dewy and refreshing coolness is felt through the long sultry months; and the same hills and trees shelter the cottage from the rude northwest blasts of winter. The stranger who entered this enclosure saw in a moment that the hand of art, the arrangements of wealth and luxury, and the selection of taste, had been there.

The little circular farm, of fifty acres, is throughout, of unexampled beauty and fertility. There spread wild grape vines of enormous size. There flourish, nature planted, the haw shrub, crab apples, pawpaws, and flowering plants of every scent and hue. On the clustering branches over the spring, sing the cardinal, the oriole, the song sparrow and the thrush. There the wild deer browses with the bounding goats and the domestic cattle. One of the hills, that overlook the house, has on its summit a little lake, which abounds in fish; and is the resort through the season of millions of water fowl of all the varieties that frequent the country; whose cries, as they are hovering backwards and forwards, over the house, would be annoying, were it not that

the summit of the hill is some hundred feet above the roof of the cottage.

In this abode, equally pleasant and solitary, tasteful and luxurious, the Recluse Coquette had resided some years. Twenty black servants tended the little farm, and managed the domestic concerns. Of their number one was a hunter, who supplied the establishment with game and fowl; and another procured for the table inexhaustible quantities of fish.

The Recluse lived here, solitary, and apart from man; except, that she enacted the Lady Bountiful to the sick and afflicted within three leagues, whenever they saw fit to apply to her for assistance. As these people were all rigid catholics, so far as concerned the ceremonial of that worship, and as she was extremely strict and exemplary in the same observances, she was regarded by them with a respect bordering on veneration. To this was added a touch of superstitious terror. Besides various strange habits, which, in their ways of interpretation, intimated converse with invisible powers, she went invariably twice a year to the summit of the highest adjacent hill, and spent the night there alone, nobody could conjecture why, or wherefore. But when she returned, it was remarked, that her eyes were always swollen, as if with weeping; and that it was some days before her gloom wore off, and she resumed her former cheerfulness.

A gentleman, who was really such, a scholar, acquainted with the French language, manners and literature, a man of taste and talent, traveling to the settlements above, was benighted there in a succession of violent vernal thunder storms.—The keen tact of the Recluse enabled her to perceive in a moment, that this was no empty-headed, brazen-hearted, mean-spirited, fortune-hunter; characters that often annoyed her. Her confidence was won, and her powers elicited, by an equal and kindred mind. With an eccentric frankness, peculiar to her singularly energetic, and independent character, she introduced the story of her life, merely, as she said, because she marked a curiosity in his countenance to know it, which he was too polite to express in words. The gentleman, after thanking her for her confidence and condescension, admitted, that she had rightly divined his thoughts.

"French ladies," she observed, "are said to be communicative, as a national trait. The world's opinion, as you will perceive, has long been a matter of utter indifference to me; and I have been accustomed to consult only my own judgment and will from my earliest years.—Your appearance and manners too, are a pledge for you, that you will make a gentlemanly use of my confidence. For the rest, I shall speak, as if

forced to confession before the searcher of hearts, with as much criminating and bitter frankness of myself, as my most censorious biographer will use, in relation to me when I shall be no more.

"I was born in one of the fairest departments of the South of France, of a family of the most honourable patrician descent of twenty generations. The estate was princely; and a brother, two years older than myself, and I, were the only presumptive heirs. The noble granite towers of our ancient chateau rose proudly from the shore of the Mediterranean. In the distance the Pyrenees reared their blue heads; and near at hand the spires of Grenoble, the provincial capital. The domain extended for leagues on either side; and our mansion showed amidst mulberry, olive and chesnut groves, where wine and oil flowed in abundance; where silk of the finest texture was prepared; and where vine-clad hills extended beyond the reach of the eye.

"From what you now see me, you will have difficulty in believing, that I was most egregiously flattered, in having been accustomed from the earliest periods of my memory, to hear myself called pre-eminently beautiful. Before I was ten, my ear was familiar with the terms Goddess and Nymph. At eleven I was one of the Graces. At twelve I was Eucharis. At thirteen Venus and Diana. At fourteen Juno, Minerva, an angel, divine, and much more of that very trite, but bewitching common place. My brother was a stubborn, petted, good natured, simpleton. As soon as I was turned of fourteen, I was introduced to the world; and I was from that time quite as much flattered, on account of my supposed talents as my beauty. Thus the first sensations, which I experienced, were those of pleasure from snuffing incense, administered in every conceivable way. Never was appetite more insatiate for it. The desire grew with the amount, upon which it fed. My bosom burned with measureless and unquenchable ambition of every sort. My father was a favourite with Napoleon. I had heard of Marengo and Austerlitz, Wagram and Borodino; and I longed to have been fighting by his side. I felt that I could never hope for happiness, or repose, until I saw the world at my feet.

"At the same time, I was tortured with the reading, or hearing the praises of others. All applause that was not bestowed on me, seemed not only loss, but injustice. My masters, instructors, servants, and soon my intimates, knew this; and I heard no song, but the pleasant one of my own eulogy. I groaned, as I clearly discovered the adamant barriers of the prescription of female slavery. I had in my heart an altar for all such asserters of female rights, as the English Mary Wolstoncraft. Well then, I said, if I cannot command armies, and wield the trident and sceptre, and rule men directly, I will punish the tyrants who have wrested our rights from us; and I will rule the people, and with a rod of iron. In short, my eye chalked out my career in anticipation. It was the only one that

seemed practicable to my ambition. I was determined to be the Napoleon of coquetry.

"Your knowledge of human nature will not need to be informed, that the presumptive heiress of half this domain, trained from the first dawn of intellect to every attainment, that could be brought forth in display, the first in pretension in every circle, inhaling only an atmosphere of incense, and though neither Venus, nor Minerva, unquestionably pretty, would not want admirers. Every young gentleman, with whom I came in contact, pretended to be such. My written list, in point of numbers, might have sufficed Maria Louisa for a levee. But my desire of new conquests constantly outran the number. I could not avoid, neither, occasional intercourse with those who were not in the secret of my envious dislike to hear the praises of others. From such I was tortured, by incidentally hearing, that this lady was beautiful, that admired; and the other followed. My eye fell on the same hateful theme in the journals. I recoiled even from hearing of the famous female singers, actresses, in short, women followed or admired on any account. Nothing would have been so satisfactory, at the same time, as to have seen inscribed on the city gates, the churches, the public places, that it might meet my eye, wherever I went, the emblazoned name *Agnes Sorel de Merivanne*.

"But all my pride and self-flattery could not hinder me from perceiving, amidst the universal adulation and servility that surrounded me, that some more discerning minds had seen through the thinness of my pretensions, and had penetrated the arrogance, vanity and envy of my heart. The moment that I discovered that there was a higher, more real, delicate and infinitely more flattering theme, than mere external semblance, I hungered and thirsted for this tribute of the mind and the heart. 'This is not advancing on the track of my prescribed career,' I said. 'They may court me externally; but beauty and fortune and talent notwithstanding, if I so easily betray the feelings lurking at my heart, they will internally note me. I must have done with all this disclosure of the predominant feelings within.' I was not so weak, as to aim at a mark which I had not courage and resolution to make the requisite efforts to reach. 'Down pride, haughtiness, arrogance, envy, detraction, ill temper, every thing in mind and temper, that shows unamiable, down a thousand fathoms deep from observation,' I said. I put myself to reading books of sentiment and morality. I proposed to myself, how the amiable, the virtuous, the canonized would have acted in a given case. Strange to tell, I struck upon a real and unknown fountain of sentiment in this burning and ambitious bosom; and I stirred the slumbering waters, only to increase my internal conflict.

"I became in appearance mild, tranquil, almost pensive. The tear of pity glistened in my eye at the tale of distress. I preceded in all the charities; and was regular and exemplary in all the rites of worship. The change, it may well be supposed, was noted. While the young gentle-

men gave me the attributes of every goddess and every nymph, our *curate* saw in me a future Madame de Guion, a candidate, whenever I should depart for the skies, for canonization. In fact, I enacted the mild, the charitable, the languishing, the tender and sentimental so well, that not only was every one about me deceived, but strange to tell, I was deceived myself; and began to take myself for that real incipient saint, which the rest described me. I now talked earnestly of the merits of others; and my eyes glistened, as I spoke of the pure and holy joy of relieving distress, and wiping away tears. I was perfectly ravished with the new sensation which I thus created. Every one approached me, as if to all the interest and attraction of beauty and wealth and rank, I had added the sanctity of sentiment and virtue; and as if a celestial atmosphere surrounded me. How my heart rioted to exultation in this new incense, to what was pronounced my infinite amiability, tenderness, candor and depth of feeling.

“ My first declared admirer was Isidore de Guignes, next in rank to my father in the department, as rich in fact, as I was in expectation; good looking, respectable, very showy in manners, but possessing a mere common-place mind and heart. I was at Paris at a levee, when he first saw me. Amidst all the flattering sensations of my own presentation, I perceived that his heart was subdued at first sight. Soon afterwards, he was himself presented to me. I gave him a look, in which tenderness, youth and beauty and talent were mixed: or at least such a semblance as I could feign; and I fixed him as invariably as the needle points to the pole. I radiated the tender and the sentimental upon him when he conversed with me; and watched with all the interest of novelty, the gradual expansion and increasing strength of as ardent a passion as such a heart as his could be supposed capable of feeling. My parents were delighted. Every one spoke of the good fortune of an attachment between two persons, so fitted in merit and circumstances for each other. I cannot help acknowledging, that the marked and humble devotion of this distinguished gentleman, amidst a crowd of adorers, gave me infinite satisfaction. I can scarce even now, account for the purpose, object, and motive of my conduct. He conferred with all the subject of his passion with my parents. But, unhappily, I was their favourite, and had the most complete control of them; and they left me to the simple management of my own counsels, assuring me they had the most ample and entire reliance upon my discretion and propriety. What an assurance from parents to a giddy girl of fifteen!

“ I could see that the dying swain was striving in the ball, assembly, soiree, promenade, in short, whenever we met, to come to a declaration with me. This suited not my purposes; and my deportment to him was, as if I knew nothing of what he had said to my parents. I wished to thicken a little more of the interest of perplexity in the plot, and to have another swain in my chains at the same moment, to arouse within him

all the fires of jealousy. Alexis d'Aubaine, more talented, equally noble, but less rich, came forward at the right moment, and harnessed himself into the other end of the yoke of my triumphal car. I brought him to this submission by a *bon mot*, a compliment, a sentimental glance, a certain delicate preference, where many pressed forward for my hand, to lead me to the supper table at a ball. I amused myself in observing the operations of the two swains, thus honoured, in being allowed to draw together in my chariot. Alas! they were not at all like the swans of Juno; and proved a most refractory team. Instead of the tempers of the doves of Venus, they carried thunder and defiance in their eyes whenever they met. Matters were verging rapidly towards an open rupture between them. I learned that they were about to settle their pretensions with short swords, and fight till one or the other fell. O vanity! to what canst thou not change the human heart. My bosom throbbed with sensations on this occasion as new, as they were unutterable. Such I thought was the empire of my charms, that two of the most distinguished young men in the country counted the possession worth purchasing, at the hazard of their life blood. But fear, solicitude about the result, some moral feeling, real sensibility, and dread of the ultimate consequences marred my satisfaction. I had no objection to the idea of strife, of death, and the blazoning of the motive, for which one or the other must fall. But the actual consequences of allowing such blood to be shed, when by a simple declaration I could prevent all, were too formidable to be risked for this species of satisfaction. So I watched my opportunity, and brought my chevalier Isadore to an explanation; exacting previously his word of honour, that the quarrel should proceed no farther. The important treaty was ratified in due form, while he was on his knees; and with all the prescribed cant and fustian. I waited, with well dissembled modesty and agitation until he had made his finish. I told him that I loved, and should accept neither the one nor the other. But that if compelled to an election, I should certainly choose the latest adorer. He talked of agonies, and death; and I expected to see him pine and play the melancholy and heart broken, a desolate bachelor. Not so he. To my astonishment and horror, he lived on, retained good health, became reconciled to Alexis, shrugged when my name was mentioned, married a pretty woman in three months, made a most splendid wedding, and invited me to it. To prove that I cared nothing for all this, I accepted the invitation; and my heart was torn with indescribable torture, as I saw the rejoicing and display; and heard the blushing bride congratulated, and read in the countenances of the company what a fool they considered me. How I hated the bride!

“ Alexis took courage upon the rejection of the other; as though it involved his own acceptance. No such thing. I protracted as long as might be the hour of declaration. But he seized the earliest opportunity, abruptly to offer his hand, his heart, fortune and every thing, usually pledged in such

cases. I wondered at his insolence and presumption, in supposing, that after rejecting Isidore, I could think of such an one as he. He was more like myself, than the other; and instead of being petrified, as I hoped, he cut a caper, made me a bow, and with a countenance of the most provoking irony assured me, 'that he was not certain, that even the boon of my fortune was worth obtaining, with the appended drawback of such a heartless coquette!' I attempted to look cool and with unmoved disdain; but the truth of his words scorched my heart.

"In this interval of chagrin, I persuaded my parents to carry me to Paris, in the suite of the king of Saxony. There I attached and rejected a dozen admirers in succession; some of them men of standing and fine appearance; and all of them unexceptionable. Each one, in his own way, manifested astonished resentment; and charged me with having encouraged, and drawn him on to the declaration; and, consequently, under all the guise of politeness gave me clearly to understand, that they considered me as having practised the baseness of deception. These humiliating results began to produce severer scrutiny of the morality of these semblances of sensibility, and partial regard, that had never failed to bring my swains to my feet. I felt, that even amidst all the lackness of principle in the great world, there was a certain homage paid to truth, sincerity and honour, which, not deserving, I never could hope to obtain. Self respect took the alarm; and, for some time I endured the real pangs of humiliation and remorse. I half resolved to marry the first respectable man that offered, as an expiatory penance to my past faithlessness. But the habit was too deeply fixed and inveterate; the appetite for admiration too clamorous. When gentlemen and ladies surrounded me, the propensity to spread my snares, anew, became irresistible. One rejection after another had little other effect upon my public reputation, than occasionally to bring my name before the public, as the *fascinating heiress*. But at length the rejection of a favourite officer of the Emperor carried a very unfavourable discussion of my character to court; and it was notified to my father, that he would do well to retire with me to his own department. It was the first deep public mortification I had ever experienced; and vexation and grief really brought on illness. Beside, at court, my reputation was incessantly stung, by comparisons of my conduct with that of those who could show more power and influence, talent, and even beauty, than my utmost self-complacency could claim for me. I rejoiced at the idea of returning to Grenoble and Montpellier, where I had no rival or compeer; and where I was undisputed star of the ascendant. My sixteenth year commenced on my return; and in the course of it I decoyed, and dismissed some eight or ten lovers, most of them persons nowise distinguished; and to my excessive mortification, nowise hurt at my rejection.

"I began to perceive by circumstances of little significance in themselves, but irresistible in the

aggregate of their import, that I was becoming universally decyphered, and understood. My triumphs were growing rare. My powers of fascinating no longer took certain effect. I could see the conscious smile play on the cheek of the very persons, for whom I spread my net. To crown my vexations, another heiress, younger and fresher than myself had just come forth upon the public; and at her very first appearance divided more than half the empire with me. 'Oh truth,' I said to myself, 'thou art at once, terrible and beautiful!' I suffered the righteous penalty and reaction, that God has affixed to insincerity and dissembling. True, there was one misery wanting, to complete the circle of my sufferings. I had never yet endured the slightest sensation of wounded real love, nor felt the most transient partiality for either of my admirers. But an aching void in my bosom, convinced me of the necessity of something, to which to attach myself.

"Near the time, that the young lady in question came out, after the usual common-place discussions, and disposal of the ordinary topics of fashion, the ladies of my acquaintance spoke of captain Lambert de Moncey, a young officer, who had returned to the army at Grenoble, on furlough, to recover of a wound recently received in the service. He had performed, they said, prodigies of valour; and had risen by his merit from the ranks to his present standing. His mother was a poor person of Grenoble, whom he supported by his wages. They spake of his uncommon beauty of person, his talents, virtues, heroism and filial piety, in the extravagant colouring, which ladies are apt to use on similar occasions. They joined to deplore his want of family and fortune, and that his peculiar circumstances precluded his often mingling in their circles. I heard this subject resumed again and again. The handsome young officer, sharing the penury of his aged mother: this I perceived, was the circumstance of real interest in the conversation, upon which every lady warmed and became earnest. My imagination kindled. What a wonderful young man must this be, thought I, who, without rank, or fortune immediately takes place of all thoughts, as soon as the topics of cold and fashionable discussion have floated off. All my wishes radiated to one point, to see the young officer, and put him upon trial. To bring this about was the study alike of my waking thoughts and my dreams.

"My father had a house in Grenoble. I had become thin and pale; and my parents in extreme solicitude wished me to adopt some method for regaining my health. I proposed to them, to remove to Grenoble, to consult a celebrated physician there. We removed there without delay. By the agency of a confidential servant, I traced the resorts of the amiable invalid officer. He was in the habit of walking, mornings and evenings, with his aged and infirm mother, in a beautiful wood near our house. I forthwith began to take my promenade in the same wood, which was in fact, the common resort of the invalids of the city. I shall never forget my first impression,

when I saw him supporting on his arm his feeble mother, dressed in the severe plainness of decent and respectable penury, the weeds of a widow's mourning. Never had I seen such a person and form. Youth and beauty and heroism contrasted so nobly, in this act of filial piety, with age and decrepitude and mourning! The tears rushed to my eyes. My heart swelled, and I longed to throw my purse at their feet. "Thank God," said I, "I have a heart after all." I saw that I was noticed during this first promenade. Afterwards we passed him every day. But, with all my resources at contrivance, I could devise no plausible pretext to bring about an interview. "Cannot I be sick," said I, "and procure his attendance home!" I blush, amidst prayer, penitence, and abandonment of the world, to think of the straits to which the coquette was reduced. But my morbid imagination had so dwelt upon this man, I had assigned to him such excellencies and attractions, that when he came near me, as I meditated the manner of acting my part, so many new and tumultuous sensations throbbed at my heart, the blood so rushed to my head, and then so dashed back again to the fountain, that the semblance which I studied, became real. I was faint in truth and fact. He saw it, left his mother on a bench, came to my side and supported me home. As he deposited me with my parents, I would have been willing to have fainted again, to have renewed the intense interest, which I saw in his eye.

"He called the next morning to enquire for my health. I explained to my father the circumstance of our meeting, and he received him politely. We afterwards exchanged salutations; and he often shared my walks with me. I now put in operation all my former experience in good earnest, for I now loved with my whole heart, and I suffered all the jealousies, fears, and bitter torments of that passion. He was admitted at my father's house; and, subsequently, at the balls and assemblies of the city. I had thus all opportunities, that I could desire, to put him under my spell. I began to consider him in discouragement, as one refractory and invulnerable. I was astonished at my own resources of seeming sentiment and amiability. I performed a hundred charities, merely that the report might be carried to his ear. I languished, I looked sad in his presence, and I played my game so successfully, that I achieved my purpose. This victim really loved:—Ah! I knew, and felt the symptoms but too well; and there could be no mistake. All the joy and rapture, that I had felt in life, was as nothing compared with my enjoyment, when I became convinced that he deeply loved. I existed only in his presence; and could have wished the hours that intervened between our interviews, annihilated. My heart bleeds at the remembrance of what followed. I walked in the wood at the hour of evening twilight, to taste my customary gratification. He was this evening alone. He poured out the fulness of confession of love, as ardent as it was hopeless.' At the moment, that my heart throbbed with unutterable emotions of joy,

and my head beat almost to bursting, I summoned the most impenetrable appearance of coldness and disdain. I withdrew my hand, which he had unconsciously grasped, expressing surprise, as well as regret, that a slight service, accidentally accepted, should have emboldened him to such a presumptuous indiscretion. The officer turned deadly pale—admitted his rashness, 'which,' he said, 'not even his despair should have authorized,' and stammering out other half-articulated words, in the form of an apology, he turned and hurried away. What, after all, can you make of the human heart? I turned to pursue him. I would have become suppliant in turn, and would have recanted every word. I had made up my mind to consent to be his upon any terms: with my parents' consent or without it. I immediately despatched a servant to the house; but he returned, informing me that he could not obtain admittance. Imagine, if you can, the horror of that long night. I neither undressed, nor went to bed. I discovered the golden beams of morning over the hills, as the condemned convict receives a reprieve. In my eagerness I was wholly regardless of forms. My only concern was to let the officer be informed, that I loved in turn, and wished to meet him in a wood, immediately after breakfast. The servant brought back the following reply from the mother of the officer.

"My son departed last evening to rejoin his company. I know not, and he requested me not to inquire the cause of his sudden departure. I loved him too entirely to ask a question. I can only suspect that he has received some urgent order from the army. All the earthly good that I implore of God, is, to have him in his holy keeping.'

"I ordered my carriage, I drove to the widow's house. I assured her, if he would return, I would at any time give him my hand, and follow him if it were necessary to the camp, immediately after marriage. An express was despatched with a note to this effect, written by the mother and myself. It did not reach the army until the evening of the fatal battle of Waterloo, in the official account of which, his name was given among the list of the slain.

"I knew nothing that ensued for a month, in which I was sick with fever, that touched my brain, and produced unconscious delirium. I have not a trace on my memory of all that took place during the long sickness. I regained consciousness in a state of such weakness and exhaustion, that I suffered little, even after the memory of the past revived in me, like the confused images of a distressing dream. But as my strength returned, so also did the bitterness of my recollections. Every place where I had seen him, was insupportably repulsive to my thoughts. Every association, connected with my beautiful native France, was gloom. I formed the hasty resolution to abandon my parents, my native country, and man, and in remote solitudes, to do penance to the end of my days. Every purpose of my life had been sudden, prompt and unchangeable. This was so. I had money, more than

sufficient for my purposes, on hand. Disguised as a servant, I travelled in the Diligence to Marseilles; and from that port embarked for New-Orleans. From Marseilles I apprized my brother of my love, my despair, my unalterable purpose of penance. I requested that my parents would forget me. I wished him to remit me to New-Orleans, a sufficiency, for subsisting in the seclusion which I contemplated, which, if granted, should procure a full release of all other future claims.

"I arrived safely in New-Orleans, and remained there incognito. A confidential agent of the family arrived here in a week after me. He brought the requisite money, and the most urgent request, that I would return. It intimated at the same time, that compulsion would be used if necessary. I had so taken my measures of concealment, that no clue to it was found. The money reached me; and the agent returned after a long search, in despair of accomplishing his object. I made my way here, in a government barge. I purchased this place; and these servants are my children, friends and family. I here feed upon solitude and tears; and do daily penance before God. Two nights in the year I pray all night to the mother of God, and my guardian saint, that they will graciously condescend to show me the spirit of my beloved; and I have a presentiment, that they will. The living Lambert I desire not to see; for my thoughts have long since been wholly abstracted from terrene and corporeal objects. It is the pure and disembodied spirit of my Lambert that I long to see."

Thus far the fair recluse. The traveller had heard, that she was understood to be wild, *quoad hoc* upon this particular point: the constant expectation of being indulged by her patron saint with a meeting with the shade, or spirit of her beloved Lambert, on the summit of a hill, where she performed her nightly penance. It was a tender point of discussion; but with much delicacy he insinuated an opinion, that man and woman are apt to remain so to the end of the chapter; and, that probably, she might not fully understand the nature of her own wishes, in the conviction that she would prefer an interview with the departed spirit, rather than the 'sensible warm motion,' of the living, amiable officer. On the point of this confidence she was peremptory and vehement, as upon all other subjects; and he desisted from the discussion.

It was not long afterwards, that the question was brought to the test of experiment. Lambert de Moncey, though reported among the slain, had been only severely wounded; and was subsequently carried to Prussia as a prisoner. His recovery was extremely slow; and he was long detained a prisoner, for reasons of state. Immediately after his liberation, he flew to Grenoble. The duke and duchess de Merivanne were no more. From their son he obtained information of his sister. The officer embarked with his mother, *incognito*. It was not difficult to obtain all the truth, and a great deal more than the truth,

touching the wild ways of the recluse. In particular, it was asserted, that when she came with her attendant house dogs, to keep off the wolves on her nights of penance, to the summit of the hill, and called upon her guardian saint to show her the spirit of Lambert, spirits were actually seen descending through the darkness to the summit of the hill.

The officer waited with what patience he might until the semi-annual nocturnal penance of the Recluse came round; on that night, soon after the fair penitent had mounted to the summit of the hill with her house dogs, he repaired thither also. He saw the penitent, by the glimpses of the moon, fall on her knees. He heard the well remembered voice of music, "*daignez, mon ange tutelaire,*" &c. the earnest and mournful invocation to her guardian saint, that he would vouchsafe an interview with the spirit of her beloved. He answered in a voice well trained to earthly sounds. "Thy prayer is heard. Thy request is granted. The saints do more. They grant thee an election. As a true daughter of the church, thou believest, that with them nothing is impossible. Thou canst now embrace either the departed spirit of him who was called Lambert de Moncey; or thou canst see him in life. Thy guardian saint bides thine election." The penitent Recluse heard, and the information thrilled in her veins. She paused but a moment, and hesitatingly said, "since I am in the flesh, and not disembodied myself, and withal have never studied metaphysics, and have vague and uncertain conceptions of the intercourse between mind and body, I will e'en see my dear Lambert in the flesh."

They were Married! Lambert wears a capote in the winter, has the national shrug, sells chickens, pigs, and bales of cotton, and they are neither very remarkable in any way, except for extreme sharpness in driving a bargain.

MOORE'S LIFE OF BYRON.

In one of Byron's Poems, which extends to about a hundred lines, and which he wrote under the melancholy impression that he should soon die, he concludes with the following prayer. After bidding adieu to all favorite scenes of his youth he thus continues:—

"Forget this world, my restless sprite,
Turn, turn thy thoughts to Heaven—
There must thou soon direct thy flight,
If errors are forgiven—
To bigots and to sects unknown,
Bow down beneath th' Almighty's throne—
To him address thy trembling prayer;
He who is merciful and just,
Will not reject a child of dust,
Although his meanest care.
Father of Light! to thee I call,
My soul is dark within;
Thou, who canst make the sparrow fall,
Avert the death of sin.
Thou who canst guide the wandering star,
Who calm'st the elementary war,
Whose mantle is yon boundless sky.
My thoughts, my words, my crimes forgive—
And, since I soon must cease to live,
Instruct me how to die."

From M'Diarmid's "Sketches from Nature."

GRETNA MARRIAGES.

At what precise period the first runaway marriage was celebrated at the spot called Gretna-Green, cannot now be satisfactorily ascertained; but in common parlance the custom is said to have existed from time immemorial. Old Joseph Paisley, who died in 1814, at the advanced age of fourscore years, resided in his youth at Megg's-hill, a small farm situated betwixt Gretna and Springfield; and hence the name of Gretna Green. But so far back as 1791, he abandoned Megg's-hill, and removed to Springfield as a more convenient spot, and though the popular name is still kept up, it is no longer geographically accurate. Though he generally went by the name of the *Blacksmith*, he knew nothing of the secrets of the anvil or the forge. On the contrary, he was bred a tobacco-son, and continued to roll and liquor the seaman's quid, until the trade he had followed merely as a bye job, threw so surprisingly that he found he could subsist by it alone. *Welding*, or joining, is a term well known in the smithy; and it is believed that it was the metaphorical application of this term, that procured for Paisley the appellation of *blacksmith*. Though neither avaricious nor cold hearted, he was a rough, "out-spoken," eccentric fellow; drank like a fish, swore like a trooper, and when once in his cups, forgot entirely the character he had assumed. Still he monopolised the whole trade, and was only on one occasion threatened with opposition; but he soon put an end to his rival's pretensions, by proposing a copartnership, in which the assistant, in addition to the hope of a lucrative succession, was allowed to pocket the whole profits accruing from the visits of pedestrian couples. Repeatedly he earned the handsome fee of a hundred guineas, in a briefer space than a barber consumes in shaving a country bumpkin; old Charles B——, Lord Deerhurst, and one or two others, paid fully that sum; and though these were wind falls of rare occurrence, many of the inferior fees were so handsome, that the priest, had he been careful, might have lived merrily, and died in affluent or easy circumstances. But he liked his bottle too well for that; and the same remark, I understand, applies to his successors. What is easily come by, goes as cheaply, and the trade of marrying, though not as hazardous, has this feature in common with the trade of smuggling, that there is seldom much money gained by it in the end.

Until lately there were two rival practitioners at Springfield, one of whom married the granddaughter of Paisley, and fell heir to his trade, in much the same way that some persons acquire the right of vending quack medicines. Still the other gets a great deal of custom; and here, as in every thing else, competition has been favorable to the interest of the public. Though a bargain is generally made before hand, a marriage-monger who had no rival to fear, might fix his fee at any sum he pleased; and instances have occurred

in which the parties complained that they had been taxed too heavily. Not long before my visit to Springfield, a young English clergyman, whose father disapproved of the choice he had made, arrived for the purpose of being married. The fee demanded was thirty guineas, a demand to which his reverence demurred, and at the same time stated, that though he had married many a couple himself, his fee never exceeded half a guinea. The clergyman, in fact, had not so much money about him, but it was agreed at last that he should pay 10*l.* in hand, and grant a promissory note for the balance; and the bill, which was certainly a curiosity of its kind, was regularly negotiated through a Carlisle bank, and as regularly retired when it became due. At the time alluded to there were two rival inns, as well as rival priests, at Springfield, and the house at which a lover arrived, was regulated by the inn he started from at Carlisle. Though he might wish to give a preference, and issue positive orders on the subject, these orders were uniformly disobeyed. The post-boys would only stop at their favourite house, and that for the best of all reasons, that the priest went snacks with them, and knew full well the value of their patronage. Except in the case of sickness or absence, the *welders* never deserted their colours: all the guests of the one house were married by Mr. Laing; of the other by Mr. Elliott; so that those who were most deeply concerned, had very little to say in the business. In this way something like a monopoly existed and what is more strange still, not only the post-boy who drove a couple, but the whole of his brethren about the inn were permitted to share in the profits of the day. Altogether the marrying business must bring a large sum annually into Springfield, and persons may be met with who confess without scruple, that it forms "the principal benefit and support of the place." Upon an average, three hundred couples are married in a year, and half a guinea is the lowest fee that is ever charged, even in the case of what are called poor and pedestrian couples. In September last one gentleman had given 40*l.*; and independently of the money that is spent in the inns, many hundreds annually must find their way into the pockets of the priests, and their concurrents, the post boys. In its legal effect, the ceremony of Gretna Green merely amounts to a confession before witnesses, that certain parties are man and wife; and the reader is aware that little more is required to constitute a marriage in Scotland—a marriage which may be censured by church courts, but which is perfectly binding in regard to propriety and the rights of children. Still a formula has a wonderful value in the eyes of the fair; and the priests, I believe, read a considerable part of the English marriage service, offer up a prayer, require the parties to join hands, sign a record, &c. &c. But on this part of their vo-

cation they prudently observe a strict silence; for, although the law cannot reach them at present, they could scarcely hope to escape punishment, were they openly to assume the character of parsons. They also grant lines, of which the following is a literal copy:—"These are to certify to all whom it may concern, that — and — came before me, and declared themselves to be both single persons, and were lawfully married according to the way of the Church of England, and agreeably to the laws of the Kirk of Scotland. Given under my hand at Springfield, near Gretna Green, this — day, &c., before these witnesses." At my request, Mr. Elliott produced the marriage record, which, as a public document, is regularly kept, and which, to confess the truth, would require to be correct, seeing that it is sometimes tendered as evidence in court. It is true they cannot subpoena a witness from Scotland, but the priest is of course allowed his expenses, and, as he himself remarked, "when a man knows that he goes in a good cause, why should he either be backward or afraid?"

A stranger who had leisure to rusticate about Springfield, tippling with the priests, and pumping the cronies and oracles of the village, might pick up many a queer story that would add to his stock of standing jokes, or peradventure eke out the well thumbed pages of the "Encyclopædia of Wit," but as my time did not admit of this, I can only retail one or two.

Not long ago, a gentleman who had settled somewhere in Cumberland, arrived at Springfield, and spent an hour or two in one of the inns, chiefly, I believe, from motives of curiosity. He was accompanied by his daughter, a very beautiful and interesting creature, though not more than seventeen or eighteen years of age. As the parties had never crossed the Sark before, they were both more than ordinarily curious to know every thing about Scotland and Scotch marriages. In particular, they wished to see the *Blacksmith*, not doubting that a true son of Vulcan, with a begrimed face and leather apron, would pop in upon them and demand their pleasure. But here they were speedily undeceived; and when Mr. Elliott arrived, the gentleman endeavoured to be as witty as possible, stating, among other things, that he wished to introduce to him a young lady, who, at some future period, might have occasion for his services. To this salutation Mr. E. answered drily, that he had known as unlikely things come to pass; and in less than three or four months, the same young lady actually came before him, and was married to one of her father's ploughmen. In point of looks, the bridegroom and bride seemed formed for one another, and the jocular priest, who, from the first, recognised his old acquaintance, ventured to hint after dinner that surely Mr. — would not be angry with his fair daughter for proving herself so apt a scholar, and profiting by the lesson he had himself taught. But alas! alas! the blow fell so heavily on the poor Cumbrian, that it at first threatened to break his heart, or unsettle his under-

standing. The lovely and light-hearted Beatrice was the apple of his eye, the stay and pride of his maturer years; and so far from wishing to match her with a common clown, there were few even of the better class of yeomen that he deemed worthy to aspire to such an honour. In the course of time, however, the old man's wrath gradually gave way to better feelings; a farm, taken for the son-in-law, was stocked and *plenshed*, nobody knew how; and if report may be credited, the praiseworthy conduct of the young people led before long to a complete and permanent reconciliation.

On another occasion, a middle aged gentleman arrived from the south of England, and was united to a lady considerably his junior in years and appearance, and who, very unfortunately, happened to be the sister of his former wife. The veteran bridegroom was in high spirits, scattered his money freely, and seemed so well satisfied with the accommodation of the place, that he was in no haste to retire from the scene of his second nuptials. At length, however, the carriage was ordered to the door; and just as the sun was sinking to the west, the happy pair bade adieu to Springfield, and with a degree of haste, not at all requisite in their situation, made the best of their way to merry England. Nor had they left the inn above an hour or so, when a second chaise and four drove up, and discharged a fresh cargo of lovers, younger, fairer, and better matched, but neither so wealthy, nor so prodigal as the first. And whom, reader, might the second pair be?—whom but a handsome, well-favoured youth and the only daughter of the former bridegroom, who, in revenge for her father's frailty and folly, had yielded to the entreaties of an honest yeoman, that had wooed her long and loved her dearly.— On fair grounds, the lady had no objections whatever to a step-mother, but a step mother and an aunt in the same person formed a species of relationship utterly irreconcilable with her notions of propriety; and as she was determined to change her residence, at any rate, she thought it just as prudent to change her condition at the same time. On arriving at Carlisle, the father found a letter awaiting him at the inn, marked "in haste," and revealing to him the secret of his daughter's elopement; and not doubting that the parties had gone on the same errand as himself he immediately ordered fresh horses, and hurried back to Gretna Green. The carriages, in fact, must have met on the road, but the night being dark, neither party was aware of the circumstance; and though the Yorkshire proprietor reached Springfield before his daughter and her lover had departed, he was unfortunately a stage too late. Long and loudly he bragged and bullied, and fain would he have carried his daughter along with him; but to this the yeoman objected most stoutly, and when the other threatened to disinherit his child, he very coolly replied, "that he knew the value of a good wife, though without a guinea or a friend to take her part—that in a moderate way he could do his own turn, as well as the purse proud gentleman he was addressing—and that, as to the

rest, he would trust to Providence and his own industry." "Nobly spoken," roared the exhilarated priest, "and faith let me tell you, Sir, though the lines are now your own property, if you'll restore the bit of paper, I'll hand you every note, and wash my hands of the whole business." But to this condition the Yorkshireman demurred, and perceiving that matters could not be mended, he left the apartment and the village too, "growling all the while like a Russian bear."

TONGA BRIDE.

The young lady about to be married having been profusely anointed with cocoa-nut oil, scented with sandal-wood, was dressed in the choicest mats of the Navigator's Islands, of the finest texture, and as soft as silk. So many of these costly mats were wrapped around, perhaps more than forty yards, that her arms stuck out from her body in a ludicrous manner: and she could not, strictly speaking, sit down, but was obliged to bend in a sort of half-sitting posture, leaning upon her female attendants, who were under the necessity of again raising her when she required it. A young girl, about five years of age, was also dressed in a similar manner, to be her immediate and particular handmaid. Four other young virgins, about sixteen, were also her followers, and were dressed out in a manner nearly similar, but not quite so many mats. The lady and her five companions being all ready, proceeded to the *malai* of Tooitonga, who was there, waiting for their arrival, together with a number of other chiefs; two matabooes sitting before him. Being arrived, they seated themselves on a green before Tooitonga. After the lapse of a little time, a woman entered the circle with her face covered up with white *gnatoo*. She went into the house of the *malai*, and proceeded towards the upper end, where there sat another woman in waiting, with a large roll of *gnatoo*, a wooden pillow, and a basket containing bottles of oil. The woman, whose face was veiled, took the *gnatoo* from the other, wrapped herself up in it, and laying her head upon the wooden pillow, fell or pretended to fall fast asleep. No sooner was this done than Tooitonga rose up, and taking his bride by her hand, led her into the house, and seated her on his left hand. Twenty baked hogs were now brought into the circle of the *malai*, and a number of expert cooks came with knives procured from European ships—(formerly they used bamboo) to try their skill in carving with speed and dexterity, which is considered a great recommendation. A considerable part was shared out to the chiefs, each taking his portion and putting it in his bosom. The remainder of the pork was then heaped up, and scrambled for at an appointed signal. The woman who had laid herself down, covered over with *gnatoo*, now rose up and went away, taking with her the *gnatoo*, and the basket containing the bottles of oil, as her perquisites. Tooitonga then took his bride by her left hand, and led her to his dwelling, followed by the little girl and the four other at-

tendants; and the people now dispersed, each to his home. Tooitonga being arrived with his bride at his residence, accompanied her into the house appropriated for her, where he left her to have her mats taken off, and her usual dress put on; after which she amused herself in conversation with the women.—*Mariner's Account of the Tonga Islands.*

From the Edinburgh Literary Journal.

A SONG.

NOT ENTIRELY BACCHANALIAN.

To woman!—a bumper! come pledge me my boys.

And pledge me with heart and with soul:
Give the pedant his learning, the statesman his toys,
But ours be the smile and the bowl!

Though it needs not the glow of the generous cup,

To make woman's presence divine,
Yet, where bumpers are drunk, be the highest fill'd up
To the goddess who hallows the wine!

We love the dark juice of the ruby-hued grape.

For the bright thoughts it wreaths round the brain,
Like the stars which at twilight from bondage escape.

And come forth in the blue sky again;
But the thought of all thoughts is of her we love best,
The fond one whose heart is our own—

A thought whose effulgence escapes all the rest
As the sun walks through Heaven alone!

Then, to her, boys, to her, be the bumper now crown'd,

With feelings which tongue cannot tell;
If the tone of her voice be a magical sound,

If the glance of her eye be a spell;
If the flush of her cheeks be the fairest of sights,

If her lip be the holiest shrine,
Then, believe me, the toast which her beauty invites,
Turns to gold every drop of our wine!

If life be a good, 'tis to her that we owe it—

If genius a gift, 'tis that she is the theme—

If love be a bliss, 'tis through her that we know it—

O! without her this world were a wearisome dream.

Then, a bumper, a bumper, if ever you fill'd it,

A bumper to her, both our hope and our pride—

A scheme for the future—if ever you build it—

Fill a bumper to woman and make her your guide!

From Moore's Legendary Ballads.

YOUTH AND AGE.

"Tell me what's Love?" said Youth, one day.

To drooping age who crost his way.

"It is a summer hour of play,

For which repentance dear doth pay;

Repentance! Repentance!

And this is Love, as wise men say."

"Tell me, what's Love?" said Youth once more,

Fearful, yet fond of Age's lore,

"Soft as a passing summer's wind,

Wouldst'at know the blight it leaves behind!

Repentance! Repentance!

And this is Love—when Love is o'er."

"Tell me what's Love?" said Youth again.

Trusting the bliss but not the pain.

"Sweet as May tree's scented air,—

Mark ye what fruit 'twill bear.

Repentance! Repentance!

This, this is love—sweet Youth beware."

Just then Young Love himself came by.

And cast on Youth a smiling eye;

Who could withstand that glance's ray?

In vain did age his warning say,

"Repentance! Repentance!"

Youth, laughing, went with Love away.

From La Belle Assemblée.

SCOTLAND'S FAIREST AND BRAVEST.

BY MISS INGRAM.

————— And let me tell thee tales
Of woful ages, long ago betid.

SHAKESPEARE.

"How else shall I prove that my love for thee is boundless?" uttered an impassioned tongue to a very fair and lovely girl, who had turned scornfully away as the speaker concluded a former whispered sentence.

"By doing my bidding, my Lord of Athole," she now replied, in a haughty tone.

"Ay, sweet Annie; but hast thou considered how difficult the task imposed?—to cease gazing on thee, when every feature is beauty's own—to leave thee, while yet there are words on my tongue to tell thee all I would brave for thy love. Indeed, Annie, I cannot leave thee while there is yet one of hope's bright sparks in my bosom."

"Then I would I could pluck it thence, Sir Knight."

"Nay, thou canst not. List while yet again I recount all I would do for one of thy heart-cheering smiles. Have not I told thee, dearest, that thy father should be soon again by his own dearly loved child—on the hills of wild Liddesdale! Then, too, would I gather round me thrice the number of brave hearts and strong swords (even including the renowned Dalwolsy, lady) which thy sire owns.—Annie Douglas, I would join thy brave father's followers: his wrongs should be mine."

"Again, Sir Knight!" she exclaimed in an offended tone; "dost thou again offend my ears with thy base proffers? Thinkest thou that the proving traitor to the cause thou hast chosen would win my favour? I will no longer listen to thee. And for the liberating Liddesdale's Lord, learn, Sir Knight, that his followers have proffered his ransom, and in a few days thou mayest call all the strength thou hast vaunted to thy aid, for they need it who raise their arm 'gainst his."—

She was interrupted by the unexpected sound of horses' hoofs which seemed to be fast approaching the valley in which they stood. "'Tis some one of our followers, my Lord of Athole," she continued; "I would warn you to begone!"

"But, dearest, first tell me that thou wilt think favourably of the risk I have run to gaze on the famed flower of wild Liddesdale."

"I will converse with thee no longer. Farewell, my Lord," she replied.

Athole placed his foot in the stirrup, and vaulted gracefully into the saddle, waved a kiss on the breeze, exclaiming, "Adieu! my pretty wild flower; I will yet win thy love;"—then, spurring the gay steed, was lost to sight ere the other horseman was seen as a black speck on the hill top. For some minutes Annie stood vacantly

gazing on the lessening figure of Athole, and thinking on the traitorous proposals he had made her; but now the hasty approach of the other roused her from her reverie. "'Tis De Vipont, with news of my father, or commands from him," she murmured: "but no; 'tis a stranger, and young and handsome, too. Perhaps he is of England's friends; and here am I alone, and unattended.—Oh! there is Scotland's plumed bonnet! doubtless he bears tidings of our troops."

He was even by her side as she concluded; and, instantly leaping from his horse, bent his knee before her, as he exclaimed, "Scotland's pride! Liddesdale's famed one! thou canst be no other.—Tell me, lady, if thou art the envied Annie?"

With a crimsoned cheek and a downcast eye, she replied softly, "I call Liddesdale's Douglas father."

"Then, Annie Douglas, Ramsay of Dalwolsy bears thee a command from his own lips."

"Rise, rise, sir!" she exclaimed hurriedly, and glancing timidly on the fine features raised to her face. "Doth Scotland's bravest kneel before one of her maidens, whom it would better become to hold thy rein while thy foot was in the stirrup? But I had forgotten: thou saidst thou hadst a command from my father. Hast thou, then, spoken with him?"

"Ay, fairest: he is once again come to gladden Scotland with his presence; and in token to thee that my words hold the stamp of truth, I bear thee this ring."

A blush of shame crimsoned even her smooth brow as she gazed on it, and remembered that she had been thus holding converse with a stranger who had but called himself as one of their bravest champions, and for the sincerity of whose words she had required no further proof than a handsome face and frank bearing. But he had called himself by a title which had never been uttered in her presence but in terms of pride and admiration by every noble whose presence had graced the feasts at her own castle home; and unwittingly had she suffered it to become rooted amidst the tenderest feelings in her very soul, till even its mention had banished from her mind every remembrance of maidenly caution and pride, and thrilled to their depths her woman's feelings. "Shame it is to me, Sir Knight," at length she spoke, in a broken voice, "to look on my brave sire's token. Ye can think me but a bauld lassie; and it brings to my sad, sad memory that I have not yet bidden ye to our board, where I, alas! must play the hostess; for my

angel mother rests—my sire, thou knowest, is watching his country's interests."

Dalwolsy joyfully took his horse by the bridle, and led him by the side of Annie, beguiling the way with words: the same she had often heard, but never till then felt. First, though, Douglas' command was Dalwolsy's theme. "Thou must even away with the morrow's dawn, lady," he said; "every vassal must hence to their lord's banner. Then, Annie, thy father thinketh truly, that a scarcely inhabited castle is not a meet place for one like thee."—

"Ramsay," she interrupted, "whither would he send me? See!" pointing to the castle turrets as they rose to view, "I have so long called that home, I should weep to leave it. Nobles have whispered in my ear that other hills are fairer than Liddesdale—that their own castles are more noble than our hermitage, and their vassals braver than the Douglas' followers—but, Sir Ramsay, I have not believed them: tell me, then, whither my honoured sire would will me to go?"

"I must bear thee safely to Kildrummie, lady, where thou wilt be safe, since the stout-hearted Christina Moray defendeth it; and where, moreover, thou wilt be surrounded by some of Scotland's maidens equal in rank to thyself. Think, Annie; dost not thou fancy thy days the merrier already, that thou art going to sojourn in a castle famed for gallantry and mirth?"

"But my mother's grave, Alexander Ramsay?" returned Annie, in a broken, mournful voice, and raising her tearful eyes imploringly. "I am a sad wilful creature, Ramsay; but I ever fly to that tomb of peace when my heart beats too fiercely. I shall leave in our hermitage the only happiness I have known when Liddesdale's Lord was far away in the southern land."

"Thy only happiness, lady!" repeated Ramsay, casting a meaning glance to the hill-top over which Athole had disappeared. "Pardon me; but I had imagined thy happiness was centred in the living rather than the dead."

Annie blushed and smiled as she caught his meaning, and replied, "Ay; thou art fancying yonder gallant was a true-love. He hath said he is."

"And you doubt it?"

"Nay, I know not that I have even thought about it. Tell me, Sir Alexander, wouldst thou—and thou hast boasted over much of bravery and love—wouldst thou ride away at the glimpse of a single horseman?"

"Might I die any where, save on the field of glory, if I did! But, Annie, does your father know this?"

"Know what, Sir Knight? Thinkest thou I would trouble his ear with the trash that Athole's Earl, Scotland's enemy, whisper's in the ear of a Douglas?"

"Athole!" exclaimed Ramsay, with a heightened colour; "by my good sword we will give him other work to do than galloping over our hills in search of our fairest maidens. Annie—young Leddy Douglas—if thou lovest him, tell it not to me, for I have sworn to dip my sword in

his blood, and if such words came from thy lips, I fear me I should be perjured."

Annie gazed with surprize on the glowing eye and perturbed bosom which Ramsay exhibited. "I love him!" she exclaimed, stopping suddenly in her walk; "an' I did, Sir Knight, I would either root it from my bosom, or never again set foot in Liddesdale. But I hate him, Ramsay: his very words and voice are my detestation. But we shall shortly be in the halls of a Douglas, and Athole is not a name to breathe there. Rather let its walls resound in honour of its guest."

Ramsay forgot not to repay her words in kind; and their effect may be best judged from the knowledge that, at the next morning's dawn, he was plighting and receiving vows of faith at her mother's grave ere they began their journey towards Kildrummie. Annie was attended by her maidens, and Dalwolsy led a troop of the bravest hearts in Liddesdale. It will not be surprising, then, to learn, that it was a mirthful train which wended its way towards the castle; but as they neared it their spirits flagged, the mirthful joke grew less frequent 'mongst the men and maidens, and Annie and Dalwolsy seemed deeply buried in thought. "Do not the horses grow weary?" spoke Annie, after a long silence, during which she had imagined their pace to slacken.

"No, dearest," replied Ramsay; "they are but too ready to bear thee on. Thy father is awaiting me—my country calls me; I may not then even allow my heart to guide me, or I should say it were necessary to rest even here. But look thee, Annie; yonder turret is Kildrummie, and there we must part; but we meet again, love, ere long. Wilt thou give me a golden tress to bear to thy father as a token of thy love when I shall ask thee of him?"

"Take forth thy sword, Ramsay, and cut it from 'neath my hood:—but stay: 'tis a work unfitting the dread of England: call one of the vassals hither, and use his less valued weapon." But Ramsay cut the bright lock even whilst she spoke, and placed it 'neath the folds of his vest.

They were now called on from the walls of Kildrummie in a deep masculine tone, but which, to Annie's surprize, proceeded from one of her own sex, "the heroic Christina Moray," who was summoning the numerous sentinels to their posts. Dalwolsy was admitted on the instant with the young Lady Douglas and her maidens; but the former staid only to repeat that Annie was committed to her guardianship by the flower of Scottish chivalry, to receive a gracious promise of protection from the Lady Moray, and perhaps the lingering farewell of one other, ere, placing his bonnet on his brow, he was bowing gracefully on his steed as he led his little band on their now weary march.

Annie stood silently by the side of her brave hostess, but quite unconscious of such presence, for her eyes were fixed on the lessening plume which was tossed to and fro in the varying breezes.

"Annie Douglas," at length interrupted the Lady Moray, "dost thou see yonder cloud of dust,

which groweth even more dense with every passing moment? Thou dost!—then, maiden, I will tell thee we are not calling every hand to its post for mere pastime. That mist by every probability, circles foes!—thou startest!—Nay, thou hast but a weakly heart for the bride of a soldier."

Annie's eye sank beneath the keen glance of the Lady Moray; and she wondered, in her simplicity, how she could have learned aught that had passed between her and Ramsay; but, "Annie Douglas," she continued with a kindly smile, and parting the long golden ringlets from the downcast cheek, "dost thou think that Dalwolsy's eyes speak a language unintelligible to all, save thee? and that thy smile can be read alone by him? No, no; remember, for the future, that others than thyself have eyes. But go within, and throw thyself on a velvet couch, and dream again each look and word and sigh, while we deal with more substantial matter. Within with thee! within!"

Annie was not disinclined, after her fatigues, to profit by the request of her kind protectress, who now accompanied her to a chamber, where she ranged her maidens round her, and was soon again in the little chapel of Liddesdale, with Dalwolsy plighting his faith at her side.

Meantime Athole's Earl had not been idle. He had contrived to be an unobserved spectator of the meeting between Annie and Dalwolsy, whom he had recognized by his plumed bonnet and gay bearing, by merely riding round the hill's side, and coming again even within a few paces of where they stood. He watched Annie's blushes, listened to the words of kindness which fell from her lips, and the homage paid her by Dalwolsy. When they moved thence, he hastily drew from his saddle's bow a small bundle, which, it seemed, contained the dress of Liddesdale's vassals: this he quickly donned; and, taking a different route, arrived at the castle long before those who had loitered so willingly on the way. He then bent his steps to an outer wall, where it appeared he was expected; for a very pretty but simple-looking girl returned his salutation, adding, that he was a "tardy callant."

"Nay, Jeanie, then I must ask forgiveness. I have been spending my time on my master's business; but each moment was an hour ere I could reach thee;" and he passed his arm tenderly round her waist. "Thou needest not to hasten home, for thy mistress is beguiling her evening walk by listening to words which are honeyed to her ear as thine to mine. Thou wilt go hence many a weary mile to-morrow. Listen, Jeanie: my master loveth thy mistress even as I do thee; it needeth not better: but he is not happy as I am, Jeanie: thou knowest that she has scorned his suit, though he hath risked so much to come hither just to gaze on a bright eye. He hath braw lands, which she might call her ain, and siller sufficient to purchase half Scotland, and 'tis thy lord's pleasure that she should love him; but the Douglas has sent hither one to bear her to a far-awa castle for protection; and this one she will love, despite my lord and yours, if

some measure be not taken to make her Countess Athole quickly."

"Ay, interrupted the maiden; "but maybe my young leddy loes anither far, far better."

"A woman's suggestion—or, rather," said he, checking the impatient tone with which he began, "I own that thou showest a kindly heart. But I tell thee this is a mere momentary fancy, just to be perverse: this Dalwolsy will be off to the wars, and forget that ever he set foot on land of Liddesdale."

"But how to bring her to consent to such a measure?"

"Hast not thou some token which thou could'st give my master, and which might come from her father?—nay, there is nought in those words to make my Jeanie start. The lady Annie will soon acknowledge that we have planned her happiness."

"But I fear me"—

"What should'st thou fear," he interrupted, "when my arm encircles thee? Bethink thee of something which may serve for my master, and I must away quickly, though to meet thee again shortly, when I hope I may serve under our mutual lords."

The thoughts which crept over the maiden's heart at this suggestion completed all he had wished: she turned hastily to him, and replied, "There is her mother's portrait which my lord ever carries with him when he gangs far awa with the sodger lads; but he was roused so hastily this last call, that he left it in the closet: if thy lord take that, she will credit the token."

"'Tis well, dearest; haste thee, and bring it hither:" then, as she left his side, murmured, "A blessing on thee for a kind-hearted wench! Methinks I have the haughty Annie in my toils now. What a fool am I thus to intrigue for a wild though bateous flower, when a whole parterre of richer ones are spread for my choosing! But she hath scorned me: that is sufficient to decide her mine.—Ah! my pretty Jeanie!" as the girl approached with the portrait, "there is not another like thee in broad Scotland. For the present I must away, but in a few days we meet again; and, having placed it in his bosom, and pressed a kiss fraught with deceit on her lip, he remounted his horse and galloped off.

But Jeanie, the simple, kind-hearted Jeanie, stood gazing after him with all the yearning of woman's affection in her tearful eye and pallid cheek; and she placed every confidence in the completion of her lady's happiness, since it was an earl who was to wed her, and to bring so many, or at least one brave heart (so she fancied), to the standard of her lord.

But now to return to Annie Douglas, who, perfectly unconscious of all that had passed in that meeting, was fondly dreaming of other and more-valued presence, when she was aroused by the Lady Moray's hand placed lightly on her cheek. "I have dismissed thy maidens, love, for the Earl of Athole waits on thee. Ay; I was wrong in conjecturing that enemies approached. See, dear," as Strathbogie entered, "he wears

the dress which best becomes all who own hearts of steel. But I prevent his delivering thee a bidding from thy father."

"From my father!" repeated Annie. "Nay, my lady, I must have other proof of it than mere words."

Athole's tongue burned to tell her that she did not ever give her thoughts thus quickly to ascertain such truths; but he dared not give the thought utterance now. He drew forth the portrait, and placed it before the astonished but instantly convinced Annie. "Then I am to welcome a friend of Liddesdale's Lord, Sir Knight: believe me, as such thou art most welcome." These few words she uttered with the most complacent air, to atone for the suspicion her first had evinced.

"Such welcome from thy lips, lady," he returned sorrowfully, and with the utmost respect, "were enough to repay me, even though I had lost honour in the exchange, instead of gained it. But I will endeavour to remember the lesson so lately learned," and he bowed lowly to her. "But I bear thee a message and bidding—thou canst not dispute their truth. I am but sorry, An—lady, that my words require ought to certify them as such to thy ear." Then turning a flushed cheek to the surprized Lady Moray, "Hath our brave Dalwolsy left here?"

"Ay, Sir Athole. I would he had tarried to welcome thee to Scotland's glory," returned the animated Christina.

"'Twould have increased my present happiness, doubtless, lady," said the wily earl; "but since he hath left, the bidding I bore him rests with me. Young leddy, thou must hence to thy father; and I wish, since I hear it is thine, that one other had been here to be thy escort."

"Thou meanest our Ramsay, my lord. By my sword, Athole, thou hast a discerning eye. Ay, Annie, 'tis a deep-dyed blush thine." The Lady Moray spoke truly. Annie's cheek burned in its depth of crimson as she turned it from the jealous eye fixed on it; but which grew softened in smiles as he smothered the tumultuous throbbings of love and hatred in his bosom, and in a winning and respectful tone he asked when the Liddy Annie would be prepared to depart?

She gazed long and earnestly on the beautiful portrait before her, as if tracing in its placid smile an approval or disapproval of this sudden and (to her) inexplicable bidding; for she felt, though she knew not why, with such a token, a distrust for which she blamed herself, even while unable to repress the fast-falling tears.

"How's this, Annie Douglas?" demanded the Lady Moray; "dost thou hesitate to join thy father? Maybe, thou faint-hearted one, thou fearest the sound of clashing swords and the battle-call?"

"No, no, indeed no, lady. But 'tis rarely I gaze on these features without giving way to this weakness," said Annie: then, for the first time raising her eyes to Athole's, she continued, "My lord, I 'tend your pleasure."

"Then so soon as the sun's bright heralding crimson is in the east, we will away."

"And now to the banquet hall, Strathbogie," interrupted Lady Moray: "we will summon minstrelsy, and pass in friendly converse and mirthful laugh some of the few intervening hours."

And at the morning's dawn Annie and her maiden's were mounted ready for the journey, during which Athole preceded them by some paces, the little band of soldiers bringing up the rear. They were fast approaching the forest of Kilblene, where they were first to halt, and as yet the silence was unbroken. Annie was not a little surprized to see a regularly encamped army, though small in number; and her heart failed her as she noted that the officer who approached her wore the military dress of England, as indeed did all, saving the few accompanying Athole. She and her train were immediately conducted to a tent prepared for her reception; and to which Athole soon sent, requesting permission to speak in private with her. Her heart misgave her, when, bidding her favourite attendant alone remain with her, she awaited the entrance of Athole.

It was not long ere he stood by her side. The respect hitherto displayed in his every word and action seemed to have suddenly disappeared, and to have given way to a self-satisfied and almost exulting air, and the composure of his countenance to a supercilious smile. He, too, now wore the English dress.

"My Lord of Athole," said Annie, in answer to his request that they might be quite alone, "you can have nought to say which may not as well reach the ear of my confidential maiden as"—But she was interrupted by the girl shrinking on her knees before her, pale, and shutting her eyes as Athole's were bent on her, his lip vainly endeavouring to give his rage utterance, as he recognized Jeanie! "Lady, lady," she exclaimed in an agonized tone, "listen not to him!—bid him leave thee, and I will tell thee all!—how silly I have been, how base he!—all, all!"—and she sank fainting at her mistress's feet. "The wench is riven of her senses, young lady," said Athole bitterly, as Annie gazed on the lifeless girl with the utmost astonishment; then, as she summoned her other attendants, he bowed and left the tent.

She was now convinced that there was treachery in the proceedings; but hour after hour passed, and still Jeanie lay in the same unconscious state. Suddenly the battle-cry was raised, and Annie was despatching a messenger to learn the reason, when Athole, with a flushed cheek and hurried manner, rushed into her presence, "Annie Douglas!" he exclaimed, throwing his battle-cloak around her, "we are surrounded by enemies. I will not leave thee here to become the bride of the hated Ramsay. I belong not to thy boasted Scotland. And listen: if I live and conquer now, thou shalt away with me to England; if I die, thou diest too!"

But Annie heard not the threat, for she was lying, a death-like paleness on her lips and face, in his arms; and he was bearing her to his own steed. Then as he clasped her with one arm, the other outstretched sword in hand, he touched the rock which stood beside him, and swore to be victorious or die. His soldiers were dropping around him as each arrow whistled down from the eminence whereon the enemy stood, and upon which Athole had fixed a glassy stare, for he recognized, in the tartans and plumes waving to and fro in the breeze, Dalwolsy and Douglas of Liddesdale.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "have you learned that Athole bears the prize? Dearest," as he turned to the beautiful being he grasped in his hated embrace, and pressing her cold lips to his, "we part not." An arrow was shot from a bow which

was stretched over the precipice, and Athole fell: another followed it,—Annie was bleeding by his side. With the agony returned consciousness: and when she raised her eyes, Alexander Ramsay's arms were around her, while her father and maidens were weeping beside him: but Ramsay's eye was tearless, though his soul was bitterness itself. His bosom, which was heaving tumultuously, alone betrayed the inward workings of his spirit, as he gasped out, "Annie, my affianced bride, 'twas my hand laid that dastard low, and my hand—but, oh! how unwittingly!—stretched thee by his side. Stay, stay, dearest! one word—forgiveness!"

She raised her head for one moment, and pressed her lips on the icy hand supporting it; then, raising her eyes to her father, and smiling on him, she drooped in death.

LACE MAKING.

It has been supposed, by some authors, that the art of making and working in Lace is of great antiquity; but no positive mention of it is made in any of the Greek or Roman authors; and the rich borders of the ancient vestments, which have been considered, from the description given of them, as Lace, were, more probably, Embroidery of some curious and costly description. Lace was formerly made with the needle, in convents, and is still found attached to old furniture in some religious houses on the Continent. The honour of its invention has been confidently ascribed to Italy; but it appears tolerably clear, that the art of knitting Lace, which is much more modern than that of producing it with the needle, was first discovered in Saxony, about the year 1561, by a female of the name of Barbara Uttman. The art, by degrees, found its way to Brussels: and was thence introduced into France, in 1666. A lady, of the name of Du Mont, and her daughters, obtained an exclusive privilege for its manufacture; and it soon became so fashionable, that, in a short time, the establishment afforded employment to above two hundred females.

The laces now most in use are Brussels-point, Mechlin, Valenciennes, Lisle, Chantilly, and Blonde. Most of these are made on a pillow, or cushion, with bobbins, in the following manner:—a small table, or frame, has a square hole in its centre, in which revolves horizontally, a cylinder of wood, covered with several thicknesses of linen, and stuffed underneath with wool. On this pillow is fixed the pattern for working the intended lace: viz.—a piece of parchment, on which the flowers or sprigs are drawn in outline; and the apertures of the Lace are pricked in small holes. The pattern is so drawn, that, when passed round the pillow, and its ends joined, the design runs on in regular continuity. According to the pattern of the Lace, and the number of threads, a quantity of small bobbins is used, on which fine threads are wound; they have small handles, by which the threads are twisted, and otherwise interwoven

in the working. The thread is confined on each bobbin by a small collar, or clip of bone, having a slit down its side, so as to open a little, and, when pressed on, to retain the thread on the bobbin with a slight elastic pressure. It is not uncommon, in many parts of England, and on the continent, to see the female peasantry at the cottage-doors, engaged in making Lace. They, however, use only a simple cushion, placed on the lap. The apparatus we have described is an improvement on that mode of working. The ends of the whole of the threads requisite are fastened in a knot, at the commencement; and the Net, or Lace, is formed by crossing them over each other; twisting two or three together, and otherwise combining them, in too intricate a manner to admit of a proper explanation here. The meshes of the Net are formed by brass pins, which are placed in a row on the pillow, according to the holes in the parchment-pattern; the threads are then passed or entwined round them by throwing the bobbins from one side to the other, and twisting the threads so as to form the meshes; succeeding rows of pins are stuck on the cushion, close to the places where the threads have previously crossed each other; other meshes are formed around them; the first pins are removed and stuck in the pillow again, and the process continues. The pillow revolves on its centre as the work proceeds along the pattern, and the Lace, as it is finished, passes over the pillow into a drawer underneath. The flowers, or other ornamental subjects, in the Lace, are interwoven at the same time that the Lace is made, by a minute crossing of the fine threads of which the Net is composed, together with an intermixture of stronger threads, principally for outlines; the whole of the flowers, or subjects, are formed by placing the pins in their proper positions, as guides for the interweaving of the threads.

In some kinds of Lace, the more solid parts of leaves or flowers are formed by the introduction

of the finest cambric, interwoven with the Net, or inserted afterwards with the needle.

Brussels Point-Lace has always been deemed the most valuable, and is the only sort used in court-dresses, for gentlemen's frills and ruffles, and the principal one for the trimmings of ladies' dresses. The most beautiful and expensive veils are also of this manufacture. It may be distinguished by the appearance of some parts of its ornamental leaves, which resemble French cambric; and by a thick and bold prominent thread round their margin, which appears worked over in button-hole stitch with another very fine thread; it has also a peculiar yellow hue, which tint is studiously preserved by rinsing the Lace, after having been washed, in a weak solution of coffee.

Mechlin Lace ranks next in estimation for delicacy, firmness, and accuracy in the Net; and the flowers, which are woven in the working, have generally a thicker thread worked in at the same time, and forming their outline.

Valenciennes Lace is noted for its strength and durability. Its ornamental sprigs and flowers are woven like those before described; but they have not, usually, any outline of thicker thread.

The Lace of Lisle is strong and useful, but not very fine, and is held in less estimation than those previously mentioned.

By Chantilly, is generally understood a Lace formed of the finest black twisted silk. The veils of this kind are very much admired. The thicker parts of the flowers seem composed of several thicknesses of silk, having the appearance of being darned in afterwards. The lighter parts are formed in the making of the Lace.

Blonde Lace is of silk, both black and white, and has a more shining appearance than the Chantilly; arising from the texture of the silk, which is not so hardly twisted. It is usually employed for the trimmings of dresses. The flowers and leaves are in general distinguished by one of their sides being worked very thickly, and the other formed by open work.

There are many other kinds of Lace, named after various continental towns; but those we have described are in the highest reputation. We hardly know why the distinct qualities in the Laces we have enumerated, should appertain especially to the particular places whose names they bear; but it is well known, that the Laces bearing the names of certain places, have peculiar qualities and appearances, whether they are made at those towns or not.

There are various British imitations of the foreign Laces; among which the productions of Nottingham are the most distinguished. There is also a kind called Honiton Lace, in which the flowers, or sprigs, are made separately, and sewn on afterwards. The Honiton sprigs and trimmings may be purchased alone, for ladies to embroider on Net, and to their own taste.

Among the English Laces, Urling's Lace-Net has, latterly, obtained the greatest celebrity, for the beauty of its patterns, and its cheapness. It is made by means of machinery, and the Net is

cleared from all its loose fibrous parts by being passed over the flame of gas. It is applied to all the purposes of other Laces, as well as to veils and dresses. All the plain Net which is now to be had, for embroidering and other ornamental purposes, is of this kind.

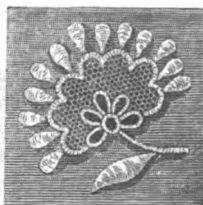
Lace-making, though formerly practised by ladies, having now become so important a branch of European manufacture as to furnish employment for many thousands of females, to give proper practical instructions would be useless; we have, therefore, only aimed at conveying such information as would afford our young friends a general idea of the process.

Quitting the historical for the practical part of our subject, we now proceed to notice modern Embroidery, and to describe, in succession, those branches of the art which we consider most worthy of attention.

The stalks, leading to leaves, or flowers, having been run round as directed, must next be sewn over tolerably thick. Where it appears desirable to thicken a stem, or any other part of the outline, a piece of the cotton should be laid along the running thread, and both be sewn over together. Leaves, or flowers, are worked in what is called satin-stitch (from the length of the stitches resembling the threads in satin): but great care should be taken that the stitches do not lie over each other, but are evenly ranged side by side. Flowers, or stars, worked in fine worsted, or crewel, of various colours, may be used, with very good effect, in satin-stitch. The work should be slightly pressed with the finger, now and then, to assist in keeping it in shape.

Round eyelet holes, or oval ones, in a circle, like a star, or the head of a flower, are sometimes introduced. These are first run round; then a very little bit of the muslin is cut out in the shape of the intended hole, but much smaller, and sewn

3



thickly round; the needle being run through the centre, and passed under the running thread (Fig. 3.) A leaf, or the head of a flower, is formed, occasionally, by placing a piece of thread-net on the muslin, then running it round in the pattern

required, and covering the running thread in button-hole stitch, or thick sewing: the outer part of the thread net is then cut off with fine-pointed scissors; and the muslin, under the net, cut out in the same way, when removed from the paper pattern.

The middle of a flower is sometimes ornamented by the introduction of very beautiful open work, in imitation of antique Lace; but the various kinds of stitch requisite, and the mode of using them, are so complex and intricate, that a practical description is scarcely possible; and nothing but personal instruction can properly convey a perfect knowledge of their application. We shall, however, endeavour to illustrate the subject, by an engraving of a fancy sprig of leaves

and flowers, in the style of rich Antique Lace Embroidery, and attempt to convey a general idea of a few of the stitches used; of which, sixteen distinct kinds are comprised in this pattern (Fig. 4.) Several portions of the leaves and flowers are shown on a larger scale, with references to the various stitches of which they are composed.

4



The stalk is composed of rows of eyelet holes, which are an agreeable variation from the usual mode of sewing stems. The running-thread, which first formed the outline, is withdrawn; and the slight marks left in the muslin, serve as a guide for further operations. Four threads of the muslin are taken on the needle, and sewn over three times; the needle being passed through the same places each time, and the four threads drawn tightly together. The next four threads, higher on the line, are then taken up and sewn over, as the last; thus, a series of bars is formed,—the thread passing, alternately, on the right side, and on the left, from one bar to another: care must be taken to keep it at the side, and not to let it run across the apertures. Having proceeded the intended length of the stalk, the sides of the holes must be sewn down; the needle being passed through each aperture three times, including, within the sewing, the alternate threads before mentioned as running between the bars.

The outline of the leaves, in feather-stitch

5



(Fig. 5), being run round, each separate leaf is done with fine glazed cotton, in an elongated button-hole stitch, from the centre vein to its outer edge, the stitch being gradually shortened towards the points; the threads of muslin will thus be divided in a line up the middle, which must be filled up in glover's-stitch;

this resembles the button-hole stitch, except that each stitch is taken a little higher up than the preceding one.

THE ORPHAN.

BY MRS. MARY E. BROOKS.

Thou art gathering gloom, thou lone one,
Amid our festal glee,
The joyous thrill of the heart's warm tone,
Aye has it passed away!
The eye that kindled in the bright
Young glow of thy sunny brow,
The kindly looks of answering light—
Where do they slumber now?

The spirit's burning kiss has been
Upon thy lip impressed,
As the darkness of each coming scene
Rose on thy mother's breast;
The tear drops on thy wretched brow
In the night's dim vigil fell,
As the worn bosom bled below
With a woe thou might'st not tell.

Well was the lonely watching
Beside thy couch of pain,
And the deep anguish gushing,
Till thou did'st smile again;
What marvel that thy dreams should come
Wrought with sad melody—
It is a voice, lone one, of home
That hovers yet by thee.

Lone one! tho' lips their idle breath
May wear beside the shrine,
The full warm rushing tide beneath
Say who will turn with thine?
None—none amid the joyous throng
Nor where the revels swell,
Their sunny numbers float along
O'er many a buried spell.

In solitude, for aye the tone
Of music must be poured,
Their mingling echoes are gone down
That might have crossed the chord;
A far dim spreading waste of years
Warmed by no kindred glow—
And the bitter gush of burning tears
From their hidden fount below.

THE SEA NYMPHS.

BY F. S. MULLER.

Come hither—come hither—fair stranger, come,
To this land of joy—to the sea-maid's home,
Where the lute's soft note, and the waves in song,
In music and murmur both float along.

Our bowers are deck'd with the sea-flower rare,
And the amber is shedding its perfume there;
And the blue lotos bends to the summer's waver,
When the bright sun sinks to his coral cave.

We roam o'er the tide in the moonlight hour,
When love's soft spell has the sweetest power,
And our harp's soft note o'er the shining sea
Is like an aerial melody!

When the angry storm lifts the billow's foam,
No sound is heard in our pearly home,
For our dwelling is far from the realms of air,
And pleasure flows on with the light waves there!

Then, stranger, haste, 'neath the blue waves roam,
Where gladness and joy have their smiling home;
Would'st thou be happy and blest as we,
Come dwell with us 'neath the silver sea.

From the British Magazine.

MY LAST NIGHT'S DREAM.

BY MISS JEWSBURY.

"Money brings honour, friends, conquest, and realms."
Paradise Regained.
 "The love of money is the root of all evil."—*St. Paul.*

I HAVE wealth, and I have learned to loathe life; I am young, and I have envied age and decrepitude; I have a wife and child, yet my eye and heart are evil towards them: think me neither fiend nor madman—I am only poor. To many that word conveys little notion of wretchedness and degradation. Sages and moralists oft times, in their speeches, associate poverty and cheerfulness; poverty and content; but sages and moralists lie. When I was rich (once I was so) I talked lightly too; I did not love money then, for I boasted and believed that I esteemed my fellows for their own sakes, and was by them esteemed for mine. I thought that happiness was independent of circumstances; that affection, refinement, and fame, depended solely on qualities, and were never affected by the accidents of condition: and herein I thought as a fool. There came a time when I was made to think differently; and it came suddenly. My wealth, that I deemed a rock, proved to be a mound of earth overhanging a precipice; it tottered, crumbled, fell. Since then the lust of gold has taken possession of my soul; for now I know its worth. I know now the power that will move the human spirit to deeds the vilest, and deeds in their effect the most splendid. I know now the principle that exerts over human destiny the influence that fable attributed to the planets. I perceive now the super-eminent worth of that which, when possessed, I considered merely useful. I perceive that, without it, every blessing is, in some sense cursed. That which you love must bow to labour; that which is lovely may be bought and sold for destruction; genius, that vanity terms the lord, necessity makes the hireling of Mammon; refinement is the child, not of drudgery, but of leisure; and the hunger after fame is turned, by poverty, into the hunger after bread. If you are old and rich you may wrap your palsied limbs in the furs of emperors; if learned and rich, purchase the libraries of nations; if a lover and rich, you may deck your mistress in the spoils of the east, and worship with more than words; if a friend, you may imitate the bounty of nature; if a philanthropist, the benignity of God. The poor and old; learned and poor; a lover and poor; a friend and philanthropist, yet poor!—turn aside and die; it is less painful than to live. Again: untempted affluence may enlarge on the dignity of our nature; it is only when living in the depths and drinking of the dregs of poverty, that we know the unimaginable evils bound up in the human heart;—the meanness, the grossness, the

pride, the hate, the envy, and the cruelty, that, like serpents in a nest, lie hushed and still when fed, but writhe, and sting, and hiss, when aroused by the fury of want! My Last Night's Dream! Had one told me, years ago, when presiding as master over an elegant, nay, a sumptuous mansion, a centre to devoted and gifted friends; playing the good Samaritan abroad, and the good centurion among my dependants at home; had one told me then, that avarice would ever so seize upon my vitals, that even in my sleep my dreams should be of sins committed for gold, of scenes that the love of lucre has desolated like a plague; that I,—in my prosperity, the gentle, the kind, the loving,—should be fitted, by my waking thoughts, to become an actor in those dreams! Why, what a whitened sepulchre is man! I dreamt, then, but it was not one continuous and unbroken vision, but a dream of episodes, connected only by the spirit that reigned throughout, and the person who appeared in every scene.

And at first I seemed removed to another world, far different and far distant from any country I had ever seen. Towns and villages there were; and glittering under a brighter sun, and skies more intensely beautiful, than ours; but they were not like the buildings of northern climes and matured civilization; they rather resembled the shining structures called up by an enchanter's wand, to be inhabited by a soft and indolent people, prone to simple pleasures, and acquainted only with inartificial pursuits. The character of the surrounding country was also different from any I had previously beheld. The earth teemed with vegetation, even to luxuriant wildness; fruits and flowers, the jewelry of nature, met the eye and solicited the hand in the most splendid varieties of form and colour; fragrance exhaled from magnificent and unknown trees; and birds, beautiful as winged blossoms, darted through the air or fluttered amongst the branches. The land had remained the paradise it was, but its mountains and rivers contained gold, and the Spaniards sought it. Then the native song was no longer heard at night-fall; the flowers that once enwreathed the cottages were trodden down; the maize grounds lay desolate; the once pleasant and prolonged repast was snatched in haste and silence; there was heard a sound of groans, execrations, and the clank of fetters, instead of melody and the voice of content; and the Indians were bowed down, body, soul, and spirit, to labour, and servitude, and sorrow. I saw one, a young Cacique, bolder in heart than his brethren;

he fled with the remnant of his tribe to a fastness among the mountains, and there, for some time, remained in safety, except for remembrance, happy. But one day the Spaniard stole upon him when he was separated from his people. Ancoana, for so he called his beautiful bride, was sleeping beside him; and he leaned over her, shading her slumbers from the noontide sun, with flowers and branches plucked from the forest trees. He had despoiled himself of all his ornaments since compelled to be a fugitive, yet, true to that impulse of the heart, which longs to adorn whatsoever it loves, Ancoana was still adorned as if his fortune was still at its height. But the Spaniard found them, one sleeping, and both secure. He was a Hidalgo who led the way; a man, when amongst his own countrymen, jealous of his honour and proud of his integrity; but the land of the Cacique yielded gold, "and the gold of that land was good." He stripped Ancoana of her ornaments; I saw his eye sparkle as he tore them rudely from her person; and when he found that the pearls which adorned her hair were strung upon the braids, he shred the long dark locks from her head; then, chaining husband and wife together, he drove them forwards to his encampment. And the form and the fashion of that man were like my own! I shivered in my sleep; but the vision, though it faded away, gave place to another.

I beheld now a city, strong and glorious, fortified with walls and bulwarks; on one side of them there flowed a river, and the whole was placed in a fair and fruitful plain. But the city was environed with a besieging army, the show of whose faces witnessed even more against them than all their artillery and weapons of war. The inhabitants had often been called upon to capitulate; but they were a city of merchants, and were loth, till it was too late, to buy their lives, and bribe off their enemies with their treasures. Their hopes were upheld, too, by a consciousness of the bravery of their garrison; and they bade the enemy as bold a defiance, two hours before the city was taken, as on the first morning of the siege. But there was treachery at the council board—treachery in one of the strong towers; and, on a sudden, at noon-day, there was heard a great and lamentable cry, the cry of a whole people stricken at once with despair; for the enemy had gained access, and were pouring through the gates with license to destroy to the uttermost. But in a short space after that first great cry, there was no firing heard, for the executions were all silent stabbing. Multitudes, indeed, fled through the squares and streets, but the soldiers followed, butchering without mercy, driving them on even beyond the city, to the river's edge, where the despairing wretches threw themselves into the water, and there, having none to help them, only escaped one death to fall into another. But on the opposite side the river was a fort held by a division of the besieging army, who, not being heated with slaughter, were willing to give, or, rather, sell quarter to such as could swim across the river. Nay, having the

command of a few small boats, the officers gave these soldiers permission to make what booty they could, by fetching off some of the wretched burghers who stood on the opposite banks in crowds, expecting every moment to be either drowned or murdered. And now I beheld the value of wealth. It was not the helplessness of age or infancy; not the influence of rank or wisdom; not the imploring words of beauty, that weighed with the soldiers in affording their help; but silver, and gold, and jewels! Every individual citizen loved, and would have saved his life—would have given for its purchase all that he possessed; but only the rich had possessions wherewith to offer a ransom, and so the poor perished. I saw a man whose mind was a treasure that could not be "gotten for gold;" he had enriched by his discoveries in science, not his own nation merely, but his species; yet was he "a poor wise man;" he had nothing to offer but his knowledge; so the soldiers carried off in his stead, a possessor of riches and ignorance. By nightfall, the plunder and slaughter within the city were complete; and then fire being set to the four quarters, all human sounds were hushed in the roar of the flames; the bodies of the slain were wrapped in a fiery winding-sheet, and the smoke of that city ascended up to heaven, a never dying memorial of the power of avarice. For I saw, standing afar off, in the camp of the enemy, the traitor, who, for a bribe, had delivered up his trust; for money had sold his brethren to slaughter, and himself to everlasting shame—and the form and the fashion of that man was like my own.

The scene of my dream again changed, but the spirit of it remained the same. I beheld another city, strong and bulwarked like the last; like that, too, beleaguered. But neither within nor without the walls was there heard the wild stir of warfare; for the besiegers were content to wait the slow but certain effects of a blockade, and the besieged were not called upon to fight but to endure. Famine was their guest, their commander, and their king. Death was in their streets and in their houses; but he slew his victims silently, and without bloodshed. The voice of complaint was not heard, for complaint required strength, and the strong were bowed to the feebleness of infancy. The prayer, the curse, and the command were alike whispered; for the strong pined away, stricken through with hunger. The daughters of delicacy became cruel as the ostriches of the wilderness; the tongue of the sucking child cleaved to the roof of its mouth for thirst; the young children asked bread, and no man broke unto them. Whatsoever could be taken within the lips as food, was sought for as hidden treasure. Reptiles were more than rubies, and the epicure gloated over viands that once his dogs would have abhorred. Life again was bought and sold—food of any kind could only be purchased by the rich—so the poor looked on and died. I witnessed a contest between two citizens for the possession of a small bird. One, a father, desired it for a dying child; the other,

that he might assuage for a little while the pangs of his own hunger. The former offered all he had, a hundred crowns; the latter doubled that sum, and the bird became his. I saw the father steal slowly away,—unaided, unpitied, uncomplaining; I saw the successful candidate depart also—his languid step quickened for a moment by the joy of possession, and his haggard features gleaming with transitory triumph. The day after, the city was relieved; and then I beheld him who had parted with his last morsel of food (yet he too, was a father, and he, too, was an hungered,) for money, that to him was more than wife or child—more even than his own existence—he lay stretched on the threshold of his own

door, exhausted beyond the power of restoration, though sustenance was now at hand; yet, even in the agonies of death, grasping close the price of the bird, the two hundred crowns—and the form and the fashion of that man was like my own.

I dreamt yet more; but the remaining portion of my vision was broken and confused, cut off from the main current,—wild, distorted, fitful. Nevertheless, in all, I beheld myself the chief actor in the scenes of strife and sorrow; still the slave of gold—still led on by the demon of avarice; yet, when I awoke and looked around me, I almost wished to sleep again and forget that I was POOR!

ORIGINAL OF JEANIE DEANS.

It is no longer doubted or denied, that Helen Walker, of the parish of Irongray, near to Dumfries, Scotland, was the prototype of the heroine who, under the fictitious name of *Jeanie Deans*, figures so conspicuously in "The Heart of Mid-Lothian." Her history, however humble, was in some respects eventful, and when stripped of all adventitious ornament, may be given very briefly, though few readers require to be informed that it has been expanded into an interesting and somewhat bulky novel, by the fertile genius of Sir Walter Scott. From whence her parents came is not known, but it is generally believed that they were what are called "incomers" into the parish of Irongray, and were in no way connected with the Walkers of Clouden, who have flourished time out of mind upon the fertile banks of the Cairn. Her father appears to have been a labouring man, and at his death his widow, who was then well stricken in years, became dependent for support on the industry of her daughters, Nelly and Tibby Walker. But this the former was far from viewing in the light of a hardship—she who was so rich in sisterly, could not be deficient in filial affection—and I have been informed by Elizabeth Grierson, house-keeper to Mr. Scott, a optician in Dumfries, who, when a "lassic," knew Helen well, that though sometimes constrained to dine on dry bread and water, rather than pinch her poor old mother, she consoled herself with the idea that a blessing flowed from her virtuous abstinence. The respectable female just named, who has herself past the boundary line of three score and ten, resided in her youth at a place called Dalwharin, in Irongray, where her father cultivated a small farm. Helen Walker at this time—that is, at least "sixty years since"—was much, as the phrase goes, about her father's house; nursed her mother during her confinement, and even acted as the leading gossip at all the christenings; was respected as a conscientious auxiliary in harvest, and uniformly invited to share the good things of rural life when the *mart* happened to be killed, or a *melder* of corn was brought from the mill.

Her conversational powers were of a high order, considering her humble situation in life; her language most correct, ornate, and pointed; her deportment sedate and dignified in the extreme.—Many of the neighbours regarded her as "a little *pensy* body,"—that is, conceited or proud; but at the same time, they bore willing testimony to her exemplary conduct, and unwearyed attendance on the duties of religion. Wet or dry, she appeared regularly at the parish church; and even when at home, delighted in searching the Scriptures daily. On a small round table, the "big ha Bible" usually lay open, and though "household affairs would often call her hence," it was observed by her visitors that when she lacked leisure to read continuously, she sometimes glanced at a single verse, and then appeared to ponder the subject deeply. A thunder-storm, which appals most females, had on her quite an opposite effect. While the elemental war continued, it was her custom to repair to the door of the cottage, the knitting gear in hand, and well-conned Bible before her; and when questioned on the subject by her wondering neighbours, she replied, that she was not afraid of thunder, and that the Almighty, if such were his divine pleasure, could smite in the city as well as in the field. When out door labour could not be procured, she supported herself by *footing* stockings—an operation which bears the same relation to the hosier's craft, that the cobbler's does to the shoemaker's. Helen, though a woman of small stature, had been rather well-favoured in her youth. On one occasion she told Elizabeth Grierson that she should not do as she had done, but "winnow the corn when the wind blew in the barn door." By this she meant that she should not hold her head too high, by rejecting the offer of a husband when it came in her way; and when joked on the subject of matrimony herself, she confessed, though reluctantly, that she once had a sweetheart—a youth she esteemed, and by whom she imagined she was respected in turn; that her lover, at a fair-time, overtook her on horseback and that when she asked him to take her up, answer-

ed gaily, "That I will, Helen, if ye can ride an inch behind the tail." The levity of this answer offended her greatly, and from that moment she cast the recreant from her heart, and never, as she confessed, loved again.

I regret that I am unable to fix the exact date of the principal incident in Helen Walker's life. I believe, however, that it occurred a few years previous to the more lenient law *anent* child murder, which passed in 1736. At this time her sister Tibby, who was considerably younger, and a comely girl, resided in the same cottage; and it is not improbable that their father, a worthy man, was also alive. Isabella was courted by a youth by the name of Waugh, who had the character of being rather wild, and fell a victim to his snares. The neighbours suspected that a child had been born, and repeatedly urged her to confess her fault; but she was deaf to their entreaties, and denied all knowledge of a dead infant, which was found shortly after in the Cairn, or Clouden. The circumstance was soon bruited abroad, and the suspected person, and *corpus delicti*, were carried before the authorities for examination. The unnatural mother was committed to prison, and confined in what was called "the thief's hole," in the old jail of Dumfries—a grated room on the ground floor, whither her seducer sometimes repaired and conversed with her through the grating. When the day of trial arrived, Helen was told that "a single word of her mouth would save her sister, and that she would have time to repent afterwards;" but, trying as was the ordeal, harassing the alternative, nothing could shake her noble fortitude, her enduring and virtuous resolution. Sleep for flights fled from her pillow; most fervently she prayed for help in the time of need; often she wept till the tears refused to flow, and her heart seemed too large for her body; but, still, no arguments however subtle—no entreaties,—however agonizing—could induce her to offend her Maker by swerving from the truth.

Her sister was tried, condemned, and sentenced to be executed at the termination of the usual period of six weeks. The result is well known, and is truly, as well as powerfully set forth in the novel. Immediately after the conviction, Helen Walker borrowed a sum of money, procured one or more letters of recommendation, and, without any other guide than the public road, began to wend her way to the city of London—a journey which was then considered more formidable than a voyage to America is in our day. Over her best attire she threw a plaid and hood, walked barefooted the whole way, and completed the distance in fourteen days. Though her feet were "sorely blistered," her whole frame exhausted, and her spirits sadly jaded, she found it impossible to rest until she had inquired her way to the residence of John, Duke of Argyle. As she arrived at the door, his Grace was just about to step into his carriage, and as the moment was too critical to be lost, the heroic pilgrim presented her petition, fell upon her knees, and urged its prayer with a degree of earnestness and natu-

ral eloquence that more than realized the well known saying of "snatching a grace beyond the reach of art." Here again the result is well known; a pardon was procured and dispatched to Scotland, and the pilgrim, after her purse had been replenished, returned home, gladdened and supported by the consoling thought, that she had done her duty without violating her conscience. Touching this great chapter in her history, she was remarkably shy and reserved; but there is one person still alive who heard her say, that it was through "the Almighty's strength" that she was enabled to meet the Duke at the most critical moment—a moment which, if lost, never might have been recalled in time to save her sister's life.

Tibby Walker, from the stain cast on her good name, retired to England, and afterwards became united to the man that had wronged her, and with whom, it is believed, she lived happily for the greater part of half a century. Her sister resumed her quiet rural employments, and after a life of unsullied integrity, died in November or December 1791, at the age of nearly four score. My respectable friend, Mr. Walker, found her residing as a cotter on the farm of Clouden, when he entered to it upwards of forty years ago, was exceeding kind to her when she became frail, and even laid her head in the grave. Up to the period of her last illness, she corresponded regularly with her sister, and received every year from her a cheese and "pepper-cake," portions of which she took great pleasure in presenting to her friends and neighbours. The exact spot in which she was interred was lately pointed out in Irongray church yard—a romanic cemetery on the banks of the Cairn—and though, as a country woman said, there was nothing to distinguish it "but a stane taken aff the dyke," the public will be well pleased to hear that Sir Walter Scott intends to erect a suitable monument to her memory. Though subscriptions were tendered, he politely declined all aid, and has already, I believe, employed Mr. Burn, architect, to design a monument, which, in connexion with the novel, will transmit her fame to a distant posterity, and in all probability render the spot so classical, that it will be visited by thousands and thousands in after generations.

DEATH AND THE WORLD.

BY MISS JEWESBURY.

I CALL the World a gay, good world,
Of its smiles and bounties free;
But Death, alas! is the king of this world,
And it holds a grave for me.

The World hath gold—it is bright and red;
It hath love, and the love is sweet;
And praise, like the song of a lovely lute;—
But all those with Death must meet.

Death will rust the gold, and the fervid love
He will bury beneath dark mould;
And the praise he will put in an epitaph,
Written on marble cold!

GLOVES.

I ENVY the man who invented gloves, but I have no such feeling towards him who invented shoes. A glove is an object of luxury, elegance, and refinement; a shoe is merely a concealment, a defence, an absolute necessary of life; and I never could sympathise with those who are reduced to the ebb of inventing mere necessities. In ancient writ, however, much confusion exists between shoes and gloves; for the expressions, "a shoe for the hand or foot," or "a glove for the foot or hand," were convertible phrases. David says, "I will cast my shoe over Edom;" and in the book of Ruth we are told, that men took off their shoes and exchanged them as pledges of faith, and as a testimony in contracts. The Chaldee Paraphrast translates the word into glove, instead of shoe; and the Talmud explains the word as "the clothing of the hand." From this explanation the learned Casauban draws the acute inference, that the Chaldees wore gloves. And who can doubt him? Even the Patriarchs wore gloves; for Isaac knew his son Esau by touching his hand and finding it hairy, or, in other terms, Esau wore the skins of beasts for gloves. "Rebekah put the skins of the kids of the goats on the hands of Jacob." Xenophon reproaches the Persians for their effeminacy in wearing thick gloves to keep their fingers from the cold; but, considering the climate of Persia, we must say of Xenophon, that he was not happy in tracing causes and effects.

Cowper says,

"I would not number on my list of friends
The man who sets his foot upon a worm."

Nor would I, if he did not wear shoes. The first open declaration of war between man and the reptile insect races, was the wearing of shoes. Sterne tells us, that his Maria travelled over all the flinty roads of Southern France and Italy without shoes or stockings; but I never liked her the better for it. The *Spectator* tells us, that the young ladies of fashion in that day always retained in their service a set of insignificant *beaux*, whom they called "shoeing horns," and who, we suppose, must have known the length of their feet.

But a truce to digressions—a *nos moutons*—Gloves.

The earliest mention of gloves is by Homer, who tells us, that Laertes wore gloves, that his implements of husbandry might not blister his hands. The most appalling description of gloves is in Virgil, where he describes the boldest hearts quailing at the mere sight of the gloves of Eryx, composed of seven folds of the thickest bull's hides, sewed and stiffened with knots of lead and iron:—

"Obstupuere animi: tantorum ingentia septem,
Terga boum plumbo inserto ferroque rigebant."
ÆN. 5. 404.

Nothing can be more distinct than "putting on the gloves," in the ring of modern pugilists,

and putting on such gloves as these. We have seen the mailed gloves of chivalry, "where great iron pikes protect the knuckles," and who has not seen at the Ashmolean Museum, the famed glove or gauntlet of Guy of Warwick, with its welted scales and studs of metal, trespassing from the legitimate region of the glove to the very elbow. No wonder this glove, when thrown into the ring, was so seldom taken up, for the very idea of lifting such a glove, without a portable steam-engine, would frighten any Knight in these degenerate days, not excepting those of city creation!

But the gloves of Eryx, of Guy of Warwick, and of all Homer's and Virgil's heroes, and of King Arthur's to boot, sink into absolute insignificance compared to the monstrous glove of Charles V., who, being born at Ghent, (Gand,) declared, in contempt of Paris, that he could put the whole city in his glove (Gand.) In contrast to the hands that could wear such terrific coverings, let us take Cleaveland's idea of a lady's palm made delicate by wearing gloves:

So soft, 'tis air but once removed;
Tender, as 'twere a jelly glove.

Athenaens describes a great *gastronome* of his day, who dishonestly came, to feasts with gloves on, that he might eat his food hotter, and take up more at once than any other guest. If a dish were too hot for the naked fingers, this gourmand would have his Benjamin's portion before any body else dared to touch it; after which he would *coolly* say, "now, gentlemen, let's start fair."—This reminds us of the late Emperor of Morocco, who, when he did not indulge in the expense of gloves in eating his pillaw and other nondescript messes, kept a negro boy with a fine head of hair at his elbow, in whose locks he was constantly wiping his fingers. Varro maintains that olives gathered with the naked hands were more delicate than those gathered with gloves; but this, we suppose, depended on the relative cleanliness of the hands and gloves. Pliny speaks of his father's secretary writing in gloves, to keep his hands from the cold, at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, although the lava, cinders and smoke were annoying all around him, and killing his master.

Reverting to Esau, we are reminded of Musonius, who in the first century complains bitterly of the most unchristian degeneracy of persons, not invalids, wearing gloves, "clothing their hands and feet with soft *hairy* coverings." Seven centuries after this, the church anathematised glove-wearers, and the council of Aix, in the reign of Louis Le Debonaire, prohibited, by an edict, the monks wearing any gloves but of sheep-skin.—But all the powers of the Councils, Popes, and Cardinals, could not accomplish this object, and glove-wearing by the monks and other ecclesiastics, is a subject of frequent complaint by ascetics. The Council of Poitiers confined the use of "sandals, rings, and gloves, to bishops;" and

we find that the Abbots took the latter order in high dudgeon.

In different parts of Europe, when the "wisdom of our ancestors" flourished, the transfer of lands, of feudal rights, of the sees of Bishops, &c., was by giving a glove, and the form of privation was by taking the gloves off. The Earl of Carlisle, in the reign of Edward II., was deprived, inter alia, of his gloves, for corresponding with the Scots.

At the coronation of the Kings of France, the ceremony of blessing the glove is still continued, as is that of the champion throwing the glove in the ring at the Coronation of England. It is well known, that at the Coronation of George II., this was not treated altogether as a mere ceremony, for an unknown gentleman took up the glove, as the champion of the Pretender, accepting thereby the challenge of the champion in defence of the right of the House of Hanover to the throne.

Our judges used to be prohibited wearing gloves on the Bench; and it was only in case of a maiden assize that the sheriffs were allowed to present a judge with a pair of gloves. Witnesses at present must not touch the book with a glove on, although some books presented to them are sufficiently soiled to need such a protection.

It was an old English gambol to win a pair of gloves by kissing a lady who was caught asleep, or sitting on the table in company; and it was an ancient custom in France and Germany, to forfeit the gloves if a person entered the stables of a prince or peer without previously pulling them off. These gloves were to be redeemed by a fee to the grooms. In the reign of our Henry II., Simon de Mertin gave a grant of his lands for fifteen shillings, one pair of white gloves at Easter, and one pound of cinnamon—an odd association.

We are told that Anne Boleyn was "marvellously dayntie" about her gloves. She had a nail which turned up at the side, and it was the delight of Queen Catherine to make her play at cards, without her gloves, in order that the deformity might disgust the king—the result of the experiment is too well known. There was, on one occasion, much talk at court about a pair of splendid gloves given to Mary, Henry's sister, by Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, that superb champion of England and successful knight against all combatants, English and foreign, who dared to take up his gauntlet.

Queen Elizabeth, mercenary in other respects, was extravagant, fastidious, and capricious in the extreme about her gloves. She used to display them to advantage in playing the Virginelle, though she put them off when she wished to display her art to excess, as was the case when she took care that the Scotch Ambassador should overhear her, and whom she afterwards asked, if his mistress, Mary Stuart, could play or sing as well.

In 1759, Lord Arran's goods were sold in London, by auction, and Sir Thomas Denny, of Ireland, the lineal descendant of Sir Anthony Den-

ny, the executor of Henry VIII., made the following purchases, at the prices opposite:—

	£	s.	d.
A pair of gloves given by Henry VIII. to Sir Anthony Denny,.....	38	17	9
A pair given by James I. to Edward Denny,....	22	4	0
A pair of mittens given by Elizabeth to Sir Edward Denny's Lady,.....	25	4	0

After these mighty relics of the mighty dead, we can scarcely condescend to notice the kids of our modern dandies.

Let us observe, that Napoleon took all decent occasions to be without his gloves. He had in the palm of his hand that complaint which infested poor Abelard, and which Voltaire said our Shakspeare attributed to Cassius. Napoleon's, however, was not the *cacoethes auri*, the itch of gold; for, by his own account, it was caught of a gunner, whose ramrod he snatched up as the man was torn to pieces by a cannon-ball at his side. A punster might say, "palmam qui meruit ferat," let us merely observe, that whatever was the matter with the palm of Napoleon's hands, the outer side was exceedingly white, compact, and well formed, and he was fond of pulling off and leaving off his gloves, that people might witness "this good point" about him. He was not in the habit of boasting colloquially, but he used very often to say, that he had "an aristocratic hand."

Immediately prior to that great revolution which overturned thrones, kingdoms, dynasties, and all distinctions of dress, gloves worn by gentlemen were spangled and very richly worked. But with the throne fell laced cloths, bag-wigs, hair-powder, ruffles, swords and embroidered gloves; nay, the little muffs worn by all Frenchmen in the streets disappeared with the monarchy.

When the volunteer mania pervaded Ireland, and the whole country had an enthusiasm of nationality—amidst the absolute *furor patriæ* that pervaded all classes, the spirited little bishop of Derry, (Lord Bristol,) obtained as much celebrity for his embroidered white gloves with their gold fringe, long gold laces and tassels, as he did, among the ladies, by his six plump little ponies, or, among the gentlemen, by his radical, *bonnet rouge* politics. When will such eras be seen again?

We must conclude this essay, with an anecdote which brings the history of gloves down to our day. When the present B—l H—s was in the glory of his dandyism, he had a room in his own domicile entirely devoted to gloves, where a table was always laid out with "all the delicacies of the season," in the way of gloves, and where his friends were at liberty to help themselves.—He himself never used to put on a pair of gloves twice.

It was a remark of Lord Chatham's and equally so of Mr. Burke's, that the occasional use of low words does not detract from the dignity of true eloquence. Mr. Canning and some of his successors have, however, ventured to differ from these two great men.

THE ILL-USED ALPHABET.

They imitated nature so abominably.—*Shakspeare.*

Strange it is that habit, which is almost second nature, should play such pranks with the parts of speech of the vulgar and unlearned, as to render their expressions ludicrous, and their language unintelligible; but what is more strange, this disfiguring and ill-treating our mother tongue proceeds from a depravity of being, always more prone to evil than to good; to false pronunciation than to true, and from a kind of low affectation of miscalling things, and of nicknaming the creation. If the untaught, illiterate part of the community found a difficulty in accenting and understanding words of length and uneasy pronunciation, and more particularly expressions derived from any of the dead languages, or those of the continent, they would merit pity, and it would be unjust to expect from them what they had no means or opportunity of acquiring. If certain letters, such as the *th* to foreigners, and to our neighbour Pat over the water, were so hard to be pronounced, that the speaker found it necessary to omit, or substitute a letter, as in the case of Paddy's *throat*, which he calls his *troat*, or the Frenchman's dining *wiz* you, or *wit* you, instead of *with* you—the thing might be accounted for; but when the speaker adds, instead of retrenching letters, or syllables, or alternates a false pronunciation, the habit is both disgusting and abominable. Of the first genus, *sui generis*, of the *voinish* multitude, are *fistes*, or *fistises*, for fists; *postes*, or *posteses*, for posts; cutting one's finger with a knife *like* (the knife being the actual instrument which performed the incision,) and similar absurdities; of the second kind is the substituting the V for the W, and improperly alternating it and the *th*, whereby it is evident that the speaker can pronounce those letters, but that he or she perversely persists in misplacing them, by turning *vulgar* into *wulgar*, this being the acme of vulgarity, and the *wheel* into the *veal*, of which Mrs. Higginbottom would tell her *spouse* to take care thus—"Muster (here the *i* is disfigured,) Muster *Haitch*, (*H*) have a care of the *veal* of the *shuy*," and in the instance of Pat asking his landlady not to *trust*, but to *thrust* him a noggin of whiskey; these, I repeat it, are wilful errors, and therefore disgusting and unpardonable. The better to give a full idea of this common practice, I shall particularize some of the most unfortunate ill-treated letters in the alphabet.—The vowels, *i*, *o*, *u*, are very unfortunate, and *y* (why) we cannot tell, at *play* they are losing concerns, in the conversation of the wilfully vulgar and perverse; they are sadly played upon both in word and in deed, very sadly indeed! *I* becomes *high*, although *low* at the same time—*O* is turned into a *Ho*—*U* is metamorphosed in sound, making sometimes a *Oo*, and this, too, by people who ought to know better, who do know better, but from evil habit and affectation, persevere in error.

Not less ridiculous is the Scot, who makes his *duck* a *duke*, and his *fowl* a *fool*, than the Englishman, who makes his *duke* a *dook*, Tuesday, *Toosday*, and wears a *noo soot a'terwards*. The most unfortunate consonants are the H, the R, and the S, the former by being lugged in where it ought not to be, and expelled where it has a natural right to be. H is not allowed a horse to ride on, because the poor horse is nicknamed an *oss*; but the same letter is put upon a *hass*, (an ass) where it was never designed to be mounted; the word hand is maimed so as to be made *and*, and an *unter* goes off in prime style the other side of Temple Bar, and in the *willages* 'tother *hend* of *Vitechapel*; nor is the letter R better treated by being tacked to the tails of Misses *Mariar*, *Sophiar*, *Georginar*, and *Jemimar*, and by following *par*, (*pa*, the abbreviation of *papa*.) below *par* and *mar*, who mars the whole grammar and dictionary. Still more degraded, this innocent consonant is made like a bum bailiff, a follower of the law, and we hear decent people so forget themselves, and what is due to society, as to go to *lauer* for no just cause, and pass by an old acquaintance because they never *saw* him. This is as bad a species of *cutting* as *aring* a friend how he does, a very barbarous way of *executing* a *hackt* of common civility. S is maltreated by being associated with a strange companion, as in the instance *his* being converted into *him*, *hers* into *hern*, &c.; nor is even crooked K left alone, for it is very often made a substitute for the gentler C in a *pekoooliar* manner; and in that nasty negative, *I kaant*, or the more horrible sound of being *kotcht*, (for caught,) the least *taking* expression that ever escaped the lips of a human *cretur*.—The two most laughable instances of the improper introduction of the R, and the misplacing of the V and W, occurred to me in hearing a poet recite his own verses, and *ron* of the gentlefolks *within* the sound of Bow bell favour the company on board a Margate *steamer* with two songs.—The poet began his poem thus:—"I *saw* my lovely Lydiar smile." How we are giving to *err* in point of *lauer* as well as gospel! Miss Blinkinsop treated us on the *woyage* *vith* "O! listen, listen, to the *voice* of love!" which was certainly enough to put the voice of love out of fashion, and to strike a lover dumb; and after *varbling* that *ere* song, she *hummed* this *here*—"Come *vistle*, and I'll come to you, my lad." It is to be hoped that no lad will *follow* so bad an example, which is nearly as repulsive as a Cockney *Wenus*, which well might *wean* us from the whole race of murderers of words. Of the expletives here and there much might be said; but I fear that I have already too far abused my reader's indulgence. Ridicule, we are told, is a powerful arm, and operates more successfully than instruction or advice; and it is in the hope that these few lines

may meet the *heyers* of some of the wilful transgressors in grammar and language, that I have penned these frequent aberrations from plain English. It would be better for the minor orders of society to learn their own vulgar tongue correctly, than to interlard bad English with barbarous French; or to fly to difficult and erudite expressions, whilst the most ordinary articles of speech, are distorted and metamorphosed into nonsense by them. I do not *coïcide* (coincide) with *Musus Muggins* in thinking that an *ard word* shows the lady; the plainer the expression, the simpler the phrase, the more generally will it be understood, and the less likely will it be to be challenged by a captious critic, or literary malcontent. These sins of omission and commission in our language would be easily avoided by a little more thought, and a little less affectation; for many who express themselves with vulgarity, spell and write decently and correctly; to them in particular these lines are dedicated, but if they can raise a smile in my more learned perusers, they will highly remunerate their admirer and friend,

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

From the Journal of Health.

WASHING THE HAIR.

THE beauty and permanency of the hair are best promoted by the strictest cleanliness. To prevent, therefore, its becoming greasy and dirty, it ought to be washed daily with warm, but not too warm, soft water—to which, occasionally, a portion of soap will be a very proper addition; or, if the hair be loaded with a considerable amount of grease, it may be cleansed by means of a brush moistened with spirits of hartshorn, or rather with hartshorn to which equal parts or two-thirds of soft water have been added. This will at once combine with the oily matters existing in the hair, forming a kind of soap, and will remove them more completely than can be effected by water alone.

Some writers strongly disapprove of even wetting the hair—and muster up, we know not how many evil consequences as likely to follow the practice. This, however, is a ridiculous prejudice—no possible injury, but on the contrary much good, will result from frequent ablation of the head. It is even a mistaken idea into which many have fallen, that there is a danger of catching cold from this practice, unless the greatest care be observed to prevent exposure, subsequently, to the open air. No such fear need be entertained—especially when the practice of washing the hair has been commenced and constantly observed, from early life.

M. Arago, in his late voyage round the world, remarks that the South Sea Islanders, who have fine long hair, with a beautiful silky gloss, promote its beauty by frequently washing it. We may add also, in favour of the practice, the testimony of the very sensible author of the *Hygiene des Dames*, who recommends it, every time that a bath is taken. "Many ladies," says this writer,

"will, perhaps, make the length of their hair an objection. I answer, that as the most beautiful hair is the most difficult to keep clean, it is precisely this sort which requires to be washed often and carefully; and the bath is undoubtedly the most convenient means of doing this. Besides, the finest gloss is imparted by the water, provided the hair be quickly dried, and immediately combed and brushed.

"As to the inconveniences which might be supposed to result from leaving the head to dry—it is far from improbable that the frequent headache complained of by females, may be traced rather to a deficiency of moisture in the hair, by which the comb or brush is prevented from fully detaching the scales that form upon the scalp, and clog up the pores destined to the passage of the perspiration."

GOLDBEATERS, by hammering, can reduce gold to leaves so thin, that 282,000 must be laid upon each other to produce an inch; yet those leaves are perfect, or without holes, so that one of them laid upon any surface, as for gilding, gives the appearance of solid gold. They are so thin, that if formed into a book, 1500 would only occupy the space of a single leaf of common paper; and an octavo volume, of an inch thick, would have as many pages as the books of a well-stocked library of 1500 volumes, with 400 pages in each.

From the British Magazine.

MUTATIONS OF THE WORLD.

"As a vesture Thou shalt change them, and they shall be changed; but Thou art the same, and thy years shall not fail."

A vessel was passing the calm summer sea,
And its streamers were floating and fann'd by the breeze;
While the radiance above, the bright waters beneath,
Smiled a promise of joy, and of safety from death;
And it seemed, as it sailed along gallant and free,
A bright spot on the waves of eternity's sea:
Where now is that vessel gone?—sunk in the wave,
And the billows roll over its crew in their grave.

A city once stood in its power and its prime,
Which mocked all the rude devastations of time,
While its pinnacles high, and its banners unfurl'd,
Seemed to threaten with slavery half of the world:
Where now is its glory?—'tis crush'd to the ground,
And its mouldering ruins lie fading around;
While the breeze, as it sighs through the moss on the walls,
Where the shout of the free often pealed through the halls,
Speaks a tale to the soul of long ages gone by,
And a voice whispers thence, "every creature must die."

I thought on the heart once so light and so gay,
With smiles like the beams of a bright summer's day,
Each year as it came brought more bliss than the last,
And the hopes of the future were bright as the past;
Those years of the future are still flowing on,
But where is that cheerful heart?—broken and gone!
Those hopes once so brilliant are hushed in the grave,
Disappointments' chill blight all the fruit that they gave.

I looked on the starry sky, boundless and free,
And it seemed in its vastness an emblem of THEE;
Though clouds may sweep o'er it and tempests may low'r,
They but sully its brightness and calm for an hour;
While all earthly things vanish, their pride and their fame,
Still Thou art immutable, ever the same!

"IL PIRATA."

This drama is an adaption from the Rev. Mr. Maturin's tragedy of "Bertram." The libretto is not without merit as a political composition.— It terminates rather unsatisfactorily; but, upon the whole, the adaption has been made with considerable dramatic tact and judgment.

The plot is founded upon an incident which is supposed to have taken place during the contest between Charles of Anjou, and Manfred, the natural son of the Emperor Frederic II., for the crown of the two Sicilies. Ernest, Duke of Caldora, (Signor Santini,) one of the most powerful nobles of Sicily, having fallen deeply in love with Imogene, (Madame Lalande,) whose aged father had followed the standard of Manfred, joins the forces of Charles, in the hopes of obtaining the hand of Imogene, by humbling a favoured rival, Gualtiero, (Signor Donzelli,) another adherent of the Emperor's party. Charles of Anjou, however, eventually triumphs, and possesses himself of Sicily, and Gualtiero becomes a wandering outlaw.

Gualtiero having in vain sought aid at the court of Arragon, turns pirate, and, during a space of ten years, carries on a desultory warfare against the party of Anjou. But his hopes of retrieving his fortunes, and of repossessing himself of Imogene, are equally frustrated; for the Duke of Caldora, having made her father prisoner, compels the daughter to consent to a union, with him, as the price of her parent's life.

In the meanwhile, Charles of Anjou determined to crush the pirates, has armed a powerful fleet, the command of which he confides to the Duke of Caldora. The two squadrons meet, and Gualtiero is defeated, and obliged to fly with a single vessel. He is shipwrecked by a storm on the coast of Sicily, not far from the castle of Caldora, in which the unhappy Imogene resides.

At this point the action of the drama commences. Gualtiero and his little crew are saved by some fishermen from a watery grave. He no sooner sets foot on shore, than Goffredo, (Signor Di'Angeli,) a hermit, who had formerly been his tutor, recognizes him, and informs him of the peril of his situation under the walls of his enemy's castle; without, however, satisfying his inquiries respecting the fate of Imogene. The latter, in the meanwhile, from motives of humanity, has hastened to the spot, to relieve the suffering strangers. Here an interesting scene takes place; Gualtiero recognizes his first love, and is struck with horror on hearing, from her own lips, that she is the wife of his most bitter enemy. Imogene endeavours to exculpate herself, and prevails on Gualtiero to avoid, for the present, the danger to be apprehended from discovery.

The Duke of Caldora, accompanied by his knights and warriors, now appears on the stage for the first time, and inquires into the circumstances of the shipwreck. Itulbo, (Signor Deville,) the companion of Gualtiero, in order to conceal the real state of the case, gives himself

out as the captain of the shipwrecked crew of a Genoese privateer. The Duke, not without some suspicion as to the truth of this story, declares them prisoners of war; but at the intercession of Imogene, consents to their being allowed to depart at break of day. This scene forms the finale of the first act, in which the poet has succeeded in producing considerable interest from the varied emotions of the several parties concerned. The second act presents few additional features; Itulbo in vain endeavours to press Gualtiero's speedy departure; the latter appears not only determined to obtain another interview with Imogene, but having in the meantime been joined by two vessels of his discomfited fleet, seems to meditate upon defiance to his enemy. The interview with Imogene takes place, she in vain urges him to fly; but in the midst of this tender scene, the Duke of Caldora surprizes the lovers. Gualtiero now boldly discovers himself, and challenges the Duke to mortal combat; they retire, and Imogene, overcome by her feelings, sinks into the arms of her attendants.

The very next scene already exhibits the funeral obsequies of the Duke, who has fallen under the sword of his rival. Gualtiero appears in the midst of the knights who have denounced vengeance against the destroyer of their lord, and voluntarily surrenders himself. A council of knights is forthwith assembled for his trial; and whilst Imogene, in a state of delirium, gives utterance to the most wild and frenzied emotions, the sentence of condemnation pronounced by the council is proclaimed, and Imogene, in a bravura, accompanied by the chorus of her damsels, bewails her wretched destinies, whilst Gualtiero is seen led to execution across a bridge in the back of the scene.

On endeavouring to recall to our mind some general characteristic feature of the music of this opera, from an attentive observation of its progress, we feel more embarrassed than in any former attempt made under similar circumstances. The overture certainly has left no favourable impression; and with regard to the remainder of the music, we find ourselves in a labyrinth of indistinct recollections of scarcely a decisive character. Considering the youth of the author, the production is unquestionably meritorious, and highly promising as to the future; but there are few traces of originality. Not only the style and manner of Rossini are more or less perceptible throughout the work, but a variety of the ideas themselves appeared to us to be founded on Rossinian models, colored with accessory deviations which in some degree tend to disguise the prototypes. Morlacchi's "Tebaldo e Isolina" seems also to have furnished reminiscences.

Throughout the whole score, as in "Tebaldo e Isolina," the author's predilection for minor keys is as remarkable, as it proves, in our opinion, disadvantageous. The import of the poetry, we allow, is serious, and often mournful. But it is an

error to suppose that such feelings necessarily require the sombre colouring of the minor mood. Mozart and Rossini employ it but sparingly. Its prevalence creates anger and monotony, a term literally applicable; and however singular it may appear, the minor mood, imperfect as it is in some respects, and founded on a scale of imitation from the major, admits of less novelty of melodic invention. When we hear a *motivo* in a minor key, it almost always seems to us as if we had heard something like it before.

The chorusses, of which there are a considerable number, appeared to produce little effect. They seemed to us to want simplicity, breadth, and clearness. Their *tempi*, according to the fashion of the modern school, were generally of too active and hurried a description; not as regards execution, but no doubt so-intended by the composer. In the recitatives we observed nothing remarkable.

Although some few songs met with deserved applause, not one piece in the whole opera was called for a second time. Among those which seemed to excite a more marked attention, may be numbered: Donzelli's difficult air at the conclusion of the first scene, "Per te di vane lagrime," in which some originality prevails—the duet between that gentleman and Madame Lalande in the second scene, especially the passage at "No maledirmi almeno," a production of skilful workmanship—and, above all, a simple melodious cavatina of Donzelli in the third scene of the second act, "Ma non sia sempre odiata la mia memoria," one of the best pieces in the whole opera, well kept up and developed; though it also savours strongly of Rossini.

And now of Madame Meric Lalande! with regard to whose debut we feel as much embarrassment and diffidence as we experienced in speaking of the opera itself; considering the high terms of praise in which the theatrical critics for many years past have expressed themselves on the subject of this lady's talents, who has filled the station of prima donna at San Carlo, La Scala, and at several first-rate theatres on the Continent.

Madame Lalande, though likely to be for years to come an interesting artist, has unquestionably passed the culminating point of personal and vocal attraction. Her age does not seem to be less than forty; her features are not strongly marked; they have not the genial stamp of Southern origin, but they are regular and pleasing, and her exterior is altogether well-proportioned and lady-like. Madame Lalande's voice is a genuine soprano, of two full octaves up to C. The lower notes are sweet-toned and pleasing, and the upper scale is sufficiently powerful; but it is tremulous, quite similar to that of Madame Bonini, who sang a few seasons ago in the "Crociano;" and of a thin, wiry shrillness when forced to the higher notes. The intonation is unsteady, and was not always pure; she frequently sang too flat, a defect which may have been accidental.—Though the vocal style of Madame Lalande is not thoroughly Italian, it bespeaks a high degree of cultivation and matured experience. This

she abundantly evinced in the arduous part of Imogene, and especially in her first scene, which contains a bravura of great difficulty. As an actress, though Madame Lalande admits of no comparison with Pasta, and is not equal to Camporese, her personation of Imogene was interesting, and frequently highly impressive.

The success of this lady on our stage, to judge from the expression of the audience at the close of the opera, remains as yet undecided. She was not honored by any *encore*; and when, after a strong contest between the eyes and noses, she was led across the stage by Signor Donzelli, the tokens of applause were mingled with some marks of disapprobation. A farther trial or two will determine the question, and will, we are inclined to think, be attended with a more favourable result. This might, perhaps, have been the case even now, had the opera received better rehearsal, and had Madame Lalande assisted more in the rehearsals which did take place, so as to become more familiar with the other singers and the orchestra, and thus blend her individual efforts with those of her colleagues.

The part of Gualtiero owed much to Signor Donzelli's skill and exertions; the latter, indeed, as regards pulmonary strength, were often carried beyond the "modesty of nature." Signor Santini, who has but two or three scenes to appear in, fell far short of the dignity of a Sicilian Grandee; but, upon the whole, was respectable.

The manner in which the *materiel* of the opera was purveyed does much credit to the management. The costumes were characteristic, and even splendid; and the whole of the scenery is new, well designed and executed. The painting of the baronial castle of Caldora is picturesque; another view of it, by night, with illuminations, produced a striking effect; and the scene representing an inner court of the castle with bridge, and moving cascades in all directions, is grand and fanciful; though the directions of the poet as to the quantum of water to be dispensed, seem to have been acted upon on a very large scale. We might also add that the firing of guns by the vessel in distress, A. D., 1250, or so, is an anachronism.

This scene reminds us of the general incorrectness in the translation of the libretto. "Atrio terreno nel castello," for instance, is rendered, "A subterranean passage in the castle!" There are many similar mistakes, some of which are partially disguised by the freedom of a translation *in verse*. Sober, sensible, and correct prose, such as used to be dispensed formerly, would be infinitely preferable, and even afford a means of improvement in the Italian language.

POPULAR PREACHING.—It was said by Jeremy Taylor, in speaking of popular preachers of his day, that they entertained their hearers with "gaudy tulips and useless daffodils—and not with the bread of life and medicinal plants growing on the margin of the fountain of salvation."



DANCING.

OF THE FEET, &c.

THE principal study, with regard to the feet, in dancing, consists in acquiring a power of turning them properly outward; in bending the instep, without effort, immediately the foot quits the ground; and in alternately practising with each foot, so that both may attain an equal degree of execution; it being decidedly inelegant and awkward for one foot to be constantly active and correct in its movements, while the other remains comparatively unemployed.

To dance with the instep concave, instead of convex, and the toes turned upwards, instead of the contrary, is termed dancing flat-footed, and is ungraceful to the last degree. The toes should be well pointed downward, and the knees outward, to correspond with them; but it is impossible to produce an union of grace in these particulars, unless the action of the instep and the knee be supported and accompanied by that of the hip. In the ball-room, all the steps should be performed in an easy, graceful manner; no noise of stamping should, on any account be made; the steps should be performed with minute neatness, and in as small a compass as possible; the feet should never be violently tossed about, or lifted high from the ground: the young lady should rather seem to glide, with easy elegance, than strive to astonish by agility: or, by violent action, make it appear, that, to her, dancing is a boisterous and difficult exercise. But while we thus caution our reader against adopting those styles,—one of which may be deemed operatic, and better adapted to a Ballet than a Quadrille, and the other, rustic, and more applicable to the village-green than the ball-room,—it is necessary for us to warn her against falling into the opposite error of listlessness and inaccuracy; with these, elegance can never be obtained: the former makes her appear to be condescending to join in an amusement she despises, and the latter induces a supposition in the minds of those who may not be supposed to know aught to the contrary, that she is either unusually dull, or has never had an opportunity of obtaining the benefit of instruction from a proper master.

The positions constitute the alphabet of dancing, and, although generally treated lightly of by the majority of dancing-masters, are of the highest

importance. They form the basis of every step; and if each of them be thoroughly understood, and an accurate mode of performing it acquired, the subsequent progress of the pupil will be materially facilitated.

POSITIONS, BATTÉMENS, AND OTHER EXERCISES.

The Battémens, &c. in the positions, form a series of very graceful domestic morning exercises, and we strongly recommend their frequent practice, even by those who have acquired some proficiency in the art; as they tend to correct many errors which are acquired by carelessness, during or after tuition, as well as to impart brilliancy and correctness of execution,—to facilitate the bending of the ankle,—to improve the balance; the carriage of the arms, and the development of the bust,—and to produce that general harmony of motion in which the chief beauty of dancing and general elegance of deportment consist.

The first position is formed by placing the two heels together and throwing the toes back, so that the feet form a parallel line. The body should be kept perfectly erect: the shoulders should be thrown back, and the waist advanced; the arms rounded, and the forefinger and thumb occupied in holding out the dress; the other fingers being gracefully grouped (Fig. 3.) During the first attempts, the toes should not be more turned back than will admit of the body maintaining its proper balance; they must be brought to assume the correct position by degrees, until the pupil can place the feet, heel to heel, in a parallel line with each other, without affecting the steadiness of the body or arms.

The second position is formed by moving the right foot from the first position, sideways, to about the distance of its own length from the heel of the left (Fig. 4). When the foot is thus placed, the heel must be raised so that the toes alone rest on the ground; the instep being bent as much as possible, and the foot turned so as to retain its primitive direction outward: as in the case of the first position, the foot should be brought to perform the action of the second, in a perfectly correct manner, by degrees; and the toes should be gradually thrown back as far as the pupil's power to preserve her balance will permit.

The third position is formed by drawing the right foot from the second position, to about the middle of the front of the left: the feet are to be kept close to each other (Fig. 5). In drawing the right foot into this position, the heel must be put to the ground as it approaches the left, and kept forward during its progress, so that the toe may retain its proper direction outward.

THE PLAGUE OF ANTS IN HISPANIOLA.

THE Spaniards were beginning to enjoy the fruits of their labours in Espanola, when that, and particularly San Juan's Island, were so overrun with ants, that it was feared they would be totally depopulated. Those in Espanola did great damage to the trees, those in San Juan stung as severely as bees. The inhabitants, to keep them away at night, placed their bed-posts in four large troughs filled with water. Those in Espanola began to eat the tree at the root; and, as though fire had fallen from heaven and burnt them, they appeared black and dry—whole orchards together, every orange and "canafistola" tree was destroyed. As a remedy to cure this plague, some dug a deep trench round the trees, and killed the ants in the water, and others tried to burn them; their young were found four palms deep in the ground, in white clusters. The Franciscan fathers in La Vega placed three or four pounds of sublimat of mercury upon the rails of their gallery—all the ants in the neighborhood went to it; they died immediately upon tasting it; but for half a league round they repaired to this deadly banquet, till the gallery was black with their bodies, and the fathers determined to remove the bait. The inhabitants, that they might have an acceptable mediator, and that God might signify whom he liked, made a solemn procession, which was attended by the bishop, clergy, and all the city, and cast lots for all the saints in the Litany; it fell upon St. Saturnino, who was received with great joy as the patron, and his festival celebrated with great solemnity then and always afterwards; and from that day they say the plague began to diminish.—*Southey's History of the West Indies.*

PIGMY NATIONS.

THE Pygmai were a fabulous people, whose residence is indiscriminately placed in Thrace, in India, and in Ethiopia; and who were of so diminutive a size, that the stature of their men is said never to have exceeded an inch, or at the most a foot. The women arrived at maturity at three years of age, and at eight were considered old. Their houses and cities were built of eggshells, and their country dwellings consisted of holes which they formed for themselves in the earth. They used hatchets to reap their corn, and the operation was one of much labour to them. Hercules was assailed by these little creatures while asleep, after the defeat of the giant Antæus; on awaking, he found one party endea-

vouring to secure his feet, while others were mounting upon his body, and the queen, with the flower of her army, was attacking his head. The hero laughed at their ridiculous assaults, and enveloping his enemies in his lion's skin, carried them to Enugystheus. The Pigmies were, nevertheless, of a warlike spirit: they were engaged in perpetual conflicts with the cranes, who came annually from Scythia to invade their territories; and whom, mounted on partridges, rams, and goats, proportioned to their size, they valiantly encountered and repulsed. The traditions relative to the Pigmies are supposed to have originated from the Greeks, who probably invented the fable of a race of dwarfs, as a contrast to the giants, in whose existence they believed. They derived the idea of the fiction from the Pechinians, a diminutive people of Ethiopia, who were in the habit of assembling in bodies to drive from their fields the flocks of cranes which, in their migrations, used to molest their territories. The Nubians are still remarkable for the shortness of their stature. Gerana, queen of the Pigmies, was said to have been transformed into a crane, and to have headed these birds in their attacks upon her former subjects (her name signifying crane in Greek.) She was a beautiful woman, but of so ferocious a character that she was not suffered to educate her son, lest she should communicate to him a similar disposition. Many ancient writers have mentioned the Pigmies in imitation of Homer, who compares the Trojans assailing the Greeks to the Cranes darting upon the Pigmies; but who appear to have been ignorant of the fables relative to their dwarfish size.—*Homer's Iliad.*

FAREWELL—AT PARTING.

BY A HUSBAND.

Written at the grave of Mrs. B * * * *, the young and highly accomplished wife of a Member of Congress, from the western part of the state of New York, who died at Washington, the winter before last:

The polished monument is o'er the dead—
The glittering drops are on it where they fell—
The simple gate is locked to guard the bed—
Dust of the beautiful and bright, farewell!

I came in anguish, and in tears depart,
For this my weary pilgrimage was made—
In thy unconscious ear to pour my heart,
And worship where thy lovely form is laid.

The vows are paid my spirit sought to pay—
The thoughtless throng must see me weep no more:
Back to the busy world I take my way,
To seem as happy as I was before.

Yet, ere I go, were voice and soul as strong
As grief in mortal agony is deep,
This voice should sound thy dusty bed along
In tones to wake thee from thy dreamless sleep!

But no—'twere vain and useless, at the best—
One day the Just will claim thee as his own:
Beneath this marble weight thy form must rest
Till angels come to roll away the stone!

Farewell! the turf is laid, the paling set—
The graven tablet placed thy name to tell;
The drops that fell on it are on it yet—
Dust of the loved and wept, farewell, farewell!

Translated for the Lady's Book.

VANINA VANINI:
OR, PARTICULARS OF THE LAST VENUE OF THE CARBONARI,
DISCOVERED IN THE PAPAL STATES.

It was a spring evening of 18**. All Rome was in motion. The celebrated banker, the Duke de B***, was giving a ball in his new palace in the *Place de Venice*; to embellish which all that the arts of Italy and the luxury of Paris and England could produce of the most magnificent description had been collected. The concourse was immense. The fair and reserved beauties of England, who had solicited the honour of assisting at the ball, arrived in crowds, and the handsomest women of Rome contended with them for the palm of beauty. A young girl, whose brilliant eyes and ebon hair proclaimed her Roman, entered conducted by her father, all her movements marked by something peculiarly imposing. The strangers as they were ushered in, struck with the lavish splendor of the scene that they beheld, exclaimed in admiration: "The fetes of none of the kings of Europe equal this!"

Kings have not Roman palaces; and, besides, they are obliged to invite *les grandes dames* of their court; the Duke de B*** asked only pretty women. This night he had been particularly happy in the selection of his guests. The men seemed enchanted. Among so many distinguished beauties it was not easy to decide which was the most handsome; and it was some time before the election was made; but at length the princess Vanina Vanini, the same whose eye of fire, lofty demeanor, and raven locks, had arrested general attention on her entrance, was proclaimed the queen of the ball; and, immediately, the young Romans and the strangers deserted all the other saloons and crowded into that which held the beauty of the night.

After having gratified the wish of her father, the Prince Don Asdrubale, by dancing with two or three German potentates, she accepted the invitations of several fine-looking English noblemen; but their stiff and formal manners soon tired her. She seemed to take more pleasure in tormenting the young Livio Savelli, who, passionately enamoured of her, was fluttering about her person intent on making himself agreeable to the haughty beauty. He was the most elegant youth in Rome, and moreover a Prince; but if a novel at any time was given him to read, he would throw it aside when he had glanced over twenty pages, saying, it made his head ache; which was a disadvantage in Vanina's eyes.

Towards midnight a rumour circulated through the assembly that caused considerable excitement. A young Carbonaro imprisoned in the Fortress Saint Ange, had that night escaped, by means of a disguise; and, through an excess of romantic audacity, had attacked the last corps of guards he had to pass with a stiletto; but he himself had been wounded in the fray, and the sbirrii were then pursuing him through the streets,

guided by the tract made by his dropping blood, and hoped soon to recover the fugitive. As this anecdote became the subject of conversation, Don Livio Savelli, dazzled by the grace which Vanini had displayed, with whom he had been dancing, said, as he conducted her to her seat, "But pray now, tell me seriously, where is the happy mortal to be found who could please you?"

"The young Carbonaro, who has just escaped from prison," replied Vanina, "for he has shown that he was not born for nothing."

The Prince Don Asdrubale approached his daughter. He was a rich man, who had not for twenty years examined the accounts of his steward, who loaned to his master his own revenues at a great interest. If you had met him in the street, you would have taken him for an old player—you would not have remarked that his hands were loaded with five or six enormous rings, adorned with very large diamonds. He had had two sons who became Jesuits, and afterwards died foolish. He had forgotten them; but he was provoked that his only daughter was not more disposed to wedlock. She was already nineteen years of age, and had rejected several brilliant proposals of marriage. What was her reason? The same that Sylla had for abdicating—*contempt for the Romans*.

The next day after the ball, Vanina observed with surprise, her father, the most negligent of men, and who never in all his life had given himself the trouble even to turn a key, locking with great care the door of a narrow stair-way that led to an apartment, which was situated in the third story of the palace, and the windows of which opened on a terrace filled with orange trees. Vanina went to pay several visits; on her return, the principal entrance to the palace being obstructed by the preparations for an illumination, the carriage entered by a back way; and as she accidentally raised her eyes, saw with astonishment that one of the windows of the apartment that her father had closed with so much precaution was open. "It must then be tenanted, but by whom?" thought she. The next day she obtained the key of the little door that opened on the orangery, and cautiously approached the window which was still open; the blinds, with which it was provided, serving to conceal her. At the farther end of the chamber there was a bed, on which was stretched a human figure. She was about to retire, when she perceived a female dress thrown across a chair; and in regarding more attentively the person who was in the bed, saw that she was fair, and apparently very young. She no longer doubted that the unknown was one of her own sex. The dress on the chair was bloody, and there was al-

so blood on a pair of woman's shoes that were placed upon a table. The object of her scrutiny made a movement, and Vanina observed that she was wounded. A large linen cloth saturated with blood was bound to her breast by ribbons, which it was evident the skilful hands of a surgeon had not applied. Vanina remarked that every day, her father, about four o'clock, shut himself up in his apartment, and afterwards went to visit the unknown, then soon descended, got into his carriage, and drove to the Countess de Vitteleschi's. When he had gone, Vanina hastened to the little terrace whence she could observe the unknown, in whose favour her sensibility was so lively excited, and for the mystery of whose situation she was so anxious to divine some probable cause. The dress on the chair appeared to have been pierced with poignards—she could count the rents the murderous weapons had made. One day she saw the subject of her curiosity more distinctly: her fine blue eyes were turned towards heaven, and she seemed in prayer. Soon her eyes filled with tears; and the young princess, touched with her distress, had much difficulty to prevent herself from speaking. The next day Vanina dared to conceal herself on the little terrace, before the coming of her father. She saw him enter, carrying a small basket of provisions; he seemed uneasy, and said but little; and spoke in so low a tone that, though the window was open, she could not understand him. He soon withdrew. "This poor female," said Vanina to herself, "must have some very terrible enemies, for my father, who is one of the most careless and indolent beings on the face of the earth, to be afraid of trusting any one with her situation, and to give himself the trouble of ascending a hundred and twenty steps every day."

One evening, as Vanina cautiously stole to the window of the unknown, their eyes met, and all was discovered. She threw herself on her knees, exclaiming: "I love you, I am devoted to you!" The unknown beckoned her to enter.

"What apologies do I not owe you," said Vanina, "and how offensive my foolish curiosity must appear to you! I swear to you to be secret, and, if you require it, never again to offend you with my presence."

"Offend me!" cried the unknown, "who is there that could not find happiness in it? Do you live in this palace?"

"Certainly; but I see you do not know me: I am Vanina, daughter of Don Asdrubale."

The unknown gazed upon her some moments in silent astonishment, blushed deeply, then said: "Deign to allow me to cherish the hope that you will come and see me daily; but I desire that the Prince may not know of your visits."

The heart of Vanina throbbled violently. The manners of the unknown appeared to be those of a person of distinction. "This poor female," thought she, "no doubt has offended some great individual; perhaps, in a moment of jealousy, killed her lover." She could not ascribe her misfortune to an unromantic or common cause. The unknown told her, she had received a wound

in her shoulder that had penetrated the breast, and caused her great pain—often her mouth filled with blood.

"And you have no surgeon?"

"In Rome, you know, surgeons are obliged to furnish the police with an exact statement of all the sick persons under their care. The worthy Prince dresses my wounds himself.

The unknown avoided with peculiar grace all reference to the cause of her misfortunes. Vanina already felt warmly attached to her. One thing, however, surprised exceedingly the young Princess, and that was the great difficulty, on one occasion, her new friend had to suppress a sudden inclination to laugh in the midst of a conversation, in her opinion, certainly, very serious.

"I should like very much to know your name," said Vanina to the unknown.

"Clementine."

"Well, adieu now, dear Clementine—tomorrow at five o'clock I will see you again." The next day she found her very ill.

"I must send a surgeon to you," said Vanina embracing her.

"I would much rather die, than that my benefactors should suffer in the least for having afforded me protection," replied the unknown.

"The surgeon of His Excellency Savelli Cantanzara, the governor of Rome, is son of one of our domestics," rejoined quickly Vanina. "He is devoted to us, and from his situation fears nobody. My father does him injustice in mistrusting his fidelity. I will send him to you."

"No, no," cried the unknown, with a vivacity that surprised her fair visitor; "do you vouchsafe to come and see me, and if it is the will of God to call me to himself, I shall die happy in your arms." The next day she was worse than she had been.

"If you love me," said Vanina, as she was leaving her, "you will allow a surgeon to attend you."

"If he comes my happiness vanishes."

"Foolish girl that you are, I will not listen to you, but will order his attendance immediately—Nay, I insist upon it."

The unknown made no reply, but, to detain her, seized the hand of Vanina, which she covered with kisses, while her eyes filled with tears. At length releasing her hand, the unknown said to her, with the expression of countenance of a felon going to execution: "A moment—for a moment remain. I have a disclosure to make you. I deceived you when I told you my name was Clementine. I am an unfortunate Carbonaro."

Vanina, nearly overcome by the first rush of newly awakened sensations, staggered a few paces, and would have fallen to the ground, if she had not clung to the back of a chair for support; but soon recovering her self-possession, she listened apparently unmoved to the young man.

"I feel," continued he, "that by this avowal I lose the only thing that attaches me to life; but

I am incapable of deception. My name is Pietro Missirilli. I am nineteen years of age. My father is a poor surgeon of Saint Angelo-in-Vado, and I a Carbonaro. Our *vente* was surprised; and I being seized, was loaded with chains, dragged from Romagna to Rome and cast into a dungeon, lighted night and day by a single lamp, where I passed thirteen months, and where, doubtless, I should have lingered out a painful existence, but for a charitable friend who, inspired with the idea of effecting my deliverance from the gloomy cell, contrived to furnish me with a woman's garb for the purpose. Disguised as a female, in the night I left my prison, and was passing before the guards of the outer gate, when I heard one of them cursing the Carbonari, and I struck him; not, I assure you, from a foolish daring on my part, but from the impulse of momentary resentment produced by the caitiff's insulting speech. Pursued after this imprudent act, through the streets of Rome, wounded by several bayonet-thrusts, my strength forsaking me every moment, I rushed into a mansion the door of which was open. Hearing the soldiers following me, I sprang into a garden, and fell within a few steps of a lady who was promenading there."

"The Countess de Vitteleschi, the friend of my father!" exclaimed Vanina.

"What, has she told you the circumstance? It matters not. Whoever she was, the generous lady, whose name ought never to be pronounced in company with mine, saved my life. As the soldiers rushed in to seize me, your father, who happened to be there, made me seek refuge in his carriage. I feel very ill: for several days the bayonet thrust that I received in my shoulder has prevented me from breathing freely. I shall die, and in despair, since I shall see you no more."

Vanina, who had betrayed considerable impatience during the recital, hastily withdrew as soon as he had finished. Missirilli could discover no pity in her eyes as she retired; but rather the expression of wounded pride of a haughty spirit.

At night a surgeon came, but alone. Missirilli was in despair. He feared he should never again behold Vanina. He put several questions to the surgeon, who bled him without returning any answer. The same silence the following days. Pietro's eyes were never off the window of the little terrace by which Vanina was accustomed to enter. He was very miserable. Once towards midnight he believed he saw the shadow of some one on the terrace. Was it Vanina?

Nightly Vanina stole to the window of Missirilli's apartment and watched him through the blinds. "If I speak to him," said she to herself, "I am lost—No, never again ought I see him—I must not—I will not." This resolution taken, she recalled, in spite of herself, the affection she had conceived for the young Carbonaro when she was so foolish as to believe him to be a female. After so intimate a connection must she then forget him altogether? In her more rea-

sonable moments Vanina was startled at the change which had taken place in her ideas since Missirilli's disclosure. All those things of which she had been in the habit of thinking, were, as covered with a veil, or appeared only in the distance. A week had not passed without Vanina appearing to the young Carbonaro, when, pale and trembling, she entered Missirilli's room with the surgeon, saying: "She had come to tell him, he must prevail upon her father to substitute one of his domestics in his place." She did not remain ten seconds. Some days after she again appeared, as if actuated by humanity. One night, though Missirilli was so much better that there was no longer any cause of alarm for his life, she ventured to come and see him unattended. Missirilli was overjoyed at the sight of her, but he took care to conceal his love; above all, he would not compromise the dignity of man. Vanina, who had entered the chamber crimsoned with blushes, anticipating protestations of extreme love from the young Carbonaro, was disconcerted and offended with the expressions of devoted friendship, but a little more tender, with which he received her, and soon withdrew without his attempting to detain her.

Several days after she again visited him alone, and met with the same assurances of profound respect and eternal gratitude. So far from striving to check the transports of the grateful youth, she asked herself, if she, of the two, alone loved. This young girl, until then so proud, bitterly felt the extent of her folly. She affected gaiety and even coldness and reserve; her visits to Pietro were less frequent; but she could not prevail on herself to discontinue them altogether. Missirilli, on the other hand, burning with love, but recollecting his obscure parentage and what he owed to himself, had inwardly promised only to descend to speak of his passion, if Vanina remained eight days without seeing him. Fierce was the struggle in the breast of the Princess between love and pride; but, at length, the softer sentiment prevailed: "Well," said she at last, "if I visit him 'tis for my own gratification; never will I avow the interest with which he has inspired me." She made long and frequent visits to Missirilli, who always spoke to her as he would have done if twenty persons had been present. One night, after having passed the day in promising herself to think only of the Carbonaro with abhorrence and to be more distant and reserved than ever, she told him that she *loved* him.

If her folly was great, it must be owned that she was perfectly happy. Missirilli thought no more of what he had believed due to the dignity of man, but loved as one loves for the first time at nineteen in Italy. Four months quickly passed. One day the surgeon told Pietro he no longer needed his attendance. "What ought I to do?" thought Missirilli; "remain concealed with the first beauty of Rome? No, then the vile tyrants who confined me for thirteen months in a dungeon without ever allowing me to behold the light of day, will believe they have discouraged

me—crushed my spirit. Italy thou art truly unfortunate if thy children abandon thee for so little!"

Vanina no longer doubted that Pietro would desire no greater felicity than never to be separated from her, his happiness appeared so great; but a reply of General Bonaparte still echoed bitterly in the ear of the youth and influenced all his conduct in regard to females. In 1796, as General Bonaparte was quitting Brescia, the public functionaries who attended him to the gate of the city, told him, that the Brescians loved liberty more than all other Italians. "Yes," said he, "they love to talk of it to their mistresses."

"When night comes," said Missirilli to Vanina, in a very constrained manner, "I must leave you."

"Be careful to return to the palace before day-break: I will be waiting for you."

"At day-break I shall be several miles from Rome."

"Very well," said Vanina, coldly; "but whither are you going?"

"To Romagna, to avenge myself."

"As I am rich," returned Vanina, with the most composed air, "I hope you will accept from me some arms and money." Missirilli contemplated her for some moments, and then threw himself into her arms, exclaiming, "Soul of my life! you make me forget every thing, even my duty; but the more noble thy heart, the better ought you to be able to comprehend mine." Vanina wept much; and it was settled that he should not leave Rome until the day after the morrow.

"Pietro," said she to him, next day, "you have often said to me, that a person well-known, a Prince for instance, who had considerable money at his disposal, would have it in his power to be of great service to the cause of liberty, if ever Austria should be engaged at a distance from us, in some great war."

"Decidedly;" answered Pietro, astonished.

"Well, you have the requisite courage and firmness of heart, and only want the necessary rank and importance among men: I offer you my hand, and an income of two hundred thousand livres, and will take upon myself to obtain the consent of my father."

Missirilli threw himself at her feet. Vanina was radiant with joy.

"I love you with infensity, but I am a poor servant of my country, and the greater the misery of Italy the more faithful should I be to her. To obtain the consent of Don Asdrubale, I should have to play a sorrowful part for many years—Vanina I refuse you." But no sooner had he pronounced this word, than his resolution began to waver, and he hastily added, as if in extenuation of his conduct: "It is my misfortune, I love you more than life, and that to abandon Rome is the greatest punishment that could be imposed on me. Ah! why is not Italy delivered from her oppressors! With what transport could I seek with you a home in America!"

Vanina was astonished. The refusal of her hand piqued her pride; but soon she threw herself into his arms. "Never," said she, "hast thou appeared so noble. I am thine forever. Thou hast as great a soul as any of our ancient Romans possessed." Every thing connected with the future, all the suggestions of good sense disappeared. It was an instant of perfect love. When reason resumed her usurped empire, Vanina said, "I shall be in Romagna nearly as soon as yourself. I will have the baths of the *Poretta* prescribed to me, and will stop at a castle we have at San-Nicolo, near Forli."

"There I will consecrate my life to you," cried Missirilli.

"Hereafter it shall be my lot to dare all," said Vanina, with a sigh; "I shall ruin myself for you; but no matter. Could you love a dishonoured woman?"

"Are you not my well-beloved wife? I shall love and protect you."

