

THE LADY'S BOOK.

JANUARY, 1832.

PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR JANUARY, 1832.

EVENING DRESS—Of Bird of Paradise coloured Chaly, with a deep frill of blond round the bosom. Coronet, turban of Crimson Velvet with White Feathers. Black Canton Crape Shawl, embroidered with Flowers in bright colours.

WALKING DRESS—Pelisse of Royal Purple Merino, trimmed with Black Velvet. Hat of Purple Velvet lined with black, and edged with a deep fall of blond. Bows and strings of Purple Gauze and Black Gauze Ribbon alternately.

Original.

REMINISCENCES OF A JURIS-CONSULT.

NO. 1.

DURING the early part of my professional career I found amusement for some of that unoccupied time of which young lawyers have so much, in noting down such features of the few cases then entrusted to me, as appeared to me curious or approaching to the romantic. As business increased I found the entries in my docket rapidly supplanting my note book in claims on my partiality, and by degrees the memoranda in the latter, affected rather the conciseness of mercantile correspondence, than the luxuriant verbiage of juridical composition, so that the extended narrative of my earlier years, soon degenerated into an elliptical index or table of reference to the incidents I wished to preserve. And now in the leisure of a retired barrister, I find pleasure in reviewing the light labours of my youth, and occasionally weaving for the amusement of a few old friends, a tale of truth, from the recorded hints of my younger days.

THE LOST WILL.

I was one evening in the midst of winter sitting before a glowing mass of coals, slowly but brightly sinking into ashes, indulging those wild yet delightful reveries which a warm fire, especially in the absence of all other light, is so apt to suggest. The wind was howling drearily without, and the light rattling of an occasional hailstone, rather aided than interrupted the wayward flights of fancy in which I half unconsciously was indulging. My meditations however were put to the rout by a low, ill assured tap at the door; "Come in," responded I, in a tone scarcely as bland as the gentle application seemed to demand, for in truth that light knock was the crash of a glorious palace in the air. The door opened and a muffled female figure entered the circle of light of which my coal stove formed the centre. Somewhat vexed at having been caught in the dark and apparently asleep, (for it could scarcely be thought that I had been reading or doing any of

the acts of a waking man, in so dim a light) I lighted my lamp and invited my visitor to a seat. Upon throwing back the collar of her camblet cloak and the thick veil that shielded her features, at once from observation and from the piercing cold of the blast, a countenance of surpassing beauty was developed. So much was I taken "at fault" by this unexpected revelation, that I remember that I could scarcely collect my ideas to understand the purpose of this unhopd for visitor; at that time it must be kept in mind that I was young and modest, however subsequent intercourse with the world may have wrought the ruin of those amiable traits of character. I found, however, that my client was the orphan niece of the late Mr. Ferrars, a man of princely fortune, who had taken charge of her from her childhood. During his life every luxury that wealth could obtain was at her command; her equipage was the admiration of the fashionable, and the entertainments at her uncle's splendid mansion, formed a topic of conversation for the winter. Mr. Ferrars while thus lavishing the advantages of his affluence on his lovely niece, found in the object of his favour, a friend, a companion, in whose society he could forget the unkindness of fate, which had made his own son and only child, the "amari aliquid," the drop of gall that poisoned his otherwise enviable lot. From his early childhood, Augustus Ferrars had given proofs of that singular depravity of disposition, that the observer of human nature would pronounce to have been produced only by a long intercourse with one of the lower class of society, with the vile and the degraded. With a form and features of high and commanding cast, with talents that might have made him the ornament of society, his favourite associates were servants, gamblers and jockeys, to whose debasing company he resorted with an eagerness and relish that in one of his aristocratic family seemed a species of insanity. For many years his indulgent parent, though heart broken on account of his

worthlessness, with that much-enduring love that heaven has wisely planted in the parental bosom, rescued him from the consequences of his extravagance and debauchery, and by every means that anxious affection could suggest, endeavoured to shield him from public disgrace. Upon one occasion, the patience even of a father was overtaken, and the paternal door was finally closed on an incorrigible vagabond. A friend of Mr. Ferrars found on comparison of his check book with his account in bank, that a check to a large amount had been forged, and a few inquiries secretly and noiselessly conducted, traced the crime clearly to the unprincipled Augustus Ferrars. The unhappy father, with the warmest expressions of gratitude to his considerate friend, replaced the amount of the forged check, and from that moment struggled to forget that he had a son. These particulars I did not learn from my visitor at that interview, but in the course of my subsequent acquaintance with her. Mr. Ferrars, a few months before the visit I am detailing, had died very suddenly from some species of apoplectic attack, which left him speechless except so far as a few unconnected words immediately preceding his dissolution, might make the term inaccurate. Something was murmured inarticulately, of "will," "bulk of estate," "son," "unfortunate," and his arm was frequently extended, with the fore finger as if pointing. Soon after the funeral, Mr. R. the confidential legal adviser of the deceased, called to offer his services as executor of the will of Mr. Ferrars, which he had drawn and saw duly attested, but to his unbounded surprise found that it could not, by the most assiduous search, be discovered. Tables, desks, escrutoires, and every other probable receptacle of such a document, were carefully opened and strictly examined, but in vain. That the deceased should have destroyed the will seemed unlikely, as he had spoken of it, and some codicil that he wished to add, within a few days of his death. Mr. R. was astounded and vexed, to find that the splendid fortune of his friend was to pass into the hands of a worn out debauchee, and incorrigible sot, such as Augustus had rendered himself, and that the delicate and elegant Lucy was to be left to the resources of her own talents and accomplishments, or the precarious patronage of her former associates. A few days sadly demonstrated the accuracy of his forebodings; within a week, a tawdry vehicle drawn by four panting steeds covered with sweat and dust, rattled up to the door of the elegant mansion of the late Mr. Ferrars, and a sickly, bloated, and prematurely old man, attended by a vulgar, over-dressed, and highly rouged female, got out, opened without ceremony the hall door and pushed on into the parlour, where the melancholy Lucy sat in deep mourning, not of the outward garments only, but in the waveless calm of a forlorn and desolate heart. "Hoity toity! who have we here!" sneered the female whose arrival we have mentioned, "keep your tears till they are wanted, young woman." Shocked and terrified at this brutal address, the sensitive girl

scarce breathed from excess of agitation. "Well, Miss Lucy," said the degraded Augustus, "the old man's gone, hey? Times are changed now, and the saddle is on the right horse at last, eh July," addressing his companion. "No will, eh, cousin Lucy!—had your will during the old fellow's life time, have none now, ha! ha! ha!" and the unfeeling wretch laughed aloud. His mirth was however checked by the accidental entrance of Mr. Percival, that friend of the deceased whose name he had thought proper to imitate. A glance from his eye, severe in the consciousness of unblemished rectitude, withered the laugh on the lips of the mocker.—"Leave the house on the instant," said he, "the friends of virtue are not yet discouraged; when the search for the mislaid will is hopeless you shall be informed, till then do not presume to enter these walls." The rebuked villain attempted a reply in the bullying style usual among his profligate companions, but at the first sentence, a "remember" from the compressed lips of Mr. Percival, cut short the intended impertinence, and the well matched pair left the house more precipitately than they had entered. The search for the will was however in vain, and the degraded youth and his female companion at last took possession. The orphan girl, though earnestly entreated by Mr. Percival to make his house her home, could not tame her proud spirit to accept a favour from those with whom she had associated on terms of equality. With an affectionate and devoted servant, who had nursed her in infancy, she left the home of her youth, and occupied the upper rooms of a hired dwelling. Here the exquisite taste with which she embroidered, and the various fancy articles which she constructed, formed the source of a little revenue, sufficient for the subsistence of herself and her nurse, till the sickness of the latter, and the thousand expenses attendant on it, exhausted her scanty means. Then came the landlord's importunity and the final threat of a distress; under the fears of this last evil she had accidentally applied to me for legal advice, as to the power of the landlord to enforce his claim. It will not be supposed that the above narrative emanated from her own lips during this first visit; little but the circumstances of her present embarrassment formed the subject of her sad tale. I need not say that I, young and chivalrous in my feelings to the sex as I then was, needed no spur to excite me to exertion in the cause of so fair a client. I promised to see her creditor; re-assured her by my exposition of the law of landlord and tenant, and finally sent her home somewhat less overwhelmed than when she sought my advice. Through the intervention of my sisters and their fashionable and affluent friends, the talents of Lucy were thenceforth steadily put in requisition and liberally rewarded, the landlord was induced by my representations to desist from any compulsory measures, and reaped the reward of his humanity in the subsequent full satisfaction of his whole demand.

Some days afterward a rough Patlander opened my office door, and with one of those ducking

bows, peculiar I think to his countrymen, accosted me with "The top of the morning to ye'r honour." I raised my head at the odd sound, and returned the salute, but after a more civilized fashion. "Would ye'r honour be forgetting the countenance of me? isn't it Phelim Burke that I am?" "Ah Phelim," said I, at last recalling the queer phiz of my odd visiter, "what shall I do for you, man?" "Faith, is it what'll ye do, counsellor? Isn't there Dermot the spalpeen that's tourn up the tistamint"—"The testament!" said I, thinking that the complainant was ushering in, in this roundabout way, some tale of assault and battery, to which the tearing of a testament was a prelude. "Aye, the tistamint jist that ye'r honour writ him, with 'Be it remimbered,' at one end, and Dermot O'Toole's own beautiful crass at the other, for want of the hand o' write." At this comical explanation, I began to see the drift of Phelim, so far, at least, as that the "tistamint" was a will that O'Toole had employed me to draw, (heaven knows why, for the landlord had several times offered him the arrears of his rent, if he would deliver possession of the hovel that he occupied,) however, to humour him, I drew, in the leisure of a winter's evening, a most important looking instrument, fortified with a huge red seal, and couched in an array of technical expressions that might have conveyed an empire, with remainders, uses, and trusts, worthy of the testamentary dispositions of a Rothschild. This document, it seems, was "tourn," as Phelim phrased it, but why, except for that "ultima ratio" of an Irishman, "the potheen," I could not imagine.—"Torn!" said I, "why did he tear it?" "Is it me, ye'r honour? mebbe he didn't, it a'n't to the fore thin, any way." "Perhaps he has hid it, Phelim," said I, "ask him where he put it."—"Is it ask him?—och! murther, and the man did and birrid this three days!" In spite of the melancholy annunciation, I could not but smile at the mode in which I at last arrived at the facts, or as the profession would call it, "the merits of the case." After diligent cross-examination I found that on searching the clothes and other probable repositories of the deceased, no trace of the will could be discovered, and that the opinion of Mr. Phelim (who by the way was an executor,) had been immediately expressed, very much in accordance with the legal presumption in such circumstances. I directed my client to look into the potato barrel, the sacking bottom of the bedstead, behind the cupboard or chest, that held the few articles in least frequent requisition, and other, to us, unusual places of deposit. The next day the will or "tistamint," as Phelim called it, was brought me, but in so tattered and unsavoury a condition, that I examined it at as great a distance as possible. The place of its concealment was an old ledger or blank book, which, for a long time had been used by Dermot to raise his usual seat, in the manner of a cushion; between the leather that covered this ill used volume and the pasteboard cover itself, was found the fruits of my legal ingenuity, the important will in question,

but so rubbed and stained that I doubted its validity as a testamentary instrument. This however was of little consequence, as the whole of the assets of the deceased, would not satisfy the Register's Fee for Letters Testamentary. It immediately occurred to me that the will of Mr. Ferrars might have escaped discovery from a similarly unusual place of concealment, and thinking the chance of such an oversight fairly within the possibilities of the case, I called on Mr. Percival and enquired if he had examined the library of his friend, or turned over the leaves of any of his books of accounts. As I had supposed, he had not, though he assured me that every drawer, pigeon-hole, and secretary had been carefully searched. The difficulty however suggested itself, that even if this were the case, as all intercourse with the present owner of the mansion house was out of the question, at least of an amicable character, any steps that might intimate a lingering hope of success in finding the lost instrument, would excite the suspicions of the unnatural son, who would be restrained by no considerations of honour or honesty, from destroying a paper so inimical to his views. To guide us in our investigation we visited Lucy, and obtained from her the name of a female servant who was with the deceased at the time of his death, as I attached some importance to the incoherent expressions of the dying merchant, some of which I had heard mentioned by the old nurse. The very position of the deceased and the corner of the room to which his finger pointed, might also be useful as a clue in our future proceedings. With considerable difficulty we found Betsey Howe, the domestic alluded to, and were chagrined to find that she could shed but little light to guide us; after a long examination we left her, conjuring her to reflect on the circumstances, and to endeavour to recollect what was in the quarter of the chamber indicated by the gesture of the deceased, and whether any other word or part of a word, escaped his lips. The next day, we again saw the woman, prevailed on her to place herself on a table, as nearly as possible in the position which Mr. Ferrars' bed occupied in his chamber, but could gain nothing but that the finger must have pointed to the fire-place. When asked if there were any books in the room, she said she thought not, the library was in another part of the house, no other expression than as above stated, was recollected; she admitted however that there might have been, but that she was frightened and agitated and could not remember. At another interview, she thought she had observed a bible on a small candle stand; but did not remember where it stood. With this unsatisfactory information I resolved to attempt a further scrutiny, in a mode that I now think savoured somewhat of the stratagems of the novels and dramas, that I then indulged in. There was an intelligent and acute young man, for whom I had transacted business, who had been a footman to a family of distinction, but was at the time I have allusion to, out of place. My scheme was, that Philip should en-

gage as a servant with the intruder, and thus unsuspected, carry into effect such instructions as I should give him. The plan was successful, and my trusty agent was gladly engaged on the strength of the very respectable references which he was allowed to give. My first directions were, that he should as early as might be done without exciting attention, gain access to the chamber where Mr. F. breathed his last, and secure the bible, a description of which I furnished him from the lips of Miss Lucy. Thus tutored, my spy went into the camp of the enemy, and until I again saw him every day seemed a year, so strong an interest does a man involuntarily take in a scheme of his own suggestion. My pains were, however, nobly repaid, when my intelligent agent brought me the bible which I had enjoined him to obtain, with the important and long lost will, laid in that portion of it appropriated to the Record of Births and Deaths. The document was open, and the deceased had probably been consulting this Register of his joys and sorrows with reference to some addition to his testamentary dispositions, very shortly before the fatal blow that left his interesting niece without a protector. To those who love "to taste the luxury of doing good," I leave it, to imagine the pleasure with which I again accompanied Mr. Percival to the humble dwelling of my lovely client, and the delight with which I received the warm expressions of her gratitude, for my successful exertions. The provisions of the will were distinguished by the same liberal spirit as the character of the testator; a sum sufficient to meet every reasonable want of his

profligate son, was to be paid him annually, from a fund in the hands of Mr. Percival, as trustee, and after the death of Augustus, the principal was to fall into the bulk of the estate which was to be paid to Lucy on her arrival at the age of maturity. The remaining incidents in my tale are easily anticipated; the will was duly proved, and although some quibbling attempts were made to invalidate it, a few weeks saw my fair client re-instated in all the affluence of her former enviable situation. Her wretched cousin, like the generality of those addicted to his disgraceful vices, soon fell a victim to intemperance, and his wife, as I supposed the person to be with whom he associated, I think became an inhabitant of a prison, for a larceny or burglary. It may seem an imputation on my gallantry, as well as a departure from the acknowledged proprieties of any tale in which a lovely girl figures conspicuously, but the truth must be told; the reward of my services was not the fair hand of Lucy Beltravers, for a good reason, to wit, that I never solicited it, but merely the unsentimental but very professional *quid pro quo*, a check from Mr. Percival, to a very respectable amount. Let no admirer of "The Sorrows of Werter," sneer at this avowal; let it be remembered that I, not choosing to address her, lovely and spotless as she was, had no right to force an obligation upon one, who very properly refused to accept as a gratuity, services which she was so abundantly able to compensate. With this defence against the anticipated criticisms of the ill natured or the sentimental, I terminate my first "Reminiscence." S.

THE FREED BIRD.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

RETURN, return, my bird!
I have dressed thy cage with flowers,
'Tis lovely as a violet bank
In the heart of forest bowers.

"I am free, I am free,—I return no more!
The weary time of the cage is o'er!
Through the rolling clouds I can soar on high,
The sky is around me—the blue bright sky!

"The hills lie beneath me, spread far and clear,
With their glowing heath-flowers and bounding deer,
I see the waves flash on the sunny shore—
I am free, I am free,—I return no more!"

Alas, alas, my bird!
Why seek'st thou to be free?
Wert thou not blest in thy little bower,
When thy song breathed nought but glee?

"Did my song of summer breathe nought but glee?
Did the voice of the captive seem sweet to thee?
Oh! had'st thou known its deep meaning well,
It had tales of a burning heart to tell.

"From a dream of the forest that music sprang,
Through its notes the peal of a torrent rang;
And its dying fall, when it soothed thee best,
Sighed for wild flowers and a leafy nest."

Was it with thee thus, my bird?
Yet thine eye flash'd clear and bright!
I have seen the glance of the sudden joy
In its quick and dewy light.

"It flash'd with the fire of a tameless race,
With the soul of the wild wood, my native place!
With the spirit that panted through heaven to soar—
Woe me not back—I return no more!

"My home is high, amidst rocking trees,
My kindred things are the star and breeze,
And the fount unchecked in its lonely play,
And the odours that wander afar—away!"

Farewell, farewell, thou bird!
I have called on spirits gone,
And it may be *they* joy like thee to part,
Like thee that wert all my own.

"If they were captives, and pined like me,
Though love might calm them, they joyed to be free;
They sprung from the earth with a burst of power,
To the strength of their wings, to their triumph's hour!

"Call them not back when the chain is riven,
When the way of the pinion is all through heaven.
Farewell!—With my song through the clouds I soar,
I pierce the blue skies—I am earth's no more!"

MY DAUGHTER'S SCRAP-BOX.

It is now exactly sixteen years since the birth of my daughter. I had a large mahogany trunk made, with an orifice at top, large enough to receive a paper of moderate size; and resolved to solicit my friends for contributions in prose or verse, which were not to be read till her sixteenth birth-day. That time has now come. For several months past, I have endeavoured to recollect each individual who contributed to the store, for the purpose of inviting them to be present when it was opened. But sixteen years have made a great havoc in my list of friends; those whom that lapse of time has not removed altogether, it has, in many instances changed. But still I am grateful for those who are yet left. In some, I see the approach of old age, and wonder if they make the same remark upon me; in others, I can trace scarcely any diminution of health and spirits;—I fear few of them make a similar observation on the appearance of their host. I am not yet old; but a man with a daughter of sixteen, need make no great pretences to the character of being young.

When my guests were all assembled, there was, of course, no want of conversation about the days of lang syne; and the approach of the birth-day was not looked forward to with any impatience, as it might be considered, in some sort, the signal of our separation. However, with whatever feeling its approach was regarded, it was hailed, when it actually arrived, with every symptom of satisfaction. The heroine of the day had exerted her taste, in fixing on a romantic spot for the scene of our *fete champetre*. She had selected a secluded dell, a short distance up the river, which meanders round my lawn, where a thick clump of trees secured us a delightful shade, while the open lands, on each side, supplied us, through the leaves, with a refreshing breeze. Here then, we all assembled. The mystic box, to which, in other days, our respects had so frequently been paid, was carried to our tent, and occupied a conspicuous place during our entertainment. I thought I traced on some countenances a slight shade of anxiety, for, unless to professed authors, it is rather a trying event to have one's compositions submitted to so numerous an assembly. There were, luckily, however, no critics amongst us, to mar our enjoyment, either by their downright objections, or their faint praise. Every thing which was read was listened to with the deepest attention, and an appearance of the most glowing admiration reigned on all our features,—particularly, I remarked, on those of the authors of the performance. The eatables having, at length, disappeared, and the wine, cooled by an hour's immersion in the river, being set upon the table, we proceeded to the business of the day. The box was opened with the greatest solemnity, and a paper lifted up from the mass, without any selection, and laid before me for public perusal. I opened it, and read the title—"Life, in four sonnets,"—and

immediately, before looking to the signature, I perceived, by a certain fidgettiness in my facetious friend, Tom Sanders, that he had some recollection who was the author of the performance. Tom is the clergyman of the next village to where I live, and a better fellow, "within the limits of becoming mirth," it is impossible to meet with. It is strange, that during the whole of our long acquaintance, I never suspected him of ever attempting the art of rhyme; the utmost effort in the poetical department, for which I could have given him credit, would have been a rebus or a charade; my surprise, therefore, and that of all the auditors, may easily be imagined, when I read the following sentimental and melancholy effusion:—

I see (where glides the river on its way
Through the lone vale with leafy trees embower'd,
While all around an odorous stream is shower'd
From the young flow'rs which deck the lap of May,)
A little girl who carols at her play,
And weaves bright chaplets for her auburn hair,
In many a cluster fluttering on the air:
But soon she casts the chaplet far to throw,
To float adown the river! Ne'er thinks she
An emblem of herself those flow'rs are made,
Which bloom like pleasure, and like pleasure, fade;
Bright'ning, yet withering, upon life's dull sea.
Happy, alas! she looks through tearless eye,
And thinks nor flow'r will fade, nor pleasure die.

I look again. Yon child is woman now,
And still her eye retains the light it wore
In childhood; yet within its depths a store
Of nobler thoughts than childhood's years allow
Is shining beautiful, yet half conceal'd;—
And Love has placed his finger on her cheek;
Whose pale pure hue speaks more than words can speak,
Of hopes e'en to herself but half reveal'd;—
But see, she smiles, as if in waking dream,
And moves her ripe red lip: and as a name
She muttereth low, a flush (but not of shame)
Tinges her pale cheek with a rosy gleam!—
And she is happy! yet in sad-like guise;
For Love may still be happy, though he sighs!

Again I see the child,—a child no more,
And youth himself hath waved his buoyant wing,
As if for ever from her brow to spring,
Where years have dimm'd the light which shone before.
Still gleams her eye; but, oh! how chang'd its gleam
Since first I saw it in that sunny hour,
When, fresh with childhood's hopes, she wear'd the
flow'r;
Then cast it careless to the wand'ring stream!
And on that form Time's finger hath been laid,
But not in anger; still she smiles to hear
The tale which minds her of the vanish'd year,
When love and gladness round her bright hearth play'd,
And long-lost dreams come back as once they came,
And death—chill'd Joy revives at Memory's flame!—

Again! again, I look; and what is this?—
Art thou the child,—the woman once I view'd,
Who ling'rest thus in sad, cold solitude?
Oh! what a fall! Where now is all thy bliss?
Thy children, where be they? All gone,—and thou
Left sad and lone to mourn, yet scarce to weep,
The wild wind which did strip thee in its sweep,
And left thee leafless as a winter's bough?
Thine eyes, how dim! Thy form no more bedeck'd
With grace, with beauty,—years have swept o'er thee
As doth the wild sirocco o'er the sea,
And left thee, mid its vastness, torn and wreck'd;—
Yet smiles will visit thee,—as roses wave
Their flexile sweetness e'en above the grave!

The reading of these verses was received with an applause to which I will not venture to add that our friendship towards the author adds great part of the sincerity. Another dip was made into the store-house of the Muses, and thin slip of paper, with no name or designat-

outside, was placed in my hands. I had had a great curiosity about this identical performance, for some years,—I recollected its appearance the moment I saw it, and turned, with no little satisfaction, to gratify my curiosity. In the winter of 1823, I was sitting in my quiet parlour, engaged with one of the Waverly Novels, and the sleet and rain, which were battering against my window, added, no doubt, to the selfish and Lucretian comforts of my situation. A long, loud rap at the outer door, startled me from my delightful repose, and conjecture went speedily to work as to who could be my visitor at that untimely hour. My wife looked almost alarmed, and a certain bustle which soon after took place in the lobby did not tend to quiet her apprehensions. In a short time the parlour door was opened, and a stranger walked very composedly in. He was a tall man, with his hair slightly grizzled, fine bold grey eyes, and a brow of uncommon height. I am (I may say, in a parenthesis) so far a disciple of Lavater, as to place great confidence in a man's genius, from the size and shape of his forehead. The stranger's rank was dubious,—he might be a gentleman, though, at first-sight, he looked more like a substantial farmer, than one of the more aristocratic classes of society. His manners, however, were the easiest I had ever seen. In a few words, he told me he had thrown himself on my hospitality, as he had been overtaken by the storm, and added, that he always preferred the society in the parsonage to that which he might be thrown into at an inn. I welcomed him to my "humble shed," and, with a sigh, laid aside my book, just when Jeanie Deans was presented to the Duke of Argyle. He was not wet; he had put his horses into my stable, and gave sundry hints that the sooner supper was produced the better. I perceived, in a moment, from the sound of his voice, that he was an honest Caledonian, and the Doric simplicity of his dialect added a great zest to the enjoyment of his conversation. His information was exact and various. On all subjects he seemed equally well prepared, and I was very soon led not to regret the interruption which his presence had put to my perusal, even of the Heart of Midlothian. I asked him, in the course of conversation, if he had read the work, and, to my surprise, he replied in the negative. Of all the other books, by the same author, he professed an equal degree of ignorance. "Never," he said, "have I read any o' these printed books; they wad be a great waste o' time, for I'm thinkin I ken as muckle about the Heart o' Mid louden as any body could tell me." I remarked a very odd expression in my wife's countenance after these remarks, and, when I went out to make some extra preparation for our unexpected guest, she took an opportunity of following me, and stating her perfect conviction that the stranger was no other than the Great Unknown. I was somewhat staggered by her suspicion,—I had seen prints of the distinguished person, who was at that time only suspected to be the author, and his resemblance to our nameless guest was striking—the same fine deep eye, the same magnificent

brow. I went down and brought out a bottle of Champagne from the cellar, on the chance of its really being the Shakspeare of the North. His appetite, when supper was laid before him, was the most wonderful exhibition I had ever witnessed, but it in no respect interfered with his conversation. Plateful after plateful disappeared with the most marvellous celerity; story after story gave us food for laughter or admiration, and, in short, I must confess I was, at last, firmly of my wife's opinion. I asked him for a contribution, whether in prose or verse, for the box, which was in the room at the time; and immediately after the cloth was removed, while preparations were making for an attack on the brandy and water, he took up a half sheet of paper, wrote something on it, and slipped it through the chink, without saying a word. He now proceeded to his potatoes, which, I was fairly forced to acknowledge, left his previous exertions, in the eating department, completely in the shade. Whether it was that my pride, on having such a guest, deprived me of my usual prudence, or the agitation of my spirits produced a speedier effect, I don't know, but I must candidly confess, that for the last half-dozen tumbler which he took, I had lost all relish or understanding of his conversation; but at length, in a delirium of delight, I moved off to my bed, prepared to boast, to my dying day, that my table had been honoured by the presence of the author of "Ivanhoe" and "Waverley." Next morning, my disappointment was as great as had been my delight. The stranger had gone off, almost before the dawn, and left no token by which he could be recognised. I continued in a state of great uncertainty for a length of time,—I became very cross, and uncertain in my temper, and turned off my butler on suspicion of stealing half-a-dozen silver spoons; I made many inquiries as to the movements of Sir Walter, but could hear no exact tidings of when he had been in England. At last, I began to give up all hopes, unless in the scrap of paper he had put into the box, and looked forward to the day of its being opened with no little anxiety. I accordingly unrolled the paper, with trembling hands, and read the following words:—

"SIR,—I am much obligated to ye for the gude enterteenment, and also as I am in want o' some siller, the noo havin' just come out o' the Heart o' Mid louden that you and yer wife is aye clacking about, I hae helpit mysel to yer saxe bits o' spoons, and will ever remain yer dettor for the same.

JAMES MURDOCHSON."

There was, you may well suppose, no lack of laughter on this unfortunate discovery; for though I had never openly stated that I had had so celebrated a man as my guest, I confess I had given the neighbourhood to understand, by implication, that he had honoured me with a visit. The laughter was still further increased by the information which one of the company bestowed, that the Heart o' Mid Lothian, from which my mysterious friend had just come out, was nothing more or less than the common prison of Edinburgh.

THOSE JOYOUS VILLAGE BELLS.

BY T. H. BAYLY.

Oh! I cannot bear the sound
Of those joyous village bells,
Mournful music should be found
In the halls where sorrow dwells.
Once for me those bells were rung,
And the bridal song was sung;
Wretched is the bride that hears
Sounds like those with tears.

Now I see the laughing train,
Youths and maiden's dancing forth;
I'll not look on them again,
Eyes like mine would mar their mirth.
Once for me those bells were rung,
And the bridal song was sung;
Wretched is the bride who hears
Sounds like those with tears.

THE CUP OF O'HARA.

BY FURLONG.

"Oh! were I at rest
Amidst Arran's green isles,
Or in climes where the summer
Unchangingly smiles;
Though treasures and dainties
Might come at a call,
Still, O'Hara's full cup
I would prize more than all.

But why *would* I say
That my choice it must be,
When the prince of our fathers
Hath lov'd it like me:
Then come, jolly Turlough,
Where friends may be found;
And our Kain we'll pledge,
As that cup goes around."

MARY THE PRUDE.

MARY was a very pretty, a very interesting girl, nay, a very amiable girl—but Mary was, nevertheless, a *prude*; and prudish too at an age when the young spirit generally bounds to the syren minstrelsy of pleasure, and expands beneath the radiant sun of unchequered life. Mary was cold, precise and formal; a pattern and model of decorum herself, she neither excused, nor would allow of any thing beyond the strict and formal etiquette of society, and boasted frequently of platonic affection and reciprocal esteem. Mary had a younger sister, who, unfortunately, had a very different disposition; warm-hearted, generous, affable, and kind—but as good-hearted a little creature as ever rambled across a lawn, or plucked wild roses from the hedges, or gathered buttercups in the fields and meadows. These were the characteristics of the girls in childhood; they grew with their growth, and strengthened with their strength; and when Mary had arrived at the womanly age of twenty-one, and Lucy at the more juvenile period of eighteen, the one was a downright prude, the other a merry good-tempered soul, with a lover, a *boudoir*, and a spaniel dog. Mary eschewed these things—the *boudoir* was too careless and toyish, the spaniel was too noisy, and as for the lover—Dear me, the poor girl was alarmed at the very mention of the word. Though Madame Rumour did tell a very strange story of Mary Woodbine having been seen one evening reclining upon the arm of a military gentleman, walking down the hawthorn lane leading to G—, looking prettier than ever, and so happy! But Madame Rumour tells fibs very often—and who could ever suspect Mary?

Lucy had a lover, a good, kind, affectionate lover; their passion was mutual. The giddy girl, though she delighted to tease her faithful Edmund, and make him look very foolish, or very wise, as lovers generally do when their ladies have the inclination to tantalize, which they often have, (whether to their credit or not, I will not say: we must not be the first to blame our

sex,) still Lucy loved him, tenderly and truly, and who could have the heart to sever two such faithful ones?

Mary had.—I will not say what occasioned her conduct, but it is certain that her guardian had taxed her severely about the rumours respecting the military gentleman in the hawthorn lane, and to shift the burthen off her own shoulders, she placed it upon her pretty sister's directly, revealing the whole course of love, and all the meetings and appointments, which were in consequence immediately broken, for Lucy was confined to her boudoir. Mary was again thought a model of propriety; she lectured Lucy upon the indecorum of her attachment, and delivered a sage discourse upon the ridiculous nature of love, and the sublime tendency of platonic affection; she ordered all the pretty books in the house to be locked up in her own apartment, and delivered to her sister "The Whole Duty of Man," "Seneca's Morals," and a few other virtuous books of the same description. Lucy, with a heavy heart, received the books, and threw them down in a pet after her sister had quitted the boudoir, when, lo and behold, what should peep out from between the leaves of one of the large moral books, but the edge of a little note, nicely folded! Lucy immediately opened the volume in extacy, and a neat bath-wove gilt-edged billet revealed itself, which the pretty prisoner had the curiosity to read, for it began with "*My dearest Mary,*" and finished with "*thine ever truly and affectionately, Alexander!!*" Here was a discovery!—and to Mary too!—whoever would have thought it?

The bell was instantly rung, and, at the request of Lucy, Mary shortly entered the boudoir, with a look and aspect of gravity. "My dear, dear, dear sister Mary," joyously exclaimed the enraptured romp, as she sprang upon the neck of the prude—"how is *Alexander?*" "Alexander!" rejoined the astonished girl, "I do not understand you, Lucy."

"Oh no, *you* have no notion of the tender passion; love is a very ridiculous thing, *very* ridiculous—and platonic attachment the most divine affection upon the earth; but still we all—now and then—like a little *Alexander*. Now and then, sister—eh?" And a merry laugh completed the meaning of the gay girl.

"Sister Lucy, sister Lucy—" exclaimed Mary, with a look of austere gravity.

"Sister Mary, sister Mary," rejoined Lucy, imitating the serious tones of the prude, what a naughty thing it is for young ladies to allow young gentlemen, and *officers* too, to write pretty hot-pressed gilt-edged billets, teeming with vows and protestations, and *esprit de rose*, so very tender, and so sweetly scented—ha! ha! ha! my pretty prude, look here!" and with a laugh she revealed the note.

"Lucy!" exclaimed the detected prude.

"Oh Mary, Mary, you lent me *good* books!—very *pretty* books indeed for a young lady's contemplation!—But here's my hand, sister; effect my release, and make peace between me and my guardian, and I'll say no more about it."

"My good kind Lucy, I am ashamed—but I will instantly endeavour to procure your pardon," and the pretty blushing Mary hastened out of the boudoir as speedily as possible.

Hour after hour elapsed, and Lucy became impatient for the return of her sister with the promised pardon, until at length she rung the bell; the servant who attended the summons, replied to Lucy's enquiry, that Mary had not been seen since she quitted the boudoir; that she instantly proceeded from thence into her dressing-room, and taking her bonnet and shawl, had left the house the next moment. Lucy became alarmed, and her fears were increased when her guardian, entering the boudoir, enquired whether Lucy could throw any light upon her sister's elopement; but Lucy was relieved from betraying the cause of Mary, by the arrival of one of the servants, who had seen Mary Woodbine, *the prude*, lifted into a travelling chariot that was waiting at the top of the hawthorn lane, by a gentleman in regimentals! This idea was truly alarming; the fugitives were instantly pursued, and people sent in all directions: but Mary Woodbine had been seen by the family for the last time, for, on the ensuing morning, she returned as *Mrs.* —, having become the wife of the "gentleman in regimentals," on the day that she completed her twenty-first year, and her fortune became her own.

"I never will believe that there is such a thing as a *real prude* in the world!" exclaimed Lucy, as the happy party assembled at the breakfast table, forgiving and forgiven—"since I have been deceived in my sister, *my own sister Mary!*"

An idol may be undefied by many accidental causes. Marriage in particular is a kind of counter-apotheosis, or a deification inverted. When a man becomes familiar with his goddess, she quickly sinks into a woman.—*Addison*.

FATA MORGANA.

A VERY remarkable aerial phenomenon, which is sometimes observed from the harbour of Messina and adjacent places, at a certain height in the atmosphere. The name, which signifies the fairy MORGANA, is derived from an opinion of the superstitious Sicilians, that the whole spectacle is produced by fairies, or such-like visionary invisible beings. The populace are delighted whenever it appears, and run about the streets shouting for joy, calling every body out to partake of the glorious sight. This singular meteor has been described by various authors; but the first who mentioned it with any degree of precision was Father Angelucci, whose account is thus quoted by Mr. Swinburne in his tour through Sicily; "On the 15th of August, 1643, as I stood at my window, I was surprised with a most wonderful delectable vision; the sea that washes the Sicilian shore swelled up, and became for ten miles in length like a chain of dark mountains; while the waters near our Calabrian coast grew quite smooth, and in an instant appeared as one clear polished mirror reclining against the ridge. On this glass was depicted, in chiaro-oscuro, a string of several thousand pilastres, all equal in altitude, distance, and degree of light and shade. In a moment they lost half their height, and bent into arcades, like Roman aqueducts. A long cornice was next formed on the top, and above it rose castles innumerable, all perfectly alike. These soon split into towers, which were shortly after lost in colonnades, then windows, and at last ended in pines, cypresses, and other trees, even and similar. This is the Fata Morgana, which for twenty-six years I had thought a mere fable."

THE SABBATH.

THE following is an extract from Blackstone's Commentaries:—

"Profanation of the Lord's day," says Blackstone, "is an offence against God and religion, punishable by the municipal law. For besides the notorious indecency and scandal of permitting any secular business to be transacted on that day, in a country professing Christianity, and the corruption of morals that usually follows its profanation, the keeping one day in seven holy, as a time of relaxation and refreshment as well as for public worship, is of admirable service in a state considered merely as a civil institution. It humanizes, by the help of conversation and society, the manners of the lower classes; which would otherwise degenerate into a sordid ferocity, and savage selfishness of spirit;—it enables the industrious working man to pursue his occupation in the ensuing week with health and cheerfulness; it imprints on the minds of the people, that sense of their duty to God, so necessary to make good citizens; but which would be worn out and defaced by an unremitted continuance of labour without any stated times for recalling them to the worship of their Maker."

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING.

BY THOMAS HAYNES DAYLY.

To whom shall FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING
Be sent, if not to *Thee*?
Whose smiles of friendship have so long
Been treasured up for Me?
For thou hast shared my joy and grief:
The one thou mad'st more gay;
And from the other thou didst steal
All bitterness away.
Love's tribute long ago I gave,
And thine it still shall be;
And *Friendship's* offering I'll send
To none, if not to *Thee*.
And what is *Friendship's* Offering?
What tribute will she send?
Are costly gems, and gold, the gifts
That friend bestows on friend?
The ruby ring? the sparkling chain?
If *such* alone can please,
Oh they must come from *other* friends,
For *I* have none of these!

But no, it is a simpler gift
That Friendship will prefer,
A gift whose greatest worth consists
In being sent by *Her*:
It is a volume in whose leaves
No sentiment is traced
That *Virtue*, in her gravest mood,
Would wish to see effaced:
The muses fill all leaves but *one*,
And ere the book I send,
On that leaf I will trace the name
Of my own dearest Friend.
Love's tribute long ago I gave,
And thine it still shall be,
And FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING I'll send
To none—if not to *Thee*.

THE GLADIATOR'S DREAM.

He slept, as sleep the wronged and proud—
Pale, cold, and firm, and sighing low,
That even in slumber, scorn the loud
And vulgar plaint of common wo:—
But o'er that brow, so calm, so fair,
Had passed the finger of despair.

He dreamed—not of his conquered soil,
Nor pure chill breeze of northern clime;
Nor forest hut, nor hunter's toil,
Nor aught he loved in happier time;
With him, such vision would not dwell
In bondage, in a marble cell.

He dreamed—and years had rolled away—
The victor, and the vanquished came,
In shadowy battle's dim array,
With fainting moan, and stern acclaim,
Banner, and corse, steed, helm, and shield,
In dark heaps strewn on War's broad field.

He saw, wild myriads sweeping by,
The dread avenger's lightning path—
And stained and trampled *Eagles* lie
Beneath the *fair-haired stranger's* wrath—
Then leaped his heart—the work was done—
Brave justice, by the Goth, and Hun.

He waked—his hour of bitter pain,
Still to be borne—but free, and bold,
His step, as if a servile chain,
Ne'er touched those limbs of graceful mould,
Then smiled, as rose the sullen hum
Of crowds—and said, "a time will come."

One glance, one cold, keen glance, around,
His high prophetic spirit cast,
One sigh, that vast arena's bound
Re-echoed—'twas the first, and last—
He knew that fate had sealed each dome,
With "vengeance on *Imperial Rome*."

THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

BY W. H. HARRISON, ESQ.

ALVAREZ DE RAMEIRO was the son of a Portuguese Marquis by an English lady of great beauty and considerable fortune. The match was particularly obnoxious to the family of the nobleman; and Alvarez, at the death of his mother, found himself heir to her English estates and to the cordial dislike of his Portuguese relations: but he was of a light heart and free spirit, and found an antidote to their coldness and neglect in his contempt for their opinion. It naturally followed, however, that he was often, as much "upon compulsion" as from choice, left to the society of his own reflections, which, as he possessed a tolerably well-stored mind and a clear conscience, were very endurable company.

In one of the solitary rambles, in which it was his wont to indulge, he found himself in the vicinity of the pleasure-grounds attached to a villa within a league of Lisbon, the country residence of a British merchant. As he approached the garden, which was separated from the road by a deep moat, he perceived walking on a slight elevation or terrace a young lady, whose form and

countenance were so entirely to his taste, that his eyes followed her with an earnestness, which, had she observed it, might not have impressed her with a very favourable notion of his good manners. Whether he was desirous of quenching the incipient flame in his bosom, by rushing into the opposite element, or of arriving at his object by the shortest possible cut (overlooking in his haste the parenthesis of the ditch) it is neither possible nor essential for me to state; but certain it is, that the lady was roused from her meditations by the noise of a sudden plunge in the water, and, on turning round, she saw a portion of a mantle floating on the moat, and immediately afterwards the hapless owner floundering about, either ignorant of the art of swimming, or incapacitated for efficient exertion by his cloak and appended finery.

The lady did not shriek out, for she knew that the gardener was deaf, and that her cries would not reach the mansion: she did not tear her hair—for, unless she could have made a rope of it, there had been little wisdom in that—but she did

better: she seized a rake, and, approaching as near to the moat as she could, literally hooked him into shallow water, whence he was enabled to gain the terrace, where he stood before her dripping like a river-god, and sputtering thanks and duck-weed in great profusion. Never did human being present a more equivocal appearance than did Alvarez on this occasion, covered as he was with mud and weeds. The damsel, at the sight of him scrambling up the bank, was almost induced to exclaim, with Trinculo, "What have we here?—a man or a fish?" And indeed, until "the creature found a tongue," it would have been no easy task for Linneus himself to determine the class of animals to which he belonged. No meeting between fair lady and gallant knight could, by possibility, be more unromantic; nay, 'twas the most common-place thing conceivable: whatever may have been the cavalier's sensations, she did not fall in love with him; for her first impulse, on seeing him safely landed, was to laugh most incontinently; and love, as my friend the corporal hath it, is "the most serious thing in life."

"I pray you, senora," said Alvarez, as soon as he recovered himself, "to accept my humblest apologies for intruding upon you so extraordinary an apparition."

"Apparition!—nay, senor, you are encumbered somewhat too pertinaciously, methinks, with the impurities of earth to be mistaken for any thing of the kind; unless you lay claim to the spiritual character on the score of your *intangibility*, which I have not the slightest inclination to dispute: and as for your apologies, you had better render them to those unoffending fishes whose peaceful retreat you have so unceremoniously invaded; for you have raised a tempest where, to my certain knowledge, there has not been a ripple for these twelve months."

"Indeed, fair lady, I owe them no apologies, since, but for you, I had been their food. Yon moat, although not wide enough to swim in, possesses marvellous facilities for drowning."

At this instant the merchant himself entered the grounds, and approached the scene of the interview. His daughter immediately introduced her unbidden guest. "Allow me, my dear papa, to present to you a gentleman who brings with him the latest intelligence from the bottom of the moat. Behold him dripping with his credentials, and the bearer of a specimen of the soil and a few aquatic plants peculiar to the region he has explored, and of which, having landed on your territories, he politely requests you to relieve him."

"You are a saucy jade," said the merchant; "and, but that I know your freaks ever stop short of actual mischief, I could almost suspect you of having pushed him in."

"Nay, papa, that could not be; we were on opposite sides of the moat."

"You forget, lady," rejoined the cavalier, who began to recover his spirits, that attraction is often as powerful an agent as repulsion, and that therefore your father's conjecture as to the cause

of my misfortune may not be altogether groundless."

"I beseech you, senor," said the daughter, "to reserve your compliments for your next visit to the Naiads of the moat, to whom they are more justly due, and cannot fail to be acceptable from a gentleman of your amphibious propensities. I hope our domestics will be careful in divesting you of that plaster of mud:—I should like the cast amazingly."

During this colloquy the party were approaching the mansion, where Alvarez was accommodated with a temporary change of attire; and it is certain that if the damsel was not captivated by his first appearance, her heart was still less in danger when she beheld him encased in her father's habiliments—"a world too wide" for him—the merchant being somewhat of the stoutest, while the fair proportions of his guest were not encumbered with any exuberance of flesh.

Thus originated the acquaintance of Mr. Wentworth and his fair daughter with the most gallant of all Portuguese cavaliers, Alvarez de Rameiro; an acquaintance which, as their amiable qualities mutually developed themselves, ripened into friendship. Alvarez exhibited a frankness of manner which never bordered upon rudeness and was equally remote from assurance; while the liberality of his opinions indicated an elevation of mind that the bigotry amid which he had been educated had not been able to overthrow. These qualities well accorded with the straight-forward disposition of the Englishman, who probably found them scarce in Lisbon, and rendered the society of the young foreigner more than ordinarily agreeable to him.

It happened, one afternoon in the summer, that the merchant and Alvarez were enjoying their glass of wine and cigar, while Mary Wentworth was attending to some plants in a grass-plot before the window. Mr. Wentworth had told his last story, which was rather of the longest; but as his notions of hospitality, in furnishing his table, included conversation as well as refectation, he made a point of keeping it up, and, with this general object rather than any particular one—for he had great simplicity of heart—he filled his glass, and passing the decanter to his guest, resumed the conversation: "It has occurred to me, Alvarez, that your attentions to my Mary have been somewhat pointed of late—fill your glass, man, and don't keep your hand on the bottle; it heats the wine."

"Then, sir, my conduct has not belied my feelings; for I certainly do experience much gratification in Miss Wentworth's society, and her father is the last person from whom I should desire to conceal it."

"Then have the kindness to push the cigar-dish a little nearer, for mine is out."

"I hope, sir, that my attentions to your daughter have not been offensive to her?"

"I am sure I don't know, for I never asked her."

"Nor to yourself, I trust?"

"No, or you would not have had so many opportunities of paying them."

"They have occasioned you no anxiety or uneasiness, then, sir?"

"Nay, your own honour is my warrant against that, and I have the collateral security of her prudence."

"May I, then, without offence, inquire whither your observations tend, and why you have introduced the subject?"

"In the first instance, simply for want of something else to talk about; but, now we are upon the subject, it may be as well to know your views in paying the attentions to which I have referred."

"When I tell you honestly that I love your daughter, you will not, with the confidence you are pleased to place in my honour, have any difficulty in guessing them."

"Guessing is not my forte, and therefore I ever hated riddles; they puzzle the understanding without improving it. Speak out."

"Why, sir, with your sanction, to make her my wife."

"Then you will do a very foolish thing; that is, always supposing that my daughter has no objection to your scheme; and we, both of us, appear to have left her pretty much out of the argument. Pray, is she aware at all of the preference with which you are pleased to honour her?"

"I have never told her, because I know not how she would receive the declaration; and I prize your daughter's good opinion too dearly to desire to look like a simpleton before her."

"Well, there's some sense in that. By the way, Alvarez, without any particular reference to the subject we are discussing, let me exhort you, whenever you make a declaration of your love to a woman, never do it upon your knees."

"Why not, sir?"

"Because it is the most inconvenient position possible for marching off the field; and, in the event of a repulse, the sooner a man quits it the better."

"But, sir, I maintain, and I speak it under favour, and with all deference to the sex, that the man who exposes himself to the humiliation of a refusal richly merits it."

"As how?"

"Because he must be blind, if he cannot, within a reasonable period, find out whether his suit be acceptable or not, and a fool if he declares himself before."

"You think so, do you? Then be so good as to push over that plate of olives; and, as I said before, in reference to your matrimonial project, I think it a very foolish one."

"In what respect, sir, may I ask?"

"In the first place, it is the custom in England for a man and his wife to go to church together; and you were born a Catholic."

"Only half a one, sir; my mother was a Protestant."

"And a heretic."

"No, sir; my sainted mother was a Christian."

"You do not mean to call yourself a Protestant?"

"I do, indeed, sir."

"Then, let me tell you that your religion is the most unfashionable in all Lisbon, and somewhat dangerous withal."

"Have you found it so?"

"Nay; I am of a country which is given to resent as a nation an injury done to an individual of it; and as a British fleet in the bay of Lisbon would not be the most agreeable sight to the good folk of this Catholic city, I presume I may profess what religion I please, without incurring any personal risk; but you have no such safeguard; and, although my daughter might have no great objection to your goodly person as it is, she might not relish it served up as a grill, according to the approved method, in this most orthodox country, of freeing the spirit from its earthly impurities."

"You talk very coolly, my dear sir, upon a rather warm subject; but I assure you I am under no apprehensions on that score."

"Well, admitting that you are justified in considering yourself safe, do you think that an alliance with the daughter of a merchant, and a foreigner, would be otherwise than obnoxious to your family?"

"Why, as to that, my affectionate brothers-in-law, not reckoning upon the pleasure of my society in the next world, have not been at such pains to cultivate it in this; and therefore I apprehend I am not bound to consult their wishes in the matter."

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of Miss Wentworth, and the subject was of course changed.

The explanation which had taken place between the merchant and Alvarez was followed by an equally good understanding between the latter and the young lady; and it was finally arranged among them that Mr. Wentworth, who had been eminently successful in his commercial pursuits in Lisbon, should only remain to close his accounts, and convert his large property into bills and specie, for the purpose of remitting it to London, when the whole party, Alvarez himself having no ties to bind him to his own country, should embark for England, where the union of the young people was to take place.

But, alas! "the course of true love never did run smooth;" and scarcely had the preliminary arrangements been completed when the merchant was seized with an inflammatory fever which terminated in his death, leaving his daughter, who loved him to a degree of enthusiasm which such a parent might well inspire, overwhelmed by sorrow, a stranger in a foreign land, and without a friend in the world but Alvarez, whose ability to protect her fell infinitely short of his zeal and devotion to her service. Still, however, he could comfort and advise with her; and she looked up to him with all that confiding affection which the noble qualities of his heart, and the honourable tenor of his conduct, could not fail to create. But even he, her only stay, was shortly taken from her. The Holy Office, having gained

information of their intention of quitting Lisbon with the property of the deceased merchant, availed itself of the pretext afforded by the religious profession of Alvarez to apprehend and confine him, as the most effectual means of delaying the embarkation, relying on ulterior measures for obtaining possession of the wealth of their victims.

Mary Wentworth's was not a mind to sink surlily under misfortune, for she had much energy of character; but this last blow was enough to paralyze it all. She had no difficulty to guess at the object of the Holy Office, and she knew that if any measure could avail her in this emergency, it must be speedily adopted. But the power of the Inquisition was a fearful one to contend with. There was but one man in Lisbon who could aid her, and to him she was a stranger; yet to him she determined to appeal.

The name of Sebastian Joseph de Carvalho, marquis of Pombal, will be familiar to those who are conversant with the history of Portugal as that of the prime minister of king Joseph; to which elevation he appears to have risen from circumstances of extreme indigence and the humble rank of a corporal. He is represented to have been a man of enlarged mind, uncommon personal courage, and great decision of character. On the other hand, he is said to have exhibited a haughty overbearing spirit, to have executed justice with extreme severity, and evinced a cruel and ferocious disposition. It is, nevertheless, universally admitted, that in the majority of his political acts he had the good of his country at heart, which is evidenced by the wisdom with which he met, and the success with which he alleviated, the public calamities consequent upon the earthquake at Lisbon in 1755—by the salutary restraints which he imposed upon an arrogant aristocracy, as well as upon the tyranny of the Inquisition—and by the decided measures by which he contributed to overthrow the power of the Jesuits. In person he was of gigantic stature; and his countenance was so singularly marked and imposing, that a nobleman, who had opened his carriage-door with the intention of assassinating him, was deterred from his purpose by its awful and terrible expression.

To this man, whom the boldest could not approach without awe, Mary Wentworth resolved to appeal. It was night when she presented herself at his palace, where she was refused admittance. While, however, she was parleying with the sentinel, Carvalho's steward, who had accompanied his master on his embassy to the court of London, approached the gate, and, being interested by her English accent, caused her to be admitted. He inquired the nature of her business with the minister, which she briefly explained to him.

"Alas, my daughter!" said the old man, "I fear your errand to Carvalho will prove a fruitless one. I may not safely procure you an interview; but your countrymen, while I sojourned

among them, were kind to me, and I would peril something to do you this service.—Follow me."

He preceded her up a flight of stairs, and, pointing to a door partly open, at the end of a long passage, he said: "There, in that room, is he whom you seek; may God prosper your errand!" With these words he disappeared by a side-door, and Mary approached the apartment which he had pointed out as that of Carvalho. The door was sufficiently open to admit her; and, entering, she found herself in a spacious and lofty room, from the ceiling of which depended a lamp immediately over the head of the man at whose frown all Lisbon trembled; and when she beheld his gigantic form and ferocious countenance, she felt that nothing short of the stake which depended on the interview could induce her to persevere in seeking it.

His head rested on his hand; his brow was strongly knit; and his eyes were intently fixed upon some papers. The rustling of her dress, as she drew near the table, attracted his attention. He did not start, but, raising his eyes, looked coldly and sternly upon her; and, without uttering a word, appeared to wait for an explanation of so extraordinary an intrusion.

Mary possessed shrewdness and discrimination enough to perceive that, with a man of Carvalho's strength and decision of character, nothing was more likely to prejudice her cause than circumlocution. She therefore entered at once upon her story, and told it in the fewest possible words, concluding with an appeal rather to his justice than to his feelings: and in this she did wisely. He listened without interrupting her, or betraying in his countenance the slightest indication of the effect of her appeal. When she had ended, he waited a few moments, as if to ascertain if she had any thing more to say. His reply was—"Senora, were I to try my strength with the Holy Office upon every occasion of its oppression and injustice, I should have constant occupation, and gain little by the contest. I am not omnipotent: I have checked the power of the Inquisition, but I cannot crush it, or, credit me, not one stone of that hated edifice should stand upon another. Your case is hard, and I compassionate it; but I fear I can do nothing to aid you in obtaining redress. You say your father was a British merchant; what was his name?"

"Wentworth, senior."

"Wentworth!—I have good cause to recollect him. Of all my political opponents, that man, if not the most powerful, was the most persevering and unbending. I adopted certain measures, which he considered to militate against the commerce of his country, and he combatted them with all his might; but he did it like a man, boldly and open-handed. In the very heat of this controversy, when the feelings of both parties were at the height of their excitement, I was walking, unattended, in the streets of Lisbon, when a mob collected upon my path, and dark looks and threatening gestures were gathering

around me. I am not a man to fly from a rabble: I frowned defiance upon my assailants, who continued to press upon me; and some of them unsheathed their daggers. On a sudden, and from behind me, I was seized by a powerful hand, dragged into a house, the door of which was instantly closed, and I found myself in the presence of your father. 'Carvalho,' said he, 'you are my enemy and my country's; but you shall not die a dog's death while I can protect you.' He kept his word in defiance of the threats and imprecations of the rabble, declaring that they should pull his house upon his head ere they violated its sanctuary. A party of military at last arrived and dispersed the rioters. Your father, at parting, said, with a smile, 'Now, Carvalho, we are foes again.' And is he dead?—Then have I lost an enemy, whom to bring back to earth I would freely surrender all who now call themselves my friends. Marvel not, lady, that I am somewhat rough and stern; ingratitude hath made me so. This city was once a ruin; gaunt famine was even in her palaces, and the cry of desolation in her streets. I gave bread to her famishing people, raised her from the dust, and made her what you see: but I sowed blessings, and curses were the harvest that I reaped. I have laboured day and night for the good of this priest-ridden people; and, because I have consulted their welfare rather than their prejudices, there is not man in Lisbon who would not plunge his dagger into my heart, if he had courage for the deed. A sense of gratitude to any human being is new to me, and, trust me, I will indulge it. The debt I owe your father, and which his proud spirit would not permit me to acknowledge as I purposed, I will endeavour to repay to his child. Yet how to aid you in this matter I know not. I have to combat the most powerful engine of the church, which on this occasion will have the prejudices of the people on its side."

The minister paced the room for a few minutes, thoughtfully and perplexed; at length he resumed:—"The holy brotherhood are not wont to do their work by halves, and you will be their next victim. I know of but one way to save you and him for whom you intercede: it is replete with peril, but it shall be dared. Go home to your dwelling; tell no one that you have seen me; and, happen what may, I will be with you in the hour of danger, if it be to perish by your side."

Alvarez had been a prisoner three days, during which his treatment was in no respect rigorous, when he was summoned before the inquisitor. The hall of audience, as it was termed, was a spacious chamber, in the centre of which, upon an elevation or platform, about three inches from the floor, was a long table, covered with crimson cloth: around it were placed chairs decorated with crosses; at one end of it sat the inquisitor, and at the other the notary of the Holy Office. At the extremity of the chamber was a figure of the Saviour on the cross, which nearly reached the ceiling; and immediately opposite was a

bench appropriated to the prisoners during their examination. The inquisitor wore a kind of cap with a square crown; the notary and the prisoner were of course uncovered. Alvarez was first commanded to lay his hand on a missal which was on the table, and swear that he would truly answer the interrogatories which might be put to him. He was then desired to sit down upon the bench which was at the left hand of the inquisitor, who, after a pause, said: "Senor Alvarez you are doubtless aware of the accusation upon which you have been summoned before this tribunal."

"Conscious of no offence which should have subjected me to the loss of my liberty, I hesitate not to pronounce the accusation false, be it what it may."

"You speak rashly, senor; the Holy Office is not wont to proceed upon slight grounds. I pray you, therefore, to examine your conscience, and see if—not recently, perhaps, but in the course of your life—you have never committed any offence of which it is the peculiar province of the Inquisition to take cognizance."

"I can only repeat what I have already said: and if any man have aught against me, let him stand forth."

"The Holy Office, for wise reasons, does not confront the accuser and accused, as is the custom in ordinary courts; neither is it our wont to declare the nature of the charge, which we rather refer to the conscience of the delinquent: but, willing that you should meet, with as little delay as may be, the accusation which has been brought against you, I will read it. It recites that, having been born of an English mother, you have embraced the tenets of the falsely-called reformed religion, to the danger of your own soul and the scandal of the true faith; that you have of late been in habits of close intercourse with a pestilent heretic of the same country, since dead, and that you are on the point of marriage with his daughter, also a heretic, contrary to the canons of our holy church. This, senor Alvarez, is the charge: what have you to urge against its truth?"

"God forbid that, in hesitating to confess what I believe to be the true faith, I should deny its divine author! You have reproached me with my English parentage; and if the religion of Cranmer, of Ridley, and of Latimer be heresy, then am I a heretic; and, if the cup which was presented to their lips may not pass from mine, may God give me grace to drink it as they did, holding fast by the faith to which I have linked my hopes of Heaven's mercy!"

"Nay, senor Alvarez, the Holy Office is not willing that any should perish, but rather rejoiceth in the exercise of that mercy which is in its discretion: and, although the offence of which you have confessed yourself guilty hath incurred the penalty of a death of ignominy and torture, we have power, by deferring the execution of the sentence, to give you time to repent; so that, upon a renunciation of your errors, you may

finally be pardoned, and received into the bosom of the church.—By a law, whereby the goods of heretics are confiscated, those of the deceased merchant, Wentworth, become the property of the church; and as, from your connection with him and his daughter, you cannot but be informed of the nature and disposition of his wealth, I call upon you, as you would propitiate the Holy Office by assisting in securing its rights, to put it in possession of all you know upon the subject.”

“Behold,” said Alvarez, with a burst of indignation which startled the inquisitor, “the cloven foot of the Evil One! Now listen to me. The robber of the mountains hath kept faith, and the lion of the desert hath spared his prey; but with the minions of the Inquisition there is neither faith nor mercy. I know that he upon whom your dungeons have once closed, stands upon the brink of the grave, and that his life is beyond human ransom. Were I to answer the question you have so insidiously proposed, I should not only betray the trust reposed in me by a dying father and make his child a beggar, but I should strengthen the hands of an institution which, if its power were equal to its will, would make this beautiful world a howling wilderness. I will neither betray my trust nor deny my faith: by God’s grace, the last act of my life shall not involve the double guilt of treachery and apostasy.”

During this speech, the countenance of the inquisitor was gradually losing that hypocritical expression of mildness, under which those holy functionaries were accustomed to mask the most cruel and vindictive feelings; his face became flushed with rage, and he exclaimed, when Alvarez had finished:—“You vaunt it bravely, senator! we will now try that persuasive power, which is wont to make our guests marvellously communicative.”

“You may wring the blood-drops from my heart, but you will not rob it of its secret.”

“Away with him to the torture!” roared the inquisitor, and immediately quitted the apartment, while Alvarez was conducted by another door, and through a long passage, into a spacious chamber, from which the light of day was entirely excluded. The lamp, which was suspended from the centre of the ceiling, was just sufficient to render distinct the tribunal of the inquisitor, the instruments of torture, and the familiars who were appointed to apply them, and whose grim pale features and frightful habiliments imparted additional horror to the scene. The remoter parts of the room were involved in darkness. Alvarez looked towards the tribunal, and immediately recognized the inquisitor by whom he had been previously examined, and who now addressed him with a taunting smile, and said, “Well, senator Alvarez! we have met again: have you brought your boasted courage with you?”

“He who hath laid this trial upon me, and for whose truth I suffer, will give me strength to bear it.”

“You will need it all, senator, when your turn shall come; but we do all things in order: we

have one here before you, by whose example you may profit. Bring forward the other prisoner!”

Alvarez turned his eyes in the direction in which the inquisitor looked as he spoke, and, with feelings of agony and horror which no language can adequately describe, he beheld in the intended victim his own Mary! A shriek proclaimed that her feelings at the mutual recognition were not less acute than his, and she fell back, apparently lifeless, into the arms of her terrific attendants.

Alvarez turned to the inquisitor, and addressed him, for the first time, in the tone of supplication. “If,” said he, “there be one instrument of torture more dreadful than another, let me be its victim: tear me piecemeal, limb from limb; but, for the sake of Him whose all-seeing eye is upon you, spare, oh spare, this beautiful work of his hands! Oh, if you have a human heart, you cannot look upon such loveliness and mar it!—Oh, if your image of the blessed Jesus be not set up in bitter mockery of his meekness and his mercy, I beseech you harm her not!”

“Nay, senator,” replied the inquisitor, with a laugh of irony, “you drew so captivating a portrait of our mercy in the hall of audience, that it were gross injustice in us to prove it false. Let the torture be applied to the female prisoner!”

The preparations to obey the mandate aroused Mary Wentworth from her swoon! and a faint, and, of course, ineffectual struggle, was all she could oppose to the application of the first instrument of torture intended to be used, namely, the thumb-screw. It was, therefore, soon fixed, and the attendants waited the word from the inquisitor to draw the cords. This he was in the act of giving, when, from the gloom in which the extremity of the room was involved, a voice of thunder exclaimed “Forbear!” and immediately the speaker advanced to the front of the tribunal, his arm, however, enveloped in the folds of his mantle, concealing his face to the eyes.

The inquisitor angrily inquired who it was that presumed to interrupt the proceedings of the court, and directed the attendants to seize him. The stranger spoke not a word, but, slowly dropping his arm, discovered the stern and haughty countenance of Carvalho.

The inquisitor started, as if a spectre had risen up before him, but immediately recovered himself.

“Senator Carvalho,” said he, “this visit is an honour for which we were not prepared: may I beg to be informed of its object?”

“Simply the liberation of these prisoners.”

“Upon what authority do you demand it?”

“My own will.”

“Much as we respect that, senator, it were scarcely sufficient warrant to us for their surrender. The circumstances under which they were arrested are such as utterly to preclude us from according to you the courtesy you ask.”

“As for your respect, I know well the standard by which to measure it. The circumstances attending their arrest have been reported to me,

and leave me at no loss to account for your reluctance to give them up; and as for your courtesy, I pray you keep it until it be asked. I did not come to sue for their liberty, but to demand it."

"It may not be, *senor*; the prisoners must pass to their trials, where they will have justice."

"Oh, doubtless!" said Carvalho, with a bitter smile, "such justice as the wolf metes out to the lamb, and the vulture to the dove."

"I pray you, *senor*, to reflect upon the unseasonableness of a jest upon an occasion like this."

"In good sooth, jocularly is not my wont, or a jest within the torture-room of the Holy Office, from any other than an inquisitor, would possess too much of the charm of novelty to be forborne. But, credit me, I was never more in earnest than I am now. Be this the proof. Before I ventured to obtrude myself into your reverend presence, I left instructions with the commandant of artillery, in obedience to which, if I be not with him in half an hour, he will open a fire upon your walls. Now I depart not alone; and you, who best know how the light of day will accord with the secrets of your dungeons, will make your election between surrendering the prisoners or seeing this edifice a smoking ruin."

"*Senor Carvalho*," said the inquisitor, who had witnessed too many awful instances of the minister's veracity, as well as of his power, to doubt, for a moment, that his threat, if disregarded, would be fulfilled with a terrible punctuality, "in yielding to this extraordinary exercise of power, I feel it my duty, in the name of the Holy Office, solemnly to protest against this interference with its privileges; and you will not be surprised, if, in our own justification, we find it expedient to appeal to the pope."

"So did the Jesuits; and in order that their memorial might not miscarry, I sent the appellants after it by ship-loads, until his holiness heartily wished the appeal and the locusts that followed it in the Red Sea. You will do wisely to profit by the warning which their example should convey to you."

Having said this, he turned towards Alvarez and Mary Wentworth, and, passing an arm of each through his own, led them unmolested through the several gates of the prison. Mary glanced at his countenance, and perceived that the sardonic smile which had marked it while in the presence of the inquisitor had passed away, leaving in its place his wonted sternness, softened, she thought, by somewhat more of solemnity than she had hitherto observed him to assume. He walked on between them in silence until they arrived within a few paces of the principal street in Lisbon, when he stopped, and said: "Here we part; I have risked my power, and, it may be, my life, to save you. But be that my care; all I ask of you is, get you out of this city, for it is no abiding place for either of you. There is an English vessel in the bay; this officer" (beckoning to him a person in uniform, whom, for the first time, they observed standing within a few yards of them) "will assist you in getting your effects on board: follow them with all despatch; for twenty-four hours you are safe; beyond that time I will not answer for your lives. Let me hear of your arrival in England. May God bless and keep you!—Farewell!" He pressed the hand of each, and they saw him no more.

It is scarcely necessary to add that the advice was followed: before half of the allotted time had expired they were on their voyage, which proved safe and prosperous.

THE MAGIC OF NIGHT.

MAIDEN, arise from the darkness of sleep,
The night is enchanted, the silence is deep;
Open thine eyelids—awake to the gleam,
Brighter than ever yet burst on a dream.

Sweet though thy vision be, fair as a star,
Here is a vision more exquisite far,
Oh! look at yon hill, while the blue mist above
Is wreathing around it—an image of love.

Now glance below o'er the sparkling bay,
And the ship that severs its star-led way;
And the moon that stops, like a beautiful bride,
To look at her face in the tranquil tide.

And mark how far the heaven is strewn,
With courtier clouds that worship the moon;
While others lie snowy and still through the night,
Like a myriad wings all ready for flight.

Earth seems an Eden unstained by crime,
So pure is the scene, and so holy the time:
Tempest is now with the winds upcurled,
And Nature and Night are alone in the world.

The numbered sands of the time seem gone,
And Earth and her Heaven are mingling in one;
The light, like love, is silent and deep—
Maiden, is this an hour for sleep?

THE ARRIVAL OF WINTER.

THE summer's gone, and the winter hour
Comes fiercely on with its chilling blast,
And the stricken grove and leafless bower
Proclaim the pride of the year is past.

O, whither is gone the violet wreath,
That threw its loveliness o'er the spring?
It has sunk beneath the hand of death,
And decayed, like every beautiful thing.

And where is now the bright summer's pride,
The blushing rose with its sweet perfume?
That, too, has shed its flowers and died,
And where they fell they have found a tomb.

Thus all mortal things must stoop to fate:
They may boast awhile of beauty's glow;
But death will approach, or soon or late,
And his reckless hand will lay them low.

Spring will return, and the violet bank,
With its scented flowers, again be gay;
And the rose bud afresh, when it has drank
Again the enlivening dews of May.

So Man, though he yield his fleeting breath,
And lie awhile in the grave's deep gloom,
Shall waken again and vanquish death,
And in heavenly bowers forever bloom.

WHATEVER is connected with Napoleon possesses deep interest. The engraving prefixed which represents the tomb of this distinguished man in the Island of St. Helena, will be found upon close examination to exhibit a strange phenomenon, being his full-length portrait in his favourite musing attitude. As we have selected this subject in order to exercise the ingenuity of our readers, we will not lessen their curiosity by any further explanation, remarking only that when they have traced the mystery they will admire its excellence not less than its singularity.



A VISIT TO THE PYRAMIDS.

WE have selected from Mrs. Elwood's account of her overland journey to India, the following pleasant narrative:—

THE 2d of May was the day appointed for our picnic to the Pyramids. We started long before day-break, and traversed the streets of Cairo by the lurid light of flambeaux. Soon after we passed the gates of the city, the stars "gan to pale their ineffectual light," and "young-eyed day" appeared in the east, whilst a flood of liquid amber proclaimed the approach of the sun, and every minaret, cupola, and airy grove of date-trees was tinged with a roseate hue, or burnished with living gold. The air was fresh even to coolness, as we were ferried over the Nile, and right glad were we to hail the glorious luminary as he appeared above the horizon. The travellers passed the island of Rhoda, the village of Ghiza, and then crossed a very fertile plain, covered with corn, where we could have imagined the Pyramids were close to us; but their immensity deceived us, for they were still several miles distant. We then came to a barren tract, where were goats browsing, buffaloes ruminating, camels grazing, and several Bedouin encampments. The men were "sitting in the tent-door in the heat of the day;" the women were within, working at the mill, and making bread. The Sheiks came forward and saluted us most respectfully,

and when they saw me, they called out "Haram." As we wound along the plain, you cannot conceive how picturesque our party appeared. The heavily-armed Janissaries; Osman in his Mameluke dress; some of our English friends in their splendid Turkish costumes, rich in scarlet and crimson, green, blue, and gold; our Turkish, Arab, and Indian attendants, whose dark complexions, wild countenances and fantastic dresses, harmonized well with the scene, and I could have fancied we were a caravan bound to Mecca, or a party flying to the Desert for safety. I, in my English attire, was the only humdrum among the whole, and perhaps the only one who could have walked the streets in London without being mobbed. By the time

"The sultry sun had gained the middle sky,"

we came into the neighbourhood of the Sphynx;—the *Sphynx*, of which every one has heard so much; and here the soil presented such immense fissures, and such heavy beds of sand, that whilst wrapped no doubt in some very sublime speculation, down fell my donkey, and over its head went I. * * * * The Sphynx presented an African countenance, and her hair was dressed much in the same style with my Nubian friends in the slave-market. The sand, which at times has been cleared away, has again collected, and it was at this time nearly embedded in it. We

at length reached the Pyramids, which were founded by Cheops, Cephrenes, and Mycerinus, between 815 and 1032 years before Christ, and which stand in the Desert, as if intended for the time pieces of creation, by which the flight of centuries may be counted, as by the gnomons of our dial we reckon that of hours. There is nothing in their immediate vicinity with which to compare them, and their very immensity deceives the spectator. They rather look like excavated mountains than edifices reared by man, and it is only by our own insignificance that we can comprehend their enormous magnitude. We all immediately commenced the labour of ascending. * * * My heavy cloth habit was but too ill suited for the attempt, and I soon found neither my courage nor my strength were adequate to the undertaking.—I, however, did not relinquish it till I had been repeatedly entreated to desist, and I was at length glad to veil my cowardice under the pretence of conjugal obedience, as C— was really seriously alarmed for my safety. I therefore accepted Osman's proffered services, and remained with him, *tete-a-tete*, for about half an hour, suspended, like Mahomet's coffin, between heaven and earth, upon the north-east angle of the Pyramid of Cheops. It was a curious situation, looking over the valley of the Nile on the one side, and the immense deserts of Africa on the other, surrounded by pyramids and tombs, in company with a Scotch Turk! * * * * Shortly afterwards, down came Sheif Chaund, supported by two Arabs, saying "his head turned round before he could reach the top:" and I then congratulated myself on my prudence in not having attempted to proceed farther, the more so, as the gentlemen, on their return, all told me I had lost nothing but the honour of carving my initials on the top *myself*, which, however, was done for me by deputy. The descent was truly frightful: I was compelled to jump from stone to stone, and one false step would have precipitated me to the bottom, and dashed me to pieces; but, however, after all our exertions, perils and dangers were over, I do not think we ever had a more amusing repast, than that we partook of, spread on the ground, something in the Arab style, in a sort of recess, *over* the door of the great Pyramid of Cheops, and *under* the shelter of some huge projecting stones. At its conclusion, a *saddle* being brought for my pillow, I partook of the general *siesta*, sleeping undisturbed by the ghost of Cheops, till it was time to visit the interior of the Pyramid; and this, having the fair Peknah's fate fresh in my mind, I was determined nothing should prevent my exploring. Osman pioneered, holding my hand, and conducting me up and down, through passages, dark, steep, narrow, and more gloomy than imagination can fancy, till we reached the King's chamber, a large and lofty room, with a flat roof, formed of immense blocks of granite, and with a sarcophagus hewn out of one tremendous piece, placed considerably out of the centre, which resisted our every endeavour to break off a piece by way of trophy. The flickering light of the flambeaux

glared strangely and terribly upon the dark walls, throwing each individual into bold relief; and, as our voices resounded in the sepulchral chamber, methought they had a hollow and an unearthly sound. The approach to this room was very unpleasant; the gentlemen strode from side to side over a dark abyss, small holes being cut for their feet; but I ascended by a steep, very narrow, slippery, and highly-polished ledge, or abutment of granite. The return was even worse than descending the Pyramid, and I could but think of the terrific bridge of a hair's breadth, over which faithful Mussulmen pass to Paradise. I once nearly lost my footing, when I was fortunately caught by the nervous grasp of one of the Arab attendants; but my sensations were more dreadful at the instant than I can describe, and on emerging from the dark passages, after visiting the Queen's chamber, which is smaller than the King's, and has a vaulted roof and a recess, glad indeed was I again to meet the cheerful light of day, and to breathe once more a purer atmosphere. Some of the party descended into the well, and found dust and dirt, bats and darkness for their trouble; and they also paid a visit to the pyramid of Cephrenes.

THE HUMAN STRUCTURE.

"*I am fearfully and wonderfully made, O Lord,*" exclaimed David on surveying the admirable mechanism of his own frame. Indeed so complicated and curious is the structure of this fabric, which has justly been termed the "master piece of God's works," that no person who contemplates it, can possibly avoid joining with the pious Psalmist.

That illustrious physician of antiquity, Galen, is reported in his youth to have been a Sceptic, but on witnessing a dissection, and examining the mechanism of the human body, the divine wisdom and design running through all its parts, he was struck with such a sense of the great Architect, that he immediately became a convert, and during his life devoted himself to the worship of the Deity with all the fervour becoming an enlightened and grateful mind. Having himself, happily caught the first spark of Divine light from a survey of this wonderful machine, he earnestly recommends to others the study of it as the noblest employment of the faculties, and one of the surest guides to rational devotion. His thoughts on this subject, though emanating from a heathen, are well worth the attention of all Christians. "Those treatise," said he, "which display the excellencies of the great CREATOR, compose one of the noblest and most acceptable hymns. To acquaint ourselves with his sublime perfections, and point out to others his infinite POWER, his unerring WISDOM, and his boundless BENIGNITY—this is a more substantial act of devotion, than to slay hecatombs of victims at his altar, or kindle mountains of spices into incense."

THE SUICIDE.

My father was a Shropshire country gentleman, who, to an ancient descent and narrow income, added the blessing of a family of thirteen children. My mother having died in giving birth to the thirteenth of us, he married a second wife, whose single misfortune it was, as she used feelingly to lament, to have no offspring. My father, though a tender husband, bore this dispensation without repining; reconciled, no doubt, in some degree to it, by the daily cheering sight of thirteen rosy boys and girls, of all ages and sizes, seated at six o'clock in full health, appetite, and activity, at the long mahogany dining-table. This consoling spectacle was strongly backed by the butcher's weekly bills, which reminded our parent punctually every Saturday morning, that Heaven had already done much for him, in respect of progeny, and sent him to church on Sunday perfectly resigned to the prospect of not having his troubles increased by his second lady. These considerations operating on a naturally contented mind, indeed so weighed with my father, that instead of sharing in my step-mother's distress at having no children, he appeared solicitous about nothing so much as how to dispose of that ample stock which he had been blessed with already. It happened, unfortunately, to our house, as to many other good houses, that while our honours had increased with time, our fortunes had waned with it; years, which had steadily added to the antiquity of our name, had as regularly abstracted from the rents and profits of the domain; the genealogical tree shot its roots deep, and spread its branches far and wide, but the oaks were felled, and there was as much parchment on the land as would have sufficed for all the pedigrees of the Welch principality. When my father came into the possession of the estate, a prudent wife and genteel economy just enabled him to support the dignity of — Place; he kept fewer servants, fewer horses, saw less company, than his father before him, but still the establishment was on a creditable and comfortable footing. As my mother, however, successively blest him year after year with some one of us, matters began to wear another aspect; it became necessary to pare things closer and closer, and by the time that I, the seventh child and fourth son, had arrived at my full appetite, it was necessary to practice the most rigid economy, in order to keep half an ox on our table for our daily meal, and two or three clowns in livery behind our chairs, to change our plates and fill our glasses. Had our wants stopped here all would have been comparatively well, but being gentlemen of name in the county, it was essentially necessary to us that we should do as others of our own rank did; we were all accordingly for hunting, racing, attending balls, music meetings, &c., and miserably was my poor father importuned to provide the means of our various indispensable amusements. In this state

of things, it was not surprising that his most earnest wish was to see us "strike root into the pockets of the people" in some way. But he was a Whig, unfortunately, and could therefore do no more than put us in the right path against a *favourable turn in public affairs*; which, in the vulgar phraseology is the *turn out* of the opposite party, and the *turn in* of one's own. My eldest brother, John, took orders that he might be ready for a living; the second, Charles, got, through the friendly interest of our Tory neighbour, Sir Marmaduke Boroughly, an ensigncy in the 60th foot; James went into the navy with a view to a ship when our friends should come in, and, poor fellow, he is at this day a midshipman of twelve years' standing. Unluckily, I found, when my time arrived, that all the best things were disposed of. The Whig bishopric in expectancy, the staff appointment, the ship, were all gone, anticipated by my brothers; and now began my troubles, and the vexatious affair which led to the remarkable incident that is the main subject of this paper. One of my father's earliest and fastest friends was Mr. W—, an eminent London solicitor. Business brought this worthy man to our part of the country just at the time that the peace had thrown my brother Charles back on my father's hands a half-pay ensign, and also my brother James a no-pay midshipman, and that my brother John had returned from college to take up his abode in the paternal mansion till a stall should be opened to him by a Whig administration. At this happy moment of reunion, Mr. W— became our guest, and professionally acquainted as he was with my father's affairs, the sight of his board, so graced with well-grown sons from barrack, sea, and college—not to mention nine daughters, whose pink sashes alone must have required half a mile of riband—filled him with a friendly concern. My three brothers *had* their professions; I alone was unprovided for, and there was a sobriety in my air which found favour in the eyes of our guest. The truth is, that I was naturally a romantic melancholy lad, and at this particular period a little affair of sentiment had deepened this complexion to a very respectable seriousness of deportment. So favourable was the impression I produced on Mr. W—, that a few days after he had left us for London, a letter arrived from him containing an offer to my father, couched in the handsomest terms, to take me into his house as an articulated clerk without the usual premium; and concluding with an intimation that in good time he would take me also into his firm. My father considered my fortune as made, but there was a sound in the word *clerk* that did not please me; it seemed to confound me with excisemen's clerks, lawyer's clerks, and all the other clerks that I could think of in the town of D—. At all events, thought I, Louisa Daventry must be consulted before I accede to this derogatory proposal: I don't like it

I am free to confess, but I will hear what *she* says. And that very evening Louisa Daventry was consulted, and never shall I forget her look of absolute horror as she exclaimed, "An attorney's clerk! What! and wear short black gaiters!" The affair was finished! I resolved firmly, and swore to Louisa, never to be classed with a body of men chargeable with short black gaiters! But knowing my father's prejudices in favour of the road to wealth, and that he did not view short black gaiters in the same light with Louisa and myself, I returned home full only of the honour of our family, and represented to him that it would be highly unbecoming that one of the ancient house of Squanderly should become an attorney's clerk. My father very coolly answered, that our ancient house could no longer keep our ancient family; that, in short, he could not support me in idleness, and that I must accept Mr. W.'s offer or remain a burden to him; a thing, which in justice to my sisters, he could not permit. He told me, further, to be under no sort of uneasiness about the honour of the family, reminding me that I was only a younger son, and that my eldest brother was charged with the maintenance of our house's dignity, while I was free to get rich as I could, like other younger brothers. With all respect I intimated to him that he was entirely in error in his view of the matter, and that my regard to the name of the Squanderlys must compel me to disobey his commands. I observed on the baseness of making sacrifices to wealth, and quoted such passages from the classics as my education had stored me with in disparagement of riches. My father's good opinion of wealth remained unshaken however, and he was wholly unmoved by my citations. I dared not quote my best authority, Louisa, nor could I urge the black gaiters; this was, I felt, an argument for refined souls, and somehow or other, with every respect for my father, I knew that it would be worse than thrown away on him.

I need not describe the details of the contest; my father was what I called *obstinate*, and I what I called *firm*. The substance of the argument between us might be summed up in these common forms of disputation, "*you shall*," and "*I won't*."

Through the kindness of a friend, Mr. W. was duly informed of the gracious reception I had given to his kind offer, and of the consequent dispute raging between father and son. On learning these circumstances he wrote at once to my father, entreating him to put no force on the young gentleman's inclinations, regretting that his proposal, meant for the best, should have occasioned domestic uneasiness, and hoping that no more would be thought about the matter. My father, however, who knew the advantage of getting rid of his children, replied to such effect as to bind Mr. W. to his offer, but with this proviso—that I should go up to town and attend the office of Mr. W. regularly for six months, after which time I should be free to make my final election. My father further entered into a treaty

with me to allow me, during this period, at the rate of £200 a-year, while I punctually attended the office, but in default of attendance the allowance was to be stopped. These arrangements having been made, I was packed off to London, having only just had time to snatch a parting interview with Louisa Daventry, in which I vowed never to be an attorney's clerk, and we mutually swore to preserve unshaken constancy.

It is unnecessary to tell the reader that I of course imputed the vexatious resolution of my father to the machinations of my step-mother; and also failed not to lay to her account a kind of hint that Louisa's father, Sir Toby, had given me, that my visits to his house were favours which he should value more highly if they were rarer. My step-mother, however, had in truth nothing to do either with the one affair or the other, for she was a harmless, inoffensive being, possessed of one all-absorbing wish, which was to increase the family of the Squanderlys.

While on my journey to London I consoled myself under all my cares with the idea of the many pleasures that awaited me in the capital; but after the novelty of the first two or three days had worn off, I cannot describe how much, and in how many small points of comfort I deplored the change in my habits of life. I thought of our dear skies and pleasant fields, and sighed at the view of dull, dirty-houses, and a dun-coloured canopy of smoke over head, which excluded the sight of even a cloud fresh from the country. From sheer *ennui* I took to the office for a few days, but when there I was expected to share in its duties, and I hated the look of the parchments more than the view of the smoked buildings of Gloucester-street, and found copying an indurance more intolerable than the solitude of my dingy apartment. This did not last long. I began to haunt the theatres at night, (the first step in Raff's progress,) and to read novels and romances in the day, abandoned Mr. W.'s altogether, killed time, spent my money, ran in debt, and got letters of reproach from my father, nay, even from my brothers. To make short of the discreditable details, at last, I received a resolute warning from my father, that if I did not resume my attendance at Mr. W.'s, and make up my mind to avail myself of the means offered of procuring my bread, justice to the other members of his family required that he should withdraw my allowance, and leave me to pursue my own course. This communication somewhat shocked me; but I thought of Louisa, and resolved to suffer the last extremity rather than degrade myself in her bright eyes. I therefore persevered in the cause which had drawn down my father's displeasure, and after the lapse of a fortnight received from him the following letter:—

"HENRY—As I hear that my last admonition has not induced you to present yourself at Mr. W.'s, I must take it for granted that some means of making your fortune have occurred to you of which I am not at present aware. You decline one sure way to a competence; I must therefore

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suppose that you have another in view, but as I am not consulted, I presume that my assistance is not required, and therefore from this hour I shall withhold it. I have children enough with claims on the allowance which has been for some months thrown away on you. From this moment cease to expect it. We all wish you well, and success in the scheme of life you have resolved on pursuing, whatever it may be.

"I. S."

I thought I had long made up my mind to the worst consequences of my disobedience, but it seemed that this letter opened my eyes for the first time to my utter helplessness, when abandoned to my own resources. My debts (small, very small, as they really were) first occurred to me—how were they to be discharged? how could I meet the applications of my creditors? how could I, a Squanderer, endure the insolence of these importunate people, an insolence of which I had already had a sample or two?—then, how was I to support myself, how to supply my daily wants? I knew not how a stiver was to be earned. "How am I to live?" was the question; "I can die," was my answer. The suggestion elevated me in my own opinion. *Ζην αίσχρον αίσχρος τοις καλοῖς περιουσίῃ*, exclaimed I with dignity. The squalid details of misery which I had been passing in anticipation before me, disappeared, and I strode across my little apartment with the air of one who had taken a resolution which placed him above the malice of fortune. I was about to act the first part in a tragedy, which would make some noise in the world. My family would be made to suffer vain regrets, and to repent their rigour towards me. The world would admire my high sense of honour which led me to prefer death to *degradation*. And Louisa Daventry!—Louisa Daventry would pass a life of celibacy in weeping over my early fate, keeping her vestal flame alive in the tomb of her Henry! I remembered how she had been affected one sweet night as we sat in the honeysuckle alcove, by my reciting to her the lines from Campbell's Pleasures of Hope:—

"And say, when summoned from the world and thee,
I lay my head beneath the willow tree,
Will thou, sweet mourner! at my stone appear,
And soothe my parted spirit lingering near?
Oh! wilt thou come, at evening hour to shed
The tears of memory o'er my narrow bed;
With aching temples on thy hand reclined,
Mute on the last farewell I left behind;
Breathes a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,
And think on all my love and all my woe?"

I was at that time as strong as a horse, and never coughed except when my water went the wrong way; but nevertheless it pleased my sentimental soul to imagine myself fated to early death by consumption; and I recited these lines with all the eloquence of a lover, and the peculiar tenderness of one anticipating his own demise. Louisa was moved, and sunk sobbing on my shoulder. It afforded me at this period an indescribable satisfaction to think, that the desperate expedient I contemplated, would cause them again to flow in sorrow for my tragic fate.

Yes, I thought, my death will put its sad seal on her young affections—She will never love another—No! She will pass the remainder of her blameless life in retirement, and "think on all my love and all my woe." The thought was luxury to me. The thought of the late regrets of my family also pleased me. I felt that they had every thing to answer for; it was their selfishness that made me a suicide. In my own judgment I stood clear of all blame. I never cast the slightest reproach to my own account. I looked upon myself as an injured, persecuted being, driven to death by the base, worldly, sordid covetings of my kinsmen. It is astonishing how affliction endears us to ourselves.

Having now determined on self-destruction as the only means of avoiding want, misery, and degradation, the time for carrying my resolution into effect was the only remaining point to be settled. I was in no immediate hurry to be cruel to my flesh. While I had the means of living, I thought there was no reason for dying; but I determined not to put the deed off to the last moment, or rather to the last pound. In my treasury I found only three pounds and some silver. My sand, thought I, runs low; but it were cowardly to economise, when death comes, with the last pound. Acting on this feeling, I lived more expensively than usual. I drank some wine too; and the first night, after dinner, I had a very good mind to carry my purpose into effect at once, without more delay. I strolled out to exercise myself with a short ramble over town, and on my return, having been detained longer than I anticipated, I found I was too sleepy to think of suicide. The next day I read the Sorrows of Werter, wrote a letter to Louisa, and cut off a large lock of my hair, which I enclosed in it. On the third day my money was getting low, and I thought of the choice of deaths. Shooting was out of the question, for I had no pistols; and if I had had any, I conceived that there would be an ugly crunch, like the drawing of a tooth, and perhaps a lingering painful death, which I felt extremely anxious to spare myself. Throat-cutting I disapproved of also, for I was habitually a neat man in all things. Being alone privy to my own intended demise, I was, as it were, my own chief mourner, and I conscientiously believe that the office was never more sincerely or affectionately filled. In the afternoon I went forth with the purpose never to return, having left a packet for Louisa, and a short letter for my family, bequeathing them my forgiveness, and my debts. I set out at about three, on a mild but blowy December day, and walked from my lodgings to Millbank, thence on to Chelsea; for though it was high-water, and the river ran deep at Millbank, I passed on, preferring, I don't exactly know why, the more distant Battersea-bridge for my fatal plunge. When I arrived at the bridge the evening was fast closing in, the tide had turned to the ebb, and was sweeping rapidly through the wooden arches, curled, blackened, and hurried, by a brisk south-westerly wind. I thought myself ready for my leap; I

first turned to the western side of the bridge, but that aspect did not suit my deed. There was still a good deal of light in the west, and as the breeze raised the clouds from the horizon, and chased them on, a momentary change of scene from quickly varying light and shadow was produced, which did not harmonise with my purpose. Those clouds seemed to carry my thoughts from gloom and death to the pleasant home of my youth. Many an evening, on returning from a day's hunting or shooting, I had delighted to imagine them thus sweeping over, on their long, long journey, to hang over the sailor's storm tossed ship, and lend their gloom to the horrors of the tempest. I turned from the West to the East side; here all was blackness and haze; I resolved not to hesitate another moment; I placed my foot on the rail, and fixed my eye on the whirling black eddies below, which seemed to my then excited imagination as the smiles on the face of a fiend laughing at my destruction. A thought perfectly ridiculous then occurred to me. I have said that I could not swim. I thought, then, I shall sink at once; and while yet full of life, I shall struggle, perhaps stand, and walk, on the slimy bed of the river, with the waters pouring and rushing by over my head. I don't know why, but this idea was full of horror to me; I was prepared to die by drowning, but not with my feet on earth. Had the water been a hundred fathoms deep, I thought I could have made the plunge without hesitation; having looked at the water for two or three minutes, I turned away, walked off the bridge through the toll-gate, instead of the way I had projected, and took the nearest way home. As I approached my lodgings I became bitterly ashamed of myself—I felt that a tragic resolution had been defeated by a most absurd and fantastic idea. I had determined to drown myself, and changed my purpose because the thought of struggling in the mud occurred to me! I resolved to drown myself the next day. When I got home I took tea, and I eat several rounds of toast, just as if I had not been a man whose mind was set on suicide, and who was about to play his part in a grand and sad tragedy, for so I considered it.

The next day I rose late, made additions to my letter to Louisa, read Werter till nearly four, and then again went forth to do the deed, but having had enough of Battersea, I chose not to go farther than Millbank this time. While looking out for a proper spot, I saw two genteel lads engaged in a row with some drunken fellows who were hustling and bullying them; I believe that I never wanted courage in the common acceptation of the word, and I interfered now more boldly in the affray than perhaps I should have done at another season and in another frame of mind. After a few blows and more words, the ruffians sheered off, the youths were all gratitude, and we walked together some distance; when we parted suicide was as much out of my head as if it had never been in it. I again found my way to my home, and did not feel ashamed of my postponement of the execution of my purpose

this time as I did before. My gallantry in the affray assuring me of my courage. But after this I thought no more of drowning, persuading myself that there was a fatality against it.

The conclusion of this day brought me to my last shilling, but instead of running out my last sand with it as I had projected, I bethought myself of two or three articles of jewellery of small value which I possessed, and I resolved to sell them and to live a day or two longer on the money. This I did; how I lived I care not to tell; suffice it to say, I sought distraction in every possible way. On Christmas day I came to my last dollar, and a melancholy day it was. The excitement which I had produced for some days past by artificial means, had given place to the usual consequent depression: my purse was just exhausted: the people at my lodgings looked suspiciously on me: my duns threatened me for the morrow: I was alone in this great city, without a hope for the future, or a friend to cheer the present moment. I remained for many hours in an agony of misery. At one instant I thought of throwing myself on my family, and, if necessary, conceding to their wishes; but when I reflected on the high tone I had assumed, and the firm resolution I had professed, a resolution on which I extravagantly piqued myself, I fancied that it would be the height of meanness in me to succumb. I had in truth vapoured a good deal; I had played the hero of romance to the life. I had filled the glass, I must drink it, thought I. Louisa Daventry shall lament, but never despise me.

To a friendless, unconnected man, in a large city, a great festival which draws together each domestic circle, and leaves the stranger alone, solitary—is a melancholy occasion. To me, destitute, full of sad thoughts, and desperate resolution, it was a day of bitterness indeed. I saw gladness all around me, and felt misery within. Every sign of cheerfulness quickened the sense of my own forlorn condition. I envied every creature that met my sight, for I fancied that every creature but myself made one welcome guest in some dear circle. I was no where linked in this vast social chain. The thought was bitterness to me, and it afflicted me more than my poverty and its attendant miseries. I have hinted that I was the creature of sentiment, and thrown as I had been, suddenly out of the fostering bosom of a family on the cold wide world, it may not be difficult to understand my feelings.

About the middle of the day my landlady came up stairs, and in that peculiar voice and manner which are produced in landladies by an unpaid bill, asked me whether I did not dine out, taking care to remind me at the same time that it was Christmas-day. I told her I did, and at about four o'clock I left the house, intending to walk about till night, when I purposed to end all my earthly troubles and mortifications. The evening was close and heavy, a drizzling rain fell now and then, and every thing out of doors looked blank and gloomy. There was no appearance of any thing social or cheerful about to shock me by contrast.

After having walked many miles in darkness, I heard, to my amazement, the cry of past eight o'clock, I thought it should be near midnight, and it seemed to me that there would be no end of this dismal night. Feet sore, drenched with rain, and exhausted, I resolved to make now for my lodgings, and on my way I went into a chemist's, and asked for an ounce of oxalic acid to clean boot-tops. The man looked at me, I fancied, as much as to say, you are above cleaning boot-tops, and below wearing such smart gear. He, however, weighed out the quantity, wrote—"OXALIC ACID—POISON," on the paper, and extended it towards me without any observation. I took the packet with a steady hand, and having before laid the dollar down on the counter, was about to leave the shop without receiving the change. He called me back, reminding me of my omission, to my some small confusion.

I had no farther use for these poor coins, and on my way to my home I looked out for some object on whom to bestow them. I met with none, however; I seemed to myself the only miserable creature walking the streets on that night, so joyous to the rest of the world, and joyless to me. My knock at the door of my lodgings was answered by the servant of the house: as she opened the door to me for the last time, and lit and handed me my candle, I invested her with that sort of adventitious dignity which belongs even to the humblest performers in a great tragedy—my dark destiny seemed to shed a romantic colour on the commonest objects around me. The woman, who was dirty, careless, and stupid, had never been in favour with me; on the contrary, indeed; but now I was softened even towards her, and as she performed these homely little offices for me for the last time, I felt moved, absurd as it may sound, and thanking her with a voice of kindness, told her that I was ill, and therefore going early to bed. She wished me good night, just as if I had been a man destined to see the morning. When in the room it struck me that I should want some warm water to dissolve my oxalic acid, and I rang the bell, which was answered by my landlady's daughter. She came up, I knew, in order to display the finery which she wore in honour of the day. I thought: "You little know what is passing in the mind of the man whose eye you would surprise with these miserable gauds." She was no more fitted for the part of witness to a romantic catastrophe than the maid, for she was plain and squinted; but these are after thoughts—at the time I had no such trash in my contemplation.