When Vanina had retired, Missirilli began to conceive his conduct to be cruel. "What then is this *country*?" said he to himself. "Is it not a being to whom we owe gratitude for a benefit, and who would be unhappy and might upbraid us should we neglect it. 'Country and liberty!' 'tis like my cloak, a necessary thing to me, and which I must purchase, it is true, unless I have inherited it from my father; but, at last, I love my country and liberty, because the two things are useful to me. If I do not need them, if they are like a cloak in the dog-days, why purchase them, and at an extravagant price? Vanina is so lovely! she is so singular a creature! They will strive to please her; and she will forget me. These Roman Princes, whom I despise so much, have so many advantages over me! Ah, if I go she will forget me, and I shall lose her forever!"

At midnight Vanina came to see him; and he told her of the incertitude in which he was plunged; and the discussion into which, because he loved her, he had entered upon that great word *country*. Vanina was happy; and said to herself: "If it is absolutely necessary to choose between his country and me, I should have the preference."

The clock of the adjacent church struck three. The moment of departure was arrived. Pietro tore himself from her arms. He had descended the little stair-way, when Vanina checking her tears, said to him, smiling: "If you had been nursed by a poor countrywoman, would you have done nothing to express your gratitude—would you not have endeavoured to compensate her? The future is uncertain, you are young amongst your enemies; give me three days for the sake of gratitude, as if I were a poor woman, and to pay me for my attention." Missirilli remained. Finally he left Rome, and rejoined his relatives, whose joy was great, as they had supposed him dead; and his friends wished to celebrate his return by killing a Carabiniere, or two, (the name given to the *gen d'armes* in the Pope's dominions.) "Let us not kill unnecessarily an Italian who understands the use of arms," said

Missirilli; "our country is not an island like happy England: we only want soldiers to resist the intervention of the kings of Europe." Some time after, Pietro closely pressed by the carabinieri, killed two of them with the pistols given to him by Vanina, and a price was set upon his head.

Vanina did not appear in Romagna. Missirilli thought he was forgotten; his vanity was wounded; he began to think much more of the difference that separated him from his mistress; and, in a moment of tenderness and regret at past happiness, he conceived the idea of returning to Rome to learn in what she was engaged. This foolish thought had nearly prevailed over what he believed his duty, when one night the bell of the mountain church sounded the *Angelus* in a very singular manner, and, as if the ringer was labouring under an absence of mind. It was the signal for the meeting of the *vente* of the carbonari, to which he had united himself on arriving at Romagna. The same night, all of them were assembled at a certain hermitage in the woods; the two hermits to whom it belonged, stupified by opium, little suspected the purposes for which their habitation served. Missirilli, who entered very dejectedly, learned that the chief of the *vente* had been arrested, and that he, a stripling, scarcely twenty, was about to be elected chief of the *vente*, which recorded among its members men upwards of fifty years of age, and who had been engaged in the plots and conspiracies ever since the expedition of Murat, in 1815. On receiving this unexpected honor, Pietro felt his heart beat with exultation and pride; and he resolved, now that he was alone, to think no more of the young Roman who had forgotten him, and to consecrate all his thoughts to the attempt to deliver Italy from her oppressors.

Two days after, Missirilli saw, in the report of the arrivals and departures which was addressed to him as chief of the *vente*, that the Princess Vanina had arrived at her castle of San-Nicolo. The reading of this name threw more trouble than pleasure into his soul. It was in vain that he believed, he would assure himself of his fidelity to his country by not hastening that same night to the castle of San-Nicolo; for, the thought of Vanina, whom he was neglecting, prevented him from giving the necessary attention to the affairs of his station. The next day he visited her. She loved him as she had loved him at Rome. Her father, who wished her to marry, had detained her. She brought him 2000 sequins. This unexpected succour served to impart additional consequence and influence to Missirilli in his new dignity. Poignards were manufactured at Corfu; the confidential secretary of the legate, empowered to pursue the carbonari, was bought; and a list of the *curés*, who acted as spies to the government, was procured by its means.

It was at this period that the organization of one of the least foolish conspiracies that were ever attempted in wretched Italy, was com-

pleted. I will not here enter into misplaced details; let it suffice to say, that if success had crowned the enterprize, Missirilli would have acquired a large portion of the glory. According to his directions several thousand insurgents were to rise at a preconcerted signal, and armed to wait the arrival of the superior chiefs. The decisive moment approached, when, as generally happens in such affairs, the conspiracy was paralyzed by the arrest of the principal leaders.

Vanina had not been long in Romagna, when she perceived that love of country had made her lover forget every other passion; and that a blow was given to their affection, from which it would never recover. She strove in vain to reason with herself; a profound melancholy possessed her; and she detected herself in cursing liberty. One day, when she was at Forli on a visit to Missirilli, she was not mistress of her grief, which, until then, her pride had subdued; and said to him in the bitterness of her disappointment: "You love me as a husband only; why this coldness to me?" Soon she burst into a passionate flood of tears, from shame in being reduced so low as to use reproaches. Missirilli spoke to her, but it was rather in communing with himself than in answer to her. The thought of abandoning him, and returning to Rome, suddenly entered her mind; and she felt a cruel joy in punishing herself for the weakness she had betrayed. After a few moments' silence, her resolution was taken—she were unworthy of him if she did not leave him—she enjoyed the painful surprise he would feel when he in vain sought to find her; but soon the thought of never having been able to obtain the love of the man for whom she had committed so many follies, deeply affected her. Then she broke silence, and strove to wring from him one word of love. He uttered some fond expressions with an abstracted air; but it was in far different tones that, in speaking of his political enterprises, he cried: "Ah! if this design does not succeed, if government should again discover it, I abandon my country!" Vanina sat unmoved. She had felt for more than an hour that she beheld her lover for the last time. His exclamation threw a fatal light into her soul. She said to herself: "The carbonari have received several thousand sequins from me, and cannot doubt of my devotion to their cause."

She only emerged from her reverie to say to him: "Will you come and pass a day with me at the castle of San-Nicolo? Your presence at the meeting to-night is not necessary. To-morrow at San-Nicolo we can walk together, which will calm the agitation of your mind and restore to you that composure and self-command of which you have so much need, in the great designs in which you are concerned." Pietro consented.

Vanina left him to make the necessary preparations for their journey; locking, according to her custom, the door of the little chamber where she had concealed him. She then ran to the dwelling of a woman who had been one of her *femmes de chambre*, and who had quitted her ser-

vice to be married, and to open a small store in Forli. There she wrote in haste upon the margin of a prayer-book, she found in the apartment, an exact description of the place where the *vente* of the carbonari was to be held that night, finishing her denunciation in these words: "This *vente* is composed of nineteen members whose names and abode you have herewith." Having written this list very exact in every particular, except that the name of Missirilli was omitted, she said to the woman, on whose fidelity she could depend: "Carry this book to the cardinal legate: let him read what I have written and return the volume to you. Here are ten sequins. If the legate pronounces your name your death is certain; but you will save my life if you get him to read what I have written."

All went admirably. The fear of the legate prevented him from conducting himself *en grand seigneur*. He permitted the common woman, who demanded to be admitted to his presence in a mask, to appear before him, on condition that her hands were tied. In this state the shop-keeper was introduced to the august personage, whom she found entrenched behind an immense table covered with a green cloth.

The legate read the page of the prayer-book, holding it at a considerable distance from his illustrious nose, through fear of a subtle poison, and then returned to the woman, whom he ordered not to be followed. Less than half an hour after leaving her lover, Vanina, who had seen her messenger return, appeared before Missirilli, believing that hereafter he would be entirely her's. She told him, "there was an extraordinary sensation in the city, and she had been informed that carabinieri were patrolling streets in which they had never before appeared. If you would have me place any confidence in the report," added she, "we will set out immediately for San-Nicolo." Missirilli agreed to follow her, and they walked to the carriage of the young princess which, with a discreet and well-paid confidential servant, attended her within a mile and a half of the city.

Arrived at the castle of San-Nicolo, Vanina, agitated by the bold and treacherous act she had committed, redoubled her tenderness for her lover; but in speaking of love to him, it seemed to her that she was only playing a part; she had not considered that she might experience the tortures of remorse; and while pressing Missirilli in her arms, she inwardly said: "There is a certain word that may be told, and that word once uttered, that instant and forever he will look upon me in horror." In the middle of the night, one of her domestics suddenly entered her apartment. He was a carbonaro, without her being aware of it. There were secrets then, even of this nature, that Pietro concealed from her! She shuddered. The intruder had come to inform Missirilli that at Forli the habitations of nineteen carbonari had been surrounded, who immediately on their return from the *vente* had been arrested. Though so suddenly surprised, nine had escaped. The carabinieri had taken them to the

prison of the citadel, in entering which one of the prisoners had thrown himself into a deep well, and was killed. Vanina lost the command of her countenance; happily Pietro did not observe it, or he would have read her crime in her eyes. "At this moment," added the domestic, "the garrison of Forli occupies all the streets. Every soldier is near enough to his comrade to interchange words with him, and the inhabitants cannot cross the street without encountering a guard."

After the man retired, Pietro was pensive but for a moment: "There is nothing can be done for the present," said he. Vanina was in agony. She quailed before the looks of her lover. "What ails you?" he asked; then thinking of something else than her situation, ceased to regard her. Towards the middle of the day, she ventured to say to him: "Well, here is another *vente* discovered; I trust that you will be tranquil for some time." "Very tranquil," he replied, with a smile that withered the nerves of her soul.

She went to pay a visit to the pastor of the village, who, she thought, was perhaps a spy of the Jesuits. At seven o'clock, when she returned to dinner, she found the little chamber deserted where her lover had been concealed. Half distracted she searched the house for him; but he was not to be found. In returning to the little room, in a state of mind not to be described, she discovered the following note:—"Despairing of our cause, I am going to surrender myself prisoner to the legate. Fate is against us. Who has betrayed us? Perhaps the wretch who threw himself into the well. Since my life is useless to unhappy Italy, I would not that my companions, seeing that I alone have not been arrested, should suspect that I have betrayed them. Farewell; if you love me, think to avenge me. Destroy, annihilate the miscreant who has denounced us, were he my own father!"

She fell upon a chair in a paroxysm of grief. She could not utter a syllable, and her eyes were dry and burning.

Finally, she threw herself upon her knees: "Great God!" cried she, "receive my vow! Yes, I will punish the wretch who has betrayed him; but first I must restore liberty to Pietro."

An hour after, she was on her way to Rome. For a long time her father had urged her to return. During her absence he had arranged her marriage with the Prince Livio Savelli. Scarcely had she arrived before he, trembling, spoke to her concerning it. To his great astonishment she consented at the first mention of the subject; and the same night, at the Countess of Vitteleschi's, the overjoyed parent presented her almost formally to Don Livio; and she conversed long and freely with him. He was a most elegant young man, and had the finest head of hair in the world; and, though he possessed considerable spirit, his character was so volatile and unstable, that he was not at all suspected by the government. Vanina thought that by flattering his vanity she would be able to make him a convenient agent for her purposes. As he was nephew to Monsignor Sa-

velli Catarzara, governor of Rome and minister of police, she supposed the spies would not dare to scrutinize his actions.

After having treated Don Livio for several days in the most agreeable manner possible, Vanina told him he would never do for her husband; for, in her opinion, his head was too light. "If you were not a child," said she to him, "your uncle's deputies would not have any secrets unknown to you. For instance, now, what is to be the fate of the carbonari lately arrested at Forli?"

Two days subsequent to this, Savelli came to her, and said, that all the carbonari had escaped. Vanina fixed her large black eyes upon him with a bitter smile of ineffable contempt, and disdained speaking to him during that evening. After a lapse of a day he appeared before her, and, blushing, acknowledged that he had at first deceived her; "But," said he, "I procured a key of my uncle's cabinet, and have seen by the documents I found in it, that a *congregation* (or commission) composed of the most influential and distinguished prelates and cardinals, is now assembled in the greatest secrecy, debating whether the carbonari shall be tried at Ravenna or Rome. The nine carbonari taken at Forli, and their chief Missirilli, who was such a fool as to surrender himself, are now confined in the castle of San Leo." At the word *fool*, Vanina grasped the prince with all her strength.

"I wish," said she to him, "to go with you into your uncle's cabinet, and inspect with my own eyes those official documents; you must have read badly."

Don Livio's blood absolutely curdled at a request which it was almost impossible to grant; but the extravagant humour of this young girl redoubled his love. A few days after, Vanina, disguised as a man, in a very pretty little dress of the livery of the house of Savelli, passed a half an hour in the midst of the most secret papers of the minister of police. She enjoyed a moment of unalloyed transport when she discovered among them the daily minutes of the trial of the *attainted Pietro Missirilli*; her hands trembled while she held this paper, and, in reading the name, she was nearly overcome with conflicting sensations. Retiring from the palace of the Governor of Rome, Vanina permitted Don Livio to embrace her, saying to him: "You have well stood the test to which I subjected you."

After such encouragement, the young Prince would have set fire to the Vatican to please Vanina. That night there was a ball at the French Ambassador's; and she danced much, and almost the whole while with Don Livio. He was intoxicated with delight. It was her policy not to allow him time for reflection.

"My father is sometimes very strange and whimsical," said Vanina to him one day, "he turned out of the house two of his servants this morning, who have been here complaining to me. One of them has asked a place with your uncle, the governor of Rome, the other, who was a soldier of artillery under the French, wishes to

be employed at the castle of Saint Ange." "I will take both of them into my service," quickly replied the young Prince. "Is that what I asked of you," haughtily demanded Vanina. "I repeat to you word for word the prayer of the poor fellows; they must have what they ask, and nothing else."

Nothing more difficult. Monsignor Catarzara was not a thoughtless, rash personage, and he only admitted men into his mansion that were well known to him.

In the midst of a life to all appearance filled with pleasures, Vanina was a prey to remorse, and a fixed dejection clung to her heart. The slowness of events was killing her. Her father's steward had provided considerable money for her. Ought she to forsake the paternal roof and go to Romagna, and endeavour to procure her lover's escape? Absurd as was this idea, she was on the point of putting it into execution, when fate took pity on her. Don Livio said to her: "The ten carbonari of the *vente* Missirilli are to be transferred to Rome; but, after receiving their sentence, to be executed in Romagna. This is what my uncle obtained from the Pope tonight. You and I are the only persons who know this secret. Now are you satisfied?" "You are becoming a man," returned Vanina, "make me a present of your portrait."

The prisoners on the way from Romagna to Rome were to stop at the Citta-Castellano, whether Vanina found a pretext to go; and the next morning she saw Missirilli as he was led out of prison. He was chained alone on a cart, and looked very pale, but dignified and resigned. An old woman threw him a nosegay of violets; Missirilli smiled in thanking her for the fragrant gift.

Having seen her lover, all her thoughts seemed freshened, and her courage renewed. Some time prior to these circumstances she had obtained for M. the Abbe Cari, the situation of almoner of the castle of Saint Ange, where her lover was to be confined, and had also appointed him her confessor. It is no small matter in Rome to be confessor of a princess, niece of the governor.

The trial of the carbonari was not long. The ultra party, to avenge themselves for their arrival in Rome, which could not be prevented, formed the commission which was to try them of the most ambitious prelates; at the head of which presided the minister of police.

The law against the carbonari is clear; and though those of Forli could not preserve any hope, they defended their lives by every possible subterfuge. The judges not only condemned them to death, but some of them voted for its being inflicted in the most cruel and tormenting manner that ingenuity could devise. The minister of police, whose fortune was made, (for the office he held was only relinquished to take the cardinal's hat) was not persuaded of the necessity of resorting to such barbarity, and carried the sentence of all the condemned to the Pope, and had it commuted to several years of imprisonment. Pietro Missirilli alone was ex-

cepted. The minister saw in this young man a dangerous fanatic; and, besides, he had been condemned to death as guilty of the murder of the two carabinieri, of which we have spoken. Vanina knew the sentence and commutation a few minutes after the minister returned from the Pope's.

Monsignor Catanzara entering his palace at midnight, found his valet de chambre was not in waiting; the astonished minister rang several times, but an old imbecile domestic alone obeyed the summons. Provoked and impatient he locked his door, and, the weather being very warm, he took off his coat, and flung it in a bundle towards a chair; which, as he threw it too violently, it passed over, and striking a muslin window-curtain, discovered to him the form of a person concealed behind its folds. He sprung to his bed, and seized a pistol; and, as he turned to the window, a very young man arrayed in his livery approached him, holding a pistol in his hand. At sight of his menacing appearance the minister cocked his weapon, and, taking aim, was going to fire, when the intruder exclaimed, laughing,

"What! my lord, do you not recognize Vanina Vanini?"

"What is the meaning of this mischievous frolic?" replied the minister, in anger.

"Let us reason calmly. In the first place your pistol is not loaded."

The minister, astonished, assured himself of the fact, and then drew a small dagger from his bosom.

"Let us be seated, my lord," said Vanina to him, with a little air of authority that was charming, and seated herself composedly upon a sofa.

"Are you, at least, alone?" asked the minister.

"Absolutely alone, I swear to you."

He, however, took care to ascertain the truth of her assertion, and then seated himself in a chair within three paces of his unwelcome guest. "What interest," said Vanina to him, with a sweet and composed air, "would I have to attempt the life of so good and temperate a man as you, who probably would be replaced by some feeble-minded, hot-headed creature only capable of destroying himself and others."

"What is it then you want?" said the minister, peevishly. "This scene does not suit me, and ought not to be prolonged."

"What I have to communicate," replied Vanina, haughtily, all at once divesting herself of her courteous carriage, "concerns you more than me. It is desirable that the carbonaro Missirilli may be saved. If he is executed, you will not survive him a week. I have no interest in all this; the frolic which so much displeases you, was, at first, commenced to gratify myself, and afterwards to serve one of my friends. I wish," continued she, resuming her easy, familiar air, "to render a service to the man of spirit, who will soon be my uncle; and who, to all appearance, should bear much longer the fortune and dignity of his house."

The anger of the minister vanished; the beau-

ty of Vanina, no doubt, contributed to the sudden change. Monsignor Catanzara's fancy for pretty women was well known in Rome, and in her disguise of a *valet-de-pied*, of the house of Savelli, with her neatly-fitting silk stockings, her red vest, and her little sky-blue jacket trimmed with silver, and a pistol in her delicate hand, Vanina, looked ravishingly beautiful.

"My future niece," said the minister, almost laughing, "you have been guilty of a very bold and indiscreet act, and it will not be the last."

"I trust," said Vanina, "that so wise a personage as you are, will perceive the propriety of keeping it secret; above all, from Don Livio! and to engage you to it, my dear uncle, if you will grant me the life of the protégé of my friend, I will give you a kiss." In conversing thus, in that half-jocular manner with which the Roman ladies know how so well to treat important subjects, Vanina gave to this interview, which had been begun with a pistol in hand, the color of a visit made by the young Princess Savelli to her uncle the governor of Rome.

Soon, however, Monsignor Catanzara, rejecting with scorn the idea of suffering himself to be imposed upon by fear, explained to his niece all the difficulties he should have to encounter to save the life of Missirilli; and as he walked up and down the apartment with Vanina, discussing the subject, he filled a crystal goblet from a decanter of lemonade that was placed on the mantel-piece; and as he was going to carry it to his lips, Vanina playfully seized it and then let it fall, as if inadvertently. A moment after, the minister took a pastil of chocolate from his *bonbonniere*. Vanina snatched it from him, saying, laughing: "Take care, every thing about you is poisoned, for your death is sought. I have saved my future uncle's life, that it should not be said I entered the family of Savelli absolutely empty handed."

His Excellency, exceedingly astonished, thanked his niece, and gave her great hopes that the life of Missirilli would be spared. "Our business is finished; as a proof of it here is your recompense," said Vanina, embracing him. The minister accepted the recompense. "I must own to you, my dear Vanina, that I have no gust for blood. Besides I am still young, though, perhaps, you think me very old, and I may live to a period when the blood shed to-day will be considered a blot upon my character." The clock struck two as His Excellency conducted Vanina to the little gate of his garden.

The day when the minister appeared before the Pope, considerably perplexed how to break the application for Missirilli's pardon to him, his Holiness said: "Before we proceed to business, Catanzara, I have a favour to ask of you. There is one of the carbonari of Forli who is under sentence of death. The thought of it keeps me from sleeping. He must be saved." The minister seeing that the Pope had taken his view of the subject, made many objections, and finished by writing a decree, or *mortu proprio*, which the Pope signed contrary to his custom. Vanina thinking, though she might obtain the pardon of

her lover, they would attempt to poison him, conveyed to Missirilli through the Abbe Cari, her confessor, some small parcels of sea-biscuits, with the caution not to touch any of the aliments provided by the state.

Vanina having learned soon after that the carbonari of Forli were to be transferred to the castle of San-Leo, set out to see Missirilli at Citta-Castellana, where he and the other prisoners would be detained one night on their way to their place of destination. She reached that city twenty-four hours before them, where she found the Abbe Cari, who had preceded her several days. He had obtained from the jailor permission for the young carbonaro to attend mass in the prison chapel at midnight; and he had also consented, provided that Missirilli would allow his arms and legs to be fettered, to retire to the extremity of the chapel, within sight of his prisoner, for whom he was responsible, but not near enough to hear what he said.

The day which was to decide the fate of Vanina at length dawned. In the morning she shut herself up in the chapel of the prison. Who can tell what thoughts agitated her during that long day? Did Missirilli love her enough to pardon her? She had denounced his *vente*, but she had saved his life. When reason assumed the ascendancy in her tortured mind, she indulged the hope that he would consent to quit Italy with her: if she had sinned, it was through excess of love. As the clock struck one, she heard at a distance the dull heavy noise of the hoofs of the carabinieri' horses on the street—each sound seemed to be echoed on her heart. Then she distinguished the rolling of the carts that transported the prisoners. They halted on a little spot before the prison: she saw two carabinieri lift up Missirilli, who was alone on a cart, so loaded with chains that he was incapable of moving himself. "At least," said she to herself, while tears flowed fast from her eyes, "they have not yet poisoned him!" It was a cruel night to her. The lamp of the altar, which was suspended at a great height, and sparingly fed with oil, alone lighted the sombre chapel. The eyes of Vanina wandered among the tombs of some illustrious noblemen of the middle ages who had perished in the cells of the adjacent prison. Their statues bore a ferocious aspect.

All sounds had ceased. Vanina was absorbed in her dismal reflections. Shortly after the bell had proclaimed the midnight hour, she thought she heard a noise as light as the flight of a bat; she attempted to walk, and fell half senseless upon the balustrade of the altar; and, at the same moment, found two phantoms close to her, whose entrance she had not heard. They were the jailer and Missirilli, who was so burthened with chains as to appear encased in iron. The jailer opened a lantern which he placed upon the balustrade, at the side of Vanina, in such a way that he could see his prisoner, and then retired to the most remote part of the chapel near the door.

Scarcely had he withdrawn, before Vanina fell upon Missirilli's neck; but she only felt in

her arms his cold and rugged chains. "Who has given him these chains?" she asked herself; and she experienced no pleasure in embracing her lover. To this grief succeeded another more poignant; for an instant she suspected Missirilli knew her crime, his reception of her was so frozen.

"Dear friend," said he to her, at length, "I regret that you cherish a love for me; it is in vain that I seek to discover what merit in me could have inspired it. Let us return to more christian sentiments; let us forget the illusions which bewildered us. I can never become yours. The constant misfortune that has followed my enterprises is owing perhaps to the sinful state in which I exist. Instead of listening only to the counsels of human prudence, why was I not arrested with my friends on that fatal night at Forli? Why at the instant of danger was I not at my post? Why did my absence authorize the most cruel suspicions? I encouraged—I had another passion than that of the liberty of Italy."

Vanina did not recover from the surprise which the change in Missirilli had produced. Without being apparently emaciated, he looked thirty years of age. She attributed the change to the harsh treatment he had received in prison, and was melted into tears: "Ah," said she to him, "the jailors promised me faithfully they would treat you with kindness!"

The fact is, that at the approach of death, all the religious principles reconcilable with his passion for the deliverance of Italy, had re-appeared in the heart of the young carbonaro. By degrees Vanina perceived, that the remarkable change she had observed in her lover was entirely moral, and not the effect of hurtful physical treatment. Her grief, which she thought at its height, was now augmented. Missirilli was silent. Vanina was nearly suffocated by her sobs.

He said, apparently a little moved himself: "If I loved any thing upon earth it would be you; but thanks to God, I have now only one object in living. I shall die in prison, or in endeavouring to restore liberty to Italy."

There was another period of embarrassed and uninterrupted silence; it was evident Vanina could not speak; she tried in vain.

Missirilli added: "Give me your word that you will not again endeavour to see me. It is a cruel task; but if there was no difficulty in accomplishing it, where would be the heroism?" As well as his fast-bound chains would permit, he slightly moved his wrist and extended his fingers to Vanina. "If you will allow one, who was dear to you to advise," he continued, "you will act wisely in marrying the meritorious man to whom your father destines you. Do not make him the recipient of dangerous secrets; but, on the other side, never seek to see me again. Let us hereafter be strangers to each other. You advanced a considerable sum of money for the service of our country; if ever she is delivered from her tyrants it shall be faithfully repaid you."

Vanina seemed rooted to the spot, incapable

of calling up her fortitude, or arranging her ideas. In speaking to her Pietro's eye flashed but once, and that was when he named his *country*.

Pride at length came to the succour of the young Princess. Without answering Missirilli she offered him some diamonds and small files, with which she was provided: "I accept them," said he to her, "through duty; because I ought to strive to escape; but here I swear in presence of your new favours, I will never see you again. Never speak of me and forget me. Farewell, Vanina! promise never to write to me—of never endeavouring to see me. Leave me entirely to my country. I am dead to you. Farewell!"

"No," exclaimed Vanina, furiously, "first learn what I have done, prompted by love for you." She then related all her proceedings since the time he absconded from the castle of San-

Nicolo to surrender himself to the legate. When she had finished, she cried: "All this is nothing, I have done more, through love for you!" And she confessed to him her treachery. "Ah! monster!" exclaimed Missirilli, in frenzy, and throwing himself upon her attempted to crush her with his chains, and he would, perhaps, have succeeded if the jailer, alarmed by their cries, had not rushed in and seized the carbonaro. "There, monster, take back your gifts, I wish to owe you nothing," said Missirilli to Vanina; and he threw towards her, as well as his chains permitted, the files and diamonds she had given him, and retreated rapidly. Vanina remained senseless on the ground. She returned to Rome; and it was announced in the *Gazettes* shortly after that she was married to the Prince Don Livio Savelli.

For the Lady's Book.

A REMONSTRANCE.

Seek not, fond man, the shelly shore
Where, tossed by every idle wind,
Old Ocean's foamy billows roar,
An emblem of thy restless mind.

Nor list to Fancy's flattering dream,
In Summer bower, or mossy cell;
Tho' bright and true her visions seem,
Tho' sweet the music of her shell.

Her magic web, as false as rare,
With skilful hand the Enchantress weaves.
Birds wanton in the trembling air,
That gently fans the forest leaves.

And brooks thro' nodding violets wind,
To lull thy weary limbs to rest,
When thou, beneath some oak reclin'd,
Dost pant by Summer's heat oppress.

Tho' Fancy paint these visions fair,
Tho' poets sing and lovers dream:
Still, still, the dangerous net beware,
Nor leave for this life's busier stream.

Hope not amid the forest's gloom
To soothe the tumults of thy soul;
For flowers, in solitude that bloom,
Have never owned the world's control.

Nor envy thou the Hermit's lot,
Nor think his life is free from care;
Tho' sheltered in his lonely cot,
He hides a restless spirit there;

And looks awhile with longing eye,
Back on the joys he once thought vain;
Then quits the vale without a sigh,
To join the giddy crowd again.

Then, tho' the heart may breathe a sigh,
Mid courts, or pleasure's blazing halls—
Tho' tears may dim the drooping eye,
Beneath their proudly sculptured walls;

Tho' sickening 'mid the festive throng,
Thou long'st for calmer, purer joys,
Heedless alike, of dance and song,
Of princely pomp and fashion's toys;

Yet seek not thou the rustic band,
To share their rude and boisterous glee,
Or press some pretty rustic's hand
Under the balmy hawthorn tree.

Think not that every heart is cold
That beats beneath a glittering dress—
Could'st thou the hidden pulse behold,
It throbs the secret would confess;

Would tell what cherished hopes and fears
The seeming careless thoughts divide—
Of moments passed in sighs and tears,
When love contends with maiden pride.
And e'en among the brilliant train,
That Fashion's idle steps pursue,
Thou still mayst find to heal thy pain
Some maid, confiding, fond and true,
When Fortune smiles thy joys to share,
And soothe thee when by ill oppress—
Tho' orient pearl enwreath her hair,
Or diamonds glitter on her breast.

E.

From the London New Monthly, for May.

TIME.

Ye are gone! ye are gone! friends of my youth,
In the spring tide of hope and love;
Ye are gone in the bloom of unfading truth,
To the stainless worlds above!

I'll not weep for you, friends of my youth,
Nor sigh o'er your ruined prime;
Death, the proud archer, hath more of ruth,
Than the stealthy grey beard Time!

He comes but the fleeting hues to steal
Of the cheek's carnation dye;
Or the print of his iron hand to seal
On the eye's dark brilliancy!

Death can but sever the mortal link
Which bindeth kindred clay,
Whilst bright through the archway's ruined chink,
Faith's golden sunbeam's stray!

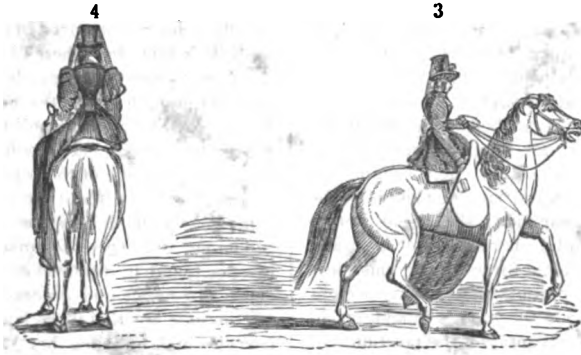
But time, the rude spoiler, comes, alas!
With a keener, deeper woe;
Wasting our years like the sands of his glass,
In a dull and certain flow!

With'ring the young hopes planted fast
In the heart's enfathomed core,
Quenching the starry lights which cast
Their splendour on earth's dim shore!

Loos'ning the ties that affection wove,
Riving fond hearts in twain;
Turning to gall the sweet honey of love,
And the dew drops of sorrow to rain!

In friendship's wane, and passion's decline,
There's nothing on earth so dear
As the twinkling lights which again may shine
In a distant hemisphere!

Thus Memory still lingers in bowers of youth,
Unstained by manhood's crime—
Oh! Death, the proud archer hath more of ruth!
Than the stealthy grey beard Time!



RIDING.

PUPILS, during their first lessons, may dispose of the reins in the following manner:—The right hand is removed from the pommel of the saddle; the reins are separated, and one is held in each, passing up between the third and fourth fingers, the ends being brought over the fore-fingers, and held in their places by closing the thumbs upon them, and shutting the hands, which should be on a level with each other, at a little distance apart—three inches from the body, or thereabouts—and the knuckles of the little fingers in a line with the elbow. By slightly advancing the hands, or even relaxing the hold of the reins, the horse, if well trained, will go forward. The left hand is raised to turn to the near or left side, and the right hand to turn in an opposite direction. By slightly raising and approaching both hands toward the body, the horse may be made to stop. When either rein is acted on to turn the horse, the other should be a little slackened, or the hand which holds it relaxed.

As soon as the pupil has passed her novice in the art, she holds both reins in the left hand: some ladies separate them by the third and fourth fingers; others, by one of these fingers only; and many, by the fourth and little finger; but the greater number use the latter alone for this purpose, passing the off or right rein over it, and bringing the near or left rein up beneath it. The reins are carried flat upon each other up through the hand, near the middle joint of the fore-finger, and the thumb is placed upon them so that their ends fall down in front of the knuckles. The elbow should neither be squeezed close to the side, nor thrust out into an awkward and unnatural position, but be carried easily and gracefully, at a moderate distance from the body: the thumb should be uppermost, and the hand so placed that the lower part of it be nearer the waist than the upper; the wrist should be slightly rounded, the little finger in a line with the elbow, the knuckles immediately above the horse's neck, and the nails turned toward the rider.

With the reins in this position, if she wish her horse to advance, the lady brings her thumb towards her, until the knuckles are uppermost, and the nails over the horse's neck: the reins, by this simple motion, are slackened sufficiently to per-

mit the horse to move forward. After he is put in motion, the rider's hand should return to the first position gradually, or it may be slightly advanced, and the thumb turned upward immediately.

To turn a horse to the left, let the thumb, which in the first position is uppermost, be turned to the right, the little finger to the left, and the back of the hand brought upward. This movement is performed in a moment, and it will cause the left rein to hang slack, while the right is tightened so as to press against the horse's neck. To turn to the left the hand should quit the first position, the nails be turned upward, the little finger brought in toward the right, and the thumb moved to the left: the left rein will thus press the neck, while the right one is slackened.

To stop the horse, or make him back, the nails should be turned from the first position upwards, the knuckles reversed, and the wrist be rounded as much as possible.

The body, says Adams, in his valuable Treatise on Horsemanship, must always be in a situation, as well to preserve the balance, as to maintain the seat (see fig. 3). One of the most common errors committed by ladies on horseback, who have not been properly taught to ride, is hanging by the near crutch, so that instead of being gracefully seated in the centre of the saddle, with the head in its proper situation, and the shoulders even (Fig. 4), the body is inclined to the left, the head is brought to the right by an inelegant bend of the neck in that direction, the right shoulder is elevated, and the left depressed. To correct or avoid these and similar faults, is important. All the rider's movements should harmonize with the paces of the animal; her position should be at once easy to herself and to her horse, and alike calculated to insure her own safety and give her a perfect command over him. If she sit in a careless, ungraceful manner, the action of her horse will be the reverse of elegant. A lady seldom appears to greater advantage than when mounted on a fine horse, if her deportment be graceful, and her positions correspond with his paces and attitudes; but the reverse is the case, if, instead of acting with, and influencing the movements of the horse, she appear to be

tossed to and fro, and overcome by them. She should rise and descend, advance and stop with, and not after, the animal. From this harmony of motion results ease, elegance, and the most brilliant effect. The lady should sit in such a position, that the weight of her body may rest on the centre of the saddle; one shoulder should not be advanced more than the other; neither must she bear any weight on the stirrup, nor hang by the pommel over the near side; she ought not to suffer herself to incline forward, but partially backward. If she bend forward, her shoulders will, most likely, be rounded, and her weight thrown too much upon the horse's shoulders; in addition to these disadvantages, the position will give her an air of timid *gaucherie*. Leaning a little backward, on the contrary, tends to bring the shoulders in, keeps the weight in its proper bearing, and produces an appearance of comely confidence.

The head should be in an easy, natural position; that is, neither drooping forward nor thrown back—neither leaning to the right nor to the left. The bust should be elegantly developed, by throwing back the shoulders, advancing the chest, and bending the back part of the waist inward. The elbows should be steady, and kept in an easy, and apparently unconstrained position near the sides; the lower part of the arm should form a right angle with the upper part, which ought to descend almost perpendicularly from the shoulder. The position of the hands, when both are occupied with the reins, or when the reins are held in one only, we have already noticed; the right arm and hand, in the latter case, may drop easily from the shoulder, and the whip be held in the fingers, with the lash downwards between two fingers and the thumb. The whip may also be carried in the right hand, in the manner adopted by gentlemen: the lady is not restricted to any precise rules in this respect, but may vary the position of her whip arm as she may think fit, so that she do not permit it to appear ungraceful. She must also take care that the whip be so carried, that its point do not tickle or irritate the flank of the horse.

The stirrup is of very little use except to support the left foot and leg, and to assist the rider to rise in the trot; generally speaking, therefore, as we have already remarked, none of the weight of the body should be thrown upon the stirrup. The left leg should not be cramped up, but assume an easy and comfortable position; it should neither be forced out, so as to render the general appearance ungraceful, and the leg itself fatigued; nor should it be pressed close to the horse, except when used as an aid;—but descend gracefully by his side, without bearing against it.

Although hanging by the left crutch of the pommel, over the near side, is not only inclegant, but objectionable in many important respects, the pommel, properly used, is a lady's principal dependance on horseback: by the right knee being passed over the near crutch, the toes slightly elevated, and the leg pressed against the

fore-flap of the saddle, the pommel is grasped, and the rider well secured in the possession of her seat. It is said, that when a lady, while her horse is going at a smart trot, can lean over on the right side, far enough to see the horse's shoe, she may be supposed to have established a correct seat; which, we repeat, she should spare no pains to acquire. In some of the schools, a pupil is often directed to ride without the stirrup, and with her arms placed behind her, while the master holds the longe, and urges the horse to various degrees of speed, and in different directions, in order to settle her firmly and gracefully on the saddle—to convince her that there is security without the stirrup—and to teach her to accompany with precision and ease, the various movements of the horse.

Nothing can be more detrimental to the grace of a lady's appearance on horseback, than a bad position: a friend of ours says, it is a sight that would spoil the finest landscape in the world. What can be much more ridiculous, than a female, whose whole frame, through mal-position, seems to be the sport of every movement of the horse? It is certainly rather painful to behold such a sight. If the lady be not mistress of her seat, and be unable to maintain a proper position of her limbs and body, as soon as her horse starts into a trot, she runs the risk of being tossed about on the saddle, like the Halcyon of the poets in her frail nest,—

Floating upon the boisterous rude sea.

If the animal should canter, his fair rider's head will be jerked to and fro as "a vexed weather-cock;" her drapery will be blown about, instead of falling gracefully around her; and her elbows rise and fall, or, as it were, flap up and down like the pinions of an awkward nestling endeavouring to fly. To avoid such disagreeable similes being applied to her, the young lady, who aspires to be a good rider, should, even from her first lesson in the art, strive to obtain a proper deportment on the saddle. She ought to be correct, without seeming stiff or formal; and easy, without appearing slovenly. The position we have described, subject to occasional variations, will be found, by experience, to be the most natural and graceful mode of sitting a horse;—it is easy to the rider and her steed; and enables the former to govern the actions of the latter so effectually, in all ordinary cases, as to produce that harmony of motion, which is so much and so deservedly admired. A lady should ride her palfrey, even as some beautiful water-fowl passes onward with the tide, seeming, in the eye of fancy, by the concord of its motions with the undulations of the water, to be a portion of the stream, on the surface of which it floats.

The balance is conducive to the ease, elegance, and security of the rider:—it consists in a fore-knowledge of what direction any given motion of the horse would throw the body, and a ready adaptation of the whole frame to the proper position, before the horse has completed his change of attitude or action;—it is that disposition of the

person, in accordance with the movements of the horse, which prevents it from an improper inclination forward or backward, to the right or to the left.

The balance is governed by the direction and motion of the horse's legs. If the animal be either standing still, or merely walking straight forward, the body should be preserved in the simple position which we have directed the lady to assume on taking her seat. Should it be necessary to apply the whip, so as to make the animal quicken his pace, or to pull him in suddenly, the body must be prepared to accommodate itself to the animal's change of action. When going round a corner at a brisk pace, or riding in a circle, the body should lean back rather more

than in the walking position; in the same degree that the horse bends inward, must the body lean in that direction. If a horse shy at any object, and either turn completely and suddenly round, or run on one side only, the body should, if possible, keep time with his movements, and adapt itself so as to turn or swerve with him; otherwise the balance will be lost, and the rider be in danger of falling off on the side from which the horse starts.

The proper mode of preserving the balance under some other circumstances, will be found described in a future number. In no case, let it be remembered, should the rider endeavour to assist herself in preserving her balance by pulling at the reins.

THE VENETIAN BRACELET.

WE are somewhat late in tendering our congratulations to the fair author of "The Improvisatrice," on the production of a volume, far, very far, beyond all she has heretofore achieved; but if, in our critical capacity, circumstances have rendered it necessary that we should follow, instead of precede our contemporaries, as we would have desired, we have, at least, the advantage of gathering their opinions, and thus perceive how firmly and safely she has stood at the bar of criticism, where now-a-day, she could neither ask nor expect mercy on the ground of youth and inexperience. In truth, she has been judged as she ought to be, *severely*—not, as hitherto, kindly, and with indulgence for errors the removal of which must be left to time; but as one of the poets of her land, who must stand or fall by her own merits, and to whom censure might be fairly dealt with an unsparing hand, if censure were deserved. She has passed the only dangerous ordeal of her poetical life; and she has come forth unscathed from the trial. With scarcely an exception, her judges have awarded her the laurel, and we may consider ourselves justified in hailing it upon her brow. Astonishment at youthful genius has been softened down into calm approbation of matured talent; but if "The Venetian Bracelet" had not greatly surpassed "The Improvisatrice" and "The Troubadour," it would have been a total failure; public opinion, however, rarely errs, and that is universally in her favour. We rejoice at this accomplishment of the poet's hopes of many years, and again apply to her the sentence we long ago quoted, in allusion to her earliest undertaking—"proceed and prosper!" We confess ourselves more than commonly interested in her prosperity, because we chance to know of her much the world does not know—that while flattery, enough to turn a hundred male or female heads, has been heaped upon her, it has left her uninjured; that while dwelling amid the glare of gay society, the warmest pulses of her heart have beat for her early

friends; that while raised to a station to which she never could have laid claim, except by her talents, she has been a good daughter, a kind sister, and a sincere friend. In making this latter observation, however, we would not be misunderstood: Miss Landon's family and connexions are more than respectable, and two of her uncles are dignitaries of the church. But it has been her happy destiny to have conferred upon them more honour than she received; and the name of Dr. Landon, but for the dedication of "The Troubadour," would scarcely have been heard of beyond the circle in which he moves. The volume before us consists of "The Venetian Bracelet;" "The Lost Pleiad;" "A History of the Lyre;" "The Ancestress;" "Poetical Portraits;" and Miscellaneous Poems. Had our notice been earlier, we should, perhaps, have conceived it necessary to have given an outline of the story of each, and to have scrutinized them more narrowly than we now conceive necessary, as the greater portion of our readers have, doubtless, already made their acquaintance. To our mind, the Dramatic Sketch, "The Ancestress," is the most choice composition of the whole. It is chaste, vigorous, and richly poetical, containing some of as fine passages as any in our language, and as a whole, interesting and exciting to a powerful degree. It tells the story of a young man who has been despoiled of his fair estates by an avaricious uncle, who has one fair daughter whom he "loves passing well." His nephew becomes the associate of robbers, and lives in crime, until he learns the secret of his birth, and becomes, under a feigned name, a visitor in his own hereditary castle. Here an attachment grows up between the youth and the fair-haired maiden, in spite of the warning of "the Ancestress," a spirit who walks the earth. The young man is, in the end, discovered to be the robber chief: the tale has a melancholy termination. Our readers need not be told that the original of the drama is a German story. The

following is an extract: Bertha, the daughter of the Count, is in her chamber leaning from the casement:

"How beautiful it is! though on the air
There is the stillness of a coming storm,
And on the sky its darkness. On the west,
Like a rebellious multitude, the clouds
Are gathering in huge masses; but the moon,
Like a young queen, unconscious, brightens still
A little clear blue space; though rapidly
Her comrades, the sweet stars, sink one by one,
Lost in the spreading vapours. Yet the lake
Has not a shadow. Well may the young moon
Forget her danger, gazing on the face
Its silver water-mirror—all beyond
Is like the grave's obscurity; more near
All is most tranquil beauty and repose.
The garden flowers are paler than by day,
And sweeter. What an altar of perfume
Is the musk-rose, beneath my casement twined!
Dipping its golden tresses in the lake
Leans the laburnum, and beneath its shade
Sleep my two swans, as white, as still as snow.
—The wind is rising, and a yellow haze,
Like a volcano's smoke, makes heaven less dark
To be more fearful. I can now discern
Our ancient avenue of cedar trees—
How black they look, and with what heavy strength
The giant branches move! the weary air
Like a deep breath comes from them.—Ah, how dark!
It is the first cloud that has touch'd the moon:—
Her loveliness has conquer'd,—oh, not yet!
One huge cloud and another. I could deem
The evil powers did war on high to night.
And are there such that o'er humanity
Hold influence,—the terrible, the wild,—
Inscrutable as fear,—the ministers
To our unholy passions! These are they
Who dazzle with unrighteous wealth, and make
Our sleep temptation; they who fill its dreams
With passionate strife and guilt, until the mind
Is grown familiar with the sight of blood."

To this beautiful passage, we must add one of the lesser poems—

SONG.

"I pray thee let me weep to night,
'Tis rarely I am weeping;
My tears are buried in my heart,
Like cave-lock'd fountains sleeping.

But oh, to-night, those words of thine
Have brought the past before me;
And shadows of long-vanish'd years
Are passing sadly o'er me.

The friends I loved in early youth,
The faithless and forgetting,
Whom, tho' they were not worth my love,
I cannot help regretting:—

My feelings, once the kind, the warm,
But now the hard, the frozen;
The errors I've too long pursued,
The path I should have chosen:—

The hopes that are like falling lights
Around my pathway dying;
The consciousness none others rise,
Their vacant place supplying:—

The knowledge by experience taught,
The useless, the repelling:—
For what avails to know how false
Is all the charmer's telling?

I would give worlds could I believe
One half that is profess'd me;
Affection! could I think it Thee,
When flattery has caress'd me!

I cannot bear to think of this,—
Oh! leave me to my weeping;
A few tears for that grave my heart,
Where hope in death is sleeping."

But we have already exceeded Miss Landon's proportion of our pages, we would gladly extract her kind, and liberal, and beautiful stanzas to the

author of "Mont Blanc," a young lady who is placed very nearly in the position in which Miss Landon stood when she commenced her literary career. The poetry we have quoted, however, will do more than any words of ours could do to recommend the volume. We have expressed our opinion that it greatly surpasses either of those she had previously given to the world; but we are still far from thinking that Miss Landon has arrived at the zenith of her fame, or that she may remain stationary and rest contented. She has rapidly gathered intellectual strength, without losing aught of elegance or beauty; and it is this that gives so much improvement to her writings. We are, however, justified in expecting her to do better, for she has even now scarcely entered upon that age, when the advantages of study are duly appreciated, and labour begins to find its reward in a fruitful harvest.

Original.

THE CROSS OF THE SOUTH.

BY MRS. REMANS.

The beautiful constellation of the Cross is seen only in the Southern Hemisphere. The following lines are supposed to be addressed to it by a Spanish traveller in South America.

In the silence and grandeur of midnight I tread,
Where savannas in boundless magnificence spread;
And bearing sublimely their snow-wreaths on high,
The far Cordilleras unite with the sky.

The fern-tree waves o'er me, the fire-fly's red light
With its quick-glancing splendor illumines the night;
And I read in each tint of the skies and the earth,
How distant my steps from the land of my birth.

But to thee, as thy lade-stars resplendently burn,
In their clear depths of blue with devotion I turn,
Bright Cross of the South! and beholding thee shine,
Scarce regret the loved land of the olive and vine.

Thou recallest the ages when first o'er the main,
My fathers unfolded the ensign of Spain,
And planted their faith in the regions that see
Its unperishing symbol emblazon'd in thee.

How oft in their course o'er the oceans unknown,
Where all was mysterious, and awful, and lone,
Hath their spirit been cheer'd by thy light, when the deep
Reflected its brilliance in tremulous sleep!

As the vision that rose to the lord of the world*
When first his bright banner of faith was unfur'd;
Ev'n such to the heroes of Spain, when their prow
Made the billows the path of their glory, wert thou!

And to me as I traversed the world of the west,
Thro' deserts of beauty in stillness that rest;
By forests and rivers untam'd in their pride,
Thy beams have a language, thy course is a guide.

Shine on!—my own land is a far distant spot,
And the stars of thy sphere can enlighten it not;
And the eyes that I love, tho' e'en now they may be
O'er the firmament wand'ring, can gaze not on thee!

But thou to my thoughts art a pure-blazing shrine,
A fount of bright hopes and of visions divine;
And my soul, as an eagle exulting and free,
Soars high o'er the Andes to mingle with thee!

*Constantine.

From the London Court Journal.

THE MAZURKA.

THE Mazurka is a dance of Polish origin, and we believe its execution was never attempted by "heels polite" till his Grace of Devonshire enlightened the northern capital with his presence as ambassador extraordinary. Be this as it may, it is evidently reserved for the above named autocrat of fashion to introduce the illustrious stranger into English society, no less august innovator daring to undertake the hazardous office. In the mean time, let us lay aside, as we have promised, all critical dissertation on the nature and origin, the aspect and sentiment, the scope and tendency of this new mode of locomotion, and proceed to describe it in a manner that shall make it "lovely to the meanest capacity;" for, after all, there is no other method of rendering our labours of practical utility;—there is no "royal road" to the Mazurka, any more than there is to the mathematics. Indeed, we doubt if even *our* directions will supersede the necessity of a more tangible guide.

The Mazurka resembles the quadrille in so far as it is danced by sets of eight persons—four of either sex, who arrange themselves in couples, the lady in each couple taking the place to the right of the gentleman; and the first and second couple, and the third and fourth couple face each other. The dance (as introduced, or intended to be introduced, in this country,) consists of what may be described as twelve different movements; and, as in the quadrille, the first eight bars of the music are played before the first movement commences.

Having no wish to supersede the services of the Misses Prince, we shall not describe every movement of the Mazurka minutely. The first movement may be considered as preparatory, and has no *figure* since it consists merely of a motion, from right to left and then from left to right, by each person, four times repeated.—The *steps* in this first movement are three and of a character that at once gives an eccentric air to the dance, and as it were excites and stirs up a corresponding spirit in those who are engaged in it. They consist of a stamp, a hop, and a sliding step, or *glissarde*. In the next movement the leading cavalier describes a circle round each lady, to his right, (beginning with his own partner, who accompanies him throughout this movement) and is followed in this by all the party—the step being still the stamp, hop, and *glissarde*. This movement, in the course of sixteen bars, brings each couple to the spot whence they started. A movement now commences which also occupies sixteen bars, and in the course of which the dancers *set* to each other with their left shoulders forward, clap the hands once, and assume that pretty and *naïve* attitude which consists in placing the back of the hands on the hips, and pointing the elbows forward. The next

movements include some of those which are well known by their use in dances that have been naturalized in this country—the quadrille and the waltz. These continue till about the middle of the dance, when the chief and most characteristic and striking part of the movements commence, and which consist in each lady turning first round her partner and successively round every other gentleman of the set; each couple passing under the raised arms of all the other couples; each gentleman kneeling on one knee, while his partner passes round him, holding his hand; and finally some of the first movements having been repeated, and the first couple having regained their original place, the first gentleman has the privilege as *leader*, of moving forward wherever he pleases (even into a different room)—all the other couples being required to follow and repeat his movements—"follow-my-leader" fashion.

Our readers will not do the Mazurka the injustice of supposing, that the above is the only, or even the best, method of dancing it. On the contrary, its merit consists in the almost infinite variety of movements of which it is susceptible, and which variety renders it available for all classes of dancers—from the wild Indians of the back woods of America to the *serene* Highnesses of Almack's or Devonshire-House. It is, in fact, the very Proteus of dances—being capable of changing its form, colour, spirit, and general character, according to that of the party practising it, and answering one moment to the "tipsy dance and revelry" of a troop of fairies and bacchantes, and the next to the "Lydian measures" of a May-fair Exclusive. In short it can be "all things by turns;" and it is moreover altogether without the ordinary accompaniment of that versatile quality, insomuch as so far from being "nothing long," it is absolutely interminable, if such be the will and pleasure of its *leader* for the time being.

It has another merit, which qualifies it in an especial manner for acquiring universal popularity; every one of the cavaliers engaged in it has the privilege of claiming the exclusive hand, and even the waist for a time, of every one of the dames respectively—so that each person of every set is, in fact, the partner of every other person in the same set.

The Mazurka has another quality, which will gain it especial favour in the sight of *our* readers in particular; it is incomparably more difficult to perform, in a graceful and efficient manner than any other dance which has prevailed since Minuets were exploded; the effect of which quality will be, its confinement for a reasonable time to the saloons of high life; since there is little fear on the one hand, or hope on the other, of its penetrating to the provinces for at least a quarter

of a century to come. Another consequence of this quality is, that a due performance of it will, for the present, amount to a patent of nobility to the happy performer.

EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES.

The great interest which must attach to M. Champollion's labours leads me to think that the following slight sketch of the results of his late expedition to Egypt may not be altogether unacceptable. At a meeting of the *Societe du Bulletin Universel*, which took place on Tuesday the 20th, under the presidency of the Duc de Dondeauville, M. Champollion, who is one of its members, gave an account of his discoveries, and displayed some hundreds of drawings made under his inspection. These, however, form but a small part of his collection. He spoke in the highest terms of the zeal of those who accompanied him; and the beautiful execution of the drawings sufficiently testified their ability. M. Champollion considers that the subject of Egyptian architecture has been completely exhausted by the draughts-men and *savans* under Denon; he has therefore confined himself to the examination of the bas-reliefs and paintings with which the exterior of the Egyptian buildings, and the interior of the tombs, are so richly decorated. These are all situated below the second cataract; beyond it the structures are uninteresting. He dwelt on the fact, that the tombs were ornamented with figures, explanatory of the calling or actions of their inmates. Thus, on that of the veterinary surgeon is exhibited a sick ox showing his tongue, while medicine is administered to another. The king's butler caused all the vessels of gold, silver, and enamel, which were once in his custody, to be sculptured on his tomb. Nothing can exceed the beauty of shape, and richness of ornament, shown in the vases and pateræ. Many are drawn with bunches of flowers, to show the purpose for which they were used. These of course rather injure the effect; but so perfect is the taste both of the form and the ornaments, that they might be thought to belong to the best times of Grecian art. The machine for raising water, the process of purifying it with bitter almonds, angling with rod and line, are represented exactly as they are practised in Egypt at this very day.

Next came a marvellous variety of animals and birds, painted with amazing exactness. The camelopard, different sorts of antelopes, a deer, elephants, hippopotami, a nondescript resembling the kangaroo, various sorts of geese, and the famous ibis. M. Champollion hopes, by the production of this drawing, to settle the long-disputed question concerning this bird. It appeared to me to be of the stork tribe, of moderate size, with pencilled plumage, brown and white.

But by far the most interesting part of his exposition was the description of the tombs of the kings and queens which he has explored. He possesses the portraits and accompanying hieroglyphical accounts of the actions of the Egyptian

monarchs of many dynasties. Some of these kings M. Champollion recognises in the faces of the sphinxes and colossal statues made under their reign. Thus the Æthiopian Sabacon preserves his proper features, although he is clad in the Egyptian royal robes. The son of Alexander, who was recognised as king of Egypt, and Cæsarion, son of Cæsar and Cleopatra, are drawn as youths. The Ptolemies show decidedly the Greek physiognomy, and may be verified by their medals. But the Roman emperors resemble monarchs on a sign-post, utterly destitute of likeness to their originals; for the very good reason, that the artists never saw them. By the discovery of the female tombs, M. Champollion has been enabled to explain the Greek notion of the Æthiopian Memnon. The portrait of this prince bears the negro features strongly marked. M. Champollion has found the portrait of a negress queen, and by the accompanying explanatory hieroglyphics, it appears that she actually was the mother of this Æthiopian Memnon. Singular to say, on the tomb of Sheshah he found the names of the fenced cities which he took from Judah before he reached Jerusalem. The sepulchres of the mighty conquerors exhibit bas-reliefs of hundreds of yards in extent, explanatory of their victories. The different people whom they conquered are drawn with their characteristic features and national dress: Jews, Arabs, Indians, and Negroes. Twice occur paintings of the Ionian Greeks, quite agreeing with the Ἰωνοὶ Ἰωνικῆς, their long tunics, ornamented with the peculiar border so common on the ancient Athenian urns; and their names above, in hieroglyphics. The conferences of Sesostris with the Scythians before the battle; the battle itself; the scythed chariots of both armies, those of the Egyptians in good order, and beautifully formed—the Scythian in disarray and of ruder workmanship; the same monarch meeting his fleet on the banks of the Indian Ocean; and a variety of other remarkable subjects, are set forth with a vigour of design, and precision of detail, such as we have hitherto thought the Greeks to have exclusively possessed. These Scythians, by the bye, are true Tartars.

Next came a perfect Egyptian arsenal; bows, arrows, spears, swords, and scythes; ships of all descriptions, some like royal barges, blazing with gold: the gathering of the corn, the flax, and papyrus, the vintage, and the sowing, were all displayed in detail.

The *seance* was very interesting in other particulars; but the foregoing, in addition to your letters, will show the extent of M. Champollion's own pretensions.

LIFE.

Life's buzzing sounds and flat'ring colors play
Round our fond senses and waste the day;
Enchant the fancy, vex the laboring soul;
Each rising sun, each lightsome hour,
Beholds the busy slavery we endure;
Nor is our freedom full, or contemplation pure,
When night and sacred silence overspread the stool.

A SOLDIER'S THE LAD FOR MY NOTION.

AS SUNG BY MISS CLARA FISHER.

COMPOSED BY ALEXANDER LEE.

Allegretto.

A Sol-dier's the lad for my no-tion, A Soldier's the lad
for my notion, We girls must al-low that his row de dow
dow, Sets the hearts of his hearers in mo-tion. With his
row, with his dow, with his row de dow, dow de dow,
dow de dow, dow, with his row, with his dow, Oh a Soldier's
the lad for my notion, Oh a Soldier's the lad for my notion.

Mesoso.

Then the air mi-li-taire so de-light-fully in-spiring,
Then the air mi-li-taire so de-lightfully in-spiring, To a
Soldier my heart is de-voted, For who like a Soldier can love.

Detailed description: The image shows a musical score for a song. It consists of ten staves of music. The first six staves are marked 'Allegretto' and the last three are marked 'Mesoso'. The music is written in a single treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 6/8 time signature. The lyrics are printed below the notes. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Translated from Schiller, by Lord F. Leveson Gower.

PARTITION OF THE EARTH.

When Jove had encircled our planet with light,
And had rolled the proud orb on its way,
And had given the moon to illumine it by night,
And the bright sun to rule it by day;
The reign of its surface he found to agree,
With the wisdom which governed its plan;
He divided the earth and apportioned the sea,
And he gave the dominion to man.

The hunter he sped to the forest and wood,
And the husbandman seized on the plain;
The fisherman launched his canoe on the flood;
And the merchant embarked on the main;
The mighty partition was finished at last,
When a figure came listlessly on;
But fearful and wild were the looks that he cast,
When he found that the labour was done.

The mien of disorder, the wreath which he wore,
And the frenzy that flashed from his eye,
And the lyre of ivory and gold that he bore,
Proclaimed that the Poet was nigh.
And he gushed all in tears at the fatal decree,
To the foot of the Thunderer's throne,
And complained that no spot of the earth or the sea,
Had been given the bard as his own.

And the Thunderer smiled at his prayer and his mien,
Tho' he mourned the request was too late;
And he asked in what regions the poet had been
When his lot was decided by fate.
"Oh! pardon my error," he humbly replied,
"Which sprung from a vision too bright:
My soul at that moment was close at thy side,
Entranced in those regions of light.

It hung on thy visage, it bask'd in thy smile,
And it rode on thy glances of fire;
And forgive, if bewildered and dazzled the while,
It forgot every earthly desire."

"The earth," says the Godhead, "is portioned away,
And I cannot reverse the decree;
But the Heavens are mine, and the region of day,
And their portal is open to thee."

For the Lady's Book.

THE MILITARY FUNERAL.

"Dust to dust," the Priest has giv'n;
The warrior's beating heart is still;
The calm unclouded vault of Heaven
Echoes to earth his fun'ral peal.

The crowd has left the open grave,
And nothing but the silent worm
Shall greet him in that darksome cave,
Or batten on that lofty form.

The fun'ral train is gone—no more
The gun's bright muzzle droops to earth,
And dies upon the distant shore,
Its requiem to departed worth.

Hark! to that bugle's lively tone!
That wakes the merry echoes round;
Is it the same whose solemn moan
With lofty plaining shook the ground?

Hark! to that phalanx' rapid tread,
The rattling drum, the merry fife,
With flaunting plume and banner spread,
The pomp and circumstance of life.

And think they that a serious hour,
Of still reflection, decent gloom,
Of gazing on that arm of power,
Is tedious tribute to the tomb?

Is he forgotten? mark that hall!
The goblet runs its laughing round—
See you the tear unbidden fall?
Hear you a groan's unwelcome sound?

Yet see! each glass is brimming o'er,
And hushed is gladsome voice of song:
"One health to him that is no more,"
Silent the while the noisy throng.

'Tis o'er—and mirth and song again,
Mingle with shouts of revelry—
Such is their mourning for the slain,
Their tribute to his memory.

S.

THE GATHERER.

"A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."

Shakspeare.

In one man grief is mute as the moss, and hard as the stone. Strike it with a sledge-hammer, and it may dully and sullenly ring—but break it shall not—nay, nor yield a single splinter. Grief in another man is like a pound of butter, and he would be a poor pugilist who could not make a "dent in it."

What is as natural in one man in agony as it is natural for the leaves to look for the light, is as unnatural for another man in the same agony, as it would be for a bishop to walk up the steps of his throne in a cathedral on his head or back, like Joe Grimaldi.—*Black. Mag.*

THE EAR.—It appears a serious, and what may prove a fatal accident, has befallen a gentleman in consequence of picking his ear with the metal head of a pocket pencil, the top of which, not being firmly fixed, came off, and remained a con-

siderable depth in the ear, whence it had not been extracted when the account was published, although the forceps had been tried for the purpose. Another most dangerous practice of using a pin to pick the ear, has often produced serious consequences, and is as dangerous as unseemly.

The people of England have, in the last year, consumed one half more of candles, soap, starch, bricks, sugar, brandy, and one third more of tea, than they did only twelve years ago, a date which seems to most of us recent.—*Quarterly Review.*

"Where could I get this nose?" said Madame d'Albert, observing a slight tendency to a flush in that feature. 'At the *side-board*, Madame,' answered Count Grammont.

INVENTIONS.—The list of French patents granted the last year, includes the following va-

uable inventions, viz:—For a moveable pulpit, horse-hair stuffs, a new sort of bread, metallic almanacks, a metallic staircase, a bakers' kneading trough, and liquid soap.

THICKNESS OF A SOAP BUBBLE.—Newton succeeded in determining the thickness of very thin laminae of transparent substances, by observing the color which they reflect. A soap bubble is a thin shell of water, and is observed to reflect different colors from different parts of its surface. Immediately before the bubble bursts, the black spot may be observed near the top. At this part the thickness has been proved not to exceed the 2,500,000 part of an inch.

GOOD NATURE.—True good nature, that which alone deserves the name, is not a holiday ornament, but an every day habit. It does not consist in servile complaisance, or dishonest flattery, or affected sympathy, or unqualified assent, or unwarrantable compliance, or eternal smiles.—Before it can be allowed to rank with the virtues, it must be wrought up from a humour into a principle, from an occasional disposition into a habit.

DANTE.—The secret of Dante's struggles through life was in the reckless sarcasm of his answer to the Prince of Verona, who asked him how he could account for the fact, that, in the households of Princes, the court fool was in greater favor than the philosopher. "Similarity of minds," said the fierce genius, "is, all over the world, the source of friendship."

DOUBLE ENTENDRE.—"My dear," said a gallant to a lady, as they were returning from a musical assembly, on the ice, "now if you don't C sharp, you'll B flat." "That," replied the lady, "would surely be D basing; but if you saw a lady in such a predicament, wouldn't you come and meet her?" "Common metre!" said he, "egad, if a person measures her length upon the ice, I call it long particular metre."

FRENCH DRAMA.—Voltaire, as a dramatic writer, studied only to complete what is called *stage effect*; and with him, moreover, originated the contemptible practice, now so prevalent in France, and once so much so in this country, (and which the Irish triumvirate justly call '*blarneying John Bull*,') of flattering the passions, and pouring incense on the high altar of popular vanity. Nearly all Colman's comedies have this glaring weakness, although some allowance should be made for the strong excitement amidst which they were first produced on our stage.

It is truly astonishing how little talent suffices to get on in the world. The intuitive cunning observable in children and animals is equal to the wants and desires of the individual; and the unideal babble and animal vivacity of the parrot pass for information and agreeableness—while genius and feeling, obstructed at every step by dulness and prejudice, or revolting at the meanness and littleness which thwart them, stop short in the first stage of their route, and, recoiling on

themselves, too often live unknown and unbene-
fited by the world they enlighten and amuse.

A TOMB ADORNED WITH PAINTINGS.—A correspondent at Rome writes as follows, under date of the 31st. of March: "At (ampo Sala, a tomb, adorned with paintings in the interior, has lately been dug up. On the 4th. ult. was found the tomb of an Athleta. Near him were an iron quoit, and his arms in bronze; the three prizes which he had gained were at his feet; also a beautiful tripod, some *prefericoli* and a cup. All these objects are in bronze, and in good preservation. Near the tripod was a vase on which Minerva is personified by a siren playing on a double flute. On the other side Hercules and Iole are represented. A gold ring was likewise found, on which was engraved a lion, the symbol of the Athleta's courage.

TWO PINTS LESS THAN A QUART.—If a pint of water and a pint of sulphuric acid be mixed, the compound will be considerably less than a quart. The density of the mixture is therefore greater than that which would result from the mere diffusion of the particles of the one fluid through those of the other. The particles have assumed a greater proximity, and therefore exhibit a mutual attraction. In this experiment, although the liquids before being mixed be of the temperature of the surrounding air, the mixture will be so intensely hot, that the vessel which contains it cannot be touched without pain.—*Cabinet Cyclopaedia.*

COSTUME OF AN EXQUISITE IN THE TIME OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.—To the attractions of a noble figure Raleigh studied to combine those of a splendid and graceful attire. Many of his garments were adorned with jewels, according to the richest fashions of the day, and his armour was so costly and curious, that it was preserved for its rarity in the Tower. In one of his portraits he is represented in his armour, which was of silver, richly ornamented, and his sword and belt studded with diamonds, rubies, and pearls. In another he chose to be depicted in a white satin pinked vest, surrounded with a brown doublet, flowered, and embroidered with pearls; and on his head a little black feather, with a large ruby and pearl drop to confine the loop in the place of a button. These it may be said, were no extraordinary proofs of costly expenditure in dress, in days when it was the boast of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, to be "yoked and manacled" in robes of pearl, and to carry on his cloak and suit alone, diamonds to the value of eighty thousand pounds.—*Mrs. Thompson's Life of Raleigh.*

SLANDER.—When a calumny has rested for years on a man's character, all its virtues seem to our eyes poor and sickly under the influence of that unjustly imputed guilt, like the flowering shrubs in some spot of shady ground from which the sun's glad beams have been intercepted: but in the latter case the pining away is real; in the former, it only seems so to our jaundiced eyes;

unless, indeed, which generally happens—though from different causes, to the humble as well as to the high—the meek as well as to the proud—a scornful sense of injustice withers or blights the better feelings of their nature, and in process of time makes them at last, in very truth, the wicked and unhappy beings which calumny at first called them in the bitterness of conscious falsehood.—*Blackwood.*

The season of jubilee to those by whom a child is truly loved, is when he begins to talk. Words of love and endearment are among the first he utters. How delightful is it to them that his tongue should assure them of what they before learned only from dumb signs and uncertain gestures! It is like the first declaration between a lover and his mistress. No; there was nothing doubtful before; but articulated sounds are as the seal to the bond, and make assurance doubly sure.

The difference between a well-bred man and an ill-bred one, is this, one immediately attracts our liking, the other our aversion. We love the one till we find reason to hate him: we hate the other till we find reason to love him.

A lady who had an excellent voice and great taste in singing, on being one day entreated to oblige the company with a proof of her ability, declared that "she could not sing; she could not sing positively." "That we are all very well aware of," said Miss Edgeworth, who was present, "for we know, my dear madam, you do not sing *positively* but *superlatively*."

Continual prosperity hardens the heart, as continual sunshine does the earth; but when the one is softened by the tears of sorrow, and the other by genial showers, they yield those fruits which the necessities of man require. Goodness is twice blessed, in what it gives and what it receives. The peace and comfort we impart to others is restored to our own bosom, by the satisfaction of an approving conscience, as the vapours which ascend through the day, fall back at night in refreshing dews upon the earth.

Many who seem to carry the liberty of the people highest, serve them like trouts—tickle them till they catch them.

ENIGMA.

I'm the herald of twilight tho' banish'd from morn,
I ne'er touch'd the rose-bud, tho' seen in its thorn.
From Heaven rejected, yet brightening each star—
And in the pale moonlight am seen from afar.
Unknown to the hero, the bard or the sage,
Yet in history still must attention engage.
Tho' viewless in gulfs, or in oceans profound,
I dwell amid waters and strengthen their sound.
To music untuned—yet no sound of the flute,
Or tone of the trumpet, would swell were I mute.
I ne'er was in Love, yet I point Cupid's dart,
And who would not weep, were I torn from the heart?
Tho' deep in misfortune, a stranger to grief,
And tho' twice in torture avoiding relief.
I'm tracked in the forest, yet fly from the wood,
And tho' true to virtue, am, alas! far from good.
Time exists not without me, his forelock I seize,
And doom'd to Eternity, ne'er to know ease.

I dwell in the East, and wand'ring from home,
Over North, South, and West, am delighted to roam.
I sport in winter, to frosts still inured,
In darkness am lost and by daylight restored.

RECIPES.

TO MAKE VERY FINE COLOGNE WATER.

Oil of Lavender.....	1	drachm
Oil of Lemon.....	2	drachms
Oil of Cinnamon.....	8	drops
Tincture of Musk.....	10	drops
Oil of Bergamot.....	1	drachm
Oil of Rosemary.....	2	drachms
Oil of Cloves.....	8	drops
Rectified Spirits of Wine.....	1	pint

Have ready the spirits of wine in a clean bottle. Then get at an apothecary's the above-mentioned oils and the tincture of musk; having them put together in a small phial, pour them into the spirits of wine; shake the bottle well and cork it tightly. It will be immediately fit for use, and will be found far superior to any Cologne water that can be purchased, and more economical.

TO REMOVE WATER-SPOTS FROM BLACK CRAPE VELS.

If a drop of water falls upon black transparent crape, it immediately turns it white, leaving a disfiguring mark. To remove this, spread the veil on a table, laying smoothly under the stain a piece of old black silk. Then dip a camel's hair pencil into some good writing ink and wet the white spot with it. Immediately, (and before the ink has time to dry) wipe it off with an old piece of canton crape or something of a similar soft texture, taking care to rub it cross-ways of the crape. This process will cause the water-stain entirely to disappear, and unless the ink is allowed to dry before it is wiped off, no mark will be seen on the place.

TO REMOVE INK-SPOTS FROM LINEN OR COTTON.

BREAK off some cold tallow from a clean mould candle that has never been lighted. Rub it with your finger on the ink spots, and leave it sticking on in small lumps. This must be done before the linen is washed. It must be put into the tub with the tallow still on it. This will effectually remove the ink spots. The tallow must be rubbed on quite cold.

TO TAKE OUT CHERRY-BOUNCE OR SWEET-MEAT JUICE, WHEN SPILLED ON THE CLOTHES.

DIP in cold water the corner of a clean towel, and rub it on the stain before the article is washed. Continue it, changing to a clean part of the towel and dipping frequently in the cold water till the stain disappears, which will be in a few minutes. The sweeter the juice, the sooner it will come out.

TO REMOVE OIL-PAINT FROM CLOTH.

BEFORE the paint spot dries, wipe it off, and then rub the place with ether.



R. Westall R.A. Del.

J. B. Neagle Sc.

THE FAVOURITE.

№ 3 OF THE LADY'S BOOK.

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THE LADY'S BOOK.

mother upon a pinna-
 arms are first uplift-
 manhood, we almost
 e who can enter an
 mother babe feeding on
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 nerous veins, without
 teful eye, is no man,
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 or view the fond pa-
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y's fair brow,

Picture, ...
 affections; his eye looks round in vain for such
 another object on earth.

Maternity, ecstatic sound! so twined around
 our hearts, that they must cease to throb ere we
 forget it! 'tis our first love, 'tis part of our reli-

where virtue, worth and genius reign,
 He wins the glorious prize.

Though sickness steals the cheek's fresh tinge,
 And check the labouring breath,
 Although the white lid's silken fringe
 Close o'er his eyes in death.

THE FAVOURITE.

THE artist, in the plate connected with this article, has gathered from various sources the beauties with which he has enriched his simple production; though one great principle of the human heart alone is illustrated by his plastic labours—so let the literary accompaniment be the collected stores of many contributors towards forming an offering worthy of the superior, undying affection and unremitting devotion of a mother to her child. The most powerful illustration of God's affection for his people is drawn from Maternal Love. It is a point of constant reference by divinely inspired writers; and one for the happiest similitudes of those who catch their inspirations from natural objects by which they are surrounded. The deep, unvarying, and all influencing love of a mother has no comparison on earth by which it is to be illustrated—"it is mighty in the mightiest;"—but in the refined, in those whose bosoms are keenly alive to affections, and whose minds are enlightened and improved by education, it is an all-absorbing principle, mingling in all calculations, and governing in all other connexions. In the pains of birth, in the devotions to infancy, in the joying with childish joys, in solicitude for the success of maturer years, in the unbroken watchfulness and ceaseless cares at the bed of sickness, in the deep, unutterable anguish with which the eye of death is closed;—in all these, and all the nameless and undefined offices of kindness and love, the mother loses her separate existence and becomes one with her child, living in his joys, and dying in his death.

The following are thoughts from another source that belong to this interesting subject:—Woman's charms are certainly many, and powerful. The expanding rose just bursting into beauty, has an irresistible bewitchingness; the blooming bride, led triumphantly to the hymenial altar, awakens admiration and interest, and the blush of her cheek fills with delight—but the charm of maternity is more sublime than all these. Heaven has imprinted in the mother's face, something beyond this world, something which claims kindred with the skies—the angelic smile, the tender look, the waking watchful eye which keeps its fond vigil over the slumbering babe.

These are objects which neither the pencil nor the chisel can touch, which poetry fails to exalt, which the most eloquent tongue in vain would eulogise, and on which all description becomes ineffective. In the heart of man lies this lovely picture; it lives in his sympathies; it reigns in his affections; his eye looks round in vain for such another object on earth.

Maternity, ecstatic sound! so twined around our hearts, that they must cease to throb ere we forget it! 'tis our first love, 'tis part of our reli-

gion. Nature has set the mother upon a pinnacle, that our infant eyes and arms are first uplifted to it; we cling to it in manhood, we almost worship it in old age. He who can enter an apartment and behold the tender babe feeding on its mother's beauty—nourished by the tide of life which flows through her generous veins, without a panting bosom and a grateful eye, is no man, but a monster. He who can approach the cradle of innocence without thinking that "of such is the kingdom of heaven!" or view the fond parent hang over its beauties, and half retain her breath, lest she should break its slumbers, without a veneration beyond common feeling, is to be avoided in every intercourse of life, and is fit only for the shadow of darkness and the solitude of the desert.

Such themes are worthy higher powers of illustration, and become the numbers of the inspired far more than the deeds of men whose lives are made illustrious by the death of imaginary enemies. To compensate for our own deficiency of thought and poverty of expression, we borrow the following poetical effusion upon the same interesting subject:—

To mark the angel smile whose light
Plays o'er her infant's cheek,
To meet the look from fond eyes bright,
Of careless joys that speak;
To listen to the early words
From childhood's lisping tongue,
Soft as the loving song of birds,
Spring's building bowers among.

When o'er its snowy eyelids sleep
Spreads a soft downy wing,
'Tis hers, with fireless love to keep
Her watch o'er that fair thing;
While round the lips bright smiles still play,
Telling of happy dreams,
'Her little self in finer clay,'
That cherub being seems.

'Tis hers through many a lonely day,
Her little ones to see
Pursue with bosom light and gay,
Their sport in merry glee;
And oft, with laughing eyes they come,
To give the accustomed kiss:
Such joys they throw around our home—
Such is a mother's bliss.

What fairy dreams come thronging now
In rainbow colors wrought,
When years have graced the boy's fair brow,
And shaded it with thought;
She sees in infancy's fair domain,
With fond and partial eyes,
Where virtue, worth and genius reign,
He wins the glorious prize.

Though sickness steals the cheek's fresh tinge,
And check the labouring breath,
Although the white lid's silken fringe
Close o'er his eyes in death,

Although the withering dreadful shaft
 Relentless should be sped,
 Still in that sorrow's bitter draft
 Is consolation shed.

In dreams, the loved one comes to her,
 On seraph pinions borne,
 A smiling, joyous messenger,
 Who bids her cease to mourn;
 She knows that form with face so bright,
 Who cheer'd her many an hour,
 Is blooming in eternal light,
 A sweet unfading flower!

Dr. James Wilson, in a paper upon "Affections of the Heart," read before the Royal College of Physicians, in London, indulged in the following sweet strain in speaking of an infant's sleep:—"So motionless is its slumber,

that in watching it, we tremble, impatient for some stir or sound that may assure us of its life; yet is the fancy of the little sleeper busy, and every artery and every pulse of its frame engaged in the work of growth and secretion; though his breath would not stir the smallest insect that sported on his lip—though his pulse would not lift the flower leaf of which he dreamed from his bosom;—yet, following this emblem of tranquillity into after life, we see him exposed to every climate—contending with every obstacle—agitated by every passion; and, under these various circumstances, how different is the power and degree of the heart's action, which has not only to beat, but to 'beat time,' through every moment of a long and troubled life."

BEAUTY IMPROVED BY DRESS.

It is not sufficient for the skin to be actually beautiful;—it must, likewise, appear so. Dress ought to heighten its lustre, or disguise its want of that quality when rather too brown. This object is attained by the selection of colours employed in dress. Those colours, when ill assorted, may totally eclipse the charms of the most beautiful carnation; when used with taste, they may, on the contrary, enhance the attractions of a very inferior complexion. It is thus that a skilful painter sets off his figures by the colours of the grounds of his pictures; and if the choice of colours for these grounds is considered as a circumstance of the highest importance in painting, it may likewise be affirmed that the selections of colours for dress is highly essential for the exhibition of beauty in its full lustre.

If a colour appear beautiful in itself, that is not a sufficient reason why it should be made use of in dress, as adopted by all women. Any colour whatever may be suited to certain persons, and be injurious to the beauty of many others. It is, therefore, necessary to choose, not the colour adopted by the tyranny of fashion, but that which best suits the complexion, and best harmonizes with the other articles of dress with which it is intended to be worn.

It can scarcely be conceived how much the colour of a robe, or shawl, may heighten or destroy the beauty of a complexion, and how much so important a circumstance is usually neglected. Is white in fashion? All dress in white. Is it black? They all exchange their white for that colour. Are yellow ribands in vogue? They all wear them, and that without consulting their own colour or complexion. It matters not to them whether they appear brown or pale, black or sunburnt, plain or handsome, or whether they have an engaging or repulsive countenance. Every consideration must yield to the fashion of the day. The great point is to be in the fashion, and to this tyrant of taste all advantages are sacrificed; women no longer consult their figure but the whim of the moment.

It is, nevertheless true, that nothing contributes

in a more particular manner to heighten the beauty of the skin than the choice of colours: For example, females of fair complexion ought to wear the purest white; they should choose light and brilliant colours, such as rose, azure, light yellow, &c.—These colours heighten the lustre of their complexion, which, if accompanied with darker, would frequently have the appearance of alabaster, without life and without expression. On the contrary, women of dark complexion, who dress in such colours as we too frequently see them do, cause their skin to appear black, dull and tanned. They ought, therefore, to avoid wearing linen or laces of too brilliant a white; they ought, especially, to avoid white robes, or rose colour, or light blue ribands, which form too disagreeable a contrast with their carnations; and if they chance to be near a fair woman, they will scarcely be able to endure so unpleasant a neighbourhood. Let such persons, on the contrary, dress in colours which are best suited to them; in particular, green, violet, blue, purple, and then that darkness which was only the effect of too dark a contrast, will suddenly disappear as if by enchantment, their complexion will become lively and animated, and will exhibit charms that will dispute and even bear away the palm from the fairest of the fair. In a word, the fair cannot be too careful to correct, by light colours, the paleness of their complexions; and darker women by stronger colours, the somewhat yellow tint of their carnation.

Women, of every complexion, ought to pay attention to the use of colours. Azure is best suited to a pale tint, and the tender colour of the queen of flowers perfectly harmonizes with the roses of the face; but if the cheeks display rather too lively a carnation, then, sprightly shepherdess, choose the beautiful livery of nature; and by this happy combination we shall be reminded of the charming flower, Adonis, whose elegant foliage is crowned with glowing vermilion.

• Women should not only adopt such colours as are suited to their complexion, but they ought, likewise, to take care that the different colours

which they admit in the various parts of their dress, agree perfectly together. It is in this that we distinguish women of taste; but how many are there that pay no attention to this essential point; we meet every day for instance, women who have a rose-coloured hat and a crimson shawl. Nothing is more harsh than the contrast of colours of the same kind. If to these be added, as is sometimes observed a light blue robe, the caricature is complete. It would be too long to enter into a detail of the colours which perfectly agree; for this, it would be necessary to discuss the nature of colours, their harmony, their opposition, &c. which would be too tedious for a work like the present.

We must not omit a very important observation respecting the change of colours by night. A female may be dressed with exquisite taste, and appear charming in the day time; but at night the effect is totally different, and this enchanting dress is quite eclipsed at the theatre or at the ball. Another is charming at night; her taste is extolled. Delighted with praises, she resolves to show herself abroad, and her toilette is detestable. To what is this owing? to the choice or the assortment of colours.

Thus, crimson is extremely handsome at night, when it may be substituted for rose colour, which loses its charms by candle light; but this crimson, seen by day, spoils the most beautiful complexion; no colour whatever strips it so completely of all its attractions. Pale yellow, on the contrary, is often very handsome by day, and is perfectly suited to people who have a fine carnation; but at night it appears dirty, and tarnishes the lustre of the complexion, to which it is designed to add brilliancy. We could adduce many other examples, but it would be difficult to specify all the particular cases; for all these effects depend on different circumstances, as we have already seen; for instance, on the complexion of women, on the greater or less vivacity of their carnation, on their stature, on the other colours employed in their dress, &c. I say on the other colours employed in their dress, and insist on this remark; for any other particular colour, which alone or assorted with suitable colours, would appear pleasing, or ungrateful, by contrast with others.

Thus, sometimes a female, who yesterday appeared charming, with a hat in an elegant taste, discovers to-day that she's no longer the same, though she has not changed her head dress. The metamorphosis astonishes her; she finds fault alternately, with her hat and her figure. But, dear madam, neither your figure nor your hat is at all to blame; they have not undergone the least change. But why did I look so well yesterday? Yesterday, madam, the colour of your dress perfectly agreed with that of your hat; to-day a new dress forms a contrast so harsh as to produce an optical discord, as disagreeable to the eye as a false chord in music is grating to the ear. Put on the dress you wore yesterday, and cease to blame your hat or your charms, neither of which can be in fault.

MY HOME IS THE WORLD.

BY THOMAS H. BAYLY.

Speed, speed, my fleet vessel! the shore is in sight,
The breezes are fair, we shall anchor to-night;
To-morrow, at sunrise, once more I shall stand
On the sea-beaten shore of my dear native land.

Ah! why does despondency weigh down my heart?
Suck thoughts are for friends who reluctantly part;
I come from an exile of twenty long years,
Yet I gaze on my country through fast-falling tears!

I see the hills purple with bells of the heath,
And my own happy valley that nestles beneath,
And the fragrant white blossoms spread over the thorn
That grows near the cottage in which I was born.

It cannot be changed—no, the climatic clime
O'er the gay little porch, as it did in old times;
And the seat where my father reclined is still there—
But where is my father?—oh, answer me, where?

My mother's own casement, the chamber she loved,
Is there—overlooking the lawn where I roved;
She thoughtfully sat with her hand o'er her brow,
As she watched her young darling—ah! where is she now?

And there is my poor sister's garden: how wild
Were the innocent sports of that beautiful child!
Her voice had a spell in its musical tone,
And her cheek was like rose-leaves—ah! where is she gone?

No father reclines in the climatic seat!
No mother looks forth from the shaded retreat!
No sister is there, stealing slyly away,
Till the half-suppressed laughter betrayed where she lay!

How oft in my exile, when kind friends were near,
I've slighted their kindness, and sigh'd to be here!
How oft have I said—"Could I once again see
That sweet little valley, how blest should I be!"

How blest: oh! it is not a valley like this
That unaided can realize visions of bliss;
For voices I listen—and then I look round
For light steps that used to trip after the sound!

But see! this green path—I remember it well—
'Tis the way to the church—hark! the toll of the bell!
Oh! oft in my boyhood a truant I've strayed
To yonder dark yew-tree, and slept in its shade.

But surely the pathway is narrower now!
No smooth place is left 'neath the dark yew-tree bough!
O'er tablets inscrib'd with sad records I tread,
And the home I have sought—is the home of the dead!

And was it to this I look'd forward so long,
And shrunk from the sweetness of Italy's song?
And turn'd from the dance of the dark girl of Spain?
And wept for my country again and again?

And was it for this to my casement I crept
To gaze on the deep when I dreamed that I slept?
To think of fond meetings—the welcome—the kiss—
The friendly hand's pressure—ah! was it for this?

When those who so long have been absent, return
To the scenes of their childhood, it is but to mourn;
Wounds open afresh that time nearly had healed,
And the ills of a life at one glance are revealed.

Speed, speed, my fleet vessel! the tempest may rave,—
There's calm for my heart in the dash of the wave:
Speed, speed, my fleet vessel! the sails are unfur'd,
Oh! ask me not whither—my home is the world!

Translated for the Lady's Book.

THE PRICE OF A PARTRIDGE

IN THE GRAND DUTCHY OF SAXE WEIMER.

I WAS on my way to Warsaw, and having nothing to occupy my mind, grew weary at Frankfort of waiting for the slowly-moving Diligence. Four travellers who, like myself, lodged at the "Swan," were to pursue the same route, and it was unanimously agreed that instead of remaining any longer for the tardy vehicle we should make a bargain with a stable-keeper to take us to Leipsic.

My companions were Sir William Clark, an English Baronet, an open-hearted resolute man, two Sicilian licentiate, learned and agreeable, and a Frenchman anxious to pass for a naturalized Russian, by the title of Baron de Menou. It was in the month of January; the roads blocked up with snow were nearly impassable, and we were frequently compelled to leave the carriage with a view of aiding the horses; but all being young and active, excepting the Baron, we set to work and weariness at defiance. Occasionally a small glass of *Schnaps* received from the hands of a young and pretty bar-maid, served to keep alive our good humour. Pleased with each other we could have travelled together to the end of the universe; but the devil, jealous of our felicity, took into his head to mar our enjoyment.

We had got about three leagues beyond the city of Weimer, the residence of the Sovereign Grand Duke, and I was following the carriage on foot with my gun upon my shoulder, to shoot at the crows which covered the fields, on both sides of the road, when more agreeable game presented: a flock of partridges started up at a short distance from me; I fired—alas! contrary to my usual eluminsine, I brought one of them down! and my travelling companions delighted with my victory, anticipated a glorious feast from my future exploits—Oh! vanity of human projects! how cruelly art thou sometimes deceived!

We reached at length a retired inn. As the cold was very keen, and our coachman complained of the fatigue of his horses, we consented to tarry for a few hours in this place of fatal remembrance.

"Gentlemen shall dinner be prepared for you?" enquired a young woman, the sweet expression of whose countenance, promised good entertainment. The charm of an agreeable voice, our appetite and the eloquent emanations that proceeded from the kitchen, removed all hesitation, and a general "yes" three times repeated, made the apartment reverberate with our hearty assent. The table was soon covered, and nearly famished, we all, not excepting the Baron, seated ourselves at the well furnished board.

An hour had not elapsed, when we observed at a distance an ill-looking fellow on horseback, followed by several armed constables, who rode up to the inn and stopped before the window of

our room. Immediately after they presented themselves before us; and the chief fellow among them, respectfully taking off his hat, approached us and said in a soft, silky tone:—

"Your pardon gentlemen, if I dare to interrupt your festivity for a moment; will you be good enough to inform me which of you it was that I had the honor to see fire upon the game of his Highness?"

Indignant at the fellow's wheedling, Sir William, briskly replied, "You have seen no one fire upon the game of his Highness; go to the devil and let us dine in peace."

"Certainly," returned the knave, "it is great assurance in me to contradict you gentlemen; but as you do not, perhaps, recollect the trifling circumstance, to aid your memory, we will proceed forthwith to examine the carriage which conveyed you hither. Possibly, gentlemen, we may find in it some proof."

"Spare yourself the trouble," cried I, "it was I who killed the partridge; what is the value of it?"

"Softly, softly, most estimable Frenchman," answered the hypocrite, "you are for expediting business; but unfortunately in this country we are a little less prompt. *Festina lente*, most respected sir. His Highness the Grand Duke, does not approve of the interference of any one in the arrangements of his pleasures;—the game laws are very severe. I am in despair at what has occurred; but you must either follow me to jail, or place in my hand a hundred *thalers*, as security for your appearance to answer your offence."

Mortified at my imprudence, I emptied my purse in preference to having the bolts of a prison drawn on me. The guards seized my gun, and left us not even a taste of the partridge, which accompanied the instrument of its death. Our pretty hostess as provoked as myself at my unlucky adventure, informed me that the unexpected interference of the catchpoles was owing to the treachery of our coachman, who, from the difficulty he had to support himself, as well as from the hate he bore the French, had run with all his speed, after seeing us fairly established at the Inn, to inform the competent authorities of my violation of the game laws. While she was speaking, he entered and the young woman bitterly reproached him with his baseness; but so far from heeding her, he even dared to sneer at me as he acknowledged unblushingly his infamy. Exasperated at the barefaced effrontery of the scoundrel, I was just going to try upon his body the efficacy of a *coup de poing*, when, unluckily for him, I espied a small walking stick in the hands of Sir William, which seizing, I applied with all the skill and strength with which

my resentment supplied me, to the shoulders of the shameless rascal; nor did I desist from the delightful exercise of inflicting merited physical chastisement until absolutely overcome with fatigue.

Our amiable hostess strove to pacify me by praising the justice and generosity of the Grand Duke, and offering me a horse to go and solicit my pardon from his Royal Highness. At length she persuaded me to follow her advice; and filled with hope of success I galloped towards the palace. His Highness was giving a fete. Having prepared my petition, I traversed several apartments, notwithstanding the opposition of a crowd of valets, scandalized at my audacity, and reached a remote, little saloon to which two fatigued ladies had retired to breathe a purer air and to rest their wearied limbs. I overheard them in French complaining of the heat of the ball-room, and immediately advanced towards them, and with many bows, rapidly explained the cause of my intrusion; and exhibiting my humble petition entreated them to present it to the Grand Duke.

"We dare not," said one of them, "trouble his Highness at this time with an object of this nature; but we will send the Grand Marshal of the palace to you, who will attend to you with all imaginable solicitude." They withdrew, and soon after the Grand Marshal appeared. He received me very politely, and, taking courage at my good reception I declared my business to him in a few words. When he learned that I had killed a partridge, he seemed struck as with the news of some great calamity. "You have killed a partridge!" said he, "you have killed a partridge! Are you very certain you have killed a partridge?"

He spoke in a tone that led me to believe I had been guilty of the crime of high treason.

"Very certain," answered I, giving to my voice and appearance all the expression possible of profound regret.

"You have killed a partridge!" repeated he, "you have killed a partridge!"

"Alas! it is too true!" replied I.

Twenty times the same question was put to me, twenty times I made the same answer.

He reflected for a quarter of an hour, and finally said to me: "Go, you are a stranger, and shall consequently be considered. Return to your tavern, to-morrow you shall hear from me. *Hope!* You have deserved a signal punishment; but the clemency of his Royal Highness is greater even than your offence."

This conversation satisfied me that I merited the gallows at least; the last words of the Grand Marshal seemed a reprieve, and I expressed my gratitude to him in the warmest terms my narrow escape from death could prompt my throbbing heart to send to my trembling lips.

The next day when we were assembled at the dinner table, a Hussar arrived in great haste at the Inn, and asked for me. He was the bearer of a packet addressed to me. "Huzza!" ex-

claimed I, offering him a glass of brandy, "we are free, here is the accomplishment of the Grand Marshal's promise." I impatiently ran over the illegible pot-hooks of the German scrawl, and to my disappointment, ascertained that it was an order for me to appear before the judge of the canton to hear myself condemned as a *POACHER!* I had to go six miles across the country over the most detestable roads, rendered worse than usual by a heavy thaw, yet all my companions, excepting the Baron, accompanied me and we reached the tribunal after having undergone enough to have atoned for the massacre of all the partridges in his Royal Highness' territory.

The rigid magistrate commenced by a flourishing speech, and then pronounced my sentence, in accordance with the game laws. A considerable fine was imposed upon me besides the costs, besides I know not what expenses, but worse than all, the confiscation of my poor gun; as if the innocent causer of the timeless death of the luckless bird, was as blameworthy as the executioner! I submitted to all with a good grace, blessing the clemency of the Grand Duke, and we were permitted to depart, which was what we most ardently desired.

Having returned to the Inn we ordered the coachman to prepare his horses immediately. A giggle was his only answer to the imperative order.

"Oh! ho! my fine fellow," said he, "it will not be just as you think. A moment's patience if you please. This facetious French gentleman probably recollects his little frolic yesterday played to the tune of a cane over the shoulders of your humble servant, which will somewhat retard our departure. I am wounded, a doctor has been sent for. I must be looked after and receive some compensation for these things. I have brought an action, trusting rather to the arm of the law than the liberality of this gentleman for reparation." I cannot express the feelings I experienced while listening to the miscreant. Sir William was for having him roundly thrashed; another suggested hanging without benefit of judge or jury; and a third sentenced him to be broken on the wheel of his own vehicle; the Baron alone remained *mum*—he did not breathe a syllable. "Gentlemen," said I to them, "such a fellow as this ought not to make us angry; he seeks a flogging in order to procure damages; his cupidity should not be gratified. Let us enter a complaint to the proper authority. We shall, undoubtedly, have justice done us."

Justice was indeed rendered! In the necessity of waiting, since nothing could induce the rascally coachman to proceed on his journey, we all, except the Baron, went the next morning again to the judge. He was already acquainted with the business; and brought forward the adverse party, who had been beforehand with us, and instituted a suit against me.

"You solemnly declare," said the judge to the coachman, pointing to me, that this gentleman has flogged you—beaten you with a stick?"

"I will show you the marks," answered the coachman hastily.

"Blockhead," returned the judge, "you treat the court with contempt."

"God forbid," replied the plaintiff, beginning to take off his coat, "I would only show you that I am dreadfully bruised."

"Will you be quiet?" said the judge, angrily; "there, clerk, go with the man into the adjoining chamber and examine into the matter, and bring me an account of the injury."

"But I am near-sighted," said the clerk.

"You must look the closer then. Go, and obey me."

The clerk, with the accuser, withdrew, and in a few moments returned, and reported to the magistrate his ideas of the injury done to the complainant.

"Do you confess the fact," said the judge to me.

"I cannot deny it. Pronounce your sentence I beseech you, and give orders to this scoundrel to set out without delay with us."

I was condemned to pay twenty francs and the costs.

"Though," said Sir William, as we left the office of the dispenser of justice, "your recreation has cost rather dear, I cannot refrain from gratifying myself in the same way at the same price, exorbitant as it is." So saying, he after my manner, introduced his cane to the shoulders of the coachman, and even made them more intimately acquainted than I had done. Then, taking a guinea from his pocket, said to the skipper Jehu, "I will save you the trouble of carrying a complaint, my friend; here is the price of flogging a rascal," giving him the guinea, "somewhat above the judge's rate. Are you satisfied?"

"Much obliged to you," said the knave, as he thrust the money into his pocket. We now hoped that no obstacle could be opposed to our departure; but again we reckoned without our host. The equivocal Baron apparently jealous that others should cheat me, desired to assist in the pillaging work. He said, he had been called to Berlin upon affairs of great importance, which I had materially prejudiced by delaying him, and therefore demanded that I should pay his expenses at the inn. This I did not refuse. He then wanted me to promise to pay all his share of the carriage-hire, and I was going to consent to this too, when he set up a claim for the value of his precious time, that had been lost by my imprudence; he had kept an exact account of it, and he presumed that I could not conscientiously refuse him justice on that head also. Disgusted with such meanness, I felt that I would rather be skinned alive than consent to pay a single crown to the harpy, upon such demands; and seizing the Baron by the collar, I shook him soundly, showing him at the same time my pistols. "You find, undoubtedly," said I to him, "that I have not been sufficiently punished and squeezed. Follow me, sir, perhaps I shall be made to pay a little more for a Baron's skin."

That, however, was not what he was after, and he called loudly for help. The whole took place in the public room of the inn, where were assembled several drunkards, and the Burgomaster of the neighbouring village. The latter, who had been for thirty years a servant to a German *Excellency*, wished to make a long oration on the respect due a Baron—I laid him sprawling, upon which he roared out most vehemently; and the drunkards undertook to revenge their insulted burgomaster. Sir William put himself in a boxing attitude, ready to floor the first that should dare to approach; the two licentious seized each a chair; and I armed myself, in a hurry, with an enormous pewter mug. Thus prepared to repulse any attack, our martial attitude kept back the assailants; a truce was desired, cessation of hostilities was proposed, accepted, and almost immediately broken. The perfidious burgomaster had sent for help, and the storm broke over our defenceless heads, at the very moment when a calm appeared most firmly established.

We were compelled next morning, *bon gre, mal gre*—whether we would or not, to return to the bench of the judge, under the honourable escort of a legion of game-keepers, who had been despatched to aid the municipal authority outraged in the person of the burgomaster. The Baron was invited to the honour of a seat with the magistrate, and made his charge with all the dignity becoming so important a personage.

The Burgomaster uttered his griefs next; and it was decided that I owed public and authentic reparation; besides many six-dollars for disrespect to him, for costs, for certain expenses and for every thing that could be imagined. My companions were insisting that I should not be the only victim, and were going to pay all that was demanded, when a generous advocate suddenly presented herself at the bar to undertake our defence. It was our pretty hostess, whose mild voice animated by indignation, appeared all powerful upon the judge. *Honi soit qui mal y pense*; she almost induced him to revoke his whole sentence.

"Here," said she, throwing upon the table a bundle of papers that had slipped from the Baron's pocket during our row in the bar-room, "see for whom you interest yourself so warmly! This high and mighty Lord is nothing but a wandering beggar living on the charities of the credulous; and this honest Burgomaster so ticklish about his authority, is a scoundrel in league with him, each sharing with the other the booty obtained by his knavery. I overheard them forming the plot, and I have now come to expose them. Let them deny what I have said if they can."

These words were a clap of thunder to the two noble associates. They stammered out a lame defence, which the young woman easily overthrew by unfolding a conversation which their numerous libations had made somewhat expansive.

This time I came off victorious. We took leave of the amiable hostess, thanking her a

thousand times, and continued our journey towards Leipsic.

The PARTRIDGE killed, probably, for the judge's dinner, had cost me, reckoning the loss of my gun, about SIX HUNDRED FRANCS!—A warning to sportsmen who pass through the states of HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE GRAND DUKE OF Saxe Weimer!

BONAPARTE.

BONAPARTE believed in honour. It was the moral principle on which he seemed to have the greatest reliance; for it is a modification of the influence of opinion on the human heart, and to all the shades of this power he was himself feelingly alive. When he granted the interview with Georges Cadoudal, a man who avowedly by all means, fair and foul, sought his life, he would not permit himself to believe that he would betray the honourable confidence implied by a private audience. He took no precaution, and when Rapp, who was in an antichamber, repeatedly pushed open the door of the saloon, in which Bonaparte and Georges were walking up and down, Bonaparte as repeatedly closed it. Bourrienne tells a singular story in point, of a young Pole, whom the First Consul distinguished in one of his visits to the College of Louis le Grand, surnamed the Prytanæum. He was a son of General Miackzinski, who died fighting under the colours of the Republic. When he left the college he entered the army, and was pointed out to Bonaparte as he was reviewing his troops on the plain of Sablons; he was then sixteen or seventeen. The First Consul said to him, "I knew your father, he was a brave man; act like him: in six months you shall be an officer." Six months passed: Miackzinski wrote to the First Consul to remind him of his promise. He waited a month; no answer. Then Miackzinski wrote again, as follows: "You told me to be worthy of my father; I will be so. You told me I should be an officer in six months: it is now seven months ago. When you receive this letter, I shall be no more: I do not choose to serve a government the chief of which breaks his word." Young Miackzinski kept his. After despatching his letter, he retired to his room and blew out his brains. A few days afterwards his commission arrived. Bonaparte had not forgotten him; the delay had arisen in the forms of the war office. Bonaparte was greatly affected by this event; it was precisely of a nature to touch him; with such men for soldiers he knew he could conquer the world. "Oh these Poles!" he cried; "they are all honour! My poor Sulkowski! I am sure he would have done as much." Sulkowski was a favourite aid-de-camp, who was killed in Egypt: the very soul of honour, brave, able, well-informed, and devoted to his general. Bonaparte lost four aid-de-camps during the short time he was in Egypt. One of them, Croisier, appearing to Bonaparte to lack the proper degree of boldness at the proper moment, he burst out against him in one

of his violent and humiliating attacks of abuse and contempt. The word "coward" escaped him; Croisier determined not to survive it; he sought death on several occasions, but did not succeed till the siege of Acre. He was in attendance on Napoleon in the trenches there, when such a sharp look-out was kept by the garrison, that if an elbow or feather showed itself above or beside them, it was instantly grazed by a bullet. Croisier watched his opportunity, and jumped upon the platform. "Come down, I command you," cried Napoleon, in a voice of thunder; but it was too late, the victim of his severity fell at his feet. Murat, the chivalrous braver of all danger, had also his *moment de peur*, which lost him the countenance of his general until displeasure could no longer resist the brilliancy of his achievements. It was at the siege of Mantua, in the first Italian campaign, that Murat was ordered to charge a body of troops that were making a sortie from the garrison. He hesitated, and in his confusion declared himself wounded: he was removed from the presence of the general; he was in every way discounted: in Egypt he was sent on the most distant and dangerous services; in short, he more than reconquered his character before the battle of Aboukir, on which occasion Napoleon himself was obliged to declare he was *superb*. The brave Marshall Lannes one day severely reprimanded a colonel who had punished a young officer for a *moment de peur*. "That man," said he "is worse than a poltroon who pretends that he never knew fear."

WOMAN'S INCONSTANCY.

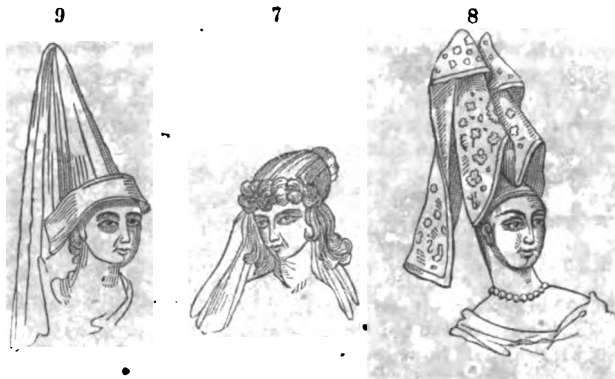
BY SIR ROBERT AYTON.

I lov'd thee once, I'll love no more,
Thine be the grief, as is the blame;
Thou art not what thou wast before,
What reason I should be the same!
He that can love, unlov'd again,
Hath better store of love than brain;
God send me love my debts to pay,
While unthrifits fool their love away.

Nothing could have my love o'erthrown,
If thou had'st still continued mine,
Yes, if thou hadst remained my own,
I might perchance have yet been thine;
But thou thy freedom didst recal,
That if thou might elsewhere enthrall,
And then how could I but disdain
A captive's captive to remain!

When new desires had conquer'd thee,
And chang'd the object of thy will;
It had been lethargy in me,
Not constancy, to love thee still;
Yes it had been a sin to go
And prostitute affection so;
Since we are taught no prayers to say
To such as must to others pray.

Yet do thou glory in thy choice—
Thy choice, of his good fortune boast;
I'll neither grieve nor yet rejoice
To see him gain what I have lost;
The height of my disdain shall be
To laugh at him, to blush for thee,
To love thee still, but go no more
A begging at a beggar's door.



THE TOILET.

The Greek style of head-dress requires features of a Grecian form; and there are few faces that can afford to cover the finer portion of the forehead by natural curls, or artificial ornament. (Fig. 7, the Taure head-dress of 1674.)

Although sharp features will never be improved by their being surmounted with a cone-shaped cap; nor a short face, or one which expresses a meek and retiring disposition, by a regal coiffure, there are classes of features to which either of these styles would be suitable. (Fig. 8, head of the Dauphiness Margaret of Scotland, 1400. Fig. 9, Train-bearer to Isabella, of Bavaria, Queen of Charles the Sixth, of France.)

The occurrence of glaring offences against good taste in the trimmings or fixed embellishments of any principal part of the attire, is rare, compared with those which are perpetrated in the minor articles of gloves, shoes, ribbons, &c. which are the more important of the two, because they are not the trimmings or finishing decorations of a part, but to the whole of the costume. The former are usually left to the experience of the milliner, or copied from the production of some tasteful *modiste*; the latter depend solely on the judgment of the private individual. How often have we seen a dress, exquisite in all its parts, utterly ruined, by the wearer, as a finishing touch, drawing on a vulgar glove! Much mischief of a similar nature is frequently done; by feathers, flowers, ribbons, shoes, and articles of jewellery. It is not enough that a flower is pretty; it must harmonize with, or form a pleasing contrast to; the other parts of the costume, otherwise its use must be rigorously forbidden. It is the same with jewellery; pearls, for instance, will suit those kinds of dresses which rubies would spoil; and the latter are appropriate in cases where the former would look faint and ineffective. Coloured shoes, we need scarcely say, are exceedingly vulgar; delicate pink, and faint-blue silk, for these articles, have numerous advocates; but white satin, black satin, or kid, and bronze kid, are neater and more elegant than any other colour or material. Gloves should be in the most delicate tints that can be procured; their colour has always an effect upon

the general appearance; one kind of hue must not, therefore, be indiscriminately worn, or, however beautiful it may be in itself, obstinately persisted in, when every other part of the attire is constantly subject to change.

As it would be in bad taste for a fair young lady, who is rather short in stature, however pretty she may be, if irregular as well as petite in her features, to take for a model, in the arrangement of her hair, a cast from a Greek head; so also would it for one, whose features are large, to fritter away her hair—which ought to be kept, as much as possible, in masses of large curls, so as to subdue, or, at least, harmonize with her features—into such thin and meagre ringlets as we have seen, trickling, “few and far between,” down the white brow of a portrait, done in the days of the first King Charles. Yet there is a class of features, to which even these are becoming: of this we may be convinced by a glance at a collection of portraits of that period; unless, indeed, it be true, that fine features, when ennobled by the inward light of intelligence, purity, and goodness, look well in any fashion; that they govern and give character to the style in which they are dressed, and impart a charm to, rather than receive any benefit from, either modes or ornaments. Even if this be the case, there are but few heads which possess, in a sufficient degree, the power to defy the imputation of looking absurd, or inelegant, if the hair be dressed in a style inconsistent with the character of the face, according to those canons of criticism which are founded upon the principles of a pure and correct taste, and established by the opinions of the most renowned painters and sculptors, in every highly-civilized nation, for ages past.

BEAUTY.

What is beauty? Not the bow
Of shapely limbs and features! No;
These are but flowers,
That have their dated hours,
To breathe their momentary sweets, then go,
Tis the staleness of within
That outshines the fairest skin.

GIOVANNI BELZONI.

Of the enterprising subject of the present memoir, little is recorded worthy of notice in the early portion of his life. Belzoni was the architect of his own fame. The zeal and activity he manifested in the prosecution of his laborious discoveries made in Egypt and Nubia, and the success which rewarded those exertions, are the only causes which can interest the general reader.

He was born at Padua, and descended from a Roman family which resided there many years. In 1803 he visited England and married shortly after. From this period to 1812 he is described as experiencing various vicissitudes of fortune, and at one time became so reduced as to exhibit himself at Astley's amphitheatre as a performer of "Herculean feats of strength," a task he was well qualified for, from his surprising physical powers and athletic frame.

In 1812 he left England for the continent, and in 1815 we find him embarking for Egypt, "for the purpose of constructing hydraulic machines to water the fields with greater expedition and less expense than the method usually adopted in that country." This design was the result of some successful experiments in hydraulics which his enterprising talents had discovered. While in Egypt, curiosity led him to visit the pyramids in the neighbourhood of Cairo; his description of these stupendous works of human ingenuity and labour is highly interesting, which our limits preclude us from noticing farther than merely mentioning the circumstance as being connected with the important discoveries he subsequently made among the tombs of ancient Thebes.

He afterwards determined to leave Cairo, and accordingly applied to Mr. Salt, the British consul, to procure him a firman from the Bashaw to sail up the Nile. Mr. Salt availed himself of this opportunity to propose to Belzoni the removal of the head of the statue of the younger Memnon, which lay at Gornou, a village near Thebes, for the purpose of conveying it down the Nile to Alexandria, where it might be shipped to London, as a present to the British Museum—a proposal that was agreed to by Belzoni, and faithfully executed by him, after incredible difficulty and labour.

After depositing the colossal bust in the Bashaw's magazine at Alexandria, agreeably to stipulation with his employer, he visited every place worthy the attention of the traveller and antiquary. He then returned to the scene of his former researches, and in the sacred valley of Beban el Malook, he made his grand discovery of the tomb of Psammathis, king of Egypt. He caused the earth to be dug up at the foot of a steep hill, immediately under a torrent, where no vestige of a tomb appeared. He kept the men employed at work, however, for three days, and at length discovered an entrance into the solid rock, eighteen feet below the surface. On entering, Belzoni found himself in a beautiful hall twenty-seven feet long, and about the same in

breadth; this hall led to several corridors and chambers, adorned with paintings and statues representing the Egyptian gods and goddesses, in a high state of preservation, and in the last of these chambers he discovered one of the most perfect and valuable remains of Egyptian antiquity—a sarcophagus of the finest oriental alabaster, which he afterwards sold to the British government, by whom it was presented to the British Museum, where it is now deposited.

Mr. Belzoni was employed for twelve months in making drawings of all the figures, hieroglyphics, emblems, ornaments, &c. in the tomb, and he also took impressions in wax of every thing worthy of notice, in all which he was assisted by an able artist, M. Ricci.

Shortly after completing his labours he resolved to leave Egypt altogether. On his arrival at Alexandria he determined, previous to sailing, to visit the Oasis of Ammon. He set off accordingly, and visited most of the celebrated spots of antiquity which lay in his route. Among other places of note he examined the tombs and fountain mentioned by Herodotus in Melpomene, and which he places near the temple of Jupiter Ammon. On his return to Alexandria he sailed for his native country, where he was presented by his admiring countrymen with a medal which was struck in honour of his splendid discoveries.

From Padua he sailed for England, where he made an exhibition of the various treasures brought by him from Egypt, which, together with a fac-simile of the tomb of King Psammathis, engaged the attention of the British public for two seasons.

In 1823 Belzoni left England for the purpose of prosecuting his travels in the interior of Africa. Accordingly he embarked in his majesty's brig Swinger, to be conveyed to Benin, which place he reached the latter end of November, intending to proceed from thence to Houssa and Timbuctoo. He, however, was destined to add another to the many victims who have perished in the ardour of attempting to gain those interesting points of African research. On the twenty-sixth of November he was seized with a violent disease which terminated in his death on the third of December. His remains were interred the next day at Gato, and were followed to the grave by the British residents at that settlement, who, together with the officers and crew of a British brig, had before shown every possible respect and attention to the celebrated traveller.

PARENTS.

Honor thy parents to prolong thine end;
With them, though for a truth, do not contend;
Though all should truth defend, do thou lose rather
The truth a while, than lose their love forever.
Whoever makes his father's heart to bleed,
Shall have a child that will revenge the deed.

RANDOLPH.

MRS. HANNAH MOORE.

Mrs. Moore is rather below the common stature, and sits for the most part in her easy chair, with her table and work before her. It is three years since she has left her chamber—not literally, for she has in that period occasionally rode a short distance—but since she has left her place in the drawing-room and at the table. Cheerfulness and good nature are strongly depicted in her face; and her fine dark eyes retain a brilliancy and expression altogether uncommon in persons of her advanced years. Age and sickness appear not to have dimmed their lustre in the least. Whatever may be the topic of conversation, she engages in it with great feeling and vivacity; her ideas are rapid, and often playful; and if the *authoress* sometimes appears, it is only for a moment, and while she is giving utterance to some sentiment of more than common importance. There is evidently no effort to talk in a written style, but her general mode of expressing herself is in short, pithy sentences, replete with meaning. The room where she sits is furnished with a copious selection of standard authors; and the furniture of the different rooms is plain, but neat and in good taste.

Much of her valuable life has been passed in a sick chamber. She remarked that she had been about twenty times brought near the borders of the grave, but that in all her sickness her mind had been perfectly clear, so that she could give directions concerning her affairs. "If I have any genius," she observed, "sickness has been the author of it; for it has forced me to be *industrious*, when I was able to hold a pen." Her views of Christian philosophy may be gathered from the following incident. Five years ago, a fever of twelve months' continuance entirely destroyed the senses of smell and taste; "but see," she remarked, "how I have been *compensated*. For a year longer I was obliged to take medicine eight times a day, and have taken it more or less every day since.—My life depended upon it; but had my taste been spared, I could not possibly have taken these nauseous black draughts." This was what she called the doctrine of compensation.

Among the letters she had received from various correspondents, one from Cobbett was produced, which I was desired to read aloud for the benefit of the company. It was moral and religious, and all that—full of compliments to Mrs. M. for her useful and instructive writings. It was written in 1796, and represented the government of the U. States as a patched up sort of a thing, without coherency or stability, and on the eve of a revolution. "This was before I knew him as well as I do now. When he came back, I used some exertion to get him made editor of the *Anti-Jacobin Review*. I thought him a fit person to be set up against Tom Paine,—he was strong, coarse and vulgar; but wrote in a style to take with the common people; and I believed he had good principles. When he had

got the paper he turned about and abused me. Such was his gratitude." The history of her early correspondence with Cobbett she related with great good humour.

Mrs. M. is gratefully sensible of the popularity of her works in America, and speaks of it and our institutions in terms of high regard. She hoped there would be no more differences between the two countries. They are one in language, one in religion, and one in blood: why should political differences divide them? I observed, that the English journalists, had done more, by their sneering, ill-natured remarks and misrepresentations, to exasperate the people of the U. States, than all the acts of government together.—"That is just what I said to Lord S—; and he acquiesced in the same opinion. He thought they provoked the revolutionary war; he was sure they did much to bring on the last one; and lamented that they would persist in misrepresentations and abuse. But so it is. The editors of Journals and Reviews find that a spice of malice and abuse makes their works *sell*; and that is all they want. They are far from expressing the feelings of the English people, and they ought not to be seriously regarded.—*Wheaton's Travels in England*.

THE GENIUS OF DEATH

Is beautifully represented in the Gem as a WINGED BOY, his weeping eyes covered with his left arm, and trailing a torch reversed in the right hand. The style of the illustration, by the Rev. Geo. Croly, resembles one of the Elizabethan Poets, and befits the design, being one of grace, not gloom, and of tenderness rather than of terror.

What is Death? 'Tis to be free:
No more to hope, or love, or fear—
To join the great equality:
All alike are humbled there!
The mighty grave
Wraps lord and slave;
Nor pride nor poverty dares come
Within that refuge home the tomb:
Spirit with the drooping wing,
And the ever weeping eye,
Thou of all Earth's Rings art king!
Empire at thy footstool lie:
Beneath thee strew'd
Their multitude
Sink like waves upon the shore;
Storms shall never rouse them more:
What's the grandeur of the earth,
To the grandeur round thy throne?
Riches, glory, beauty birth
To thy kingdom all have gone;
Before thee stand
The wond'rous band,
Bards, heroes, sages, side by side,
Who darken'd nations when they died!
Earth has hosts, but thou canst show
Many a million to her one;
Through thy gates the mortal flow
Has for countless years roll'd on;
Back from the tomb
No step has come,
Thy fix'd will the fast thunder's sound
Shall bid thy prisoners be unbound!

THE PESTILENCE.

In my mind, the urn-burial of the ancients has always been sacredly and pleasantly associated. The clean, white marble, containing the purified remains of all we have loved, is an object around which affection loves to linger; but the damp, dark grave, with its silent, loathsome work of corruption, is a revolting subject of contemplation, even where love is stronger than death. Then there is the fear of being buried before the vital spark is extinct, and of returning to consciousness with the weight of the earth upon you, and the fresh air of heaven shut out forever! To me this idea is so terribly distinct, that it is the spectre of my waking hours, and the night-mare of my dreams. Death himself has no horrors for me; though well content with life, and bound to it by the strongest ties, I think I could calmly close my eyes beneath its oblivious touch; but human nature shrinks at the thought of being buried alive! Perhaps the vividness of this impression, is owing to the remark I frequently heard from an aged relative, while I was yet a very small child; that "hundreds and hundreds were buried before they were dead, when the yellow fever raged so terribly in Boston." That period is well remembered by our fathers, when pestilence walked abroad at noon-day, and the hearth-stone was silent and dreary as the tomb. The death-carts went their continued round through every hour of the day and night, and unshrouded and uncoffined, the newly dead were hurried to their last home. I knew a man, who, during this time of peril, was snatched from the grave merely by the persevering affection of his wife. Of the correctness of the story there is no doubt; for I have often heard it repeated by both the parties concerned. This awful visitation of God came upon them when they were newly married; when existence was happiness, and separation worse than death. The young husband became a victim to that disease, which was breathing destruction over the city. The friend of his wife urged her to seek refuge in the country, and not risk her own life in a useless attempt to save his. But no persuasion could induce her to leave him; night and day she was by his bedside; and in the anguish of her heart she prayed that the pestilence might likewise rest upon her. But her prayer was not answered—surely and rapidly it did its work upon all her heart held dear; but to her, death would not come, though she prayed for it, and sought it with tears. She had inhaled the breath of her dying husband; but to her it was harmless; and in the madness of despair she repined at the merciful decrees of Heaven.

No one was with her in the house—she was alone with the dead. Suddenly the silence of the deserted streets was interrupted by the rumbling of the death-carts; and she knew they had come to take him away from her sight forever; and with the thought, it suddenly flashed into her mind; that life might still be in him!—Her entreaties excited compassion, and she was per-

mitted to keep the corpse one half hour longer. The impression made upon her mind had the strength of inspiration; and though every restorative which ingenuity could devise, had failed to produce effect, she would not relinquish hope. Again the carts came round, and the solemn sound, "Bring out the dead," disturbed the fearful stillness. Again the young wife entreated, wept, and screamed—the hearts of the men, whose dreadful employment accustomed them to such scenes, were touched; but they would not yield. They said "the safety of the city required them to be firm in the discharge of their duty; that they had already disobeyed strict orders, and they dared not do it again; that the hope of restoring him was mere insanity; it was evident he had long been dead."

When she found they would not be moved by her prayers, she threw her arms around the body and clung to it with the strength of madness; declaring if they buried one, they should bury both. The men, after a few gentle attempts to remove her, dashed the tears from their eyes, and saying, "We cannot separate them," left her another half hour of hope. The moments of that interval had a value, of which mortals under ordinary circumstances, can form no conception. Restorative after restorative was applied; but all in vain. With sickening anxiety, she fastened her eyes upon the watch, and then on the stiff, cold form beside her. The half hour had nearly gone; in five minutes they would again come to claim the dead; and she felt that she must resist no longer. She breathed into his nostrils—she moved her hand upon his chest, to restore the action of the lungs—but no change came over his rigid features. She bathed his temples and moistened his lips with *sal-volatile*—the terrible rumbling of carts was heard in the distance—and in the trembling eagerness of the moment, she spilled the contents of the vial into his nostrils—a sudden convulsion passed over the face of the dead! a short, quick gasp—and the eyes heavily opened!

The men with the death-carts were startled by a loud, shrill shriek, that sounded as if it tore asunder the soul from which it came. When they entered, they found the dead living, and the living senseless.

Both husband and wife were soon after restored to health. They lived to be the parents of a numerous family; and the husband now survives her, who, with the strong arm of love thus snatched him from an early grave.

PHILOSOPHY.

Philosophy consists not
In airy schemes, or idle speculations:
The rule and conduct of all social life
Is her great province. Not in lonely cells
Obscure she lurks, but holds her heavenly light
To Senates and to kings, to guide their councils,
And teach them to reform and bless mankind.

THOMSON.

ORIGIN OF THE GREAT SEAL OF ENGLAND.

—The learned Dr. Hicckes pretends that Edward the Confessor was the first king of England who used a seal in his charters, such as we find in his charter given to Westminster Abbey, kept among the archives of that church, and in one of his diplomas, shown in the Monastery of St. Dennis, near Paris. This is the origin of the broad seal of England. Montfaucon exhibits three or four rough seals found on some of the charters of the Merovingian kings, the oldest of which is one of Theodoric I, (*Antiq. de la Monarchie Francaise.*) The ancient kings of Persia and Media had their seals; they are also mentioned by profane authors. St. Edward brought the more frequent use of the royal seal from France; yet he often gave charters, attested by the superscription of many illustrious witnesses, with a cross to each name, without any royal seal, which was the ancient custom, and continued sometimes to be used even after the conquest. *Ingulphus* (p. 901), and the *Annals of Burton*, (p. 246) are to be understood to say, that seals were used before the conquest; but they do not comprise the court; hence we learn the sense of that common assertion of our historians and lawyers, that St. Edward was the first institutor of the broad seal.

OPATA DANCE.—On the first day of the year, a certain number of highly adorned damsels dance in a circle round a pole of about twelve feet high. To the top of the pole are fastened as many long strips of different colours as there are ladies, each of whom holds one of them in her hand. Half the number of females dance to the right, the other half to the left, passing each other right and left alternately; so that in a certain number of revolutions the pole is completely covered with a variegated plating which most ingeniously conceals the wood and presents a particularly pretty appearance. The party walks to the tune of a song composed in honour of the occasion. The poet considers the seasons of the year as dancing with great harmony and regularity, and he represents them as contracting and expanding their influence. Thus, when the pole is entirely encircled with the plat-work, the dancers are then confined within so narrow a circle that their charms can scarcely be seen, and the seasons are, therefore, said to be wound up. But, as the damsels proceed to undance the plating, the circle widens, their beauty and graceful figures delight the beholders, and the seasons are said to expand and extend their influence over the whole globe!—*Hardy's Travels in Mexico.*

A JAT warrior appeared on the walls of Bhurt-pore during the storming of that fortress, very conspicuous for his dress and resolute demeanor. A mine, which had been previously driven, sprung under his feet as the storming party advanced. His figure was seen distinctly projected

some height into the air, and again precipitated into the ditch. To the astonishment of the spectators the hero rose again, rushed up the steep, and entered the breach with the King's 14th regiment, cheered by the applauding soldiers, who cried out to save him by all means. But he would not be saved; he turned upon the Europeans, and fought in the midst of them till he fell! We are not aware that there is an incident in the art of war to match this. Arnold de Winkelried made a path for his Swiss companions into the middle of the Austrian men at arms by making fast four or five lances in his bosom; but there was about this hero of Bhurt-pore a power, as well as patriotic devotion, almost superhuman.—*London Mag.*

SPANISH POLITENESS.—The Duke of Albuquerque, when he visited the wife of Sir Richard Fanshawe, the British Ambassador at Madrid, in the reign of Charles the Second, said, "Madam, I am Don Juan de la Cueva, Duke of Albuquerque, Viceroy of Milan, of his Majesty's Privy Council, General of the Galley's twice Grandee, the first gentleman of his Majesty's bedchamber, and a near kinsman of his Catholic Majesty, whom God long preserve; and then rising up, and making her a low reverence with his hat off, said, "These, with my family and life, I lay at your Excellency's feet."

For the Lady's Book.

TO ROSA.

When in the west,
The sun's at rest,
And night her mantle flings
O'er the blue sky,
The hour draws nigh,
That my bright planet bring.

That guiding star,
That from afar,
Her votary lights to bliss;
From heaven she bends,
And rapture lends,
To each fond lover's kiss.

Her silver light,
Shines clear and bright,
Where the glittering waters flow;
And not a sound
Is heard around,
But the zephyrs whispering low.

At that sweet hour,
To Rosa's bower,
Impetuously I rove;
Nor dream of care,
Or sorrow there,
While all is lost in love.

Then far away,
Fly gaudy day,
Thy splendour I despise;
Be mine the night,
And that soft light,
That burns in Rosa's eyes.

From the London New Monthly Magazine for February.

THE SUICIDE'S LAST CAROUSE:

A TALE OF FASHIONABLE LIFE.

Who was better known, about town, or who knew the town better, than Sir Harry Highflyer? He was, as the phrase is, *in every thing*, and the best man *at every thing*—supreme in each pursuit that had fashion for its sanction. He was a member of the Four-in-hand Club: and it was universally admitted that no gentleman could drive his own coachman to Salt Hill in better style. He was the best dresser in London; and ruined three tailors by the disinterested readiness with which he exhibited their choicest productions on his own well-formed person. His dinners were the most *recherches*, his wines the most exquisite that money could purchase—and certainly they had cost dearly to the tavern-keepers whom he promised to pay for them. He was celebrated in the Fives court: and if he was unable to *lick* young Belcher, who, from constant practice, had the advantage of him; or the boxing coal-heaver, who was his superior in weight; he had done all that could be required of a gentleman—he had tried. He was the best shot in England. Twice did he brush the morning dew from the grass of Mary-le-bone Fields in his way to Chalk Farm; and on both occasions had he the good fortune to kill his man. The first was Major O'Blaze, a scoundrel, as Sir Harry justly termed him, who had seduced the Baronet's mistress; the other, a Mr. Hardacre, a plain country squire, who had had the temerity to call Sir Harry a scoundrel for cloping with his wife. Here again had Sir Harry done all that could be required of a gentleman. But these were not his only claims to that title. In a single night he won seventeen thousand pounds of young Lackbrain, a tyro in those matters, at hazard. Finding that by selling his commission in the ——— dragoons, drawing upon his agent to the uttermost farthing in his hands, and pledging his pictures, his books, and the lease of his chamber in Albany, young Lackbrain could raise no more than nine thousand pounds towards the amount of his loss, he generously, with respect to the remaining sum, declared, that as he should hold it unbecoming a friend and a gentleman to press for its immediate payment, Mr. Lackbrain might set his mind perfectly at ease about it, upon signing a bond, for principal and interest to be payable in twelve—nay, even fifteen months. Sir Harry began life with a fortune of eighteen thousand a-year. Having somewhat of a turn for arithmetic, he at once perceived that it would be imprudent to spend more than twenty thousand, and wisely resolved to limit his expenditure by that sum, or twenty-five thousand at the utmost. But circumstances, which might have baffled the wisest calculations, so ordered it, that thirty was usually much nearer the mark; and however extraordinary it may appear to persons unaccustomed to

investigate such matters, the consequence of these continued discrepancies between the income and the outgoing, was, that one fine sunshiny morning his debts were found to amount to 102,357*l.* 18*s.* 9*d.*—a very complicated and ugly-looking row of figures—whilst his assets were gracefully pictured forth by that simple and elegantly-formed symbol (0) representing *NOUGHT*. To use his own emphatic phrase, Sir Harry Highflyer found himself “most magnanimously dished.” It was towards the close of the London season of 1817 that he made this wonderful discovery. What was to be done? He could not at the moment determine. Free air and solitude were necessary to put his mind into a fit state for reflection: so, calling for his hat and gloves, he sallied forth, and, avoiding dear Bond-street, and all the more frequented avenues, he crossed St. Alban's-street, sidled through St. James's Market, felt his way along a dirty, dingy defile, called Swallow-street, and after passing through sundry dark passages on the north of Oxford street, he, at length, found himself in the Mary-le-bone fields. There he sauntered about for some time, but to no purpose: one hundred-and-two thousand and odd pounds, shillings, and pence, were not to be picked up in the Mary-le-bone fields; and what else under Heaven could set him afloat again! The more he thought, the more desperate did his position appear to him. But there is an old French proverb that tells us that *a force de chercher l'on trouve*; and so it happened to Sir Harry: for by dint of thinking and walking, and walking and thinking, he all at once found himself on the identical spot where he had killed his friends Hardacre and Major O'Blaze. Here, by that fine operation of the mind, called the association of ideas, an easy and certain mode of arranging his affairs occurred to him. “Is it possible!” he exclaimed, “that I can be such an idiot as; for nearly two hours, to have overlooked so obvious an expedient! Is it possible that I, a man of unquestionable courage, as this very spot can attest, should have been, for an instant, in doubt about the means of escaping from an exposure of my *cul up*—an event I never should have found nerve to encounter! Is it possible that I, a rational being, should have failed to think of the *very thing* that would have occurred to any ass in London, at the first blush of the affair!—What! shall I put down my four-in-hand! Shall I send my racers to Tattersall's? Shall I break up my snug little establishment at Kilburn, and confess to my pretty Julia that it is all up with me? Shall I tell my friends that I can squander no more thousands, for the reason that I have no more thousands to squander? No, no; thank my stars, I have too much courage to submit to that.” It were needless to state in explicit

terms what was the nature of the remedy intended to be employed by this "rational being," for the many ills which this "man of unquestionable courage" was too courageous to encounter; but, having settled the question entirely to his own satisfaction, he, upon his way home, suddenly put his handkerchief to his cheek, went into an apothecary's shop, complained of a racking toothache, and purchased a phial of laudanum.

Courage and rationality! How differently may the qualities implied by these terms be understood! Had Sir Harry presumed to rush uninvited into the presence of the Prince Regent, his courage would have been stigmatized as daring and reckless impudence, his rationality as sheer insanity. But Sir Harry would not have done *that*: he was too *well-bred* a man: his consciousness of the respect due from a subject to his prince; his deference to the forms of civilized society; nay, the very consideration of what was due from man *even unto* MAN, would have warned him of the *impropriety* of committing so gross an outrage as *that*! This is a mere passing remark, which, as it is not necessarily connected with the subject, the reader may consider, or not, at his discretion.

Upon reaching home, Sir Harry gave strict charge to Laurent, his valet, not to come to him till he heard his bell, nor to allow any one to interrupt him. He then went into his dressing-room, where he passed nearly two hours in writing letters.

He drew the phial from his pocket!!

"The ruling passion strong in death," he held it up to the light; and muttering "Bright as a ruby—a cursed bore though for all that," he twisted out the cork, put the poison to his lips, and—there was a tap at the dressing-room door.

"Who the devil's that? Didn't I give positive orders that no one should disturb me?"

"Beg your pardon, Sare, but it grow late; you remember Milord Dashmore dine wiz you, and you not tell me how many I will order dinner for."

This reminded him that he had invited Lord Dashmore and a party of friends to dinner for that very day. "They'll look upon it as a sneaking piece of business," thought he, "if I leave them in the lurch in this way: a few hours after will make no difference, and I sha'n't be in worse condition for my journey for a dozen bumpers of claret." Then added, aloud, to Laurent, "Order for twelve, and afterwards come and help me to dress."

"Mr. Maxwell is here, Sare; shall you see him?"

"Maxwell!" thought Sir Harry; "what whimsy has brought him here! I thought I had given him a surfeit of me, at his last visit, a twelve-month ago.—Beg Mr. Maxwell to walk up."

Mr. Maxwell was the son of a clergyman who died of a very odd complaint—a broken heart for the loss of his wife—leaving his son an orphan at the age of two years. As this is an age at which a young gentleman is not very well qualified to

take care of himself, the late Baronet, Sir Henry's father, thought that he might do it much better for him; and, acting upon this suggestion, took him into his own house. Little Master Maxwell and the Baronet's son being of nearly the same age, they were instructed by the same masters, sent at the same time to Westminster, and, afterwards, entered at the same college at Cambridge. Upon their return from College, Sir Robert Highflyer gave young Maxwell the choice of a profession; but as the young gentleman entertained an unbounded dislike of law, physic, and divinity, the army, and the navy, it seemed a matter of some difficulty how to provide for him.

"'Tis a lucky thing for you, Tom," said Sir Robert, "that I have the command of four votes, and can, *therefore*, obtain from ministers any thing in reason that I choose to ask."

Now, although I am certain these were the very words used by Sir Robert, I never, for the soul of me, could understand what he meant by having the command of four votes, still less, by the most industrious application of my reasoning faculties, could I ever perceive the remotest connexion between such a possession, and a certain degree of influence with ministers, which he considered as its obvious and natural consequence. However, such was his expression.

Young Maxwell's inclinations tending towards politics, a valuable appointment in the office of the ——— department, was procured for him, with an understanding that, at the first convenient opportunity, he should have a seat in Parliament. Shortly after this, Sir Robert died; and his son succeeded to the title and estates.

Between the latter and Maxwell as close a friendship had always existed as could exist between two persons whose habits and occupations were diametrically opposed; and Maxwell, presuming, perhaps, too far upon this, and (enterprising, as he did, a stupid notion that he could not better evince his gratitude to the patron to whom he owed every thing, than by endeavouring, to the utmost of his power, to save his son from ruin,) would sometimes take the liberty to make it too evident to Sir Harry that the system of extravagance he pursued must inevitably lead to the utter destruction of his fortune. The result of one of these remonstrances was an intimation from Sir Harry, that unless Mr. Maxwell could find more amusing topics for conversation, his absence from ——— Street would be particularly desirable; and Mr. Maxwell not being able to comply with the first condition, he very coolly availed himself of the other. The Baronet's astonishment at the present visit is thus accounted for.

"Ha! Tom, how do? devilish glad to see you," said Sir Harry, holding out one hand, and with the other depositing the little phial of laudanum, together with the letters he had written, in a drawer of his dressing table: "devilish glad, 'pon my soul I am; but no preaching, Tom."

"No, no; my preaching days are over."

"So much the better; and I'm glad to find that,

in that respect at least, I have succeeded in reforming you, whatever may have been your success in ———." He suddenly stopped—walked towards the window—returned—and continued.—"No matter—Stay and dine with me; you will meet with Dashmore, and Leslie, and Col. D——, and—in short, all friends of yours."

"To tell you the truth, Highflyer, I came for the purpose of billeting myself upon you. I met Leslie this morning, who told me of your party. And——" (here he made an unaccountable pause)—"But since I am here, will you allow me to send a message to my servant to bring my things here to dress! 'Twill save me the trouble of going home."

"Ay, to be sure; Laurent will be here presently, and he shall send somebody to him."

Had Sir Harry been in a state of mind to think to any purpose, he would have thought that, considering the terms on which they had stood for some time past, all this was very strange.

By the time Laurent had finished dressing his master, Maxwell's servant arrived; and Sir Harry descended to the drawing room to receive his guests, leaving his friend to perform the duties of the toilette.

"Another pin, Ward," said Maxwell to his servant. "Plague on the inventor of this tie! it requires as many pins as the frock of a boarding school romp. But Ward having exhausted all the pins in Sir Harry's cushion, his master opened first one drawer and then another, till coming to that in which the Baronet had deposited the letters, he was astonished at perceiving that the letter on the top of the pile was addressed to Lord Dashmore, *who was to be of the party that very afternoon*, and the next beneath it to himself! In addition to these were letters addressed to his agent, to his solicitor, to his aunt, Lady Mary ———, whom he had offended beyond all hope of pardon.

"This is very strange!" He continued his search. "Good God!—Ward—I have no farther occasion for you: you may go.—Unless I am at home by one you needn't—yes—you had better be in waiting for me—that's all.—Stay—call a hackney-coach immediately—don't bring it to the door, but wait with it at the corner of the street."

The guests were all assembled, and Laurent announced that dinner was served.

"Let Mr. Maxwell know," said Sir Harry.

"Mr. Maxwell, Sarc, beg you shall not wait for him. He go home for something he forget, but shall return before the soup be remove." A knock at once announced the return of Mr. Maxwell, so that no delay occurred.

Sir Harry Highflyer, as is well known, was one of the most agreeable table-companions of the day. He was a man of ready and pleasant wit; and, whatever may have been his faults at other times, and in other places, (and numerous and grave indeed they were,) he was faultless at the head of his own table. Never the retailer of other men's stories, and seldom the hero of his own, he entertained a mortal aversion for your

mere story-teller.—"The original sin," he used to say, "has entailed a curse on all the pleasures of life, and story-telling is the curse of conviviality. The nonsense of the moment is a thousand times preferable to the most exquisite piece of wit, ready cut and dried for the occasion, that ever was uttered, or the best ready-made story that ever was told." He held noise to be subversive of mirth (of cheerfulness it certainly is), instead of an assistant to, or an evidence of it: and strange as it may appear, he could not endure a coarse joke, or an obscene story. "Let us," he once said, "let us show some consideration for the necessities of our inferiors; let us abandon to tinkers such incentives to mirth—the poor devils require something as a relish to their beer; we shall lose nothing by the surrender; for my own part, I can't fancy that they go well with the elegant, delicate flavour of fine wine." To do Sir Harry justice, he was not a *beast*.

The dinner went off pretty much in the same way as dinners of the kind generally do. But some circumstances occurred, of too remarkable a character, to pass without mention. It is true that, with the exception of Mr. Maxwell, they made no very deep impression on any one present; yet, at one or two of those circumstances, not one of the party but felt, more or less acutely, what might, not inaptly, be termed a momentary shock of astonishment. No one could be a fairer talker than Sir Harry: he allowed opportunity to every one for taking his share in the conversation; he never, as it were, elbowed himself in; but availed himself adroitly, and apparently without effort, of the first opening. Upon this occasion, however, he *talked through* every one that attempted to speak; he talked almost incessantly; and, indeed, seemed to be uneasy when he was constrained even to a short interval of silence. He spoke, too, in a loud, overpowering tone of voice, altogether contrary to his usual habit; and his gaiety, ordinarily so distinguished by its suavity and its subordination to the dictates of good taste, was boisterous in the extreme, and sought to maintain itself by a recourse to expedients the most common-place. Again, it was observed that, oftener than once, he filled a bumper, drank it off, and filled again, before he passed the wine.

There was some question about arranging a Vauxhall party for the following evening, and Mr. Maurice B——, not perceiving that their host was whispering Laurent, who had just entered the room with a message to him, turned round and abruptly inquired, "Highflyer, where shall you be to-morrow night!" Sir Harry turned suddenly at the question, fixed his eyes (which seemed to distend to twice their natural size) on the speaker, set his teeth firmly together, and uttered a short, convulsive, fiend-like laugh, as his only reply; at the same time grasping Laurent by the fleshy part of the arm. A death-like silence ensued; not a soul present but felt a thrill of horror! Lord Dashmore, indeed, who was raising his glass to his lips, involuntarily threw it upwards with such force, that it struck the ceil-

ing, and fell in fragments to the ground. Poor Laurent, sinking almost on his knees, while tears of agony were forced from his eyes, naturally and pathetically cried out in his own language, "*Mais, mon Dieu; Monsieur, vous me faites moi—vous me faites mal, vous dis je.*" Sir Harry relinquished his hold, drew his hand across his forehead, filled a bumper, carelessly reproached Colonel D—, who was assisting him in the duties of the table, with exposing the bottles to an attack of the cramp for want of motion, and, quite contrary to his custom, volunteered to sing a song. All this occurred in infinitely less time than it has occupied to describe it; and notwithstanding the sensation was powerful, yet so rapidly had the scene which occasioned it passed, that it was extinct before the next bumper went round.

Sir Harry became—gayer? no—more boisterous than before.

Sir Charles F— remarked that there were thirteen at table! "Then one amongst us is booked for within the year," said Colonel D—, laughingly.

"A hundred guineas to five I am the man," said Sir Harry.

"Done," exclaimed Lord Dashmore, at the same time drawing out his pocket-book for the purpose of entering the bet: "and in a twelve-month and a day, I shall wait upon you for a cool hundred—for you'll lose."

"'Tis no bet," Dashmore, said Sir Harry, with a bitter smile, which no one but Maxwell noticed; "'tis no bet, so don't book it: no man is justified in making a bet, when he knows himself sure of winning."

It was growing late. Some one looked at his watch and observed that it was almost time to break up. "Don't think of leaving me yet," said Sir Harry—"for God's sake." And he rang for more wine, together with anchovy toasts, broiled bones, and other provocatives to drinking. To most present, the form of his appeal seemed odd; to Maxwell it appeared awful!

But the last and most striking occurrence of the night, is now to be related. Sir Harry, it has already been said, exhibited manifest signs of impatience at even the short intervals of silence to which the give-and-take of conversation occasionally subjected him. They threw him back upon his own reflections. A question being put to Colonel D— respecting the storming of Badajoz, he described just so much of it as had come immediately under his own observation, (for he had been engaged in it); and with so much force, vivacity, and picturesque effect was his short narrative imbued, that it engrossed the attention of all present. It could not have occupied longer than three minutes; yet, when the Colonel had ceased speaking, it was observed that Sir Harry was leaning with his elbow on the table, and his forehead in his hand. "The Baronet's off," said some one, and laughed. Sir Harry started at the sound, mechanically filled his glass, and sent the wine on. "What the deuce is the matter with you, Highflyer?" exclaimed another; "your

cravat is covered with blood!"—"Nothing—a scratch—nothing—nothing—fill—fill, and send the wine about." His appearance was ghastly: his features were distorted, his face was deadly pale, and the blood was streaming from his nether lip, which in the intensity of mental agony he had unconsciously bitten nearly through.

"I have not seen the Baronet so much cut," whispered Colonel D— to Lord Dashmore, who was sitting next to him, "since the hard bout we had at Melton last year. Let's be off."

As the party retired, the successive "good night" of each fell upon Sir Harry's ear like a death-knell! It struck like an ice-bolt to his heart! He was a man of "unquestionable courage," as we have seen, but he could not stand it; and as the three or four last were preparing to leave the room, he cut short their valedictions by hastily saying, "That'll do, that'll do." Maxwell was the last to retire. Sir Harry grasped his hand, and held it firmly till he heard the street door close upon the rest. "Now you may go, Tom; those are mere friends of the hour, but you and I have been friends from childhood. You knew my poor father, and he loved you. There"—and he shook his hand warmly—"there—now go—Good night; Heaven bless you, Tom, Heaven bless you. Go—go." Maxwell, as he went out, said to Laurent, "It is probable your master will not ring for you very early to-morrow; be sure you suffer no one to approach him till I come."

"*Ma parole, sare, I sall not be ver' glad to go to him ver' soon—endeed he make de blood come out of my arm. I take him for wild cat.*"

They were mistaken who thought that Sir Harry was cut—in plain English, drunk: excepting Maxwell—whose situation throughout the evening, by the by, had not been the most enviable—he was the only sober man of the party. The prodigious quantity of wine he had swallowed produced no more effect upon him, in the way of intoxication, than if it had been water: he carried an antidote to it in his mind. Left to himself, he filled a large goblet with claret, which he took off at a draught. He then desired Laurent to give him a taper, told him he had no occasion for his attendance that night, shook him by the hand, (which condescension the poor fellow conceived to be intended as a set off against the gripe he had received,) walked steadily into his dressing-room, and locked and bolted the door. He then approached the dressing-table; took the letters he had written in the morning, and the phial of laudanum, from the drawer wherein he had deposited them; and having spread out the former in such a manner that they could not fail to be seen by any one who should come into the room the next day, he paused for a few seconds. He then uncorked the phial—swallowed its contents—stood motionless, as if transfixed, for nearly a minute—staggered towards a sofa—and fell senseless on it."

Now if any one should say that Mr. Maxwell, with the suspicions he entertained, or rather, the knowledge he possessed of Sir Harry's intention,

acted unwarrantably—heartlessly—wickedly—in leaving him to carry it into execution, the only defence I can offer for him is that—perhaps he had very good reasons for acting as he did. But to relieve him as speedily as possible from the odious charge of conniving at so horrible a deed, it will be as well at once to explain what those reasons were.

Although the friendly intercourse which had hitherto subsisted between these gentlemen had ceased for nearly a twelvemonth prior to the period in question, Maxwell, nevertheless, with considerable anxiety watched the proceedings of the son of his benefactor. He was aware of the ruinous modes of raising money resorted to by Sir Harry, whilst any thing remained in his possession which he could either mortgage or sell; and he was now also aware that not only even those means were exhausted, but that Sir Harry was inextricably in debt. It happened one morning that, being with his solicitor upon business of his own, that gentleman put into his hands certain papers left for inspection with him by one of his clients. They were documents connected with a transfer of some part of Sir Harry's property to a person from whom he had long been in the habit of raising the supplies. Maxwell presently perceived, what his Solicitor intended he should be informed of, that, in that transaction, an obvious fraud had been practised upon his inconsiderate friend. This discovery led him to examine into other transactions of a similar kind; and the result of his various investigations was a conviction that a vast portion of the property might fairly be recovered, since it had been obtained from Sir Harry by mal-practice of a much graver complexion than the mere infraction of the Usury Laws.

Having, after several consultations with his Solicitor, decided as to the course to be adopted, he resolved, in spite of their late estrangement, to pay a visit to his quondam friend, and communicate the pleasing intelligence to him. On his way thither, he met Mr. Leslie, who told him of the dinner-party for that day. "I'm glad of it," said Maxwell, "for I have something to tell him which will give him a zest to his wine." But scarcely had he entered the Baronet's dressing-room—(Sir Harry's astonishment at his visit, and his manner of receiving him, have already been described)—when he was attacked by one of those vague—undefinable—unaccountable apprehensions of approaching evil, which every one, perhaps, has, at some time or other, experienced. *Why*, he scarcely knew; but he at once determined to delay the communication he had to make till the following day: and still less could he tell *why*, at the same instant, he resolved upon not quitting Sir Harry for the rest of that afternoon. It was upon taking this latter resolution, that he requested permission to send for his things to dress there.

The rest is soon told.

Maxwell did not throw the poison out at the window; nor did he rush into the drawing room, with his face pale and his hair standing on end; nor

did he call upon the company to bind Sir Harry hand and foot; nor did he remonstrate with him on the folly as well as the wickedness of terminating his own existence; nor did he even betray the slightest hint that he was aware of his entertaining such an intention. *He knew his man*; and he was conscious, therefore, that his interference in any manner, though it might delay, would not prevent the act; he perceived, too, that he was not then, nor likely to be, for the rest of that day, in a state of mind to listen to his edifying expostulations; and he felt convinced that by taking one means of self-destruction out of the hands of a man desperate and resolved like him, he should only be forcing him to the adoption of some other. But he took a much wiser course than any of those. He drove to the chemist's, whose address he found on the label of the phial, and procured a composing draught, which was put into a small bottle of precisely the same appearance as the more mischievous one he had removed. He then returned to — Street, walked leisurely up stairs into the dressing-room, placed the mixture where he knew it would be sought for, descended, and took his seat at the dinner-table as quietly as if nothing in the world had happened.

By eight o'clock the next morning Maxwell was in Sir Harry's room, which he entered by a side-door the Baronet had neglected to fasten. He found his friend in a profound sleep, from which he did not awake till three o'clock of the same afternoon. It were needless to relate all that passed upon this occasion. Suffice it, that having explained to Sir Harry the hopes he entertained of recovering for him a large portion of his property, Maxwell found no difficulty whatever in persuading him to withdraw immediately from London, and to retire to a small place of his near the town of — in Wales, till, by the exercise of a rigid economy, he might be able to relieve himself from his embarrassments. That he, a gay man of the town, should so readily have adopted a suggestion which seemed to imply the entire abandonment of the habits of his whole former life, will appear the less extraordinary when it is mentioned that he has been heard to declare, that he would endure starvation, beggary, misery in any shape, rather than again encounter *the horrors of that last carouse*.

AMERICAN SCULPTURE.—Mr. Augur, of New Haven, Conn. has finished one figure in his group to be called "Jephtha's Daughter," which the papers of that city speak of in very complimentary terms. It is that of the daughter, and the figure is arrested in the midst of motion: the body drooping away from the firmness and animation of the dance—exhibiting the emotions of that precise moment when the unaccountable agony of the father comes over the joy of the daughter like a fearful cloud. It is an emotion to feel, but almost impossible to describe. The figure of Jephtha is not yet finished.

THE LITTLE BLACK PORTER.

Some years ago, the turnpike road, from the city of Bristol to the little hamlet of Jacobsford, was cleft in twain, if we may use the expression, for the length of rather more than a furlong, at a little distance from the outskirts of the village, by the lofty garden walls of an old parsonage house, which terminated nearly in a point, at the northern end, in the centre of the highway. The road was thus divided into two branches; these, after skirting the walls on the east and west, united again at the south end, leaving the parsonage grounds isolated from other property. The boundary walls were of an unusual height and thickness; they were surmounted by strong oaken palisading, the top of which presented an impassable barrier of long and projecting iron spikes. The brick-work, although evidently old, was in excellent condition; not a single leaf of ivy could be found upon its surface, nor was there a fissure or projection perceptible which would afford a footing or hold to the most expert bird's-nesting boy, or youthful robber of orchards, in the neighbourhood. The entrance gate was low, narrow, immensely thick, and barred and banded with iron on the inner side. The tops of several yew and elm trees might be seen above the palisading, but none grew within several feet of the wall; among their summits, rose several brick chimnies, of octagonal shape; and, occasionally, when the branches were blown to and fro by autumnal wind, a ruddy reflection of the rising or setting sun was just perceptible, gleaming from the highest windows of the house, through the sear and scanty foliage in which it was embosomed. According to tradition, Prince Rupert passed a night or two there, in the time of the civil war; shortly after his departure, it withstood a siege of some days, by a detachment unprovided with artillery; and surrendered only on account of its garrison being destitute of food.—Within the memory of a few of the oldest villagers, it was said to have been occupied by a society of nuns: of the truth of this statement, however, it appears that the respectable sisterhood of Shepton Mallet entertain very grave, and, apparently, well-founded doubts.

For many years previously to, and at the period when the events about to be recorded took place, a very excellent clergyman, of high scholastic attainments, resided in the parsonage house. Doctor Plympton was connected, by marriage, with several opulent families in Jamaica; and he usually had two or three West-Indian pupils, whose education was entirely confided to him by their friends. Occasionally, also, he directed the studies of one or two young gentlemen whose relatives lived in the neighbourhood; but the number of his scholars seldom exceeded four, and he devoted nearly the whole of his time to their advancement in classical learning.

Doctor Plympton had long been a widower; his only child, Isabel, had scarcely attained her sixteenth year, when she became an object of

most ardent attachment to a young gentleman of very violent passions, and most daring nature, who had spent nine years of his life under the Doctor's roof, and had scarcely quitted it a year, when, coming of age, he entered into possession of a good estate, within half an hour's ride of the parsonage.

Charles Perry—for that was the name of Isabel's lover—had profited but little by the Doctor's instructions; wild and ungovernable from his boyhood, Charles, even from the time he entered his teens, was an object of positive terror to his father, who was a man of a remarkably mild and retiring disposition. As the youth advanced towards manhood, he grew still more boisterous; and the elder Mr. Perry, incapable of enduring the society of his son, yet unwilling to trust him far from home, contrived, by threatening to disinherit him in case of disobedience, to keep him under Doctor Plympton's care until he was nearly twenty years of age. At that time his father died, and Charles insisted upon burning his books and quitting his tutor's residence. On the strength of his expectations, and the known honesty of his heart, he immediately procured a supply of cash, and indulged his natural inclination for horses and dogs, to such an extent, that some of his fox-hunting neighbours lamented that a lad of his spirit had not ten or twenty thousand, instead of fifteen hundred a year.

Young Perry had never been a favourite with Doctor Plympton; but his conduct, after the decease of his father, was so directly opposed to the worthy Doctor's ideas of propriety, that he was heard to say, on one occasion, when Isabel was relating some bold equestrian achievement which had been recently performed by her lover, that he hoped to be forgiven, and shortly to eradicate the evil weed from his heart, but if at that moment, or ever in the course of his long life, he entertained an antipathy towards any human being, Charles Perry was the man. It would be impossible to describe the worthy Doctor's indignation and alarm, on hearing, a few days afterwards, that Charles had declared, in the presence of his own grooms—in whose society he spent a great portion of his time—that he meant to have Isabel Plympton, by hook or by crook, before Candlemas-day, let who would say nay.

That his child, his little girl—as he still called the handsome and womanly-looking Isabel—should be an object of love, Doctor Plympton could scarcely believe. The idea of her marrying, even at a mature age, and quitting his arms for those of a husband, had never entered his brain; but the thought of such a person as Charles Perry despoiling him of his darling, quite destroyed his usual equanimity of temper. He wept over Isabel, and very innocently poured the whole tide of his troubles on the subject into her ear; but he felt rather surprised to perceive no symptoms of alarm on his daughter's countenance, while he indignantly repeated young Perry's

threats to carry her off. In the course of a week, the Doctor heard, to his utter amazement, from a good-natured friend, that Isabel had long been aware of Charles Perry's attachment, and was just as willing to run away with Charles, as he could possibly be to run away with her. Several expressions which fell from Isabel, during a conversation which he subsequently had with her on the subject, induced Doctor Plympton to believe, that his good natured friend's information was perfectly correct; and he, forthwith, concerted measures to frustrate young Perry's designs.

Isabel's walks were confined within the high and almost impassable boundary-walls of the parsonage grounds; her father constantly carried the huge key of the entrance door in his pocket, and willingly submitted to the drudgery of personally answering every one who rang the bell. He altogether declined receiving his usual visitors, and became, at once, so attentive a gaoler over his lovely young prisoner, that nothing could induce him even to cross the road. He bribed Patty Wallis with a new Bible, Hervey's Meditations among the Tombs, and Young's Night Thoughts, to be a spy upon the actions of her young mistress; and paid a lame thatcher two shillings a week to inspect the outside of the wall every night, while he did the like within, in order to detect any attempt that might be made at a breach.

But Doctor Plympton derived much more efficient assistance in his difficult task, from a quarter to which he had never dreamed of looking for aid, than either his outward ally, the thatcher, or his domestic spy, the waiting maid, could possibly afford him. Doctor Plympton had two West Indian pupils in his house; both of whom were deeply smitten with the charms of Isabel, and equally resolved on exercising the most persevering vigilance to prevent the blooming young coquette—who contrived to make each of them suspect that he held a place in her affections—from escaping to, or being carried off by, their enterprising rival, Charles Perry. These young gentlemen, one of whom was now nineteen years of age, and the other about six months younger, had been Isabel's play-fellows in her childhood; and Doctor Plympton, who seemed to be totally unconscious of their gradual approach towards man's estate, had as little apprehension of their falling in love with Isabel, at this period, as when they played blindman's buff and hunt the slipper together, eight or nine years before.

Godfrey Fairfax, the elder of the two pupils—a vain, forward, impetuous young man—flattered himself that Isabel was pleased with his attentions; he felt satisfied, nevertheless, that the young coquette was of an unusually capricious disposition. He was by no means sure that Perry had not a decided preference over him in her heart; and if his rival did not already enjoy so enviable a superiority, he feared that the consequence of her present state of restraint would be a paroxysm of attachment to the individual of whom she was even forbidden to think. Isabel doated on a frolic; she thought nothing could be so delightful as a romantic elopement; and far from being unhap-

py at the vigilance with which she was guarded she lived in a state of positive bliss. Her situation was that of a heroine; and all her father's precautions, to prevent her from passing the garden walls, were, to her, sources of unspeakable satisfaction. Godfrey was perfectly acquainted with her feelings, and strongly tainted with the same leaven himself. He knew how much he would dare, were he in Charles Perry's place; and he had good reasons for believing, that any successful exploit to obtain possession of her person, would be rewarded with the willing gift of young Isabel's hand. Charles Perry's reckless character rendered him exceedingly formidable as a rival, in the affections of such a girl as Isabel Plympton; but what created more doubts and fears in Godfrey's breast than any other circumstance, was the fact of a large Newfoundland dog, the property of Charles Perry, obtaining frequent ingress—nobody could conceive by what means—to Doctor Plympton's pleasure grounds. Godfrey suspected that a correspondence was carried on between Perry and Isabel by means of the dog, and he shot at him several times, but without success.

Of his quiet, demure, and unassuming school-fellow, George Wharton, Godfrey did not entertain the least degree of fear; he attributed Isabel's familiarity with him to their having been brought up together; for that Wharton could really love so giddy a girl as Isabel, he would not permit himself to believe. But the truth is, that George passionately doated on Isabel, and she, much to her satisfaction, had made herself acquainted with the state of his feelings towards her. She had even encouraged him, by a blushing avowal that she esteemed him more than any other human being, except her father; and, in all probability, at that moment, she uttered the genuine language of her heart; but, it is very certain, in less than five minutes afterwards, Godfrey Fairfax was on his knees before her, and kissing her exquisite hand, with an enthusiasm of manner, which she did not appear at all disposed to check. Perhaps, she scarcely knew whom she loved best; and trusted to accident for determining on which of the three young men her choice should fall.

While matters remained in this state at the parsonage, the day of Godfrey's departure from the house of his venerable tutor was fast approaching—the vessel, by which he was to return to his native island, Demerara, had already completed her cargo, and nearly concluded the final preparations for her voyage. Godfrey saw that no time was to be lost, if he wished to make Isabel Plympton his own; he was almost constantly with her, and pleaded his cause with such fervor, that, by degrees, Isabel began to forget Charles Perry, to avoid George Wharton, and to feel unhappy if Godfrey Fairfax were absent but for a few moments from her side. Godfrey knew that it would be useless to implore Doctor Plympton for his consent to their union: it would have struck the old gentleman with horror, had a pupil of his—a youth of Godfrey's immense expectations—offered to marry Isabel. He would have spurned

the proposal as a direct attack upon his honour; and have lost his life rather than suffered such a marriage to take place. It would have amounted, in his opinion, to a breach of his duty towards his employers, to have suffered one of his pupils to fall in love with Isabel. But, even if there were any hopes that Doctor Plympton would give his consent to the match, provided Godfrey obtained that of his father, the young man could not delay his felicity; nor would he run the hazard of Isabel's changing her mind, or being won by Perry, or even young Wharton, while he was sailing to Demerara and back again. Isabel, too, he was sure, would never agree to a mere common-place match with him, when another lover was striving night and day, to run away with her; and Godfrey, under all the circumstances, deemed it most prudent to carry her off, if possible, without asking any body's permission but her own.

He had made no arrangements for a legal union with Isabel; his sole object was to get her out of her father's custody, and under his own protection. He felt assured that his love was too sincere to permit him to act dishonorably towards her; and a vague idea floated across his mind of carrying her on board the vessel by which he was to leave England, and marrying her at the capstan, according to the forms and usages observed at sea. The principal difficulty consisted in removing her beyond the walls of her father's pleasure grounds. Doctor Plympton's vigilance was still unabated; George Wharton, although he had scarcely spoken to Isabel for several days past, rarely lost sight of her for a longer period than half an hour; Patty Wallis slept in her room, the windows of which were immensely high, and the key of the door was regularly deposited under the Doctor's pillow. With a heavy heart Godfrey began to pack up his clothes and books, for the day of his departure was at hand—when the idea of conveying Isabel out of the house in his large trunk, suddenly flashed upon him. He flew to the young lady and communicated to her what he called the happy discovery; and she, without a moment's hesitation, gaily agreed to his proposition, appearing quite delighted with the idea of escaping in so mysterious and legitimately romantic a manner.

Godfrey passed the remainder of the day in concealing his clothes and books, boring air-holes in the chest, and lining it with the softest materials he could procure. On the morning appointed for his departure, Isabel stole unperceived up to the store-room, where Godfrey was anxiously waiting to receive her, and stepped blithely into the trunk. Within an hour after, it was half a mile on the road towards Bristol, in the fly-wagon, which Godfrey had previously ordered to call at the parsonage for his heavy baggage, a short time before his own intended departure. At length the chaise, in which he was to leave the village for ever, drew up to the garden gate. Godfrey took a hurried leave of his old master and fellow student, leaped into the vehicle, and told the post-boy not to spare his spurs if he expected to be well paid.

In less than an hour the young gentleman alighted at the wagon-office. Assuming as cool and unconcerned an air as he possibly could, he observed, in a careless tone, to a clerk in the office, "I am looking for a trunk of mine, but I do not see it; I suppose we must have passed your wagon on the road."

"All our wagons are in, sir," replied the clerk; "we don't expect another arrival till to-morrow morning."

"Oh! very good; then my chest must be here. I hope you have taken particular precaution in unloading it; I wrote 'with care, this side upwards,' on it, in very large letters."

"Who was it addressed to, sir?"

"Why, to me, certainly—Godfrey Fairfax, Esquire, Demerara—"

"To be left at the office till called for?"

"Exactly; where is it? I've not much time to lose."

"Why, sir, it has been gone away from here—"

"Gone away?"

"Yes, sir; about—let me see," continued the clerk, lazily turning to look at the office clock; "why about, as near as may be, nine or ten—ay, say ten—about ten minutes ago, sir."

"Ten minutes ago, sir! What do you mean? Are you mad? I'll play the devil with you!—Where's my chest?"

"I told you before it was gone, sir."

"Gone, sir! How could it go, sir? Did't I direct it to be left here till called for?"

"Very well, sir; and so it was left here till called for; it stood in the office for five minutes or more, and then—"

"And then, what then?"

"Why then a little black porter called for it, and took it away on a truck."

"Who was he? Where has he taken it? I'll be the ruin of you. The contents of that trunk are invaluable."

"I suppose you didn't insure it; we don't answer for any thing above the value of five pounds unless it's insured—vide the notice on our tickets."

"Don't talk to me of your tickets, but answer me, scoundrel!"

"Scoundrel!"

"Where has the villain conveyed it?"

"Can't say."

"Who was he?"

"Don't know."

"Distraction! How could you be such a fool as to let him have it?"

"Why not? How was I to know? You'd think it odd if you was to send a porter for your chest—"

"Certainly; but—"

"Very well, then; how could I tell but what the little black fellow was sent by you? He asked for it quite correctly, according to the address; and that's what we go by, of course, in these cases. And even now, how can I tell but what he was sent by the right owner, and that you're come under false pretences."

"What, rascal!"

"You'll excuse me—but you don't authenticate

"Speak quicker; consider my impatience. Did you employ them all to hunt out the villain!"

"Why, it was a bold step perhaps; but—"

"Did you, or did you not?"

"I did."

"A thousand thanks! I'll be off again."

"But I say, sir—you'll excuse me—now, if I reckon, above once a week; but for all that, there's few can match him. He's more like a dog than a Christian. He'll find what every body else has lost; but upon what principle he works, I can't say; I think he does it all by instinct."

"Why, I'd roust out Ikey Pope. He's the man to beat up your game."

"What! the fellow who answers without unclosing his eyelids?"

"Why, to say the truth, he don't much like daylight. Nobody sees the colour of his eye, I reckon, above once a week; but for all that, there's few can match him. He's more like a dog than a Christian. He'll find what every body else has lost; but upon what principle he works, I can't say; I think he does it all by instinct."

"Let us send for him at once, then."

"Not so fast, sir; Ikey's next kin to a brute, and must be treated accordingly. We must manage him."

"Well, you know him, and—"

"Yes, and he knows me; I have condescended to play so many tricks with him, that he won't trust me, but he'll believe you."

"And how shall I enlist him in my service? I stand on thorns; for Heaven's sake be speedy!"

"Why if you only tell him that he has a good leg for a boot, and promise him an old pair of Hessians, he's your humble servant to command, for, ugly as he is, he's so proud of his leg that—"

"Call him, call him at once."

The clerk now roused Ikey, and, with considerable difficulty, induced him to leave his hard and comfortable dormitory.

"The gentleman has a job for you," said the clerk, as Ikey staggered towards young Fairfax.

"I don't want no jobs," muttered Ikey. "Saturday night comes often enough for me. Seven-and-twenty wagons a-week, out and in, in the way of work, and half a guinea a-week, in the way of wages, is as much as I can manage."

"Ikey is very temperate, sir," said the clerk; "very temperate, I must allow; he eats little and drinks less; he keeps up his flesh by sleeping and sucking his thumbs."

"Ah! you will have your joke," said Ikey, turning towards the heap of luggage again.

"And won't you earn a shilling or two, Ikey?" said the clerk.

"No; I'm an independent man; I have as much work as I can do, and as much wages as I want. I wish you wouldn't wake me when there's no wagon; how should you like it?"

"Well, but friend Pope," said Godfrey, "as you will not take money, perhaps you'll be generous enough to do a gentleman a favour. I shall be happy to make you some acceptable little present—keepsake I mean in return. I've an old pair of Hessians, and, as I think our legs are about of a size—"

"Of a size!" said Ikey, facing about towards

young Fairfax, and, for the first time, unclosing his heavy lids; "of a size!" repeated he, a second time, casting a critical glance at Godfrey's leg, "I can hardly think that."

Ikey dropped on one knee, and, without uttering a word, proceeded to measure Godfrey's calves with his huge, hard hands. He then rose, and rather dogmatically observed, "The gentleman has got a goodish sort of a leg; but," continued he, "his calves don't travel in flush enough with one another exactly; he couldn't hold a sixpence between his ankles, the middle of his legs, and his knees, as a person I'm acquainted with can, when he likes to turn his toes out; but I think your boots might fit me, sir."

"I'm sure they will," cried the impatient Godfrey; "and you shall have them."

"Your hand then; it's a bargain," quoth Ikey, thrusting out his fist, and striking a heavy blow in the centre of Godfrey's palm. "Now, what's the job."

Godfrey rapidly stated his case, and, with all the eloquence he possessed, endeavoured to stimulate the drowsy fellow, on whom his chief hopes now depended, to a state of activity. Ikey listened to him with closed eyes, and did not seem to comprehend a tythe of what he heard. When Godfrey had concluded, he merely observed, "I'll have a shy!" and staggered out of the yard, more like a drunkard reeling home from a debauch, than a man dispatched to find out an unknown individual in the heart of a busy and populous city.

"The William and Mary, by which I was to sail, lies at Kingroad," said Godfrey to the clerk, as Ikey Pope departed; "the wind, I perceive, is fair, and sail she will, this evening, without a doubt. Unfortunate fellow that I am! every moment is an age to me."

"Perhaps you'd like to sit down in the office," said the clerk; "I can offer you a seat and yesterday's paper."

"Thank you, thank you!" replied Godfrey; "but I fear pursuit too—I cannot rest here."

The young man again walked into the streets; he inquired of almost every person he met, for the little black porter; but no one could give him any information. At last, a crowd began to gather around him, and he was, with very little ceremony, unanimously voted a lunatic. Two or three fellows had even approached to lay hands on him, when his eye suddenly encountered that of Ikey Pope; breaking through the crowd at once, he hurried back, with Ikey, to the wagon-office.

"I've won the boots," said Ikey, as they entered the yard.

"Which way? How? Have you seen him? Where is he?" eagerly inquired Godfrey.

"I can't make out where he is," replied Ikey; "but I happened to drop into the house where he smokes his pipe, and there I heard the whole yarn. He brought the chest there."

"Where? where?"

"Why to the Dog and Dolphin."

"I'll fly—"

"Oh! it's of no use; the landlord says it was carried away again, by a pair of Pill-sharks, who from what I can get out of him and his people, had orders to take it down the river, and put it on board the William and Mary, what's now lying in Kingroad, bound for Demerara."

"Oh! then, I dare say it's all a mistake, and no roguery intended," said the clerk, who had heard Ikey's statement; "the person found he was wrong, and, to make amends, has duly forwarded the trunk, pursuant to the direction on its cover."

"A chaise and four to Lamplighter's Hall, instantly!" shouted Godfrey.

"First and second turn, pull out your tits," cried the ostler; "put to, while I fill up a ticket."

"Are you going, sir?" said Ikey, to young Fairfax.

"On the wings of love," replied Godfrey.

"But the boots!"

"Ah! true. There—there's a five pound note, buy the best pair of Hessians you can get."

"What about the change?"

"Keep it; or, odds! yes—distribute it among the porters; and be sure, Ikey, if ever I return to England, I'll make your fortune; I'd do it now but I really haven't time."

In a few minutes Godfrey was seated in a chaise, behind four excellent horses, and dashing along, at full speed, towards Lamplighter's Hall. On his arrival at that place, he found, to his utter dismay, that the William and Mary had already set sail. After some little delay—during which he ascertained that his trunk had positively been carried on board—Godfrey procured a pilot-boat, the master of which undertook to do all that lay in the power of man to overtake the vessel. After two hours of intense anxiety, the pilot informed Godfrey, that, if the wind did not get up before sunset, he felt pretty sure of success. Far beyond the Holms, and just as the breeze was growing brisk, Godfrey, to his unspeakable joy, reached the deck of the William and Mary.—The pilot immediately dropped astern, and as soon as Godfrey could find utterance, he inquired for his trunk. It had already been so securely stowed away in the hold, that, as Godfrey was informed, it could not be hoisted on deck in less than half an hour. The impatient youth entreated that not a moment might be lost; and, in a short time, five or six of the crew, with apparent alacrity, but real reluctance, set about what they considered the useless task of getting the trunk out of the snug berth in which they had placed it.

It is now necessary for us to take up another thread of our story; for which purpose we must return to that point of time when the wagon, which contained Godfrey's precious chest, slowly disappeared behind the brow of a hill, at the foot of which stood the worthy Doctor's residence. Patty Wallis, Isabel's maid; and bosom friend, had, for some time past, been bought over to the interest of Charles Perry, to whom she communicated every transaction of importance that occurred in the house. On that eventful morning, she had acquainted Perry with Godfrey's plan—

the particulars of which her young mistress had confided to her under a solemn pledge of secrecy—and Perry, from behind the hedge of an orchard, nearly opposite the Doctor's house, beheld young Fairfax consign his trunk to the care of the wagoners. Godfrey entered the house, as the heavy vehicle turned the summit of the hill; and Charles Perry immediately retreated from his place of concealment, to join his trusty groom Doncaster Dick, who was waiting for him, with a pair of saddle horses, in a neighbouring lane.

"You've marked the game, I'll lay guineas to pounds!" exclaimed Dick, as Charles approached. "I'm sure I'm right; I can see it by your eyes. Guineas to pounds, did I say? I'd go six to four, up to any figure, on it."

"I wish you'd a thousand or two on the event, Dick," replied Charles Perry, exultingly; "you'd have a safe book at any odds."

"Well! I always thought how it would be; if there was fifty entered for the young lady, you'd be my first favourite; because for why?—as I've said scores of times—if you couldn't beat 'em out and out, you'd jockey them to the wrong side of the post."

"I hope you've not been fool enough to let any one know of Godfrey's scheme, or of my being acquainted with it; 'brush' is the word, if you have."

"I'd lay a new hat, sir, if the truth was known, you don't suspect me. You're pretty sure I'm not noodle enough to open upon the scent in a poaching party; I was born in Bristol and brought up at Doncaster to very little purpose, if ever I should be sent to heel for that fault. But won't you mount, sir?"

"I'm thinking, Dick," said Perry, who stood with one foot on the ground and the other in the stirrup; "I'm thinking you had better push on by yourself, in order to avoid suspicion. Yes, that's the plan; take the high road, and I'll have a steeple-chase run of it across the country. Make the best of your way to old Harry Tuffin's: put up the horse, watch for the wagon, and, as soon as it arrives, send a porter, who doesn't know you, to fetch the trunk; you know how it's directed."

"But where am I to—"

"Have it brought to Tuffin's; bespeak a private room, at the back part of the house; and order a chaise and four to be ready, at a moment's notice."

"But suppose, sir, Miss should be rusty?"

"I'm sure she loves me, Dick, let them say what they will; she wouldn't have attempted to run away with this young Creole fellow, if she thought there was any chance of having me. Besides, what can she do? her reputation, Dick—consider that; but I'm talking Greek to you. Be off, get the trunk to Tuffin's."

"And a thousand to three she's yours; that's what you mean, sir," said Dick, touching his hat to Perry, as he turned his horse's head towards the high road. In a few moments he was out of sight, and Charles set off at a brisk pace, down the lane.

On his arrival at Tuffin's, Perry found his trusty servant engaged in deep conversation, a few paces from the door, with a short, muscular black man, whose attire was scrupulously neat, although patched in several places; his shoes were very well polished, his neckerchief was coarse, but white as snow; he wore a large silver ring on the little finger of his left hand; his hair was tied behind with great neatness; he had a porter's knot hanging on his arm; and, as Perry approached, he drew a small tin box from his waistcoat pocket, and took snuff with the air of a finished coxcomb.

"Is this the porter you've engaged, Dick?" inquired Perry.

"I couldn't meet with another," replied Dick; "besides, sir, he's not objectionable, I think; he talks like a parson."

"But he's too old for the weight, Dick, I'm afraid. What's your age, friend?"

"A rude question, as some would say," replied the porter, with a smile and a bow; "but Cæsar Devalle is not a coy young beauty."

"So I perceive, Cæsar: if that's your name."

"You do me great honour," said the porter, "and I'm bound to venerate you, Mister: what shall I say? No offence; but mutual confidence is the link of society. I am so far of that opinion, that I can boast of seven lovely children; and Mrs. Devalle, although full two-and-thirty when I took her in hand, already dances divinely; indeed, I can now safely confide to her the instruction of Terpsichore—graceful maid! while I teach my eldest boys the violin and shaving. We must get our bread as well as worship the muses, you know; for teeth were not given for nothing."

"No, certainly," observed Dick; "we know an animal's age by 'em: what's yours?"

"In round numbers, fifty."

"I fear, my learned friend," said Perry, "you are scarcely strong enough for my purpose."

"I am not equal to Hercules," replied the porter; "but I possess what that great man never did, namely, a truck. I have often thought what wonders Hercules would have done, if somebody had made him a present of two or three trifles which we moderns almost despise. Life, you know, is short, and therefore machinery is esteemed; consequently, 'to bear and forbear' is my motto; for nobody can see the bottom of the briny waves."

"You are rather out at elbows in your logic, Cæsar," said Perry; "and your motto seems to me to be a *non sequitur*;—but you read, I perceive."

"Yes, when my numerous occupations permit me, for spectacles are cheap; but I find numerous faults with the doctrine of chances; and those, who pretend to see through a millstone, in my opinion—"

"Keep your eye up the street, Dick," interrupted Charles, turning from the Little Black Porter to his servant; "the wagon must be near at hand, by this time. Allow me to ask you, friend," continued he, again addressing Cæsar Devalle, "are you a regular porter?"

"Why truly," replied Devalle, "the winds and the weather preach such doctrines to us, that I occasionally shave and give lessons on the violin. All nature is continually shifting: why, then, should man be constant, except to his wife?—Night succeeds the day, and darkness light; and I certainly prefer practising a cotillon with a pupil, even if she's barefooted, to shouldering the knot. My terms are very moderate; but some people think ability lies only skin deep; to which class you, sir, certainly do not belong; that is, if I know any thing of a well-cut coat."

The Little Black Porter now retired, bowing and grinning, to a little distance, leaving Charles with his servant.

"I'll lay a poney, sir," said Dick, "the wagon isn't here this half hour."

"Ridiculous!" exclaimed Perry. Dick, however, was right; forty minutes elapsed before the bells on the horses' heads were heard. In another half hour, Godfrey's trunk, by the exertions of Perry, Dick, and the Little Black Porter, was removed from the truck on which Cæsar had brought it from the wagon office, and triumphantly deposited on the floor of a back room in old Tuffin's house.

Trembling with joy Charles Perry immediately proceeded to sever the cords. Leaving him occupied with that "delightful task," we shall take leave to carry the reader back again to the residence of Doctor Plympton.

It has already been stated that young Isabel stepped gaily into the chest. She continued to laugh, and actually enjoyed the novelty of her situation, for a few seconds after Godfrey Fairfax had closed the lid. But her courage began to sink, from the moment she heard the bolt of the lock shot, with a noise that seemed to her at once portentous and prodigious: she even uttered a faint scream; but her pride mastered her weakness in an instant, and her exclamation of alarm, terminated in her usual apparently joyous, but, perhaps, heartless, laugh. Godfrey, much to his delight, heard her tittering, during the short period he was occupied in securely cording up the trunk. "Now, my dear little heroine," whispered he, through the key-hole, as he fastened the last knot, "keep up your spirits; let the delightful thought of our early meeting, and years of subsequent bliss, support you through this trifling ordeal. Remember, I—mark me, Isabel! I, who love you better than any other living creature does: I, who deem you the greatest treasure on earth, I say you are quite safe. Do not forget that my happiness or misery are at the mercy of your courage and patience. I hear, some one coming. Adieu! *Au revoir*, my love!"

Godfrey now left the room, and contrived to decoy Doctor Plympton, whom he met in the passage, down stairs to the study, where he amused the old gentleman by some plausible detail of his future intentions with regard to mathematics and the dead languages, until the arrival of the wagon by which the trunk was to be conveyed to town.

Meantime an event of considerable importance

took place in the store-room. Isabel had made no reply to Godfrey's adieu; for the idea that she was so soon to be left alone, entirely deprived her of utterance; and, as the sound of his footsteps died away on her ear, she began to grow not only weary but terrified. Though incapable of judging of the real dangers of her situation, and blind to the impropriety of her conduct, her spirits were wofully depressed by imaginary terrors, which, however, were not, for a short period, sufficiently powerful to render her insensible to the personal inconvenience which she suffered. She thought of Juliet in the tomb, and felt sure, that were she to fall asleep, she should go mad in the first few moments after waking, under the idea that she was in her coffin, and had been buried alive. Her courage and pride completely deserted her: she moaned piteously, and her senses began to be affected. Luckily for her, perhaps, George Wharton, having nothing else to do, sauntered into the store-room, to see if Godfrey had finished packing up. He was not a little surprised to hear the voice of one in deep affliction proceed from the chest. After a moment's hesitation, during which he almost doubted the evidence of his ears, he knocked on the lid, and inquired if any one were within. It is almost needless to say, that the reply was in the affirmative.

"What trick is this?" exclaimed George. "Who is it?"

"Oh! dear Mr. Wharton! pray let me out," cried Isabel.

"Good Heavens!—Isabel!—I'll fly for assistance."

"No, not for worlds! I could not wait for it. Cut the cords, and break open the chest this moment, or I shall die."

With the aid of a pocket-knife and the poker, George soon emancipated Isabel from her place of confinement. Pale and sobbing, she sank into his arms, and vowed eternal gratitude to her kind deliverer, whom, she said, notwithstanding appearances, she loved better than any other being in existence.

"If so," said George, very naturally, "why do I find you in Godfrey's chest?"

"Don't I confess that appearances are against me?" exclaimed Isabel, pettishly; "what more would you have?"

"I am not unreasonable, Isabel: but I shall certainly talk to Mr. Fairfax on this subject, before he leaves the house; on that I am resolved."

"No doubt you are; or to do anything else that you think will vex me."

"Nay, Isabel, you are too severe."

"Indeed," said Isabel. "I am quite the contrary: it is nothing but the excess of my foolish good nature that has led me into this disagreeable situation. My frolic has cost me dear enough. That horrid Godfrey!"

"His conduct is atrocious, and I shall immediately mention it to the Doctor."

"My father would rate him soundly for it, I know; and he richly deserves a very long lecture,

but 'forget and forgive,' George, has always been your motto, and I think I shall make it mine. Godfrey has been our companion for years, and it would be useless to make mischief, for a trifle, at the moment he is leaving us; 'twere better by far, to part friends. Besides, after all, poor fellow, one can scarcely blame him," added Isabel, with a smile, as her eye caught the reflection of her beautiful features in an old looking glass; "even you, George, who are such an icy-hearted creature, say you would go through fire and water to possess me; and no wonder that such a high-spirited fellow as Godfrey—"

"I feel rather inclined, Miss Plympton," interrupted George, "to shew that my spirit is quite as high as his."

"Then be noble, George, and don't notice what has happened. It's entirely your own fault: you know his ardour, his magical mode of persuading one almost out of one's sober senses, and yet you never can contrive to be in the way."

"My feelings, Isabel, are too delicate to—"

"Well, then, you must put up with consequences. I am sure that some people, even if one don't like them much, influence one to be more complaisant to them, than to others whom one really loves; because others will not condescend to be attentive. But, come, pray don't look so grave: I am sure I was nearly frightened out of my wits just now, and I don't look half so sorrowful as you; although I protest I haven't recovered yet. What are you thinking of?"

"I am thinking, Isabel," replied George, "that, after all, I had better speak to Godfrey; for, if I do not, when he discovers what has happened, he will certainly accuse me of the singular crime of stealing his sweetheart out of his box."

"Well, that's true enough: but we must contrive to avoid an eclairsissement. As the trunk is not perceptibly damaged, suppose you fasten it up again with the cords; and, by the way of a joke, to make it of a proper weight, put in young squire Perry's dog as my substitute. Godfrey vowed to kill him, you know, before he left us; and he did so, not above an hour ago, while the horrid creature was in the act of worrying my poor little Beaufidel. Godfrey said he should leave him, as a legacy, in the back yard, for you to bury and bear the blame."

"I must confess," said Wharton, "it would be a pleasant retaliation; I certainly should enjoy it."

"Then fly at once down the back stairs for the creature; nobody will see you, go."

"Will you remain here?"

"Fie, George! Do you think I could endure the sight of the shocking animal?"

"Well, well; but will you see Godfrey again?"

"Certainly not: I shall keep out of the way. It is arranged that he shall say I have the head-ache, and am gone to my room; so he'll insist upon waiving my appearance at his departure. Do as I tell you, my dear George, and we shall get rid of him delightfully."

Isabel now tripped lightly away to her little boudoir, where she was secure from intrusion; and Wharton proceeded to carry her ideas into

execution with such unusual alacrity, that he had achieved his object long before the arrival of the wagon. He assisted in bringing the trunk down stairs; but his gravity was so much disturbed, by the very strict injunctions which Godfrey gave the wagoners to be more than usually careful with his property, that, for fear of betraying himself, he was compelled to make a precipitate retreat into the house. As soon as he was out of the hearing of his young rival, he indulged in an immoderate fit of laughter, which was echoed by Isabel, who, peeping through the window of her apartment, heartily enjoyed the anxiety which Godfrey, by his looks, appeared to feel for the safety of his chest and its precious contents. She kept out of sight until young Fairfax had departed; when Patty Wallis was struck speechless, for nearly a minute, at being summoned by Isabel in person, to dress her for dinner.

The indignation and amazement of Charles Perry, on seeing his own dead dog in the trunk, where he had expected to find the fair form of the blooming and lively Isabel Plympton, may easily be imagined. His first emotions of wonder at the sight were quickly succeeded by the deepest regret for the death of his favourite dog: but his sorrow for the animal was suddenly extinguished by a most painful feeling of mortification, at having been so egregiously duped: at last, rage—violent and ungovernable rage, seemed to master all other passions in his bosom. He raved like a Bedlamite, beat his forehead, tore his hair, stamped up and down the room, vowed to sacrifice, not only young Fairfax, Patty Wallis, Doctor Plympton, but even Doncaster Dick himself; and when his excitement had reached its highest pitch, he lifted the dead dog out of the chest, and hurled it, with all his might, at the head of Cæsar Devalle. The force of the blow threw the Little Black Porter on the floor, where he lay with the dog sprawling upon him; and his grimaces, and exclamations for rescue from the animal, appeared so exceedingly ludicrous to Charles Perry, that the young gentleman burst out into a violent and uncontrollable fit of laughter, in which he was most readily joined by Doncaster Dick.

Long before the merriment of either master or man had subsided, Cæsar contrived to extricate himself from the dog; and after adjusting his disordered cravat, began to express his deep indignation at the insult he had suffered. He intimated, in a tone tremulous with agitation, but in rather choice terms, that he should be quite delighted to know by what law or custom any person was authorized to hurl the corpse of a huge mastiff at the head of a citizen of the world; and why the alarming position of an inoffensive father of seven children, struggling to escape from an animal, which might, for aught he knew, be alive and rabid, should exhilarate any gentleman, whose parents or guardians were not cannibals; or any groom, except a Centaur. "If we are to be treated in this way," pursued he, "where is the use of tying our hair?—We may

as well go about like logs in a stream, if gentlemen know nothing of hydrophobia, or the philosophy of the human heart. Even the brute creation teaches us many of our social duties: the cat washes her face, and even the duck smoothes her feathers, in order that she may be known on the pond for what she is: but if man is to embellish his exterior—if we are to display the character of our minds by outward appearances, and yet be thrown at for sport, like cocks on a Shrove Tuesday—why, to speak plainly, the Ganges may as well be turned into a tea-pot, and the Arabian deserts be covered with Witney blankets."

"The short and the long of it is," said Dick, "he means, sir, that we ought to know, look'ye, as how a man who ties his cravat in a small rosette, and shows a bit of frill, don't give or take horse-play. That's my translation of his rigmarole, and I'll lay a crown it's a true one."

"I suspect it is," said Perry, "and I'm sorry, Porter, that—"

"Not a word more," interrupted Cæsar, again suffering his features to relax from their state of grave restraint into his habitual smile;—"not a word more, I insist: to evince a disposition to make an apology, is quite satisfactory from one gentleman to a—to a—"

"To another, you would say," said Charles.

"You honour me vastly by this condescension, sir; and if I ever composed another cotillon, or Mrs. Devalle presents me with an eighth pledge of our affection, your name shall certainly be made use of. Gratitude is implanted even in stocks and stones; and the acorn that is only half munched by swine, grows into an oak, and, centuries after, becomes a ship, in which our celebrated breed of pigs is carried to the four quarters of the world. Even my namesake Cæsar, the Roman, and Hannibal, the Carthaginian—"

"Exactly—exactly so," said Perry, turning on his heel and biting his lip, as the recollection of the trick which had been played upon him again flashed across his mind.

"I beg pardon," said Cæsar, following him; "I don't think you foresaw, precisely—"

"Well, what were you going to say?" inquired Charles, in a tone of impatience.

"I was about to propose, that we should drown all future animosity in a bumper;—that is, if you would honour so humble a member of society as Cæsar Devalle, by ordering the liquor. Shall I execute your commands?"

"Dick, get some brandy:—I could drink a glass myself."

"I'll step for a pint or so," quoth Cæsar; "I am fond of motion: it exemplifies the living principle, and—"

"No more of your observations, but begone," interrupted Charles. Devalle made a low bow, and immediately left the room. "The fellow's a fool," continued Charles, as the Little Black Porter closed the door. "What say you, Dick, to all this?"

"Why, sir," replied Dick, "I don't like to be over positive; but, to me, it looks rather like a

pretty kettle of fish. Moreover, I'll lay a year's perquisites to half a pound, that Mr. Cæsar, the porter, is more rogue than nunny."

"What do you mean? Why do you wink in that manner?"

"Ah! I never winks without there's a notion or two in my head. A sensible horse don't throw his ears forward, unless there's something in the wind he thinks may be worth looking at. I can't make out which way we've been jockeyed in this form. Where lies the fault, sir?—that's what I want to know. Who put the dog in the box? I wish any one would answer that simple question."

"So do I, Dick, with all my heart."

"Well, then, it's clear there's a screw loose somewhere. I'll lay my leg it don't lie with little Patty.—Then where can it?"

"Ay, that's the point, Dick."

"Why, then, if I'm any judge, this little porter isn't two-pence halfpenny better than he should be. He was a long while going for the trunk, you'll recollect: and when I told him that it was directed to Godfrey Fairfax, Esquire, 'Ay, ay!' says he, taking the words out of my mouth, 'Godfrey Fairfax, Esquire, of Demarary.' It didn't strike me, then; but it seems rather oddish to me, now; and, in my mind, all the roguary was done 'twixt here and the wagon-office; I'll bet a guinea it was."

"Egad, Dick! you're generally right; and there seems some probability. But how shall we act?"

"Why, sir, I recommend that we should make him drunk, and pump him."

"But, suppose his head should prove too hard for ours, Dick."

"Never fear that, sir; I'll ring the changes, so that he shall do double duty."

"You forget, Dick, that all this time he may be making his escape. Run down stairs and look after him."

Dick walked to the door, but returned without opening it. "I hear his hoof on the stair, sir," said he; "sharp's the word."

The Little Black Porter now entered the room, followed by a waiter with a decanter of brandy and three glasses. Bumpers were immediately filled, and the Little Black Porter and Dick drank young Perry's health: Charles then emptied his glass; more liquor was poured out, the Little Black Porter began to talk, and, in a very short time, the contents of the decanter were considerably diminished. Devalle drank, alternately, and it must be confessed "nothing loath," to Dick and his master; and the groom, with much ingenuity, contrived to make him swallow at least thrice the quantity that either he or young Perry took. Cæsar's eyes gradually grew bright; a slight stutter was perceptible in his speech; he unnecessarily used words of considerable length; and spoke familiarly of persons far above his own station in life.

"You seem to be acquainted with nearly all the residents of this neighbourhood," said Charles, drawing the Little Black Porter to a window;

"can you inform me who lives in yonder old brick house, the window-shutters of which all ways appear closed?"

"The owner, sir," replied Cæsar, "is an opulent merchant, old and whimsical—but age will have its errors; if not, why do we prop a tottering castle, and patch shoes? Nothing is incomprehensible if we adopt the doctrine of analogy; which, as more than one great writer observes, is an irrefragable proof that man is endowed with reasoning powers. The gentleman, whose house you now see, sir, sleeps by day, and dines at midnight. Far be it from me to say that he is wrong: there are quite enough of us to dance attendance on the sun; why should not Luna have her votaries! There's no act of parliament to make man fall asleep at eleven precisely; Spitzbergen does not lie under the tropics, you know; and, perhaps, if I had my choice—for flesh is grass—I should prefer that latitude where it is three months day and three months night."

"And why so, Cæsar?"

"Why, I need not tell you there's some difference between a rhinoceros and a sugar cane; and, accordingly, I, for one, seldom or ever want to go to sleep, except when under the influence of a more cheerful cup than I usually take; in fact, when I'm in a state of inebriation, which rarely occurs—for many mole-hills go to a mountain. But, on the other hand, when I do sleep—so lovely is nature!—that I never should wake, for three months at least, I suspect—though, of course, I never tried the experiment—if Mrs. Devalle did not deluge me with soap-suds. I am told that soap contains alkali; and alkali, to some constitutions, is wholesome:—for fire, you know, will roast an ox;—and the custom of bears retreating into winter quarters, meets with my warmest approbation."

Before Perry and Cæsar returned to the table, Doncaster Dick had secretly procured a fresh supply of brandy; with which Charles plied the Little Black Porter so vigorously, that Cæsar was soon pronounced by Dick to be sufficiently intoxicated for their purpose. Young Perry and the groom then began to draw Cæsar's attention to the dog; and endeavoured, by dint of wheedling, threats, and promises, to elicit from him what had taken place, with regard to the trunk while it was in his possession: but, as the porter had nothing to confess, all their attempts of course, proved ineffectual; and Cæsar, at last, dropped his head on his shoulder, and sank into a profound sleep.

"We have overdone it, Dick," said Perry; "we gave him too much, you see."

"Yes, sir," replied Dick, "you opened too hotly upon him;—that's clear. If you had left him to me, I'd have drawn him as gently as a glove."

Dick and his master, notwithstanding their precaution, had drunk sufficient to intoxicate them: they were ripe for mischief, and heedless of consequences. When Charles Perry, therefore, asked Dick what was to be done with the trunk, it is scarcely a matter of surprise, that

Dick proposed packing the porter in it, and forwarding it according to the address on its cover; or that Charles, irritated as he felt, and still suspicious that Cæsar had been a party to the trick which had been played off upon him, gaily assented to the proposal. Cæsar was lifted into the box, and the cords securely fastened, in a very few minutes. Dick then sallied forth to ascertain where the ship lay. He soon returned with a couple of Pill boatmen, who informed Charles that the William and Mary was lying at King-road, and waiting only for the tide to put to sea: they were just about to return to Pill, and they undertook, for a small sum, to carry the chest down the river in their boat, and place it safely on board the vessel before she sailed.

It will doubtless be recollected that we left Godfrey Fairfax in a state of delightful agitation, on the deck of the William and Mary, while several of the crew were preparing to hoist his trunk out of the hold. As soon as it was brought on deck, Godfrey, with tears of joy glistening in his eyes, fell on his knees in front of it, and eagerly unfastened the cords. He trembled to find the bolt of the lock already shot back, and with the most anxious solicitude, threw up the cover: instead of the lovely face of Isabel, his eyes fell on that of the Little Black Porter! Uttering a shriek of horror, he leaped upon his feet, and stood aghast and speechless for several moments, gazing on Devalle. The crew crowded round the chest, and Cæsar, who had been roused by Godfrey's exclamation, raised himself, and stared on the various objects by which he was surrounded—expressing the utter astonishment he felt at his novel situation by such strange contortions of countenance and incoherent expressions, that the sailors, who at the first glimpse they had of Cæsar, in the box, were almost as much amazed as the Little Black Porter himself, began to laugh most heartily. Godfrey, at length, recovered sufficient possession of his faculties to grasp Devalle by the throat, and violently exclaim—"Villain, explain! what have you done?"

"That is precisely what I wish to know," replied Cæsar, as soon as he could disengage himself from young Fairfax. "What have I done?—Why do I find myself here?—And where in the world am I?"

"In de Bristol Channel," chuckled the black cook, who stood tuning a fiddle by the side of the chest. "Him shipped in good order and condition, aboard de good ship William and Mary."

"Consigned, I see," added a sailor, "to Godfrey Fairfax, Esquire, of Demarara—whither we're bound, direct—with care this side upwards."

"Godfrey Fairfax, of Demarara!—consigned to Demarara!" exclaimed Cæsar, leaping out of the trunk: "Don't play with my feelings—don't—don't! If you are men, don't trifle with me. Your words are poisoned arrows to my heart."

"Massa Blackee no runaway slave, eh?" inquired the cook.

"Unfortunate wretch that I am!" replied Cæsar: "flesh is frail, and liberty's wand is a sugar-

cane. I feel driven by present circumstances to confess, that I certainly did escape in the hold of the Saucy Jane, from Demarara, thirty years ago. Fellow-creatures, do not refund me to my old master:—I was the property of Mr. Fairfax."

"Of my father!" exclaimed Godfrey.

"Miserable me! His son here too!" said Cæsar. "I have been kidnapped—cheated! I'm a free man, though;—a citizen of the world; a housekeeper, and the father of seven lovely children: do not deprive them of their paternal support. Remember, I stand upon my rights: there are laws even for rabbits; English oak is the offspring of the land of liberty, and consequently I command somebody to put me ashore."

"How can we put you ashore, my good man?" asked a fellow in the garb of a hostler; "we're cantering along at the rate of twelve miles an hour before the wind; and I've lost sight of land this long time."

"I don't care for that:—a kangaroo isn't a cockroach, and I demand my privileges. Put back the ship, I say; I'm here by mistake."

"Put back the ship!" repeated the man in the stableman's dress; "don't make yourself so disagreeable in company. Do you think every body is to be turned to the right-about for you? I've got fifteen mules aboard under my care, and every hour is an object."

"My good sir," said Devalle, with a smile which he deemed irresistible, "think of my wife and family."

"Oh, nonsense! think of my mules."

"If there were but a being endowed with the sublime light of reason, among you," exclaimed Cæsar, "I would show you by analogy—yea, I would convince even any muleteer but this gentleman—"

"Now don't fatigue yourself, nor put yourself out of the way," interrupted the man whom Cæsar designated as the muleteer: "we all know, that once free, always free; at least, so I've been told by them that ought to be dead as a nail upon such things: therefore it's only a pleasant trip for you to Demarary and back. Your old master can't take you again."

"But he will," said Cæsar.

"But he can't," retorted the muleteer.

"But he will, I tell you: what is the use of your saying a bull can't legally gore me through the stomach, when I know that he will, whether he can or no? I must lift up my voice—curse that fiddle! it's all out of tune," continued Devalle, snatching the instrument from the cook, who was scraping an old march upon it: "I shall lift up my voice and protest loudly against this outrage. The downfall of Rome may be dated from the Sabine occurrence; therefore, I warn every body to restore me at once to my adopted land. Retract, I say," pursued the Little Black Porter, almost unconsciously tuning the fiddle, and then handing it back to the cook as he spoke; "retract, and land me, or you'll find, to your cost, that Demosthenes didn't put pebbles into his mouth for nothing."

Cæsar, however, was not endowed with sufficient eloquence to get restored to "home, love, and liberty." He appealed in vain to the officers of the ship: they said it was impossible for them to lie to, and land him; for night was coming on—the wind blew a capful—time was of the utmost importance—they touched nowhere on the voyage—and, unwilling as they were to be encumbered with him—Jack in the box, (as Cæsar was already familiarly termed,) must positively go with them to Demarara.

Leaving the Little Black Porter and Godfrey Fairfax (who scarcely spoke a dozen words during the first week of the voyage,) on board the William and Mary, we shall now return to some of the other characters in our tale.

Firmly believing that he had been the dupe of Patty, Isabel, and one or both of his rivals, Squire Perry concealed the circumstances which had occurred at the Dog and Dolphin; and, in a few months, to the great joy of Doctor Plympton, he left the neighbourhood entirely. George Wharton's affection for Isabel, in the mean time, had become so apparent, that several good-natured friends alluded to it, at the Doctor's table, in such plain terms, that the old gentleman was, at length, compelled to notice it. He said nothing, however, either to Isabel or George; but wrote to the young gentleman's father, in Jamaica, stating, that, singular to say, the young people had clearly fallen in love with each other, in the opinion of many who were very well qualified to judge in such matters, although, for his own part, he protested that he could scarcely believe it. "I entreat you," he continued, "not to attach any blame to me, on this occasion: I have done my duty to your son, who is as fine a scholar as ever I turned out of hand; although, I must confess, that, latterly, his diligence has visibly decreased. I beseech you, therefore, as he is sufficiently advanced in the classics to enter upon the grand stage of life, instead of suffering him to remain with me another year, which I believe was your intention, to send for him at once, and so blight this unhappy passion for my child in its very bud."

To the Doctor's astonishment, Mr. Wharton wrote, in reply, that nothing could give him greater pleasure than an alliance with so respectable a family as that of his old friend Plympton; that he highly approved of his son's choice; that he was by no means opposed to early marriages; that he had, by the same packet, communicated his ideas as to a settlement, to an able professional gentleman, who would, doubtless, speedily wait upon the Doctor for his approval to a draft deed; and that the sooner the match was made the better.

Adam Burdock, the old attorney of Furnival's Inn, was the professional gentleman alluded to in Mr. Wharton's epistle; and, in a few days after its arrival, Dr. Plympton, who found himself unable to communicate what had transpired to George and Isabel in person, made an excuse to come to London, and thence, by letter, afforded them the welcome intelligence.

The deeds were prepared with extraordinary dispatch; and, after an absence of eleven days only, Doctor Plympton, accompanied by the attorney, returned home. On entering the parlour, he was rather surprised to find his own capacious elbow-chair occupied by a stranger of very singular appearance. After gazing for a moment at his unknown visitor, who was fast asleep, he turned to his companion, and muttered a few incoherent phrases, by which the attorney discovered that his host was extremely anxious to disclaim all previous acquaintance with the gentleman in the chair. The stranger still slept. He was attired in a short nankeen coat and waistcoat—the latter lying open from the second button upward, evidently to display a frilled and very full bosomed shirt; black small clothes, much the worse for wear; white silk stockings, hanging in bags about the calves, and exhibiting an elaborate specimen, from the knee-band to the instep, of the art of darning; his hands rested on a fine bamboo, and his head was embellished with a well-powdered wig:—it was the Little Black Porter.

Doctor Plympton coughed thrice with considerable emphasis, moved a chair with unnecessary violence, and, very energetically, poked the fire; but his guest still snored. He inquired of the attorney, by a look, what he should do. Burdock shrugged up his shoulders, smiled, and took a seat. Patty Wallis, who had been busy hitherto in receiving the luggage from the driver, now entered the room; George and Isabel immediately followed; and the joyous laugh of the latter at once produced the desired effect on the Little Black Porter. He was awake and on his legs in an instant; and, while he stood bowing and grinning at Isabel and the Doctor, Patty informed George, who had just returned with Isabel from a walk, that the stranger knocked at the door about ten minutes before, inquired for Miss Plympton, and, on being informed that she was out, but would probably return within half an hour, requested permission to wait, as he had something of importance to communicate.

Although the presence of his unknown guest was particularly annoying to him, Doctor Plympton addressed the Little Black Porter with his usual suavity, and begged he would resume his seat. A very awkward silence of several moments ensued; during which Cæsar took snuff with great self-complacency, brushed away the particles which had fallen on his frill, threw himself back in the chair, and seemed to be proud of the curiosity which he excited.

"My friend Dr. Plympton," at length observed the attorney, fixing his eye on Cæsar so firmly—to use his own expression—that he could not flinch from it, "my friend here, sir, would, doubtless, be happy to know what fortunate circumstance he is indebted to for the honour of your company?"

"I dare say he would," replied Cæsar; "but my business is with the young lady."

"With Isabel Plympton!" exclaimed George.

"Ay, sir!" replied the porter; "Cupid, the little blind god of hearts, you know—eh! Doctor?"

Ha, ha!—Well! who has not been young?—Cupid and his bow, and then his son Hymen! My toast, when I'm in spirits, always is—may Cupid's arrows be cut into matches to light Hymen's torch, but his bow never be destroyed in the conflagration."

"Come, come, sir!—this is foolery," said Wharton, who seemed to be much agitated;—"your business, at once."

"Foolery!" exclaimed Cæsar; "I will not suffer the dignity of man to be outraged in my person, remember; so take warning. Foolery, indeed!—but never mind; time is precious; wisdom has been rather improperly painted as an old woman with a flowing beard, and some of us have not long to live: so, as we are all friends, I will speak out my business without delay, provided I am honoured with Miss Isabel's permission."

"I would rather hear it in private," said the young lady.

"Then I am dumb," quoth Cæsar: "Venus has sealed my lips with adamant."

"You are joking, Bell;—surely you are joking," exclaimed young Wharton.

"Decidedly you are, child—I say, decidedly," cried the Doctor.

"Indeed I am not, father," replied Isabel, with a gravity of manner which, with her, was almost unprecedented. "If he have aught to say to me, and to me alone, I will hear it alone, or not at all."

"You see, gentlemen," said Cæsar, "I should be very happy—but Venus has stopped my breath. I have been always a slave to the sex. Mahomet went to the mountain; and it is insolence in a rushlight to rival the moon. Do not entreat me, for I'm inflexible."

"No one entreats you, man," said George: "if Isabel Plympton, and such as you, have any private business with each other, I, for one, will not trouble you with my presence."

Young Wharton had no sooner uttered these words, than he walked out of the room.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed the Doctor, "I never saw George so roused. Sir," added he, addressing the attorney, "he's the quietest creature in existence—gentle as a lamb—meek as a dove; his enemies, if it were possible for one of his kind disposition to have any, would say he was even too passive. I'm quite alarmed;—pray come with me—pray do: assist me, sir, to soothe him. I'm quite unused to such events, and scarcely know how to act.—Excuse me, sir, a moment."

The last words of the Doctor were addressed, as he drew the attorney out of the room, to the Little Black Porter. "Don't mention it, sir," said Cæsar; "if we can't make free, why should crickets be respected? And now, young lady, as we are quite alone—"

"You come from Godfrey Fairfax," interrupted Isabel.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Cæsar;—"a witch!—the world's at an end! But I ascribe it to Cupid. How do you know—"

"I guessed—I was sure of it:—I dreamt of him last night. Give me his letter."

"His letter?"

"Yes;—have you not one from him?"

"I will not deny that I have; but I was only to deliver it on condition—"

"Don't talk of conditions;—give it to me at once."

"There it is, then: your commands are my law. I have been a martyr to my submission to the fair, but I don't repent; and, as philosophy and analogy both concur—"

"Not another word," interrupted Isabel, "but leave the house:—go. What! Cupid's messenger and demur?"

"Never:—I will fly. Wish for him, and Cæsar Devalle shall appear. I kiss your fair fingers."

The Little Black Porter perpetrated a bow in his best style, and closed the front door behind him, as Dr. Plympton returned to the parlour.

"He's very obstinate—George is," said the Doctor; "I can't account for it;—he won't come in. But where's the gentleman of colour?"

"Gone, father."

"Gone!"

"Yes; his business with me was brief, you see."

"That may be; but I assure you, Bell, I do not feel exactly satisfied with you. I should like to know—"

"Ask me no questions to-night, papa: I am not well, and wish to retire. If you will permit me to go to my room at once, I will dutifully answer anything you please in the morning."

"Well, go, my love;—go, and God bless you! but it's very mysterious for all that."

Isabel retired, and, in a short time, the attorney, followed by George Wharton, entered the parlour. They found the Doctor walking to and fro, with his arms folded across his breast, and evidently absorbed in thought. Their appearance roused him from his reverie; he advanced, very earnestly shook hands with both of them, and asked pardon for his want of urbanity; as an excuse for which, he protested, with ludicrous solemnity, that he scarcely knew whether he was walking on his head or his heels. "My pupil, too," he continued, looking at young Wharton, but addressing the attorney, "I regret to perceive, still clothes his countenance in the frowns of displeasure."

"Isabel is occupied in privately conferring somewhere with our new friend, I presume," said George.

"No, child—not at all," replied the Doctor, with affected calmness; "she has gone to her room: one of her old attacks of head-ache has occurred, and we may not expect to see her again for the remainder of the evening. The gentleman of colour had departed before my return to the parlour."

"It would have been as well, I think, if you had not quitted it," said young Wharton, angrily: "I remember the time when you made Miss Plympton a close prisoner, and would suffer none but the inmates of your own house to speak to

her, in order that she should not hold any communication with a young gentleman of respectable family, who was well known in the neighbourhood: now, you leave her with a stranger of the most suspicious appearance, who boldly tells you that he has private business with her, which she refuses to hear even in your presence! But of course, Miss Plympton acquainted you with the purport of his visit."

"No, George, I declare she did not," said the Doctor with great humility.

"What, sir! did she refuse when you insisted?"

"I did not insist," replied Dr. Plympton; "I did not insist, for she told me beforehand that she would answer no questions till the morning—or something to that effect."

"You astonish me!"

"I confess that I was staggered myself:—but what could I do? She has grown out of her girlhood like a dream; and for the first time in her life, to my apprehension, my child stood as a woman before me. Her look, her tone, her posture, and above all, the expression of her eyebrow, reminded me so strongly of her majestic mother, that all my energies were suspended: the dead seemed to be raised from the grave, and I was awed before her. But a truce to this; it will not occur again. I was taken by surprise; and, by-the-bye, George, on reflection, I feel compelled to observe, that it is impossible that I should submit to the dictatorial air which you thought fit to assume a few moments since. Remember, sir, who you are and what I am; or rather perhaps, what I was; for truly, I feel that I am not the man I recollect myself to have been—that, however, is no excuse for you."

"On the contrary, sir," said George, affectionately taking the old man's hand, "it adds to my offence."

"You do not mean to convey, that you are conscious of any visible symptoms of my being unequal to my former self—do you?"

"By no means, sir; but—"

"Well, well! once more, enough of this. Let us think of our respectable guest, to whom I owe a thousand apologies, and order supper. Let us postpone all that's unpleasant until the morning; when I have no doubt, this affair will prove to be a little farce, at which we shall all heartily laugh. The gentleman of colour, is, doubtless, an itinerant vender of some of those numberless absurdities for the toilet or the work-box, which run away with a great portion of every girl's pocket-money. The idea did not strike me before, but I am almost persuaded that I am correct in my supposition; and doubtless, Isabel, piqued at your warmth—which, really almost electrified me—determined to punish you, by affecting to be serious and making a mystery of the affair. Retaliate, George, by sleeping soundly to-night, and looking blithe and debonaire, as the young Apollo newly sprung from his celestial couch, to-morrow morning."

In spite of the Doctor's occasional attempts to infuse some portion of gaiety into the conversation that ensued, a deep gloom reigned in his

little parlour during the remainder of the evening. Very shortly after the removal of the cloth from the supper-table, the old attorney, much to the satisfaction of the Doctor and George, retired to his bed-room, and they immediately followed his example.

Isabel appeared at the breakfast-table the next morning; but her usual gaiety had vanished: she looked pale and thoughtful, and when addressed, she replied only in monosyllables. George Wharton was sullen, and the Doctor could not avoid betraying his uneasiness: he several times made such observations as he thought would infallibly force Isabel into an elucidation of the mysteries of the preceding evening; but she was proof against them all, and maintained an obstinate silence on the subject. Under the pretence of showing the beauties of his pleasure-ground, Dr. Plympton drew the attorney, who was breakfasting with the most perfect professional *non-chalance*, from his chocolate and egg, to one of the windows; and there briefly, but pathetically laid open the state of his mind. "I declare," said he, "I am nearly deprived of my reasoning faculties with amazement, at the conduct of Bell and the son of your respected client. So complete a metamorphosis has never occurred since the cessation of miracles. Each of them is an altered being, sir; they are the antipodes of what they were; and I assure you, it alarms—it unnerves me. George, who used to be as bland as Zephyr, and obedient as a gentle child, either sits morose, or blusters, as you saw him last night, like a bully. And Bell, who indulged almost to an excess, in the innocent gaieties of girlhood, is turned into marble: no one would believe, to look at her now, that she had ever smiled. She has lost her laugh, which used to pour gladness into my old heart, and is quite as dignified and almost as silent as some old Greek statue. How do you account for this?"

"Sir, replied Burdock, whose chocolate was cooling; "make yourself quite easy: such changes are no novelties to me; they must be attributed to the business of the day:—the execution of a deed of settlement, in contemplation of a speedy marriage, is an awful event to those who have never gone through the ceremony before. I have witnessed hysterics at a pure love-match, even when it was seasoned with money in profusion on both sides."

The attorney now strode back to his seat, and began his capital story relative to the great cause of Dukes and Driver. The Doctor reluctantly returned to the table, and seemed to listen to his guest; but his mind was occupied on a different subject; and when the cloth was removed, and the attorney's tale concluded, he was scarcely conscious that he had breakfasted, and knew no more of the merits of the case, than Beaufidel, who sat on a footstool, looking ruefully at his mistress, and evidently disappointed at not having been favoured with his usual portion of smiles and toast.

Immediately after breakfast, Burdock produced, from the recesses of his bag, the marriage

settlement, and in a clear and distinct manner, proceeded to read over its contents—occasionally pausing to translate its technical provisos into common sense, and enjoining the young people boldly to mention any objections that might strike them to the language of the deed, so as to afford him an opportunity of explaining them away as they occurred. In the course of a couple of hours, he had gone through the drudgery of perusing half-a-dozen skins of parchment; and the gardener and Patty were called in to witness the execution of the deed by the young couple, and Dr. Plympton and Adam Burdock as trustees to the settlement.

It was a moment of interest:—George and the Doctor advanced to lead Isabel to the table; she started from her chair as they approached, hurried towards the deed, and snatched the pen which the attorney gallantly offered for her use. He guided her hand to the seal, against which she was to set her name; but the pen rested motionless on the parchment. After a moment's pause, the attorney looked up: Isabel's face, which had previously been exceedingly pale, was now a deep crimson; her lips quivered; her eyes were fixed, apparently, upon some object that had appeared at the door of the room; and relinquishing her hold of the pen, she faintly articulated, "Forgive me, George—Father, forgive me—but I cannot do it!"

Following the direction of her eyes, Burdock turned round while Isabel was speaking, and, to his surprise, beheld the Little Black Porter, who stood bowing and grinning at the door.

George Wharton said a few words to encourage Isabel, and supported her with his arm; and her father, with clasped hands, repeated, in a sorrowful tone, "Cannot do it!"

"No—no," said Isabel; "never, father, never;—while he lives and loves me."

"He, child! Whom mean you?" exclaimed the old man.

"Godfrey Fairfax," replied Isabel tremulously.

Her head dropped on her shoulder as she spoke; but though she was evidently fainting, George withdrew his hand from her waist, with an exclamation of deep disgust; and she would have sunk on the floor, had not the Little Black Porter, who had been gradually advancing, now sprung suddenly forward, and, pushing young Wharton aside, received her in his arms. The attention of George and the Doctor had been so rivetted on Isabel, that they were not aware of Devalle's presence until this moment. George no sooner beheld him, than he rushed out of the room; the astonished Doctor staggered to a chair; and the two servants, instead of assisting their mistress, stood motionless spectators of the scene. Burdock alone seemed to retain perfect possession of his senses: he requested the gardener to fetch the usual restoratives, and gently reproached Patty for her neglect.

While Patty, who now became very alert and clamorous, relieved the Little Black Porter from the burthen which he willingly supported, the

attorney suggested to Doctor Plympton, the propriety of obtaining possession of a letter, the end of which was peeping out of Isabel's bosom, before she recovered; but the Doctor sat, heedless of his remark, gazing at his pale and inanimate child. Burdock, therefore, without loss of time, moved cautiously towards Isabel, and without being detected even by the waiting-maid, drew the letter forth. At that instant Isabel opened her eyes, and gradually recovered her senses. She intimated that she was perfectly aware of what Burdock had done; and, after requesting that the letter might be handed to her father, with the assistance of Patty she retired from the room.

The Little Black Porter was following Isabel and Patty as closely as possible, and had already placed one foot outside the door, when Doctor Plympton peremptorily ordered him to come back. Devalle returned, bowing very obsequiously; and when he had arrived within a pace or two of the Doctor's chair, with a strange mixture of humility and impudence, he inquired what were the honoured gentleman's commands.

The Doctor had entirely laid aside his usual suavity of deportment, and, in a loud voice, accompanied with violent gesticulation, he thus addressed the ever-smiling object of his wrath:—"Thou fell destroyer of my peace!—what art thou? Art thou Incubus, Succubus, or my evil spirit? Who sent thee? In what does thy influence over my child consist? Why am I tortured by thy visitation?—Speak—explain to me—unfold thy secret—or I shall forget my character, and do I know not what."

"Pray be moderate, my dear friend," said Burdock, interposing his person between the Doctor and Devalle.

"Ay, ay—that is wisely said—pray be moderate, my dear friend," repeated Devalle; "we are all like the chaff which we blow away with the breath of our own nostrils. Be calm—be calm: let us be rational, and show our greatest attribute. A man that is a slave to passion, is worse than a negro in a plantation;—he's a wild beast. I don't wish to be rude, for life is short; and more than one great man has been cut off by a cucumber: but I must observe, that a passionate gentleman is very likely to make holes in his manners.—What says our legal friend? Cæsar Devalle will feel honoured in being permitted utterly to abandon himself to the good gentleman's opinion. Arbitration against argument always has my humble voice: and if a man wishes to get well through the world, civility is the best horse he can ride."

"If your observations are addressed to me," said the attorney, "they are unwelcome. Restrict your discourse to plain answers to such questions as I shall put to you. Now attend:—did you deliver this letter last night to Miss Plympton?"

"Why does the gentleman ask?"

"I suspect you did."

"Avow or deny it, sirrah! at once," exclaimed the Doctor.

"Oh, pardon me there," replied Devalle; "we

are all men: the cat expects to be used after its kind; and if a man is to be treated like a dog, he may as well bark, and wear a tail at once. I can bear a blow as well as most people, from a black-guard; but, with gentlemen, I expect a certain behaviour. Resentment is found in the breast of a camel; and there is no doubt but that man is endowed with feelings:—if not, why do we marry?"

"Well, my good friend," said the attorney, changing his manner entirely from that which he had adopted in his first category, "perhaps you may be right: we will not dispute the points you have raised; but you must allow that Doctor Plympton has some excuse for being warm. Appearances are strong; but I doubt not you will, as an honest man, unequivocally answer us, and clear them up."

"Oh, sir," replied Devalle, "I am yours devotedly: ask me no questions; for I do not like to have what I know tugged out of my conscience by an attorney, like jaw-teeth with nippers, or corks from a bottle by a twisting screw; for I have a large family, and am more than fifty years old. I will tell you frankly, that I did give Miss that letter: I was sent on a special mission with it to her from Demarara. I went out in the same ship with Mr. Godfrey Fairfax: on landing, we found that his father had just died, and left him heir to all; then, as flesh is grass, he sent me back at once with orders—if Miss was not married—to give her his *billet-doux*. That's the truth: I confess it freely, for it's useless to deny it; and our heads will lie low enough a hundred years hence. Perhaps you will not take it uncivil in me to say, that you would have found all that I have said, and more, in fewer words, if, instead of calling me sirrah, and so forth, you had perused Mr. Godfrey's letter. Excuse me, but the philosopher could not read the stars until somebody told him to buy a telescope. I am for civility, mutual improvement, and freedom all over the world. And now, gentlemen, I hope you will permit me to retire. I must find my wife and family: I have not made a single inquiry for them yet, though they occupy all my waking thoughts, and are the dramatis personæ of my little dreams. I humbly withdraw, but shall soon be in the neighbourhood again—for locomotion is salubrious; and, if this present match with Miss be not strangled, I hope to have the honour of seeing you in church, in order, humble as I am, to forbid the banns. You would not smile, perhaps, if it occurred to your recollection as it does to mine, that lions have been emancipated by mice: and more than one hero has been choked by a horsebean. It is for these reasons, I apprehend, judging from analogy—the doctrine I reverence—that cattle pasturing on a common or warren, abhor rabbit-burrows, and we, ourselves, detest and exterminate scorpions, and wasps—Gentlemen, your most humble and very devoted servant, Cæsar Devalle."

With his usual multitude of obeisances, the Little Black Porter now left Doctor Plympton and the attorney to peruse the love-letter of

Godfrey Fairfax to Isabel. It abounded with professions of the most passionate attachment: the deepest regret was expressed at the writer's present inability to return to England; but he vowed to fly to Isabel, on the wings of love, early in the ensuing summer, if she still considered his hand worthy of her acceptance. He stated, that he was unable to solve the mystery of her escape from the trunk: he feared that something unpleasant had happened, but clearly exonerated his fond, confiding Isabel from having borne any share in the base plot which had evidently been played off against him.

These allusions to the affair of the trunk, were beyond Doctor Plympton's comprehension; Burdock, however, obtained a tolerably clear insight to the circumstances from Isabel, Patty, George Wharton, and Cæsar Devalle, at an interview which he subsequently had with the Little Black Porter in Furnival's Inn. When he communicated the result of his investigations on the subject to the Doctor, the worthy personage protested that he should pass the residue of his life in mere amazement.

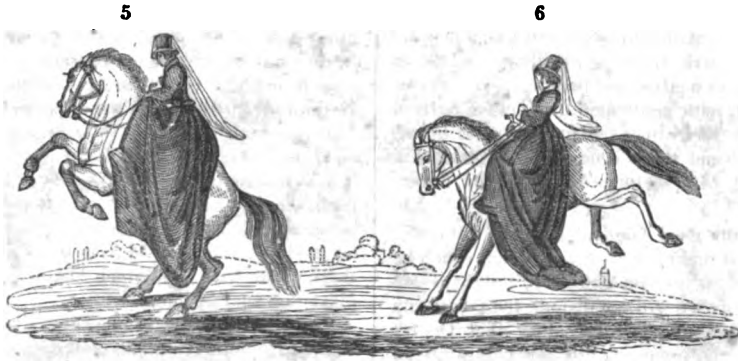
George Wharton quitted Doctor Plympton's house, without seeing Isabel again, on the eventful morning when the pen was placed in her hand to execute the marriage settlement; and, with the full approbation of his father's attorney, he sailed, by the first ship, to his native land. Isabel prevailed upon the Doctor to write to Godfrey Fairfax, inviting him to fulfil his promise of paying them a visit. She also wrote to Godfrey herself, by the same packet: but the fickle young man had changed his mind before the letters reached him; and six years after the departure of George Wharton from England, Adam Burdock was employed to draw a marriage settlement between the still blooming coquette, Isabel Plympton, and her early admirer, Charles Perry, who for the preceding fifteen months had been a widower. The Little Black Porter did not think proper to go to Demarara again; and he was seen in a very decent wig, by the side of the gallery clock, when Mr. Wilberforce last spoke against slavery, in the House of Commons.

SONG.

BY T. H. BAYLE, ESQ.

Oh, sing me no new songs to-night;
Repeat the plaintive strain,
My favorite air in former years—
Come sing it once again:
Sweet thoughts that slumber'd start to life,
And give my heart relief;
And though I weep to hear that song,
'Tis not the tear of grief.

Her precious record of the past
Fond Memory oft conceals,
But music with her master key
The hidden volume steals:
The loves, the friends, the hopes of youth,
Are stored in every leaf;
Oh, if I weep to hear that song,
'Tis not the tear of grief.



RIDING.

SOME horses are addicted to a very troublesome and vicious habit of turning round suddenly—we do not here allude to shyness, but restiveness—without exhibiting any previous symptom of their intention. A horse soon ascertains that the left hand is weaker than the right, and, consequently, less able to oppose him; he, therefore, turns on the off side, and with such force and suddenness, that it is almost impossible, even if the rider be prepared for the attack, to prevent him; in this case, it would be unwise to make the attempt; the rider would be foiled, and the horse become encouraged, by his success in the struggle, to make similar endeavours to have his own way, or dismount his rider. The better plan is, instead of endeavouring to prevent him from turning with the left hand, to pull him sharply with the right, until his head has made a complete circle, and he finds, to his astonishment, that he is precisely in the place from which he started. Should he repeat the turn, on the rider's attempting to urge him forward, she should pull him round on the same side three or four times, and assist the power of the hand in so doing, by a smart aid of the whip, or the leg: while this is doing, she must take care to preserve her balance by an inclination of the body to the centre of the circle which is described by the horse's head in his evolution. The same plan may be pursued when a horse endeavours to turn a corner, contrary to the wish of his rider; and if he be successfully baffled three or four times, it is most probable that he will not renew his endeavours. On the same principle, when a horse refuses to advance, and whipping would increase his obstinacy, or make him rear, or bolt away in a different direction, it is advisable to make him walk backward, until he evinces a willingness to advance. A runaway might, in many instances, be cured of his vice by his being suffered to gallop, unchecked, and being urged forward when he shewed an inclination to abate his speed, rather than by attempting to pull him in; but this remedy is, in most situations, dangerous, even for men; and all other means should be tried before it is resorted to by the rider. Should either of our fair readers—"which the fates forbend!"—have the misfortune to be

mounted on a runaway, she may avoid any evil consequences, if she can contrive to retain her self-possession, and act as we are about to direct—she must endeavour to maintain her seat at all hazards, and to preserve the best balance, or position of body, to carry her defences into operation; the least symptom of alarm, on her part, will increase the terror or determination of the horse; a dead, heavy pull at the bridle will at once aid, rather than deter him in his speed, and prevent her from having sufficient mastery over his mouth and her own hands to guide him; she must, therefore, hold the reins in such a manner as to keep the horse together when at the height of his pace, and to guide him from running against anything in his course; and it is most probable that he will soon abate his speed, and gradually subside into a moderate pace. Sawing the mouth (that is, pulling each rein alternately) will frequently bring a horse up in a few minutes; slackening the reins for an instant, and then jerking them with force, may also produce a similar effect: but if the latter mode be adopted, the rider must take care that the horse, by stopping suddenly, do not bring her on his neck, or throw her over his head. In whatever manner the runaway be stopped, it is advisable to be on the alert, lest he should become so disunited by the operation, as to fall. Our reader will here think, perhaps, that all this advice may be easy enough to give, but difficult to follow: we beg leave, however, to tell her, that although it is not so easy as drawing on a worn glove, or replacing a stray curl, it is much more practicable than she may imagine; but we trust she will never have occasion to put it to the proof.

There is another situation, in which it is advisable to force the horse, apparently to have his own way, in order to baffle his attacks. Restive horses, or even docile animals, when put out of temper, sometimes endeavour to crush their riders' legs against walls, gates, trees, posts, &c. An inexperienced rider, in such a situation, would strive to pull the horse away; her exertions would be unavailing; the animal would feel that he could master the opposition, and thus discovering the rider's weakness, turn it to her disad-

vantage on future occasions. We cannot too often repeat, that, although a rider should not desist until she have subdued her horse, she must never enter into an open, undisguised contest with him. It is useless to attack him on a point which he is resolute in defending; the assault should rather be directed to his weaker side. If he fortify himself in one place, he must proportionably diminish his powers of defence in another: he anticipates and prepares to resist any attempt to overcome him on his strong side; and his astonishment at being attacked on the other, and with success, on account of his weakness in that quarter, goes far to dishearten and subdue him. If he plant himself in a position of resistance against being forced to advance, it is a matter of very little difficulty to make him go back. If he appear to be determined not to go to the right, the rider may, on account of the mode in which he disposes his body and limbs, with great facility turn him to the left. If he stand stock-still, and will not move in any direction, his crime may be made his punishment: the rider should sit patiently until he shew a disposition to advance, which he will probably do in a very short time, when he discovers that she is not annoyed by his standing still. Nothing will subdue a horse so soon as this mode of turning his attacks against himself, and making his defences appear acts of obedience to the rider's inclination. When therefore, a horse viciously runs on one side towards a wall, pull his head forcibly towards it; and if, by the aid of the leg or whip, you can drive his croupe out, you may succeed in backing him completely away from it. It is by no means improbable, that when he finds that his rider is inclined to go to the wall as well as himself, he will desist; should he not, his croupe may be so turned outward, that he cannot do his rider any mischief.

In shying, the same principle may be acted upon more advantageously, perhaps, than in any other instance. If a horse be alarmed at any object, and, instead of going up to or passing it, he turn round, the rider should manage him in the manner recommended in cases where the horse turns through restiveness; he should then be soothed and encouraged, rather than be urged by correction, to approach or pass the object that alarms him, to attempt to force him up to it would be ridiculous and dangerous. If the horse swerve from an object, and try to pass it at a brisk rate, it is useless to pull him towards it; for if you succeed in bringing his head on one side, his croupe will be turned outward, and his legs work in an opposite direction: this resistance will increase proportionally to the exertions made by the rider. A horse, in this manner, may fly from imaginary into real danger; for he cannot see where he is going, nor what he may run against. Pulling in the rein, therefore, on the side from which the horse shies, is improper; it should rather be slackened, and the horse's head turned away from the object which terrifies him: by this mode a triple advantage is gained: in the first place, the horse's attention is diverted to other things; secondly,

the dreaded object loses half its terrors when he finds no intention manifested on the rider's part to force him nearer to it; and, lastly, he is enabled to see, and, consequently, avoid any danger in front, or on the other side of him.

A horse may be coaxed and encouraged to go up to the object that alarms him; and if the rider succeed in making him approach it, a beneficial effect will be produced: the horse will discover that his fears were groundless, and be less likely to start again from any similar cause. After the first impulse of terror has subsided, the horse, if he be properly managed, will even manifest an inclination to approach and examine the object that alarmed him; but while he is so doing, the rider must be on her guard; for the least movement or timidity, on her part—the rustling of a leaf, or the passing of a shadow—will, in all probability, frighten him again, and he will start round more violently than before. After this it will be exceedingly difficult to bring him up to the object. Mr. Astley, however, whom we have before quoted, says, that should the first trial prove unsuccessful, it must be repeated, until you succeed; observing, that the second attempt should not be made until the horse's fears have subsided, and his confidence has returned. A horse that is rather shy, may, in many cases, be prevented from starting, by the rider turning his head a little away from those objects, which she knows by experience are likely to alarm him, as well before she approaches as while she passes them.

A lady, certainly, should not ride any horse that is addicted to shying, stumbling, rearing, or any other vice; but she ought, nevertheless, to be prepared against their occurrence; for however careful and judicious those persons, by whom her horse is selected, may be, and however long a trial she may have had of his temper and merits, she cannot be sure, when she takes the reins, that she may not have to use her defences against rearing or kicking, or be required to exercise her skill to save herself from the dangers attendant on starting or stumbling before she dismounts. The quietest horse may exhibit symptoms of vice, even without any apparent cause, after years of good behaviour; the best tempered are not immaculate, nor the surest-footed infallible; it is wise, therefore, to be prepared against frailty or accident.

Stumbling is not only unpleasant, but dangerous; to ride a horse that is apt to trip, is like dwelling in a ruin; we cannot be comfortable if we feel that we are unsafe; and, truly, there is no safety on the back of a stumbling nag. The best advice we can offer our readers as to such an animal, is, never to ride him after his demerits are discovered; although the best horse in the world may, we must confess, make a false step, and even break his knees. When a horse trips, his head should be raised and supported by elevating the hand; and the lady should instantly throw herself back, so as to relieve his shoulders of her weight. It is useless to whip a horse after stumbling, (as it is also after shying,) for it

is clear he would not run the risk of breaking his knees, or his nose, if he could help it. If a horse be constantly punished for stumbling, the moment he has recovered from a false step, he will start forward, flurried and disunited, in fear of the whip, and not only put the rider to inconvenience, but run the risk of a repetition of his mishap before he regains his self-possession. It being generally the practice—and a very bad practice it is—for riders to correct horses for stumbling, we may discover an habitual from an occasional stumbler, by this circumstance; namely, when a horse, that is tolerably safe, makes a false step, he gathers himself up, and is slightly animated for a moment or two only, or goes on as if nothing had happened; but if he be an old offender, he will remember the punishment he has repeatedly received immediately after a stumble, and dash forward in the manner we have described, expecting the usual accompaniment to his misfortune.

When a horse evinces any disposition to kick, or rear, the reins should be separated and held in both hands, in the manner we have described in a previous page. This should also be done when he attempts to run away, grows restive, or shies. The body should also be put in its proper balance for performing the defences: it should be upright, the shoulders thrown back, the waist brought forward, and the head kept steady.—Every part of the frame must be flexible, but perfectly ready for action. The danger attendant on the horse's rearing, is, that the rider may fall off over the croupe, or pull the horse backward upon her. To prevent either of these consequences, immediately a horse rises, slacken the reins, and bend the body forward, so as to throw its weight on his shoulders, (Fig. 5;) and the moment his fore feet come to the ground—having recovered your position gradually as he descends—correct him smartly if he will bear it; or endeavour to pull him round two or three times, and thus divert him from his object; the latter course may also be adopted to prevent his rearing, if the rider can foresee his intention.—We have made some other observations on this subject in a preceding page, to which we beg to refer our reader.

A horse that displays any symptoms of kicking, should be held tight in hand: if his head be kept up, he cannot do much mischief with his heels. If, however, when the rider is unprepared, in spite of her exertions, he should get his head down, she must endeavour, by means of the reins, to prevent the animal from throwing himself down, and also by a proper inclination of her body backward, save herself from being thrown forward, (Fig. 6.) If the least opportunity should occur, she must try to give him two or three sharp turns; this may also be done with advantage, if she detect any incipient attempts in the animal to kick. A horse that rears high seldom kicks much, he may do both alternately; and the rider should be prepared against his attempts, by keeping her balance in readiness for either of the corresponding defences. She must also

take care, that while she is holding her horse's head up, and well in hand, to prevent him from kicking, she do not cause him to rear, by too great a degree of pressure on his mouth. It is proper to observe, that if a horse be chastised for either of these vices, the whip should be applied to the shoulder for kicking, and behind the saddle for rearing; but we must needs remark, that correction on the shoulder is, in some degree, likely to make a kicking horse rear; and on the flank, or hind quarters, to make a rearing horse kick. The rider, however, cannot do better, under the circumstances, than to correct the positive evil, notwithstanding the possible consequences, in the manner we have directed.

SICKNESS.

There is something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood; that softens the heart, and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. Who that has languished, even in advanced life, in sickness and despondency; who that has pined on a weary bed in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land, but has thought on the mother "that looked on his childhood," that smoothed his pillow and administered to his helplessness? Oh! there is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to a son, that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment, she will glory in his fame, and exult in his prosperity:—and, if misfortune overtake him, he will be dearer to her from misfortune; and if disgrace settle upon his name, she will still love and cherish him in spite of his disgrace; and if all the world besides cast him off, she will be all the world to him.

In one of the annual volumes, some lines were published as the earliest production of Lord Byron's muse. As a curiosity they were worth something. The following stanzas are, we understand, the first ever written by Thomas Moore, and as such they are interesting, although they have but little in common with those of his more advanced age. They appeared in the *Anthologia Hibernica*, a magazine printed in Dublin, in October, 1793, and are addressed to Zelia, and signed T. Moore:

'Tis true, my muse to love inclines,
And wreaths of Cypris's myrtle twines.
Quits all aspiring lofty views,
And chants what nature's gifts infuse;
Timid to try the mountain's height,
Beneath she stays retired from sight,
Careless, culling amorous flowers,
Or quaffing mirth in Bacchus' bowers;
When first she raised her simplest lays
In Cupid's never ceasing praise,
The god a faithful promise gave,
That never should she feel love's strings.
Never to burning passion be a slave,
But feel the purer joy thy friendship brings.

From the United Service Journal.

CUTTING OUT.—A GALLEY STORY.

A thousand glorious actions, that might claim
 Triumphant laurels and immortal fame,
 Confused in crowds of glorious actions lie,
 And troops of heroes undistinguish'd die.

ADDITION.

"COME, come, take a tarn, with that sort o' talk.—Stand fast your palaver. You're just like a parcel of pensioners—last battle, last breeze is always the hardest. What use in making more of a thing nor it is?—I knows what the Nile was; for I sarved with Sam Hood in the *Zealous*: and as I've a bit of a Trafflygar token about me, I suppose I knows souent o' that. So just stopper your prate for a while.

"I've seed as much sarvis as most o' my day, and I can tell you, my boys, (and there's Bill Tailor 'll tell you the same,) your reg'lar-built battles are no more,—no, no more, nor skrimmaging aside some o' your West-Ingee boat work.

"Dang it, I knows what a gun is.—I knows a truck from a trunnon.—I knows pepper from powder, and a shot from a shovel—still, I knows, there's a deal of difference 'twixt blazing away with the barkers aboard, and stealing into an enemy's port, like a parcel o' pirates, to sarve out death in the dark on his deck. I don't say your danger's the more—nor I don't say your enemy's slaughter's the more; but I say, when you never see neither—why,—your head's all the cooler, and I'm blowed but your lighter at heart.

"When your blowing out brains, and lopping off fins, your *work's* just as well out o' sight. It's not the best butcher that's always the bravest,—no more nor your smartest that make the most noise. No, no, my boys,—I can tell you, to fight for a footing on an enemy's deck, with, may be, no more in your fist nor a capering cutlash, and that, too, as brittle in the blade as a bottle, is as different, ay,—as different from fighting you bulldogs aboard, as six-water grog is to double allowance.

"There's never no denying, but that a fleet in light winds, bearing down on an enemy's line, may get precious mauled afore they can open their fire;—for there was the *Suverun*, the *Victory*, the *Lee Billisle*, and a few more of us go-along leaders the 21st of October, as was reg'larly cut up in pork-pieces afore even as much as a shot was returned. It's galling enough, to be sure, to be 'stopping your vent,' (as Tom Cobb used to call it,) when Crappo's unreeving your gear, and disabling your men and masts with his long-winded whistlers; but once alongside, and unmuzzle the barkers, and, you know, the day's all your own.

"But just try back for a bend;—just look at your cutting-out jobs. See what a traverse you've sometimes to work in the dark with your boats, from not knowing the lie o' the land, or, what's worse, not properly *timing* your tide. There you

are, ay, sometimes, for four or five hours on a stretch, tugging away on your oars, afore you can even get sight o' your bird; and then, when you closes to run her aboard,—you're so cursedly blown in the wind, and so fagged in the fins,—that if it warn't for your pluck, you'd drop like a dog. It's all very well to catch Crappo a napping, but once awake to your rigs, and he'll *do* you, or give you the devil's own dose. I knows him of old: and I knows when he wants to decoy you,—he's more ways—ay, more ways nor Poll Potter a pay-day.

"Bill, you 'members the time we was down in the Bay, what a banging we got in the boats?"

"You may say that, my bo'," said Tailor, who had served with Turner in a former ship—"the time the coasters came out under kiver o' the fog."

"The same: I'm blest, but they weathered us there. 'Twas as thick as burgoo, the most o' the morn; and to make us believe they were running the rig in the fog, (for we never let nothing go by in the boats,) they sends out a parcel o' your cochmeroy craft, freighted with nothing nor sogers, who kept out o' sight in the hold: and knowing for sartin we'd dash in among 'em as soon as diskivered, they dodges about till it clears; when all on a sudden, (just to tice out the boats, which, you know, were in chase in a crack,) they shapes a sham-Abram course—deadens their way with ballast-bags over the bows, and let us come up with 'em hand over fist.

"Well, you know, just as the barge, pinnace, and two double-bank'd cutters—(for 'twas only a fortnight afore the launch was sunk by a shot from the shore)—well, just as we'd picked out four o' the largest, and each boat rows out, and runs alongside to take quiet possession, (for we never dreamt they'd as much as a musket aboard)—up pops a parcel o' your parley-voo sogers, and let's fly the infarnalest fire that ever was poured upon man. There we all went staggering astarn—there wasn't a soul as escaped in the barge. There was the killed and kicking, dropping every way at once—some across the gunnel—some on the tops of the thwarts—some laying under, and winged up, like ballast, in the bottom of the boat; whilst the few hands as was left with life were bleeding and bailing all the way back to the ship: for, as luck would have it, the frigate was to leeward,—and the fore lug brought us aboard—"

"Did the other boats buy it?" asked one of the group assembled round the fore bits.

"To be sure they did," said Turner—"though not so badly cut up as the barge; and what's

more, they had to up stick for the barkey, as well as ourselves.

"Howsomever, we made amends for it after, on the West-Ingée station—for, you see, as soon as the ship comes back to Spithead, the first twenty-five on the books, as recovered their wounds, were drafted into the G——e frigate, as she was fittin' for foreign——"

"Ay, *she* was the ship, *she* took the *shine*: but it warn't wi' your polishing o' pins, and scrubbing o' copper, as changed—ay, colour with every cloud as passed over your pennant. She'd none o' your chaffing cheeks—none o' your Irish purchases, as wore out your hemp and your hands: and as for your blinking o' blocks—why, as we knew where to *clap*'em, we just looked as light, and I'm sartin, led every thing fifty times *fairer*, nor one half o' your finniken, fiddle-rigged craft—no, no,—she was always like a Maltese biscuit, rough and ready."

"Well, but I say, Tom," interrupted Tailor, who was more anxious to drag the former into a relation of a story, where he was aware Turner was the principal actor, than the other he had anticipated, convinced that it would prove more amusing to his auditory. "Well, but never mind the West-Ingée work to-night—come nearer home—give 'em the Conket business,—that'll give 'em a notion o' things."

"A notion!" said Turner, in a tone of contempt—"It's easy to talk of a notion—but I tell you, no one's never a notion o' nothing, but such as 'ave tasted the *thing* itself. Look at your pictur's stuck up in your print-shops—painted by a parcel o' know nothing chaps, as don't know the main-brace from the captain's breeches.—D'ye think that a dab of blue-water—a brush of black smoke—a few round holes in your sails, or a stick tumbling over the side, can give even the ghost of a notion of the work that's going on within. No, no; my boys—it isn't prating in a pot-house, or painting on paper, as can come within hail o' the naked truth."

"Well! we know that; but never mind," said Tailor, perceiving that, like most brave men, Tom felt a degree of repugnance at sounding his own praises—"give it us for once in a way—it does a fellow's heart good, to sometimes hear of a bit of a brush."

"Well, well; I suppose you must have her," said Tom—"but, blow me—though I'm not a fellow as would rather swallow a grape-shot nor a glass o' grog; but somehow or other, I doesn't know how 'tis—but, I'd almost rather be *in* it again nor tell it."

"Well, you see, when Bill and myself belonged to the saucy N——s,—Bill! wasn't she a beauty? I think I never seed such a craft—why, she'd wear in her own length—ay, and eat thee out o' the very wind itself."

"Well, in one of our cruizes off the Black rocks—for, you see, as the skipper wasn't altogether one of old Billy-blue's favourites, the ship was, sometimes, for a six or seven month's spell, kept knocking about, as look-out frigate to the in-shore squadron)—and, as one day, we was

working up with an easterly wind, to connitre the French fleet, laying in Brest-outer roads, the skipper sees, over the land, for he always went, like a man, to the mast-head himself, a whacking man-o-war brig, laying all a-taunto, close under the batteries, in Conket Bay. I was at the mast at the time; for, there's Bill knows, he never trusted (that's in the starboard watch) a soul to take his glass aloft but myself. 'Well,' says he, squinting through his bring-em-near, as he steady'd her over the cap—for, he was a fine fellow—sarch the sarvice from Nelson down, and, blow me, if you'd a-found a finer; he'd the pluck of one o' your reg'lar-built bull-dogs; he cared no more for a battery, nor he did for a breeze; though, of the two, I'm sartin he'd sooner be spiking a gun nor spilling a sail—'Well,' says he, 'she looks like a *touch-me-not* too;—but never mind,' says he, shutting his glass, and shoving it into my fist, 'never mind, we'll *at* her to-night for all that'—and down he goes upon deck.

"Well, there was, 'send for the first lieutenant'—'Mr. Smith,' says he, as soon as he pops his head upon deck—'Mr. Smith,' says he, in a half-an-half laugh, as if to try how the t'other would take it—'I think,' says he, 'we've a *job* for the boats to-night.'

"Well, there was the first leaftenant rubbing his hands, strutting up and down the deck, and cutting as many capers as a midshipman over a dead marine—for you see he felt himself more nor a half-made skipper. Well, you know, as soon as it gets wind, 'twas to be a reg'lar volunteering business, (for, you see, it flew through the frigate like wild-fire,) every man, fore-and-aft, from Dirty Dick, at the coppers, to the captain's coxen, were tumbling up to give in their names for the fray. There was the skipper picking out the ablest hands, and saying to them as he didn't seem to think came up to his mark,—'kase, you see, he wasn't the man as would offend a poor fellow, as was ready to risk a fin in the sarvis—no, not he—the men he refused, he refused like a man—'next time, my man—we'll have you *next* time—there's yet plenty,' says he, 'to do for us all.'

"Well, there was the cutting-out party as busy—ay, as the devil in a gale o' wind, fitting out for the fun—some was a-muffling oars—some a-sharpening their cutlasses on the grindstone, in the galley—some fitting out the boats' magazines—some sewing a piece of white duck round the left sleeve of their own, and their messmate's jackets—for every man was to wear a badge round his arm, to mark him from Crappo—some were a-larning their new stations from the first leaftenant. There was Bill Tailor a-stationed aloft to lose the fore-tau'sle—myself to cut the cable—one to take the wheel, 'tother this, and 'tother that:—there never *was* a business more properly plan'd. Well, you know, to come the decoy over Crappo, we works five or six miles to win'ward o' the port; when, just a little afore dark, we puts her head off the land, and makes all sail, to make Johnny believe we was in chase of something we seed in the offing.

"As soon 'twas thoroughly dark—there was, in

studden-sails, round to, trim sharp, and beat back within three or four mile o' the port. Then there was out boats, and man and arm, in a brace o' shakes. Well, just as we were all ready to shove off, the oars tossed up, and the first lieutenant going over the side, the skipper stops him, and says—'Smith,' says he, 'I doesn't know how it is, but some how or other, I never *could* be a looker on in my life—so, if you've no objection,' says he, 'I'll take up my berth in the barge.' This, in course, puts Smith in a pet; howsomever, there was no time for talk—both on 'em bundles into the boat—there was 'shove off'—'success'—and out o' sight of ship in a crack.

"Well, as the wind and tide was against us, we'd a tug of, ay, more nor an hour-and-a-half, afore we finds ourselves fairly in the mouth o' the harbour—I say, Bill—some o' your praters would a-larned a lesson that night—"

"You may say that, bo'," said Tailor.

"Hang, me—if dumb men were ever more silent. Why, we was all obligated to swallow our backy-juice, for fearing spitting it out should alarm the sogers ashore.

"The moon was down, but the stars were infarnally bright; and, what was worse, every stroke we gave, the blades of our oars looked all of a blaze—for, you know, with an easterly wind the sea seems always fire.

"Well, the anchorage was as still as a church yard—there was nothing to be heard but the ripple of the tide, and the squeaking, whistling chirrup of the sand-lark feeding on the beach. It was about two bells, in the middle watch; when just as we gets within—let's see—a matter of three or four cable's lengths of the craft, there was lay on our oars for the rest of the boats to come up.—As soon as the boats had taken their station—two steering for one quarter; and two, for 'other, then,—there was dash alongside."

"And a dashing business it was," said Tailor.

"Why, yes," continued Turner, "the Frenchmen were all at their quarters—had their board nettings traced-up fore-and-aft, and let every man Jack of us get caught in the meshes, afore they offered to fire as much as a musket. There we were, clinging in the shrouds and netting like a parcel o' spread eagles, for Crappo to pop and pike at us, in spite of ourselves; for you see, we couldn't get down on the deck. They made mince-meat of us all in a moment—some fell on the broad o' their back in the boats—some overboard, and were never seen more. This here seam in my cheek, was a plunge of a pike, which I'm sartin would 'ave gone through both sides—ay, and reg'larly sprit'-sail-yarded me, if my quid hadn't brought up the pint; well, down I drops on the top of a jolly, as was floored along two o' the thawts. I was a minute or so, afore I comes to myself; but, as soon as I finds the blood in my mouth—here's at 'em again, says I, and in I jumps head-foremost, through one of her ports,—thinking, in course, I'd be backed by the rest o' the barges' crew—for, you see, in a business o' that sort, it doesn't *do* to be looking astern to see if you're followed or no. It was just the port

abreast of her capsten—and, as soon as I gets a fair footing on deck,—may I never see light, if I didn't clear the whole starboard side of her waist myself—and, why?—bekase I thought I was backed; and so did the French,—for for'ard they flies like a parcel o' dancing devils to get on the folk-sel. I mowed down, ay, four or five fellows myself; for, you see, there was no one left as could lend me a hand—though *that*, to be sure, I didn't know at the time: well, just as I turns round,—thinking, you know, to rally up my shipmates,—who the devil should front me, and fire his pistol slap in my face, but the French skipper himself! down I falls at his feet, for he follows up his fire with a cut of his cutlash, as nigh-handed severed my sconce! The ball missed my mug—but it splintered my neck—and reg'larly sprung my starboard collar-bone—What comed of the boats, you'd better ax Bill."

"Comed on 'em!" said Tailor—"gad, I don't know, what 'ould a-comed on 'em, if we hadn't cut and run when we did—why, except the first lieutenant and skipper, there wasn't in all the four boats, a man on us,—as hadn't, somewhere or other, eyelet-hole worked in his hide; nor was Mister Crappo (as Tom told you just now) satisfied with piking and peppering us, but he must pelt us with all sorts of combustibles—cold shot,—top-mauls,—marl-spikes, and billets o' wood."

Here Tailor paused to permit Turner to proceed; but Tom insisting on the speaker's continuing, exclaimed—"go on, Bill—go on, I'll spell you bine-by."

"Well," continued Tailor, "as luck 'ould have it,—the ebb tide drifted the boats clean out o' the harbour clear of the batteries—for us to pulling—there wasn't five men in the fifty, as could even sit on the thawts, much more strike-out at their oars. Howsomever, by the help of our sails, (tho' stepping our mast was no easy matter,) we soon fetches the frigate to leeward. There she was laying-to-off the port like a pirate. All hands were on deck, waiting and watching to see us bring out the brig. As soon as she hails the barge, the captain sings out,—'Up wi' the whip, up wi' the whip on the main-yard in a moment,'—to hoist in the wounded, you know,—aye, and the killed, too: for, you see, in the dark, 'twas no easy matter to know the dead from the dying.

"Well, there was lights and lanterns flying fore-and-aft in a crack. The doctor, his two mates and loblolly-boys, were tumbling up the ladders with bandages, plasters, tow, tarniquets, and what-not from the cockpit; for as fast as whipped in, both killed and wounded were laid 'twixt the guns on the weather side o' the waist.

"But the worst of all was to see the poor women searching for their husbands. There they were, snatching the lanterns out of each other's fists, then showing 'em in our faces, and wiping, and swabbing-up wi' their aprons the blood from our mugs, to try and discern their men. There was Tom's poor wife—(poor soul, I'll mind her, as long as I live)—there she was, tearing her long beshivilled hair, which hung down, divided over each shoulder, for all the world like hanks of

hemp. 'Kase, as *he* was one o' the missing, 'twas only nat'ral to suppose, he was one o' the six who was piked o'erboard from the brig.—"Hang it, Tom," said Tailor, looking at Turner, who hung down his head—"You needn't be ashamed—she was a craft fit for a skipper—and what's more, I couldn't believe 'twas in woman to think so *much* for a man, as *she* did for you. So, spell, oh!"—said Tailor, thinking he had satisfied his auditory with that part of the narrative of which Tom was deficient.

"Well," resumed Tom, "as soon as I comes to myself next morning—where does I find myself but in the French skipper's cabin—hung up in his cot—laid out in lavender, and treated like a lady. There was the captain—let's see what was his name?—Lee-lee-lee-strange; and a ——— strange fellow he was. There he was, sitting by my side, giving me drink to cool my mouth, and, tending me, for all the world, like one o' your Haslar hags. He sat up with me two nights himself, and not a soul but the doctor he'd let come, ay, within hail o' me. Well, as soon as I was able to shift my bob, ashore I goes to the hospital. There was the skipper coming day after day, sometimes bringing me fruit, sometimes giving me money—and many's the bottle o' brandy he'd a brought me, if the doctors had only a-let him. I hard often afore of your French politeness; but hang it, thinks I, this is *more* nor a bow or a scrape. What the devil does he see in *me*, says I, one day as he pulls out a 'Polion,—*I'm* one of the last, thinks I, he should treat in this sort o' fashion—for, you know, I happened to be the only fellow amongst us as did him a mischief. Wasn't I the chap as mowed down four of his men! and, moreover, didn't he lay me, with his own hand, stretched for dead on his deck!

"Howsomever, as soon as I gets well o' my wounds, they marches me inland to Verdun.—Well, I wasn't there a fortnight afore the Governor sends for me, and gets one o' your tarpeters to unlay his parlee-voov-lingoo, and tarn it into twice-laid English. 'Well,' said the tarpetur, 'the governor desires me to say, as you brought a good karector away wi' you from Brest—that if so be, (for you see the fellow spoke capital English,) that if so be, you've any likin' for your liberty, you may have it—but mind,' says he, 'it all depends on yourself.' Well, I makes a sort o' a salam, for, you see, you'll never do nothing with Crappo if you don't bow and scrape, ay, and bend your body almost double, like a boot-jack. 'Well,' says I, 'I've nothing to say, no more nor this, that liberty's sweet all the world over.'—Howsomever, after a little palaver, the tarpetur comes to the pint:—'Well,' says he, 'the governor desires me to say, if so be you've a likin' *that* way, he'll make you a gemman; and, moreover, a lieutenant in Bonypartie's sarvice.'

"'I'm obliged all the same, sir,' says I, making a grand salam to the governor, 'but as I never had a turn for the thing—that's to say, never sarved my time to the trade of a gemman—if it's all the same to the governor,' says I, 'I'd rather remain as I am.'

"Well, instead of giving him offence, I'm blest if the old gemman didn't shake me by the fist, and swore, as the tarpetur afterwards told me, I was a hanged fine fellow, and too good a man to be a gemman in any sarvice."

NOTE.—This story is founded on fact, and the hero of it, is now living in London with Captain M——s of the Navy.

From the British Magazine.

MY NEIGHBOURS OVER THE WAY.

BY MISS JEWSBURY.

CURIOSITY is a very curious thing. It predominates in rational beings and yet is no mark of rationality. Man shares it with his dog, and woman with her cat; with this difference, that the curiosity of one animal is chiefly exercised about things, and the curiosity of the other concerns persons. The cat and dog, when taken to a strange place, institute, by scratching and smelling, an inquiry as to the nature of the premises: without being metaphysicians, they settle the question of distinctions and differences, and finally, coil themselves on the hearth-rug and consent to be at home. But the cat and dog's master and mistress, when taken to a strange place, begin in another way. Their inquiries are all personal. "Who is *he*?" "Where does *she* come from?" "Where do his *friends* live?"—till a copious series of questions put the inquirer in possession of many a stranger's personal narrative. But it re-

quires a much longer time to make a curious man and woman settle down on the hearth-rug than suffices for Puss and Ponto. Researches that affect pedigree, fortune, and association, are not so soon achieved as those that concern furniture, carpets, and the position of doors; and in civilized society it requires great gravity and discretion to get honestly at the knowledge of our neighbour's affairs. A finished curieux, or curieuse, to the imagination of a poet that "draws all things to one," should add the patience of a philosopher, who scorns to jump to a conclusion; the sagacity of a lawyer, who establishes a connexion between things seemingly irrelevant; the degagee manners of a person of fashion, who never seems to have any thing on his mind; and the self-denial of a philanthropist, who exists but for others!—They are inconsistent who represent curiosity as degrading to the human character, and yet laud

to the skies the thirst after knowledge. The "proper study of mankind is man," and of course the term "man" includes every thing that belongs to him—his habits of all kinds—his means and way of living—his associates, and whatsoever else may "give the world assurance of a man." Now, if Pope's oft-praised apothegm be correct, it is nothing but an inculcation of curiosity, as a duty and an accomplishment. Why, then, are inquiries into the manners and customs of birds and of beasts, of serpents and of fishes, of bones and of stones, to be termed "Entertaining Knowledge;" and why are biographical accounts of the actions and feelings of great men who are dead, to be put forth under the title of "Useful Knowledge;" whilst histories of people yet alive are universally stigmatised as "a library of Impertinent Knowledge," which every one feels himself under the necessity of reading, the more conscientiously to avow disapprobation afterwards. Curiosity is grossly abused. When the public are to gain by its exercise, what is so vaunted? In the learned professions, and in the sciences, and in the arts, sweet things are said of it, but let a man presume to elevate curiosity itself into a profession, a science, and an art, and lo, what a change of phrase! "We are abused by words, grossly abused," said Cowley; but what would Cowley say now? We compliment the geologist on his enlightened labours to ascertain the nature of the earth, whilst, if the earth herself could speak, the old lady would doubtless rebuke him as a meddling fellow. We compliment the speculators in gold mines, for their spirit and their enterprise, whilst the mountain that holds the mine would growl forth animadversions on their impertinent interference with his internal arrangements. Birds, could they sing words, would be justified in bidding the ornithologist mind his own business; and the wild beasts might rise in a body and roar out their indignant surprise at the publication of their private history. All things concerning which books are written, would, in their own opinion, feel justified in exclaiming against curiosity—idle curiosity—disgusting curiosity. We see what it is for the lion to be the painter. Curiosity, the very thing that all the world exclaims against, that sets all the world by the ears, is the very thing that keeps the world together. If it does harm in one department, it creates good in another. If it has stimulated genius to invent what will shorten life, it has stimulated genius elsewhere to find out what will prolong it; and vaccination is a check upon gunpowder. Your geographical discoverers were only the most curious men of their generation: Columbus was a naval Paul Pry.—Your scientific discoverers have only been more inquisitive than their neighbours, treated truth as if she were a hare, to be hunted out of her hiding places. Historians are only ferrets to disputed facts; painters and poets are but spies upon nature. Let it not, from this elaborate defence of a persecuted habit of mind, be supposed that I am personally interested. I am no *curieuse*, indiscriminately and in a general way, but just now,

"this one once" as children say, I am tortured by a spirit of wondering and guessing—my neighbours over the way! A mother, three boys, and a little girl, lodgers, not residents in the house, and lodgers of a week's standing. I would give a great deal to know, in a gentlewomanly way, who they are, where they come from, and what they do there. In the first place, there is sympathy excited. A door bell is a melancholy thing if no one rings at it but people of call—the baker's man and the butcher—the fish-woman—lads with parcels of grocery—and a mutton in parvo of sand-boys, match-girls, and beggars, ad libitum; when no friend goes to the door with familiar face and tread; when even the postman with his long drawing walk, and face conveying an indolent sense of power, passes by "and makes no sign." Then the children are evidently not at home, and however well dressed, have a forlorn, don't-know-where-I-am look: if they step into the street, they walk as if they knew themselves alien to the soil—I beg the country's pardon, to the pavement: all these things speak strangership, and all these exist in the present case. My neighbours over the way! I will not admit that what I feel is curiosity; it is, I repeat, sympathy—one of the first duties of man, one of the greatest inclinations of woman. Our street is not a thoroughfare, though well lighted and paved; not dashing, though a little self-sufficient on the strength of a telescopic view of the country; altogether, as quiet, well-bred, good sort of a street as needs be. I say this as a resident householder, to whom what passes out of doors is a matter of no attraction. It is different with my neighbours, who are reduced to take pleasure in standing at their drawing-room windows. The things that give a person pleasure are great tests of his circumstances, and there again my sympathy (*I will not* have it called curiosity) has been much drawn upon.—Into this identical street, one, or other, or all of my opposite neighbours, are perpetually looking. The boys follow wistfully with their eyes, the groups of green bagged school boys, that with gibe and shout congregate at the corners about twelve o'clock and five, and there, like young democrats as most of them are, rehearse the corrections of the day, their own animadversions thereupon—boast of their marbles as if they were race horses, and proceed, it may be, to serious barter respecting taws and whipcord. A barrel organ, with or without white mice at the top, is an event in the day's history, and the evening promenades of a retired publican, who, with civic front and military step, goes to his garden a mile distant, and thence returns with pea, or celery, or cabbage-laden basket, is a source of excitement to my neighbours over the way. Even I, when I turn out for my quarter deck walk on the pavement, which I vainly strive to fancy a grassy terrace—the brick houses an avenue of dark-boughed pines or cedars, that seem to fold their arms like plumed and sable warriors—even I and my dog are objects of contemplation to them, as they of curios—of sympathy, I mean—to me. Who are they?—there is no poverty—they have

many books about—the old lady has a white and feminine hand—they do not dine at one o'clock—they went twice to church last Sunday, there is something superior, yet something foreign and forlorn about them—something unusually subdued about the two younger boys—something in the deportment of the eldest unusually deferential to his mother, and kind to the little ones. I fell in with the little girl by accident yesterday, that is, by accident on purpose. She was on her way to the fashionable shop at our end of the town; suddenly it struck me that I had urgent need of two yards and a half of plain, broad, green ribbon, which my servant could not possibly choose, and I stepped in before her. Mr. Hopkins was supereminently delighted to see me on his boards for the first time this season, and began to discuss ribbons with the gravity of Newton speculating on rainbows (a rainbow to Mr. Hopkins is nothing but a box of ribbons in the sky,) when I walked my little incognita. There were many persons in the shop, and she held back abashed; my ears were open perforce to the sounds of “grass green—two and fourpence, a singularly neat article for a plain cottage bonnet—sea green, one and eightpence, a cool, elegant-looking thing, and remarkably firm fabric:—What did you please to want, Miss? (excuse me ma'am, a second,) drawing-pencils?—no Miss we do not keep pencils, (a splendid ribbon there, ma'am, the tint of unripe corn, two shillings,) can I show you any thing else, Miss?” “My dear,” said I, “you will procure drawing pencils a few doors below; I will take you there, if you will wait a moment.” The child thanked me with a pair of eyes that looked like large, lustrous planets, shining through a mist; but if she had the eyes of an antelope she had also its timidity, for when I procured her the pencils she only thanked me with another beaming glance, and then ran from me. It then struck me that I wanted some French cambric, and I re-entered Mr. H.'s shop. “Mr. Hopkins, who is that little girl?” “Really, upon my word, ma'am, she is a perfectly entire stranger to me! Mrs. Hopkins, do you know who that little girl is?” Mrs. Hopkins was enlarging on the merits of some stout huckaback, which, to judge from her eulogy, must have given its word of honour never to wear out; when she heard the question, she gave it undivided attention, for she considered herself vastly superior to her husband as a saleswoman, and in knowledge of her customers' business. “Certainly, Mr. Hopkins, I do know that there little lady and all about her; didn't I hear last Monday that she, and her brother, and her grandmother, are just come from India, as rich as Jews, are looking out for a house in this neighbourhood, to have the benefit of pure air. And didn't I hear it yesterday all contradicted?” “What is your own opinion, Mrs. Hopkins?” said I. “Well and indeed, ma'am, it is hard to say.” A thorough-bred gossip never likes to confess herself ignorant, so Mrs. Hopkins returned to her huckaback—“if you want it for towels, or want it for common kitchen

table cloths, it is a piece in a thousand—I wish you good morning, ma'am, good morning—I dare say (this was in a half whisper at the door) I could get to know something about the strangers direct from the servant of the house; Peggy is here most days.” “Not on any account, Mrs. Hopkins,” said I, somewhat alarmed for my character; “not on any account. I merely asked because the child's appearance interested me;” and I walked off, half vexed at, half ashamed of, my sympathy. But this afternoon it has returned with renewed strength, for I see the two little boys walking hand in hand up and down the pavement, reminding me, I know not why, of the babes in the wood:—now they stand still, and watch with boyish eagerness the flight of a superb kite, with a tail two yards long, and ornamented in front with stars and crowns, and anon they resume their steady hand-in-hand walk; their sister, too, is at the window, tracing something with one of the pencils of yesterday; the old lady (and a lady she is) is reading but thinking at intervals, and on subjects foreign to the book, unless the book be a sad one, one that will not let you think of your own affairs—and hark!—from their open window, through my open window, there comes music: the eldest is playing on his flute. Poor, poor things!—that Indian tale is not true; they are Spanish emigrants, or the father of those children was probably one of the Carbonari. I will call on them to-morrow. Alas, how refinement of mind heightens bodily privation! What a misfortune is sensibility! That girl looks like an embryo Corrinne:—the A's, and B's, and the P's, I think, I could get to call on my strangers; at all events, I will call myself to-morrow.

NOTE.—The writer of the above was, by a fortunate chance, spared the pain of making herself ridiculous and her friends angry, by discovering, just before she put her sympathetic plans into execution, that her neighbours over the way had an engagement at the minor theatre; that the babes in the wood danced hornpipes, their interesting brother sung comic songs, and the lady with the feminine white hand, was a celebrated Columbine. So much for curiosity: so much for sympathy!

SONNET.

“I speak to Time.”—BYRON.

What voice may speak to thee, tomb-builder, Time?
Thou wast, and art—and shalt be, when the breath
That holds communion now, is hush'd in death.
Upon thy tablet, earth—a page sublime—
Are chronicled the wrecks of buried years;
The cities of the lava sepulchre—
The relics of heav'n's wrathful minister—
Yield up their hoarded history of tears!
The Pyramids, and Mausoleum proud,
Attest of thee, and tell of those that were;
Of sounding names, now heard as empty air—
That once were as the voice of nations loud:
The Persian and the Greek are crowding there,—
Feuds are forgot, when foes the narrow dwelling crowd!

W.

POETICAL PORTRAITS.

"Orient Pearls at random strung."

SHAKSPEARE.

His was the wizard spell,
The spirit to enchain;
His grasp o'er nature fell,
Creation own'd his reign

MILTON.

His spirit was the home
Of aspirations high;
A temple, whose huge dome
Was hidden in the sky.

BYRON.

Black clouds his forehead bound,
And at his feet were flowers;
Mirth, Madness, Magic, found
In him their keenest powers.

SCOTT.

He sings, and lo! Romance
Starts from his mouldering urn.
White Chivalry's bright lance
And nodding plumes return.

SPENSER.

Within th' enchanted womb
Of his vast genius, lie
Bright streams and groves, whose gloom
Is lit by Una's eye.

WORDSWORTH.

He hung his harp upon
Philosophy's pure shrine;
And placed by Nature's throne,
Composed each placid line.

WILSON.

His strain like holy hymn,
Upon the ear doth float,
Or voice of cherubin,
In mountain vale remote.

GRAY.

Soaring on pinions proud,
The lightnings of his eye
Scar the black thunder-cloud;
He passes swiftly by.

BURNS.

He seized his country's lyre,
With ardent grasp and strong;
And made his soul of fire
Dissolve itself in song.

COLERIDGE.

Magician, whose dread spell,
Working in pale moonlight,
From Superstition's cell
Invokes each satellite!

COWPER.

Religious light is shed
Upon his soul's dark shrine;
And Vice veils o'er her head
At his denouncing line.

YOUNG.

Involved in pall of gloom,
He haunts, with footsteps dread,
The murderer's midnight tomb,
And calls upon the dead.

GRAHAME.

O! when we hear the bell
Of "Sabbath" chiming free,
It strikes us like a knell,
And makes us think of Thee.

W. L. BOWLES.

From Nature's flowery throne
His spirit took its flight,
And moves serenely on
In soft, sad, tender light.

SHELLEY.

A solitary rock
In a far distant sea,
Bent by the thunder's shock,
An emblem stands of Thee.

J. MONTGOMERY.

Upon thy touching strain
Religion's spirit fair,
Falls down like drops of rain,
And blends divinely there.

HOGG.

Clothed in the rainbow's beam,
'Mid strath and pastoral glen,
He sees the fairies gleam,
Far from the haunts of men.

BAILIE.

The Passions are thy slaves;
In varied guise they roll
Upon the stately waves
Of thy majestic soul.

CAROLINE BOWLES.

In garb of sable hue
Thy soul dwells all alone,
Where the sad drooping yew
Weeps o'er the funeral stone.

HEMANS.

To bid the big tear start,
Unchallenged, from its shrine,
And thrill the quivering heart
With pity's voice, are thine.

TIGHE.

On zephyr's amber wings,
Like thine own Psyche borne,
Thy buoyant spirit springs
To hail the bright-eyed morn.

LONDON.

Romance and high-soul'd Love,
Like two commingling streams,
Glide through the flowery grove,
Of thy enchanted dreams.

MOORE.

Crown'd with perennial flowers,
By Wit and Genius wove,
He wanders through the bowers
Of Fancy and of Love.

SOUTHEY.

Where Necromancy flings
O'er Eastern lands her spell,
Sustain'd on Fable's wings,
His spirit loves to dwell.

COLLINS.

Waked into mimic life,
The Passions round him throng,
While the loud "Spartan file"
Thrills his starting song

CAMPBELL.

With all that Nature's fire
Can lend to polish'd Art,
He strikes his graceful lyre
To thrill or warm the heart.

THOMSON.

The Seasons, as they roll,
Shall bear thy name along;
And graven on the soul
Of Nature, live thy song.

MOIR.

On every gentler scene
That moves the human breast,
Pathetic and serene,
Thine eye delights to rest.

BARRY CORNWALL.

Soft is thy lay—a stream
Meand'ring calmly by,
Beneath the moon's pale beam
Of sweet Italia's sky.

CRABBE.

Wouldst thou his pictures know—
Their power—their harrowing truth—
Their scenes of wrath or woe?
Go gaze on hapless "Ruth."

A. CUNNINGHAM.

Tradition's lyre he plays
With firm and skillful hand,
Singing the olden lays
Of his dear native land.

KEATS.

Fair thy young spirit's mould—
Thou from whose heart the streams
Of sweet Elysium roll'd
Over Endymion's dreams.

BLOOMFIELD.

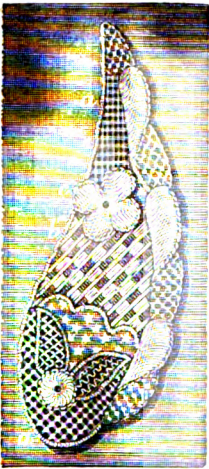
Sweet bard upon the tomb
In which thine ashes lie,
The simple wildflowers bloom
Before the ploughman's eye.

HOOD.

Impugn I dare not thee,
For I'm of pussy brood;
And thou wouldst punish me
With pungent hardiHOOD.

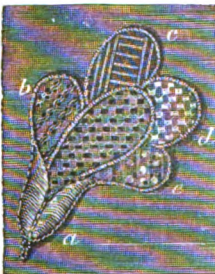
EMBROIDERY.

8



THE outer edge, and the outline of the separate parts of the leaf, (Fig. 8,) comprising a variety of stitches, are run round: the right hand edge of the leaf is composed, alternately, of feather-stitch, and a pattern worked, with glazed cotton, in double button hole stitch, when two stitches are taken, side by side: then an equal space is left, and two more are taken; and thus to the end. The next row is formed by placing similar stitches under the alternate spaces left above, taking in, each time, the threads which run between each pair of stitches. The parts (opposite *a*) are done in half-herring-bone stitch, the cross way of the muslin; four threads being taken on the needle at a time. In forming the second, and the succeeding rows, the needle passes through the lower side of the first row of apertures.—The ground (*b*) is composed of a series of lines, each formed by drawing together, and sewing over very closely with fine thread, six threads of the muslin. Square spots are formed in the spaces, by sewing, in glazed cotton, over eight of the cross threads; passing the needle, alternately, over the first four, and under the second four. The large rosette (*c*) is worked in feather-stitch. All the other stitches used in this leaf are described in the succeeding flowers.

9



The cup (*a*) of the fancy flower, (Fig 9,) is done in feather-stitch.—The centre is a series of eyelet holes, formed by passing the needle twice through the same hole; then repeating the same process at the distance of four threads; and so, in succession, to the end of the row. The second row is formed at the spaces between the holes of the first row, with four threads between each, as before, so that the holes of each row are perfected in the following row. The part (*b*) is done in half-herring-bone stitch, leaving four threads of the muslin between each row; (*c*) is formed by drawing together and sewing over tightly, four threads of the muslin between each row; (*d*) is worked in double-button-hole stitch; (*e*) is the same as the centre, with spots in satin-stitch.

Pictorial, or Coloured Embroidery, is similar in some respects, to the ancient Tapestry; although it is generally worked on a smaller scale,

and is rather different in practice. It comprehends the admired productions of the needle in coloured Embroidery, with worsteds and silks of various hues, and is applied to the imitation of paintings; comprising all the varieties of landscape, groups of animals, historical subjects, fruits, flowers, birds, shells, &c. Its effect is very brilliant if it be well executed, and judgment and taste be displayed in the selection of the various shades of colour; it is, in fact, "the soul and sentiment of the art."

The fine twisted worsted, called *crewel*, and both twisted and flos silks, are employed in coloured Embroidery. Silk is principally used for flowers, birds and butterflies, and is worked on a silk or satin ground. The latter is by far the richest in appearance; and nothing, in this art, can have a more splendid effect than a well-arranged group of flowers, embroidered in twisted silks on black satin. A talent for painting is of material advantage in this delightful pursuit; the variety and delicacy of the tints giving ample scope to the genius of the embroideress.

The subjects worked in *crewels*, consist of animals, landscapes, and figures, on fine white holland for large designs, and on fine white silk, or satin, for small ones. Silks are rarely used in the same pieces with worsteds, except for the purpose of representing water, which should be worked in flos silk of pale greyish shades. The holland, or silk, on which the subject is to be worked, must be first strained tightly over a wooden frame, and secured with small tacks at the back. The design is then to be sketched in pencil, and coloured in water-colours, rubbed up with gum-water, as a guide to the colours and shades to be selected in the progress of the work. It is, however, proper to observe, that frames, strained for use, and with subjects drawn and coloured on the holland, or silk, may be purchased at many of the fancy shops.

The features of the face, the hair, and all flesh parts, on a silk or satin ground, are usually finished in colours by the artist, and left untouched in the Embroidery.

One kind of stitch only is used in this work; it resembles the thread of satin. Having tied a knot at its end, the worsted is first brought from the under-side of the cloth to its surface; then (in working a sky, earth, grass, or water, drapery, or any other plain subject,) the needle is passed back again, from the upper side, at about half an inch distance, more or less, in proportion to the size of the subject. It is again brought up, at about half way distance from the first point; the stitch reaching about as far beyond the second. The stitches are taken the long way of the figure, or subject, ranging in parallel lines, and of unequal lengths, in order more completely to cover the ground. In drapery, the stitches should be taken in the same direction as the threads, or grain, would naturally fall. Leaves of trees are worked, for distant effect, in short stitches, cross-

ing each other in various directions. The rough coats of some animals, as the sheep, &c., may be worked in lamb's wool, of the proper shades.

To say any thing of the colours to be selected would be useless; it is only necessary to follow, as closely as possible, the colouring and shading of the artist in the ground sketch, and good taste will avail more than a volume of instructions.—An attentive and minute inspection of good specimens, will be of the utmost service; and if the aspirants to excellence in this beautiful art, have not heard of the matchless performances of Miss

Linwood of London, let us advise them no longer to deny themselves the gratification of reading some of the numerous criticisms that have appeared on this splendid collection of pictures, in which some of the finest paintings of the great English and Italian masters are imitated in a style of almost incredible excellence. It is particularly worthy of admiration, that the flesh parts, and even the features of the face, are worked entirely with the needle; and with such talent and delicacy, that, at a very short distance, they cannot be distinguished from the finest productions of the pencil.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

RUPERT DE LINDSAY.

"Man walketh in a vain shadow; and disquieteth himself in vain."

THERE is one feeling which is the earliest-born with us—which accompanies us throughout life, in the gradations of friendship, love, and parental attachment—and of which there is scarcely one amongst us who can say, "It has been realized according to my desire." This feeling is the wish to be loved—loved to the amount-of the height and the fervour of the sentiments we imagine that we ourselves are capable of embodying into one passion. Thus, who that hath nicely weighed his own heart will not confess that he has never been fully satisfied with the love rendered to him, whether by the friend of his boyhood, the mistress of his youth, or the children of his age. Yet even while we reproach the languor and weakness of the affection bestowed on us, we are reproached in our turn with the same charge; and it would seem as if we all—all and each—possessed within us certain immortal and spiritual tendencies to love which nothing human and earth-born can wholly excite; they are instincts which make us feel a power never to be exercised, and a loss doomed to be irremediable.

The simple, but singular story which I am about to narrate is of a man in whom this craving after a love—beyond the ordinary loves of earth, was so powerful and restless a passion, that it became in him the source of all the errors and the vices that have usually their origin in the grossness of libertinism; led his mind through the excesses of dissipation to the hardness of depravity—and when at length it arrived at the fruition of dreams so wearying and so anxious—when with that fruition, virtue long stifled by disappointment, seemed slowly, but triumphantly to awake—betrayed him only into a punishment he had almost ceased to deserve, and hurried him into an untimely grave, at the very moment when life became dear to himself, and appeared to promise atonement and value to others.

Rupert de Lindsay was an orphan of ancient family and extensive possessions. With a person that could advance but a slight pretension to

beauty, but with an eager desire to please, and a taste the most delicate and refined, he very early learnt the art to compensate by the graces of manner, for the deficiencies of form; and before he had reached an age when other men are noted only for their horses or their follies, Rupert de Lindsay was distinguished no less for the brilliancy of his *ton* and the number of his conquests, than for his acquirements in literature, and his honours in the Senate. But while every one favoured him with envy, he was, at heart, a restless and disappointed man.

Among all the delusions of the senses, among all the triumphs of vanity, his ruling passion, to be really, purely, and deeply loved, had never been satisfied. And while this leading and master desire pined at repeated disappointments, all other gratifications seemed rather to mock than to console him. The exquisite tale of Alcibiades, in Marmontel, was applicable to him. He was loved for his adventitious qualifications, not for himself. One loved his fashion; a second his fortune; a third, he discovered, had only listened to him out of pique at another; and a fourth accepted him as her lover because she wished to decoy him from her friend. These adventures, and these discoveries, brought him disgust; they brought him, also, knowledge of the world; and nothing hardens the heart more than that knowledge of the world which is founded on a knowledge of its vices—made bitter by disappointment, and misanthropical by deceit.

I saw him just before he left England, and his mind then was sore and feverish. I saw him on his return, after an absence of five years in the various courts of Europe, and his mind was callous and even. He had then reduced the art of governing his own passions, and influencing the passions of others, to a system: and had reached the second stage of experience, when the deceived becomes the deceiver. He added to his former indignation at the vices of human nature, scorn for its weakness. Still many good, though

irregular impulses, lingered about his heart. Still the appeal, which to a principle would have been useless, was triumphant when made to an affection. And though selfishness constituted the system of his life, there were yet many hours when the system was forgotten, and he would have sacrificed himself at the voice of a single emotion. Few men of ability, who neither marry nor desire to marry, live much among the frivolities of the world after the age of twenty-eight. And De Lindsay, now waxing near to his thirtieth year, avoided the society he had once courted, and lived solely to satisfy his pleasures and indulge his indolence. Women made his only pursuit, and his sole ambition: and now, at length, arrived the time when, in the prosecution of an intrigue, he was to become susceptible of a passion; and the long and unquenched wish of his heart was to be matured into completion.

In a small village not far from London, there dwelt a family of the name of Warner, the father, piously termed Ebenezer Ephraim, was a merchant, a bigot, and a saint; the brother, simply and laicly christened James, was a rake, a boxer, and a good fellow. But *she*, the daughter, who claimed the chaste and sweet name of Mary, simple and modest, beautiful in feature and in heart, of a temper rather tender than gay, saddened by the gloom which hung forever upon the home of her childhood, but softened by early habits of charity and benevolence, unacquainted with all sin even in thought, loving all things from the gentleness of her nature, finding pleasure in the green earth, and drinking innocence from the pure air, moved in her grace and holiness amid the rugged kindred, and the stern tribe among whom she had been reared, like Faith sanctified by redeeming love, and passing over the thorns of earth on its pilgrimage to Heaven.

In the adjustment of an ordinary amour with the wife of an officer in the ——— regiment, then absent in Ireland, but who left his *guide-woman* to wear the willow in the village of T——, Rupert saw, admired, and coveted the fair form I have so faintly described. Chance favoured his hopes. He entered one day the cottage of a poor man, whom, in the inconsistent charity natural to him, he visited and relieved. He found Miss Warner employed in the same office; he neglected not his opportunity; he addressed her; he accompanied her to the door of her home; he tried every art to please a young and unawakened heart, and he succeeded. Unfortunately for Mary, she had no one among her relations calculated to guide her conduct, and to win her confidence. Her father, absorbed either in the occupations of his trade or the visions of his creed, of a manner whose repellent austerity belied the real warmth of his affections, supplied but imperfectly the place of an anxious and tender mother; nor was this loss repaired by the habits still coarser, the mind still less soft, and the soul still less susceptible of the fraternal rake, boxer, and good fellow.

And thus was thrown back upon that gentle and feminine heart all the warmth of its earliest

and best affections. Her nature was love; and though in all things she had found wherewithal to call forth the tenderness which she could not restrain, there was a vast treasure as yet undiscovered, and a depth beneath that calm and unruffled bosom, whose slumber had as yet never been broken by a breath. It will not therefore be a matter of surprise that De Lindsay, who availed himself of every opportunity—De Lindsay, fascinating in manner, and consummate in experience, soon possessed a dangerous sway over a heart too innocent for suspicion, and which, for the first time, felt the luxury of being loved. In every walk, and her walks hitherto had always been alone, Rupert was sure to join her; and there was a supplication in his tone, and a respect in his manner, which she felt but little tempted to chill and reject. She had not much of what is termed dignity; and even though she at first had some confused idea of the impropriety of his company, which the peculiar nature of her education prevented her wholly perceiving, yet she could think of no method to check an address so humble and diffident, and to resist the voice which only spoke to her in music. It is needless to trace the progress by which affection is seduced. She soon awakened to the full knowledge of the recesses of her own heart, and Rupert, for the first time, felt the certainty of being loved as he desired. "Never," said he, "will I betray that affection; she has trusted in me, and she shall not be deceived; she is innocent and happy; I will never teach her misery and guilt!" Thus her innocence reflected even upon him, and purified his heart while it made the atmosphere of her own. So passed weeks, until Rupert was summoned by urgent business to his estate. He spoke to her of his departure, and he drank deep delight from the quivering lip and the tearful eye with which his words were received. He pressed her to his heart, and her unconsciousness of guilt was her protection from it. Amid all his sins, and there were many, let this one act of forbearance be remembered.

Day after day went on its march to eternity, and every morning came the same gentle tap at the post-office window, and the same low tone of inquiry was heard; and every morning the same light step returned gaily homewards, and the same soft eye sparkled at the lines which the heart so faithfully recorded. I said every morning, but there was one in each week which brought no letter—and on Monday, Mary's step was listless, and her spirit dejected—on that day she felt as if there was nothing to live for,

She did not strive to struggle with her love. She read over every word of the few books he had left her, and she walked every day over the same ground which had seemed fairy-land when with him; and she always passed by the house where he had lodged, that she might look up to the window where he was wont to sit. Rupert found that landed property, where farmers are not left to settle their own leases, and stewards to provide for their little families, is not altogether a sinecure. He had lived abroad like a prince,

and his estate had not been the better for his absence. He inquired into the exact profits of his property; renewed old leases on new terms; discharged his bailiff; shut up the roads in his park, which had seemed to all the neighbourhood a more desirable way than the turnpike conveniences; let off ten poachers, and warned off ten gentlemen; and, as the natural and obvious consequences of these acts of economy and inspection, he became the most unpopular man in the county.

One day Rupert had been surveying some timber intended for the *axe*; the weather was truly English, and changed suddenly from heat into rain. A change of clothes was quite out of Rupert's ordinary habits, and a fever of a severe nature, which ended in delirium, was the result. For some weeks he was at the verge of the grave. The devil and the doctor do not always agree, for the moral saith that there is no friendship among the wicked. In this case, the doctor was ultimately victorious, and his patient recovered. "Give me the fresh air," said Rupert, directly he was able to resume his power of commanding, "and bring me whatever letters came during my illness." From the pile of spoilt paper from fashionable friends, country cousins, county magistrates, and tradesmen who take the liberty to remind you of the trifle which has escaped your recollection—from this olio of precious conceits Rupert drew a letter from the Irish officer's lady, who, it will be remembered, first allured Rupert to Mary's village, acquainting him that she had been reported by some good-natured friend to her husband, immediately upon his return from Ireland. Unhappily, the man loved his wife, valued his honour, and was of that unfashionable temperament which never forgives an injury. He had sent his Achates twice during Rupert's illness to De Lindsay Castle, and was so enraged at the idea of his injurer's departing this life by any other means than his bullet, that he was supposed in consequence to be a little touched in the head. He was observed to walk by himself, sometimes bursting into tears, sometimes muttering deep oaths of vengeance; he shunned all society, and sate for hours gazing vacantly on a pistol placed before him. All these agreeable circumstances did the unhappy fair one (who picked up her information second hand, for she was an alien from the conjugal bed and board) detail to Rupert with very considerable pathos.

"Now then, for Mary's letters," said the invalid; "no red-hot Irishman there, I trust;" and Rupert took up a large heap, which he had selected from the rest as a child picks the plumbs out of his pudding by way of a regale at the last. At the perusal of the first three or four letters he smiled with pleasure; presently his lips grew more compressed, and a dark cloud settled on his brow. He took up another—he read a few lines—started from his sofa. "What ho, there!—my carriage-and-four directly!—lose not a moment!—Do you hear me?—Too ill, do you say!—never so well in my life!—Not another word, or—My carriage, I say, instantly!—Put in my

swiftest horses! I must be at T—— to-night before five o'clock!" and the order was obeyed.

To return to Mary. The letters which had blest her through the livelong days suddenly ceased. What could be the reason?—was he faithless—forgetful—ill? Alas! whatever might be the cause, it was almost equally ominous to her. "Are you sure there are none!" she said, every morning, when she inquired at the office, from which she once used to depart so gaily; and the tone of that voice was so mournful, that the gruff postman paused to look again, before he shut the lattice and extinguished the last hope. Her appetite and colour daily decreased; shut up in her humble and fireless chamber, she passed whole hours in tears, in reading and repeating, again and again, every syllable of the letters she already possessed, or in pouring forth in letters to him all the love and bitterness of her soul. "He *must* be ill," she said at last; "he never else could have been so cruel!" and she could bear the idea no longer. "I will go to him—I will sooth and attend him—who can love him, who can watch over him like me!" and the kindness of her nature overcame its modesty, and she made her small bundle, and stole early one morning from the house. "If he should despise me," she thought, and she was almost about to return, when the stern voice of her brother came upon her ear. He had for several days watched the alteration in her habits and manners, and endeavoured to guess at the cause. He went into her room, discovered a letter in her desk which she had just written to Rupert, and which spoke of her design. He watched, discovered, and saved her. There was no mercy or gentleness in the bosom of Mr. James Warner. He carried her home; reviled her in the coarsest and most taunting language; acquainted her father; and after seeing her debarred from all access to correspondence or escape, after exulting over her unupbraiding and heart-broken shame and despair, and swearing that it was vastly theatrical, Mr. James Warner mounted his yellow Stanhope, and went his way to the Fives Court. But these were trifling misfortunes compared with those which awaited this unfortunate girl.

There lived in the village of T—— one Zacharias Johnson, a godly man and rich, moreover a saint of the same chapter as Ebenezer Ephraim Warner; his voice was the most nasal, his holding forth the most unctuous, his aspect the most sinister, and his vestments the most threadbare of the whole of that sacred tribe. To the eyes of this man there was something comely in the person of Mary Warner: he liked her beauty, for he was a sensualist; her gentleness, for he was a coward; and her money, for he was a merchant. He proposed both to the father and to the son; the daughter he looked upon as a concluding blessing sure to follow the precious assent of the two relations. To the father he spoke of godliness and scrip—of the delightfulness of living in unity, and the receipts of his flourishing country-house; to the son he spoke

the language of kindness and the world—he knew that young men had expenses—he should feel too happy to furnish Mr. James with something for his innocent amusements, if he might hope for his (Mr. James') influence over his worthy father: the sum was specified and the consent was sold. Among those domestic phenomena, which the inquirer seldom takes the trouble to solve, is the magical power possessed by a junior branch of the family over the main tree, in spite of the contrary and perverse direction taken by the aforesaid branch. James had acquired and exercised a most undue authority over the paternal patriarch, although in the habits and sentiments of each there was not one single trait in common between them. But James possessed a vigorous and unshackled, his father a weak and priest-ridden, mind. In domestic life, it is the mind which is the master.

Mr. Zacharias Johnson had once or twice, even before Mary's acquaintance with Rupert, urged his suit to Ebenezer; but as the least hint of such a circumstance to Mary seemed to occasion her a pang which went to the really kind heart of the old man, and as he was fond of her society and had no wish to lose it, and as above all, Mr. James had not yet held those conferences with Zacharias, which ended in the alliance of their interests—the proposal seemed to Mr. Warner like a law-suit to the Lord Chancellor, something rather to be talked about than to be decided. Unfortunately, about the very same time in which Mary's proposed escape had drawn upon her the paternal indignation, Zacharias had made a convert of the son; James took advantage of his opportunity, worked upon his father's anger, grief, mercantile love of lucre, and saint-like affection to sect, and obtained from Ebenezer a promise to enforce the marriage—backed up his recoiling scruples, preserved his courage through the scenes with his weeping and wretched daughter, and, in spite of every lingering sentiment of tenderness and pity, saw the very day fixed which was to leave his sister helpless forever.

It is painful to go through that series of inhuman persecutions, so common in domestic records; that system, which, like all grounded upon injustice, is as foolish as tyrannical, and which always ends in misery, as it begins in oppression. Mary was too gentle to resist; her prayers became stilled; her tears ceased to flow; she sat alone in her "helpless, hopeless brokenness of heart," in that deep despair which, like the incubus of an evil dream, weighs upon the bosom, a burden and a torture from which there is no escape nor relief. She managed at last, within three days of that fixed for her union to write to Rupert, and get her letter conveyed to the post.

"Save me," it said in conclusion—"I ask not by what means, I care not for what end—save me, I implore you, my guardian angel. I shall not trouble you long—I write to you no romantic appeal:—God knows that I have little thought for romance, but I feel that I shall soon die, only let me die unseparated from you—you who first

taught me to live, be near me, teach me to die, take away from me the bitterness of death. Of all the terrors of the fate to which they compel me, nothing appears so dreadful as the idea that I may then no longer think of you and love you. My hand is so cold that I can scarcely hold my pen, but my head is on fire. I think I could go mad, if I would—but I will not, for then you could no longer love me. I hear my father's step—oh, Rupert!—on Friday next—remember—save me, save me!"