While the girl was fetching the water, I strode up and down the room in some perturbation of spirits. This was the most painful interval in the whole of that terrible day to me. The impossibility of facing the morrow, had completely braced me for my deed before, but this pause at the very point of execution, seemed to relax my purpose; why, I knew not. In a minute, however, the girl returned with the warm water, and asked me, when about to retire, at what hour I would be called in the morning? I felt a chok-

ing sensation as I replied: "At the usual hour." She then left the room, giving that slam to the door which reminds a lodger that he has not paid his bill. A moment's communing with myself, shame for my perturbation, and an appeal to my pride, restored me to my resolution, and I was again strung for my purpose. I walked deliberately to the table, mixed the dose, shaking the last grains of the powder from the paper into the glass, and then set it on the looking-glass stand to cool. I then walked up and down the room, composed, and to the best of my recollection perfectly thoughtless—my mind was either vacant, or so loaded that it had lost its action. When I concluded that the draught was sufficiently cool, I walked up to the toilet, took it, and raised it to my lips with a steady hand; at this instant my eye rested on the reflection of my own face in the mirror, and I felt proud of its composure, and pleased to look on it while I drained the deadly draught. This done, I set down the glass with a firm hand, and again walked up and down the room, with some confusion of thought going on in my mind, but no pain or apprehension—those feelings had had their day; they were now gone. Being weary, after a time I laid down on the bed, waiting the action of the poison, and comforting myself with the reflection that the pain would be short, that it would soon be over, and I at peace. Louisa Daventry, I remember, and my family, did not fill much of my thoughts, which were all centered in myself: my anxiety was all about myself, and how I should bear my sufferings, and whether my courage would hold out as the shadow of death darkened my intellect. Strange as it may seem, while thus meditating, my ideas wandered, and a doze came over me, and I slumbered, I should imagine for nearly an hour; on waking suddenly, I felt the common shock of recollection under calamitous circumstances, and wondered that my body was still at ease, as the long wick of the candle showed me that my doze had not been short. It will last me out, I thought; and I continued for about half an hour gazing at the dull light and fancying the likenesses of fantastic forms in the gloom beyond it, while the wind howled, and the rain pattered against my window. Then, for the first time, I felt some twinges of pain, which admonished me that the enemy was at work, and which increased gradually in violence, till I suffered what I knew to be the usual operation of poison. I thought now of nothing but my pains, and perceived that the work of death was by no means of a dignity corresponding with its horror. The process grieved my flesh, and shocked my sentiment. As the pains grew sharper I began to repent of what I had done, wishing it undone or over, and frequently examined my pulse to ascertain the exhaustion of my strength—other pains and fancies then possessed me. But I must draw a veil over the scene here, for even at this distance of time, there are circumstances in it which I cannot bear to remember, much less to commit to paper.

My groans, groans more of mental than of physical suffering, at last alarmed some part of the family; and my landlady's daughter tapped at the door and asked me whether I was ill? No answer being returned, she opened the door and repeated her enquiry; I replied: "Leave me alone—leave me alone—I have taken poison—leave me to die in peace." On this, she uttered a loud scream, then rushed to the head of the stairs, and stood screaming there till the whole family, which had sat up carousing, were brought to the spot. In answer to their questions about the cause of the uproar, she only screamed, and at length, to explain the matter more clearly, went into hysterics. After the lapse of some valuable minutes, when they had found that nothing was to be learnt from her, the master of the house, a coarse fellow, applied to me to inform him what had happened, and I told it to him pretty nearly in the same words in which I had told it to his daughter. He received the intelligence differently. "A pretty business this here," said he, "I would not have had such a thing to happen in the house—no, not for a thousand pounds!" And then off he went, as he said, for the doctor. I faintly told him it would be of no use—that human aid would not avail; but I must confess that I felt no disposition to offer any vehement resistance to the experiment. My bed was now surrounded by the members of the family, who ceased not to ask me how I came to do such a thing, and to admonish me of the sinfulness of the action; at the same time that they seemed full of the most tender anxiety to alleviate my bodily pains. Indeed, such was their zeal for me, that but for the good sense of a visitor, they would have made me swallow all the salad oil which there happened to be in the cruet-stand, on the strength of its antidotal reputation, without waiting the arrival of the doctor. After the lapse of about a quarter of an hour, which seemed to me an age, the apothecary arrived, and having very sensibly commenced business by clearing the room, he asked me what the poison was, the quantity, and how long I had taken it. I told him what it was, the quantity, and that I took it at about nine; he pulled out his watch, looked at the time—half past twelve, and looked grave. "What did you take it in?"—I replied, pointing to the glass on the toilet. He walked up to it, as I thought, with strange deliberation, and unfeeling composure, and seeing the paper on the table, took it up, read the inscription, and dropped it with a manner which went to my heart, and made my teeth chatter in my head. I then felt, for the first time, the horror of death—I then seemed for the first time, to feel that I was indeed dying—feted in a few quick minutes to cease to be—and passing bitter was that moment of agony! Still I watched the apothecary, as if my last shadow of hope rested on his uncouth person. Having laid down the paper as I have described, he immediately took up the glass—and this period, short as it was, was the period which contained for me an age of anguish—he dipped his little finger into the moisture at the bottom of the glass,

carried it to his lips, tasted it, and looked surprised—tasted it again, and—burst into a loud laugh! My blood boiled against the monster, but before I could find words, he said: "Come, come, young gentleman, there is no harm done after all. Here has been a lucky mistake. You have taken a dose of Epsom salts instead of oxalic acid, and it will cool your blood and do you a great deal of good, and you will be all the better for it to-morrow, and thankful that you are alive and kicking. Say your prayers, thank God for all his mercies, and go to sleep. Good night." And with these words, and a ha! ha! ha! he closed the door. In a minute the whole house rang with the same sound—every creature was giggling and chuckling, and I heard their smothered titters as they passed the door.

From an agony of dread I now passed instantaneously to an agony of shame. My tragedy had, in a second, been converted to burlesque. I thought I should never survive it; but of suicide I thought no more. But nature was exhausted, and in spite of my trouble, I fell asleep, and woke only at nearly twelve o'clock the next morning, when the maid knocked at my door, telling me the hour, and that she had two general-post letters for me, for the postage of which she would thank me, as her mistress *had no change*. I now thought of the few shillings which I had been so anxious to get rid of as useless to me the night before, and right glad was I of their assistance at this moment. The postage was thrust under the door, and the letters were then made over to me through the same channel. I had no mind indeed to show my face if I could avoid it. The letters were from my father, and my brother the ensign. On opening the first, my eyes were gratefully surprised by the sight of a twenty pound note, which, as I hastily unclosed the envelope, escaped from its confinement, unfolding its beauties to my delighted view as it fluttered, opening as it fell, to the ground. These are the friends it always glads us to see—these are the friends it always grieves us to part with. I took it up, folded its dear form with a tender and respectful hand, gazed fondly at its figure, and reverently committed it to my long widowed pocket-book, then read my father's letter, which ran in these terms:—

"DEAR HENRY—I trust that the short trial to which I have subjected you, will have had the effect of teaching you a lesson of worldly prudence, and convincing you of the necessity of looking after the main chance. There is nothing to be done in this world, my dear boy, without money; and you must by this time have discovered, if I am not greatly mistaken, the difficulty of procuring it. There is a road to a certain independence now open to you; and as you know my wishes, and perhaps now better understand your own interests, I am not without hopes that you will conquer your romantic notions and follow it. But decide for yourself. Weigh my situation; consider how many of your brothers and sisters I have to provide for, and how confined are my means; then make your final choice.

If you determine not to do as I wish, come down to us, and we must make the best of a bad business. Out of my poor resources I will do what I can for you, but I shall not live for ever, Henry; and while I do live, my means of serving those I love are miserably circumscribed. In the event of a change of ministry, indeed I might do something for my children, but the Tories seem to be set in for ever, and a long rainy day we Whigs must look for. Adieu, my dear boy, be either here or with Mr. W— without delay.—Yours, &c. J.

The other letter from my brother, the ensign, was as follows:—

“MY DEAR HENRY—We know what my father has written to you, and hope you will be an attorney, and grow devilish rich, and keep a famous house in town, where one can come and see you once in a way. I assure you that a house in town is no such bad thing.

Poor old Ponto's dead and gone at last. We buried him with the honours of war under the chesnut-tree at the old gate. By the bye, your old flirt, Louisa Daventry, was married last Monday to Colonel Drystick, the yellow nabob, that you and she used to laugh at so unmercifully for insisting on putting the whist-table candles on stilts, and sitting in one particular chair or no where at all. Do you recollect the rage he used to get into with me when I made a row at backgammon. Well, he's married to Louisa Daventry, the little mischief; and you can't imagine what fun it was to see him while the business was doing in church; he was afraid of the cold and damp you know, and looked so bilious and so miserable with his coat buttoned up to his chin, I'm sure he would have put Louisa's shawl on if she had offered it to him. The match was made, they say, in ten days from first to last. Double quick time, a'n't it? But I must stop, for Thomas is going off to the post this instant, and I have given you a famous long letter. I did not think it was in me. Be an attorney, my boy.

“Yours, affectionately,

“C. S.”

So then, thought I, for this little jilt and her nonsensical prejudice against black gaiters, I have quarrelled with my kind father, resisted a scheme which undoubtedly has its advantages, and finally attempted my life. A pretty farce it would have been if I had drowned or poisoned myself out of deference to the taste of Mrs. Drystick—Mrs. Devilstick!—but she'll be miserable with that parched piece of anatomy, and I don't pity her. But never again will I believe that there's faith in woman. Here followed the usual train of thought which every man perfectly understands, and the whole was wound up by a resolution to forswear love, to comply with my father's wishes, and put myself in regular training at Mr. W.'s. How I prevailed upon myself to face the people of my lodging-house, who had witnessed the last night's mock-heroic farce, I can scarcely even now comprehend. I rung the bell, ordered the bill in a peremptory tone, change for a twenty pound note, and breakfast. The

change for the note changed the notes of the whole family; they were in a moment all obsequiousness, and no allusion was made to the last night's tragedy; but I fancied, nevertheless, that I saw a suppressed titter on every face. My resolution to attend regularly at Mr. W.'s was more exactly adhered to than my resolution to commit suicide. I was received with every mark of kindness, soon got accustomed to harness, and promised to become a very pains-taking practitioner. I changed my lodging as soon as possible, as they reminded me too strongly of the follies of my days of romance, and I soon became, in every sense of the word, another man. I am now in Mr. W.'s firm, and married to a very amiable woman, who has not, I firmly believe, any ideas of any sort or description on the subject of short black gaiters. This spring Louisa Drystick was in town; we visited her, and found her apparently a very happy wife, and well satisfied with her bargain. I pointed to my boots, and desired her to observe, that short black gaiters were not essential to the person of an attorney. She laughed, and said we were great fools in those days, and I believe she was right.

SCIPIO'S SHIELD.

In 1656, a fisherman on the banks of the Rhone, in the neighbourhood of Avignon, was considerably obstructed in his work by some heavy body which he feared would injure the net; but by proceeding slowly and cautiously, he drew it ashore untorn, and found that it contained a round substance, in the shape of a large plate or dish, thickly encrusted with a coat of hardened mud; the dark colour of the metal beneath induced him to consider it as iron. A silversmith, accidentally present, encouraged the mistake, and after a few affected difficulties and demurs, bought it for a trifling sum; he at once carried it home, and after carefully cleaning and polishing his purchase, it proved to be of pure silver, perfectly round, more than two feet in diameter, and weighing upwards of twenty pounds. He immediately without waiting to examine its beauties, divided it into four equal parts, each of which he disposed of, at different and distant places.

One of the pieces had been sold at Lyons, to Mr. Mey, who directly saw its value, and after great pains and expense, procured the other three fragments, and had them nicely rejoined, and the treasure was finally placed in the cabinet of the king of France.

This relic of antiquity, no less remarkable for the beauty of its workmanship, than for having been buried at the bottom of the Rhone more than two thousand years, was a votive shield presented to Scipio as a monument of gratitude and affection, by the inhabitants of Carthage Nova, now the city of Carthage, for his generosity and self-denial, in delivering one of his captives, a beautiful virgin to her original lover. This act is represented on the shield.

EXPECTATION.

BY ANNA MARIA WOOD.

When at the midnight hour I speak
 Thy welcome home, with playful smile,
 If bloom be brightening o'er my cheek,
 And gladness light mine eyes the while,—
 Thou'rt pleased, nor dost thou seek to know,
 If festive hours with others spent,
 Have kindled on my cheek the glow,
 And lustre to mine eyes have lent.

But when my vigil lone I keep,
 And, through the hours that linger drear,
 While reigns around me tranquil sleep,
 Intensely watch thy steps to hear,
 Till wayward doubt and wildering fear
 A veil of gloom have o'er me wove,
 Then dost thou chide the falling tear,
 And say that sadness is not love.

Yet others may have lit the bloom,
 And waked the smile, thou'rt pleased to see:
 But *thou* alone can'st spread the gloom,
 And falls each anxious tear for Thee.
 Unkind! thy steps no more delay,
 But quiet to my breast restore:
 Think, if I love thee much when gay,
 When I am sad, I love thee more.

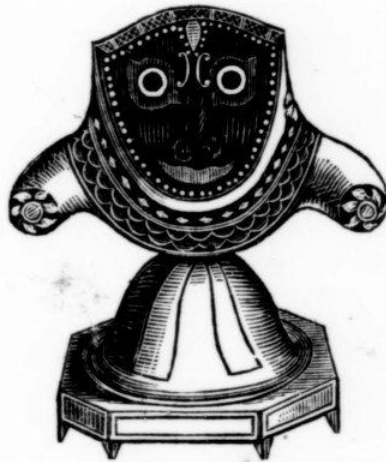
From Gilfillan's "Original Songs."

MARY'S BOWER.

The mavis sings on Mary's bower,
 The lav'rock in the sky;
 An' a' is fa'r round Mary's bower,
 An' a' aboon is joy!
 But sad's the gloom in Mary's bower,
 Though a' without be gay;
 Nae music comes to greet the morn,
 Nae smile to glad the day.

Her lover left young Mary's bower,
 His ship has cross'd the main;
 There's wae fu' news in Mary's bower—
 He ne'er returns again.
 A breaking heart in Mary's bower,
 A wasting form is there;
 The glance has left that e'e sae blue,
 The rose that cheek sae fair.

The mavis flees frae Mary's bower,
 The lav'rock quits the sky,
 An' simmer sighs o'er Mary's bower,
 For coming winter's nigh.
 The snaw fa's white on Mary's bower,
 The tempests loudly rave—
 The flowers that bloom'd round Mary's bower
 Now wither on her grave!



HISTORY AND DESCRIPTION OF JUGUNNATHU, CALLED JUGGERNAUT.

SINCE the time that Dr. Buchanan published his "Christian Researches in Asia," the name of this Idol has been well known, associated with those bloody rites, which are inseparably connected with his abominable worship. The figure of Juggernaut has also been delineated in various descriptions, but his real image has been presented only in a partial manner to the public eye. The history of this monster has also been comparatively but little known. To supply in some measure this deficiency, we have been induced to exhibit a sensible representation of this Asiatic Moloch, accompanying the figure with an outline of his history, and an account of some of those effects which result from the influence of his long-established dominion.

Jugunnathu, or Juggernaut, is a deified hero,

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complimented with the title of "*Lord of the World*," as his name signifies; he is a form of Vishnoo. The image of this god has no legs, and only stumps of arms; the head and eyes are very large. Krishnu, it seems, had accidentally been killed by a hunter, who left his body to rot under a tree; his bones, however, were collected, and kept in a box, till a pious king was directed by Vishnoo to form the image of Jugunnathu, and put into its body these bones. *Vishvukurmu*, the architect of the gods, undertook to make the image; but declared, that if disturbed while he was about it, he would leave it unfinished. The king who employed him, being impatient to see the image, went to the spot, when the artist desisted from the work, and left the god without hands or feet. The king was much discouraged

but on praying to Brumha, he promised to make the image famous in its present shape. Brumha himself gave eyes and a soul to it. He has many temples; one of the most famous is in Orissa.

The annual *Car Festival* is the most popular; the car is in the form of a tapering tower, between fifty and sixty feet in height: it has sixteen wheels, two horses, and a coachman, all of wood. The crowd draw the carriage by means of a hawser; he is supposed to pay an annual visit to his brother; and while the car remains

empty near his brother's temple, immense crowds flock to gaze at the pictures which are painted on it. At the end of eight days, he is drawn back again to his own temple.

Unnumbered multitudes of pilgrims, from all parts of India, attend this festival, among whom a great mortality frequently prevails; and hundreds, perhaps thousands of persons, diseased or distressed, have cast themselves under the wheels of this ponderous car, and have been crushed to death.

Original.

THE BACHELOR'S DREAM.

"When I said I should die a bachelor, I did not think I should live to be married."

THE clock of St. Paul's, that only accurate chronicler of time's flight in the commercial emporium, had just struck three, when I finished my last quadrille—bade adieu to the splendid dresses, the fascinations of beauty, the whisperings of love's wildest promptings, and throwing myself into a carriage, was set down at my lodgings in Broadway, disposed to think better of the fair than ever, and fairly three-quarters in love. I defy any bachelor to mix with the young and beautiful—to listen to voices tremulous with the tenderest emotions—to inhale an atmosphere as full of love as the rose gardens of Cashmere are of perfume—to touch hands, and in the mazes of the waltz find circled in our arms perfections which would not disgrace the beings that serve up the nectar of the gods, without feeling some compunctious visitings of conscience for his "let us alone" doctrines, and wishing that fate had so ordained it, that some of these rich prizes in the grand lottery of life had fallen to his share. I am a devout believer in Shelley's philosophy of love, and hold that he who does not yield to the magic of its sweet influences, is acting against the ordinances of high heaven, and is no better than a madman or a fool: and with my head full of love and wine I tumbled into bed, half singing, half dreaming the following lines:—

The fountains mingle with the river,
The river with the ocean;
The winds of heaven mix forever
With a sweet commotion:
Nothing on the earth is single,
All things by a law divine,
In one another's being mingle;—
Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another;
No leaf or flower would be forgiven,
If it disdained to kiss its brother.
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea;
But what are all these kissings worth,
If thou kiss not me?

I know not how it is, but it is certain that in sleep we view things in a far different light from

what we do when awake:—impossibilities vanish fear and physic are flung to the dogs—dull care is banished with our bashfulness, and we revel in the fairy worlds created by our own imaginations.—Caroline Thompson is one of the most lovely girls that ever paced Broadway, and though I loved her distractedly, as every one else does that knows her, I should no more have thought when awake, of inviting her to share my humble circumstances, than I should of inviting Venus to leave her radiant sphere, and take the place of my lamp while I am scribbling this paper.—But the truth is my diffidence had all evaporated, the "question" was put, and with one of the sweetest smiles that ever lighted up her beautiful features, was answered in the affirmative; and quicker than a magician's wand, or the lamp of Aladdin could have brought matters about, I became the happiest of men by finding myself the husband of my adored Caroline. Philosophers prate about our anticipated joys being diminished in their participation. I know it's all fudge!—No man in his sober senses could have imagined the happiness I enjoyed—none but an opium eater, or one who had voyaged to Mahomet's heaven, could have approximated towards an idea of it.

How rapidly we pass over time when we are—asleep. A Kentuckian on his stream of lightning can alone equal us in velocity. Years glided away, and I was soon the father of some half a dozen children, but of these, two, only, a son and a daughter, remained to reward our care—the rest, "sparkled, exhaled, and went to heaven." Theodore, the son, was fifteen when he went to college, a noble though a wilful boy, and the just theme of praise from every one. My two children, and my wife I was proud of, I fancied justly; and every nerve was exerted to furnish my son with the means of lavish expenditure, and to provide for the gratification of that love of distinction and show, of which women and girls are so distractedly fond.—Helen, my girl, was one of the fairest creatures the world ever saw—guileless and pure hearted, she won golden

opinions from all; and as the budding germs of childhood's beauty began to blend with the witchery which belongs to girlhood, few objects could be deemed more fascinating; and at fourteen she had all that beauty, airiness and grace, which the matchless skill of the old Italian artists threw around the fair girls they loved to introduce into their pictures. But alas!—in the midst of this happiness came the first dash of bitterness in my cup of life. Ere she was sixteen Helen fell in love. Yes, girls will love—there is no hindering it—they cannot help it themselves—they were created for it—are full of it—it is seen in every step—is felt in the air they breathe—tinges their cheeks with blushes—swells their young bosoms, and casts around them like a veil, every nameless grace. But this was not the only excuse Helen might have made, for the man for whom she gathered up all her young and rich affections, was one eminently calculated to win a woman's heart, “and break it too.” Still he had no heart, no soul himself—he could neither feel, nor love, yet he could trifle with the love of others, wear it perhaps as a trophy awhile—then cast it away as valueless. I never cursed him—I felt that he was sufficiently cursed already—that his bosom was becoming a place of unutterable torment. It was bitterness to see the fair Helen sinking to the grave, so young and beautiful;—she murmured not, she complained not—her head drooped, as the rose-bud pierced to its centre droops; her beauty faded as its rich leaves wither, and her comely head, ere she was seventeen, was laid in the dust, the victim of unrequited affection. “Men have died before now, and the worms have eaten them, but not for love,” with woman the case is different; the sensibilities of her heart are so acute, the deep toned harmonies of her nature are so finely tuned, that the dissonance and jars of life are more than she can endure. The memory of Helen long lingered, as the odour of flowers remain where their petals have been crushed and scattered.

Misfortunes, it is said, never come alone, and I see no reason for doubting it. While we were bowed down with the blow we had received, intelligence arrived from Theodore, scarcely less afflictive. After all our fond anticipations he had turned out a spendthrift;—that we knew—now we learned that he had become the séducer of woman's virtue, a duellist, and to cap the climax of his crimes and follies, had turned poet. Merciful heaven, who could have believed it! Poetry throughout the world is associated with poverty, garrets, and rags;—I had intended him for the church, but had he chosen the law, I should not have considered him so irretrievably lost to the world and himself. I have no ear for poetry, or else the long poetical epistle in which he announced his determination of devoting himself to elegant literature was the vilest doggerel, and no better than iron wire cut into knitting pins. I never could bear mediocrity in any thing; and a merely clever poet, I always ranked with the greatest of the evils that infest a civilized community. What put it into Theodore's head

to commence spinning rhyme, I never enquired; but I wrote to him that he must either renounce poetry, or his father, and the graceless dog had the impudence to prefer the latter part of the alternative. The next mail carried him a sum of money, my farewell, and a malediction on all hexameters.

I believe all these things soured Caroline's disposition; if they did not, something else did; and she who was formerly as mild as a dove, grew as pettish and wayward as a spoiled child. In the midst of all this I began to discover she was not as handsome as she used to be, and I wondered how I could have been so stupid as to promise to love her forever. I believe some such feelings also took possession of her, and I even began to fancy she looked with complacency on a gentleman with whom I had always been on terms of the greatest intimacy, but who, unlike myself, had lived unfettered by matrimony. Oh jealousy! thou most damned fiend that rovest through the precincts of Pandemonium;—I still think I behold thee with thy green and glassy eyes, stirring into my cup of destiny the bitterest dregs that can be gathered on the shores of Styx or Acheron. Under the mad delusion that I had been cheated beyond reparation, I treated my friend rascally, and forbade him the house—he laughed at me—I sent him a challenge—we met, and at the first fire I shot him through the heart, and came home a murderer. In the midst of my misery on this account—for I really loved the man—and while I was momentarily expecting the officers of justice to seize me for my violation of the law, who should appear but Theodore and his wife—I had heard that he was married, and in the veriest depths of poverty and want. This was too much—I could bear no more—but hastening to the stable, seized the halter, put the noose around my neck, mounted a girder, made the rope fast to a beam, and swung off most heroically. “A dreadful sound was in my ears,” a shock and struggle ensued, but instead of finding myself in Tartarus or Elysium, I found myself safe in bed, my cravat tied tight around my neck, huge drops of sweat on my brow, and the waiter thundering at my door and calling me to breakfast. My dreams had terminated in a horrible nightmare, and I still live, not unthankfully, to love Caroline, and remain a bachelor.

CLIO.

STERNE talks of the cant of the hypocrite, as the worst of all species of cant. Now, canting implies hypocrisy, and accordingly, the passage of Sterne is partly one of supererogation. The cant of the tyrant is said in a recent paragraph to be equally bad; but is not the cant of the tyrant the cant of the hypocrite? He too, even in his hour of greatest dominion, finds it necessary to palter with human prejudices, and assume the complexion of a virtue, which nevertheless his inner soul despises, and his deeds put at defiance.

From the Monthly Magazine.

A CHAPTER ON OLD COATS.

I LOVE an old coat. By an old coat, I mean not one of last summer's growth, on which the gloss yet lingers, shadowy, and intermittent, like a faint ray of sunlight on the counting-house desk of a clothier's warehouse in Eastcheap, but a real unquestionable antique, which for some five or six years has withstood the combined assaults of sun, dust, and rain, has lost all pretensions to starch, unsocial formality, and gives the shoulders assurance of ease, and the waist of a holiday.

Old coats are the indices by which a man's peculiar turn of mind may be pointed out. So tenaciously do I hold this opinion, that, in passing down a crowded thoroughfare, the Strand, for instance, I would wager odds, that, in seven out of ten cases, I would tell a stranger's character and calling by the mere cut of his every day coat. Who can mistake the staid, formal gravity of the orthodox divine, in the corresponding weight, fulness, and healthy condition of his familiar, easy-natured flaps? Who sees not the necessities—the habitual eccentricities of the poet, significantly developed in his two haggard, shapeless old apologies for skirts, original in their genius as Christabel, uncouth in their build as the New Palace at Pimlico? Who can misapprehend the motions of the spirit, as it slyly flutters beneath the Quaker's drab? Thus, too, the sable hue of the lawyer's working coat corresponds most convincingly with the colour of his conscience: while his thrift, dandyism, and close attention to appearances, tell their own tale in the half-pay officer's smart, but somewhat faded exterior.

No lover of independence ventures voluntarily on a new coat. This is an axiom not to be overturned, unlike the safety stage-coaches. The man who piques himself on the newness of such an habiliment, is—till time hath "mouldered it into beauty"—its slave. Wherever he goes, he is harassed by an apprehension of damaging it. Hence he loses his sense of independence, and becomes—a Serf? How degrading! To succumb to one's superiors is bad enough; but to be the martyr of a few yards of cloth; to be the Helot of a tight fit; to be shackled by the ninth fraction of a man; to be made submissive to the sun, the dust, the rain, and the snow; to be panic-stricken by the chimney-sweep; to be scared by the dustman; to shudder at the advent of the baker; to give precedence to the scavenger; to concede the wall to a peripatetic conveyancer of eggs; to palpitate at the irregular sallies of a mercurial cart-horse; to look up with awe at the apparition of a giggling servant girl, with a slop-pail thrust half way out of a garret window; to coast a gutter with a horrible anticipation of the consequences; to faint at the visitation of a shower of soot down the chimney;—to be compelled to be at the mercy of each and all of

these vile contingencies: can any thing in human nature be so preposterous, so effeminate, so disgraceful? A truly great mind spurns the bare idea of such slavery; hence, according to the "Subaltern," Wellington liberated Spain in a red coat, extravagantly over-estimated at sixpence, and Napoleon entered Moscow in a green one out at the elbows.

An old coat is the aptest possible symbol of sociality. An old shoe is not to be despised; an old hat, provided it have a crown, is not amiss; none but a cynic would speak irreverently of an old slipper; but were I called upon to put forward the most unique impersonation of comfort, I should give a plumper in favour of an old coat. The very mention of this luxury conjures up a thousand images of enjoyment. It speaks of warm fire-sides—long flowing curtains—a downy arm-chair—a nicely trimmed lamp—a black cat fast asleep on the hearth-rug—a bottle of old Port (vintage 1812)—a snuff-box—a cigar—a Scotch novel—and, above all, a social, independent, unembarrassed attitude. With a new coat this last blessing is unattainable. Imprisoned in this detestable tunic—oh, how unlike the flowing toga of the ancients!—we are perpetually haunted with a consciousness of the necessities of our condition. A sudden pinch in the waist dispels a philosophic reverie; another in the elbow withdraws us from the contemplation of the poet to the recollection of the tailor; Snip's goose vanquishes Anacreon's dove; while, as regards our position, to lean forward, is inconvenient; to lean backward, extravagant; to lean sideways, impossible. The great secret of happiness is the ability to merge self in the contemplation of nobler objects. This a new coat, as I have just now hinted, forbids. It keeps incessantly intruding itself on our attention. While it flatters our sense of the becoming, it compromises our freedom of thought. While it insinuates that we are the idol of a ball-room, it neutralizes the compliment by a high pressure power on the short ribs. It bids us be easy, at the expense of respiration; comfortable, with elbows on the rack.

There is yet another light in which old coats may be viewed: I mean as chroniclers of the past, as vouchers to particular events. Agesilaus, king of Sparta, always dated from his last new dress. Following in the wake of so illustrious a precedent, I date from my last (save one) new coat, which was first ushered into being during the memorable period of the Queen's trial. Do I remember that epoch from the agitation it called forth? From the loyalty, the radicalism, the wisdom and the folly it quickened into life?—Assuredly not. I gained nothing by the wisdom. I lost as much by the folly. I was neither the better nor the worse for the agitation. Why then do I still remember that period? Simply and selfishly from the circumstance of its having occasioned

the dismemberment—most calamitous to a poor annuitant!—of the very coat in which I have the honour of addressing this essay to the public. In an olfactory crowd, whom her Majesty's "wrongs" had congregated at Hammersmith, my now invalid habiliment was transformed after the fashion of an Ovidian metamorphosis, where the change is usually from the better to the worse, from a coat into a spencer. In a word, some adroit conveyancer eloped with the hinder flaps, and by so doing, secured a snuff-box which played two waltz tunes.

The same coat, on which subsequently, by a sort of Taliacotian process, a pair of artificial skirts were grafted, accompanied me through Wales, among the mountains where the eagle dwells alone in his supremacy. It was the sole adjunct who was with me, when I rambled along the banks of the Swathy, when the lark was

abroad and singing in the sky, or the shy nightingale flung her song to the winds from among the hushed dells of Keven-gornuth, It was at my back when I climbed the loftiest peak of Cader-Idris, and when with feelings not to be described, I looked down upon sapphire clouds floating in quaint huge masses at an immense distance below me, and saw through their filmy chinks the glittering of thirty lakes, the faint undulating line of a thousand billowy ridges, or the blue expanse of the drowsy ocean, dotted here and there with a passing sail, and bordered far away on the horizon by the dim boundaries of the Irish coast. Moreover, it was at my back when I plunged chin-deep into the isle of Ely bogs, in which picturesque condition I was shot at (and of course missed,) by a cockney sportsman, who had mistaken me for a rare and handsome species of the wild duck.

THE WITCH.

A TALE, RELATED BY AN ENGLISH NOBLEMAN.

OF the fruitfulness of this enquiry no one can doubt—for my witch I must travel back, it is true, at least forty mortal years of my life—a toilsome road, which, nevertheless, now at seventy years old, I wish lay before me still in prospect, rather than behind me in memory—but I think her worth the journey, for she was a very witch indeed.

My ancient school-fellow and friend, Mr. H. when a very young man, came into possession of a rather large estate in the North of England, as heir-at-law to an old solitary gentleman, of whose existence he had indeed been aware, but of the degree of whose relationship to himself he had been wholly ignorant. Mr. H. was already rich. Born to the expectation of a large fortune, and having very early inherited the same, he had never felt any incitement to exertion, and he was one of that large class who consider the prerogative of idleness among one of the most valuable gifts to be enjoyed by man. His habits and tastes confined him to London and its neighbourhood. At the time of which I am speaking, idle young gentlemen could not travel with the same luxurious dispatch as now—roads were bad, improvement still in its infancy, M'Adam in a go-cart, carriages awkward, highwaymen plenty, and good inns scarce. A journey, therefore, which any fool can now achieve with comfort in a few hours, was then rather a dangerous and toilsome undertaking of some days to the most considerate. Mr. H. would have given away the whole estate in question sooner than contemplate for a moment such a pilgrimage at an inclement season of the year. Nor was it in my power at any season to convince him of the folly he was guilty of in never taking upon himself to look into his own affairs, and the alleged improvements for which he was paying so largely. For his agent in the North was gradually encreasing his demands for

repairs and other outgoings on the estate up to the amount of the whole of the rents. Of this agent he knew nothing personally—he had found him in that character on his first accession to the property; hereditary agent. And the former proprietor, an infirm old man, had for years left the place to the mercy of this stewardship. In short, I, who, without priding myself on my knowledge of business, fancied I understood it a little better than my friend, had suspicions that he was woefully plundered, and did all in my power to inspire him with like doubts. His constant answer was, "then, if so, why does the fellow plague me, in all his letters, to go and visit this out of the way place?" I own the agent's letters often conveyed a wish, faintly enough expressed, that Mr. H. would visit his property. But this advice was always prefaced by the most uninviting descriptions; and generally given at times when snow was on the ground, or recent rains had swelled the rivers and rendered the roads nearly impassable, and when it required some strong motive to stir any man, especially a lazy man, from his fire-side. I observed that, in summer time, the agent was invariably silent on this topic.

At last an accident effected what my eloquence had always failed of. Disputes had arisen respecting my friend's right to this property on the part of sundry counter-claimants, styling themselves heirs-at-law to the deceased. The usual consequence followed—what had lately been so valueless in the eyes of Mr. H. while his title to it was unquestioned, suddenly became matter of infinite interest to him. He shook off his natural indolence, and set to work in good earnest to meet the claims of his opponents, with a determination to assert his right and defend it to the last. I now felt it proper to give him advice of an opposite sort to that which I had so often given

before; but with as little effect. I reminded him of the annoyance which the very mention of this estate had so long cost him; that it had been a source of expense to him, and never of profit; and I entreated him to give way, upon even his just claim, if it should appear likely to cost him much of either trouble or money in the proving. No. He was resolved, even to his last shilling, to try the issue. But my apprehensions as to the difficulty of substantiating his title had been groundless. The attacks appeared to have been wantonly begun in a presumption upon Mr. H's well known indolence of character; and they were easily defeated. Again he was left in undisputed possession of the manor of D.

In the course of this contest, many things occurred to arouse in Mr. H's mind the same suspicions which I had so long felt respecting the integrity of his unknown steward; and the success with which the contest had been crowned had given him not only a taste for the enquiry but a spirit of industry to pursue it; and at length he proposed to me to accompany him on a visit to D. Too happy was I at his tardy inclination towards so reasonable a measure to thwart him by a refusal; and, accordingly, we were soon on our road to the North. He wished not to announce his intention, but to see men and things on his property unprepared for his arrival; to see all with his own eyes, and to judge all with his own judgment. We travelled, therefore, under feigned names. In a few days we reached the little town of B. which was the nearest resting place to D. manor. For, although there stood a capacious mansion on the estate, it had been described as uninhabitable, and as having been for many years shut up as an unfit and unsafe abode for any human creature.

It was about the middle of October when we started upon this expedition. We reached B. about the noon of the fourth day; fortunately for our enterprise, the agent was absent from the neighbourhood; and, having engaged rooms at the only public-house which the place afforded, instead of sitting down to stare at each other across the small rickety table on which, in due time, we were to dine, Mr. H. proposed that we should walk to the manor. We enquired our way of some persons in the street. "You will be clever to miss it," was the reply, as our informant pointed towards a flinty road which ran straight across an open flat country, leading, as far as the eye could reach, without tributary branch or impeding circumstance of any sort, to one object. And this object was the mansion at D., distant about four miles from the town. We walked towards it a good pace, and, as we neared it, it did not indeed present an inviting aspect.

A story is told of Mr. —, of gambling notoriety, that, on his first visit to a most unpicturesque part of the county of Waterford, he was asked by a friend at whose house he was staying what he thought of the country. The country, though verdant was flat and treeless, and no object was in sight but his friend's white cubrick house with two rows of windows, and, at a short

distance from it, a neighbour's house of the same shape and dimensions. "I like it of all things," said the old gambler, "it puts one in mind of throwing sixes on the green baize." — But D. manor was a flat without green, and the house was like sixes cast one on the top of the other. It was a high oblong, with nothing to break the bluff mass of masonry. The chimnies had fallen. The roof, like the face, was without break or excrescence; and of windows, all of one size and shape, four regular rows were to be counted.

Within half a mile of the mansion, the road turned abruptly into another direction, and we then had to walk over marshy ground, till we fell into a narrow, but regularly trodden sheep walk, which led close under the walls of the house. Nothing could be more dreary. Tree or even shrub there was none: not even a wild crab with its sour golden fruit tempting the wandering schoolboy to visit the spot, and sometimes to break its stillness with the gladsome notes of his voice or whistle. A few black leafless thorns, on which the torn spoils of the sheep's fleece here and there fluttered in the wind, stood at intervals among the thistles, to mark the lines of what had once been hedge-rows.

But I was describing the mansion. The windows on the ground-floor and the door were bricked up, and, by the marks of time upon this work, it appeared that they had been so closed for many years. Broad lines of broken stones and mortar ran parallel with three sides of the house, showing that a wall which, from its remains, must have been high and thick, had once nearly surrounded the building. This was confirmed by the evidence of two ponderous gates of worked iron. They still maintained their station opposite to what had probably been the principal entrance, while the wall, which of old had embraced them on either side, now lay so low in its ruins by them that a child of a year old might have crawled over any part of it. The huge bolt had long rusted in the lock, and docks and nettles had bound them with all their tangled might to the threshold, over which they had time out of mind been closed.

On the only side of the building which had formerly lain open was the deep bed of a large square pond. It was now entirely dry. Here, it appeared, the shepherds folded their flocks. At a short distance from this, and further from the mansion, was a broad dusty ditch, which once had served as an outside moat to this well-guarded place. Our crossing this ditch had already excited the wonder, perhaps displeasure, of the few inhabitants of some miserable hovels which clustered on the outside bank of it; these belonged to the peasants who looked after the flocks; but seemed as little fit to shelter human beings as the poor creatures who issued from them, seemed fit to represent humanity. Our arrival had occasioned a stir amongst them which was expressed by looks and gestures, the more particular meaning of which it was hard to comprehend. I never before saw a convention of such squalid sickly looking beings. The scene on which we

had before been gazing was so despiritng that we should have gladly turned to one of life and motion. But here life and motion, if they did form a contrast with stillness and solitude, formed but a melancholy one indeed. Poverty, want the most abject, was stamped in traces too severely true upon their wasted careful visages. They were mostly women and children. Women? Alas for women-kind that it ever can by penury and degradation be brought to look so! And the children—even they presented a melancholy picture. One looked in vain for the playful smile and ruddy cheek of infancy, the rounded yet vigorous form, beautiful even in the bareness of its rags. All was blighted by the desolating genius of the ruined place.

We joined this wretched crew. We could collect but little of the subject of their half ideas, expressed in their confused provincial jargon; but were given to understand that their men were at a distance, with the sheep, which at sunset they would bring home to fold in the place I have described. An old grey-headed shepherd, who sat on a stone at the door of one of the huts, and who, by gestures of the more seeming cordiality, motioned us towards him, appeared to be the most reasonable and social of the group. He was bent double by age and infirmities. He bowed his head as we approached, and would have even risen to receive us. But we spared him so tedious and painful an exertion. He concluded us to have lost our way; for who but strayed strangers could be expected to visit such an abode? And he offered to send a child to guide us into the high road. But, when he understood that we desired a few particulars respecting the place, he was equally ready to satisfy our curiosity—and, asking Mr. H. to seat himself on another large stone placed on the opposite side of the door of the hovel to that where he himself was established, he began his history, in the simple but strong language of truth and feeling. Supported by the evidence of the surrounding scene it formed one of the most striking pieces of natural eloquence I ever listened to.

I must give a mere abstract; for it was long. Far from suspecting who it was to whom his tale was addressed, the old man first spoke of the proprietor of the manor himself. Mr. H. made signs to me to be silent, and then, his face buried in his hands, sat to hear himself described as the cause of all the unhappiness and all the desolation he witnessed; as a hard landlord and a bad man; as one who, insensible to all the woe he had created, and at a distance from it, was fattening on wealth extorted from the ill paid labour of those whose poverty fixed them to a spot where all those comforts were denied them which man has a right to claim from that fellow-man whom Providence has entrusted with the sacred duty of providing for his wants; as one, lastly, who had instructed his agent to harass and oppress beings who had in his estate an interest far older, more natural, and closer, than his own, and as one who caused the remonstrances and petitions of those who had none to help them to be punished as the

outbreakings of insolence and mutiny. And the old man raised his withered hands, and almost sightless eyes, to Heaven, as he called upon that Power, which is present to listen to the poorest, and dreadful to judge the proudest, to lay its chastening hand on the selfish and cruel oppressor.

The prayer was already granted. My poor friend writhed in anguish. He felt, he magnified the guilt of having so long delayed acting for himself where he had the privilege and the duty of conferring happiness, and where he had recklessly inflicted so much suffering; and he recollected, with shame and remorse he recollected, that his presence, even then, had been the effect but of accident and caprice.

To relieve him, and to give another turn to the old shepherd's eloquence, I asked concerning the mansion. He said it had long been uninhabited and shut up. That he had never known it otherwise than as it now appeared; and that he was the oldest inhabitant of those hovels, now living—save one. That he had heard strange things of the mansion. That it must have known far different and better times; "when those gates," said he, pointing to them, "were gilded with gold, and never opened, as I've heard, to less than coaches and six. That was long, long, before my day. When I was a lad, and when many, now gone, were lads too, there we used to stand, as the boys do now o' days, on the brink of that ditch, hurling stones at the old gates. But never cared we to go any nigher. It is said, gentlemen, that the place is an awkward one to meddle with, and, perhaps, the less that's said about it the better."

"What," said I, for I always had a dear fancy for a ghost, "is it haunted?"

"God forgive us our idle talk," replied the old shepherd. "I had rather not say that, Sir. But this I will be bold to say—all is not as it should be about that window." "What window?" cried I and my friend at the same moment; and, with suitable action, we turned from the old man to look. But there were many windows. All, as I have before said, alike in size and shape. And we turned again to the narrator. Pleased, as a man who, in whatever circumstances, believes that he has found, not one only, but two attentive listeners to his oldest, his longest, and his favourite story, he replied, with an expression that brightened even his sunken countenance, "what?—have you never heard of the window?"—"Never," we both answered. "Nor of the Witch?" said he, with increasing energy.—"Never."

The old shepherd chuckled with pleasure. He then set himself to recollect the story he had thus engaged for. But, as his mind journeyed back through years of hardship and of gloom, the dim lustre died upon his features like the cold light of a wintry sunset, which has glistened for awhile upon a ruin, but soon leaves it again to the encroaching shadows of night, which it before so faintly and momentarily repelled.

This is the outline of what followed. That,

when he was a boy, his father and mother would speak of the great house having been inhabited in their youth by a man and woman at that time far advanced in years and very infirm. No one then knew how long they had lived there, who had placed them there, or what they did there. They lived in the centre attic. This was known; for their tottering forms were occasionally seen through that window, and a light would often glide and glimmer there, and sometimes at very unseasonable hours of the night. It seems that, amongst these ignorant and unobservant people, (squalid, and miserable, and unfriended, and uneducated, then, as now,) some curiosity had been awakened concerning the old couple in the mansion. For, as time went on, the occasional appearance of the figures and the lights had ceased, yet no one had marked precisely the period at which they had ceased to appear, and nothing had occurred to date the death or departure of either of these strange inmates. Yet, it was clear that they, who were old in the days of the parents of the oldest now alive, must long ago have mingled their dust with that of the mouldering tenement in which they had so long and so strangely lived.

Had all traces of inhabitancy ceased in the mansion, the dwellers in the hovels would long ago have acquiesced in the conclusion that the old couple had quitted it unseen, or that their bones were bleaching in their attic; and the whole mysterious story would have been forgotten. But all traces of inhabitancy there had not ceased. Still one window of the old house, and only one, was regularly opened as soon as the first rays of the sun appeared above the horizon to make every object distinct and clear; and with the same regularity was it closed at sunset. And this every morning and evening of the year, and year after year; whatever was the season, and whatever the weather. And this was the same window, the attic window, through which, of old, (it was traditionally said,) the last human forms had been seen to glide, and the light to glimmer. And still was the heavy casement set open to the dawn of each succeeding day—and still was it closed each night at sunset. Yet never could the hand be seen which performed this regular, but apparently unnecessary, ceremony. I say unnecessary, because the old casement was entirely destitute of glass, and must have admitted the weather as freely when closed as when set open to the utmost stretch of its rigid hinges. One thing only was certain—the old couple must long have been dead. Who then or what can open and shut that window?

Such was the tardy but irresistible reasoning of these poor creatures. The natural inference drawn by ignorant and superstitious minds, (and I say not this in scorn, for daily experience shows that one needs not be born in a hovel to draw such inferences,) was that what was to them unintelligible must be, therefore, supernatural, and that providence was going out of the ordinary lofty path of its wisdom and its goodness, to show its power by what?—"perplexing monarchs?"—

No, but by frightening and annoying paupers, and their wives and children.

Soon the little community became agitated by those undefined and painful excitements which the wonderful and unexplained is sure to awaken. Various were the solutions which arose in men's minds, and some found their way, full four miles off, to the town of B. But, as is usual on these important occasions, the solutions became much too extravagant to deserve attention, and the really unexplained truth was lost or forgotten in a crowd of false wonders. Use reconciles us to most things, not to all. But all other feelings arising out of these things had subsided into a general one of awful reluctance to approach the old house. And this explains the surprise shown by the women and children upon our crossing of the dry ditch. For that ditch had long been the boundary beyond which it had been judged prudent never to proceed. The bed of the old pond being the only shelter for the sheep in winter time, the practice of folding them there was, perforce, continued. But care was had that the sun should be well seen to rise, and the mysterious window to open, before the flocks should be released of a morning, and as regularly they were secured for the night before the sinking sun should disappear, and the closing window give token that the reign of powers beyond mortal reach had begun. These tasks were performed not by individuals, but by parties. One man alone would not have ventured; and often has a poor lamb been left to bleat, unfolded and disregarded, if it happened to stray beyond the hour when it was safe for the more timorous animals on two legs to guide it to its home. The children were nursed in the fears of their parents. If a peeled stick, or round pebble, or any other such treasure from the magazine of their simple sports, chanced to fall into that ditch, there did it remain unredeemed among the other wastes and strays of many generations; and the most daring urchins, under the strongest impulse of mischief, was never seen to cross that bourn.

To this effect was the old shepherd's history of the house and the window. His history of the Witch was in this wise. One very ancient woman, the oldest inhabitant of those parts, had long dwelt alone, in a hovel which was distinguished from the others only by its being at a little distance from them, and upon the inner edge of the fearful ditch. All considered her able, if she were but willing, to tell many and strange things. Her own existence, indeed, was a mystery. None knew how she procured the means of supporting life. She had never been known to offer help or kindness to any one; there was not a human creature for whom she seemed to care. She never was known to ask help or kindness; for she seemed to think there was not a human creature who cared for her. She was the only one whom the reports about the window seemed never to concern or astonish; so she was believed to know all about it. She appeared but rarely on the outside of her wretched dwelling; when she did, her bearing remained

unaltered, amid the alarm, the commotion, and the abuse, of her neighbours, and, strangest of all, she seemed ever as eager to avoid their company and observation as they were to keep at a secure distance from her. She was very old and very decrepit; she did not complain though she was very poor; but what settled the question of her being a witch was that she lived alone on the side of the ditch which nobody else dared approach, and she had no fear. This was all the shepherd had to say against her. But was it not enough?

By this time the sun was getting low, and we began to think of returning to our inn. Mr. H. took leave of the historian, promising to pay him another visit, and we walked slowly towards the town. When at a little distance from the mansion, we stopped to take another view of it. Our eyes rested mechanically on the mysterious window. The sun was now sinking fast; and—as the last narrow segment of its blood-red disk departed below the line of the horizon—the casement closed slowly but firmly, without any appearance of human agency to move or fix it!

Our looks met, and again instantly were withdrawn. I believe neither of us wished the other to observe the whimsical degree of solemnity with which the looks of both were impressed.

We walked quickly towards the road over the coarse long grass, now wet with the heavy dew. The mansion at D. faced the east, and was backed by the short lived glories of an autumnal twilight, lingering awhile in the quarter where the sun had set. The sky was full of leaden coloured clouds, which showed like a distant range of mountains, capes, and bays, darkening with each passing minute, and becoming less distinct till land and sky seemed joined in one. One long narrow line of yellow light still marked the west, and against its bright light was still seen the outline of the huge oblong building. But soon even this light vanished; a fog rose around us; and we were heartily glad to reach our little inn.

Mr. H. continued silent and grave; a prey to the gloomy thoughts which all he had seen and heard that day served to inspire in a feeling and reflecting heart. He retired early to bed; and I was glad to follow his example.

The next morning we met, over the breakfast table, in a very different mood. The sun shone so gaily it was impossible to be melancholy; and a fresh and frosty air invited to exercise. Mr. H. had settled all difference with his conscience before he slept; no hard matter with one who has sinned only from carelessness and in ignorance. He had promised himself large amends for his sufferings of the day before, in executing the good and kind resolutions he had formed; and now, contented with himself, and eager to give happiness to beings till then strangers to it, he was jealous of every moment he lost till we should return to D. Our walk was delightful. We knew that there were no beauties of scenery; we did not, therefore, regret the absence of what we did not look for. But the sky shone brightly on us, and the birds sung gladly, and my friend's

terrier dog was our companion. He was just set at liberty, having been four days imprisoned in a post chaise, and then tied for a whole afternoon and night to the leg of a table at the inn. And he seemed to wish to communicate his joy, and he succeeded, as he ran and barked and snapped, in pursuit of the dry yellow leaves from the hedges as the eddies of light wind bore them round and round in circles along the road. Even the ill-omened aspect of the old house failed to frown us into bad spirits; though there it stood in all its awful dullness, and the casement, which we had seen closed the preceding night, now again stood open as the day that beamed in glory upon it.

On reaching the abodes of the shepherds, we found that enough curiosity had been excited by our visit of the day before, and our promise to repeat it, to cause several of the men to remain at home to receive us. They suspected us, as we were afterwards informed, to be persons deputed by the agent to discover, if possible, new means of adding to the profits of the estate at their expense; and it was easy enough to perceive in the sullen countenances of starving men, whose resentments, if not their wits, had been thus aroused, something that bespoke a spirit of ferocious resistance already swelling up against its barriers and ready to break forth upon any further provocation. By minds which had been thoroughly debased to ignorance and wrong every thing will be submitted to while aught can be gained, or saved, by submission. So it was with these poor creatures, who had, till then, bowed tamely beneath the rod, and had borne, without resistance, the extreme of insult, want and oppression. But, now, when patience and life must have sunk together under harder trials, they had become desperate. Nor was this feeling abated, when Mr. H., calling them about him declared himself owner of the land on which they stood. His name had been too often used among them by his agent, as ordering and approving his own acts of injustice, for his first appearance to inspire any other but feelings of fear and hatred. Not a hat was raised, and not an eye was turned upward upon him that did not speak savage anger. With great presence of mind he spoke aloud. "My friends I come among you to judge for myself and for you. I only wish I had come sooner, for I see that you are in want of many comforts, and it shall be my study to make you happy. We will no longer be, as we have been, strangers to each other. I will henceforward live often among you, and you shall all have reason to rejoice that I have at last become acquainted with you and with your wants. That house is mine. It shall soon come down to the ground to make place for one that shall better suit a man who will live on his estate. I will now give a guinea to any one who will follow me and help me to examine it." All were silent. The men hung back irresolute. Not one offered to earn the tempting bribe. Suddenly there rose a murmur of surprise and dismay. The women caught up their screaming children, the men retired behind the women, and "the Witch! the Witch!"

was heard echoed from mouth to mouth, as a very old woman, wrapped in a man's tattered great coat, approached, supporting with a crutch stick her slow and feeble steps. Mr. H., seeing the crowd retiring from around him, repeated his words; but without effect! They, who, but a few minutes before, were meditating and muttering projects of outrage against one armed with the authority of a master, and supposed to be an oppressor, now quailed before, they knew not what, under the form of a helpless, palsied, old woman.

We were soon left alone with this remarkable person. She raised an old black hood, which shaded her face, surmounting the rest of her strange epicene attire, and she gazed intently upon Mr. H. At length, in a voice cracked with age, and hoarse with strong and stern energy, she thus bespoke him. "Sir—I heard your offer—I accept it. Such as I am, will you go with me?"

Something, as much in the old woman's eyes as in her tone of voice and manner of accepting the challenge, for a moment confounded my friend, and he appeared irresolute what to do. Taking it for granted, however, that the poor creature's show of zeal and spirit was but the effect of the proffered bribe, he told her kindly that he would take her good will for the deed, and excusing her a fatigue to which she was so unequal, would give her the guinea.

She drew up her withered frame, till, in spite of its infirmities, for a moment she stood almost erect. She pushed aside, with indignation, the hand which held the money, and, raising her voice to a pitch at which she seemed to have cast off all the weakness of age, and to have gathered at once eloquence and power from the dignity and passion of her feelings, "I will," she said, "be true to my word. My word has been given to others as well as to you, and I never yet broke faith with created man. Keep your promise as I will be true to mine. Give me the gold when I shall have earned it—Sir:" (and with an action of strange and forcible meaning, she struck her crutch repeatedly on the ground as she uttered these last words) "I am old, poor, wretched, hated, feared, perhaps to be feared if provoked, but I only can, or dare, go with you where you wish to go—and I will go with you!"

There was that in her words and mien that filled us with astonishment. We knew not whether to think her deranged in her wits; but it was plain she would not be refused, and there was enough in what we remembered of the old shepherd's story to make us think her at least worth attending to, as a companion, if not as a guide, in our progress. She moved towards the mansion. Mr. H. followed her, and I, of course followed him.

When we were close under the walls, a question arose how we were to enter. The brick-work, which blocked all entrance below, being as substantial as the walls themselves, the nearest practicable opening was through a window of the first floor; but the whole neighbourhood could not furnish a ladder. We stood irresolute, while

the old woman watched us shrewdly. I began to advise desisting from the enterprise that day, and returning on the morrow with better means, and with workmen, from the town; but my friend and the old woman were now not in a temper of mind to be daunted with difficulties. She pointed to the mixed masses of bricks and stones which lay near us, and asked if we could not make a heap high enough to enable us from its top to break an entrance, and even pointed to one window that appeared to be in a more shattered state than the rest. Mr. H., ashamed of finding himself surpassed in energy and invention by his feeble companion, set to work, without loss of time, to move to the spot the materials for his crazy mount. I assisted, while the old woman was eagerly and impatiently observing our progress.

We had soon raised a pile of rubbish sufficiently high, and, after standing on it together to try its power of supporting us in our effort, I helped Mr. H. to place himself on the broad window sill. The iron work was deeply worn with rust, and the leaden bars which joined the small squares of broken dingy glass, had many of them already yielded to the visitings of the wind, and remained bound together by little more than thickly matted cobwebs and hardened dust. He soon made good his entrance into the room, having cautiously tried the strength of the floor and then invited me to follow. But the old woman had already ascended the pile on which I stood, and impatiently called upon me to aid her to reach the window. This, with Mr. H's help from above us, was not difficult to effect, and she was soon safely by his side; but my exertions to place her there, without injury to her frail and decrepit frame, had caused great disturbance in our works below; they had given way, and I was now lower by some feet than I had been at first—neither had I any one to lend a hand to my ascent. After witnessing some ineffectual and hopeless struggles of mine at an impracticable escalade, Mr. H. laughed heartily at my discomfiture. I fancied that the old woman enjoyed it too, and that a very peculiar look of malicious satisfaction darted from her wild eyes as Mr. H. and she turned to leave the window, without waiting for the elaborate process that I had again undertaken, but singly now, of rebuilding the pile, from which stones had rolled down too large for one man's strength to replace.

Still I continued my work. But the foundations were now loosened, and the masses that I was able to bring had neither breadth nor weight to support themselves or each other against the wall. In this disheartening labour I persevered a long time, occasionally going to some distance from the face of the house for materials. On my return from one of these trips I became aware of a very strong and overpowering smell of smoke. I judged that some weeds were burning in the nearest fields, and the symptoms increasing, and the utter hopelessness of my project of following my companions through that window being now evident, I proceeded to reconnoitre another side

of the house. Here I was met by a stronger and more stifling smell, and a still thicker smoke, and I returned to my old quarters. By this time I perceived small wreaths of smoke issuing from several crevices in the lower parts of the mansion. I was now very much alarmed, and, running towards the window by which my friend and the old woman had entered, I called loudly to apprize them of the strange and unaccountable, but very plainly imminent danger. The house had certainly caught fire; and it seemed to spread with astonishing rapidity and on all sides. Soon a thin white vapour began to appear from the upper windows, as it had at first done from the ground-floor, while through the chinks below, a red flame was here and there indistinctly visible, like flashes through a thunder cloud, adding its horrors to the black billowy volumes that now rolled within; and a faint crackling sound at intervals told the quick advances of the conflagration. I ran round the house, almost frantic with my fears for my friend. I returned to the window; no one appeared, and I knew not how to act. In vain I again betook myself to my desperate and impotent efforts to reach the opening, I only displaced still more the heap, and was thereby adding to the difficulties he would find in his descent, if by heaven's mercy he should again reach the spot where I had last seen him. Not a soul from the hovels would come to my assistance. I shouted, I gesticulated; I believe I knelt; but all in vain. A little crowd had assembled on the further end of the dry ditch to gaze at the sight in stupid wonder. But no signs, no entreaties, no threats, (for I threatened them all with the gibbet for petty treason, as accessories in the murder of their lord—fear, like necessity hath no law,) nothing could induce one of them to approach, and I dreaded to quit my post lest my aid might be wanted there before I could return. I knew and recollected with sad foreboding the generous kindness of my friend's nature, and it was with dismay I thought of the infirmities of his companion, for I knew he would not desert her. And how was she to second any effort he could make for her safety? An active man, with only his own life to provide for, might, by a desperate spring, at the expense of the fracture of a limb or two, save it at once. But, clogged as he was with the fortunes of that unlucky old creature, every thing was to be feared for him. In alarm, as in wrath, it is consolatory to find some victim to accuse; and I was unjust enough to vent a hundred imprecations against that helpless being. I could scarcely breathe, from agitation and the suffocation occasioned by the smoke and the black dust which fell thick around me. At length, with feelings of extacy proportioned to the horrors I had endured, I perceived the forms of both Mr. H. and the old woman, at the window which I had been so long and eagerly watching. Not an instant was to be lost in doing all that was practicable to extricate them from a situation of encreasing peril. Mr. H. was un-

willing to attempt his own descent till he should have secured that of the old woman. But this it was impossible to accomplish without causing a severe fall. She too, as is not unusual in such a dilemma, seemed to dread this slight danger more than the dreadful one that raged so near her; and she refused to stir. She bade Mr. H., however, strip off his coat, and, applying her whole force, she held on by one sleeve, doubled over the window sill, while by the opposite end of the hanging garment he lowered himself from the window sufficiently to be able to drop the remainder of the distance, without material injury, and I standing with my back to the wall to break his fall, we only rolled together, unhurt, among the stones and rubbish. Our next work was instantly to set about raising the heap by piling upon it large blocks and masses, such as only the joint strength of two men could raise. At last, after great and rapid toil, we were enabled, one standing on the summit, and the other on his shoulders, very nearly to reach the sill. We then earnestly called on her to trust herself to the upheld hands which were stretched to receive her. Had she been young and beautiful we could not have longed with more ardour to feel the descending weight of that precious burthen. But now madness, sheer madness, it seemed—she sat on the edge of the window, still hesitating, objecting, to the means offered to her of rescue from a certain, instant, and dreadful death. And while Mr. H., whom I had raised on my shoulders, was actually endeavouring to climb up once more to where she was, to force her from the approaching fate of which she seemed unconscious or heedless, a sheet of fire burst out behind and around her. She threw her arms up wildly,

Like a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment; and against this fire
Did she shrink up.

SHAKESPEARE—K. JOHN.

Then, with a cry of pain, mingled with a yet louder laugh of something like exultation, she fell, or rather flung herself, backward into the flames!

At the same dreadful moment a loud crash was heard within. We both dropped from the heap and ran unconsciously from the building, gasping for breath.

All time for exertion, or for hope—all was over! The crash had been occasioned by the falling in of floors and ceilings, and for some moments, the building itself could scarcely be distinguished through the thick masses of smoke mingled with dust, and the showers of sparks, and then jets of pure flame, which followed. At intervals the blaze seemed to receive a check from the weight of beams, parting walls, &c. falling in from aloft with tremendous noise. But it was only to burst out again with a fury on which the eye could scarcely bear to gaze. After a time, it raged almost without check or hindrance, and the old mansion showed like a huge furnace, all within glowing and roaring with a white heat, sometimes a waving upward tongue of flame, and

the whole canopied by a rolling shroud of smoke which settled into a dark cloud high in the midst of the still bright atmosphere. A scene appalling even in recollection, but of strange magnificence and beauty.

Besides the impression of deep melancholy produced by the frightful spectacle we had just witnessed, we felt that we had become in some sort publicly answerable for the life of a fellow-creature. We thought it prudent at once to hasten to B., and tell our own story, before it should be told for us, with all the imperfections and all the additions inseparable from any story to be narrated by such historians as those who had been the distant spectators of our enterprise and its result. People too were now flocking from all the neighbouring parts, attracted by the conflagration, which must have been seen for many miles round that flat country.

As soon as we reached our inn, we despatched the landlord in quest of a few of the most respectable inhabitants of the town, among whom was a magistrate, entreating their attendance on a matter of public importance. Four or five gentlemen soon joined us. Mr. H., in their presence, declared his name and purpose in coming to B., and then detailed all that had passed, concluding with the disastrous fate of the poor woman. His declaration was taken in writing and signed. I must here mention the few particulars to which I was not witness, which occurred during the brief period when Mr. H. and his companion were within the mansion at D., as related by himself. They began by passing across several small square chambers, and along some narrow crooked passages. The dim windows admitting so scanty a light, and the floors being so much broken, that they were obliged to proceed very cautiously. Slowly as he went, however, his companion seemed hardly able to follow him. She complained much of fatigue. She seemed quite as much perplexed as he to find a way in the house through which she had offered herself to be his guide, and much more intent on finding a place to sit down and rest, than on the performance of what she had undertaken. More than once, he had lost sight of her for several minutes at a time, and was fain to return to look after her. At length they reached together a chamber in the centre of the edifice, much larger and higher than the others—but, like them, encumbered with the dust and rubbish of a century or more. The floor of this room was so decayed and dangerous that Mr. H. would scarcely have ventured upon it; but that he was tempted forward by seeing, nearly in the middle of it, a large square opening. This gained, showed a flight of broken stone steps, which he descended in the belief that they would lead to the rooms on the ground-floor, which had been so carefully closed from without with brick work. It was in descending this stair that he was suddenly met by so dense a smoke that he was obliged to retreat. And soon the smell began to be so oppressive, and the smoke to issue through so many parts of the rotten flooring, that he was convinced that some of the lower

apartments were on fire, and burning rapidly. Had he been alone, the strange coincidence of such a circumstance, occurring within the first half hour of his first entrance into his own house, might have tempted him to investigate further. But fear for the safety of the feeble partner of his adventure overcame his curiosity, and he urged her to retire with her best speed. But fear seemed in her to have conquered for awhile all natural infirmities, and she showed not only an activity of body, but a sagacity and power of resource, that astonished him. She had made herself mistress of every turn of the rather intricate progress they had made through the house, and now guided him back rapidly, with confidence and unerringly. It was only when her own immediate safety remained to be provided for, and at the last moment, that the poor wretch seemed to lose her senses. I have already detailed that dreadful crisis, and I do not wish to dwell upon it again.

The result of our consultation with the gentlemen was an agreement that they should accompany us, next morning, to D. manor. Mr. H. was, more than ever, anxious to begin the works of justice and kindness which these events had so unexpectedly broken in upon. Accordingly, in the morning, we set forth, attended by several more persons than we had looked for. Curiosity was excited, and several recruits voluntarily joined our party. Many parts of the exterior of the huge building had fallen during the night. It was now a misshapen and blackened ruin; still smoking, and here and there the fire creeping through its glowing hollows.

Little groups of the natives were gazing and gaping around, but a closer and larger crowd had assembled on the extreme edge of the broad ditch which separated them from the hovel of the poor old woman. Our arrival caused some sensation, and a few of the men, and more of the women, approached Mr. H. with a petition to tear down what had so lately been the residence of her whom they had so long hated and feared. Mr. H. was not unwilling to do a popular act at so cheap a rate. "But first," said he, "I will enter it. For if the poor woman had any property it would be a pity it should be damaged. And I understand she had means of living none of you could guess at." Without waiting for an answer, but taking, as in some cases it is very wise to do, consent for granted, he advanced towards the ill-omened tenement. It had never before, within the memory of living mortal, been so closely reconnoitered. Window or chimney it had none. But an opening in the roof, whose form left it doubtful whether it was the effect of design or of decay, served the double purpose of an entrance for light from without and a vent for smoke from within. The door was fastened, and at first resisted the united strength of Mr. H. and myself, till, our efforts being redoubled, the old wood-work gave way, and burst from the strong iron bolts that had caused the opposition. It fell in fragments and yielded us an abrupt entrance into the miserable dwelling. Good heavens!

How were we confounded! In a large stone chair, which occupied the centre of the place, there sat the old woman herself! Alive, but wretchedly scorched and wounded. Her withered hands clenched in anger and pain; and her wild eyes casting a glance of impatient remonstrance which accorded well with the querulous tone in which she muttered a few words, in themselves too unimportant to record, but which under all the circumstances in which they were spoken, I never can forget. The last moments of her mysterious existence were numbered. Our surprize had been marked by the people without. The cause of it was soon known.

And now began a painful strife indeed. The most ungenerous and savage passions of our nature are those, alas! which are communicated the quickest, and quickly above all do they travel among minds which, like those of the poor population of D., have never, by education or by benefits received, been soothed down to emotions of forgiveness or pity. Among them, rage mastered even their servile sense of inferiority. They forgot even the presence of Mr. H. their landlord. They pressed rudely forward, declaring that they would come at the object of their fury, now that all her supposed powers of mischief and defence were in dissolution. They determined that her having escaped the fire was evidence, strong as holy writ, of all they had before believed of her, and they resolved now to haul her, dying as she was, to the nearest pond, to try if she were likewise proof against drowning. We had no door to oppose to these wretches. But, with the assistance of the gentlemen who were with us, we formed a circle round the unhappy victim, standing shoulder to shoulder to face the assailants. Thus repulsed, the mob set about the work of demolition, and we soon saw the mud walls fall in fragments round us. The full glare of open day broke in, for the first time for many years, upon that abode of twilight and mystery. The unusual sight seemed for a moment to affect the almost insensible being by whom we stood. She stared fearfully around, and at once took in a full and piteous sense of her danger. She drew her wasted form into a corner of her great stone chair. She caught our hands and grappled them with an expression of imploring helplessness. She seemed to know our purpose was to protect her from those fellow-creatures who had been born and bred in the neighbourhood with her; by a few faint gestures and disconnected words she gave us to understand that our wish that the last struggle of her poor life were past could not be greater than her's to quit a world of misery, in which all that now remained to her was the dreadful and immediate prospect of a violent end. We could not much longer have maintained our post. The yells of the mob became every instant louder and more portentous; and now an attack was commenced upon us by the hurling of fragments of the broken mud walls, the assailants approaching nearer and nearer after each volley. Mr. H. and I again turned to the dying woman; she

appeared to suffer no more. She was regardless now equally of our attentions and of the assaults of the mob, or answered them by low moanings rather of weakness than of apprehension or of pain. Her eyes were resting fixedly on the dark ruins of the mansion which stood in the distance high over the levelled walls of her cottage, and gradually something of a serene and satisfied smile took possession of her features. Suddenly with a violent rush the mob overbore us; they clustered round and over the stone chair, and Mr. H. and I found ourselves pinioned each by a couple of ruffians. We exclaimed, we struggled, in vain; we looked for the last time on the object of our solicitude. Heaven was kind to her in her utmost need. One convulsive sob—and all was over.—She had escaped the hands of men.—Her lifeless form alone remained to gratify their fiendish but impotent rage.

Soon after these events, my fate called me to a great distance from my country and from the friends of my youth. While abroad, I settled, as the world has it when a man marries. But, my marriage bringing after it the cares of a numerous progeny, I became the most unsettled man alive. I wandered wherever I could find lucrative employment. I spent some time in India, and, from my first leaving my native land, I did not return for near thirty years. When I did return, my first care was to seek out the closest friend of my early life. An uninterrupted correspondence with Mr. H. had continued him in my mind as he was when we parted in our youth. But he had become a comfortable, corpulent, bald, country gentleman, a farmer on a large scale in every sense of the term, and a justice of the peace; eagerly pursuing improvements and experiments, and retaliating my foreign wonders with descriptions of his own agricultural discoveries at home.

He asked me one day as we sat together in a coffee-house in London, whether I remembered the journey we had once made in our youth to that formidable estate of his in the North? Could I ever forget it? He seemed pleased with the vivid recollection I retained of the place and of all the circumstances belonging to it. I enquired what he had done towards improving it, and I soon found myself engaged to accompany him, for the second time, to the Manor. It was arranged that I should pass one day at the house of a relation of his, which lay in our way to his own property, and at no great distance from it. How many years had been added to our ages; we were altered men in every respect but in our friendship for each other; that was the same, and our pleasure in each other's society undiminished. It was a delightful journey. England, my old England, in her neat garment of green fields and clipped hedges, with the little varieties of solitary gentlemen's solitary seats, peaceful towns, hills without bandits, and jungles without wild boars or tigers. My country was fresh to me, but her features were familiar as those of the consoling genius of many a home-sick dream.

Much as I was pleased with every inch of the

way, I was most gratified when we reached what Mr. H. announced to me as his relation's residence. And not a little glad was I to think we should spend at least twenty-four hours at that sweet spot before proceeding to renew the melancholy recollections of D. manor. Here, at our resting place, all was gay and smiling.—Thriving plantations, waving cornfields, meadows of rich green, all was to my taste and liking. Mr. H. saw the pleasure I derived from the scene, and proposed our walking by a shorter road to the house through the plantations. We did so, our servants going round with the carriage to announce our arrival. At last, after a charming walk, we came in sight of the house. I was eager to see if its appearance corresponded with the gaiety and tastefulness of all the rest. It soon answered for itself, and confirmed my satisfaction. "You like this place?" said my friend. I turned to answer him—and the secret was divulged by his glistening eye and by the kind pressure of his hand, as he welcomed me to his own happy home—the manor of D. Such it was; and after the first few moments of keen surprize and incredulity, (for an Englishman when convicted of being dull of apprehension generally thinks it right to console himself for a short time by being also hard of belief,) I began, under Mr. H.'s guidance, to trace the principal and most repelling features of D. manor in those which were to be the most admired of this new creation.

"Look," said he, as he pointed towards the house, "look well at it, and you will see it is built upon the very site of the old mansion. The conservatory in front of it extends exactly to where the old iron gates stood when you were here last. And the flower garden, which now looks so gay and gaudy, and is edged by that little light paling, fills the space which was once enclosed by the wall whose ruins you remember but too well. Behind the house, I will soon show you a fair little lake; and you must endeavour to spy through its clear still waters the formal edges of the deep dry pond. Now survey that little brook into which I have drained the marsh, and over which you see that rustic bridge with the ivy and china roses, and tell me if it takes not the exact line, still serpentine here and there, of the awful moat which lay betwixt the original mansion and the hovels of the shepherds. I never will own that a village need be hid by artful plottings and plantings, if the cottages be such as it behoves a rich man to provide for the lodgement of those who look to him for the recompense of honest service. That cheerful little village, to the right of the bridge, stands in the place of the wretched hovels, but gives a better shelter to some of the very persons whom I found on that ground. They were all taken care of. Many, most, are since gone, I hope, to a still better home. But their children are their successors; and in those healthy urchins, who are playing on the lawn, and whose voices sound so joyously, you see many of their grand children. There is one spot more that will interest you,

and which I see your eye is seeking. Yes—you are right:—that little evergreen clump marks the spot where the poor old woman's hovel stood. Let us go there. You will still find her stone chair. It is big enough for both of us. And I will there tell you more about the window and the Witch."

"More than ten years after those events," continued my friend, when we had taken our seat in the centre of what once was the Witch's cottage, "I received a letter from the governor of the jail at W——, informing me that a man, who was under sentence of death for coining, earnestly desired to see me. I hastened to W——, and saw the convict. He was somewhat advanced in years, and I certainly did not remember to have ever seen him before. By his desire, we were left alone together. With an expression of respectful earnestness, he took my hand between both of his, squeezed it, and, after gazing for some moments on my face in silence burst into tears. Naturally referring these emotions to the deplorable condition in which the poor fellow stood, I asked him how I could serve him, and why he sent for me. "You cannot serve me, sir—" he answered firmly, "I am guilty and must suffer. But I wished to see you that you might receive a poor, disgraced, dying man's thanks. Sir, I thank you with all my heart." And his eyes filled with tears. "You were kind to my mother in her last agony, and you saved her from the cruelty of those who, but for you, would have murdered her."—"The Witch's son!" exclaimed I, most inadvertently:—had I thought twice such words would not have passed my lips. The softened, penitential, expression of the man's features in a moment changed to one of mild and stubborn pride. It was one which alone would have gone far to establish the kindred.

"I am," replied he, "son to an unfortunate woman who never did harm to mortal; who made a promise before the Almighty to three guilty sons:—and she kept it;—she sacrificed her life to save theirs. She had suffered much and long, Sir, for that promise. The poor ignorant wretches of your once neglected village did brand and abuse and nickname her for what they did not and could not understand." I interrupted him—I do not know that in the course of my life I have been much in the habit of making apologies; but this I am sure of, that never was there a more hearty apology given in so few words for a hasty phrase than that in which I made reparation to the poor convict before whose high and kindling feelings I stood abashed. His countenance, his tone, his heart, were again subdued, and he entered into a detail of which these are the particulars.

He could tell nothing of this old mansion further back than when it was known to be inhabited by the old couple of whom the shepherd had told us. Their son lived there with them, but in careful concealment, for, within its protecting walls, he carried on, in connexion with a widely spread gang, the dangerous trade of coin-

ing false money. He had an only daughter, who, almost from her infancy, had been partner in his practices, but whose mother had always continued to inhabit the hovel on whose site we are now sitting. This daughter became the wife of one of her father's associates by whom she had three sons. Her father and husband dwelt, often for weeks together, in the mansion, carrying on their business on the ground floor, which, you remember, was carefully bricked up. They would sometimes separate, and go to a great distance, and then meet again at the old house, which they entered at night by means of a passage under ground from this spot. By the same passage food was carried into the house, and the proceeds of their trade found their way out. The poor woman, in her turn, waxed old, and her three sons naturally succeeded to their grandfather, and father's mode of life. Her occasional departures from the hovel, no one knew whither or by what way, and her solitary and mysterious existence, may sufficiently account for the conclusions come to concerning her.

The mystery of the window was very simple. The casement of the room occupied by the original couple had been for so many years, during their lifetime, opened and shut every day, that, when they died, it became the care of the survivors to continue that practice, in order that no apparent change should attract curiosity to the place. The same process therefore was daily observed, only effected by the simple machinery of cords passed through the rotten boarding of the floors, to obviate the necessity of the appearance of new figures at the window. Soon all enquiry and all wonder subsided into the tranquillity of a superstitious belief. But for the purpose of the opening and shutting of the window, each day regularly, at sunrise and at sunset did the old woman visit the mansion by the passage already described.

But these precautions were not all—Life was at stake, and the sons had taken care to place the means for instantly setting fire to the house, if at any time it should appear to their mother necessary to do so in order to prevent a search. Trains of gunpowder were laid from several parts, communicating with heaps of dry shavings and other combustibles, so that she might, entering the building on any side, in a very short time set the whole in a blaze. This last resource was also to serve for giving notice to her sons, one of whom, during their absences from the mansion, was always in the neighbourhood. The house on fire, or in ruins, was to be the signal for them to fly, and never to return.

During the performance of this act the strong and excited feelings of the old woman gave no place to fear. She was doing what she deemed a great duty;—one that she had passed her word solemnly to do truly in case of need;—and on the success of which depended the safety of the beings who formed the only link between her and the affairs and affections of life. That work done, perhaps her mind may have failed her; perhaps it may have misgiven her that the work

was imperfectly done. Whatever caused her to hesitate, when we proposed to her to escape with us, it is probable that, at last, hurt to death, she made her retreat to the hovel through the passage which she knew so well.

The condemned coiner ended his narrative in these words. "When we lost the old house, we had no longer a place in which to pursue our business safely. We loved it and we had loved our mother too, as we had reason to do, dearly—dearly, Sir. Nothing, after, went well with us. My brothers were detected at the old trade. One suffered death by the law, and the other, as I heard, died on his passage to Botany Bay. I was left alone, little caring what became of me. I had a longing to see my native place again. I saw you there Sir. I heard speak of the protection you had yourself given to my mother in her dying moments."

"Now I am settling my last account with this world—Sir," said he, and his voice assumed a strange tone, and his eye gleamed with a strange expression—and his hand shook as he drew something from his bosom. "Will you keep this, Sir—I have no one on earth I care for, or that can care for it but you, but it may remind you at least of an act of benevolence and charity to one who, whatever may have been her faults, did not fear to die in preserving the life of those whom she had brought into the world. Sir," added he, in a whisper, "I should not like *this* to fall into the hands of a hangman."

It was a piece of black silk sewed carefully up all round. It contained one thin lock of white hair.

WOMAN.

It is not in misfortunes only that woman exercises an irresistible power over men. The strongest passion in human nature is love. Female beauty alone, has often produced among men fits of momentary distraction. Nor is this frenzy confined to the gay and giddy—it attacks every age with equal success. The old man totters after his beloved, and forgets even his debility under the reviving influence of her approbation. Pericles, the most celebrated orator and statesman of Greece, who, for thirty years, ruled with despotic sway the fickle populace of Athens, forgot his fame, his character, and the public welfare, and, at the request of a fascinating woman, engaged the commonwealth in an unnecessary and ruinous war. Socrates, himself, was content to receive entertainment or learn wisdom from the eloquent tongue of Aspasia; and the wise and the great, the learned and the rich, the successful general and the intriguing politician, all bow down before the supremacy of female charms. Solomon, in all his wisdom, was not arrayed like one of these, nor was he proof against their allurements; he was overcome by their incantations, and felt all his glory, and his might, and his riches, and his wisdom, without their smiles, to be vanity and vexation of spirit.

MEDITATIONS

ON THE SEA SHORE.—BY A BEREAVED LOVER.

'Tis the sweet hour of Eve, when all
Is bright above, and calm below;
When, save the wretched, none recall
That earth is but the home of wo.
Some look upon the waving grove,
Some gaze upon the dark blue sea,
Some on the glistening eye of love,—
I look for thee.

'Tis twillight, and the plaintive bird
Wild warbles through the darkening wood;
And there her sweetest notes are heard
By those who love calm solitude:
While others list the jovial cry
That, echoing o'er the tranquil sea,
Bespeaks the home-bound vessel nigh;
I list for thee.

Or if upon the passing crowd
I gaze, what bitter thoughts have birth!
Yet not from laughter long and loud—
I know the heartlessness of mirth;
But there is one whose open brow
Reveals a spirit calm and free;
Ah! why should mine be troubled now?
I think of thee.

I too can gaze on earth and sea,
Hear the bird's note, the maiden's voice;
But none can whisper peace to me,
None bid my wither'd heart rejoice.
O when shall calmer thoughts have birth?
It hath not been—it cannot be—
Till thou once more return to earth;
Or, I to thee.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

Mild cresset of Eve, in thy lustre appearing,
Like Hope's beacon-lamp, midst yon fast-fading ray,
While the dun-vested twilight in stillness is rearing
Her flowers to the last golden glances of day;
How sweet, when in peace sinks each feverish emotion,
Reclined by the brink of the hoarse-sounding shore,
To watch thy pale beam on the bosom of Ocean,
And trace the dim records of joys that are o'er!

Say, Star of the lonely—Night's fairest of daughters,
By whom are thy far-distant regions possess'd?
Do the depths of thy valleys—the banks of thy waters,
Resound to the praises and strings of the blest;
Where the morn of content breaks, unclouded by sorrow,
And joy blooms, unchilled, by the clear-flowing springs,
And fear shrinks no more from the dark-frowning morrow,
And Time dooms no parting, and Love has no wings?

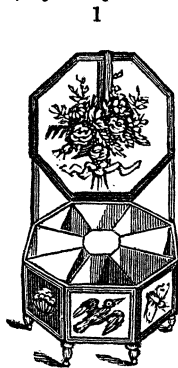
Oh! fain would we deem that the shades of the perished,
Released from life's ills and the fetters of earth,
Smile thence on the hearts where their memories are cher-
ished,
And still fondly watch o'er the place of their birth;
And fain would we trust, that each now-mourning spirit,
When one darkness is spread o'er our dust and our cares,
May hope, by those fountains of light, to inherit
A bliss unpolluted and lasting as theirs.

Whate'er be the scenes which thy radiance discloses,
Or thy realm's joyous tenants, bright gem of the west!
Still, as now, when Eve scatters yon heaven with her roses
Be thine influence descending, as balm to the breast:
And still, where the minstrel is silently musing,
May the smile of thy glory be shed from a-far,
Its own gentle ray on his pathway diffusing,
Its peace on his visions—thou soft-beaming Star!

THE ORNAMENTAL ARTIST.

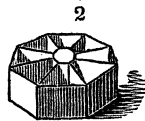
PAINTED-GLASS JEWEL BOXES.

We shall proceed to describe a glass box, in the embellishment of which, the artist may exhibit specimens of her talent as a painter on glass. The best shape for a box of this description is an octagon. The bottom may be made of wood, entirely covered with silk; and the pedestals should be firmly screwed or glued to it, by the person from whom the wood is pro-



cured. Each of the sides should have one or more figures painted on it, in striking and beautiful colours. A fine shell may be depicted on one side; a bird with brilliant plumage on another; a flower of lively hue on a third; a gorgeous butterfly on a fourth, &c. (Fig. 1.) But all these, as well as any other pictorial embellishments, should be drawn and coloured from nature, or good copies, and not endowed with forms or hues by the caprice of the artist; who may depend, that however fine her imagination may be, she can never equal the variety, excellence,

and harmony of nature. The sides should be bound with riband, of a colour that will accord with, but not subdue the paintings: they are to be tacked firmly to the silk that covers the bottom, which ought to be well strained over the wood. For better security, a wire, covered with silk or riband, and accurately bent into an octagon shape of the proper admeasurement, and fastened at the ends, may be carried round the inside upper edge of the box, and sewed to the bindings. Compartments may be made of pasteboard, covered with puffed-silk, over wadding, or wool, placed in the interior, and tacked to each other and to the binding. A better plan, however, is to make sides to the compartments of



pasteboard (Fig. 2,) covered with plain silk of a light gray colour, to resemble the ground glass on the outer side; and on the inner, with puffed silk, like the rest of the lining. The compartments and sides should be pasted securely together, so as to be independent of the glass box, into which they may be placed without difficulty. The cover may be made of one entire piece of strong ground glass, well bound with riband, and embellished with a group of shells, or birds, or a bouquet of flowers, with butterflies or brilliant insects among their leaves. Should a raised top be preferred, it is

to be made of an octagon shape. A wire may be added to the bottom of the cover, similar to that at the upper edge of the box; and all the sides should be painted to correspond with those below. Any other shape may be adopted for this kind of box; but the octagon, or hexagon is to be preferred.

POPULAR TRADITIONS.

IN Macedonia, near Eicso Verbeni, is a lake, of which the people have a tradition that it was caused by taking great stones out of the side of a mountain; whereupon there issued out such a flood of water that the country around was inundated, and a lake formed. It is reported of Thessaly, that the whole country was under water until a passage was formed for the river Peneus by an earthquake.

Near the mountains of Risgeburg, or Giant's Mountain, about the head of the river Elbe, a spirit, by name Rihensal, is said to infest the country. Such reports are common in places where mines exist. A spirit is reported to haunt the silver mines of Brunswick; and another to be in the tin mine of Slackenwalde, in Bohemia, and to walk in the shape of a monk, who strikes the miners, sings and plays on the bagpipes, and doth many such tricks.

It is asserted in Wales, that the knockers, a class of ærial beings, bore, blast, and labour briskly in the mines; and were heard at work in some at Llanvihangel Ysgeiviog, in Anglesea, in 1799. In Cornwall it is believed by the workmen, that the Jews formerly possessed the mines; and the tools which are found in those which have been neglected, they call "Allan Sarisin."

Of a mountain of Norway, called the Gate Field, which is always covered with snow, there is a tradition that the inhabitants having spent the Sabbath in rioting and intemperance, a snow storm came and buried the church, to which a party had gone to a wedding. On this mountain, it is reported, are the ruins of a building similar to a church, within the limits of perpetual snow. The Norwegians believe in the existence of a supernatural being called Nipen—to whom they make Christmas offerings of cakes and beer, and to whose interference they attribute their good or evil fortune. They universally entertain a fear of the subterraneous people, who are supposed to be able to change their form whenever they please, and in confirmation of this superstition, they relate that three hundred cattle, belonging to the Bishop of Drontheim, whilst grazing amongst the Rooras Mountains, were enticed away by the subterranean people, and totally disappeared in a crack of the earth. This has given rise to a proverb—"Remember the Bishop of Drontheim's cattle;" implying the necessity of attention to your affairs.

On the banks of the Moisen, in Norway, not far distant from Vang, the city of Stor Hammer formerly stood. It is said to have been more

than seven English miles in circumference, and to have contained, besides a palace and cathedral, many churches, monasteries, and other public edifices. It is now four hundred years since its site has been pointed out, except by tradition. No vestige of the city at present remains.

Dr. Clarke, while travelling in Sweden, was informed by the peasantry that some vast stones which he saw there, had been left in that situation by the giants.

The tradition of ruined cities is common to all countries. In Cornwall it is believed that the land formerly extended many miles farther than it does at present, and that some of the neighbouring islands formed part of the continent. On the coast of Brittany there is a tradition that a city, now destroyed by the sea, once exceeded in magnificence the present capital of France. The same story is related in Cornwall and Somerset.

On the coast of North Wales, the present inhabitants say, that by an eruption of the sea, about the year A.D. 500, a great number of cities, and the whole of a tract called the Lowland Hundred, were destroyed, and now form a great part of the Bay of Cardigan. On the coast of Suffolk, "Dunwich, or the Splendid City," is said formerly to have contained fifty-two churches or monasteries, which have been swallowed up by the sea. At present it has no place of public worship.

LITERARY IMPOSTOR.

TOWARDS the end of the last century, Sicily exhibited an instance of literary imposture that has scarcely been equalled. A man named Vella, who came from Malta, pretended to an intimate acquaintance with Arabic, though he knew not a word of that language, nor so much as the alphabet. It happened that the Government was just then solicitous to inform itself on the subject of the history of the kingdom in the time of the Saracens; this was a point of some importance in the disputes with the Sicilian barons, in regard to their feudal rights and claims. Vella contrived to play his card so skilfully, that he was employed to translate an Arabic manuscript found in the old archives; and he performed his part for a length of time with such consummate address, as to obtain honours, dignities, and even the professorship of the Arabic language and literature in the University of Palermo!—His translation of the Arabic manuscript, was nothing but a tissue of his own inventions. He even went so far as to bring forward a Norman manuscript, which he gave out that he had found in an ancient collection. The Sicilian literati, however, began at length to smell a rat, and strove to tear the mask from the impostor. This proved to be no easy task, for the juggler had found means to gain powerful protection. At last he was brought before the regular tribunal on a charge of fraud, convicted, and sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment.—*Desultory Foreign Reading.*

From Frazer's Magazine.

THE SEPULCHRE.

There manhood lies! Lift up the pall!

How like the tree struck down to earth
In its green pride, the mighty fall,
Whom life hath flatter'd with its worth!
Life is a voyage to our graves;
Its promises, like smiling waves,
Invite us onward o'er a sea
Where all is hidden treachery.

What statued beauty slumbers there!

But mark those flowers pale as the brow
Which they have wreathed; if death could spare
A victim, he had pitied now,
To-day she hoped to be a bride—
To-day, 'twas told, her lover died!
Here Death has revell'd, in his power,
The riot of life's fairest hour.

Look on that little cherub's face

Whose budding smiles is fixed by death;
How short indeed has been its race!
A cloud sail'd by, the sun, a breath
Did gently creep across a bed
Of flowers—its spirit then had fled,
A morning star a moment bright
Then melting into Heaven's own light:

Behold that picture of decay,

Where nature wearied sank to rest!
Full fourscore years have pass'd away,
Yet did he, like a lingering guest,
Go from life's banquet with a sigh,
That he, alas! so soon should die.
Our youth has not desires so vain,
As creep into an age of pain.

But there how mournfully serene

That childless widow'd mother's look!
To her the world a waste has been,
One whom it pitied, yet forsook,
Calm as the moon's light, which no storms
Raging beneath it can deform
Did her afflicted spirit shine
Above her earthly woes divine!

Thus Death deals with mortality,

Like flowers, some gathered in their prime,
Others when scarcely said to be
Just numbered with the things of time:
With life worn out some grieve to die,
To end their griefs here others fly.
Life is but that which woke it, breath,—
Look here and tell me, What is death?

From the Gem.

PORTRAIT OF A BOY.

Thou thing that speak'st without a tongue,

That seest with those unseeing eyes;
That still, thro' ages, shalt be young;
Unliving, yet that never dies!
Thou lovely offspring of the mind,
Bright infant of the dark—to be,
Tell me, what fates of human kind
Shall Heaven's high verdict stamp on thee?

Tell me, if that mysterious gaze

Shall kindle with the poet's fire;
That lip the song immortal raise;
That hand strike rapture from the lyre;
Till on thy brow the wreath is bound,
Of all earth's bards, the mightiest bard;
And still tho' honours throng thee round,
Thyself thine own sublime reward?

Beware! nor tread the Muses' hill,

Tho' lovely visions lead the way;
There's poison in its laurell'd rill,
There's madness in its golden ray.
Tho' Music spoke in every string,
Thou, too, shalt feel fame's ebbing tide;
Fortune afar shall wave her wing;
Boy! thou shalt perish in thy pride.

Or wouldst thou draw the soldier's sword,

To smite the nations, or to save;
To see thy haughty flag adored,
The terror of the land and wave;
To see the thousand trumps of fame
Upraised for thee, and thee alone;
The fear of empires in thy name,
The strength of empires in thy throne?

Boy! look within the conqueror's heart,

And see the brood that nestle there:
The blood, the agony, the art,
The wild suspense, the fierce despair;
The thoughts, that like a lava-stream,
Consume the mighty to the grave:—
Boy! rouse thee from the deadly dream,
Nor die Ambition's worn-out slave.

Or wouldst thou give thy soul to gold,

And, making earth and sea thy mine,
See wealth on all their breezes roll'd;
The Indian and his treasures thine?
Boy! there are miseries of heart
That turn the wealth of worlds to gall:
Be wiser, choose the better part,
And love but one, the KING of all.

THE POWER OF BEAUTY.

A SYRIAN TALE.

Nor far from the banks of the Orontes, and aloof from any other habitation, stood a Syrian cottage, where dwelt a peasant, his wife, and only son. It was the daily employment of the latter to lead the few sheep of his father to the hills, where the wild and sweet notes of his Syrian pipe often cheered the traveller on his way: the caravans travelling from Damascus to Bagdad sometimes passed by, and purchased of his father's flock; and nothing could exceed the joy of Semid when he heard the camel bell, and the mournful chaunt of the Arab driver, and saw the long train of the caravan winding up the moun-

tain path. He would then listen with delight to the tales of these travellers of the desert, and longed to accompany them on their way; but when he returned to the cottage at night, when the fire was kindled on the rude floor, the unleavened cake baked in the embers, and the milk, fruit, and honey from the hills, formed their repast; when he heard his parents say, in words of affection, that he was their only support and joy, he reproached himself for having ever cherished the thought of leaving them. But one night there arose a violent storm; the Orontes overflowed its banks, the blast came wild and furious

from the desert beyond, and moaned through the lonely group of fig-trees around the cottage with a sound as of destruction. Amidst the darkness and the beating of the rain was heard a voice of distress that seemed to implore admission and shelter. Semid arose, and on opening the door, a venerable man entered, whose green turban and toil-worn features proclaimed him to be a Hadgi, or pilgrim from Mecca; his beard descended nearly to his girdle, and overcome by fatigue and the violence of the storm, he threw himself on the coarse carpet which was spread for him, and hung over the blazing fire; and when he had drunk of the coffee presented him, his faded looks brightened with joy, and at last he broke silence, and gave the blessing of a Hadgi, and adored the goodness of Allah. The storm was hushed, the moon-light came through the lattice window of the cottage: the pilgrim knelt, and folding his hands on his breast—he prayed, fixing his eyes on earth, with intense devotion; he thrice pressed his forehead on the ground, and then stood, with his face to Mecca, and invoked the prophet.

Semid gazed on the stranger—he could be no wandering dervise; his aspect and manner were far superior to the poverty of his dress, and on the hem of his garment was embroidered that passage from the Koran, fit only for the good.—The next and several following days the Hadgi was still a welcome guest; he had been a long and restless traveller, and when Semid was seated by his side in the rude portico of the cottage, as the sun was setting on the Orontes, and the wild mountains around, and he had given the chibouque into his hands, he drank in with insatiable delight every tale of wandering and peril on the wave and the wilderness which the other related. At last the day of his departure came, and Semid wept bitterly as he clasped the hand of the stranger, who, during his short stay, had become deeply attached to him, and who now turned to the father and mother, and raised his right hand to heaven, and attested his words by the name of Allah. “I am alone,” he said, “in the world; the shaft of death has stricken from my side relative and friend; as I have beheld the Euphrates rush on its solitary course through the wild, that once flowed through the glory and light of the bowers of Eden. Yet suffer your son to cheer and brighten my way, and I will be to him both parent and counsellor; he shall partake of my wealth, and when three years have passed over our heads, he shall return to bless your declining years.” It was long before the parents of Semid would consent to this proposal, but at last the prospect of their son’s advancement, and of his return, endowed with knowledge and wealth, wrung a reluctant assent.—The sun’s rays had not penetrated through the grove of fig-trees that shadowed his home, when the youth and his companion directed their course across the plain, and on the third day entered the thick forests which terminated it, sleeping at night beneath the trees around the fire they had kindled. The toil of the way was lightened by the

converse of the moslem, which was full of instruction and delight, yet mingled with much that was strange and wild, of genii, the power of evil and good spirits, and the marvellous events he had met with in his varied path. But he knew not that that path was so soon to be closed. One night, overcome by fatigue, and the excessive heat of the way, they had sunk to sleep in the wood, without taking the precaution of kindling a fire.—In the middle of the night Semid was awakened by a piercing shriek, and hastening to his companion, found he had been bitten by a serpent, whose wound was mortal; already the poison began to circulate through his veins, his limbs trembled, his face was flushed with crimson, and his eyes had a fatal lustre. He clasped the hand of the youth convulsively in his own, and pressed it to his heart. “O my son,” he said, “Allah has called me at the midnight hour, and the angel of death has put his cup to my lips ere I thought it was prepared; and thou art left solitary like a bride widowed on her marriage morn:—thy friend and guide torn from thee, what will be thy fate?—and the wealth that would have been thine will now be scattered amongst strangers.” He paused, and seemed lost in thought: the young Syrian supported his dying head on his knees, and his tears fell fast on the face that was soon to be shrouded from him for ever. Suddenly the old man drew forth from his bosom a memorial of his affection, that was indeed indelible, and fixing his look intently on his friend, “Semid,” he said, “I have hesitated whether to consign to you this ring, and darkness is on my spirit as to the result. Place this ring on your finger, and it will invest you with surpassing beauty of feature and form, which, if rightly used, will conduct you to honour and happiness; but if abused to the purpose of vicious indulgence, it will make sorrow and remorse your portion through life.” He fainted, but reviving once more, “Turn my face to Mecca,” he cried, “to the tomb of my prophet;” and striving to fix his eyes on the east, “I come, O loved of Allah—the dark realms of Eblis shall not be my home, nor El Arat have any terrors for me: thrice have these feet compassed the Caaba, where rest thy ashes; thrice to arrive there have they trod the burning desert, where thy promises were sweeter to me than the fountain or the shadow—receive me to thy paradise!”—He sank back, and died. All night the Syrian boy mourned loudly over the body of his benefactor; and the next day watched over it till sunset, when with difficulty he dug a rude grave and interred it.—Early on the second morning he pursued his way through the forest, and the sun was hot on the plain beyond, ere he advanced from its gloomy recesses.—He had placed the ring, of a green colour and without ornament, on his finger, and already amidst his grief for the loss of his friend, his heart swelled with vanity at the many advantages it had given him.—Oppressed with the heat he drew near to where a fountain gushed forth beneath a few palm-trees on the plain, and formed a limpid pool; he stoop-

ed to drink, but started back at beholding the change a few hours had made. The sun-burnt features of the shepherd boy had given place to a countenance of dazzling fairness and beauty; the dark ringlets clustered on the pure forehead over still darker eyes, whose look was irresistible; his step became haughty as he pursued his way, and saw each passenger fix on him a gaze of admiration, and he glanced with disdain on his coarse peasant's dress.