But the day, the fatal Friday arrived, and Rupert came not. They arrayed her in the bridal garb, and her father came up stairs to summon her to the room, in which the few guests invited were already assembled. He kissed her cheek; it was so deathly pale, that his heart smote him, and he spoke to her in the language of other days. She turned towards him, her lips moved, but she spoke not. "My child, my child!" said the old man, "have you not one word for your father?"—"Is it too late?" she said; "can you not preserve me yet?"—there was relenting in the father's eye, but at that moment James stood before them. His keen mind saw the danger; he frowned at his father—the opportunity was past. "God forgive you!" said Mary; and cold, and trembling, and scarcely alive, she descended to the small and dark room, which was nevertheless the state chamber of the house. At a small table of black mahogany, prim and stately, starched and whaleboned within and without, withered and fossilized at heart by the bigotry, and selfishness, and ice of sixty years, sat two maiden saints: they came forward, kissed the unshrinking cheek of the bride, and then, with one word of blessing, returned to their former seats, and resumed their former posture. There was so little appearance of life in the persons caressing and caressed, that you would have started as if at something ghastly and supernatural—as if you had witnessed the salute of the grave. The bridegroom sat at one corner of the dim fireplace, arrayed in a more gaudy attire than was usual with the sect, and which gave a grotesque and unnatural gaiety to his lengthy figure and solemn aspect. As the bride entered the room, there was a faint smirk on his lip, and a twinkle in his half-shut and crossing eyes, and a hasty shuffle in his unwieldy limbs, as he slowly rose, pulled down his yellow waistcoat, made a stately genuflexion, and regained his seat. Opposite to him sat a little lank-haired boy, about twelve years old, mumbling a piece of cake, and looking with a subdued and spiritless glance over the whole group, till at length his attention riveted on a large dull-coloured cat sleeping on the hearth, and whom he durst not awaken even by a murmured ejaculation of "Puss!"

On the window-seat at the farther end of the room, there sat, with folded arms and abstracted air, a tall military-looking figure, apparently about forty. He rose, bowed low to Mary, gazed at her for some moments with a look of deep interest, sighed, muttered something to himself, and remained motionless, with eyes fixed upon

the ground, and leaning against the dark wainscoat. This was Monkton, the husband of the woman who had allured Rupert to T——, and from whom he had heard so threatening an account of her liege lord. Monkton had long known Zacharias, and, always inclined to a serious turn of mind, he had lately endeavoured to derive consolation from the doctrines of that enthusiast. On hearing from Zacharias, for the saint had no false notions of delicacy, that he was going to bring into the pale of matrimony a lamb which had almost fallen a prey to the same wolf that had invaded his own fold, Monkton expressed so warm an interest and so earnest a desire to see the reclaimed one, that Zacharias had invited him to partake of the bridal cheer.

Such was the conclave—and never was a wedding-party more ominous in its appearance. “We will have,” said the father, and his voice trembled, “one drop of spiritual comfort before we repair to the House of God. James reach me the holy book!” The Bible was brought, and all, as by mechanical impulse, sank upon their knees. The old man read with deep feeling some portions of the Scriptures calculated for the day; there was a hushed and heartfelt silence; he rose—he began an extemporaneous and fervent discourse. How earnest and breathless was the attention of his listeners, the very boy knelt with open mouth and thirsting ear. “Oh beneficent Father,” he said, as he drew near to his conclusion, “we do indeed bow before thee with humbled and smitten hearts. The evil spirit hath been amongst us, and one who was the pride, and the joy, and the delight of our eyes, hath forgotten thee for a while; but shall she not return unto thee, and shall we not be happy once more? Oh, melt away the hardness of that bosom which rejects thee and thy chosen for strange idols, and let the waters of thy grace flow from the softened rock. And now, oh Father, let thy mercy and healing hand be upon this thy servant, (and the old man looked to Monkton,) upon whom the same blight hath fallen, and whose peace the same serpent hath destroyed.” Here Monkton’s sobs were audible. “Give unto him the comforts of thy holy spirit; wean him from the sins and the worldly affections of his earlier days, and both unto him and her who is now about to enter upon a new career of duty, vouchsafe that peace which no vanity of earth can take away. From evil let good arise; and though the voice of gladness be mute, and though the sounds of bridal rejoicing are not heard within our walls, yet grant that this day may be the beginning of a new life, devoted unto happiness, to virtue, and to thee!” There was a long pause—they rose, even the old women were affected. Monkton returned to the window, and throwing it open leant forward as for breath. Mary resumed her seat, and there she sat motionless and speechless. Alas! her very heart seemed to have stilled its beating. At length James said, (and his voice, though it was softened almost to a whisper, broke upon that deep silence as an unlooked-for and unnatural interruption,) “I think, father, it must be

time to go, and the carriages must be surely coming, and here they are—no, that sounds like four horses.” And at that very moment the rapid trampling of hoofs, and the hurried rattling of wheels were heard—the sounds ceased at the gate of the house. The whole party, even Mary, rose and looked at each other—a slight noise was heard in the hall—a swift step upon the stairs—the door was flung open, and, so wan and emaciated that he would scarcely have been known but by the eyes of affection, Rupert de Lindsay burst into the room. “Thank God,” he cried, “I am not too late!” and, in mingled fondness and defiance, he threw his arms round the slender form which clung to him all wild and tremblingly. He looked round. “Old man,” he said, “I have done you wrong, I will repay it, give me your daughter as my wife. What are the claims of her intended husband to mine? Is he rich?—my riches treble his! Does he love her?—I swear that I love her more! Does she love him? look, old man, is this cheek, whose roses you have marred, this pining and wasted form, which shrinks now at the very mention of his name, tokens of her love? Does she love me? You her father, you her brother, you her lover—ay, all, every one amongst you know that she does, and may Heaven forsake me if I do not deserve her love!—give her to me as my wife—she is mine already in the sight of God. Do not divorce us—we both implore you upon our knees.” “Avaunt, blasphemer!” cried Zacharias—“Begone!” said the father—The old ladies looked at him as if they were going to treat him as Cleopatra did the pearl, and dissolve him in vinegar. “Wretch!” muttered in a deep and subdued tone, the enraged and agitated Monkton, who, the moment Rupert entered the room, had guessed who he was, and stood frowning by the sideboard, and handling, as if involuntarily, the knife which had cut the boy’s cake, and been left accidentally there. And the stern brother coming towards him, attempted to tear the clinging and almost lifeless Mary from his arms.

“Nay, is it so?” said Rupert, and with an effort almost supernatural for one who had so lately recovered from an illness so severe, he dashed the brother to the ground, caught Mary in one arm, pushed Zacharias against the old lady with the other, and fled down stairs, with a light step and a lighter heart. “Follow him, follow him!” cried the father in his agony, “save my daughter, why will ye not save her?” and he wrung his hands but stirred not, for his grief had the stillness of despair. “I will save her,” said Monkton, and still grasping the knife, of which, indeed, he had not once left hold, he darted after Rupert. He came up to the object of his pursuit just as the latter had placed Mary (who was in a deep swoon) within his carriage, and had himself set his foot on the step. Rupert was singing with a reckless daring natural to his character, “She is won, we are gone over brake, bush, and scaur,” when Monkton laid his hand upon his shoulder; “Your name is De Lindsay, I think,” said the former—“At your service,” answered

Rupert gaily, and endeavouring to free himself from the unceremonious grasp; "This, then, at your heart!" cried Monkton, and he plunged his knife twice into the bosom of the adulterer. Rupert staggered and fell. Monkton stood over him with a brightening eye, and brandishing the blade which reeked with the best blood of his betrayer, "Look at me!" he shouted, "I am Henry Monkton!—do you know me now?"—"Oh, God!" murmured the dying man, "it is just, it is just!" and he writhed for one moment on the earth, and was still for ever!

Mary recovered from her swoon to see the weltering body of her lover before her, to be dragged by her brother over the very corpse into her former prison, and to relapse with one low and inward shriek into insensibility. For two days she recovered from one fit only to fall into another—on the evening of the third, the wicked had ceased to trouble, and the weary was at rest!

It is not my object to trace the lives of the remaining actors in this drama of real life—to

follow the broken-hearted father to his grave—to see the last days of the brother consume amid the wretchedness of a jail, or to witness, upon the plea of insanity, the acquittal of Henry Monkton—these have but little to do with the thread and catastrophe of my story. There was no romance in the burial of the lovers—death did unite those who in life had been asunder. In the small churchyard of her native place, covered by one simple stone, whose simpler inscription is still fresh, while the daily passions and events of the world have left memory but little trace of the departed, the tale of her sorrows unknown, and the beauty of her life unrecorded, sleeps Mary Warner.

And they opened for Rupert de Lindsay the mouldering vaults of his knightly fathers; and amid the banners of old triumphs and the escutcheons of heraldic vanity, they laid him in his palled and gorgeous coffin!

I attempt not to extract a moral from his life. His existence was the chase of a flying shadow, that rested not till it slept in gloom and for ever upon his grave!



DANCING.

The fourth position is formed by moving the foot about its own length forward from the third position, directing the heel outward, and turning back the toe during the progress of the foot (Fig. 6,) it may also be slightly raised, and should be so placed as to be exactly opposite to the centre of the left foot, which, in this, as well as in all the preceding positions, and also in the next, is to retain its primitive situation.

The fifth position is formed by drawing the right foot back from the fourth position, so that the heel is brought close to the toes of the left foot, the feet being completely crossed (Fig. 7.) The right heel, in this position, is gradually brought to the ground as it approaches the left foot as in drawing the left foot from the second to the third.

Battemens en avant are performed by raising the right leg from the third position into the fourth in front, as high as the knee, with a quick jerk; keeping the knee straight and the toes well pointed—the heel maintaining the same position as if on the ground; and letting the leg fall back

into the fifth position in front. The left leg, during this exercise, remains steady, the knee straight, with the whole weight of the body upon it, so that the right leg may act with perfect ease and freedom, (Fig. 8.)

Bending the knees outward and rather backward, without raising the heels, and still keeping the body perfectly erect, is an exercise which should be performed in all the positions; it will impart flexibility to the instep, and tend to improve the balance. The pupil in her early essays in this exercise, should support herself, alternately with each hand, against some fixed object. She must by no means attempt to raise herself by swinging one arm in the air; it should rather be occupied in holding out the dress, in the manner previously directed. The knees should be only slightly bent at first; and the difficulties of the exercise may be overcome by degrees, until she can perform it perfectly well without any support, or decomposing the proper position of her body and arms.

It has been very judiciously remarked, by a

cotemporary writer on this subject, that the pupils of a great *artiste* will display his merit in the graceful movement of the figure, as much as in the neat execution of the steps.

The body should never be suffered to sink into idle attitudes: as rounding the back, forcing the shoulders up to the ears, projecting the back part of the waist, or stooping forward; such careless habits, if long permitted, eventually produce local deformities. Affectation of primness is as much to be avoided as indolence; the admirable union of ease and grace, which constitutes elegance of deportment, can never be obtained by

those who indulge in either of these faults. The body should always be kept in an easy and unaffected erect position, except in the execution of certain steps which require the bust to be thrown a little forward; but, even in these cases, care must be taken that the body does not lose its perfect balance. The chest should be advanced, the waist retiring, and the shoulders depressed: by these means, the bust will be naturally and elegantly developed: and the shoulders, by being brought to range evenly with the back, appear of their proper breadth, and form a graceful contrast to the waist.

THE SPECTRE WARRIORS.

In 1629 the garrison at Gloucester, Massachusetts, was alarmed by the appearance of several Indian warriors, some of whom advanced even to the walls of the garrison. They were repeatedly fired upon at the distance of a few yards, by the best marksmen; and though the shot seemed always to take effect, and the strange Indians fell as if mortally wounded, they always passed off, in the end, unharmed. These invulnerable visitants continued for the space of three weeks to alarm and distress the garrison.

Away to your arms! for the foemen are here—
The yell of the red man is loud on the ear!
On—to the garrison—soldiers away—
The moccasin's track shall be bloody to-day."

The fortress is reached—they have taken their stand:
With war-knife in girdle, and rifle in hand—
Their wives are behind them—the savage before—
Will the puritan fall at his hearth-stone and door?

Here!—look!—they are coming! not cautious and slow,
In the serpent-like mood of the blood-seeking foe—
Nor stealing in shadow nor hiding in grass,
But tall, and uprightly, and sternly they pass.

"Be ready!"—the watch-word has passed on the wall,
The maidens have shrunk in the innermost hall—
Their rifles are levelled—each head is bowed low—
Each eye fixes steady—God pity the foe!

They close are at hand!—Ha! the red flash is broke
From the garrisoned wall thro' a curtain of smoke;
There's a yell from the dying that aiming was true;
The red man no more shall his hunting pursue!

Look!—look to the earth, as the smoke rolls away,
Do the dying and dead on the green herbage lay?
What mean those wild glances!—no slaughter is there;
The red man is gone like the mist on the air!

Unharmed, as the bodiless air, he is gone,
From the war-knife's keen edge and the rangers' long gun;
And the puritan warrior has turned him away,
From the weapons of war—and is kneeling to pray:

He fears that the Evil and Dark One is near,
On an errand of wrath with his phantoms of fear,
And he knows that the aim of his rifle is vain—
That the spectre of Evil may never be slain!

He knows that the Pawwah has cunning and skill,
To call up the Spirit of Darkness at will—
To waken the dead in the wilderness graves,
And summon the Demons of forest and waves.

As he layeth the weapons of battle aside,
And forgetteth the strength of his natural pride,
And he kneels with the priest by his garrison'd door,
That the Spirits of Evil may haunt him no more.

LOVE UNCHANGEABLE.

BY DAWES.

"Yes! still I love thee—Time who sets
His signet on my brow,
And dims my sunken eye, forgets
The heart he could not bow;—
Where love, that cannot perish, grows
For one, alas! that little knows
How love may sometimes last;
Like sunshine wasting in the skies,
When clouds are overcast.

"The dew-drop hanging o'er the rose,
Within its robe of light,
Can never touch a leaf that blows,
Though seeming, to the sight;
And yet it still will linger there,
Like hopeless love without despair,—
A snow-drop in the sun!
A moment finely exquisite,
Alas! but only one.

"I would not have thy married heart,
Think momentarily of me,—
Nor would I tear the cords apart,
That bind me so to thee;
No! while my thoughts seem pure and mild,
Like dew upon the roses wild,
I would not have thee know,
The stream that seems to thee so still,
Has such a tide below!

"Enough! that in delicious dreams
I see thee and forget—
Enough, that when the morning beams,
I feel my eyelids wet!
Yet, could I hope, when Time shall fall
The darkness for creation's pall,
To meet thee—and to love,—
I would not shrink from aught below,
Nor ask for more above."

WITHERED ROSE.

BY MISS BROWNE.

I saw at eve a withered rose—
The sun's warm ray had curl'd it;
Its powerless leaves it could not close,
And dewy tears imperi'd it.
I saw a moon-beam gently rest—
The withered flower it lighten'd;
And though it could not try its breast,
Those crystal drops it brightened.

I looked again—that moon-beam fair
Had gilded o'er its weeping,
And that sweet flowret calmly there
Beneath its rays was sleeping.
So, when misfortune's night blast sears,
Fair friendship's smile we borrow,
'And though it cannot dry our tears,
'Twill chase the gloom of sorrow.

THE CAPTIVE KNIGHT—A BALLAD;

THE WORDS BY MRS. BEGONS;

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY HER SISTER.



'Twas a trumpet's pealing sound! And the knight look'd down from the



Paynim's tow'r, And a Christian host, in its pride and pow'r, Thro' the pass



beneath him wound. Cease awhile clarion! clarion wild and shrill!



Cease! let them hear the captive's voice, be still, be still!

SECOND
VERSE.



I knew 'twas a trumpet's note! And I



see my brethren's lances gleam, And their pennons wave by the




mountain stream, And their plumes to the glad wind float. Cease awhile, &c.


THIRD
VERSE.



I am here with my heavy chain! And I



look on a - tor - rent sweeping by, And an ea - gle rushing



to the sky, And a host to its bat - tle plain. Cease awhile, &c.

**FOURTH
VERSE.**



Must I pine in my fetters here? With the wild




wave's foam, and the free bird's flight, And the tall spears glancing on my




sight, And the trumpet in my ear? Cease awhile, &c.

Andante espressivo.

**FIFTH
VERSE.**



They are gone! they have all pass'd by! They in whose



wars I had borne my part; They that I lov'd with a bro - ther's heart,



They have left me here to die! Sound again, clarion! clarion pour thy



blast! Sound! for the captive's dream of hope - - - is - - - past!

For the *Lady's Book*.

MORNING.

—“Quand l'Aurore, avec ses doigts de roses :
entr'ouvrait les portes d'or de l'Orient, et que le cheval
du soleil sortant de l'onde amère repandoit des flammes du
jour, pour chasser devant eux toutes les étoiles du ciel.”

Telemaque.

Come, with fresh thoughts, to greet the orient heaven,
Ye! that in dull and leaden slumbers lie;
While glorious smiles on sea and land are given,
Pour'd from their fountain in the boundless sky;
While light and song through the blue air are gushing,
And Nature's subtle harps their anthems play;
While mantling clouds in rosy hues are flushing,
Come! drink the beauty of the early day!

Ye, whose sad hearts some lovely vigil keeping,
Through the night-watches, are by care oppress'd,
Come, mark the mists, like mural turrets sleeping,
Bright and gold tinted, o'er the mountain's breast,
Where viewless winds on their rich journeys wending,
Bear their pure burthens thro' the open sky;
Sweet sounds and accents in soothing cadence blending,
While green fields brightening in contentment lie.

Ye, whose tumultuous thoughts, like storms descending,
Weigh down the spirit in a weary thrall,
Come, where the sun-beams, life and joyance lending,
On hill and vale, in floods of glory fall;—
Where bright-winged birds in rapturous glee are dancing,
'Midst their own music, on the south wind's sigh;
To glossy leaves and founts in radiance glancing,
Come forth, thou slumberer! with observant eye.

So shall the language of the summer flower,
And the glad hymns of Nature's temple be
Fraught with a holy and pervading power,
And redolent with peaceful hopes for thee;
High soaring dreams will to thy soul be given,
Like stars that in the unpillar'd air are born,
Till the dull fetters of thy cares are riven,
And the heart revels in the smile of Morn!

Brandywine Springs, August, 1830.

W. G. C.

From the *American Monthly Magazine*.

THE OHIO.

The moon-light sleeps upon thy shores,
Fair river of the west!
And the soft sound of dipping oars
Just breaks thy evening rest.
Full many a bank its silver path
Is tracing o'er thy tide;
And liet! the sound of song and laugh
Floats onward where they glide.
They're from light hearts, those sounds so gay,
Whose home and hopes are here,
But one, whose home is far away,
Their music fails to cheer.

The woods of Indiana frown
Along the distant shore,
And send their deep black shadows down
Upon the glassy floor;
Many a tree is blooming there—
Wild-flowers o'erspread the ground,
And thousand vines of foliage rare
The trunks are wreath'd around.
But though the summer robe is gay
On every hill and tree,
The gray woods rising far away,
Are fairer still to me.

Yon cloudless moon to-night looks down
Upon no lovelier sight,
Than the river winding proudly on—
Yet beautiful, in night;
Onward still to the mighty west
Where the prairie wastes unfold,
Where the Indian chieftain went to rest
As his last war-signal rolled.
No—never arched the blue skies o'er
A wave more fair and free—
But the stream around my mother's door
Is dearer far to me.

L. P. S.

Louisville, Ky.

THE GATHERER.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."

Shakspeare.

A celebrated French improvisatore, M. Eugene de Prodel, is now exhibiting his wonderful talents at Brussels, and has just produced his *two hundred and ninth* extemporaneous tragedy.

Lavater, in his physiognomy, says, that Lord Anson, from his countenance, must have been a very wise man. Walpole says he was one of the most stupid men he ever knew.

In the Irish bank bill, passed in June, 1808, there is a clause providing—that the profits shall be *equally* divided, and that the *residue* shall go to the governor.

A gentleman, says a late London paper, walking past Westminster bridge, inquired how the bridge answered. The reply was ready and witty—"If you'll step to the gate you'll be *toll'd*."

When thou art tempted to throw a stone, in anger, try if thou canst pick it up without *beating* thy body; if not stop thy hand.

Be not the fourth friend of him, who had three before and lost them.

Evils in the journey of life, are like the hills which alarm travellers upon their road; they both appear great at a distance, but when we approach them we find that they are far less insurmountable than we had imagined.

Beware of a *third* cup of tea, if you do not wish to drink—*clear water*. For the same reason avoid being late to tea; for whether you drink one cup or many—water will be your portion.

Love is the fever of the soul; passion is the delirium of that fever.

How easy, and artless, and beautiful, are all the motions of a child. Every thing that he does is graceful. All his little ways are endearing; and they are the arms which nature has given him for his protection, because they make every body feel an attachment for him.—*Sir Thomas Monro, in his Life and Correspondence.*

True politeness consists of an exquisite observance of the feelings of others, and an invariable respect for those feelings. By this definition it claims alliance with benevolence, and may often be found as genuine in the cottage as in the court.

There are people whom we love when they are absent from us, but who, when present, cause us to feel a repugnance towards them which engenders a temporary dislike, and, consequently an unjust appreciation of their character.

The first degree of proficiency is, in painting, what grammar is in literature, a general preparation for whatever species of the art the student may afterwards choose for his more particular application. The power of drawing, modelling, and using colours, is very properly called the language of the art.

Physiognomy, is a true science. The man of profound thought, the man of active ability, and above all, the man of genius, has his character stamped on his countenance by nature; the man of violent passions, and the voluptuary, have it stamped by habit.—But the science has its limits; it has no stamp for mere cruelty.

There are two ways of putting down and quieting opposition—the law of kindness and the law of force. The law of force is resorted to by despots and tyrants—the law of kindness, with an amendment of all evils causing complaint and opposition, is that which is always employed by the virtuous and the good.

The following striking instance of superstition in the late Emperor of France, is mentioned in a work recently published by his valet de chambre: “During one of his campaigns in Italy he broke the glass over Josephine’s portrait; he never rested till the return of the courier he forthwith dispatched to assure himself of her safety, so strong was the impression of her death upon his mind.”

Women should not confine their attention to dress to their public appearance. They should accustom themselves to an habitual neatness, in their most unguarded hours, that they may have no reason to be ashamed of their appearance. An elegant simplicity is an equal proof of taste and delicacy.

Lloyd, in his *State Worthies*, speaking of the hero of Agincourt, Henry V., says, “that he had a virtue of Cæsar in him that Alexander the Great wanted, and that was sobriety, he would not be overtaken in drink; and a virtue of Alexander that Cæsar wanted, and that was, he despised flatterers, and abominated liars.”

Who can explain the operation of that sentiment which creates around the one object of our love a halo of life and beauty, which extends to all animate and inanimate nature; and of that other sentiment which, when we cease to love, strips the object of our late passion of all its adventitious charms, and reduces it to the ordinary level?

When the inhabitants of Ilium sent ambassadors to Tiberius to condole the death of his father Augustus, a long time after he was dead, the Emperor considering the unreasonableness of it, requited them accordingly, saying:—“And I also am sorry for your heaviness, having lost so valiant a knight as *Hector*, who was slain about a thousand years before.”

Love is a fascination with some one striking excellence or indescribable grace, that supplies all other deficiencies, and fills the whole soul with a certain rapture. Hence the desire we have to find our passion unequivocally returned; for, as from its very nature, every thing connected with the beloved object is steeped in a sense of delight, and her every thought and feeling is supposed to be of the most exquisite kind, to be well thought of by her is necessarily to occupy the highest place in our own esteem: to be excluded from her favour and countenance, is to be turned out of Paradise.—*Old Mon. Mag.*

If you ask me to point out one tree more graceful than all others, I would point you the Weeping Willow. Its long silk-like boughs droop not less pensively than the eye-lids of some sleeping beauty. And when the air stirs them, what a delicious motion waves among them—where is the painter, who can impart that motion to his canvass. Where the poet, whose strains have such music in them, as that which lives in the Weeping Willow? Where throughout all the works of nature, is any object more beautiful than this!

When the whole French army had been ordered to leave off powder, and cut off their queues, many murmured, but all obeyed, excepting one old grenadier belonging to Junot’s brigade, who vowed no force should take from him his beloved queue, unless the General cut the first hair. On this reaching Junot’s ears, he swore that should be no hindrance; the man was sent for, Junot took up the scissors, and began clipping; and, dismissed him with a twenty-franc piece, the veteran went contentedly to be trimmed by the barber.—*Memoires de Constant.*

How fearful is the very life which we hold! We have our being beneath a cloud, and are a marvel even to ourselves. There is not a single thought which has its affixed limits. Like circles in the water, our researches weaken as they extend, and vanish at last into the immeasurable and unfathomable space of the vast unknown. We are like children in the dark; we tremble in a shadowy and terrible void, peopled with our fancies! Life is our real night, and the first gleam of the morning, which brings certainty, is death.—*Bulwer.*

In the experience of every man it is abundantly evident, that, so long as his passions and appetites are unsubsided, they keep the mind in continual agitation. The appetites are syrens, which sing only to deceive; and charm only to destroy; he who listens to them, is certain of being shipwrecked in the end. The passions are

equally dangerous, equally fatal by their violence; and toss the soul with tempestuous fury on billows which never rest, without a pilot, without a compass, without a helm; no hope of safety remains for the unhappy voyager, but in the hushing of the storm, and the subsidence of the tumultuous ocean.—*Dr. Wight.*

THE PRINCIPALITY OF WALES.—Wales, or Cimru, was originally divided into six principalities, governed by as many chieftains, or reguli; but at a subsequent period these provinces were contracted into the three sovereignties of North Wales, South Wales, and West Wales, or Powis land. This latter division was effected in the ninth century by Rodio Mawr, or Roderick the Great, in favour of his sons, Mearawd, Cadell, and Mervyn. Each of these sovereigns possessed a distinct and absolute authority within his own dominions; but, according to the spirit and custom of gavelkind—"that fatal source from which the Welch tasted so copiously of the waters of bitterness"—a pre-eminency over the other princes was established in the Kings of North Wales, who were invested with the nominal title of Brenhin Cymru Oll, or King of all Wales.

MANY people talk a great deal of equality. But while they would be glad to have those above them levelled down, they would not for the world have those below them levelled up.

A life of duty is the only cheerful life;—for all joy springs from the affections; and 'tis the great law of Nature, that without good deeds, all good affection dies, and the heart becomes utterly desolate. The external world then loses all its beauty; poetry fades away from the earth; for what is poetry, but the reflection of all pure and sweet, all high and holy thoughts? But where duty is—

"Flowers laugh beneath her in their beds,
And fragrance in her footing treads:—
She doth preserve the stars from wrong,
And the eternal heavens, through her, are fresh and strong."

For the Lady's Book.

ENIGMA.

The evening I usher, tho' banished from morn;
In the heart of the rosebud, I fear not its thorn,
My dwelling is Heaven, yet I've ne'er seen a star,
I'm always in peace, since I ne'er go to war.
From the day of my birth, I've traced history's page;
I've been twice in my teens, tho' but once been of age.
Tho' view'd in gulphs or in bays most profound,
I dwell in the Ocean and strengthen its sound.
To music untuned—yet no sound of the flute
Or tone of the trumpet would swell were I mute.
I'm always in love—yet from woman depart;
I'm always in tears, yet of gaiety a part.
Though the end of misfortune, I begin endless grief,
And epicures say I'm the essence of beef.
I am traced in the forest, yet fly from the wood,
And tho' true to virtue, am, alas! far from good.
Time is endless without me—Eternity too,
Says 'I cannot begin or go on without you.'
I dwell in the East, in the West I'm at home,
But from North and from South, far far do I roam.
I sport in the Summer, to the heat am inured,
In darkness am seen, but by daylight obscured.

Y. P.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.—The ladies of this country may justly put in their claims for distinction, in every path of literature, but particularly in poetry. It is considered among the elegant accomplishments of the age, and the great number who possess the talent prove that this is a land of pure ethereal fancy, and correct taste. Mrs. Sigourney, who was known as a poet in her maiden days, then Miss Huntley, has not with the cares of her family, as is often the case with female musicians, or poets, neglected her devotions to the muse; but has given the world other effusions since, marked with more strength and beauty than those which charmed all who read them, in her earlier days. There is a sweetness, a depth of feeling, a grasp of thought, united with the most perfect care and elegance in her writings, that shows she was intended to be conspicuous among gifted minds, and an ornament to the virtuous as well as the intellectual part of the community. From her residence of elegance and taste on the banks of the lovely Connecticut, she sends forth her minstrelsy, to guide the young and delight the old, and to improve all ages; may it be long before others shall supply her place; may the flowers of her arbours bloom, and her harp be in tune, until nature shall require that repose that philosophy contemplates with composure and religion with visions of hope and transport.—*Sketches of Public Characters.*

For the Lady's Book.

WINTER.

I come, I come, for the year is old;
The fields have doff'd their mantle of gold,
And tilting down from the shaking tree,
The blushing leaf falls whirlingly.

Droops to old Ocean the weary Sun,
E'er the last of his radiant course is run;
And the early shadows of ev'ning gray
Close the bright round of the shorten'd day.

I come, with my snow-flake, spotless white,
With my frosty chain for the waters bright,
With my pendants of diamond for bush and tree,
And the cricket chirping so cheerily.

I come with the shout of the festive throng,
With the merry tale and the Christmas song,
With the laugh of the young as the stocking pours
The torrent rich of its sugar'd stores.

I peep through the pane at the blazing hearth,
At the smile of age, and at childhood's mirth;
At the crowing babe, the applauding sire,
The steaming urn and the cheerful fire—

At the blushing maid and the happy swain,
Seated apart from the merry scene,
While soft as the coo of the amorous dove,
Their whispered breathings tell of love.

I come with my mantle of feathery snow,
And breathe on the chilly pane as I go,
Till ruined tower and icy tree
On the frosted window tell of me.

But the whole of my fairy work is done,
When from bright chariot, the blessed Sun
Casts his warm glances on rill and brae,
Till the gladsome waters burst away.

Then buds the young leaflet, the gay birds sing,
Earth dons her green mantle to welcome spring—
Young Zephyr on flowery sweets reposes,
And wild bees sport mid the new-born roses.

8.



St. Louis, Philadelphia



PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS
for October.

Nº 4 OF THE LADY'S BOOK

Published by L. A. Godey & Co. 112 Chestnut Street Philadelphia.

THE LADY'S BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS, FOR OCTOBER.

A frock of changeable *gros de zane*, the body plain behind and full in front, worn occasionally with a pelerine of the same; the frill of which is very deep and full at the shoulders, becoming gradually narrower and plainer as it descends to the belt. The skirt of this dress is made extremely wide, and is set on the body with five plaits only, one in front, one on each side, and two behind: these plaits are, of course, very large. The bottom of the skirt is finished with a thick cord sewed into the hem. The sleeves are very wide till they reach the elbow, and fit tightly to the lower part of the arm. The ruffle round the neck and hands is of plain bobbinet quilling.

Bonnet of Dunstable straw, trimmed with a band, and strings of broad pink satin ribbon.

Large scarlet shawl of embroidered Canton crape.

From La Belle Assemblée.

LONDON FASHIONS, FOR AUGUST.

EVENING DRESS.—A gown composed of *gros de Indes*, the colour a new and beautiful shade between lilac and lavender. Corsage *uni*, nearly concealed by a *canexou en cœur* composed of white blond net, disposed *a mille plis*, and trimmed with a triple frill of the richest English blond lace, so arranged as to form a point in the centre at the bottom of the waist before and behind; it is set on narrow, and with little fulness at the bottom of the waist, but broader, and with more fulness towards the shoulder. The *canexou* is cut round the upper part, so as to come nearly, but not quite, to the throat, and the fulness is gathered into a row of blond letting-in-lace. Sleeve *a la Marie de Medicis*, with blond lace manchettes. Head-dress, a crape hat, trimmed on the inside of the brim with gauze ribbon; the crown is ornamented with *nœuds* of ribbon, disposed *en papillon*, with a bouquet of white roses placed in the centre. The fan is composed of white feathers; the sticks form a small mirror.

CARRIAGE DRESS.—A dress composed of black *gros de Naples*; the corsage cut rather high, is ornamented before and behind with a drapery of the same material let in horizontally. The folds of the drapery have rather more than the usual fulness; the sleeve is extremely wide from the shoulder to a little below the elbow; and it sits close to the arm from thence to the wrist. Chemisette of white tulle, finished at the throat with a double *ruche* of the same material. White crape hat, ornamented on the left of the inside of the brim with a single *coque* of white gauze ribbon; a full *nœud* is placed close to the

edge on the right side. A very large bouquet of white crape flowers, divided in the centre by a *nœud* of ribbon, ornaments the front of the crown. The brides hang loose. The pelerine is composed of India jaconet muslin. It is of three falls; the two first a moderate size; the third very large, and with ends which fall to the knee; it fastens at the throat with a bow of white ribbon. Bottines of crinoline, the upper part grey, the lower black. Grey kid gloves.

MORNING DRESS.—A redingote of *batiste laine*, striped in broad grey and white stripes. Corsage tight behind, and disposed in front in longitudinal folds. The shawl part is square, larger than usual, and made quite up to the neck behind. The width of the sleeve is excessive, and it is the same size from the shoulder to the cuff, which is rather deep. The stripes in the sleeve are placed horizontally. Cambric chemisette, with a collar standing up round the throat, which, as well as the bosom, is finished with a double frill. *Tablier a la bonne* of thin jaconet muslin, with a broad hem; the pockets are ornamented with *nœuds* of ribbon. White crape cap of a round shape; the caul is low; there are two borders so arranged as to form shells. A knot of ribbon, to correspond with the dress, is placed over the left temple, and two others are attached to the caul immediately behind the borders. The shoes are of black kid.

From the Gentleman's Magazine of Fashions, &c.

GENTLEMEN'S LONDON FASHIONS, FOR AUGUST.

A HALF-MOURNING MORNING DRESS.—The coat is of black Cashmere. It is made double-breasted, with full front and broad skirts at top, which run tapering towards the bottom: it has no flaps nor pockets on the outside of the coat, but the pockets are placed in the folds inside of the skirts. The sleeves are very small at the wrist, and run larger towards the top, and are plaited instead of being puckered. The lappels are broader at the top than a dress coat, and the step of the collar answers in proportion. The lappels at bottom are hollowed instead of being square, and the whole breast and collar are so made as to turn off at pleasure. The back is cut wide across the shoulders, and narrow at the waist; the hip buttons standing about three and a half inches asunder.

The waistcoat is of marseilla; a white ground, with large black spots, and bound with black galoon. It is made with a rolling collar, which turns back to the coat.

The trowsers are of white moleskin, and button up the front with a fly. They are made full about the hips, tight at the knee, and marking

out the legs, run tight at bottom, and are cut out on the instep to fit the boot.

Additional Novelties in Gentlemen's Dresses, &c.

For coats fine black cloth seems to be the only article, with the exception of a few cashmeres, and are made without velvet collars and facings, both for morning and evening.

The colours most in favour for coats and surtouts continue the same as last month. There are, however, some cloths of mixed colours employed, but they are rarely adopted by stylish men. Granite and a shade of bottle-green, so dark as to be nearly black, are the colours most in favour for surtouts—these last have always a black velvet collar.

Two new colours have recently appeared for coats, the one called *Sable d'Alger*, and the other *Lion d'Afrique*. This last shade, which is not so dark as that called *Flamme d'enfer*, borders upon fawn colour. These colours will be adopted after the mourning.

Surtouts have taken a new form, and of course a new name, that of Cassaubas, they are made without a collar, a simple roleau supplies its place; but to give a just idea of it, we must inform our readers, that if they take a *redingote a chale*, which, as they know, is made without a seam, roll the shawl part on the inside, and then sew it, they will form the roleau of which we speak.

Robes de Chambre are made of printed Cache-

mire, which represents numerous boa serpents turned together, with their heads united under the collar. Serpents of the same kind have their heads turned to the bottom, as if to serve for a border. They are at a little distance from each other, and their tails cross.

It is quite as indispensable for a dandy to be seen in the morning in a *redengote d'ete*, and a grey hat, as to wear in the evening a coat, a white cravat, and a black beaver hat.

At the country, until the dinner hour, dandies wear a *redingote veste* of merino, either black or green, which does not reach quite to the knee; the buttons of jet for the former, and for the latter white metal, are of the sugar loaf form, and wrought.

Some gentlemen wear coats of summer materials, of very dark slate colour, with black velvet collars. These coats have no false pockets.

The general mourning has, of course, interfered with novelty, in the production of manufactured articles; for gentlemen's dress for August; yet it has been the cause of some very elegant silks and Marcella, in black and purple, and also lavender and black; some of these are very handsome, and can be worn at any time.

Straight bodied coats have no notch at the top of the lappel.

The waist of a fashionable made coat must not come more than an inch, or an inch and a half below the hips. The shoulders and the collar must be large.

From the New York Mirror.

THE MAJESTY OF THE OCEAN.

"There is society where none intrudes
By the deep sea—and music in its roar."

I KNOW of nothing in the whole compass of Byron's varied productions which equals in sublimity of conception and vividness of colouring, his portraiture of the ocean. Though, for the most part, the bold and masterly touches of genius are displayed in every thing which came from his hand; yet, when his imagination fixes upon the "dark blue sea," he appears to surpass all other poets. As you muse over his immortal sketches in the hush of midnight and by the waning lamp, the wild note of the sea-bird and the low murmur of whispering waters and their silvery light—or the death-shriek of the drowning mariner and the roar of billows, together with the lurid and appalling wave-flash of the reflected lightning, break in upon the silence and dimness of our chamber. Time and space are annihilated by the magic of his numbers, and you feel yourself snatched away to the far-off sea, and regaled by its fresh cool breezes as you go bounding over its glorious expanse. He was

emphatically the poet of the ocean, for the proudest march of his genius was upon its "mountain waves." He appears to have possessed a delight in its wild scenes amounting almost to a passionate fondness. In his boyhood, seated on some retired crag, he hung over it hour after hour of the still summer evenings, and felt in the excitement of his glowing fancy, a yearning towards it; and when in after years the ties which held him to his country were severed, he flew to its trackless solitudes as to a refuge and a home. Like a proud vessel which, after having been becalmed and ingloriously confined in some narrow bay, has gained the broad deep and the rushing gale, the indignant bard swept forth in the buoyancy of freedom, rejoicing as the breeze freshened, and exulting in the rudest commotion of the elements. At that stirring hour he could "laugh to flee away" even from the land of his fathers, for in the thrill of his emotions there was less of sadness than of joy. I can see him in imagination

as he strode the deck, now soothing the sorrows of his little page, and now sweeping his deep-toned lyre as he poured his farewell to the receding shores, and a welcome to the waves that came dashing onward from the far stretch of the seaward horizon. The void in his heart, which no father's love and no mother's endearing tenderness had pre-occupied with images of parental affection, and which had been widening from his boyhood by the death or estrangement of early associates, was now filled with the beauty and stirring majesty of the great deep. The loneliness that brooded like a dark spirit over his melancholy bosom was dispelled for a season by the strange grandeur of the prospects around him; and in the romance of poetical enthusiasm, he regarded the ocean as a living and intelligent existence. As he bent over the prow in the gentle moonlight, he discoursed with it as with a friend, and in its billowy commotions he gazed upon it with mingled reverence and joy. And who has not experienced such sensations, even when far away from the ocean, while his thoughts were hovering over its azure domains? I remember what a novel and indescribable feeling used to steal upon me when a boy, whenever I fell in with Virgil's description of the sea. I had never been beyond the mountain boundaries of my native valley—never enjoyed even a remote prospect of the sublime object of his inspiration, and therefore my young fancy was introduced in those passages to a fairy world, and left free to expatiate amid the glorious imagery of the Mantuan bard. After reading of Palinurus or the sweet-voiced sirens, I have gazed at the little lake which lies embosomed in the green hills near my father's cottage till my eyes grew dim, and its rippling surface seemed to stretch away to a misty and limitless expanse, whilst the sweep of the winds among the rough crags and pine forests of the neighbouring mountains uttered to my imagination the voice of the sounding deep. But how far short of reality, both in grandeur and beauty, did I find the conceptions of fancy when I beheld the object itself some years after. My first view of it was on a clear but gusty afternoon of autumn. The winds had been abroad for many hours; and as I looked seaward from the high promontory and beheld the long rough surge rushing towards me, and listened to their wild roar as they were flung back from the rocky settlements at my feet, I felt as if the pillars of the universe were shaken around me, and stood awed and abased before the majesty of excited nature. Since then I have been on lofty precipices while the thunder-cloud was bursting below me—have leaned over the trembling brink of Niagara, and walked within its awful chambers, but the thrill of that moment has never returned. The feeling of awe, however, gradually gave place to an intense but pleasing emotion, and I longed to spring away from the tame and trodden earth, to that wild mysterious world whose strange scenes broke so magnificently upon my vision. No wonder that our first raving impulses are towards the ocean. No

wonder that the romantic and adventurous spirit of youth deems lightly of hardship and peril when aroused by its stirring presentations. There is something so winning in the multiplied superstitions of its hardy wanderers—something so fascinating in its calm beauty, and so animating in its stormy recklessness, that the ties of country and kindred sit looser at our hearts as curiosity whippers of its unseen wonders. In after years, when the bloom of existence has lost much of its brightness, when curiosity has become enervated, and the powers of the imagination palsied, where do we sooner turn to renew their former pleasing excitement than to our remembered haunts by the ocean? We leave behind us all the splendour and magnificence of art, all the voluptuous gratifications of society—we break from the banquet and the dance, and fly away to the solitary cliffs where the sea-bird hides her nest. There the cares, perplexities, and rude jostlings of opposing interests are for awhile forgotten. There the turmoil of human intercourse disquiets no longer. There the sweat and dust of the crowded city are dispelled as the cool sea-breeze comes gently athwart our feverish brow. In the exhilaration of the scene the blood gathers purer at the heart—its pulse-beat is softer, and we feel once more a newness of life amounting almost to a transport. Delightful remembrances, that lie buried up under the dross of the past, are reanimated, and the charm, the peace, and the freshness of life's morning innocence again find in our bosom a welcome and a home. The elastic spring of boyhood is in our step as we chase the receding wave along the white beach, or leap wildly into its glassy depths. In the low billowy murmur that steals out upon the air, our ear catches the pleasant but long unheard music of other years like the remembered voice of a departed companion; and while leaning over some beetling crag, glorious visions pass thronging before our eyes, as, in fancy, we rove through the coral groves where the mermaids have their emerald bower, or gaze at the hidden beauties, the uncoveted gems, and the glittering argosies that repose amid the stilly waters. The soul goes forth, as it were, to the hallowed and undefiled temples of nature to be purified of its earthly contaminations. She takes to herself wings and flies away to the "uttermost parts of the sea," and even there she hears the voice of the Divinity, witnesses the manifestations of his power, experiences the kind guardianship of his presence, and returns cheered and invigorated to renew her weary pilgrimage. The ocean is a world by itself, presenting few analogies either in form or scenery with the continents it embraces. It seems to stand aloof from the dusty and beaten paths of human ambition in the dignity of conscious independence. Man may bring desolation upon the green earth, or dwarf its gigantic pinnacles, to the stature of his grovelling conceptions, but over the beauty and majesty of ocean he has no power. He may mine the solid mountains, dig up buried cities upon which the lava has mouldered for centuries, and fix his ha-

bitation in their silent courts, but he cannot fathom the abysses of the deep, or walk the lonely streets of St. Ubes or Euphæmia. He may visit the sepulchres of the first patriarchs, he may lift the cerements from the queens of the Ptolemies, but he cannot go down to the ocean grave of his yesterday's friend to close his eyes or cast the wild-flower upon his uncoffined bosom. I do not know whether we are capable of forming a true platonic attachment for an inanimate object, but I sometimes believe that we may. The shrine in which friendship has treasured up its cherished keepsakes, the ring that sparkled on the finger, and the ringlet that once shaded the brow of the departed—whatever, indeed, serves as a remembrancer of the absent, or a memento of the dead, speaks eloquently of the existence of such a passion. The home of our childhood has a spell of gladness for our hearts, long after the beloved ones who formed its endearments have passed for ever from its portal. In the devotion of the idolator, also, there seems too much of reality to be the calculation of hypocrisy. The rivers, the hills, and the deep forests have their worshippers—the sun and moon listen to the hymn of the Gheber, who regards them with the expression of affection and reverence. With feeling akin to these, the astrologer gazes at the star, whose benignant influence, like an invisible guardian, has, in his belief, wrought out whatever there has been of happiness or prosperity in the unfolding of his destiny. Nor has the ocean lacked its admiring votaries. Byron, as I have before remarked, loved it with a poet's fondness. He rejoiced in the "*coelum unique, et undique pontus*," a striking image of his far-reaching mind. The imaginative Shelly passed his brightest hours upon its waters, and at last found a welcome grave in their hidden bosom. I once heard a romantic story of a seaman whose attachment for the ocean was peculiarly striking. He became acquainted with it when young, and after having spent many years amidst its scenes, he ceased from his wanderings and returned to his native village. The remaining companions of his early days kindly welcomed him back, while his old fond mother clung tenderly and with tears to her rough but warm-hearted son. For awhile he forgot the delights of his wild roving in the pleasing associations which filled his mind; and in narrating to the listening villagers the wonders of the deep, and his own perilous, yet congenial adventures. At length he grew silent and evidently discontented, and the expression of delight passed from his bronzed and weather-beaten countenance. All perceived the change, and all strove to dispel his hidden despondency; yet still he continued melancholy and ill at ease. At last his mother, on entering his chamber one morning, found an affectionate farewell written on an old chart and directed to herself, with the collected earnings of his years of peril. But the endeared inmate had gone. He took his way back to the ocean and wandered from port to port, but broken down by age and hardship, he could find no employ among its adventurers.

With a heart aching from the dull monotony, the tame, listless quietude of the land, he retired to a small hamlet on the coast, and with the assistance of some kind fishermen built him a little bark. Once more he committed himself to the guidance of the rough elements, and once more the look of gladness settled on the hard features of the old sailor. Alone, but not solitary, he went forth upon the deep, and for many years after, the floating home of the ocean hermit was seen at all seasons in the Carribean Archipelago. No one, not even the ruthless pirate, molested him in his quiet wanderings, but all greeted him with a hearty salutation, and all received a warm God-speed in return. During the day he sailed gently along the luxuriant islands of the tropics, singing some wild old ballad of the sea as he cast his fishing lines into its sparkling depths; and at night, after having filled his can from the fresh spring and laid in a supply of fruits, he moored his little vessel in some calm bay, and slept as soundly as under the roof-tree of his mother's cottage. Time passed on, and severer infirmities began to steal upon his once vigorous frame, so that it was with difficulty he could now provide the common necessaries of life. At length some soldiers seeing his boat in the vicinity of their fort, went down to the beach to welcome their old acquaintance. Slowly and regularly it drifted ashore, when they found its debilitated possessor stretched insensible in his narrow cabin. They conveyed the famished man to their quarters, and used the best means in their power for his recovery. He was restored to reason, seemed grateful for their kind attentions, and for awhile appeared convalescent. One evening, however, after one of those tremendous hurricanes so common in those latitudes, the roar of the sea swelled up into his silent apartment and fell upon his ear. In the absence of the attendant he crept languidly from his couch and crawled to the terrace which overlooked a wide extent of ocean. The winds had died away—not a cloud blotted the bright azure of the horizon, and the moon and stars were looking peacefully down upon the troubled deep. Far as the eye could reach, all was one wide awful commotion. The old mariner bent forward upon the parapet as if to spring away towards the scenes he loved so well. Before him, on the strand, lay the wreck of his little shallop, and a groan escaped him as he recognised its shattered form; but he knew that his wanderings were ended, and he sent his swimming glance far out upon the waters. And there they found him, his gray head resting on his shoulder, his withered arms thrown forth upon the wall, and his eyes fixed intently upon the deep; but his spirit had passed away in the transport of that fond, lingering, farewell gaze. PROTEUS.

KNOWLEDGE.

Deep subtle wits,
In truth are master spirits in the world.
The brave man's courage and the student's lore,
Are but as tools his secret ends to work,
Who hath the skill to use them. JOANNA BAILLY.

From the London Court Journal.

A LECTURE ON LOVE AND COURTSHIP.

BY A LADY.

LADIES, love is my subject! can I be otherwise than eloquent?—Gentlemen, courtship is my theme! can I fail to interest you?

To dive into the antiquity of this mysterious passion, we must roll back our ideas to that momentous period when "order was born of chaos;" "when Adam, first of men," was so agreeably surprised upon waking from his dreams, to find he had made such a *fair* exchange, and in lieu of a rib, had procured one of us!

But not to dwell on this *original* courtship, let us pass to the examination of the various insinuating ways adopted by the nations of antiquity, as well as the several stratagems practised by the moderns, to entrap our too susceptible hearts.

The young gentlemen of Greece were very fertile in devices, and ingenious in contrivances to discover how far their love was likely to meet "a sweet return." Multifarious were their arts to obtain a reciprocity of affection; among these the *philtre*, or love-potion, stood pre-eminent, and never failed, in one respect, of having the effect that a draught of unadulterated love often produces, viz: *it commonly deprived of reason* those who drank of it. Various and strange indeed were the ingredients, but I shall omit these, as mysteries dangerous to be divulged.

I shall next observe, upon the method pursued by the Calmucs: I say "pursued," since this equestrian people woo *a cheval*. When one of these amiable savages is inspired by love, and makes his mind known to his inamorata, they mount their horses, and away they go! If the lover overtakes the maid, he wins her; but if she outstrips him in the chase, he is discarded. Now it requires no deep study in Italian politics, to feel assured, that if the pulse of their hearts beat in unison, the Calmuc ladies take especial care *not to ride too fast!*

So lynx-eyed are Spanish parents, that until they dispose of their daughters in marriage, they are scarcely ever permitted out of their sight; suitors are thus compelled to pay their devoirs publicly—a woeful restraint, methinks, on the youthful pair, and I fancy I can perceive in the countenances of some of my hearers an expression, which, in fashionable phraseology, votes this method a *bore*.

How whimsically opposite is the Welch plan of courtship, for there they make love *ad libitum*; and Cambrian latitude surpasses even Iberian restraint. *Bundling*, in my conscience, is a comical process, and—but I pause, for it is a maxim of Rochefacault's that "true eloquence consists in saying all that is proper, and nothing more."

In this part of Great Britain, as Protean are the modes as is the God. Some make love like pedagogues, some like rakes; but that I war

against—for I have suffered much from its effects, alas!—is that abominable barbarous custom entitled, *firting*; and, strange to say, although I have given it the epithet of *barbarous*, it is only in civilized nations that it is tolerated; for who ever heard of a Kamschatkan "whispering soft nothings in a lady's ear?" What traveller describes an Esquimaux *philander*, or a Catabau *dangler*? or in what latitude (save our own) dwells the savage, whose pastime consists in trifling with the female heart?

You may smile, young gentlemen; but let me tell you, this practice is at best contemptible, and it is oftentimes dangerous. Bear in mind the fable of the Boys and the Frogs—it may be sport to you, but it is death to us.

There is a certain period of life, perhaps, when the effects are not to be so much dreaded, when the arrow falls blunted from the heart, or glances off, having merely made a slight scratch, and caused no dangerous inflammatory symptoms; but I wish that one of those senators, who have of late undertaken to correct *all* abuses, would procure an Act of Parliament to suppress this dangerous propensity, to which, it cannot be concealed, both sexes are too much addicted, and that a committee would sit, with full powers to examine witnesses, in order to determine the precise age at which *firting becomes harmless*.

Male coquettes have been so far considered under the head of *firting*, that although much remains to be said on this anomaly in the human species, I shall not now trespass further on your time, my fair sisters, but dismiss them with a hint, that ye

"Beware, th' infectious sigh, the pleading look,
Downcast and low, in meek submission drest,
But full of guile."

It would be as curious as interesting to analyse the various modes which exist of paying and receiving addresses; but a few instances, by way of illustration, must suffice.

Some proceed by delicate attentions and tender insinuations; every look is watched, every wish anticipated; like a steam-vessel urging its course against wind and tide, the assiduous lover will work his way through a closely-wedged multitude, to reach his fair one's shawl or tippet. He will quit the heated ball-room (the thermometer at 90) and rush into an arctic atmosphere to call the coach; there will he stand, his teeth chattering like a poor wretch in a tertian ague, till the powdered lacquey announces it at hand, when he hurries back into the mouth of the furnace, to escort thence "the chaste, the fair, the expressive she."

As the wary angler throws in his silken line and delicate hook to catch the finny tribe, so

others by distant hints and gentle inuendos feel their way, and make their passion known; for women, like fish, require different baits, and like them will not bite at the same in all seasons; and it displays, perhaps, the nicest proficiency in "the art of love," to ascertain that which is best suited to our various taste. Some, indeed, like *gudgeons*, are easily caught—some are to be tickled like *trout*—some, like mackarel, are attracted by a bit of red cloth—for some the hook must be baited with "siller"—while others will only catch at the substantial good, and therefore when landed on the bank of matrimony, never feel like fish out of water.

Your Miss, just emerged from the "academy," is all for *pathos*, hearts, darts, and flames. The lover, who it is necessary should be of the first order of fine forms, "must sigh like a paviour"—vow she is an angel—pen sonnets to her eye-brows—repeat scraps from Lord Byron and Mr. Moore—and have the most pathetic passages of the last new novel by heart. Then fall at her feet, protest eternal constancy and devotion, and swear he is her willing slave;—but remember, young ladies,

The humblest lover, when he lowest lies,
But stoops to conquer, and but kneels to rise!

We now come to the important point of making an offer—so important, that I have known some who have been years before they could "screw their courage to the sticking place;" others, indeed, we have heard of, who have *popped the question* upon a very short acquaintance; aye! and have had the knot tied "within a little month," or "ere those *pumps* were old," in which he led her through the galopade, like Euphrosyne, all smiles. Some bold and dauntless heroes are not to be repulsed—a refusal to them acts as a stimulus—"nil desperandum," say they—at her again—and in love's register are recorded matches, where the suitor, after a dozen rejections, has carried his point at last.

I was once in company with a gentleman who, I imagine, held the post of financier in the Cabinet of Venus; this Cyprian Cocker pronounced, that "only one man in twenty marries the woman he is in love with." It must be considered, like some of Mr. Hume's, rather a nice calculation; but his logic, his eloquence, and his science in numbers, like this great statesman's, were so conclusive, that at the end of a long and animated debate, I was obliged to cede the point.

In reviewing the many incentives that lead to courtship, perhaps, we ought first to descant on beauty. But what is beauty?—who shall decide, when each eye forms its own? Happy for our species that it is so; as otherwise one sex would be continually pulling caps, and the other, cutting throats!

Female charms, like adjectives, admit of different degrees of comparison—thus *pretty* may be considered the *positive*!—*handsome*, the *comparative*!—and *beautiful*, the *superlative*!!!

Although the bright blaze of beauty may some-

times be the torch which leads our beaux to the hymeneal altar, yet I fear the dazzling glare of money—filthy money—is too often the loadstar that attracts them. If you hear now o'days of a man about to enter the holy state, the first question asked is—not to *whom* he is to be united—but—to *how much*? In fact, our sovereign charms are now a-days computed by her *sovereign gold*!—thus, as Hudibras has it,

"Love-passions are like parables
By which men still mean something else,
Tho' love be all the world's pretence,
Money's the mythologic sense;
The real substance of the shadow,
Which all address and courtship's paid to."

I blush while I acknowledge that my own sex are but too apt to be thus led away, and to consider *establishment, equipage, jewels and rank*, as the *chief good*.

'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll,
Teach infant cheeks a hidden blush to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a beau.

Numerous are the matches formed on the basis of *convenience*, but never can these couples be said to tread in the flowery paths of love, though they may escape the thorny ways of disgust, or the barren plains of indifference. Thus the old man, *conveniently* marries his tenant's daughter by way of nurse, "to bind up his temples—and give him his powders." The youthful heir unites himself to his neighbour's *only* child, because the estates are so *conveniently* contiguous, and there appears no just cause or impediment why the two manors should not be joined together in one rent-roll.

The poor lord finds it vastly convenient to espouse his banker's daughter, because *he* wants *money*, and *she* wants *rank*; and your *Corinthian* dame makes a convenience of some wealthy and ambitious commoner, however she may despise the *pleb.*, because his purse can furnish her with those luxuries and enjoyments no longer her's, when the *capital* of the *column* is crumbled into dust.

"But happy they, the happiest of their kind,
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend."

Yes, my young friends, a well-assorted union is the *ne plus ultra* of earthly bliss!

And now, for the present, I shall take my leave, concluding with a hint to either sex.

BEAUX—When bent on matrimony, look more than *skin-deep* for *beauty*; dive farther than the *pocket* for *worth*; and search for *temper* beyond the *good humour* of the moment;—remembering it is not always the most agreeable partner at a ball who forms the most amiable partner for life—

"Their virtues open fairest in the shade."

BELLES—Be not led away by each *gay* meteor of a spark, or too readily yield your hearts to an elegant and agreeable exterior; for the serpent is often ambushed beneath the fairest flowers. Let not your reason be blinded by love, or your

sense enslaved by passion. Above all, seek not to make captives by *personal accomplishments* ALONE, "nor trust too much to an enchanting face," for recollect—

"Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul,"

PICTURES OF CHRIST.

LEGENDS exist of a portrait of the Saviour, which King Abgarus of Edessa is said to have possessed. This was miraculously impressed by the Saviour on a napkin which he placed upon his face, and afterwards sent to the king. The handkerchief of St. Veronica (Berenice) is said to have also contained a portrait of Christ impressed in a similar way. A picture of Christ, taken by St. Luke, is likewise mentioned. In a letter, evidently spurious, which Lentulus, the predecessor of Pilate, is said to have written to the Roman senate, Christ is described as being of a handsome, manly stature and countenance. Among the existing representations of Christ, the most ancient is in a *basso-relievo* of marble, on a sarcophagus, of the 2d or 3d century in the Vatican. Christ is there exhibited as a young man without beard, with Roman features, flowing and slightly curled hair, wearing a Roman *toga*, and seated upon a curule chair. In the same place, there is another Christ, of the 4th century, with an oval face, Oriental features, parted hair, and a short straight beard. This representation was the model which the Byzantine and Italian painters followed until the time of Michael Angelo and Raphael. Since the 16th century, the Italian school has generally taken the heads of Jupiter and Apollo, as the models for the pictures of Christ. Different nations have given his image their own characteristic features. The head of Christ has become the highest point of the art of painting among Christian nations; and men of the greatest genius have laboured to embody their conceptions of his divinity, the union of the different virtues of his character, his meekness and firmness, and the full perfection of his Godlike nature. The representations of the Saviour by Titian, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, &c., are among the sublimest productions of modern art. Christ's head is, for the modern artist, what the head of Jupiter or Apollo was for the ancient, with this difference, however, that it has become more especially the ideal of the painter, whilst the others principally furnished subjects for the genius of the sculptor; and this circumstance shows the difference in the character of the two periods of art, which must, of course, be most apparent in their highest productions. Some of the most elevated expressions of the countenance of the Saviour, the glowing love of his divine soul, cannot be well represented by the marble. There exist, however, excellent statues of Christ. The two best of modern times are that of Thorwaldsen at Copenhagen, and that of Dannecker at Stuttgart.

THE WHITE LADY.

Translated from the German,
BY LORD F. L. GOWNE.

Our troops went forth on Sarfeldt's morn,
Beneath their monarch's eye,
And merrily peal'd the yager's horn,
As the guard was marching by.

And first and last the howitzers past,
And the battery's iron train,
And all to throw the desperate cast
Upon Jena's fated plain.

The march they played was sweet to hear,
The sight was fair to see;
It smoothed our Frederic's brow austere,
And Blücher smil'd with glee.

That sight was fair to all but those
Who owned prophetic fears;
And sweet that martial strain arose
To all but gifted ears.

And was there none in dream or trance
Could follow the column's way,
And with the vulture's prescient glance
The death-doom'd troops survey?

Yes, close at hand she had taken her stand,
I saw and I mark'd her well;
'Twas she who wanders through the land,
Whose name I fear to tell.

They saw not her form, nor her visage of grief—
It was not that their sight was dim;
But fixed on his troops were the eyes of their chief,
And their glances were fixed on him.

But I knew her at once by the long lank hair,
And the garments as white as snow;
And she lingered there in her still despair,
And scowl'd on the troops below.

I knew her at once for a lady who wanders,
Impell'd by the curse divine,
And who wanders abroad when woe impends
Upon Prussia's regal line.

I have kept the night-watch, where she chiefly is said
To roam by the ruinous stair;
I should not have trembled—I should not have fled—
For I could have faced her there.

For I fear'd not the sight of the lady in white
By the moonlight's spectral ray,
In the hall of our kings, at the hour of night;
But I shrunk from the vision by day.

Yet I thought that the fortunes of Prussia decreed
By questioning her to know;
So right to that lady I spurr'd my steed,
'Till no nearer he would go.

For he rear'd at the sight of the lady in white,
And he stopp'd in his full career:
She spoke, and her words, when I heard them aright,
They curdled my blood for fear.

'Now trouble me not—I flit to the shot—
On Sarfeldt I see thee dead;
Disturb me no more—I weep for your lot!
Was all that the lady said.

She strided away, and I could not tell where,
For a shuddering seized my frame;
And whither she vanish'd I cannot declare,
And as little know whence she came.

But at Sarfeldt's fight, since the morning light,
The Frenchmen had fired well,
And the lady had spoken the moment aright
When Louis of Prussia fell.

ARGUMENT.

BY HERBERT.

Be calm in argument; for fierceness makes
Error a fault, and truth discourtesy.
Why should I feel another man's mistakes
More than his sickness or poverty?
In love I should; but anger is not love,
Nor wisdom neither; therefore gently move.
Calmness is great advantage. He that lets
Another chafe, may warm him at his fire,
Mark all his wanderings, and enjoy his frets,
As cunning fencers suffer heat to tire.
Truth dwells not in the clouds; the bow that's there
Doth often aim, yet never hits the spheres.

THE DEPARTED.

They weep when I have named her! I'm sure she was more
dear

To me than all the world besides, and yet I shed no tear;
I culled the freshest roses, and twined them for her hair,
And then I sought her chamber—but oh! she is not there;
They tell me I have lost her; I smile to see them mourn:
She could not thus desert me—I know she will return;
And I have deck'd her bower with all my former care,
And now I come to seek her—but oh! she is not there;
I saw them kneel in silence beneath a yew-tree's gloom,
They pointed to the name I loved upon a marble tomb!
And then I went—but something forbad me to despair,
I felt that we should meet again—for oh! she is not there!

10



11



12



THE TOILET.

BUT even those to whom such costumes, like those in our former number, would be very becoming, must not venture to adopt them when low head-dresses are exclusively worn. They must then rather have recourse to the pictorial records of those eras when comparatively low coiffures were in vogue (Figs. 10, 11, and 12, head-dresses in Luther's time.)

In the arrangement of the hair, according to the shape of the face, and expression of the features—in the harmonizing of the colours, used in dress, with the tint of the complexion—in the adaptation of form, fashion, and even material, to the person—there is an ideal beauty, as well as in the figure itself: this beauty is well understood; but it is very difficult—nay almost impossible—to describe; for it must be considered in relation to, and as modified by, the infinite varieties of form, feature, and complexion. The shades of difference are often so minute;—the intermixtures of various styles of person (if we may use the expression) are so manifold;—Nature is so illimitable in her beautiful combinations;—that, although we may legislate for the few—the very few, who are of any decided order of form, feature, or complexion—we cannot do so for the greater portion—the numberless individuals who, though by no means less attractive, may be said to belong to no class, but unite the peculiarities of many.

It is admitted, that the brunette will look best in one colour, and the blonde in another;—that to the oval face a particular style of dressing the

hair is most becoming; and to the elongated, a mode directly the reverse;—that the short should not wear their dresses flounced so high as the tall:—but in saying this, we are speaking to a comparatively small number of persons. The decidedly dark, and those of a positively opposite complexion, are few: it is the same with the tall and the short—those with round faces, and the contrary: in each case, the multitude is to be found “in the golden mean,” between the two extremes. The persons composing the majority should neither adopt the specific uniform of the blonde or the brunette—the style of dress suitable to the lofty and commanding figure, or to that of the pretty and petite; but modify general principles to particular cases;—not by producing an heterogeneous mixture of a number of different styles, but by adopting a mode which borders upon that adapted to the class to which their persons approach the nearest, without entirely losing sight of, and in some degree being governed by, their own distinguishing and specific peculiarities:—in fact, to be guided by that indispensable and ruling power in all matters connected with the Toilet—taste; which, as Demosthenes said of action in relation to eloquence, is the first, second, and third grand requisite, combining the triple qualities of propriety, neatness, and elegance. By its powerful aid, the most simple materials are rendered valuable; without it, the richest robes, the most costly jewels, and “tresses like the morn,” may be so employed as to encumber rather than to adorn.

PROPOSALS FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

To trace the various provincial dialects of England, and to find, if possible, the precise spot where one ends and another begins, would be a curious investigation. Can a rivulet be the boundary of language? and shall the men who might shake hands across it, almost at their own doors, speak a different tongue? I know not whether these variations arise from the air or the water, the beer or the cider, or the soil, but I shall give a specimen of some of them; it is however observable that there is a sort of sharpness in the dialects of the cider counties, which cannot be transferred to paper.

I was riding, one day, among the Fells of Westmoreland, attended by a servant on a remarkably fine tall coach horse; and as we were going slowly up a steep hill, a countryman who was walking by the side of the servant, said, looking at the horse, "I suppose you've a marrow tull him at home?" The servant not immediately understanding him, the man rejoined, "Ma' hap you've sic a like un?" If this man had spoken of an oak, he would have called it an *awk*, and if he had been near, he would have said, we shall soon cum tull it; for the letter *o* has no place in the alphabet of Westmoreland.

Our ploughman, a home-bred native of the North Riding, does his work well, and in proper time; but he is so solicitous to do it, so fearful lest it should not be done, that he is frequently heard to exclaim, "I dante knaw: Ise not varry weel sure; but I think tat I hae mair wark tan e can dae." He takes a general exception to the letter *o*, and often to the *th*.

Step but into the adjoining county of Derby, and, if a cook were quarrelling with her roast, she might say, "I canna think what eals it. I canna mek th' spit go reet to-dey; it wunna tun. Ar folk mun weat for their dinner, an aer th' meat wool be spylt." Here the *th* is retained, the vowel omitted, and the *o* doubled.

If I were in Warwickshire, and saw a countryman mounted on a poor horse, I might hear him say to his companion, "Yo moant go so fast. This oss cawnt gallop up ill as yo-an con; e as n't the mate in im. I don't find os mate chep, it ayn't a thatt'n, dayn't yo know that?" Here the *h*, so far as regards the aspirate, is totally rejected, and there is a fixed aversion to the letter *r*.

I was once in Herefordshire, when I offered the child of a cottager some oranges; the boy about four years old, and undoubtedly spoke as he had heard his parents and neighbours speak. He had never seen an orange, and was afraid to take one, and he said, "Hood him hurt mah! Con him hurt mah? Hood him go bang?" [if thrown on the ground.] To these several questions I answered "no," and added that the fruit I offered was an orange. He said, "Is that the way as ya soys it?" "Yes." "Be em good to ye-at?" "Yes." He then tasted an orange, and,

being convinced of the truth of what I had told him, he wanted to have the others. When he had received them he said, "Be these all as been on em?" "Yes." "Hante ya got nerron?" "No." "Then I getten em all, and I'll kip em." In Herefordshire *be* stands for *are*, and *him* for *he* and *it*.

Our housemaid is a very genteel young woman, born in London, and has been to Margate; and it may be supposed that these advantages give her a great superiority over her fellow servants. One day, as she was sitting at her needlework, she gave me the history of her extraordinary voyage, beginning with "So, ma'am, you know" (and at that moment I knew nothing of the matter) "that when Jeames and me came from chapple, ve vent on board the wessle; and what was werry perdigious, ma'am, we was drove along the river by the smoke of a chimley; for there was not the least breath of hair in the world. The people said the smoke was steam, and they called the wessle a steam-wessle; but, ma'am, it was such a steam as you can have no idear of; for you have no steam about Roseberry Topping that's bigger or blacker than the steam of a tea-kittle." The letter *v* is the bane of all true Cockneys. It breaks their teeth to sound it, except when they mistake it for a *w*.

But these perversions of the English language are not what I purpose to correct; for where a whole country persists in the same sort of error, it is bred in the bone, and not to be eradicated. My improvements regard what I consider as the errors of that highly gifted and deeply learned class of men, who amuse and instruct the world through the medium of the press. This is Tom Thumb attacking the giant; but my diffidence of my own strength is such, that, if these highly gifted and deeply learned gentlemen should not adopt my improvements, I promise to read their books as they may think proper to write them.

My first attempt regards the word *form* as it relates to the whole person. I have little faith in spectres, and consequently, when I see the form of a human being, I am disposed to believe that it is accompanied by flesh and blood, bones and muscles; and when this form strikes a hard blow I do not doubt its reality. I have read of "a tall, dark form," and the figure was pictured on my imagination: but when this form is seen to issue from a wood, my proposal is to term it a tall, dark form and substance; believing, as I do, that it could not issue from a wood without substantial legs and feet. So of a young lady. I may admire the beauty and elegance of her form; but if she speak or look, I must conclude that she had a tongue or eyes; solidity being requisite to constitute a real and actual young lady. I call her, therefore, a form and substance.

The word *talent* comprises all desirable mental endowments; and it is astonishing that our fore-

fathers could speak and write, as I believe they did, without using it in its extended sense. I would not touch a word which saves so much trouble and discrimination. Who would take the pains to say, a man of genius, a man of wit, a man of sense, a man of deep thought or acute observation, when he might say all in a word, a man of talent? But when we say *talented*, I humbly propose that we also say *geniused*, *witted*, *sensed*, *deep-thoughted*, and *acute observationed*.

The word *quite* is an excellent word, but it is a usurper which has turned out *very*, and taken its place. Every body is quite well! who can believe it? who, that sees so many pale faces and sallow complexions, can believe that every body is quite well? A conscientious friend of mine, who was frequently nervous when nerves were in fashion, and is now rather bilious, declares that she cannot, and will not, say she is quite well; and I, who have occasionally a trifling headach, feel some scruple in pronouncing these decisive words. My proposal in this instance is, that we recur to our former state of being very well, which is sufficient to allay the anxious fears of a hundred daily inquirers after our health. Ploughmen, stage-coachmen, and a few other robust individuals, may be still quite well—if they can.

My next proposal is attended with considerable difficulty, for it includes the re-instatement of a word which lies under the ban of all good society, and which we are forbidden to utter, unless it may be said of a goose; I mean the word *fat*. Large is an honourable and faithful substitute for this proscribed term; but *stout*, which has been forcibly drawn in to supply its place, has no relation to it. By *stout*, when applied to the body, I understand strong; when to the heart, valiant; but an extraordinary circumference of person can contribute neither to strength nor courage, but is rather unfavourable to both. Shakspeare makes his egregious coward, not stout, but fat.

A man who annoys us is a *bore*. Here, I apprehend, is an error in the orthography, and that the word should be written *boar*. To give this term its proper signification, my proposal is to prefix to it the epithet wild; for no one can deny that a wild boar would be sufficiently annoying: and when we are *bored* with a troublesome person, the word evidently refers to the beast above mentioned, which all must allow would be troublesome enough.

If a man have, or think he has, cause of complaint against his friend, he *cuts* him. I am aware that he does not slash him with a knife, or wound him with a sword; but the word cut is "barbarous, bloody, and inhuman," even when used in its figurative sense. If, however, the figure must be preserved, if we must wound our friend when we cease to esteem him, let us say, in a manner less offensive, that we *sever* him.

Twaddle is a word recently brought in to embellish the English language. In my old dictionary (I have not Johnson at hand) I find, not twaddle, but *twattle*, which is there said to be, "To prate, to gabble, to chatter, to talk idly."

As far as I can understand twaddle, I should suppose that its signification was nearly the same; but, since it is difficult to decide upon the merits of these rival terms, my proposal is to omit them altogether.

I might possibly suggest some improvement respecting the words *ratting* and *purpoin*; but, unfortunately, I do not know, nor can I conjecture their meaning. I met with them lately in a well-known and very clever *periodical*, to which I propose to add the word *publication*.

My last proposal is the naturalization of as many French words and phrases as possible, with a plentiful sprinkling of Latin and Italian, and an occasional sample of Greek. That words of the old establishment might be found to express the same ideas and things cannot be considered as an objection; for the more copious a language is, the better. It may, perhaps, be suggested that my proposal is unnecessary, for this improvement is rapidly taking place.

FEMALE CHARACTERISTIC.—I never met a female from the flat-nosed and ebony-coloured monster of the tropics, to the snow-white and sublime divinity of a Greek isle, without a touch of romance: repulsiveness could not conceal it, age could not change it. I have found it in all times and places; like a spring of fresh water starting up even from the flint—cheering the cheerless, softening the insensible, renovating the withered—a secret whisper in the ear of every woman alive, that to the last, passion might flutter its rosy pinions round her brow.

THE WEDDING.

Tears on this blessed morning!—Tears, sweet love! It ought not thus to be. Why my light heart Is like the gladsome, long-imprison'd bird Cleaving its way thro' the blue, liquid arch, With liberty's free song. Those drooping pearls Waste but thy bosom's wealth. 'Twere wise to keep Such treasures for the long arrears which grief Holdeth with a man, when pitiless Time doth crush The boasted blossoms of his summer prime.

—Lo! I will turn magician, and compute What moves thee thus. Up from a parent's hearth The sports of infancy, the nurse's smile, The tale, the dance, the warbled hymn at eve, The nightly blessing, and the lingering clasp Of thy young fairy sister's snowy arms.— Rise, in bright parting vestments, to detain Thy innocent soul in durance. Yet, my love, Cast my heart's gold into the furnace flame, And if it pass not there, unchanging pure, I'll be a bankrupt to all hope,—and Heaven Shall shut its gate on me. Come, dearest, come, The hallow'd vow must tremble on thy lip,— And at God's blessed altar shalt thou kneel So meek and beautiful that men will deem Some angel there doth pray. Then shalt thou be The dovelet of my lone, domestic bower, Breathing sweet music, while thy gentle heart Shall learn such deep and deathless tenderness That all thy pictures of remember'd joy Shall be as faded things. So, be at rest, And let thy rose-bud lip smile as 'twas wont With eloquent delight.

H.
Hartford, Ct.

From La Belle Assemblée.

THE BANNER OF ST. MARY'S:

MEMORY OF A LEGEND.

"**THERE** is nothing like England! in the hour of her triumph, or in the moment of her adversity; whether her step be on land, or 'her march on the mountain waves,' in her thronging cities, or in her quiet green glades—amidst her noble gifted aristocracy, or her free bold peasantry—truly there is nothing like England!"

These thoughts swept proudly over my mind one bright spring Sabbath, as I wound slowly up the side of a hill, towards a country parish church, which, surrounded by its embowered village, stood on the summit.

The country around this village was lovely, and its loveliness was of that kind which we delight to call exclusively English. Green shady lanes between high banks, swelling fields richly wooded, neat cottages with their gay gardens, the rectory, a noble mansion, in its extensive park, and, above all, the fine old church with its yew trees, and its lofty spire. Oh, it was a noble view—a rich laughing prospect! I think I am capable of deeply feeling the stern magnificence of mountain scenery, or the boundless grandeur of the ever changing sea, or the secluded loveliness of those sweet valleys which hide a world of beauty in their green recesses. But the majesty of the everlasting hills "sits heavy on the soul," and the booming sound of the wide waters speaks mournfully to the feelings, and the fair valleys seem to set bounds to the mind's aspirings, and to pen it within their narrow limits. But the prospect of a wide, fertile, wooded champaigne country, cheers the heart, and sets the spirit free. It tells us of man co-operating with the beneficent scheme of nature for the general good—it speaks to our sympathies by spreading before us the rich gifts which are offered to all, and which are enjoyed by many. And once more as I gazed on the fair extent of field, hedge-row, and copse-wood, glowing in the beams of a May sunset, and rejoicing in their own richness—I said within myself, "Italy has her classic traces and her cloudless skies; Germany her Rhine with its thousand castles; Switzerland her mountain grandeur; but there is nothing, no nothing, like my own England!" And with this thought swelling at my heart, I passed under the low-browed archway, and stood within the church. Its interior was very ancient, but in perfect repair. There were centre and side aisles, nave and transept—the lattice railed off into the private chapels of two neighbouring noble families—there were monuments and hatchments of the noble departed—cushioned pews and blazoned prayerbooks for the wealthy living. There was a banner taken on the field of Cressy, and dedicated to Him who judges battles, which, suspended before the altar, flung its sweeping folds upon the pavement; and last and best, there was the village congregation, from the grey-headed

man in his green age, to the rose-bud girl and the chubby child, with their characteristic countenances upturned in thanksgiving. There they stood, the very *beau ideal* of the peasantry of a free enlightened country, their rustic costumes forming a picturesque contrast to the lofty arches and clustered columns, laying their simple unreasoning reverence and child-like trust upon the altar. And as I stood amongst them gazing on their quiet devotion, and their healthy, happy faces, I repeated to myself, "there is nothing like England!"

The benediction was pronounced, the congregation separated; but as the church was not closed, I lingered, dwelling on its monumental inscriptions, some with their long columns of recorded titles and virtues, others with the few simple words which tell such a tale of the desolation of survivors; and the greater number rounded off with morals so unexceptionably excellent, as to be liable to one objection only—they were all alike! In one of the chapels I observed the figure of a knight in armour rudely traced on the flag-stone of a vault where he, "sheathed in his iron panoply," doubtless rests below! While I stood looking down upon this grim record of the departed, striving in vain to decypher a letter of the defaced legend beneath, the outlines of a tale which I had heard came back so vividly on my fancy that I seemed to be conscious of the present and to become identified with the past. Busy groups flitted around me, and glad voices sounded on my ear until my imperfect recollections arranged themselves into a fair pageant, which swept so distinctly before me, that even now I could cheat myself into a belief of its reality.

* * * * *

There was mirth and revelry in the little town of St. Mary's, on May morning, 1347, for the fairest heiress in proud England was to be wedded that day, and the bravest king in Christendom would give away the bride. Knights and ladies, scarfs and banners, heralds and pursuivants, fluttered gaily in the bright sunshine, and crowded the village street. There was a laugh on every lip and a jest on every tongue. It was a godsend to the gossips, that gay bridal, for there was the splendour of the court, which had taken up its abode in the bride's castle, hard by, to grace the ceremony; there was the gay cavalcade of gallant nobles and fair dames who flocked thither to do honour to the orphan of De Lancey; there was the beauty and bravery of the bride, and, most wonderful of all, there was the question who was to be the bridegroom? None could make answer to this important query. If the king were in the secret, it was his Majesty's pleasure to keep it. If fair Isabelle de Lancey

knew, she spoke it not, but waxed thinner and paler day by day; and all beside boldly avowed their ignorance.

But it was darkly hinted, and most loyally believed, that on the eve of the red fight of Cressy, it was proclaimed through the host, that he who should lay at the king's feet a French banner might choose him a bride among the fairest of England's daughters on his return. And when the sun went down on that day of distinction, it was rumoured that a knight with closed vizor demanded admittance to the royal tent, and placing a banner on the ground, said, "I claim the hand of Isabelle de Lancey, and will be in the church of St. Mary's at sunset on May day to receive it!" The squires and pages would have detained him, but while the thought yet crossed their minds he was gone!

The fated hour was fast approaching, and the bridal company, in grave procession, filed into the church. First came a herald, in his gay tabard, with the arms of England embroidered thereon. Then twenty knights, fully armed. The bright sun-beams glistened on their polished corselets, as, two and two, they strode up the centre aisle, and then stood, forming a double line, facing inwards, through which the company might pass.

There was a moment's pause, when the good king, Edward III. in his armour of proof, and with his vizor up, led forth the bride courteously, in his unglaved right hand. And a brave sight it was, to see those two, the best knight in all Europe, and the fairest maiden between sea and sea. She was rarely lovely, though of woman's smallest size; and the silver veil which fell to her feet threw a pale radiance, like moonlight, round her figure. She was followed by six noble virgins in white; then came the Abbot of Westminster, in cope and state, with his breviary in his hand; afterwards Queen Philippa, richly arrayed in cloth of gold, moved forward right queenly, full of grace and dignity, and surrounded by her fair maidens; and, lastly, a long train of nobles and ladies, in their best attire, came sweeping proudly behind.

It was in truth a goodly company; and as they passed on, with rustling silk and ringing steel, you might have challenged Christendom to show the like. But there was deep silence. No gallant whispered his fair partner: no noble dame bespoke her gossip. You might have heard a pin drop at the Lady Isabelle's strange bridal, so great was the stillness, save when some knight's good sword clashed on the marble pavement as he paced along.

At length all were placed. The abbot at the altar, with his book open; while the king, still holding the bride by the hand, stood reverently before it. The queen stationed herself to the left of the king; the bridesmaids ranged round the bride, and the others disposed themselves in rows on either hand.

High over their heads waved that banner, which, if hardly won, was deemed by many of England's best and bravest to be somewhat

dearly bought. It flapped heavily above the herald, as stepping forward, he proclaimed that the hour was come when he who took it might claim his reward.

All eyes were bent towards the church door in eager expectation. And so awful was the hush that men started at the sound of their own breathing, and at the beating of each other's hearts.

They had waited long, and the sun had gone down behind a dark cloud, when there arose in the outer circles of the crowd a faint whisper, which gradually swelled louder and spread wider, until it shaped itself into the words—"He is come!"

The Lady Isabelle, who had hitherto stood still and colourless as a marble statue, started and shuddered. The king's countenance changed somewhat; and all gazed towards the entrance, half in fear, and half in wonder. A shadow darkened the massive archway, and a warrior of noble presence completely armed, entered alone. He wore no device; his vizor was down, and his armour was dark as a raven's wing. But while he advanced with a slow and stately pace towards the altar, there were some who trembled as a wild thought crossed their fancy. He placed himself opposite to the pale bride, and stretching forth his gauntleted hand as if to take hers—he said in a low deep tone:

"I am he who won that banner; and I come to demand the promised guerdon."

The lady seemed sorely shaken; the company shrank from the dark bridegroom; and the abbot alone retained presence of mind enough to reply:—

"Sir Knight," he said, "if it be as you say—it is well—the lady is yours. But there is none of England's chivalry who need scruple to declare himself: raise your vizor; set forth your name and lineage; and the ceremony shall straight proceed."

The knight gave a low laugh under the shadow of his helmet, as he uncovered his face. The church was now well nigh dark; but at that instant a beam of the rising moon streamed through the lofty window and fell full on the stranger. The bride sinking from the king's sustaining hand, uttered a cry so loud and piercing that it sounded like the rending in sunder of soul and body. The abbot told his beads: the king and nobles crossed themselves; while the ladies, shrieking, covered their faces.

And well might they be appalled!—full well they knew those ghastly features—for they were present who had assisted to lay the brave Sir Alberick de Lancey in his bloody grave on the field of Cressy! And she—his cousin—his betrothed in secret—how fared it with her? When the first moment of panic was over, men began to turn their eyes on the spot where the figure had stood—but he was there no longer. Yet the lingerers without were ready to make oath none had left the church.

Meanwhile the queen and her ladies gathered round Isabelle; and raising her from the ground,

whispered words of comfort: but it mattered not—she was already past away!

* * * * *

The populous vision vanished from my mind's eye, as if dispelled by the wand of an enchanter. I was alone in the dark church; and the grey-headed sexton, unconscious of the illusions he was thereby breaking, or of the splendid phantoms he was putting to flight, was in the very act of turning the key in the door!

MISS MITFORD.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD resides at the little hamlet of "Three Mile Cross," near Reading; and it is pleasing to know, that all her scenes are taken from real life, on the aspect of the cultivated and wooded country of "sunny Berkshire." I was not a little astonished to find her attended on her last visit to London, by the identical "Olive Hathaway," the lame village sempstress, who forms the subject of one of her sweetest sketches. Miss Mitford is much addicted to country pastimes, and often takes the field at dawn of day, accompanying her father in his coursing excursions. "May flower, pretty May," is not a dog of the imagination, but a beautiful hound, whose two sons share with her the caresses of their kind mistress. The Mitford cottage is a pretty, but fairy spot. You might place it in a band-box on a shelf; or hang it, like a bird cage, in a tree; however, it suffices for the wants and wishes of a descendant of the noble house of Russell—of one, who may, with truth, be also termed "a noble of nature," the antiquity of whose title cannot be impeached, as her patent has been made out by an unerring hand. There she lives the idol and blessing of her surviving parent, who by the way, is one of the most gentlemanly and handsome old men in England, somewhat violent on what we consider the wrong side in politics—but this is no affair of ours, and the beloved and respected of a large circle, of all, who, invariably, from being acquaintances, become devoted friends; there is a certain number of persons of a particular class—who "do not like to be put in print"—that are a little bit afraid of the fair lady's wit, and would rather keep out of her way; who get at the wrong side of the hedge if she is coming up the lane; and never venture to open their lips if they meet her at a tea party, lest "the authorist" should take down their words; nevertheless, these very people entertain the highest respect for her, and it is only the weakness of their own intellect, or, to speak more gently, an overwrought timidity, that stimulates them to such silly conduct. As it is now some sixteen or eighteen years since Miss Mitford's first poems were published, we cannot sin against politeness in saying that the lady is considerably over thirty years. In person, she is short, and is very stout; but retains a light, graceful step; and notwithstanding her *en bon point*, and her rustifi-

cation in "our village," the moment she enters the room, you feel convinced that she is a person not only of high intellect, but high breeding—"a true born gentlewoman."—*Dublin Literary Gazette.*

THE LION AND THE MAJOR-DOMO.

WHEN Francis I. was carried as a prisoner through part of Spain, his journey was more like that of a conqueror than a captive. At every place through which he passed, the Spanish Nobility endeavoured to surpass each other in generosity and the display of their wealth. On his arrival at the houses of the nobles, a splendid dinner was immediately prepared for him, which was generally succeeded by a magnificent ball, in which the prince, out of politeness, always joined. On one occasion he asked two young ladies, remarkable for their beauty, to dance with him. They were the daughters of an old nobleman. The proud dames, who were exceedingly patriotic, instead of answering the prince, immediately turned their backs towards him. Their father was extremely displeased at his royal visitor being thus insulted, and he flew into a most violent passion, and, taking them both by the hairs of their heads, dragged them from the festive scene. One of the principal nobles of Spain, Don Diego, Duc del' Infantado, displayed on this occasion, by a singular *ruse* of self-love, a spirit which was thought very magnificent at that period, though at present it has something of a ludicrous air. Pretending to be afflicted with a severe indisposition, he caused himself to be brought out on the steps at the entrance of his chateau, seated in an arm-chair—and thus received the king in a *sitting* posture, while the latter was standing! At that period it was looked upon as a matter of great state and luxury among the nobles to possess a menagerie of wild beasts. The same nobleman above referred to, Don Diego, had one, from which, in the midst of the entertainment given to Francis I. a furious lion broke loose from his cage, to the indescribable terror of the company, each person expecting to become a prey to the infuriated animal. But the Major-Domo of the chateau, immediately on hearing of the accident, went down to the kitchen, in which all the servants had fastened themselves, and taking in one hand a flaming firebrand, and in the other his sword, he rushed thus armed, in front of the lion. The animal, terrified at the sight of the flames, drew back, and the Major-Domo pursued him till he reached his cage, in which he shut him with as much *sang froid* as if he had merely been correcting a hungry dog that he had caught in the act of stealing. The king admired this trait of courage more than any thing that he met with during his abode with Don Diego. On concluding his visit, Francis I. said to the old noble, "Duke de l'Infantado, a servant like you, gives one an exalted opinion of the master, whom he serves."

THE DILLOSK GIRL.

I'm a bad hand at describing a beauty, but I'll try my best to give you an idea how Norah Cavanaugh looked when she was twenty. The nose is a part of a woman's face that few people spake of, in reckoning over her charms; but, in my mind, it's worthy of notice, as well as the eyes. Norah's nose was neither long nor short; too thick, nor otherwise; turned up nor down; but just delicate, fine, and growing straight from her brow, in a way that it was beautiful to behold, but next akin to impossible to describe. There wasn't much colour in her cheek, but the lips made up for it. You may talk of cherries for a twelvemonth, but there never was cherries so temptingly red as the lips of young Norah; and when she opened them, you saw two rows of teeth—not so white as the inside of an oyster, but of a colour you loved better; for they was just exactly as a healthy and handsome young woman's should be; and they sparkled and seemed to laugh, every one of them, when their owner did. Her eyes wasn't blue nor black; no, nor grey; nor hazel; but a mixture of all, and not a bit the less beautiful. When you gazed into them, they were like a picture; for there seemed to be a little view of some place in each of them. But this wasn't noticed at a distance; and it's few knew of it, but those who had dandled Norah when a child: for she kept the boys off when she grew up, and, if anything, was thought to value herself a little too much, considering she'd nothing. Norah's hair wasn't so white as to make her look silly: it had a dash of light auburn upon the ends of the curls; and when the sun shone upon them, they had a gloss that dazzled the eyes of all the boys about. Was I but young that time, I think I'd have been in love with little Norah myself; and won her, perhaps, away from them all—who knows?

Norah was as nate in her dress as she well could be, with the little she got for the dillosk she gathered; and on a Sunday, faith! then, who but she? She'd her stockings and shoes, and a clane cap, as well as the best to be seen at Mass. Miss Honor, and James Dingle's other two sisters, next to the great lady at The Beg—are the finest folks in these parts; for their aunt's a great farmer, by the two-mile-stone from this; and they would often be saying, them curls, that came out in clusters under her cap, didn't become a Dillosk-girl; and tould her she'd have more friends, if she'd comb them back, smooth and sleek away behind her ears; but Norah said, she couldn't, for curl they would, whether she wished them or no. This wasn't believed by the young ladies; they couldn't credit that a Dillosk-girl's hair would curl up in that way, without as much time being spent about it, as there was upon their own long, black, horse-tail locks: and they said, Norah Cavanagh had better be at her devotions (though they themselves wasn't Catholics) than to be wasting time twisting up her tresses to allure the young men at Mass. And after that, when No-

rah wint, for a day or two now and then, to help their aunt's maids at a busy time, and they got convinced, by living under the same roof with her, and watching her closely, that Nature was Norah's frizeur, they told her, she ought to cut off her locks if she'd wish to look dacent and get respected. But though Norah wasn't obstinate in anything else, she was in this; and wouldn't do as they bid her. You'll say she ought, perhaps; but, faith! there's many things we ought to do, though we don't do them; and there's many a beggar-man's daughter wouldn't barter her hair for a silk bonnet. If you doubt what I say, try two or three, and you'll see.

Norah was little, but nate, and well made. Hasn't it ever struck you, that Nature often finishes off the little folks better than the big ones? Whether it has or no, matters but little; for if there never was another that was at once little and nate, Norah herself was; and even those that disliked her never denied it; and she had her enemies, and not a few, I promise you. The girls hated her, for stealing away the boys' hearts from them all; and the boys, after a bit, wouldn't give her a good word, because she'd refused them.

Now you'll think, after this, Norah got married to some great lord; but she hadn't the luck. The fairest bird in the air gets caught for its plumage; while the owl, and birds like him, go through the world with little danger; and just so, beauty, that always adorns, too often destroys, them that has it: but that you've heard before, no doubt, in them same or other words, and a good deal more, to the back of it, which I could spake, if I liked, but I won't. It will answer every purpose, I hope, if I say plainly, that it got whispered Norah had met with a misfortune. I won't tell you how the girls giggled at this; that's needless; nor who it was that pretended to pity her, and tried to worm out of her who'd been the destruction of her, but they couldn't: that would be making a story that's too long already, longer than it is, wouldn't it? so I won't. You'll be satisfied, and, may be, a little vexed, to know that, after a time, when Norah wint out to gather the dillosk, there was a baby at her back.

It was a little thing—very little—not much bigger than a fairy; but quite strong and healthy, and as handsome as a mother need wish. It was a little picture of Norah, but not like any one else that ever was seen in these parts: so nobody could tell, by a feature or look, who had a call to it; and no power or persuasion could make Norah say whose it was. Mistress Doolan, that time, it was thought, used to follow Paddy, her husband, silyly, when he wint out sometimes after dusk for anything, to see would he be going the way to little Norah's cabin; for it's said of her, she had some little suspicion, or fear, may be, that Pat might have been backsliding, and playing the same sort of trick that at last, and in the long run, brought him under the thumb. But

she was disappointed intirely: for Pat never had the misfortune to turn the way she feared he would—no, not even by chance.

Norah got paler and much thinner, and her lips lost their colour, and her eyes sunk; but she was just as tidy as before, and held up her head bouldly, in spite of the sneers of her neighbours; so that the few half-friends she had left was obliged to confess she was a bit too barefaced. But, musha! then, was it a soul in the barony—that is, boy or man—that dared leer at her, or try to be upon terms with her that wasn't respectful? Her nature was changed; and when she repulsed them that made up to her, it wasn't with scorn as before, but downright rage: indeed, at last, though she was mild with such as behaved themselves, a man might as well think of kissing a tigress as Norah.

Big Jack Dax, he that's my lady's steward at The Beg, had a nephew, one Mистер Millet, a small bit of a man, mighty puny and spruce, with a white face, and pimples on his chin, but no beard: you'd think a breath would blow him away; and about the time I'm speaking of, he came over from Liverpool, where he was something of a clerk, on a visit here to his uncle, for a couple of months, to get his health, as you'd think if you looked at him; but, as *he* said, to enjoy "the romantic beauties of the coast:" them were his words. He wrote verses, and picked up bits of shells and sea-weeds, and amused himself in ways sensible people wouldn't dream of. Some of us thought he was so-so in his senses; but his uncle said it was no such thing, he was only a genius. Above all things in the world, what should small Mистер Millet do, but attack little Norah, after meeting her two or three times, while he was poking about with a long stick, for shells, on the beach where she got her dillosk. He had heard of her misfortune, but didn't know of her deportment to them that attempted to bill and coo with her: so, one day, he struck up to her, quite confident of himself, and began to be familiar. But he got such a rebuff from the little Dillosk-woman, that he gave up shell gathering, and took to digging for things in the hills, which, he said, was carried away there at the time of the great deluge; and just that day se'nnight, after talking to Norah, Mистер Millet didn't come home to dinner—no, nor supper; and all night they saw no sight of him, though they sat up in hopes of his coming; and, at last, big Jack Dax gave up his nephew as lost, no one knew where. It happened rather unluckily for Mистер Millet to mislay himself just then, for there was great goings-on at The Beg: you'll hear, by-and-by, what they were about.

It was Norah herself that poor Tommy Maloe, offered to marry; and from that, and his doing her a good turn, and saying a kind word for her when he could, some of us thought it was he seduced her. But though he was a fine fellow, and well to do, she wouldn't listen to him. With that, we changed opinions again, and couldn't determine among ourselves, or in our own minds even, how to settle the question. And what bothered

us more than all was, that though Norah said downright "nay" to his offers, it's often she begged him to take Bat Boroo's advice, and not go for a soldier: however, he wouldn't heed her. And when news came of his being killed abroad, Norah wint and wept with his poor mother, and did all she could to comfort the childless ould crature in her sorrow.

Now, we'll go on: As I tould you, no one could guess who poor Norah had been ruined by; and we'd given it up, thinking time would tell us. She never missed passing my door, at the turn of the tide, to go gathering the dillosk; and was always the last home—working, as she did, till the flow again, and going back, step by step, before the rising waters, until they drove her clear off the shore. If industry's a virtue, Norah had it in perfection; and she didn't want, nor ever took, a bawbee that wasn't earned, from any man, and that too, honestly.

Away to the west, about a mile below my cabin, there's a ridge of rocks, which runs far out into the sea; that was Norah's favourite spot, for the dillosk was plenty there, and few frequented it. At low water, the very end of it stood high and dry; and I may say the same too, when the waters was half up, during the neap tides; for it rose above the rest of the ridge, and when the floods came, it was barely covered above two foot, or two foot and a half. We call it O'Connor's land-mark: why, I don't know; but so it was called before I was born, or my father before me—at least, so he said; and if I, that's his son, wouldn't credit him, who would?

One morning—it was the day after big Jack Dax lost his small nephew, as I told you—Norah wint away to the ridge, as usual, and laid down her child on the rock, with its face looking up to the heavens, and laughing at the clouds, as they sailed along in all sorts of forms. This she did daily while gathering the dillosk; for the baby loved to have the clouds for its playthings. It wasn't a fine lady's child, you know, or it couldn't sleep upon O'Connor's land-mark, among the sea-weeds, and so forth, without taking harm: but the place was natural to it; and Norah left Paddy Doolan's daughter to watch it, and to look to it, and bring it to her if it 'woke and wanted anything; and then she began working. After a time, she had well nigh picked up as much as she could carry, though she wasn't lucky that day, for the weed lay wide, and she was long gathering it, and some sad thoughts she had that morning, didn't help to hurry her. At last, she turned back to get the baby and go home; and at that moment she heard a shriek from Paddy Doolan's daughter, who had wandered away from the baby, picking the little fish out of the pools in the rock. It didn't seem more than a minute to Norah since she looked round, and saw the girl by her child; and she had heard her singing, up to the time when the shriek came: but more than a minute it must have been; but, it is true, little more would be enough; for, between Paddy Doolan's daughter, and, of course, between Norah herself, who was

more ashore, and O'Conner's land-mark, where the baby was sleeping, the sea had rose, and flowed over a dent, or steep descent, in the ridge, from the lowest part of which the rock rose up again quite abruptly, till it ended in the peak at the end. You know how fast the tide comes up sometimes just after the ebb, especially when the wind's with it; and you'll not be surprised to hear that, though poor Norah, distracted as she was, nearly flew over the ridge; yet, as she was a full stone's throw off, or more, a couple of big waves had got in; and, if it was fordable when Paddy Doolan's daughter shrieked, it wasn't so by the time Norah got to the water's edge.

Now, it's fit I should tell you, that the shriek Paddy Doolan's daughter gave, when she saw the water betuxt herself and the baby, wasn't a sound, if you heard it, you'd whistle at: it wasn't the scream of a young miss at seeing a cockroach; it gave tidings of death, and spread dismay all over the ridge, and even beyond it, among the Dillosk-women, that was there. Few of them but had children playing about, or picking up little bits of burthens of the weed—them that was big enough, near the ridge; and every one ran to the place whence the sound came. Three or four was much nearer than Norah, and cutting across to the place almost as quickly as herself, none of them knowing but harm had happened their own, they got to the brink of the water before her. When they saw whose baby it was on the ridge, they set up a wail, which, if possible, increased poor Norah's speed down the ridge. They felt as mothers, all of them did; and knowing well enough, by their own hearts, what the mother of the baby would do, they made ready to stop Norah as she came; for swim, they knew she couldn't—it was too late for wading; and if she bated through the incoming waves, the water was so deep in the middle, that down she must. So they all threw their arms about her, and held her for a second; but the baby 'woke then, and its cry came to her ear. That gave her sudden strength, that she broke away from them, and burst into the water. Just then, as luck would have it, an unbroken wave was rolling in; Norah met it in its full strength, and was dashed to the shore again; but would have carried her back with it, hadn't ould Ileen, who'd just got up to the place, rushed in, with Peg Dwyer and another woman, knee-deep, and clutched a hould of her, and kept her fast, in spite of her struggling, and telling them they were murderers, and calling down curses upon them in her agony. The child wailed again; and Norah, it's thought, would have escaped from them a second time; but Ileen, as soon as she heard the baby begin, clenched her big fist, and, with one blow on the forehead, knocked poor Norah senseless into the arms of Peg Dwyer.

There was a moment of silence, and every one cast an eye of reproach upon Ileen, but no one durst utter a word. "Don't be looking so at me," says she, to them; "wouldn't you suffer a little, any of ye, to save all? Many's the fine fellow lost his life for want of less than Norah has

got! Better a blow on the head, no matter how big the bump that comes after it—better that, I say, than be drowned. You've seen a boy in a fit, and six couldn't hould him; and could a fit, think you, give a boy more strength, than the cry of a child, where that one is, would give to a mother that loves it?"

All this while, and it wasn't long, Ileen was tying poor Norah hand and foot.

"Oh! for young Paudrigg, now, or any one that could swim!" cried one of the women; "there's not a boy or a man, no, nor a bit of a boat even, within sight. What will we do, Ileen?"

"All of you join with me in a loud wail, children and all," replied Ileen: "may be, Jimmy Fitzgerald's boys, or some of the neighbours near him, isn't gone out, and may hear us."

"Is it a tide any of the fishermen would lose such weather as this, think you, Ileen!" asked Peg Dwyer.

"Who knows," says Ileen, "what good God may send us? One of them may be kept back to save that poor baby."

So then they set up such a wail, all of them, that it came to me here, where I was dozing; and if anything could have given me the use of my limbs, it would have been that. I tried to stir, but it was of no use; so, without losing time, in making more efforts, I pulled open the door with my crutch, and halloed, and cried "murder!" five or six times, at the top of my voice. Ileen reckoned upon my doing that; for, as soon as the wail was over, says she, "If that does no good, nothing will: if one of us ran off for help, before she got near any men, and they got back again, the sea would be over the child; and the only chance we'd then have, would be in the wave that floated it, bringing it ashore; but that's a poor hope, for every moment the tide drives us back, and leaves it farther away from us. But a scream travels faster than a bird. If no one else heard us, Jimmy Fitzgerald must, for he's always at home: he's an auld sailor, and won't fail to repate the signal of distress; it's sure to bring somebody to him, and he'll send every one that comes, away here to us; so that we save the time of running as far as his cabin, by the wail; and there's hope yet the child won't be lost."

Within a minute or two after I'd done calling out, as I said, there came running in Mick Maguire, and Bat Boroo, and all the lazy-bones of the place; and after them followed Paddy Doolan, ould Malachi Roe, and a power more of landsmen, with women and children at their heels; but not a fisherman, good or bad, ould or young, was ashore. I tould them of the wail I'd heard from the Dillosk-women, and the point it bore from; and off they wint, one following another, as fast as they came in; and it wasn't long before all the place was in arms, and not a soul but me left in it, far or near.

All this didn't take more than the time I'm telling it. Meanwhile Norah recovered; she was now so weak, that Ileen unbound her, but the women still kept a hould of her; and there

they were, wailing about her, and she sitting on a stone, with her hands clasped, gazing at the waters, that were just rising towards the top of the land-mark, where the child, that had now cried itself asleep again, lay without knowing its danger. Now and then she turned her eyes along the shore to the men that were running down to the ridge as fast as they well could: though they were landmen, there was more than one among them that could swim; and Norah, as well as the women about her, had reason to hope bad wouldn't be the end of it.

A man tires, but the rising tide don't, and the waters still kept their pace; but the men slackened, and just as the foremost of them got up, and that was Mick Maguire, out of breath, and who'd no heart, though his legs was the best—just as he got up to the women, a great wave came in, and they all saw it a way off, for it was taller, and might be seen above those before it: it came on slowly, but strongly; and, instead of breaking, and being divided into two by the land-mark, it swept in a full body above it, and Norah's baby was afloat!

Just then, all set up a shriek; and it was answered by one they little expected! What was it but the scream of the great eagle himself, that came down from the clouds a'most, and gripped up the baby in his mighty claws! so saving it from one death, for another that was more frightful, and that too, a thousand-fold! He didn't rise at once, but skimmed along the face of the sea for some time, so that the baby dipped in the tops of the waves, and scattered a foam round itself, and the bird now and then; and it was thought he'd drop it more than once: but no, he soon began to get higher and higher, and rose, at last, on his strong wings, above the cliffs themselves; and then, making a half circle, wheeled round, and wint over the heads of the women, right away to his nest in the mountain. And all that while, the women looked up silently, and them that was running along the beach stood still, and nobody breathed; so that the flap of the eagle's wing was heard plainly, far as he was above them.

It would have been well for poor Norah had she swooned off again; but she didn't. When the eagle was gone out of sight, the people turned at her; and there she was, standing on tip-toe, with arms stretched out, and her eyes fixed in the air, as though she still saw the bird and her baby, long after they had disappeared to every one else. No one spoke to her, for what could they say in the way of comfort? but as soon as they got over the shock of the sight a little—and it was just as though they had all been stunned—they began to ask one another if any thing could be done.

"There's but one hope in the world," says Ileen, "and that's to scale the crag."

"And who'll do it?" asked many, but nobody answered. Every one, who'd the heart, had tried before he was twenty, or betwixt that and twenty-five; but no one had ever succeeded. Many of them that was on the beach, had got terrible falls, and two of them broken limbs, in the attempt, and given it up as fruitless. Luke Fogarty was

too ould, and Rory too young; Paddy Doolan hadn't the courage to try at twenty; and how could it be asked of him then that he was forty? Mick Maguire wouldn't venture himself; but he'd go get his gun, and lend it to any one freely that would. One man pointed to his grey lecks; another to his lame leg; and a third to his brats of little ones, and seemed to think, that it wouldn't be well of him to risk his life for another man's child, when he'd six or eight of his own dependent upon him. Bat Boroo flourished about his big stick, and said he'd scale the rock with all the pleasure in life, if it would do any good. "But where would be the use?" says he; "for by this time the poor child is torn to pieces; and if I reached the nest, and conquered the eagles that's in it, I'd have nothing but the child's torn limbs to bring back."

"I think," says Malachi Roe—the ould one I mane; he didn't spake before, and hadn't been known for a long time to open his lips until a question was asked him; "I think," says he, "there's no fear of that. Daddy Gahagan, the shepherd, has been telling me, that one of his grandsons came to him 'while ago, with news of the eagle's mate having just carried off a lamb from the flock he tended. She'll get to the nest first with her prey, and there's a chance: what do I say? it wouldn't be foolish to lay odds, no harm comes to the child these two hours."

Every one stared, and wondered if it was indeed Malachi himself that spoke such a speech. They took it, however, for gospel, and set up a shout; but Bat had turned on his heel, and didn't listen to it. Then all of them began to move off to the foot of the crag, but still nobody offered to venture.

While they wint sorrowfully, but speedily, along, as though getting near the place would do any good, they met Mither James Dingle trotting towards them. Two or three, and Mick Maguire was among 'm, had got a-head of the rest; and before they could speak, James Dingle pulled up his horse, and said to them, "God save ye boys! I've just seen the big eagle carrying off that in his claw, which I am sure is a child, by the clothes. Whose it is, I hav'nt heard; he may have brought it miles; but I'll give any of you two sparkling yellow boys, that will climb the crag and get it down from him, dead or alive."

Upon this, Mick Maguire told him the whole story, whose child it was, and how the eagle got it; and before he'd done, the whole cavalcade of them were round him, crying, "Oh! Mither James! what'll we do? For, next to the priest, and the lady at The Beg, every one looked up to young Dingle for advice in the day of distress. And such wailing and bothering there was about him, that he couldn't be heard for a minute and more: at last, Father Killala, who had joined the people, got silence for him. The colour had left his cheek, and his lips looked hard and dry; but he spoke out ouldly and distinctly, and said, "Though we're tould that the crag has been climbed, and the eagle's nest reached, yet no one was ever known, or reported in tradition, to have

got down from it again. Now, Malachi Roe, do you take my horse and ride back to the beach with the best speed you can, and bring a roll of cord back with you, and ropes, if you can get them; but bring the cord away at once, if there's any delay with the ropes, for they may be got after. I'd go for it, but I wouldn't make myself a bit more fatigued than I now am, for that's needless; and while you're gone, I'll be getting ready. Should I reach the nest I can lower the child to you, if I never come back myself."

"And is it you that's going, sir?" says Mick Maguire.

"It is, Mick," he answered; "no one else will, and so I suppose I must."

And then all of them, that a minute before was dying to meet with any one that would go, began moaning in an under tone, and seemed sorry, and half inclined to persuade James Dingle not to make the attempt. One fellow muttered—and it wasn't well of him—"A man's life is worth more than a child's."

"I don't know that," said James Dingle; "and what if it was? We were all children once, and not able to help ourselves; but there was then men about, who had strength given them to protect us. Now we're men, we ought to do by the children the same that others, whose heads lie low, did for us, or would have done for us, if need was, when we were babies."

"Mr. Dingle," said Father Killala, coming up to him, "we can but ill afford to lose you: I'd rather another wint who had a heart and body equal to your own; but as no one else offers, go, and the Lord bless you!"

Dingle shook the ould man's hand, and wint on towards the mountain, with all the people following him, and praying blessings on his head.

Malachi Roe this while was far on his way to the fishermen's cabins: he wasn't a man to lose time, or spare horse-flesh when need was; so he came galloping down like a racer, and got back again, with all that was wanted with him, long before he was expected by any but James Dingle, who knew what Malachi was, and what his own horse could do; and, besides that, was impatient to begin. While he was gone, Luke Fogarty, and two or three more that had tried to get at the nest, gave Dingle what advice they could, how to avoid the mishaps they'd met with. Bat Boroo lent him his stick, and offered him a few short instructions in the way of attack and defence with it. But James Dingle silenced him, by saying, "Bat Boroo, I thank you, but a shillalaja isn't a broad sword. I've been fool enough to carry a twig to fair with me, when I was younger and wilder than I've been these seven years past. It was said I knew how to use it then; and though I've had no practice since, I don't think I've forgot which way to flourish it best."

And sure enough there was few that ever could stand up long to James Dingle before he got steady, even while only a stripling. In this place, if I'd a mind to do it, I might keep playing with your feelings, and tell you how young Dingle

parted from the people, and what they thought and said, while he was climbing; and how one minute they had reason to hope, and the next to fear for him; but I won't do this, for you may imagine it all without any word of mine. I'll come to the point at once: it was long before James made much way, for the lowest part of the peak was the worst. When he got higher, he had often to crawl along the ledges a great way to find resting-places above for his feet; but he got on better than he did at the beginning; and after being often lost sight of, behind the pieces of rock that shot up like towers, appeared again in places where he wasn't expected; and in less than an hour, the people below saw him in the branches of the tree, behind which it was known the eagle had her aerie. And he hadn't yet done his work: but you'll hear how he got on.

The eagle's nest rested partly on the tree 'I spoke of, which grew out of a crevice of the rock, and partly on the floor of a natural cave. It was made of big sticks; and among them was many a white bone of the bird and beast, that had served the eagles for prey, years and years before. James Dingle put aside the branches, quietly as he could, and in no small trepidation, to see what was doing, before he got in: and he did right, I think; for look before you leap, is a saying that has sense in it, especially when you're going to get into an eagle's nest. So far, all went well; but no sooner had he put his head through the leaves, than he saw a sight that struck him motionless! Most men have been amazed some time or other; but there never was a man so amazed as James Dingle was. At one corner of the little hollow in the rock, making himself look less than he was, who do you think sat there but small Mither Millet! Mither Millet himself, whiter than the wall, who had been lost since the day before, as I told you, shivering like a mouse within reach of the claw of a cat, with both the eagles opposite, on the brink of the nest, staring at the creature, and seeming to wonder what he was at, and how he got there. There was two young eagles in the nest full-fledged, and looking mighty frightened at their new friend, Mither Millet. The lamb wasn't touched, though killed; and by its side lay the child, with one of the young eagle's wings over the little darling's face. It seemed as though the birds had all been afraid to begin their meal, with Millet where he was, and hadn't yet made up their minds how to get rid of him. I may as well tell you now, as by-and-by how he came there, for I dare say you'd like to know.

Well, then, the little man, by his own story, had wandered away the day before, an hour after breakfast, to fetch a romantic walk among the hills, and gather pebbles, and catch butterflies, and draw trees, and make poetry, and them things he was fond of; but by the time his stomach told him it was getting on fast for dinner-time, he made a discovery that wasn't singular, considering what he'd been at, and which way he wint. You'll guess he lost his way, and so he did; and every step he took made matters worse.

Night came upon him, in a place where he could see nothing but a few rocks and wild shrubs about, and the sky speckled with stars above him. He chose out the cleanest and softest bed he could, took off his coat and turned it inside out; then putting it on again, he lay down, and to his own great surprise soon found himself falling asleep. He had no bad dreams from indigestion that night, you may be sure; but he didn't wake very well in the morning, for all that. At day-break, he began walking again; and in about an hour's time, upon looking through a few bushes, he got sight of a hole in the rock, which had light at the other end of it. He crawled in upon all-fours, and soon found himself cheek-by-jowl with a pair of young eagles!

Now, we know, from tradition, that there certainly was a long, but not a difficult, way to the eagle's nest, through the hills; but, though many had tried that was born and bred near them, none could ever find it out; and then comes Mither Millet, piping hot from a Liverpool 'counting-house, and discovers it without trying, and much against his own will, to boot! His wonder wasn't well over, before home came the great hen eagle, with a lamb; and from that time he didn't dare stir, for she never ceased eyeing him, as though she was only waiting until he made a move, to dart at his face. By-and-by, home came her mate too; and the sight of him didn't make Mither Millet feel a morsel more aisy, I take lave to suppose; especially when he saw that the bird had a child in its clutch: and there sat the little man, half dead with hunger, cold, and fear, when James Dingle looked in upon him.

It was then only, that the birds appeared to know of the approach of another intruder: they stretched forth their wide wings, and each of them, at the same moment, seized the lamb with one foot, and stood fluttering on the other, at the edge of the nest. Dingle reached out his left hand and dragged the child to him; and with his right, before you'd breathe, struck the bird that was nearest him—it was the cock—a blow on the head, with Bat Boroo's oaken cudgel, that knocked him over the edge of the nest, and down he fell, in a way that made those below think he was killed; but, after falling many yards, he fluttered his wings, and soon recovered enough to fly to a resting-place. The hen, at the moment her mate got the blow, screamed so that the rocks rung with it, and got upon the wing. She wheeled round in the air, and rose, to all appearance, for the purpose of making a terrible stoop upon her enemy. There wasn't any time to be lost: James Dingle pushed both the young eagles out of the nest; they were able to keep themselves up; and the old hen, instead of making a descent upon James, altered her course, flew towards her young, and kept close to them, until they had reached, and were safe perched upon, the point of one of the peaks, that grew up by the side of the crag.

While this was doing, Dingle got into the nest, bid Millet crawl back through the hole with the child, and in a short time followed. He had

made up his mind to explore his way through the hills; for, thinks he, Mither Millet never could have got here, if the road's difficult, unless, indeed, the eagle's carried him up; but that's not likely: so I'll try; and its odd, from this height, if I can't discover the way down, whatever may be said of it's being impossible. The hen eagle, too, kept hovering about, and would, no doubt, soon be joined by her mate; and the chance was, if he pulled up the rope by the cord he had, and let down the baby, the great chance was, whether one of the old birds—to say nothing of the fear he had of its getting hurt against the rocks—wouldn't pounce upon and destroy it, as it swung mid-way in the air. So he determined to try his luck, and began descending. Mither Millet amused him by a story as they went; but the gentleman couldn't remember one inch of the way he came; and if Norah Cavenagh's child hadn't been carried off the way I told you, Jack Dax would have lost a nephew, and the world Mither Millet; for I can't but think he'd have died somewhere about the hills, or been killed by the eagles; and so, one way or other, met with the same fate as the boy did that was seen in the nest long ago, and never got back.

When the people saw that James Dingle waved his stick triumphantly, as he did before he left the nest, and had disappeared for some time, though the eagles hadn't harmed him, they reminded one another of the way to the crag over the hills, and thought he was trying to find it; and when they asked Malachi Roe, he made a speech again—that is, a speech for the likes of such a one as him: says he, "I've no doubt but he is—he'd be a fool if he didn't; look at the eagles above, between this and the nest."

"True," says Mick Maguire; "that didn't occur to us, whin he went up. Any how, he might have killed them both, and then there'd be no danger in letting down the baby; he might have done that, if he'd taken my gun. And I'm thinking that Bat Boroo's stick—"

"What's your opinion, Malachi?" said Father Killala, interrupting Mick; and it's the only fault he has, for he'd never hear one of my stories half through, without asking two or three hundred questions; and then, may be, he'd go off in the middle of it. But he's a fine man, and that's his only fault, or, I'd rather say, it's a way he has that's not pleasant to some people, though Mick didn't mind it. "What's your opinion, Malachi?" says Father Killala; "do you think James Dingle will find his way back?"

"With the blessing of Providence, I've no doubt of it, replied Malachi: "no one ever came back from it yet, it's true; but there never was such a man as James Dingle got into the nest before."

"He knows the country as well as any one here, I suppose," observed the priest.

"Better, Father Killala, said Malachi."

With this, most of the people came back, bringing poor Norah with them; and she was comforted in a great degree. Still she'd terrible fears, and every multitude of bad fancies, but one

strove to console her; those who wouldn't spake to her before, wept for her now, and Norah Cavanagh was grateful to them for it. A few watched the crag; but most of the people, as I said, came away; and they might be seen, hanging together in knots about the place, doing nothing the rest of the morning but watch in hopes of seeing James Dingle appear. Some went up among the hills to scout for him; though that wasn't much use, for nobody knew which way he'd come back.

Hours and hours passed on, but still no news of James Dingle; and his aunt, who heard of what had been done, was almost frantic at the foot of the hill, beyond The Beg. It was long she waited, and often she looked up the crags, but still there was no sign of her nephew. It was past mid-day, and all the people got round her, and every body began to despair but Malachi.

At last, two men was seen coming down from above; and who should they be, as you'll guess, but James Dingle and young Mither Millet! young Dingle with Norah Cavanagh's child in his arms, and Millet helping himself on as well as he could by Bat Boroo's big stick.

I won't describe what big Jack Dax, who was there, said on seeing his nephew again; I'll rather take up your time by telling you what a better man, and that's Father Killala, did: though Mither Dax is a good soul, and much liked; but, of course, not to be mentioned with the priest. And the truth is, big Jack Dax didn't waste much time in words; but, with little or no ceremony, hoisted his poor worn-out little nephew on his own broad shoulders, and so hoiked him off home to The Beg. It was himself—I mane the priest, that took the child out of James Dingle's arms; and when he'd seen it was alive and well, he motioned all the people about him to be silent; and then, turning to young Dingle, he said, in a tone that those who heard it won't soon forget, "James Dingle, you're the father of this child!"

Every soul stood amazed, and nobody spoke but Dingle himself. "What makes you say so, sir!" says he.

"What!" exclaimed Father Killala: "what but that we've all witnessed to-day! Your humanity made you offer money to any one that would scale the crag, when you merely knew that a child had been carried off by the eagles; but as soon as you heard the child was Norah Cavanagh's, you prepared to go yourself. None but the father of this babe would have ventured as much for it as you have to-day; you are that father, James Dingle. In the face of Heaven above us, before your countrymen, in the sight of that lost young woman, and with this unhappy being on your bosom"—and he placed the child in young Dingle's arms as he spoke,—"with this in your bosom, you cannot—dare not deny it?"

"I don't deny it, Father Killala," said James Dingle.

It's said the priest himself looked a little surprised at this; but he went on. "Then, Mr. Dingle, as you're a man, I trust it's your inten-

tion to follow up this great day's work, by doing right to her that you've wronged.

"He never wronged me, father Killala; blessings on him!" said Norah Cavanagh.

Well! how all this would end, no soul could guess. The good priest looked more astonished than before, and not a little angry at Norah. "And are you so lost to shame," said he to her—"has vice made you so abandoned?"

"She never was lost to shame, and don't know vice," interrupted James Dingle rather warmly; "I'll uphold her to be as pure and virtuous as any here."

James Dingle's aunt, who had stood mute with amazement all this time, now broke silence. "What's all this I hear?" exclaimed she: "Why, he'll say next she's an honest man's wife, and himself her husband!"

"That's just how it is, aunt," replied James.

Without repeating more of that part of her discourse, word for word, I may as well tell you, that Dingle owned to his enraged aunt, he'd married Norah secretly, under a promise of getting the aunt's forgiveness within a month or so; but as Norah was a Catholic, and the Dingles all Protestants, and the ould woman herself as proud as them that was her betters, and so adverse to a Catholic for her nephew's wife, that she'd as soon have done any thing as agree to such a thing: as, I say, all this was the case, (and James should have thought of it before, shouldn't he?) though he'd a stout heart, he hadn't the courage to mention his marriage to her. When his wife—for so they call her now—found he broke his promise, and wouldn't save her from the shame that was fast coming upon her, she absolutely refused to have any, even the slightest, communication with him, and scorned to accept the smallest mite of assistance from his hand; but worked hard and supported herself, and by-and-by her baby too; bowing down before her bad luck, and taking it as a penance for doing wrong, as she had, by such a marriage; but, under all, trusting to Providence for better days.

James Dingle freely confessed how bad he'd acted; and Norah repeated over and over, it wasn't his wish she should work as she had, but she would. The only excuse he could make was, the situation of his sisters; who, as every one knew, like himself, was quite dependent on his aunt for support. "And though," says he, "I'm strong and able, and could well keep them by the sweat of my brow, they'd break their hearts in a month, after being brought up the way they have; and I was sure my aunt would turn them out, the day I owned to marrying Norah. But that's all a poor plea for me: I should have looked to my wife first; I feel it here!" says he, striking his breast, "I'm a good-for-nothing scoundrel; and them that doesn't despise me is a'most as bad as myself. I made up my mind how I'd act, coming down the crags, with the child smiling up like an angel of goodness in my face, and so telling me, in that mute way, to repent and do right, without more delay. I determined on this, before Father Killala spoke to me; be-

lieve it or no, which way you please. Norah, I'll go home with you, and in your own little cabin ask your forgiveness: next, I'll beg that of my sisters, who, I suppose, will be sent to me at once; I begged it from above long ago. Aunt, after the poor return I've made to you for all you did for me and mine before now, it's useless to ask grace of you for myself. I suppose; but my knees wouldn't be stiff, if I thought I could, by entreating, obtain a continuance of your bounty to them who hav'n't offended you; of course, I mane my sisters. Whether or no, aunt, I'll always be grateful; and do as you will, I'll not repine."

But James Dingle's aunt didn't mind what her nephew said, and wouldn't even listen to Father Killala, but raved and stormed with such violence, that every one thought her passion must soon blow over; but the more she blustered, the better she seemed to be for it. Bat Boroo got his big stick and retired to the rear, seemingly a little frightened or so; Duck Davie rubbed the palms of his hands together, and felt delighted to see the ould lady in such a pucker; no doubt he did. Mick Maguire stood leaning upon the muzzle of his gun, staring with wonder at her chin going up and down at such a rate as it did; and Luke Fogarty poked his bull's horn as near as he well could to her mouth, to pick up as much of her discourse as his deafness would let him.

At last, as all things must have an end, young Dingle's aunt stopped talking; but without being a bit more contented than when she began. Just then, little Norah knelt down before her; and with tears in her eyes, asked, would she forgive her nephew, if she (Norah) left the place for ever with her baby, and wint away to such parts, that none who knew her should ever see sight of her more? But James Dingle and Ileen stepped up to the little Dillosk-woman, as soon as the words were out of her mouth; and one at the one side, and one at the other, they raised her up.

"I can't agree to that," says James Dingle.

"No, nor I; nor any woman here," says Ileen.

"I don't reproach you, Norah," continued James, "for offering to leave me; but I won't allow it. It's now, perhaps, for the first time, I feel how very dear you are to me: I'll give up all for you—all, Norah; and it's much I shall be in your debt even then."

"The whole that I've to say about the matter, Mrs. Dingle, is this," quoth Ileen: "you've no right to look down upon Norah, though she's poor, and a Catholic, becase you're rich, and a Protestant; for you were poor yourself, before your husband, that's dead, turned tithe-proctor; and your own uncle's now coajutor to the parish-priest of Ballydalough. There's not one belonging to you can say his grandfather ever had two chimnies to his house, or more than would buy a day's dinner in his pocket; that I needn't tell you though, for you know it well enough, Mrs. Dingle. The buttermilk blood will show itself; but you sha'n't trample upon Norah Cavanagh, while I, that's her own mother's second cousin, can get within a mile of her. She comes of a

good family, Mrs. Dingle, and if you won't be a mother to her, I will! I couldn't look upon her while every one had a right to think she'd disgraced herself; but now she's proved to be what she ought, I restore her to my heart."

"Ah! why not be good humoured thin, at once?" says Mick Maguire to the aunt; "make no more wry faces at the pill; but, though it's a bitter, swallow it at once. Why not thin, eh? and don't be a fool! If you make any more noise about it, I'll fire away all the powder I have to drown your voice."

"I'll not have my aunt insulted, Mick," says James Dingle, "neither by you, nor any one; I'd be better pleased with Ileen, had she said less."

"I'm not one for asking lave what I shall say, before I spako, or begging pardon for what I've spoke, James Dingle;" replied Ileen.

"That's true," observed her husband, ould Malachi Roe, in a remarkably positive tone.

Mrs. Dingle seemed to have a mind to begin again, when who should walk up to the place where the people were standing, but my lady from The Beg, leaning upon the arm of Pierce Veogh! Mick Maguire let off his gun for joy at the sight; the piper played a merry jig; Father Killala and James Dingle shook hands with Pierce, and welcomed him heartily; and almost every body felt delighted; for Pierce, with all his faults, was much loved for many things; chiefly, though, because he was born among us, and had been unfortunate.

"Thank God!" says he, as soon as he was let speak; "Thank God! I'm here among my people once more; and am able to stand a free man on my own ground again. For clearing me of all my miseries, for recalling me to the right path, for restoring me to the house of my forefathers, I am indebted to my wife." The beautiful lady who still kept her arm in his, blushed, and held down her head, as he spoke the words. "My last creditor," continued Pierce, "the rascally mushroom, Mich Purcell, was forced to give me a full acquittance this morning: an hour after that we were married; but it's only since Mr. Dax returned to The Beg with his nephew, that I heard what had happened; and it grieves me to find any one about me unhappy at such a time as this. Mrs. Dingle, I don't like to boast of my few good deeds; but, I believe, on one occasion, I had it in my power to grant you an important favour; did I refuse?"

Mrs. Dingle burst into tears, but made no reply.

"I understand you object to your nephew's choice, little Norah here, because she's a Catholic. My wife," continued Pierce, "was a Protestant: I, as you know, am not; but, with her, the difference of our creeds was no bar to our union."

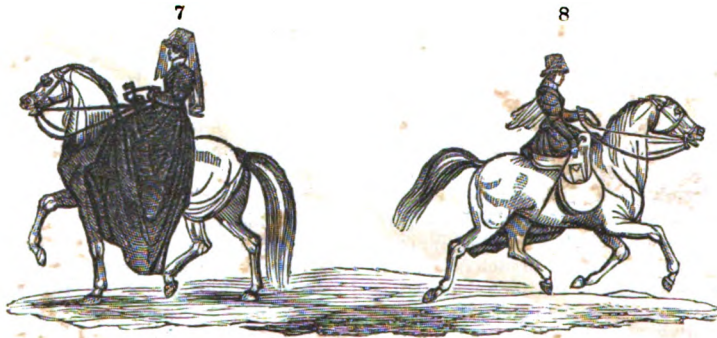
Well, as I often say, to make a long story short, at last and in the long run, what with Father Killala's preaching, and Pierce Veogh's entreating, and his beautiful lady's winning smiles, and the tears of proud little Norah, James Dingle's

aunt agreed to make it up with her nephew. Instead of going home with Norah that night to her own little mud cabin, he took her away to his aunt's house; and she has ever since lived upon good terms with the ould woman, and his nieces to boot.

Pierce Veogh had intended to have made no noise about his wedding that day; but to have kept open house at The Beg, from the next morning, for a whole week. However, as he'd shown himself to the people, and reconciled his richest tenant to the marriage of her nephew with one of the poorest on the whole domain; though there never was a better, except my lady, and few so good upon it as little Norah, he couldn't but ask every body to come home with him and make merry a little.

And it's merry enough they made themselves, as I can bear witness, for I was among them. They couldn't well get on without me; so Mick Maguire, and Bat Boroo with Corney Carolan,

and a whole fraternity of them, came down to fetch me up to The Beg in pomp. But, bad luck to them! they would have broke my neck if I hadn't a little thought for myself, for they'd a cup of the crature inside them before they started; and what should they propose but to knock out the head of a large empty cask that had been washed ashore close to my cabin that day week; and, as I couldn't walk, to roll me in it, over and over, right up to The Beg! This, of course, I couldn't allow; but, as there was no other vehicle to be had, I consented, if they'd bore square holes through the two ends of the cask, and get a pole to fit them, to bestride it. So they did as I hinted, and away I wint, with the piper playing before me, and two or three o' them, under Bat Boroo's command, carrying me, straight off to The Beg; where I emptied so many piggins o' pothian to the health of my neighbours, that I know no more how I got home, than the man in the moon.



RIDING.

ALTHOUGH our limits will not permit us to enter into an elaborate detail of the lessons taken by a pupil in the riding-school, it is right that we should give the learner a few useful hints on the rudiments of Riding, and not devote our whole space to the improvement of those who have made considerable progress. While we endeavour to correct bad habits in the self-taught artist—in the pupil of a kind friend, an affectionate relative, or of a mere groom—to confirm the regularly-educated equestrian in the true principles and practice of the art—to remind her of what she has forgotten, and to improve upon the knowledge she may have acquired—we must not forget those among our young friends, who, having never mounted a horse, are desirous of learning how to ride with grace and propriety, and who dwell at a distance, or do not feel inclined to take lessons from a master. To such, one-third, at least, of our preceding observations are applicable; and we recommend an attentive perusal of what we have said, as to mounting, the aids, the balance, position, &c. before they aspire to the saddle.

Our other remarks they will find useful when they have acquired a little practice.

A quiet and well-trained horse, and a careful attendant, should, if possible, be procured. A horse, that knows his duty, will almost instruct his rider; and if a friend, who is accustomed to horses, or a careful servant, accompany the pupil, there is little or nothing to fear, even in the first attempts: the friend, or groom, may also, by his advice, materially assist the learner in her progress.

It would be needless for us to repeat our advice as to the manner of mounting, holding the reins, making the horse advance, stop, turn, &c. or the proper position of the body and limbs; all these, in her early lessons, the pupil should gradually practise.

WALKING.

Let the pupil walk the horse forward in a straight line, and at a slow rate, supporting his head in such a manner as to make him keep time

in the beats of his pace; but not holding the reins so tight as to retard the measurement of his steps, or to make him break into a trot on being animated (Fig. 7). The hand should be so carried, that it may delicately, but distinctly feel, by the operation of the horse's mouth on the reins, every beat of his action. If he do not exert himself sufficiently, he must be slightly animated. Should he break into a trot, he must be checked by the reins; but the pull must neither be so firm or continued as to make him stop. The moment he obeys the rein and drops into a walk, the hand is to be relaxed into its previous position. Should he require animating again, the movement for that purpose must be more gentle than before, lest he once more break into a trot.

After walking in a straight line for a short time, the pupil should practice the turn to the right and to the left; alternately using both hands in these operations, in the manner directed in a previous page. She must observe, that when she pulls the right rein to turn the horse on that side, the other hand must be relaxed and lowered, or advanced, to slacken the left rein and ease the horse's mouth, and *vice versa*.

If the horse will not readily obey the hand in turning, or do not bring forward his croupe sufficiently, he is urged to throw himself more on the bit, by an animation of the leg or whip. The animations, during the first lessons, should be commenced with great gentleness, and the rider will easily discover, by a little experience, to what degree it is necessary to increase them, in order to procure obedience. This observation should be attended to, were it only for the pupil's safety: for if she begin with her animations above the horse's spirit, his courage will be so raised as to endanger, or, at least, alarm her; and thus render what would otherwise be an agreeable exercise, unpleasant.

After the pupil has practised walking in a straight line, and turning on either side, for a few days, she may walk in a circle, and soon make her horse wheel, charge, demi-volt, &c. The circle should be large at first; but when the pupil has acquired her proper equilibrium, &c. it must, day by day, be gradually contracted.

In riding round a circle, the inner rein is to be rather lowered, and the body inclined inward: this inclination must be increased during succeeding lessons, as the circle is contracted, and the pupil quickens the pace of her horse. She must practise in the large circle, until she is able, by her hand and her aids, to make the horse perform it correctly. The inside rein must be delicately acted upon: if it be jerked at distant intervals, or borne upon without intermission, the horse, in the former case, will swerve in and out, and in the latter, the rider's hand and the animal's mouth will both become in some degree deadened; and thus their correspondence will be decreased. In order to procure correct action, the inner rein should be alternately borne on in a very slight degree, and relaxed the next instant—the hand keeping exact time in its operations with the cadence of the horse's feet. The

direction is to be frequently changed;—the pupil alternately working to the right and the left, so as to bring both her hands into practice.

As soon as the rider becomes tolerably well confirmed in her seat and balance, and in the performance of the simple aids and animations, as well in large as small circles, she should begin to ride in double circles—at first, of considerable diameter, but decreasing them by degrees as she improves. Riding in double circles, is guiding the horse to perform a figure of 8; and this, in the language of the riding-school, is effecting the large and narrow change, according to the size of the circles. The number of the circles may be increased, and the sizes varied, with great advantage, both to the rider and the horse. They may be at some distance from each other, and the horse be guided to work from one to the other diagonally.

TROTTING.

The pupil should begin to practise the trot (Fig. 8) as soon as she is tolerably perfect in the walking lessons. It will be as well for her, at first, to trot in a straight line; she may then work in the large circle, and proceed gradually through most of the figures which she has performed in a walk. To make the horse advance from a walk to a trot, the fore-hand should be slightly elevated, by drawing upwards the little finger of each hand (or that of the left hand only, when the pupil has advanced enough to hold the reins in one hand), and turning them toward the body. An animation of the leg and whip should accompany this motion. The trot should be commenced moderately: if the horse start off too rapidly, or increase the pace beyond the rider's inclination, she must check him, by closing the hands firmly; and if that will not suffice, by drawing the little fingers upward and toward the body: this must not be done with a jerk, but delicately and gradually; and as soon as the proper effect is produced, the reins are again to be slackened. If the horse do not advance with sufficient speed, or do not bring up his haunches well, the animations used at starting him are to be repeated. When the horse proceeds to the trot, the pupil must endeavour to preserve her balance, steadiness, and pliancy, as in the walk. The rise in trotting is to be acquired by practice. When the horse in his action raises the rider from her seat, she should advance her body, and rest a considerable portion of her weight on the right knee; by means of which, and by bearing the left foot on the stirrup, she may return to her former position without being jerked: the right knee and the left foot, used in the same manner, will also ease her in the rise. Particular attention must be paid to the general position of the body while trotting: in this pace, ordinary riders frequently rise to the left, which is a very bad practice, and must positively be avoided. The lady should also take care not to raise herself too high; the closer she maintains her seat, consistently with her own comfort, the more correct her appearance will be.

From the MS. Journal of an English Detenu.

THE MARQUIS D'ARCONATI.

IN 1810 there lived in Brussels a very extraordinary individual, the Marquis d'Arconati. He belonged to an ancient and opulent Italian family, and possessed an income, it was believed, of eight thousand pounds a-year, a magnificent hotel in the Place Royale, and a large chateau a few miles from town. All the inhabitants were acquainted with the eccentric habits of this nobleman—some pronounced him to be a madman; others would have had him canonized as a saint. During six months of the year, commencing in May, his vast mansion was open to the public, and his weekly *dejeuners* were well attended; but, strange as it may appear, he was never present at them, but generally appointed some one, often a stranger, to superintend and to do the honours of these repasts. The house, from the cellar to the garret, was filled with curiosities of every description: valuable paintings, rare manuscripts, china vases, watches, clocks, snuff-boxes, and so great an abundance of children's toys made of ivory, ebony, or other precious woods, that the town of Nuremberg could not have exhibited a greater number. These he had collected during his travels in every part of Europe, at an expense, it was stated, of at least £80,000. Here I was shown the identical pen with which St. Thomas Aquinas wrote all his works, consisting of twelve or fourteen folio volumes, not a bit the worse for use!—the same piece of cloth that St. Martin cut off his cloak to give to a poor man; it was very filthy in appearance, and hardly large enough to have concealed more than his shoulders: the veritable key of St. Hubert, the patron of sportsmen—the celebrated one in the Ardennes being a counterfeit; this key, when made red hot and pressed upon the *occiput* of any of the canine species, makes them howl terrifically, but effectually prevents them from ever being attacked by hydrophobia! The real left eye of our Lady of Loretto—a superb diamond; as the conservators of the holy chapel stood in need of money, they sold the brilliant orb to the Marquis, and introduced a glass one in its stead; but as *notre dame* stared with an obliquity of vision after this abstraction, the monks also sold the right eye to an English Jew, and now both eyes are glass ones.

During the six months, the household of the Marquis consisted of about thirty domestics, most of whom were habited in the oriental costume; his stables frequently contained forty horses. Sometimes he was seen driving a curricule-and-six; at other times, a-tandem with three horses *at length* was his fancy; again he would appear on an Arabian charger, dressed like a Mameluke, accompanied by a dozen men in similar uniforms; upon his turban he wore a pearl, the largest I have ever seen, and estimated at £10,000; this, he said, had belonged to Thomas Kouli Khan. He used to calculate his expenses to so great a nicety, that at the expiration of the six months, exactly forty pounds remained in his banker's

hands, and with this small sum he contrived to exist during the remaining part of the year! He was extremely charitable, and one tenth of his income was set apart for benevolent purposes.

Mr. R., an English gentleman who was on intimate terms with this extraordinary character, gave me a letter of introduction, which I presented on a Saturday, the 31st of October, the last day of his "appearing in public." The Marquis bore a strong resemblance to those prints said to be a likeness of the prince of fabulists, Æsop, the Phrygian; he spoke fluently several modern languages, and with the dead ones he seemed well acquainted, reading to me, occasionally, his manuscripts in Chaldaic, Syriac, and Persian. "To-morrow," said the Marquis, "I intend to retire from the world—perhaps for ever, perhaps only for six months—if you have any wish to see my dwelling during that period, I will show it to you." He then carefully unlocked a ponderous door at the extremity of his apartments, and I found myself in a small chamber of the most gloomy description; every part was hung with black cloth, here and there embroidered with representations of death's heads; in the centre of the room was a superb coffin of large dimensions: "In this," said he, "I take my rest; in this also, when the time comes, I am to be buried. My food during my retirement will be bread and water, and the whole of my time will be devoted to prayer, in order to atone for my transgressions during the six previous months." In one corner of the room was a small oratory; here were to be seen books of devotion, hair shirts, and sack-cloth, cat-o'-ninetails, and a pail full of ashes. The little man's eyes seemed to beam with delight as he contemplated these signs of mortification and penance. I hastily took my leave of the Cenobite, wishing him every happiness during the period of his seclusion.

On reaching the Montagne de la Cour I met Count de R. "I have just been paying a visit," said I, "to the Marquis d'Arconati; what is your opinion of this nobleman?" "My opinion is," replied the Count, "that he is quite crazy, and ought to be sent forthwith to Charenton." Proceeding down the Rue de Madeleine, I accosted Madame la Chanoinesse de B—, a pious Irish dame, and telling her where I had been spending my morning, she exclaimed, "The Marquis is a saint—in verity a saint!—and at his death this holy personage will be beatified by the pope and his consistory."

The following beautiful Stanzas were intended by GRAY for his Country Church Yard, but afterwards omitted as not in his opinion possessing sufficient merit.

Hark! how the sacred calm that breathes around,
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease,
In still small accents whispering from the ground
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

There scatter'd oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen are showers of violet found,
The red breast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

ROBERT BURNS.

There is much sweetness in the following description of this poet of Nature. It is from the pen of his gifted countryman ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, who beheld him after his decease.

He lay in a chamber still and lone,
And mete for a poet's rest;
And the flowers of Spring were lightly thrown
On his cold and shrouded breast.

The lines of his face might still be scann'd,
If the gazer would yield the care;
They were dark and deep, for Death's cold hand
Had not swept destroying there.

Shent and sad, not a sigh was heard
O'er the form that in slumber lay;
Unbroke was the gloom—by a whisper'd word,
All gazed and all passed away.

His countrymen came, ten thousand strong,
To weep o'er his narrow bed;
And tears they gave to that "Child of Song,"
Who had sued to them for bread.

The earth was heap'd, the turf was strew'd,
And far fled the mournful train;
And the morrow came, and each renew'd
His grovelling craft again.

DEATH OF AN INFANT.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY, OF HARTFORD.

Go to thy sleep, my child,
Go to thy dreamless bed,
Gentle and undefiled;
With blessings on thy head,
Fresh roses in thy hand,
Buds on thy pillow laid;
Haste from this fearful land,
Where flowers so quickly fade.

Before thy heart hath learn'd,
In waywardness to stray,
Before thy feet have turn'd
The dark and downward way—
Ere guilt hath scar'd thy breast,
Or sorrow wrung the tear,
Rise to thy home of rest,
In yon celestial sphere,

Because thy smile was fair,
Thy lip and eye so bright,
Because thy cradle-care
Was such a fond delight,
Shall love with weak embrace
Thy heavenward flight detain!
No! Angel, seek thy place
Amid the deathless train.

From the London New Monthly Magazine.

PURSE PRIDE.

"Ce Triphon—je l'ai cru sobre, liberal, humble, je le croirois encore, s'il n'eut enfin fait sa fortune."
Le Drayere.

"His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely."
Winter's Tale.

MAN dwells on the rind of a planet belonging to a system of stars which, compared with the universe, shrinks into a small portion of the milky way; here he looks about him, and wonders for a few years, and is then taken away, often without notice, and always against his will, and is obliged to leave behind him every object of his love and labour while here, "the fat king and the lean beggar making two dishes at one table," where the worm is the emperor who feasts. Pride would not appear to be made for such a being, yet it is a garment he so readily appropriates, and so easily puts on, that one might suppose that it was his proper costume, for which he had been measured expressly. He extracts materials for it out of the most unfit objects: sure of wrinkles and liable to small-pox, he is *proud* of beauty; obliged to confess his descent from Adam, he pays our first parent so bad a compliment as to believe that his blood was improved by passing through the veins of a Percy or Plantagenet, and is *proud* of possessing a few drops from the purified stream; unable to lengthen one moment the life of his dearest friend, or to control the thoughts of the meanest human being, he is *proud* of his power; a brickbat, on a windy day, is sufficient to level his capacity with that of an idiot, yet he is *proud* of his understanding; he

cannot really explain the simplest operation of nature, and has had occasional doubts whether he is sure of his own existence, yet he dares to be *proud* of his knowledge; and, though countless treasures can purchase him no other resting place but the grave, and no superiority of his fellow corpses but being turned into a mummy, yet he is *proud* of his wealth. Nor is it requisite in order to excite this, his besetting sin, that he should possess, in any of the above respects, an absolute and decided superiority over the rest of the world; if he is but a little better off than his immediate associates, a cobbler will play the great man as well as the proud Duke of Somerset, a parish clerk lay down the law with the dogmatism of Dr. Johnson himself, and a retired cheese-monger mount his whisk by with a haughty air of conscious distinction, which would not misbecome the owner of a coach and four.

It happens, however, that our neighbour's pride is, of all his faults, the one most offensive to us, probably because it hurts our own; and as we are generally particularly discerning and eloquent when blaming errors to which we have not ourselves been tempted, we are always loud in our censure of those who bear not their honours meekly, and quote philosophers, moralists, and divines by the hundred in condemnation of faults

which ill-natured Fortune will not afford us an opportunity of committing. Yet there is no species of pride so loudly reviled, so offensive to the spectator, so sure of unextenuating, uncompromising dislike, as the pride of riches. It does not seem quite clear whence the severity originates, but is too general and too ancient not to be founded on something in the constitution of the human mind. Perhaps the true reason may be, that wealth is the darling aim of the larger portion of mankind, and that its glitter is requisite to give due effect to every other advantage of life, "Et genus et formam regina pecunia donat;" we are, therefore, as envious of the cause as we are irritated by the effects of purse-pride, and we cannot have the comfort of the fox in the fable, as it is impossible to persuade even ourselves that *golden grapes are sour*.

However this may be, the fact is incontrovertible, that the term "purse-proud," is always pronounced in a tone of the uttermost bitterness and contempt, yet, while we thoroughly hate the sinner, we do our best to promote the sin. It is the deference too frequently paid to mere riches which engenders and fosters in the rich so strong an idea of their own superiority; and strangely unassuming would they indeed be, if they failed to assert claims which, from Solomon and the son of Sirach's days to our own, have been so readily admitted.

"The poor is hated even of his own neighbour, but the rich hath many friends."

"When a rich man speaketh, every man holdeth his tongue, and look, what he saith they extol it to the clouds; but if the poor man speak, they say, What fellow is this?"

"The rich man hath done wrong, and yet he threateneth withal; the poor is wronged, and he must entreat also."

Do we not all contradict a poor gentleman with much less circumlocution, and fewer apologies, than a man of 5,000 a year; if he has thrice that sum we suppress our discordant opinions; if he is still richer, perhaps we *change* them. When you perceive in society a mean-looking person enter the room and excite an immediate sensation: when every one gives way, every one is eager to procure him a convenient place; when doors and windows are opened or shut to accommodate him, and he is permitted to stand as long as he pleases with his back to the fire; when you observe his acquaintance anxious to catch his eye, and a superdulcified smile sit on every lady's lips whom he addresses; when you hear him talk long and loudly and interrupt every body while he himself seems safe from interruption; if all the news he reports is received with apparent belief, and all the opinions he broaches with apparent acquiescence; if one person tells another what Mr. N— has just said, and there is more than requisite melancholy in the tone in which the important fact is mentioned that he has a cold in his head; if the girls sing none but his favourite songs, and attend with the most amiable deference to his musical criticisms; if you hear him receive offers of opera-boxes, and fine sporting

and excellent dogs, and various good things, which he does not need; and if, supposing some accident should delay the arrival of his carriage, a simultaneous rush is made to have the honour of conveying him home—then, although it is just possible that this petted individual may be a distinguished statesman, philanthropist, philosopher, or poet, far more probable that he is only—*rich*.

The purse-pride thus fostered by the general consent of society displays itself in a variety of ways, among which, however, there are three which appear most usually practised.

• The first is denoted by a haughty superciliousness and reserve, a fawning courteousness towards superiors in rank, and a kind of porcupine air of self-defence towards equals and inferiors. The sufferers from this malady are in general men of low origin, who have "achieved" their own greatness in some petty trade. Women are not so liable to it as to other varieties of the disorder. The commonest symptoms are a dull cold stare on the countenance; a thick guttural, unnatural mode of speaking; pretending to deafness and shortness of sight, and an extraordinary loss of memory. A patient will often hesitate, and rouse his recollection for a minute or two, before he can recall the names of the most busy streets in the city; he will fix his eye on his old friend without a symptom of recognition; and his school-fellows and playmates, his godfathers and godmothers, his uncles, aunts and cousins, have so entirely faded from remembrance, that they are to him as if they had never been. His brothers and sisters, and his parents, always live so far from him, that he has occasionally some difficulty even in recollecting them. He is constantly on the look-out for what he calls "grand acquaintance;" and while he admits a profligate lordling to his table and his intimacy, he is nervously alive to the dangers of sitting next a vulgar person at a public dinner, and shrinks as if he feared assassination from every neighbour whose rank is doubtful. How anxious is he to have every thing about him in style; how fearful of being caught in dishabille; how vexed that he cannot quite cure himself of eating with a knife! He tries to express himself as well as possible; and if his grammar is not perfectly correct, yet his words are very long. He does his best to get knighted; and if the wife of his youth, who shared his poverty and helped to save his riches, should fortunately die, what is the possible degree of ugliness, stupidity and ill temper, from which he would shrink, if their owner happened to be second cousin once removed to a Viscount!

The second kind of purse-pride is of a very different nature; its most striking attributes are suavity and condescension. Persons of this class, far from neglecting former friends, and seeking fine acquaintance, delight in what is termed kings or queens of their company, and in displaying to the astonished eyes of their old associates their newly-acquired consequence; for, like those of the preceding description, they are generally *parvenus*, men who have unexpectedly obtained a fortune, or ladies who have made "a

wonderful match." They are always the most protecting, patronising creatures imaginable; and while they take care you shall not overlook one evidence of their prodigious wealth, they seem determined to remind you every moment that they are far too amiable to give themselves airs. They apologise, in the most exaggerated terms, for the slightest apparent neglect; are miserable if they did not return your bow, or answer your note; while in the midst of their sorrow, it is evident that they are anxious to remind you how magnanimous it is in a person of £10,000 a-year not to cut him who has only half as many hundreds. For myself, I am inclined to prefer, as far as my own sufferings are concerned, the haughty pride of purse which cuts you dead at once, and puts you out of your misery, to this cat-like playing at familiarity, which just allows you to live a little longer upon sufferance, and reminds you every now and then, by a gentle scratch, that your prolonged existence is merely an indulgence of your tormentor, which may terminate whenever he pleases. I do not like to be invited to dinner in as compassionate a tone as if I could not command a decent meal at my own house, nor to have delicacies pressed upon me with an urgency which implies a conviction that I have seldom an opportunity of eating them; in fact, I am not ashamed of being poor, any more than I should be of having a cast in my eye; but that society and conversation cannot be very agreeable which is constantly reminding me either of my poverty or my squint. The most vexatious of all kinds of purse-pride, however, is, in my opinion, that species which unites the superciliousness of the first description with the parade of the second, which worries you incessantly by bringing into strong contrast the advantages of riches and the inconveniences of poverty, and does not even sweeten the mournful truth by a few grains of good humour and affability. To persons of this class, all nature speaks but one language; in every object they behold, their ready fancy can find something to suggest the remembrance of their wealth: and it would be utterly impossible to allude to music without hearing how much they pay for their opera-box—to politics, without receiving some information about their funded property—or to divinity, without an intimation that they have purchased some valuable advowsons.

They are above using hints or allusions, but tell you in so many words that they are rich and you are poor; and if they do not add that they think poverty thoroughly contemptible, it is from no hypocritical wish to conceal a fact, which speaks in every glance of their eye and tone of their voice.—Sometimes they will ask a man who keeps a humble cabriolet, "whether he drives four horses?" and will advise another to purchase a beautiful mansion or a fine picture, in order to have their ears regaled by the confession that he cannot afford it, and to exhibit a good deal of surprise that such things are not in every body's power. Poor creatures! how vexed they would be if they were! This species of purse-pride is

not confined to the vulgar born, it belongs to the vulgar minded, who exist in every class of society. It attacks the weakest minds and the worst tempers, and is more usual among the female than the male sex. When carried to its height, it is sometimes extremely absurd, so broadly and conspicuously ridiculous, that far from exciting your anger, it moves your laughter, and affords the amusement of a good farce. I have a lady acquaintance in Portman-square, upon whom I occasionally call on a dull foggy day, when I wish to be roused and enlivened, and am willing to submit to a little contempt for the sake of a good deal of comic entertainment. She is well content to admit me, for it would be a sad curtailment of her enjoyments, if no one came to see her but the rich. Sometimes I humour her by the pretended air of astonishment at the splendour I witness, and the wonders I hear; sometimes I play the philosopher, and descant on the delights of contentment and the comforts of an elegant sufficiency, till her broad face flames with animation and her unwearied tongue falters in its speed, while she tries to convince me that I ought to be miserable, because I am not as wealthy as herself. She always takes care, in the course of a conversation, to mention some one with an income about double my own, and to call him miserably poor, pity him sincerely for his own narrow circumstances, and hope none of her acquaintances will be so silly as to marry him. Her own daughters will be single for life, since her absurdity is reflected upon them; and she would go into hysterics, if they shot at the possibility of being happy with a man of less than £10,000 a-year. She is very fond of travelling, as an inn is an admirable theatre for wealth to strut upon, and landlords and waiters are keenly sensible of its merits: and, on returning from her tours, she tells not of the beauties of Edinburg, of Venice, or of Rome, but can talk for hours of what she paid her couriers, how much the journey cost her, and how she outbid princes and potentates in the hire of hotels or the purchase of curiosities. And yet, after all, absurd and contemptible as this poor lady is—her follies redeemed by no charm of mind or manners, gilded by no brilliancy of beauty or wit—she is visited, endured, and courted by a good many very fashionable people, who call her a remarkably agreeable woman, and never laugh at her beyond the precincts of their snug family circle. Oh! what a bore and a simpleton would she be considered if she had only a thousand a-year.

"Un projet assez vain seroit de vouloir tourner un homme fort sot et fort riche en ridicule; les rieurs sont de son coté!"

SLANDER.

A thread of candour, with a web of wiles;
A lip of lies, a face form'd to conceal;
And without feeling, mock at all who feel;
With a vile mask the Gorgon would disown.
A cheek of parchment and a heart of stone.

BYRON.

THE FIRST AND LAST PRAYER.

BY MISS M. A. DROWNE.

"PRAY for me, mother! pray that no blight
 May come on my hopes and prospects bright;
 Pray that my days may be long and fair—
 Free from the cankering touch of care;
 Pray that the laurels I grasp at now
 May live ere long around my brow;
 And pray that my gentle ladye love
 May be fond as the nightengale, true as the dove."

The mother knelt by her own hearth stone,
 With her hand on the head of her only son,
 And lifting up her glistening eye,
 Prayed for all blessings fervently;
 And then she took one lock of hair
 From his manly forehead, smoothe and fair,
 And he kissed her cheek, and left her side
 With a bounding step and a smile of pride.

"Pray for me, mother! pray that ere long
 My soul may be free as a wild bird's song,
 That away on the wings of the wind is driven,
 And goes to rest with them in Heaven:
 Pray for it mother!—nay, do not weep!
 Thou wast wont to bless my infant sleep;
 And bless me now, with thy gentle breath,
 Ere I sink away in the sleep of death."

The mother knelt by his side again—
 Oh, her first prayer had been all in vain!
 His ladye love had been false to him—
 His fame in slander's breath was dim;
 She looked on his altered cheek and eye,
 And she felt 'twas best that she should die;
 Then she prayed for his death in his fond despair,
 And his soul passed away with that last wild prayer.

THE DEAD FATHER.

BY HARVEY D. LITTLE.

COME hither, child, and kneel
 In prayer, above thy father's lifeless form—
 He loved thee well, in sunshine and in storm,
 Through days of woe and weal;
 His blessings on thy head no more are given,
 As once they came, like gentle dew of heav'n.

Look on that pallid face!
 Its wonted smiles are calmly resting there,
 Unbroken by the deep drawn lines of care—
 Sorrow hath left no trace
 Of furrowed bitterness upon the meek
 And still expression of that blanched cheek.

Thou scarce canst feel thy loss,
 Or know the chilling cares that have begun
 To shadow thy bright pathway, gentle one!
 Many a withering cross
 May in thy guileless bosom plant its sting,
 And to thy hopes a poisoning chalice bring.

How sad the fireside hearth!
 His manly form shall never—never more
 Darken the threshold of our cottage door;
 Nor the full sound of mirth
 Go up in gladness to the whitened wall;
 For death has entered with his funeral pall.

A chair is vacant now!
 A cheerful eye, and a contented face,
 Have left, for aye, their wonted dwelling place;
 And we must bow!
 A blessing's gone! a noble form is risen
 To darken this cold earth, and gladden Heaven.

ELFINE'S ROCK.

"AND what rock is that?" said I, pointing to a terrific looking elevation, which, though joined to the mainland, protruded its abrupt and fearful front far beyond all the rest. "That," said old Lucas, "that is called 'Elfine's Rock.' It used to be called the 'Black Linn,' but owing"—and here he stopped.—"Owing to what? good Lucas," said I. "Why, sir," replied he, "sit ye down here, and I will tell you the whole story; though it makes me melancholy to think of it," remarked the old man, as he wiped his eyes.

"About twenty years ago, Andrew Hainesford lived in this village. He was a rich man, ay, and a good man to boot. He had two cows, and some pigs, and the best boat for twenty miles about; yet for all that he was not proud; no, he shared his goods with his neighbours, and no one was ever seen to be turned away from his door. Sometimes, to be sure, he was apt to be a little testy or so, but it did not last long, and when once he was convinced that he had been wrong, he frankly owned and begged pardon for his hastiness. But the greatest treasure that Andrew had was his child, his only child, the lovely Elfine Hainesford, the pride of the village. I remember so well," continued the old man dashing his hand across his eyes, "how often I used to see her pass by my cottage—her small, slight

figure, tripping—her little foot leaving no trace of its airy pressure—her bright eyes' look so arch and blue—the dimpling smile that would pass over her face when she saw any one she loved—and her small hat incapable of hiding the golden ringlets that fell in such rich clusters over her shoulders. She seemed indeed a thing of another world. You may be sure she had her admirers; and the young lord of the castle having heard of her, came and saw her. To see her was but to love her, and the young lord was so smitten that he at once offered honourable marriage to the fisherman's daughter. It was well he did, for Andrew would not have brooked what the young lord was in the habit of offering to village damsels. As it was, Andrew was dazzled: to see his Elfine a lady, a grand lady, was far beyond his fondest wishes, or highest hopes, and he eagerly gave his consent. Not so Elfine. She disliked the proud lord, who begged her hand as though he were conferring an honour. Besides, his character was well known—that character of libertinism which too many great ones of the present day fall into. There was another still weightier objection with Elfine. Allan Kennedy was the only son of his widowed mother. Allan was the handsomest and bravest young man in our part of the world. He was the best

of sons, and many's the time when others were at the merry dance, was he toiling away with his nets, to get some little comfort for his poor mother. He was very tall, with dark brown locks curling all over his manly forehead, shading his dark eyes; his smooth cheek glowed with ruddy health. With fearless activity he would climb the steepest rocks, and was said to be the first who had climbed the noted Black Linn, as it was then called. Well, sir," continued old Lucas, "I suppose you have guessed by this time what Elfine's other weighty reason was for not marrying the Lord Rosedale. She and Allan loved each other, and it was the very day before the young lord made his proposals, that Elfine and Allan had sworn, under the large trysting tree, to become man and wife, or not to marry at all. Well, Elfine told her father how the case stood, saying, at the same time, she would never break her promise to Allan. Her father threatened, urged, entreated;—it would not do. Elfine said she would never marry without his consent, but she would never marry any one but Allan. Andrew became furious, Elfine more firm; and it ended in her father's affirming that she should never more darken his doors till she would consent to marry the Earl of Rosedale. 'That I never will do,' cried the poor girl; 'but I could bear it all, if my father had not cursed me, and sent me out of his house.' Nearly all the neighbours offered the houseless Elfy a home, but she would accept none, not even mine, though she considered me as a second father; and no one knows how she subsisted the few days that she was out of her father's house.

"About three days after Andrew had thus harshly dismissed his daughter—he began to be dull in spirit, and to repent of having sent her away—a dreadful storm, such as none in the village ever remembered to have seen before, arose. That large rock, you see, sir," continued Lucas, pointing out a stupendous crag to me—"that large rock between us and 'Elfine's Rock'—was entirely covered with the waves, a circumstance never known before; and just between it and 'Elfine's Rock,' one of the village boats, with four men in it, was thrown. The whole village was out watching the boat, for even the most sanguine amongst us believed it could never clear itself. The women were shrieking and crying, for four men out of such a village were no trifle. The whole place was in an uproar. We were all placed on the top of 'Elfine's Rock,' and the crew had succeeded in fastening the boat to an iron ring in that middle crag; but there was no chance of their being saved, unless some one should descend by Elfine's Rock—run across some sand that you see there, sir—get the rope—run back again, and up Elfine's Rock, that the boat might be drawn to land. But who was there that would do this? The sea ran mountains high—every wave dashed half way up the cliff—the wind blew a hurricane. I never remember such a night. Even the boldest man's heart quailed. The only one who, it was imagined, might have ventured down the rock was

Allan Kennedy; but he was ill in bed, and how was he to get to the boat, when every wave went over the spot which he must cross? Destruction seemed inevitable, when, suddenly, a light female figure darted through the crowd, and, before it could be seen who it was, had passed half way down the fearful edge. 'Elfine Hainesford! Elfine, come back! You will be lost!' shouted the seamen; but she still kept on.—'My child! My Elfine!' cried her father.

"By this time the noble girl had fearlessly won her way down to a ledge of the rock, which has since fallen off. Standing on that hazardous projection, she seemed a being of another world; her long fair hair, floating with every blast, and her white arms clinging to the cliff. There she stood, on that fearful pinnacle, half to recover breath, and half to catch the sounds of her father's voice. 'My child! my child!' shouted he, 'come back! oh, come back! my sweet Elfine; and I will forgive you all!'—she stopped, half irresolute, and he redoubled his cries; but she heard a wail from the boat; and, shaking her head, she again proceeded on her descent. The sea became more and more furious; the roaring of the wind, the cries of the father, and of the relations of those who were in the boat—the distant growling of the thunder—were terrific and appalling.

"The noble Elfine regarded nought, but proceeded with fearful rapidity, now springing from one crag on to another, now lost in the thickening foam, and now seen hanging on some jutting point, till at last she came to a large platform of the rock, nearly at the bottom. All was still now as before it had been tempestuous. We watched in breathless silence the descent of the fearless girl, and even the sea became half hushed and still, as though astonished at the sight, while the wind whistled in low and sullen murmurs. Elfine took advantage of this calm; and, with the swiftness of a bird, she darted across the now dry sand, and gained the rock. The men in the boat had for some time been anxiously watching her proceedings. With ready hand they threw her the rope, and the next instant she was back on the ledge. But the calm lasted only for a moment, and now the sea raged with greater fury. With breathless anxiety we watched, as slowly and feebly, exhausted by her efforts, she endeavoured to gain the upper ledge. She had fastened the rope round her waist; and as the waves came and went, they seemed as though they would drag her with them. She gained the ledge, and sat on it, weary and exhausted. The spray of every wave came over the spot; and it was soon apparent to every eye, that unless she exerted her utmost speed, she would be washed off. Suddenly we beheld her cling to the rock, and then, with stupified horror, we saw, that the ledge was tottering beneath her slight weight. 'You must leave the rope, and come up, or you will be lost!' was shouted by us above. She shook her head; and, holding herself firmly by one hand, she proceeded with the other to draw in the rope, as the waves brought the boat nearer. Should she re-

main five minutes longer, all must be over! 'My child! my child!' again cried her father; 'come up! for the love of heaven, come up! for the memory of her who bore you, I will forgive you! remain no longer! Yes, you shall marry Allan, if you will but come up! you shall marry Allan to-morrow!'—With a cry of joy, Elfine, as she heard her father say this, put her foot on another crag, to ascend, half undoing the rope round her waist. One of the women whose husband was in the boat, seeing her thus hesitating, uttered a piercing shriek. 'Oh, Elfine! Elfine Hainesford! save my husband! save him! Shall I lose him, just as I am about to make him a father! and the wretched woman sank on the ground insensible. Again, Elfine was on the ledge. No entreaties moved her. Slowly and steadily she drew in the rope; and then, when long enough, she threw it up to some young men who had ventured down to a ledge near her. 'She is safe! She is safe!' groaned the wretched father; 'Oh, is she not

safe?'—'Oh, yes, she is safe! she is safe!' burst from the crowd.

"The boat by this time had been drawn in, out of danger, and we were all preparing to help Elfine, when a loud cry escaped her; and following her figure, we saw an immense breaker approaching. The ledge was giving way beneath her! Oh, God, I shall never forget that moment! she made one desperate spring, but the ledge had given way. We saw her clasp her hands in convulsive agony—she gave one look at her distracted parent—one single cry of 'Oh, God, protect my father! and then all was over, all was over!'"

The old man was for some time completely overcome, "That point," at last he said, in a broken voice, "that point where you see the cross—it is under that cross that Allan Kennedy and Elfine Hainesford lie. Not far from it is the grave of Andrew Hainesford, and Allan's widowed mother."

FEMALE COURAGE AND FORTITUDE.

At the time of the first emigration to this country, the females of England were well educated, and had a higher rank in the scale of mind, than at any previous age in British history. This had been effected, in no small degree, by the long and prosperous reign of Queen Elizabeth, and her high reputation for talents and learning.—Fashion has often the same control over the mind, as over the dress and equipage of a people. It was fashionable during the reign of this extraordinary Queen, to think women as capable of reasoning upon public affairs as men. Our mothers brought something of the spirit with them. They knew from history how much their sex had done in the advancement of civilization and christianity; and here was the finest field to prove that they still had the power and inclination. Naturally generous and enthusiastic, women have in every age been attached to the hero and the saint; and have followed the former to the battle-field, to bind up his wounds, and to sing his praises after victory; and the latter to the cross and the tomb. The wives of the pilgrims who landed at Plymouth, discovered more than Spartan fortitude in braving dangers and in supporting calamities. They were well educated women.

Among those who came after the pilgrims to settle in the province of Massachusetts bay, were several women of high rank and superior refinement. Lady Arabella Johnson, daughter of the Earl of Lincoln, and the wives of the gentlemen who formed the board of magistrates, were high-bred dames; as well as the wives of the clergy, and many of the wives of their associates. Some of their chirography has reached us. It resembles the easy, flowing, fashionable hand of the present day, while the writing of the men of that day is difficult to be read. We have all seen the

needle work of that age in embroidered armors, and genealogical trees; and these ancient records bear ample testimony to the industry, talent, and skill of the fair who wrought them. They shared the hardships of the times. Many a lovely daughter, in that day, who had been brought up in affluence, and with tenderness, on her marriage, moved from her home and parents to some new settlement, where her bridal serenade was the howling of the beasts of prey, as they nightly roamed the desert.

If our mothers had a share, and a great share they had, in the trials of those days, why should they not be remembered in the history of this new-born empire? I contend, and who will deny it, that it required more courage and fortitude to stay on the skirts of the forest, unprotected by moat, ditch, or stockade, in the half-built cabin, with decrepitude and infancy, and listening to every step, anxious for the coming in of those who had gone forth in search of the foe, than it did to fight the foe when he was met. This was more than Spartan fortitude; for the enemy seldom saw the dwelling where the heroic mother of Sparta, waited to hear the fate of her husband or children; but ours were in constant danger of an attack from the savages.

Many instances of female heroism, which occurred during the early settlement of the country, are recorded, and should be carefully preserved. Among the most conspicuous was that of Mrs. Hannah Duston, of Haverhill, a pleasant village situated on the left bank of the Merrimack. On the 15th March, 1698, Mrs. Duston was made prisoner by a party of Indians. She was on this day confined to her bed by sickness, attended by her nurse, Mary Niff. Seven children, besides a female infant six days old, were

with her. As soon as the alarm was given, her husband sent away the children towards the garrison house, by which time the Indians were so near, that despairing of saving the others of his family, he hastened after his children on horseback. This course was advised by his wife. She thought it was idle for her to attempt to escape. A party of Indians followed him, but the father kept in the rear of his children and often firing on his pursuers, he kept them back, and was enabled to reach the garrison with his children in safety. The Indians took Mrs. Duston from her bed and carried her off, with the nurse and infant; but finding the little one becoming troublesome, they took her from her mother's arms by force, and dashing her against the tree, ended her moans and life together. The mother had followed the Indians until this moment with faltering steps and bitter tears, thinking on the fate of herself, her babe, and her other children. After this horrid outrage, she wept no more; the agony of nature drank the tear-drop ere it fell. She looked to heaven with a silent prayer for succour, and followed the infernal group without a word of complaint. At this instant the high resolve was formed in her mind, and swelled every pulse of her heart. They travelled on some distance; as she thought, one hundred and fifty miles; but perhaps, from the course they took, about seventy-five. The river had probably been broken up but a short time, and the canoes of the Indians were above the upper falls, on the Merrimack, when they commenced their journey to attack Haverhill. Above these falls, on an island in the river, the Indians had a wigwam; and in getting their canoes in order, and by rowing ten miles up the stream, became much fatigued. When they reached the place of rest they slept soundly.—Mrs. Duston did not sleep. The nurse and an English boy, a prisoner, were apprized of her design, but were not of much use to her in the execution of it. In the stillness of the night she arose and went out of the wigwam to test the soundness and security of savage sleep. They did not move—they were to sleep until the last day. She returned, took one of their hatchets and despatched ten of them in a moment, each with a single blow. An Indian woman who was rising when she struck her, fled with her probable death wound; and an Indian boy was designedly spared, for the avenger of blood was a woman, and a mother, and could not deal a death blow upon a helpless child. She surveyed the carnage ground by the light of the fire which she stirred up after the deed was done, and catching a few handfuls of roasted corn, she commenced her journey—but on reflecting a moment, she thought the people of Haverhill would consider her tale as the ravings of madness when she should get home, if ever that time might come; she therefore returned and scalped the slain; then put her nurse and English boy into the canoe, and with herself they floated down to the falls, when she landed and took to the woods, keeping the river in sight, which she knew must direct her on her way home. After suffering incredible hardships by hunger,

cold, and fatigue, she reached home, to the surprise and joy of her husband, children and friends. The general court of Massachusetts examined her history and being satisfied of the truth of it, took her trophies, the scalps, and gave her fifty pounds. The people of Boston made her many presents. All classes were anxious to see the heroine; and as one of the writers of that day says, who saw her, "she was a right modest woman." Has Anacharsis or Mitford, in their histories of Greece, any thing to surpass this well authenticated story? Her descendants in a right line, and by the same name, are now living where she was captured.

BEAU NASH.

BEAU NASH was born in 1764, at Swansea, in Glamorganshire, and was intended for the law, but entered the army; which, taking disgust at the discipline and his subordinate rank, he soon forsook, and took chambers in the temple. Here he devoted himself entirely to pleasure and fashion; and when King William visited the inn, he was chosen as master of the pageant with which it was necessary to welcome the monarch. So pleased was William with the entertainment, that he offered him the honour of knighthood; but Nash refused, saying, "Please your majesty, if you intend to make me a knight, I wish it may be one of your poor knights of Windsor, and then I shall have a fortune at least equal to support my title." In 1794 he was appointed master of the ceremonies at Bath; and immediately instituted a set of regulations as remarkable for their strictness as for their judicious adaptation to the wants and society of the place. While in the plenitude of his power and popularity, Nash lived in the most splendid style of elegance, supporting his expenses by a long run of success at the gaming table. His dress was covered with expensive lace, and he wore a large white cocked hat. The chariot in which he rode was drawn by six gray horses, and attended by a long cavalcade of servants, some on horses, others on foot; while his progress through the streets was made known by a band of French horns and other instruments. His common title was the king of Bath; and his reign continued with undiminished splendour for fifteen years. His health then began to decline, and his resources grew less plentiful. As the change in his spirits and circumstances became more evident, his former acquaintances gradually forsook him, and he died at the age of eighty-eight, in comparative indigence and solitude. His character was so estimated by the corporation of that city, that he was buried with great magnificence at its expense; and his epitaph, a neat tribute to his memory, was written by Dr. Harrington—*Lardner's Cyclopaedia*.

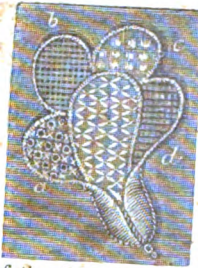
SUSPICION.

Suspicion is a heavy armour, and,
With its own weight impedes more than protects.

BYRON.

EMBROIDERY.

10



THE centre of the fancy flower (Fig. 10), is in half herring-bone stitch, worked in glazed cotton. The small eyelet holes (a) are formed by taking up two threads of muslin all round; by the sides of this is a stitch like the cross-stitch in marking, and a short

stitch passes over each end of the thread, forming the cross; then follows another eyelet hole and a cross, and the subsequent rows are done in a similar manner:—the eyelet holes in each line being invariably placed under the crosses of the line above. The series of holes (b) is formed by sewing over four threads in a cross direction of the muslin, then passing to the next four, and thus till the line is finished; the following rows are done in the same manner, until all the space is filled; the holes are then sewn over in a similar way, but in the contrary direction. At (c) six cross-threads of the muslin are drawn together by passing the needle underneath, from one side to the other, and then in contrary directions, thus forming a little spot. The part (d) is formed by sewing over four threads of the straight way of the muslin, and leaving four threads between each stitch; the same line is sewn back again, so as to form a cross over the top.

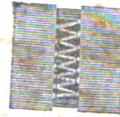
These stitches are susceptible of an endless variety of changes, by introducing spots, bars, or cross lines, in satin-stitch; and in the half herring-bone stitch, by changing the direction of the threads, or leaving spaces, as fancy may dictate. The use of glazed cotton, instead of fine thread, will also give a very different effect to the same stitch. The edge of each flower, and of each compartment of a flower, is to be sewn closely over with glazed cotton. It is not expected that these imitations of Antique Lace-work should be practised on the extended scale here described; the separate stitches may, however, be introduced, as taste may direct, to fill up the centres of modern flowers, or fancy leaves.

Muslin, worked with glazed cotton, was formerly called Dresden-work, but is now known by the name of Moravian, from its production having formed the principal employment of a religious sect, called the Moravian Sisters, which originated in Germany, and some of whose establishments exist in this country: the shops, in London, called Moravian-warehouses, were, originally, opened for the sale of their work; though they are now become ordinary depots for the various kinds of Fancy Embroidery, produced by the immense numbers of young females, who, in that country, derive their maintenance from the ever-varying use of the needle.

Strips of work intended for insertion in plain

muslin, or lace, should have a row of hem-stitch on each side, which is thus produced:—A margin of the muslin is left, on the sides of the pattern, sufficiently broad to wrap over the finger; at a few threads distance from the work, on each side, threads are drawn out to the width of a narrow hem; and three or four threads, which cross the space thus formed, are taken upon the needle (beginning at one side of the space), and sewn over, with very fine cotton, about three times, when the thread will have reached the other side; at which point three or four more of the cross-threads are to be added, and the whole sewn twice over, so as to tie the six or eight together at that side: the last number taken up must be then sewn over three times, as the first; by this time the thread will have reached the side from which it first proceeded; fresh threads are then added,

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and tied, each time, at the sides, as before; and so on, from side to side, to the end. Three or four threads are to be taken at a time, according to the width of the space formed by drawing the threads out. The whole hem-stitch, when completed, forms a sort of zig-zag (Fig. 11). The muslin is joined, by its outer margin, to whatever article of dress it is intended to adorn.

Another species of hem-stitch is called Veining, and is introduced to give the same appearance as the regular hem-stitch, in curved, or other positions, which would not admit of drawing the

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threads out (Fig. 12). It is done on the angular direction, or bias of the muslin, by sewing over two threads of the muslin one way, then taking up two threads of the contrary way, tying them together at one side, as directed in the straight hem-stitch; then sewing over the latter two threads twice; after crossing to the opposite side, two more are sewn over; and so in continuity, according to the direction required.

Embroidery in Chenille is usually done on white Gros de Naples, or white lutestring, for producing representations of groups of flowers in their natural colours, principally for pictures. Chenille is a fine silk poil, or nap, twisted spirally round a thread, for purposes such as we are now describing, and round a fine wire when used in making artificial flowers; and has derived its name from its slightly caterpillar-like appearance. The silk, on which it is to be worked, must be strained in the middle of a frame, similar to that used in Worsted-work. A coloured copy is requisite, from which a light outline sketch should be made in pencil on the silk. Chenille of all the requisite shades having been provided, it is attached to the silk, not by passing through, after the manner of Worsted Embroidery, but by sewing, or tacking down, as the nap would be much injured by being drawn through the silk.

A fine needle, and silk of the same shade as the Chenille to be attached, having been provided, the stalk of the flower is to be commenced by confining to the silk ground the end of the Chenille, with a small stitch of similarly-coloured silk, and which will be concealed in the poil. The Chenille is then to be carried along the stalk, according to the sketch, tacking it in a similar way at intervals; the stalk may be of one, two, or three rows, according to the thickness required. A leaf, if large, is formed by passing the Chenille from the centre vein towards one edge, in a bias direction, backwards and forwards, laying the rows closely together, and confining them at the turnings and at the centre; the other side is done in a similar manner. For a small leaf, or bud, the Chenille may be passed

across the whole breadth of it, and may be turned over itself where necessary. The flowers are to be formed of Chenille in the tints of the coloured pattern, and attached in the various directions which may seem most accordant to their shape.

When it is desired to quit any colour, the end of the Chenille is secured by passing a fine silk loop over it, threaded in a needle, and drawing the end of the Chenille through the silk with the loop; it is then cut off, and the poil will prevent its slipping back. To produce the effect of shading, or blending one tint into another, the Chenille must be set wide, the ends must terminate by being drawn through, as before described, instead of turning again, and the next colour is to be introduced between.

THE MINIATURE.

"WELL, then, at the command of my mother, I will marry De Walden."

"Command! a wish was simply expressed."

"Forgive me, but papa has commanded; and say, does he not treat his poor Adela with undue severity in forbidding her his presence, till a favourable answer to the aspiring pretensions of De Walden shall be returned? Surely, in an affair of the heart—in that which seals my happiness or misery for life—my inclination ought first to have been consulted."

"Say, rather they have; say, rather I could consign my heart's treasure to the tomb, than behold her the brilliant, yet miserable bride of De Walden; but Adela," and the dignified matron bent her penetrating eyes on the beautiful girl—"Adela," she continued, "acknowledge, that on receiving De Walden's homage, but three short months ago, your now recreant heart swelled with pride; beat with reciprocal affection, while contemplating the mental, the personal graces, and, above all, the sterling worth of his character. It is in vain then you urge to the contrary. You can never persuade me but that the love of my excellent young friend is necessary to your happiness. Nay, blush not; I speak homely truths; De Walden was your first love, and perhaps will prove the only one for whom you can experience a similar attachment."

"My mother!"

"Does it surprise you, that I should have laid open the secret workings of a heart, which would deceive its owner with a belief that the momentary excitement of anger, or some fancied neglect, had created the apathetic feeling of indifference! No! consult its movements, and pause, ere it be too late, on the danger of suffering a capricious will to overrule the dictates of a noble and pure sentiment. Remember, De Walden is not to be trifled with. He is too proud to sue, when unconscious of offence: think not, then, vain girl,

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that thy beauty, splendid as it is, will retain him a willing captive. How often has he affirmed, it was the imperishable witcheries of heart, manner, and disposition that first moved him to love."

"Forbid the idea, that I should depreciate the merits of De Walden. But, methinks, he is strangely altered of late!" sighed Adela.

"And yet he gives you an earnest of the sincerity of his affection, by the tender of heart and hand. Do him justice, Adela, and speak with the warmth you did, when an officious friend, thinking to please you, ventured to asperse his character. How your cheek crimsoned—your eye glistened—while, in a voice expressive of emotion, you nobly defended the name of one you both loved and esteemed."

Adela was silenced: the force of her mother's argument had struck to her heart: she felt that, if deprived of her lover's affections, her peace of mind was irrecoverably gone; but, ashamed to confess the caprice which had hitherto influenced her conduct, she sought to conceal her tearful eyes, in displacing the contents of a casket of jewels. While resting her hand unconsciously on the spring of a secret drawer, it flew open, and disclosed to her admiring gaze the miniature of a young and remarkably beautiful woman.

"I never recollect having seen the subject of this sweet miniature; and yet how familiar are its lineaments, what a lovely yet melancholy expression of countenance!" exclaimed Adela, raising her eyes, which rested momentarily on the mirror opposite, where she beheld the reflection of features so striking in resemblance to those in the miniature, that she half fancied the original stood before her.

"Oh, my Adela!" cried Mrs. Matravers, covering her face with her hands, "fain would I have spared thee the sight of that."

"What have I done, dearest mamma, that I behold you thus moved and agitated? Indeed I

am very unfortunate this morning; for I create nothing but unpleasant feelings in those I most love and revere."

"How forcibly does that look—that voice—recall to memory and friendship, my dear, but lost Sabina! Twenty years have elapsed!" continued Mrs. Matravers, "since the pure spirit of the sweet subject in your hand winged its flight to a better world; and yet I never glance on the memorial of what she once was, without experiencing feelings of the most painful and tender regret."

"Who, and what was this highly valued friend?" questioned Adela. "Pardon me if I add, my curiosity and interest are forcibly excited."

"Accident has disclosed, what time and inclination never had," replied Mrs. Matravers. "Learn, then, that Sabina Montnorris was the only daughter of my much respected guardian, the boast and pride of his heart, the joy and admiration of all in the circle of her acquaintance. From the extreme beauty of her person joined to an uncommon sweetness of disposition, she was seldom spoken of, but as the lily of Glenronald. I was her junior by two months; and, having lost my parents a few weeks after my birth, I was early consigned to the care of her father, so that it might be said, one arm fostered, one cradle sustained us. Ours was not a friendship, in the common acceptation of the word, but a sentiment, that awaited in the world of spirits the consummation of its happiness. 'Twas mine, 'twas the blessed trust of my sweet Sabina. Years passed, and I had numbered my eighteenth spring, when our fair lily won the heart of a young and brave officer. This was the first sorrow my heart knew. Perhaps it might be deemed selfish; yet the idea of a separation was too painful for me to dwell on. Charles Willoughby, on the nuptial rite being performed, was destined to a foreign station. Much against the inclination of my guardian, who drooped at the thought of parting with his idolized child, the wedding day was fixed—the bridal paraphernalia was prepared—when the captain, anxious to oblige a favourite sister, resident of a neighbouring park, with the presence of his bride elect on the day previous to the anticipated ceremony, promised to be our escort. The period arrived, but he came not; the horses had waited our attendance a full hour, ere Sabina could reconcile her mind to the idea of setting out. The day passed, and still no appearance of Willoughby. It was in vain that our kind hostess essayed to remove our inquietude. I saw, in spite of her frequent remark, that Willoughby was a military man, that she was herself enduring great anxiety from the unaccountable absence of her brother.

"Night came, and a fearful one it was. The elements raged furiously ere we purposed our return; and as no entreaty could prevail on Sabina to absent herself from the roof of her father at so eventful a period, we set out. Scarcely had we proceeded a mile, when we were at the foot of Glenronald-bridge; and the heavy black clouds burst, and beat in pitiless torrents on our heads.

At the same time, appalling thunder, reverberating from rock to rock, seemed as though it would annihilate the universe. At one moment, the circumjacent scenery was vividly illumined by the lightning's flash; at the next, shrouded in impenetrable darkness. Looking fearfully around me, I missed Sabina from my side. Calling to the groom, he pointed in the direction of the bridge which we had just passed. The sound of horses' hoofs smote indistinctly on our ear. It was Sabina, who, as she rushed towards us, threw herself from her horse, exclaiming, 'I have seen him! Yes, in flames I have seen him.'

"Merciful heaven! seen whom?"

"Willoughby, hark! he even now calls Sabina! Sabina! Yes, Willoughby, I come," she added, as, breaking frantically from my grasp, she fled I knew not whither.

"In despite of the terrific warring of the elements, I had too surely heard the unearthly accents of Willoughby, calling upon his Sabina. One appalling shriek succeeded, fearfully echoed by my despairing friend, who now, more dead than alive, was forcibly conveyed, through the exertions of her faithful servant, to the home of her father.

"Here we ascertained that Willoughby had been; and having assigned a call of duty as the reason of his absence, he had departed on the instant, half an hour before, for his sister's residence. A messenger was despatched forward; but as no tidings could be gained either at the park or elsewhere, we too truly concluded that some melancholy accident must have occurred. That night the agitated Sabina passed in communion with her Maker; and, when she arose from her knees, it was to array herself in her bridal dress. The morning had dawned, and on the completion of attiring, I led her, pale and speechless, to breathe the fresh air out on the balcony. 'Would that I could weep like thee, my poor Adela!' she at length whispered; 'but see,' she added, and her gaze was riveted in the distance—'see, my love is in the grave—yonder comes his horse, his cap, and plume, but where is the rider? Adela! I am the bride of death!'

"Thinking her intellect disordered, I slowly turned my head, and glanced on the figure of our own groom, bearing in one hand the reins of Willoughby's fiery steed, in the other his military cap. Our worst conjectures were now verified; the captain, the noblest and the best, had met with a death, the recollection of which even now thrills through my heart with horror. It was true that we had met on the bridge the preceding night; and perhaps at the moment of Sabina's recognition, in which the lightning's flash had revealed him to her sight, his spirited horse had leapt the battlements of the bridge, thrown him among the machinery of a foundry beneath, the works of which were in consequence stopt; there his headless, his mangled remains were discovered on the following morning, while his horse, which had swam to the bank, was found grazing on the spot.

"Vain would be the attempt to describe the

agony of Sabina's mind, on ascertaining the fatal truth. For six months, reason slept. During the next half year her disturbed imagination had sunk into a state of morbid melancholy. At this period I married; and, accompanying my husband to the continent, I bade a long adieu to my cherished friend and her distressed parent. On my return to England, after the lapse of a few years, I hastened to Glenronald. Sabina, to my extreme surprise, was on the point of marriage with one, as different as the imagination can portray from him who was to have been her husband. I saw that she suffered, and I remonstrated with her on the danger of entrusting her happiness to an individual for whom she had evidently not the slightest affection. 'Fear me not,' she replied; 'my happiness, my love, has long been centred in another world; yet I will perform the duties of a wife. My father once permitted me to follow my own inclinations, and now I marry to please him.'

"Never was there a more inauspicious marriage. The husband of Sabina proved an infatuated gambler; and, though strongly attached to his wife, such was his devotion for the gaming table, that days would often intervene ere he returned to the home of domestic peace. Ruined in fortune, he had staked his last thousand, and lost; when the door opened, and Sabina, the shadow of what she had been, bearing her infant daughter in her arms, entered. Silence and astonishment reigned throughout the apartment, as she seated herself in the midst. 'Come!' she at length uttered, as with a wild laugh she laid her innocent on the table, 'come, proceed, I stake this; the heiress of penury and want!' 'Great Heaven!' exclaimed her husband, 'her senses have fled; and I am the monster that has destroyed her.' Taking her hand, he led her passively to her home. There, in a moment of agonising frenzy, he retired to his dressing-room, and terminated his miserable existence. Of this additional calamity Sabina proved unconscious; for, though she lingered some few months after, the light of reason had been extinguished for ever."

"And what became of the infant of this unfortunate pair?" inquired Adela, as Mrs. Matravers concluded her affecting narrative.

"That dear girl lives, and is known in the person of her, who is called Adela Matravers."

"My more than mother!" exclaimed the agitated Adela, "what do I not owe you, and him I call father? On my knees receive the expression of my heart's gratitude! My life has hitherto proved one brilliant dream; little did I imagine to whom, save thee, I owed birth; but the fearful destiny of my parents has awakened me to a sense of reason and reflection; suffer me then, to retire and consecrate this day to their ill-fated memory."

Adela, the humbled Adela, became the wife of him, her heart had never ceased both to love and esteem; and as De Walden, in his wedded state, realized all she could wish, she still blesses the

hour in which accident revealed to her the contents of the casket.

EDUCATION IN AMERICA.

It is the universal attention paid to the education, and in the number of academical foundations, the Americans exhibit a public spirit with which we are proud to claim kindred. The great body of the people are, as regards the rudiments of knowledge, far in advance of the English. All can read and write; and to give his children an education, is the first concern of every parent. The oldest college in the United States, is Harvard College, at Cambridge, in Massachusetts, founded in 1638, only eighteen years after the first settlement at Plymouth. Yale College was founded in 1700. Besides these there are, in the Union, about fifty Colleges authorised to confer degrees. The number of benevolent and religious institutions in America supported by voluntary contributions, is almost incalculable.—Their Bible Societies, Missionary Societies, Prison Discipline Societies, Penitentiaries, Asylums, &c. are the noble results and evidences of a public spirit, an enlightened philanthropy, and a religious zeal, which certainly can find a parallel only in the parent country.—*Eclectic Review.*

THE WIFE.

WRITTEN BY A YOUNG LADY OF HUDSON, N. Y.

"She hung her white arms around him—thou art all that this poor heart can cling to."

I COULD have stemmed misfortune's tide,
And borne the rich one's sneer,
I have braved the haughty glance of pride,
Nor shed a single tear;
I could have smiled on every brow
From life's full quiver thrown,
While I might gaze on thee, and know
I should not be alone.

I could—I think I could have brook'd
E'en for a time, that thou
Upon my fading face hadst looked
With less of love than now;
For then I should at least have felt
The sweet hope still my own
To win thee back—and whilst I dwell
On earth, not been alone.

But, thus to see, from day to day,
Thy bright'ning eye and cheek,
And watch thy life—sand waste away
Unnumbered, slowly, meek:
To meet thy smile of tenderness,
And catch the feeble tone
Of kindness, ever breathed to bless,
And feel, I'll be alone—

To mark thy strength each hour decay,
And yet thy hopes grow stronger,
As, filled with heaven-ward trust, they say,
"Earth may not claim thee longer;"
Nay, dearest, 'tis too much—this heart
Must break, when thou art gone—
It must not be, we may not part,
I could not live alone.

WEDDINGS—BY A PARISH CLERK.

From La Belle Assemblée.

It is a fine thing to live in a literary age. I never thought of making pretensions to authorship, which would have been a very presumptuous idea in an obscure parish clerk like myself; and yet, because at the instigation of a friend in the book trade, I just penned a few particulars relating to the marriages which stand upon our register, behold I have had, I do not know how many applications, from gentlemen who tell me they belong to the leading periodicals of the day, editors of the most fashionable magazines, to continue my "reminiscences," as they are pleased to call them. Notwithstanding this great encouragement, and the pleasure I experience in having unexpectedly obtained so large a share of public approbation, it was a long time before I could be prevailed upon to commit my poor notions of things to paper again; more especially as I feared that many persons who liked my former effusion would raise their expectations too high, and so turn away from the perusal of the second, disappointed, as, of course, I picked out the most interesting narratives at my first selection, and have now only to choose from those which I formerly rejected as too dull to amuse, or too extravagant for belief. Nevertheless, I am very willing to distrust the judgment which induced me to pass over incidents that now, for the first time, see the light in a literary shape; and I beg to say, that I will vouch for the truth of every circumstance which shall appear under my hand. The facts, indeed, have been already partly known to the public, as all my neighbours can testify; and should any doubt arise, I am very certain that the rector and the officiating clergyman will corroborate my evidence if called upon. Indeed, I believe from the little I have seen of the world—and I have seldom stepped out of the limits of my own parish—that the imagination of an author cannot outstrip the extraordinary events which occur in common life; and that a book might be written, of which every syllable should be strictly true, which the critics would condemn as absolutely incredible.

I make these remarks because, as my veracity has never yet been called in question, I should be sorry at my time of life to incur the imputation of distorting facts; and if, on the other hand, my stories should be condemned as too commonplace, I can only plead the strong temptation which the applause of so many fine gentlefolks offered to an humble scribe.

It would not perhaps be unamusing to describe the vast changes in fashion which have taken place during the forty years that I have officiated as parish clerk; but though I am not an inattentive observer of dress, I have looked beyond the bridal robes, and my chief delight has been to scrutinize, I hope not impertinently, the conduct of the parties. I was much interested by the appearance of a lady who came in a splendid carriage, and attended by her friends to our church.

She was richly and elegantly attired, in white lace and white satin; but no one who looked upon her countenance would ever cast a thought upon her dress again: her form was so thin and fragile, it seemed a mere shadow; her face was of lily paleness, and she wore a look of such deep and touching melancholy, that the heart melted at the piteous sight. There was, however, no violence in her grief; her eyes were tearless, and her manner was calm. I understood that she was a great heiress, who had lately changed her name for a large fortune, and that she was of age, and her own mistress; therefore there could be no constraint employed in inducing her to approach the altar. My ears are rather quick, and I could not help overhearing a part of that lady's conversation with her bridesmaid, as they walked up and down the aisle together. "I was wrong to come here," she said in a mournful tone, "wrong to allow any persuasion to tempt me to violate the faith I have plighted to the dead. Can an oath so sacred as that which I have sworn ever be cancelled? I scarcely dare glance my eyes towards those dark and distant corners, lest I should encounter his reproaching shade: it seems as though he *must* rise from the grave to upbraid me with my broken vow."

The friend endeavoured to combat these fantastical notions, urged the duty she owed to the living, and the various excellencies of the man who now claimed her hand. "I know it all," returned the fair mourner, "but still I cannot be persuaded that I have not acted lightly in accepting the addresses of another. My faith should be buried in the tomb with my heart and my affections. I fear me that he who now receives my vows will repent those solicitations which have induced me to break my steadfast resolution to keep that solemn promise which made me the bride of the dead." Pulling down her veil, she passed her hand across her eyes and sighed heavily. Not wishing to appear intrusive, I withdrew to the vestry-room; and shortly afterwards the bridegroom entered, accompanied by a gentleman whom he introduced as a stranger, saying that the relative who was to have attended him as the groom's-man had been suddenly taken ill, and his place unexpectedly supplied by a friend newly arrived from the continent. He then inquired for the bride, entered the church, and led her to the altar. The clergyman opened his book—the ceremony commenced—and the lady, raising her drooping downcast head, fixed her eyes upon the stranger who stood by her intended husband's side, and, uttering a wild scream, fell lifeless on the ground! We carried her immediately into the vestry, and, after many applications of hartshorn-and-water, she at length revived. In the interim an explanation had taken place; and I learned that in early life the bride had been engaged to the gentleman whose appearance had caused so much agitation, and

whom she had long mourned as one numbered with the dead. The bridegroom did not urge the conclusion of the ceremony, and indeed the spirits of the lady had sustained too severe a shock for the possibility of going through it. Her tremor was so great that there was some difficulty in conveying her to the carriage, and the whole party retired looking very blank and dejected.

About three months afterwards, the same lady came to church again to be married, and never in my life did I see so astonishing a change as that which had taken place in her person and demeanour. She had grown quite plump; a sweet flush suffused her face, and her eyes, instead of being sunk and hollow, were now radiantly brilliant. She stepped forward with a cheerful air, and her voice sounded joyously. If my surprise were great at this alteration, it was still greater when I looked at the bridegroom, and saw that he was the very same gentleman who had come before. I thought, to be sure, that the lady who had grieved so deeply was now going to be united to her first love—but no such thing; and I was told afterwards, that the young heiress was so shocked by the inconstancy of the faithless friend—for it seems that he was not aware of the report of his death, and had long ceased to trouble himself about her—that her attachment was quite cured, and she had determined to bestow her hand and fortune upon the man who best deserved them.

There was something very remarkable about the next couple who came to be married. The lady was old, and the gentleman young—a mere boy of one-and-twenty, going to link himself with sixty-five. And such a vinegar, crabbed aspect as the bride possessed, was surely never exhibited at a wedding before. She seemed conscious that she was about to do a foolish thing, and was angry that the world thought so too; the bridegroom looked sheepish, and kept his eyes fixed on the ground, while he rapped his shoe with his cane, much to the discomfiture of the lady, who was compelled to put herself forward as he hung back, and to take his arm instead of waiting to be led to the altar. She could not conceal her mortification at the neglect she experienced, but she bridled, and tossed, and cast such bitter glances upon those who seemed disposed to smile, that all the party stood awe-struck; and when the ceremony commenced, it was rather curious to hear the bridegroom whispering his part of the service, while the sharp shrill voice of the bride was actually startling in the solemn silence of a large and nearly empty church. The contrast between this antiquated belle's yellow parchment visage and her snowy drapery was so striking that it increased her ugliness. I could think of nothing but an Egyptian mummy tricked out in white satin; and there were some sly looks passed amid the company when her restless fiery eyes were for a moment withdrawn, which seemed to say that some such idea was gliding through their heads. I suppose that she had a good deal of money; for by the poor lad's manner I should think that nothing

else would have induced so young a man to link himself with such a withered, and I may say pestilent hag.

I have seen, to be sure, many unwilling bridegrooms in my time. One, I remember, was evidently brought to church through fear of the brothers of his bride. They came, three of them, to escort the lady, as fierce as dragoon officers; and I believe one of them was in the army, for he clattered in with long spurs, and wore a brave pair of mustachios on his upper lip. The other two were stout athletic men, with an air of great resolution; while the bridegroom, who was strong enough to have coped with any one of them, but who in all probability disliked the chances of a bullet, looked dogged and sullen, taking especial care to show that the slight civility which he displayed was extorted from him by compulsion. I felt for the poor girl, for she met nothing but stern glances. The rising tears were checked by a frown from some one of her three brothers, who watched her narrowly; and there was little consolation to be drawn from the countenance of her intended husband: if ever he looked up there was a scowl upon his brow. She could only hope to exchange three tyrants for one, and there seemed too great a probability that the last would revenge upon her the treatment which he had received from her kinsmen. The ladies of the party shook their heads and were silent; and altogether I never saw more evil augury, although the termination was not so disastrous as that which I once witnessed upon a nearly similar occasion.

The lady, according to custom, came first. She had many of her friends about her; and the whole company showed more joy than is generally exhibited by the polite world, even on these happy events. There appeared to be a sort of congratulation amongst them, as though they had brought some fortunate circumstance to pass of which they had despaired; and amid them also was a tall bluff-looking brother, who seemed very well pleased with the success of his exertions. The bride, too, was in high spirits, and talked and smiled with her bride's-maiden, arranged her dress at the glass, and carried her head with an air. So much were the party occupied with their own satisfied feelings, that they did not appear to observe the wild and haggard look of the bridegroom. I was shocked and alarmed at the pale and ghastly countenance which he presented; he was dressed in black, and though somebody took notice of this circumstance, it was only to joke about it. To me he seemed under the influence of brandy, or of laudanum, for he talked strangely, and laughed in such a manner that I shuddered at the sound. Nobody, however, appeared to regard it; and the wedding party entered the church as gaily as possible. During the ceremony the bridegroom's mood changed; as if struck by its solemnity, he became grave; a shade of inexpressible sadness passed over his wan, cold brow; and large drops of perspiration chased each other down his face. The nuptial rite ended; he stooped forward to

kiss the bride, and just as the clergyman turned to leave the altar, drew a pistol from his bosom, and shot himself through the heart before an arm could be raised to prevent him! Down dropped the new married couple together, for this unhappy gentleman had entangled himself in his wife's drapery, and dragged her with him as he fell. It was a horrid sight to see the dead and the living stretched in this fearful embrace upon the ground. Paralyzed by the report of the pistol, we stood aghast, and a minute elapsed before even I could stretch out my hand to extricate the bride from her shocking situation. She had not fainted, and she could not weep; but her eyes were glazed, her features rigid, and her skin changed to a deep leaden hue. Her satin robe was in several places stained with blood; and surely never was any spectacle half so ghastly! Her friends repressed their tears and sobs; and, gathering round her, attempted to convey her away. She submitted as if unwittingly; but when her foot was on the threshold of the portal, she burst into long and continued shrieks. The whole church rang with the appalling cry; and it was not until she had completely exhausted herself by her screams, and had sunk into a sort of torpor, interrupted only by low moans, that she could be taken from the fatal spot. A coroner's inquest sat in the vestry; and a sad tale of female levity, and of the weakness and libertinism of man, came out. But the subject is too painful to dwell upon, and I gladly turn to pleasanter recollections.

We had a very fine party shortly afterwards, who arrived in two or three carriages. The bride was young and fair, but she held her head down, and seemed greatly agitated. It was very easy to perceive that her heart had not been consulted in the choice of a husband. The father, a tall heavy-browed man, cast severe and threatening glances upon his trembling daughter; but the mother, though she seemed equally bent upon the match, interceded for a little cessation of hostilities; and, when the shrinking girl asked to be allowed to walk for a moment with one friend in the church, in order to collect her scattered thoughts, leave was granted. As she passed out of the door she dropped her white satin reticule, and it clanked heavily against the steps—a sound not at all like that of a smelling-bottle, and I must confess that my curiosity was strongly excited. I endeavoured to pick it up; but before I could bend my arm, which is a little stiff with the rheumatism, she had whipped it off the ground, and down the side aisle she went, leaning upon her companion's arm. This aisle is long, and rather dark, terminating in a heavy oaken screen, which conceals the green baize door leading to the front portal. She passed behind this screen and was seen no more! I thought it very odd, but it was not my place to speak, so I returned into the vestry room, that I might not be questioned. Presently the bridegroom arrived, and an ill-favoured gentleman he was, with a fretful discontented countenance; and he began complaining of having been detained at home by some

fool's message. After he had grumbled for a few minutes the bride was called for—she was not to be found. The father stormed. "Is this a time," he exclaimed, "to play such childish tricks! she has hidden herself in some corner;" and away we all hastened in search of her. The church doors were shut and locked; but as I passed up the gallery stairs, I observed that the bolts were withdrawn from that which led from the side aisle. I did not, however, feel myself compelled to publish this discovery, though I shrewdly suspected that the reticule which had rung so loudly as it fell contained a key; and so it proved. Some time was wasted in examining the organ-loft, and indeed every place in which a mouse might have been concealed. At last somebody hit upon the truth, and a little inquiry placed the elopement beyond a doubt. We learned that a carriage had been in waiting at a corner of the street opposite to the church; and that a gentleman had been seen loitering under the portico, who, the instant that two ladies popped out, conducted them to his equipage, which moved leisurely away, while we were engaged in our unsuccessful search. Upon strict examination, it came out that a pew-opener had furnished the means of obtaining a false key. It would be impossible to describe the rage and dismay of the disappointed parties: the mother went off in hysterics, the bridegroom looked sourer than ever, the father raved and swore bitterly; and the clergyman, after vainly attempting to pacify him, read him a lecture upon his intemperate conduct. All those who were not related to the parties slunk quietly away, perhaps to have their laugh out; and I take shame to myself to say that I could not help enjoying the scene, so thoroughly unamiable did those persons appear with whom the fair bride was unfortunately connected. I was anxious about the young couple, and heard with great pleasure that they got safe to Scotland.

Another young lady, forced by her parents to the altar, did not manage matters quite so cleverly. They had dressed her out, poor thing, in ball-room attire; her beautiful hair fell in ringlets from the crown of her head, down a swan-like throat as white as snow, and these glossy tresses were wreathed with long knots of pearl, which crossed her forehead twice, and mingled in rich loops with the clustering curls. Her white arms were bare, for her gloves had been lost in the coach, and the veil had slipped from her hand and hung in disorder over her shoulders. Before the carriage reached the church, I saw her fair face thrust out of one of the windows, as if in expectation of seeing somebody. She paused for an instant on the steps, and, unmindful of the gazing crowd, cast hurried glances up and down the street; and even in the vestry-room, and in the church, she searched every corner narrowly with her eyes, turning round quickly at the slightest sound. Hope did not forsake her until the very last moment—when the bridegroom appeared—a tall prim person, who drew on his gloves very deliberately, not seeing or heeding the agonizing

perturbation of his intended bride. Her movements became more hurried as her expectation of a rescue decreased. She suffered herself, as if bewildered, to be led to the communion table; her head all the time turned over her shoulder, still watching for the arrival of some too tardy friend. But when she stood by the rails, and the actual commencement of the ceremony struck upon her ear, she seemed to awaken to a full sense of her dangerous situation; and, throwing up her beautiful white arms, and tearing away the long curls from her brow, she exclaimed, with much vehemence, "No! no! no!" Her bosom heaved as though it would have burst through the satin and lace which confined it; her dark flashing eyes seemed starting from her head; her cheek was now flushed with the hue of crimson, and now pale as death, and every feature was swelled and convulsed by the tumultuous emotions which shook her frame. The tall prim gentleman looked astounded: there was a gathering together of friends; but the bride was not to be appeased—she still continued her half-frenzied exclamation, "No! no! no!" A slight scuffle was heard outside the church, and in the next moment a fine-looking young man dashed in through the vestry-room, scarcely making two steps to the afflicted fair, who, uttering a piercing cry of joy, rushed into his outstretched arms. The clergyman shut his book, scandalized by the indecorum of these proceedings; the tall prim gentleman opened his eyes, and seemed fumbling in his waistcoat pocket for a card; and the lovers, careless of every thing but each other, clasped in a fervent embrace, had sunk down upon one of the free seats in the middle aisle—the youth swearing by heaven and earth that his beloved should not be torn from his grasp, and the lady sobbing on his shoulder. The parents of the bride, confounded and amazed at this unexpected catastrophe, had nothing to say. They at length attempted to soothe the bridegroom; but he had elevated his eyebrows, and, looking unutterable things, was evidently preparing to walk off; and, this resolution taken, he was not to be stayed. He seized his hat, placed it solemnly under his arm, faced about, and, perceiving that his rival was wholly engrossed in wiping away the tears from the loveliest pair of eyes in the world, he pursed up his mouth to its original formality, and marched straight out of the church. An arrangement now took place between the intruder and the crest-fallen papa and mamma. The latter was left with her daughter, while the two gentlemen went in quest of a new license. The young lady, a little too wilful, it must be owned, pouted and coaxed, till the old lady's brow relaxed, and all was harmony. Again the curate was called upon to perform his office, and now radiant smiles played upon the lips of the bride—a soft confusion stole over her cheek, and scarcely waiting until the conclusion of the ceremony, as if she feared a second separation, clung to her husband's arm, not quitting it even while signing her name in the book.

There was nothing extraordinary about the

next couple who joined their hands in our church, excepting their surpassing beauty. It seemed a question which could be styled the handsomer, the lady or the gentleman: both were tall, and both had that noble aspect which one is apt to fancy the exclusive gift of high birth. The bridegroom was a man of rank, and the bride little inferior in family connexion. The friends of each party, magnificently appointed, graced the ceremony: altogether it seemed a most suitable match, and was one of the grandest weddings that had taken place for a long time. The whole affair was conducted with the greatest propriety; hearts, as well as hands, appeared to be joined; the lady smiling through the few tears which she seemed to shed, only because her mother and her sisters wept at parting from her, and the rapturous delight of the gentleman breaking through the cold and guarded forms prescribed by the fashion.

I was much amazed to see the same lady only five years afterwards come again to our church to be married. The same she certainly was, but still how different! Wrapped in a plain deshable, attended by a cringing female, who bore the stamp of vulgarity in face, dress, and demeanour; her cheeks highly rouged, and the elegant modesty of her manners changed into a bold recklessness, which seemed to struggle with a sense of shame. I could scarcely believe my eyes; the widow of a nobleman would not surely have been in this degraded state. I was soon convinced of the truth of the surmise which flashed across my mind: she answered to the responses in her maiden name—she had been divorced—and the man to whom she now plighted the vow so lately broken, was he worthy of the sacrifice? I should say, no! He was, I understand, one of the wits of the day; but in person, bearing and breeding, sadly, wretchedly beneath her former lord. She seemed to feel her situation, notwithstanding all her efforts to shake off the painful recollections that would arise. I saw her press her hand once or twice upon her heart; and when her eyes glanced around, and caught those well-known objects which she had gazed upon in happier days, she heaved deep and frequent sighs. There was less of solemn earnestness about the clergyman who officiated than usual, and he seemed to hurry over the service as though the holy rite were profaned in joining guilt and shame together. But though the marriage ceremony was cut short, it had already detained this dishonoured pair too long. As they were leaving the altar the vestry-door opened, and a gay bridal party descended the steps. It was the divorced lady's deserted husband, leading a beautiful young creature, the emblem of innocence and purity, by the hand, and surrounded by a host of friends splendidly attired. A start, and almost a scream of recognition, betrayed the emotion which the wretched woman, who had forfeited her rank in society, sustained at this unexpected and most unwished-for meeting. She had many mortifications to undergo before she could get away. During the ceremony of sign-

ing her name, several individuals made excuse to enter the vestry, in order to stare at her; while the ladies, in passing by, shrunk away as though they feared contamination; and she was obliged to walk half-way down the street, amid a line of gaping menials, before she could reach her shabby carriage, which had drawn off to make room for the coroneted coaches of the noble company in the church.

There was something I thought exceedingly strange about another wedding which took place nearly at the same period. One chariot contained the whole party, which consisted of an elderly and a young gentleman, and the bride, a very pretty girl, not more than seventeen or eighteen at the utmost. She was handsomely dressed, but in colours, and not with the precision and neatness of a bride: her clothes, though fashionable and expensive, were certainly not entirely new, bearing slight tokens of having been worn before. Neither did she show any thing like timidity or bashfulness; asking a hundred questions, as if totally ignorant of the forms and ceremonies usually observed at weddings, laughing heartily at the idea of a set of demure bride-maids, and exclaiming continually, "La! how ridiculous! The bridegroom lounged upon the chair and benches, and said it would be a fine addition to a parson's income, if he could unmarried the fools who were silly enough to slip into his noose; and the old gentleman listened to this idle conversation with a grieved and mortified air. The young couple, it seems, had not very long returned from a journey to Scotland, and were now re-united, to satisfy the scruples of the bride's father; although both appeared as if they would have been as well pleased to have been left at liberty to seize the facilities offered in the North for the annulling, as well as the celebrating of contracts, too often hastily performed and speedily repented.

There was a gentleman, a sort of Blue-beard, I must call him, who, having his town-house in our parish, came five times to be married; and I observed that, in all his five wives, he seemed to make a pretty good choice, at least as far as beauty went. The first was a blooming country nymph, who, except that her hair was powdered, and she wore high-heeled shoes, might have passed, with her large curls pinned stiffly in a row, immense hat, and spreading furbelows, for a belle of the present day; and a mighty comely pair she and the 'Squire made. The second wife was a languishing lady of quality, who, annoyed at the bridegroom's old-fashioned prejudice against a special license, kept her salts in her hand, said that the church smelled of dead bodies, and that she should catch some disease and die; and so she did. Then came the third, buttoned up in a riding-habit, which was an ugly fashion adopted at weddings some fifteen or twenty years ago, with a man's hat upon her head, and a green gauze veil: her partner, then a little inclining to the shady side of life, affected the fooleries of the times, and was dressed in the very tip of the mode. She looked as though she would see him

out; but he came again; and the fourth, a pale, pensive, ladylike woman, apparently far gone in a consumption, who seemed, poor thing, as though she had been crossed in love, and now married only for a maintenance, did not last long. The fifth time we had three weddings: the old gentleman and his son espoused two sisters; the former taking care to choose the younger lady, and his daughter married the uncle of her father's bride. It was a droll exhibition; and I think that the elder Benedict would have done well to remain in his widowed state; for he appeared to have caught a Tartar at last, and would have some difficulty in carrying things with the high hand which he had done with his former wives. I have not heard of his death, but I still retain the expectation of seeing his widow.

A BLUSH.

What a mysterious thing is a blush! that a single word, a look, or a thought, should send that inimitable carnation over the cheek, like the soft tints of a summer sunset! Strange, too, that it is only the *face*, the human face, that is capable of blushing! The hand or the foot does not turn red with modesty or shame, any more than the glove or the sock which covers it. It is the face that is the heaven of the soul! There, may be traced the intellectual phenomena, with a confidence amounting to moral certainty. A single blush should put the infidel to shame, and prove to him the absurdity of his blind doctrine of chance.

ON THE FLOWER CALLED

"FORGET ME NOT."

"FORGET-ME-NOT"—"Forget-me-Not"—
What thrilling sounds are these!
They waken many a tender thought—
They agitate—yet please.

They tell of many a glorious name
Enrolled in martial song;
Of aspirations after fame,
Of feelings deep and strong.

One leaves his home—a foreign clime—
A burning Sun, his lot;
What token charms the dreary time,
The words—"Forget-me Not."

The warrior's plume is waving fair;
He scorns the hostile shot;—
What does such recklessness declare?
"Brave friends, Forget-me-Not."

The student, o'er the midnight oil,
Wastes pale with anxious thought:
Why plies he such unceasing toil?
He would not be forgot.

Through all the human race, we find
One ardent hope extends:
Of fame—or of remembrance kind,
From family—or friends.

Fame! that is not for me, I know—
Be one TRUE friend my lot;
And after I am years laid low,
May he—"Forget-me-Not."

THE WORLD TO COME.

If all our hopes and all our fears
Were prisoned in Life's narrow bound;
If, travellers in this vale of tears,
We saw no better world beyond—
Oh! what could check the rising sigh,
What earthly thing could pleasure give?
Oh! who would venture then to die—
Oh! who would venture then to live?

Were life a dark and desert moor,
Where mists and clouds eternal spread
Their gloomy veil behind, before,
And tempests thunder over head—
Where not a sunbeam breaks the gloom,
And not a flowret smiles beneath;
Who could exist in such a tomb—
Who dwell in darkness and in death?

And such were life, without the ray
From our divine religion given:
'Tis this that makes our darkness day—
'Tis this that makes our earth a heaven!
Bright is the golden sun above,
And beautiful the flowers that bloom—
And all is joy, and all is love,
Reflected from the world to come!

THE EYE.

WHAT is the little lurking spell
That hovers round the eye?
Without a voice, a word can tell
The feelings as they fly.

When tearless—it can speak of woe;
When weeping, still the same;
Or in a moment catch the glow
Of thoughts without a name.

Can beam with pity on the poor—
With anger on the proud;
Can tell that it will much endure—
Or flash upon the crowd!

Now brightly raised, or now depressed
With every shade of feeling—
It is the mirror of the breast—
The thought, the soul revealing!

Oh! tones are false—and words are weak—
The tutored slaves at call—
'The eye—the eye alone can speak—
Unfettered—tell us all!



DANCING.

BATTEMENS EN ARRIERE (Fig. 9) are performed by throwing the right foot up behind in the fourth position, with the same rules as for the *Battemens en avant*: great attention must be paid to prevent the body inclining forward in this portion of the exercises; it should be kept perfectly straight, but without any appearance of stiffness. The *Battemens en avant* and *en arriere*, are performed, among professional dancers, by raising the foot much higher; but it is unnecessary to do so as a domestic exercise for ball-room dancing.

Battemens on the second position, may be made in the following manner:—The pupil must support herself in the same manner as in the practice of bending, before described; she should then pass the foot into the second position—the knee being kept perfectly straight—draw it back into the fifth position before; pass it again into the second position, and draw it into the fifth behind; and so on, until by repetition of the exercise, she can perform these *Battemens* with rapidity, ease and correctness (Fig. 10.)

B 2

When the bends in the various positions have been practised some time, the pupil should endeavour, after each bend, to raise herself on the toes (see fig. 11), being careful that the knees are kept straight, and that the feet do not change their positions. This is an excellent practice, as it imparts to the feet the point so much admired, and, at the same time, considerably increases the power of the instep and ankle.

The head should be kept centrally between the shoulders by the erectness of the neck: the face may, of course, be occasionally turned to the right or left, not merely for convenience, or to avoid an appearance of constraint, but because the opposition which may be produced by a judicious change of the direction in which the countenance is turned, to the posture of the body or limbs, materially enhances the grace of the whole figure. The turn of the head should be so managed as to perfect the real and apparent balance of the figure. If the greatest weight be thrown on one side, the head may, generally speaking, be very advantageously turned, in a

trifling degree, in an opposite direction. The reader may convince herself of the benefit to be derived by a graceful inclination of the countenance, so as to produce an easy opposition, by performing the positions before a glass, and turning her face alternately to each side, or keeping it in the same direction, and practising, in turns, with each foot. The head should be thrown considerably backward, and the forehead brought to project in a slight degree, by drawing the chin

towards the neck. The countenance, during a dance, should be illumined by a smile: it is perfectly absurd for a young lady to exhibit a melancholy aspect amid the gaieties of a ball-room, and painful to see her assume an aspect of care, when going through a Quadrille; as it induces the spectators to imagine, that the performance of the steps or figure, so entirely engross her faculties, that she is incapable of partaking in the pleasures of the dance.

THE DENTIST.

MALACHI ROE is known, for twenty miles round his house, as a cow-doctor, and a rat-catcher, and a man of tip-top talent in two or three dozen useful arts and sciences—as he himself calls tooth-drawing, and dog-cropping, and all the things he's famous for. He has the finest terriers and traps in the whole country; and if there isn't a fox to be found by the subscription pack, that Squire Lawless, and the rest of them has, nine miles off, at the brook of Ballyfaddin, they've only to send a dog-boy to Malachi, before sunset, and he'll have one in a bag, ready to turn out before them, by the morning. He's very sparing of talk, and when he speaks, it's in short bits; and he'll look all the while as if he'd a right to be paid for his words: and it's well paid he is for them too, sure enough, by them that can do it. There isn't a hair's-breadth of a horse, from the crown down to the coronet, or below that again, to the head of the nail in his shoe, but Malachi knows: he's as much at home in the inside of a cow as that of his own cabin, and can tell where any thing is, as well in one as the other—just as if he had put it there himself. But Malachi prides himself most on his skill in tooth-drawing; and if you ask him what he is, he'll tell you—a dentist.

It's full thirty years ago, since Malachi came to settle among us. You hadn't then to send for him if he was wanted, for he seemed to scent sickness like a raven; and if your cow was taken ill, the next news you heard was, that Malachi's horn was blowing on the hill; and, in ten minutes more, he stood at your door, with a drench if you wished it.

Malachi now keeps closer to his nest; still he's to be had, if you pay him his bill. He's looked upon as an oracle in most things, by every body except Ileen, his wife, who thinks one of her opinions worth two of his, any day; and though Malachi Roe is a wise man, I won't say but Ileen is right. If you knew him, you'd as soon think of saying black was white, as contradicting the dentist: but Ileen don't care a bawbee for him, and often tells him right up to his face, that he's wrong. Malachi wishes she'd bide at home; but she'd rather be busy on the beach, having an eye to the girls and women she employs to gather the dilloak: and, though feared, her goodness of

heart secures her the love of every one of her neighbours—high and low. By all accounts, she must be the exact temper of her grandmother and namesake Ileen, the Meal-woman; who, though left a widow, at eighteen, with a child looking up to her for support, never got married again; but kept herself decent, and brought up her little one, without a ha'p'orth of help from man, woman, or child. She put on the manners and resolution of a man, with her weeds;—the mills which her husband had occupied she kept going; and managed so well, that she got more grist by degrees, till at last, the name of Ileen the Meal-woman, was known all over the country.

Her child—it was a boy—grew up, got married, and did well, until about his turning the awkward corner of fifty; then it was that his wife, who was three or four years younger than himself—as wives should be, you know—fell sick, and died away suddenly. No man could well grieve much more for the loss of his wife, than ould Ileen the Meal-woman's son did for his: he wouldn't allow her to be carried away up the country, and buried among her own kin, but insisted that she should be laid in his father's grave: so that, one day or other, his own remains might be placed by her side.

If you reckon the age of his son, and remember how soon after his marriage he died, you'll find that Ileen the Meal-woman's husband, at the time his daughter-in-law departed this life, must have been buried hard upon half a century. When the grave was opened, his coffin crumbled beneath the pickaxe;—some of his dry bones were carelessly shovelled up by the digger, and there they lay among the earth, which so long had covered him. Ileen knew nothing of this: she had heard of the death of her son's wife, and made all the haste she could away from a distant part, where she was buying wheat, or selling meal, I don't know which, so as to be at the funeral. When she got near home, two or three people told her that her husband's grave had been opened, to receive the body of her daughter-in-law; but she wouldn't believe them: for all that though, she quickened her horse's pace, and made direct for the spot. The memory of her husband was still fresh within her, long as

she'd lost him—for her heart had never known a second affection. She didn't remember and so see him, in her waking dreams, a poor, broken-down, grey-headed old man, tottering gradually under a load of infirmities, to death's door, with his temper soured by time and pain, and his affections froze up by age: but whenever his form came across her mind—and it's often she looked back to the two short years of happiness, she'd passed with him—he started up to her thoughts in all the pride of his manhood—handsome, high spirited, and affectionate, as he was a week before she parted from him for ever.

The people were just going to lower the coffin of the Meal-woman's daughter-in-law into the earth, when Ileen reached the outer circle of them that came to the funeral. Without spaking a word, she made a lane for herself through the crowd, and at that awful moment she suddenly appeared, speechless with fury, at the head of the grave. Her son shrunk from her terrible glance; and every one within view of her, stood without motion, gaping in fear and wonder at the tall gaunt figure of Ileen, and the features of her, distorted as they were by the grief—the rage—the horror—the agony she felt—and wondered what was going to be the matter. After some little time, during which not a word was spoke, and nobody scarcely dared breathe, Ileen began to tremble from head to foot; big tears gushed out of her eyes; and says she:—"Is that you I see there, Patrick?—Are you my son?—And is this your father's grave?"

"Mother," says Patrick, "what in the name of the holy Saints, ails you?—Don't you see it's me?—and ar'n't you sure it's my poor father's last home?—Where else would I bury my wife?"

"Your wife!—And was it to bury your wife, that you broke open my husband's grave?"

"Of course it is, mother:—what harm?—Go on, friends."

"Stand back!" cried Ileen, in a loud and determined tone, placing herself betwixt the coffin and the brink of the grave;—"I'd like to see the man who'd dare pollute the dust of my husband, with that of a strange woman! I am the wife of him whose grave is here—of him, and of none but him: I lay in his bosom when he was alive—and do you think, any of you, I'll stand by, while there's a drop of blood left in my veins, to see another be put in my place, now that he's dead? Have I lived for fifty long years with the hope of one day being united in death to the joy of my life, to have another laid by his side at last?—Who broke this holy earth?—What accursed wretch was it?—Where is he?—Show him to me—that I may grip him by the throat!"

"Mother! Mother!" said Patrick, "for the sake of him you spake of, be not so violent! If I've done wrong"—

"If you've done wrong?—Thank God, Patrick, it wasn't your own hand did this!"

"Well! I'm sorry now that any hand did it: but it's too late to waste time in words: and I *must* have the remains of my wife respected."

"Wretched—unnatural child!—what respect

have you shown to those of my husband—my husband, and your father, Patrick?—Oh! this earth which covered him," continued Ileen, stooping to pick up a handful of the mould she stood upon—and at that moment, for the first time, she saw the bones!—She shrieked out at the sight, and no tongue could describe the look of agony which she cast at her son.

Patrick, however, who'd more love for the wife he'd lived thirty years with, than the father he couldn't remember, much as he was grieved at the sorrow and anger of his mother, resolved that the corpse shouldn't be treated with a show of insult: so says he to those about him, "Come, let us make an end of this; I will set you an example."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth, when Ileen, snatched up one of her husband's bones, and gave her son so violent a blow with it on his head, that he staggered and fell nearly senseless into the grave.

His friends got Patrick out again as quick as they could: but before he recovered, Ileen had carefully gathered up the bones, folded them in a kerchief, which she tore off her bosom, dropped them into the grave, and proceeded to throw in the earth again with her hands. No one attempted to hinder her—but it was only when she had made the ground level, and cast herself, moaning, upon it, that the people persuaded her son to let them carry his wife's coffin away, and bury it elsewhere.

Just such a one as Ileen the Meal-woman, in temper and heart, is her grand-daughter Ileen, the second wife of Malachi Roe: he'd a son by his first; but has no children by Ileen. If Malachi's boy was a fool all his young days—and he's not so now he's grown up—it wasn't Ileen's fault; for she behaved like a mother to him, and tried all she could to make him know a duck from a drawbridge, but in vain. At last, when he was about eighteen, Malachi got him a place in my lady's stables, under the grooms and coachmen she'd just had down with fine horses and new liveries from Dublin—*why*, nobody could guess, except that she was going to give up being a widow.

The first day Malachi's boy got into the stables, the grooms and postilions persuaded him they were much finer dentists than his father; and, to convince him, they tied a piece of whipcord round one of his teeth, and fastened the other end of it to a stall-post: then one of them came and threatened the end of his nose with the prong of a pitchfork, so that the stripling drew back his head with a jerk, and out came the tooth. This and two or three other of the usual jokes that boys gets played in a stable, put young Malachi on his metal; so that, after awhile, his father, and even old Ileen herself, began to glory in him;—thanks to the dentist whose only instrument was the prong of a pitchfork.

To the generous mind
The heaviest debt is that of Gratitude,
When 'tis not in our power to repay it.

THE WHITE ROSE OF SCOTLAND.

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

Original Poem.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Oh, Richard! was this deception generous? yet hold, my swelling heart, and let my duty as a wife subdue my woman's pride! My husband, avert not from me thus thy tearful eyes—whoe'er thou art, thou hast been to me all tenderness; it

will be now my grateful task to prove to thee that Catharine Gordon's love was unalloyed by interest and ambition. If she adored thee when, 'mid thy gallant train, thou stood'st unmatched'd, 'twas not the splendour of thy royal name that bade me wish thee mine.

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

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

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

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

"That bloody and devouring bear."

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

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

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

As our brief sketch will be in strict conformity with historical fact, we have endeavoured to avoid all appearance of mystery, and have, therefore, thought these few observations requisite. The friendship and support of James were, however, of short duration. Having entered Northumberland with an army, and finding

the people by no means disposed to join the fictitious prince, the Scottish King gave up the cause as hopeless.

* * * * *

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

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

* * * * *

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

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

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

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

"The white rose has bloom'd
Thro' a brief simmer day,
Yet the white rose is doom'd
To a rapid decay.

The fause aue that tore
It in sorrow awa',
Winna live to deplore
That premature fa'.

Thy smile may impart
A' its sweetness awhile,
Yet the worm's in thy heart
That shall banish that smile.

Farewell! oh farewell!
'Mid the tempest that blows
In my ear rings the Knell
O' Scotland's 'White Rose.'

Swift to bear thee awa'
Round thee hoarse billows swell—
Ane again, an' for aye,
Rose o' Scotland, farewell!"

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

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

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

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

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

* * * * *

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MANKIND AT THE BEGINNING OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

"They had neither looked into heaven nor earth, neither into the sea nor land, as has been done since. They had philosophy without experiment, and mathematics without instruments, geometry without scales, astronomy without demonstration.

"They made war without powder, shot, cannon, or mortars—may the mob made their bonfires without squibs or crackers. They went to sea without compass, and sailed without the needle. They viewed the stars without telescopes, and measured altitudes without barometers. Learning had no printing presses, writing, no paper, no ink. The lover was forced to send his mistress a deal board for a letter, and a billetdoux might be the size of an ordinary trencher. They were clothed without manufactures, and their richest robes were the skins of the most formidable monsters. They carried on their trade without books, and correspondence without posts—their merchants kept no accounts, their shopkeepers no cash books, they had surgery without anatomy, and physicians without materia medica; they gave emetics without ipecacuanha, and cured agues without bark."

WILLIAM PENN'S TREE.

The following Stanzas were written by the celebrated William Roscoe of Liverpool, on receiving (during the last war) from Dr. RUSH, an inkstand, made of a piece of the ELM, under which the Founder of PHILADELPHIA concluded his treaty with the INDIANS. This tree was blown down in 1812.

FROM clime to clime, from shore to shore,
The War-fiend raised his hateful yell,
And 'midst the storm that realms deplore,
PENN'S honor'd tree of concord fell.

And of that tree, that ne'er again
Shall spring's reviving influence know,
A relic o'er the Atlantic main
Was sent—the gift of foe to foe!

But though no more its ample shade
Waves green beneath Columbia's sky;
Though every branch be now decay'd,
And all its scatter'd leaves be dry;

Yet, 'midst this relic's sainted space,
A health-restoring flood shall spring,
In which the angel form of Peace
May stop to dip her dove-like wing.

So, once the staff the prophet bore,
By wondering eyes again was seen
To swell with life thro' every pore,
And bud afresh with foliage green;

The wither'd branch again shall grow
Till o'er the earth its shade extend—
And thus—the gift of foe to foe—
Become the gift of friend to friend.

LOUISA.

BY MARY R. MITFORD.

It was on Monday last that I had the double pleasure of attending the nuptials of an old friend, and of giving in my resignation of the post of confidante, which I had filled with great credit and honour for twenty years and upwards. A married woman no longer needs the sympathy and consolation of a listening and pitying love-friend. Her story, according to all the laws of romance, is fairly over. So is my occupation. I shall miss it at first, just as one living in a church-yard would miss an entire cessation of those bells, which yet from habit is scarcely heard. I shall miss poor Louisa's sighs and blushes, written or spoken, especially when the post comes in, and she will miss me, perhaps, the most of the two; for I cannot help thinking that by the time the honey-moon is over, the necessity for a discreet confidante may be as pressing as ever. I cannot disguise from myself, that a damsel who has been used to fall in love with a new object at the end of every two or three months for the last twenty years, more or less, may, from mere habit, and without the slightest intentional infraction of the nuptial vow, fairly forget that she is married, and relapse into her old custom; more especially as her husband appears to be the only young man she has ever known with whom she has never even fancied herself in love.

Louisa L. and myself were old school-fellows. Her father is a West Indian planter of some property, who, having lost many children in the pestiferous climate of Barbadoes, did not choose to carry thither his only remaining daughter, and left her at school during a long residence on his estate, not as a parlour-boarder, but as a common pupil. She was a fine looking girl, with a tall, showy figure, and a face amazingly like what one sees in those old family portraits, which bear so great a resemblance to each other, whatever they might do to the originals: Like them, our heroine was distinguished by regular features, a high, narrow forehead, black sleepy eyes, long dark hair, a clear complexion, and a general languishing composure of aspect.

Now, this sounds like the description of a beautiful woman as well as of a beautiful picture; and so it would be, only that, unluckily, whilst content that the portrait should keep one look and one expression, we are apt to expect the real woman to vary occasionally, and are so unreasonable as to be disappointed when we find her countenance, however handsome, (for the handsomer it is the more we expect from it) fixed in the same mould of comely silliness from year's end to year's end. In such a case almost any change would be felt as a relief, and a little ugliness would tell exceedingly.

Her conversation was quite in keeping with her style of person; much of the sort (making due allowance for the interval of a century) that one might expect from Sir Peter Lely's portrait of

one's great-grandmother seated on a bank, attired in a robe of blue satin, with a crook in her hand, a rose in her bosom, and two or three sheep at her feet.

Simile apart, Louisa was a thoroughly well-meaning young woman, with little wit and much good-nature, with a mind no more adapted to contain knowledge than a sieve to hold water, and a capacity of unlearning, a faculty of forgetting, most happily suited to the double and triple course of instruction which her father's protracted absence doomed her to undergo. She had been in the first class for five years to my certain knowledge; there I found her, and there I left her, going over the same ground with each successive set, and regularly overtaken and outstripped by every girl of common talent. The only thing in which she ever made any real proficiency, was music; by dint of incredible application, she sang tolerably, played well on the piano, and better on the harp. But she had no genuine love even for that, and began to weary, as well she might, of her incessant practice, and her interminable education. The chief effect of this natural weariness was a strong desire to be married, the only probable mode of release that occurred to her, for of her father's return she and every one began to despair. How to carry this wish into effect, perplexed her not a little. If she had been blest with a manœuvring mamma, indeed, the business might soon have been done. But poor Louisa was not so lucky. She had only an old bachelor uncle and two maiden aunts, who, quite content to see to her comforts in a kind, quiet way, to have her at home in the holidays, to keep her well dressed and well supplied with fruit and pocket money, continued to think of her as a mere school-girl, and never dreamed of the grand object by which her whole soul was engrossed. So that the gentle damsel, left entirely to the resources of her own genius, could devise no better plan than to fix her own thoughts and attention, fall in love, as she called and perhaps thought it, with every man of suitable station who happened to fall in her way. The number of these, successive or alternate, or simultaneous preferences—for often she had two beaux who were laid aside and taken up in a sort of see-saw, as either happened to cross her path, and sometimes she had literally two at once—was really astonishing. So was her impartiality. Rich or poor, old or young, from seventeen to seventy, nothing came amiss. Equally amazing was the exceedingly small encouragement upon which her fancy could work; to dance with her, to sit next her at dinner, to ask her to play, one visit, one compliment, a look, a word, or half a word, was enough to send her sighing through the house, singing tender airs, and reading novels and love-ditties. The celebrated ballad in which Cowley gives a list of his mistresses—the "Chronicle," as

he calls it—was but a type of the bead-roll of names that might have been strung up from her fancies. The common duration of a fit was about a month or six weeks, sometimes more, sometimes less, as one love-wedge drove out another; but generally the “decline and fall” of these attachments (I believe that is the phrase) began at the month's end.

It was astonishing how well these little dramas were gotten up; any body not in the secret would have thought her really a tender innamorata, she had so many pretty sentimentalities, would wear nothing but the favourite's favourite colour, or sigh out her soul over his favourite song, or hoard his notes or visiting tickets in her bosom. One of her vagaries cost me a bad cold. The reigning swain happened to be a German count, who, talking somewhat fantastically of the stars, expressed a sort of superstitious devotion to the beautiful constellation, Orion; he could not sleep, he said, till he had gazed on it. Now, our luckless damsel took this for a sort of covert assignation, a tender rendezvous of looks and thoughts, like the famous story of the two lovers in the Spectator; and the sky prospect from her apartment being rather limited, she used, to my unspeakable annoyance, to come star-gazing to mine. This *access* being encouraged by more attention than usual on the part of the gentleman, or rather she being unused to foreign manners, and mistaking the continental courtesy to a fair lady for a particular devotion, lasted three whole months. Of course she fell into other mistakes beside the general one of fancying all men in love with her. One winter, for instance, she fancied that a sickly gentleman, who used to sun himself on the pavement on our side of the square, walked there to listen to her music; so she obligingly moved her harp close to an open window (in December! N. B. She caught as bad a cold by these noon-day serenades, as ever her midnight assignations with the belted Orion gave me) and played and sang during the whole time of his promenade. A little while after we discovered that the poor gentleman was deaf.

Nor were her own mistakes, though they were bad enough, the worst she had to encounter. A propensity so ridiculous could not escape undetected amongst such a tribe of tricky and mischievous spirits; nor could all the real regard attracted by the fair Louisa's many good qualities, save her from the mal-practices of these little mockers. It was such fun to set her whirligig heart a-spinning, to give her a fresh object—sometimes a venerable grandfather, sometimes a school-boy brother, sometimes a married cousin—any lover would answer her purpose, and the more absurd or impossible, the better for ours.

I will, however, do myself the justice to say, that, partly from compassion, and partly from vanity at being elected to the post of confidante, I was not by many degrees so guilty as many of my compeers. To be sure one Valentine, a piece of original poetry, with about as much sense and meaning as the famous love-song by a person of quality, and a few flowery billets to

match, purporting to come from the same quarter—that Valentine! I must plead guilty to that Valentine—but that was a venial offence, and besides she never found it out. So when I left school, and even when six months after her father unexpectedly returned and took her to reside with him in a country town, I still continued the favoured depository of her secrets and her sighs.

We lived in distant counties, and met so seldom, that our intercourse was almost entirely epistolary. Intercourse did I say? My share of the correspondence, or of the dialogue, was little better than what a confidante on the French stage sustains with the *belle princesse*, from whom she is obliged to hear a hundred-times-told-tale. I was a mere woman of straw—a thing to direct to. She never cared for answers, luckily for me; for, at first, whilst my young civility and conscientious sense of the duties of a polite letter-writer instigated me to reply point to point to her epistle, such blunders used to ensue as are sometimes produced in a game of cross purposes—a perpetual jostling of hopes and fears; condolence out of season; congratulation mistimed; praise misapplied; eternal confusion; never-ending mistakes. So, farther than half a dozen unmeaning affectionate words, I left off writing at all, perhaps with the lurking hope that she would follow my example. No such thing. The vent was necessary; I was the safety-valve to her heart, by which dangerous explosions were prevented. On she wrote—and oh such letters! crossed and re-crossed, and in such a hand! so pretty and so unreadable! Straight and far apart, with long tails meeting each other, and the shorter letters all alike, all m.'n and n.'s*. In vain did I remonstrate against this fashionable but barbarous calligraphy, above all against the iniquitous chequer work; on she went from bad to worse, till at last, to my great comfort, four letters became altogether illegible, and my conscience was absolved from the necessity of even trying to read them. A frank made no difference; she went on with her double crossing, only there was double the quantity. Any thing like a regular perusal of these precious epistles, was entirely out of the question; and yet I used to get at the meaning of most of them in the process of folding and unfolding, just as one sometimes catches the substance of an unreadable book by the mere act of cutting open the leaves. I knew her so well, that I could trace by a catch-word the progress of her history, and the particular object of her present regard—now she was herself in love with a lord, and now accusing a presumptuous linen-draper of being enamoured of her; now she had a young baronet at her feet, and now she could talk of nothing but an itinerant musician. Twice had she called on me to fulfil an old promise of attending her to the altar; and once (I was young and silly then myself) I had been so far taken in,

* Of all the varieties of bad writing, this, which looks at first sight quite plain, whilst to decipher it would puzzle an *Oedipus*, is the most provoking.

as actually to prepare a wedding suit. Of course, when the final summons came, I was utterly incredulous. It was something like the fable of the shepherd's boy and the wolf; not a soul believed her till the news arrived in a regular authentic document—a letter from her father—a worthy matter-of-fact man, whom poor Louisa's vagaries had actually kept in purgatory—to mine, who also held the fair damsel for mad. Mr. S. mentioned his intended son-in-law as belonging to the medical profession; and on looking back to Louisa's letter which, under the new stimulus of curiosity, as to the approaching *denouement*, we contrived to decipher, we discovered that for upwards of two months Louisa had been deeply smitten with a young physician, newly arrived at L—, whom she called by the name of Henry, and of whose fine tall person, as well as his dark and manly beauty she gave a most flaming description. This, of course, was the gentleman. I hastened to repair my fault and prepare my dresses; wrote a letter of congratulation, packed my trunk, and set off. Imagine my astonishment, on arriving at L—, to find Louisa *te-te-te* with a little fair lad of eighteen or twenty, the head and shoulders shorter than herself, soft, delicate and lady-like—the very image of one of Beaumont and Fletcher's girls, who dress themselves in boy's clothes for love—and to be introduced to him as Mr. Peter Sharp, surgeon, the happy *futur* of Miss Louisa! I was never in so much danger of laughing in my life.

I gathered, however, from her admissions, and her father's more rational account, that whilst our fair friend was, according to the vulgar phrase, "setting her cap" at the handsome physician, the young surgeon, who had just finished his education by walking the hospitals, returned to L—, was taken into partnership by his father, and advised by his friends to look about for a wife as a necessary appendage to his profession—perhaps he might also be advised as to the lady, for Louisa had a pretty fortune for a country apothecary. However that might be, he began, as he assures me, to pay suit and service; whilst the fair object of his devotion, whose heart, or rather whose fancy, was completely pre-occupied, and who thought of Mr. Peter, if she thought of him at all, as a mere boy, entirely overlooked himself and his attentions—they being, perhaps, the only attentions of a young man she ever did overlook in the whole course of her life. She confesses that the first entire sentence she ever heard him utter, was the offer—the actual offer of heart and hand. Most ladies in her situation would have been a little posed; but Louisa is not a woman to be taken unawares: she has thought too much on the subject; has too well-founded a reliance on her own changeability; besides, she had set her heart on the "pomp, pride, and circumstance of glorious" bridal; the wedding was the thing—the wedding day—the man was of little importance; Peter might do as well as Henry, so she said yes, and all was settled.

And a very splendid wedding it was; really, for those who like such things, almost worth the

troubles and anxieties of a twenty year's love. The whole *cortège*, horses, carriages, friends, and bridesmaids, down to the very breakfast cake and gloves, were according to most approved usage of books or of life. It might have made a fine conclusion to a novel—it did make a splendid paragraph in a newspaper. Every detail was correct, except one—nobody cried. That did vex her. This was an omission. She tried hard to repair it herself, and flourished her cambric handkerchief; but not a tear could she shed; neither could we, the bridesmaids, nor the father, nor the nuptial father, nor the clergyman, nor the clerk—nobody cried. The bridegroom came nearest—he, the only one who ought not to cry; but luckily he became sensible that it would be a breach of etiquette, and turned the involuntary emotion into a smile. All else went well. May the omen be auspicious, and tears, and the source of tears, keep far away from the kind and gentle Louisa!

THE EXILE'S DIRGE.

FROM MRS. HERMAN'S SONGS OF THE AFFECTIONS.

THERE went a dirge through the forest's gloom—

—An exile was borne to a lonely tomb,

"Brother!" (so the chant was sung

In the slumberer's native tongue:)

"Friend and brother! not for thee

Shall the sound of weeping be:—

Long the Exile's woe hath lain

On thy life a withering chain;

Mus'ic from thine own blue streams

Wander'd through thy fever-dreams;

Voices from thy country's vines,

Met thee 'midst the alien pines,

And thy true heart died away;

And thy spirit would not stay."

So swell'd the chant; and the deep wind's moan

Seem'd through the cedars to murmur—"Gone!"

"Brother! by the rolling Rhine,

Stands the home that once was thine;

Brother! now thy dwelling lies

Where the Indian arrow flies!

He that blest thine infant head,

Fills a distant greensward bed;

She that heard thy hissing prayer,

Slumbers low beside him there,

They that earliest with thee play'd,

Rest beneath their own oak shade,

Far, far hence!—yet sea nor shore

Haply, brother! part ye more;

God hath call'd thee to that band

In the immortal Fatherland!"

"The Fatherland!"—with that sweet word

A burst of tears 'midst the strain was heard.

"Brother! were we there with thee,

Rich would many a meeting be!

Many a broken garland bound,

Many a mourn'd and lost one found!

But our task is still to bear,

Still to breathe in changeful air;

Lov'd and bright things to resign,

As even now this dust of thine;

Yet to hope!—to hope in Heaven

Though flowers fall, and trees be riven—

Yet to pray! and wait the hand

Beckoning to the Fatherland!"

And the requiem died in the forest's gloom;

They had reach'd the Exile's lonely tomb.

THE WEED WITNESS.

As the world goes, there's few places but have had somebody to blacken their good name, by robbery or murder, or crime of one sort or another; and there's few that hav'n't now, nor hadn't before now, but will one day or other, there's no doubt of it:—for as sure as the poppy grows in the corn-field, so will bad passions spring up in the hearts of some of us; and them that's the best in their young days, often turn out the worst when they're ould: so that, as somebody says, it's foolish to be spaking much in praise of a man's goodness of heart, and so forth, until the green grass grows over him, and he can't belie us by braking out into badness. It's a fine show of potato-plants, that has but a single curly-leaved one among them; and we've rason to pride ourselves, that never within our own memory, or that of the ouldest people the ouldest of us now alive knew when we were little ones—was there more than one man convicted (I don't say taken up on suspicion—I'd be wrong if I did) of killing, or burning, or shooting, or joining with White-Boys or Break-o'-day-Boys, or the likes o' that, for three miles every way from the door o' my house. To be sure, there's but few people in that space; but they're enough in number to have had black sheep among 'em. If you're uncharitable, you'll say, "so they have; but the rogues have had the luck not to be found out,"—and, may be you're right; there's many, to tell the truth, I wouldn't swear for. Much to our glory, however, the one that *was* found out, didn't draw the first breath o' life here; but came from far away up the country, after he'd done that which brought him to a bad end.

Johnny O'Rourke, as it's said, had a dacent woman for his mother; but, for his own part, Johnny was a downright bad one—egg and bird. He got into such company when he grew up, as couldn't well improve his morals; and, by-and-by, he'd brought his ould mother—she was a widow—at once to death's door, and the brink of beggary, by his bad goings-on.

One night, after he'd been away for more than a week, Johnny came home, with the mud of three baronies lying in clots and layers on his stockings, white as a corpse, and looking every way as though he'd travelled far and fast, on no pleasant errand.

"It's well you're come," says somebody to him from behind, as he put his hand on the door.

"Why so?" says Johnny; and though he knew by the voice it was one of his neighbours that spoke to him, his heart knocked against his ribs, and then seemed to be climbing up to his throat; for something whispered him, all wasn't well: indeed, he hadn't much reason to expect it.—"Why so," says he, "Biddy?—Isn't the ould woman as she should be?"

"Did you leave her as she should be, or didn't you?"

"Poorly, Biddy, and you know it; for you was

wid her whin I wint away. But tell me, now, upon your soul, is she worse?"

"My grief! it's herself that is, then!—You've broke her heart, out and out, God help you!"

"Don't say that, Biddy! or I'll go get a knife and kill meeself. Tell her, I'm here, and that I can't come in 'till she forgives me for all's said and done:—and bring me something to comfort me, for I hav'n't heart to look in the face of her."

"Is it comfort for yourself, you're talking of?—and your mother wailing and howling night and day, as she has been, for the sight of her llanuv!—What has she done to have such a one as yourself, Johnny, no one can tell. Down on your knees, and crawl that way up to her, there where she lies on her death-bed; and don't be thinking of sending me as a go-between; or, may be, your mother may die before you get her blessing."

"Oh! Biddy, Biddy! you're destroying me—root and branch! Sure, she can't be so bad as that!"

"Come in and see," says Biddy, taking his cold hand in hers, and leading him at once right into the house, and up to the bedside of his mother, and showing her to him, propped up as she was, and raving with the little speech that was left her, for her darling, and her llanuv, and her white-headed boy, and the life of her heart, and all the dear names she could call that bad son, who had brought sorrow and misery upon her. And they say it was awful to hear the shriek of joy that came from her, and how she leaped out of the women's arms that was houlding her, when somebody put aside the long grey hair, which in her grief she'd pulled over her face, and showed her Johnny himself, standing by the bedside, the image of woe and remorse. There wasn't a hair's breadth of his face that she didn't kiss; and though a little before, when he stood like a statue, looking at her as he did, Johnny was too much choking with grief to be able to utter a word, yet, when he mingled the scalding drops that burst from his eyes, with the cold tears on his mother's cheek, he found himself restored; and drawing back from her embrace, he had courage enough to look up at her: but he couldn't bear the sight for a moment, and hid his face on her breast again, exclaiming—"Oh! mother, mother! and is it this way I find you? Why didn't I die before I saw this night?"

"Cheer up, my darling!" said the ould woman, "for I'll now breathe mee last in peace, that you're here to close mee eyes.—Oh! that hand, Johnny!—put that hand close to mee heart!—it's often I felt it there before now—long, long ago, Johnny, whin it was young and innocent, and I'd no comfort on earth—widow as I was—but the sight of mee baby laughing up in mee eyes;—though the look of you then even brought the tears into them, you were so like him that was taken from me before you were born."

"I've been a bad son to you, mother," said Johnny; "it's now I feel it."

"Take your mother's blessing and forgiveness, my child; and mee last prayer will be, that you'll get as free pardon here and hereafter for all things, as your poor ould dying mother now gives you."

"Oh! you're not dying, mother!—you can't be dying!" cried Johnny, in the greatest agony; "such a thought as that of you're dying never crossed mee brain—and I can't bear it!—Sure, mother, I'm home, and I'll watch you, and be wid you night and day:—there's hope for us yet. Isn't there hope, mother? Don't you feel life come into you at the sight of me, and mee tears and repentance for what I've done?"

"No, Johnny," said the ould woman; "I'm sure I'll not see the morning: the sight of you does me good; but I'd live longer—iv you hadn't come:—now I've nothing to wait for, as I know mee last look will be fixed on the child I bore, and who's the only one that's kith, kin, or kind to me, on the face of the earth. But, oh! my child!—don't do as you have done!"

"Why spake of it, mother?—be quiet about the past, for it troubles me—so it does."

"I've had bad dreams of you, Johnny. Neighbours, iv you'd let me be alone awhile wid mee child, I'd thank you."

The women retired slowly from the room, and closed the door behind them. "What have you been dreaming, mother?" eagerly inquired Johnny, as soon as they had departed.

"There was a river of blood, Johnny, wid yourself struggling for life in it; and me in a boat, without rudder or oar, not able to save you: and then—"

"Don't go on, mother! it's worse than throwing water on me!—I'm shaking from head to foot."

"You didn't mind dreams once, Johnny;—and you used to laugh at me when I'd be telling you warnings I had that way, about you."

"I wasn't so bad then, may be, mother, as I'm now: bud you'll live long yet, and help me to pray meeself out of all of it; and I'll mind what you say, and go to work for you honestly, instead of feeding you wid what I got in sorrow and sin. If I escape this once, I'll make a vow never to sleep out of mee own little bed there again. Oh! that I never had!—but it's too late to make that wish."

"Don't despair, darling! for he that's above us is good; and iv you're penitent, and do as your father's son should, my dear, in spite of that other bad dream I had, the grass will grow on your grave, as it does on his."

"Oh! mercy! and didn't the grass grow over me, mother! And did you see mee grave in your dreams?"

"A thousand times, Johnny, since you were gone:—the little hillock itself was barren and bare, and all round it, as far as the eye could reach, there was nothing but wild turnips growing."

"Mother! you're mad to tell me so! You couldn't have dreamed that—you couldn't have seen the prushaugh vooc—"

"I see it now, my dear boy, as I did in mee dreams, waving its yellow flowers backwards and

forwards, summer and winter, as if they were to last for ever and ever."

"Oh! mother, mother! spake no more o' them! Iv I thought it wouldn't be the death of you, I'd aize mee mind."

"Pray God, you've murdered nobody!"

"I have, mother!—I have!—Iv you didn't spake o' the prushaugh vooc, I wouldn't have tould you; but there'd be no salvation for me, if you died and didn't forgive me for it:—for though you forgave me for every thing besides, you couldn't forgive me for what you didn't know about.—I'd die iv I didn't confes to somebody;—and who's there in the wide world I could open mee soul to bud yourself, mother?"

"Oh! my grief, Johnny! and is it come to this?—Bud are you sure you're not pursued?—(spake low, for they're at the door, and it won't shut close)—are you sure, my dear?"

"I don't know, mother; I think I'm not: but I'm afraid, as well I may, from what he said to me, and that same thing you dreamed about, I'll be found out and hung, worse luck! who knows?—though I never meant to harm him, as you'll hear, mother, at the last day—the day o' judgment, whin there's no keeping a secret."

"Who was your victim, Johnny? and where was it you were tempted to risk your soul?"

"It was the Hearthmoneyman I killed!—I'd been watching for him, different ways, day and night, to rob him of his collection; but he'd always somebody wid him, or there was people coming; or whin there wasn't, I hadn't the heart, until this blessed morning."

"In the broad day?"

"It was;—miles away where you never have been. But he was too much for me, mother; and if it wasn't for the bit of ould baggonet I carried in mee sherkeen, without ever intending to use it, he'd have taken me off to the police: for he got away mee stick from me, and I couldn't manage him; no, nor keep him off, nor get away from him even, till I took out the baggonet."

"Did no one see you?—Was there nobody near?—Are you sure, now?"

"I am:—bud, oh! mother! what do you think he said to me? There was wild turnips growing by the road side, and as he fell among them, says he—'You think no one sees you; bud while there's a single root of this prushaugh vooc growing in Ireland, I'll not want a witness that you murdered me!' Then he dragged up a root of it, and threw it in the face o' me, as he fell back for ever."

"My dream! my dream!" cried the old woman; "Curse his collection! Curse the money that tempted mee child into this sin!"

"I took none of his money!—not a keenogue! How could I touch it after what I tould you?—But what'll I do, mother?"

"Fly, my dear! Go hide yourself far, far away; go, and my blessing be on you!—Go, for you'll be suspected and pursued!—Go at once, for I'll not be able to spake much more!—Go, while I've mee sight to see you depart!—Go, while I've sinse left to hear the last o' your foot-

steps, out away through the garden! Mee eyes is getting dim, and the breath's going from me."

"Oh! mother! how can I tear meeself from you?"

"Obey me on mee death-bed, if you never did before.—I'd linger long in agonies iv you didn't; and, may be, die shrieking, just as they came to take you up!—Go off, my darling boy, and I'll expire in peace, wid the hope of your escaping. Soul and body I'll try to hould together until morning; and then, iv I don't hear of your being taken—as bad news travels fast—I'll think you're safe and die happy."

Well, at last Johnny promised his mother he'd try all he could to get away to some place where he couldn't be known; and, after taking her blessing, and an eternal leave of her—a sorrowful one it was, they say—he wint out at the back door of the cabin, and made off as fast as he well could. After skulking about in different parts for many months, at last he came to this place, got a wife, and did as well as here and there one;—nobody suspecting him of being worse than his neighbours—for eighteen or twenty long years. His wife, who was a cousin of mine, loved him all that time; and said, though he was dull and gloomy at times, and didn't get his sleep for bad dreams he had—which she thought made him cross—take him altogether, he was as good a husband as woman could wish.

Well, as I said 'while ago, Johnny O'Rourke lived among us here, for eighteen or twenty years under the name of Michael Walsh, though, I must tell you—then you'll hear what happened him. He wint out to fetch a bit of a walk one day, after being bad a week or two, so that he couldn't well work; but he hadn't been over the threshold a quarter of an hour, when he came running back, the most lamentable-looking object that ever darkened a door. Every hair on his head seemed to have a life of its own; his eyeballs fixed as those of one just killed with fright; his mouth was half open; his jaw seemingly motionless; his lips white as a sheet; and round them both was a blue circle, as though he'd been painted to imitate death. Down he dropped upon the floor as soon as he got in; and all his wife and the neighbours could do, didn't restore him to his right senses for hours. At last, he began to call for the priest;—I remember it as well as if it happened but yesterday; and here it was where they found father Killala, who was telling me the middle and both ends of the *cant* at The Beg: for all Pierce Veogh's furniture and things were sold under the hammer that day, and the Monday before, for a mere nothing, or next kin to it. And when Father Killala got to the sick man, he said, that though we'd so long called him Mick Walsh, his real name was Johnny O'Rourke; and that he'd seen a sight that day, which drove him to do what he'd long been thinking of: namely, confessing that he was the murderer of Big Dick Blaney, the Hearthmoneymen, who was found, with an ould baggonet in his breast, among the prushaugh vooe by the road-side, away up the country, twenty years before. "And," says he, "I can't live with the load on mee heart;

whether I lie abroad or at home I'm always tossing about in a bed of prushaugh vooe, wid the baggonet glimmering like a flash of lightning over mee head: so you'll deliver me up at once, that I may suffer by man for raising mee hand against man, and God help me to go through it!"

And no doubt the sight he saw was enough to make him do as he did. A week after he tould his wife his whole history; and how, when he wint out that day when he came home and called for the priest, after walking a little way along the road, thinking of no harm in the world, but with his heart weighed down as usual for the deed he'd done long ago, he was suddenly startled, by hearing somebody singing what he thought was a keentaghau; and what should he see, on turning his eyes to the bit of wild broken ground by the road-side, but the face of his ould mother!—and what was she doing, think you, but tearing up the wild turnip-plants, which were growing on the spot where she stood, as though her life depended on their destruction?—He thought she'd been in her grave years and years before; but there she was, miserably ould, and withered away to skin and bone: though altered by time, he saw, at the first look, it was his mother. She wint on with her work, not noticing her son, and singing in a low, wild, heart-breaking tone—

"Still the prushaugh vooe grows!
For the winds are his foes,
And scatter the seed,
Of the fearful weed,
O'er mountain and moor;
While weary and sore,
I travel up-rooting
Each bright green shooting:—
But the winds are his foes,
And the prushaugh still grows!
Oh! mee llanuv! mee llanuv!"

And says she, "Mee task will never be ended; for mee tears water the seeds, while I pull up the ould plants that bore them. Oh! Johnny! where are you, my son?—Come to your mother and help her, my darling!"

So then he staggered up to her, but she didn't know him!—the mother didn't know the son she doated on—but cursed him, and called him "Dick Blaney," and "Hearthmoneymen!"—All this it was that drove Johnny O'Rourke to run home, like one out of his senses, and make his confession.

It's said, he tried at the bar, with tears and lamentation, which wasn't expected of him, to save his life; or, at any rate, to get a long day given him:—promising how good he'd be, if he was let live, and pleading the years he'd spent in repentance. But you'd guess, if I didn't tell you, that such blarney, from one who'd done as he had, would have no weight. So he suffered; and that, too, penitently, as I'm tould by them who saw him at the last. His wife spent all she could scrape together—as he bid her with his last words a'most—in search of his mother: but the ould woman never was found, as far as I know, from that day to this; and, may be, the poor soul is still wandering about, tearing up the prushaugh vooe, and singing her melancholy song.

WHERE THE BEE SUCKS:

AS SUNG BY

MRS. AUSTIN,

IN THE CHARACTER OF ARIEL, IN SHAKSPEARE'S PLAY OF THE TEMPEST.

Andante.

Where the bee sucks there lurk I, In a cow-slip's
bed I lie, There I couch when owls do cry, when owls
do cry, when owls do cry. On the bat's back do I
fly, Af-ter sun-set mer-ri-ly;
mer-ri-ly, af-ter sunset mer-ri-ly. Mer-ri-ly,
mer-ri-ly shall I live now, Under the blossom that hangs on
the bough, Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly shall I live now, Under the blossom
that hangs on the bough, Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

THE BETRAYED.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

I saw the inconstant lover come to take
Farewell of her he loved in better days,
And, coldly careless, watch the heart strings break—
Which beat so fondly at his words of praise.
She was a faded, painted, guilt-bow'd thing,
Seeking to mock the hues of early spring,
When misery and years had done their worst
To wither her away. The big tears burst
From out her flashing eyes, which turn'd on him
With agony, reproach, and fear, while dim
Each object swam in her uncertain sight,
And nature's glories took the hue of night.
There was, in spite of all her passion's storm,
A wild revolving beauty in her form;
A beauty as of sin, when first she comes
To tempt us from our calm and pleasant homes.
Her voice, with the appealing tone it took,
Her soft clear voice belied her fearless look;
And woman's tenderness seem'd still to dwell
In that full bosom's agonizing swell.
And as stood there, the worshipp'd one of years,
Sick of her fondness, angry at her tears;
Choking the loathing words which rose within
The heart whose passion tempted her to sin;
While with a strange sad smile lost hours she mourns,
And prays and weeps, and weeps and prays by turns.

THE PARTING.

We parted—'twas the twilight hour,—
We parted—ne'er to meet again!
We said farewell so oft, methought
That farewell would be said in vain.
On, on I gazed; my heart was full,
And thought on thought came rushing by,
Too much for utterance—for my soul
Burned with despairing misery.

Oh! it is easy when the world
Her magic pleasures round us throws—
'Tis easy then to laugh in joy,
To scorn adversity's sad woes:
But when those woes have round us crept—
When we are left alone to dwell—
Then come the bursting heart and eye,
Then are the thoughts we cannot tell.

The cold proud hand—the marble brow—
The hurried voice—the averted eye,—
These, these are things to wring the soul
And yield the mind to misery!
I had braved these, and now I stood,
And bade a long farewell to her:
It left my heart a careless thing,
A lone and gloomy sepulchre.

THE GATHERER.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."
Shakespeare.

Cicero calls gratitude the mother of virtues; reckons it the most capital of all duties; and uses the words grateful and good as synonymous terms, inseparably united in the same character.

The tree of knowledge is grafted upon the tree of life, and that fruit which brought the fear of death into the world budding upon an immortal stock, becomes the fruit of the promise of immortality.

The Geographical Society of Paris has offered its gold medal, value one thousand francs, to the author of the best memoir upon the origin of the race of Asiatic negroes.

The popular song of "Cherry Ripe," has its parallel in Holland, and the pretty Dutch lasses chirp up to a sprightly air, "Knoll radys, knoll radys, grote bossyn klein von prys," as merrily as the English milkmaids do their popular ballad; the substitution of "turnip radishes" for ripe cherries, is an improvement quite in the Dutch taste.

A man may be a hypocrite all his life long before the public; but no man ever was before his own family. His true disposition is that which they see, however it may appear abroad.

The luxury of carpets which is now to be found in most houses, is of modern invention; the floors of the first houses in England were strewed with rushes so late as the year 1580.

Hats were not worn by men until about the year 1400; before that time they wore hoods and cloth caps.

He who gives himself airs of importance, exhibits the credentials of impotence.—*Lavater.*

There is no instance of a miser becoming prodigal without losing his intellects, but there are of thousands of prodigals becoming misers. If, therefore, your turn be profuse, nothing is so much to be avoided as avarice; and, if you be a miser, procure a physician who can cure an irremediable disorder.—*Lavater.*

Had I a careful and pleasant companion, that would show me my angry face in a glass, I should not at all take it ill; some are wont to have a looking glass held to them while they wash, though to little purpose; but to behold a man's self so unnaturally disguised and disordered, will conduce not a little to the impeachment of anger.—*Phidarch.*

Women that are the least bashful, are not unfrequently the most modest; and we are never more deceived than when we would infer any laxity of principle, from that freedom of demeanor, which often arises from a total ignorance of vice.

What we know thoroughly we usually express clearly, since ideas will supply words, but words will not always supply ideas. We have heard a

common blacksmith eloquent when the welding of iron has been the theme.

"I speak as I feel," said Paul Clifford; "were the woman I loved suffering through poverty, I would beg with her if I could not relieve her; through injustice, I would defend her; from unkindness, I would protect her; and, if the world forsook her, I would be to her the world."

It can hardly be expected runaway matches will end happily—as a female will seldom preserve gentleness and obedience to her husband, when she has exhibited such a want of them to the authors of her being.

In Queen Mary's time, it is said, square toed shoes were all the go, and dandies were prohibited, by proclamation, from wearing them more than six inches square. At another time sharp toes, to an inconvenient length, and turned up at the point, were the mode. In every age, fashion appears to have consisted in extravagance, and nine times out of ten, in destroying the symmetry of the human form divine. Good taste is as superior to fashion in matters of dress, as the beauties of the natural flower to the gaudy productions of the artificial florist. The judicious display of the beauties of form and feature, not the unnatural distortion or concealment of them, is the proper object of dress.

Bowing is a science by itself; and must be closely attended to by those who would, by turning and twisting themselves, keep in the sunshine of fashion. Bow very reverently low to a million of dollars, most respectfully to a hundred thousand, courteously to fifty thousand, civilly to ten thousand, coldly to five thousand, and never know poverty by sight.

Lord Chatham writes to his nephew, at Cambridge—"Vitanda est improba syren, Desidia, I desire may be affixed to the curtains of your bed, and to the walls of your chambers. If you do not rise early, you never can make any progress worth any thing. If you do not set apart your hours of reading; if you suffer yourself, or any one else, to break in upon them, your days will slip through your hands, unprofitably and frivolously, unpraised by all you wish to please, and really unenjoyed by yourself."

A French paper states that a Monsieur Maurice, a person aged 57 years, and registrar of Teufengeres, in the Department of Lower Seine, was found on the 31st December last, lying asleep in the barn of a person named Bosset, having at that time slept sixteen days. During the last four years, four similar accidents have befallen him. His first sleep took place in April, and lasted ten days, the second five days, the third eight days, and the fourth sixteen days.

The following interesting experiment was made by Dr. Howard by means of a differential thermometer of his own invention:—Having blackened the upper ball of my differential thermometer, I placed it in the focus of a 13 inch reflecting mirror, which was opposed to the light of a bright

full moon. The liquid began immediately to sink, and in half a minute was depressed 8 degrees, where it became stationary. On placing a screen between the mirror and the moon, it rose again to the same level, and was again depressed on removing the obstacle. This experiment was repeated several times in the presence of some of Dr. H.'s friends, and always with the same result.

The remains of the Sultan Alp Arslan were deposited in the tomb of the Seljukian dynasty; and the passenger might read and meditate this useful inscription:—"Oh ye who have seen the glory of Alp Arslan exalted to the Heavens, repair to Maru, and you will behold it buried in the dust!" The annihilation of the inscription, and the tomb itself, more forcibly proclaim the instability of human greatness.—Gibbon.

The city of Antwerp is nearly a semicircle, of about seven miles round. It was defended by the citadel, built by the Duke of Alva, to overawe the inhabitants. The whole appearance of its public buildings, streets, and houses, affords the most incontestable evidence of its former splendour. Many instances of the immense wealth of its merchants are recorded: among others, it is said that when Charles V. once dined with one of the chief magistrates, his host, immediately after dinner, threw into the fire a bond for two millions of ducats, which he had received as security for a loan to that monarch, saying, that he was more than repaid by the honour of being permitted to entertain his sovereign.

Many gain a false credit for liberality of sentiment in religious matters, not from any tenderness they may have to the opinions or conscience of other men, but because they happen to have no opinion or conscience of their own.—Lacon.

The man who would be known, and not know, should vegetate in a village; but he who would know and not be known, should live in a city.—*Spirit of Literature.*

By examining the tongue of the patient, physicians find out the diseases of the body, and philosophers the diseases of the mind.—*Jortin.*

What more adorns the "human face divine," than a good set of teeth? Place before me the handsomest woman in nature's harem, and

Her lips may mock the scarlet gem
In Abdouraham's diadem—

Yet if they disclose not a set of teeth fair as pearls, smiles may cluster about them like bees, and persuasion drop from them sweeter than the honey of Hymettus, yet they have no charm for me. A good set of teeth, as was said by Queen Bess of a handsome face, is a letter of recommendation—ay, it is a letter patent, and the whole world may read it. Young ladies cultivate your teeth.

SILENCE.—Lycurgus ordered no discourse to be current which did not contain in a few words a great deal of useful and weighty sense; for in this concise way of speaking is something that flies level to the mark, and does more execution

than a whole volley of words shot at random; for silence and premeditation hath such a presence and quickness of mind as to give surprising answers. Lycurgus gave this answer to one, who by all means would have a popular government in Lacedæmon: "Begin, friend, and make a trial in thy own family." King Charilus being asked why his uncle Lycurgus made so few laws, answered, to men of few words, few laws are sufficient. One blamed Heraclitus, the orator, because that, being invited to a feast, he had not spoke one word all supper time: Archidamus answered in his vindication, "He who can speak well, knows when to speak too."

RECIPES.

QUINCE CHEESE.

Pare and core your quinces and cut them in half. Weigh them, and to each pound of quinces allow half a pound of the best brown sugar. Put the quinces with the cores and parings into a preserving kettle with a lid, and as much water as will cover them. Boil them till they are tender; then strain off the water and save it to wet the sugar.

Pick out the quinces from the cores and parings and spread them on a large dish to cool. Having weighed the proper quantity of sugar, put it into the kettle and pour the quince-water on it. Stir it till it is entirely dissolved, then set it on the fire and boil it to a syrup, skimming it all the time. When no more scum rises, put the quinces into the syrup, cover them closely, and boil them all day over a slow fire; frequently mashing them down with the back of a spoon, till they become a marmalade of the consistence of apple-butter.

When it is done, take out the marmalade and put it into a large basin, pan, or deep dish; the inside of which must first be well buttered. Set it away to get cold. It will then turn out quite firm, and can be cut down in slices like cheese, for the tea-table. Keep it in stone vessels well covered and in a dry place.

PLUMB MARMELADE.

To four quarts of ripe plumbs allow two quarts of sugar-house molasses. Put them in a preserving kettle, or in a large earthen jug (which will do as well). Pour the molasses over them. Set them on coals, and let them boil slowly all day; frequently renewing the coals, and mashing down the plumbs with a spoon. When they are done, pour them into a broad pan and set them to cool. Pick out all the stones, before you put the plumbs away in a jar. Tie up the jar with brandy-paper and keep it in a dry place. This marmalade will keep a year or more, and is very good for pies, always sweetening it with sugar before you use it.

BLACKBERRY JAM.

To six quarts of ripe blackberries, allow three pounds of the best brown sugar. Mix the sugar with the fruit and mash all together, with the back of a spoon. Put it into a preserving kettle and boil it two hours, stirring it frequently. When cold put it up in a jar with brandy-paper. In a dry place it will keep a year.

BLACKBERRY JELLY.

Put the blackberries into a preserving kettle, and boil them for a quarter of an hour, keeping them covered. When cool, pour them into a jelly-bag with a deep pan under it. Press the bag with your hands till you have squeezed out all the juice. Then measure it; and to each pint of juice allow three quarters of a pound of broken loaf-sugar. Put the sugar into a clean preserving kettle, pour the juice over it, and let it entirely dissolve before you set it on the fire. Then boil it twenty minutes, skimming it well. When it is done, pour it at once into glass jars or tumblers, and set it away to cool. When cold, tie it up with brandy-paper laid over it.

Of broken loaf-sugar one pound is equal to a quart;—of the best brown sugar one pound two ounces generally measures a quart.

For the Lady's Book.

THE DEAD.

Ye dead! ye dead! how quiet is your long and dreamless sleep,

While the solemn yew trees o'er you their stately vigils keep—
And the long blades, sighing gently as the whisp'ring breezes pass,

Disclose the springing flowrets amid the waving grass.

The monarch sleeps among ye—the crowds that own'd his sway

Lie prone in dust before him—but he lies as low as they—
Above the mould'ring coffin lid the merry crickets sing,
And the still corpse-worm banquets there, companion of the King.

Among the crowd ungreeted, lie the unhonour'd fair—
The bloom has left their cheek, for no roses flourish where
That form with icy fingers has his pallid sigil prest,
To mark his chosen brides amid the loveliest and the best.

O! where is he, whose sabre, like the meteor's lurid ray,
Marshal'd the host to battle, and gleam'd above the fray?—
His victims cling around him—their arms above him meet—
He lies 'mid fest'ring corpses—his well earn'd winding sheet.

And where lies he who noiselessly thro' life has won his way,

With praise begun the morning, with prayer clos'd the day?—
Who pointed to the pearly gates beyond the western sun,
And in the path his eye had traced, unwearied follow'd on?

Where?—mark that grassy mound on which the early sun-beams rest!

The gentle daisy loves to bloom upon its verdant breast—
The dews fall lightly on it when they leave the summerskies,
And mark for angels' visits the hillock where he lies.

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COUNTRY VILLAGE near FRANKFORD— Philadelphia Co.

No. 5. OF THE LADY'S BOOK.

Published by L. A. Godey & Co. 112. Chestnut Street Philadelphia.

Kennedy & Tucas's Lithographers.

THE LADY'S BOOK.

CALICO PRINT WORKS AT COMLYVILLE.

THESE works are situated five miles from Philadelphia, near Frankford, and exhibit a striking example of the rapid improvements which have been lately made in this country, in that important branch of manufactures, which has advanced England to her present high and exalted station among the nations of the world. The works were, but a few years since, used for the manufacture of powder, and for grinding grain. About forty years ago, the property was in the possession of Mr. Miller, and by him conveyed to our well remembered and much respected naval hero Commodore Decatur, the elder, by whom the water power was applied to the manufacturing of powder. Upon the death of this proprietor, the place descended to his son, Stephen Decatur, whose valour is well known, and was so eminently displayed in our late contest with Great Britain; and who, unfortunately for his fame, fell in a duel with Commodore Barron. The property afterwards passed through various hands, until 1827, when it came into the possession of Messrs. Smith & Brother, who converted it into an establishment for the printing of calico. It was subsequently conveyed to the present owners, who have considerably extended the works, until they now print about two thousand pieces per week, affording ample employment to about forty-five hands. The place is considered

healthy; and the work people enjoy, in all respects, comfort, happiness, and independence.

The building on the eastern side of this view, is a power loom factory, propelled by steam, belonging to Mr. S. Steel, who employs one hundred and fifty hands, with two hundred and sixty-four power looms, in weaving bed-ticking, cords, &c., being the most extensive factory in the neighbourhood of Philadelphia. In the village there are several mills, driven by water, for sawing mahogany, grinding logwood, oil, &c. There are, also, about thirty more stone and wood buildings, neatly erected for the accommodation of the workmen. Bordering on the north view, is the dyeing establishment of Mr. Horrick, where the largest business in this line is carried on, which furnishes employment for fifty hands. There is, also, adjoining the print works, and formerly part of the property, an extensive bleaching establishment, conducted by Bolton & Pilling, employing about thirty hands.

A more general description might have been given; but it was deemed unnecessary to enter minutely into the subject, as the painter has furnished ample testimonials of the beauty and variety of the scenery in the neighbourhood, and the extent and well regulated order of the buildings in which the principal works are conducted.

From the Atlantic Souvenir, for 1831.

THE FIRST BORN.

BY RICHARD PENN SMITH.

"A LITTLE charity for the love of heaven, to keep a sinner from starving!" exclaimed a hollow voice, as a gay party approached Paris, on the evening of a fine day in autumn. They turned at the sound, and beheld a squalid object, seated by the way-side; but, as they were intent on pleasure, they did not wish their path to be impeded by misery. The appeal was repeated. One alone checked his horse, and the others rode off, carelessly exclaiming, "Well, Antoine must be our almoner."

The mendicant, who was dressed in the habit of a Franciscan, remained seated. He was large of stature, but emaciated. His hair was bleached, and hung over his shoulders; and his piercing black eyes still retained the fire of youth, perhaps heightened in fierceness by slight mental hallucination. His countenance, which was commanding, must have been in his youth uncommonly beautiful; but now was haggard, and its

expression was such, as could not fail to produce an effect on the most resolute spectator.

At a short distance from the old man stood a figure, very little more than half his height, deformed and shocking to look upon. His head was unnaturally large, his hair matted, his eyes deep set and of different hues, and his face made but a distant approach to the human countenance. His back and chest protruded, forming a misshapen mass, and his legs were dwindled to a size apparently unequal to the burden they had to support. This singular figure gazed vacantly at the young man, as he threw a coin at the feet of the beggar.

"The blessings of heaven be on you," exclaimed the mendicant, "and preserve you from my abject condition. Receive the alms, my son, that are freely given, and bless the charitable hand that bestows them."

The deformed approached to pick up the coin,

and as he caught hold of Antoine's garment with his scrawny hand, and ejaculated, "God reward you!" the flesh of the young man shrunk as if some toad or loathsome reptile had touched him. He recoiled; and the motion, slight as it was, did not escape the penetrating eye of the father. "Yes," murmured the old man, "its influence is universal. It even frightens compassion from the heart of the charitable; but since it failed not to corrupt nature in the bosom of a parent, why should I longer question or limit the extent of its power?"

"What mean you?" said Antoine; "your words import more than I comprehend."

"I mean that heaven may make the heart perfect; and yet, if the body be deformed, all will revolt from the object, as though it were not entitled to the common privileges of our race. The warped mind is discovered by few, but the crooked form is palpable to the dullest vision; and while this defect is viewed by the mass with insurmountable prejudice, what is there in this world to compensate for the irremediable curse! My poor boy, thou hast felt it in its most refined poignancy; but thou art avenged, for of all my race thou hast lived to be my only solace in age and suffering."

He fell in tears on the neck of the deformed, who stood gazing around vacantly, and insensible to the caresses of the other. Antoine threw down a five franc piece, and dashing his spurs into the flanks of his horse, darted off in pursuit of his companions. The beggar having picked up the alms, slowly moved towards Paris, and his son trotted doggedly in the same path behind him.

The following day the beggar and his son were seen wandering about the streets of Paris. They paused in front of a palace, and knocked at the gate. It was opened.

"A little charity for the love of heaven, to keep a sinner from starving."

"Begone!" cried a menial, and closed the gate in his face. The old man staggered, clasped his hands, and raising his eyes towards heaven, exclaimed, "If such has always been the reception of the beggar at this gate, I have no cause to murmur!" He turned down the street, and had proceeded but a few paces when Antoine met him.

"How now, old man, has your appeal been in vain at the gate of a palace?"

"It has."

"As the fault attaches itself to me, enter, and I will repair it."

They went into the palace together, and, passing through a spacious hall, came to a library. As they entered the room, the old man became violently agitated, tottered and fell to the floor. Antoine hastened to raise him; while the deformed stood gazing vacantly, without even a sufficient degree of instinct to impel him to assist his parent.

"What is the meaning of this?" cried Antoine, as he supported him to a chair.

"Need I assign any other cause than age and suffering?" was the feeble reply.

"Not if your deportment and aspect did not betray that you were at one time superior to your present condition."

"If that be all, they betray but little, for it were impossible to be inferior to what I am. But you are right," continued the mendicant; "abject as I now appear, the blood that runs debased through these veins, flowed from a noble race of ancestry. There was a time when I prided myself more upon the fame of my progenitors than my own deserts. I was proud of the worth of those connected with me. The world contains many such, who possess no other earthly claim to consideration; and absurd as this pretension may appear, its validity is almost universally admitted, and its claimant sufficed to pass without scrutiny. How often do we see the guilt of a son lost in the blaze of his father's virtue; and, on the other hand, how frequently is the virtue of the son neglected in consequence of the odium attached to his parent's name!

"Fruitless and vain is all human calculation, for mysterious are the ways of Providence; and the secrets that are divulged to-day, afford no clue by which we may predict what will transpire to-morrow. Many calculate as if there were no other world than this, and as if life in this world were eternal. It was on this principle I acted, at a time when every thing was mine that makes life worth possessing; and when I considered death as my only enemy. How different are my views now, while I possess nothing, save that which renders life miserable, and look forward to death as my only friend!

"This is my first born; the heir to my family name and honours. He was ushered into the world when my dream of pride was as boundless and wild as that of Lucifer. I looked upon the world as having been made for my use, and thought that God did me injustice, when his decrees came in collision with my wishes. I had a keen relish for all that was beautiful in the eternal, and my eye turned with disgust from whatever did not come up to the standard in my imagination. Thus organized, though the delight I enjoyed at times was exquisite, the pain I felt on other occasions more than counterbalanced the pleasure.

"In making choice of the partner of my fate, the object I selected was divinely beautiful. My heart swelled with pride as I presented her to the world as mine. Surrounded with wealth and splendour; with a name, as I imagined, as proud as recorded history could produce; possessed of every thing that tended to pamper my pride, and conscious of nothing that might humble the arrogance of my feelings, how shall I describe my joy when I first learnt that I should soon become a father. I loved the child unborn, for it was then the child of my imagination, and as perfect an object as my imagination could create. My galleries were decorated with the labours of Italian artists; and from their groups of cupids I selected the most perfect form, to which I gave in my mind a face in miniature resembling that of my wife. 'Such must be my child,' I ex-

claimed in the enthusiasm of the moment, and I again blessed it. But when its first feeble wail was heard, while expectation was at the highest, to have a misshapen mass placed in my hands, to see even the midwife recoil as she presented it; God, forgive me! the idle blessing had scarcely passed my lips, before my heart received a malediction. My pride was prostrate, and I turned with horror from the innocent being that had humbled me.

"Years passed away, and my wife bore me three more sons. They were models of beauty, and my heart yearned to receive them; but this one daily grew more revolting. I wished him removed to give place to a younger brother. I would have stigmatized him as an idiot, and incapable of supporting the honours of the family, but his mind was a gem that daily became more brilliant; and in the wickedness of my heart, I deplored that God had not made him as deformed in mind as in body. I kept him aloof from me, and he drooped like a flower in the shade, though I imagined that, like the rank weed, he would have grown more poisonous in the absence of sunshine.

"My second boy now approached the age of seven. His beautiful image is even at this day present to my sight, though at times, objects coarse and palpable to the touch, are to my dim vision imperceptible. Still I see him in all the roseate beauty of health, and as he was when emaciated and faded in death. He died on the seventh anniversary of his birth; and as we committed his remains to the grave, I felt as if my heart was buried with him. My younger boys still grew in health and beauty, and I turned to them for consolation. But this poor unfortunate was still neglected, for even affliction had not softened my heart towards him.

"Before my third son had completed his seventh year the bloom on his cheek also faded. He was the image of his departed brother; and as the disease advanced, the resemblance became more striking. Every look awakened in my memory recollections of my lost boy, and served to strengthen the conviction that another soon must follow. My fears were prophetic. He had no sooner completed his seventh year, than the flower was cropped. It would be in vain to attempt to describe my feelings, as I beheld his delicate frame stretched cold and senseless before me. I felt that a judgment of heaven was on me, but still my heart was not softened towards my first born.

"My youngest child was remaining. He was beautiful, even more so than his brothers, and the loss of them served to increase my affection for him. My whole heart now reposed in him undivided. This neglected one beheld my partiality, repined in secret, but uttered no complaint. He devoted his days to study; his progress was great and his taste refined, but nothing could obliterate the impression my mind had received on first beholding him.

"My only surviving hope had now nearly completed the age that had proved fatal to his

brothers. I watched him with feverish anxiety day and night, for the belief that he was doomed to a similar fate, had taken absolute possession of my mind. The slightest change in his appearance did not escape me. As the anniversary of his birth drew nigh, his health became evidently affected; and, as each day succeeded another, there was a striking change for the worse. I did not dare longer to hope, for his fate was to me as plain as though I had seen it written in letters of fire on the face of heaven. The dreaded day arrived, and he was still living. It was a bright morning in spring; he looked out on the clear blue sky as he reposed in his bed, and his countenance became more animated. He was free from pain, and spoke more cheerfully than he had done for a month before. The hopes of his anxious mother revived as she listened to him; but I felt that the immutable decree had gone forth, and must be fulfilled. The evening approached, and my boy was still among the living. He spoke cheerfully, and talked of what he would do when well enough to leave his bed. He asked for his books and toys, and they were placed upon the bed beside him. He played with them, and was delighted with a toy while on the brink of eternity. As the sun went down his cheerfulness vanished. Night closed in, and, as I gazed upon my boy, I wished that the sun might never rise again, for I knew that he would never see its beams again in this world. He was now as white as the sheets that he lay upon. His respiration was thick and tremulous; his eyes, that once sparkled with animation, were dim; he no longer spoke, and seemed to be insensible to what was passing around him. I watched him for hours, and at length perceived, by the rattling in his throat and the motions of his body, that the crisis was at hand. He struggled and writhed, but was too feeble for the dreadful crisis. His little bosom fluttered, and scarcely a breath passed his parched lips. I bent over him to change his position. His eye glanced at mine—a momentary glance of recognition. As I raised him, he threw his arms about my neck, stretched his little limbs, sighed 'Father!' and his head fell upon my bosom. Life was extinct.

"As I removed the body from my neck to the bed, I exclaimed, in the words of the prophet, 'He hath bent his bow, and set me as a mark for the arrow.' I tore my hair, blasphemed, and arraigned the justice of Providence; but at that moment my first born entered the chamber. His countenance was filled with grief. I had heretofore looked upon him with disgust, but now it was impossible to avert my gaze. His features were the same, but there was a benign expression about them that made its way irresistibly to my heart; and, for the first time, the thought occurred—'Even as thou hast dealt with thy son, hath thy Father in heaven dealt with thee.' A thunderbolt could not have shocked me as did that thought.

"Man may rise superior to the persecutions of this world, may despise the combination of the whole human race to crush him, may scoff at ob-

loquy, and gather strength in the midst of oppression, if his mind be imbued with implicit confidence in the justice of the ways of Providence; but let the giant of the earth stand forth in all his strength, while fame proclaims his greatness, until the arched skies re-echo, and the subjugated world rises with heart and hand to sustain him; still, if the thought enter his mind that he is condemned of heaven, his props become as a blade of grass, and he falls even as a blade of grass before the scythe of the mower, and, like it, withers in the midst of sunshine.

"From that hour my heart underwent a change towards my first born. Instead of feeling disgust in his presence, I could not bear him to be absent from my sight. As he gradually developed the resources of his mind, I was astonished at the extent and variety of his acquirements. Even in my maturity I shrunk from intellectual competition with the boy. He became cheerful, affectionate, and fond of being near me. His whole time was devoted to the cultivation of his mind; and, as if by intuition, he acquired science after science. I looked upon him as a prodigy, and the aged and learned delighted to praise and assist him in his studies. Once my shame, he now became my pride; and while I marked his progress, I felt that heaven was impartial in its dispensations. External beauty had been denied him, but that of the mind far more than compensated for this defect. I was now happy in having such a son; but 'Who hath hardened himself against Him, and hath prospered.'

"The revolution now broke out with the blind fury of the enraged lion goaded in the arena. I was known to be an inflexible partisan of the unhappy king. My pride was proverbial, and my name was abhorrent to the ears of the populace. I was among the earliest victims they had marked for destruction. It was about the close of the day that they assembled before my palace. The evening was as calm and beautiful as this. I was in my library with my wife and boy, who was reading to us; and, as I looked out upon the setting sun, until that moment I had never experienced so full and vivid a sense of the brilliant scene. What sight is there in nature to be compared with the setting sun! As I gazed a new pulse was awakened in my heart, that throbbled with ecstasy at the wonders of creation. I turned to my boy, whose eyes were fixed on the illumined horizon, and they were filled with tears of delight, such as few mortals are permitted to enjoy.

"A noise was heard in the hall. My name was repeated, and a few moments afterwards the door of the library was burst open, and the ruffians rushed in. Their leader was a wretch whom I had been the means of bringing to public punishment, for an offence against the laws. He no sooner beheld me, than he checked the fury of his followers, and exclaimed, 'Be this act of vengeance exclusively mine!' He aimed a blow at me with his drawn sword; but, before it fell, my boy ran between us and received it on his head. He fell senseless at my feet. The

monster again raised his sword, and, as it descended, my wife rushed forward, and the next instant was prostrate on the body of my son. I was roused to desperation at the sight; and, seizing a heavy chair, aimed a blow at the ruffian, and rushed into the midst of his followers. They fled in amazement to the hall, and I followed as fearlessly as the eagle in pursuit of a flock of sparrows. All sense of danger vanished; my reasoning faculties were absorbed; the animal was goaded to fury; and even instinct had lost its influence. I kept them at bay for some time: at length I received a blow from behind; I fell to the floor, and I know not what followed.

"When I revived it was quite dark, and all was silent. I strove to get upon my feet, but I had been beaten and wounded, and found it impossible to sustain myself. I sank exhausted in a stream of blood. The clock in the hall now struck eleven. Unable to walk, I dragged my wounded body along the floor towards the library. The door was open, and the moon shone calmly into the windows. My mind was on the rack to know the fate of my wife and child. As I crawled over the threshold of the door, I beheld a mass lying in the middle of the room. The light of the moon fell but feebly on it, and my vision was too dim to catch the outline. As I moved towards it, I heard the distant roar of the infuriated mob. In an agony I drew nigh to the object, and discovered it to be the bodies of my wife and son. The sight nerved my mind with desperation, and imparted renewed strength to my wounded and exhausted frame. I turned their faces upwards; the light of the moon fell on them. They were ghastly. I gazed on them but for a moment, when, throwing my arms around the body of my wife, I raised her and stood erect. Her head fell upon my shoulder. I removed the bloody hair that hung over her face, and kissed her cheek. It was as white and as cold as marble. The touch chilled me to the heart; my strength failed me, and I sunk to the floor beneath the weight of the body.

"I had not remained long in this situation, when I heard footsteps in the hall, and immediately after I perceived a figure stealing past the door. 'The work of plunder has already begun,' I cried. A second figure followed, and then I heard the sound of my massive family plate, as they threw it into a basket. The sound drew me back into the world again. I shouted, and they fled, leaving the treasure. What a sordid fool is man! I felt a sense of joy that my dross had not yet been taken from me, although I would freely have given the wealth of Peru, again to enjoy the feelings that were mine when I gazed upon the setting of the sun.

"I kept my eye turned towards the hall, and as I heard the street door close after the plunderers, I perceived a feeble flash of light, and then a man appeared at the door, bearing a dark lantern. He was wrapped in a cloak; and as he held the light at arm's length, so as to throw it into the room, he looked about cautiously until his eyes fell upon the spot where I was lying. He

approached, and wretched as I was, the love of life was still strong within me, and I trembled for the miserable remnant of my existence. My fears were idle. It was a faithful domestic, who having fled with the rest when the mob broke into my palace, now came to learn the fate of his master.

"He raised me from the floor, and after placing me in a chair, turned to the bodies. As I before said, the vital spark was extinct in my wife, but my son gave signs of returning animation. I directed the servant what applications to make in order to revive him. The means were at hand, and in a short time my poor boy opened his eyes again; but, instead of the light of intelligence, a wild glare now beamed from them. Had they remained closed for ever, dear as he was to me, I might have been happy.