The sun was setting on the splendid mosques and gilt minarets of the city of Damascus, now full in view, when a numerous train of horsemen drew near; it was Hussein, the son of the Pacha, returning from the course. Struck at the sight of one so meanly clad, yet so extremely beautiful, he stopped and demanded whence he came and whither he was journeying; on Semid replying he was friendless and a stranger, he bade him follow his train, and added that on the morrow he should become one of his own guards. The next day, in his military habit, and rich arms, and mounted on a fine Arab courser, he rode by the prince's side. Each day now saw some improvement in the shepherd of the Orontes; possessing by nature a quick imagination, and an enterprising spirit, he made a rapid progress in the accomplishments of the court of Damascus.—Speedily promoted by Hussein, whose favourite he had become, and admired by all for the exquisite personal advantages he possessed; he joined with those of his own rank in every amusement and pleasure the city afforded. Sometimes they passed the hours in the superb coffee-houses, where the fountain spouted forth a lofty column of water, and the coolness and incessant murmur were delightful amidst the sultry heats—or on one of the light pleasure-houses built on piles in the midst of the rivers which rushed through the city, they sat at night on soft cushions, and coffee, sherbet, and other luxuries were served; and while the moon-light, mingled with the glare of lamps fell on the scene, they listened to the music and gazed on the bewitching dance of the Almeh girls.—Amidst scenes like these the memory of his father and mother, the lonely cottage on the river's bank, his few sheep, and his mountain solitudes, grew more and more faint; all love for simplicity and innocence of life and heart was lost irretrievably, and the senses were prepared to yield to the first attraction. The favourite of Hussein, a beautiful Circassian, had one morning, while walking beneath the sycamore trees by the river's side, seen Semid with the prince, and his uncommon loveliness of countenance and noble figure had inspired her with a desire of listening to his discourse. One day, as he sat beneath the portico of a coffee-house, a woman approached him whose employment it was to sell nosegays of flowers to the Turkish ladies; she drew one from her basket, and put it into his hand: the various flowers were so arranged as to convey a message from that lady, the fame of whose charms filled the whole city. Deeply flattered as the heart of Semid was at this discovery, and

filled with intense curiosity to behold such perfections, he still hesitated; the dying words of the pilgrim of Mecca, came to his recollection, and conspired to deter him. But to be the object of solicitude of such a woman—the thought was irresistible. Night came, and the last call to prayer of the Muezzin from the minaret had ceased, when, disguised, he climbed the lofty wall that encircled the palace of the prince, and, gliding through the garden, was admitted and conducted through several apartments into the one that was the abode of the favourite. The moon-light came faintly through the windows of richly stained glass, and showed indistinctly the gold characters from the Koran inscribed beneath—the exquisite perfumes which filled the air, and the lulling murmur of the fountain gushing on the rich marble, stole on the senses with impressive power—the upper part, or divan, of the Serai was covered with the costly silks, carpets, and brocades of Persia and Damascus, with numerous sofas, cushions, and superb mirrors—and at the end of all, where the small cluster of silver lamps threw their light on an ottoman of crimson velvet and gold, reclined the young and haughty Circassian. She wore a blue Cashmere turban, clasped on her high and fair forehead by a wreath of diamonds, and beneath fell the raven ringlets of her hair, which were just suffered to rest on the right shoulder—the vest that confined the bosom, as if to contrast with its exquisite whiteness, was of black, and this was circled by a golden girdle—her right arm, the tunic thrown back, lay moveless like a wreath of snow on the dark ottoman, and on the left arm languidly rested her beautiful cheek. Dazzled at the sight of such excessive beauty, Semid stood motionless, unable to advance, or withdraw his eyes from the Circassian, who rose from her reclining posture, and waved her hand for him to be seated. Scarcely had he obeyed her, and recovering from his confusion, begun to declare his reverence for her condescension and beauty, when the loud sound of voices and steps rapidly approaching the Serai was heard. Semid started up, and paralysed by his feelings, gazed alternately at the lady, and at the door, through which he every moment expected the guards to burst with the sentence of death. In the agony of her fear, the lady clasped his hand so convulsively in hers, as, on his sudden starting from her side, to draw unconsciously the green ring from his finger.—At that moment she uttered a loud cry, and fixed her dark eyes on him; in place of the beautiful and matchless Semid, stood before her a venerable man, in appearance like an Imaun; his beard hung down to his girdle, his thin grey locks were scattered over his wrinkled front, and his look was sad and imploring. Just at this instant, Hussein and his attendants burst into the apartment, and searched in vain with bitter imprecation for the traitor Semid; the stranger, whose appearance bespoke him either a Hakim, or physician, or a teacher of religion, was suffered to depart unmolested. He rushed wildly into the streets of the city—they were silent and de-

serted, for every inhabitant had retired to rest; but there was no rest for the soul of Semid, no calm for the hopeless sorrow and devouring despair which now agitated it; he had cast from him for ever the only gift that would have raised him in the career of life, and when he gazed on his withered form, felt his limbs tremble, and the chill blast wave his white locks, he lifted his staff towards heaven, and cursed the hour when the stranger's steps came to the cottage of his father; and the still more fatal power of beauty which now left shame and wretchedness his only portion. He paced incessantly the empty streets, which returned no sound save his own step, till the day dawned, and the numerous population began to appear, and the coffee-houses to fill, when he hurried into the retreats of the gardens. Worn out with fatigue and anguish, he fell fast asleep beneath the trees, but that sleep was worse than waking; his mind was filled with wild imaginings. It was mid-day when he awoke, and many had sought shelter from the sultry heat beneath the orange and citron trees around; sherbet and coffee were supplied by some of the sellers who had arranged their small shops on the spot. Semid gazed wildly on the various groups, for among them he discovered some of his dearest intimates; he would have rushed towards them, to share in their gay converse, to hear from their lips, perhaps, some words of consolation; but his robe was pulled by some children, who gazing up at the venerable and striking features of him they took for an Imaun, besought his blessing. "Blessing from me!" cried Semid; the thought was to his soul more bitter than the Erak tree to the famished traveller. "O Allah, who hast quenched the light of my path suddenly, and crushed me by thy doom: had I sunk slowly from youth to decrepitude, the rich pleasures of the world would have passed gently from my grasp: but yesterday, strength and glorious beauty were in this frame, and now it bends into the tomb; the friends of my soul pass me in their pride, and know me not. Who now shall love the wretched Semid?" He bent his steps towards the city and sought an obscure lodging; he shunned the crowded streets and sweet promenades by the river side, and retired to a cottage in the gardens near the city, that was shrouded by the mass of cypress and fruit trees amidst which it stood. Here, as solitude became more familiar to him, he began to regard the utter desolation of his condition with less anguish of spirit: at evening, he sometimes frequented the places, where the Imauns, the Muftis, and the learned of the city, associated; among these venerable men, his appearance ensured him respect; in their conversations on the deep things of religion, of nature, and of destiny, his mind became expanded and animated; he devoted his daily solitude to the study of the Koran, of medicine, and other sciences, with such success, that he became in time famous throughout the city; and the learned Imaun was admired, and listened to by all:—while others hung on the words that fell from his lips, while the aged were

silent, and the gay and thoughtless composed before him, new sources of consolation opened to his spirit, new motives attached him to life. Even then, as he passed by the splendid palaces in which his presence was once courted, and heard the sounds of joy within, and, bitterer than all, than even the despairing doom of the halls of Eblis, when woman's haughty step and look of resistless beauty, that sought him with allurements and delight, were now turned from the decayed Imaun with pity and aversion, he felt misery, that wisdom was unavailing to cure. To fly from these scenes he resolved to quit Damascus for ever; and at sunrise he issued out of the northern gate that conducts to Haleb. All the day he pursued his journey, and at night always found a kind welcome in the Syrian cottages. On the fifth evening the sky showed a fiery and unusual splendour; and night quickly came down on the scene, ushering in one of those furious tempests which arise so suddenly in the east: the rain fell in torrents, and the deep darkness was only broken by the lightning that flashed on the mountain path of Semid; he paused and listened, but there was no sound, save the loud voice of the blast as it rushed through the rocky passes, and the river foaming over its course beneath; overcome by fatigue, he despaired of reaching any place of shelter, when he suddenly perceived the light of some cottages on the declivity above. He entered one of them with the salutation "Salam Alicum," peace be to you, seldom coldly listened to; the cottagers spread for the venerable wanderer their best mat on the floor, in the midst of which the fire burned bright and cheerfully, and instantly prepared a simple repast, followed by coffee and the chibouque; the neighbours entered to sit with the stranger in token of respect and honour; the young peasants danced to the guitar and pipe, and many a mountain song was sung. Pleased at this scene of gaiety and joy, and by the kindness and veneration paid him, the spirits of the wanderer were elevated, and he forgot his sorrows for a while, gazed on the group before him with a delighted eye, and began to converse with so much eloquence and wisdom that the auditors listened with hushed and eager attention: he talked of the vicissitudes with which Allah visits our path of life, of death, and the scenes of beauty and everlasting bloom reserved for the faithful: when he suddenly paused—the children of the family had clasped his knees, and were gazing on his features—the sound of the torrent dashing over its rocky path had caught his ear—and that group—that hour—all brought back the vivid, the bitter memory of what had been. He clasped his hands, and uttered a cry of anguish—"On such a night," he exclaimed, "came the stranger to my native home, as the Orontes rushed by in its fury; amidst the voice of the storm he prayed for shelter, and his words of melody lured me away. O my father and my mother! whose looks are bent over the desert for the steps of your son; never can you behold him again: were he to approach your door, you would thrust him away as an impostor; and his withered

form would be bent in anguish over the scenes of his childhood:" and "mock not my misery with their presence," he said, as he thrust the children from him with a trembling hand. "Let me roam again through the storm and darkness, but see not their eyes bent on mine, hear not their voice calling on me, whose withering heart can never know a father's love—to cheer my childless, dark, and desolate path! O! for a mother's tears falling on this hopeless bosom—but it may not be." He bent his head to the earth, and the tears streamed fast down his withered cheek; the villagers gazed with wonder at the stranger's emotion, but it grew late, and they dropped off one after the other to their homes. After a night of disturbed repose, Semid bade an early adieu to these friendly people, and pursued his journey; the day was beautiful, and descending the region of mountains, he entered on a rich and extensive plain, and at last drew near one of those Khans, built in lonely situations for the accommodation of travellers; it was divided into two stories, the lower for the camels and horses, the upper for the lodging of the merchants; and a fountain rose in the middle of the area below. Here, natives of various nations had already arrived; the Armenian and Persian, the Jew and the Tartar, mingled together in the apartments, which offered no luxuries save the bare walls and floor: each spread his mat, or rich carpet, according to his wealth; lighted his fire, and the coffee being prepared, took his long pipe, and entered into animated conversation, or sat silent, lost in musing. Semid found no want of invitations to partake of their cheer; for long and lonely journeys such as these, create benevolent and kindly feelings to each other. The light had not long faded on the plain, ere each traveller, fatigued, stretched himself on his mat to seek repose, and soon after dawn of the ensuing day they had pursued their various and distant routes.

The Imaun took his staff, and again bent his steps towards Haleb; a small river ran through the plain; the tents of some wandering Bedouins were pitched on its banks; their flocks were feeding beside them; and a solitary Arab was seen here and there roaming over the plain, on which his spear, his white turban and cloak, gleamed in the fierce sun-light. As Semid brooded over his sad destiny—he could not help acknowledging the justice of Allah; since, had he not yielded to guilty temptation, and fled in the face of the dying counsel of his benefactor, the wanderer from Mecca, he had remained still happy, loved, and caressed. He gazed with joy afar off on the minarets of Haleb, as the termination of his journey, and night fell ere he entered it. The streets were silent, and he roamed through the populous city to seek a place of refreshment and rest; but as he passed the door of a splendid palace, he heard sounds from within of distress and agony; he stopped to listen; they became louder and more hopeless, when the door suddenly opened, and many persons rushed wildly out, as if in hurried search of some one. At sight of Semid, they instantly addressed him, and drew

him forward into the palace, conjuring him to quicken his steps, and exert all his skill, for that she who lay expiring was the beloved of their prince, and adored by all who approached her.

They quickly entered the superb saloon from whence issued those cries of distress; the richly painted ceiling of that chamber of luxury was supported by a double row of white marble pillars, to each of which was suspended a silver lamp; vases of orange and trees of perfume, with fountains that gushed through mouths of amber, spread coolness and odours around. But the gaze of all was fixed on a low ottoman, on which reclined helplessly a woman of exquisite beauty, her delicate limbs writhing in agony. On one white arm fell the loose tresses of her raven hair, while the other was laid on the bosom of her young and devoted husband, the Pacha of Haleb. The ravages of the poison, administered by a rival lady, were already visible on her forehead, and wan and beautiful lips; her eyes, commanding even in death, were fixed on the group around, with a look as if she mourned deeply to be thus torn from all she loved, but still scorned her rival's arts; her golden girdle was burst by the convulsive pangs that heaved her bosom—the angel of death had seized her for his own. Every eye was turned on the venerable stranger, who had been mistaken by the attendants for a physician, and who saw instantly that all aid was vain; he took her hand in his to feel the pulse, when his finger pressed, and his glance at the same instant caught the green ring that had been the source of all his misfortunes. The Circassian suddenly raised her eyes on the venerable form before her, knew instantly her once-loved but ruined Semid, and with her last look fixed full on him, she gave a deep sigh, and expired.

When the cries and wailings which filled the saloon had subsided, and all had withdrawn save one or two favourite attendants, Semid bent in anguish over the murdered form of that young and ill-fated lady, and his tears fell fast on those features which even in death were irresistibly lovely: he then drew the ring from her finger and placed it on his own, and covering his face with his cloak, rushed from the apartment. The moon-light was cast vividly over the silent streets and dwellings of Haleb, and on the sands of the desert that encircled them without. What a charm had that stillness and solitude for the heart of Semid then; in the fulness of its delight he fixed his eagle eye on the blue and cloudless sky, and on the dreary wastes around; his feelings were indescribable. As his firm and haughty step passed rapidly along, his dark hair fell in profusion on his neck, and the folds of his garment displayed the contour of his graceful limbs. "Again," he exclaimed, "youth, and beauty, and power are mine; men will gaze on me with envy, and woman's eye shall no more be turned from this form with pity and aversion; and the world is to me once more a field of pleasure, triumph, and love." At that moment the Muezzin's voice was heard from the summit of the white minaret calling to prayers, and the wanderer fell on his knees, and

poured out his heartfelt thanks to Allah, who had caused the clouds of sorrow to pass from his path, and made its desolation as the gardens of the blest.

He resolved immediately to quit the city, and enjoy the pleasure of travelling through new and distant scenes, and having purchased horses, and hired a servant, he departed, and directed his course towards Bagdad.

On the evening of the second day he overtook a small caravan of merchants travelling the same route, with their camels loaded with the costly silks and stuffs of Syria. Their progress, as of all the eastern caravans, was slow, and as night drew on, they halted in some spot which possessed a shade and a fountain of water. The tents were then pitched, the fires lighted, and the camels turned loose in the desert; the evening meal was prepared in the open air by the domestics, who had spread the rich carpets on the earth, and the merchants having quickly and sparingly partaken of the repast, formed a circle, sipped their coffee, and conversed at intervals; while the Arab camel drivers seated round their fire, ate their coarse repast, and told their tales with infinite animation. The following day, as they pursued their journey, Semid fell into conversation with one of the merchants, an elderly man, of a mild and impressive aspect, who listened with delight and wonder to the discourse of the stranger, which few could hear unmoved, as to his youth and exquisite beauty were now added the wisdom and experience he had acquired as an Imaun. As they drew near the termination of their journey, the merchant of Bagdad grew more and more attached to Semid, and earnestly pressed him, as he had no home of his own, to reside under his roof, partake of the toils and cares of his business, and to be to him as a son. They soon beheld the Tigris flowing in its pride beneath the walls of Bagdad, and entered the gardens of palm-trees on its banks. Passing through several narrow and unpaved streets, the merchant and his friend stopped at the low door of a mean-looking habitation. Being admitted, a scene of luxury appeared within. The court or area was adorned by a noble fountain, over which hung the orange and lemon trees; recesses in the walls, covered with cushions and carpets, invited to repose; and the interior apartments were splendidly furnished; and when the merchant of Bagdad, after the travellers had bathed and perfumed themselves, bade a slave call his child, his Houlema, to welcome her father and his friend, Semid saw only the form, heard only the voice of the girl of Bagdad. It was evening, and the cool apartment, with its trellised and projecting windows, hung over the waters beneath; the moon, that lit up the waves and their shores, cast her light through the open lattice-work, at which sat Houlema, who had taken her guitar, and as she sang verses expressive of the joys of home, and its dear affections, after long and cruel separations, like the cool wave of the Tigris amidst the burning sands that surround it, her voice was inexpressibly sweet. Her form was of

the middle size, and her complexion excessively fair; her eyes were hazel, her hair dark, and her bust lovelier than was ever formed by a Grecian sculptor; the small and delicate foot was no way concealed by the rich sandal that held it, and the white and rounded arm was exposed nearly to the shoulder; in her whole air, in every look and word, there was a spirit, a vivacity, as if the soul itself were infused in it.

As Semid gazed and listened to her voice, he felt a charm come over his spirit, far different to that which the superior beauty of the Circassian had inspired.

His venerable patron now began to initiate him in the details of commerce, sent him sometimes with a caravan of merchandise to Bussora, and other parts of the Persian gulf, and assigned him a portion of his gains. Semid saw his increasing fortune with indifference, in every journey always anticipating the hour of return; he gazed with rapture from afar on the blue wave of the Tigris that circled round the dwelling of his beloved Houlema. The father, who from the first had destined his only child for his favourite, to whom he felt as to an only son, saw their growing passion with pleasure. Often when the lovers were seated in the cool kiosk that overlooked the wide plain beyond the city, Semid told of the various scenes and reverses he had passed through, while his fine eyes and matchless features beamed with affection; Houlema thought she never had beheld so fascinating a being, or listened to a voice of such soul-touching melody. Till then new to love, she yielded resistlessly to her passion; she then took her guitar, and sang of the bliss of kindred spirits, devoted to each other's love, till blasted by inconstancy and coldness, like the angels Haruth and Maruth, who lived glorious in the realms of Allah, ere, tempted to wander to the scenes of earth, they fell. "She loves me for myself alone," thought Semid, "and not for my beauty: unlike the youthful Circassian, whose impetuous and sudden affection wrought my ruin: bred up in retirement, and untainted by dissipation, in her tenderness I shall find a resting-place at last." So thought the wanderer, who with all his sorrows and experience knew not yet the hopelessness of inconstancy.

Semid had been absent for some weeks on a journey to Basra, and one evening Houlema was solacing herself with music in the apartment in which she had so often sat with him, and anticipating his return, when the chief officer of the Pacha of Bagdad returning home on the opposite shore of the Tigris, heard those sweet sounds wafted across in the stillness of the night, and listened with rapture. The next day he told his prince that he had heard melody, such as none but the Houris who attend the blest could have made, and that the woman who possessed such a voice must be inexpressibly beautiful.

The Prince's curiosity was awakened, he directed inquiries to be made, and was soon acquainted that it was the daughter of the old merchant, whose melody was only inferior to her

loveliness. Resolved to gratify his passionate desire of seeing her, he put on the disguise of a merchant, who sold precious stones and ornaments, and being admitted with some difficulty, by displaying some splendid jewels to the sight of Houlema, was enraptured with her beauty. On the following day he sent for the father, and demanded his daughter in marriage; the old man, undazzled by the prospect of grandeur for his child, and faithful to his promise to Semid, gave a submissive but decided refusal. Although enraged at having his hopes crossed by a subject, yet confiding in his own attractions and rank, he came magnificently attired and attended to the merchant's house, and requesting an interview with Houlema in her father's presence, he declared his passion, and offered her his heart and throne, declaring he would cease to love any other woman for her sake. Houlema shrank from the splendid offer; her lover, beautiful and devoted, rushed to her thoughts; she felt how dear he was to her: again she looked on the imploring Prince; he was very handsome, his dignity gave him additional attractions; and, when he swore by the Prophet and the Caaba, that she should be the sole companion of his life and love, the admired and adored of his court, the words were inexpressibly sweet to her. Seduced by such tenderness and devotion, and the glowing pictures her lover drew of her future glory as the Princess of Bagdad, she consented at last to become his bride.

Semid, full of anticipations of love and happiness, returned to Bagdad, and hastened to the home of his friend, who met him with a countenance of sorrow and confusion, and acquainted him with the infidelity of Houlema, and deplored her ingratitude. Overwhelmed with anguish, he would have sought his intended bride in the palace of the Pacha, had not the father restrained him, and calmed his cruel agitation; then raising his eyes, streaming with tears to Heaven, he called on Allah to witness the treachery of his mistress, and abjured for ever the destructive beauty of woman, which first in the Circassian had plunged him in exquisite misery; and now, in the perfidious Houlema, had driven him forth again a wanderer on the earth. Saying this, he rushed out of the apartment, and, mounting his horse, left Bagdad for ever behind him. For several days he pursued his way, heedless of its direction: whether his head sank on the desert-bed or on the mountain-rock, whether the sun shone on his parched breast, or the fountain cooled his burning lips, his misery was all within. One night as he passed over a sandy tract, he saw not very far before him a traveller attacked by a small party of Bedouins. Hastening up, his own and his servants' aid decided the day, and the Arabs took to flight.

The Turk, who was wounded, was most grateful for this timely aid, and implored his deliverer to accompany him to his home; and, as all situations were at this moment alike, he consented willingly. Day after day the travellers proceeded over melancholy wastes of sand, on which

rested the burning rays of the sun, till at last a dark spot was visible in the horizon, and as they drew near, exquisitely grateful was the deep verdure of various trees, and the shade of the palm and cypress trees which stood waveless in the silent desert, like the ruins of an eastern temple.

In this deep and beautiful retreat, encircled by a high wall, lived the generous Turk with his only sister; left orphans at an early age, they had become inseparably attached to each other. Every effort was used by them to make Semid's residence agreeable; and, soothed by the attentions, and interested by the accomplishments, of the young Kaloula, his dejection and anguish by degrees abated. In order to interest his deliverer, Achmed invited a party of his friends to, an entertainment, and his Arab servants traversed the waste in various directions to the fertile tracts on its borders. In that oriental banquet every luxury appeared, whether allowed or forbidden by the Koran, the various wines of Syria, the rich fruits and conserves of Damascus, the delicacies of Sheraz.

As night drew on, and the conversation became more animated, it was proposed, after the oriental custom, that each guest should tell a tale, or relate some remarkable event of his life; one told his dangerous pilgrimage to Mecca, another a tale of the Afrit or the Goule, till it came to Semid's turn, who, put off his guard by the gaiety and interest of the scene, began most imprudently to relate the great incident of his life, the gift of the ring. As he proceeded, some of the guests became thoughtful, others looked incredulous, but Kaloula never took her glance from the ring on which it was intensely fixed, and during the rest of the evening her manner was abstracted, and her mind wandering far from the present scene. Afterwards, when seated by her side in the garden at sun-set, Semid observed that her vivacity was gone: at times her tone and look were hurried and wild, and then sad and despairing. In her society he had felt a new and vivid interest; ungifted with the matchless beauty of the Circassian, or the sweetness of temper, and charm of song and melody, of Houlema, there was in her that high energy of mind, and richness of imagination which inevitably attract in woman; and Semid, when listening to her fascinating conversation, thought the charms of beauty outdone. Accustomed all her life to the solitude of her brother's home, Kaloula's haughty spirit was nursed amidst scenes savage and inspiring. It had been her delight to guide her courser into the deep retreats of the desert, and no where is nature so sublime as there; and when seated at her lattice window or in the garden beneath, she had beheld the slow caravan wind its way amidst the burning sands, in which thousands of various nations and aspects were mingled; and again, when the bands of Bedouins had rushed on their prey, she had heard the fierce shouts of the battle in the desert, and seen the spectacle of pain and death. At times she loved to gaze on the wild and desolate scenery around, when the moon had given it a sad brightness, and

its silence was broken only by the rapid flight of the Bedouin's courser, or the cry of the hyena. At times the lonely traveller, or the caravan merchant, when the mid-day heats were fiercest, would approach with longing eye that lovely group of trees, and implore to drink of its fountains, as the richest boon of Heaven; from them she heard tales of other lands and descriptions of scenes which she longed to visit.

Won by the personal attractions, and eloquent converse of the stranger, she loved him; still that passion struggled with ambition and pride. Often Semid observ'd, as her look fell on the ring on his finger, her colour changed, and she uttered a deep sigh. "Were that ring but mine," murmured the haughty girl, "what a scene of triumph and delight would it open to me. The princes of the east would vie for the possession of Kaloula's charms, to which the beauty of all women would then yield. Her glory, who defended the city whose ruins are in the desert, the Queen of Palmyra, would not surpass mine. My path would no longer be in this far solitude, but be high, commanding, and immortal."

The conflict of thought was too severe; her noble form became emaciated, the lustre fled from her dark eye, and its look of tenderness turned on her lover was often changed for one of horror. It was past the hour of noon on one of those days when, to breathe the open air is almost to inhale the blast of death, the very fountains seemed to gush languidly, and the leaves to wither on the trees; and Semid, overcome with the heat, had thrown himself almost fainting on a sofa, when Kaloula approached and earnestly pressed him to drink of some cool sherbet prepared by her own hands. There was something in her voice and manner, in the burning hue of her cheek, that infused a sudden suspicion into his mind. He took the vase of sherbet from her trembling hand, and turning aside his face pretended to drink, but poured the contents into his vest. He then languidly reclined, and appeared to fall into a deep sleep; an hour passed away, and a soft step approached the door; it faltered, and seemed to retire; but soon was heard more hurriedly advancing, and at last entered the apartment. It was Kaloula; she went to the window, and gazed on the burning sand and sky, and then turned her pale face, that was bathed in tears, to Semid, who lay motionless, and appeared to breathe no longer. She then drew near the ottoman and bent in silent anguish for awhile over him, when with a sudden effort she stretched forth her hand and clasped the ring to take it from his finger. Semid sprang from the couch, and looked on Kaloula with an indescribable expression, who, clasping her hands violently, uttered a loud cry, and sank insensible on the floor. He bent in agony over her. "Again," he exclaimed, "have I leaned as my last hope on woman's love, and it has pierced my soul. O! prophet of my faith, I discern now thy wisdom, at which I have murmured, in severing woman from our path in the world of bliss; since cruelty

and ambition can be cherished amidst feelings of kindness and love. Never will I yield again to her charms, or be swayed by her artful wiles."

He hastened from the dwelling, and all night long in deep anguish of soul pursued his way.— On the evening of the 10th day he stood on the declivity of a range of mountains, on whose snows lay the last beams of the sun; and a noble plain was spread at their feet, in the midst of which stood the ruins of a superb temple. Semid drew near, as the night was falling around, and took up his abode in one of the ruined apartments; and when day broke he was struck with admiration and wonder at a sight so new to him. A corridor of pillars, with capitals of exquisite beauty, encircled the temple, which, though roofless, and its many niches despoiled of their statues, looked in its naked grandeur as if time might have no power over it. Here Semid thought he had found a habitation and solitude, where woman's step would never intrude, and he could indulge his sorrows unmolested. Several days had passed, and the fruits that grew on the plain composed his meals, when one evening, whilst the air was cool, he perceived a girl habited in a simple Syrian dress, approaching the ruin. She started with surprise at seeing a stranger; but recovering herself, asked what induced him to remain in so lonely a spot, and why he had never visited her father, who was the Imaun of the village behind the mountain, and would be happy to show him hospitality. Semid promised to come to the village, and the next day, crossing the mountain, he was received by the priest of the prophet with the greatest kindness. After a simple repast, Melahie took her guitar, and sang some native Syrian melodies with great sweetness. Delighted with his visit, the traveller's solitude seemed less welcome on his return. A few days passed, ere Malahie came again, and sitting on a part of the ruins beside Semid, she told him their history as far as she knew, and listened to his tales of other lands, and of his travels, with intense interest. Her form was slender, and, unlike the women of the east, her hair was light, and her eyes blue; but they had a look of irresistible sweetness and innocence, and her delicate features reflected every feeling of her soul. He frequently visited her father's cottage, and her steps still oftener sought the lonely ruin. Seated by Semid's side, and fixed on his pleasing discourse, she was happy; and he could not see the intense interest he inspired, while her tears fell fast at the picture of his sorrows, or her eyes kindled with delight when he told how his sad destiny was changed, without feeling his own heart deeply moved. He saw that she loved him, and soon felt that this entire confidence, this sweet diffidence and surrender of feeling, in a young and devoted woman, is far more dangerous than any studied allurements.

Still he imagined she loved him only for his beauty, or because she saw in him superior accomplishments to all around her. One evening as the Syrian was seated in silence beside him, and gazing on the rich scenery, Semid suddenly

addressed her: "Melahie, it is in vain to disguise our mutual affection; but you repose your peace on me only to be deceived; let me warn you that he who has appeared to you thus beautiful and interesting only deludes you. You see before you a magician of power, and of malice equal to his power, but not to injure you. Turn your eyes on your lover now." He suddenly drew the ring from his finger; the girl shrieked, and starting from her seat covered her face with her hands, for before her stood no longer the captivating stranger, but an elderly, pale, and sorrow stricken man; yet his look was haughty and full of fire, and waving his hand impressively, "fly from me now," he said, "you see me in my true colours; your beautiful lover is no more." Melahie turned on him for a moment a look of fixed sadness, and then silently departed. Many weeks passed, and still she came not to his lonely abode; but one morning as he stood sadly musing amidst the monuments of former glory, he saw her slowly walking towards him; but her beauty was faded by sorrow, and her delicate form wasted, and when she beheld the venerable figure of her once adored lover, an expression of exquisite anguish passed over her features. Still she drank in every word that fell from his lips, though the music of that voice had ceased, and the tone was cold and faltering; when he bade her fly from his solitude, and shun the evil destiny that surrounded him, and the treacherous allurements that might yet ensnare her, she burst into tears, unable to vanquish her love, yet shrinking from the painful change she witnessed.

The last evening they were thus to meet she found him reclined at the foot of a pillar; his countenance was paler, his eye more hollow than when she saw him last, and his whole air that of a man to whom earthly things are soon to be no more. "You are come, Melahie," he said, fixing his eyes with a mournful expression on her, "in time to bid me farewell for ever. You cannot grieve much for one whom it is impossible you could love. Semid, young and beautiful, engaged your affection, but oppressed with years, and sinking beneath his sorrows, the stranger will rest unremembered in his grave!"

"Never! oh! never," replied the beautiful Syrian, "can Melahie forget the stranger she once loved. Dark and mysterious as your path may seem, mine shall be united with it to the last. I loved you not for your beauty, Semid, it was for the charms of your discourse, the riches of your mind, and, above all, the new world of thought and imagination which you opened to me; when I left you, those scenes and glowing pictures haunted me still; in my dreams they came to me, and with all, your image was for ever blended. Radiant with beauty it came, and now thus fallen, it is still the same Semid who speaks to me, it is his spirit that casts its spell around mine, and death cannot break it."

"It is vain," said Semid; "the hour is near that will close these eyes for ever. Azrael comes to summon me; already I hear the rushing of his

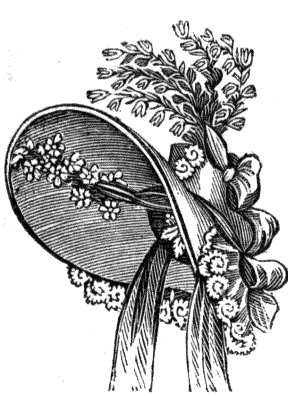
wings. Look where the last light of day is resting on the mountain snows; it will soon disappear; but when it rests on the pillar, and encircles this weary head, you will see your Semid expire." "Leave me not thus," exclaimed Melahie, weeping bitterly; "but soon shall I cease to be alone, I feel my heart is breaking, it has struggled for rest without you, but it may not be."

She ceased; for the sun leaving the darkening plain below, threw over the temple a golden hue, and rested on the pillar on which Semid was reclining. His look was sadly fixed on the crimsoning sky, his frame trembled, and as the red light was fading the young Syrian clasped her arm round his neck, and gazing on him as if for the last time: "O! Semid," she murmured, "my first, my only love; together we will quit this world of sorrow, and Melahie will not be parted in death, or in eternity." At these words he suddenly rose and drew the ring again on his finger, the lustre came to Melahie's eye, and the colour rushed to her cheek, for she gazed once more on the blooming and devoted Semid, who clasped her to his breast; "It is mine at last," he exclaimed; "the blessing I implored of Allah, but never hoped to find—a woman who truly loved me; we will go to the banks of the Orontes, to my father's cottage, and live amidst the scenes of my childhood. O Prophet of my faith! who amidst thy sufferings didst find in Cadija a true and imperishable love:—when I sought beauty alone, my hope perished, and thy mercy left me. Thou hast taught me by bitter sorrows that the value of a faithful and tender heart is above that of the richest charms of form and feature—of wealth or splendour—thy blessing shall rest upon our path for ever."

EVENING.

There are two periods in the life of man, in which the evening hour is peculiarly interesting—in youth and in old age. In youth, we love it for its mellow moonlight, its million of stars, its then rich and soothing shades, its still serenity; amid these we can commune with our loves, or twine the wreaths of friendship, while there is none to bear us witness but the heavens and the spirits that hold their endless sabbath there—or look into the deep bosom of creation, spread abroad like a canopy above us, and look and listen until we can almost see and hear the waving wings and melting songs of other worlds. To youth, evening is delightful it accords with the flow of his light spirits, the fervor of his fancy, and the softness of his heart. Evening is, also, the delight of virtuous age; it affords hours of undisturbed contemplation; it seems an emblem of the calm and tranquil close of busy life—serene, placid, and mild, with the impress of its great Creator stamped upon it; it spreads its quiet wings over the grave, and seems to promise that all shall be peace beyond it.

LATEST ENGLISH HEAD DRESSES.



Philadelphia—Published by L. A. Godey & Co. for the Lady's Book for January, 1832.

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THE EAGLE'S FLIGHT.

"Within the sanctuary of almost every human heart there is a vague and restless dreaming of unappreciated talent, or conscious superiority over others; and while to well regulated minds, this serves only as another proof of a future and more extended sphere of existence, in others it creates an aversion to the pleasures and affections of life, as trifles beneath their gaze, and with which they can hold no communion."—*Mester's Sketches.*

Mount up, mount up, thou warrior bird,
To the fields of the upper air,
Where the din and the tempests of earth are not heard,
The home of thy spirit is there!
Go, then, and gaze on the rising sun,
Ere this world is tinged with his glow—
And follow his course when his journey is done,
To the eyes of mortals below.

I go—I go—I linger too long
O'er the haunts of this gloomy earth,
I will haste to the birth place of light and of song,
Of glory and beauty and mirth;
Nearer and brighter will be each star,
And its radiance seem more clear,
When I gaze on this world in its darkness afar,
A lonely and desolate sphere.

I return—I return—all is fair,
In those scenes, but no answering tone,
No spirits of love and of kindred are there,
And my heart is weary and lone;
Vain is the brightness of skies above,
When we pant for the loftier dome;
And from this dim earth arise voices of love,
Which are calling the wand'rer home.

It is thus—oh thus with those who turn,
From this beautiful world away—
Its song of affection and loveliness spurn,
As a simple and childish lay—
Led on by a bright but dazzling gleam,
They chase a bewildering thing,
Till they wake from their frenzied and feverish dream,
And return with a weary wing.

ON REVISITING THE COUNTRY.

I STAND upon my native hills again,
Broad, round, and green, that in the southern sky,
With garniture of waving grass and grain,
Orchards and beechen forests, basking lie;
While deep the sunless glens are scooped between,
Where brawl o'er shallow beds the streams unseen.

A hisping voice and glancing eyes are near,
And ever-restless steps of one, who now
Gathers the blossoms of her fourth bright year;
There plays a gladness o'er her fair young brow,
As breaks the varied scene upon her sight,
Upheaved and spread in verdure and in light;

For I have taught her, with delighted eye,
To gaze upon the mountains; to behold,
With deep affection, the pure, ample sky,
And clouds along the blue abysses rolled;
To love the song of waters, and to hear
The melody of winds with churned ear.

Here I have 'scaped the city's stifling heat,
Its horrid sounds, and its polluted air;
And, where the season's milder feryours beat,
And gales, that sweep the forest borders, bear
The songs of birds and sound of running stream,
Have come awhile to wander and to dream.

Ay, flame thy fiercest, sun, thou canst not wake,
In this pure air, the plague that walks unseen;
The maze leaf, and the maple bough but take
From thy fierce heats a deeper, glossier green;
The mountain wind, that faints not in the ray,
Sweeps the blue steams of pestilence away.

The mountain wind—most spiritual thing of all
The wide earth knows—when in the sultry time,
He stoops him from his vast cerulean hall,
He seems the breath of a celestial clime—
As if from heaven's wide open gates did flow
Health and refreshments on the world below.

From the London Juvenile Forget-Me-Not.

FRANK FINLAY.

BY MISS LESLIE, OF PHILADELPHIA.

"AURA! dear Aura!" exclaimed Lewis Marshall, "turn round a moment from the looking glass, and hear the good news I have brought you. We are to have a glorious sleighing-party next Wednesday, and a dance at the new house, to do honour to your fourteenth birth-day. My mother has just told me, and, without waiting for particulars, I ran away immediately to let you know."

"I am much obliged to you," replied Aura, "but, of course, I knew it before you did. The Miss Dawsons first proposed it. Poor girls! they are completely out of their element in this dull country place, and are glad to start any thing by way of variety. My mother wished us to have the party here at home, and it was only this morning that she consented to its taking place at the new house; which is certainly a preferable arrangement, as we can then have the pleasure of sleighing as well as dancing."

Lewis. To be sure; and the sleighing is the best part of the pleasure. The snow is in fine order, and we shall go like streaks of lightning.—

Well, the first thing to be done is to invite all the neighbours.

Aura. All!

Lewis. I mean all the boys and girls. I may as well start at once, and go round in the sleigh with the invitations. I like to see the happy faces on such occasions.

Aura. Stay, Lewis, and listen to me. This is my birth-day party, and I am determined it shall be select.

Lewis. Select! That is one of the words you have learned at boarding-school. I am tired of it already. We never were select before, and why should we be so now? Come, let us, however, make a beginning with the invitations. Where shall I go first? To Big 'Possum or to Hominy Town?

Aura. As to Big 'Possum, I intend for the rest of my life, to cut every man, woman, and child, in that whole settlement. And as to the place you call Hominy Town, I won't answer, till you give it its new name of Science-ville. Are there not two Lyceums located there?

Lewis. Lyceums! Fiddlesticks! Two log school-houses, where Increase Frost of Vermont sets up in opposition to Maintain Bones of Connecticut!

Aura. Well, I must own that, after all, the preceptors are nothing more than mere Yankee schoolmasters. But there is Monsieur Nasillard's French Study.

Lewis. Yes, the back-room of his wife's barber-shop.

Aura. You need not trouble yourself about the invitations. I shall write notes, and send them by Pompey. The Miss Dawsons would be horrified to receive theirs in any other way, and so would their brother, Mr. Richard Dawson, who reads law.

Lewis. He might as well read Tom Thumb, for all the good his law-books will ever do him. The lawyers that get forward on this side of the Allegany are made of different stuff from Dick Dawson. Nothing could have started him west but the prospect of no business in Philadelphia. That's also Frank Finlay's opinion. Now I talk of Frank Finlay, I can certainly go over and give him his invitation without the ceremony of a note.

Aura. Now you talk of Frank Finlay, he shall have no invitation at all.

Lewis. No invitation at all! *Aura,* you are not in earnest?

Aura. Yes, I am. Frank Finlay shall not be of the sleighing-party. Do you think I could live and see him there before the Miss Dawsons, in that vile purple and yellow waistcoat, that he always wears on great occasions.

Lewis. I never knew a girl go so much by waistcoats. A fellow is in or out of favour with you, just according to his waistcoat.

Aura. As to Frank Finlay, his waistcoat is not the worst of him neither. Think of his head!

Lewis. Inside or out?

Aura. I mean the way in which his hair is cut.

Lewis. Why, his hair is well enough. I can prove that it was not done by a pumpkin-shell, as I cut it for him myself the last time it wanted trimming.

Aura. Oh! then, no wonder it is all in scollops!

Lewis. Well, as Frank is a good-natured fellow, I can easily prevail on him to get over his scruples about having his hair cut by a woman, and I'll go with him to Madame Nasillard and she shall give him a touch of her trade.

Aura. Then, his pantaloons are always too short.

Lewis. That is because he grows so fast. But he got a new pair the other day, with two tucks in them, and if he should grow considerably between this and Wednesday, it is very easy to let out a tuck.

Aura. Altogether his costume is intolerable, and he shall not come to the party. Ungentility makes me nervous, particularly in presence of the Miss Dawsons. Suppose, now, that Frank was to ask one of the Miss Dawsons to dance?

Lewis. No fear of that, as long as they can

get other partners, for I can assure you he likes the Dawsons quite as little as I do.—A set of insolent, affected, pretending flirts, whose father, being unable to support their folly and extravagance in Philadelphia, has come to this side of the mountain, in hopes of bettering his fortune, and living cheap. You were just beginning to get a little over the boarding-school, when these Dawsons came into the neighbourhood; and, finding our house a convenient visiting-place, they were glad enough to establish an intimacy with you, and have turned your head all over again.

Aura. Lewis, you may say what you please, but even in a republican country, there are certainly distinctions in society, and it is the duty of genteel people to keep them up.

Lewis. I heard Dick Dawson say those very words last Friday.

Aura. You cannot deny that the Dawson family and ours are at the head of society in the neighbourhood of Science-ville.

Lewis. I shall still call it Hominy Town.

Aura. Nonsense!—And is there an estate in the whole country that can vie with my father's plantation.

Lewis. Farm, farm!

Aura. No such thing! Nobody shall call me a farmer's daughter. Is not my father in the Assembly, in the State Legislature?

Lewis. Well, and so might Frank Finlay's father have been, only he would not run for candidate when they asked him, as he knew himself to be not clever at making speeches, (as my father is,) and he did not wish to be out-talked by the lawyer-members whenever he felt himself to be in the right. And as to the value of the Finlay farm and ours, there is not the toss of a copper between them. You'll see what Frank will make of that tract of hickory when he gets it into his own hands, and also the dog-wood bottom.

Aura. As to that, he will be more likely to go farther west than to stay on his father's land.

Lewis. And, though Frank has not had a city education, there is not a smarter fellow to be found on this side the Allegany, or one that is more acute at reading, writing, and cyphering.

Aura. That is all he can boast of.

Lewis. No, it is not all. He reads five or six newspapers every day, besides other things. He can also tell you as much about the revolutionary war as if he had fought in it.

Aura. Ah! he got all that information from his two grandfathers and his five old uncles, who did fight in it.

Lewis. Well, and their having done so proves that he is come of a good stock. And he has at his finger-ends the life of Dr. Franklin, after whom he was called.

Aura. That's nothing. Almost every child in America has read the Life of Dr. Franklin.

Lewis. As to the Constitution of the United States, I believe he knows it by heart. And then, when there are none present but boys, you would be amazed to hear how he can talk of

rail-roads, and canals, and steam-boats, and manufactures, and coal, and other things of the highest importance to the nation. But, above all, he knows the whole history of Buonaparte.

Aura. Still he does not make such a figure as Richard Dawson.

Lewis. So much the better.

Aura. There is no elegance whatever about Frank Finlay.

Lewis. Nonsense! Now I insist on it that Frank is a fine-looking fellow, besides being one of the best shots in the country. Is he not as straight as an Indian, and has he not red cheeks, and white teeth, and bright black eyes?

Aura. But still, as the Miss Dawsons say, he wants *manner*. Think how they must be struck with the difference between Frank Finlay and their brother!

Lewis. Yes. There is, indeed, a difference. Do you remember the story of the backwoodsman that went to a gunsmith to buy a new rifle, and the gunsmith asked him if he would have a gun that, when discharged, made a spitter-spitter-spattering, or one that went je-bunk? Do you see the moral? Frank Finlay always goes je-bunk, and is, of course, far preferable to Dick Dawson with his spitter-spitter spattering.

Aura. I suppose you mean that he has the most energy.

Lewis. Come now, *Aura*, do be good! Away with all this folly, and let poor Frank join the party.

Aura. Upon farther consideration—

Lewis. (Patting her shoulder)—Ah! that's right! I knew you would at last listen to reason.

Aura. On farther consideration, his dancing is sufficient to exclude him from society. I cannot tolerate his jumps and shuffles.

Lewis. I acknowledge the jumps, but I deny the shuffles. Why, you could not say worse of him if he danced like a Kentucky boatman, with his hat on his head, and a segar in his mouth.

Aura. Say no more about him. On account of the Miss Dawsons, and their brother, who is reading law—

Lewis. The puppy!

Aura. My party *must* be select.

Lewis. Don't say that again.

Aura. I will tell you whom I intend to invite—

Lewis. I'll not hear—I'll not listen—I'm angry, and sorry, and affronted at you.

Aura. Now, *Lewis*, be pacified.

Lewis. I will not.

Aura. Do, now! And consider that it is *my* birth-day party. Surely every one ought to be happy on their own birth-day, and I shall not be happy if Frank Finlay is before my eyes all the time. If *he* is present, my pleasure will be entirely destroyed, and I am sure my brother *Lewis* would be sorry if that were the case (*taking his hand*.)

Lewis. Well, as it is your own party, I suppose you must have your own way. But you had better not inform my mother that Frank Finlay is to be left out. You know, when my father first came to this settlement (long before

you and I were born) he had some difficulty about paying government for the land (for it was bought from the United States;) but Mr. Finlay lent him money, and helped him out, and made all easy. Though my father is now a rich man, and needs no assistance from any one, still his gratitude and friendship for the Finlay family are as warm as ever.

Aura. My mother need not know whether or not Frank is invited—unless *you* tell her.

Lewis. I have too much honour in me to tell tales of a girl, however bad she may be. *Aura*, sister *Aura*, I wish I could see you once more the innocent, good-humoured, pleasant little thing that gladdened all our hearts, before you went to the boarding-school, and before you knew the Dawsons; when you loved every body and every one loved you; when you were happy to mix with the other farmers' children, and to do as they did; when you had no accomplishments, and no airs, and when you delighted in reading the Arabian Nights. Do not you think you were much happier in those days? I too had a year's schooling in Philadelphia, but it did not make a fool of me. Boys are certainly much more sensible than girls.

Aura. Well, comfort yourself with that, and leave me to write my notes in peace.

Lewis. I shall be sixteen next June, and when *my* birth-day comes what a barbecue I'll have! Frank Finlay shall be president of the feast, and not any of the name of Dawson shall show their faces at it.