"The servant carried him to a place of concealment, which was an obscure house, where a friend of the faithful fellow resided. I remained where he had seated me, unable to move. He left the lantern on the floor, near the body of my wife. The stream of light fell upon her countenance, while every other object in the room was obscurely seen. This was fearfully distinct. My eyes were riveted upon it. It was impossible to avert my gaze; and I sat motionless as a statue. The flickering of the lamp created a change in the fixed expression of her face, and the muscles seemed to be in action. Such was my state of mind, that I could scarcely breathe. My sight was dim, and I bent forward to satisfy myself that there was still reason to hope. I imagined that I saw her lips separate, and heard a sigh proceed from them. Her dress seemed to move, my eye-balls ached with straining, a smile was now on her ashy lips, she raised her hand, beckoned me, her eyes opened, she arose, and stood erect before me. 'She lives! thank God, she lives!' I cried, and fell backwards in the chair. I heard a voice as I fell.

"The joyful delusion was soon dissipated. My servant was now standing beside me: I turned a hasty glance towards the body, but it was silent and motionless, and precisely as when the servant left me. He supported me to the house where he had carried my son, and again returned to the palace for the body of my wife, that we might perform the last sad offices over it with becoming decency. But he was too late. My palace was surrounded by the mob, and he could not enter.

"I passed a night of sleepless agony, raving for the body of my wife. Breathless as it was, it was still the dearest object to my heart that the world contained. About day-break I heard an uproar in the street; I arose, and looked out of the window. The mob was passing with carts, into which were thrown the bodies of those who had been slaughtered the night preceding. The heartless demons laughed and sung as they moved on; and even those who were mounted among the dead to drive the carts, joined in the horrid glee. In the last there was the body of a female lying above the rest. I was struck with

her apparel; I had seen it before. Her face was turned upwards, as if looking for the spot to which the spirit had ascended; and as the cart passed immediately beneath the window where I stood, I recognized the features of my wife. How can I describe my feelings at that moment! The power of motion forsook me; and it seemed as if the circulation of blood had been checked, and respiration suspended. My ideas were confused, and my mind was not yet awakened to a full sense of its misery, though it laboured with a consciousness that no situation in life could be more awful than that in which I stood. True, the stab had been given, but what is the pain which accompanies the stab, compared with the sufferings which follow and poison the very fountain of existence! I continued to gaze after the carts, breathless and motionless as a statue. They drove along the extended street at a rapid gait. I saw them lash their horses, and the morning breeze brought to my ear their demoniac songs of merriment. Still I gazed after them, for there was one object that engrossed the whole faculties of my soul. I saw it move up and down in the hindmost cart, as the driver urged his horse rapidly forward. At length they turned down another street and disappeared. The spell was now broken, and I fell senseless to the floor. Well did the man of woe exclaim, 'What is man that thou dost magnify him!' since the fairest works of God's hand, in this world, moulder and mingle their dust with the basest things of his creation.

"In a few weeks my son was restored to health, but the light of reason was extinguished. We left our hiding place, disguised ourselves, and commenced our wanderings. I determined to leave France, with the hope that a change of scene would create a change in my feelings. There was some relief to be obtained from constant action. We walked to Havre, without stopping at a human habitation, and took passage on board of the first vessel we discovered lying in port, without even inquiring its destination, for it was the same thing to me, so that it bore me from France. Two days we remained in port; I was wretched and restless; but on the morning of the third we weighed anchor, and my stricken heart leaped with joy as I beheld the land of my birth receding from my view. For a moment I felt as though I had cut the bond asunder that bound me to my load of accumulated misery.

"Among the passengers were a father and his daughter. She was not more than sixteen, and as beautiful as any thing of earthly mould is permitted to be. The morning was fair, the ship sailed gaily, and those two remained seated on the deck, apart from the rest, reading, and at times singing lively French airs, which she accompanied with the guitar. Every look of the father betrayed that she was the pride of his heart, and that the measure of his happiness was full. What earthly tie is there so pure and powerful as that which subsists between a father and a lovely daughter! I continued to gaze upon them,

and my whole soul entered into the feelings of that father. I then looked at my poor idiot boy, and contrasted them with my own.

"The day passed away, and, as the sun went down, the gathering clouds in the west foretold the coming tempest. The sea, which had sported through the live-long day as a harmless child, now raged as a maniac who had just broke his bonds asunder. All was speedily prepared to enable us to weather the storm. I stood upon the deck as night closed in, and as I looked abroad upon the waste of waters, my soul rejoiced as if a new world had just been created for it to traverse. I had wished for action, and there was a world of furious and unceasing motion around me. I was fit to live alone in tempest and gloom.

"For hours did the winds and waters contend for our destruction. Every plank in the ship was strained, and the stoutest heart among the crew was dismayed. I held my boy by the hand and felt no terror, for I had nothing to lose. I descended to the cabin, and, among others, beheld that father and his child, whose lives gave so fair a promise in the morning, he on his knees, praying, and she, almost senseless, hanging around his neck. The sight smote me to the heart; and, as I beheld the misery that encompassed me, I felt, as did the prophet on his voyage to Nineveh, that I was the cause of all. I hastened on deck, and in his words exclaimed—'Take me up and cast me forth into the sea; so shall the sea be calm unto you; for I know that for my sake this great tempest is upon you.' So fully was I impressed with the truth of what I spoke, that I would have leaped overboard had not the sailors laid hold of me and restrained me.

"The ship laboured through the night, groaning like some mighty creature at the point of dissolution. The sea rushed through the crevices on all sides, and on trying the pumps, we discovered three feet of water in the hold. The ship was now unmanageable, floating like a dead mass upon the surface of the sea. All this time the gloom of night was around us, and unseen danger is always more appalling to our nature than that which we behold approaching. Many on that night endured the pangs of death a thousand fold, and still are living.

"All hands were driven on deck, for the sea had taken possession below. Among the rest were that father and his child. His countenance was calm; resignation was depicted there: while the fair being who clung to him looked as if death had already more than half performed his office. They stood mute; not a word escaped their lips, which was strangely contrasted with the confusion and uproar that prevailed. As the morning approached, a heavy sea heaved the vessel on her side, and the sweeping surge passed over her. A wild shriek of terror mingled with the roar of the waters; and when we had sufficiently recovered, we beheld that the father and his daughter had been washed overboard. I looked out on the rising billow, and there they were ascending, locked in the embrace of each other.

They attained the summit, and in a moment descended into the chasm on the other side. The waves propelled us forward, and again I saw the bodies rise. It was but a momentary view, and they disappeared from mortal eyes for ever. The sight struck all on board dumb, while each anxiously looked among the crowd to discover who had perished. All had escaped save those two. There were among us those who did not fear to die; there were among us those who wished for death; and yet these were passed by, and the happiest, those to whom life was as a cloudless day in spring, alone were selected to perish. And why was this? Let the most favoured and self-sufficient that treads the earth answer me, and think upon himself.

"The sea bore the wreck onward, and after a lapse of several hours we found ourselves in sight of Calais. A signal was hoisted, and shortly afterwards we beheld the wreckers coming to our relief. We were landed in safety, and the wreckers returned to save what property they could from the wreck. While I stood upon the quay and beheld them, one thought engrossed my mind. Why was it that, of all of us, that father and his daughter only perished?

"Years of humiliation and suffering have elapsed since that time. I have asked bread from those whose tables groaned beneath the luxuries of the earth, and been denied, and, half famished, I have appealed to the wretch who lives on common charity, and he has divided his last crust with me. I have stood in my rags before those who have sat down at my table, and whose hearts my hospitality has lightened, and they would not know me; and I have supplicated for food at my own gate, and been driven thence by the pampered menial. Oh God! I fear that I am not the first who has met with similar treatment, even while I reposed within, surrounded by every luxury. If so, I bend before the justice of thy decree."

"Driven from your own gate! when?" cried Antoine.

"This day. Within the last hour."

"You astonish me! Where?"

"Here! from the gate of this palace."

"Ha! are you the Count ——?"

"Yes, I am he; and if you doubt the truth of what I say, tear up the carpet, and here, here in this spot, you will find the blood of my wife still red upon the floor." He stood erect and stamped upon the spot.

The deformed was busy in examining minutely every part of the room. A gleam of recognition crossed his countenance, as he stood in front of the window facing the west, and gazed upon the setting sun. He fixed upon the same spot, and assumed the same position in which he stood years before. His father watched his movements. The young man pressed his hand upon his eyes, drew a deep sigh, and scarcely articulated, "How sublime and beautiful! How blest are they who, after a brilliant career, can, like thee, thus calmly and unclouded retire from this world."

"And a thousand times more blest are they, my boy, who thus descend, conscious that like him they will rise again with renewed strength and undiminished splendour."

The young man gave a vacant smile as he looked towards his father, but returned no answer. That smile froze the hope that was budding in the father's bosom.

"Come, my son," cried the old man, "it is time to resume our wanderings." He made a hasty approach towards the door, and the deformed slowly and mechanically followed without raising his head.

"Stay," cried Antoine, "here let your wanderings terminate."

"How mean you?"

"For the sake of that unfortunate, your days shall close in comfort. He was a friend to me in my boyhood, when I had few friends. I was of mean birth, but he overlooked the distinction

that society had raised between us. His acquirements were extensive. I became his pupil; and while he strove to scatter the seeds of knowledge in my mind, I could not remain insensible to the virtues of his heart, and I trust that the impression then made is not yet obliterated."

"Even as thou sowest shalt thou reap," cried the father, embracing his son. The mendicant gladly accepted the hospitable offer; and closed his days, surrounded by every comfort that wealth could procure; and as he contemplated the scenes of his past life, he felt that countless blessings may be heaped upon man; and yet a single dispensation, which may not accord with his wishes, too frequently embitters life, and perverts every grateful feeling, though that dispensation may have been designed as a blessing of the greatest magnitude, and would have proved such, had not his erring nature defeated the views of an all-wise Providence.

For the Lady's Book.

SLEEP.

BABY! the pale stars with silver light have crown'd thee,
Beaming effulgent on thy downy nest;
Leave thy little play—with a mother's blessing round thee,
Sink to thy rest.

Mother! 'tis o'er! a parent's sacred fervour
Pierces to Heaven—and thine infant is at ease;
The dart of death has pass'd thee—thank its great Preserver,
Then—sleep in peace.

Father! old father! the dews are cold at even,
Leave thine arm-chair beneath the spreading tree;
Come to thy couch, the moon is high in heaven—
Come! lean on me.

Sailor! afar upon the foaming billow,
Rock'd on the surges of the restless deep,
With a rude hammock for a seaman's pillow—
Sleep, sailor, sleep!

Soldier! the rude earth must be thy couch of roses,
And thy bright sabre thine only bride must be;
Sleep, all the clarion thy hasty slumber closes—
Heaven watches thee!

Scholar! pale student! the ruddy day is breaking—
The very stars have left thee, and thy taper fades fast;
The hum of men is hush'd, or thou alone art waking—
Sleep! sleep at last.

Sleep not thou, oppressor! the poor man's curse is winging
Through the night's darkness to the Throne on high;
Sleep not! the widow's, the orphan's shriek is ringing—
Vengeance is nigh!

Sleep not! but while the wintry wind is roaring,
Seek thy sad victims and shield them from the blast;
Let thy hearth warm them—thy treasure'd hoards outpouring,
Be just at last.

Christian! 'tis ev'ning! thy sun is setting brightly—
The rosy heavens welcome the servant of the Lord;
The pearly gates rise high, as seraphim touch lightly
Their harps of golden chord,

Round the pure glories of the Empyrean,
Where angel footsteps never yet had trod,
Rolls the loud chorus of the eternal pean—
Glory to God.

S.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

PARTING WORDS.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

One struggle more, and I am free.—Byron.

LEAVE me! oh, leave me! unto all below
Thy presence blinds me with too deep a spell;
Thou mak'st these mortal regions, whence I go,
Too mighty in their loveliness—farewell,
That I may part in peace!

Leave me! thy footstep with its lightest sound,
The very shadow of thy waving hair,
Wake in my soul a feeling too profound,
Too strong for aught that lives and dies to bear—
Oh! bid the conflict cease!

I hear thy whisper, and the warm tears gush
Into mine eyes, the quick pulse thrills my heart;
Thou bid'st the peace, the reverent hush,
The still submission from my thoughts depart:
Dear One! this must not be.

The past looks on me from thy mournful eye,
The beauty of our free and vernal days,
Our communings with sea, and hill, and sky—
Oh! take that bright world from my spirit's gaze!
Thou art all earth to me!

Shut out the sunshine from my dying room,
The jas'mine's breath, the murmur of the bee;
Let not the joy of bird-notes pierce the gloom!
They speak of life, of summer, and of thee—
Too much—and death is here!

Doth our own spring make happy music now,
From the old beech-roots flashing into day?
Are the broad lilies imaged in its flow?
Alas! vain thoughts! that fondly thus can stray
From the dread hour so near!

If I could but draw courage from the light
Of thy clear eye, that ever shone to bless!
Not now! 'twill not be now! my aching sight
Drinks from that fount a flood of tenderness,
Bearing all strength away!

Leave me! thou com'st between my heart and heaven!
I would be still in voiceless prayer to die;
Why must our souls thus love, and thus be riven?
Return! thy parting wakes mine agony!
Oh! yet awhile delay!



RIDING.

THE whole of the exercises in circles should next be performed in a canter, which may be commenced from a short, but animated trot, a walk, or even a stop. If the horse be well trained, a slight pressure of the whip and leg, and an elevation of the horse's head, by means of the reins, will make him strike into a canter. Should he misunderstand, or disobey these indications of the rider's will, by merely increasing his walk or trot, or going into the trot from a walk, as the case may be, he is to be pressed forward on the bit by an increased animation of the leg and whip;—the reins, at the same time, being held more firmly, in order to restrain him from advancing too rapidly forward to bring his haunches under him; for the support of which in this position, he will keep both his hind feet for a moment on the ground, while he commences the canter by raising his fore feet together.

The canter, (Fig. 9) is the most elegant and agreeable of all the paces, when properly performed by the horse and rider;—its perfection consists in its union and animation, rather than its speed. It is usual with learners, who practise without a master, to begin the canter previously to the trot; but we are supported by good authority in recommending, that the pupil should first practise the trot, as it is certainly much better calculated to strengthen and confirm her in the balance, seat, &c. than the canter.

The pupil is advised, at this stage of her progress, to practise the paces, alternately, in the various combinations of the figures we have described; performing her aids with greater power and accuracy in turning and working in circles, when trotting or cantering, than when walking. She should also perfect herself in her aids, the correspondence, and balance, by alternately increasing and diminishing the speed in each pace, until she attains a perfect mastery over herself and her horse, and can not only make him work in what direction and at what pace, but also at what degree of speed in each pace, she pleases. She may extend the canter to a gallop;—learn how to ascertain, by the motion of the horse, if his canter be false or true, and acquire the means of making him rectify his action. In cantering, the horse ought to lead with the right foot: should he strike off with the left, the rider must either

check him to a walk, and then make him commence the canter again, or induce him to advance the proper leg by means of the near rein, pressing his side with the left leg, and touching the right shoulder with the whip. The hind legs should follow the direction of the fore legs, otherwise the pace is untrue, disunited, and unpleasant, both to the horse and rider: therefore, if the horse lead with his near fore leg (unless when cantering to the left—the only case when the near legs should be advanced), or with his near hind leg, except in the case just mentioned—although he may lead with the proper fore leg—the pace is false, and must be rectified.

The pupil must also learn how to perform the perfect stop in all the paces. The perfect stop in the walk, is a cessation of all action in the animal, produced instantaneously by the rider, without any previous intimation being given to the horse (Fig. 10.) The slovenly stop is gradual and uncertain; the incorrect stop is a momentary and violent check on the action in the middle, instead of the conclusion, of the cadence; while its first part is coming to the ground, the proper movements should be performed by the rider, so that it may conclude correctly with the cadence. The firmness of the hand should be increased, the body be thrown back, the reins drawn to the body, and the horse's haunches pressed forward by the leg and whip, so that he may be brought to bear on the bit.

The stop in the trot is performed as in the walk: the rider should operate when the leading legs have come to the ground, so that the stop be perfected when the other fore and hind legs advance and complete the cadence.

The stop in the canter is performed by the rider in a similar manner: the time should be at the instant when the horse's fore feet are descending;—the hind feet will immediately follow, and at once conclude the stop and cadence. The rider must bear in mind, that in order to make the stop perfect, the horse should previously be animated, united, and correct, in the beats or time of his pace. Stopping or turning too suddenly in the gallop, is very distressing to the horse as well as unsafe to the rider; in fact, the pace itself is rather too violent and exceptionable, in many respects, for a lady to ride.

For the Lady's Book.

FUGIT HORA.

Fugit hora—we may trace,
On the dial's silent face,
How time passes, day by day,
With unwearied steps away.

Fugit hora—yet the mind,
Depressed by care and grief,
To future hours is still resign'd,
In hopes they'll bring relief.

Fugit hora—yet repose
May not with years increase;
Nor can we hope till life shall close,
To find unsullied peace.

Fugit hora—yet wilt thou
Our weary footsteps guide,
Untill before thy throne we bow,
Thy mandate to abide.

Fugit hora—as we trace
The shadows on the dial's face;
Oh! let our thoughts turn to that day,
When we ourselves shall pass away.

CLIFTON.

For the Lady's Book.

TO GLORIOSA.

Ungenerous maid! Ah why despoil
An humble lover's ardent sighs—
An humble lover's prayer?
Though Fortune's hand has press'd me down,
Yet never I, beneath her frown,
Have sunk in dull despair.

'Tis true, the only wealth I have,
Is that which bounteous nature gave,
A spirit, calm and free;
A soul, above the vulgar crowd,
Of paltry riches vainly proud—
I ask no wealth but thee!

A heart that never yet could brook
E'en beauty's cold contemptuous look,
In conscious virtue bold:
Yet still 'twould break, if thou should'st prove
A traitor to the cause of love,
And sell thy charms for gold!

L.

EMBROIDERY.

CAMBRIC pocket-handkerchiefs are generally ornamented with a row of hem-stitch, bordered by a broad hem, or with the outer edges scalloped, and a small pattern embroidered in each scallop. It is fashionable to have the corners embellished with a fancy sprig, and, frequently,



with a different pattern in each. Embroidered initials and crests, in one corner, have a very beautiful effect. They are usually surrounded by a wreath of laurel, or some fancy device, in which the leaves and stem are worked in satin-stitch, relieved by a row of eyelet holes. In working the letters, which are also in satin-stitch, great care and delicacy are required, to preserve their proper shape, by lengthening or shortening the stitches, so as to correspond with the varying breadth of the written characters in the pattern. A coronet, or crest, may be worked in satin-stitch, varied with eyelet holes, or any other appropriate stitch, according to the subject. (Fig. 13.)

LACE WORK.

The making of lace is now among the pursuits of ladies; it will, therefore, be unnecessary to enter into its details. In a previous part of this

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article, however, we have given such general information on the subject, as will, probably, have proved interesting. The only branch of lace-work which seems to come within our plan, is embroidery on net, in imitation of Brussels point-lace, which, for veils, dresses, or their trimmings, is very beautiful in its effect, and, perhaps, exceeds in delicacy every other branch of white embroidery.

Embroidery on net is performed by placing a piece of French cambric, of a size proportioned to the subject, over the net, and the paper pattern under both.



Then the design (of which each particular leaf, or sprig, ought to be very small, though the clusters should be large) must be run twice round with cotton, the running thread sewn over pretty closely with rather finer cotton, and the external edges of the cambric cut neatly and closely off. (Fig. 14.) In designing a veil, a small running pattern, worked quite at the edge, is proper; and, when completed, a pearling (which is a species of lace-edging, to be had at the lace-shops) should be sewn round the outside, to give it a finish. On the lower part of the veil, within the running border, there should be a handsome pattern worked across. This style is very easy of execution, and is an excellent imitation of what is intended to represent.

EXTRACTS OF A CORRESPONDENCE

FROM THE NORTH OF GERMANY.

From Poland they came on through Prussia proper,
 And Königsberg the capital was vaunt,
 Besides some veins of iron, lead, and copper,
 Has lately seen the great Professor Kant.

In describing any country beyond the British (and not excluding the Irish) channel, an English writer seldom fails to dwell upon certain prescribed subjects of censure. He exclaims against the native want of cleanliness, to imply his own nicety in such matters; he charms his wealthy brother Bulls by sneering at the foreigners' poverty; and if (unlike the greater part of travellers) he has associated with them at all, he rails at their intolerable pride, whenever he has excited indignant feelings by his arrogance or ill-bred national reflections. He condemns customs if (as Jonathan Wild's chaplain says) "they in any way differ from his own laws and received opinions," either because he has not enough of sagacity to penetrate their meaning, or the candour to refer them to religion, government, climate, and other local causes that have created, or may justify them. It is particularly his business to be shocked at the license of foreign manners, to shudder at the mention of a *liaison*, to drop his pen after naming a *cortejo*, and he starts from the too-appalling description of cicisbeism to paint the horrors of an assassination committed only a few years before in the Papal States upon the person of a highly respected and virtuous Jew pedlar. Our authors of Travels generally overlook the probability that the same day that their works are published, the newspapers will contain some cases of Crim. Con. in the middle classes of society, very amply detailed; hints of the existence of two or three unfortunate, but very interesting, attachments between married people of high station, and the opposites of their legitimate spouses; robberies, seductions, and frauds out of number; and a family or two burnt in their dwellings by the good-humoured natives of the county Kildare.

The truth is, that despite our well-paid clergy and unpaid magistracy, we are very little better, or, considering our condensed population, very little worse than our Continental neighbours.

Before I proceed farther in describing this country, I must repeat that I am not a bigot to the customs of my own. A very good Englishman may prefer the sun of Florence to the fog of London, and see beauties in Chamouni that he did not find in Llangollen. I own that I prefer dining upon a fricandeau and St. Emilion at Dessein's to swallowing a tepid beef-steak, with its dark adjunct, Port wine, at Wright's at Dover. Neither is this preference grounded upon the reflection that I must pay sixteen shillings for the latter repast, and five francs for the former. I do not love my country, or the accomplished

portion of my countrywomen, less, because I would rather meet a *svette petite bourgeoise bien chaussee et mise a quatre epingles*, without a crease in her stocking, or a stain upon her slender foot, than I would encounter a Margate belle in her costly and tumbled finery—a shawl worth a hundred guineas, and well-worn gloves—padding with her arms—occasionally darting a parasol at right angles, or levelling it steadily at a shop window—taking the full regulation step of thirty inches, and carefully turning up the toe of her capacious shoe to the admiration of Mr. Edwards and his friends. Is it not more agreeable to address yourself for information to the lively and garrulous Frenchman, than to wring sullen and reluctant answers from an Englishman? The courtesy of the former furnishes all you require for the occasional purpose, and it is only upon long acquaintance, and in events of rare occurrence, that the surly good qualities of the latter can be available to you.

Certes you will admit all that I have postulated. My object in doing so, is to show that it is not national prejudice which leads me to conclude that Prussia has nothing good in it, save the iron and the infantry, dragoons and deals, linseed and lancers, cuirassiers and caviar, artillery and amber, miners and metaphysicians. There are, it is true, some institutions that belong to countries in a highly cultivated state, but the general habits are still barbarous. Prussia has not gone through the intermediate stages of civilization, and her affected maturity looks like the condition of those females who have arrived at the state of widowhood without passing through matrimony. A Russian noble has been compared to a naked savage, with his hair well dressed and powdered. The Prussian has the same figurative aspect, except that his hair does not hold in curl. He is, however, a less immoral savage than his northern brother, of whom Dr. Lyall has told "nothing but the truth," though he has not told (because he did not arrive at) "the whole truth."

You wish to be informed of the present literary state of Germany. In point of production, it is absolutely null; nothing but translations are read, and I hope the taste will be improved by it. Walter Scott, Irving, and Cooper, and Captain Rock, have successively occupied the public attention. The stage has conformed to this change. For weeks together you will not see the announcement of a single play originally German. Shakspeare, Calderon, and even Goldoni, have taken place of Schiller and Goethe. This is commendable, and the translations are

for the most part tolerable; but what I complain of is, that they disfigure French afterpieces to suit them to the national taste. They seize a work of poor Scribe or Dumersan, and having knocked out the brains of the little plot, rubbed off the point of the dialogue, and adapted a new version of the songs to vulgar German melodies, (Volkslieder,) they call the stupid mystification a Vaudeville. A piece of this kind, in which an old bourgeois is brought upon the stage to have his legs scalded or his wig set on fire, is sure of success. It is, however, but just to mention, that, in Berlin at least, the two afterpieces that have produced the greatest sensation, were purely German, and without any incidents of the kind. The first of these has for title and plot—The Seven Girls in Uniform, (die Sieben Madchen in Uniform.) On the night of its first representation, the thick legged Madchens showed so perfect a knowledge of the manual exercise, that the King sent each of them a shawl on the following morning, in token of his admiration; and not as others might have done, to imply that such a covering became a maiden better than a jacket. Upon this, all the world declared that the entertainment was wonder schon! "ausserordenlich hubsch!" The next favourite was the Viener in Berlin, a vehicle for the Austrian dialect, which is rather pleasantly given. The following translation of a song in it is presented as one of the treasures of Austrian anthology:—

A bird came flying towards me, and perched upon my foot; it had a letter in its beak, and a greeting from Diana.

And a LITTLE RIFLE to shoot, and a bludgeon (or small switch) to beat with; for he who would have Diana's love must be a brisk fellow.

Hast thou then delayed until Summer? The Summer is come, and my love is far away!

My love is at home, and I am abroad, and not a cat or dog asks after me.

A Viennese is abroad, and the people at Vienna are in grief for the death of their mother.

Dear bird fly on! take my greeting with a kiss; I cannot accompany you, because I must stay here.

Until now, I had believed that nothing could be more *fade*, pointless, and vulgar, than English comic songs; yet, the very worst of them—those most replete with "blithesome lasses," "gallant tars," "Yorkshire lads stealing horses," "honest traders," or strapping young Irishmen, who marry old women for their money—address themselves (not very rationally, perhaps, but they do address themselves) to the feelings of *some* class of our people; the boxes and pit endure it, because they think the galleries entitled to some gratification; but a whole German audience can enjoy the bestial nonsense I have quoted. At the conclusion of that song, you will see the elliptical mouths of the Deutchers, displaying their ebon furniture, if any is left.

Perhaps, after all, it is not very extraordinary

that a people who cry at what we call the Stranger, (Menschenhass und Reue,) should laugh at Miss Diana's bird, with the rifle and cudgel. It is almost as easy to sympathize with a lady who has quitted the husband she loves, for a man she does not care an end of riband for, as to enter into the humorous conceit of a man being unable to go to one place, because he is obliged to stay in another. This will be denied, perhaps, because it is very decorous to weep at any thing, while nothing but acknowledged wit can justify a smile. For this reason, the Stranger had his reign in England, and even in France. The people of both countries were told that they *ought* to be deeply affected; and therefore every body who went to the play, took two pocket-handkerchiefs; the box-keepers made four guineas a-night by glasses of water; rooms over the way, prepared for the reception of fainting ladies, were still more profitable, and the fruit women carried nothing but salts and stay-laces. Many sensitive beings were observed to shed tears on receiving their checks at the door; and on one occasion, sobs were heard until the third act of *She Stoops to Conquer*, which had been "unavoidably substituted" for the family sorrows of Mr. and Mrs. Eulalie Haller, (properly Muller.) Its run in Paris was stopped by a Vaudeville,* though the perfect acting of Talma and Mademoiselle Mars, has since occasionally drawn crowds to the Theatre Francais.

An invitation to dine with General von Trommelstock, reminds me that I am at Konigsberg, and not in Paris.

Apropos then of Konigsberg. Its circumference is nearly that of Dublin, and its population, exclusive of the garrison, is about sixty thousand; some streets of great length, very Dutch-looking houses in the old town, and execrable pavement throughout. Walking is a violent exercise here, for in wet weather you have to jump from one large stone to another, to avoid the intervening puddles, and during the frost and snow, it requires some address to avoid the fitting and noiseless sledges. As soon as the Prugel and Frische Haif are well frozen, and the roads covered with snow, the peasantry from the surrounding country bring their farming produce and timber to Konigsberg in sledges. It is certainly the quickest and most agreeable mode of progression; one that the noble and the peasant of these climates equally delight in, and which is alike attainable to both. The gentleman's sledge is a sort of car, capable of holding two persons, drawn by two horses, and balanced (sometimes driven) by a servant, who sits behind, astride something like a narrow saddle. Bells are hung from the horses' necks, to warn foot-passengers of their approach; but when there are any great number of vehicles, the tinkling from all sides, rather adds to the confusion than otherwise. You may make a traineau of any description of

* Comment Faire? was the title of this little piece, which portrayed very pleasantly the manner in which various persons were affected by Kotzebue's Play. An old bourgeois gives himself up to despair on seeing his wife cry over it: he says it must have awakened a guilty souvenir. A sentimentalist breaks off his engagement with a young lady, who treats Eulalie's

carriage, by taking off the wheels and setting the remainder upon parallel shafts with a tyre. If you thus put your carriage upon skais for the purpose of travelling, the wheels are usually strapped upon the roof. A party of the noblesse went on the Prager to the inn of Holstein (a distance of seven of our miles) in about fifty traineaux yesterday. Each cavalier with a lady, and attended by one or more outriders, habited as Tartars, Cossagues, Yagers, and English Jockies. The traineaux passing rapidly in single file had a very pretty effect, and they achieved the distance in little more than thirty minutes.

Hitherto none of the public buildings have interested me much. I observed the theatre on one side of the Parade Square. It is a huge pile, in such detestable taste that, but for its solidity, it would be difficult to believe that another than our Nash had planned it. At right angles with the theatre, is a roofed building in which the Parade is held when the thermometer marks more than 14 degrees below zero.

You will scarcely credit the answer of my valet-de-place, when I told him to bring me a hair-cutter; he assured me that the only artist of the kind Konigsberg had possessed, died three years since, and was not replaced. Sixty-five thousand people in a city without a coiffeur!

His Excellency the General von Trommelstock occupies a handsome hotel, fitted up with all imaginable incongruities. There is great want of comfort in the appearance of unpapered or unpannelled walls, beside that the distemper wash comes off upon whatever touches it, so that the slightest indiscretion is rewarded by a coat of many colours. The absence of fire-places is another cause of gloominess, though it is possible that open fires would not supply the diffused warmth that the stoves give. The heat of stoves is, however, far from agreeable; its drying effect is so strong, that a book left within its influence never shuts afterwards, and every kind of wooden furniture is quickly warped or cracked by it.

The Commander of the Forces is a stiff, Ser-

sorrows with too much levity. But the most amusing part of it is the apprehension of a young rake as to the probable effects of *Misanthropie et Repentir* upon Paris society. I quote a song of his for the sake of contrast with the German one:—

AIR—*Du pas redouble de l'Infanterie.*

VIVACE.

Je crains l'ex-emp-le d'un époux, Qui par mi-san-tro-
pi-e, Va dans les bois par-mi les loups, Pleu-er son Eu-
la-li-e; Chez nous si tou-jours mè-me cas en-trai-
nout mè-mes sui-tes, Nos fo-rets ne suf-fi-roi-ent pas pour
lo-ger nos her-mi-tes.

For a time, *Misanthropie et Repentir* was almost made the touchstone of female propriety. It is said that a young lady who had charmed her sentimental lover by weeping through four long acts, and gave fair hopes of fainting in the fifth, suddenly exclaimed, upon hearing Eulalie's supplication to her injured husband: "*Que cela est odieux! Comment une femme peut elle s'humilier a ce point la!*" It is needless to add, that the lover rushed out of the box, and has not since been heard of. There is nothing uncommon in this, for many well exercised sentimentalists have arrived at the perfection of shedding tears on reading the advertisements.

jeant-Kite-looking man of fifty-three or four, and I perceived at the first glance, that he not only assumed to play the king, but that he made the carriage of the present monarch of Prussia his model for that character. After a few banal observations, very impressively delivered, he presented me to one of the chiefs of a department, who was commissioned to take care of me at dinner. I never saw such an animal before—the exact physiognomy of a wild boar, expressing sensuality, cunning, and cruelty, in every line. I have since heard that his propensities answer the promise of his face: that they had probably procured for him the honourable preference of the officials of the Holy Alliance, whose secret police-agent he was, and that people were glad to gratify his gluttony, in the hope of softening, as far as themselves were concerned, his inventive malice.

The first thing that strikes you on sitting at a German dinner-table, is the absence of the dinner itself, nothing but the dessert and hors d'œuvres (some of which are of a very unctuous kind) appear on the board. Soup is handed round—then small glasses of Malaga and Madeira, and patties or caviare; not pressed caviare, such as you have it in England, but the moist roe of the belugena, which is the best thing in the way of eating I know. It is brought annually from Astrachan by Russian merchants. After the caviare, came a bouilli, with onion sauce; then greasy cutlets, with carrots suspended in butter and flour; a ragout of fresh tongue, with a sour sauce and raisins! Sand, (a fish of the brackish Huff, not unlike haddock,) with chopped egg and *beurre noir*, fricasse of chicken, cauliflower, and small sausages, tasting of nothing but nutmeg. Then roebuck and other descriptions of game over-roasted, (or baked,) and accompanied by ten or more sorts of admirable preserves, a large boar's head, and finally, pudding, jellies, and cakes, of great variety and merit.

Such was the dinner; and it must be admitted that there were redeeming passages in it; but I must not forget to mention, that it commenced at two and ended at six o'clock, nor some peculiarities in the arrangement of it. In the first place, the knife and fork are never changed; those who object to blending blancmange with the garlic of a preceding dish, wipe the knife upon their bread, but it is impossible that much of savour can rest upon the knife, because they convey all the esculents upon it to their mouths; and the iron fork (for steel or silver ones have not reached them yet) serves chiefly to pick the teeth. I never saw a Prussian omit this ceremony; and being the only act of cleanliness in use amongst them, it is very proper that it should be publicly performed. To return to the table. Another ugly trick of the Prussians is that of making their bread into pellets, long worms, or tee-totums; but they do not generally venture to put the latter in movement during dinners of ceremony.

Yesterday I had a dinner invitation of another kind. The banker to whom I was recommended,

asked me to meet some thirty fat and greasy citizens. I do confess I have no love for traders; their manners are always bad; their conversation is never interesting, and their morals are very generally questionable. Shylock appears to me a softened portrait of the Jewish trader, and the Christian merchants bear a strong family likeness to the celebrated Mr. John Inkle, late of London. It must, however, be acknowledged, that if they are not an *amicable* body, they are a very useful one, and great allowance should be made for the effect of employing the mind in nothing but considerations of gain. The Sire de Crequi, if he had been brought up in a counting-house, would never have entertained a chivalric thought.

The mercantile dinner was somewhat more abundant, and in worse taste than the military one I have just described; and the gravity of that banquet was more supportable than the coarse jocularity of this. I had hoped that it would end at the same hour, but there is no reason why German eating should *ever* end. It would be impossible for a dark-haired people (whose digestion is always weaker than it is with persons of the opposite complexion) to eat and drink as these do. The dessert ended, tea, which most of the people softened with brandy instead of cream, succeeded to coffee; cakes of different kinds were presented at intervals of ten minutes; then smoked goose breasts, ham, sausages, punch, and sweet wine, were eagerly demolished. It was not until eleven o'clock that the interesting party separated to sup at their respective dwellings.

There are but two booksellers in Königsberg, which, for an university town, is almost as remarkable as there being no hair-dressers. I observed some cheap editions of the Greek and Latin classics, which appeared to be good, and a great number of sentimental almanacks. The new publications that I bought were not calculated to lessen my distaste for German composition. The iteration of adjectives to express known properties, assail you in all alike; they talk of "the salt sea," "sweet sugar," and "cold ice."

Suppose it was necessary to say, that, on a fine October morning, the Baron and Baroness of Rockenhausen left their family mansion, to place their eighth son, Ludowig, at school, at Krahwinkel, a town two miles off; the Baron and Baroness grieve to part with their boy, to whom they *intend* a great deal of good advice, and *give* a great deal of bad pastry. After leaving the child at school, they dine at an inn, and return to sup at their chateau. A popular German author would express the same meaning in something like the following manner:—

The morning's repast was scarce ended, and the sun-flowers that surrounded the oft hereditarily transmitted and somewhat time-injured chateau of Rockenhausen, had but just rendered to the warm beams of heaven the accumulated vapour that had earlier refreshed them in dewy globules, when the Baron and Baroness of Rockenhausen entered their travelling carriage, attended by four domestics only, and accompanied by their son Ludowig, who had just five months from that

time completed his eleventh year. A more than common interest attached itself to this boy. With his parents, perhaps, it had its rise in the fact of his being their eighth child, and of his possessing the same robust health that distinguished his eleven brothers and sisters. I say, eleven, for one, alas! the first-born girl, who promised every grace of loveliness and brilliant intellect—that one —. In fine, the fostered bud had felt but three weeks' sun, when it was nipped by the relentless ricketts!!

* * * * *

The party are now silently seated, and the skilful coachman, (Wilhelm Behrent, who had followed the good fortunes of the Rockenhausens for nearly forty years,) after dashing from the corner of his eye an unbidden tear, that the thought of his young master's absence until Christmas had settled there, gives a gentle lash to the four faithful animals, and, in the next instant, the portals of the court exclude their lawful owner.

Their way lies through several level meadows, where not only many coloured and scentless corn-flowers might be discovered, but also flaming and narcotic poppies were seen at intervals, proudly sustaining their cup-like heads, or modestly bowing them to the breeze.

These objects were not lost to the contemplation of the sorrowing party. The Baron felt the necessity of the sacrifice he was about to make, and inwardly resolved that his son should not finally leave the seminary until he could discourse of the Kantian philosophy, repeat whole lines of Latin, and read, without much of hesitation, words that might even consist of more syllables than two. The neglect of his own education made him admit the necessity of that course; a necessity not so obvious to his gentle partner, but she penetrated her husband's wish, and submitted without a murmur to her son's becoming erudite.

Ludowig was no ordinary child; and though remarkable for a degree of obesity rare at his time of life, he took pleasure in riding, vaulting, the discharge of miniature cannon, and in the game of dominos, where he displayed great powers of combination. His partiality to dogs and hatred of cats, were early conspicuous. His large blue eyes, with thin white brows, his well developed mouth, and the extraordinary squareness of his jaws, sufficiently indicated the gentleness, polish, susceptibility, and firmness of his nature.

Silence reigned within the vehicle, and not a sound was heard, save the creaking of one (or both) of the hind wheels. Wilhelm, who knew that at the pace he drove, little was to be apprehended from the process of friction, scarcely ever looked behind him. Not a word was uttered; but the kind Baroness had taken the precaution of filling the carriage pockets, and her own, with such confections and condiments as she thought best calculated to allay the anguish of the parting hour. Cakes, sweetened with the saccharine sap of the occidental cane, studded with the sun-dried grape of Iberia, and leavened with the yellow

rudiments of the chicken; sugar that a refining process had rendered transparent, and wild boar's ham, the produce of the Baron's chase, had been gradually, but silently exhausted. Taking from the basket the only remaining offering, provided for the interesting and still expecting child, she laid it in his warm, moist hand, and kissed away some of the macerated raspberries, that clung round his lips. It was a crocus-coloured orange. His finger quickly effected a puncture through which to pump out its refreshing pulp. The father's eye was upon him; he observed that the orifice was not so large as to exclude a portion of the acid rind from contact with the rising juice. He saw that his child must taste of bitterness, while confident of gratification; and, by an admirable connexity of ideas, he applied the saddening image before him to the ordinary lot of created beings. Overpowered by this reflection, he sunk back and wept without restraint.

As in autumn a half-faded leaf in the solitary valley silently gravitates into the peaceful rivulet, that bears it gently on its bosom towards the vast ocean, where it finds a welcome tomb, so was the father borne, unresisting, to his destined place. "My child!" said he, "my son! remember that you—" A convulsive sob suppressed the remainder. "Papa," replied the boy emphatically, "indeed I will." At this instant, the checked horses stand at the door of a gymnasium, and Ludowig is embraced by the gladdened preceptor.

This ended, the Baron and Baroness retired to the nearest inn to dinner; after which, with feelings much relieved, they returned to the country in time to meet their assembled family at a cheerful and substantial supper.

How they came back to Krahwinkel to bring Ludowig home for the Christmas holidays, and what befel them then, will be detailed in a future paper of greater length, and of still more anxious interest than this brief narrative.

In this sketch of German style, I do not give the inversion of sentences, which may in some degree depend on idiom, though it adds very materially to the inflated effect.

The students here (as at other German Universities) do not live in colleges. They merely attend lectures at the different professor's houses, at stated hours, if they think fit to do so, for their presence is not enforced, nor their absence punished. The dress and appearance of these young men is little in accordance with pretensions to scholastic austerity. Those who profess Jacobinism, wear white riding coats, with black collars, and small red caps, after the fashion of Kotzebue's murderer, Sandt. The patriots affect the old Germanic costume, or the former academic dress of Heidelberg; and the moderns trick themselves out in fancy dresses—green coats, embroidered with silver, and yellow leather breeches, with jack-boots, are in high vogue. They all carry a little silver bust of Albertus (founder of the University) in their caps. It is the distinctive badge of a student. Swords are no longer permitted to be worn by them.

From the London Court Journal.

PRIVATE APARTMENTS OF WINDSOR CASTLE.

At one angle of St. George's Hall is a secret door, leading to a long narrow passage, the concealed or private communication between the state apartments and the private state-rooms of the King—the extravagant glories of which have created such a general desire to behold them. They have been hermetically sealed—not Hydra could have guarded them so well, nor could the possession of the Aureus Ramus, the "*frondescit virga metallo*," have softened the Proserpine to a permission to behold them.

Entering, however, by the secret door, into the passage, the other extremity leads into the King's octagon-room. This, as its name indicates, has eight sides. It is an elegant though plain gothic room, the ceiling rising like the top of a tent into a point, from which is suspended a chandelier over a round table. This was the King's small dining-room. It occupies the area of the great octagon or Brunswick tower, which forms so conspicuous an object in the view of the castle from the London road.

Entering this room from the passage in question, the eye is charmed by the exceedingly beautiful view which the windows afford of the two terraces, the gardens, and the rich and lovely scenery to the North and to the East of the castle. The other rooms confine the sight to one of these two beautiful landscapes, but this room being at the corner of the building and angular, the two scenes burst upon the sight in blended magnificence, and withdraw the spectator from the recollection that he entered intent upon witnessing the most luxurious imaginings of the human mind. As soon as he is able to recover his enraptured senses, turning directly round, the eye is dazzled by the stream of splendour which bursts upon it from the suite of rooms seen through the vista of the line of doorways by which they communicate. For many seconds, nothing can be seen distinctly—the sudden change, from the beauties of nature to the magnificence of human art, overpowers the mind—the spectator is rivetted to the spot—a stream of golden light—"one liquid sheet of burning gold," dazzles the senses, until the charmed mind recovers itself to examine the sources of its pleasure.

The first room is the great dining-room. It is of pure gothic, in excellent taste; for though the pointed arches, the ribs of the panellings, the groins, and all the prominent parts are of burnished gold, the divisions are so large, and the style so bold, that they are appropriate to a dining-room, more than to drawing-rooms, which require greater nicety and more elaborate refinement of decoration. The groundwork is a sort of fawn-colour, which, with the gold, is finely relieved by the dark oaken frame-work of the gothic panels. A bay window illumines this superb banquetting-room. It is hung with red draperies and gold fringe. The carpet is crim-

son, in large squares. The furniture consists of a very long and rich dining-table, numerous splendid chairs, three superb or-molu side-boards, one of extreme length, or-molu wine or ice-tubs, mirrors, a rich clock on the mantelpiece, several bronzes, a superb lamp upon a marble or scagliola shaft; but it would exceed thrice our limits were we to attempt to describe one tithe of the vases, bronzes, and splendid objects of vertu by which these chambers of more than oriental luxury are adorned. Suffice it to attempt to give, of the apartments themselves, as accurate an idea as can be conveyed by description. Imagination can scarcely equal their real splendour.

The next room is by far the most superb of the whole. Contrivances of splendour seemed exhausted in the preceding apartments; but they are infinitely surpassed by the principal or crimson drawing-room. We should suppose the rooms (and they are not very different in size) to average about seventy feet by thirty each.

The splendours of this room set description at defiance. It is spacious and well-proportioned, and lighted by an immensely large and deeply receding gothic bay-window, of beautiful divisions, the plate-glasses of which reflect the light upon the decorations with an almost miraculous effect. The ceiling is of burnished and dead gold, in very massive devices, consisting of scrolls and thick foliage, of which the acanthus and lotus leaves form a principal part. It is extremely costly and beautiful. The walls consist of deep rose-coloured or light crimson satin, worked in flowers, and enclosed in panels in golden frames, broad, and richly wrought. The Persian carpet is of a brown with a purple tinge, and the whole of the colours associate and blend together, and also with the decorations and furniture, producing a unity of effect. The large white marble chimney-piece bears several bronzes and ornaments, and a very large vase, upon a high shaft of a Grecian marble column, stands in the centre of the bay window. The furniture is almost redundant in this room, but it is of a splendid description, superbly wrought and ornamented, of fine classic outline, and much of it made of a wood very beautiful, but of which we know not the name, never, to our recollection, having seen any specimen of it in the houses of any of the nobility. We were struck by the sight of his late Majesty's grand horizontal piano, standing in the centre of the room, the spot on which he had so often been amused by playing on it.

The next room is the library. Its bay window is larger and deeper than that of the preceding rooms, but its shape is not so handsome. It has near it a second chimney piece, of black marble with gold, to enable a person to study near the light. It is rich and beautiful in its fittings, which resemble in style those of the crimson drawing-room, differing chiefly in colour, which

is green. The effect is extremely beautiful, and the room, in any mansion or palace in Europe, would be called superb; but the eye has been so satiated with the more gorgeous magnificence of the crimson and gold, that the green and gold seems subdued and refreshing by comparison. When the library is entered in the opposite direction, its splendour is more striking. This library lacks but one thing—books. It is richly furnished, but of books it could not contain many; for anything but “dwarf book-cases” would conceal the satin and gold panels of the walls and mar the other decorations. It contains a fine vase of the shape of the Warwick vase, upon a shaft of a pillar, and several bronzes and other objects of curiosity.

The next and last room is the small drawing-room. It is plainer than the preceding; though delicate and very beautiful, the ornaments consisting of gold, on a sort of peach-coloured ground. These constitute the five splendid apartments fitted up for his late Majesty's personal gratification.

In a future number we may give a description of the principal furniture of these rooms.

After the small drawing-room the apartments become of a totally distinct class. The adjoining room has undergone many changes, and is now a bathing-room. To that succeeds his late Majesty's bed-room, of which we have already given as distinct a description as the nature of the subject admits. We can only add, that it affords an extraordinary proof of how far magnificence may be conjoined with objects of ordinary convenience. To this room succeeds another bathing-room, after which there is a succession of chambers for the accommodation of those personages who, as guests, or upon business, may be lodged in the castle.

But the great point of beauty in the castle, in the opinions of many, perhaps most, of its visitors, is the corridor, or long gallery, running round the east and south sides of the interior of the quadrangle, and into which the chambers we have been describing have a common entrance. Much has been sacrificed to this corridor, as we have already mentioned in speaking of the inadequacy of the archway to afford a view of the long walk. Great sums have likewise been expended upon it; but it is perhaps impossible to render it an object of approval to an exact taste. It is too narrow and too low; faults which cannot be remedied. The continued succession of front lights render it improper for the exhibition of many works of art. At present the objects in it are very badly arranged; producing such a confined variety, and presenting so many angles, differences of heights, and small shades, that the effect is that of a frippery, or of a broker's sale room. The little gilded panels of the roof, seen from such a short distance, and in such a long succession, have also a bad effect. The whole contrivance reflects the reverse of honour upon the artist.

Another blot upon the castle is the garden ground, immediately below the windows of the

private apartments. These were laid out by Sir Geoffery Wyatville, and are strictly by line and rule—full of straight lines, sharp angles, and of miserably artificial peticnesses. They are in the old Dutch style. Sir Geoffery is an admirable architect of the gothic; but “one science only will one subject fit;” and to apply the line, the rule and compasses of the carpenter's bench to ornamental gardens is preposterous. What renders the fault more annoying is, that the grounds are viewed in contrast with the rich and bold scenery around them. This is not the case with Hampton Court, the grounds of which are much more beautiful of their class.

THE FIRST AND LAST BORN.

BY M. A. BROWNE.

My first-born, my first-born! shall I e'er forget the charm
That filled with happiness my heart, when on my clasping
arm

Thy little head was pillowed, when I laid thee on my breast,
And wept for very joy as I watched thy tranquil rest?
Shall I e'er forget thy father's smile, and the beaming eye,
that still

A glittering tear of joy and pride as he looked on thee would
fill?

The ecstacy of those dear hours can my spirit e'er forget?
O no! they haunt my mem'ry, like stars that cannot set!

My gentle, helpless last-born! how differently I shalld
Thy coming 'midst the clouds of care that my life's full sum-
mer veiled!

My stars of hope and love were gone—my mind was full of
fears;

And the tears I shed on thy quiet face, O they were bitter
tears!

Hushed was his voice that blessed my first—his lip no longer
smiled,

There was no father's eye to gaze with rapture on my child;
And O! how different from that first sweet sunny ecstacy,
Was the serious, deep, and chastened bliss, my babe, I had
in thee!

My first-born, my first-born! how open was his brow!
How like his father's was his eye, alas! 'tis like it now!
How sweetly did the chestnut curls upon his forehead wave!
And now they lie, unstirred, within the dark and voiceless
grave:

Like some full-leaved yet fallen tree, with its young and ten-
der shoot—

The sire and son together rest, all motionless and mute:
The first two treasures that I called mine own, of all earth's
store,
Sleep with death's curtains drawn around, to greet these
eyes no more.

My last-born, my sweetest babe! it cheers me still to trace
Thy father's lip, thy brother's eye, upon thy lovely face;
Even now thy dear, unconscious hand twines sportive in my
hair—

Thy lip hath just as bright a smile as my lost love used to
wear:

I clasp thee to my bosom, and I find a gentle bliss—
A comfort to my wounded heart, that nought can give but
this:

O my first babe! thou wast a flower to wreath the brows of
love;

But when love's light failed, this last was sent a sweet star
from above.

Worton Lodge, Isleworth.

THE PORTRAIT.

Am! let me look upon thy face,
Fling back thy clustering hair;
It is a happiness to gaze
On any thing so fair.

'Tis such spring-morning loveliness—
The blushing and the bright—
Beneath whose sway, unconsciously,
The heaviest heart grows light.

The crimson, flushing up the rose,
When some fresh wind has past,
Farting the boughs—just such a hue
Upon thy cheek is cast.

Thy golden curls, where sunshine dwells
As in a summer home;
The brow whose snow is pure and white
As that of ocean foam.

For grief has thrown no shadow there,
And worldliness no stain;
It is as only flowers could grow
In such a charmed domain.

I would thy fate were in my hands:
I'd bid it but allow

Thy future to be like thy past,
And keep thee just as now.

L. E. L.

For the Lady's Book.

THE BURIAL OF CORA.

FROM THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS.

Why hear we not the loud triumphant songs,
Rise high to heaven in gratitude and praise?
Why sleeps the incense of avenged wrongs,
Nor swells the breeze with gently echoing lays?

Why bring ye forth the cold sepulchral bier,
Or form in silence the dark dismal grave?
Why trickles down your cheek the scalding tear,
And solemn cypress branches o'er yon wave?

Stretched on the bed of death, a maiden lies,
Her flowing ringlets sporting in the gale,
A glassy film o'er spreads her unclosed eyes—
Her lips they move not, and her cheek is pale.

Strew her last couch with flowers surpassing sweet,
And press once more that marble brow below:
Angelic bands her coming spirit greet,
And guide to joys that mortals cannot know.

Poor mourners! heave not now the bitter sigh,
Pain not your hearts with deep convulsive groan,
She lives in better worlds beyond the sky,
Her sceptre love, and charity her throne.

Y. P.

SOLEMN INVESTITURE OF

THE VASSALS OF THE BAVARIAN CROWN.

I SHALL employ no waste of words in apologizing for detaining you at some length on a singularly interesting scene, which was enacted at this Court eight days since.

The late Sovereign, though equally the source with his present Majesty of all dignities attached to the crown, did not think fit to invest his servants with their several offices in a public manner, but committed their instalment to the quiet agency of his chancery. Not so his present Majesty; for, upon his return from Italy, he required them to do him public homage; and accordingly the three Princes of Oettingen—Wallerstein, Spielberg, and Thurn and Taxis—as Earl-Marshal, Lord Chamberlain, and Postmaster-General, together with other minor functionaries holding under the crown, were received, and tendered their allegiance in great state to their Sovereign, at a special court held last Sunday se'ennight. His Majesty was seated under a canopy on his throne, surrounded by his Ministers and household; and the Queen-consort, and other branches of the Royal Family, took their places in the front row of the green gallery, opposite the throne.

About half an hour before the time appointed for the ceremony, the leading vassals of the crown were seen making their way to the palace in splendid array; their carriages drawn by six horses, and attended by as many or more domestics in state liveries. After the whole of them were united in the anti-hall, the master of the ceremonies, preceded by the groom of the chamber, conducted them into the imperial saloon,

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from which the grand master of the ceremonies proceeded to acquaint his Majesty that these illustrious personages awaited his commands as to their solemn investiture. On this signal, the King followed a long procession of officers and courtiers, out of his own apartments into the hall of the chapter, where a throne had been erected for the occasion. Here he seated himself upon it, with his head covered, and the side folding-doors being thrown open, the several vassals were duly introduced, into the saloon, by a groom of the chamber and master of the ceremonies. The three principal functionaries took the lead, advancing at equal distances in a line, and were followed by the inferior vassals, who were also arranged in a long row. As they approached the throne, all bent their left knee thrice, and were saluted by his Majesty with a slight touch of his hat; and when they stood close in front of their sovereign, the earl-marshal addressed him to the effect, that he was come, in dutiful obedience to the royal command, and humbly prayed his Majesty to confer the honour of solemn investiture upon him. A similar petition was separately urged by the lord-chamberlain and postmaster-general. Hereupon, the minister of the household and exterior affairs, as lord-provost of the investiture, having been called upon by his sovereign, made answer that it afforded the king high gratification to be enabled to comply with their prayer, and that he would vouchsafe them due investiture, so soon as they had tendered their allegiance and taken the oath prescribed.

The lord-provost having delivered this assu-

rance the principal officers of the court advanced towards them with the various insignia of office, and ranged themselves on the lower step of the throne. The director of the chancery of state then read aloud the following: "We the high and mighty prince," &c. (here he recapitulated their respective styles and dignities)—"do hereby testify and make solemn oath, that we will be faithful and maintain true obedience unto our most excellent, most mighty, and most gracious king and lord, Lewis, King of Bavaria; that we will hold in safe keeping the state-insignia committed to our charge; and that we will do and perform all things which are meet and owing, under the laws of the kingdom, by a true and faithful vassal to his liege lord; in default whereof we consent to undergo deprivation of our high office."

After pronouncing the oath, the three dignitaries were presented to the king, and falling upon their knees, on the lower step of the throne, tendered a solemn attestation of their conformity with the oath recited by the lord-provost, in the following terms:—"With an entire comprehension of the meaning of what has now been read in my presence, I bind myself faithfully to abide thereby, so help me God and his holy Gospel!"—at the same time, each of them raising three of his fingers, laid it upon the particular insignia about to be committed to his custody, which the bearers held towards him for that purpose. The oath having been thus taken, the provost pronounced the formula of investiture in his majesty's name, and the three dignitaries returned appropriate thanks for the honour conferred upon them; then they dropped upon one knee, received the insignia at the hands of the several bearers, placed them on ottomans, and took the places which other state officers had occupied on the lower step of the throne, whilst the latter moved up to the second step. The same ceremony was observed with respect to the remaining investitures, with the exception that the oath did not apply to any insignia, and that certain variations were of course made in the recapitulation of the individual's rank and title.

This scene of pomp and solemnity having been brought to a close, the same procession as had opened it was marshalled, the newly-invested officers of the state placed themselves at its head, and the gallant array preceded his Majesty as he retired to his own apartments. The king was in military uniform, the three great vassals of the crown in their splendid robes of office, and the inferior feudatories in their military costume.

A more novel or better conducted, and, on the whole, a more imposing spectacle, it is scarcely possible I should ever enjoy the good fortune of witnessing again.

AN EVENING ON THE BOSPHORUS.

It was a calm and warm evening, and a number of boats were passing in different directions, well filled with Turks, who had come from their

dwellings and gardens, to enjoy the freshness of the hour. And no where in the world, not even in the boasted Bay of Naples, is the evening hour so lovely and luxurious as on the Bosphorus, flowing, it may be said, through the heart of a vast city, whose noble mosques and gilded domes and minarets crown every hill. There is a stillness and peace here, quite different from the noisy clamour of an Italian shore, and far more luxurious to the imagination; it is more agreeable, also, to sail amidst the dwellings and palaces of a splendid city, that descend to the water's edge amidst trees and groves, than in a wide, open and barren bay. The bark that contained the sultan was richly ornamented, and swept on with magical rapidity beneath the quick strokes of the rowers; he was seated, and plainly dressed, as is his wont, with a few of his attendants, and looked on the beautiful scene around, with a calm and placid aspect, different from the stern and disdainful one he had worn on the former occasion. No other monarch in Europe, perhaps, could gaze on a spectacle so gratifying at once to his pride and pleasure, as the one that now opened to the sultan. His vast capital extended along the stream as far as the eye could reach, and of its countless population he was the sole and despotic master. The Asiatic mountains in the distance on the right, now covered with the soft blue outline that evening had given them, showed the extent of his dominion over the fairest part of the globe.—*British Mag.*

THE FIRST AND LAST AGONY.

BY M. A. BROWNE.

Oh! the tears that fell
When we were parting, as we deemed, for ever,
The quickening throb, the bosom's anguished swell,
That pained the more for every strong endeavour:
Oh! the thoughts that came,
Like withering lightning through a twilight calm,
Destroying in their wild and feverish flame,
The gentle dreams that were to us like balm!
Oh! the long embrace,
The tearing of the impassioned hearts asunder,
The burning tears upon the quivering face,
That rose from the hot fount the bosom under!
This was the earliest sorrow known to me,
'Twas my first agony!

But thou hast forgot
The vow of truth in that dark moment spoken,
The heart that swore to rest on one dear spot,
And never wander, though it should be broken.
And the memory
Of that last parting from thy heart is gone,
Even like a raging billow of the sea,
That burst, and left no echo of its tone
Thou wert lost to me;
Yet still I trusted I might keep thy heart:
But I have learnt thy falsehood; and for thee
Could not one sweet, one soothing tear-drop start.
And the shock that rang
Upon my tortured feelings, withering all,
Was such a maddening and o'erwhelming pang,
No more upon my crushed cold heart can fall,
I have but now to lay me down and die:
'Twas my last agony!

Worton Lodge, Isleworth.

THE MATHEMATICIAN.

"A GLORIOUS morning, Hassell," said a spruce middle-aged man, as he walked up one side of the old square of Furnival's Inn, with a small valise under his arm, to a short, pale, elderly gentleman, who was listlessly strolling, in a morning-gown, slippers, and velvet cap, on the opposite pathway, and in a contrary direction; "a glorious morning as ever was seen—bright, clear, but by no means sultry: an excellent morning, I protest, and just to my taste."

"Why, sir," replied the pale old gentleman, "I must say it's fine country weather; and, I dare swear, delightful to you, who are just on the brink of quitting the miserable metropolis until the morrow of All Souls."

"No, no," interrupted the first speaker, in a brisk tone, "I shall only be away a month; Trout and Thomas is appointed at bar only in the term, and I must be home after the first three days of pheasant shooting to marshal my evidence. I've a *subpœna duces tecum* to produce the papers in Wagstaff's commission at the Cornwall assizes; that carries me clear to Bodmin: and I am going on a visit to an old client, who lives but eleven miles further; so that the costs out of pocket of my autumnal rustication, this year, will be but a fice-bite."

"Ah! thou'rt a fortunate fellow," said Hassell, with a sigh; "here have I been tied by the leg ever since Trinity term, with annoyances growing out of Joshua Kesterton's will; and fine weather makes me rabid, because I can't go into the country to employ it. Adam Burdock and I will now be the only two principals left in the Inn, except bed-ridden Bailey and poor mad Royston."

"Burdock does not ruralize, I believe."

"Not he: and if he had a mind so to do, he couldn't now; for he's shackled with the same case as myself."

"But can't you meet each other half way, and close it at once?"

"Impossible: it's such an Augean stable, that a regiment of attorneys, with a legal Hercules at their head, could not do the needful in a night. We can't get at the facts—at least we could not until within these few days; and the results of our investigations are so unexpected and staggering, that Adam and I, and, indeed, all parties concerned, are well-nigh paralysed. Such a case has not come under my cognizance for years: if you were not in such a hurry, I'd surprise you."

"I'm not pressed—not at all. I share a chaise with another witness who picks me up in his way from the city; so I have only to keep my eye on the gates: pray step across."

"No, hang it! the sun shines there; see how it exposes the clefts and time-worn face of the building, so that the entire side of the Inn looks as though it were in the last stage of decrepitude: it even makes you look ten years older than you are, friend Waters. An elderly man should always walk in the shade."

"What whims and fancies!" said Waters, stepping lightly across the square. "You're the strangest fellow! but come, your case, in a few words."

"Thus it is with us, then; excuse me, but even in the shade you look really past the figure you put yourself at: let me see, fifty-four, isn't it?"

"Forty-seven! my good fellow! What the deuce—"

"Rely upon it you're labouring under a mistake: it's full thirty years since I first met you in Jay's writ of right. Speaking of you, I should say, in defiance of verbal statement founded on memory, which is treacherous, I find, with regard to age, when we are getting grey; but judging from the date written by the hand of time on the face of the deed, it wrinkles as crabbed as court-hand—"

"I'm sixty. Well, well, be it so; and now for your case."

"No, Waters, you are not sixty; because if you were, by my reckoning, I should be sixty-seven, which I am not: but to resume. This is our case: Joshua Kesterton came to London with no character, and nothing but a penny loaf in his pocket. Good luck threw him in the way of the well-known Paul Winpennie: Paul had compassion on him, and raised him, by degrees, from an errand boy in his office, to first clerk; and, at last, took him in as joint partner in all his concerns. After some time, Paul retired to enjoy a splendid ease for the rest of his life. At the end of five years, he discovered a secret, namely, that an immense quantity of leisure was the worst stock a mercantile man could possibly have on hand. He was suddenly seen in the city again: whether he was not so keen as when he left it, or men had grown keener during his retirement, I know not; but Paul Winpennie, under whose touch every thing used to turn into gold, made ducks and drakes of his money; and, by half-a-dozen unlucky, or, as the world says, mad-cap speculations, was reduced from affluence to comparative beggary."

"Well, all this occurs every day, Hassell," said Waters.

"Ay, ay; but these only are preliminary facts."

"Unfortunately—"

"Hold your tongue, and hear me out. Well, the inquest—I omitted to say he was found dead one morning in his room; the inquest jury returned a verdict of 'died by the visitation—'"

"But I thought it was generally believed that he died of a broken heart, produced by grief."

"We have nothing to do with broken hearts and grief, as a man of your standing on the rolls ought to feel; we can only be governed by the record. But if the coroner's return had been *felo de se*, there would have been but little for the crown to take but his wife; and she, I think, from a know of her, would have been deemed

an incumbrance, by most people; although she soon got another husband."

"What! pauper as she was—"

"I said no such thing: if you interrupt me, I shall punish you by being prolix. Joshua Kesterton departed this life very shortly after his friend and benefactor, Winpennie; and, in a spirit of gratitude to the founder of his fortune, bequeathed a legacy of ten thousand pounds to Paul's widow."

"Bravo!"

"No, sir, it was not 'bravo!' he acted like an ass; for his own daughter, whom he left residuary legatee, was beggared by the bequest. Partly through his own ignorance of the actual state of affairs—partly through unexpected but apparently valid claims, made on his estate after his death, and the failure of a firm, who were his principal creditors; when we obtained a tolerable insight to his affairs, we discovered that, after satisfying the creditors, and paying the legacy to Mrs. Winpennie, which, you perceive, was a positive bequest, whereby she had a clear claim of priority over his residuary legatee, the poor girl, instead of having, as her father doubtlessly expected, a fine fortune, will scarcely get enough to pay for her mourning."

"A bad case," said Waters; "but won't Mrs. Winpennie do something for the girl?"

"That's a riddle which I can't solve," said Hassell; "for, before she had an opportunity to do so, or, in fact, before she knew that her legacy would make a skeleton of the estate, she got snapped up by a young fellow, who says he's a Dane, but whom I suspect to be a Kerryman. From all I can learn, he doesn't feel disposed to forego a farthing; and, as the woman married him without a settlement, he can do as he pleases, you know, with the money, when he gets it. I sincerely wish it may be soon, so that I can get out of town. The investigation of the claims of the principal creditors for whom I am concerned, is now within an ace of being concluded. As soon as the executors get our releases, of course, this gentleman, as he calls himself, who married the widow Winpennie, will insist on the full legacy; and however well inclined our friend Burdock, and his clients, the executors, may be towards the poor girl, who, I must tell you, was married into a mighty high, but very poor family, before her father's death, I can't see how they can help her. By George! here she comes—I dare say, on a visit to Burdock—and without her husband! That's odd. Poor thing! I'd rather not seem to see her. Let us cross over, and I'll stroll with you to the gate-way. Don't stare at her, and I'll be obliged to you."

The two attorneys walked to the other side of the square, and the lady passed hastily down the Inn towards Burdock's chambers. As she ascended the staircase, she heard him speaking, in rather a tender tone, at the door of his office, apparently, to some person who was taking leave of him; and, on reaching the first landing-place, she met a female, attired in a very gaudy manner, and altogether of rather singular appear-

ance, whose handkerchief was held to her eyes as though she were weeping, or desirous of concealing her face. When his fair client reached the office door, which still remained open, Burdock was pacing to and fro within, evidently much vexed and agitated.

"Are you alone, Mr. Burdock?" timidly inquired the lady, after she had stood at the door for a short time without being able to attract the notice of the attorney.

"My dear madam, I ask a thousand pardons," replied Burdock, advancing towards her; "I have been so annoyed that—Did you meet a lady in sulphur and sky-blue?"

"I did, sir: she appeared to be in tears."

"Ah! poor woman! she is much to be pitied; and yet, I protest, her appearance is so questionable, that I sincerely regret that the unhappy state of her affairs led her to pay me a visit. Had she not brought a letter, which I hold in my hand, from a most respectable friend in the country, I should certainly have scrupled to receive her. She's very unfortunate, though, I declare."

"But what are her griefs to mine, sir?"

"My dear Mrs. Wyburn, as I have often told you, bad as your case is, there are thousands who would deem your situation a state of bliss compared with what they suffer. Here, for instance, is this poor woman, forty years of age at least, weak enough to come to me with paint on her cheeks, and dressed in blue and brimstone, but with acute feelings, notwithstanding her folly, who marries a man for love, and, in a few days after the ceremony, is deserted and robbed by him of what should have supported her in old age."

"Wretched woman! like me, then, she is a beggar, I suppose!" said Mrs. Wyburn.

"I fear the poor creature is almost penniless, indeed. Her business with me was to receive a small sum, which my friend, from whom she brought the letter I hold, had confided to me three years ago, to invest for her. I placed it in the hands of your lamented father; and she holds his note for the amount, but we can't pay her. If she had not told me she had a husband, in whom the title now vested, having had no notice from him of the marriage, she must, of course, have had her money; but now it is impossible. And the woman implored me so not to let her starve, that, in order to pacify and get rid of her, I have been compelled to request her to call again; for which I am now most heartily sorry. I feel ashamed to have her seen go out of my office. But, odso! my dear madam! how is it that I see you alone? Where is your husband?"

"In prison!"

"At whose suit?"

"In truth, I cannot tell: it is enough for me to know that he is a prisoner, and that I do not possess the means of setting him at liberty. Kind Mr. Burdock, will you still listen to me? Will you give me your counsel?"

"I am grieved—heartily grieved," said Burdock; "but I really feel at a loss how to advise—how to benefit you."

"Oh! you can—you can, indeed; or, if you cannot, there is none on earth who will. You know not half of my distresses. I am a thousand-fold more wretched than you imagine. Pity me, sir; pity me, and I will pray for you."

"I do pity you, most sincerely," said Burdock, considerably affected; "but let me implore you to be calm."

"I will be calm as marble, sir. I have told you my husband is in prison, without shedding a tear; and now, without a sigh, I will tell you, that my sorrows are of such a nature that I cannot—dare not—must not—breathe a hint to him of what I suffer."

"You positively alarm me, may dear madam. I cannot imagine you have been guilty of any imprudence; and, if not, what is there that a wife devotedly attached, as I know you are, to her husband, cannot confide to his bosom?"

"Oh! much, much, Mr. Burdock. I have no friend—none in the world, to whom I can tell my afflictions, but you; and I have no claim on you to hear them: you have endured too many vexations, in your struggles for my welfare, already."

"I regret that no better success has attended my poor endeavours, Mrs. Wyburn; but believe me, that as far as prudence will allow, my best exertions are still at your service."

"Then you will hear and advise me?"

"I will, as I hope for mercy, to the best of such judgment as I am endowed with."

"Oh! thank you, thank you! on my knees I will thank you." *

"Nay, nay! I must not be repaid thus: I shall charge the consultation in my bill, and I hope you will one day pay it," said the attorney, with a smile. "Come, again let me entreat you to be calm."

"I am sure I shall be so; I have overcome the bitterness of bringing my mind to tell you my little tale, and I feel capable of doing so properly. Your kindness gives me additional courage and self-command. I shall endeavour to restrict myself to simple facts, and I will go through the task, unless my heart break in the attempt. Are we free from interruption?"

Entirely so; my clerks are both out, and I will answer no one until you have done."

"Then I will begin at once. I solemnly enjoin you, sir, not to reveal what I am about to tell you, to any mortal; for, alas! it concerns my husband's honour—nay, even his life. Much as he loves me, I think he would deprive me of existence, rather than let me make you acquainted with his weakness—I will say his crime; but, as it may save us both from being even more wretched than we are, I will trust it to your ear. When George Wyburn married me, he knew I had considerable expectations, and therefore, did not demand a settlement. My poor father allowed us a handsome income, while he lived: George was high-spirited and gay, but not extravagant; and we had enough—nay, something to spare, after our yearly expenses were paid, until within a few months before my father's death, when a sad and sudden change came over us. At

Harrowgate, my husband, Heaven knows how, formed an acquaintance with a man, who, after a short time, was our constant visitor and George's bosom friend. In three months, under the influence of his associate, my husband became a gambler and a duellist! He was still kind to me, and I concealed his faults from my father. Vain were all my attempts, to reclaim him; I had lost my power of persuading him, but yet I feel assured he loved me. I now bitterly lament my folly in keeping his proceedings a secret from my father; for he went on in his evil ways. At last the climax arrived: he lost more than he could pay; and, unable to bear up against the dishonour which his default would have brought upon him, he abruptly quitted Harrowgate, with a determination to destroy himself. He wrote to his new friend, stating that, ere the letter reached its destination, he should be numbered with the dead. He declared that he felt unable to address his poor wife; but he warmly recommended her to the care of him to whom he wrote, and begged that her unfortunate husband's fate might be revealed to her as gradually as possible. The wretch came to me as he was desired: he told me a little, and I learnt the rest from the letter which George had sent him. Accompanied by this man, I made all possible haste to the place whence George had written. I found him alive and unhurt. His pistols were lying on the table before him, when I rushed into the room, and he was writing to me: he could not leave the world without bidding me an eternal adieu! He had lingered over the paper, which was damped by his tears; but, from the language of the sentence, which he was penning when we entered, his resolution to destroy himself seemed to have been unshaken; and, I am convinced that, had we not arrived sooner than he expected, and had not his heart urged him to assure me that he loved and blessed me in his last moments, I should that day have been a widow. He embraced and wept over me, but blushed before his friend, and seemed dreadfully enraged at our arrival. When I, at length, succeeded in soothing him a little, he asked my companion to advise him how he ought to act. The reply I can never forget. It was this: 'Why, truly, Mr. Wyburn, after having stated that you were going to commit suicide, there is but one course to save your reputation, namely, to keep your word; but, as I suppose no one but myself, except your wife, is acquainted with the circumstance, no doubt you will see the wisdom of suffering certain notions, which, perhaps, are rather too rigorously attended to, in some quarters, giving place to the dictates of religion, et ceteras; that is, if you feel satisfied that I can be depended on to keep your secret.' 'Will you swear to do so?' asked my husband. 'Nay,' replied the other, 'if you doubt me, you have your remedy. Were I capable of wronging my friend, I surely should not be prevented from so doing by the comparatively cobweb fetters of a private oath.' Subsequently, I prevailed upon him, by reproaches and entreaties, to promise me solemnly that he would relinquish all thoughts of carry-

ing his fatal resolution into effect: but he made the most solemn vow, that if either I or his friend betrayed the weakness, or, to use his own words, the cowardice, he had shown, in not completing what he had meditated, he should certainly blow out his brains the first opportunity; for he never could exist under the idea that he was the laughing-stock of the world. Summoning up his fortitude, he returned with us to Harrowgate; and, in a few days, a portion of what he had lost at the gaming-table was paid; for the remainder, he gave bonds payable on the death of my father; and I firmly believe he has never touched the dice-box since."

"Then I am glad to say all seems to have ended more happily than could have been expected," observed Burdock.

"Not so, sir—not so, indeed," replied Mrs. Wyburn; "that fatal friend still hovers near him; my husband still hugs the snake that destroys while he embraces him. Those gambling debts, I am certain, were contracted by my husband with the villain's confederates."

"Then the bonds have been, at length, put in force against him?"

"They have; and I owe my husband's loss of liberty, as I once almost did the loss of life, to the machinations of Blennerhagen!"

"Blennerhagen!" exclaimed the attorney, considerably surprised; "you surely do not mean our Mr. Blennerhagen—he who married Paul Wipennie's widow?"

"He is the man," replied Mrs. Wyburn; "he obtained an introduction to Mrs. Wipennie by means of my husband. Foolish as she is, and lucky as she has been, in one respect, alas! to my sorrow, I sincerely pity her; for miserable will be her fate. She is linked to a calm, determined villain, who entertains no spark of affection for her: the possession of my poor father's legacy, and not her person, was his object in marrying her."

"And how do you know this, my dear madam?"

"Oh, sir! Blennerhagen has thrust his confidence upon me, and I have been compelled to listen to him. Unhappily, he has, or pretends to have, a passion for me; and I have endured the confession from his own lips. He has boldly told me, that, had George committed suicide, he should have offered me his hand, as soon as decency would have permitted him to do so. You find, sir, that I am as good as my word: I tell you this without a blush or a tear, while you shudder!"

"Shudder! ay, and I well may. Thou dost not blush or weep, indeed, my poor young sufferer; but thy cheek is deathly pale, and thy eyes seem burning in their sockets. I beseech you, let us postpone this."

"Nay, nay, pray hear me to an end: I have brought my courage to bear it all; if I relapse, I cannot work upon myself to go through the ordeal again."

"But why not unmask this villain—this hypocrite—this wolf?"

"Your honest indignation makes you forget that my husband's life is in his power. That fatal

letter, which George wrote to him when he quitted Harrowgate with a determination to commit suicide, is still in the possession of Blennerhagen; I saw him take it from his pocket-book but two days ago, although he protests to George that it is destroyed; and the publication of it would, I fear, hurry my husband to self-destruction at once. I know George's temper so well, that I tremble at the idea of incurring so great a risk; and yet what else to do I know not; for the demon, after persecuting me in vain, for months, now holds that hand-writing before my eyes, and dares me to be virtuous!"

"The monster! I will move mountains, but he shall be defeated—ay, and punished."

"Thank you, thank you! my heart thanks you: I knew you would be good; but, alas! I doubt your power. You know not with whom you have to deal. Blennerhagen prides himself on being impregnable: he talks to me of working like a mathematician: he says that all his plans are laid down with such geometrical precision that they cannot fail. He has thrown such a magic web about me, that I have felt myself to be almost his slave; and yet, thank heaven, I am innocent, and loath him. Save me, Mr. Burdock! but not at the expense of my husband's life: save me, I implore you! I have no other friend."

"I will save—I will extricate you, if it be in the power of man. I have worked like a negro for my money, and may soon be past working, and want it. I have debarred myself of every indulgence; but I can—I will afford to gratify my feelings, for once in my life, even at the risk of diminishing some of my hard-earned little hoard. Mrs. Wyburn, I'll back myself, if need be, with a thousand pounds, and, confound the fellow, have at him! Excuse me for swearing; but I'm warmed, and feel a pleasure in indulging—"

"Be temperate, sir, in your proceedings, lest you forget that next to my own innocence, my husband's life—"

"Do not fear, madam. Is Mr. Wyburn in prison, or at a lock-up house?"

"In the lock-up house, sir, in Serle's Buildings."

"Then I'll bail him. Hassell may laugh at me, when he hears that I have stepped out of my cautious path, if he likes; but I'll begin by bailing Wyburn; for his liberty, at this time, is of the utmost value. Within a few days, the great struggle will come on, which must settle the main question between Hassell's clients and the executors: on the fortunate result of that depends your only hope; and a poor hope it is, I must confess: still, Wyburn should be at large to fight it out, and strive to the last. After to-day, I ought to be in hourly consultation with him."

"Blennerhagen knows all this; and, not expecting God would raise up such a friend to George, has caused him to be arrested. As he boasts of generally making his actions produce double results, he flatters himself, also, that I, being thus overwhelmed with this new misfor-

tune, and deprived of the protecting presence of my husband—”

“Curse him! he shall be foiled! I won't put up with it, while I have breath!”

“I must tell you—for, as you now have heard so much, you should know all—that one of the threats or temptations he holds out to me, is this: ‘Wyburn,’ he says, ‘will soon, in all probability, be entirely dependent on my bounty; for, having, through my marriage with Mrs. Wipennie, an entire control over the ten thousand pounds legacy, which will, apparently, eat up the whole of your father's property, after payment of the debts, I can starve Wyburn, if I like.’ This is a specimen of the language which he dares to use to me. Had I my jewels left, I could have procured a sufficient sum, perhaps, to obtain George his liberty, without troubling you; but Blennerhagen obtained them from me long ago, without Mr. Wyburn's knowledge, by protesting that he had spent all he possessed to keep the bond-holders quiet, and wanted money to enable him to make a figure before Mrs. Wipennie. I have been very weak and very foolish, you will say; but what could I do? Blennerhagen dares me to reveal a syllable of what passes at our interviews, to my husband: he tells me that he should instantly detect my treachery by George's conduct. I am forced to see—to hear him: he is the worst of tyrants. If I strive to extricate myself from his wiles, I plunge deeper in his foils. To remain passive is to offer up myself a willing victim to a being, whom, of all others, I abhor. Could I but have taken counsel of my husband, all might have been well; but I have not dared to breathe a word to him of my sorrows; and Blennerhagen well knows how to obtain advantages over a wife, deprived, as I have been, of her natural supporter.”

“It shall be at an end, I tell you: Wyburn shall be bailed, and I'll try if I can't play off a few tricks. W'll countermine this scoundrel. I'll insure your husband's life for my security, and then, if he have so high a sense of honour as you think, he won't fix me as his bail by shooting himself; for I shall make him understand that the office won't pay, if the insured perishes by his own hands; so that we're safe until November; and, in the interim, I'll sacrifice a little to those feelings which laudable prudence has taught me, hitherto, to smother. It's hard if a man cannot make a fool of himself once in his life; and, should I loose my time and money both, humanity will be a plea for me, with my own conscience, and that of every honest man in the world. Besides, I'm only fifty, and shall not die a beggar if it comes to the worst, perhaps. I will fulfil my promise, madam, be assured. Time is precious! have you any thing more to ask of me?”

“A glass of water,” faintly replied Mrs. Wyburn; “a glass of water and a little air, for my strength is gone.”

Burdock, with great alacrity, opened the little window of his room, and brought Mrs. Wyburn some water, in a broken cup, time enough to

save her from fainting. Some one knocked at the outer door, and she almost immediately afterwards rose to depart. Burdock conducted her to the foot of the staircase, begging her to keep up her spirits, and protesting that he thought he should prove himself as good a mathematician as Blennerhagen; “for,” added he, “I have dabbled in the science, and Euclid still affords me amusement in my hours of relaxation from legal business.”

The person who had knocked at the office door just before Mrs. Wyburn's departure, was the bearer of a note from Blennerhagen's wife, in which she earnestly requested the favour of a consultation with Burdock, at her own house, on an affair of the utmost importance. The lady stated that she was confined to her room by indisposition, otherwise she would have paid him a visit in Furnival's Inn; and she protested that, if he did not so far indulge her immediately to obey her summons, she would, at the risk of her life, wait on him at his office.

“Paul Wipennie's choice was always a fool,” muttered Burdock, as he threw the letter on his table, after having perused its contents; “she was always fantastical, and apt to magnify atoms into elephants; but I don't think she would write me such an epistle as this, if something extraordinary had not occurred; ergo, I'll go to her at once. Perhaps I may glean something which may assist me in extricating Wyburn. I hope I shall; for though I have promised his wife so much, at this moment I can't see my way clear a single inch beyond my nose, except so far as regards bailing him, which I'll do as soon as I return. It is possible, that the woman has discovered something; for the most silly of her sex possess an astonishing acuteness on particular occasions. I may meet Blennerhagen with his wife, too: at all events I'll go, and ponder on the way as to what proceedings I ought to take against this mathematical monster; for act against him, I will: on that I'm fixed; that is, if I can find out a way to do so, with any prospect of success.”

As Burdock concluded this little soliloquy, one of his clerks returned; and the old gentleman, without a moment's delay, set off towards Blennerhagen's house. On reaching the corner of the street, in which it stood, he was accosted by a female, who begged him, in a very mysterious manner, to follow her.

“My good woman,” said Burdock, “you are in error, I apprehend.”

“Not if I am speaking to Mr. Burdock, and if you are going to Mrs. Blennerhagen,” replied the woman.

“I certainly am that man,” said Burdock; “and you are quite right in supposing that I am on my way to visit that lady: what then?”

“Follow me, and I will conduct you to her. I am her woman, and act by her orders.”

“Mighty odd!” exclaimed the attorney; “but lead on—I'll follow you. I suppose she has her reasons for this; and it matters but little to me which way I go, so that—mark me, woman!

so that I am not led a dance; for though I walk slowly, on account of an infirmity in my knees, time, I assure you, is precious to me. Go forward."

The woman immediately walked on towards a little back street, down which she proceeded a short distance, and then turned under an old arched gateway into a solitary yard. The buildings on one side of this place appeared, by a weather-beaten notice-board, to have been long without tenants; through a low wall, on the opposite side of the yard, there were entrance-doors to the back gardens of a range of respectable houses.

"I perceive," said Burdock, as the woman opened one of the garden doors, "that you are smuggling me in the back way. Give my compliments to your mistress, and tell her, that I prefer entering the ordinary manner. If you will step through the house, I dare say I shall be at the front door nearly as soon as you have opened it."

Burdock then turned on his heel, and strode away from his guide at rather a brisk pace. On reaching the front door, he found the woman there waiting for him. Casting on the old gentleman a look of reproach, and significantly putting her finger to her lips, she conducted him up stairs, and silently ushered him into Mrs. Blennerhagen's dressing-room. The lady, who was reclining on a sofa, attired in an elegant morning-dress, rose as he entered; and, between jest and earnest, reproached him for not having given a more prompt attention to her note. Burdock protested that he had not been guilty of the least delay in obeying her commands.

"Well, well! said the lady, "perhaps I am wrong; but, to a woman of my nerves, suffering at once under indisposition, and the most agonizing suspense, every moment seems to be an age."

"What's the matter, madam?" inquired Burdock. "Where is Mr. Blennerhagen?"

"Thank Heaven! he is out: my anxiety has been intense lest you should not arrive before he returned. My dear Mr. Burdock, I'm in the greatest distress."

"Then, upon my honour and conscience, madam, I don't see how I can be of any assistance to you; for my hands are so full of female distress just now—"

"Oh, sir! but not such pressing—such important distress as mine. Recollect that I'm a wife—a wife, Mr. Burdock, and not altogether indifferent to my husband."

"Well, madam! there are many wives who can say quite as much, I assure you. But now for your facts: I am bound to hear, even if I cannot assist you."

"Ah! you're a kind—a dear old gentleman. I always said so, and now I find that I am right. You have a heart formed to sympathize with those who are in sorrow."

"The world thinks rather differently of me," replied Burdock: "my feelings, I know by experience, will bear as much as most men's.

Business, madam—business has hardened them: but, allow me to ask, what has occurred? You seem to have been ruffled."

"Do I? said Mrs. Blennerhagen, turning to a looking-glass which stood on the table by her side, and glancing at the reflection of her still lovely face, with a look of anxiety. "Well, now I see myself, I declare I am quite frightened. I positively look like a hag! don't I? I ought not to suffer such trifles to affect me so severely."

"Trifles, my dear madam!" emphatically exclaimed the attorney: "I beg your pardon; but I was led to understand, from the tenor of your language—"

"Attribute it to the excess of womanly fears; increased, perhaps, by indisposition, and excuse me. We are weak creatures, as you must know; even the very best of us are agitated into agony, by phantoms of our own creation. My suspicions—"

"Am I summoned to advise you on suspicion, then?"

"Nothing more, I assure you; and, really, I ought to be ashamed to entertain, for one instant, so poor an opinion of Mr. B's taste; and, permit me to say it, of my own person. Now I reflect, it was exceedingly wrong of me, perhaps, to be jealous of the woman."

"I wish, with all my heart, madam, you had reflected an hour ago."

"Would that I had! I should have been saved much—much uneasiness; but I now laugh at my fears," said the lady, affecting to titter.

"I am sorry I cannot join you, madam."

"Ah, Mr. Burdock! I know the interest you take in my happiness; and, therefore, I sent for you to advise—to comfort me. I look up to you as to my father."

"You do me an honour, Mrs. Blennerhagen, to which I never had an idea of aspiring."

"The honour is entirely on my side, Mr. Burdock," replied the lady, taking one of Burdock's hands in both her own; "I feel proud to be permitted to make free with so worthy and so respectable a character. My confidence in you is unbounded, Mr. Burdock: you see, I receive you in my dressing-room—"

"For mine own part," interrupted the attorney, "I should have preferred the parlour; and so, most probably, would Mr. Blennerhagen."

"Don't talk so foolishly, Mr. Burdock: attorneys, like physicians, are privileged persons, you know."

"True, true, madam," said Burdock, rather hastily quitting his seat; "and, now, as the cause of our conference is at an end, I will take my leave."

"My dear sir, you surely are not going to quit me in this state! you have not heard my complaint."

"I thought your mind was easy on the subject."

"Oh! by no means! I am far from soothed—far from tranquilized: your discrimination may shed a new light upon my mind. I must insist on throwing myself upon your consideration."

"For consistency's sake, don't blow hot and cold in the same moment, Mrs. Blennerhagen. Be in a rage, or be pacified; and if I must hear your tale of woe, the sooner you tell it the better."

"You'll promise not to call me silly, foolish woman, then, if you think my apprehensions were groundless."

"Of course, madam, I could never call a lady a fool to her face, even if I thought she deserved it."

"How deeply I am indebted to you! you cannot conceive how much the cast of your countenance, when you look pleasant, reminds me of my late excellent husband, poor Mr. Winpennie! Alas! I never was jealous of him, with or without a cause. He was the best—the kindest—"

"Excuse me, madam; but, however I may reverence the memory of Mr. Winpennie, my time is of too much value, and too seriously engrossed just now, by my duties towards the living, to listen to an eulogy on the dead."

"Well! no doubt you are perfectly right: the value of your time, I know, must be great. In a few words, then, about two hours ago, my servant acquainted me that there was a strange-looking creature inquiring at the door for Mr. Blennerhagen. She was painted up to the eyes, and dressed in a vulgar amber-coloured pelisse, with staring sapphire ribbons—"

Burdock here interrupted the lady, by exclaiming, "hang me if I wasn't the woman in brimstone and blue!" at the same time bursting into a hearty laugh.

"Why, Mr. Burdock, you astonish me!" exclaimed Mrs. Blennerhagen; "I beseech you to cease; my head will split—you shatter my nerves to atoms. I insist upon your explaining yourself. I shall scream if you don't cease laughing, and tell me the meaning of this mysterious conduct."

"Oh, madam!" replied Burdock, endeavouring to resume his gravity, "do not be alarmed at that unhappy creature; I sent her here."

"Is it possible, Mr. Burdock, that a man of your respectability can have such acquaintance?"

"The woman is not what she appears, Mrs. Blennerhagen. I saw her, for the first time in my life, to-day. Her business with me was briefly as follows:—About three years ago, a certain sum was remitted to me by a country attorney, for whom I act as agent, to invest for this woman. I deposited it in the hands of Joshua Kesterton. Circumstances now compel her to call in her money: but a legal difficulty occurs in paying her off; and I referred her to Mr. Blennerhagen, who, in all probability, will be the party most interested in the matter; thinking that, as the sum was small, he might, perhaps, from motives of charity, relieve the woman's wretchedness, by waiving the legal objection at his own risk. Ha, ha! And so I have to thank the woman in sulphur and blue for my walk, eh?"

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"Mr. Burdock, I vow, sir, that you overwhelm me with confusion; but if you were a woman, I am sure you would admit, that when a female of this lady's appearance makes such particular inquiries after a newly-married man, and refuses to tell her business to his wife—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" exclaimed the attorney again; "that too, I plead guilty of producing. I told her, that you had nothing to do with the matter; for that the legal estate was vested, by your marriage, in Blennerhagen. I am willing to acknowledge, that the circumstances were suspicious; and, as long as I live, be assured, that I will never send a female, in a yellow and azure dress, to a married man again. Hoping that you will forget the uneasiness which I have innocently brought upon you, I now, madam, beg permission to withdraw."

Burdock had risen from his chair, and was on the point of taking up his hat and cane, when Mrs. Blennerhagen's servant entered the room, and said, in a hurried tone, that her master was at the street door.

"Then I'll wait to see him," said Burdock, placing his hat and cane on the table again, and resuming his seat.

"Heavens, sir! are you mad?" exclaimed Mrs. Blennerhagen. "Unfortunate woman, that I am! I did not expect him this half-hour. What is to be done, Wilmot?"

"Don't be alarmed, madam," replied the woman; "there's quite time enough for the gentleman to get into the cupboard."

"Is there no other resource left, Wilmot?"

"None that I can see, madam!" replied the woman; "he'll meet master on the stairs if he goes down; and though there's time enough, there's no time to be lost. Sir," added she, taking up the attorney's hat and cane, "you'd better slip in at once."

"Slip in!" exclaimed Burdock; "why should I slip in? What do you mean?"

"Don't speak so loud, sir; master will hear you," said Wilmot.

"What do I care?" cried Burdock, in a stern tone; "are you out of your senses? Why should I hide like a galivanting beau in a farce?"

"Oh! the wretch! he'll be the ruin of my reputation!" exclaimed the lady.

"Reputation! What have I to do with your reputation, Mrs. Blennerhagen?"

"This is my mistress's dressing-room, you see, sir."

"Well you brought me here, woman; and, if it is, as your mistress says, attorneys, like physicians, are privileged persons."

"Oh! he won't discriminate, Wilmot. Don't you know, you cruel man, that we can't blind others with what we blind ourselves? I am as pure as an angel; but appearance is every thing; and Mr. Blennerhagen is more jealous than a Turk."

"That I am sure he is, madam; for he doats on you."

"And you, Mr. Burdock, will not be complai-

sant enough to save our connubial bliss from being wrecked for ever. If you don't comply, I must scream out, and say you intruded yourself."

"Will you hear me speak?" cried the enraged attorney.

"Hark, how he bawls! And he knows well enough the wife of Cæsar must not even be suspected," said Mrs. Blennerhagen; "let the wretch ruin me—do, Wilmot."

"Indeed I won't, madam, if I can help it. Come, sir, if you are a gentleman, prove yourself to be so."

"Bedlamites! will you hear me? Is not my character—"

"Oh! he is a bachelor attorney, and lives in chambers, Wilmot; and you know the character of that class of men is quite obnoxious in case of reputation: but let him have his way; I must be his martyr, I see."

"Come, come, sir, right or wrong, be civil to a lady."

"What, do you think I'll make a Jack-pudding of myself?"

"Stop his mouth, Wilmot; don't let him speak, for I hear the creak of Mr. Blennerhagen's boot."

The lady and her woman now seized on the astonished attorney, and thrust him into a closet. The door was instantly closed on him, and the key turned in the lock. Mrs. Blennerhagen returned to the sofa; and Wilmot was applying a smelling-bottle to her nose, bathing her brows, &c. as though she were just reviving from a fainting fit, when the majestic Blennerhagen entered the room.

With a keen and hurried glance he seemed to survey every object around him, while he closed the door. He then approached the sofa, and uttered a few endearing epithets while he relieved Wilmot from the task of supporting her mistress. Anxious to get rid of him, Mrs. Blennerhagen rapidly recovered; and her husband having, apparently, by accident, mentioned that he had left a friend in the parlour, she urged him, by all means, to return to his guest, as she found herself comparatively well, and desirous of obtaining a little repose. Blennerhagen kissed her cheek; and after recommending her to the care of Wilmot, passed round the sofa to a writing-desk, which was placed on a table behind it, where he remained a few moments, and then hastily withdrew.

Mrs. Blennerhagen immediately resumed her activity. "Now, my dear Wilmot," said she, "our only hope is to get the attorney down the back stairs, and away through the garden."

"That is how I have settled it, madam, in my own mind," said the woman: "master won't be up again at least these ten minutes."

"If you have any pity, emancipate me from this state of torture," groaned poor Burdock: "I would face a roaring lion rather than remain here any longer: my reflections are most poignant."

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed Mrs. Blennerhagen, "I've lost the key."

"Then, of course, you will permit me to burst open the door," said the attorney.

"Not on any account, be patient I beseech you. Wilmot, where could I have put it?"

"I don't know, madam; you locked the door yourself: search in your bosom."

"I have, but it is not there; nor on the sofa—nor any where. You must have had it."

"Indeed, madam, I never saw it since you took it off the shelf to lock the door."

"Women!" exclaimed Burdock, whose patience was completely worn out; "rash, mischievous, accursed woman! take notice that I am become desperate; and if you do not find the key and release me instantly, I shall certainly break out, and depart, at all hazards."

"For all our sakes have patience, sir," said the lady, in a soothing tone; "be quiet but for a few moments; I hear Mr. Blennerhagen's boot again."

Before his wife could reach the sofa, Blennerhagen strode in, accompanied by a stranger.

"Outraged, injured, as I am," said he, fixing his dark eye indignantly on his wife, "I make no apology for thus introducing a stranger to your apartment. This gentleman is my friend, and comes here with me, at my own request, to be a witness of my shame; so that I may be able to obtain legal reparation, at least, from the unknown assassin of my happiness. Peterson," added he, turning to the stranger, "take the key and open that closet-door."

"Lord! Mr. Blennerhagen," said the lady, with a forced laugh; "don't carry on the joke, by making such serious faces. I told you, Wilmot, he would be too deep for us: see, now, if he has'n't got the key. Where did you find it, love?"

"I took it, madam, from your hand," replied Blennerhagen, "when your mind was occupied in affecting a painful and languishing recovery from syncope. This may be a jest to you, but it is none to me; nor shall it be to him who has wronged me. I have set my mark upon the villain: perceiving a portion of male attire, which I could not recognize as my own, hanging from the crevice of the closet-door, while I appeared to be busy at the desk behind you, I cut it off. I have it here," added Blennerhagen, producing a triangular piece of brown cloth from his pocket; "let the man who owns it claim it if he dare."

"Adam Burdock dares to claim his own in any place," exclaimed the attorney, bursting the door open with one furious effort; "that's a piece of the tail of my coat."

"Mr. Burdock!" exclaimed Blennerhagen.

"Ay, sir! Mr. Burdock, heartily ashamed of himself, for being made a ninny by your wife, or a dupe by both of you and my precious friend, Mrs. Wilmot. You all look astonished; but, be assured, there is no one here half so astonished as myself. I believe you to be capable of any thing, Blennerhagen; but, on a moment's consideration, I think your wife is too much of a simpleton to act as your confederate, in a plot on

my pocket; and notwithstanding your skill in mathematics, I am willing to attribute all this to mere accident."

"He calls me a simpleton, Wilmot; he casts a slur on my intellects, Mr. Blennerhagen," exclaimed the lady.

"In that he is more uncharitable than myself, madam," said Blennerhagen; "it may be an accident, it is true; but I question whether the gentleman, with all his professional skill, will be able to persuade a special jury to think so."

"I am sure my mistress is as innocent as the child unborn," observed Mrs. Wilmot.

"Hold your tongue, woman, and leave the room," said Blennerhagen, angrily.

"Indeed, I shall not leave the room," said Wilmot: "I'll stand by my mistress to the last, and won't leave her for you or any body else. You're a couple of vile wretches; and there isn't a pin to choose between you."

"Oh! Wilmot, thou art thy poor heart-broken mistress's only friend, after all, sobbed Mrs. Blennerhagen; "she is the victim of circumstances and her own refined feelings."

"Peterson," said Blennerhagen, "I am under the unpleasant necessity of requesting you to remember all that you have just witnessed. You will agree with me, I think, that I ought to make this man quit my house before I leave it myself."

"Unquestionably," replied Peterson.

"I shall do no such thing," said Burdock; "conscious of my innocence, I defy you—I laugh at you; and, before I quit this roof, I will make you wish you had sooner crossed the path of a hungry wolf than mine. I dare you to give me half an hour's interview."

"Ought I to do so, Peterson?" calmly inquired Blennerhagen.

"Not without a witness, I think," was the reply.

"With a score of witnesses, if you will," said Burdock: "events have precipitated my proceedings: with a score of witnesses, if you will. But mark me, man, you shall lament, if we are in solitude, that there will still be one awful witness of your villainy. I will unmask your soul; I will show you to yourself, and make you grind your teeth with agony, unless you are, indeed, a demon in human form."

"Heavens! Mr. Burdock," exclaimed Mrs. Blennerhagen, "what have you to say against my husband?"

"It matters not, madam; he shall hear me in this place, or elsewhere, hereafter."

"I scorn your threats, sir," said Blennerhagen; "and, publicly or privately, I will meet any accusation you may have to make against me."

"Privately be it then, if you dare."

"Dare, sir! Leave the room every body: nay, I insist; Peterson and all. Now, sir," said Blennerhagen, closing the door after his wife, Wilmot, and Peterson, who, in obedience to his command, had left the room; "now, sir, we are alone, what have you to say?"

"Blennerhagen," said the attorney, fixing his

keen eye on that of the Mathematician, "George Wyburn has been arrested."

"It is an event that has been long looked for. I am rather hurt that, in communicating with his friends on the subject, he should have given you a priority over myself. I lament to say that he has fallen into bad hands."

"He has," replied Burdock; "but I will endeavour to release him."

"I thank you on behalf of my friend," said Blennerhagen, with a malicious smile; "but I would suggest, with great humility, that you will find sufficient employment, at present, to extricate yourself."

"Sir," said Burdock, "I wanted but the keynote to your character: every word you utter is in unison with your actions."

"We are alone," said Blennerhagen, "and I can allow you to be vituperative. Detection renders you desperate: that philosophy which enables me to gaze calmly on the wreck of my own peace, teaches me, also, to bear with those who are so unfortunate as to be guilty. I would not personally bruise a broken reed; I cannot descend to chastise the man, who injured me deeply, for an insult in words. The highwayman who has robbed us, may defame our characters with impunity; the lesser merges into the greater offence: we do not fly into a passion, and apply the cudgel to his back; we pity, and let the law hang him. If your hands were quite at liberty, pray what course would you adopt to benefit George Wyburn?"

"I am so far at liberty, I thank Providence," replied Burdock, "as to be able to bail him; and I mean to do so within an hour."

"You do?"

"Ay, sir, to the confusion of his enemies, as sure as I'm a sinner. You seem amazed."

"I am, indeed, to say the least, surprised, and naturally delighted to find fortune should so unexpectedly raise him up a friend."

"I am rather surprised myself; but I'll do it, I'm determined, hap what will."

"It is truly grievous—a matter of deep regret that I cannot fold you in my arms," said Blennerhagen. "How strange it is that the same bosom should foster the most noble and the basest of thoughts. In the human heart, the lily and the hemlock seem to flourish together. If it were possible that your offence against my honour could admit of palliation or forgiveness—but I beg pardon; I must be permitted to write a hasty line, on a subject of some importance, which, until this moment, I had forgotten. It is the miserable lot of man, that, in the midst of his most acute trials, he is often compelled to attend to those minor duties, the neglect of which, would materially prejudice some of those about him. I shall still give you my attention."

"Every syllable—every action of this man, now amazes me," said Burdock to himself, walking towards the window: "he almost subdues me from my purpose."

"I shall be entirely at your service in an instant," said Blennerhagen, advancing to the door

with a note, which he had hastily written, in his hand. "I beg pardon; oblige me by ringing the bell."

Burdock mechanically complied with his request; and Blennerhagen stepped outside the door to give his servant some directions, as Burdock conceived, relative to the note. During his brief absence, the attorney, acting either from experience or impulse, cast a glance on the little pad, consisting of several sheets of blotting-paper, which lay on the escrutoire. Blennerhagen had dried his note on the upper sheet: it was rapidly penned in a full, bold hand; and the impression of nearly every letter was quite visible on the blotting-paper. To tear off the sheet, to hold it up against the looking-glass, so as to rectify the reverse position of the words, and to cast his eye over those which were the most conspicuous, was the work of a moment. It ran thus:—
"GILLARD—I must change my plan—let Wyburn be instantly released—contrive that he shall suspect that he owes his liberty to my becoming security for the debts—BLANNERHAGEN."

Burdock had conveyed this precious document to the side-pocket of his coat before Blennerhagen returned. He resolved not to act rashly upon it, but to consider calmly what would be the most efficacious mode of using it. He felt highly gratified that he now possessed the means of supporting Mrs. Wyburn's statement as to Blennerhagen's treachery. It afforded him considerable satisfaction, also, that he might, in all probability, not only, in some measure, benefit Wyburn, but, by politic conduct, force Blennerhagen to desist from giving him any trouble on account of the awkward situation into which he had been placed by Mrs. Blennerhagen's folly.

All these ideas darted through his brain with the rapidity of lightning. He felt pleased; and, doubtless, exhibited some symptoms of his internal satisfaction in his countenance; for Blennerhagen resumed the conversation, by saying, "You smile, sir: the prospect of doing a good action lights up your countenance, and makes you forget your personal troubles. Until this day, you have, to me, been an object of respect. What could induce you to act as you have done—to injure and then brave me? You threatened to unmask me—to make me crouch and tremble before you! I am still erect, and my hand is firm."

"Let that pass, sir," said Burdock; "the novelty—the ridiculous novelty, of my situation, must be my excuse. You can, perhaps, imagine the feelings of an innocent man, labouring under a sudden and severe accusation."

"I can, indeed," replied Blennerhagen. "Do you say you are innocent?"

"I scorn to answer such a question."

"Truly, your manner staggers me; your character has its weight, too: I should be exceedingly glad to see you exculpated. May I ask what brought you to my wife's dressing-room?"

"To that I will reply:—I received a summons from Mrs. Blennerhagen, and was conducted to this apartment by her servant: the idiot wanted

to smuggle me in the back way, but I wouldn't put up with it."

"One inquiry more, and I have done. On what occasion, and for what purpose, were you so summoned?"

"Eh! why—gadso! it's very absurd, to be sure; but there I stand at bay. I must consider before I answer your question: I'll speak to Hassell about it, and hear what he says on an A B case, without mentioning names. Perhaps it wouldn't be a breach of professional confidence either; but we shall see."

"Mr. Burdock, I am almost inclined to think, although appearances are powerful, that I have not been wronged. Mrs. Blennerhagen, although I respect and have married her, is not a woman for whom a man, with any philosophy, would carry an affair of this kind to extremities, particularly where the internal evidence is weak. I am willing to give you the full benefit of my doubts; but, sir, at the least, you have been indiscreet. Your conduct may cost me much: my reputation is at the mercy of other tongues; which, however, I must admit, may be silenced. Should I consent to smother this matter, will you, in return, comply with such request as I may make, without questioning my motives or betraying my confidence?"

"What if I decline to do so?"

"Then I will accept of nothing less than a thousand pounds."

"As hush-money, I suppose, you mean."

"Call it what you please. I shall put you to the test, most probably, within a week. You know the alternative: if you decline that too, I shall go on with the action, which, in justice to myself, I am compelled to commence immediately. That I may not be defeated, I must also leave my house, or turn my wife out of doors, to wait the result. But do not be alarmed, I will abide by what I have said—your services or a thousand pounds. After this, I need scarcely say to you, that I do not think I have been actually injured: but the case is clear against you; other eyes have witnessed appearances which go to impeach Mrs. Blennerhagen's virtue; and I act as any other man would, in demanding atonement, in some shape or other. I shall now send up my friend to see you out."

"*Rem quocunque modo rem!*" ejaculated the attorney, as Blennerhagen closed the door after him. "This fellow is a fearful one to strive with; and I am, unfortunately, in some degree, fettered by the fact he alludes to. But cheer up, Adam! your cause is good; be courageous, and you shall surely conquer."

Without waiting for the arrival of Peterson, Burdock snatched up his hat and cane, hastily descended the stairs, and, without looking to the right or left, quitted the house. He got into a coach at the first stand he came to, and directed the coachman to set him down, as quickly as possible, in Searle's buildings, Carey-street. On arriving at the lock-up house, he found that George Wyburn had already been liberated. He was, in some degree, prepared for this intel-

ligence, by Blennerhagen's letter to Gillard, of which he had so luckily obtained a copy. His regret at being thus anticipated by the agent of Blennerhagen, did not make him forget that it was a full hour beyond his usual dinner-time: he hastened to Symond's Inn coffee-house; where, notwithstanding the unpleasant scenes of the morning, he ate a very hearty dinner, drank an extra half-pint of wine, and perused the daily papers, before he returned to his chambers.

On entering his office, one of the clerks informed him that there was a lady in his private room, waiting, in the utmost anxiety, for his return. Burdock immediately walked in, and, to his great indignation and amazement, beheld Mrs. Blennerhagen. He recoiled from the sight of her unwelcome countenance, and would, perhaps, have fairly run away from her, if the lady had not pounced upon him before he could retrograde a single pace. She dragged him into the centre of the room; where, clasping one of his arms in her hands, she fell on her knees, and implored him to pity and relieve the most ill-starred gentlewoman that ever breathed. "Nothing shall induce me to rise from this spot," continued Mrs. Blennerhagen, "until you promise, at least, to hear me."

"I submit to my fate," replied Burdock. "Pray release my hand; these buildings are old, and I stand exposed to a murderous rush of air. I am naturally susceptible of cold, and have been taught by experience to avoid this spot. Release me instantly, or I must call the clerks to my assistance."

"Promise, then, to hear me."

"Anything, madam! Odo! have I not already told you I would submit to my fate? And a hard fate it is," continued Burdock, taking up a strong position behind his writing table as soon as his arm was at liberty; "I consider myself particularly unfortunate in ever having heard of the name of Burdock, or Winpennie either."

"Don't asperse my late husband," said the lady; call *me* what you like, but don't asperse Paul. I am a wretched woman, Mr. Burdock."

"You're a very silly, self-sufficient woman, Mrs. Blennerhagen," replied the attorney. "Are you not ashamed to look me in the face, after having, by your absurd conduct, and the assistance of your satellite, your female familiar, brought me into a situation so distressing to a man of my respectability?"

"Don't speak against my poor Wilmot; don't call her names: call *me* names, if you must be abusive, and I'll bear it all patiently. As to your sneer upon my being familiar with her, I can safely say that, faithful as she is, I have never forgotten that Wilmot is a servant. A woman who has seen so much of this vile, odious world, as I have, is not to be told that too much familiarity breeds contempt."

"You misunderstand me, madam; but to explain would be useless. Allow me to ask you, coolly and temperately, after what has taken place, what in the devil brings you here? You

must be out of your senses; I am sure you must, or you'd never act thus."

"You will not say so when you know my motives; but, anxious as I feel to explain them, I can't help observing, how cruel it is for you to upbraid me with what took place to-day. I can lay my hand upon my heart, and declare that I acted for the best: any prudent woman would have done exactly as I did; for who could expect that a man of your years and experience would let the tail of his coat be caught in the closet-door!"

"Pray don't go on at this rate: go home, my good woman—go home at once."

"Good woman, indeed, Mr. Burdock! You forget, sir, that you are talking to the relict of the late Paul Winpennie. I hope you do not mean to add insult to the injury you have done me."

"Zounds! Mrs. Blennerhagen, it is *I* who have been injured—injured by *you*, madam!"

"Oh! I beg your pardon; if you had only recollected that your coat—"

"Talk no more about it; it shall be as you please, if you will drop the subject, and come to the point at once. Why do I see you here?"

"I hope I may be permitted to sit."

"Oh! certainly—I beg pardon," said Burdock, handing Mrs. Blennerhagen a chair, and immediately returning to his position behind the writing-table.

"I am, at this moment, exceedingly indisposed, you will recollect," said the lady; "and I ought to be in bed, with a physician by my side, rather than in Furnival's Inn, talking to an attorney."

"You are perfectly right, madam; and I beg to suggest that you should avoid the fatigue of conversation as much as possible."

"I thank you for your friendly hint, Mr. Burdock, and will endeavour to profit by it. Now I'm going to surprise you. Wilmot, no matter how, contrived to overhear a great part of your conversation with Mr. Blennerhagen. It seems that a thousand pounds was the sum mentioned; but Wilmot thinks, and so do I, by good management, with a solemn declaration and her oath, half the money would settle the matter. Now, my dear Mr. Burdock, as you are a little obstinate and self-willed—you know you are, for you've too much sense to be blind to your own little failings—I thought I would come down at once, and, if you wavered, throw my eloquence and interest into the scale. I need not point out to you how much trouble it will save us both, if you can prevent this little affair from being made public. What say you?"

"Why, truly, madam, your matchless absurdity almost deprives me of utterance. You heap Pelion upon Ossa with such celerity, that, before I can recover from the surprise which one ridiculous action has produced, you stun me with a still more prodigious achievement."

"And can you really hesitate?"

"Hesitate, woman! Not at all: I'm resolute! Blennerhagen shall never see the colour of my coin."

"Why, Mr. Burdock! are you a man? Can you, for a moment, seriously think of suffering an injured lady's reputation to be placed in jeopardy for the sake of so paltry a sum?"

"Pray hold your tongue, or vexed as I am, I shall positively laugh in your face. Do you think I am mad, or that I find my money in the streets? But that I can scarcely conceive Blennerhagen is fool enough to think I am such a gudgeon as to bite at his bait, I should certainly be led to suspect what I hinted this morning to be true."

"That I am his confederate? and that we had hid our heads to entrap you? I would rather die than you should imagine that I was so vile a wretch! Oh! Mr. Burdock, I could not exist under such an imputation. To prove that I do not merit your odious suspicions, and as you are so ungenerous as not to come forward with your own money on this occasion, I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll pledge the pearl necklace, tiara, earrings, &c. which poor Mr. Winpennie gave me on my wedding-day, and never would let me part with, even when he was distressed; I'll pledge these, and the ruby suite I was last married in, with my two gold watches, and as many little trinkets as will make up the money, which I'll give you before I sleep, if you will promise to keep the secret, and make the matter up with Blennerhagen; so that there may be no piece of work about it. Now what do you think of that?"

"Mrs. Blennerhagen," said Burdock, advancing from the situation which he had hitherto occupied, and kindly taking the lady's hand, "you are a very weak, imprudent woman: excuse me for saying so—it is the fact; and if you are not more careful, you will, in all probability, get into a position, from which you will find it impossible to extricate yourself. The present case is bad enough, in all conscience; but, I have some reason to hope, that it is to be got over without the sacrifice of your pearl necklace, or the ruby suite in which you were last married: at all events, let them remain in your own jewel-box for the present. We will not have recourse to either, unless, and until, all other earthly means fail. Let me, however, advise you as a friend, should you escape scot-free on this occasion, to be more careful in your conduct for the future. Now don't say another word, but go home and make yourself easy."

"Oh! Mr. Burdock," exclaimed the lady, "this is, indeed, most fatherly of you. Your words are balm to my agitated spirits; a sweet calm begins to pervade my bosom. Good Heavens! what's that?"

"What, madam?" eagerly inquired Burdock, casting a hurried glance around him.

"As I'm a living creature, I heard the creak of Blennerhagen's boot! He's coming! I'm sure he's coming!"

As the lady spoke, some one knocked at the outer door; and, immediately after, one of the clerks came in to announce, that the moment Mr. Burdock was disengaged, Mr. Blennerhagen would be glad to speak with him.

The attorney and his fair visitor gazed upon

each other in a very expressive manner, at this information: the lady whispered, "I shall faint; I'm sure I shall!" Burdock, after a brief pause, told the clerk that he should be at liberty in one minute, and the young man retired.

"How exquisitely annoying!" exclaimed the attorney, as soon as the door was closed; "this is the consequence of your indiscretion, madam."

"Don't abuse me, sir; don't tread upon a worm!" replied the lady. "We should not lose time in talking, but set our wits to work at once. Oh! if Wilmot were here now! That stupid clerk! couldn't he as well have said you were out, or particularly occupied, and told Mr. Blennerhagen to call again? Where shall I conceal myself? Have you no little room?"

"Not one, I am happy to say."

"Nor even a cupboard?—of course you have a cover: I can squeeze in any where, bless you!"

"There is not a hiding-place for a rat; the window is two stories from the ground, and excessively narrow into the bargain; so that circumstances luckily compel you to adopt the plain straight-forward course, which is always the best. I strongly suspect your husband has followed you here: to conceal yourself would be useless—nay, fatal. You must face him."

"Oh! Mr. Burdock, you drive me frantic!"

"Nay, nay, madam: pray be calm; don't tear your hair in that frightful manner!"

"Talk not of hair; besides, they're only ringlets which I wear in charity to Wilmot; it takes her an hour to dress my own. I scarce know what I'm doing or saying. Stay! if I open the upper and lower right-hand doors of that press or book-case, or whatever it is, won't they reach to the other wall?"

"Possibly they may."

"Then I can hide myself in the corner."

"Notwithstanding my caution, you are acting as unwisely as ever. I protest against all this, and give you notice that I will be no party to the concealment."

"Do hold your tongue, and be guided by me; you men have really no brains. There," said the lady, placing herself behind the two doors, which, as the side of the piece of furniture to which they belonged stood within a short distance of the corner of the room, effectually concealed her from observation, "now, if you'll only get rid of him quickly, I'll warrant you I shall be safe."

Burdock immediately rung a little table bell, and his clerk ushered in the Mathematician.

"You are, doubtless, surprised to see me so soon, sir," said Blennerhagen.

"Not at all; I shall never be surprised, again."

"A wise man should wonder at nothing, perhaps. Unexpected circumstances, which I will explain, have led me to visit you this afternoon. In the first place, I understand, from my servant, that a female has been sent to my house by your directions: her appearance and story, it seems, were equally extraordinary. May I be excused for having a natural curiosity to know who she was, and what she wanted? She was sent up, I

hear, to Mrs. Blennerhagen: I have no wish that she should trouble my wife again."

"Are you anxious to keep her business with you a secret from Mrs. Blennerhagen?"

"Possibly I may be; but I don't know until I discover what it is: we have all been young. Why do you ask?"

"Simply because your wife is in this room."
"I don't understand you."

"Mrs. Blennerhagen is now within hearing: she stands behind the doors of that old book-case."

"Excuse me, sir; you have dined, no doubt; but I am serious."

"And so am I," replied Burdock. "If you disbelieve what I say, go and see."

"Oh! you vile creatures!" exclaimed Mrs. Blennerhagen, rushing from the place of her concealment; "you pair of wretches! A plot! a plot! There's a vile plot laid between you to delude—to vilify—to destroy me. I see through it all. And you—you old, abandoned man," added the lady, addressing Burdock, "to lend yourself to such a scheme! I'm ashamed of you! You've played your parts well; but I will be a match for you. Oh! Heavens! is this the way to treat a wife? Mr. Blennerhagen, you may well look confounded."

"Confounded!" exclaimed Blennerhagen; "I'm thunder-struck!"

"Ay! no doubt you are. What, I am to be got rid of, I suppose, by this vamped-up affair between you and your satellite, as he dares to call poor Wilmot, to make room for your creature in sapphire and yellow. If I die in the attempt, I will see the bottom of it all, and expose you both!" Mrs. Blennerhagen now bustled out of the office.

"This woman is foolish," said Blennerhagen.

"I think so, decidedly," quoth the attorney.

"What brought her here, pray?"

"Why, as I was a little obstinate and self-willed, she came to throw her interest and eloquence into the scale, (I use her own words,) and induce me to prevent our little affair from being made public. Her woman, who overheard the conversation which I had with you this morning, seems to think that, although you ask a thousand pounds, with a little management, a solemn declaration of innocence, and her own oath, half the money would settle the matter. Ha, ha!"

Blennerhagen bit his lip. After a short pause, he inquired if the attorney had yet made up his mind to state, on what occasion, and for what purpose, he had visited Mrs. Blennerhagen in her dressing-room.

"I have not spoken to Hassell on the subject," replied Burdock; "but I feel no repugnance, under present circumstances, to say that she sent for me because she was jealous of the woman in brimstone and blue. I have her note, if you wish to look at it. When she heard you coming, I was pushed, *nolens volens*, into the cupboard, by your wife and her maid. That, briefly, is the whole of the matter. By-the-by, I should add, that I acquainted Mrs. Blennerhagen with the lady's

business, and I am now willing to do you the same service."

"You are very obliging: to ascertain that, is partly my object in calling on you."

Burdock now went through the particulars of the poor woman's case with great minuteness. Blennerhagen listened very attentively, and, at the conclusion of the recital, observed, "This is all new to me."

"Of course it is," replied the attorney; "because, legally speaking, you have nothing to do with it. It concerns the executors, in the first instance; and not you, who, by your marriage, merely represent the legatee. Their straightforward course is to send the woman about her business, because she is a *feme covert*, and cannot give a release—the title being in her black-guard husband. The executors are bound to act strictly; but, if you, who are the party beneficially interested, out of motives of feeling think fit to run the risk of consenting to her paltry claim being paid off, out of your enormous legacy, why, of course, they would willingly do it. To give her a chance, I took leave to refer her to you, in order that you might hear the story from her own lips."

"I shall be happy to be guided by you," said Blennerhagen; "but I see nothing, for my own part, in this case that should induce us to go out of the usual course. Were we to put our hands into our pockets to relieve every deserving object that occurs to our notice, we should soon become paupers ourselves. Those who are rich have often as powerful calls on their charity for hundreds—nay, thousands, as pence; but they are compelled to exert their philosophy, and conquer their inclinations to relieve; in fact, for their own sakes, to marshal reason against mere feeling. You ground your appeal on the score of charity; but I could name much greater objects of charity than this woman. She must abide by the consequences of her own folly. She has been stripped of her property, and deserted by her husband, you say. Well, that's hard, I confess; but you know such cases are continually occurring. It would require the exchequer of a Cæsus to remunerate—for that is the proper word—to remunerate all the women who have been plundered by those whom they have chosen to make legal proprietors—observe me—legal proprietors of their property. Besides, we have only this person's own word in support of her strange statement. How do we know but what she was quite as improvident as her husband? And who is to say that, instead of his deserting his wife, the lady herself might not have driven him from his home? It is in the power of some of the sex to do such things."

"That may be true enough," said Burdock; "but I am warranted in saying the contrary is the fact, in the present case, by the letter of a most respectable correspondent, which the woman brought with her. That the husband was a most consummate villain, I have ample evidence. My informant states—but I will read that portion of his epistle," continued Burdock, taking a let-

ter from his desk: "speaking of the husband, he says, 'during his short stay in our neighbourhood, previously to the marriage, he contrived, by obtaining goods on credit from several tradesmen, to support a respectable appearance; and my unfortunate client, believing him to be a man of some property, although nobody knew who he was, or where he came from, encouraged his addresses.' And then, a little below, it is stated, that 'on account of a sudden indisposition with which she was attacked, the wedding was postponed. The delay thus produced had nearly proved fatal to the hopes of our adventurer: bills, which he had given to some of his creditors, became due, and were dishonoured. Proceedings being hinted at, he called the trades-people together, and very coolly requested them to give him time. The creditors said they did not feel inclined to do so, because'—favour me with your attention, Mr. Blennerhagen—'because they had strong suspicions that the bills were forgeries; and that, if such were the case—and they had but little doubt of the fact—it was in their power to hang him. This intimation, which would have staggered any man, but him to whom it was addressed, did not produce any visible effect on his feelings. He very calmly told them, in reply, that even if the bills were forgeries, which, of course, he could not admit, he should feel under no apprehension; for, said he, I know that you are all too needy to sacrifice your own interests for the sake of public justice: you cannot afford to lose your money; and lose it, you certainly would, as you all very well know, if you prosecuted me to conviction. Were I a wretch, without present means or future expectations, I should expect no mercy; but as you are aware that I am on the eve of marriage with a woman of some property, you will act upon that excellent maxim—charity begins at home, and keep the alleged forgeries in your pockets, in hopes that I shall take them up as soon as I am married. You owe a duty to the public, but you owe a greater to yourself and to your families; and you'd much rather take ten shillings to the pound, than see me, even if I were guilty, dangling at your expense in any devil's larder in the country.'"

"Well, sir, the creditors waited."

"They did; but the deuce a bit did he pay them. He got what money he could together, as soon as he was married, and left them, as well as his wife, in the lurch. They have now sent me up the bills, as there's no hope of his paying them, and begged me to get hold of him if I can. They say he has been seen in London without his whiskers; and that, in a few days, they hope to afford me some clue to his present haunts. They refer me to his wife for a description of his person, which I mean to get of her at our next interview, if I can persuade the woman to be calm enough to give it me."

"What is her name?"

"Tonks."

"Then I am right in my suspicions."

"To what do you allude?"

"Mr. Burdock," said Blennerhagen, "I will not scruple to confess that I know the man, Tainted as his character now is, he has been worthy of esteem. Once in his life, sir, he did me so essential a service—greatly to his own detriment—that I have ever since groaned under the obligation; and never, until this moment, did I entertain a hope of being able to relieve myself from its weight."

"This is very odd," said the attorney; "but I am resolved not to be amazed. And, pray, on what do your hopes to help him rest?"

"On my interest with you."

"That is not worth a button; and, if it were, I don't see how you could benefit the man. Professional pursuits have not altogether destroyed my feelings; but I don't think that I should repent having been instrumental in bringing such a villain as this to justice."

"Do not let us be too hasty in consigning a man to infamy," replied Blennerhagen. "Circumstances are often powerful palliatives of guilt; and circumstances, you know, are not always—are they ever—under our control? Offences, which, abstractedly considered, appear heinous, would lose much of their odium, were we in possession of the whole chain of consequences, from the first inducement to commit crime, to its final consummation; and it would be but common charity to hope that such may have been the case in the present instance. I stand excused, at least, I trust, for endeavouring to evince my gratitude to this man."

"How can you possibly do so?"

"By procuring the destruction of those bills."

"What did you say?"

"Destroy those acceptances in my presence, and do me a trifling favour; which I shall presently mention—understanding, of course, that you will solemnly assure me I have not been injured—and the events of this morning shall be buried in oblivion."

"Why, I really thought you had more sense than to make so absurd a proposal," said the attorney; "how am I to account to my clients for the loss of their papers?"

"Oh! every one knows that man is fallible, and may mislay things: clerks, too, who have access to an attorney's private room, are poor, and open to temptation: laundresses frequently sweep valuable documents off the floor and burn them: even iron chests are not impregnable; and robberies take place in spite of every precaution."

"I certainly never met with your equal, Blennerhagen, and I'll tell you a piece of my mind presently; something has just struck me."

"I'll hear you with pleasure; but let us dispose of this little matter at once: hand me over the bills, pay the woman what she wants, and send her back into the country to-morrow morning. Tonks has many excuses for his conduct, with which, however, it is needless to trouble you. He has acted improperly—I will even say criminally; but I cannot let this opportunity escape of balancing our obligations. I shall feel much

more easy after it. I must, therefore, press you to oblige me."

"You stated, just now, that you had some other little favour to ask."

"Had we not better settle this affair first? My plan is always to clear away as I proceed."

"I, on the contrary, when any arrangement is contemplated between parties, like to bring every point into hotch-pot; as a preliminary step."

"Say no more, Mr. Burdock; I will yield with pleasure. It is rather a disagreeable subject on which I am compelled to touch; but I will go into it at once. Wyburn's wife has been with you to-day: she stated something to my disadvantage."

"What induces you to suppose so?"

"To be candid, your threats this morning aroused my suspicions. I have since seen Mrs. Wyburn, and extracted the facts from her."

"What facts?"

"*Imprimis*—that she has visited you to day."

"Granted."

"*Rem*—that she has thrown out hints which, if founded in truth, would not, perhaps, tend materially to the enhancement of my reputation."

"I shall say nothing on that subject."

"Can you deny it? If I am wrong, why not deny it? Will you deny it?"

"No, I won't."

"Then it is as I imagined. Now, sir, as you are kindly disposed towards my friend, I wish to warn you, seriously, against that young woman. She labours under gross delusions: an idea has entered her head, that I am her husband's enemy, and an admirer of her person. Nothing can be more preposterous. She has reproached me, bitterly, for every step that I have taken to benefit George Wyburn, under the impression that my proceedings would be prejudicial to him. I acquit her of malice; but she certainly is very deficient in common sense. Perhaps, however, I am uncharitable in saying this; for women, in her sphere of life, are totally incapable of forming a just opinion on the actions of men in mere matters of business. They are like those spectators of a chess-match, who, having obtained only a slight glimmering of the mysteries of the game, consider those moves of a piece which are, in fact, master-strokes of skill, as tending to bring the king into check-mate."

"You are a chess-player, I presume, Mr. Blennerhagen," said Burdock.

"I am, sir; chess is my favourite game. But to proceed with my statement: George Wyburn himself is by no means a man of business. Proud, and ridiculously affecting independence, although he scarcely possesses a shilling, he would disdain the slightest favour I could offer him: he will not willingly be under any obligation to any man. That assistance, which in extremity he might accept from a stranger, he would scorn if proffered by a friend. I am, therefore, under the necessity of acting in the most circuitous manner, to benefit him. If I do good, in my office as his friend, I must do so by stealth. Mrs. Wyburn

H 2

has not mind enough to perceive this: a combination of manœuvres is to her mysterious, and, consequently, fearful; for she cannot imagine how any thing can be fair that is not manifest to her limited capacity. Now, sir, I have already made considerable progress in relieving my friend from his difficulties; and I do not wish to be thwarted, either by this woman's weakness, her whims, or her delusions. I can convince you, at once, of the honesty of my intentions; and I call on you, as at least a well-wisher to George Wyburn, not to countenance his wife's follies, but to put on the wisdom of the adder, and be deaf to her tales; in fact, not to bring yourself into trouble, by becoming the confidant of another man's wife, and her abettor, without his knowledge, in counteracting such measures as his best friend may think fit to adopt for his ultimate, if not immediate, benefit. I am urged to make this communication; I do it unwillingly, but I think you will feel that I am right."

"And this is your request, Mr. Blennerhagen?"

"It is."

"Have you any thing else to ask?"

"Absolutely nothing: I require nothing but your promise on this point."

"And the bills—"

"Oh! of course the bills: your promise and the bills."

"You have omitted to prove to me the honesty of your intentions towards Mr. Wyburn."

"I will do so in a few words. Although piqued at George for not immediately acquainting me with the circumstance of his being arrested, the moment I quitted you this morning, I flew to his creditors, and procured his instant release, by becoming security for payment of the bonds on which he had been arrested. You, doubtless, have ascertained that he is discharged; if not, you may do so at once, by sending one of your clerks to the lock-up house. This, you must allow, is a tolerably good proof of my intentions towards him. You will understand, that I do not wish him to know how far I have gone, as it would be needless, at present, to hurt his pride. We should reverence a friend's feelings, although, to our minds, they may appear failings. You are now convinced, I hope."

"I am!" exclaimed Burdock, with unusual energy; "I am convinced that you are an atrocious scoundrel! Don't frown, or pretend to be in a passion, or I'll show you no mercy. You're check-mated, Blennerhagen."

"Mr. Burdock! what's the matter? What has possessed you?"

"A spirit to put out and amove such a monster as you are from honest society. To dumbfounder you, if it be possible, without more ado, know that I am fully acquainted with the contents of the note you wrote in my presence this morning. 'Gillard—I must change my plans—let Wyburn be instantly released—contrive that he shall suspect he owes his liberty to my having become security for his debts—Blennerhagen.' I have the words, you hear, by heart; and what's

better, for my purpose, I have them in your own hand-writing, in my iron chest. I tore off the impression which you made with the note on your blotting-paper. Now, sir, what say you?"

"Nothing," replied the Mathematician, with his ordinary composure of manner; "nothing, but that I shall be under the necessity of entering into a longer explanation than I could wish at this moment, in order to clear up the circumstance."

"I will hear no more of your plausible explanations: I have heard enough already. It is time for me to speak."

"With all my heart."

"Where is the letter which George Wyburn wrote to you? that letter in which he stated he was about to destroy himself? Be brief in your reply: where is it?"

"Burned."

"'Tis false! I must be explicit: you showed it to Mrs. Wyburn very lately—say within these two days."

"I beg to suggest, that before you give me the lie, (I postpone the insult for a moment,) you should have reflected that even in two days there is time enough to burn ten thousand letters, and that I have not been deprived of volition during that period."

"Admitted, but I know more than you imagine; and I will not be trifled with. You deem it to be so valuable a document, that you commonly have it about your person. Allow me merely to run my eye through your pocket-book."

"You carry this with too high a hand, Mr. Burdock," said Blennerhagen; "you ask too much, sir; and in a manner, that one who possessed less calmness than myself, would not tolerate. I am not to be intimidated. It would be as well, perhaps, if we postponed this discussion, until you are in a cooler mood."

"Not yet, sir; not yet, if you please. I have something more serious to say."

"You are not going to unmask a battery on me, I hope," said Blennerhagen, with apparent gayety.

"It may be that I am. Hear me; I hope I shall be forgiven if I am wrong: should I, however, be in error, a few hours will set me right. I strongly suspect—I will not call you Blennerhagen, for I have little doubt but that—"

"Hold!" exclaimed Blennerhagen, placing his hand on Burdock's lips; "hold! I beseech, I entreat you. Before you utter another word, I demand, I implore the favour of being allowed to commune for a few moments with myself."

Burdock intimated his acquiescence by a nod to this request. Blennerhagen rose from his seat, and paced rapidly up and down the room. A multitude of thoughts seemed to be hurrying through his mind; and large drops of perspiration trickled unheeded from his brow. After a few moments had elapsed, he began to recover his composure, and resumed his chair.

"Mr. Burdock," said he, "I am grateful for this indulgence. It is, I believe, an established

principle, with professional men, that the confidential communications of a client should be held most sacred."

"So far as regards myself, and many whom I know, that is certainly the case," replied Burdock.

"Allow me to ask, for whom do you consider yourself concerned under the late Joshua Kesterton's will?"

"First, for the executors; next, for your wife and yourself; and, lastly, for Mrs. Wyburn and her husband."

"I have the honour to be your client up to this moment, I believe."

"Of course."

"Then, sir, I beg to acquaint you, in that character, that I am Tonks."

"You don't surprise me at all," said Burdock; "I thought as much, and was just going to tell you so."

"I hope I shall do myself no injury by confessing that I perceived you were; and availed myself of the opportunity of stating the fact, in order to obtain the benefit of your silence, and, allow me to add, your advice."

"Nay, nay," replied Burdock, "I really must decline advancing you."

"Well, be it so," said Blennerhagen; "I have sense enough to see that my only safety is in immediate flight. I have been careless in some minute points of my calculations, and my air-built castle topples about my ears; but I must not be overwhelmed by its ruins."

"Understand that I cannot assist you," said Burdock; understand that most positively. Here's a clear felony; at least, I'm afraid it would turn out so. And you see, (it has just occurred to me,) although you're my client under Kesterton's will, yet, as the bills have actually been transmitted to me—"

"I have heard you say, Mr. Burdock," interrupted Blennerhagen, "that while you were concerned for a man, you would never act against him."

"I admit it; but, you see, in a case of felony—"

"Allow me to go on: without my confidential communication, you would, at this moment, have nothing but conjectures to warrant you in calling me Tonks."

"I don't deny it."

"I am under your roof, too."

"Granted."

"Lastly—villain as you deem me, I am unfortunate as well as guilty. My actions have been culpable, I confess. Money, money, has been my object: I have been compelled to catch little fish, to bait my hooks for great ones. The woman who calls herself Tonks, (which is not my real name,) has been, unfortunately for herself, one of my victims. I wanted money, and I scrupled not at any scheme that appeared safe, to get it. The end sanctified the means. I have a father, Mr. Burdock, a grey-headed man, who has pined in prison during three miserable years: I am the wretched cause of his sufferings. He was convicted in large penalties, for offences against the

revenue, committed by me—by me, alone, Mr. Burdock. I attempted to bring the onus of the offence on myself, and to relieve him from the accusation; but justice, in this case, was blind, indeed. My father is in his cell, sir; but, although balked in my designs at present, yet still, while I have existence, in other scenes—in other lands, rather, for I am no longer safe here, I will wrestle with fortune, at all hazards, until I procure a sufficient sum to effect his release."

"Suppose for a change, as you have hitherto been unsuccessful, you were to adopt some honest course—I mean if you escape."

"Perhaps I may: guilt, however, is but comparative, and—"

"Well, enough of this. What have you to say to your attempt on the virtue of Mrs. Wyburn?"

"I was under the influence of a passion which I could not control."

"You'll be hung as sure as you're born, if you suffer yourself to be governed by such sophistry as you preach."

"I hope not," replied the Mathematician, "for it would break that old man's heart, who has no joy to support him in his captivity, but his joy as a father in me. If I had freed him, he must not have known how I obtained the means to do so."

"Another reason for your being honest," observed Burdock; "Make a beginning, and you'll find the path pleasant afterwards: only make a beginning."

"I will, immediately," replied Blennerhagen, taking several papers from his pocket-book, and laying them upon the attorney's table: "there is George Wyburn's letter," added he; "and there are the bonds on which he has been arrested. Hush! Was not that a knock at the door of your chambers?"

Voices were now heard in the outer office; and, in a short time, Burdock's clerk came into the room to announce the arrival of Mrs. Blennerhagen and Mrs. Tonks.

"My second wife, doubtless, obtained her predecessor's address this morning," said Blennerhagen, "and has been to fetch her. Come in and shut the door, young man," continued he, addressing the clerk; "I think I heard you close your shutters just now: how many candles have you on your desk?"

"Only one, sir," replied the clerk, "at this moment."

"Oblige me by snuffing it out, apparently by accident, when you return to your seat, and utter some exclamation when you have done it: do not delay."

The clerk paused for a moment; but, as Burdock made no remark, the young man interpreted his silence as a tacit acquiescence to Blennerhagen's request, and withdrew. In a few seconds he gave the signal: Blennerhagen immediately strode out, rushed across the outer office, and effected his escape.

As soon as the clerk had procured a light, Burdock informed the ladies, in a few words, of Blennerhagen's villainies; and then left them,

weeping in each other's arms, to go in quest of Wyburn and his wife.

Within a week, the claims on Joshua Kesterton's estate were finally determined; and the amount proved to be so much less than either Hassell or Burdock had anticipated, as to leave a considerable sum, after deducting the legacy. Mrs. Blennerhagen—or, to speak more correctly, the widow Winpennie, not only paid poor Mrs. Tonks her full claim, but very generously augmented Wyburn's residue, by allowing a handsome deduction in his favour out of her ten thousand pounds. Neither of his wives ever heard of the Mathematician again; and, to quote a facetious entry to the old attorney's private memorandum-book, George Wyburn was convinced of the folly of his conduct:

He thought no more of reading Plato,
And acting like that goose, old Cato.

From the Token for 1831.

LAKE SUPERIOR.

BY S. G. GOODRICH.

"Father of Lakes!" thy waters bend
Beyond the eagle's utmost view,
When, throned in heaven, he sees thee send
Back to the sky its world of blue.

Boundless and deep the forests weave
Their twilight shade thy borders o'er,
And threatening cliffs, like giants, heave
Their rugged forms along thy shore.

Pale Silence, mid thy hollow caves,
With listening ear in sadness broods,
Or startled Echo, o'er thy waves
Sends the hoarse wolf-notes of thy woods.

Nor can the light canoes, that glide
Across thy breast like things of air,
Chase from thy lone and level tide,
The spell of stillness, reigning there.

Yet round this waste of wood and wave,
Unheard, unseen, a spirit lives,
That, breathing o'er each rock and cave,
To all a wild, strange aspect gives.

The thunder-riven oak, that flings
Its grisly arms athwart the sky;
A sudden, startling image brings
To the lone traveller's kindled eye.

The gnarled and braided boughs, that show
Their dim forms in the forest shade,
Like wrestling serpents seem, and throw
Fantastic horrors through the glade.

The very echoes round this shore
Have caught a strange and gibbering tone,
For they have told the war-whoop o'er,
Till the wild chorus is their own.

Wave of the Wilderness, adieu!
Adieu ye Rocks, ye Wilds and Woods!
Roll on, thou Element of Blue,
And fill these awful solitudes!

Thou hast no tale to tell of Man,
God is thy theme. Ye sounding caves,
Whisper of Him, whose mighty plan
Deems as a bubble all thy waves!



DANCING.

PETITS Battemens sur le coude-pied (Fig. 12) are very difficult of execution: they are practised by accomplished dancers, for the purpose of giving ease in elevation, and what is termed *aplomb*; they also impart, in certain steps, that vivacity, which no other practice will give: we here, of course, allude to professional, and not private dancing. The reader may, however, attempt them; and if she can succeed in executing them, they certainly form a graceful and beneficial exercise. They are first performed with one foot entirely on the ground; but after some practice, the pupil lifts the heel from the ground, so as to rest entirely on the toes, and executes the battemens in that position with great rapidity. If the knee and hip be free from stiffness, the difficulty of the exercise is partially overcome; and it is, in the first instance, to produce an easy pliability in those parts, that they are principally practised. These Battemens consist of a rapid movement of the right foot, from the instep to the hinder part of the leg, by a mere movement of the knee.

Having gone through the positions and Battemens with the right foot, it is absolutely necessary to do them with the left; observing, at the same time, that when the positions are practised with the right foot, the left must, of course, in its turn, remain stationary, and the whole of the weight be thrown upon it. The Battemens should be practised until the pupil can make them with some degree of, what a professional dancer would call, brilliance, with either foot, unassisted by the support which is necessary when they are commenced.

Before concluding our article, we deem it expedient to describe the approved mode of performing the Curtsey; and as our aim is to improve the general deportment in society, as well as in dancing for the ball-room, we shall offer a few observations on walking.

The performance of the curtsy in a proper manner, proves a matter of difficulty to some young ladies; but it will be found very easy, after a little practice, to curtsy with grace, if proper directions be given and attended to. The following is the usual mode:—The front foot is first brought into the second position; the other is then

drawn into the third behind, and passed immediately into the fourth behind—the whole weight of the body being thrown on the front foot; the front knee is then bent, the body gently sinks, the whole weight is transferred to the foot behind while rising, and the front foot is gradually brought into the fourth position. The arms should be gracefully bent, and the hands occupied in lightly holding out the dress. The first step in walking, after the curtsy, is made with the foot which happens to be forward at its completion. The perfect curtsy is rarely performed in society, as the general salutation is between a curtsy and a bow (Fig. 13).

The manner of walking well is an object which all young ladies should be anxious to acquire; but, unfortunately, it is a point too much neglected. In the drawing-room, the ball-room, or during the promenade, an elegant deportment—a “poetry of motion,”—is, and ever will be, appreciated. The step ought not to exceed the length of the foot; the leg should be put forward, without stiffness, in about the fourth position; but without any effort to turn the foot out, as it will tend to throw the body awry, and give the person an appearance of being a professional dancer, as exemplified in fig. 14, which is tolerably correct in other respects, except in the position of the feet. The head should be kept up and the chest open: the body will then attain an advantageous position, and that steadiness so much required in good walking. The arms should fall in their natural position, and all their movements and oppositions to the feet be easy and unconstrained. The employment of a systematized method to teach young ladies how to walk, a practice adopted by many parents and heads of seminaries, is much to be deprecated. The stiffness acquired under regimental tuition, is adverse to all the principles of grace, and annihilates that buoyant lightness which is so conducive to ease and elegance in the young.

S L A N D E R .

The whispered tale

That like the fabled Nile, no fountain knows,
Fair faced deceit, whose wily conscious eye
Ne'er looks direct. The tongue that licks the dust,
But when it safely dares, is prompt to sting.

A DAUGHTER'S PRAYER.

Written by one of the most distinguished authors now living, for the use of his own little daughter. Its beautiful simplicity will recommend it at once to every parent.

Ere on my bed my limbs I lay,
 God grant me grace my prayers to say!
 Oh God preserve my mother dear
 In health and strength for many a year;
 And oh, preserve my father too,
 And may I pay him reverence due!
 And may I my best thoughts employ
 To be my parents' hope and joy!
 Oh! likewise keep my brothers both
 From evil doings and from sloth,
 And may we always love each other,
 Our friends, our father and our mother!
 And still, oh Lord, to me impart
 An innocent and grateful heart,
 Till after my last sleep, I may
 Awake to thy eternal day!

DAWN.

Throw up the window. 'Tis the morn of life
 In its most subtle luxury. The air
 Is like a breathing from the rarer world;
 And the south wind seems liquid, it o'er steals
 My bosom and my brow so bathingly!
 It has come over gardens, and the flowers
 That kiss'd it are betray'd; for, as it parts
 With its invisible fingers, my loose hair,
 I know it has been trifling with the rose,
 And stooping to the violet. There is joy
 For all God's creatures in it. The wet leaves
 Are stirring at its touch, and birds are singing,
 As if to breathe were music; and the grass
 Sends up its modest colour with the dew,
 Like the small tribute of humility.
 Lovely, indeed, is morning; I have drunk
 Its fragrance and its freshness, and have felt
 Its delicate touch, and 'tis a kindlier thing
 Than music, or feast, or medicine.

ANNA AND EUDOSIA,

A POLISH STORY.

THE family of Zamoiski is one of the noblest and wealthiest in Poland. The last Count Zamoiska had more than ten thousand vassals; he was universally beloved and respected. He married a daughter of the powerful house of Czar-toriski, whose beauty was only equalled by her affection for her husband.

The princess Zamoiska, however, died in giving birth to a daughter, and his felicity was as short as it had been perfect. The wife of one of his serfs had an infant almost at the same time; she was selected as a nurse for the motherless babe, and came to live in the castle of Zamoiski, bringing her little boy along with her, whom she continued to suckle, along with the infant heiress.

The foster brother and sister were reared together: A cousin of Anna, named Eudisia, and who became an orphan at the age of seven years, was placed with them as a companion, and they became inseparable. Ivan, the little boy, had a most promising mind and disposition; and the old Count at last permitted him to receive instruction from the same master as his daughter, and even in the end sent him for three years to Wilna, to complete his education.