Mr. Marshall, the father of *Lewis* and *Aura*, was now at the seat of the State Government, attending to his duty in the Legislature. He had built a large house on some land that he had recently purchased and improved about seven miles from his present residence. To this place he purposed removing with his family in the spring, and here the birth-day party, now in agitation, was to be celebrated, as the new house afforded the accommodation of a very large room for dancing, and another for eating; and in going thither and returning, they could have the enjoyment of a sleigh-ride.

Being vexed and mortified at the exclusion of his friend Frank, and, therefore, unwilling to see him, *Lewis* volunteered to go to the new house three days before the party, and make it ready for the reception of the company, while *Aura* remained at home and assisted in preparing the feast. *Lewis* took with him their servant-man Pompey and his wife Violet, two old but faithful and active negroes.

Frank was much hurt at receiving no invitation, and of course paid no visit to the Marshall family in the interval, though, in general, he and *Lewis* were together some part of every day; their father's farms being contiguous to each other.

At length the day of the party arrived. The company, having breakfasted early at their own homes, set out in their sleighs for Mr. Marshall's new house. Those that came from the imme-

diatè neighbourhood of Science-ville (amongst whom were the Dawsons) had to pass the present dwelling of the Marshall family, and consequently all stopped there for a short time, and took what they called a fresh start. Lewis (who had returned from the new house the night before) drove a sleigh in which were half a dozen fine little girls, and was preceded by the one that contained the Miss Dawsons, Mrs. Marshall, and Aura, and which was driven by Dick. Many articles for the feast had been sent to the new house the day before, and others were put into the sleigh occupied (beside the driver) by two servant-women and the two musicians—a black man who played on the violin, and a mulatto-boy with a tambourine.

It was one of those clear, unclouded, brilliant, mornings so characteristic of an American winter. Never was the atmosphere more pure, the sky more blue, or the sun more resplendent. The snow sparkled and crackled under the feet of the horses, while they seemed almost to fly over its surface of dazzling whiteness. The bells rung merrily round the necks of the exhilarated animals as they bounded along, and the well-stowed sleighs looked gay and comfortable, with the coverlets of various colours that floated over their backs, and the bear-skins and buffalorobes that gave warmth to their interior.

As soon as the cavalcade had started, the musicians struck up the popular Virginia reel of "Fire in the mountains, run, boys, run!" at which Dick Dawson dropped the reins to stop his ears, his sisters uttered something between a scream and a laugh, and Aura recollected with shame that it was not genteel to play along the road. As soon as Dick recovered, he called to the musicians to cease, much to the vexation of the unfashionable portion of the party, and greatly to the discomfiture of the sable minstrel and his assistant, neither of whom, however, could refrain, as the sleigh wafted them along, from giving an occasional scrape on the fiddle, or a thump on the tambourine.

As they passed the residence of the Finlays, they found all the family at the windows, and Lewis turned away his head that he might not meet the eyes of his slighted friend, who, however, did not happen to be there.

About two miles farther on, as they proceeded through the woods, they had a glimpse of Frank Finlay among the trees, with his dog and gun, and a pair of pheasants in his hand. The dog came bounding towards the sleigh that Lewis was driving, but Frank called him off, and retreated farther into the woods.

The first impulse of Lewis, on seeing his friend, was to jump out of the sleigh, run after Frank, and insist on his joining the party. But a moment's reflection convinced him that such a proceeding would displease Aura and shock her new friends, as Frank was in his shooting dress—a blanket-coat trimmed with squirrel fur, a cap of grey fox-skin, and a pair of Indian moccasins. A boy who drove the next sleigh called out to Lewis to proceed, and he gave the horses a

touch, saying to himself, with a sigh, "Never mind, the barbecue next June shall make amends for all."

Just as they came in sight of the new house, Dick Dawson bestowed such a cut on his horses that, springing suddenly to one side, they overset the sleigh, and it was broken to pieces. Luckily all its occupants fell into a bank of soft snow, and none were hurt; but the dresses of the Miss Dawsons (which were quite too fine and too flimsy for the occasion) were much deranged and injured, and Dick's shirt-collar suffered extremely. Fortunately it is unfashionable to lament over disasters that happen to dresses, and therefore the Dawsons bore the accident with great apparent composure, and walked to the house, which was within a quarter of a mile; and they were met in the porch by some of the party, who, coming from a shorter distance, had arrived before them.

On getting out of the sleigh that brought up the rear, one of the black women advanced to Mrs. Marshall, and displayed to her a pair of fine peasants.

"Where did you get these?" enquired Mrs. Marshall.

"Master Frank Finlay gave them to me," answered the girl. "He proceeded from the woods with his dog and gun, and chucked these two dead peasants into my lap, and said, 'There Miss Phillis, ax Aura if she'll 'cept these here unworthy birds, and have them cooked, and eat them herself at dinner, from me.' Them's the very words he spoke, a'n't they, Sylvia?"

"Something in that way," replied Sylvia; "but (lowering her voice) I'll be qualified here put *Miss* before Aura, and not before Phillis; and he said nothing in 'sparagement of his peasants neither."

"And how does it happen," asked Mrs. Marshall, looking at her daughter, "that Frank Finlay is not one of the party? I expected of course, to see him among us." Aura held down her head, and tied and untied the strings of her cloak; and Lewis looked unutterable things. "I will enquire into this hereafter," added Mrs. Marshall.

They were met at the door by Pompéy and Violet, (both grinning ell-wide with delight, as country negroes generally do at the sight of company,) and ushered into the large front parlour, where an immense fire of hickory logs was blazing in the chimney.

During the three days he had spent at the new house, Lewis was chiefly employed in making substitutes for furniture. In this undertaking he would have been very glad to have availed himself of the assistance of Frank Finlay, whose ingenuity in every thing relating to the mechanic arts was far superior to his own. With the spare boards that had been left by the carpenters, Lewis contrived some most substantial benches (beside other things of less consequence) and also erected a very large table on something like tressels. But he took the most pride in having decorated the windows, doors, and walls

of the parlours with festoons of laurel and cedar branches. The windows, particularly, made a very handsome appearance, each looking like a green arbour, and being strikingly contrasted with the snow out of doors.

"How romantic!" said one of the Miss Dawsons.

"Picturesque, I declare!" said another.

"Quite theatrical!" said a third.

"Very fair, upon my honour—very fair indeed!" said Dick.

After mulled wine and pound cake had been handed round, a game of forfeits was proposed; but it was rejected with contempt by the Dawsons, who declared that all such plays were long since exploded, and that dancing was now the order of the day, from six years old to sixty. The musicians, to their great joy, were put in requisition, and the dancing would have commenced with great spirit, only that the Miss Dawsons insisted on the newest cotillions, and undertook to teach them to the company. Luckily for the musicians, as these new figures were nearly all the same, they could be performed to almost any cotillion tune. Dick Dawson danced one set with Aura, during which he merely walked through the cotillion, saying that gentlemen now never attempted any thing like dancing-steps; and, when it was over, he protested that he must beg leave to decline all further exertion, as the fatigue of driving the sleigh had been really too much for him. Lewis having done his duty, and gratified his sister by taking out the three Miss Dawsons one after the other, selected for his next partner, a pretty little girl as unlike them as possible, and the dancing continued till the dining hour.

The plan of the sleighing-party was to stay at the new house till evening, and then go home by moonlight. Before dinner, however, the sky had clouded, the wind had changed to the north-east, and there was every appearance of bad weather. Mrs. Marshall took her son and daughter aside, and suggested to them the expediency of all returning home immediately, in case of more snow; proposing that they should take a short repast of such things as were then ready, and depart at once, instead of waiting for dinner at two o'clock. To this prudent proposition Lewis and Aura were unwilling to consent, alleging that, after they had invited their friends, and brought them so far, it would have a most inhospitable look to take them away almost immediately, and without their dinner, and remarking that, as we have generally indications of a snow-storm a whole day before it commences, they could not believe there was any immediate danger. They begged of their mother to allow them to remain till towards evening, and not to make their friends uneasy by prognosticating bad weather.

About one o'clock it slowly began to snow, Lewis and Aura watched the clouds, imagined that they saw them breaking, and prophesied that the snow would soon cease. The clouds, however, gradually lost their distinct forms, and

were blended into one monotonous mass of dark grey, that covered the whole sky.

Precisely at two o'clock, old Pompey threw open the door, and with a bow, consisting of three motions, flourished his hand, scraped his foot, waved his head, and announced to the company that "he was proud to reform them as dinner waited."

The dining-room, or back parlour, was also properly ornamented with cedar and laurel, and thoroughly warmed by an enormous fire. The table-furniture had been sent the day before, and also many of the viands. The ample board was set out with turkies, wild and tame, ducks of both descriptions, and also pigeons; hams, fowls, venison dressed in various ways; pies, puddings, cakes, sweetmeats, &c.—all in that lavish abundance generally found on American tables.

Just after the dinner had commenced, Phillis brought in the pair of pheasants, and significantly placed them before Aura, who desired her to remove them to the other end. Lewis sat there, and he mischievously sent his sister a plate with a portion of one of the birds, which Aura then determined to eat with as much indifference as she could assume. But as soon as she had tasted it, and found how nice it was, her conscience smote her for the first time; so often does it happen that our feelings are excited by trifles, when things of more consequence have failed to awaken them. Aura now thought with compunction of Frank Finlay—of his good nature, his spirit, and his vivacity—and of the animation he would have infused into the party. She looked over the boys whom she had invited as considering them more elegant than Frank, and she found that, after all, they were quite as unlike Dick Dawson as he was, and looked no better in their holiday-clothes than he did; that several of the waistcoats now present were uglier even than his; and most of the heads in a worse style decidedly.

The secret cause of Aura so pertinaciously insisting on the exclusion of Frank Finlay was that she had frequently heard him ridiculed by Dick Dawson and his sisters; Dick having discovered that he did not stand high in Frank's estimation. In consequence of the sneers of the Dawsons, Aura regarded Frank in a less favourable light than she had formerly done; but she was afraid to cite *them* as authority for her change of opinion, lest Lewis should take immediate vengeance on Dick.

By the time dinner was over, the wind blew a hurricane, and the snow had increased so rapidly that the whole atmosphere seemed to be filled with its feathery flakes. There was no possibility of encountering so violent a storm in such vehicles as open sleighs. The only alternative was to remain all night in the new house. It was true they had no beds, but there was plenty of provisions for supper and breakfast; the inconvenience of sleeping uncomfortably would be for one night only, and they had no doubt of a fine day on the morrow

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Having made up their minds to this new plan, cheerfulness was restored, and after dinner blind-man's-buff was pursued with great alacrity by all but the Dawsons, who declined participating in it as quite too boisterous, and said they preferred remaining in the back parlour, where poor Aura, though longing to join in the play, thought it incumbent on her to stay with her city friends. The young ladies talked of the various elegant sleighing-parties they had "attended" in the neighbourhood of Philadelphia, and Dick leaned against the chimney-piece and fell asleep.

During the short afternoon, Mrs. Marshall, assisted by the servants, busied herself in preparing for the exigencies of the night. The supper consisted of the provisions that had been left at dinner, with the addition of tea and coffee, which they had brought with them for the purpose. When it was over, the company drew round the fire, and amused themselves with telling riddles and singing songs, having no desire to retire early to their sleeping-places. The stock of candles was soon exhausted, and they were obliged to content themselves with the light of the fire. Pompey, however, triumphantly brought in, on a waiter, some substitutes of his own contrivance—saucers filled with melted fat, and having a twisted paper lighted and stuck up in the middle of each. He was arranging these uncouth lamps at regular distances on the mantle-piece, but the giggling of the Miss Dawsons, and the disgusted face of Dick, induced Aura to make a sign to the poor fellow to take them away immediately.

At last bed-time came, weariness gradually stole over them, and the whole company "addressed themselves to sleep." The back parlour was appropriated to the ladies, the front to the gentlemen. The cloaks, coverlets, and furs, served as bedding for the females, and the boys moved the benches near the fire and lay down on them, covered with their great coats. All, except Dick, slept tolerably well; but he complained and murmured nearly the whole time. The girls passed an uncomfortable and restless night, as they lay spread about the floor, and were frequently startled by noises from the adjoining room when the boys in their sleep tumbled off the benches.

The wind raved all night with a fury that seemed to shake even the strong stone house to its foundation, and the snow drifted against the windows of the front parlour till it obscured even the upper panes. It did not, as usual, abate at the approach of dawn, but, when morning came, the storm increased in violence. The country all round looked like a vast white desert. The snow had been driven by the wind into enormous hills or ridges, which entirely blocked up the roads, and rendered them impassable; the fences, being buried above the top-rails, were no longer to be seen; and the only landmarks now visible were the trees, bending heavily before the blast. The cold was intense, and the gloomy aspect of the heavens was still as unpromising as it had been the preceding evening.

When Pompey came in to set the breakfast-table, he brought with him an armful of wood to replenish the fires, and announced, with a face of dismay, that "May-be it would be the last wood the gentlemen and ladies would ever have." On being required to explain, he made many apologies for the unexpected badness of the weather, and stated that the unusual quantity that had been consumed during the last twenty-four hours had entirely exhausted the stock of fuel that had been provided for the occasion, and that there was barely enough in the kitchen to suffice for cooking the breakfast. He concluded his harangue by saying, "And so, gentlemen and ladies, my 'pinion is firm and fixed, that nothing on yearth can stop us from all freezing stiff in less than no time."

This intelligence was heard with great consternation. The Miss Dawsons talked of going into hysterics, Dick nearly fainted, many of the girls cried, and all the boys looked serious.

The forest was not far from the house, but the storm still raged so violently that it was impossible for any one to go thither to cut wood. What was now to be done? After the fires had burned down, the rooms, in such severe weather, would immediately become cold; the stock of provisions had greatly diminished, and, in case the storm continued all day and night, how were they to remain in the empty house, without fuel, and with but a scanty supply of food?

The boards left by the carpenters had all been used in making the table and benches, and these it was now judged expedient to split up with an axe, as the most feasible means of replenishing the fire. Lewis, in a few minutes, demolished the furniture that he had taken so much pains in making, reserving only two benches as seats for the females. The boys sat on the floor. The heat afforded by these boards was not great; and the girls first wrapped themselves in their cloaks, and afterwards added the coverlets and furs.

It was determined that, as soon as the storm began to abate, they should all set out for home. But Pompey came in with another face of alarm, and proclaimed, that "the feed that was brung for the hosses had guv qut the night afore, and that thereby the creaturs would never be able for dragging the sleighs through sich roads, and that there was nothing more to be done but stay and perish." This news was heard with almost screams by the female part of the company, and several of the younger boys turned pale. The hysterics of the Miss Dawsons now came on; but such was the general consternation that they were little attended to, except by Aura.

Lewis now proposed digging away the snow from the nearest fence, and procuring the rails for fuel. In this enterprise the other boys instantly volunteered to assist; and, tying on their hats with handkerchiefs, they immediately set to work; being much impeded, however, by the violence of the wind, which at times nearly over-set them, and by the blinding snow that whirled against their faces.

While engaged in this employment, they heard a loud halloo resounding from a distance, and were presently hailed by the voice of Frank Finlay, who came "flouncing through the drifted heaps" upon a jumper—a rude sort of sleigh, hastily constructed for emergencies. The body of this vehicle is generally made of rough boards nailed together so as to resemble a box, planks are laid across for seats, the bottom is filled with straw, and the runners are formed of two crooked saplings, their curves turning up in front.

Lewis flew to Frank, and shook him heartily by the hand, as did also the other boys, as well as that privileged person, old Pompey. "Oh, Frank!" exclaimed Lewis, "how glad I am to see you! How could you think of turning out in such a storm? I am sure you have brought us good news, and that all our troubles are now over."

"I have brought a bag of corn for the horses," replied Frank, "as I supposed it to be the thing most wanted. I lay awake and thought of you all, nearly the whole of last night; and particularly of the horses, for I never can sleep well when I know that horses or dogs are suffering. There is a man behind who will be up presently with still more corn, and I hope there will be enough to allow them all a good feed before you set off. Here, Pompey, take charge of this bag of corn, and give some to the horses immediately. But what are you all doing out here in the snow?"

Lewis explained, and Frank instantly set to work and helped them, refusing to go into the house till their task was accomplished. "We talked of you at our house all last evening," said he, "and I determined to start at day-light and come off to see how you were. The Wilsons had borrowed our sleigh to go to your party, and there was not another to be had in the neighbourhood, all being in requisition for the same purpose. So I set to work and made a jumper, out in the wood-house, and finished it before bed-time. As the storm did not abate, we knew the snow would be very deep before morning, and my father said he would raise the neighbours to clear the road for you to come home. But, as that is not the work of a moment, I could not wait; so at day-light I started with my jumper to come and enquire into the state of affairs. When the horses have eaten their corn they will be able to draw the sleighs; for, as my father and the neighbours will turn out as soon as the storm allows them, it will not be long before the road is passable."

As fast as the elder boys dug away the snow, and pulled down the fence, the younger ones carried in the rails to replenish the fires. At length the wind fell, the snow came down more slowly, the sky grew lighter, and the boys went into the house with the joyful news that the company might now prepare for departing.

Lewis, seizing Frank by both hands, drew him towards Aura, exclaiming, "There now—see there?" Frank smiled and blushed, and Aura cast down her eyes and burst into tears. The

Miss Dawsons whispered each other, and Dick tittered, and said, "Quite a scene!" upon which Lewis immediately knocked him down.

Dick, however, was but slightly hurt; and seeing that no one came to his assistance (all the company having gathered round Frank Finlay,) he managed to scramble up again, and contented himself with saying, after he had regained his feet, "Upon my word, there is no knowing how to take these bush-whackers.* But I shall prosecute—I rather think I shall prosecute."

The snow soon ceased; but the road immediately before the house was impassable, and it was necessary to clear it before the cavalcade could set out. Frank, having found a few more boards in a corner of the stable, proposed making of them some large wooden spades; and with these they managed to shovel away the snow with great execution.

In the afternoon Frank's father arrived in another jumper, and reported that the neighbours had cleared all the worst parts of the road, and that they might now venture to start. These were joyful tidings.

One of the sleighs having been overset and broken (as before related,) room was made in others for Mrs. Marshall and the Dawsons; and Aura rode home in Frank's jumper, with him and her brother.

In conclusion, we have only to say that, early in the spring, Mr. Dawson obtained an office which obliged him to remove to Washington, to the great joy of his children, and the manifest delight of Lewis Marshall. Aura, no longer under the influence of this family (whom she never liked so well after the sleighing-party,) resumed her natural feelings and habits, and became once more as amiable as before she had known the boarding-school and the Dawsons. Frank left off his purple and yellow waistcoat, lengthened his pantaloons, had his hair cut by Madame Nasillard; and, at the age of eighteen, Aura Marshall became the junior Mrs. Finlay.

* In the western states the word *bush* is often used to signify a forest; "to live in the bush," means to live in the woods. Thus new settlers are called "bush-whackers" because they whack down the trees, and the term is frequently applied to back-woods-men in general.

RELIGION.

Man, in whatever state he may be considered, as well as in every period and vicissitude of life, experiences in religion an efficacious antidote against the ills which oppress him, a shield that blunts the darts of his enemies, and an asylum into which they can never enter. In every event of fortune it excites in his soul a sublimity of ideas, by pointing out to them the just judge, who, as an attentive spectator of his conflicts, is about to reward him with his intangible approbation. Religion also, in the darkest tempest, appears to man as the iris of peace, and dissipating the dark and angry storm, restores the wish for calm, and brings him to the port of safety.

THE BRIDAL STAR.

Poetry by A. J. McDouall, Esq.

MUSIC COMPOSED BY HENRI HERZ,

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His white plume o'er the mountain streams My heart throbs with de-light, His

corse-let in the Sunshine beams, He comes my peer-less Knight. The

ban-quet spread and Mu-sic bring from ho-ly land a-far His La-dy love shall

ad lib.
wel-come sing, And touch her gay gul-tar The ban-quet spread and

Mu - sic bring from ho - ly land a - far His La - dy love shall

welcome sing And touch her gay guitar touch her gay guitar touch her gay guitar His

La - dy love shall welcome sing And touch ad lib. And touch her gay guitar.

SECOND VERSE.

While songs of mirth and pastime strains are breathing soft around,
 Hail, Vassals hail, till yonder plains his welcome home resound;
 I'll deck myself in all my best and wear my bridal star:
 And now he's laid his lance at rest I'll touch my gay guitar.
 The banquet spread, &c.

THE SEA.

Old Ocean was,
 Infinity of ages ere we breathed
 Existence; and he will be beautiful
 When all the living world that sees him now
 Shall roll unconscious dust around the sun.
 Quelling from age to age the vital throb
 In human hearts, death shall not subjugate
 The pulse that swells in his stupendous breast,
 Or interdict his minstrelsy to sound
 In thundering concert with the quiring winds;
 But long as man to parent Nature owns
 Instinctive homage, and in times beyond
 The power of thought to reach, bard after bard
 Shall sing thy glory, beatific Sea!

MOTTOES.

BY M. A. BROWNE.

"For love, and all for love;"—take thou this gem:
 Lo, where the white wings of the fluttering dove
 Hover betwixt the rose and diadem,
 The motto read,—"tis "Love, and all for love!"

"For thee and thee alone;"—take thou this flower;
 See how it turns towards the regal sun,
 Bending its head beneath its dazzling power;
 Silent it saith,—"For thee and thee alone!"

"Thine own for ever;"—take this faithful heart,
 That beateth in my bosom with one tone,
 Responding in its chords in every part,
 And whispering,—"Thine for ever, love! thine own!"

THE EAGLE.

I SHALL, then, introduce to your notice the eagle, a bird of the first or rapacious class, so called because they prey upon flesh of all kinds. It consists of many varieties—the most prominent of which are the golden eagle, “with his eye of light”—the condor, of whom so many wonders are told in fairy tale—the unseemly and rapacious vulture—the gallant falcon, which, in the olden days, afforded such gay pastime to Lords and Ladies—the midnight owl—and the small butcher-bird. The great sea-eagle is only inferior in size to the golden eagle: as its name implies, it resides near the sea, although its eyrie, or nest, is generally constructed in the loftiest tree it can discover in the vicinity of the ocean; there it builds a very broad habitation, and lays in it two eggs. I remember a pair of these birds who had inhabited, time out of mind, an old tree in my neighbourhood; I have often gazed up with wonder at the immense mass which their nest appeared as it rested on the topmost and blighted boughs of this denizen of the woods; and I recollect well the heavy sailing flights of its inmates returning to their home. The peasants there used to assert that they fished more in the night than in the day, and I perceive that naturalists generally agree in the opinion that they certainly collect food when others of the species sleep. I often lamented the fate of those birds: latterly, perhaps from their age, which must have been extreme, they became heavy and lazy—so lazy that they debased their noble nature by condescending to petty pillage that would have disgraced a common kite, and the peasants were continually suffering from their ungenerous system. They seldom visited the sea-shore, but woe betide even an unfortunate chicken that crossed their path! What was to be done? Many projects were talked about, but, with the dilatoriness peculiar to my country-folk, none were put in execution; every body respected the eagles. Our gardener, Peter, was ordered to prime and load his musket, and fire on the old lady the first time she intruded herself into the company of our goslings. She was a magnificent bird, and, as is usual with females of the rapacious tribe, half as large again as her husband. “Look at her,” replied Peter, as she sailed in the distance, the deep blue of a summer sky throwing her expanded wings and majestic movements into strong relief. “Look at her, master! I remember that *ould* lass ever since I was the hight of a raspberry plant; and I couldn’t find it in my heart to hurt a feather of her wing—the craythur! What signifies a dozen of goslings to such a bird as that?—won’t there be plenty o’ geese of all sorts when she’s gone? But my father before me used to say, Peter, says he, mark my words—they ’ll be the last o’ the rale ancient Irish eagles that ’ll ever settle in the barony—for they’ve a mortal hatred to new fashions, and prefar, by a great dale, an open country, where there’s free trade, and no revenue officers, or any thing that way:—you understand, Sir:—but as to killing her—I’d as soon think o’ killing the

priest!” This was the climax!—Peter’s determination was taken; but, as goslings were again destroyed, and, unfortunately, in an unlucky moment the rapacious bird took a fancy to a beautiful pea-hen, who was brooding over her eggs in a retired copse, it was absolutely determined that, as it would be a species of sacrilege to destroy the birds, the old tree, so long their domicile, should be cut down; and it was conjectured that they would, on receiving so marked an insult, proudly resolve to quit the neighbourhood altogether. The result proved that our anticipations were correct. When they returned at night, and saw the dwelling of ages scattered on the ground, they circled and circled over it, uttering from time to time, screams both shrill and plaintive. In the morning they were no where to be found, and we could only conjecture that they had retired to some of the islet bays, with which that part of the coast abounds. I once saw a poor Irishman, who assured me that he had robbed an eagle’s nest, at Killarney, of a fine young lamb, which kept his family in fresh meat (a luxury they were quite unaccustomed to) for more than a week! He was not as clever, though, as a man we read of in “Smith’s History of Kerry,” who got a comfortable subsistence for his family, during a summer of fearful famine, out of an eagle’s nest, by robbing the eaglets of their food, which was plentifully supplied by the old ones; he protracted their assiduity beyond the usual time, by clipping the wings and retarding the flight of the young. We may call the eagle the lion of the air: like that noble animal he is solitary in his habits, lonely in his magnificence, disdaining all the attributes of royalty, except its power—in *that* he triumphs. How good and wise is Providence in all its ways!—Were carnivorous birds as numerous as others, how soon all the humbler tenants of the air, and the helpless, but beautiful and gentle creatures of the woods and wilds would be destroyed.—*Mrs. S. C. Hall’s Anecdotes of Birds.*

ORIGIN OF RINGS.

FATE had fixed that the son of Thetis should excel his father, in consequence of which, the nymph was no longer sought in marriage by the gods, and was compelled to marry Peleus, as the first of mortals. The ring on her finger is remarkable, because rings were invented from a circumstance connected with Thetis. The tradition relates, that Jupiter, wishing to release Prometheus, who was bound to a rock for a certain number of years, was prevented by his oath. Prometheus, however, having shown how the difficulty with regard to the son of Thetis might be overcome, by her marriage with a mortal, had merited restoration to divine favour. This could only be done, consistently with the oath, by making a ring, in which was set a piece of the rock of Caucasus, always to be worn by Prometheus, who thus remained, in a manner perpetually chained to the rock.—*Pompeiana.*

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THE GATHERER.

“A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.”

Shakspeare.

MANY have no happier moments than those they pass in solitude, abandoned to their own imagination, which sometimes puts sceptres in their hands, or mitres on their heads, shifts the scene of pleasure with endless variety, bids all the forms of beauty sparkle before them, and gluts them with every change of visionary luxury.

Vicious habits are so great a stain to human nature, and so odious in themselves, that every person, actuated by right reason, would avoid them, though he was sure they would be always concealed both from God and man, and had no future punishment entailed upon them.

A brave man thinks no one his superior, who does him an injury; for he has it then in his power to make himself superior to the other, by forgiving it.

To relieve the oppressed, is the most glorious act a man is capable of; it is in some measure doing the business of God and Providence.

Atheists put on a false courage and alacrity in the midst of their darkness and apprehensions; like children, who, when they go in the dark, will sing for fear.

Would you both please, and be instructed too,
Watch well the rage of shining to subdue;
Hear every man upon his favourite theme,
And ever be more knowing than you seem;
The lowest genius will afford some light,
Or give a hint that had escaped your sight.

Virtue in an intelligent and free creature, of whatever rank in the scale of being, is nothing less than a conformity of disposition and practice to the necessary, eternal and unchangeable rectitude of the Divine nature.

A well regulated mind does not regard the abusive language of a low fellow 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.”

Noah's ark was large enough to hold 81,000 tons.

The mind appears to me to discover itself most in the mouth and eyes; with this difference, that the mouth seems the more expressive of the temper, and the eye of the understanding.

Every man who acquires a fortune by his industry, is a treasure to himself and family, and a profit to his country by adding to the common stock. It becomes a bond which unites him to society.

An excuse is worse and more terrible than a lie: for an excuse is a lie guarded.

Praise is like ambergris: a little whiff of it, and by snatches, is very agreeable; but when a man holds a whole lump of it to your nose, it is a stink, and strikes you down.

“—— Remember

’Tis we that bring you in the means of feasts,
Banquets, and revels, which, when you possess,
With barbarous ingratitude you deny us
To be made sharers in the harvest, which
Our sweat and industry reaped and sowed for you.”

There is a charm in private life which, from the very nature of the thing, can never be imparted by any public exhibition. In the theatre or in the concert room, we can never sufficiently abstract our minds from the performer.—The performance may be, and, in many instances, is perfection. Science and taste are completely satisfied. But sentiment vanishes away before the idea that the whole is an exhibition.

While you say that the religion of your neighbour is like a garment that sits *loosely* upon him, be careful that your own is not like a glove that fits either hand: those who have the least piety themselves are not unfrequently the most censorious towards others; a *dishonest* man is the first to detect a fraudulent *neighbour*.

Hath any wounded you with injuries, meet them with patience; hasty words rattle the wound, soft language dresses it, forgiveness cures it, and oblivion takes away the scar.

Custom is commonly too strong for the most resolute resolver, though furnished for the assault with all the weapons of philosophy. “He that endeavours to free himself from an ill habit (says Bacon) must not change too much at a time, lest he should be discouraged by difficulty; nor too little, for then he would make but few advances.”

Once allow a man to turn seventy, he has then escaped the fatal three score and ten, and would consider himself an ill-used person should he receive notice of ejection a day short of ninety. Ninety comes, and he grows insolent. Death, he thinks, has passed on, and overlooked him. He asks why nature has so long delayed to claim her debt. She has suffered thrice seven years to elapse beyond the period usually assigned for payment, and he indulges in wild fancies of a statute of limitations. In his most rational moments he talks of nothing but old Parr. He burns his will, marries his housekeeper, hectors his son and heir, who is seventy, and canes his grand-child (a lad of fifty,) for keeping late hours.

We are sometimes apt to wonder to see those people proud, who have done the meanest things; whereas a consciousness of having done poor things, and a shame of hearing of them, often make the composition we call pride.

The two maxims of a great man at court are, always to keep his countenance, and never to keep his word.

The national debt of England, in 1828, was three thousand seven hundred and seven million dollars; yearly revenue, two hundred and twenty eight millions.

Female beauty is dear in every situation, in sickness, and even in death. Mrs. B——t, daughter of the late Dean S. was a very lovely woman—she was worn out with a long and painful illness. While in her last faintings, her attendants were rubbing her forehead with Hungary water, she begged them to desist, for it would make her hair gray!

Canal locks were invented in Italy, in the year 1481.

In making toys, the Chinese are exceedingly expert: out of a solid ball of ivory, with a hole in it not larger than half an inch in diameter, they will cut from nine to fifteen distinct hollow globes, one within another, all loose, and capable of being turned round in every direction, and each of them carved full of the same kind of open work that appears on the fans; a very small sum of money is the price of one of these difficult trifles.

Wherever I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, I take it for granted there would be as much generosity were he a rich man.

Beauty's sweet, but beauty's frail;
'Tis sooner past, 'tis sooner done,
Than summer's rain or winter's snow;
Most fleeting when it is most dear—
'Tis gone while we but say 'tis here.
Those curious locks so aptly twined,
Whose every hair a soul doth bind,
Will change their auburn hue and grow
White and cold as winter's snow.
That eye which now is Cupid's nest
Will prove his grave, and all the rest
Will follow.—In the cheek, chin, nose,
Nor lily will be found, nor rose.

It is a secret known to but few, yet of no small use in the conduct of life, that when you fall into a man's conversation, the first thing you should consider is whether he has a greater inclination to hear you, or that you should hear him.—*Steele*.

Of all the actions of a man's life, his marriage does least concern other people, yet of all actions of our life, 'tis most meddled with by other people.—*Selden*.

He only can discern his real friends who makes himself independent of them, by securing the friendship of God and his own conscience.

“ — He's no rich man
That knows all he possesses, and leaves nothing
For his servants to make prey of.”

A tradesman who attempts to monopolize business, or to injure his compeers by underselling, is guilty of high treason against society, as he violates that integrity and good will, without which the social compact would soon be broken asunder. I always suspect that such a man has not paid for his goods, or sells those of an inferior quality.

Those who most readily find a God to swear by, seldom find one to pray to.

The great bell at Moscow is at once a monument of art and folly. It weighs 443,772 lbs., and was cast in the reign of the Empress Anna: but the beam on which it hung being burned, it fell to the ground and suffered considerable damage.

RECIPES.

TO CLEAN WHITE LACE VEILS.

Make a solution of white soap, in a clean saucepan; put in your veil, and let it boil gently a quarter of an hour; take it out into a clean basin with some warm water and soap, and keep gently squeezing it till it is thoroughly clean; then rinse it from the soap, and have ready a pan of clean cold water, in which put a drop of chemic or liquid blue; rinse the veil in this liquid, then take a tea-spoonful of starch, and pour boiling water upon it, run the veil through this, and clear it well, by clapping it between the hands: frame it or pin it out, taking care to keep the edges straight and even.

TO CLEAN BLACK LACE VEILS.

These are cleaned by passing them through a warm liquor of bullock's gall and water: after which they must be rinsed in cold water; then cleaned for stiffening, and finished as follows.

Take a small piece of glue, about the size of a bean, pour boiling water upon it, which will dissolve it, and when dissolved pass the veil through it, then clap it between your hands and frame it, as described in the preceding receipt.

FOR DIPPING BLACK SILKS WHEN THEY APPEAR RUSTY, OR THE COLOUR FADED.

For a silk dress, your own discretion must be used, whether the silk can be roused, or whether it requires to be re-dyed. Should it require re-dying, this is done as follows: for a gown, boil two ounces of logwood; when boiled half an hour put in your silk, and simmer it half an hour, then take it out, and add a piece of blue vitriol as big as a pea, and a piece of green copperas as big as the half of a horse bean; when these are dissolved, cool down the copper with cold water, and put in your silk, and simmer half an hour, handling it over with a stick; wash and dry in the air, and finish as above. If only wanting to be roused, pass it through spring water, in which is half a tea-spoonful of oil of vitriol. Handle in this five minutes, then rinse in cold water, and finish as above.



Illustrated by W. H. Wood
Engraved by C. S. Lewis

THE GIPSEYING PARTY.

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was sworn. Perhaps my natural bias in favour of my client and his case may have warped my judgment, but from his first appearance in the witness box, I felt assured that there was a fraud which by sufficient caution might be discovered. Under the examination of the plaintiff's counsel he proved as usual the signature to the note, which he said was written by Philson in his (Mordecai's) counting house, and that it was passed in the course of business to Myers. On commencing the cross examination I asked if he knew the handwriting of Philson. Witness—O, yes, to be shure, I seen him write hish name at my desk.

Q. For what was this note given?

W. O for cauffee and shugar to be shure! what I sold him.

Q. Where did you deliver these goods?

W. To de traymen ash he shent mit an order.

Q. Where is this order?

W. Oh, dat ish lost! mein Gott, vat ish de use to keep such tings.

Here I demanded the books of the witness which I had subpoenaed. On examining the original entries I thought the charges, which were always at the bottom of a page, seemed crowded in, and detected a roughness on the paper as if perhaps the words had been written with pencil two or three times, to try whether they could be gotten in, and then carefully rubbed out. In the Journal a similar uneasy and cramped appearance seemed to characterise the entries of this transaction, and in both books as well as in the Ledger, there was a slight shade of difference in the colour of the ink. These to be sure were trifles, but desperate as our case seemed, I intended to press them on the jury with every other circumstance that might militate against the credibility of the witness. "Who made these entries," asked I, wishing to trace the matter farther.

W. O dat schoundrel Moses, dat was mein glark, vat robbed me of five huntert taalers.

Q. Where is he now?

W. O I wish I could find out, de schelm.

After a close examination the answers to which were in a sort of Jewish German, that I cannot adequately express on paper, I found that the rascality and cunning of the fellow was more than a match for my professional acuteness. Seeing the note lying before me I half unconsciously took it up, and holding it between my eye and the light, found the name of the paper-maker in water-mark, but could discover no date, which if subsequent to that of the note would have of course detected the fraud which I strongly suspected. The hour of adjournment having arrived, the further hearing of the case was postponed till the Monday morning following, and the counsel on both sides began to select their papers from the various documents on the table and to return them to their professional satchels. While thus occupied I casually recollected that I had seen an advertisement of a man of the same name with that in the water mark of the note, who informed "his friends and the public," that

he had just commenced the business of paper-making. Upon this slight foundation I conceived that I might rest an argument, (if argument a fact so self evident could be called) that should expose the latent villany of the unprincipled plaintiff and his accomplice. As soon as the papers of the case were safely lodged in my fire proof chest, I sprang into my gig, and two hours found me in the paper mill of Mr. P—. Having explained my business, I asked when he began to make paper, and if he could identify his own manufacture; the first question he answered very satisfactorily, the first sheet made by him was at least five months subsequent to the date of the note, and his machinery was not in operation till a few weeks before that time, consequently upward of three months after the apparent date of the note. To the second inquiry his answer was as full as the former, he thought he could distinguish his own paper from that of other manufacturers, especially as there was no other paper maker of that name that he had ever heard of, but was able to put that matter to an infallible test, by bringing with him his moulds with which the water mark in the tone must correspond. After thanking him for his apparent interest in the subject, I left him enjoining it on him to be punctual in his attendance with his moulds at my office, at an hour which I named. Those only who know the self complacency of a professional man at the changed aspect of a very cloudy case, which alteration he feels due solely to his own ingenuity and acuteness, can appreciate my feelings on my return to town. But fair as the prospect was, the caution which is a necessary consequence of that free intercourse with the meaner parts of human nature which our profession produces, curbed the exuberance of my satisfaction, by pointing out the possibilities yet intervening between us and success; the water mark might not correspond with the moulds, and there might be another manufacturer of paper here or elsewhere named "P—." Unwilling to make my client a participant in the deep disappointment which the over clouding of this fair horizon must produce, I did not touch upon this, but directed him to press those witnesses, who were to testify to the very doubtful character of Mordecai, to be punctually present at the opening of court on Monday. As soon as he had gone, I took up the papers of the case to review the testimony, notes of which I had taken as usual, and to endeavour to found a plausible argument on some discrepancies in the evidence. While unfolding the bundle for this purpose, there fell out a letter directed to M. Mordecai, Esq., which was open; what was my surprise to read the following:—

G—, Sept. 19, 18—.

Your last I got with its dirty little enclosure. Do you think you old screw that I am to be mum for that, when I know enough to bottle you and old Myers in the stone jug. See you do better this time, or by the bones of the patriarchs all shall out. Send me a cool five hundred by the

bearer, or Philson shall know all. Yours as it may happen,

M. Y.

Glad to the soul to have such a clue to the scene of villany to which the writer of this note was privy, I instantly obtained a warrant and taking with me the most intelligent of our constables, set off in pursuit of "M. Y." who, I doubted not was the fugitive clerk of Mordecai. So indeed it proved; being hidden by a luxuriant thorn hedge we were able to make the arrest with so much promptness that our prisoner entirely lost his self possession, which sometimes makes a detected rogue so difficult to manage. As it was, the skill of my companion soon elicited from the hopes or the fears of his captive the details of the scheme of wickedness which my lucky discovery had enabled me to detect and thwart. The plan had been laid a few weeks before the application to Philson for payment of the forged note, which was written by Mordecai and signed by Myers, who were to share the spoil, the false entries in the books were made by our prisoner, and the plan of writing with pencil was adopted as I had supposed. On our arrival in town the culprit gave the required security to answer the charge, and was prevailed on to remain in concealment until the hour when his testimony should be required. When the court met, the plaintiff's counsel having concluded his case, the opening for the defendant was next in order. In very moderate terms, though unequivocally, I denied all knowledge of the note and plainly asserted that it had been forged by some one, though without a direct charge against the plaintiff or his witness. My friendly paper maker was in attendance with his moulds, which were, however, concealed, as I wished that detection should flash on the guilty without the least chance of escape or equivocation. The evidence of P— was decisive—he stated that his first paper was made at a period about five months subsequent to the date of the forged instrument, that the paper on which it was written was of his own manufacture, which fact he conclusively established by applying the spurious note upon the bars and letters of his mould, when the coincidence was perfect. Thus far although a forgery was fully proved, the criminals were not identified by the evidence, notwithstanding the jury could have no doubt as to the perpetrators of the fraud. To perfect the chain of evidence I had the fugitive clerk in waiting in an adjoining room, and the consternation of the plaintiff and his perjured witness was indescribable, when in answer to my call, their accomplice, whom they thought bribed to silence, appeared in the witness box to unfold the history of their iniquity. The judges leaned forward in their seats, the spectators pressed on the jury to hear the details of a plot so entirely and unequivocally exposed, and the respectable counsel of the plaintiff, glowing with scorn and indignation, dashed down the papers on the desk before him, and began "I trust no man dare suppose"—"Say nothing, Mr. L—," interrupted the presiding judge, "no man that knows you, would dream of your participation in such an atrocious

scheme, or that suspecting any unfairness you would lend the sanction of your character to dishonour or dishonesty." Overcome by this well merited public testimony to his unspotted reputation, the worthy old man, covering his face with his hands, left the court, as the jury, by acclamation, rendered their verdict for the defendant. I was scarcely able to retain my gravity when Mr. P—, the paper maker, established the date of the paper of the forged note; glancing round at that moment at the anxiously eager countenance of my client, who sat rather behind me, the comical medley of satisfaction, gratitude, apprehension and astonishment depicted on his features was almost irresistible. It must be remembered that he was as ignorant as the opposite party of my plan of defence, up to the very instant when he found his case fully made out. When the verdict was rendered, and we were leaving the court room, he burst from fifty congratulating friends, and was actually about to embrace me in open court; foiled in his affectionate intent by my sudden retreat from his extended arms, he seized my hand and squeezing it as in a vice, shook it so violently as to threaten dislocation of the shoulder, when having thus vented his satisfaction on me he turned to the crowd, and with a face beaming with triumph, reciprocated the pressure of fifty hands held out to wish him joy. The villains, Mordecai and Myers, were soon after convicted and sentenced to the punishment of their crime, upon the evidence of Moses who was suffered to escape. How the important letter came among my papers I never discovered, but presume that in the confusion of papers on the desk at the commencement of the trial, it must have been taken out by Mordecai, and have accidentally fallen into the folds of some papers of mine which were also there. This case was to me of considerable importance, for my warm hearted client, beside pressing on me a noble fee, and on my wife an elegant tea service, found opportunity to employ me on behalf of several of his foreign correspondents. Among the recollections of my professional labours, I scarce remember any incident which afforded me so much satisfaction as this full detection and exposure of villany. S.

MYSTERIOUS NUMBERS.

ALL those mysterious things we observe in numbers come to nothing upon this very ground; because number in itself is nothing, has not to do with nature, but is merely of human imposition, a mere sound: for example, when I cry "one o'clock, two o'clock, three o'clock," that is but one division of time; the time itself goes on, and it had been all one in nature if those hours had been called nine, ten and eleven. So when they say the seventh son is fortunate, it means nothing; for if you count from the seventh backwards, then the first is the seventh: why is not he likewise fortunate?

Original.


MONOMANIA.

It is now conceded that a person may be insane on a particular subject of thought or feeling, and yet be perfectly collected and consistent on all other topics and common affairs of life. Such a state is called Monomania.

JOURNAL OF LAW.

THERE is one passion in the human breast, and but one, which seems to be universal; a passion which with greater or less intensity is felt by all, of every sex, and every clime. There are some who appear inaccessible to the promptings of ambition, the soul darkening thirstings of revenge, or the sordid allurements of gold; but who is there can truly say he has never loved? Of its kind or quality we say nothing; the fact of its unbounded influence is what we now assert. He on whose nod the fate of empires is depending, and he who is the servant of servants—he whose comprehensive mind includes the past and present, and dives deep into the veiled mysteries of the future, and he whose whole stock of knowledge contains not a single well defined idea, all bow to the influence of a passion, which, when pure, comes nearest to the feeling which makes heaven what it is, of any thing that belongs to earth, and which when unholy, burns with a flame exceeded in fierceness, only by those to which it drags the guilty victims, who cherish its unhallowed fires. Our desires and our hopes were not given us to be thrown away or despised; nor were the passions of our natures implanted so deep, only to be rooted up and destroyed. He who created them has furnished the means of their lawful indulgence; but woe be to him who suffers the servant to obtain the ascendancy, who allows himself to become the slave of feelings which were bestowed by heaven to minister to his happiness, when properly controlled, but a source of unmixed bitterness, when permitted to run riot and unchecked. Though exiled from heaven, our passions, like the fallen spirits still retain the traces of their lofty origin on their brow, and if less pure than in Paradise, may be still subservient to the noblest purposes, if controlled by those rules which he who cannot err has prescribed. Love like the vine, must have something around which its tendrils can twine, to sustain it in its upward course, and enable it to keep clear of the stains and pollutions of earth; but the mind which is deeply engaged in the pursuit of wealth or of honour, or any other paramount object, can never lend this support, or feel the deepest, purest emotions of love. The individual may not be superior to the approach of the passion, but with him it is a secondary object—temporary it may be as the lightning's flash, and perhaps to others as fatal, but never to him. Two master passions cannot exist at once in the same bosom; one must and will exclude the other. Never, perhaps, is it so difficult to distinguish which of two passions has

the ascendancy, as when the mind is occupied with feelings of love and religion. Both are deep, delightful, and engrossing; both speak of, and are related to heaven and happiness; both are purifying and tranquillizing, and lead us to desire the highest welfare of others;—so intimately blended are they, that the love of a pure and noble-hearted woman is religion, and her religion is love. No wonder that mortals should sometimes mistake in this matter, and in error, (error if this can be called,) is ever forgiven, surely on this point it will not be denied.

It is a fact well known, that intense reflection on any subject, without frequent diversions of the mind, will produce a kind of mental alienation in reference to that subject; and by nothing is this first stage of insanity more frequently induced, than by the all controlling passion of love. Persons of leisure, of sensitive, deep and delicate feeling, with an inclination to a melancholic temperament, are the most liable to suffer from this cause; and almost every one can remember instances where undiverted passion has produced this effect.

A few years since I was acquainted with an individual of this class: a gentleman in the prime of life, reserved and sedate in his appearance, of interesting manners, with a strong and vigorous mind, well educated, and well acquainted with literary and scientific topics, and capable of writing or speaking with elegance and effect. A person who saw him only occasionally, might have known him for years without suspecting a flaw in his reasoning powers; it was only those who saw him at all times, that witnessed his fits of mental abstraction, and caught the glimpses of mental aberration which at such hours could be discovered, that painfully felt there was one passion before which the mightiest intellect is powerless as that of an infant. Possessed of competence, and when I knew him, surrounded by friends, to the superficial observer he seemed to enjoy life's pleasures almost without alloy; and it may truly be said he did enjoy much, for even the mysterious passion which had gained such an ascendancy over him; had not in the least soured the kindly flow of his feelings, nor induced him to cast the other blessings of God behind him—to curse God, and die. Professional business, and congeniality of sentiment on many subjects, brought us much together; by degrees the reserve he showed on all subjects connected with his infirmity of mind—for of the fact, strange as it may seem, he was fully sensible, vanished, and he gave me the following sketch of the cir-

cumstances attending the origin and progress of a passion, which, hopeless as it will be seen it was, it was evident he still cherished in the depths of his heart. Two things only, the name of the individual, and the reason why from the first his affections for her were doomed to run to waste, he declined disclosing, and the subject was much too delicate a one for me to urge, when he chose to be silent.

It was a beautiful moonlight evening in June, and after a day of professional labour, I was indulging myself in a ramble in the shadowed walks of the garden, and enjoying the quiet luxury of feeling such an hour is so well calculated to inspire.—The silver light lay piled on the dark heavy masses of foliage in the neighbouring wood—fire-flies were flashing like orient gems in the shadowy recesses—the last sweet notes of the wood-robin's song were dying with a melancholy cadence on the ear as they blended with the low murmurs of a distant waterfall—and with emotions which scarcely belong to earth, I was tracing the green walks on which the moonbeams fell through the leafy branches, furnishing a carpet of splendid mosaic, when my steps were arrested by the image of my friend, who, leaning against the trunk of a tree and motionless as a statue, was gazing into the dark blue heavens upon that bright star, which alone, at times seems disposed to dispute with the queen of night the empire of the skies. He stood for some minutes—then murmured in a low voice—"Spirit of my loved and glorious one, thou art the light of that beautiful star—I can hear the sweet tones of thy voice as thou lookest down upon me from thy heaven of stars—oh, that I were one of them, that I could rise to thee, and, mortality's clouded garments forgotten, mingle my light with thine!"

In attempting to withdraw unobserved, I made a false step, which caught the attention of my friend, who immediately joined me, and putting his arm in mine, we continued our walk.

"I cannot bring myself to believe," said my friend, breaking a silence of some moments, "that the spirits of those we have loved, when removed from earth, are inattentive to the happiness of those who shared their affections while here; and if the virtuous and the pure shall shine as stars in the firmament, and one star must differ from another in glory, then she, the first of the beautiful and the good, must from yonder gem of the sky watch over one who can never, no never forget her."

"Your conclusion appears to be a just one," I replied, "and I should be gratified to know more of one who had the power of interesting your feelings so deeply."

He stopped suddenly, mused an instant, then said—

"Yes, I see now I have been speaking parables to you, but you shall hear all—all that I dare think or speak, even when there are none but the stars to listen. A number of years since," he continued, "a young girl, an orphan, friendless and unprotected, came into the neighbourhood in which I then lived. I shall call her Mary,

for that is a name I love, as it conveys to my mind much that is pure, and much that is lovely. There is another name, one that it is impossible for me to forget—one that I never see, or hear, without considering it almost as a personal appeal—a name burnt in upon my heart—and one that carries with it a gush of feeling, a thrill of emotion, which no other word will ever produce—but that name I must not speak. Mary soon won the friendship of those with whom she associated; and I admired and *knew* I admired the nobleness of heart, the independence of mind, and the modest unaffected frankness with which she expressed the feelings of her pure bosom. I had not the most distant idea of love. My feelings were rather those of pity for her destitute situation; at least I imagined the interest I felt for her, sprung from that source; for I had not then learned that the godlike emotion of pity, is so nearly allied to love, and that they so melt into each other as to render it difficult to determine where one terminates, and the other commences. Mary was a beautiful girl—her high open forehead, over which her dark hair clustered like shadows over snow, bore the impress of mind; and in the fathomless depths of her speaking eyes, all the changes of her soul, whether of joy or gladness—the playful witcheries of a girl of sixteen, or the sober musings, and saddened recollections of her young years, for even she was sometimes sad—could be as distinctly traced as the shadows of the light clouds over the mirrored surface of the lake. I saw all this and was interested, but still I dreamt not of love; and it was apparently accident, that revealed the real nature of my feelings towards her.—It was the afternoon of a warm pure summer day—my young sister and myself were in the library engaged in examining a volume of new prints, when a light footstep was heard on the stairs, and Mary entered. As she and my sister were on the most intimate terms, and saw each other daily, her entrance excited no surprise;—"Mary, you are ill," said my sister as she led her to a chair near the table. 'A little so to-day, but I shall be well to-morrow;' was the reply of the fair girl; but the first glance convinced me that hope was futile. The fever flush was already on her cheek, yet she still smiled and was cheerful. She seated herself between us, but a sigh showed she was sick at heart—her hand was lying on the table, and I laid mine upon it—our eyes met, a tear was trembling on the long lashes of hers, and the tumultuous, rapid beating of the heart was felt in the gentle pressure of her delicate hand. There are times when we live years in an hour—when the events and changes of a life seem concentrated into a moment—and that moment was one of them. Not a word was said by either—I would not have broken the spell for the universe. That moment I cursed the destiny which prevented my throwing open the doors of my mansion to the fair orphan, as I felt I had unconsciously those of my heart. Bitter, inexpressibly bitter, were the feelings that rushed over my mind as the sweet delirium passed away—those

feelings have sometimes since then swept over me with a whirlwind's force, and I never think of them, even now, without a shudder. Mary was dangerously ill, but she survived to feel grateful for the kindness of her friends, and to convince me of what perhaps I was unwilling to believe, that I was not always to remain insensible to love. But with all my depth of affection, my fervency of passion, from my heart I can say I was not selfish. That she could ever be mine, I knew from the first moment was impossible, and Mary knew it too—the gulf that separated us was as impassable as perdition; and whenever we met, and when we parted, it was as a brother and sister—nothing more. I never asked her—I never asked myself whether she loved me—whether in the hidden depths of her heart I received the homage, I may say adoration, her image received in mine;—it was enough that I knew she considered me her friend, a dear and valued friend; and as I desired nothing more than her happiness, so I asked no boon but a friendship such as hers.—Mary soon left us for a distant part of the country, but for years she was my correspondent; and I can safely say, that of the few green spots in my desert of life, none are fresher and brighter than those hours which were thus consecrated to an interchange of the best and purest affections of the heart, with that lovely girl. Rousseau somewhere says, that if a woman enters into a correspondence with a man she is lost—but Rousseau's Eloises were not like Mary. Her letters were a transcript of her mind—spotless, elevated, and beautiful, and I often found myself dwelling on those parts of them that related to ourselves, treasuring up the affectionate promptings of her heart, and admiring the confiding delicacy and warmth of her feelings and expression, and her frank, generous, and unaffected manner. Surely there is an invisible bond of sympathy—something more subtle than the alleged affinities of animal magnetism—which binds together the hearts of those that love—a bond which a word, a look, a letter, can cause to reverberate with thrilling effect. Mary was to be married, and strange as it may seem, with all my affection for her, I desired it, because I believed it would add to her happiness.—When the event took place I rejoiced at it, for the fortunate youth was one of my earliest friends, and deserved the rich prize he received. I shall not soon forget the day that saw the letters that had accumulated during our correspondence, committed to the flames. It was a delightful Sabbath of the spring of the year—the groves were covered with their mantle of earliest green—roses were blushing on their stems beneath my window—and the air, soft and grateful, was perfumed with flowers. I was alone, for I felt it would have been a profanation to have had witnesses of my feelings. I read her letters over again for the last time, not without tears, and a bursting heart. All her kind expressions of attachment, of hallowed friendship, of passionate, pure, and exalted feeling, were all treasured up long before, and as the frail memorials perished

on the glowing coals, I uttered a fervent prayer, that the fair writer might receive all the blessings which I felt she deserved. I saw Mary some months after she was married, and passed a few pleasant hours under the roof of my friend; and I rejoiced that so much of earth's happiness had been reserved for them. And could Mary have forgotten the past?—Ah no, she never forgot, nor was there a reason why she should. Our farewell was a final one: is it strange that it lives in my memory? That every thing connected with it should be as vividly present to my imagination now, as if not an hour had elapsed? I have no words to describe to you my sensations, when at parting I saw her hand pressed on her young bosom as if to suppress the tumultuous throbbing of her heart—when I saw tears dimming the liquid light of her dark expressive eyes—when I felt the gentle pressure of her hand, and listened to her farewell—'God bless you!' half breathed, and half suppressed by emotion—words which may mean nothing at one time, and at another speak to the heart in unutterable things—all these things and more I can remember; and can I believe that the friendship and affection of other days was forgotten by her?

But Mary is now in heaven; her beautiful head has been laid low in the grave;—earth, never moved but for her, has been piled over the fairest of bosoms, and most faithful of hearts; and often, often have I wished, that if the disenfranchised were permitted to revisit the earth, to become visible to those whose vision has not yet been purged from the films of mortality, that her shadowy form might once more greet me, that I might again hear a voice the music tones of which I can never forget. And who shall say I have not seen her—that I have not heard her? What else are those fleecy, evanescent specks, which far away in the blue heavens are visible for a moment as the sun sinks from our view in the low west, but the spotless robes of ethereal visitants, who, their tour of watchfulness on earth over those they loved closed, are now returning to the skies to give place to other kindred spirits? What are those myriad eyes of heaven but guardians; that in the calm and cloudless night look down upon us, scarcely brighter, though no longer dimmed by sorrows, than when we lingered in their light, ere they received their commission in the night watch of the sky? And when midnight has silenced every hum of earth—when the beetle has gone to his rest—when the zephyrs have folded their wings and are sleeping in the cups of the wild flowers, or on the dew covered petals of the earliest roses—then do not I hear music of heaven—tones of seraphs—voices I well remember, and among them, one, richer, sweeter than them all! Are we not conscious at times that the disembodied are near us? Who is there that has not been wakened from his rest by visits from immortals? Who that has not in the silence of midnight, heard and felt the fluttering of ethereal pinions?"

There was a deep earnestness and enthusiasm in his manner that I felt was contagious; but I

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replied not. I chose to listen, and was fearful that in speaking I should break the chain of thought in which he was indulging, as if almost unconscious of my presence.

"The world I know," he continued, after walking a few paces without speaking, "says I am deranged—that I am crazed—but you must judge for yourself, they can think as they please. If to think, and feel, different from the great mass of mankind, and to act according to my impressions, constitutes insanity, then am I insane. If to have deep, dark and desperate thoughts, ominous as the croak of the raven, and hateful as the sooty pinions of the crow spread in the beautiful heaven, come rushing over the mind in its most serene hours without the power of rejecting them, is to be crazed, then I sometimes think I am that unfortunate man. But if it is so, what has that to do with my love for Mary? To love cannot be wrong—it was a feeling I dearly cherished, for my conscience told me it was pure—I still cherish it; for I know it has never prompted a wish I should fear to have written on that scroll, which as a record of my thoughts and actions shall be displayed to the universe. Who shall tell me that I am doing wrong?—that our farewell, though final, forbids recollections sweet as the first flowers of spring, and holy as the pure light of heaven? There is no reason in the wide world why love like ours, with all its purifying hopes and elevating influences, should be covered with the mantle of dark oblivious forgetfulness. I cannot forget her if I would—I would not, if I could."

We were at the gate—he withdrew his arm from mine, and, without another word, or even returning my parting salutation, passed down the green lane. I left that part of the country a few days after, and have never seen him since, nor have I ever learned whether he still lives, or has gone to meet his Mary in Heaven.

CLIO.

ON DEATH.

The following sublime effusion, which we do not remember to have read before, and with the authorship of which we are entirely unacquainted, chanced to fall into our hands a day or two since, among other relics of a deceased friend.—A fine imagination is blended with a fervent piety, in reflections like these:

"Heavens! what a moment must be that, when the last flutter expires on our lips! What a change! Tell me, ye who are deepest read in nature and in God, to what new worlds are we borne? What new being do we receive!—Whither has that spark, that unseen, that uncomprehended intelligence fled? Look upon the cold, livid ghastly corse that lies before you!—That was but a shell, a gross and earthly covering, which held for a while the immortal essence that has now left it—left it, to range, perhaps, through illimitable space; to receive new capacities of delight, new powers of perception;

new glories of beatitude! Ten thousand fancies rush upon the mind as it contemplates the awful moment between life and death! It is a moment big with imagination's greatest hopes and fears; it is the consummation that clears up all mystery—resolves all doubts—which removes contradiction and destroys error. Great God! what a flood of rapture may at once burst upon the departed soul. The unclouded brightness of the celestial regions—the pure existence of ethereal being—the solemn secrets of nature may then be divulged; the immediate unity of the past: the present and the future; strains of unimaginable harmony, forms of imperishable beauty, may then suddenly disclose themselves, bursting upon the delighted senses and bathing them in measureless bliss! The mind is lost in this excess of wondrous light, and dares not turn from the heavenly vision to one so gloomy, so tremendous as the department of the wicked! Human fancy shrinks back appalled.

PICKLE EATERS.

I MUST not omit (says a correspondent of Hone's Year Book, describing the fair of Utrecht) that another peculiarity was the large quantity of pickles offered for sale, and the avidity with which they were devoured. Upon the counters of the shop booth, cucumbers, girkins, beans, beet root, mangoes, tomatas, &c. floated prettily in large glass jars of vinegar with spices. Young and old of both sexes went up without ceremony, took a plate and fork, dipped for slices in the jars, and ate them by large mouthfuls at discretion, paying, when done, as familiarly as our dandies at a pastry-cook's. We could scarcely believe that they swallowed raw pickle, without accompaniment, in such quantities, but we tasted a few specimens, and were convinced of the fact. We watched one man in particular, to see how long he would continue eating. I should be ashamed to state the result; we could only ejaculate Shakspeare's benevolent wish, "May good digestion wait on appetite." This custom, which prevails between meals, may partly account for the extraordinary frequency of the word *Apothek* above the doors in every town in Holland. These apothecaries' shops, too, are among the best fitted up and largest of any, giving strong evidence of a flourishing trade. They have outside a large painted staring head, with the mouth wide open, as if gaping for a bolus—a sign denoting relief to pickle eaters, in case of emergency.

MASKED BALLS.

Were first publicly set on foot in France, in the year 1716, and their number speedily grew to eight every week. The expedient of converting theatres into saloons for public balls emanated from the Chevalier de Bouillon, a nephew of the illustrious Turenne, who was rewarded with a pension of six thousand livres as its originator.

THE EVENING PRAYER.

"ALONE, alone!—no other face
Wears kindred smile, or kindred line;
And yet they say my mother's eyes—
They say my father's brow is mine:
And either had rejoiced to see
The other's likeness in my face;
But now it is a stranger's eye
That finds some long-forgotten trace.

I heard them name my father's death,
His home and tomb alike the wave;
And I was early taught to weep
Beside my youthful mother's grave.
I wish I could recall one look—
But only one familiar tone:
If I had aught of memory,
I should not feel so all alone.

My heart is gone beyond the grave,
In search of love I cannot find,
Till I could fancy soothing words
Are whispered by the evening wind.
I gaze upon the watching stars,
So clear, so beautiful above,
Till I could dream they look on me
With something of an answering love.

My mother, does thy gentle eye
Look from those distant stars on me?
Or does the wind at evening bear
A message to thy child from thee?
Dost thou pine for me, as I pine
Again a parent's love to share?
I often kneel beside thy grave
And pray to be a sleeper there.

The vesper bell!—'tis eventide;
I will not weep, but I will pray—
God of the fatherless, 'tis Thou
Alone canst be the orphan's stay!
Earth's meanest flower, Heaven's mightiest star,
Are equal in their Maker's love,
And I can say, Thy will be done,
With eyes that fix their hope above."

FADED HOURS.

Oa! for my bright and faded hours,
When life was like a summer stream,
On whose gay banks the virgin flowers
Blush'd in the morning's rosy beam,
Or danc'd upon the breeze that bare
Its store of rich perfume along;
While the wood-robin poured on air
The ravishing delights of song!

The sun looked from his lofty cloud,
While flow'd its sparkling waters fair,
And went upon his pathway proud,
And threw a brighter lustre there—
And smiled upon the golden heaven,
And on the earth's sweet loveliness,
Where light and joy, and song were given,
The glad and fairy scene to bless!

Ay, these were bright and joyous hours,
When youth awoke from boyhood's dream,
To see life's Eden dress'd in flowers,
While young Hope bask'd in morning's beam,
And proffer'd thanks to heaven above,
(While glowed his fond and grateful breast,
Who spread for him that scene of love,
And made him so supremely blest!

That scene of love where hath it gone?
Where have its charms and beauty sped?
My hours of youth that o'er me shone—
Where have their light and splendor fled?
Into the silent lapse of years—
And I am left on earth to mourn;
And I am left—to drop my tears
O'er Mem'ry's lone and icy urn!

Yet, why pour forth the voice of wail,
O'er feeling's blighted coronal?
Ere many gorgeous suns shall fall,
I shall be gathered in my pall!
Oh! my dark hours on earth are few—
My hopes are crushed—my heart is riv'n,
And I shall soon bid life adieu,
To seek enduring joys in heaven!

A QUIET RUBBER.

From the Private Correspondence of an English Lady of Fashion.

WHAT a sad thing it is that pleasure has its end, that we look back, and say, not such things *are*, but such things *have* been. Well, my love, here we are, sixty-two miles from London, and a precious resting-place we have. Such society! but *attendez*, and you shall hear. During the first week, the "resident gentry," consisting of the apothecary's lady, the curate's family (the rector is of course non-resident,) Lady Puffpaste (the best of the set, my aunt says, notwithstanding her bilious tendency, which, you know, is vastly disagreeable, as it makes people rather ill-natured), and Admiral and Mrs. Flagstaff, paid their respects. Mrs. Lloyd (the apothecary's better half) looks of the description of *ladies* who carry umbrellas, walk in pattens, and hold up their petticoats in muddy weather. She talked of Mr. Lloyd, and her "careful comforts" in their "sweet cottage home," expatiated on the merits of the Dorking breed of hens, over all

other birds of the poultry tribe, assured us that her turkeys were the fattest in the county, and ended by an apology for Mr. Lloyd's absence, "he was in such demand that day, had two funerals to attend, thirteen children to vaccinate, several ladies to visit on particular business, and three patients in cholera;" the little woman then fussed out of the drawing-room, hoping that we would take "friendly tea"—Oh! ye gods!—"friendly tea, with her at six!"—one would have thought she intended one partaking of the refreshing beverage *before* dinner—"the next evening."—I like Mrs. Gentle, the curate's wife, better than any one I have seen since we came here. She is simple without being vulgar, and modest, without a particle of that awkward bashfulness that characterises your half-bred gentry. I wish I were a Bishop, and her husband should soon have a living, I promise you. Lady Puffpaste is a tall, sour-visaged dowager of sixty-two,

whose blonde and black satin are as exquisite and unexceptionable as blonde and black satin can be; her voice is keen and cutting; you involuntarily put your hands to your ears when she speaks, lest they should be pierced as with a stiletto; she looks askance at *young* ladies, as if she suspected they were not what they ought to be; and when she inquired into my musical talent, hoped I avoided Moore, and Haynes Bayley, and sang only the *moral* songs of that lady with a name like a trombone—you know *who* I mean—she also hinted that there was no society in the neighbourhood, and hoped we would be *select*, as it behoved people of fortune and family to be.

Mrs. Flagstaff is a person of a different sort, gallops a blood horse, while her husband trots a pony, wears a pale blue riding-habit, and leads the fox hounds in right gallant style; and if put in a passion, dashes right into the middle of exclamations that would tint my paper still more *colour de rose*, if I repeated them. The Admiral comes under the denomination of “a nice little man; he is prinky and particular in all things, with a low whispering voice, a *tender* step, as if he were afraid of hurting the carpet, or the carpet hurting him, and is marvellously particular about the tie of his shoe-strings and cravat. I had forgotten his son, the young Flagstaff, a most disagreeable animal, putting one much in mind of the last new ape they got at the Zoological Gardens. Now Emmeline, this is none of my usual similies which you used to say are as like as Mr. T’s portraits are to their original, resembling them in nothing except being merely men and women. Our young hero’s arms, if extended, would, I do think, nearly touch the ground. He has evidently no ideas of his own, and is consequently restricted to a repetition of the ideas of others; his existence seems to depend on the correct imitation he can give of the airs and graces of the greatest fop of the day, and his language is so interscrap’d with bad French, and worse Italian, that it is most difficult to understand; not that the poor Flagstaff is *very* unlike the generality of young men. And now Emmeline, while I think of it, will you do me the favour to ask Mr. Vigors, the next time you see him, what is the real difference between a man and a monkey; I should *so* like to know, particularly since I read an account of some African apes, who were intelligent enough to be made useful by the natives as servants. Now this (*entre nous*) is more than can be said of the very best of our *beaux*, my dear, who seem to think that it is *we* who should be useful to them. Well, those people were all very kind, and asked us to their houses, and all that sort of thing, but my aunt had the conservatory to arrange, and her rheumatism to get rid of, and we sent apologies to all; the apothecary’s wife, and her “early tea” included. The villa is so damp that not a string will remain on the harp, and to confess the truth, Haynes Bayley has not broken the monotony of his lady-like lays. What a pity it is that doctors cannot find out a method of giving poets, and people in that line, new brains: one gets tired

of the most delightful music and poetry in the world, when, like the cuckoo’s song, it admits, or rather receives, no variation. On the third evening that we had really nothing to do, we were sitting disconsolately in the great bow window; I was occupied in thinking over the past delights of the season, and humming that sweet air from Donizetti’s *Anne Boleyn* which I accompanied on my guitar—

“Al dolce quidami
Castel natio,
Al verdi platani
Al queto rio
Che i nostri mormora
Sospiri ancor.—
Cola, dimentico
De’ corsi affanni,
Un giorno solo
Del nostro amor.”

I soon, however, laid down my little instrument, for who cares to play, when there is nobody to listen? and besides, my aunt had twice yawned very rudely while I was singing.

“I have been thinking, my dear Zara,” she commenced at last, “that we might get up a quiet rubber of whist to vary the scene—there could be—” and she held up her long bony finger to count—“little Mrs. Lloyd, Lady Puffpaste, the Admiral and myself—Mrs. Flagstaff could teach you her favourite song of—

“Dogs, huntsmen, round the window throng,
Fleet Towler leads the cry;
Arise the burden of my song.
This day a stag must die.”

I remember Mrs. Billington (worth twenty of your Pastas) singing it, and the Admiral told me that his wife’s voice was very like her’s; or young Flagstaff could get up a duet with you. Mrs. Gentle would not come, I know, but we can send a card to the young doctor, who has just arrived in the parish—it would be only civil, I think.”

“Very well, aunt, I dare say it will be very pleasant, and will do very well. Shall it be for this day fortnight?”

“Nonsense, child, to-morrow evening; do you think you are sending out cards for a London *soiree*? where people are obliged to turn their brain into a quarterly calender, to enable them to remember their engagements.”

“Shall I write, then?”

“Certainly.”

I took out some of that lovely note paper, embossed with gold, wanting to astonish the natives by its beauty, when my aunt espying my intention, said—

“Your head is always running upon some frippery or other, making a sensation, as you call it; can’t you take plain paper; but stay, I will do it myself.”

The good lady accordingly did write what she termed a sensible invitation, and accordingly, before the appointed hour, my aunt saw that all things were comfortable, the cards smooth and shining on the “verdant baize” (*not* the bays which poets rave about,) and the lamps so placed as to give a due portion of light to every corner of the apartment; the old lady seemed in high good humour, shuffled the cards, *counted* the

counters, and drawing up her long mittens, curtsied most graciously to Mrs. Lloyd, who dipt and swam, and fdgeted, until she got fairly into her seat."

"My dear Madam," said the little woman, "it was so *very* kind of you to ask me to a quiet rubber, the thing of all others I delight in.—I say to Mr. Lloyd (poor dear man, when I can get a moment's conversation with him,) my dear, I say, why don't you get up a rubber?—and he, dear soul, he's so full of wit—smiles and asks me if I want him to send for *St. John Long!*—pretty, wasn't it? I liked it so much, that I say it to him every morning at breakfast, and we always laugh." My aunt laughed too, from sympathy, I suppose, and we waited somewhat impatiently for the next rattat, hoping to arrange the table; it came, and with it my lady Puffpaste. She bridled into the room, but no sooner did her cold grey eyes rest upon poor Mrs. Lloyd, than she sidled towards her, as you sometimes see a cat sidle towards a poor timid puppy, who crouches and crouches, until it gets out of reach of its claws; this was precisely the case now, for she of the apothecary shrank out of the room, hustled down stairs, called for her cloak and pattens, and was out of the house before a word could be said by any of the party. At last Lady Puffpaste shrieked forth an exclamation.

"I beg your pardon, my dear Madam, but I cannot conceive how *that person* found her way into your most respectable house; to be sure some people are most inconceivably impertinent, and I shouldn't wonder if she had the assurance to call upon you; this, my dear Madam, is the worst of the country, there is no getting good society; not that there is much, that is anything particular against the little creature, but her mother was a washer-woman, and she has odd ways herself; I taught her her station, and mean to make her remember it. Really the impertinence of some people is amazing, her husband is the veriest quack that ever disgraced a country parish, or murdered its inhabitants; it is awful to think of the mischief he has done, and the mischief he may do."

"I understand there is a new practitioner, a physician, come here," said my aunt, who, to do her justice, hates scandal, and was anxious to allay the conversation, "an excellent and clever man."

"What!" exclaimed Lady Puffpaste, "Doctor Dunny, as he is called; pretty doctors, truly! Madam, I should not consider myself safe in the same house with that man; he is a perfect compound of laudanum and prussic-acid, an experimentalizer that it is dangerous to admit under one's roof, breathing nothing but choleric gas, and carrying an electrifying machine in his waistcoat-pocket—he is—"

The door opened before the lady had finished her harangue, and the new M.D. entered, to the confusion of my aunt (who began to see little prospect of a harmonious evening,) and the discomfiture of her ladyship, who having curtsied stiffly round, threw not a very gentle look at me

and emitted such sparks of fury from her eyes, as she glanced at the terrified man of medicine, that I was sincerely glad for all our sakes as she sailed down stairs, to ring for her carriage. It is difficult to commence a conversation under such circumstances, but doctors have a happy knack of being eloquent about nothing—they hear so much, that they must be stupid indeed, if they cannot retail a portion of the information.—You remember how we laughed when dear old Lady Flambago dismissed an exceedingly clever man from her house, because he did not talk as much as she wished, or expected.

"I hope, ladies," he commenced, bowing lowly to my aunt, and somewhat more familiarly to me, "I hope, ladies, you find Nettleton a comfortable situation—you have a delightful prospect, and fine air, though it is rather humid; hope you have not suffered from colds or influenza? happy to hear you have escaped. The influenza has been very general indeed, this year; some people attribute it to political causes, others to Paganini's playing, which acts so forcibly on the nerves; but I say it is owing to injudicious treatment; not that I would ever speak in a disrespectful manner of a brother practitioner, but unfortunately the health of the inhabitants in this part of the country has been sadly neglected.—Fond of cards, Madam? delightful amusement—so quiet, and *rational*. This young lady plays?"

"No, Sir."

"Ah! the young ladies now-a-days are so *intellectual* and *talented*—but we shall have another hand soon; poor Lady Puffpaste could not bear to see me, and no wonder; medical men must be secret, but she always blushes when she meets me, and—*no—wonder*—"

The doctor was interrupted in the midst of his insinuations, by the entrance of Mrs. Flagstaff, who marched into the middle of the room, without, as she called it, "halting," and not attending, in the slightest degree, to the customary salutations, stood opposite the man of medicine, who at first put on a bravoing look, which altered, in a little time, to one of dismay and mortification.

"*Ma foi!*" said she, after eyeing him from top to toe, "you are a very pretty fellow to slide and glide your way into my good friend's house. You did not expect to meet *me* here, I'll answer for it. How did you like the last dose you received at my hands? A capital joke, ladies!" (turning for the first time, to us) "ladies, I must tell it you; you must know—*nay, nay, my good friend,*" she exclaimed, interrupting her narrative to address the doctor, who had acquired possession of his cane, and was stealing towards the door, bent on making his escape, "you *must* hear me out, my memory is treacherous, and I may state incorrectly what occurred—you can remedy my mistakes." So saying, she literally laid violent hands on the man, and with an air of rude and boisterous gaiety, which in a woman is so unfit and disagreeable, laughed loudly, and began her narration.

"Last summer I was taken very ill at Har-

rowgate, and the person at whose house we were, introduced my worthy little friend here, as my medical adviser; he felt my pulse with a sagacity worthy of the best of Galen's disciples, and said so little, that he passed with the Admiral, poor man, as very wise. However, I was not to be taken in in that way, and as bottle after bottle—from the dark and sombre-looking mixture, labelled 'three table-spoonfuls to be taken every three minutes,' to the delicate ladylike julep, 'to be sipped every ten minutes'—crowded my dressing-table, I thought I would make a bold push, and try the effect of the medicines on the doctor himself. I don't know that I should have had the courage to attempt this, had I not discovered that my friend, thinking now-a-days that merit was neglected, conferred his diploma on himself." A cold shudder passed over the poor man's frame, as the lady said these words, as if he anticipated a repetition of the experiment.—“‘Good morning, doctor,’ said I, as he entered to make his usual inquiries, ‘you look rather pale to-day.’—‘I am rather weak, Madam,’ he replied, ‘it is impossible to feel responsible for the lives of so many persons, and not suffer from those delicate affections of the nerves which susceptibility is liable to.’”

“‘True, dear doctor,’ I replied, ‘but why do you not try some of this nice camphor julep—you assured me of its infallibility.’ My friend could not deny this, and by a moderate portion of threats and entreaties, I made him gulph down something less than a tumber-full of his own stuff. ‘Doctor,’ I continued, after a time, ‘you still look pale, and, I think, rather bilious.’”

“‘Anxiety, my dear Madam, anxiety; nothing creates bile so much as anxiety.’”

“‘And nothing so good, you tell me, for bile, as this dingy-looking mixture, which, for the good of your health, you must partake of.’ I filled him out a brimming goblet of his own medicine, and placing my back resolutely to the door, positively forced it down his throat. The catiff contrived to make his escape while I was preparing some other *etceteras* for the sake of his precious constitution, and I saw him no more until this present greeting. Ah! doctor, doctor! self-elected doctor, you little thought such a meeting as this awaited you, or that I should recognise you, protected thus by your new name and your new wig!” The lady dexterously seized the most elevated of a family of auburn curls that adorned the toupee, and with a decided jerk, held it, with its appurtenance of a pair of well cultivated whiskers, over his head. I cannot describe to you this scene; the tall—I had almost said *manly* figure of Mrs. Flagstaff—the wig delicately balanced between her finger and thumb, while the little doctor, bending penitently, lowered, and looked imploringly upwards, like the man in the Arabian tale, when the eagle flew off with the turban which contained all his gold and jewels in its folds. “Come, come, I will not again repeat old grievances.—What! you won't stay? very well! good night then, we must only learn to do without you.”—

The doctor muttered something about particular engagements, and left the room to the heroine of the moment, arranging his luckless wig in its proper position. It was now near tea, and owing to the tittle tattling, and discordant feeling of this parish of Nettleton, my aunt feared that not even four could be obtained to make up her beloved rubber. She looked in dismay at Mrs. Flagstaff, who, in high good humour, as she elegantly expressed it, at having “done the doctor,” proposed sending her servant to hurry the Admiral. “We shall then,” said she, “be a snug party; we three ladies will cut for the gentleman, and before we separate you must fix an evening to come to me.”

“My dear Madam,” I exclaimed, “I don't happen to know one card from another.”

“Then you must learn, child, and the sooner the better!”

Fancy me, my dearest Emmeline, set down to learn, to *learn* whist, and sympathise with your poor friend, who accustomed to the brilliancy of the Opera, the elegance of Almack's, with her head full of the remembrance of the dress she wore at the coronation, every cranny of her little pate stuffed with blonde, white feathers, and Adelaide satin, set down to play—still worse, set down to *learn* whist, from an old maiden aunt, a tornado of a woman, and a little prinky man, who dare not call his soul his own, in the presence of his fair *furiosa*. The mysteries of shuffle, deal, cut, lead, follow, were duly explained to me over and over again; and to do justice to the young “staff,” the juvenile prop, who accompanied his father, he told me what cards to play, so as to save me many a reprimand. At first I was fortunate enough to obtain the old gentleman as a partner, but this good luck did not continue; we changed, and then, indeed, Emmeline, it was that our troubles commenced, for the Admiral and his wife played together. Oh! the miseries of wedded life! My dearest friend, *never*, never marry, not even for the sake of wearing black velvet and satin; if you wish to be happy or independent, never marry. If you wish to have a will and a way of your own, avoid matrimony as you would a pestilence; for it is ten chances against you, but you get just such a one for a husband, as the Admiral has for a wife. You shall hear a few of the exclamations with which Mrs. Flagstaff honoured her helpmate.

“My dear Admiral, you shuffle your cards as if all your fingers were thumbs! Why man, how *could* you be so stupid, as to play *that* card! surely your own sense might have told you (that is, if, indeed, you have any sense,) silly woman that I am to expect it! You may just as well fling your cards in the fire, as throw them down in that way. What, again blundering! did you not see that spades led? Oh! you forgot it! I am only astonished that you do not leave your head behind you some day, (*aside*) not that your friends would ever miss it if you did. Well, you are the most incorrigible being I ever encountered; there you sit, nodding like a Chinese mandarin, and

playing exactly so as to provoke me. An angel's patience would be exhausted." After many such remarks, without seeming to think them in the least degree improper, she flung her cards literally in her husband's face, and, starting from the table, rang the bell for her carriage, with so much violence, as to electrify our servants, who are quite unused to any but gentle treatment.—She hardly apologised to my aunt, who now, indeed, gave up all idea of the rubber, and was evidently so annoyed by the conduct of her guests, as to rejoice at their departure as much as I did at the termination of my first rubber.

"Twist your boa round your throat, my love," said the meek husband, in a soothing tone, "it will keep you warm."

"Warm, Admiral Flagstaff, I am quite warm enough; you need not trouble yourself to go down stairs with me, as I shall go home *alone* in my carriage. Ladies, I will take a future opportunity to apologise for the violence of my husband's temper, which reduces me to such extremities, and blights my most innocent enjoyments."

With this pretty piece of oratory she concluded; and as her portly person passed through the open door, the Admiral turned to us with a silent shrug, as much as to say, poor man, "I cannot help it," and the young Flagstaff whispered, as he passed me, "One of ma's *breezes*, and pa's *calms*—nothing when you're used to them!"

Ah, my dear Emmeline! do you not agree with me? are not such a pair enough to make one forswear matrimony? And what can be more horrible than living in this odious place, where every man's hand is against his brother, and each seems imbued with the spirit of ill-will, and misrepresentation. I have not time to philosophise upon the subject, for Maradon has just written to know what colour I choose for the dress I am to wear at a ball which we go to Oxford to attend; "white satin!" I am not blonde enough for that; "blue!" that has somewhat of a literary appearance; "Adelaide!" it has grown vulgar; decide for me, my precious Emmeline! Oh, happiness most enviable, to feel so convinced of the reality of friendship, as to trust another, a *female* friend to choose your dress, without the risk of impairing your beauty.

Adieu! adieu! with all the warmth and sincerity of eighteen years and three months.

Votre Devoue,

ZARA HONORIA.

My aunt is mourning sadly at the idea of there being no possibility of getting her quiet rubber *here*. I should not *much* wonder if we were to be in town in a week, although the death-knell of the season has sounded by the closing of the opera. I dare say Paganini's charity in giving more "last concerts," will save us from *ennui*.—
Addio. Z. H.

THE DEATH SONG.

BY MISS L. E. LANDON.

Are the roses all faded, that thus you should wear,
A wreath from the dark cypress tree in your hair?
Are the violets wither'd, that funeral green
Should thus mid your long golden tresses be seen?

Come, maiden, the evening's last crimson has dy'd
With the hue of its blushes the pearls at your side;
And wreath'd flowers like summer's are bright in each fold
Of the white robe, whose border is heavy with gold.

Oh father, my father, now urge me no more;
No footstep of mine will be light on the floor;
The shroud cold and white is the robe I shall wear:
Now look on my face, is not death written there.

It came on the night wind, it came in the hour,
When the planet shines forth and the spirit has power—
I heard the sad music that wailing past by;
It call'd me, my father, it call'd me to die.

I heard that wild singing the night that she died,
My own gentle sister, her last sigh replied:
Again I have listen'd that funeral tone;
I knew 'twas the death song, I knew 'twas my own.

I am weeping, but not for this summons, my tears
They fall for your lonely, your desolate years;
I see the old hearth, but its gladness is gone;
I see the green forest, you walk there alone.

By the side of my sister's they'll hang up my lute,
But, unless the wind wake them, henceforth to be mute;
Our vault will be open'd with torch-light and song:
We must part, there, my father, we part not for long.

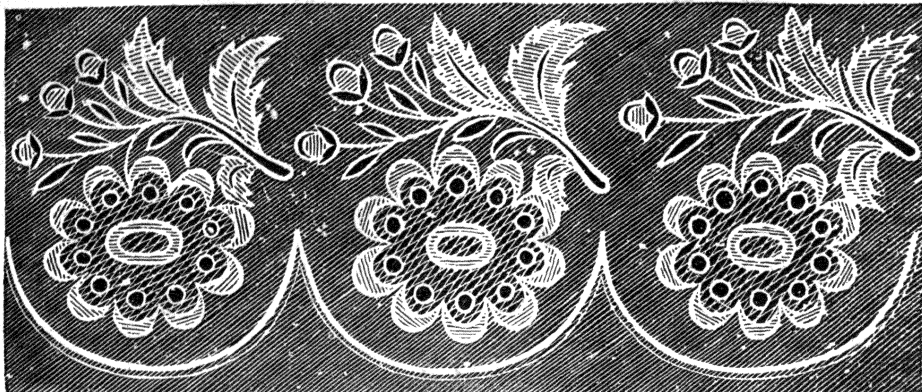
They say to the words of the dying are given
A spirit that is not of earth, but of heaven,
Be strong in thy sorrow, and meek in thy pain:
My father, we meet, and for ever, again.

A DREAM.

Shakspeare says the poet, lunatic, and lover, are of imagination all compact. We publish the following effusion by Mr. Macdonald, the celebrated artist, to shew that the sculptor may be joined to the bard. It is a transcript of an actual dream.

As o'er that statue's lips *taethought*
With chisel in my hand I wrought,
Sweetening each expressive line,
Till the whole became divine—
Like to her, who, far away,
Dwelleth in exhaustless day—
Still, the sentiment, the soul,
I heightened, and informed the whole,
Till, O my God! it moved, and grew
A thing of life! Her image too—
No! not her image, but her soul,
Her very essence, there had stole,
And in the marble dwelt like light!—
It was too much—my ravished sight
Could bear no more; to hide my face
Upon her breast, in wild embrace,
My arms I threw—they clasp the air!
And yet her form seems dwelling there!—
Another effort! 'Twas in vain;
A sudden madness seized my brain—
I grasped the death-tube—fired—her head
Drooped on her neck—I marked the lead
Had pierced her brow; then forth a flame
Of quick consuming power there came,
And burned intensely, till its flashes
Were quenched, that form reduced to ashes!
—All that remained was a handful of dust;
The fitful winds, as they came with a gust,
Swept that too, and strewed it on high.
Where I raised my face; but oh! the sky
Shut back my gaze, and heaven looked down
With a dark'ning brow—a with'ring frown!

SIDE PATTERN.



CROWN PATTERN.



THE EMPIRE OF POETRY.

BY FONTENELLE.

"THIS empire is a very large and populous country. It is divided, like some of the countries on the continent, into the higher and lower regions. The upper region is inhabited by grave, melancholy, and sullen people, who, like other mountaineers, speak a language very different from that of the inhabitants of the valleys. The trees in this part of the country are very tall, having their tops among the clouds. Their horses are superior to those of Barbary, being fleetier than the winds. Their women are so beautiful as to eclipse the star of day. The great city which you see in the maps, beyond the lofty mountains, is the capital of this province, and is called Epic. It is built on a sandy and ungrateful soil, which few take the trouble to cultivate. The length of the city is many days' journey, and it is otherwise of a tiresome extent. On leaving its gate we always meet with men who are killing one another; whereas, when we pass through Romance, which forms the suburbs of Epic, and which is larger than the city itself, we meet with groups of happy people who are hastening to the shrine of Hymen. The Mountains of Tragedy are also in the province of Upper Poetry. They are very steep, with dangerous precipices; and, in consequence, many of its people build their habitations at the bottom of the hills, and imagine themselves high enough. There have been found on these mountains some very beautiful ruins of ancient cities, and, from time to time, the materials are carried lower down to build new cities; for they now never build near so high as they seem to have done in former times. The Lower Poetry is very similar to the swamps of Holland. Burlesque is the capital, which is situated amidst stagnant pools. Princes speak there as if they had sprung from the dunghill, and all the inhabitants are buffoons from their birth. Comedy is a city which is built on a pleasant spot; but it is too near to Burlesque, and its trade with this place has much degraded the manners of its citizens. I beg that you will notice in the map those vast solitudes which lie between High and Low Poetry. They are called the Deserts of Common Sense. There is not a single city in the whole of this extensive country, and only a few cottages scattered at a distance from one another. The interior of the country is beautiful and fertile; but you need not wonder that there are so few who choose to reside in it, for the entrance is very rugged on all sides, the roads are narrow and difficult, and there are seldom any guides to be found who are capable of conducting strangers. Besides, this country borders on a province where every person prefers to remain, because it appears to be very agreeable, and saves the trouble of penetrating into the Deserts of Common Sense. It is the province of False Thoughts. Here we always tread on

flowers—every thing seems enchanting. But its greatest inconvenience is, that the ground is not solid—the foot is always sinking in the mire, however careful one may be. Elegy is the capital. Here the people do nothing but complain; but it is said that they find a pleasure in their complaints. The city is surrounded with woods and rocks, where the inhabitants walk alone, making them the confidants of his secrets—of the discovery of which he is so much afraid, that he often conjures those woods and rocks never to betray them. The Empire of Poetry is watered by two rivers. One is the river of Rhyme, which has its source at the foot of the Mountains of Reverie. The tops of some of these mountains are so elevated that they pierce the clouds: those are called the Points of Sublime Thought. Many climb there by extraordinary efforts; but almost the whole tumble down again, and excite, by their fall, the ridicule of those who admired them at first without knowing why. There are large platforms almost at the bottom of these mountains, which are called the Terraces of Low Thoughts. There are always a great number of people walking upon them. At the end of these terraces are the Caverns of Deep Reverie. Those who descend into them do so insensibly, being so much enwrapped in their meditations that they enter the caverns before they are aware. These caverns are perfect labyrinths, and the difficulty of getting out again could scarcely be believed by those who have not been there. Above the terraces we sometimes meet with men walking in easy paths, which are termed the Paths of Natural Thoughts; and these gentlemen ridicule, equally, those who try to scale the Points of Sublime Thoughts, as well as those who grovel on the terraces below. They would be in the right if they could keep undeviatingly in the Paths of Natural Thoughts; but they fall almost instantly into a snare, by entering into a splendid palace which is at a very little distance—it is the Palace of Badinage. Scarcely have they entered, when, in place of the natural thoughts which they formerly had, they dwell upon such only as are mean and vulgar. Those, however, who never abandon the Paths of natural thoughts are the most rational of all. They aspire no higher than they ought, and their thoughts are never at variance with sound judgment. Besides the River Rhyme, which I have described as issuing from the foot of the mountains, there is another, called the River of Reason. These two rivers are at a great distance from one another; and as they have a very different course, they could not be made to communicate except by canals, which would cost a great deal of labour. For these canals of communication could not be formed at all places, because there is only one part of the River Rhyme which is in the neighbourhood of

the River Reason; and hence many cities situated on the Rhyme, such as Roundelay and Ballad, could have no commerce with the Reason, whatever pains might be taken for that purpose. Further, it would be necessary that these canals should cross the Deserts of Common Sense, as you will see by the map; and that is almost an unknown country. The Rhyme is a large river, whose course is crooked and unequal, and, on account of its numerous falls, it is extremely difficult to navigate. On the contrary, the Reason is very straight and regular, but it does not carry vessels of every burthen. There is in the Land of Poetry a very obscure forest, where the rays of the sun never enter. It is the forest of Bombast. The trees are close, spreading and twined into each other. The forest is so ancient that it has become a sort of sacrilege to prune its trees, and there is no probability that the ground will ever be cleared. A few steps into this forest and we lose our road, without dreaming that we have gone astray. It is full of imperceptible labyrinths, from which no one ever returns. The Reason is lost in this forest. The extensive province of Imitation is very sterile—it produces nothing. The inhabitants are extremely poor, and are obliged to glean in the richer fields of the neighbouring provinces; and some even make fortunes by this beggarly occupation. The Empire of Poetry is very cold towards the north; and, consequently, this quarter is the most populous. There are the cities of Anagram and Acrostic, with several others of a similar description. Finally, in that sea which bounds the States of Poetry, there is the Island of Satire, surrounded with bitter waves. The salt from the water is very strong and dark coloured. The greater part of the brooks of this island resemble the Nile in this, that their sources are unknown; but it is particularly remarkable that there is not one of them whose waters are fresh. A part of the same sea is called the Archipelago of Trifles: the French term it *L'Archipel des Bagatelles*; and their voyagers are well acquainted with those islands. Nature seems to have thrown them up in sport, as she did those of the *Ægean Sea*. The principal islands are the *Madrigal*, the *Song*, and the *Impromptu*. No lands can be lighter than those islands, for they float upon the waters."

DEATH OF MOHAMMED.

MOHAMMED, having arrived at the sixty-third year of his age, and the tenth of the Hejira, A. D. 632, the fatal effects of the poison, which had been so long rankling in his veins, began to discover themselves more and more sensibly, and to operate with alarming virulence. Day by day he visibly declined, and it was evident that his life was hastening to a close. For some time previous to the event, he was conscious of its approach, and is said to have viewed and awaited it with characteristic firmness. The third day before his dissolution, he ordered himself to be

carried to the mosque, that he might, for the last time, address his followers, and bestow upon them his parting prayers and benedictions. Being assisted to mount the pulpit, he edified his brethren by the pious tenor of his dying counsels, and in his own example taught a lesson of humility and penitence, such as we shall scarcely find inculcated in the precepts of the Koran. "If there be any man," said the apostle, "whom I have unjustly scourged, I submit my own back to the lash of retaliation. Have I aspersed the reputation of any Mussulman? let him proclaim my faults in the face of the congregation. Has any one been despoiled of his goods? the little that I possess shall compensate the principal and the interest of the debt." "Yes," replied a voice from the crowd, "thou owest me three drachms of silver." Mohammed heard the complaint, satisfied the demand, and thanked his creditor, that he had accused him in this world, rather than at the day of judgment. He then set his slaves at liberty—seventeen men and eleven women; directed the order of his funeral; strove to allay the lamentations of his weeping friends, and waited the approach of death. He did not expressly nominate a successor, a step which would have prevented the altercations that afterward came so near to crushing in its infancy the religion and the empire of the Saracens; but his appointment of Abubeker to supply his place in the function of public prayer and the other services of the mosque, seemed to intimate indirectly the choice of the prophet. This ancient and faithful friend, accordingly, after much contention, became the first caliph of the Saracens, though his reign was closed by his death, at the end of two years. The death of Mohammed was hastened by the force of a burning fever, which deprived him at times of the use of reason. In one of these paroxysms of delirium he demanded pen and paper, that he might compose or dictate a divine book. Omar, who was watching at his side, refused his request, lest the expiring prophet might dictate something which should supersede the Koran. Others, however, expressed a great desire that the book might be written; and so warm a dispute arose in the chamber of the apostle, that he was forced to reprove their unbecoming vehemence. The writing was not performed, and many of his followers have mourned the loss of the sublime revelations which his dying visions might have bequeathed to them. His favourite wife, Ayesha, hung over her husband in his last moments, sustaining his drooping head upon her knee, as he lay stretched upon the carpet, watching with trembling anxiety his changing countenance, and listening to the last broken sounds of his voice. His disease, as it drew towards its termination, was attended at intervals with most excruciating pains, which he constantly ascribed to the fatal morsel taken at Chaibar; and as the mother of Bashar, the companion who had died upon the spot, from the same cause, stood by his side, he exclaimed—"O, mother of Bashar! the cords of my heart are now breaking of the food

which I ate with your son at Chaibar." In his conversation with those around him, he mentioned it as a special prerogative granted to him, that the angel of death was not allowed to take his soul till he had respectfully asked of him his permission—and this permission he condescendingly granted. Recovering from a swoon into which the violence of his pains had thrown him, he raised his eyes towards the roof of the house, and with faltering accents exclaimed, "O, God! pardon my sins. Yes, I come among my fellow-labourers on high!" His face was then sprinkled with water, and that by his own feeble hand, when he shortly after expired. The city, and more especially the house of the prophet, became at once a scene of sorrowful, but confused lamentation. Some of his followers could not believe that he was dead. "How can he be dead, our witness, our intercessor, our mediator with God? He is not dead. Like Moses and Jesus, he is wrapped in a holy trance, and speedily will he return to his faithful people." The evidence of sense was disregarded; and Omar, brandishing his cimetar, threatened to strike off the heads of the infidels who should affirm that the prophet was no more. The tumult was at length appeased by the moderation of Abubeker. "Is it Mohammed," said he, "or the God of Mohammed, whom ye worship? The God of Mohammed liveth for ever—but the apostle was a mortal like ourselves; and, according to his own prediction, he hath experienced the common fate of mortality." The prophet's remains were deposited at Medina, in the very room in which he breathed his last, the floor being removed to make way for his sepulchre, and a simple and unadorned monument was some time after erected over them.