On his return, the supervision of all the domains was confided to him. Ivan felt himself born to command; his very look was proud and open; and his soul was so full of every noble sentiment, that in his pride at the title of brother of Anna, he forgot his own low origin. His parents having died when he was very young, no abasing reminiscences of his native station ever crossed his path. He seemed to wish no greater delight than the distinction of being Anna's brother. He thought he loved Eudisia and Anna as if they were his sisters; and if his preference for Anna were deeper rooted, it was because they had been reared at the same breast. As for the Count, he treated Ivan like an adopted son: he

delighted in his promise of excellence, and looked upon his talents with pride, and counted them as his own work.

It was the two cousins who first discovered that the sentiment between themselves and the foster-brother, was more tender than fraternal affection. Their characters were by no means similar. Anna was lively, but quick, warm, impatient of contradiction. Her father had unintentionally assisted to strengthen this headstrong temperament by giving way to her infant caprices with the most indulgent tenderness. She was so constantly obeyed by every one around her that she would have taken as an insult the least serious resistance to her will. And even when she feigned to pout, in her childish sports, that alone was sufficient: her cousin and foster-brother would yield to her directly.

Eudisia, though treated with perfect kindness, had early learned that she was the child of adoption. Unlike her cousin, she was timid and reserved; and as she grew older she became thoughtful and even melancholy. She was much handsomer than Anna, and though she did not strike so much at first sight, yet she always grew to the heart upon acquaintance. Ivan, when in high spirits, was better pleased with Anna; if any accident had happened, any event to turn to sadness the course of his thoughts, then he sought instinctively the society of Eudisia. But as the disposition of Anna encouraged familiarity, so it was Anna that to all appearance he loved the best.

When Eudisia first noticed this difference, it threw her into a deep melancholy for several days; and Ivan, perceiving her dejection, gave her all his attention; it was now Anna's turn to be dissatisfied and dispirited, she knew not why; Ivan, fearful that he had been neglectful of his foster-sister, and that she was jealous of his friend-

ship for Eudisia, endeavoured by every attention, to make her resume her wonted gaiety. Neither Anna nor Eudisia suspected or understood as yet, the nature of their sentiments for their beloved foster-brother. And if the old Count had been inclined to be suspicious, the perfect impartiality of Ivan towards the two cousins would have set his mind at ease.

As yet the Count had never disclosed his views with regard to his daughter and ward; he was, in fact, putting off all serious thoughts on this subject to as distant a day as possible, on account of the pain it would cost himself to separate the two affectionate cousins. Suddenly one day, he informed them that he was going to be absent a month, and should take Ivan with him. He was going to visit his estates and those of Eudisia. After his departure, the two girls busied themselves with the utmost ingenuity of affection, to prepare a little surprise for Ivan and the father, on the day of their return, by a fanciful festival. At length the expected hour arrived, and the friends whom they had assembled at the castle, and themselves, were looking from the windows over the champaign below, trying to discern the approach of the travellers. It was almost night before they arrived in sight. And the Count and Ivan, anxious to reach home before sundown, and taking advantage of the excellence of their horses, were far ahead of the rest of their suite.

Almost all the villages in Poland are built on the side of a hill, with a lake before it. A narrow causeway dams up the water of the lake, which turns their mills. Across such a narrow causeway was the Count dashing at full gallop, ahead of his suite, and even of Ivan; in sight of his home and cherished child, his impatience as a father made him set spurs to his Ukraine horse, when, at the very moment, a troop of oxen poured slowly into the causeway. One of the animals grew instantly furious at the sight of the rapid gait of the horse, and waiting for the instant that he was passing, rushed across the road and butted the side of the courser. Horse and man with the suddenness of the shock, rolled over and over into the lake. Ivan sprang out of his stirrups and plunged into the lake to the assistance of his benefactor. But the undertaking was difficult and perilous. The Count was entangled in the stirrups, and was dragged by his horse, who in spite of the loss of blood, was swimming desperately fast; and Ivan, borne down by the weight of his clothes, found the old man slip from his grasp at every effort he made to seize him. By heroic perseverance he succeeded to detain the body, disengage the foot, and support the weight of the Count, until a boat that was sent out to their relief, received them both and rowed to the shore.

The consternation and horror of the spectators at the castle can only be imagined; shrieks, sobs and weeping were heard on every side. Anna swooned in the arms of Eudisia, and both were taken to their own apartments more expiring than alive. The unfortunate Anna revived at last to learn the extent of her misfortune. The

physician had bled the Count twice, but despaired of saving him. Every remedy was powerless; life was sinking fast, and although he still breathed, there was no hope. The guests of the festival were taking their departure from the house of mourning, to prepare to return in funeral weeds, and to leave the inmates free from intrusion during the first burst of grief.

It was several hours before Ivan, weak from the violent struggle he had undergone, and the excess of his emotion at the fatal reverse, could present himself before the cousins and mingle his tears with theirs.

About midnight the Count came to himself for a few moments; his eyes sought around till they had alighted on his children; he stammered out the names of Anna, Eudisia, Ivan; and a few drops of a beverage which he drank appeared to revive him still more. With extreme pain, he was raised and propped up in his bed. All three of the young persons clung about him and asked for his blessing. Taking the hand of Ivan in his, he pressed it, and pointing to the orphan girls, murmured, "My son! you are now their only protector." He then joined the hands of Anna and Ivan, and expired.

Anna flung herself on the corpse of her father, and was not detached without great difficulty. When she and her cousin were at last removed from the sorrowful scene, they met at every turn, the festoons of flowers and garlands they had woven with so much pleasure to greet their parent's return; and the contrast rendered their passion of grief still more acute and bitter. Ivan mustering his courage and wrestling with his affliction, to meet the duties and emergencies of the trying moment, took upon himself the removal of every trace of the intended festival, and gave the necessary directions that the funeral obsequies should take place with due honours.

During one year after the decease of the Count, the two cousins lived in the most perfect retirement without receiving visitors. Anna, to the eyes of Ivan the most bereaved of the two, received from him the greatest share of attachment and consolation. To her he was lavish of good offices. He thought he loved her as well as it was possible for him to love, and Anna also thought herself preferred. Interpreting according to her affection the last words of her father, she looked upon herself as affianced to Ivan, and made no longer any secret of her attachment to him. Eudisia lost all hope of receiving the return of love from one whom she regarded with as deep an interest as her cousin; but she suffered the tortures of disappointed love in silence, or whenever her distress was apparent, attributed it to her grief for the loss of her uncle.

All at once, without any known cause the cloud of grief that had so long rested on the brow of Eudisia gave way to good humour and ease of heart; she smiled once more; once more she busied herself about the happiness of others. Ever since Anna had spoken of her love for Ivan, Eudisia had avoided him; but now she sought his society with more eagerness than ever, and

all the intimacy of their childhood seemed to have returned. Even in the very presence of Anna, her eye would rest upon Ivan with all the security of affection, and that expression which seems to say, "Yes, I may yet be happy." This unexpected change at first excited surprise in Anna, and by degrees gave birth in her heart to jealousy. Too proud to complain, she buried her suspicions from Ivan, but confided them to Katherine, one of her women, to whom she gave in charge to watch the movements of Ivan and her cousin. News was at length brought her by the confidante that there had been a secret rendezvous in a bower of the garden, at dawn of day, before any one in the castle had risen.

"Indeed, my lady," said Katherine, "you are betrayed, deceived."—"What proofs," exclaimed Anna.

"Ivan cast himself on his knees before the lady Eudisia, and begged forgiveness; Eudisia, with much emotion, raised him, and then they kissed each other very tenderly."

Distracted to find herself so cruelly deceived by the two beings she had loved so deeply, beyond any thing else that had ever claimed her affection, a secret fire lighted up in the heart of Anna; as yet it was only indignation, but it was not long before these consuming agonies took the consistence of hatred for the deceivers, and she determined to lie in wait for vengeance. The opportunity was afforded her but too soon. For several days the servants of Eudisia had been active in making preparations of relays of horses for the travelling carriage of their mistress. Bating this intelligence, there was no sign apparent of a wish or intention in Eudisia to leave the castle. One evening, she herself, with unusual embarrassment and timidity in her manner, came and took a seat beside her cousin. "My dear Anna," said she, with her eyes glistening, "I must leave you to-morrow; I could wish it would be only for a short while; but at present I cannot exactly say at what time precisely I shall return. The countess Sophia Dalgouriska, who is the sole relative I have besides yourself, is dangerously ill and wishes to see me, perhaps for the last time. I ought to attend to such a summons without delay, and I shall depart to-morrow by day-break. I shall only take one of my women with me; during my absence Ivan will superintend the rest of my household whom I leave behind. Good bye, Anna, and remember your Eudisia; your Eudisia who will love you to her latest sigh."

Anna fixed her large black eyes inquiringly on Eudisia, who flung herself upon her neck, and after many caresses, tore herself away. So much emotion for so trifling a separation, was too extraordinary, to be believed by the indignant but dissembling Anna, and she now was confirmed in every suspicion. She saw that Eudisia and Ivan had agreed upon flight, and that this journey was a mere pretence to put their plan in execution. Eudisia, on her part, was in too deep and real an agitation of mind to be sensible of the coldness, haughtiness, or instinctive repulsion with which

Anna had met her farewell embraces. Anna sought her boudoir, and closetted herself with her trusty Katherine. "It is all too true," said she; "my ingrate friend and lover deceive me, and are going to fly me. My father's benefits and my love are to meet so vile a return; they will rend the breast that trusted to their virtue—haste! lose not a minute—follow them—listen, spy, and report to me every thing you can discover of their intentions."

"Katherine knew her duty, too well, not to hasten to obey her irritated mistress. Anna, in the tortures of grief and jealousy, distracted between rage at the traitors, and regret for the illusions of happiness now vanishing for ever, clasped her hands and flung herself upon an ottoman, the most pitiable martyr to the violence within, that the sun might behold in all his course. Every recollection of fond admiration in Ivan, of tender friendship in her cousin, from their infancy up till now, rose upon her memory; to swell the cup of bitterness. Her whole heart had been open to them, and this double stab had been too deep to be medicable. At this moment Katherine returned.—

"Have you seen them—together?"

"I have just left them," replied Katherine.

"And where?"

"In the very bower, where, as I told you, they met each other every morning."

"Tell me what you have heard"—

"They must," said the confidant, "have been there some little time already, for I lost the first part of their discourse. Ivan was still kneeling, before my lady Eudisia. He had a paper in his hand, which she must have given him, for he was urging her to take it back. Your cousin answered him, "no my resolution is unalterable. Be prudent, keep your promise; remember, I rest upon that. In three days, this secrecy shall be at an end, and every thing confessed."

"In three days!" ejaculated Anna, with a sigh.

"I will set you free of your promise at the altar," continued Eudisia, "until then, my cousin must be ignorant of our designs." Ivan still kneeling, entreated her to delay her departure, if but for one day. "My dear Ivan," replied your cousin, to-morrow, by the dawn of day, that is the time—we shall both have done our duty." Then they both wept plentifully; and as they were leaving the bower, Ivan placed the paper in his bosom, to his heart, and said, "dear Eudisia! there it shall lie; it shall remain there with your secret, and the affection I have sworn to you, both there, even until death!" "Adieu Ivan," faltered out the Lady Eudisia, "manage," said she, "that Anna be not awaked to-morrow morning; my strength fails me at this deception; never should I succeed to conceal my feelings at another interview; let us avoid an explanation that would only lacerate my heart." They then separated; and I hastened back to you, as the night is far advanced, and the hour they have fixed is near at hand."

Anna, when she saw herself thus sacrificed to a rival, smiled bitterly. A blighting contempt of

their treachery possessed her. No vengeance at that moment seemed to her more desirable, more cutting, than to trouble the perfidious interlopers with her presence, and at the moment of departure to confound them with her exposure of their fraud, and the cool dignity of her farewell. She arose from the sofa, and dressed herself deliberately, and with care, and even elegance. Then, in a paroxysm of lassitude and weakness, the consequence of the inward struggles of passion that were suppressed in her bosom, she reclined on her ottoman, and insensibly was overcome by so deep a slumber, that in spite of distressing dreams, she never awoke, until awakened by the noise of the preparations for Eudisia's departure. She sprang to her balcony, and saw her cousin on the point of entering her coach; she was extricating herself from the embrace of Ivan, and handed to him a small box, which he pressed fervently to his lips. Eudisia then sprang alone into the carriage. She had seen enough in the fervour of that caress. In the next instant she was on the steps of her hall, before the courtyard. The carriage had already passed the outer gate; and Ivan, lost and disconsolate, was looking after it blinded with tears. Presently, however, he perceived Anna.

"Dear Anna," said he, "this is unexpected; I could have wished not to see you here. Eudisia and I had both resolved upon sparing you the affliction of a fresh farewell."—"A plan well conspired!" replied Anna with a haughty and sinister smile; "but it is never too late to unmask perfidy; and I now declare, that aversion for you—horror, and disdain, are the only sentiments that are henceforth to be felt by me." "Anna," exclaimed Ivan with much emotion—surprise, distress, and a tone of pride, mingling in his manner: "Is this language addressed to me?"

"Yes!—to Ivan Ivanovitz, to you—and I command you immediately to hand me the box and papers which you have received from my cousin."

"Anna, dear Anna!" expostulated Ivan, "you are wild! Look, all the servants are around us. Come with me. This is neither time nor place for explanation."

"Wild, am I? ay, wild indeed, when I allowed myself to be your dupe! But I am that no longer. Again I command you to hand me those papers. You certainly will not dare to refuse me."

"The manner of your demand, Anna, would be enough to make me refuse, if I were not, besides, bound to keep those papers by a solemn oath," replied Ivan, sternly and sorrowfully.

"This is too much," she exclaimed, "give them to me instantly!" So saying, she sprang towards Ivan, as if intending herself to snatch the papers from his bosom, when her foot struck, and she fell upon the pavement and received a violent blow upon the head. She was raised instantly; but the accident which had resulted from the rashness of her passions, only still more disordered her spirits.

Her cheek glowing with rage, her eye burning,

she screamed with passionate violence, "Ivan Ivanovitz! wretch, you have deceived me! Your baseness deserves the chastisement of a slave—and a slave you are!"

"A slave!" said the bewildered Ivan. "Anna! a slave—I had thought your father's goodness made me your equal."

"Insolence insufferable! how dare you thus outface me? Show me," cried the Countess Zamoiska, "show me your act of disfranchisement! You are a serf, I tell you, a refractory serf, that disobeys the orders of his mistress, and as such you shall receive the punishment inflicted on slaves! Seize him!" she exclaimed, looking round at her throng of servitors and serfs, "and tear from him the papers that he refuses to deliver up to me. Give him on the spot the discipline of the cudgel. A hundred ducats of gold to whoever first executes my orders and brings me the papers!"

No one can believe, without having witnessed it, the state of passive obedience to which the peasantry of Russia and Poland are reduced. One must have seen them, at the command of some petty, subaltern tyrant, inflict without hesitation the barbarous punishment of the knout on women, or even on their own relations, to be able to picture the promptitude with which the blind and intemperate anger of the Countess was respectfully obeyed. Besides, men of all classes take a secret and malicious pleasure in humbling those whose superior merit wounds their envy. The temptation of reward was, in addition, irresistible; and the most degrading of chastisements was soon undergone by the unfortunate Ivan.

The native spirit of his elevated mind would have made him, no matter what the rank in which fortune had placed him, feel sensibly the abasement of such an outrage. The liberal education which he owed to his benefactor, and which seemed destined to embellish his life with exquisite pleasures, now only served to accumulate a thousand-fold, the bitterness of his degradation.

Anna had been transported by wrath into a fit of terrible energy; but it died away with the order which she had given, and which she was too proud to revoke. She felt she had been unjust, however, in thus crushing her victim to the utmost of her power; and with the pangs of keen remorse, she took refuge in her own apartment. There she sank, overwhelmed with shame, before the portrait of her father, whose calm eye seemed bent upon her with a look of reproach. What then was her anguish when the packet which she had so coveted, was handed to her! She instantly recognized a box which she herself had once given to Eudisia, with her miniature and a lock of her hair. It contained nothing but those articles, a quit-claim of her property, and a letter in Eudisia's hand-writing, superscribed to her cousin Zamoiska. Anna opened it precipitately, and hastily read the contents. They told simply, that Eudisia, having struggled in vain against an unfortunate passion, had resolved to quit the world where she could no longer be happy: that, before she buried herself for ever, as a last pledge

of her unalterable attachment, that therefore she bequeathed her estates to Ivan and her cousin. The only condition attached to the gift, was that they would enfranchise her servants, all of whom had remained with her ever since her orphanage, and provide them with the means of subsistence.

"Farewell, dear Anna," thus the letter concluded: "May you be as happy as Eudisia wishes, and the thought of my absence be lost in the love of Ivan! If I restore you your portrait, and the lock of hair, it is to prove to you that I have sundered in twain every earthly tie, and shall now turn every thought towards another and a better world, where I hope to meet you both."

No words can paint the despair of the wretched Anna! She called her domestics; the only words she could utter, were "bring him to me! bring him back! let me obtain his pardon, and die at his feet!" The serfs who waited for the promised reward, were dispatched in search of Ivan. "Go tell them," said she, "that I will give freedom to him and to all his family who shall bring Ivan back to me." The peasants began to scour the fields in search of the recent fugitive, with the same eagerness that they had shown in executing chastisement for an imaginary crime. But every effort was useless, and they could discover no trace of the victim.

Furious and frantic, at the degradation that had been inflicted on him, and every sentiment of love entirely smothered in the thirst for revenge, Ivan had taken refuge temporarily in a forest not far from the castle. There, at times, wild shrieks of passion and despair would burst from him; he would endeavour to make his way through the thickest copse-wood; he would rush into the dens of wolves; thus he spent three days. The third night it rained in torrents; but the drenching of the rain could not cool or allay his consuming fever. "I have tried it," he cried, "life is a burthen that can be no longer supported. I will deliver myself of the intolerable load of life, in the very presence of my tyrant; her days shall be embittered by some recollection of her victim; and death, at least, shall set the slave beyond the scourge of his mistress." He then took up his way to the castle. The flashes of lightning served to direct him through the almost impenetrable forest. At length he perceived the turrets against the sky, just as the clock was tolling one. Walking rapidly, he reached the garden gate, and entered without making any alarm. There were no lights to be seen, except a solitary ray from the balcony of Anna's bed-chamber. "Haha!" exclaimed Ivan, "sleep then flies her pillow; would that my death would banish it thence forever." He soon entered the castle, of which every outlet was so familiar to him, and proceeded to his own apartment. There he sought out, among his wardrobe, for a pair of richly mounted pistols which the old Count had presented to him. These he cocked and primed, and concealing them in his breast, stole softly towards the chamber of Anna.

A slight noise from his step struck her wakeful

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ear—"Oh have you found him, have you found him?"—she cried out, in bewildered accents—"Is it he?"

"Yes, it is he," answered Ivan, as he presented himself before her in the miserable state to which he had been reduced by three days and two nights of despair;—"he has come to present you with a spectacle worthy of your refined cruelty." As he spoke, he drew forth one of the pistols and put it to his head; but Anna, as quick as thought seized his arm. "Give up," said Ivan, "a useless interference: you have dishonoured me, and I might take revenge; your life is in my hands; but I give it you—Live to thank yourself for the loss of one who only lived to love you."

Anna clasped his knees. "Stop awhile, dear Ivan," said she, in the most suppliant manner, "one word, but one word, and I die with thee."

"My heart is still too weak; I cannot refuse you; what would you say?"

"By the sacred name of my father," gasped Anna, "by the mother that reared us both at the same breast; give up this awful project of self-murder. Your sister, your betrothed, confesses her guilt, and implores your forgiveness. O Ivan! have pity on her tears and her penitence."

"Did you think of the memory of those parents whom you invoke, Anna, when for a frivolous suspicion you condemned me to a life of ignominy, that is, if I would prove the coward to wear such fetters?"

"That ignominy Ivan, I shall share with you, if you only will make me your bride."

"What! would I give to the daughter of the honoured house of Zamoiska the name of a man degraded by the scourge? That is something worse than a slave, Anna. If you do not know it, I must tell it to you. Your father neglected to free me, but he thought that his friendship for me rendered forms unnecessary; with his daughter especially—his daughter, whose affection for me was a title perhaps to hope better things. Take back your oaths; you would yet blush to have shown so many favours to a serf. I come to save you from any further regrets of that kind—by my death."

His reason, when he spoke thus, was perhaps, alienated by his wandering in the woods for so long without nourishment; he pushed the young Countess from him, who swooned on the floor, and the next moment the report of a pistol rung over the castle. The attendants hastened, and found Ivan bathed in his blood.

Eudisia had departed from her cousin less resigned than she had expected to be. "Alas," she cried, as she cast a last look back upon the castle, "I have bid an eternal farewell to happiness."

She sought consolation in the thought that those she loved were happy. But to them she had sacrificed her own heart; and therefore is virtue called heroic. As the carriage proceeded on, a throng of peasants came in sight; whose masters had permitted them, for one day, to think themselves happy and free. Among them was a groom and his bride, whose espousals they were just celebrating. Their look of content distressed and

displeased Eudosia. "It is, perhaps," thought she, "because they recal to me the happiness of Ivan and Anna. Have I then imposed on myself a task beyond my strength? O yes! I feel it—never shall I have the courage to gaze on happy faces. I must live among the afflicted, and forget that there are beings in the world to whom rapture is not denied."

She took her resolution accordingly, as soon as she reached Wilna. She determined to remain unknown for one year, or longer, if necessary, and to keep her place of concealment secret, until she should feel herself detached from terrestrial ties. Then only would she allow herself any inquiry concerning the happy lovers from whom she had fled. Meantime her avocation should be the duties of a sister of mercy, tending the sick and the poor in hospitals.

She sent away her servants, giving them their freedom on condition that they would not return before one year to the Countess Zamoiska. After long prayers and genuflections in the chapel, she bent her way at night, alone and veiled, to an abbey in the environs of Wilna. She rang the bell and asked for an asylum. They told her, for answer, that the abbey was now a mad-house which had been just founded by a rich Pole, whose daughter had lost her reason. "It is the guidance of Heaven," said Eudosia, "I will consecrate myself to the service of such unfortunates."

She was presented to the superintendant of the hospital, and begged as a boon to be admitted, and soon gained the friendship of her companions by her suavity and patience. Her affectionate care of the lunatics confided to her charge were so complete, that several were benefitted, and one had been restored to her family. One year had gone round, and in consequence of this cure one cell remained unoccupied, when, in three days, it was appropriated to a new-comer. This was a poor, raving girl, picked up in the streets of Wilna, and whose capricious starts of speech betrayed enough to show that the origin of her madness was love.

The sister Eudosia hurried to the spot, to give her the customary cares with more than common zeal; at the first sight, this new guest interested her extremely; she accounted for it, by her resemblance to one well-known countenance. "Good God!" she exclaimed, "I had almost have thought it was—but no! that ferocious stare is not the frank and fearless expression of Anna's eyes; and that fearful grin!—how unlike to my cousin's joyous smile. Anna is blest with her husband; if sometimes a saddening recollection mingles with their pleasures, poor, poor Eudosia is soon forgotten by Anna and Ivan!"

She voluntarily repeated the last complaint aloud—Ivan!—that name struck the maniac who had been long watching her with a suspicious look.

"Ivan,"—repeated the poor wretch, as she stole near to Eudosia with despair in her looks. "Ivan!—how have you spoken that name?—where is he? when did you leave him? Seize

him!—scourge him like a slave as he is, the traitor!—A hundred ducats of gold to him who will first tear the box and papers from his breast!"

"Oh Heavens!—that voice!"—exclaimed the petrified Eudosia; "who are you, tell me!"

"Tell you! Ah, ha! that's my secret, Ivan cursed the name; my name was noble, and noble as it was, he would not change it for his. That name is accursed; you wish to know it, and I to forget it. It made me proud, and so brought me wo! wo! Ivan likes Eudosia's better, because she is not so haughty; she frees her slaves, and I!—Tremble! if thou art not free; for I—I—scourge my serfs!"

The last words were spoken with that quavering and horrible laugh, which had already made Eudosia shudder, as she compared it with the soft smile of the beautiful Anna. Her doubts were now at an end; it was Anna herself that was before her.

The next day some of the serfs who were in pursuit of their mistress arrived at the abbey, and acquainted Eudosia with the true and melancholy history! At first, hatred and revulsion were strong within her; but it need scarcely be added, that a spirit so heroic as hers soon yielded to the dictates of former friendship. In her pity for the victim she even at length resolved to take the maniac home, to give herself up entirely to her recovery. Her pious care was not lost; the paroxysms of lunacy became less violent and less frequent; but in the lucid intervals, the melancholy of the poor patient was so deep, her sadness so acute, that Eudosia almost regretted the success of the art she had learned in the wards of the abbey.

Here the Princess Lichtenstein finished her story, and our tears evinced to her the interest we had taken in it.

FOREIGN QUOTATIONS.

There is nothing to our eyes and ears more essentially vulgar, graceless, and ignorant, than the interlarding conversation or writing with foreign phrases, exotic words, and sounds, which, though harmonious among kindred sounds, become harsh, discordant, and disagreeable, when planted in the midst of a language with which they claim little affinity. The nasal tones of the French—the guttural of the Spanish—destroy, for example, the melody of an English sentence into which they may be introduced, and break up the chain of oral and rythmical affinities which run through the whole speech of a people. In this respect, perhaps, public taste is improving, and good sense is beginning to put its veto upon that superficial pretence to the knowledge of foreign tongues, which shows itself in the slipshod vanity of dragging in some high un-English word on every possible occasion. It is not thus that literature is enriched, or language improved, but by those quiet and promising studies which gather eloquence and truth in the fields of knowledge.

From the London, British Magazine, for July.

MY MOTHER'S LAST KISS.

BY WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK, OF PHILADELPHIA.

"La Mémoire est le songe d'un homme éveillé."

It was an Autumn evening-tide; and on each swelling hill,
The rainbow colouring of leaves, a gorgeous pall, was still;
The sun went down in mellow smiles, and o'er the quiet scene

There stole a charm more magical, than Spring's untrodden green:

Before my father's cottage door, as the locust cast its leaf,
I drank my mother's parting kiss, in my first hour of grief;
And as the viewless winds went by, with low and mournful wail,

A tear in her thoughtful eye—her matron cheek was pale:
How strangely comes that picture up, from sorrows that are flown,
O'er manhood's restless images, a talisman—a tone!

In Fancy's charm I linger yet, about that sacred spot,
And the crosses of my pilgrimage, are in that hour forgot;
The chance and change that since have been, are fading from my view,

And, looking back, I heed not now, how Time's swift pinion flew:

I heed it not, as to my thought, that parting scene is given,
It was the first all-sunless cloud that o'er my path was driven;

And deeply planted in my breast, the springs of feeling rise,
While Recollection's tokens bring the heart-drops to mine eyes.

How throng'd into that bitter scene, the memories of the past—
Of golden moments wasted, and of hours that could not last;
Of the treasures of my boyhood's clime—the phantoms of its spring:

The fresh unskill'd feelings, that only youth can bring—
Which colour, with their yearning hopes, all vanities of earth,
That, from the newness of the seal, have their ephemeral birth;

Each thrill of wild enjoyment which their passing dreams impart,
As being's hastening wave is lit with day-beams of the heart.

And as the sun descended low, and twilight's reign began,
How, o'er departed raptures, all my busy memories ran!
The blue lake wore a smile of love; and dimly on its shore,
The many-coloured woodlands bent the printless waters o'er;

And blending in the distance with the deep mysterious sky,
The mountain's hazy summit rose—the lov'd of childhood's eye:

Oh! Nature's smile was beautiful—while all was grief to him,
Whose heart gave up its fountain, to make his young eye dim!

How many hopes have come and gone, with vain and transient power,
Since, o'er my buoyant spirit swept the shadows of that hour!

On a false world, my ardent dreams, like ventures have been cast;

I have sown the wind, and now I reap the whirlwind and the blast:

I reap the tares of cold deceit, where Friendship's kindly eye,

Once pour'd into my soul a glow, like Summer's pictured sky;

And Romance cannot sanctify the race for Pleasure's goal,
As when my mother's priceless love, wrought rapture in my soul.

Yet I only ask the memories which hallow every scene,
That blessed my bounding bosom, when existence all was green;

I ask the boon of feeling still a tenderness of heart,
Which can to all the ills of life, a ray of peace impart!
When the golden bowl is breaking, and our hopes are unstor'd,
That once unto the shore of Youth, such verdure could afford;
Then we lose the sickness of regret, and hoping 'midst our fears,
Girt with a strength to bear our lot, we mark the coming years.

From the Atlantic Souvenir, for 1831.

THE HYMN OF THE CHEROKEE INDIAN.

BY L. J. McLELLAN, JUN.

They waste us, aye, like April snow
In the warm noon, we shrink away;
And last they follow, as we go,
Towards the setting day,
Till they shall fill the land, and we
Are driven to the western sea.

BRYANT.

Like the shadows in the stream,
Like the evanescent gleam
Of the twilight's failing blaze,
Like the fleeting years and days,
Like all things that soon decay,
Pass the Indian tribes away.

Indian son, and Indian sire!
Lo! the embers of your fire,
On the wigwam hearth, burn low,
Never to revive its glow;
And the Indian's heart is ailing,
And the Indian's blood is failing.

Now the hunter's bow's unbent,
And his arrows all are spent!
Like a very little child,
Is the red man of the wild;
To his day there'll dawn no morrow,
Therefore is he full of sorrow.

From his hills the stag is fled,
And the fallow deer are dead,
And the wild beasts of the chase
Are a lost and perish'd race;
And the birds have left the mountain,
And the fishes, the clear fountain.

Indian woman! to thy breast
Closer let thy babe be prest,
For thy garb is thin and old,
And the winter wind is cold,
On thy homeless head it dashes,
Round thee the grim lightning flashes.

We, the rightful lords of yore,
Are the rightful lords no more;
Like the silver mist we fall,
Like the red leaves in the gale,
Fall like shadows, when the dawning
Waves the bright flag of the morning.

By the river's lonely marge,
Rotting is the Indian's barge;
And his hut is ruin'd now,
On the rocky mountain brow;
The father's bones are all neglected
And the children's hearts dejected.

Therefore, Indian people, flee
To the farthest western sea;
Let us yield our pleasant land
To the stranger's stronger hand;
Red men, and their realms must sever,
They forsake them, and for ever!

From the Ladies' Museum.

THE MISERIES OF A VOCALIST.

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

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

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

In my younger days I acquired a tone of melancholy, from the little details of my sisters' grievances, and my "sweet voice" had no sooner given indications of compass and power, than I was kindly oppressed with congratulations that a

destiny awaited me more fortunate than that which falls to the lot of the unhappy governess. It was supposed that I had escaped the caprice of fashionable mothers, and the irksome toil of endeavouring to teach those who will not be persuaded to learn.

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

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

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

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

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

Heaven had sent a comforter! We looked at each other with delight, and my mother's eyes

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

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

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

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

and thus my vocal powers had entailed only ruin on my family.

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

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

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

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

My mother heard the news with delight; again our star ascended, and she complimented herself on that prophetic spirit which had seen from my

childhood the splendid destiny which awaited me. Sir James was admitted as a lover, and from that moment my misery has been complete: hitherto I had suffered all the evils which could affect a sensitive bosom, but all that I had endured is as nothing compared with the amount of the grievances since he promised to make me happy. But the history of his wooing must be reserved for another letter.

MARIA.

SIR WILLIAM HERSCHEL.

THIS eminent astronomer was born at Hanover in 1738. His father was a musician. At the age of fourteen he was placed in the band of the Hanoverian regiment of guards. About the year 1758 he proceeded with a detachment of his regiment to England, accompanied by his father, who after a short stay returned to his native country, leaving his son in England. For several years he obtained a subsistence by his musical talents, devoting his leisure hours to the study of the English and Italian languages; he also made some progress in the Greek and Latin. The bent of his inclination during this period was, however, principally directed to mathematics and astronomy; and frequently after a harassing day of fourteen or sixteen hours, occupied in his professional avocations, he would seek relaxation, if such it might be termed, in extending his knowledge in his favourite pursuits.

Having in the course of extensive reading made some discoveries which awakened his curiosity, he commissioned a friend in London to procure him a telescope of large dimensions, but the price being above his limited means, he resolved to construct one himself. After innumerable disappointments he completed a five feet Newtonian reflector. The success of his first attempt encouraged him to fresh efforts, and in a short time he made telescopes from seven to twenty feet. As a proof of his perseverance, it is said that in perfecting the object mirror for his seven feet instrument, he finished two hundred before he produced one that satisfactorily answered his purpose.

As his love for the study of astronomy increased, he gradually lessened his professional engagements, and in 1789 he commenced a regular review of the heavens, star by star. In the course of eighteen months' observations he remarked that a star, which had been recorded by former astronomers as a fixed star, was gradually changing its position; and after much attention he was enabled to ascertain that it was an undiscovered planet. He communicated the fact to the Royal Society, who elected him a fellow, and decreed him their annual gold medal. This great discovery he made on the thirteenth of March, 1781, and bestowed on the planet the name of *Georgium Sidus*, in compliment to the king, who in consequence of his merit settled on him a handsome salary, which enabled him to relinquish his professional occupations, and devote himself wholly to the study of astronomy.

He shortly afterwards fixed his permanent residence at Slough, near Windsor, where, in the hope of facilitating and extending his researches, he undertook to construct a telescope of forty feet, which was completed in 1787. With the aid of this ponderous instrument, assisted by others of more manageable size, he continued to enrich the stores of astronomical science. In these researches he was materially assisted by his sister, Miss Caroline Herschel, who was equally devoted to the study which has immortalized her brother.

In 1783 he announced the discovery of a volcanic mountain in the moon, and four years afterwards communicated the account of two other volcanoes in that orb, which appeared in a state of eruption. Showing these apparent eruptions at one time to a gentleman, the latter exclaimed, that he not only saw the *fire* but the *smoke!*

It will be impossible in a sketch like the present, and perhaps also superfluous to detail the many important discoveries which have been made by this great astronomer; they are well known to the scientific world. By his labours

he is justly esteemed as the most celebrated man of his age. Various public bodies testified their respect for his talents, and his sovereign conferred on him the honour of knighthood.

He was distinguished for great amenity of manners, and a modesty peculiarly becoming in acknowledged genius. He is described as possessing much good humour in bearing with the intrusions of the country people in the neighbourhood, amongst whom his astronomical studies created a notion that he held mysterious converse with the stars. On one occasion, during a rainy summer, a farmer solicited his advice as to the proper time for cutting hay. The doctor pointed through a window to an adjoining meadow, in which lay a crop of grass utterly swamped, "Look at that field," said he, "and when I tell you it is mine, I think you will not need another proof to convince you that I am no more weather-wise than yourself, or the rest of my neighbours."

Sir William died on the twenty-third of August, 1822, leaving behind him an unblemished reputation in private life. His name will descend to posterity as one of the greatest astronomers of the age in which he lived.

THE ORNAMENTAL ARTIST.

Here, from the mould, to conscious being start
Those finer forms—the miracles of art;
Here chosen gems, impress on sulphur, shinae,
That slept for ages in a second mine.

ARTICLES of utility as well as ornament, in a number of elegant forms, constructed of several kinds of light materials, and variously embellished by the hands of young ladies, so frequently, now-a-days, decorate the cabinet, the work-table, and the boudoir, affording at once such means of graceful occupation, and opportunities for the display of good taste and dexterity in many interesting arts, that our work might be considered incomplete, if we did not devote a portion of its pages to some interesting subjects of this nature. It is our intention, therefore, under the general head of the Ornamental Artist, to describe the process of modelling in wax, clay, paper, pasteboard, glass, sulphur, &c. the modes of painting on velvet, glass, &c. and of making screens, baskets, and other ornaments, of feathers, beads, straw, alum, lavender, gold thread, &c. In one of Miss Edgeworth's works there is a pleasing account given of a pasteboard tray, constructed by some young persons, and divided into compartments for the reception of the genera and species of shells. A writer in one of the late numbers of the Magazine of Natural History, in noticing this passage, takes occasion to observe, that with a view to lead young persons to habits of order and arrangement, similar trays ought to be given to them; or, what would be still better,

they might be taught the mode of working in pasteboard, so as to be able to produce such articles of convenience themselves. In this we most cordially agree with the writer; for, to use his own words, next to the pleasure of collecting in the fields, is the pleasure of seeing specimens preserved neatly and in good order; and nothing is better fitted for this than pasteboard boxes. To the mode of working in this material, we shall devote as much space as the comparative importance of the other subjects we intend to treat on will permit: among them, the art of modelling in wax and clay.

MODELLING IN CLAY AND WAX.

The art of sculpture, of which modelling is a principal branch, is nearly coeval with the existence of mankind in a state of society. To raise a rude stone in memory of a remarkable person or event, was customary in the primitive nations; and our knowledge of their history, and of the institutions that existed previously, to the use of letters, is principally derived from hieroglyphical sculptures.

It is commonly understood, that sculptors actually use the chisel, and execute with their own hands the works that bear their names; this is

not the case. "From the chisel of Chantry," is a metaphorical expression: that great man is better employed than in chiselling marble. The province of the master mind is to execute, in clay or wax, a model of the intended work. The imitation of a model, in marble or other stone, is done by the most certain process of geometrical measurement, mechanically applied to transfer a sufficient number of points from the model to the stone, to preserve the form of the original work; so that it is necessary only to have a careful workman, with the proper machine, to bring out the model to perfection in marble or other stone.

The bronze is completed by the simple process of making a mould from the model, in a material capable of standing the heat of the metal in fusion: the mould is then broken off, and the bronze is sometimes worked upon by the sculptor, and an artificial bronze put upon it, to make it of one colour; good taste would, however, prefer the brown which arises from the natural discoloration of the metal, by the effect of the common air upon it.

Wax is the best material for small works, such as miniature portraits, models, &c. Large subjects are more commonly modelled in pipe-clay, well tempered by wetting and beating it with a mallet. The whole process of preparing the clay, and the operation of casting in plaster, which succeeds the modelling, are too dirty and laborious for ladies. In large towns, wax may be bought ready for moulding; and it is advisable to purchase, rather than to prepare it. As, however, some of our readers may be so situated as to be unable to buy it in a proper state, we deem it advisable to offer a few instructions for its preparation. The wax should be the fine white material which is used in making candles. To two ounces of flake white, add three ounces of Venice turpentine, if it be in the summer, and four in winter; and sufficient vermilion to give it a pinkish tint: grind these together on a stone with a muller; and then put them into a pound of wax, molten in an earthen pipkin, and turn them round over the fire for some time. When thoroughly mixed, the composition should be immediately removed and poured into dishes, previously wetted to prevent the wax from sticking to them. A slow fire should be used, as the quality of the composition depends upon its not being so overheated as to cause the turpentine to evaporate, and leave the wax in a brittle state.

The tools for modelling are made of box-wood, bone, or ivory; but those of wood are most approved, especially for wax tools. They are of different shapes; but those most generally required are quite thin, and slightly bent at their ends, being rounded off from the middle, which is about the size of a common black lead pencil. Artists frequently make their own tools; but we should advise our young friends to apply to a modeller for a set; as also for wax, and any other necessary materials; all which may be kept together in a box.

The principles of this art are precisely the same as those of drawing. Deprived of the fascination of colour—form, and form alone, occupies the attention of the sculptor: if his work be deficient in this respect, it is utterly worthless; it is, therefore, his aim to rise above the mere copying of individual nature, and to erect a standard of ideal beauty;—a beauty, not superior to nature in the abstract, but superior to that of any individual specimen of it. Upon this principle the ancients executed their most celebrated statues, which are not mere representatives of nature, but of dignified humanity, clothed in an imaginary perfection of the human form.

There are three kinds of models:—the *bas relief*, which projects but little from its ground; the *alto relief*, which has a much greater projection, or is, in parts, even detached from it; and the *statue*, or round model, which stands independently on its own base. For the two former, a board should be provided, larger than the intended model, with a rim round it, raised at least an inch. The space inside the rim is to be filled up with well-tempered clay, which must be struck off level, by a straight-edged strip of wood.

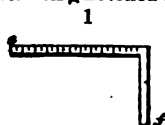
A general outline of the subject being sketched on this clay by a pointed instrument, the *embossing* is commenced. Care must be taken to preserve a due proportion in the projection of the parts from the ground, as by this the whole effect is produced; and such subjects only should be selected as may be displayed without *fore-shortening*. An examination of medals, and of the beautiful *bas-reliefs* of antiquity, many of which may be seen in Peale's Museum, will show how much it is possible to effect by very small degrees of relief.

For modelling small subjects, such as medallion portraits, in wax, a back ground of thick plate-glass, slate, or any material having a smooth hard surface, may be used. Wax models should be carefully kept from dust while in progress: those in clay must be constantly moistened, by laying wet cloths over them, or keeping them in a very damp situation, as they are very liable to be broken after they are finished, if suffered to dry. It is advisable to have them moulded, and to get casts taken from them in Plaster of Paris, by the figure-makers, before they are damaged. As we do not recommend our reader to attempt making the plaster casts herself, it is unnecessary to describe the process of producing them. Should there be any objection or impediment to this plan, the models may be preserved by baking them in a potter's kiln, by which they are rendered as hard as earthenware, and differ from it only in being without a glaze. Many specimens of models baked in this manner, at very remote periods, have been discovered in various parts of the world; they are styled *terra-cottas*: their colour depends upon the nature of the clay used; varying from reddish brown to white.

Medallion portraits should always be represented in profile; other positions have been attempted, but seldom with a good effect.

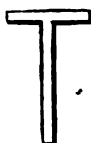
MODELLING IN PASTEBOARD AND PAPER.

The following tools will be found necessary for making boxes, and other kinds of fancy paper or pasteboard ornaments:—A parallel ruler, with a small wheel at each end, which may be purchased at any mathematical-instrument maker's; a flat ruler with brass-bound edges, to prevent its being notched when cut against: a carpenter's



square (Fig. 1) the sides of which, *e f*, are rectangular; consequently, by placing the side *f* against any straight line, and ruling another with

the side *e*, two sides of a square are produced; by reversing its position, ruling as before, a square may be formed with very little trouble; inches, and their usual subdivisions, should be marked on the side *e*. To rule parallel lines, a T square (Fig. 2) will also be found of considerable utility. For this purpose, the paper should be fastened to a drawing-board, and the top part of the ruler placed against the edge of the board; the lines are then to be ruled by the side of the long part of the instrument, and if it be carefully moved along the drawing-board, the lines will be parallel: much of the trouble occasioned by using a parallel ruler may thus be avoided: it is requisite, however, to observe that the paper is fixed square on the board. Instead



of the common clasp pen-knives, which, being apt to slip and shut suddenly when used to cut pasteboard, are rather dangerous, we recommend knives of different dimensions, and of various degrees of strength. For the smaller sizes, the blade should be immoveable; the most convenient shape is indicated by fig. 3. In



cutting pasteboard or paper, the ruler, which is used to guide the knife, should be pressed evenly and firmly on the paper; the blade must be carried as close to the ruler as possible; care being at the same time taken not to injure its edge. A pair of compasses, having a moveable

leg, with pencil, steel ruling-pen, and knife, to fix in, are essential implements: the knife is used for cutting out circles, so as to avoid the unevenness generally occasioned by scissors. A crimping-machine, which is formed of a block of brass, fluted on one side, with a roller of the same width and with the same-sized flutes, to match the block, will be found exceedingly useful: in using it, place the paper, or whatever you wish to crimp, on the block, then press and turn the roller over it by the handles. A drawing-board, made of wood, well-seasoned, and securely clamped at the edges to prevent it from warping; punches, of different forms and sizes, for making holes; a pair of small pincers, a file, and brass pins, for fixing the paper on the drawing-board when not strained, will also be found necessary.

From the Ladies' Magazine.

LONDON FASHIONS, FOR SEPTEMBER.

FULL DRESS.—Robe of pale blue zephyre, over a dress of white sarcenet. It is made a la schall, and folds on the right side; a half chemisette, trimmed with the finest Bedford lace, is seen at the front and back of the corsage; the white silk slip is made tight to the shape, but the corsage is full round the waist in large rich folds, to correspond with those of the skirt. Sleeves a l'imbecille, very full and long, and sloped a little to the wrist. The edge of the epaulettes, the belt, and wristlets, are worked in a Grecian scroll, in floss silk, of a rich torquoise blue, or of white silk. The hem of the skirt, and at the knees, is embroidered in the same pattern enlarged. The hair is most becomingly arranged, and finished by a large coronet comb of gold and enamel. Enamelled ear-rings, and, in place of bracelets, a worked band at the wrists, fastens with a large enamelled stud.

BALL DRESS.—Dress of white Grecian thread net, worked at the knees with a wreath of dahlias, in their natural colours, over a white satin slip; sleeves full and short, edged with vandyke

blonde. The bodice of pale pink satin, tight to the shape, and a little pointed, trimmed round with blonde, narrow and plain on the bosom, gradually becoming full and broad on the shoulders; the hem of the dress white satin, lightly wadded. The hair much lower than it has been lately worn, in two bows, with large curls on the temples, while some long ringlets are arranged at the back of the head and side of the face. Two short ostrich feathers surmount the hair, and one long feather waves at the side. Large rolled scarf of light pink zephyre. Necklace of large pearls.

WALKING DRESS.—White gauze hat, surrounded with a twist of straw, and trimmed with saffron coloured fringed gauze ribands; the flower laburnam. The hat rayed inside with flutes of satin, each fastened with a small saffron coloured rosette. The dress, saffron coloured gros des Indes, over which folds the pelerine of a very new and graceful form. Full upper sleeves; the lower sleeve of white net or muslin, narrow vandyked ruffles, and enamelled or bronzed gold

bracelets. A large enamelled brooch clasps the folds of the pelerine. At the knees the skirt of the dress is worked with a pipe of silk in a light scroll pattern.

CARRIAGE AND PROMENADE DRESS.—Gown of lilac barege. The corsage made with full folds over the bosom, of the material, placed alternately with satin one shade darker. The skirt of the gown is finished at the bottom with satin pipes, laid on the bias as high as the knees. This dress is peculiarly elegant, made in white muslin, and finished at the bosom and knees with bright green or lilac satin pipes. The hat of white and lilac striped gauze, surrounded by a lilac satin rouleau, or made of white crape, and rayed with pipes of green or lilac satin. Broad striped satin ribands and corn flowers finish the hat. Folded tulle chemisette. Mother of pearl buckle to a brocaded belt. Crimson Indian shawl. Lilac gros de Naples shoes. Stockings of Scotch wrought thread.

EVENING DRESS.—A crape dress of a new shade of rose colour. It is worn over a gros de Naples slip to correspond. The corsage is cut low and square; it is made to sit close to the shape, and is finished round the bust with double folds of crape cut bias; the folds open on the shoulders, and are edged with blond lace. Beret sleeve very short, but not quite so wide as usual. The skirt is trimmed, just above the knee, with a large crape rouleau, so arranged as to form a singularly novel and pretty border. The hair is dressed in the Chinese fashion, and ornamented with sprigs of moss rose placed on each side, and a bandeau of pearls brought low upon the forehead. The comb is of plain tortoise-shell, with a very high gallery. A blond lace scarf is thrown carelessly over the shoulders. The jewelry worn with this dress should be of gold and pearl.

MORNING DRESS.—A peignoir composed of jaconet muslin; the corsage, made full before and behind, confined to the waist by a ceinture of white watered riband. A falling collar rounded at the ends, and a triple pelerine also rounded, and edged, as well as the fronts of the dress, with a narrow-pointed open trimming. The sleeve, which is of moderate and graceful width, is confined at the lower part by drawings which form bouillons. The skirt is adorned only by a row of trimming corresponding with that of the fronts, which edges the bottom. The hair is arranged in light bows on the forehead. The cap is of English lace, and of large size. It is decorated with *coques* of green gauze riband, tastefully mingled with the borders which turn back; the *brides* hang loose.

MARRIAGE.

Wedded love is founded on esteem,
Which the fair merits of the mind engage,
For those are charms that cannot decay:
But time which gives new whiteness to the swan,
Improves their lustre.

FENTON'S MARRIAGE.

THE POLONAISE.

The Polonaise was for the first time *familiarly* introduced into London society during the visit of the Allied Sovereigns; when every public ball was opened by this species of procession. It had been previously danced in many private mansions of the nobility; among others, at the Priory, the seat of Lord Abercorn, which was at that period particularly distinguished by its splendid hospitality. His late Majesty, when Regent, was frequently known to join in the Polonaise—a dance of such graceful ease, that persons of every age and figure may follow with perfect propriety in its train. Napoleon himself—albeit unused to the dancing mood—has repeatedly headed the brilliant throng, both in the private balls at Malmaison, and in honour of the festivities of foreign courts.

The national airs to which the Polonaise is danced, or rather walked, are of a very peculiar and pleasing description. The most celebrated one among them is one which bears the name of Count Oginski, and is said to have been composed by that nobleman for the lady of his love.—Chancing to enter a ball room where his fickle fair-one was leading the Polonaise with a successful rival, Count Oginski is related to have retired from the scene, and to have ended his woes with a pistol. A lithographic picture of this sentimental catastrophe, embellishes the German editions of "Oginski's Polonaise;" the music of which is characterised by the most melancholy tenderness. It was at one time so great a favorite with the late King, that he would order it to be performed by his private band at the Pavillion Balls, again and again, in the course of the evening. Count Oginski, however, in defiance of the lithograph and the Polonaise, was still living, a few years ago, at St. Petersburg.

We may add, that the most singular specimen of the Polonaise ever exhibited in London was at a very crowded charity ball at Almacks, some ten years ago. Her Royal Highness the late Duchess of York, who was one of the patronesses on this occasion, having issued orders for a Polonaise, the consternation of Colinet and Co. may easily be conjectured when they beheld the stocks and stones to which their Orphean music was addressed commence a *quadrille* to the measure! Two of the more enlightened of the community were at length requested by her Royal Highness to head the procession; and nothing could be more ludicrously diverting than the astonished stare and awkward gesture of the uninitiated, when they found themselves enveloped by the tortuous movements of the train, and finally compelled to follow in its wake. A far more picturesque display occurred a few years ago at a *dejeuner* on the banks of the Thames, where, upon a level lawn, interspersed with flowery parterres, the train of the Polonaise was led by a gentleman who had been some time resident in Russia: winding and doubling like the course of a hunted hare, among the numerous flower-plots of the garden. But the most brilliant exhibition

of this national dance occurred at the celebrated costumed ball at Holderness House, where the procession was headed by Lady Londonderry, in the character of Queen Elizabeth, a character fully maintained by her Ladyship's magnificent costume, although rejected by her personal loveliness.

The Polonaise is, perhaps, of all dances, the one most calculated to grace a court, from the dignity of its movements, as well as from the fa-

cility it affords to the exhibition of a long suite of state apartments. There are very few private mansions in London whose dimensions would not render its introduction ridiculous; and very few, among those whose limits will admit of such an exhibition, in which it has not been danced with the happiest effect during the last fifteen years. We may add, that with the noble proprietor of Devonshire House, in particular, the Polonaise is an especial favorite.

From the London Court Journal.

KNOCKS AT THE DOOR.

"Open locks
Whoever knocks."

MACBETH.

It is a melancholy consideration to the reflecting mind, that half the eloquence of this world is wholly wasted—that half the audible sounds uttered by pains-taking christians, "are by the gods dispersed in empty air," or at best expire,

"Vexing the dull ear of some drowsy man."

Many, however, of the most elaborate concatenations of sound appear to be framed for no earthly purpose but that of *not* being listened to; such as the lengthy inauguration discourses of the French academicians—English charity sermons—the choruses of an Italian opera as performed in the King's Theatre, Haymarket—or those cut-and-dried speeches upon the Corn Laws, to which the house turns a deaf ear during the hammering-stammering process of delivery, inasmuch as every member is aware he shall receive them in a legible shape, or pamphlet-wise, on the morrow's morning.

These however serve, like the groans of Richard II., to show

"How sour sweet music is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept."

But there are others, harmonious as the jarring of the golden-hinged gates of Milton's heaven; others eloquent as the harangues of Mr. Charles Philips, or the appeal of Jeannie Deans, from which we turn with a similar apathy of unob-servance;—such as judge Dodderum's pathetic and polysyllabic charges to his jury—Lady B.'s minute ichnography of the architectural conveniences of Ashbridge—the dinner-puns of Horatio of May Fair, and the supper-Platonic philosophy of Convivio of the Auld Town. But above all other neglected music, is the familiar eloquence of the knocker.

It is astonishing how much information may be conveyed to a sensitive ear, through the medium of a knock at the door! I speak not of such unintelligent auricular organs—of such Midas-like appendages to the human head—as can dis-

cern nothing in the rat-tat, tat-tatarat-tat-tat of a London standard footman—flinging his aiguillettes over his right shoulder with the energy he exerts to rouse his drowsy co-mate in the pantry below, by an additional ring of the bell—but the simple announcement of "Here we are;—open the door!"

But there are many among the civilized listeners of London, who are well aware that this "damnable iteration" may be taught to express, from the John without to the Thomas within, "her high mightiness the Duchesse condescends to leave her patrician name upon your insignificant mistress;—fly wretch, and receive the card, for we are in haste!" or—"We conclude the fish and soup are off the table;—but the House sits to-day, and ~~we~~ members are privileged people;" "We trust you will not deny yourselves to an old friend; for we are come to chat this morning and have a vast deal to say."—In short, as many bob majors may be rung upon the iron of a fashionable door, as in the belfry of a country church.—It is said, that the postillions of the continent are enabled, by the cracking of their whips, to convey to the post-house they are approaching the number of post-horses required, and the quality of the Traveller's generosity in his *pourboire* or *trinkgeld*; but a considerable deal more may be said by a knock at the door.

To bring this fact home at once to the ears of my readers—the post-knock!—who has not, at one period or other of his life, thrilled to his very heart's core at the announcement conveyed in the post-knock? Can any thing be more eloquent than that biciferous appeal to the heart and eye of an expecting correspondent? Does it not express "On with your spectacles!" as plain as knock can speak?

Then the knock-imperative;—*the single knock*, awful as the sound of the morning gun to the sentenced soldier—or the approaching tramp of the marble commandant in Don Giovanni!

Does it not say, "A person with a small account, who waits for an answer!"—does it not foreshow a damp wafer and a sheet of writing-paper similar in texture to a school-boy's cotton pocket handkerchief?—Is not the eloquence of its one harsh heavy blow, sufficient to make one

"burst all o'er
Into moist anguish never felt before!"

Then the knock-deprecatory—the pianissimo of the daily governess, of the quizzing old friend living on an annuity, and the aid of an occasional dinner, or of the apothecary's assistant while his superior is recruiting at Margate—has it not a plausible gentleness in its vibration, which bespeaks forbearance?

Then we have the

"Double, double, double beat of the thundering"

Mrs. Alvarez Albuquerque Brown;—whose Brobdignagian footmen are well aware that she wishes every body to think she is somebody, and is apprehensive that somebody may fancy she is nobody; does it not proclaim "I desired Hobson would spare no expense in my carriage; it is lined with *gros d'ete*, my horses are thoroughbred, and their caparisons solid silver;—it is astonishing how much we all cost!"

The knock-domestic, on the other hand is as amiable as a verse from Cowper, or a tortoiseshell cat purring in the sunshine. It connects itself by association with the returning husband—the smell of roast mutton—the conjugal work-box half closed with the darning needle hastily inserted into the dilapidated web, and the nursery maid's "Hold your tongue, Miss Jenny, here's your pa!"

The knock-cordial proceeds from the friend just emancipated from that pillory-and-stocks-like instrument of torture—the royal mail;—or from a cousin just landed from a long sea voyage.

The knock-reprobatorical—a sort of terse compact snarl upon the knocker—foreshows the crabbed father, uncle, or guardian—bursting with the discovery of a furtive fall of timber, or sale of stock, infringing upon marriage settlements, and the rights of an increasing family.

The knock-jocose or familiar—the operation of a deuced good fellow of a bachelor friend, sounds a sort of pun-like alarum for a series of horse-laughs.

The knock-intenerato, has a *sotto voce* murmur; as if interrupted by the delicate kid glove of the artist; a *nimini-pimini* intonation serving to convey a presentiment of *mille-fleurs* to the palpitating drawing room above;—on which Julia flies in an attitude to her harp; and Sophia to the mirror to see that the ringlets are in order.

The knock-civilized, which is generally perpetrated by some sinful imp of a cab-boy—a miniature Apollyon in top-boots—expresses "We shall be too late at Tat's if you don't make haste."

The knock-impertunate says, "Take up my card—he is always at home to me."

The knock-protracted of the *ennuye* draws out a prayer for admittance—forasmuch as to

yawn in company is a better diversion than a soliloquy of the gapes.

The knock-agitated announces the fidgetty dispenser of morning-visit gossip: flying from house to house in that busiest duty of idleness, keeping up an acquaintance.

The knock-*adagio* proclaims the inveterate prosor, with "a little theory of his own upon the currency;" the knock-*pizzicato*, the dapper literary Lilliputian—a prodigious man in the annuals, and the ballad or crow-quill line;—the knock-*sforzato*, some abrupt utilitarian friend, who flings his arguments at our head, and thumps our chairs and our patience to fragments, in the energy of his philosophy. The knock-supplicational is fraught with the maudlin humanity of poor Pleadall, who has always "a trifle to beg for an unfortunate family of six small children dying of the small-pox, in a small attic of a small alley in Little Britain, which would really be a great charity.

A thousand other definitions crowd to my pen; but one of those inexpressive and universal summonses called rings at the bell, has disturbed the current of my ideas, by insinuating the arrival of the printer's devil. Had the intruder condescended to knock, I should have known what to make of him.

THE TWO SEXES.

The last number of the Ladies' Magazine contains its usual variety of valuable and interesting matter. The following true and elegant paragraphs are extracted from an article by Mrs. Sigourney, whose mind is the dwelling of light and beauty.

"Man might be initiated into the varieties and mysteries of needlework; taught to have patience with the feebleness and waywardness of infancy, and to steal with noiseless step about the chamber of the sick; and woman might be instructed to contend for the palm of science; to pour forth eloquence in senates, or to 'wade through fields of slaughter to a throne.' Yet revoltings of the soul would attend this violence to nature; this abuse of physical and intellectual energy; while the beauty of social order would be defaced, and the fountains of earth's felicity broken up.

"We arrive, therefore, at the conclusion. The sexes are intended for different spheres, and constructed in conformity to their respective destinations, by Him who bids the oak brave the fury of the tempest, and the Alpine flower lean its cheek on the bosom of eternal snows. But *disparity* does not necessarily imply *inferiority*. The high places of the earth with their pomp and glory, are indeed accessible only to the march of ambition or the grasp of power; yet those who pass with faithful and unapplauded zeal through their humble round of duty, are not unnoticed by the 'Great Task-master's eye, and their endowments, though accounted poverty among men, may prove durable riches in the kingdom of Heaven."

"OUR FRIENDSHIP."

A FAVOURITE SONG,

COMPOSED AND DEDICATED TO VIRGINIA T. S. JOHNSTON,

BY MRS. TOWNSEND STITH.

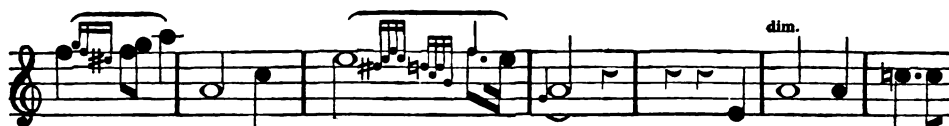
Andante.



It died . in beauty like a rose blown . . from its



pa - - rent stem; It died in beauty like a pearl



drop'd . . . from some di - - - - - a - dem; It died in beauty



like a lay a - - - - long a moon - lit lake; It



died in beauty like the song of birds a - mid the brake; It



died in beauty like the snow on flowers dis - solv'd a -



way; It died in beauty like a star



lost - - - - on the brow - - - - of day.

A SKETCH.

BY WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

"He drank again,
And from a purer fount on holier ground,
And deemed its spring perpetual, but in vain."

In early life, when o'er his way
Hope pour'd the sunshine of her smile,
A glorious and unclouded ray,
The soaring spirit to beguile;
He drank from her enchanted cup
The sweet libation of the soul,
Till life and sense were swallowed up,
Within her pure and free control!

Then breathing rapture in his lay,
He touch'd his rich and trembling lyre,
As matin-birds in music stray,
Painted on orient skies of fire;
And dreams, all coloured from his joy,
Came forth, a fresh and holy throng,
To bless the aspiring minstrel-boy,
And deck the numbers of his song.

How soon the mantling clouds became
Disrobed of roses they had worn,
When on their wings of crimson flame
They brought the glorious hours of morn!
They melted in the noon-tide ray,
They lessened in its fervent beam,
When youth had cast its pearls away,
And manhood clasp'd a broken dream!

How many hearts that sprung of old
To bless the changes of his lot,
Are mouldering, passionless and cold,
By all, save him, unknown—forgot!
Thus every chalice offered him
Of love or peace is broken—dull;
Save one—a goblet dark and dim—
Pale sorrow's cup—and that is full.

THE BANNER OF MURAT.

BY P. M. WETMORE, ESQ.

Thou, of the snow white plume!
Byron.

Foremost among the first,
And bravest of the brave!
Where'er the battle's fury burst,
Or rolled its purple wave—
There flashed his glance like a meteor,
As he charged the foe afar:
And the snowy plume that his helmet bore,
Was the banner of Murat!

Mingler on many a field,
Where rung wild victory's peal!
That fearless spirit was like a shield—
A panoply of steel:
For very joy in a glorious name,
He rushed where danger stood;
And that banner-plume like a winged flame,
Streamed o'er the field of blood!

His followers loved to gaze
On his form with a fierce delight,
As it towered above the battle's blaze—
A pillar 'midst the fight:
And eyes looked up, ere they closed in death,
Through the thick and sulphury air—
And lips shrieked out with their parting breath,
"The lily plume is there!"

A cloud is o'er him now—
For the peril-hour hath come—
And he stands with his high unshaded brow,
On the fearful spot of doom:
Away! no screen for a soldier's eye—
No fear his soul appals;
A rattling peal—and a shuddering cry—
And bannerless he falls!

THE GATHERER.

"A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."

Shakespeare.

Where the sympathies of the heart have not been encouraged to expand, no cultivation of the understanding will have power to render the character eminently great or good.

Suspicion is no less an enemy to virtue than to happiness. He that is already corrupt, is naturally suspicious; and he that becomes so will quickly be corrupt.

MODESTY, in a young female is the flower of a tender shrub, which is the promise of excellent fruits. To destroy it, is to destroy the germ of a thousand virtues, to destroy the hope of society, to commit an outrage against nature. The air of the world is a burning breath that every day blasts this precious flower.

The ideal of ethical perfection has no more dangerous rival than the ideal of the highest strength—the most intense vital energy—which

has been called (rightly enough with reference to the fundamental meaning of the term, but very falsely as regards that which we now attach to it,) the ideal of *Æsthetic* greatness. It is the maximum of barbarians, and has, alas! in these days of wild irregular culture, obtained very numerous adherents, precisely among the feeblest minds. Man, under the influence of this ideal, becomes an animal spirit—a combination, whose brute intelligence possesses a brute attraction for the weak.—*Novalis*.

When Charles I. was pressed by the parliament to give way to a small catechism for children which they had composed, he said, "I assure you, gentlemen, I would license a doctrine at variance, sooner for men than I would for children; I make it a great matter of conscience that children should not be corrupted in their first principles."

The sun sinks—and the earth closes her great eye, like that of a dying god. Then smoke the hills like altars;—out of every wood ascends a chorus;—the veils of day, the shadows, float around the enkindled, transparent tree-tops, and fall upon the gay, gem-like flowers. And the burnished gold of the west throws back a dead gold on the east, and tinges with rosy light the hovering breast of the tremulous lark—the evening bell of nature.—*Jean Paul.*

When the corps of volunteers, raised in England, under apprehension of invasion from France, were about to be disbanded, a regiment in one of the midland counties came to the resolution to present their Colonel with a silver pitcher, in token of their approbation of his command. The address, on making the present, was to be offered by a sergeant, and was, with the reply thereto, as follows: "Colonel, this is the pitcher!" "Ah! John, is that the pitcher?"

Jeremy Taylor, bishop of Down, said, one day, to a lady of his acquaintance, who had been very negligent of the education of her son, "Madam, if you do not choose to fill your boy's head with something, believe me, the evil one will."

The most lasting families have only their seasons, more or less, of a certain constitutional strength. They have their spring and summer sunshine glare, their wane, decline, and death; they flourish and shine perhaps for ages, at last they sicken; their light grows pale, and at a crisis when the offsets are withered and the old stock is blasted, the whole tribe disappears. There are limits ordained to every thing under the sun. Man will not abide in honour. Of all human vanities, family pride is one of the weakest. Reader, go thy way; secure thy name in the book of life, where the page fades not, nor the title alters nor expires—leave the rest to heralds and the parish register.—*Bortase.*

The mind which, like the delicate leaves of the mimosa, shrinks from every touch, is ill calculated to solicit the assistance of the powerful, or to gain the favour of the great. The very looks of the prosperous it construes into arrogance; and it is equally wounded by the civility which appears to condescend, and by the insolence which wears the form of contempt.

TIME.—Ufathomable Sea! whose waves are years:
Ocean of Time! whose waters of deep woe
Are brackish with the salt of human tears;—
Thou shoreless flood! which in thy ebb and flow,
Claspest the limits of mortality,
And, sick of prey, yet howling on for more,
Vomitest thy wrecks on its inhospitable shore,
Treach'rous in calm, and terrible in storm;—
Who shall put forth on thee,
Ufathomable Sea?

There is a sacredness of feeling, an awe attached to the grave, in whatever situation it is to be found—whether in the crowded city, the busy village, the field, or the forest. But this feeling is stronger at the lonely grave, than in the crowded cemetery. It is a feeling of nature and cannot be expelled by any process of reasoning,

or any influence of cold philosophy. It does not depend on any peculiarity of religion, on this or that mode of belief or unbelief, but adheres alike to the Pagan and the Jew, the Mahometan and the Christian, the sceptic and the saint.

The most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness; one who loves life, and understands the use of it; obliging, alike at all hours; above all of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such an one we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker.

POVERTY.—Want is a bitter and a hateful good,
Because its virtues are not understood;
Yet many things, impossible to thought,
Have been by need to full perfection brought.
The daring of the soul proceeds from thence,
Sharpness of wit, and active diligence;
Prudence at once, and fortitude it gives;
And, if in patience taken, mends our lives.

Dryden.

How poverty illiberalizes sentiment and habit; the offspring of those families who have fallen from wealth and distinction, rapidly acquire a meanness of sentiment, a desire to overreach, and a corrosive unappeasable envy—on the contrary, the opulent children of vulgar, ignorant, and once indigent parents, evince an elevation and generosity of sentiment and manners, that confounds ancient rules, and astonishes all but the most prejudiced.

To admire without enthusiasm, and dissent without frenzy—what a happy faculty, and how rare! the power to exquisitely appreciate a splendid but unattainable object, yet accept contentedly a coarse substitute at hand, supposes a delightful organization, yet one that will exclude eminence, or great success, or the power of inspiring violent interest.

If a person in whom we have been accustomed to place implicit confidence, and who we do not believe to have ever yet deceived us, does so once in the slightest particular by a falsehood, a subterfuge, or even a mere *fine*, the charm is broken for ever, and the person seems changed and deteriorated in all they do, even to their personal appearance, the very traits of their countenance, the character of their expression, and the sound of their voice.

The oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings.—*Shakespeare.*

He surely is most in want of another's patience, who has none of his own.—*Lowater.*

A man of remarkable genius may afford to pass by a piece of wit, if it happen to border on abuse. A little genius is obliged to catch at every witticism indiscriminately.—*Shenstone.*

As the laws are above magistrates, so are the magistrates above the people: and it may truly be said, that the magistrate is a speaking law, and the law a silent magistrate.—*Cicero.*

A man endowed with great perfections, with-out good breeding, is like one who has his pockets full of gold, but always wants change for his ordinary occasions.—*Steele*.

All wit and humour, however excellent it may be in itself, which in the smallest degree wounds the feelings of another, is coarse unfeeling horse-play; and no person who possesses either piety, grace, or good manners, will use such jests as are *mordentes et aculeati*, bitter, poisoned, injurious, or which in any way leave a sting behind them.—*Burton*.

There is much truth in the annexed extract from one of Jefferson's letters:—

"Although we have in the old countries of Europe the lesson of their experience to warn us, yet I am not satisfied we shall have the firmness and wisdom to profit by it. The general desire of men to live by their heads rather than by their hands, and the strong allurements of great cities to those who have any turn for dissipation, threaten to make them here, as in Europe, the sinks of voluntary misery."

An original letter from one lady to another, contains the following among other useful hints:—"Some have said they should be willing to marry men of small capacity, because their influence might be greater over them. But such men are invariably jealous and irritable. And even if the wife succeeds in ruling the roast, to use a homely phrase, she sinks herself in the opinion of the amiable and judicious—and that degrades herself. I would sooner gain the *confidence* and *love* of a man of *sense*, and make it my study through life to fasten no chains upon him but those of love."

There are numbers in the world who do not want sense to make a figure, so much as an opinion of their own abilities, to put them upon recording their observations, and allowing them the same importance which they do to those which others print.—*Shenstone*.

It was, perhaps, ordained by Providence, to hinder us from tyrannizing over one another, that no individual should be of such importance as to cause by his retirement or death any chasm in the world.—*Johnson*.

THE "HUMAN FACE DIVINE."—There are few points in natural philosophy more remarkable than the infinite diversity in the human figure and countenance. There are, at this moment, 800,000,000 of human beings in existence, and no two alike, and yet all substantially the same. An extended view of this astonishing variety, is obtained from the consideration, that since the creation of the world, there have passed away more than a million times, the number now in being, and that no two of them, or of any two in life were alike. And we have reason to believe, that of the endless myriads of those which have preceded us, or those who now exist, and who will follow us, each and every one had a certain mark, either in voice, feature, figure, or a certain something not to be gauged or measured, and perhaps scarcely to be described.

When Voltaire was visited by Mademoiselle Arnault, he said, "Ah Mademoiselle, I am 84 years of age, and have committed as many fooleries." "Quite a trifle!" replied the actress: "I am only 40, and have committed a thousand."

The younger Crebillon, at the age of thirteen, wrote a satire against Lamothe and his admirers; he showed it to his father, who told him that it was very well composed; but as he saw that the young man was vain of this opinion, he added—"Judge, my son, how easy and contemptible this style of writing must be, since even at your age, one may succeed in it."

LOVE.— Love is a celestial harmony,
Of likely hearts, composed of stars' consent,
Which join together in sweet sympathy,
To work each other's joy and true content,
Which they have harboured since their first descent,
Out of their heavenly bowers, where they did see
And know each other here below'd to be.
Spenser.

Lord Chief Justice Popham, when he was Speaker, and the House of Commons had sat long, and done in effect nothing—coming one day to Queen Elizabeth, she said to him, "Now, Mr. Speaker, what hath passed in the Commons' House?" He answered, "If it please your Majesty, *seven weeks!*"

They that govern most make least noise. You see when they row in a barge, they that do drudgery, work, slash, and puff and sweat; but he that governs, sits quietly at the stern, and scarce is seen to stir.

Some men make a womanish complaint, that it is a great misfortune to die before our time. I would ask what time? Is it that of nature? But she, indeed, has lent us life, as we do a sum of money, only no certain day is fixed for payment. What reason then to complain, if she demands it at pleasure; since it was on this condition you received it.—*Cicero*.

A well regulated mind does not regard the abusive language of a blackguard in the light of an insult, and deems it beneath revenge. All the abominations to which the latter may give utterance, will not raise him one jot above his proper level, or depress the former, in the slightest degree, below his sphere.

A moral, sensible, and well-bred man,
Will not insult me—and no other can.

Cooper.

BEAUTY.

WHAT greater torment ever could have been,
Than to enforce the fair to live retir'd?
For what is beauty if it be not seen?
Or what is't to be seen—if not admired,
And though admir'd, unless in love desir'd?
Never were cheeks of roses, locks of amber,
Ordain'd to live imprison'd in a chamber.
Nature created beauty for the view,
(Like as the fire for heat, the sun for light:)
The fair do hold this privilege as due,
By ancient charter, to live most in sight;
And she that is debarr'd it, hath not right.
In vain our friends from this do us dehort,
For beauty will be where is most resort.





Painted by H. Ponce.

Engraved on Steel by G. B. Kille.

THE FISHER BOY.

N^o 6 OF THE LADY'S BOOK.

Published by L. A. Godby & C^o 112 Chestnut Street - Philadelphia

THE LADY'S BOOK.

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upon the heart of childhood, the serried marks of

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place, I thought, and I looked
his tell-tale face.

It was the grave of Pompey, his dog, who had

THE LADY'S BOOK.

For the Lady's Book.

THE FISHER BOY.

A LEAF had been blown suddenly before my horse, and, as it rattled along on its emptiness, the animal suddenly started from his track, and was near leaving me in a ravine by the roadside, where I might have soliloquised upon the ups and downs of life, with a pathos to charm my fellow denizens of the mud and mire. It is strange, and my heart smites me at this moment with the truth of the reflection, that man rarely sets himself down to a sober reflection upon the evanescence of worldly happiness, until fortune has landed him in some low place, where he has nothing to do but remember the good things he has lost, and make the best of the bad ones he has retained. And this is the world's philosophy, thus truckling to necessity, sermonizing on evils one would gladly have avoided, and making a virtue of *that* into which vice has kicked him.

In the present instance, I was spared the necessity of a soliloquy upon mud and water, and directed my attention to the horse, who certainly deserved no thanks that I had not a broken bone, or, at least, a defiled garment—if the latter may not be considered the worse of the two. So I smote the beast, and would have pronounced a malediction upon his vicious habits, had I not recollected that he cared no more for my anathemas, than a lady would for a last week's lover. It was the *leaf* that had caused the horse to start—and how many of my fair readers have started at a *leaf*—have looked with eager eye along its contents, and felt the heart beat painfully rapid, as some stronger expression marked a concluding sentence. I have seen the hand tremble, the lip turn pale, the breath shorten, and the eye gleam with an unwonted fire, as it flew along the magic lines; and while I bent to respond sigh for sigh—I was not on this subject, but on my horse—who regarded not my blow, but was as stubborn—though scarcely as eloquent as his relative, the beast of Balaam—and, perhaps, from the same cause—for raising my eyes, I discovered almost directly before me, a boy, who evinced some astonishment at the horse's restiveness, and, perhaps, a little more at my peevishness. I was ashamed of it, and would have given the tassel of my foolscap that it had been otherwise, which, recollecting from whom I had *borrowed* it, was a price to be considered.

I know not how it is, but I never approach a child without mustering up the best smile which sallow cheek and a fevered lip can be forced into; and foul fare the man who would imprint upon the heart of childhood, the serried marks of

sorrow which age and shame had traced upon his own face; that would be pouring in upon his milky juices the cursed acerbity of his own fluids. How much better is it that the young eye should be lit up with love, and the mouth taught, by example, a smile of delight. Care will come to hang a frown upon the brow—grief will wrinkle the cheek with her icy finger, and anger curl the lip. But let us not anticipate their approach; let the paradise of an infant's face be long without its serpent; and let him, if possible, know neither anger nor envy, until he shall have learned that they neither belong to, nor are becoming, his nature: It will be the blessing of his coming life, an indwelling love of others animating his heart, and playing round his lips; and he shall grow up and go forth among his kind—"eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame," till the gravity of age and the smile of benevolence shall mingle upon his countenance, in that perfect benignity that denotes an inward fitness for a higher state.

Look at the boy just as Inman has drawn him, and as Ellis has marked him with his graver; is there in that face ought that speaks of sin and shame? Is there one lineament that does not belong to the "image" in which man was first made,

"Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade?"

And is there a mother who reads this, that does not find upon the countenance of her infant child as much to love and as much to hope? and why should that "hope" be disappointed? because your child learns anger from your correction, sees in the punishment which you inflict that he suffers because you have suffered for the same error; and he will inflict in his turn an equal retribution. Thus is he taught to brood over a treasure of vengeance, which in after years he is to use with interest.

Let the offence of a child consist in the violation of a known duty; and let his punishment be a clear comprehension of the extent and consequences of his fault.

The boy before me soon lost his surprise. I dismounted, heard his little story, learnt his unsuccessful attempts at fishing, and, as we sat together under the large tree near which we met, he pointed to a little mound beyond us, while his finger trembled with emotion.

No human being could be buried in such a place, I thought, and I looked enquiringly into his tell-tale face.

It was the grave of Pòmpey, his dog, who had

wandered with him through wood and field; who had shared his sports and lightened his labours, and once had rescued him from drowning in the neighbouring brook. Pompey had died, and the child's affection had heaped up a little earth and sodded it over; and a handful of violets and buttercups were at that moment blooming fresh upon his grave.

I thought of Rome, Pharsalia, Egypt, and the

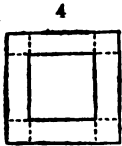
illustrious dead whose shade complained of the tardiness of the senate of Utica. The boy thought, it is evident, only of *his* Pompey; for, while his eyes rested upon the flowery hillock, tears dropt fast upon his naked bosom. I kissed them off, and blushed to think, that while the *great* man excites only wonder in the mind of the learned, a *good* dog could call up tears into the eyes of the innocent.

J. R. C.

THE ORNAMENTAL ARTIST.

PASTEBOARD BOXES.

As the forms of all sorts of fancy ornaments may be infinitely varied, we shall merely give examples of general principles, leaving their application, in a great degree, to the taste of our fair readers. To make a square box, draw the shape of the bottom the size the box is intended



to be; and for the sides, draw lines parallel to the bottom, at the distance of the intended depth—(Fig. 4); the corners should be cut, as shown by the dotted lines; the lines of the bottom, on the edges intended to be outward, should be cut half through the pasteboard, and turned up at right angles to the bottom; they are then to be pasted to a strip of pasteboard about half an inch deeper than the box. The lid is made exactly in the same way as the box itself, with the exception of the inner piece of pasteboard. The edges of the top are to be joined by fixing narrow ribbon on them with gum; and for the sake of uniformity, ribbon of a similar colour should be gummed round the edges of the lower part. The top and sides may be decorated with drawings, (Fig. 5,) and the corners and edges bound with strips of coloured paper, instead of ribbon.



Strictly speaking, all kinds of boxes might be made on a block of wood, of the shape they are intended to be: the block should be introduced before the sides are turned up, which must then be gummed or pasted together, and the whole bound and left to dry on the block; but by care and delicate handling, the absolute necessity of blocks may be superseded.

CASTING IN PLASTER, SULPHUR, &c.

TAKING the impressions of coins, medals, &c. is, independently of its utility, a most interesting amusement. The art is of considerable importance to collectors of antique coins, &c. It is often difficult, and always expensive, to purchase superior specimens; of which, however, exact models may be obtained by casting, without the slightest injury to the originals.

The mould is made in the following manner: Take a strip of paper, a quarter or third of an inch wide; roll it twice tight round the rim of the coin, or gem, of which a cast is intended to be taken, and fasten the end with very stiff gum water, which will hold it instantly. Rub a very little oil, with a camel's-hair pencil, over the coin, in order to prevent the plaster from sticking; then mix some fine plaster of Paris, with as much water as will make it almost as thick as treacle; apply it quickly to the coin, on which it will be held by the paper-rim. It sets almost instantly, and may be taken off in a few hours; but the longer it remains undisturbed the better. The mould which is thus obtained, is the reverse of the coin; that is, the impression is concave, like a seal. When the moulds are so dry that they will not wrinkle a piece of paper laid flat upon their surface, let them be well saturated with the best boiled linseed oil, placing the moulds with their surfaces upwards, that the whole of the oil may be absorbed. They must be covered from dust; and nothing should touch their surfaces, lest they suffer injury. Moulds, well prepared in this manner, being dried about two days after being oiled, will stand a long time, for the casting of either plaster or sulphur. When used, either Florence oil, or a little hog's-lard, (the latter is to be preferred,) should be applied very tenderly over the mould with a little of the finest cotton wool, and the cotton wool, without lard, afterwards passed lightly over the surface, to leave as little as possible of the unctuous matter upon the mould, that the casts may be the finer. Put paper round them, as was before done to the coin; pour on plaster in the same manner, and a fac-simile of the original will be produced.

Good casts may also be made of sulphur, melted in an iron ladle, either pure, or coloured with a little red-lead or vermilion, powdered and stirred up with it. The moulds and casts are made in the same manner as with plaster of Paris, only that the sulphur must be poured on the mould when hot; and water, instead of oil, must be used, to prevent adhesion. Sulphur makes the best moulds for plaster casts, and *vice versa*, as similar substances can seldom be prevented, by either water or oil, from adhering, in some degree, to each other. Plaster cannot be used twice; that is, old or spoilt casts cannot be

powdered, and again employed; for the moment the material is wetted, being a species of lime, it is no longer plaster, without being reburnt.

Another way of making casts of almost any colour, is with a strong solution of isinglass: it must be used when quite hot; and it is so thin, that a box exactly fitting the rim of the coin is required, otherwise it will escape. It may be coloured with saffron, woad, &c.

Very beautiful impressions may be taken by pouring melted wax upon the medal, which comes off easily when the wax and metal are perfectly cold; but any one attempting this had better try it first upon a half-penny, or other coin of small value.

Impressions may also be taken in wax, which, for this purpose, should be rendered pliable by kneading it with the hand before the fire; a little oil having been previously mixed with it. When softened to about the consistence of putty, lay it and press it close down on the coin, the form of which will then be perfectly obtained.

The following is another mode of taking impressions:—Procure tin or lead-foil, as thin as possible, place it on the coin, and with a pin's head, or any small, smooth instrument, work it into every part; then take it off, revert it into a shallow box, and pour plaster into its concave side: a durable plaster cast is thus obtained, covered with tin foil, which will resemble silver.

THE SICILIAN GIRL TO THE MADONNA.

MADONNA, I have gathered flowers,
And wreathed them round thy shrine;
And every rose I offer thee
Is wet with tears of mine.

Madonna, I am kneeling here;
Yet will they not depart,
The earthly hopes and earthly fears
That war within my heart.

I strive to only pray for peace,
To only think of thee;
Alas! my wild and wandering thoughts
Eli with my words agree.

Madonna, 'tis in vain to strive;
My lips may move in prayer,
But thou canst read my inmost soul,
And other thoughts are there.

Thou knowest all my wretchedness,
Thou knowest all my love;
Oh! mother dear, look down on me,
I dare not look above.

Mother! though that pure brow
One earthly shade appears,
That radiant head has been bowed down,
Those eyes been filled with tears.

Thou knowest the bitterness of grief,
The mortal pang and strife
Of hopes that look beyond the grave,
Of ties that bind to life.

I feel the damp upon my brow,
The flush upon my cheek;
My languid pulse, my falling breath,
More weary and more weak.

Ah! little should she think of love,
Whose steps are on the grave;
Of love, the Almighty to destroy,
The powerless to save.

It is in vain—I cannot pray,
And yet not think his name;
It may be silent on my lips,
'Tis in my heart the same.

The love of happy childhood's years,
The love of youth's first vow;
The same through sickness, grief, and wrong,
May not be banished now.

I know no more my evening song
Will rise at twilight dim;
I know this is my latest prayer—
Well, let it breathe for him.

His sails are spread—Madonna, keep
The tempest from the sky;
Bless thou the bridal which he seeks,
And let me go and die!

L. E. L.

THE DEPARTED.

From the *New York Commercial Advertiser*.

Time has one sacred hour,
Of all his store most blest,
'Tis that when Memory's pallid flower
Springs from its bed,
And leaves the dead,
To wave upon the mourner's breast.
Close to the gushing heart
Its faded tendrils cling;
Lov'd, though they come to bid it smart,
O'er thought of good—
And joy's long woo'd—
Yet vanish on un pitying wing.
They whisper of the day,
When life and love were green;
When youth essayed his roundelay,
Whilst beauty's smile,
And pleasure's wit,
Shed freshness o'er the glowing scene!
Anon, they bid it mark
What time's rude stride has swept;
Now, charge its inmost breathings—hark!
The funeral song,
The sobbing throng,
Hush'd too—the weeping, as they wept!
Oh! there were sparkling eyes,
And cheeks where roses grew,
And bosoms rife with true love sighs:
Where are they now,
Of gentle brow,
And lips that won the violet's dew?
Gone to the yieldless grave—
Gone to the summer sod—
Gone, to the hand at first that gave,
Then summoned home,
For age to bloom
'Mid the sweet flowers that talk with God!
Yet lives there one whose brow—
Thought's gloom corroding wears!
Whose murr'ring days in changeless flow
Roll from the past,
As on they haste,
Through pillowed luxury of tears.
Death, too, hath hallowed hour,
When grief's black phantom's fly;
And Memory casts her treasured dower
On his dark plume
That crowns the tomb,
And broken hearts have leave to die.
Bear up then—sons of woe!
Life's troubled dream, at most,
Shall break before the Archer's bow;
Nor sorrow, more
Her vigils pour,
O'er all the heart hath loved and lost.

MONTGARNIER.

From the New York Mirror.

RELIGION OF THE SEA.

BY GREENWOOD.

"In every object here I see
 Something, O Lord, that leads to thee:
 Firm as the rocks thy promise stands,
 Thy mercies countless as the sands,
 Thy love a sea immensely wide,
 Thy grace an ever flowing tide."—*J. Newton.*

THE ocean is wonderful and divine in its forms and changes and sounds, in its grandeur, its beauty, its inhabitants, its uscs, and its mysteries, its variety, in all that strikes the sense and is immediately apprehended by the understanding. But besides all these, and lying deeper than all, it possesses a moral interest, which is partly bestowed upon it, and partly borrowed from it, by the mind of man. The soul finds in it a fund of high spiritual associations. Analogies are perceived in it, which connect it most affectingly with our mortal life, with dread eternity, and with Almighty God himself, the source and end of all. And thus it becomes a principal link in that great chain of purpose and sympathy, with which the Creator has bound up all matter and mind, together with his own infinite being, in one concentrating whole.

The sea has often been likened to this our life. Poetry is fond of remarking resemblances between it and the passions and fortunes of humanity. Our contemplations launch forth on its capacious bosom, and gather up the images and shadowings of our existence and fate, of what we are, and what is appointed to us. Do we see its multitudinous waves rushing blindly and impetuously along wherever they are driven by the lashing wind? They remind us of the tempest of an angry mind, or the tumult of an enraged people. Are the waves hushed, and is a calm breathed over the floods? It is the similitude of a peaceful breast, of a composed and placid spirit, or a quiet, untroubled time. Doubts, anxieties, and fears pass over our minds, as clouds do over the sea, tinging them, as the clouds tinge the waters, with their deep and threatening hues. Does a beaming hope or a golden joy break in suddenly upon us, in the midst of care or misfortune? What is it but a ray of light, such as we sometimes behold sent down from the rifted sky, shining alone in the dark horizon, a sun-burst on a sullen sea?

Then how often are the vicissitudes of life compared with the changes of the ocean. Who that has been abroad on the sea, who that has heard or read any thing of its phenomena, does not know that to the most propitious winds and skies which can bless the mariner, frequently succeed those which are the most adverse and destructive; that the morning may rise with the fairest promises, bringing the favouring breeze and

smiling over the pleasant water, and ere the evening falls, or before high noon is come, the scene may be wrapt in gloom, the steady gale may be converted into the savage blast, the gay sunbeams may be followed by the blue lightnings, and the floods above be poured down on the floods below, as if together they were determined, as of old, to drown and desolate the world? And do not these things take place in the voyage of human life? Who knows not how often youth sets sail with flattering hopes and brilliant prospects, which are changed before manhood, into dreary disappointment or black despair? Who knows not how often and how suddenly the sun of prosperity may be covered up from sight, and its glowing rays be quenched in the coldness and darkness and fearfulness of howling adversity? Who knows not that in the midst of joy and peace, the billows of affliction may all at once rise up, and roll in upon the soul? "All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me," cries the mourning Psalmist; and again he complains, "Thou hast laid me in the lowest pit, in darkness, in the deeps. Thy wrath lieth hard upon me, and thou hast afflicted me with all thy waves." And there is not, perhaps, in all literature, sacred or profane, a more striking image of dark, weltering, utter desolation, than is contained in the exclamation of the prophet Jonah. "The depth closed me round about," says he, "*the weeds were wrapped about my head.*"

Though no voyage, on the sea or in life, is free from vicissitudes, yet the same changes happen not to all, nor do all suffer the same or equal reverses. Our barks are all abroad on the wide surface of existence, and some experience more severe and frequent storms, or more baffling winds than others. For some, the gales of prosperity appear to blow, as we may say, tropically, so fair and steady is the course of fortune into which they seem to have fallen; while others appear to have encountered, almost at the outset, an unfavourable vein, which has opposed, wearied, and persecuted them to the very end. To that end they all arrive, sooner or later. The ocean has many harbours; life has but one. It is safe and peaceful. There the tempests cease to rage, and all the winds of heaven fold up their wings and rest. There the mariner reposes from all his toils, and he forgets his perils and fears, his watchings and fatigues. The billows are

without; they foam and toss in vain. The sails are furl'd, and the anchors are dropped: "We sail the sea of life," says the poet,

"We sail the sea of life—a calm one finds,
And one a tempest—and, the voyage o'er,
Death is the quiet haven of us all."

This discourses the ocean on the great themes of mortality—the eloquent ocean, sounding forth incessantly, in its deep-toned surges, a true and dignified philosophy; repeating to every shore the moral and the mystery of human life.

But it does something more. It is so vast, so uniform, so full, so all enveloping, that it leads the thoughts to a sublimer theme than life or time, to the theme of dread eternity. When contemplations on this subject are suggested by it, human life shrinks up into a stream, wandering through a varied land, now through sands, now clearly and now turbidly, now smoothly and quietly, and now obstructed and chafed, till it is lost at last in the mighty ocean, which receives, and feels it not. There is nothing among the earthly works of God, which brings the feeling—for it can, hardly be termed a conception—the feeling of eternity so powerfully to the soul, as does the "wide, wide sea." We look upon its waves, succeeding each other continually, one rising up as another vanishes, and we think of the generations of men, which lift up their heads for a while and then pass away, one after the other, for all the noise and show they can make, even as those restless and momentary waves. Thus the waves and the ages come and go, appear and disappear, and the ocean and eternity remain the same, undecaying and unaffected, abiding in the unchanging integrity of their solemn existence. We stand upon the solitary shore, and we hear the surges beat, uttering such grand, inimitable symphonies as are fit for the audience of cliffs and skies; and our minds fly back through years and years, to that time when, though we were not and our fathers were not, those surges were yet beating, incessantly beating, making the same wild music, and heard alone by the overhanging cliffs, and the over-arching skies, which silently gave heed to it, even as they do now. In the presence of this old and united company we feel on what an exceedingly small point we stand, and how soon we shall be swept away, while the surges will continue to beat on that very spot, and the cliffs and the skies will still lean over to hear. This is what may be called the feeling of eternity. Perhaps the feeling is rendered yet more intense, when we lie on our bed, musing and watching, and hear the sonorous cadences of the waves coming up solemnly and soothingly through the stillness of night. It is as the voice of a spirit—as the voice of the spirit of eternity. The ocean seems now to be a living thing, ever living and ever moving, a sleepless influence, a personification of unending duration, uttering aloud the oracles of primeval truth.

"Listen: the mighty being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder, everlastingly."

Where are the myriads of men who have trodden its shores, and gone down to it in ships? They are passed away. Not a single trace has been left of all their armaments. Where are the old kingdoms which were once washed by its waves? They have been changed, and changed again, till a few ruins only tell where they stood. But the sea is all the same. Man can place no monuments upon it, with all his ambition and pride. It suffers not even a ruin to speak of his triumphs or his existence. It remains as young, as strong, as free, as when it first listened to the Almighty word, and responded with all its billows to the song of the morning stars.

"Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow;
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now."

It is this immutability which, more than any other of the attributes of ocean, perhaps, impresses our minds with the sentiment of eternity, and gives to it its character of superiority among the works of God. Earth never frees itself entirely from the subjection of man. It constantly receives and covers his fallen remains, indeed, but is made to bear memorials of the victor, even after he is vanquished. All over the world we see the vestiges of former generations; their caves, their wells, their pyramids, their roads, their towers, their graves. But none of these things are on the sea. Its surface is unmarked but by its own commotions; and when it buries man or man's works, the sepulture is sudden and entire; a plunge, a bubble, and the waters roll on as before, careless of the momentary interruption of their wonted flowing. Thus immutable, thus unworn and unsullied is ocean. To what shall it be compared but to the highest subjects of thought, to life, to immortality? It allies itself in its greatness more with spirit than with matter. It holds itself above subjection or control. It seems to have a will, a liberty, and a power.

As these are high associations, they readily lead us up to Him who is above all height. There is a natural connexion between all sublime and pure sentiment, and the conception of Deity. All grandeur directs us to him, because we have learnt that he is greatest. We cannot stop in the creature, after we have received any true ideas of the Creator. And thus God himself comes, as if by an influence of his spirit, into our minds, when we are looking upon the sea, or listening to its roar, and imbibing the emotions which it is so powerful to excite. Where he comes, he reigns. The conception of God, when it enters, takes the throne of authority among the other thoughts, and brings them into easy subordination. And then we think how inferior and dependent are all might and majesty, compared with his. The eternity of ocean becomes a brief type of the eternity of him who made it, and all its grandeur as a passing shadow of his. It does not, however, lose any of its interest by this kind of inferiority. Nothing is lessened to the pious mind by being esteemed less than the Supreme. It retains its connexion with eternity and God,

and is exalted by its glorious dependence. It puts on the aspect, and speaks with the added solemnity of religion; telling us that all its power and magnificence are from the Maker, and that if it is full of beauty, and life, and usefulness, and mystery, it is because the Maker is good and wise and infinite. The sea has been called the religious sea. It is religious, as it suggests religious thoughts and emotions. And as the feelings excited by a noble object in a contemplative soul, are always in some degree reflected back upon that object, the sea will appear to be in its own self religious; to know that it is lying in the hollow of the Almighty's hand; to chant loud anthems to his praise in the noise of its rushing floods, and to send up its more quiet devotions in the breathing stillness of its calms. In short, we know nothing of the sea as we ought to know, we feel nothing of its best and sublimest inspirations, unless we receive from it, and communicate to it, the thoughts and feelings of religion; unless we grow devout as we gaze, and return from contemplating it with the consciousness that we have entered into a nearer union with God.

The moral associations which have now been described as naturally arising from the soul's converse with the sea, are all in a great degree definite. The deep is, as it were, freighted and laden with them, and bears them richly to our receiving bosoms. And when we look out upon the ocean, without fixing on either of these associations as the direct subject of thought, it is the union of several or of all of them, which, almost unconsciously to us, produces such a strong impression within us. But besides these sentiments which can be traced and numbered, there are feelings suggested by that magnificent object, which cannot so well, if at all, be defined. I believe that no one, who loves nature, has let his soul go out on the sea without experiencing emotions which he could not possibly explain, but which were as real as any that he ever felt. All that he can tell of them is that they are elevating and refining. Further than this he cannot communicate them, for they baffle all description and search. It seems to him, sometimes, as he waits and watches on the shore, that the Great Spirit himself moves, as in the beginning, on the face of the waters, and speaks to him holy words, which, though he hears and imbibes, he cannot fully understand; which he knows not now, but will know hereafter. They come like whispers of that communion, intelligence, and consent which pervade creation. They teach us something of our unrevealed connexions, something of the unseen and unimaginable future; and if, so be that we are disposed to bring down all our faith, and trust to that alone which we can touch and define, they gently rebuke us for our coldness, and intimate to us that there are more, many more things in heaven and earth and sea, than are dreamt of in our philosophy.

I have spoken as I was able, and not as I could have desired, of the "great and wide sea." Let the rest be learnt by each one, where it can be learnt much better than from me, from the sea

itself. If I have induced a single individual who has hitherto regarded it as a barren collection of waters, or a medium for traffic merely, to look upon it as something more wonderful, divine, and useful than this, I am satisfied if his curiosity is at all excited, let him go to the sea shore and get wisdom. If his devout affections are at all moved, let him go to the ocean and worship.

"His choir shall be the moonlight waves,
When murmuring homeward to their caves;
Or, when the stillness of the sea,
Even more than music, breathes of Thee!"

Every object in nature yields instruction to the teachable and listening mind; but some objects utter a voice more powerful, more commanding, more thrilling than others. If we may find, as one of the best English poets tells us we may, "sermons in stones," in lifeless stones, what eloquent and soul-stirring addresses may we not hear from the living, glorious, beautiful, eternal sea!

CHANGE.

BY MISS L. E. LONDON.

"I would not care, at least, so much, sweet Spring,
For the departing colour of thy flowers—
The green leaves early falling from thy boughs—
Thy birds, so soon forgetful of their songs—
Thy skies, whose sunshine ends in heavy showers:
But thou dost leave thy memory, like a ghost,
To haunt the ruined heart, which still recurs
To former beauty; and the desolate
Is doubly sorrowful when it recalls
It was not always desolate."

When those eyes have forgotten the smile they wear now—
When care shall have shadowed that beautiful brow—
When thy hopes and thy roses together lie dead,
And thy heart turns back pining to days that are fled—

Then wilt thou remember what now seems to pass
Like the moonlight on water, the breath-stain on glass;
Oh! maiden, the lovely and youthful, to thee
How rose-touched the page of thy future must be!

By the past, if thou judge it, how little is there
But flowers that flourish, but hopes that are fair;
And what is thy present? a southern sky's spring,
With thy feelings and fancies like birds on the wing.

As the rose by the fountain flings down on the wave
Its blushes, forgetting its glass is its grave,
So the heart sheds its colour on life's early hour;
But the heart has its fading as well as the flower.

The charmed light darkens, the rose-leaves are gone,
And life, like the fountain, floats colourless on:
Said I, when thy beauty's sweet vision was fled,
How would'st thou turn, pining to days like the dead?

Oh! long ere one shadow shall darken that brow,
Wilt thou weep like a mourner o'er all thou lov'st now—
When thy hopes, like spent arrows, fall short of their mark;
Or, like meteors at midnight, make darkness more dark;

When thy feelings lie fettered like waters in frost,
Or, scattered too freely, are wasted and lost;
For aye cometh sorrow, when youth has passed by—
What saith the Arabian? Its memory's a sigh.

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE'S VILLA AT CHISWICK.

FOREIGN noblemen who have visited this enchanting spot, leave England with elevated notions of its national taste. How comparatively barbarous are the line of villas, so much boasted of by travellers, on the Neva, on the road from St. Petersburg; or any other villas near the other capitals of Europe! How few people in London are aware, that while they travel so many hundred miles to view the splendid mansions of Eaton Hall, of Wilton, Stow, Blenheim, or Chatsworth, there is within five miles of the metropolis an unrivalled instance of the magic effects that may be produced by taste guided by profound science.

This beautiful specimen of a Roman villa was erected by the duke's great ancestor, the celebrated Earl of Burlington. That nobleman exhibited the only instance of a man of title and splendid estate, surpassing all competition of professional contemporaries in an art requiring great study and toil, combined with very high qualities of intellect. Next to Sir Christopher Wren and Inigo Jones, the Earl of Burlington must rank as our best architect. The school that succeeded Wren, Gibbes, Vanburgh, and their cotemporaries and followers, have evinced science and art inferior to those of this great amateur architect of England.

The earl of Burlington built only the centre of this villa; the two wings were added to it by the late Mr. Wyatt, at the command of the late duke of Devonshire. They are not worthy of the centre compartment. They are not so elegant in their proportions, and are comparatively poor in their details, with nothing to associate with the full frieze and rich entablature, the fluted columns, and highly-wrought Corinthian capitals of the portico and body of the building erected by the Earl.

Unfortunately the flights of steps, with the balustrades, though producing a magnificent effect, are not suited for an entrance to a mansion in this climate; nor are they adapted to idle persons or invalids. The Empress Catherine, of Russia, would have admired the splendour of such an entrance, and she would have converted the stairs into an inclined plane, so that her pony-chaise should have driven her to the drawing-room window, without trouble to the legs.

But let the young and vigorous ascend these angular stairs, and when arriving under the high portico, instead of entering the central room with its lofty and embossed dome, let him turn suddenly round, and we envy not his nature, if his senses are not entranced and overpowered by the beautiful, the rich, and lovely landscape. It is a perfect realization of Claude's most successful creations of enchantment, by scenery, soft, rich and luxuriant; every object teeming with life, redolent of enjoyment, and the whole harmonizing in the highest expression of warmth and beauty, without verging upon the

grand. The view opens through a short frame work or direction of the sight, by the avenue of trees which line the broad gravel-path and stately grounds of the villa. There is here an excellent contrivance of a raised lawn, which shuts out the sight of the road and all the neighbouring houses; and from amidst this severely grand retreat, and objects of even solemn expression by which the spectator is surrounded, he views the sunny landscape, with the broad Thames like a sheet of silver, glowing as it rolls amidst the fields of many tinged verdures and yellow corn; whilst the wooded back ground in the far-receding perspective, mellows into that indistinctness for which Claude has been blamed, but which constitutes his excellence; for it is painting to the mind's eye, and kindles imagination to fill with its own creation, the space beyond the boundary over which our vision cannot extend. How often, under this portico, has Mr. Fox, with Lord Rockingham, the present Earl Spencer, when Lord Althorpe, and the late Duke of Norfolk, when Lord Charles, Earl of Surry, enjoyed this delightful scene, conversing on the fate of Europe, or retiring from angry controversies into classic discussions with the last duke of Devonshire, in his early life their coadjutor in the ministry! How often had Fox and Sheridan, and the splendid Whigs of a later period, enjoyed themselves amidst these truly classic scenes, when the loveliness of the Duchess, and the vivacious spirit of the Lady Elizabeth Foster, made festive and delightful the splendid entertainments within. In those days the rich old velvet hangings of the Earl of Burlington, though discoloured and dilapidated, gave a character to the house; they have since been supplanted by decorations of modern taste.

But the usual entrance is on the ground-floor, from the low roofs, and cool, but rather vault-like expressions of which the visitor ascend by a light and elegant staircase into the rooms above. There are seven, *en suite*, and form a brilliant *coup d'œil*, astonishing the spectator, not only by their brilliancy and invaluable contents of works of art, but by their extent and vista, for which he has not been prepared by the outward appearance of the building.

The first saloon, containing books and several excellent paintings, has a fanlight, or oval skylight roof, which is poor, and injures the richness of the view below. The roofs of the two next saloons are bold, and richly gilded. The floors of these three saloons are of a species of red marble, in squares; but the walls are hung round with invaluable paintings of the old masters, and ornamented with bronzes and objects of *virtu*, evincing the sound judgment and consummate taste of Lord Burlington and his successors.

The third saloon leads to the central room, running from the portico, and the great window of which commands a view of the landscape we

have been describing. This central room has a very lofty and highly-wrought architectural dome, which, by its great height and fine proportions, gives this central chamber the expression of spacious grandeur; the walls are hung round with some excellent portraits and paintings by the first masters.

Another saloon, (with a bad sky-light roof,) but equally rich in works of art, leads to the Duke's private drawing-room. This room is about square, and of capital proportions, with a very richly gilded ceiling; whilst the walls are covered with exquisite paintings of great value. Standing at the extremity, in one direction the eye travels through a suite of saloons and halls through which you have just passed, and the sight is very rich and beautiful; the right-hand window, of the Venetian character, commands the landscape in the direction of the portico, whilst a similar window behind you looks upon the private grounds of the villa. Folding doors to the left lead to a similar drawing-room, and from which, retracing your steps to the stair-case, and consequently walking parallel to the line of the saloons, there is a suite of rooms in the richest style of gilding and ornament, in the style of Louis XIV. These rooms are very magnificent, nor in an equal space did we ever see so fine an effect produced by this justly famed character of decoration. Perhaps it is more strictly the style of Louis XIV. to lay the golden lines and devices upon grounds plainly coloured; but here they are laid upon shaded lines, which seem to us very much to augment the magnificence. The ceilings are superb, and even surpass those of the private rooms of his late Majesty at Windsor, upon which we bestowed our strong admiration. The tapestry, is more fresh vivid, and brilliant in colouring than any we recollect to have seen, and the ensemble is altogether one of exquisite beauty. Amidst the numerous objects of *virtu*, the observer will be struck by two large massive porphyry vases, of beautiful contour, highly polished and wrought; they are of Italian manufacture and of antique design. All in the two drawing-rooms is excellent, except one intolerable blemish, in the old fluted wooden and painted columns dividing the compartments of the Venetian windows; were these of scagliola, or of statuary marble, to match the singular temple-like chimney-piece, the house would be perfect.

It is impossible, in the space of this article, to specify any of the paintings, bronzes, statues, reliefs, or other beautiful objects with which these rooms are filled.

It would be extremely difficult to convey any idea of the grounds, except to persons familiar with their singular character and style, which are almost unknown in England. Persons who have not seen them can form no just conception of their grand, dignified, and solemn expression—a solemnity without gloom—and which inspires the mind irresistibly with a love of philosophic contemplation and retirement. There is a canal, the undisturbed glassy surface of which reflects the deep, dark shadows of the evergreens in

contrast to the silver-glittering of the Thames, seen in an opposite direction, as it rolls through the gayer meadows, and bearing on its bosom its traffic and its many parties of pleasure. Upon sloping lawns, near the villa, immense pine trees, rise in towering majesty, with their long sloping and descending surfaces of velvet, casting out their gigantic arms, and enveloping all around them in impenetrable shade; whilst beyond them are dim glades and recesses in the thick groves of the same majestic class of trees.

There is almost an unexampled propriety and good keeping in this beautiful spot. The villa is meant as a retreat from the sultry glare of summer, and from the dissipation or anxious cares of state in the metropolis:—

“*Fumum et opes strepitumque Romæ.*”

Hence its expression should be that of calm repose, of serenity, of profound retreat, of dignity without ostentation. All things relating to it contribute to this severity of expression. The avenues of dark and majestic evergreens; the *termini* and various classic ornaments about the grounds; the statuary, pedestals, and reliefs; the character of the building, the spacious walks, and even every detail, however insignificant in appearance to the superficial observer, all tend to one great object, and produce unity of impression. Hence it is, that few persons can credit the smallness of the area which seems so ample, and on which such a magical effect is produced on the mind and feelings.

THE HANDS.

Those who want delicate hands are recommended as an infallible rule, never to hold them near the fire, or expose them to cold winds or rains. Where the hands are sun-burnt, they may be washed in lime-water, or the juice of lemons: these will also remove freckles from them, if not too severely impressed, as well as from the face and neck; or the following solution, which may be obtained at a trifling expense, and which is, in fact, a better preparation than any ever sold or advertised by the numerous empyrics of the day, and will, by experience, be found much more certain and efficacious, namely:—Take distilled water, or water that has boiled, one pint, sal ammoniac, half drachm, oxymuriate of quicksilver, four grains. Dissolve the two last ingredients in a little spirit, and add the water gradually and uniformly to them. Add to the whole another pint of water, and it is ready for use. It may be applied by means of a piece of sponge as often as convenient, to freckles, skin coloured from the rays of the sun, such as tawny necks, arms, and hands. Rose-water is preferable to the distilled water, from its being of a more cooling and aromatic nature, though more expensive. If the hands be previously fomented with a warm infusion of bran, the solution will act better on them.

From the New York Mirror.

BIOGRAPHY OF THE RIGHT REV. JOHN H. HOBART, D. D.

Pro ecclesia Del.—*Hooker's last words.*

As if in the illusion of a dream, we find that this illustrious prelate has suddenly disappeared. His absence sheds a general gloom over our city. Thousands lament, that the cherished light of their holy altar is unexpectedly extinguished. As with deep reverence we turn toward the high priest, we are called to mourn, that he is removed from the ministrations of the Lord's sanctuary. He has been withdrawn from earth, and now only can we discover, how faithfully he kept alive the hallowed flame, and how emphatically he was a great man in Israel.

His first dawning boyhood promised a bright day; and this promise was most splendidly realized. Born in the city of Philadelphia, on the fourteenth day of September in the year seventeen hundred and seventy-five, he spent there the interesting period of his youth. In him were happily associated, even in his early life, those intellectual and moral traits of character, which are the germs of all true greatness. He had a mind that never wearied; he had a nerve that never was relaxed.

His rare qualities attracted the attention and conciliated the esteem and love of many, who were his superiors in age. When he was yet a lad, great things were predicted of him. His intellectual and moral standing, both at school and in college, won the greatest meed of commendation for his talents, his deportment, and his untiring industry. At Princeton, when in his nineteenth year, he graduated with great reputation. He received the first honours of his class. He was then elected tutor, and was thus led to linger for a time on the same classic ground. But he had resolved to make a dedication of his soul and body to the sacred functions of the ministry of Jesus. He soon left his literary toils to enter on this hallowed work. While in his college course he had very often been induced by his young friends to make a declaration of his religious views. And so ardently did he espouse, even at that early period, before his nineteenth year, the cause of primitive episcopacy, that his fellow students frequently alleged he would *one day be a bishop*. He was at the very heart a protestant episcopalian. He approached the altar with a firm step, when in his five and twentieth year, he was ordained; and so zealous, so laborious, so undeviating was his devotion to the distinguishing principles of episcopacy, that in the American church he became at last the very chief of the apostles.

As a preacher, he was devout, earnest, solemn. His enunciation was peculiarly dignified; and his expositions, his expostulations, his entreaties, and his appeals were framed after the best models of those great men, who have declared in

our own tongue the wonderful works of God. He had a peculiar delight in the works of HOOKER, BARROW, HALL, HORSLEY, WATERLAND, and kindred spirits. He breathed much of their devotion in the exercises of the pulpit; and in his polemical controversies, from the same quiver which supplied them with shafts he drew his powerful weapons. "Evangelical piety and apostolic order" was his motto.

The first field of his ministerial efforts was the church at Hempstead, Long Island. Both there, and when first called to be an assistant minister of Trinity church in this city, his sermons were committed to memory with great care. His increasing duties and engagements soon rendered it impracticable for him to pursue this course, and he abandoned it. But by the change, he lost little of his power to arrest and to engage his hearers. It often happens that an intellect, by no means transcendent, may light up the fires of youth a fitful evanescent popularity; but to maintain a splendid reputation in the pulpit for a long term of time, demands the effort of no ordinary genius. Dr. HOBART was a popular preacher in our city for the space of nine and twenty years. He was not a blazing meteor, but a burning and a shining light, that continually increased in splendour; his last efforts were among the very best that he produced.

His numerous unexpected calls to write, would often not admit of careful and deliberate composition. But he was ever prompt, on the most sudden and extreme emergencies. His pen was always ready; and it was always able.

When the infirmities of the late Bishop MOORE of New York required that an assistant bishop should be elected in the diocese, Dr. HOBART was the choice of the convention, and in the year eighteen hundred and eleven he was duly consecrated. He forthwith entered on the duties of his high office, with a distinguished earnestness and energy. The diocese numbered in its convention at that time *less than thirty* clergymen; and in the whole region west of Utica, there was but a *single* missionary crying in the wilderness. At the last convention (A. D. 1829,) the number of the clergy had increased to a *hundred and thirty-four*; and in the western counties there were *more than thirty* missionary heralds, lifting up their voices in the name of Christ and of his Church. For nineteen years the heart that has now ceased to palpitate was glowing with a warm interest, in the holy cause which it espoused as the great cause of the divine Redeemer. Among the prelates that adorn the church in our land, the late mitred worthy was

The greatest champion of the cause."

Over the largest of the American dioceses, he

has left memorials of his episcopate, which will never be forgotten. He was a valiant spiritual veteran. "The church," said he in one of his most popular discourses now in print, "the church in her faith, her ministry, her order, her worship, in all her great distinctive principles—maintain her at all hazards. For amidst the agitations and tumults of error and enthusiasm, she is the asylum of the great and good; amidst the conflicts of heresy and schism, she is the safeguard of the truth, as it is in Jesus, of all that he and his apostles ordained to advance the salvation of a lost world."

With an untiring hand, for almost twenty years, he bore the ark of God into the remotest corners of his vast diocese, an extent of forty-six thousand square miles. And wherever the ark rested, there was a blessing from the Lord. But his intense efforts could be no longer borne, his frame sunk under his extreme exhaustion; and it might be truly said, he lived and died for the church of God—in the last words of the immortal Hooker, "*pro ecclesia Dei.*"

In his private intercourse, he combined many of the most admirable qualities. He was embarrassed in no circle where he appeared. He was polite, conciliating, affable; with a retentive memory and lively mind, he could at once identify, in social interviews, the countenances of all those whom he had ever seen. Abroad, he was a cheerful guest; at home, he entertained with an unbounded hospitality. The rich and poor have lost in him a noble, generous friend.

The wide influence, which he secured by his great talents and attainments, seemed like a magic charm. His voice was the prompt voice of thousands; and for this they had high sanction. "I have known," says the venerable Bishop WHITE of Pennsylvania, in a letter to a friend just published in a daily paper of this city, "and have had occasions to remark, the character of my now deceased friend, from his very early boyhood; and can truly say, that I have never known any man, on whose integrity and conscientiousness of conduct I have had more full reliance than on his."

When such a man, such a prelate, has moved before the public eye, engaged their understandings, warmed their hearts, for thirty years—his sudden exit from the world must cause a deep sensation in all ranks. And it was so. In the full possession of his faculties, in the fifty-fifth year of his age, the dying prelate, amid the most hallowed and triumphant sentiments of our faith, was called to resign his soul into the hands of his Redeemer. He was at Auburn, on his annual tour of duty; but a bilious fever there arrested him in his career. For ten days he lay upon his bed of sickness; and with two of his devoted clergy and one of his affectionate sons at his bedside, he departed at the early dawn of the sweet day of rest.

Soon, the melancholy tidings reached the city. Like an electric flash, it instantaneously arrested all. All felt the shock; and by its suddenness and its severity they were bewildered, they were

palsied. The remains were brought to the metropolis. Amid the most general, solemn, touching sympathies, they were conveyed to the ancient church of Trinity parish, and with impressive funeral rites they were there deposited beneath the holy sacramental altar. All the churches in the city are now veiled in solemn weeds; all the clergy and vestrymen, the religious and benevolent societies, and a great number of the leading members of our community, attest their sorrow by some funeral badge. The diocese cannot repress her grief; her sister dioceses sigh responsive. The beacon is extinguished; there is an awful gloom!

It will be the work of his biographer, to give the full testimony of this great apostle with so bright a name—to tell of his distinguishing characteristics, and his writings, and his extensive influence, and his triumphant death. But when this towering son of our soil, that so lately stood among us, has been just felled; and standing by the newly prostrate trunk, as we now view its branching honours, and contemplate its rich foliage and its precious fruits that were for the healing of the nations, as they lie scattered in profusion at our feet; we are irresistibly impelled, to gather at least a small *memento* of what so late stood in majesty and pointed to the skies. S.

From the London Literary Gazette.

FIRST AND LAST HOURS.

Lov'st thou the hour, the first of day,
When the dewy flowers are opening bright,
When through the curtains of morning gray
Are stealing streaks of crimson light?
Hath it not a power, a spell?
Doth it not to thy warm heart tell
Of life, fresh, sparkling, new-born life,
And scenes as yet too young for strife?

Lov'st thou the hour in twilight time,
When every flower is closing round,
When fainter and fainter the far bell's chime
Comes with a soothing, dying sound?
Hath it not a spell, though it be
Differing from the first, for thee?
Doth it not tell of visions deep,
And a gradual dropping down to sleep?

These hours are types and signs of thine:
Thy first hour brought both smiles and tears,
And called forth feelings half divine,
In those who looked to future years,
And watched how grew each feature's mould,
And saw their little buds unfold,
And trusted strife should never come,
To cast on heart and brow a gloom.

And thy last hour—'tis thine to make
It calm, as twilight's lovely time,
A blessed sleep, from which to wake,
Will be to the better world to climb:
Remember, 'tis thine, ay thine, to choose,
If storms shall take place of stars and dews,
Or if thy spirit shall have a power
To make its parting like day's last hour.

SELF-LOVE—SYMPATHY WITH OTHERS—SELFISHNESS, &C.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ANASTASIUS."

Every sentient entity, from the lowest of brutes to the highest of human beings, desires self-gratification. All his other wishes, few or many, low or exalted, for things near or distant, tend ultimately to that purpose. In all he thinks, in all he does, self-gratification is his final object. No entity that feels at all, has it in his power, while he feels, to shake off that craving. The oyster who, only capable of relishing the mud by which he is surrounded, absorbs that mud voraciously, and the man, who, only intent on the joys of heaven, denies himself all the enjoyments of this earth, in order to double his portion hereafter;—he who indulges in every luxury, and he who, in the very midst of every means of self-enjoyment, endures every privation, in order to relieve the miseries of others—are alike impelled by their desire of ultimate self-gratification: the latter only acts as he does, because he suffers from his own self-denial less than he does from the unhappiness of his neighbours. No one voluntarily incurs a suffering for which he is never to receive any compensation. The oyster and the ascetic only differ in the extent and distance of the ultimate views of self-gratification which they entertain: those of the oyster extend no further than the next moment, and the circumference of his narrow shell—he knows no world beyond: those of the ascetic embrace the whole extent of time and place.

Every sentient entity, consequently feels self-love. The word means nothing more than a predominant solicitude concerning self, its well-being, its enjoyments, and its happiness.

Where self-love remains confined to affection for one's own single individual; where it only causes an exclusive solicitude to gratify that single individual; where it extends not to other surrounding individuals, it is called selfishness; and such alone is the self-love felt by brutes, even unto the highest. No animal, unendowed with faculties of abstraction, is capable of any mental affection for other brutes, or for human beings.

The monkey, in which parental tenderness seems the prevailing sentiment in suckling its young, in hugging its offspring to its breast, in braving the shafts of its assailant in order to defend its progeny, only defends the entity whose appetite rids it of the encumbrance of its milk; whose warmth and softness solace its sense of touch.

The very dog who appears to feel the greatest love, gratitude and fidelity towards his master, only defends his master as he does the bone he crunches; not in order to render that master a service, but because he considers that master as his own property; because from his master's person and apparel he derives effluvia, as grateful to his sense of smell, as those from the bone are pleasing to his sense of taste. When his master dies, he either follows him to the grave, and there pines away, unconscious of doing so,

in the hopes of still drawing from the emanations of his master's body the usual gratification; or he rouses up, shakes himself, and, guided by the smell alone, seeks, and suddenly attaches himself to a new master.

Human beings themselves, while still in a savage state, have not yet, with respect to others of their species, those feelings of sympathy which makes them regard these as part of themselves, and include them within the circle of their self-love. They kill their wives; they abandon their aged parents; they expose their helpless offspring, the moment these become to them an incumbrance: they devour their enemies, when these fall into their clutches: they are too exclusively occupied with their own privations and sufferings, to find time yet to think of those of others. Nay, among many early nations highly civilized, sympathy with the feelings of other human beings was still confined within very narrow limits. The ancient Greeks, highly convivial, highly attached even as they showed themselves to their peculiar friends and party, were still totally regardless of the feelings of man in general: they regarded all strangers, not bound to them by peculiar rites, as outcasts; all enemies as criminals; all captives as slaves: they were merciless not only to their vanquished foes, but to their fellow citizens of an adverse faction. The gentle Telemachus suspended all his mother's truant waiting maids with his own royal hands from a beam in her chamber:—and at a late period only was the altar to pity raised among the Greeks.

And what shall we say of those arch-barbarians, the Romans, whose warlike triumphs regularly ended in the cold-blooded immolation of their most distinguished captives: whose favourite sports only consisted in the slaughter of men and beasts: whose amphitheatres, streaming with human blood, were frequented as eagerly by the vestal virgin as by the ferocious warrior; by the emperor as by the meanest citizen: to whom the spectacle of a man torn to pieces by a tiger, or a slave nailed to the cross, was a welcome recreation? Terence's famous speech, "homo sum," &c. could only have been borrowed from Menander.

Even among the nations of modern times, whom the influence of Christianity has softened, men of the lower classes of society, however good-natured, however obliging, however serviceable, however disposed to afford pleasure to others, share yet little in their sufferings. Their minds are in general too torpid still, to enter deeply into the painful feelings of other beings. They encourage cruel sports; they flock to executions.

Among the higher classes themselves, at a more advanced age more humanised, children still are pitiless. They inflict on entities feebler than themselves all the torture they can; they tear off the limbs of insects, only to behold their writh-

ings. They are thoughtless, not cruel: and among men of the highest order in point of civilization, how many are there who, all their lives, with the polish of marble retain its cold unfeeling hardness: how many who, from nicely calculated selfish motives alone, form the mere wish to earn rich returns for the services they render, in gratitude, in esteem, in admiration, in incense to their vanity, in the acquirement of that good name, so conducive to forwarding even the interests of this nether world—or from the mere solicitude only to surround themselves in their convivial hours by a wreath of mirth inspiring faces, responsive to their own mirth, re-echoing to themselves the pleasure derived from them, and filling the whole atmosphere around with emanations of joy, are, not only in all their more important dealings with other men, just, fair, and honourable, but are even in their more social intercourse with them, serviceable, and ready ever apparently to put themselves out of the question, so they can oblige others;—who in the hours of relaxation prove the most agreeable and valuable companions;—and who, nevertheless, when we suffer affliction, or lie on the bed of sickness; when we no longer can afford them the pleasure for which they value our company, think of our sufferings unmoved, and, instead of seeking to alleviate pain by their presence and care, stay away, and turn from us their eyes and thoughts, lest the mere view of our misery should prove infectious.

And this is truly the disposition best fitted to enjoy all the pleasures of this life, and to steer clear of most of its sufferings. It would be the surest game to play, were all to end *here*.

But there are in this world a few men who cannot thus insulate their existence from that of all around: whose active imagination pictures to them the joys and griefs of all other sentient individuals in such lively colours, as to make them regard these beings as further extensions only of their personal individuality; as parts of themselves:—whose sympathetic feelings identify with themselves all other surrounding sentient entities, both in their happiness and in their sufferings.

These men, even where personally in the most enviable situations, cannot feel fully happy, while in the furthest horizon they discover a cloud overcasting the happiness of others. They feel ready to undergo personal privations and pains in order to dispel or alleviate those of persons dear to them, and to promote universal serenity; though in doing so, they still are actuated by feelings of self-love, and views of self-gratification; for their own privations weigh less upon them than the sufferings of others: but while *selfish* self-love is compatible with the misery of others, nay often produces their sufferings, this species of self-love, including the whole human race, forbids whatever contributes not to universal welfare. And if, after we have shaken off the sufferings of this life, there be in store for us—as the analogy of every phenomenon in nature leads us, even independent of revelation, to expect—another and a better world, in which the interests of each individual separately will be those of all the rest, and where all will be constantly happy, this latter species of self-love must assuredly afford the best preparation for the joys of this better world.

STUDY OF MUSIC.

THERE is one objection to the science of music very grievous to those who make it a serious study, and sufficient to cause persons of an irritable turn of mind entirely to eschew the art. We allude to the melancholy fact, that almost every body who has acquired the least practical knowledge of a musical instrument, no matter what, or has contrived to master the hundredth psalm, "Bonnetts of Blue," or any other equally difficult piece of music, straightway believes himself or herself gifted with a quantum of theory, not only to decide upon all musical points, but to dictate to others. It is really amazing to see the *maximum* of importance and display of opinion which follows this unhappy *minimum* of knowledge, and we do not know any other art or science of which the professors are so vexed and troubled. However, they have their occasional consolation under this state of suffering, in the felicity of sometimes witnessing the lucubrations of these illuminati committed to print. "*Litera scripta manet*," say they, and we are free to con-

cess, that, on such occasions, our spirit doth leap within us, and we fully enjoy the completion of Job's bitter wish—"Oh that mine enemy would write a book."

This it is that renders bad taste prevalent, and gives the impudent and empirical tyro advantages over the learned but more modest professor who has studied the science and proved its depth. In no city is the danger of this unfortunate state of things more apparent than in this.—The very aptness and inclination which we manifest for that delightful art, which has suddenly burst upon us in an avalanche of harmony and melody, instead of being instilled into our minds gradually by the habit of hearing it from our youth, furnish arms against ourselves, and cause an evident desire to grasp at, and pretend to, the refinements of the science before we are acquainted with its rudiments. What, for instance, is more ridiculous than to hear persons prate about Puccini, Mercandante, Caraffa and Rossini, who (Rossini excepted) will scarcely outlive their

brief hour, when such masters as Sacchini, Pergolesi, Paisiello, and Cimarosa, who can never die, are literally unknown to them!—What, we ask, is more ludicrous than to hear people lisp forth admiration of Beethoven, Hummell, Weber, Auber, nay, Mozart, (for Garcia did act Don Giovanni in this city) when Joseph and Michael Hadyn, Gluck, Graun, Purcell and Handel are scarcely thought of, and three of them, at least, unknown? What would be said of a school-master who should place Tacitus and Zenophon before a pupil who had not read Cæsar and the Greek Testament?—We rather opine that we should “write him down an ass.” The same will strictly apply to an attempt at comprehending and trying to execute the elaborate compositions of the present day without a competent knowledge of the works on which they are founded. Parents, we are sorry to observe, are generally delighted to witness their offspring launched upon the mysterious combinations and perplexed modulations of such writers as Weber and Beethoven, and smothered in a sea of Rossinian demi-semi-quavers, before their ideas are sufficiently trained to comprehend music which is much more simple. The consequence is obvious, they may, parrot-like, play the notes of these fashionable authors, and they may be made to sing a number of words, included in a bar, all within a given time—but as for taste and expression, they are not to be acquired by such means. On the other hand, had these young persons been first taught the use of the *solfeggio*; then to understand the music of the old masters, who have adorned the church and the drawing-room for centuries with their simple grandeur of style; from thence progressing to the beautiful melodies of Arne and Mornington, of Sacchini and Paisiello, of Handel and Haydn, how very differently would the authors of the present day be handled by amateurs? The same applies to the piano forte. Let a scholar, after the elementary studies are completed, commence with authors whose bass is firm, and its progression strongly marked, as is the case with the compositions of the old school, and for which there is no stronger example than Corelli—let Handel, with his equally fine ground-work and glorious fugues follow—Sebastian Bach is the next step. When the works of the above mentioned writers are well impressed on the scholar, the ornamental compositions of the present day; those for instance, of Dusseck, Latour, Kalkbrenner and Moschelles stand a chance of being executed with mind and expression. Such was the education of John Cramer, the most expressive of all pianists; and such a course of education as we have described, has produced all the best vocalists and pianists, whether professional or amateur, of the present time. If to this we recommend the constant habit of hearing good music in public, especially in the company of persons capable of pointing out beauties and defects in style, we shall in so doing only follow the example of Velluti, Liverati and Lanza, Welch and T. Cooke, whose professional scholars are sent

to operas and concerts as part of their education, and whose amateur pupils are recommended constantly to witness such performances.

ON GARDENS.

THE hanging gardens, in antiquity called *Pen-siles Horti*, were raised on arches by Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, in order to gratify his wife, Amyctis, daughter of Astyages, King of Media. These gardens are supposed by Quintus Curtius to have been equal in height to the city, viz. 50 feet. They contained a square of 400 feet on every side, and were carried up into the air in several terraces laid one above another, and the ascent from terrace to terrace was by stairs 10 feet wide.

Among the Mexicans there are *floating gardens*, which are described by the Abbe Clavigero, as highly curious and interesting, so as to form a place of recreation and amusement. The abundant produce of these prolific gardens, are brought daily by the canal in numerous small vessels, at sun-rise, to the market-place of the capital to be sold. The plants thrive in these situations in an astonishing manner, the mud of the lake being extremely fertile and productive, without the aid of rain. Whenever the owners of these gardens are inclined to change their situations, they get into their little vessels, and by their own strength alone, or where that is not sufficient, by the assistance of others, they get them afloat, and tow them after them wherever they please.

Gardening was introduced into England from the Netherlands, from whence vegetables were imported till 1509. Fruits and flowers of sundry sorts before unknown, were brought into England in the reigns of Henry VII. and VIII. from about 1500 to 1578. Grapes were first planted at Blaxhall, in Suffolk, 1552. The ingenuity and fostering care of the people of England, have brought under their tribute all the vegetable creation.

Lord Bacon has truly observed, “A garden is the purest of all human pleasures,” and no doubt he felt its influence, when he returned from the turmoil of a *court* and *courts*. Many of his writings were composed under the shade of the trees in Gray’s Inn Gardens; he lived in a house facing the great gates, forming the entrance to the gardens, and Sir Fulke Greville, Lord Brook, frequently sent him “home-brewed beer.” Epicurus, the patron of refined pleasure, fixed the seat of his enjoyment in a garden. Dr. Knox says, “in almost every description of the seats of the blessed, ideas of a garden seem to have predominated. The word paradise itself is synonymous with garden. The fields of Elysium, that sweet region of poesy, are adorned with all that imagination can conceive to be delightful. Some of the most pleasing passages of Milton are those in which he represents the happy pair engaged in cultivating their blissful abode. Poets have

always been delighted with the beauties of a garden. Lucan is represented by Juvenal as reposing in his garden. Virgil's *Georgics* prove him to have been captivated with rural scenes; though to the surprise of his readers he has not assigned a book to the subject of a garden. But let not the rich suppose they have appropriated the pleasures of a garden. The possessor of an

acre, or a smaller portion, may receive a real pleasure from observing the progress of vegetation, even in the plantation of culinary plants. A very limited tract properly attended to, will furnish ample employment for an individual, nor let it be thought a mean care; for the same hand that raised the cedar, formed the hyssop on the wall."

From the London New Monthly Magazine.

SQUIRE JEHU.

At the close of the year 182—, I crossed in the steamer from Dover to Calais. The day was any thing but pleasant, for it was cold, it was blowing hard, and to this was added a small, sharp, drizzling rain. However, of these three disagreeable companions, the wind exhibited the most friendly intentions, for it was evident he was going to Calais as well as ourselves. Upon such occasions he is—as it was once said, of an ugly, but well-formed woman—an angel to follow, (or, more strictly speaking of him, to be followed by,) but the very devil to meet; and as we received an assurance, with every appearance of its fulfilment, that under his kind auspices we should be anchored in the opposite port within two hours and a half, I for one, was happy to pay the penalty of some personal inconvenience in consideration of a speedy voyage. The ocean is unquestionably a magnificent animal, but his temper is unequal and uncertain: either very smooth, very sulky, or very savage. He is as capricious as a spoiled child, and as thorough a coquette as a French opera-dancer. There may be some who think he merits all the fine things that have been said and sung of him; but they, perhaps, are acquainted with him only at Hastings or the Isle of Wight; had they ever encountered him in the Bay of Biscay, or in a north-wester off the Cape, I am persuaded they would ever after find it more convenient to praise than to associate with him. The laudatory effusions of the great court-poet Neptune, Lord Byron, may be quoted in his favour; but I protest against them *in toto*: first, because no faith is to be placed in the laudatory effusions of any court-poet whatever; and, secondly, because I consider his Lordship an incompetent judge of the case, inasmuch as he knew but little of his marine majesty, except when sailing on one of the finest seas in the world, from one beautiful island to another, and scarcely ever out of sight of land. For my own part, however, I dislike the beast; and I never would ride even for three hours on his unruly back, if, by any sacrifice, I could get clear of him in two. Well; we quitted the harbour at about twelve o'clock at noon, under the most favourable auspices. There were many passengers on board; several horses in the hold; and, on the deck, a carriage, built mail-coach fashion, a tilbury, and a cabriolet. As they all bore the same arms, it

required no conjuror to perceive that they were all the property of one and the same owner; and a rapid and easy passage being anticipated, the bodies were not dismounted from the wheels—a precaution which would have been taken had the wind been ever so slightly adverse. Of this neglect we soon experienced the unlucky consequences.

We were hardly two leagues from shore when the wind, which had hitherto been with us, turned as completely round as if it had been going back for something it had forgotten at Dover. The vessel pitched and rolled considerably, and the carriages before-mentioned standing high above the deck, and holding the wind, which was now directly against us, not only aggravated the unpleasant irregularities of its motion, but greatly impeded its progress. I have invariably found that by keeping my seat, neither turning to the right hand nor to the left, maintaining an inviolable silence, engaging the mind (by reading, if possible,) and keeping the eye steadily fixed on some given object, (in that case it would be a book,) the chances against sea-sickness have been greatly in my favour: of course it would be impossible to persevere in this system on a voyage of long duration. Sea-sickness!—Oh! if you would teach a proud man a bitter lesson of humility, put him on board a badly-trimm'd steam-boat—in the short, choppy sea of the Channel—on a raw, rough, gusty day—with the wind blowing smack in his teeth—(every one of these conditions must be fulfilled in order to produce the desired effect)—and I'll answer for it, unless his stomach be made of wrought iron, he will come out a humbler and a better man, than after one of Parson Irving's most appalling discourses. By no other process, in nature or in art, is the moral and physical man so utterly debased. Your dearest friend, your child, the very wife of your affections, would call upon you for aid, yet you would lack both strength and courage to afford it. The last person who had come on board (and it was clear he had purposely made us wait for him) was a tall, thin, yellow-faced East-Indian. He took his station at the stern, and having eyed every one around him with a supercilious air, he inquired, in a tone at once haughty and careless, "Where is the master of this boat?"

"I am the Captain of the vessel, Sir."

"Oh, ho! Captain?—of the *Vessel*?—Ha!—

Well; here—take my passage-money at once, and let me have no farther trouble. I am, (and he continued, with a particular emphasis on each word,) “I am—Major—General—Sir—Somebody—Something.”

Within a quarter of an hour after the slippery trick played us by our quondam friend, the wind, this Major-General Sir Somebody Something lay rolling about the deck. He groaned; he yelled; he cried for help—for pity!—Death is the supreme leveller of distinctions; Love is said to be the next; but I doubt whether sea-sickness might not fairly dispute the claim with him.

My system had already stood the test of two hours' buffeting; I had not once changed my position; and had maintained my vow of silence with the devotion of a Trappist, in spite of the frequent attempts of a person at my side to force me into conversation. Under any other circumstances, such a proceeding would have savoured somewhat of brutality; but the present posture of affairs was its sufficient apology. To say the truth, the temptations he held out were so slight—his questions and remarks being trivial, if not nonsensical, and his language and manner gross and vulgar in the extreme—that, even had we met in a situation the most favourable to the “sweet interchange of thought,” I should have felt but little more disposed to the intercourse. I at once set him down for a groom—not to a gentleman, but a horse-dealer. At length, finding his most strenuous endeavours abortive, he desisted. For about an hour, he left me to the enjoyment of my own reflections, and I had begun to hope I should get through the voyage without farther disturbance. The poor fellow was suffering dreadfully; when, taking a hasty advantage of one of his brief intervals of repose, he suddenly turned round, twitched my elbow, and in a tone of voice compounded of a sob and a sigh, he said, “Was you ever at Leighton-Buzzard, Sir?” The oddity of the question, and at such a moment too, coupled with the oddity of the name of the place he mentioned, extorted from me a loud laugh; I just turned my head to inform him that I had not yet enjoyed that happiness, and from that instant—. Well; it was now four o'clock, and, instead of being seated before a good fire at Calais, as we ought to have been, we were only about mid-channel. The Captain attributing this delay to the carriages, which, standing high on deck, held the wind, gave an order that they should be dismounted. As it was blowing a gale, this was a work of much difficulty and some danger; and, indeed, the vessel giving a lurch in the course of the process, the Tritons were within an ace of enjoying an opportunity of deciding on the superior convenience of riding on a dolphin or in an English mail-coach. Whilst this was going on, my neighbour gave signs of the most intense anxiety. His inquiries as to the probable danger were frequent and urgent; he rose from his seat, and made a desperate effort to join the men who were employed about the carriages, but in vain—he could not keep his footing for a second step; he called upon Robert, Jones, and

Tyler (his fellow-servants, as I imagined); but they were all lying ill forward, and no one responded to his call. Hitherto, his cry had been, “Nobody knows what I suffer;” but now, to my astonishment, after each convulsive throe, he exclaimed, “O, my poor pannels!” at the same time looking dolefully towards the vehicles. The men having accomplished their object, we made more way; and at half-past six, being at last within musket-shot of Calais harbour, and calling about us for portmanteaus and night-bags, we enjoyed the unspeakable gratification of—seeing the fort-light lowered, the signal for us to stand out till next tide. However, the greater number on board preferred the alternative of being put ashore in boats. Whilst waiting for these, and being in smooth water, I had an opportunity of taking a better view of my neighbour. He was soon joined by Robert, Jones, and Tyler; and from his shaking hands, and the general familiarity of his greetings, I should have concluded that I was right in my first conjecture about him, but for a dash of coarse respect on the part of the others, and their occasionally styling him “Sir!” I now thought myself warranted in referring him to a higher rank; and from that of a horse-dealer's groom, I elevated him to that of the horse-dealer himself. As I have already said, his language and manner were coarse and vulgar in the extreme; and he did not utter a sentence without committing more than one offence against grammar and good-breeding. As a specimen, I will give his latest instructions to the man who appeared to be the first in command under him, merely suppressing the oaths with which they were interlarded.

“Vell, I say, Tyler, it's the best of a bad job, bean't it? It mought 'a bin a—sight vorser. Them scratches on the cab is the vorst of it, though. Now, I say, Tyler, lad, look sharp, as soon as it's light, about getting o' em out of this 'ere—consarn. And, I say, Tyler, mind how they gets the 'orses out of the 'old. But I'll be down on 'em myself, as soon as I gets my blinkers off in the morning.” And he took his seat in the boat, with a “Ya—hip! all right! push along!”

The next morning, I was walking across the inn-yard at Calais, and there I saw this same person, with his assistants, busied about the carriages. He hailed me.

“I say, Master; we're better off 'ere than we was last night. Now come 'ere, and bless your eyes with a sight of my mail-coach. That's prime, bean't it? I'll defy the King—no, Lord forgive me! I won't defy the King, God bless him! but I'll defy any man in England, from the Duke of York downwards, to turn out such a thing as that. Built by the best mail-coach builder going. There a'n't a *pin* wanting. It's exact in every *pin*, like the reg'lar mail-coaches as runs from the Post-office: it only wants painting on it, sitch-an-sitch a mail, to take in Freeling himself. But even that bean't the right sort o' thing after all. I say, Master: what stage do you drive?”

“What *stage* I drive! I scarcely understand you.”

"Vy, this 'ere is nothing a'ter all. It's well enough to make the folks stare, but it bean't the *rare* prime thing, though it's prime enough in its way. Besides, you know, in France, one can't do better; they von't let us handle the ribands for 'em; and if they vou'd, there's no sport in it:—five mile in five hours—Ye—hip!—No; the only knowin' thing is drivin' the reg'lar stage-coach: I'd rather drive the stage, than my own 'orses at any time; because, for vy, as I say, it's more knowin'er. I 'av druv' the — stage-coach thirty mile out and thirty mile in, every day this 'ere last season."

Now, had I nothing more to tell of this person, I would freely admit that I had exhibited a common-place character, such as is to be found on any day of the year in any stable in England; and, not unfrequently, in apartments of higher pretensions. But I have not yet done with him.

In the evening, I went into the room where the *table d'hote* was served, at which, as I had previously left word, I intended to take my dinner. Near the fire-place, there were two gentlemen in earnest conversation: one was apparently about fifty years of age; the other, attired in an evening dress, of not more than three or four-and-twenty. They were speaking French, and the subject of their conversation was the relative merits of Corneille and Racine. As I took some interest in the subject of their discussion, and it not being required in any public room on the Continent, that a person, with the appearance and manners of a gentleman, should present his pedigree, or his rent-roll, before he dared address a stranger—being also somewhat conversant with the question in debate—I had little hesitation in making one of the party, and joining in the conversation. As the younger gentleman gave the preference to Corneille for all the higher dramatic qualities, reserving to Racine the pre-eminence in purity and elegance of diction (qualities which, perhaps, none but a Frenchman can fully appreciate,) I took his side in the argument. I could not help thinking I had seen him before, but where, I could not, for the soul of me, remember. The *contour* of his face was decidedly English; but his accent, his dress, and his address, were French, and French, too, of the highest *ton*.

The dinner was served, and we were proceeding to our places, when the panegyrist of Corneille, giving me a slap on the back, said, "I say, Master, this 'ere is better than the steamer yesterday. Rot me if ever I mounted behind such a team in my life!" Had the sable gentleman himself appeared before me, I could not have been more amazed. It was, beyond all question, the low-life groom—at the very best the horse-dealer of yesterday! As to eating, I might as well have attempted to swallow the table as any of the comfortable things upon it. I took a glass of wine, another, and another. I saw him speaking to the elderly Frenchman; he addressed him in all the forms of French politeness. If any one spoke to him in English, nothing was perceptible but the low, slang Englishman. I had certain

qualms about the company I was in, and be-thought me of my sins. However, I took a mouthful, tossed off another glass of pleasant Burgundy, and acquired courage. I addressed my steam-boat companion in French; and nothing could be more sensible than the matter, nothing more refined than the manner of his replies. I addressed him in English—he felt and smelt of the stable. I repeated this experiment several times, and, invariably, the result was the same. This was a puzzle, and it kept me waking the greater part of the following night. The next day, it was explained to me by one of his most intimate friends, whom I accidentally met, and with whom I was slightly acquainted.

At a very early age, even before he had acquired a knowledge of his mother-tongue, he had been sent to the College of —, one of the best places for education in France. He made good use of his time, and became an accomplished French scholar. There he remained till his nineteenth year, when, at the death of his father, he was sent for to England. Upon his arrival he found himself the inheritor of an estate of twenty thousand a-year. He soon imbibed a passionate fondness for the breeding and management of horses, the consequence of which was that all his English education was acquired in the stable and from its inmates. This explanation sufficiently accounted for the strange compound of the French gentleman and the low-bred Englishman, as exhibited by no less a personage than him whom we shall designate as—Squire Jehu.

For the Lady's Book.

THE FIRST HOUR OF LOVE.

BY ROBERT ELLISON.

Oh no, I never shall forget the intercourse of soul,
Which o'er the rapture of that hour held unrestrained control;
It seemed as if the baser things that bind this lower world,
Were rent away, and in their place the joys of Heaven un-fur'd.

The common scenes, the nightly dream, the casual daily thought,

Now with us, shall in after days, untreaured, be forgot;
But, as a dazzling meteor's light, tho' ages pass away,
That hour shall still be bright upon the page of memory.

Darkness is on the life of man, and few the bright'ning rays,
Which show the shadows as they are, unto his dazzled gaze;
And, short as "Angels' visits" too, they glance but on the brain,

And harder seems it then to tread this thorny path again.

But, when the soul, in journeying through this vale of woe
and care,

Finds one, who seems its ev'ry thought, its sympathies to share;

A heart that beats in unison, in every feeling joined,
Like voices mingling in a song, the communing of mind.

'Tis then, when that warm sun of bliss, which erst in Eden shone,

Ere sorrow's canker seeds within the human breast were sown;

Beams on the soul its light of love, to man so seldom given,
The deepest joy this life can give, nearest allied to Heaven.

No, tho' in after years, the world's unhalloved, stern control,
May throw its studied coldness o'er the now unfettered soul;
Yet, till this form returns unto the elements again,
I never shall forget the joy which filled the spirit then.

EMBROIDERY.

LACE WORK.

NET is worked by running the outline of leaves and flowers with glazed cotton, darning inside



the running with fine cotton, doubled, and filling up the centre of the flower with half herring bone stitch, from one side to the other. (Fig. 15.) Instead of darning within the flower, chain-stitch is sometimes introduced, and is thus performed:—Having secured the cotton, one thread of the net is taken up, and the cotton being held down by the left thumb, the first stitch is taken, as in button-hole



work, leaving a loop, through which the needle is passed, to form a second stitch or loop, and so on, after the manner of a chain; until, having arrived at the extremity of a leaf or flower, the cotton is turned round and worked back, until the whole space is covered. (Fig. 16.) An agreeable variety may be introduced among the flowers, by filling up their centres in a stitch formed by sewing over two threads across the space; then leaving one row of threads, and taking up the next two, until the interior is completely occupied. This kind of stitch may be varied by crossing it with the same stitch. Small clusters of spots, or net, are very pretty; each is formed by passing the needle backwards and forwards through one mesh, and, alternately, over and under two of the threads, forming that mesh, which are opposite to each other. (Fig. 17, a.) Sprigs, or branches, formed by eyelet holes, either singly along a stem, or in clusters of three, afford a pleasing variation. (Fig. 17, b.) The eyelet holes are worked in button-hole stitch; one mesh of the net being left open for the centre.

Book-muslin is sometimes worked into net, by placing it under the net, and both over a paper pattern; the outline, is then run round: the running is either sewn over, or worked in button-hole stitch, and the external edge of the muslin cut off. This mode is not confined to small patterns, as the cambric net which is intended to resemble Brussels point-lace.

GOLD-THREAD EMBROIDERY.

This, in splendour and richness, far exceeds every other species of Embroidery, and is principally used in court dresses, and for the ball-room. It is practised on crape, India muslin, or silk; and, principally, in large and bold designs. The gold thread should be fine; and it may be worked with nearly the same facility as

any other thread. Where the material is sufficiently transparent, a paper pattern is placed underneath; the outline is run in white thread; and the subject is then worked with gold thread, in satin-stitch. For a thin stalk to a flower, the running-thread should be omitted, and gold thread laid on the material, and sewn slightly over with another gold thread; thus giving the stalk a very pretty spiral appearance. In embroidering a thick material, the design is to be sketched with a black-lead pencil, if the ground be light; or, with a white chalk pencil, if dark. The pattern is frequently varied by the introduction of short pieces of fine gold bullion; sometimes two or three of them coming out of the cup of a flower; the stitch passes lengthwise through the twist of the bullion, thus confining it fast. The centre of a flower may be also finished with bullion: in that case, the stitch taken should be shorter than the piece of bullion; the under-side of which will, therefore, be compressed, and the upper-side expanded, so as to give a little prominence.

Gold spangles may be occasionally introduced; and they should be secured by bringing the thread from beneath, passing it through the spangle, then through a very short bit of bullion, and back through the hole in the centre of the spangle; this is better than sewing the spangle on with a thread across its face.

Gold-thread flowers on tulle, form a beautiful Embroidery, and are worked in the same way as the thread net represented in Fig. 15. This material may also be worked in gold thread satin-stitch, or at the tambour. The whole of this kind of Embroidery is also worked in silver thread.

There is a beautiful variety produced by the introduction of flos silk, worked in satin-stitch, in any one colour that will harmonize with the gold or silver thread. The effect of green flos with gold thread, is particularly good, when tastefully arranged: as, for the lower part of a dress, in the combination of a wreath of the shamrock in green flos silk, entwined with roses, or other flowers, in gold or silver thread.

YES, YES, I GO.

BY S. WOODWORTH.

"Yes, yes, I go," he whispered soft,
 "In freedom's cause my sword to wield,
 Columbia's banner waves aloft,
 And glory calls me to the field."
 Then foremost on the foe he prest,
 While war's rude tempest wildly roared,
 Till gushing from the hero's breast,
 The purple tide in torrents poured.

He fell, and oh! what fancies stole
 Through memory's vista, bright and warm,
 Till one lov'd image o'er his soul
 Came like an angel in the storm.
 But loudly swelled the bugle's blast,
 His hand instinctive grasped the steel,
 Again it swelled—but all was past.
 The warrior's breast had ceased to feel.

THE BISHOP OF FRANKFORT.

The episcopal palace at Frankfort, on the eve of St. John, in 1437, exhibited unusual bustle. The martial attendants of the prelate lined the court-yard; their horses stood ready harnessed without the gate, and their own accoutrements indicated preparations for an immediate expedition, either for warlike purposes, or with a view of replenishing the exhausted larder of the holy ecclesiastic.

In these good old times the decimal proportion of agricultural produce did not always satisfy the avarice of clergymen, and German bishops, who were to be seen more frequently in armour than in the surplice, did not disdain to imitate the proud barons from whom they sprung, and seize, with a strong hand, the reward of the husbandman's labour, or the produce of the merchant's speculation. One of them, it is well known, preferred a castle where four roads met to the richest see in the empire; and, though the Bishop of Frankfort was really a lover of peace, and desisted from the martial practices of his brethren, he was compelled, as a matter of necessity, to be provided with a numerous retinue, on whose bravery he could rely in those cases of emergency which were perpetually occurring in this age of tumult and robbery.

Though his peaceable spirit deplored the excesses of the times, he contrived to fill his money-bags out of the superfluous income of his see, and he piously thought, after frequent inspection, that his coffers, like the widow's cruise of oil, increased in quantity after every anxious visit. His health, however, served only to impress him more seriously with the danger to which riches exposed him; and, anxious to secure tranquillity for his declining years, he patiently examined the various means by which so desirable an object would be most likely to be procured. From his spiritual charge he had been relieved by a bishop in partibus; but the episcopal deputy, whilst he lightened his toil, diminished also that influence which a constant intercourse necessarily gave him, not only over the people, but with their rulers.

A conviction of this fact considerably increased his apprehensions; and, as the weakness of age magnified the disorders of the period, he resolved to retire from what he considered very imminent danger. A monastery naturally presents itself as the most eligible place of retreat for a superannuated ecclesiastic, but his habits were averse to the severity of ascetic rules: he was a bad faster, and never liked the monks. There were other reasons for declining the consolations of the lonely cell; monasteries were not then always secure from the invasion of profane pillagers, and he did not wish that houses already too splendidly endowed should have the opportunity of diminishing, still further, their efficiency by an abuse of that gold which the aged prelate considered, in some measure, as belonging to his relatives.

His family, like Frenchmen of the last century, was long-tailed; but though he was called cousin by some score of iron-covered barons, there were but two persons in the world for whom he entertained any thing like affection. One of these was an orphan niece; and, if goodness and beauty could justify an old man's partiality, Lanteen de Beruse might well excuse the aged prelate's anxiety for her welfare. She had been educated, from childhood, in a convent, and, until her nineteenth year, never conversed with any human being but the retired sisterhood. The good bishop did not wish her to take the veil; and, as his growing infirmities required the administration of some gentle hand, he summoned the fair Lanteen to the episcopal palace. Her personal attractions, no less than the charming elegance of her manners, recommended her to the notice of the neighbouring nobility; and the uncle, flattered by the attentions paid his niece, consented that she should accompany some distant relatives to a tournament.

At that splendid spectacle were many beautiful eyes, and many a fair and stately form; but none of the gay and joyous group attracted more attention than the timid and shrinking Lanteen. The knights who entered the lists were dressed in the superb costume of the period, and it was a moment of stirring interest when two rival champions couched their lances for the first onset. Both were men of tried valour; the contest was long and doubtful, but a successful charge gave the victory to a knight with a sable plume. The applauding shouts of the multitude were hushed into silence, when the successful champion, approaching the place where Lanteen sat, laid at her feet the trophy he had won. Having knelt, and kissed the hand of the blushing lady, he retired, but none could tell his name.

That evening, as Lanteen was returning to the episcopal palace, a banditti stopped her escort, and was about to bear away their fair prize, when the unknown knight made his appearance; her cries had attracted his attention, and the valour of him who had distinguished her among the fair spectators of the tournament, now saved her from outrage. He hardly waited to receive her thanks, when he gallantly kissed his hand to her, and rode off.

The account given by Lanteen of the affair, greatly alarmed her uncle, and made him more anxious than ever to provide himself with a secure retreat. While in perplexity what course to pursue, he recollected Albert Godingstein, his only nephew. Him he had hardly ever seen; for a dispute between himself and his deceased brother, had occasioned a coldness which had long since grown into absolute indifference. Intelligence of his nephew's merits occasionally reached him; and when the good bishop looked around upon an unkind world, and saw that all was to him coldness and barrenness, natural sentiments

revived, and he resolved to atone to the nephew for any injustice he might have rendered to his father. This resolution was no sooner taken than acted upon. A trusty messenger was instantly dispatched to Albert, who lived at the distance of some thirty leagues, with instructions to hand Godingstein a dozen purses, the contents of which he was to employ in erecting on his estate for his uncle, a fortress capable of repelling any attack that enmity or desire might make on it. The bishop having learned, from experience, that but little reliance was to be placed on human forbearance, thought that no security equalled that afforded by stone walls and high castles. To encourage Albert in the work, the prelate signified his intention not only of constituting him his heir, but of bestowing on him the hand of his fair cousin, being rich enough withal to purchase the necessary dispensation from the court of his holiness at Rome.

Albert readily accepted the duty imposed upon him; and in one month, to the great surprise and joy of his uncle, intimated that the commission had been executed, and that in Godingstein castle he might now rest free from all apprehension of violence. No time was lost in making the necessary preparations to quit Frankfort; and when the sledges, then the only moveable machine which unmade roads admitted of, had passed on their way through the palace gate, the venerable prelate led out the fair Lanteen. She looked dejected, and her cheek was flushed from recent weeping. The head chaplain assisted her to mount her palfrey, and, with looks pregnant with sorrow, she rode silently alongside her uncle. 'I pray thee, child,' said the bishop, as they left the town, and felt the full influence of a fine summer morning, 'remark the evidence of God's goodness in the surrounding fields! they are richly clothed by his hand: they seem to exult in their own happiness; yet how ungrateful is man! The instruments of his happiness lie around him; yet his wickedness mars the designs of a good Providence, and provides for his own misery. The period foretold by the prophets has arrived; man has become a creature of violence and rapine, and disorder is the characteristic of our age. No one is safe where every ruffian is armed; and you, my dear niece, I am sorry to find, do not appear to be sufficiently thankful for the prospect now opening upon you. A husband, whose fame has been chaunted by every minnesinger, awaits you; and, in the security of his well-built castle, you will enjoy that repose so well suited to your gentle spirit.'

Lanteen sighed.

'The knight who so opportunely served you, was, I have no doubt, one of those itinerant vagabonds, who, regardless of their own lives, travel from city to city in the hope of taking away that of others. Think no more of him; a passion so prematurely entertained is opposed to the tenets of our holy religion; and I command you, in the name of heaven, to prepare, as becomes my niece, and the intended spouse of a brave man, for the honours that await you.'

Lanteen sighed again, but made no reply. She felt the reasonableness of all her uncle stated, and wished she could act as he desired her; but the knight of the sable plume had made an impression on her heart which could not be removed by any voluntary effort. Her uncle, too, had never understood the origin of these fine but mysterious feelings, which give to the life of individuals a tone and a tendency unaccountable to those whose insensible natures are inaccessible to the influence of the tender passion. She knew this, and therefore exerted herself to appear that gay and joyous thing which her uncle wished her. The effort, however, was unsuccessful, and she rejoiced when a dispute between the bishop and one of his chaplains, respecting the immaculate conception, drew off attention from her sorrowful aspect.

Towards the evening of the second day the cavalcade rejoiced that their journey was drawing near to a conclusion. "I wonder," said the bishop, as they proceeded, "whether my nephew has adopted the circular or the square form in the construction of his fort; the round is the more picturesque and oriental; but, for my part, I prefer the square; there is a massiveness about it which accords well with our ideas of security, and affords better accommodation for the inhabitants."

"But surely your lordship would not," observed an attendant, "have any objection to those round angular towers which look so well, and which are so capable of resisting the missiles of an enemy?"

"May the Virgin intercede for me," interrupted the head chaplain, as he stood up in his stirrups, and looked earnestly towards Godingstein, "if your lordship's nephew has done any thing to excite your architectural displeasure."

"No, no," answered the bishop, "he inherits the family taste, and has, no doubt, chosen the square form."

"I regret to say," observed the chaplain, "that your lordship, in this instance, has been too sanguine."

"Well, well; the round form, if well executed, will do."

"May God pardon me," said the priest, rising still higher in his stirrups, "and your nephew has erected no castle of any form; I see the old chateau, and nothing more."

His information was true enough; the road now lying over a slight eminence gave them a good view of Godingstein; but there was no appearance of a castle, or preparation for the erection of one. "May I never want the prayers of the faithful," said the bishop, "if fame had not lied in representing my nephew as an example of chivalry. The father's deceptious spirit is about him; and, no doubt, he has long since dissipated the ten purses of broad pieces which I sent him. Well," he continued, looking back upon the sledge that bore his treasure, "I give God thanks that he has so early abused my confidence. Lanteen, child, rouse thy spirit, thou shalt not be the wife of this godless prodigal."

His niece answered by a faint smile, and the cavalcade halted; they debated for a moment what was to be done, but, as the road behind them was dreary, they resolved to proceed to the chateau, rest there for the night, and retrace their steps the next day.

On their arrival at the chateau, Albert came out to meet them. His manner was kind in the extreme: he welcomed his venerable uncle with undisguised gladness, and was particularly anxious in his attentions to Lanteen. His fine tall figure, no less than his manner, rendered him particularly agreeable; and when he spoke she listened with the utmost attention, for the tones of his voice were familiar to her ear. The good bishop, as became a holy man, checked his anger, and permitted himself to indulge only in gentle reproaches. Albert listened with calmness to the accusation, and assured his uncle that his commands had been obeyed.

"How?" inquired the prelate.

"To-morrow morning," answered the nephew, "you will see this chateau surrounded by an impregnable chain of defence, on which the most daring enemy will never make an impression."

The prelate groaned with vexation. The house of Godingstein had, he believed, forfeited its honour, in the heir of that proud name having descended to the practices of the wicked: he who could build a fortress in one night, must be familiar with Satan, and an adept in the black art only could talk so familiarly of doing impossibilities.

With a perturbed spirit the prelate sought his chamber; Lanteen was conducted to apartments provided for her, and neither was blessed with a good night's sleep. The lady dreamt of her guardian knight, and the bishop of his money-bags.

Morning had hardly dawned when the chateau shook with bursts of martial music, and the wild and clamorous shouts of gathering thousands. "Holy Mary preserve me!" cried the bishop, as he jumped out of bed, and fell on his knees. "My nephew has deceived me, and all my hoarded wealth now becomes the property of robbers." He arose and went to the window: the sight which presented itself confirmed his worst fears; for his eye, wherever it wandered, encountered nothing but waving banners and armed men, arrayed in circular columns, that environed the chateau. In a moment he was summoned to the parlour, and, on his entrance, he was met by his nephew in complete armour. "Holy father and very dear uncle," said Albert, "I promised to let you see this morning, Godingstein surrounded by an impregnable rampart. Behold them! lime and stone are far less secure, however managed, than ten thousand hardy followers. Amongst them I have distributed your gold; rely upon them, and rest secure, that the fidelity of the vassals is the lord's best safeguard."

Whilst he spoke Lanteen entered. At the sight of his nodding plume and shining armour she started; the knight who had distinguished her by his partiality stood before her, and, owning the "soft infection," she trembled with agitation. "What!" cried the bishop, "hast thou, niece, found thy champion? I see how it is: nephew, you have deceived us both, but you are not undeserving of our generosity. I forgive you: what say'st thou, Lanteen?"

Lanteen could only blush in reply; and Albert snatched her to his heart. The wooing was but short, and the good bishop lived long enough to bless half a dozen claimants to the title of Godingstein, and to acknowledge that the people's love is the nobleman's best safeguard.

THE ABSENT.

There is no music on the strings
Of her neglected lute;
Her white hand wakes no more its chords—
Her bird-like voice is mute.
She wreathes no flowers for her vase,
No roses for her hair;
She loiters in her favourite grove,
But her heart is not there.

The dancers gather in the hall—
She is amid the band,
With vacant smile and wandering glance
For those who claim her hand.
Her eyes fill with unbidden tears,
Her cheek is pale with care—
Lonely amid the festival,
For her heart is not there.

She broods above her own dear thoughts,
As o'er her nest the dove;
Memory and hope own but one dream—
Her first young dream of love.
She hears a gallant trumpet sound—
A banner sweeps the air,
She sees a knight lead on the charge—
And oh! her heart is there!

MEMORY.

A voice of gentle singing
Went by upon the wind,
And an echo sweet is ringing—
The thought is left behind.

'Twas a song of other feelings
That belonged to other days,
Ere I marked the stern revealings
Of the curtain time must raise.

When my heart and step were lighter
Than they'll ever be again,
And the dream of hope was brighter—
For I believed it then.

That sweet song was of gladness,
Yet it has left with me
A shadow, one-half sadness,
One-half dark memory.

Though the darkness of November
Around my heart be thrown,
Yet how pleasant to remember
The spring hours once its own!

From the Atlantic Souvenir, for 1831.

THE DEAD OF THE WRECK.

BY WILLIAM L. STONE.

A meal was bought

With blood, and each sat sullenly apart,
 Gorging himself in gloom; no love was left;
 All earth was but one thought, and that was death,
 Immediate and inglorious; and the pang
 Of famine fed upon all entrails; men
 Died, and their bones were tombless as their flesh;
 The meagre by the meagre were devour'd.

BYRON.

THE twenty-ninth of October, 1831, opened with as clear and as beautiful an autumnal morning as ever dawned upon the plains of Abraham; and, for once, I arose ere the sunbeams began to gild the battlements of the castle of St. Louis.

My spirits were animated, and my feelings unusually cheerful and buoyant, for I was this morning to embark for the green island of my nativity; and, although my regiment had so long been stationed in the ancient Canadian capital, as to allow of my forming many warm friendships and strong attachments, yet the thought of 'home, sweet home,' with all its exhilarating and endearing recollections, were uppermost in my mind. Bright-eyed fancy too was already picturing to my imagination the joyous welcome which, after three years of banishment, I hoped in one short month to receive from a doting and beloved mother, and three fond sisters, to say nothing of another, who, though not yet bound to me by the legal ties of relationship, was an object of my liveliest solicitude, and deepest and tenderest affections. Our baggage and private stores had been placed on ship board on the preceding day; and nothing remained for the morning occupation of the passengers, but to make their parting calls, exchange adieus, and embark. The good people of this Frenchified city not having broken their slumbers, I sallied forth for an early stroll upon the plains of Abraham, to take what was probably to be my last survey—the last indeed—of the Martello towers, and the bed of glory of Wolfe and Montcalm. A heavy hoar frost covered the ground, which sparkled in the early sunbeams glancing athwart the plain, as though the turf had been studded with countless millions of diamonds, while the crisped grass rustled and broke at every step beneath my tread. I walked briskly for more than an hour, catching such hasty views as the time would allow, of those objects which appeared most worthy of being treasured up, for my future reminiscences of this memorable spot. The air was cool and bracing, and never did the castle, the citadel which crowns the naked precipices overlooking the lower town, the beautiful bay, which, though but a section of a river, lies apparently embosomed among the surrounding heights like a lake, the town beneath, or the landscape abroad, look so beautiful, so imposing,

so magnificent. Returning to my quarters, as a thousand dense masses of smoke came curling and rolling upward from the chimneys of the town at my feet, a bountiful breakfast was soon despatched. The usual civilities between parting friends having been interchanged, by twelve o'clock I found myself safely on board the barque *Granicus*, just as the sailors were beginning to haul her into the stream, to the deep sonorous cry of 'Yo heave O!'

By one o'clock, our vessel began slowly to drop down the bay. It was just at the close of that most beautiful portion of an American autumn, called the Indian summer. The sun imparted a genial warmth during the middle hours of the day; a thin light blue haze yet hung on the verge of the distant landscape; the current of air was insufficient to ruffle the bosom of the waters, and our sails hung flapping lazily against the masts and rigging. Floating thus quietly and gently down the stream, an agreeable opportunity was afforded for taking one more survey from the water of this picturesque city, the rugged scenery, and imposing sweep of structures by which it was surrounded. The lower town is built upon a long narrow piece of ground, between the river and the base of the precipitous rocks, upon whose naked summits stand the castle and citadel, as before mentioned. These rude heights; the delightful villages of neat white cottages, interspersed with more elegant mansions, scattered thickly upon the margin of the water; the grotesque assemblage of houses, of every possible description of the irregular orders of architecture; the 'castle in the air,' hanging upon the verge of the precipice two hundred feet above; the frowning battlements of Cape Diamond beyond, more than a hundred feet higher still; and the ranges of mountains, whose dark crests were now obscured by the mist floating in the azure distance; all combined to make up a spectacle of surprising grandeur and beauty, upon which I gazed intently, and for a long time, with those emotions of melancholy pleasure felt when parting from scenes and friends that are dear.

Passing point Levi, I caught another and a final view of the beautiful cascade of Montmorenci, whose bright unwarmed waters have for ages been leaping from an elevation of more

than two hundred feet, like a continuous torrent of liquid silver, into its deep rocky bed below.

The course of the *St. Lawrence*, from Quebec to the ocean, is northeast. The morning following our embarkation, found us not yet below the eastern extremity of the charming island of Orleans, and owing to a continued slumber of the winds, our descent of the river was, for several days, unusually slow. There were eight passengers on board—a lady with one child and a waiting woman, another female with two children, and a gentleman passenger besides myself.—These, with the captain, his mate, thirteen seamen and boys, and the cook, made up the number of twenty-three souls on board of the *Granicus*. Our barque was a snug comfortable vessel; and though we were all of course anxious to be making more rapid headway than the current favoured us with during the calm, yet the weather continued pleasant for the season, and the time was passed as agreeable as could have been expected, under the circumstances.

The morning after the eighth of November, found us not yet one hundred miles from Quebec, enveloped in one of those heavy fogs, a sure precursor at this advanced season of extreme cold, and so dense as to circumscribe our vision within the distance of a very few yards. Indeed, the bows of our ship could not be seen from the companion way, and the top-masts were lost in the thick palpable obscure. In this situation it became necessary to let go our anchors, since considerations of prudence would not allow our ship, even to float down by the gentle operation of the tides and current. Thus we lay embargoed for nearly a week, without once catching a glimpse of the sun by day, or the stars by night. But during the morning watch of the fourteenth, a smart breeze sprang up from the northeast, directly in our teeth, which soon cleared the atmosphere of the fog, and by sunrise had increased to a heavy blow. All diligence was used in raising our anchors and getting under way; but the weather having become suddenly and severely cold, the change was sensibly felt, and the motions of the seamen, though inured to the northern navigation, were consequently stiff and heavy. We continued to beat slowly against the wind during the day, sometimes losing by one tack all that we had gained by the preceding. The cold increased every instant, and the wind, which towards noon chopped round to the N. N. W., before evening blew a gale, surcharged with frost as biting and keen as though let loose from Arctic regions.

All possible care and attention was now requisite to keep the ship from driving upon the lee shore, until our entrance upon the broader expanse of the gulf should give us sea-room. But as the river widened, the sea began to run high and irregular, causing the ship to roll and pitch with great violence. Night was closing around us; the clouds hung above in portentously black and heavy masses; and the supposed neighbourhood of islands rendered it necessary to close-reef our sails, let go our anchors again, and lie

by for the night. And a most boisterous and frightful night it was; for, before morning, the ship was found to have parted her cables, and was drifting at the mercy of the tempest. I will not speak of the anxiety and terror of the passengers, to say nothing of the captain and crew, during this fearful night. Would to God that those had been the only terrors and sufferings they were fated to encounter, and of which, if my strength and reason endure, I shall have to speak, before I conclude my narrative!

Morning at length returned, but the tempest continued to rage with unabated fury. The sea wore the black and angry aspect usual in cold weather, and the waters of the gulf rose, with each succeeding blast, wave after wave, higher and yet higher, until, heaving up like dark mountains, their crests broke, and dashed in foaming spray over the bows of the ship. The waters at every plunge congealed instantly upon the rigging and timbers of the vessel, as well as the clothes of the seamen and such of the passengers as chose to face the danger upon the deck. The consequence was, that the sails and running rigging were soon rendered unyielding, and of course the ship was nearly unmanageable. The sailors, encased as it were in ice, were soon fatigued and benumbed; and the planks were so slippery, that, with every roll, those on deck lost their feet. Worse than all, one hardy fellow, being sent aloft upon some critical point of duty, fell his whole length upon the deck, his head striking upon the capstan with a force that dashed out his brains, and scattered them in all directions. A few convulsive movements of his limbs, a slight quivering of his flesh, and all the bodily sufferings of poor Tom were over. Without shroud or priest or funeral rites, his remains were cast into the deep, now wrought into a whirlwind of foam; at the same instant, when, by a sudden lurch of the ship, a starting creak was heard in her trembling timbers, while a heavy surge swept along the deck, and washed away the blood of our late stout-hearted comrade!

We had now to encounter another source of uneasiness, if not of positive difficulty. In our endeavours to keep our struggling bark from being blown upon the southern coast of the river, we had inadvertently run into the northern passage, between the island of Anticosti and the Labrador shore. This channel is but little known, it being always avoided by navigators if possible. The sailors, moreover, have a superstitious belief that the storm-spirit hovers around the cloud-capped and desolate summit of mount Joli, which will not suffer any vessel to be navigated safely through the dangerous passage, and the number of wrecks annually occurring in this region seem to justify their apprehensions, if not the soundness of their philosophy, in attributing these disasters to the influence of some powerful supernatural agent. The incessant fatigue of our crew, night and day, during the protracted tempest, had visibly impaired their energies; and the dread with which they cast their wistful looks towards the bleak and rocky shore of

mount Joli, gave us some cause to apprehend that terror would contribute still further to unman them.

But our struggle with the angry element was drawing nearer to a close, than as yet we had any reason to imagine. The ice had increased upon the ship's timbers, so that the helm could scarcely be moved, and the motion was too violent to allow of its being cleared away. We now began to enter upon the broader expanse of the gulf, when, sudden as the thunder-clap, and furious as a hurricane, a blast of wind, sweeping through the straits of Belleisle, struck our ship upon the starboard quarter with such resistless force, that our icy ropes snapped like threads, and away went our foremast and bowsprit.

Before these could be cleared from the wreck, another gust, more furious if possible than the former, carried away our mainmast with a tremendous crash, and the mizenmast was stripped of its canvass, now torn and flying in tatters to the gale. Nor was this all. Three more of our bravest and hardiest seamen were plunged irretrievably into a watery bed; for the billows of the gulf, lashed into foam by the fury of the storm, were dashing over us in immense, winding sheets of spray, added to which, were large quantities of drift ice, that had been forced through the northern straits by the gale. Poor fellows! they were seen no more.

All hopes seemed now to be lost. The captain, the survivors of his crew, and the male passengers stood motionless, gazing on each other in utter amazement and despair. The females, whom the inclemency of the weather had confined to their berths, had been in ignorance of the extent of our perils, but could be kept in such ignorance no longer. They shrieked not; but clasping their hands and pressing their children more closely to their bosoms, gazed upwards with looks of supplication and terror, and heaving deep drawn sighs, sunk back in despair upon their pillows. To amend the mischief of this terrible disaster was out of the question; nor, exhausted as all were by cold and fatigue, was it possible for us even to erect jury-masts, while the storm raged with such madness and fury. Nothing more could be done than to clear the wreck, and leave ourselves to the care of Providence, and the mercy of the waves, obedient only to His control, who could shield us from the blast's dread onset.

With the approach of night, the gale had in some measure exhausted its fury, and its violence was partially abated; but, as if there could be no diminution of the horrors of our situation, a new peril approached with the gathering darkness. To our further consternation it was discovered that we had sprung a leak, and the water was making rapidly in the hold. The pumps were instantly manned, but to little effect; the water increased, and before midnight it was found that the preservation of our lives, even for another hour, depended upon taking to the long-boat, regardless of the fragments of floating ice and the yet heavy swell of the sea. It was clear

that we could not be many leagues from the eastern part of Anticosti; and the wind, which still swept in a stiff breeze down through the channel between Newfoundland and Labrador, would probably drive the boat thither, could she live upon the water. A few clothes, and a small quantity of provisions were all that the urgency of the case would allow us to take from the ship. In saving these, the females, whose courage and energy, after the first shock produced by the disaster had subsided, gathered strength with the increase of danger, were our most thoughtful providers, and most effective assistants. At length, but not till the ship began evidently to go down, men, women, and children were hurried, cold and shivering, into the boat, which was cleared from the wreck, and in this forlorn condition committed to the wild waves. Just as morning light was breaking upon us, our boat struck upon a sandy beach, on the north-eastern point of Anticosti, and, from the force of the surge, was wedged between masses of ice which had been driven ashore in the gale. By dint of great exertion, every soul, with our little effects, was safely landed, stiffened with cold and exhausted with fatigue. But on looking back upon the yet angry waters, not a vestige of the ship could be seen. The winds yet blew with sufficient violence to madden the waves, which sounded heavily upon the ear, as they broke on the shore in feathery foam. All around was wildness, solitude, and desolation.

But the sailors knew the ground; and the universal joy at our escape from the perils of the winds and the deep, rendered us comparatively happy. True, we were cold, some amongst us frost-bitten, and we were cast ashore, destitute, upon a barren and cheerless island, at a most inclement season of the year, the severity of which was hourly increasing; yet there was not a heart amongst us that was not swelling with gratitude to that Almighty Being, who rides upon the whirlwind and directs the storm, for our almost miraculous escape.

The island of Anticosti, situated in the gulf of the St. Lawrence, is thirty miles broad, and a hundred and thirty miles long. It is uninhabited. The land, low and swampy, is covered with pines, almost to the water's edge, adding a deeper gloom to its desolation. But it was known that a paternal government had established a provision post upon this desert and dangerous shore, for the relief of those who were shipwrecked, and that the house could be but a few miles from the spot where we had landed. Our first business, therefore, was, to seek out this solitary, though friendly habitation; for the sufferings of all were extreme, and the female companions of our distress, feebly clasping their perishing children to their bosoms, were sinking down in utter exhaustion.

Alas! we found the agency-house deserted, cold, unprovided, comfortless! It was evident that winter was already setting in, and the snow began to drive through the air in clouds of hard, minute, cutting particles, as is usual in high

northern latitudes. The agent, unfaithful to his trust, must have deserted his post, been lost by accident, or cut off by design. In either event, the case was equally distressing to us, and our hearts sunk at the prospect. Nor, in the bitterness of our disappointment, did the rebellious thought arise alone in my bosom, that the fate of those who had gone over with the wreck, would have been more welcome to us all, than to have been brought here thus to perish by hunger and cold. Even now, at the present moment, it seemed as though our condition was sufficiently deplorable for human endurance; but the intruding thought of the extremities to which the hapless sufferers might be driven, froze up the blood with recoiling horror, ere it could rush back to the heart. But hope—which has been so beautifully likened to the icicle that melts even in the ray in which it glitters—hope, the first fruit of happiness, and the only medicine of the miserable, stepped in to cheer our drooping spirits, and whispered that she had weathered a thousand storms.

Some common cooking utensils were discovered, together with a pile of wood, collected by the absent agent, in part preparation for the winter. By putting ourselves on short allowance, the little stock of provisions which we had secured, would suffice for a few weeks; and it was hardly possible that a sail would not appear in some direction, which might, by signals, be called to our relief. Other means of escape might be presented. Possibly, too, the agent might return. Or—but all was enshrouded in fearful uncertainty; and as the unwelcome thought of what our condition might be, again stole over the unhappy group, every countenance drooped, and a deeper cloud of gloom darkened every brow.

The first day was exhausted in making such temporary arrangements as seemed best calculated to mitigate our misery, rather than to render it tolerable. On the day following, we determined to establish a look-out, to descry, if possible, the sail of any ship that might yet be labouring in this dangerous region. But the precaution was vain. The snow continued to drive in clouds through the atmosphere, rendering it impossible to discern objects at any considerable distance. The floating fragments of ice had increased in the northern channel, and reached the southern, extending in the direction of Gaspe, and yet further down the gulf towards the Magdalene islands, beyond the bounds of our contracted vision; and the sense of our perilous and solitary condition, was again quickened by the appalling fact, that, in our anxiety about other matters of more immediate urgency, when cast ashore, we had neglected to haul up and secure our boat. During the night it had been crushed by the heavy driven masses of ice into a thousand pieces. Thus early vanished our only hope of relief and rescue, save by succour from abroad. Day followed day, and long and dreary were the nights that intervened, and yet there was no apparent prospect of relief. The heavens continued obscured by the snow, which, as the

wind rose again into a tempest, was driven furiously along, curling in pillowy wreaths among the tall pines, whose dark branches, waving in the gale, creaked and moaned in hollow murmurs, like spirits in the air bewailing our hapless fate, in anticipation of the last sad and now rapidly approaching catastrophe. The cold increased to such intensity without, that our hardiest seamen were unable to sustain their watch, in which fruitless service two brave and faithful fellows were found stiffened and lifeless on their posts. Having no means of digging graves, their remains were cast into the deep, and the tears of the survivors froze, as they trickled upon their hardy, though sunburnt cheeks, ere they had time to wipe them away. Thus 'environed with a wilderness of sea,' the wind for many days sweeping down the arctic regions, through the northern arm of the gulf; the ice accumulating, instead of being borne down by the tides, and the passage through the straits of Belleisle choked up; our provisions reduced to a few scanty remnants; our health, strength, courage and fortitude failing; thinly clad; and the fine particles of snow sifting and driving through every crevice of our inadequate and cheerless shelter, benumbing us with cold, as the sand which is borne on the wings of the simoon, to spread terror and desolation among the inhabitants of Egypt, suffocates with heat; despair began at length 'to strike deep furrows on the brain.' But for two days we yet struggled with our misery; still clinging to the hope, weak and attenuated as it was, of succour. Sometimes, indeed, the gleam, as of a distant sail, caught a desponding eye, just to kindle a hasty spark of joy. But it continued only for an instant, when the prospect became as dreary and dismal as before. In most cases, the illusion proved to be only the breaking of a wave upon a mound of ice, or the dashing of the snow-white foam upon a naked rock.

Additional poignancy and bitterness were imparted to our sufferings, by the presence of the females under our charge, draining with us the cup of misery to its very dregs. The pleadings, the imploring looks, the eloquent silence of woman in distress, who, unmoved, can behold! But never were the divine attributes of the sex more conspicuously displayed. Of fortitude in the midst of danger, resolution in the hour of peril, patient endurance of the most exquisite sufferings, and uncomplaining submission in the moment of utter and hopeless despair, it was woman—noble, generous, disinterested woman—who, throughout this long period of incessant and aggravated disaster, amid scenes of suffering and woe, which would require the glowing pen of Maturin, and the tender pathos of Mackenzie, to describe, set us the highest, the noblest, the brightest examples.

In a former part of my narrative, which, like the landscape of the valley of the shadow of death, as sketched by the imaginary pilgrim of Bunyan, presents not a ray of light, and across which not a solitary sunbeam glances to cheer the path, or soften the gloom, I mentioned the unhappy female

companions of our voyage, consisting of a lady, her child and her maid, and a woman in humbler life, with her two children. This latter was a young Scotch woman, who, a few years before, becoming enamoured of the red coat and fine manly proportions of one of his majesty's recruiting sergeants, had exchanged the humdrum and never-varying melody of the spinning-wheel, for the brisker and more animating sounds of the fife and the bugle. Being ordered upon foreign service, her husband had died in garrison at Quebec, and she was returning with her bairns to the ingle of her father's cottage, some leagues north of the Tweed. Her health was impaired when she embarked. She had loved her bonnie soldier, and grief at his loss had eaten into her soul, while the hand of care had pressed heavily upon her brow. But her sufferings here were of shorter duration than were those of most of us. Her strength soon gave way, and her spirits broke beneath the weight of her distress. One of her children died from cold and exposure, soon after our shipwreck. The other was evidently near its end; and the mind of the mother, wandering for a time, was soon lost, and she sunk into a deep melancholy and mental imbecility, moody, lonely, yet not alone, and scarcely giving evidence of life, save by the 'stifled groan of inward sorrow,' which, at long intervals, half escaped as it were to die away upon her ashy lips. She was aroused from her lethargy, for a few hours, by the death of her remaining child, which was found lifeless at her side on one of the many dreary mornings that were allowed, by an inscrutable providence, to dawn upon us. She refused, however, to deliver it up, or to believe it dead; it was only frozen, as she said, to sleep. 'Na, na,' she would exclaim, 'ye shall na do siccan a wicked thing, as give my puir bairn to the fishes in the salt lock.' And then she would fondle it in her arms, covering it with kisses, and pressing its stiffened form to her own cold and emaciated bosom. She would sing to it a hundred incoherent catches of nursery songs and ballads, mingling every thing in strange and wild confusion, until the minds of those who were present, without power to assist, sickened at the sight, and almost forgot their own sufferings. At last, the dreadful reality seemed to flash upon the poor maniac's mind; she uttered a wild and piercing shriek, and sunk back upon her resting place. The last attenuated thread of existence broke, and she expired clasping the cold corpse of her infant to her bosom with convulsive energy.

The child of the lady, together with her maid, were likewise soon numbered with the dead. The blows that deprived her of those remaining sources of comfort, came in quick succession. They were heavy, it is true, but death began to be looked upon as a friend, from whom only relief could be expected, and they were borne with a martyr's fortitude. Not a murmur escaped the mother's unrepining lips. On returning from depositing in our place of sepulture, the deep, deep sea, the remains of the beautiful little being

that had prattled upon her knee, and clung so sweetly to her bosom, but a few weeks before, we found the mother exactly in the spot where we had left her, sitting against the wall, helpless, destitute, hopeless; for with us all it might now be said, that hope's last ray was extinguished. But,

'Hers was the still agony
Which works unseen and silently;
Which flows in anguish deep and chill,
Like the stream beneath an ice bound rill.'

Every possible attention was paid to her, as was the case with the other females. Even the coarsest sailors, laying aside their rudeness, and forgetting their passions, in the dread of their own desolation, had in every instance vied with each other in showing kindness and attention, apparently without one selfish act or thought, to the female companions of our misery.

Mrs. Starling, for that was her name, was a beautiful woman, of a family moving in the genteel circles of Edinburgh. She had married a gentleman, holding an official situation in the Colonies, in 1822, and was returning to spend a winter of happiness under her paternal roof in the Scottish capital, where her husband, to whom she was devoutly attached, was to join her in the spring. But what a sad and melancholy alteration in her appearance within the few short weeks—short, though weeks were by misery lengthened into years—of our acquaintance. How firm and elastic her step, when in Quebec she sprung up the side, and leaped gaily upon the deck of the *Granicus*, her eyes sparkling with animation as she proudly threw from her long silken eye-lashes the starting tear, which rose and glistened in liquid light, after the parting embrace with her husband. Her hair, black, glossy, and luxuriant, was parted in front, displaying, between the clustering ringlets, a beautiful, well formed forehead, evidently the chosen seat of elevated, noble, and generous thought. Her features were regular, and on her cheeks the rose and the lily were sweetly blended. Her form was rather above the ordinary size, but still disclosed the outlines of true and graceful proportion. Now, alas, how changed! That eye, so bright, glazed with blinding tears; the bloom upon her cheek faded and gone; her spirit crushed; and the whole frame prostrated by grief, and bodily and mental anguish—there she sat, a blighted flower, a beautiful ruin in the silent, uncomplaining agony of woe. But her sufferings were fast drawing to an end. The wind howled hoarsely and dismally around, as the brief day closed again upon us, driving the snow furiously onward, piling it up in heaps and ridges of enormous depth, and startling us by the occasional crash of a towering pine, breaking when it could bend before the storm no longer. The snow continued sifting through the apertures of our habitation, often covering us during the night to the depth of several inches. On looking around, when another wearisome day had dawned, it was perceived that the subdued spirit of Mrs. Starling had passed away amid the

tempest to a more genial clime. Her lips and eyes were closed; and her fine, though sunken countenance, was as cold and white as the snow that had drifted upon her bosom. The bridal ring upon her finger bore the initials of herself and husband, with the date of their marriage; and in her right hand was clasped a golden locket, containing the miniature of him whose image was present till her eyes were fixed in death.

Several days passed on; and, although our trials from cold and hunger, and almost every species of deprivation, became hourly more and more intense, yet our lives seemed to be miraculously preserved, as if to test the utmost possible extent of human suffering. Our provisions had for some time been reduced to rations of a morsel a day. A winter of such severity had not been known for nearly half a century; never since the memorable 1780. The gulf continued choaked with ice, driving in huge masses like floes or islands, or in lesser fragments, before the winds and tides, rendering navigation exceedingly difficult and perilous, if not impossible. Owing to our frugality, the fuel which we found ready provided, was not yet exhausted; but, as every thing perishable must have an end, the last biscuit had at length been soaked in snow water, and distributed. It was greedily swallowed; but how awful was the succeeding moment of reflection. We had all foreseen this terrible event; yet even those who thought and felt themselves prepared for its arrival, showed but too plainly, that they had unconsciously been cherishing a feeble, distant ray of hope. But there was no room to cherish it longer. It was finally extinguished. Hope, herself, was dead.

Thus, for two days more we were without food; twelve living men; gloomy and silent; with brows dejected, scarcely daring to look at each other.

I had read of the anthropophagi of the ancients and moderns, but never believed that such monsters had existed. The improbable stories upon the subject, I believed to have their origin in the fears only of some narrators, and in the distempered imaginations of others. I had rejected all tales of cannibalism, as equally apocryphal with the fabulous histories of the Lamia, the Syrens, and Cyclops. Although superstition might build altars and grace them with hecatombs of human victims, yet I could not believe that even the idolatrous priest could eat of the sacrifice, or slake his thirst with the blood. And to whatever extremes others might be driven in the last stage of hunger, it had been my firm resolution and belief, that never—no never, not even in the keenest anguish of starvation, while a spark of reason was left, could I commit an act so barbarous and revolting, as to prey upon my own species. But, whatever might be my own feelings, or my actions, in these untried circumstances, the fearful certainty, that, unless within another day the ice should be removed, and a friendly sail come to our assistance, the last dreadful resort for food would be proposed, began to sug-

gest itself, though I strove with all my might to banish the oft-intruding thought. There were indications, too, that I was not the first to struggle against the horrid idea;

The brows of men, by the despairing light,
Wore an unearthly aspect;

their eyes glared wildly upon each other, with fierce demoniac looks. Their teeth and hands were often clenched convulsively, and they would sit for a long time fixed as statues, their haggard countenances bent sullenly upon the earth. Those in their hammocks would groan, and gnaw the wood, and chew their wretched covering. Some began to rave and curse, while a few, submissive, gloomy and silent, sunk down in immovable and unutterable despair. One or two became delirious and frantic—their piercing maniac cries evincing the keenest suffering of body and mind. And some were still glaring upon each other with fixed, dead, unrelenting eyes. At last the dreadful proposition was made and assented to.

But who could raise the knife for the sacrifice! Again there was a pause of a whole day, rendered fearfully distressing by the mingled prayers of some, the wailings of others, and the increasing howl and half inarticulate blasphemy and horrible laughter of those whom hunger had bereft of their reason. It was hoped that some one would die. But no! There seemed equal tenacity in our lives, and almost an equal power of enduring bodily pain and mental torture.

But resistance was no longer possible. The resolution had been formed; the lot was cast, and the victim bared his neck without a murmur. Having been confined to my hammock for some time by frozen limbs, I now turned my face to the wall, and hid my head in the scanty covering, to avoid beholding the horrid spectacle. It was done; and a still more revolting scene ensued. Hunger had goaded on my wretched companions to madness. Reason had left her seat, and mere animal passion and appetite, unrestrained either by shame or remorse, reigned with uncontrolled dominion. A repugnance more powerful even than the calls of hunger, prevented me from participating in the unnatural banquet. In addition to this repugnance, I was unable to rise from my situation, even had I been inclined to partake of the repast. I must draw a veil over the dreadful procedure. It is horrible enough to say that the meal was partaken. Nay, some of those whose brains were on fire, commenced the loathsome repast, before the blood was cool, or the flesh had yet ceased to quiver with the convulsive movements of death.

The meal was ended, but not the agony. Some shuddered with horror at the thought of what they had done!

Some lay down,
And hid their eyes, and wept; and some did rest
Their chins upon their clenched hands, and smiled;
And others hurried to and fro, and fed
Their funeral piles with fuel, and look'd up
With mad disquietude on the dull sky;
• • • • • and then again
With curses cast them down upon the dust.

Indeed, so long had these wretched men gone without sustenance, that they had no power of restraint left, and they had partaken of the half-roasted flesh to a surfeit. The certain consequences ensued, and there was no medical relief. Oh, the unutterable, the indescribable horrors of the dreadful scene that followed! Seized with unlooked for pains, ere many hours all were groaning, and writhing, and shrieking with racking tortures and appalling convulsions. Some rushed out wildly into the howling tempest, and perished in the snow-fields. Others sunk down and expired in the most excruciating agony. And the morning of another day found me the only living being upon this dread island. All were dead—dead—dead! And I, too, must speedily be numbered among them.

But still, although the fire was lost, for want of fuel, which it was beyond my power to supply, and the vital spark which yet warmed a small region around my heart, I knew must soon be extinguished; and, although the powers of reflection were in a measure benumbed, in common with the members of the body, yet the love of life, that tenacious principle which survives when all rational motives for its continuance have ceased, was unsubdued; and the strange unaccountable anomaly existed, that almost at the instant I was praying my God to release me

from my sufferings, I was unconsciously, perhaps instinctively using means to prolong them. Most providentially I had saved from the wreck, in my trunk, a large vial of the balsam which exudes like tear-drops from the little blisters upon the bark of the fir tree, and having accidentally tasted of this medicine, when using it for another purpose, I found it gave temporary relief. It allayed the gnawing of the stomach, and soothed its irritation. It is to the grateful effects of this cordial, perhaps, that I was spared a participation in the horrid transaction which I have but partially disclosed. To the same cause must be attributed the extenuation of my life to another day, with strength and reason sufficient to enable me to trace, with a pencil, an outline of this most extraordinary tale of human suffering, in a place where death will soon be left to revel undisturbed, in the midst of his own desolation.

The vial is nearly empty, my sands are running swiftly. It is difficult to rouse my mind to think, or my hand to trace, even the few last words of parting to my beloved mother, to my affectionate sisters, to * * *. My eyes swim, and the blood is creeping with an icy coldness around my heart. A sensation, like an incubus, is coming upon me, and stilling the pulses of my life. My heart throbs chill, and faintly. Farewell, my dear mother, my sisters, my Adda, fare thee—

THE GYPSEY'S PROPHECY.

BY L. E. L.

LADY, throw back thy raven hair,
Lay thy white brow in the moonlight bare;
I will look on the stars, and look on thee,
And read the page of thy destiny.

Little thanks shall I have for my tale—
Even in youth thy cheek will be pale;
By thy side is a red-rose tree—
One lone rose droops withered, so thou wilt be:

Round thy neck is a ruby chain,
One of the rubies is broken in twain;
Throw on the ground each shattered part,
Broken and lost, they will be like thy heart.

Mark yon star—it shone at thy birth;
Look again—it has fallen to earth;
Its glory has passed like a thought away—
So, or yet sooner, wilt thou decay.

Over yon fountain's silver fall,
Is a moonlight rainbow's coronal;
Its hues of light will melt in tears—
Well may they image thy future years.

I may not read in thy hazel eyes,
For the long dark lash that over them lies:
So in my art I can but see
One shadow of doubt o'er thy destiny.

I can give thee but dark revealings
Of passionate hopes and wasted feelings—
Of love that past like the lava wave,
Of a broken heart and an early grave.

RHINE SONG, OF THE GERMAN SOLDIERS AFTER VICTORY.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Single Voice.

It is the Rhine! our mountain vineyard laving,
I see the bright flood shine!
Sing on the march with every banner waving—
Sing brothers! 'tis the Rhine!

Chorus.

The Rhine, the Rhine, our own imperial river!
Be glory on thy track!
We left thy shores, to die or to deliver—
We bear thee Freedom back!

Single Voice.

Hail! hail! my childhood knew thy rush of water,
Ev'n as thy mother's song!
That sound went past me, on the field of slaughter,
And heart and arm grew strong.

Chorus.

Roll proudly on! brave blood is with thee sweeping,
Poured out by sons of thine,
When sword and spirit forth in joy were leaping
Like thee, victorious Rhine!

Single Voice.

Home! home! thy glad wave hath a tone of greeting,
Thy path is by my home;
Even now my children count the hours 'till meeting,
O ransom'd ones! I come!

Chorus.

Go, tell the seas, that chains shall bind thee never,
Sound on by hearth and shrine!
Sing through the hills, that thou art free for ever—
Lift up thy voice, O Rhine!

11



12



RIDING.

BACKING.

It is necessary that the pupil should learn how to make a horse back in walking. To do this, the reins are to be drawn equally and steadily towards the body, (but to yielding him when he obeys,) and his croupe is to be kept in a proper direction by means of the leg and the whip.

The pupil should perform her first lessons with a snaffle bridle, holding the reins in both hands, and without a stirrup. When she has acquired some degree of practice in the balance, aids, and general government of the horse, she may use a curb with double reins, and hold them in the left hand—managing them as we directed in some of the former numbers.

It would be well for the self-taught equestrian, who has not acquired the true principles of Riding, to go through all the foregoing exercises in the paces, patiently and progressively. She will, doubtless, find it difficult to drop her incorrect mode of riding; but she should persevere, if she wishes to sit her horse with grace, ease, and safety. The pupil, in all cases, should recollect, that her horse requires occasional haltings and relaxations: the time occupied in each lesson, should be in proportion to the pace and animation in which it has been performed. If the exercise be varied and highly-animated, the horse should rest to recruit himself at the expiration of twelve or fifteen minutes; when refreshed by halting, he may be made to go through another of the same, or rather less duration, and then be put up for the day. It would be still better to make two halts in the same space of time: the exercise taken in such a lesson being equal to three hours' moderate work. When the lessons are less animated, they may be made proportionally longer; but it is always better, if the pupil err in this respect, to do so on the side of brevity, than, by making her lessons too long, to harass her horse, and fatigue herself so as to lose her spirit and animation.

LEAPING.

In the riding-schools, ladies who never intend to join what the poets call the jocund pack;

By copse or dingle, heath or sheltering wood,

are frequently taught to leap at the bar. The practice is beneficial, as it tends to confirm the seat, and to enable the rider more effectually to preserve her balance, should she afterwards be mounted on an unsteady or vicious horse.

Leaps are taken either standing, or flying, over a bar, which is so contrived as to fall when touched by the horse's feet, if he do not clear it: it is placed at a short distance from the ground at first, and raised by degrees as the pupil improves. The standing leap, which is practised first, the horse takes from the halt, close to the bar. The flying leap is taken from any pace, and is easier than the standing leap, although the latter is considered the safer of the two to begin with; as, from the steadiness with which it is made by a trained horse, the master or assistant can aid the pupil at the slightest appearance of danger.

The position of the rider is to be governed in this, as in all other cases, by the action of the horse. No weight is to be borne on the stirrup; for, in fact, pressure on the stirrup will tend to raise the body, rather than keep it close to the saddle. The legs (particularly the right one) must be pressed closely against the saddle; and the hand and the reins yielded to the horse, so that the rider can just distinguish a slight correspondence between her hand and the horse's mouth. The animations thus produced, and the invitation thus given, will make the horse rise. As his fore quarters ascend, the body is to advance forward; the back being bent inward, and the head upright and steady. (Fig. 11, the ascent.) As soon as the horse's hind legs quit the ground, the body is to incline backward—the rider taking care not to bear heavily on the reins, lest the horse force her hand, and pull her forward on his neck, or over his head, as he

descends. When the leap is cleared, the rider should bring the horse together, if at all disunited, and resume her previous ordinary position.

In the flying leap, the seat is to be preserved as in the standing leap; except, that it is needless, and indeed unwise, to advance the body as the horse rises; because, in the flying leap, the horse's position, especially in a low leap, is more horizontal than when he rises at the bar from a halt; and there is great danger of the rider being thrown, if she lean forward, in case the horse suddenly checks himself and refuses the leap, which circumstance occasionally happens. The waist should be brought forward, and the body suffered to take that inclination backward, which will be produced by the spring forward of the horse. The horse's head is to be guided towards the bar, and the reins yielded to him as he advances. The proper distance for a horse to run previous to the leap, is from ten to fifteen yards. If he be well trained, he may be suffered to take his own pace at it; but it is necessary to animate an indolent horse into a short, collected gallop, and urge him by strong aids to make the leap. (Fig. 12, the descent.)

From Mrs. Ware's Magazine.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

A YOUNG lady may excel in speaking French and Italian; may repeat a few passages from the volume of extracts; play like a professor and sing like a syren; have her dressing-room decorated with her own drawing tables, stands, flower pots, screens and cabinets; nay, she may dance like Semphronia herself, and yet we shall insist, that she may have been very badly educated. I am far from meaning to set no value whatever on any or all of these qualifications; they are all of them elegant, and many of them tend to the perfecting of a polite education. These things, in their measure and degree may be done; but there are others which should not be left undone. Many things are becoming, but "one thing is needful." Besides, as the world seems to be fully apprised of the value of whatever tends to embellish life, there is less occasion here to insist on its importance. But, though a well-bred young lady may lawfully learn most of the fashionable arts, yet, let me ask, does it seem to be the true end of education, to make women of fashion dancers, singers, players, painters, actresses, sculptors, gilders, varnishers, engravers, and embroiderers? Most men are commonly destined to some profession, and their minds are, consequently, turned each to its respective object. Would it not be strange if they were called out to exercise their profession, or set up their trade, with only a little general knowledge of the trades and professions of all other men, and without any previous definite application to their own peculiar calling? The profession of ladies, to which the bent of their instruction should be turned, is that of daughters, wives,

mothers, and mistresses of families. They should be, therefore, trained with a view to these several conditions, and be furnished with ideas, and principles, and qualifications, and habits, ready to be applied and appropriated, as occasion may demand, to each of these respective situations. Though the arts, which merely embellish life, must claim admiration, when a man of sense comes to marry, it is a companion whom he wants, and not an artist. It is not merely a creature who can paint and play, and sing, and draw, and dress, and dance: it is a being who can comfort and counsel him; one who can reason, and reflect, and feel, and judge, and discourse, and discriminate; one who can assist him in his affairs, lighten his cares, soothe his sorrows, purify his joys, strength his principles, and educate his children. Such is the woman who is fit for a wife, a mother, and a mistress of a family.

THE MONKS OF OLD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF RICHELIEU, DE L'ORME, &c.

I ENVY them—those monks of old—
Their book they read, and their beads they told;
To human softness dead and cold,
And all life's vanity.

They dwelt like shadows on the earth,
Free from the penalties of birth,
Nor let one feeling venture forth
But charity.

I envy them: their cloistered hearts
Knew not the bitter pang that parts
Beings that all Affection's arts
Had link'd in unity.

The tomb to them was not a place
To drown the best-loved of their race,
And blot out each sweet memory's trace
In dull obscurity.

To them it was the calmest bed
That rests the aching human head:
They looked with envy on the dead,
And not with agony.

No bonds they felt, no ties they broke,
No music of the heart they woke,
When one brief moment it had spoke,
To lose it suddenly.

Peaceful they lived—peaceful they died—
And those that did their fate abide,
Saw Brothers wither by their side
In all tranquillity.

They loved not—dreamed not—for their sphere
Held not joy's visions; but the tear
Of broken hope, of anxious fear,
Was not their misery.

I envy them—those monks of old;
And when their statues I behold,
Carved in the marble, calm and cold,
How true an effigy!

I wish my heart as calm and still
To beams that fleet, and blasts that chill,
And pangs that pay joy's spendthrift thrill
With bitter usury.

THE PRISONERS OF LONVESTEIN.

It was a fine evening of the tardy spring of Holland; the sun was setting gloriously on the still waters of the Meuse, and gilding, with his brilliant rays, the dreary walls of the fortress of Lonvestein, when within its gloomy apartments sat one, who contemplated the lovely aspect of external nature, with mingled sensations of sorrow and delight—for he was a prisoner. Near him were piled books, and implements for writing; and the rooms exhibited many marks of female embellishment. Rare plants and flowers were placed in some of its deep recesses; and the countenance of its inmate betrayed little of the sadness which is esteemed inseparable from captivity. A sweet and patient resignation dwelt on his noble brow, whose expression spoke indeed a mind raised from the earth to heaven; and the fine features derived new graces from that touch of thoughts divine. He withdrew his gaze from the declining orb, and, taking a large volume towards him, began to read it with profound attention. And well did the sacred page deserve such engrossing interest.

So much was his whole soul absorbed, that he seemed not to heed the entrance of a lady—whose presence was, however, very dear to him—till she laid her gentle hand on his shoulder.

“Are you returned, my beloved Maria,” said he, raising his eyes with tender delight to her speaking countenance; “I have missed thee much; and judge how sweet must be the comfort this book affords, since it can console me for thy absence!”

The lady seated herself as though exhausted by fatigue or anxiety. “Yet, my dearest husband, I sometimes fear that you wear your mind and frame by such constant application; and this I have been telling the governor’s lady, and with all truth.”

“No, indeed,” replied her husband. “Never did I feel the full value of literature and philosophy, till I dwelt within these walls—’tis they have kept my health from wholly sinking, and, like on a dew parched land, preserved the freshness of my spirits. As to my soul, that has needed better sustenance—this sacred page has been its first, best support, and next, thy own dear society; for till thou camest, my prison looked, indeed, desolate. Now, blessed with thee, and my favourite books—may I confess it?—time has half reconciled me to its calm seclusion, from the tumults of that vain world, where my little bark hath already suffered shipwreck.”

“Indeed!” said the lady, thoughtfully; “yet surely were freedom to offer herself, she would not be ungratefully rejected?” A glow passed over the pale cheeks of the wise, the excellent Grotius, and a light of hope beamed in his fine eye, which revealed that her words had, indeed, waked a pulse to which his whole being vibrated. But, after a moment’s pause—“My kind, my good Maria,” said he, “why dost thou, ever con-

siderate, mention a theme, which can serve no purpose but to rouse thoughts better dismissed—to disturb a mind at peace, I trust, with Heaven and all the world? The spirit of Christianity has taught me long since to forgive my enemies—and to think of them with charity; but do not let us name freedom, a blessing they have ever debarred me from—yet not they!—but Heaven’s high will be done!” He bowed his head meekly, and again turned his attention on his book.

“Grotius!” said his wife, “look on me.—Am I in the habit of sporting with your feelings? If I named freedom, it is because a hope, for the first time, presents itself. O, my beloved husband! do not wholly reject it—do not break entirely the heart of your sorrowing wife, whose prayers daily implore the Author of Mercy for your deliverance.—Listen to me calmly, favourably.” Grotius gazed on her, indeed, with surprise and emotion, and gave the full attention of his powerful mind to the plan she had projected for his escape.

It is well known that the only crime of which Grotius was accused, even by his worst enemies, was his rejection of the doctrine of predestination inculcated by Calvin and his followers, and his courageous support of the oppressed Arminians. After the cruel execution of the mild and virtuous Barnevelt, by the decree of his former pupil, Prince Maurice of Nassau, Grotius, whose principles accorded with those of this innocent victim of tyranny, was condemned to imprisonment for life in the castle of Lonvestein, where, after three years had passed away, consoled by true devotion, and cheered by the society of his beloved wife, he was learning the precious uses of adversity, and had almost forgotten the injustice of mankind.

But not so his inestimable consort, who, with unwearied solicitude, was occupied in secretly forming a variety of plans for his escape. Amongst the few comforts left them in the hour of distress, was one as rare as it is valuable—a sincerely attached and faithful servant. This girl, whose name was Alitz, had lived from her early youth with the noble and excellent Maria, and, seeming to have imbibed some portion of her courageous and disinterested spirit, she was ready to aid her mistress in any effort, however dangerous, in the hope of liberating her kind and benevolent master. The wife of Grotius had also, fortunately, won the favour and regard of the Governor’s lady, by assisting in nursing her little girl; and it was from a visit to this kind friend, which had some connexion with her project, that she was just returned on the evening when our narrative commences.

It happened, a few days after that period, that a report became current in the fortress of Lonvestein, that Grotius, exhausted by captivity, and by intense application, had become seriously ill, and was confined to his bed; and that his wife,

alarmed at the consequences of his studies, had obtained from him a reluctant consent to send away the chief part of his favourite volumes. Pursuant to this resolution, one fine morning in March, some soldiers entered the room in which Grotius and his family usually sat, to convey from it what had been his chief solace in seclusion, his beloved books. They were enclosed in a large chest, which, before his illness, had formed the most interesting part of the furniture of the apartment in the eyes of the inmate, as it contained his cherished volumes. Nor did his sympathizing spouse, as she now sat by to witness its removal, behold it without emotion; on the contrary, her fine features were more than commonly expressive of anxiety, though, probably, more for her husband's situation than the loss of his literary treasures.

"My good Alitz," said she to her favourite maid, "you will accompany this box, and see it safely conveyed to Gorcum: it contains books precious to your master, as well as of great value in themselves; and when his health returns, as I trust it may, he will wish to have them again, uninjured."

"I must say, madam," returned Alitz, rather peevishly, "it is a little unkind of you to send me away with this old lumbering box of books, that have little value but their weight to any one but my master, when he is sick, and I might aid you in nursing him—even now you are wan and pale with the fatigue of sitting up by him last night."

"Nevertheless, my good girl, obey my request, and be careful of the chest, which is dear to your master, and to me, for his sake, though I send it away for a time, the better to advantage his condition."

"It is wondrous heavy!" cried one of the soldiers, who was assisting, with difficulty, to lift the chest. "Faith! madam, I should almost think it contained an Arminian!"

"It does indeed, contain Arminian books," said the lady, rising hastily, and approaching him; "and when you think of the woe such doctrines have wrought us, you cannot marvel, friend, that I wish to remove them from my husband's sight."

"Right," said the man, "I would he had never known any such, for were it not that he is an Arminian, my eyes never looked on a more discreet, civil, kind of gentleman."

"Thanks for thy kind speech," replied the wife of Grotius; "and in return, let me offer thee this ring, which has nothing Arminian about it, but bears a very good motto for all—'Trust in God!'"

The soldier put back the ring; "I may not take this; but I shall remember always that an Arminian may be kind and gentle. "But," said the man, suddenly starting, "I like not this. You are good, madam, but why offer so costly a present to a poor soldier, one who has never served you? This chest is of unusual weight—what may it contain? It is my duty, the governor being absent, to inform the next in command of my suspicions."

"Art thou not ashamed," said Alitz, reproachfully, "to keep my mistress from her husband's sick bed to listen to thy surmises? Do as thou listest, and alarm the whole garrison, if thou wilt, for such a nonsensical cause!"

"At least," replied the soldier, "I must acquaint the governor's lady with the facts—the responsibility will then be off my shoulders, and she can be answerable for the event."

"True," said the wife of Grotius, calmly and gently. "Do thy errand, soldier, since thou thinkest it a duty—the governor's lady has given me permission to remove these books, and is aware of my motives for doing so. I should be loth my misfortunes should bring reproach on thee."

The soldier, who was indeed of a kindly nature, though exact in what he considered the fulfilment of his office, replied, "I will go to her immediately."

"Yes," cried one of his comrades, "and so do a fool's errand. When did ever one soft-hearted woman object to the foolery of another? You will find the governor's wife fondling over her sick child, whom these women helped her to nurse; and she will scarcely hear thy words, but cry—'Let the poor Lady Maria do as she pleases! My life on it. Better stick our pikes through the chest, and so make sure work of it.'"

"Never!" said Madame Grotius, in a faint voice. "Ye are Christian men—you would not do such an act of violence before those your honoured lady treats with courtesy."

"Nor, sure," said Alitz, "are these the feats of brave men, to frighten two poor helpless women. Retire, dearest mistress, to my master's apartment, who needs your aid. I will stay and hear the result of the message which will make these wise senders ashamed." And with tender care she supported the drooping lady to the door of the sleeping-chamber, and then returned to await the end of the soldier's suspicions.

The sun shone serenely as on the former evening, when the excellent Grotius contemplated from his prison window its lustre; but as he was now unable to appear, his faithful wife sat alone in that gloomy apartment, intently watching its retiring rays, with an anxious, cager gaze. At length, as the sun was gilding with its last blaze the expanse of waters, a boat shot round the windings of the stream, in which were seated two persons—one of them rose hastily and made a signal to the lady at the window. The wife of Grotius dropped suddenly on her knees, and uttered aloud a fervent thanksgiving; but her eyes, raised to heaven, and the working of her features, almost convulsed by gratitude, spoke more than words.

A few moments afterwards, her faithful maid, Alitz, entered the apartment alone, and running joyfully up to her mistress, exclaimed, in a voice of thankfulness, "All is well! God has blessed our efforts with success!" Madame Grotius could not answer by words, but, rushing hastily into the arms of Alitz, buried her face, bathed in tears, on the shoulder of the attached creature,

while the heart of the good girl heaved with answering sobs to those of her mistress.

Short was the time that they had remained lost in a transport of devout bliss, when a sudden tumult was heard in the castle, and the words—"The governor is coming," were repeatedly uttered by eager voices, and in a few moments the doors of the apartment were thrown open, and the governor appeared, with a stern countenance, attended by some guards.

At his aspect, the wife of Grotius drew herself up, and assumed her usual stately and composed air.

"Madam!" said he, advancing, and in a severe tone, "where is my prisoner, your husband? I must see him instantly, well or ill. Some circumstances have given rise to a suspicion that he has escaped during my absence, concealed in a chest.—Let me see him without delay.—Re-assure me, I request, that he is safe."

"God be praised! he is indeed safe from the power of his enemies!" cried his wife, in a loud and firm voice; and falling on her knees before heaven, "The angel of the Lord tarrieth round about those that fear him, and delivereth them! My husband is delivered, and I have been an unworthy instrument in the hand of the Almighty to effect his liberation."

The amazement, vexation, and anger of the governor were beyond the power of words to express. At length he spoke. "Well, madam, and you are prepared to abide the consequences of such an act?"

She rose from her knees, and with a mild calm accent replied—"I am prepared, having done my duty to my husband, to suffer as his wife should do, all that Providence may allow me to endure."

"It is well," said the governor, as she meekly folded her hands on her breast. "I fear perpetual imprisonment in the place of your husband will be the least penalty."

He withdrew, and the inestimable consort of Grotius was left alone with her faithful Alitz to mingle, not tears or lamentations, but prayers and blessings to Heaven for the beloved fugitive, whom, after many narrow escapes from discovery, Alitz had seen safe, and placed in the care of friends and kinsmen.

Many, many setting suns did the true and worthy wife of the good Grotius behold sinking into the still waters of the Meuse, from her prison window; but memory soothed her by recalling her generous sacrifice, and hope in Heaven sweetened her days. The same blessed book which had cheered her husband's retirement breathed peace to her soul.—"The Lord looseth men out of prison, the Lord carth for the righteous," thought she, as her eyes rested on the place where formerly had stood the dark chest which had been made the instrument of her husband's escape. That gracious Being whom she invoked heard her prayer, for shortly after, the government, moved by her magnanimity, released her: whilst every good heart, in secret, applauded and blest her generous devotion.

The life of her exemplary husband and her own, ever after, illustrated the appropriate motto on the medal, which the States of Holland caused to be struck in honour of Grotius, after his decease: the device was, the sun rising from behind a cloud; and the words engraven below—"BRIGHTER AFTER ADVERSITY."

FLOYER.

FIRST USE OF TEA IN ENGLAND.

ABOUT 1650, (says Macpherson) the East India Company received from Bantam two Canisters containing 143lbs of tea; and this is believed to have been the first importation of this article.

The first authentic notice of tea, as an article of consumption in England, appears in an act of Parliament, (12 Car. ii. c. 23) passed in the year 1660, a duty of 8 pence is charged on every gallon of chocolate, sherbet, and tea, made for sale, while coffee and even foreign spiritous liquors, are charged only 4d. Thus it is certain that tea was then used in England, but that the use of it was new, and far from being general, appears from the following curious memorandum in the diary of Mr. Pepys, the secretary of the Admiralty: "Sep. 25th, 1661, I sent for a case of tea, a Chinese drink, of which I never before had drunk."

In the year 1662, King Charles the Second married a princess of Portugal, and it may be presumed that the new queen was fond of Tea, and rendered it more fashionable in England than it had been before, as the poet Waller, in a panegyric ode on her birthday says,

"The best of queens, and best of herbs we owe
To that bold nation, who the way did show,
To the fair region, where the sun doth rise,
Whence rich productions we so gently prize."

He always supposed it endowed with the power of inspiration: for he says,

"The Muses' friend, tea does our fancy aid."

It is evident that for a long time, tea continued to be brought to Europe in very small quantities; for, in the year 1664, the East India Company, desirous of providing some rarities as presents to the King, purchased 2lbs. 2oz. of tea, (apparently all that could be got,) which cost them 40s. a pound.

In England, the duties on tea, and the importations of it, were inconsiderable till 1690, by which time the East India Company first thought the article worth their attention, as a branch of trade. In a few years the arranged importation amounted to 60,000lbs. per annum, the average price being 16s. In 1721 the quantity of tea imported exceeded a million of pounds; and ever since the importations and consumption of tea in that country have been increasing.

AWAKE, MY DEAR JANE!

A SERENADE.

BY S. WOODWORTH.

Through curtains of crimson and azure, my Jane,
 Infant day, in its cradle, is smiling again;
 Its eyelids are gemmed with the dew-drops of night,
 Which glitter and sparkle like pearls in the light.
 Jane! sweet Jane! Awake, my dear Jane!

O list to the warblings that float on the air!
 The gay feathered songsters are calling my fair!
 The blackbird and robin, the linnet and jay,
 All join with thy Sandy to call thee away.
 Jane! sweet Jane! Awake, my dear Jane!

The lads and the lasses are all on the green,
 The shepherds have chosen my Jane for their queen,
 The May-pole is reared, and the garlands are twined,
 And a balm-breathing wreath is for Jenny designed.
 Jane! sweet Jane! Awake my dear Jane!

THE CURSE OF THOUGHT.

Why, why do I pine,
 When the glories divine
 Of the sky-painted earth are around me?
 Oh! why do I grieve,
 When so many hearts weave
 About me their meshes of kindness?
 Why to me is all vision but blindness?
 Oh! why doth the balm
 Of retirement and calm
 Not heal, as 'tis wont, but still deeper wound me?

'Tis the demon within,
 More of doubt, than of joy,
 That racks my gall'd spirit with brooding dismay!
 I think on the past—
 'Tis gone like the blast,
 That dies, but leaves shipwreck and terror behind:
 The present is blank as the eye that is blind—
 And the future's a dream
 That all shadow doth seem—
 A fathomless deep, without haven, or bay!

T. W.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

It is not a little surprising, that Halleck, who is, by general consent, placed at the head of American poets, should have written less than any of those who have acquired any considerable degree of poetical celebrity. A stranger, on inquiring after the works of the greatest poet of our country, would, probably, be astonished to find them all contained in the small compass of a thin duodecimo. Never did poet attain the summit of the mountain, where the temple of Fame is said to be "situate, lying, and being," with so little difficulty. Instead of being obliged, like others, to climb only with the most unremitting toil and labour, and bare his head to the lightning and the tempest, it seems to have been the peculiar good fortune of this poet to be wafted thither by magic, while revelling in a bed of roses. Those who are still toiling up the steep, look up at him, and wonder how he got there so easily, and are surprised to find that they are not able to do so themselves.

We do not wish to be understood as denying the title of Halleck to the station which he holds. The public have done right in this instance, in placing the laurel upon the brows of him who has written better poetry than any of our bards, although he has written but very little of it. Still, as a general rule, it will be found to be liable to many strong exceptions.

If a single production of extraordinary merit is sufficient to stamp an author with immortality, poetical reputation could be cheaply acquired. Any poet, of moderate genius, might, by devoting all his energies to the production of a single ode, and keeping it for years, bestowing upon it all the new beauties which experience, change of feeling, and a knowledge of human nature, ac-

quired by time, with the new ideas obtained by reading, would naturally suggest, be able to produce something so perfectly arranged, and highly finished, that it would greatly excel any production of a much greater genius, who was in the habit of writing swiftly and carelessly.

There is one thing attributed to Halleck by the voice of the million, as a great merit, namely, that he writes very quick, and very easily. His productions are supposed to be the mere off-hand dashes of his pen, written without labour or care. Thus he has acquired no small quantum of fame upon trust; as it is very common to speculate upon what he would do, if he only put forth his whole powers.

Now, were we willing to admit the truth of these suppositions, our conclusions from the premises would not be very favourable to our poet. If he is, indeed, gifted with such a preternatural genius, and such a magical facility of poetical composition, what might he not be supposed able to do, if he would but write with more care? And have not the public a right to expect him to do this, in consideration of the praise which they bestowed upon what they consider his crude and immature productions? However flattering to the authorial vanity of ordinary scribblers such praise might be, we would suppose it too equivocal to be altogether satisfactory to one, who, like Halleck, is an instance of the rare union of poetical talent of the first order, with practical good sense, and a knowledge of men and things. But we deny the position, that he is the careless off-hand writer that he is reputed to be; and herein we consider, that instead of detracting from his merit, we give him higher praise than is generally accorded to him.

It is very commonly supposed, that what is easy to be read, must have been easily written, whereas the very reverse is the case. The remark made by one who knew that "the appearance of ease is the effect of labour and study," is substantially correct.

Poetry is not unlike its kindred art, painting; and it would be as absurd to suppose that the poet could, in a moment, arrange his ideas into poetical numbers, as that the painter could, at the first touch of his pencil, transfer to the canvas, the bright images which fill his mind, and give them all the brilliant colouring of life and reality.

It certainly is not our opinion that poetry should always be written slowly, but rather the contrary. When the poet seizes upon an incident, his mind becomes excited, and there is a glow, a freshness, and a brilliancy in his ideas, which soon run into a poetical shape. But let him attempt to reduce them to writing, in proper measure and rhyme, and he soon finds that there is a material difference between thinking and writing. If he attempt to give his verses a beauty analogous to his ideas, he will find it impracticable, and his ardour will quickly abate. He will find, however, that as often as the subject recurs to his mind, instead of being stale, it comes fraught with new ideas and new beauties. And as a general rule, the ease of writing will be found to increase in proportion to the time thus taken for previous reflection. Thus, a poem may often be the subject of mental formation for years, which is finally reduced to writing in a few days. The state of mind, which poets are fond of dignifying with the name of *inspiration*, is a mere artificial excitement, which can be produced at pleasure, by intense reflection upon any particular subject.

In this state, the poet is prepared to reduce his thoughts to writing, but even then he must not stay to polish his verses too highly. Like the sculptor, he must make a rugged outline at first, and leave, for a future time, the care of polishing and finishing. That this is the manner in which those great works have been produced, which are destined to transmit the name of the authors to remote ages, we have reason, as well as testimony, to show. That it is the case in the instance under consideration, we have still better evidence.

The chief characteristics of the poetry of Halleck are smoothness and harmony; beauty of language; and splendid and appropriate, although not often classical imagery. The former of these is the principal and pervading trait. Whatever may be the subject, the sentiments, or the language; whether the first is noble or mean, the second humorous or pathetic; or the latter gorgeous or simple, there is the same smoothness and harmony; the same sweetness and musical flow; like the tones of the Æolian harp, which breathe nothing but melody, whether awakened by the breath of the gentle zephyr, or swept by the tempest-bearing gale.

We understand that the first attempts of Hal-

leck at poetry, were principally confined to poetical versions of the Scriptures.

We are unable to give any opinion of the merit of these productions, as we have never seen any of them, unless the version of Psalm cxxxvii, published in "*Alwick Castle, and other Poems*," in 1827, be one. If this is a specimen, it does not give us any reason to think that they were much above mediocrity.

THE CROAKERS were the first productions which brought him into notice, and it is no injustice to him to say, that they derived no small portion of their popularity, from being exquisite hits upon local occurrences and personages. Many are surprised that the author has never published them in a volume. But however gratifying this might be to those who have never read them, still we cannot but admire both the generous feeling, and the prudence of the author, in not doing so. They would wound the feelings of many, and they would add nothing to his reputation at this day, as their principal charm would be lost. He has preserved all that are worth preserving.

FANNY was the first, and in regard to length, the only poem of importance which Halleck has ever written. This is a work which will live;—for, although many of the subjects are local, and of temporary interest, still there is ample poetical merit to preserve it from oblivion. The style is the same as that which has been rendered so popular in England, by the writings of Frere, (Whistlecraft,) Rose, and Lord Byron; and it is but justice to Halleck to say, that although inferior to them in some respects, he excels them all in the smoothness of his versification, and the delicacy and keenness of his humour and satire. The wit of Byron, in *Don Juan*, often descends to the lowest vulgarity, and the chief charm of the work consists in those sudden and nice transitions from the humorous to the pathetic, which often fills the eyes with tears before the smile has died upon the lips.

Halleck did not attempt this, and almost the only part of the poem, where the humorous is lost sight of, (with the exception of the songs,) is the description of Weehawk. This is singular, as being the only attempt at the description of natural scenery, save one, in the whole compass of his poetry. It is also a striking instance of the manner in which the hand of a master may throw a charm over beautiful language, even when violating an important poetical rule. The stanza in which Fanny is written, is a variation of the Spenserean, and each stanza should contain a sentence of itself. A violation of this, although in the lighter and humorous parts it may not be so objectionable, in the grave or pathetic, is absolutely intolerable. And yet Mr. Halleck, in his description of Weehawk, has, apparently, taken pains to violate this, as many of the stanzas run into each other, without even the intervention of a comma. Take the following stanza, for instance: there are not four lines in the English language more smooth and harmonious than the first four, and yet no one can read the stanza

through, without his ear being pained at the termination, notwithstanding the beauty of the sentiment.

" Tall spire, and glittering roof and battlement,
And banners floating in the sunny air,
And white sails o'er the calm blue waters bent,
Green isle and circling shore are blended there
In wild reality, when life is cold,
And many a vision dead, the heart will hold

" Its memory of this," &c.

We would not wish to be considered hypercritical; but surely it is not right that the masters of the lyre should neglect rules, when the observance of them is so important to the beauty of poetry. Lord Byron, the prince of careless writers, rarely was guilty of this.

MARCO BOZZARIS, published in *The Atlantic Magazine*, in 1826, is the best of Halleck's poems, and has done more for the permanent establishment of his fame, than any thing he has ever written. It is, indeed, a perfect poem. We question whether the English language can produce any thing, of a similar kind, equal to it. No one, possessing any poetical taste, will pass it by with the cursory perusal usually given to poetry, and few to whose memory every line will not be as familiar as his native tongue. We can never read or think of the following lines, without a thrill of pleasure:—

" An hour passed on—the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last;
He woke to hear his sentries shriek,
" To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke—to die midst flame, and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre stroke,
And death shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:
" Strike—till the last armed foe expires;
Strike—for your altars and your fires;
Strike—for the green graves of your sires;
God—and your native land!"

ALNWICK CASTLE; AND OTHER POEMS.—Heavens! what a throb of delight we felt on first hearing this work announced. A new poem, by Halleck! We had read all that he had ever written, so often, that we had committed most of it to memory; but here was something, unlike any thing he had written before. We knew that he had been to England—at Alnwick Castle—and what a throng of splendid images must have arisen in his memory, while standing in the "Home of the Percys' high-born race." And here was the fruit of it—a poem, six cantos, no doubt.—What a feast!—Such were the thoughts with which we scampered to the bookseller, and inquired for the work.

A pamphlet-looking book was handed us. We opened it, and read six pages, and there was a blank. We turned over the leaf, and our old friend, Marco Bozzaris, stared us in the face. Alnwick Castle, with all the splendid associations, which the name excited;—turret and tower, with their legends of olden time; moat and battlement;

mailed knight and bowman; greenwood and bower, renowned for the stealing of deer and the stealing of hearts; lady fair and lover, pennons and plume, brand and banner, had vanished into thin air.

It was no mitigation of our disappointment, that we read what there was of it with unmixed delight;—that it possessed, in a remarkable degree, the musical smoothness so striking in his other poems; in short, that it was, in every respect, worthy the genius of Halleck.

Most of the other poems in the collection had been previously published, and all have since been extensively copied into newspapers, and other periodicals, throughout the country. We cannot omit a passing notice of the poem upon Burns; it contains some blemishes, but as a whole, it is one of the most beautiful things of the kind in the language. One of England's proudest bards, (Campbell) has a poem upon the same illustrious subject, which is, however, far inferior to this.

Since the publication of *Alnwick Castle*, Halleck has given nothing to the world, but a few pieces in the *Annals*, and an *Epistle to his Honour the Recorder*. The first have not added much to his reputation. The genius of Halleck is of too independent a kind to write an article *per order*. The latter is, in every respect, one of the very best of his pieces in the Croaker style. And yet to show how much higher the reputation of "The Croakers" is in the minds of those who perused them at the time of their first appearance, we can state from our own hearing, that many warm admirers of Halleck, and those, too, who had read the Croakers with rapture on their first appearance, denied him the authorship of the *Epistle to the Recorder*, on the ground that it did not possess sufficient merit to be his.

We hope these remarks will not be considered unjust or severe, either by the gentleman who is the subject of them, or the public. No one admires the genius of Halleck more than we do; and we think there are very few who have read his poetry with more attention and pleasure. We have been actuated by different motives from what we should have been in noticing almost any other poet, for we sincerely believe that, instead of being puffed up by the breath of popular applause, he errs in paying too little regard to it. And well may such a mind as Halleck's despise a popularity so easily gained, and become carelessly indifferent to public opinion. Had he, at an earlier day, felt the reprehension, even of just criticism, he would, probably, have been aroused to the importance of producing something that would have secured him a more permanent reputation, than any thing which he has now given to the world.

We sincerely hope that he will yet do so, and by the production of something that will go down to posterity, an honour to his name, and to our country's literature, show that he is not ungrateful to nature for the bright gem of genius that she has bestowed upon him.

THE BOHON UPAS TREE.

It is rather a singular phenomenon in the economy of nature, that the Island of Java should produce at the same time the *Mangosteen*, the most mellow and luscious of fruits, and the deadly *Upas*, the most malignant of poisons.—In the journal of a botanist, lately deceased, whom Napoleon sent to Java in 1810, to make collections of plants for the imperial garden at St. Cloud, we find the substance of the following facts, which we present to our readers. The Bohon *Upas* is situated in a valley, watered by a rivulet, and encompassed by hills, at the distance of fourteen leagues from Batavia. The hills and mountains in its vicinity are entirely barren and denuded, as no verdure can vegetate where the breeze wafts the pestiferous vapours that arise from the pestiferous gum of the *Upas*. The French botanist, anxious, on his return to France, to have been able to lay before the Emperor a correct description of the Java tree, made, at the risk of his life, a tour all round this dangerous spot, at about four leagues distant from its deleterious influence, and in every direction of his circuit, he found vegetation literally annihilated, and the aspect of the country the most dismal and dreary that could be imagined. Near the easiest ascent of one of the hills, about sixteen miles from the station of the tree, there resided, then, an old Malayan priest, whose office it was to prepare for eternity the souls of those who, for different crimes, were sent to procure the poison, which is a commodity that yields the native government a considerable revenue. The poison is a gum, which, like the camphor, issues from the bark. Malefactors under the sentence of death, are the only persons who are compelled to gather this deadly and baleful gum. The ministers of the native sovereign provide them with a tortoise shell box, in which they are to put the pestiferous gum. These devoted criminals then proceed to the house of the High Priest, where they remain until the wind blows in a favourable direction so as to bear the effluvia from them. As soon as the desired breeze arises, the priest prepares them for their approaching fate. At the moment of departure, the priest puts on them a long leather cap, with two glasses before their eyes, which comes down to their breast. Thus equipped, they set out on a journey to that fatal "bourne" from which but few travellers return. The old ecclesiastic assured our traveller, that during a residence of thirty years on this great thoroughfare of death, he had witnessed the departure to the *Upas* of more than eight hundred unhappy beings, out of whom not more than thirty ever returned. Those who escaped the dreadful influence of the *Upas*, described it as a middling sized tree, decorated with branches of the most vivid verdure. It broods sullenly over a rivulet, as a landmark of vegetation, in the barren vale of the wilderness, over which it waves its poisoned foliage.

While our traveller remained in the island of

Java, he witnessed the following horrid instance of the destructive power of the *Upas* poison. In February, 1810, he was present at the execution of twelve of the Javanese king's mistresses, who were convicted of being faithless to his bed.

The fair and interesting criminals were led into the great court of the palace of *Soura Charla*, where a judge passed sentence of death on them. After going through many religious ceremonies, the executioner stripped their breasts, and then chaining each of the hapless delinquents to a post, he proceeded to make an incision on the bosom with a lancet poisoned with the *Upas*.—The operation was performed on them all in the space of two minutes, and with such celerity did the poison destroy the vital principles, that these unfortunate women, the victims of a savage, were all dead in less than a quarter of an hour.

"Some hours after their death," says our traveller, "their bodies were full of livid spots, their faces swelled, the colour of their skin changed to a kind of blue, and their eyes were completely spotted with yellow hues."

We believe that medical men estimate the *Upas* as the most deadly of all vegetable poisons. In times of war it is the practice of the Malayans to throw the *Upas* gum into the springs and rivulets in order to poison them. The other parts of the island of Java are remarkably healthy; prolific and rich in a soil that produces an abundance of the finest fruits—such as the cocoa, palm, shaddock, oranges, lemons, citrons, tamarinds, mangoes, pine-apples, bananas, sweet-sops, grapes, custard-apples, melons, pomegranates, figs, and the delicious mangosteen, esteemed the best fruit of the east. The tree on which it grows is extremely beautiful, and gaily arrayed like the orange tree, in the spangled vestures of fruit and flowers.

ALL IS NOT DARK BELOW.

Cold and ungrateful must the bosoms be

Of those who look upon the sun-lit earth,
And trace the finger of the Deity,

Yet own no cheerfulness and feel no mirth;
Who deem all dark the lot of man below,
One changeless gloom, one all-pervading woe,

Hath God then made for nought each lovely thing.

That sheds its beauty o'er this world of ours;

The feathered warblers, that so sweetly sing.

The ever-waving wood, the scented flowers?

I cannot think of these, and yet believe

That man was only formed to mourn and grieve.

But who can look upon the azure sky,

And mark the glorious orbs revolving there,

Or turn his glance towards earth's verdant dye,

And deem, where all is formed so bright and fair,

That man was made to wander on in gloom,

Then sink in sorrow to the silent tomb?

'Tis true earth's joys are ever mixed with care,

And men are fated to one common curse;

But should we therefore cherish dark despair,

And make our too imperfect being worse?

Though "weep with them that weep" is God's own voice,

He bids us, too, "with those who joy-rejoice."

THE LEE PENNY.

THE following account of a *Talisman*, celebrated over all Scotland, and popularly known by the rustic name of "The Lec Penny," derives some interest from the use made of it by Sir Walter Scott in his chivalric tale of "The Talisman."

About three miles below Lanark, on the north brink of the Clyde, is the Lee, the patrimonial estate of the family of Lockhart, so distinguished during the 17th century for their eminence in the Scottish Courts of Law. Lee House is a very fine mansion, lately modernised in the castellated style. It contains many good portraits, among which may be mentioned a bust of Claverhouse, full lengths of Maria Theresa and Joseph II. of Germany, Oliver Cromwell, President Lockhart, Count Lockhart, the great lawyer of the time of Cromwell. The Lockharts were distinguished by arms long before they had become so eminent in the law. Simon Locard accompanied the good Sir James Douglass to Palestine, bearing the heart of Bruce enclosed in a locked case, on which account his name was changed to Lockhart, and he obtained for his armorial bearings, a heart attached to a lock, with the motto of "Corde serrata pando." Engaging in the wars of the Holy Sepulchre, this hero had the good fortune to make a Saracen of rank his prisoner. The lady of the warrior came to pay his ransom, and was counting out the money, when she happened to drop from her purse a small jewel which she immediately hastened to pick up with an air of careful solicitude. Lockhart eagerly inquired the nature of the jewel, and learning that it was a medicatory talisman, refused to deliver up his captive unless it were added to the sum previously stipulated. The lady was obliged to comply, and Simon brought it home to Scotland, where it has ever since continued in the possession of his descendants, perhaps the only existing memorial of the crusades in this country. It is called "The Lee Penny," on account of its being set in the centre of an old English coin. Triangular in shape, it measures about one third of an inch each way, and is of a dark red colour, but perfectly transparent. The nature of the stone cannot be determined by lapidaries, being apparently different in all respects from any known in this quarter of the world. To the edge of the stone a small silver chain has been attached, and the whole is deposited in a gold box which the Empress Louisa presented to the late Count Lockhart. The Lee Penny did not lose its talismanic property on being transferred to a country of Christians. On the contrary it has been all along, even to the present day, remarkable for medical virtue. It is especially sovereign in the diseases of horned cattle. The mode of administering it is this. Holding it by the chain, it is three times plumped down into a quantity of water, and once drawn round—*three dips and a sweep* as the country people fondly express it—and, on the cattle or others affected drinking this water, the cure is speedy and effectual. Even

at this day, rife as the gospel is now said or supposed to be, people sometimes come from great distances, with vessels, which they fill with water charmed in the manner described, and which they take home in order to administer it to their bestial. In the reign of Charles I. the people of Newcastle being afflicted with the plague, sent for, and obtained a loan of the Lee Penny, leaving the sum of £6,000 sterling in its place as a pledge. They found it so effectual, or were impressed with so high an opinion of its virtues, that they proposed to keep it, and forfeit the money; but the Laird of Lee would not consent to part with so venerable and so gifted an heirloom. The Laird of that time was a high cavalier, and one of the charges brought against him by the enlightened party whom he had to oppose, was that he effected cures by means of necromancy. One other remarkable instance of its efficacy is recorded. About the beginning of the last century, Lady Baird of Saughtonhall, having been bit by a mad dog, and exhibited all the symptoms of hydrophobia, obtained a loan of the talisman, and, having drunk and bathed in water which it had sanctified, got completely better. That this transaction really took place, seems indubitable, for an ancient female member of the Lee family who died lately, remembered hearing the Laird who lent the Penny to Lady Baird, describe how he and his dame had been invited to Saughtonhall, and splendidly entertained, in gratitude for the use of the talisman. Being now visited by an incredible number of persons, whose curiosity has been excited respecting it, Sir Charles M'Donald Lockhart, the present proprietor, has recently adopted the idea of keeping an album, in which their names are recorded.

THE ALOE.

THIS plant, in Sicily, grows to an enormous elevation, which, with its majestic pyramidal flower stem, affords a peculiar ornament, when, in combination with other foliage, it becomes the neighbour of some architectural object. Like the Indian fig, it is easily propagated, and employed to make hedge-rows, which, in the course of two or three years, assume a formidable appearance, and are impenetrable to man or beast. It is the *agave americana* of Linnæus, the leaves of which are terminated by a sharp black spine; they grow out in bushy suckers from the base, with a thick vigorous flower stem shooting up from the centre, which rises to a height of from 15 to 35 feet, and comes to perfection in the space of from three to six years. When it is in full bloom, nothing can exceed its majestic beauty; it forms a splendid floral pyramid, with clusters of greenish yellow flowers at every joint up to the summit—a succession of which is continued for three or four months, after which the stem falls, and is employed in garden fences, &c.

THE COMPANIONS.

With thy step in the stirrup, one cup of bright wine,
We'll drink the success of thy sabre and mine:
When as boys we took down the bright arms from the wall,
And rushed, in mock combat, around the old hall,
We longed in true warfare the weapons to wield—
Now the foe is before us, and yonder the field.

We'll onward together, thy steed beside mine,
Our blow be as one when we rush on the line;
Should one fall, one only, the other will try
A step for his vengeance, another to die;
On the neck of the fallen yield up his last breath,
And the vow of their boyhood be cancell'd by death.

But rather this evening as victors we'll ride,
O'er the field of our conquest, the place of our pride,
With our names on each lip, but named only as one—
'Tis the glory of either what each may have done:
Now on for the harvest that darkens yon plain,
We come back in honour, or come not again.

SYMBOLS.

BY MISS JEWELRY.

In youth, the heart is like the bird,
The Humming-bird of eastern bowers,
That ever (take the traveller's word)
Feeds flying, on the dew of flowers.

In manhood, 'tis the Eagle bold,
Borne upward to the cloud—the sky,
That scorns the rock and mountain-hold,
Except to build on, or to die.

The sparkler of the woods is caught,
The Eagle's bosom pierced ere long;
What symbol shall for age be sought?
What bird its emblem be in song;

The Mocking-bird its likeness be,
That hath no music of its own:
That sings with imitative glee—
The bird of memory alone!

RETRIBUTION.

BY RICHARD PENN SMITH.

REVENGE is as refreshing to the wounded spirit, as the cool stream from the fountain to the fevered lips of the dying. And he who has been trodden on and branded, whose soul has endured the agony of death without the relief of dying, looks forward to the hour of retribution, like the delirious wretch, whose vitals are consumed by a raging fever, and who expects that a refreshing draft of water will allay the poignancy of his sufferings. And so it does; but, for a moment, and again it rages with redoubled violence. How beautiful, how sublime is that precept—the christian's golden rule—"forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us!" But who would be thus adjudged? Who is there, that does not hope to meet with more mercy in his God, than he has shown towards his fellow man? If there be one so confident in his own purity, that he will be judged as he has adjudged others—Heaven hear my prayer—have mercy on him. We are made up of conflicting passions; and thrown into a sphere where the mind most richly endowed, by miracle alone can escape being goaded to madness. There are those whose souls are as sensitive as the mimosa plant; who shrink at every breeze, and are lacerated by a touch; who possess all that makes the mind lovely and beautiful, when the current of life flows smoothly on—all that makes it dark and terrible when the tempest threatens.

The germs of vice and virtue are mingled in like proportions in every mind; and much depends upon circumstances, whether the one or the other take root in the soil and flourish. And yet how few can look with an eye of compassion on the derelictions of another. One act will constitute a villain, and call forth the execra-

tion of mankind—and on the other hand, the possessor of a thousand virtues seldom meets his reward, and sinks into the grave as if he were of as little worth as the worm that afterwards consumes him. The praise and censure of man, are as uncertain and variable as the wind that blows from the four corners of the earth.

I was born in one of the West India islands. My parents were in affluent circumstances, and being an only child and of feeble constitution, their indulgence was unlimited. I was a creature of feeling; sensibly alive to their boundless affection, which was constantly before my eyes—never absent from my thoughts; and at times I felt a fullness of soul in their presence, beyond my little skill in metaphysics to account for rationally. There are some whose feelings are so delicately strung, affections so harmoniously attuned, that an act, nay, a look of kindness, even when in the vale of years, will make them as it were a child again; such are ill calculated for this rugged world; and I have often fancied when I came in collision with them, that Providence had designed them for a purer orb, but chance had thrown them here.

My boyhood!—Oh! that I could blot that bright period from my memory! I look back through a waste of years—my heart sickens at the gloomy path I have travelled—and reverts to the starting place, when the prospect was as brilliant as a fervid imagination could picture; but I have since learnt the sun may rise in cloudless splendour, yet set amid the horrors of a tempest.

At the age of twelve, it was my fate to lose both my parents. Until that day I had never shed a tear of affliction; but then the torrent

rushed upon me in all its terrors. I felt as if in an instant I had been whirled through infinity of space to another sphere. I doubted my identity. At times I could not reconcile to my mind the possibility of my loss, the thought of death having never cast a shade over my vision of the future; and when I awoke to a full conviction of my situation, in bitterness I called upon God to relieve me from my load of misery.

My father had an only brother, to whose protection he recommended me on his death bed. I have still in my memory, the look of my dying father, when he conjured him to watch over my welfare, as if I were his child; the earnest expression of countenance, the look of mingled sorrow and affection that he cast on me at the moment, and the heart thrilling tone of voice shall never be erased from my recollection, though things, even of yesterday, in my delirium are now forgotten. My uncle vowed to be a father to me—gently drew me closely to his side, pressed the cold hand of the dying man, and sealed the compact with the impress of a tear. My father sank upon the pillow; his eyes were still fixed on me, but the glazing of death was over them.

I was removed to my uncle's house. He resided on an extensive plantation, and was what the world calls a thriving man. He had many slaves under him, and, as too frequently is the case, was a tyrannical master. There are those who imagine the Creator was not bountiful enough when he made all things for the use of man; but one half of the race must be rendered subservient to the other. In my uncle's house, resided an orphan girl, the niece of his wife. She was a year younger than myself, and one of those exquisite beings which nature in her hours of prodigality lavishes her richest stores upon. Poor Virginia! My uncle seldom spoke to her in language of tenderness; never looked upon her with the eyes of affection. He was an austere man—selfish—wholly wrapped up in himself, and I never saw him smile, unless while superintending the chastisement of a slave. But his smile was like nothing human. It was a smile of horrid satisfaction, and more painful to the sufferer than the stripes he inflicted. I instinctively avoided him, and poor Virginia was on the rack whenever obliged to be in his presence.

His wife was a plain woman; a woman of worth as the world goes, but evidently broken down in spirit. Her affections had been violently crushed; no one feeling of her heart finding a corresponding feeling in him to whom she was unalterably bound; and if you take woman from her genial world of sympathy and affection, what is she?

During the first three years after my father's death, I was sent to the best school the island afforded. My thirst for knowledge was inordinate; it soon became a ruling passion, for as my mind enlarged, I was aware how little I had attained, and every new light only served to show the inexhaustible store of knowledge that lay be-

fore me. Within my eye's reach, there was enough to engross a life of study. The sea and the heavens were, however, the books that I most perused. They filled my mind with feelings, calculated to weaken the ties which connected me with this world rather than with knowledge. As I stood upon the beach, and listened to the mighty roar of waters; saw wave chasing wave in endless succession, and beheld the progress of the wind, increased from a gentle zephyr to a tempest, lashing the waters to fury; as I lay upon the hill at midnight, and watched the motions of the heavenly bodies, worlds so distant, that hundreds could be surveyed at a single glance; I thought of the causes said to govern them in their motions and phenomena, and felt that mind was too narrow to conceive them all.

These thoughts engrossed my mind. Day and night were devoted to their investigation, and every new discovery only tended to increase my thirst for knowledge. I secluded myself from the world, and my knowledge of mankind did not increase with my years. Indeed, I knew not even the few who frequented my uncle's house; and, as to the world at large, I had but such an erroneous view as works of fiction presented. The only being that I thoroughly knew, was poor Virginia, and with such my fervid imagination peopled the world. I have since found the wildness of my error.

From my course of study, natural timidity, and seldom coming in collision with mankind, I became as sensitive as the plant that enfolds its leaves if the wind too rudely kisses it. Thus constituted, it was torture to be in the presence of my uncle. My aversion was insurmountable, and increased to such a degree, that I avoided my meals rather than encounter him at the table. Every sense was alive to him. The sound of his most distant step was familiar to my ear, and I imagined that even the breeze that passed over him indicated his approach. The severity of his conduct towards Virginia, tended to increase my aversion, and to add to the warmth of the interest I entertained for that neglected one. She soon became sensible of my feelings and estimated them. O God! what agony had I escaped if that martyr had been to me as heartless as the rest of the world. But the generous mind is not so severely stricken by its own sorrows, as by the afflictions of her with whom its tenderest thoughts repose. This crushed me. My own burthen, alas! I could have borne; or, like the fabled Sisyphus, would daily have resumed; but to behold the sufferings of her I loved, the patient, the pious resignation to her cruel fate, drove me frantic. In my agony I arraigned the justice of Heaven, cursed mankind, and imprecated curses on my own head; but that was needless, for they had fallen thickly, and blighted as they fell.

Virginia and myself were privately married. From that moment my views of the world were changed. I felt myself a beggar; and, when too late, I became sensible of the madness of blight-

ing her hopes by joining her fate with his whose prospects were so gloomy. I had assumed the character of her protector, and was unable even to protect myself. Her presence had hitherto been to me as the star to the tempest-tost mariner; but now there was nothing on earth occasioned such agony as her presence. And why was this? My love was as pure as that which angels entertain, and as boundless and as ardent too. Every good feeling of my heart reposed in her, unadulterated, for there was not that being on earth, to dispute her hold upon my affections. She had created in my mind an ideal world, too brilliant for mortals to inhabit, and as I looked around to find those to people it, she alone appeared worthy. My dream was wild with ecstasy; but oh! the awakening was terrible.

We continued under my uncle's roof, the circumstance of our marriage still remaining a secret. The time, however, soon arrived, when it became necessary for me to divulge what had transpired. My uncle assumed anger, calling me pauper, and ridiculed my presumption in taking upon myself the support of a family. He taunted me, and even in the agony of the moment I beheld the sarcastic smile upon his lip. My brain was in a whirl; nothing was distinct, and every passion was goaded to frenzy, yet I did not smite him, for the image of my poor Virginia crossed my mind, and I resolved to humble myself in the dust for her sake. I thought of her forlorn condition, and wept in the agony of the moment. He ridiculed my tears. There was a fiend-like smile of irony on his lips—all reflection vanished—the savage was awaked, and I sprang upon him. We fell prostrate to the earth together; what followed, I know not, but when I came to my reason, I found that his household had assembled, and I was in the custody of his slaves. That night Virginia and myself were thrust from his doors.

I had heard of the wealth of my father, and that his property had come into my uncle's hands, but as to the value or extent of this property, I had no evidence. I called upon him to make restitution—he treated the claim with contempt—called me a pennyless vagrant, who had repaid his protection with ingratitude, and commanded me never to show my face in his presence again.

I returned to the house where Virginia awaited in anxious suspense the result of my errand. As I entered she hastened to meet me; there was a ray of hope crossed her lovely countenance, which in an instant was extinguished, for my sad looks realized her worst fears before my lips were opened. I pressed her to my bosom and wept in silence. She vainly endeavoured to sooth my anguish, but the appalling future had taken possession of my soul, and I could not bear up against it.

I resorted to the law for redress; hopeless resort! for justice is so tardy in her movements, that she suffers the hour to pass when she might serve, beyond which nothing is left for her but to bestow a gorgeous monument on him she made a pauper. More suffer by the law than

those who offend against it; and more frequently the innocent than the guilty suffer.

My uncle, exasperated at the steps I had taken, brought a suit against me for supporting Virginia and myself during our minority. I was destitute of money—of consequence, destitute of friends, and was consigned to prison for want of the necessary bail. Virginia followed me there, and we remained together during the day, and at night she left me.

She found that shelter in the cabin of a slave which her uncle's roof denied her. His name was Gambia, a man of feeling superior to his station. Virginia had ministered to the wants of his wife, when on her sick bed, and by her care did much towards restoring her. The poor fellow's gratitude knew no bounds. He laboured night and day to increase her comforts; and solicited all, where there was the remotest hope of success, to interfere for my liberation.

Day passed after day, and week succeeded week, and I seemed to be forgotten by all the world but Virginia and the slave. The sun had scarcely risen before she was at my prison door, and at night he came to escort her to his lonely dwelling. Health had forsaken me, and the disease of my body had affected my mind. At times madness took possession of my brain, and my actual sufferings were forgotten, for then I dreamt of revenge, and I have laughed at the bloody picture painted in such vivid colours that it appeared palpable to the touch, until the vaults re-echoed with the frightful sounds that passed my lips, and startled my wandering senses back to reason. And then I would ruminate upon my dreadful condition, until my fears that I should become mad, nearly drove me so. The rush of thought would come like a deluge on me; still growing wilder and more hurried, and all this time I was sensible; my feelings were alive to my situation, and with the vain hope to stem the torrent, I would cling to some rational idea, like a drowning man to a straw—but it proved no more than such—the one still clenches fast to the frail reed in the agonized grasp of death, and I clung to my idea in the wildest rush of madness.

Thus passed my solitary nights. I had been imprisoned for some months, and Virginia, even when sickness should have occasioned her absence, would not suffer one day to pass over without visiting me. I beheld her wasting frame, and conjured her not thus unnecessarily to expose her health. Still she came, though the task was as much as, in her feeble state, she could accomplish. She knew the influence of her presence over me, and ran every hazard rather than forsake me at such a time. The day, however, arrived when she came not. My mind was filled with apprehensions, and I awaited anxiously for the evening, when the appearance of Gambia would explain the cause. The evening arrived, yet brought not Gambia with it. I passed a sleepless night of dreadful suspense, and looked for the first streak of morning with as much impatience as if it were to restore me to liberty. It

came, and still I received no tidings of Virginia. My suspense now increased to agony. Time never passed so heavily as on that day. Mental sufferings consists more in the apprehension of ill, than in the ill itself, however great its magnitude.

I thought night would never arrive, and yet I dreaded its approach. I was on the eve of some important change; what I knew not, but it is the weakness of human nature to fear that any change, however desperate our condition, may be for the worse. I had fancied myself beyond the reach of fate to sink me lower, and yet I feared to learn what was about to be developed.

As I beheld the last ray of the setting sun fade away in the west, the raging fever of my mind increased, and I cried "A little longer, yet stay a little longer." I felt like one who sees the lightning's flash, and expects the bolt to crush him. There was no mistaking my feelings; they foretold ill, but what it was I could not imagine. When I thought of my abject state, I laughed in derision at my fears, and the bare walls re-echoed my laugh; I startled at the frantic sound, and my fears came over me with redoubled vigour.

My prison was now enveloped in darkness. The hour, I felt, was near at hand, and I seated myself upon my bed of straw, and struggled to be calm. I endeavoured to fix my wandering mind on some rational subject; but it was impossible; the most frantic ideas were constantly obtruding, and I thought these rational too, until startled by the wildness of my imaginings.

A step was now heard in the entry which led to my prison; a flash of light crossed the wall, which was immediately succeeded by the rattling of keys at my door. I sat motionless. The jailor entered; he spoke, but I heard him not, for I looked for those whom I imagined accompanied him. I looked in vain—he was alone. I fell backwards on the bed. When I revived, I found myself supported by the jailor, who was chafing my temples with water. I inquired for Virginia and Gambia. "Be comforted," he replied, "your imprisonment is at an end." I looked at him with astonishment, and thought, indeed, that my sorrows had at length turned my brain. He continued, showing a paper, "here is my warrant to set you at liberty, and I assure you I am as glad to see it as you can be." I laughed fantastically. I knew not what he meant. Could it be derision? What friend had I on earth to intercede for me? I know of none. And if there were such, why was not Virginia or Gambia the first to communicate the happy tidings to me. These thoughts passed through my brain like lightning, and made me wilder. The jailor bade me rise and follow him, and I did so as submissively as if I had been his slave. He led through the windings of the entrance into the open air. I looked around with wonder, and my bosom expanded to the fresh breeze. He shook me by the hand, said "God bless you," and returned to the prison. I was alone. The cool night breeze refreshed my burning temples; I saw the stars above me, and heard the constant roar of the

distant ocean. I laughed aloud for joy; and, conscious that I was free, darted off wildly, fearing that I might again be imprisoned. I hurried on with the swiftness of the deer. Madness gave me speed, for at every sound I imagined my persecutors were in pursuit of me. I had but one hope, which was to reach Gambia's hut, and remain concealed until danger should pass by.

I reached the hut breathless with fear. The door was closed, and a light feebly glimmered through the casement of the window. The wind rustled among the sugar-cane; every pore in my frame seemed to be endowed with the faculty of hearing, and every sense was strained to that exquisite acuteness as to approach agony. I was as timid as the hunted hare, or the fawn whose dam has been stricken; and I imagined the noise proceeded from my pursuers. That thought was madness. Shall I be overtaken; dragged back to my loathsome prison, without having satisfied my doubts—without having seen Virginia? I summoned all my strength, and dashed my body against the door of the hut: it yielded to the pressure, and I fell insensible on the floor. I heard a shriek of terror as I fell.

How long I lay in this condition, I know not. When I revived, the hut was deserted. The light was still burning; and, as I arose, I perceived there was much blood upon the floor. My face was wet, and, on feeling it, I discovered a gash in my forehead, from which the blood was profusely flowing. When the mind is wounded the body feels no pain. I stood erect, and called on Virginia, but no answer was returned; I called on Gambia with all my strength; and as the echo of my voice died away, nothing was heard but the wind that rustled through the cane-brake, and the monotonous roar of the ocean.

My perplexities increased. It was surely Gambia's hut I was in. I had stood on the same spot repeatedly: it was the place where Virginia had found shelter, and yet she was not there, and there was no one to guide me to her. I had been liberated by some unknown friend. Who was this friend, and how was this friendship purchased? We were as destitute as the pauper who lives on common charity; yet Virginia was the loveliest of God's creatures—A thought rushed through my brain like molten lead, and I felt as if it seared its vitality in the passage. I shrieked with anguish, then cursed myself for the guilty doubt.

There was a small apartment adjoining that in which I stood; the door was open, and the room was quite dark. It was this apartment she had told me she occupied. I raised the light to enter the room, with the hope of discovering there some trace of my wife. I entered; all was silent. In one corner of the room lay a mass of something. I raised the light and discovered a coarse bed lying on the floor. I drew near to it; there was some one in it who stirred not; I listened, but heard no sound of breathing. The light fell upon the features of the person; they were motionless and pale as ashes; I stooped and placed my hand upon the forehead; it was cold and

polished as marble. How long I remained in this position, I know not; my mind was wandering. At length consciousness returned. I removed the covering from the bosom of the corpse in the excitement of the moment, and beheld a new born infant reposing there, whose life had been as brief as the light of a falling star that approaches earth for an instant, and again is caught in heaven. I shrieked the name of *Virginia*, and fell upon the body.

When I was restored to consciousness, I found myself supported by Gambia, and his wife was standing at a short distance from me. She shrunk back as I fixed my eyes on her, for there was madness in my glance, and my face was covered with blood. The kind souls did what they could to sooth my feelings.

I learned that Virginia had died the evening preceding, in giving birth to her infant. The child soon followed its mother. Gambia then left the cabin to effect my release. He had, heretofore, solicited all, where there was the remotest prospect of success, but in vain. There was one hope still left. Several years before, he had saved a youth from drowning; the son of a wealthy planter, who had now arrived at man's estate. The circumstance, until that moment, had escaped the generous mind of the slave. He resolved to apply to him, though he lived at the other extremity of the island. He started—travelled all night, and the request was no sooner made than complied with by the young planter. The application reminded him of the benevolent spirit to which he was indebted for his life. Gambia had not yet returned from his journey when I abruptly broke into his cabin, where his wife being alone with a dead body, had her superstitious fears awakened, and fled in terror on my entrance.

I was now alone in the world. All that was dear to me remained to be consigned to the earth. My thoughts and feelings at that moment partook of the wildness and rapidity of a being who inhabits a lesser globe than this, and is whirled through space with tenfold the velocity. Thought succeeded thought with the quickness and brilliancy of lightning—a flash came, and all was darkness; no impression remained, save one—my duty to the earthly remains of my wife and child. I had no claim upon mankind, and I considered myself accountable to no one for my actions.

I commanded the slave and his wife to follow me into the little garden attached to the cabin. They did so—the woman bearing a lantern. We proceeded in silence to the extremity, and stopped beneath the branches of a luxuriant plantain. "This," I cried, "is a peaceful spot, and here we will dig the grave." They made no reply, but Gambia withdrew and immediately returned with tools for the purpose. We commenced our labour, which was speedily performed, and not a word was spoken.

We returned to the cabin. My mind was as restless as the whirlwind. I looked around to find something to supply the place of a coffin,

and beheld a long chest which belonged to the woman. I motioned to her to empty it, which she did. I then raised the body of my wife, and deposited it in the chest. The infant I placed upon her bosom, and knelt beside them, but wept not. My eyes ached to burst, and were as dry as bone, and there was a fullness about my heart that almost prevented respiration. I wished to weep, for I felt that I should find relief in a flood of tears; but it was impossible. I heard the woman sob aloud, and beheld the silent grief of Gambia, then again turned to gaze on the inanimate clay before me. I could have gazed for ever.

With a desperate energy I closed the lid of the chest, and rose from my knees. I motioned Gambia to take hold of one end of the chest; I raised the other, and we moved towards the grave; the deep silence only broken by the stifled sobs of the woman, who followed with the light. The chest was gently deposited, and we filled the earth upon it. Still not a word passed the lips of either; but the features of the slaves denoted their deep affliction, and their eyes were fixed on me. As to myself, I was insensible. There is a point beyond which the ills of this world cannot reach us, and I had already arrived at it. Those who have nothing to hope, have nothing to fear, and my last hope was buried. When the grave was closed, I was astonished at the wonderful change my mind had undergone; a transition from an ungovernable tempest to a dead calm. I felt that she whose sufferings had driven me to madness, was at rest; the thought crushed me to the earth, yet there was a melancholy satisfaction in it. I threw my feverish body upon the bed from which I had just taken Virginia, where I remained until morning; but, whether I slept or watched I know not, for sleeping and awake, the same dreams constantly flitted through my mind.

The morning broke in splendour. The sun, when just heaving up from the joyous ocean, beheld me standing by the grave of Virginia. I looked upon the emerald surface of the sea; and the frothy pinnacles of the waves, as white as flakes of snow, were tinged with streaks of gold by the beams of the sun. The morning breeze came fresh from the face of the water. There was not a cloud in the sky, and the atmosphere was so pellucid, that I imagined my sight could penetrate farther than was permitted to mortal vision. The birds sang joyously; the trees, the flowers, and vines sent forth their odours, and there was a freshness in nature beyond what I had ever experienced until that moment. "These things were mine," I cried, "and I was formed to enjoy them as few enjoy!" My eyes fell upon the fresh earth beneath my feet, and I felt my dissolution.

"Vengeance, vengeance!" I cried, "upon the fell destroyer. While I have life, I will pursue him with deadly hate. Powerful as he is, I will work his downfall. We cannot breathe the same atmosphere in peace, until my vengeance is satisfied. Through life I will be as an adder in

his sight, and even in death he shall not escape me." It was but the threat of an impotent boy in his delirium.

Time rolled on; vengeance was my dream, but the power of executing it was beyond my grasp. Besides, the course to be pursued was still undefined. "Shall I murder him?" My blood curdled at the thought. Still vengeance was never absent from my mind.

About a fortnight after the death of Virginia, as the sun was setting, I wandered near the dwelling house of my uncle. I beheld at a distance, an assemblage of slaves in the yard, and on approaching, discovered that some one was undergoing the punishment of the lash. I could readily discern the tall figure of the merciless master, and that the scourge was in his own hand. As I drew nigh, I met a slave, who informed me that Gambia was suffering chastisement for having effected my liberation from prison, and subsequently harbouring me. I rushed to the spot. My mind was in a whirlwind of passion. I saw the bleeding body of the generous slave—and he suffered for my sake! I saw the blood-stained scourge in the upraised hand of the inflexible monster, ready to inflict another wound. Ferocity was in his countenance; his thin lips were compressed; his teeth clenched; his face pale with rage, and every nerve was braced with hellish determination; but before the blow was given, I sprang upon him and planted a knife in his bosom. He fell at my feet, and the blood spouted forth from the wound.

The almost exhausted slave raised his languid head. A momentary smile of satisfaction crossed his countenance as he beheld his tyrant prostrate, but it was succeeded by deep dejection when he beheld by whom the blow was given.

"Oh! master," he cried, "why did you do this? You will now suffer much, but poor Gambia will not suffer less for it. I know you are the slave's friend; but the poor slave has no friend if his master is his enemy."

He sank exhausted and was carried away. My uncle was removed into the house; but not until he had given orders to have me secured. I was conducted back to my prison, charged with an attempt to murder. The sudden change in my condition gave me but little uneasiness, for place and circumstances were now indifferent to me.

Towards the evening of the following day, I learned from the jailor that my uncle's wound was by no means dangerous, and that Gambia had since died of the severe stripes he had received. I cursed all human laws which extended protection to such a monster as my uncle, and arraigned the wisdom of Heaven in giving him existence. Blind mortal! Neither the ways of man nor of God were longer to be insulted.

He was arraigned and tried for murder. The proud man appeared in court, as if no law beyond his own will could reach him. He considered the charge as idle: he had but taken the life of his own property, and what had the law to

do with this, since he alone was the loser? But he learned that the law protects the life of a slave, though at the same time it deprives him of all that makes life valuable. He was convicted and sentenced to be executed.

When I heard this, the first thought that occurred to me was, that he had escaped my vengeance. There are injuries which few are willing that the law should redress, and mine were of that description. I thirsted for vengeance more ardently as the probability of attaining it diminished. Could I die in peace without it? He was imprisoned in the cell adjoining mine; the partition was thin, and as he paced the room the familiar sound of his footsteps awakened recollections that had slumbered in my mind from early youth. I listened night and day to that sound, for it was joy to know that my enemy was near me, though I could not reach him. Still I had sworn he should not escape me, and what may not man accomplish when his mind is resolved?

The day appointed for his execution arrived. The sun arose in all its splendour before the eyes of the prisoner; but those eyes were to be closed in eternal darkness before that sun should withdraw its light from the earth. My brain was wild as I arose from my feverish couch in expectation of the approaching hour. I had passed a sleepless night; for when exhausted nature sank into momentary oblivion, the image of my wife passed before me, and then came the lacerated form of the murdered Gambia, who shouted aloud, "Awake, awake, he will escape your vengeance!"

At the dead of night I listened to the hurried tread of the prisoner; I heard him sigh, and the walls of my cell re-echoed with frantic laughter; he paused for a moment, and then resumed his walk. My prison door was unbarred in the morning, and I was led forth by the jailor.

The crowd assembled early before the prison, eagerly anticipating the execution, as if it had been a harmless amusement, instead of an awful punishment; and many were in the crowd who begrudged the prisoner the few remaining moments of life; not that they execrated him for his offence, but that the appalling spectacle was delayed.

A fearful shriek was now heard to proceed from the prison, which for a moment completely silenced the hum of the crowd. The cause was soon divined. "He is parting from his wife," murmured several, their voices softened by the thought of so melancholy a parting. The information ran rapidly through the crowd. All eyes were turned towards the prison door, whence a second shriek was heard, more heart-piercing than the former, and the prisoner appeared a moment afterwards, clad in white, and guarded. His cheeks were pale and hollow with sickness, but the fierce glance of his deep black eye was rather heightened than diminished. His attenuated form was erect, his step firm, and his countenance immovable, as he descended from the prison and took his seat in the cart which was in waiting to bear him to the gallows. The clergy-

man, and the hangman, masked in his impenetrable disguise, sat beside him. He who was to terminate the affairs of this world, and he who was to usher into the world to come, were there.

The concourse moved slowly on, while hymns were chanted for the salvation of the soul of the sinner; but he did not join his voice in the holy anthem. He was the same obdurate man to the last; changed in appearance, it is true, but not by the terrors of approaching death; not by a consciousness of hopeless anguish inflicted on the wife of his bosom, but from a sense of degradation. He was proud, overbearing, tyrannical, and was now held up to the gaze of the slaves he had trampled on; and he felt that they had reason to rejoice in his downfall. His features were pale and haggard, but even while we moved on there was a proud smile of scorn about his thin lips, and a savage glare in his eye as it fell upon the dark train that followed him to the gallows.

The clergyman besought him to meet his death in a different spirit—with fear and trembling; with meekness and contrition; but the proud man turned from the exhortation with disdain. The hymn that ascended from those who surrounded us, sounded in his ears like a song of triumph from his enemies, which was chanted only to fill the measure of his shame. His looks expressed this sentiment, and the clergyman was not ignorant of what was passing in his mind.

"Bend your obdurate heart," said the pious man; "forgive your enemies, and pray to be forgiven as you forgive. Meet your fate as *He* met his who died that all mankind might live. Be think you of your manifold transgressions, and while there is time left to you, blot out the deep stain from your soul, with the purifying tear of repentance."

"Leave me to my own thoughts; you trouble me," said the prisoner, without turning his face towards the other.

"This is not the spirit in which a Christian should appear before his God."

"But such as he should maintain before his fellow man," returned the other in a decided tone, but without moving his head.

"Remember you have an awful account to render"—

"Right, we all have; so adjust your own, and leave mine, of which you can know nothing, to myself."

"I know but little, it is true, but that little makes me tremble." The prisoner made no reply, for he was apparently occupied in deep thought.

"Think of Virginia," I exclaimed, "who was martyred in the very wantonness of your cruelty."

He started from his meditations, and shrunk as if an adder had stung him. His eyes were turned upon me, but my squalid habiliments defied their penetration, and grief and madness had completely changed the tones of my voice. He did not recognise me.

"Think," continued the clergyman, "of your inhumanity to the poor slave for doing an act

which God will recompense with life eternal, though in the blindness of passion you thought it merited death in this world. Think of the wife of your bosom, whose heart is broken by your pride, cruelty, and consequent abasement. Revert to the race you have run from the commencement of your career, that your obdurate heart may be awakened to conviction of your awful state. You have passed through life, as if life and death had been at your disposal. You have trod the earth as if it had been the work of thine own hand, without reflecting that thou art as a worm compared to Him who made all things. Reflect, repent, and die not as the fool dieth. Thy life has been painful to the sight of man; let not thy death be offensive in the eye of God." Still the stern and pallid countenance of the convict betrayed no emotion.

"Think," I cried, "of the nephew you have robbed, and persecuted to madness, with the unsparing hatred of a fiend. Think of your promise to your dying brother to protect and love."

My grief had imparted an unearthly sound to my voice, and it seemed as if I partook in some degree of the powers of ventriloquism. I beheld his whole frame shudder, and he gazed around to discover from whom the voice proceeded. His search was fruitless. He rallied his mental energies and maintained an obdurate silence.

Having arrived beneath the gallows, the clergyman resumed his entreaties to awake the better feelings of the sinful man; earnest prayers were offered for his sake by numbers who knelt around, and the pure sea-breeze, as it passed over them, wafted the melody of hymns to heaven. Still he stood erect as a statue among them: as pale as marble, as senseless and as immovable. I should have wept as I beheld him thus, had he not crushed my affections and dried the very fountain of my tears; but I thought of Virginia, of Gambia, and a curse from my lips ascended with the prayers of those who had not felt his tyranny. The thought strengthened me to fulfil my purpose. I had sworn he should not escape my vengeance, and the last moment we should be together in this world was at hand.

The religious service ceased. There was a death-like stillness in the crowd. I was on the platform with the criminal, and yet he knew me not, though I frequently touched his person, and his eyes were often fixed on me. Still he knew that it was one who hated. The cord was secured over the gallows—the knot adjusted beneath his ear. My hand adjusted it! and in the act I breathed the name of Virginia. Though senseless as a monumental image, he became as nerveless as the new born babe. I moved to his front in order to draw the cap over his eyes. I paused for a moment to behold his agitation, and then drew the mask from my own face. He shrieked my name and staggered back. I shouted "*Retribution!*" and, laughing frantically, leaped from the platform. His eyes were fixed on me. I thought they implored my mercy; but I continued to laugh like a maniac, and seizing an axe at hand, with one blow knocked away the

frail support of the platform: he saw the motion—I heard the crash, and the shriek from the crowd—then all was darkness, and I fell insensible on the ground.

At my trial I was acquitted on the plea of insanity. When my uncle's papers were examined, sufficient evidence was discovered to establish my claim to the possessions left by my father. I am now a man of affluence; but what is wealth to the broken hearted? It cannot recal the deed of yesterday, or bribe the grave to yield to life its tenant.

THE MODERN GREEKS

HAVE preserved dances in honour of Flora. The wives and maidens of the village gather and scatter flowers, and bedeck themselves from head to foot. She who leads the dance, more ornamented than the others, represents Flora and the Spring, whose return the hymn they sing announces; one of them sings—

“ Welcome sweet nymph,
Goddess of the month of May.”

In the Grecian Villages, and among the Bulgarians, they still observe the feast of Ceres. When harvest is almost ripe, they go dancing to the sound of the lyre, and visit the fields, whence they return with their heads ornamented with wheat ears, interwoven with the hair. Embroidering is the occupation of the Grecian women; to the Greeks we owe this art, which is exceedingly ancient among them, and has been carried to the highest degree of perfection. Enter the chamber of a Grecian girl, and you will see blinds at the window, and no other furniture than a sofa, and a chest inlaid with ivory, in which are kept silk, needles, and articles for embroidery. Apologues, tales, and romances, owe their origin to Greece. The modern Greeks love tales and fables, and have received them from the Orientals and Arabs, with as much eagerness as they formerly adopted them from the Egyptians. The old women love always to relate, and the young pique themselves on repeating those they have learnt, or can make, from such incidents as happen within their knowledge. The Greeks at present have no fixed time for the celebration of marriages, like the ancients; among whom the ceremony was performed in the month of January. Formerly the bride was bought by real services done to the father: which was afterwards reduced to presents, and to this time the custom is continued, though the presents are arbitrary. The man is not obliged to purchase the woman he marries, but, on the contrary, receives a portion with her equal to her condition. It is on the famous shield of Achilles that Homer has described a marriage procession—

Here sacred pomp and genial feast delight,
And solemn dance and hymeneal rite,
Along the streets the new made bride is led,
With torches flaming to the nuptial bed;

The youthful dancers in a circle bound
To the soft lute and cittern's silver sound,
Through the fair streets the matrons in a row,
Stand in their porches, and enjoy the show.
POPE.

The same pomp, procession, and music, are still in use. Dancers, musicians, and singers, who chant the Epithalamium, go before the bride; loaded with ornaments, her eyes downcast, and herself sustained by women, or two near relations, she walks extremely slow. Formerly the bride wore a red or yellow veil. The Arminians do so still; this was to hide the blush of modesty, the embarrassment, and the tears of the young virgin. The bright torch of Hymen is not forgotten among the modern Greeks. It is carried before the new married couple into the nuptial chamber, where it burns till it is consumed, and it would be an ill omen were it by any accident extinguished, wherefore it is watched with as much care as of old was the sacred fire of the vestals. Arrived at the church, the bride and bridegroom each wear a crown, which, during the ceremony, the priest changes, by giving the crown of the bridegroom to the bride, and that of the bride to the bridegroom, which custom is also derived from the ancients.

I must not forget an essential ceremony which the Greeks have preserved, which is the cup of wine given to the bridegroom as a token of adoption; it was the symbol of contract and alliance. The bride drank from the same cup, which afterwards passed round to the relations and guests. They dance and sing all night, but the companions of the bride are excluded—they feast among themselves in separate apartments, far from the tumult of the nuptials. The modern Greeks, like the ancient, on the nuptial day, decorate their doors with green branches and garlands of flowers.

EARLY AFFECTIONS.

I HAD been walking with my little boy—
My second one, just past his second year—
And talking seriously; for even a child,
So young, oft loves and wears the serious mood,
Adopting it most naturally and sweetly.
I had been telling him, that if he proved
A good, obedient boy, loving and mild,
And innocent, he would be loved of God,
And God would take him up at last to Heaven.
He knows that Heaven's a glorious happy place;
What more, indeed, do any of us know?
And his eye brightened, as it answered mine;
But soon an anxious shade passed o'er its light.
And looking steadfastly, he said,
“ And brother too?”

My child, my precious child!
Let it be ever thus. Still crave to share
All happiness, reward, and holiness,
With him; and we, your parents, will be blessed.

GREENWOOD.

MUSIC—CONCERTS—AND FANCY BALLS.

MUSIC is—as old as the creation; and not being of Welsh extraction, I am not ambitious of going farther back. Music, however, is only apparently natural. The gamut shows how much harmony is indebted to art. To form it required great mathematic research; and it was not until the ninth century that the hexachord was raised to a septenary. The seventh note did not receive its appropriate name till within the last century.

The Greek music was somewhat complicated, and the Romans were content to borrow from the Greeks. Dr. Burney, a few days before he died, admitted, to Mr. Charles Butler, that he did not understand the Greek music himself, nor never knew one who did. The Flemish school of music, which occupies the period that intervened between the music of the middle ages and modern music, originated in the influx of musicians who were forced into the Low Countries by the Italian wars of the Guelphs and Ghibbellines. The Netherlands were then at the height of prosperity. The wealth and splendour of their commercial towns placed the Dukes of Burgundy, their sovereigns, on a level with the greatest monarchs, and enabled their principal merchants to display such magnificence in their dress, their buildings, and their mode of living, as excited the envy of the noblest princes of Europe. In 1301, when Joanna of Navarre, the wife of Philip le Bel, the King of France, was at Bruges, she was so much struck with its grandeur and wealth, and particularly with the splendid appearance of the wives of the citizens, that she was moved, by female envy, to cry out with indignation, "I thought that I had been the only queen here, but I find that there are many hundreds more."

To this scene of magnificence and gaiety, the fugitive musicians of Italy repaired, and founded a school of music, which for half a century gave law to Europe. At the head of the contrapuntists of this school was John de Muris. It may be added, for the honour of the harmony of our island, that there is some reason to contend that he was of English birth. But, as a composer, he appears to have been excelled by Josquin de Pres.

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

I come now to the Italian school of music. Beautiful as the florid counterpoint, under the hands of the great masters whom we have men-

tioned, most certainly was, still it constantly laboured under this great imperfection, that, in all such compositions, the melody was altogether overpowered by the harmony, so that it was calculated to satisfy the eye more than to please the ear. From this state of thralldom melody was emancipated by Leo, Scarlatti, and others. The French music has been anathematized by Rousseau, and good judges approve of his malediction.

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

From this early time to the present, music always flourished in England; her contrapuntists resembled and rivalled those of the Flemish school. Henry VIII. was a judge of music, and is thought to have been a composer. His reign was illustrated by several contrapuntists of great eminence, particularly Tallis and Byrd.

Luther was favourable to music: his hymn against the Turks and Pope, and the music to which he set it, are generally known. He composed several other hymns; his catechism, and even the confession of Augsburg, were put into verse, and set to music. Calvin was an enemy to music. Simple, unadorned psalmody, he allowed; but no musical instrument was suffered within the walls of Geneva for more than a hundred years after the reformation. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the choral music of the cathedral service was conducted with great success. The names of Dr. Bull, the first Gresham professor of music, and of Thomas Morley, his disciple, one of the gentlemen of the chapel of Queen Elizabeth, are still remembered with respect. The profound skill of the former, in harmony, was known on the continent. Whilst he was on his travels, he met, at St. Omer's, with a French musician, who had composed a piece of music in forty parts, and defied the whole world to correct or add to it. Dr. Bull, in two hours, added forty other parts to it. "The Frenchman," says Anthony Wood, who relates this story, "burst into great ecstasy, and swore that he who added those forty parts, must be the devil or Dr. Bull.

Music was proscribed by the Puritans. The organ and the surplice they held in equal horror. At the restoration, music regained her honours. Orlando Gibbons belongs to the reign of Charles

1.; Matthew Lock, to that of Charles II. He composed the music for the restoration: his music for the tragedy of "Macbeth," is still heard with delight. He was organist to Catherine, the queen consort of Charles II.

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

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

"Laissons a des chaires gages le soin de louer Dieu,"

was certainly a practice much too frequent on the continent; unfortunately, it is in England equally common. Wherever it prevails, it is a crying abuse, and loudly calls on the hierarchy of the country for redress. The musical compositions of foreign growth, which the English anthem most resembles, are the psalms of Marcello.

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

maid, return," is one of the most elegant compositions that has come from a British pen.

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

Something of a revolution in the musical taste of this country was effected, in the course of the last reign, by the queen's introducing into it several German performers of eminence. Unfortunately, however, it was not the music of the high German school of Hasse, and the elder Bachs; it was the light, elegant, and chaste, but generally unimpassioned, school of John Christian Bach.

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

his genuine sentiments of the real taste for music in this country; he will answer, that it has seldom occurred to him to find, in a large boarding school, two who had a real ear for music.

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

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

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

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

Concerts have been, in some measure, as old as music. Many have always been in the habit of playing and singing together; but the first great musical exhibition that ever took place in this country, was in 1784, to commemorate the genius of Handel. The idea originated in a conversation between Viscount Fitzwilliam, Sir W. W. Wynne, and Josiah Bates, Esq.; and the concert was performed in Westminster Abbey. The proceeds, which were immense, were devoted to purposes of charity; and from that time musical festivals have been resorted to periodically in several places, as a delightful and laudable means of forwarding the interests of local benevolence. In other towns they were long established before their introduction into Liverpool; but no where have they been more splendid or successful.

Fancy Dress Balls are of somewhat modern invention, and were first introduced as unobjectionable substitutes for Masquerades, a species of entertainment which originated in Italy in 1543, the word being derived from the Italian *Mascarata*. The profligacy of a licentious age first recommended them; and the disguise afforded by masks, was sufficient to perpetuate a custom peculiar to the designs of abandoned courtiers. Masks soon became fashionable throughout Europe; and the innocent and the virtuous even resorted to them as securities against vice. A lady, from behind her mask, which no man dare remove, could sit, undiscovered, at the most objectionable play, and, through the means of her disguise, come at secrets important to herself and friends. It was no uncommon thing, in those times, for husbands to make love to their own wives, and for lovers to lose their mistresses, by

proving to them, personally, that their affections were not quite so single as they would have persuaded them. Of these things the play-wrights took ample advantage. In many of the old comedies, Masquerades are introduced for the purpose of forwarding the interest of the drama; and it was at one of these festivities, that the gentle Juliet first saw the gallant Romeo; like all Shakspeare's ladies, she falls suddenly in love, and sighs for the sighing masker.

There was, in Shakspeare's time, a species of theatrical amusement, called *Masques*, which have entirely fallen into disuse. It seems to have sprung from the Masquerade, and, was, at one time, a royal pastime. "The Masque," says Mr. Gifford, "as it attained its highest degree of excellence, admitted of dialogue, singing, and dancing; these were not independent of one another, but combined, by the introduction of some ingenious fable, into an harmonious whole. When the plan was formed, the aid of the sister-arts was called in; for the essence of the Masque was pomp and glory. Moveable scenery, of the most costly and splendid kind, was lavished on the Masque; the most celebrated masters were employed on the songs and dances; and all that the kingdom afforded of vocal and instrumental excellence was employed to embellish the exhibition. Thus magnificently constructed, the Masque was not committed to ordinary performers. It was composed, as Lord Bacon says, for princes, and by princes it was played. Of these Masques, the skill with which their ornaments were designed, and the inexpressible grace with which they were executed, appear to have left a vivid impression on the mind of Jonson."

THE NEEDLE.

BY S. WOODWORTH.

The gay belles of fashion may boast of excelling
In waltz or cotillon—at whist or quadrille;
And seek admiration by vauntingly telling
Of drawing, and painting, and musical skill;
But give me the fair one in country or city,
Whose home and its duties are dear to her heart,
Who cheerfully warbles some rustical ditty,
While plying the needle with exquisite art.
The bright little needle—the swift flying needle,
The needle directed by beauty and art.

If love have a potent, a magical token,
A talisman ever resistless and true—
A charm that is never evaded or broken,
A witchery certain the heart to subdue—
'Tis this—and his armoury never has furnished
So keen and unerring, or polished a dart;
Let beauty direct it, so pointed and burnished,
And oh! it is certain of touching the heart.

Be wise then, ye maidens, nor seek admiration
By dressing for conquest, and flirting with all;
You never, whatever be your fortune or station,
Appear half so lovely at rout or at ball,
As gaily convened at a work-covered table,
Each cheerfully active and playing her part,
Beguiling the task with a song or a fable,
And plying the needle with exquisite art.

most valuable objects with an eye of hope, with the fond conceit that they are already his own. A love-sick brain adores, in romantic strains, the lovely idol of his heart, or sighs in real misery at her fancied frowns. And a scholar's mind evaporates in the fumes of imaginary praise and literary distinction.—*Burton*.

The hardest grapple upon earth, is that which obtains between pride and poverty; and the man who has become the disputed province of these two belligerents is a stranger to repose and happiness.

Ambition travels on a road too narrow for friendship, too steep for safety.

It is impossible to imagine what end those wretches propose to themselves, who endeavour to subvert religion in the female mind. If they succeed, they destroy the strongest barrier to chastity and innocence—and open the door to the brothel!

He is never tired of listening who wishes to gain wisdom; and he is never tired of talking who thinks he has gained enough.

He who has no time for pleasure, is free; while he appears to be a slave; but he is a slave while he appears to be free.

It is related by Count Segur, as a characteristic trait of Napoleon, that he possessed the faculty of throwing aside the most important occupations whenever he pleased, either for the sake of variety or rest; for in him the power of volition surpassed that of imagination. In this sense he was as much master of himself as he was of others.

Cardinal Mazarin was an extremely handsome man, and had a very fine face: this he was so anxious to preserve, that, not many days before he died, he gave audience to the foreign ministers with his face painted.

The more honestly a man has, the less he appears the air of a saint; the affectation of sanctity is a blotch on the face of piety.—*Lavater*.

The Romans in attacking an enemy, so disposed their army, as to be able to rally three different times. This has been thought by many the great secret of the Roman discipline; because fortune must have foiled their efforts three times before they could possibly be defeated. The Greeks drew up their forces in an extended line, and therefore depended on the effect of the first charge.—*Valpy's Family Classical Library*.

Our pleasures are, for the most part, short, false, and deceitful; and like drunkenness, revenge the jolly madness of one hour, with the sad repentance of many.

The noblest treaty of peace ever mentioned in history, is, in my opinion, that which Gelon made with the Carthagenians. He insisted upon their abolishing the custom of sacrificing their children! After having defeated three hundred thousand

Carthagenians, he required a condition that was advantageous only to themselves, or rather, he stipulated in favour of human nature.

Want of prudence is too frequently the want of virtue: nor is there on earth a more powerful advocate for vice than poverty.—*Goldsmith*.

Ordinary people regard a man of certain force and inflexibility of character as they do a lion. They look at him with a sort of wonder—perhaps they admire him—but they will on no account house with him. The lap dog who wags his tail, and licks the hand, and cringes at the nod of every stranger, is a much more acceptable companion to them.

It is one of the most difficult things in the world to persuade ourselves that any one can love those whom we ourselves hate.

The last, best fruit, which comes to late perfection, even in the kindest soul, is tenderness towards the hard, forbearance towards the unforbearing, warmth of heart towards the cold, philanthropy towards the misanthropic.—*Jean Paul*.

As a walled town is worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor.—*Shakspeare*.

The creditor, whose appearance gladdens the heart of a debtor, may hold his head in sunbeams and his foot on storms.—*Lavater*.

Short lessons of instruction are peculiarly adapted to the youthful mind, whose impatience often creates inattention to any mode of teaching that is either obscure or too much prolonged.

It happens to a man of science as to a blade of corn; it shoots high, and carries its sheaf, and while the ear is empty, but full of grain, it bows down, and is humble.

Be astonished when you see men of virtue and grace, and dignities worn by those who have no right to them. Open your eyes and consider the innumerable stars which never lose any thing of their brightness, but the heavens turn, and now the moon, now the sun, is eclipsed.

Curtail thy sleep, and increase thy knowledge; he who knows the value of his object despises the pains it may cost him.

Say not the possessors of science have passed away and are forgotten; every one who has walked in the path of science has reached the goal.

Increase of knowledge is a victory over idleness. And the beauty of knowledge is rectitude of conduct.

For thy part, never presume to say, my origin is such, my property is such; the basis of a man is on his knowledge.

Pay visits only on alternate days; thou wilt be loved the more: for he who multiplies his company and goings fatigues his friends.

Love.—Every poet that ever had an existence, has written of it—every minstrel has sung of it—and every maid has dreamed of it; but we much doubt (we must own, however, that our own actual knowledge on this point is very superficial,) whether all that has been written, sung, and dreamed, comprises more than is compressed into the following stanza:—

"O, love! love! love!
Love's like a dizziness;
It wanna let a pure bodie
Gang about his bizziness!"

THE VIOLET.—The growth of this beautiful flower is not confined to Europe, it perfumes the palm groves in Barbary during winter, it flourishes in Palestine, and both Japan and China boast of this fragrant flower. Hasselquist tells us that it is one of the plants most esteemed in Syria, and particularly on account of its great use in making violet sugar, of which they make Sherbet. Tavernier says, that the most esteemed sherbet of the Turks, and which is drunk by the Grand Signior himself, is made of sugar and violets.—It is related of the celebrated French actress, Mademoiselle Clairon, that being passionately fond of Violets, a friend cultivated them so as to give her a nosegay of these flowers every morning during their season. This fragrant offering lasted thirty years; and to lose nothing of a gift which friendship and constancy rendered so precious to her who received it, she stripped off the flower petals every evening, and took them in infusion like tea.

JOHN BUNYAN.—"A description of his character and person was drawn by his first biographer. 'He appeared in countenance,' says that writer, 'of a stern and rough temper, but in his conversation mild and affable, not given to loquacity or much discourse, and in company, unless some urgent occasion required it, never to boast of himself, or his parts, but rather to seem low in his own eyes, and submit himself to the judgment of others; abhorring lying and swearing; being just in all that lay in his power to his word; not seeming to revenge injuries; loving to reconcile difference, and make friendships of all. He had a sharp quick eye, accompanied with an excellent discerning of persons, being of good judgment and quick wit. As for his person he was tall of stature; strong boned, though not corpulent; somewhat of a ruddy face, with sparkling eyes; wearing his hair on his upper lip, after the old British fashion: his hair reddish, but in his latter days time had sprinkled it with grey; his nose well set, but not declining or bending, and his mouth moderate large; his forehead something high, and his habit always plain and modest. And thus we have impartially described the internal and external parts of a person who had tried the smiles and frowns of Time, not puffed up in prosperity, nor shaken in adversity, always holding the golden mean.'"—*Southey's Life of John Bunyan.*

RECIPES.

Defaced tortoise-shell combs may be cleansed by rubbing them with pulverized rottenstone and oil; pulverized magnesia afterwards rubbed on the dry hand, makes them brighter.

TO WASH CALICO WITHOUT FADING.

Put a table spoonful of common salt into the suds, and the colours will remain as bright as before washing.

TO MAKE A BATTER PUDDING.

Take a quart of milk, beat up six eggs, half the whites, mix as above, six spoonfuls of flour, a tea-spoonful of salt, and one of beaten ginger; then mix all together, boil it an hour and a quarter, and pour melted butter over it; you may put in eight eggs (if you have plenty) for change, and half a pound of prunes or currants.

TO MAKE A BATTER PUDDING WITHOUT EGGS.

Take a quart of milk, mix six spoonful of flour with a little of the milk first, a tea-spoonful of salt, two tea-spoonfuls of beaten ginger, and two of the tincture of saffron; then mix all together, and boil it in an hour. You may add fruit as you think proper

A RICE PUDDING.

Take six ounces of the flour of rice, put it into a quart of milk, and let it boil till it is pretty thick, stirring it all the while; then pour it into a pan, stir in half a pound of fresh butter and a quarter of a pound of sugar; when it is cold, grate in a nutmeg, beat six eggs with a spoonful or two of sack, beat and stir all well together, lay a thin puff-paste on the bottom of your dish, pour it in, and bake it.

For the Lady's Book.

AVE MARIA.

"Ave Maria, maris Stella"—Hymn to the Virgin.

Hail beam effulgent! that 'mid the storm's commotion,
When the rude surges lash'd the frowning sky,
Burst through dark clouds upon the angry ocean,
And fir'd the seaman's eye.

Now star of Ocean! the winds have sunk to slumber,
And the green billows moan their vesper song,
Through the pure sapphire, worlds in countless number
Roll their glad wheels along.

O maris stella! benignant lamp of heaven!
Beam ever thus o'er life's tempestuous sea;
Ave Maria! be thy kind lustre given,
To cheer and comfort me.

Lead back to virtue ev'ry erring feeling;
Guide to safe haven when the storm is nigh;
Then, the tempest o'er, thy crescent pale reveal,
Bless the unclouded sky.

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