From the unpublished Notes of an English Detenu.

NAPOLEON AT A BALL.

A few days after Napoleon's arrival in Brussels, with Marie Louise, a grand ball was offered him by the inhabitants. That magnificent Gothic edifice, the Hotel de Ville, was the place fixed upon for the *fete*. The staircase leading to the superb hall is at least sixteen feet wide; but the Emperor would not condescend to be present, unless a second staircase was constructed. As the form of the building scarcely admitted of such an alteration, the mayor and the authorities were much embarrassed by this communication. It was, at length, resolved to convert two of the front windows into an entrance. A solid timber staircase was accordingly constructed within eight and forty hours. It was covered with tapestry, and the balusters were decorated with artificial flowers and muslin hangings; the whole was splendidly illuminated. The venerable pile presented a dazzling mass of light. The Emperor, the Empress, and a numerous *suite* arrived at eight o'clock, from the Palace of Lacken. About five hundred persons were present, and I was fortunate enough to be of the number. The Em-

press stood up to a colonne (a kind of country dance,) and was turned by at least a hundred persons, to each of whom she presented her hand with perfect grace. At that period, she was in all the bloom of youth; and although her face could not be termed handsome, she struck the spectator by her majestic mien and fine person. She had all the appearance of enjoying the dance as much as any person present. The Emperor seemed to take no interest in the entertainment; I observed that he did not converse with more than half a dozen individuals during the whole time, and paid little or no attention to the ladies. To one of the latter, he said in my hearing, with his accustomed abruptness—"Are you married?"—"Yes."—"Is your husband in the army?"—"No, Sire, he is a merchant." He put no other question, but suddenly turning round, he walked to another part of the room. He partook of no refreshments.

Scarcely was the second colonne terminated, when about twenty Grenadiers of the Guards, with fixed bayonets, rushed into the hall, and marched with rapid step to the other extremity, where the Emperor and Empress happened then to be. They were close to the door, which, when opened, another company of Grenadiers was seen to have taken possession of that outlet. In the first moment, the persons assembled thought that a military conspiracy had broken out; but ere we had time to reflect a general cry of 'fire' was heard. Our consternation was dreadful; both exits from the Hall were stopped by the Grenadiers, who would not permit any one whatever his rank, to pass, for at least three minutes. When their Majesties had safely reached their carriage, and drove off to Lacken, both staircases were evacuated by the military, and the company descended in quicker time than they had ascended a few hours before. It was a fortunate circumstance that such precautions had been taken by the officers on duty, or many accidents must inevitably have occurred; not one, however, was heard of. It was soon ascertained that the alarm had been occasioned by the muslin ornaments and artificial flowers having come in contact with one of the lamps. The fire did not communicate to the timber staircase. A great many persons actually returned to the ball-room, and dancing was kept up until morn.

UMBRELLAS.

In the rainy weather at Morocco as it would be at least imprudent to appear in the streets, with an umbrella, one must remain within doors; the privilege of making use of an umbrella is very different from what it is in Europe or America; where every person may keep his head dry without asking leave so to do. In Morocco, the umbrella is the privilege of royalty alone, and should any one of his subject slaves dare to make use of one, it would be an act of high treason for which his head would be the forfeit.—*Brooke's Morocco.*

TO A LADY, ON HER BRIDAL MORN.

AND has the vow of mortal love been breathed upon thine ear?

And hast thou pledged thy faith, O maid, to one of earthly sphere?

And has that virgin heart, whose sigh like incense rose to heaven,

To Love's enchantment yielded, and to earth that incense given?

I cannot smile as others smile to see the pageant gay,
That flaunts so pompous and so bright upon thy bridal day:
Thy vestal glory shone so pure, so like the modest light
Of the dear twilight-star that shines more tender still than bright.

And must that maiden lustre now so quickly pass away?
That lambent radiance disappear before a broader day?
It must be, for the vow is pledged—triumphant at thy side
Young Edward stands, and claims thee for his own, his
beauteous bride.

Thy soft, thy lovely cheek, that erst a lonely pillow prest,
Shall bloom no more upon the lilies of its virgin rest;
For Love's blush-roses proudly have thy snowy temples
crown'd,

And Hymen's orange-flowers and myrtle in the wreath are
found.

Then fare thee well!—thy mother weeps to give thee from
her arms,

And prays, and hopes, and sighs, with all a mother's kind
alarms;

Thy father holds thy hands in his, and with uplifted eye,
Invokes upon his lovely child a blessing from the sky.

Thy sister's lips are prest to thine, in long and dear embrace;
Her tears are mixed with thine—they fall upon thy glowing
face;

That full, effusive confidence of hope, or joy, or pain,
Which sister maidens know, with thee she cannot know
again.

But fare thee well!—the hour is come, the hour when thou
must part

From all that most are cherished by a yet unwedded heart:
Go—be thy chosen's halcyon love, the load-star of his life;
Thou hast shone peerless as a maid—be perfect as a wife.

STANZAS.

BY MISS MARY ANN BROWNE.

COME to the fields and Woods!
The spring is breathing o'er the land—
The flowers within the solitudes,
Rise up a beauteous band,
The hearth—the hot hearth scorn;
Come to the fields by day, by night—
By day fair flowers the earth adorn;
And stars the heavens by night.
Come, for all is soft and fair,
The power of God is present there.

Come on the glittering sea!
The waves are lulled in quiet sleep,
Only a ripple mild and free
Is on the murmuring deep;
Our bark shall glide along,
As if upborne on summer's breeze,
As softly as the night bird's song,
Floats thro' the forest trees.
Come and adore the gracious peace
That biddeth angry tempests cease.

Come to the towering hill!
Look all around thee, and below
Mark the calm wanderings of the rill,
And the distant ocean's flow;
Look at the sunset clouds
That hold as yet the infant thunder,
In those dark silver-edged shrouds
The lightning soon will rend asunder;
Come, and in that crimson fire,
The Lord of clouds and storms admire.

Come to the bed of death!
Step lightly—check that rising sigh;
Behold the parting of the breath,
Without an agony;
Behold how softly fades
The light and glory in that eye,
As gently as the twilight shades
The azure of the sky;
Come and bow in thankfulness
To Him who life's last hour can bless!

THE PERILS OF PENMANSHIP.

A confounded cramp piece of penmanship as ever I saw in my life. I can read print hand very well. But here, there are such handles, and shanks, and dashes, that one can scarce tell the head from the tail.

SEE STROOPS TO CONQUER.

I WONDER whether this will be legible to the printer! I marvel whether this dull prose will appear as such, or glitter "in the gewgaw of verse!" No matter; for the sake of a thousand in my own situation I will risk all: besides, I have begun to reform! Portentous word—what does it mean? But phsa! I must keep that for a political article.

Among Lord Chesterfield's dogmata on minor morals, is an imperative injunction to write a clear and legible hand. This was very easy for his lordship to recommend, but I should like to know whether he practised what he preached. Let that, however, be as it may, this I know, that

for the whole of my life I have been trying to realise his direction, without being able to arrive at its consummation. But though I cannot improve my hand writing, I can improve Chesterfield; and when I publish an edition of his works, so far from its being a minor moral, I shall give it a brevet of majority, as its importance deserves, and as the few remarks which I have here thrown together will satisfactorily prove. Whether I shall convince the world, I know not; but, at all events, I preach with an honest conscience, in token whereof I am at this moment paying six guineas a quarter to a writing master, to teach me a new mode of

executing pot-hooks and hangers—*ecce signum!* This is my first specimen: I hope I will not lead the printer far a-field—that he will be able to intypify the lesson I would convey, so that it may not remain like every other written communication I have ever made—a labyrinth of black strokes upon white paper—as full of meaning, and as impossible to be understood, as an original copy of Confucius. I have often wondered why, considering that my case is no uncommon one, it has not become customary, in this improving age, to establish private printing-presses, for the embodying and expression of all epistolary correspondence whatever. We have a glimmering of the propriety of this plan in the printed formula of invitations. We do not entrust them to the misconceptive hazards of the autographic art; then why far dearer things—our love-letters—the sacred communications between man and wife? When I consider the events of only my own life, I am lost in wonder to imagine the blindness that leads us to consign these vital concerns to mere ordinary penmanship. The only way in which I can account for it is, that bad writers, with that self-esteem which is one of the innate qualities of our nature, pretend to make easy work of reading their own scratches for the sake of coming to the conclusion—not that their scrawl, but the perverse reading of their correspondents, is to blame. My eyes, however, are opened. May these confessions of a modern hieroglyphicer bring other people to their senses.

The foregoing observations may be looked upon in the light of a general admission. I will now come to particulars. I was almost about to say that I was born with a natural incapacity for forming those outward and visible signs of our inward thoughts, by which so much of the action of our life's drama is carried on; but, though I have read of him who "lisped in numbers," I never heard of any infant that was precocious enough to write either *billet-doux* or *lettre pemploirie* in his cradle. But, alas! I cannot get over even this first stage with so consolatory a reflection; for boys can and do write, at an age when I was still labouring at the acquirement, or, rather, the non-acquirement, of the penman-like employment of "these pickers and stealers." My misfortunes, consequently began early. My exercises were always incorrect—not *per se*, but because the master therein read any thing but that which was actually written down:—my letters home never said what I intended to say:—many treats were prepared for me, a week before I was able to partake of them:—I received a brilliant new pair of skaits, "at my own particular request," as it was said, on Midsummer day; and a severe reprimand for my gorman-dizing propensity, in asking for "peaches in March," when, as Heaven is my witness, what I wrote was, that my "teaching was on the march."

Things grew worse as I grew older. I was suspected of numberless "white lies," for observations which really deserved the "albo lapide

notata" of Ovid for their truth nay, I was even suspected of profounder falsehoods, at the very time that I was priding myself on my immaculate veracity. I received the character of being addicted to the vulgar propensity of inflicting hoaxes on my friends, while in reality I never was guilty of a mystification during the whole course of my life. Once I put a whole family—father, mother, three sons, five daughters, and two maiden aunts, into deep mourning, by what I intended to be a most joyous announcement of a wedding: nor was this the worst part of the business; they went to a race ball in crape, and met the defunct as a bride, bedecked with white satin, and the rosiest of smiles; the consequence of which was, that one of the five daughters, a dark beauty, and my especial favourite, never forgave me for having thus interrupted a prosperous flirtation, up to that time existing between her and a marrying baronet; he danced the whole evening with a girl dressed in *couleur de rose*—a blushing evidence that the odious black was the cause of his defalcation.

This was but one out of many disasters. A grandmother, through my ingenious hieroglyphics, received intimation that her grandson intended to cut her, because he had heard that she was going to marry again. An octogenarian uncle vituperated me for asking for a legacy, when the outside of my demand was, to be allowed to pay my respects. A maiden aunt was furious, on my congratulating her on the birth of twins, overlooking a whole line about her pretty lap-dog, Flora, which I had flattered myself I had made particularly legible; and my father, in a fit of the gout, hurried up to town, on reading that his house was burned down, when all that I had done was, to tell him a comical story about an old prude, who had fainted away because the cat spit at her, and who could not be recovered till burnt feathers had been put under her nose. But, in all these instances, the most cruel part of the affair was, that the whole of the blame was thrust upon me, as poor Malvolio had his greatness thrust upon him; when, if my correspondents would but have dealt candidly, they ought at least to have consented to share the blunder, owing to their want of skill in decyphering what I am sure I was able to read pleasantly enough. At first I used to be very eager to establish their mistakes, to decypher the letters myself, and to prove by the written word that I was innocent; but I never got any thing by it, but a renewal of grumbling, and an insinuation that I possessed the disreputable art of making black look white.

So much for my youthful days; but matters got worse as I advanced towards manhood. A college friend of mine wrote a volume of poems: in my burst of enthusiastic admiration of his talents, I addressed him as follows:—"Dear Charles, your volume has afforded me no despicable pleasure. It would be insulting to compare it to the trash of the day, whose only merit consists in making us feel the more grateful for your valuable or, may I say, value-less, effusions, by their contrast with such

ineffable nonsense."—By return of post I received the following answer:—"Dear Jack, I lose not a moment in assuring you, that your opinion of my poor poems shall in no way militate against our friendship. Be assured, I am very far from imagining that you insult me, though it seems I do you, by offering you a volume which you find despicable from its ineffable nonsense."—Charles was never cordial with me after this, and at last dropped my acquaintance entirely, on my entreating him to permit me to point out his mistake: "that's rather too much," said he; "I won't stand upon my writing—but d—n it, I can read!"

The next dilemma to which my hieroglyphics reduced me, was to lose a girl—and such a girl!—to whose mother I wrote, offering hand—heart—life—fortune—adoration—all I had to give—in her daughter's behalf. The respectable matron replied, by forbidding me her house, and ordering her daughter to cut me. As I am not a *detri-mental*, this proceeding surprised me. Soon after, the fair one married, and we became better acquainted, when I learned that my offer of marriage to her own sweet self, had been interpreted by her mother into an insolent attack upon her own immaculate and five-and-forty-year-old virtue.

On the instant I made a vow. I swore that I might write invitations and circulars, but I would print all my more tender communications, and that my next proposal should be obvious, to a very tyro, in the alphabet. My oath was registered—my printing-press was ordered—and a first-rate compositor engaged, to give me a two-hours' lesson in the noble art of printing every morning. But the types, and the press, and the rest of the apparatus, could not be got ready in less than a week, so that, for that interval at least, it was necessary to find some occupation to divert my chagrin. What was it to be?—Well bethought!—There could be no mistake upon this subject for an epistle; so I sat down to indite a short note to ——— ahem!—a very amiable young lady—short, decidedly short, somewhat stubby, too, like a dwarf oak—and though I now think her unquestionably pretty, at that time I had not made the discovery. I wrote simply to ask her whether she thought her father would permit me to shoot on his preserves, during a three days' visit that I was going to make in his neighbourhood. I received, in reply, a hurried quicksilver billet, from the young lady;—there seemed mischief in it, the moment I took it in my hand;—I could almost imagine it made of the Chinese sensitive leaf—it actually appeared to vibrate as I broke the seal. Well matched, thought I, as I glanced at the contents; for the only words I could decypher, down a long page of round-about, zig-zag, up-and-down, indescribable pen-marks, were "love" and "happiness." Well matched, indeed; for this two-worded epistle was accompanied by a most legible one from her father, accepting my proposal "for his daughter's hand with both pride and pleasure."

The old fellow seemed at once so delighted and so flattered, and "love" and "happiness" were such a pretty present from a lady to a gentleman, that, hang it! I had not the cruelty or the courage to undeceive him. It would have been too ridiculous to have laid the mistake on a handwriting, which Providence, for inscrutable purposes, always chose to make say one thing, when I meant another. I therefore submitted with a good grace, married my fair correspondent, and limited my remonstrance to a modest request, made a few days after our wedding, to be allowed to see the precious manuscript which had brought us together. It was burned. "I would have preserved the dear relic in cotton and roses," said my bride; "but it was such a scrawl, that I could not read one word of it."—"May I then ask," cried I, "how you knew that it was a proposal of marriage?"—"Heavens, John, how can you ask that? What else could it be, dear?"

After all, I never had reason to regret this chance medley. My wife is a sensible, agreeable, good-tempered woman—and our sole matrimonial disaster is that we cannot read each other's letters. I confess it, to my shame, that when I became a married man I grew utterly regardless of my graphic improvement, and my printing-press was never bought. I fancied that there would be small necessity for written communications between my wife and me; and, besides, scrawl as he will, I imagined that a woman had some natural instinct bestowed on her for the purpose of making out her husband's writing. I do not know which of us wrote the most illegibly:—mine is a sort of straggling hiatus-looking scrawl, right up and down, with a flourish at intervals by way of emphasis:—My wife skims over the paper, for the most part, in a meandering zig-zag, which disdains stops and paragraphs, with the additional advantage of a word being now and then dashed under—and that, of course, the most really unreadable word of the whole sentence.

What is it that I have said?—A woman can always make out her husband's writing! Fond delusion! fatal mistake! I have a hundred examples to the contrary; but two or three, I doubt not, will suffice as scarecrows. I presented her with a copy of verses on the anniversary of our marriage; and if I may be allowed to say as much, in my own behalf, there were some peculiarly interesting lines amongst them: but just as I fancied her fond look was melting over their tenderness, she threw them with the air of a tragedy-queen into the fire, and burst into a Belvidera-ish flood of tears:—I never could learn why. I was only told that "I was a barbarous wretch," and that "I wanted to sacrifice her—a victim to my cold-blooded philosophy;" and this, too, though I did all in my power to induce her to believe in the authenticity of a copy I possessed, written in a neat round-text hand (the spelling, to be sure, a little incorrect) by my valet. I once wrote from the shooting-lodge of Lord B— for a fresh supply of gunpowder, and by

the next coach received half a dozen tooth-brushes, a pound of prepared charcoal, and six wash-balls. On another occasion she was away on a visit, and having overstayed her appointed time, I wrote her a letter full of tender remonstrance; by a customary fatuity she contrived, in her reading of it, to heighten the remonstrance and sink the tenderness, so that her answer, which was unusually hieroglyphical, flashed indignation and reproach from one end of the crowded paper to the other; at least to the best of my conscience and belief it did:—but there was a postscript, and as I have often heard, and even believed, that a lady's P. S. is the gist of her correspondence, I dedicated four hours and a half consecutively to the most serious study of it; after which I rose from my chair, fully convinced that the only terms of renewal of peace that she had to offer were that, as she was prolonging her visit on account of the hunt that was about to commence, my calumet must be tendered to her in the shape of "a habit;" after which were a multitude of mantua-making directions from which I gleaned that the said habit was to be "blue," and "rather long;" and that above all, to be in time, it must be at ——— by the 29th.

With this postscript I had every reason to be pleased—first, on account of my own indefatigable ingenuity that had enabled me to decipher it so correctly, and secondly, because I was able to trace in it a kindly feeling on the part of my wife, though she had chosen to read my letter wrong, and then fly in a passion with her own interpretation of it: the dear creature knew how anxious I was that she should become an accomplished horsewoman, and how it pained me to see her so timid when in the saddle, and had determined, with her wonted affection, to do all in her power to meet my wishes. These reflections gave me fresh vigour; and incredible were the pains I took to procure the desired habiliments, and to have them ready in time, though the tailor protested that he had never made a habit at such short notice. "*Omnia vincit amor*," cried I, and actually stood over him for a day and a half, counting his stitches. At last it was finished; and determined to complete what I had so meritoriously begun, I actually took a post-chaise for the purpose of myself being the bearer of the welcome present: as ill luck would have it, however, one of the horses in the last stage fell dead lame—could not be made to move an inch for love or money—and there was I with the superb habit eight miles from ———. What was to be done? There was no post-house, or chance of a horse between; and the inn that we had last quitted was seven miles in the rear. "*Omnia vincit amor*," again cried I; and with the box, in which the habit was carefully packed, slung at my back, I trudged manfully forward, and positively accomplished the eight miles in an hour and forty-one minutes, which, considering I carried weight, was what any of the Melton Mowbrays would call a pretty rattling pace, especially as there was a sharp hill to be drawn about

midway: when at last I reached my wife's abode, a little before ten at night, I found that she had been waiting, as women do wait for such things, in grumbling and in terror:—but what boded her appearance? Her pretty, pretty feet were shod in white satin—a wreath of roses in her hair—her favourite necklace of pearl and emerald clasped round her neck—and yet all these brilliancies checked by her dressing-gown being still undoffed. "My dearest!" cried I. "The dress!" cried she. "'Tis here—'tis here," I exclaimed; and cutting the cord impatiently asunder, I held up to view the dearly-earned habit! Good heavens! a piercing shriek burst from my wife. But the reader, no doubt, has anticipated me—it was no habit she wrote for, but a ball-dress of "blue" and silver, with strict cautions that it was not to be "over long."

Could any thing exceed this? Could hieroglyphic mischiefs be carried further?—Yes, yes, yes! And yet I thought I had learned caution.

Being one day unexpectedly detained at Lord's to make one in a cricket-match, I would not trust a letter, but sent a special messenger to tell that I should not be back till eight. At that hour I reached home, as hungry as a Cossack after a skirmish in Kamschatka, and fully expecting to find her waiting dinner for me. But no! there was no Maria; and I waited, and waited, in gloomy doubt till half-past nine, when a three-cornered billet with her well-known superscription, was brought to me. One glance at the contents paralysed me;—I jumped up from my seat like a madman—I ordered four post-horses—and in less than a quarter of an hour was on my way to Dover, in pursuit of my faithless spouse and her seducer, filling up the time, between counting the mile-stones, with thinking how I would look *her* into a petrefaction, and riddle *him* into a honeycomb. At Rochester, while I was waiting for a relay of horses, I bethought me that I would add fresh fuel (for such is the perversity of man that he hugs that which will destroy him) to my rage, by again reading the dreadful missive: when, lo, a mist seemed dispelled:—as if by magic art the characters shifted and re-arranged themselves, and instead of a flight with a seducer to Dover, on her way to France, the letter seemed to say that she had been "seduced" by her cousin to stay dinner in "Dover-street," on the promise of being introduced to a most amiable lady just arrived from "France." There was but one thing under these circumstances to be done—the postboy was ordered to turn his horses' heads towards London; and as he urged them to the height of their gallop, I read and re-read the dear, fatal, misleading epistle again and again by the light of the moon that was high in the heavens, in all the splendour of her fulness. As we were galloping through Dartford I observed another chaise approaching—we neared—we met!—gracious heaven, it was my wife! She saw me—I saw her; but we were both going at so prodigious a pace that to hope to be able to stop was out of the question: it seemed as if we were destined to

be a kind of pair of wandering Jews, never more to be allowed to be in the same place at the same time! A scream was our only recognition, and in another moment we should again have been separated; when our good genius, alive to our miserable situation, dashed the two chaises against each other:—crash went the wheels—splash went the panels—smash went the springs—and in one and the same moment we enjoyed the exquisite sensation of being upset into each other's arms.

It is impossible to narrate all that was said by us on this momentous occasion: but the resolution to which we came deserves to be recorded for the benefit of all practisers of modern hieroglyphics. "Let us forget the past, my Maria," I exclaimed; "the future is ours:—this very day will I engage the most eminent writing-master that London possesses; while for you I will purchase a dozen large-text copy-books; and together we will learn to write."

SPLENDID OUTFITS.

From a manuscript in the Royal Library at Paris, it appears, that Isabella, daughter of Philip the Fourth of France, received, upon her marriage with Edward the Second, in the year 1308, an outfit which cost above eight-and-twenty thousand livres. A portion of it comprised two crowns, one valued at seven hundred livres, and the other at six hundred—gold spoons—gold and silver drinking-vessels—fifty silver plates or covers, (*escuelles*), and twelve large with as many small dishes. It consisted also of dresses of cloth of gold, velvet, Brussels woolens, shot taffetas (*tartais changeant*), six garnitures (*garnemens*) of green cloth from Douay, six more, beautifully marbled (*d'un tres beau marbre*), and a third, six of rose-tinted scarlet, (*d'escarlate rosee*); a number of furs; and a considerable quantity of linen, for it amounted to four hundred and ninety ells for the use of the bath alone. We find likewise an enumeration of carriages, horses, harness, decorations for rooms, embellishments for her chapel, &c. But the most curious piece in these paraphernalia was a chamber, lined with rhomboidal-shaped cloth of gold, and adorned with the arms of England, France, and Brabant. The recital contains a charge of eighteen livres for six dozen of *Coiffres*, which we should conceive to imply night-caps, rather than coffers.

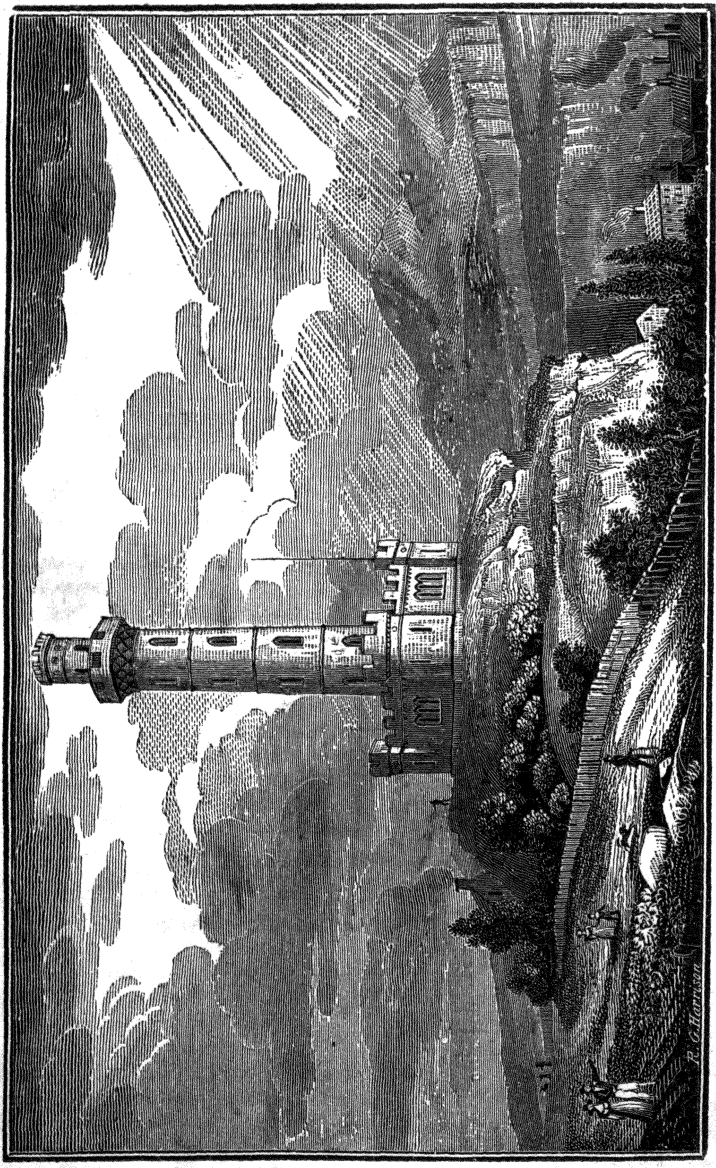
Another record, nearly a century later in date, (*viz.* of the year 1396,) details the outfit of Isabella, daughter of Charles the Sixth of France, on her espousing Richard the Second. She brought with her a whole cargo of crowns, rings, necklaces, bracelets, rosaries, &c., and among the robes, we find a dress and mantle, embroidered with red velvet and birds, in gold filagree, perched on sprigs of pearls and emeralds. There were four pieces attached to this robe, consisting of collars and a cap, which latter had pendants lined with small squirrel skins. The mantle was also lined with ermine. Her apartments were

hung with red and white atlas, and covered with embroidered cloths or carpets, on which were depicted women busy at the vintage, or shepherds, trees, flowers, and fountains. Some of these carpets, likewise, represented scenes from Holy Writ, or the history of Florence.

The English sovereigns appear to have dealt with an equally liberal hand in the outfit of their royal daughters; for we find that a century afterwards, Mary, on her marriage with Lewis the Twelfth, in 1514, came loaded with an almost endless train of equipments, amongst which gold and silver effigies of St. George, Edward the Confessor, Thomas a Becket, and others were not forgotten. Her wardrobe contained robes of purple velvet, lined with cloth of gold; of yellow stuff of gold from Damascus; cloth of silver, lined with crimson velvet, crimson atlas embroidered with peacock's eyes, lined with purple velvet, and relieved with gold; black velvet, lined with ermine, &c.

But the richest of these regal outfits appears to have been that of Henrietta, the unfortunate Queen of the still more unfortunate Charles the First. She was married to him in 1625, and the enumeration of her personal dower minutely details the profuse supply she bore of precious stones and valuables, and decorations for chapelets and altars. In the latter is mentioned a chapel of crimson velvet, embroidered in gold and silver. Then follows a long list of couches, benches, stools, coffers, &c., and afterwards the description of an immense "celestial bed," with crimson curtains, pillars, white feather beds, and pillows of taffetas, ornamented with lace, &c. Among the garments was a regal mantle of crimson velvet with a splendid train, set off with golden lilies and ermine: and in the enumeration of the utensils, we meet with a warming flask, a washing basin, a stove, (*poesle*), a pitcher, several dishes, covers, and spoons, &c. Her Majesty was likewise supplied with four dozen of day, and a like quantity of night apparel, a "very beautiful shirt of lace," (*point coupe*), two dozen of night-caps, bordered and barred, two dozen ditto of lace, eleven powdering mantles, four dozen of handkerchiefs, a pair of red velvet boots, lined with fur, twelve pair of shoes embroidered with gold and silver, as many decorated with roses and gold ornaments, eighteen pair with large knots, six pair of perfumed gloves, eighteen dozen of ribbons, eighteen combs, fifty thousand needles, et cetera; besides horses, mules, sedan chairs, carriages, pages and the like. One of the carriages was lined with red velvet, and covered outside and in with gold and silver, and running on gilt wheels.

He that abuses his *own* profession, will not patiently bear with any one *else* that does so. And this is one of our most subtle operations of self-love. For when we abuse our own profession, we tacitly *except* ourselves; but when another abuses it, we are far from being certain that this is the case.



NELSON'S MONUMENT AT COLTON HILL, EDINBURGH.

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY, OR HEARTS AND HEADS.

A NOVELETTE.

"In vain, proud man—in vain he tries,
To 'scape from beauty's conquering eyes;
He boldly talks—looks very brave,
But swiftly falls—a woman's slave!"

MILLAMOUR was a man of the world—a *bon vivant*, devoted to the pleasures and gratifications of society, and sacrificing every other consideration to the paramount importance of those which his peculiar appetite inspired. He had married in early life, more in agreement with the desires of his parent, than from any particular regard he himself felt for the *matrimonial* state, and his lady dying within two years of their nuptials, after giving birth to a son, Millamour was released from his connubial ties, and became once more at liberty, and enabled again to participate in the scenes in which he delighted. In this manner twenty years passed on, and the pleasures of Millamour's career began to pall; satiated therewith he sought newer enjoyments, still, however, lingering about his old haunts, like a spirit loth to quit the habitation it so fondly loved. His son Horace had grown to man's estate, but unlike his volatile parent, his pursuits were devoted entirely to learning, and applying his whole time to study, he had become cold, formal and prejudiced against the world, and at an age when he should have been the life of society, he was—a *philosopher*! Millamour in vain endeavoured to divert his son's attention, in vain exerted his powers to draw him from the seclusion of his study—Horace reprobated the wild conduct of his parent, which he declared more characteristic of insanity than of perfect intellect. But Millamour was not to be railed out of his prejudices, and fully believed, notwithstanding the gravity of his son's demeanour, that he should be enabled to make him a convert to his own ideas. In order to effect this, the widow of a deceased friend, Lady Warrington, was invited with her beautiful daughter to pass some weeks at Millamour's country seat; but the spell of woman's loveliness, of her fascinating powers, had no effect upon the philosopher; he beheld the perfect beauty of Emma Warrington with apathetic indifference, and retired from her agreeable and *piquant* conversation, to the cold contemplation of the authors in his library.

"Oh Horace, Horace, my son," exclaimed Millamour, one day, upon the failure of one of his little plans to entrap the philosopher, "what is the meaning of all this monotonous drivelling? S'life man, have better notions of humanity, and entertain more rational ideas of your fellow creatures."

"Ah, my dear father," rejoined the son, "could you but feel the satisfaction——"

"Ah, my dear brethren," interrupted Millamour, "now the sermon is beginning! Have

you the confidence, sirrah, to preach to your father. You are insane and ought to be shut up in a conventicle, for the benefit of human nature!"

"Gracious heaven," exclaimed the son, "to what a pass——"

"Aye, interrupted Millamour again, "sigh, groan, and write a volume upon human folly, and the vanities of life."

"Which I will dedicate to my father!"

"Ah, sarcastic! Well, there's pleasantry in that, be as witty as you please, Horry; give us puns, jokes, or epigrams, what you will, any thing but a *lecture*, for that is too formidable for my sensitive nerves to bear."

"I have been considering, sir, that in order to rescue yourself from the gulph of dissipation, wherein you have been so long plunged, it is requisite for you *to marry*."

"To marry, Horace! Why what in the name of fortune has your brain been working upon now? Marry me! Oh, I suppose to some dried mummy—some stuffed monstrosity of an Eastern clime!"

"No, sir, to neither. When I mention Lady Warrington and her daughter, you will perhaps entertain more reasonable notions."

"Lady Warrington and her daughter! My dear boy, you have some *taste* I find. The thing is not so much amiss; but to which of these ladies would you have me offer my addresses?"

"Oh," rejoined the son, "to whichever you please."

"And do you really mean to say that the charms of Emma Warrington have not been able to thaw your *icy* heart—to melt your stern inflexibility."

"Sir, they have had no effect upon me."

"'Tis false, sir," exclaimed Millamour, "'tis very false! You love the girl, sir, you know you love her, and all your preaching will not convince me to the contrary. S'life, sirrah, provoke me no longer, or I may grow desperate, adopt your plan, and marry Miss Warrington in spite of you!"

"That, sir, would be the very summit of my wishes," exclaimed the philosopher, and intimating his intention of speaking to the young lady upon the subject, he quitted the apartment with a smile.

Millamour was fairly puzzled; he strove to form some reasonable ideas of his son's intentions, but in vain; the amiability of Lady Warrington had made no little impression upon his heart, and it was his wish to unite the daughter

with his formal son. "Not love her!"—Psha! psha! the boy is flesh and blood, and flesh and blood must yield to the fascination of a pair of lovely eyes! With this conclusion, he returned to the drawing-room where Lady Warrington was sitting, and immediately explained to her the strange proposition which his son had just made, and also his own desire for the union of the two families, in the persons of Horace and Emma.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughingly exclaimed her ladyship, "Horace, a husband! The idea is laughable. Horace, poor youth, has no idea of matrimony; he judges of women by his books, and of their feelings by the prejudiced sentiments of philosophers as crack-brained as himself. A formal, hum-drum husband he would make; for ever sermonizing! Old at twenty-one, what will he be at fifty? Phlegmatic and inflated; always dreaming, and never awake; insisting that his wife should chop logic, and never amuse herself with any book but the Encyclopædia. No, no, Mr. Millamour, no such a husband for Emma Warrington."

Millamour, however, had the happy art of winning upon the kindness of woman, and his greatest powers were exerted upon this occasion; he had studied nature too well to fail upon such a subject, and by his remonstrances, and the piquancy of his observations, he soon brought her ladyship to an idea of the propriety of the arrangement; but while combatting the prejudices of his fair visitor, with respect to his son, he insensibly fell a victim to her fascinations; in a word he was deeply enamoured of Lady Warrington, as he was desirous his son should be of her daughter.

In the mean time, Horace had obtained an interview with Emma, and intent upon his project of reforming his father by an union with so amiable a lady, and who appeared to him to hold so high a place in his affections, he respectfully requested permission to put a single question to her. Emma was surprised at the expressive manner in which the request was made, but readily assented, and Horace, in a monotonous tone, desired her to place as much confidence in him, as she would in a tender parent. Emma bowed assent, and looked enquiringly at the philosopher, anxious to know the mysterious question which needed so much preface. At length, he requested to know, whether she felt any disinclination towards entering the matrimonial state. Emma started in surprise, and blushing deeply, hung down her beautiful head.

"Nay, madam," continued Horace, "do not evade my question, consider me only in the light of a particular and esteemed friend, and favour me with a sincere answer."

Emma was not insensible to the personal graces of the philosopher, nor the amiable qualities of his heart, though his retired habits ill-assorted with her own social feelings; he was not indifferent to her, and this conversation, which appeared to her as a prelude to a declaration of love, was not *unwelcome*, though the delicacy of

its nature called the blush upon her fair cheek, and her thoughts were confused and wild. Gathering courage, however, she ventured to reply to the philosopher's enquiry, that rather than offend so esteemed a friend, she would confess that she had no particular aversion to the connubial state.

"I thank you, madam," rejoined Horace, "no answer could be more satisfactory, nor more delicately expressed. May I also presume to enquire whether your affections are already engaged?"

"Indeed, sir," replied the beautiful girl, "your questions are very pressing."

"Do not consider them unworthy of reply: if your heart is already engaged, my hopes are vain, and I have nothing more to add!"

"Singular man!" exclaimed Emma, "Well, then, sir, I think I *may* say, that my heart is entirely free."

"'Tis as I wished!" immediately rejoined the philosopher, in a tone of rapture, and taking the white hand of the lady within his own, he continued, "May I believe that you have confidence enough in me, to accept the addresses of the individual I may propose to you?"

"I have already assured you, sir," replied the blushing girl, "that my confidence in your prudence is unlimited."

"I thank you, my dear Miss Warrington, you have made me supremely happy. The man whom I propose will indeed find in you a blessing; you will restore him to reason—you, madam, only are capable of rendering him valuable to society; your charms can make the bonds of marriage the permanent endurance of felicity!"

"Oh, sir, now you flatter me."

"No, my sweet young lady, your virtues deserve those encomiums. I have now only to name the individual whom I propose, and I entreat you will think kindly of him—that you will not suffer any prejudice to rob me of the gratification I anticipate will result from the union. The man, madam, whom I propose, is—*my father!*"

"Your father!" exclaimed Emma, in astonishment.

"Yes, madam, I have engaged to find my father a wife, and consider no one so worthy of that situation as yourself. You do not reject my proposal?"

"Oh no, sir," replied Emma, endeavouring to conceal her emotion, "I will *think* of it. At the same time, Mr. Horace, allow me to say, that I have been for some time endeavouring to find a worthy husband for my honoured mamma, and *'think no one more deserving of that situation than yourself.'*"

"I thank Miss Warrington, and will reflect upon the subject. In the mean while, I will acquaint my father with your kind intentions."

"Insufferable!" exclaimed Emma, mentally, "say, sir, whatever you please," and she hastily retired from the apartment.

Meeting with Lady Warrington immediately afterwards, a whimsical thought struck her, and she acquainted her mother with the mysterious

interview that she had just had with the philosopher, and that its purport was the affection which he entertained for no less a personage than Lady Warrington herself. "For me!" exclaimed her ladyship; "positively you, my own dear mamma!"

"This is most singular; Mr. Millamour has just been conversing with me upon the propriety of uniting him with you."

"Ah, but you see, my dear mamma, that *my* humble charms were not sufficient to chain the heart of a philosopher."

"Well, child, there is nothing extraordinary in the attachment of the young man."

"Nothing extraordinary!" cried Emma, "My dear mamma, you must surely think him mad."

"Foolish girl: because Mr. Millamour prefers a woman of the age of discretion to a thoughtless child, *you* reprobate his conduct. I have been led into a very erroneous opinion of the young man, and am happy to find myself deceived. He is indeed a very amiable youth!"

"Why this is worse and worse!" exclaimed Emma, as her ladyship left the room. "Surely we are all mad here! *I did* think my youthful charms were rather more captivating than the *mature* graces of my mamma—and now to find her preferred, and by a young admirer.—Oh, it is impossible—but *should* it be true, I'll break my looking-glass for deceiving me, and wear willow for the remainder of my days."

Lady Warrington believed the truth of her daughter's assertion, which indeed Emma, herself, scarcely doubted; and the former, preferring the admiration of the son to that of the father, enjoyed the anticipation of an union with so amiable a young man. Old Millamour had made proposals for her hand, which she requested time to consider upon, and this new adventure intervening, her thoughts of the more prudent match were sacrificed to the more alluring. Lady Warrington was a vain and rather coquettish woman; the novelty of the philosopher's affection, more than any thing else, perhaps, influenced her conduct; but, be it as it may, she thought proper not to discourage the singular addresses of the young admirer. Just as she had formed this determination, and before she had an opportunity of a personal interview with Horace, Mr. Millamour, eager to make certain of a woman that had so effectually woven her spells around him, requested to know the result of her meditations. Lady Warrington met him with a serious face, and in tones as serious, exclaimed, "My dear Mr. Millamour you did not think me in earnest! Marry *you*, indeed! The idea is preposterous!"

"Madam—my Lady Warrington!" cried the astonished Millamour.

"You do not suppose," continued her Ladyship, "that I could marry *you*—an old man who thinks of nothing but folly and idle gaiety; racking his brain to find out new pleasures, and striving, with the assistance of his tailor and hair-dresser, to appear an Adonis; running after plays, balls, and masquerades, and neglecting nothing but his wife! no, no, sir, my husband

must be a prudent and a careful man; regular in his habits and decorous in his actions. I have a very, very great respect for you, Mr. Millamour, and, *as a friend*, admire you very much indeed—but as for a husband!—Ha! ha! ha!"—And kissing her hand to him, she retired to her own apartment.

"If that woman's not mad," cried Millamour, "I am. This very morning she wished for just such a cheerful fellow as myself, and now, forsooth, he must be prudent and decorous, and careful, and a thousand other fine things besides. Weathercocks and women! never was simile better applied!"

"Well, my dear sir," exclaimed Horace, as he entered the room with a lighter step than usual, "well, my dear sir, all is settled, she consents, and you have only now to request her to name the day."

"Name the day! Why what in the name of common sense do you mean?"

"Why your marriage with Emma Warrington."

"What the deuce, sir, are you talking about? What do you mean? Are you as mad as all the rest?"

"Miss Warrington accepts your hand; I have written to your attorney to prepare the requisite marriage articles, and nothing is now wanting to complete your happiness."

"Are we all lunatics alike?—Do we all deserve to be transmitted to the large building in Moorfields, or are you ridiculing me?"

"Are these the thanks, sir, which I deserve, for procuring you the hand of the lovely Miss Warrington?"

"Thanks! S'life, sirrah, I'm all raptures, if what you tell me is really true;—all fire, all poetry, all soul! But you're not a wag, now, Horace?—You are not fudging me, sir?"

"'Tis truth, sir, I assure you."

"Then you are the best friend I have upon earth. Give me your hand—I feel twenty years younger— hale and hearty; my dear child I am certain I shall live fifty years longer, and cheat you out of your inheritance."

"It is my wish, sir, that you may," rejoined Horace; "and believe me, sir, there is no one more gratified than myself at the prospect of your many years of happiness with so lovely a woman."

"Oh," rejoined Millamour, "you *have* found out that she is *lovely*! Horace Millamour, Horace Millamour, answer to the point now—don't you envy me? No denial, sirrah—I see it in your eyes—I read it in your face; you envy me, you rascal—I know you envy me."

"Not at all, sir; I do not wish to make a merit of the sacrifice; but at the time when I pleaded so powerfully in your behalf, I could not but acknowledge the powerful expression of her soft blue eyes!"

"And so you have found out that she has *eyes*, have you: 'soft blue eyes?' Go on."

"And I will confess, sir, that at no period of my life have I experienced such gratification as

that which her delicate and modest demeanour excited in my heart."

"Oh, my philosopher," rejoined his father, "I see the effect of woman's power, and the ice of your Siberian heart melting beneath the Italian sun of those 'soft blue eyes.' Now hark ye, Horace, I would neither deceive you, nor have you deceive yourself; how can 'the lovely Miss Warrington' marry me, when I know that her affections are placed upon you."

"Upon me, sir!" energetically exclaimed the philosopher.

"Aye, 'tis true, I assure you."

"And how came you to know it, sir?"

"That is no concern of yours. All that you have to do is to propose yourself—offer your hand, and, instead of the aged father, Miss Warrington will be the blooming bride of the youthful son."

"If Miss Warrington's affections are placed upon another object, sir, you must be sensible that—that my plans—my plans, sir, are ineffectual; and that—and that—you understand, sir?"

"Oh perfectly—*Love's Philosophy!*" exclaimed the merry parent. "But come, my boy, quickly disrobe yourself of these sombre habiliments, and attire yourself in a dress of mine: throw your wig behind the fire, and bid a long adieu to the philosophy of the schools: no disputing, I have a voice potential, and I say you *shall*. When you look as you ought to do, we'll see if the lovely Miss Warrington can withstand the powerful expression of *your eyes*—though of a darker hue than the '*dear soft blue!*'"

Horace was immediately carried to his father's dressing-room; the scholastic dress was soon superseded by a modern suit, and the strait caxon wig that disfigured his head gave place to the natural hair, trimmed and decorated by the valet of Mr. Millamour. Horace sighed as he beheld his altered appearance, but the jocund humour of his father, countenancing the metamorphosis, had the desired effect; and when he descended to the drawing-room, Lady Warrington, who was there alone, started at the unexpected appearance, and congratulating him upon the striking improvement in his looks, he took the opportunity of revealing his own attachment to her daughter, Lady Warrington, however, imagining herself the object for whom the philosopher had reformed his habits, prided herself upon the triumph she had achieved.

"I wish to inform your Ladyship of a little arrangement which I have meditated—"

"Oh, I know it all, I am already acquainted with your 'arrangement.'"

"Indeed! Then may I beg to request your consent—"

"Oh, yes," interrupted her Ladyship, hiding her face behind her fan, "I *must* consent."

"My dear Madam, now I am indeed indebted to you. Will you be pleased to appoint the time when the nuptials may be celebrated?"

"Oh, any time in the ensuing week that best pleases Mr. Millamour."

"My dear Lady Warrington, then I will immediately ask your daughter's permission—"

"My daughter's permission!"

"Oh, certainly, madam, your Ladyship is too just to have her married against her consent."

"Sir!" exclaimed Lady Warrington, "what is it you mean? who do you intend to marry?"

"Your daughter, madam, certainly; the lovely Emma Warrington."

"Emma Warrington!—And have you been talking of *her* all this while?"

"Certainly, madam; of whom else could I talk?"

"Then, sir," indignantly rejoined her Ladyship, "I can assure you that she will never marry *you!*" and she flung out of the room in an emotion which she could not conceal.

Horace was astonished at her abrupt departure, and was altogether unable to comprehend the meaning of her rage: he was speedily, however, relieved from his embarrassment by the appearance of Emma herself, who having beheld her ladyship in her present mood, enquired of Horace what had transpired in their interview, to occasion such a violent demeanour. Horace was altogether unable to solve the mystery, and expressed that he had merely asked her hand in marriage. Emma glanced at her lover with a look of enquiry and apprehension, and timidly said, "You mean, you came to sue for your *father?*"

"Oh, no, my dear Miss Warrington, I asked your hand for *myself*."

"For yourself," exclaimed Emma, in surprise, "you told me otherwise."

"True, true; but since I find your affections placed upon *another object*, and that happy object myself, I should be indeed deserving of the worst suffering, were I not to lay my heart and fortune at your feet, owning my previous error, and humbly soliciting forgiveness."

"Sir, sir, I really do not comprehend. Am I really in the presence of the *philosopher*, Horace Millamour!"

"Of Horace Millamour, madam, awakened to a new life, and to a just appreciation of the worth of woman's loveliness."

"But who had the confidence to tell you that my affections were placed upon you?"

"It was my father, madam."

"Oh, your father is a wit; his observation was merely in jest."

"Be candid, lovely Miss Warrington, and assure me, do you love me, or do you not?"

"You are a very singular man."

"Then you *do not*?"

"I did not say that, Mr. Millamour; that is, I mean—"

"That of course you do! Pardon my interpretation and my warmth;—you have effected a conquest over the coldest heart, a victory over science, study, and all scholastic duties; I offer you a heart whose best impulses you have awakened—do not scorn its first effusion, but take it, cherish it, it is your own!"

"But how can I believe a passion hastily awoke will last?"

"My dearest girl, tell me what proof of affection can I give?" exclaimed the enraptured lover, falling upon his knees before her.

"Sir, sir," exclaimed Emma, "*Philosophy!*"

"*Is at your feet!*"

"If that's not wisdom I am a fool!" exclaimed old Millamour, as he entered the room. "So this is your erudition, this is your college philosophy! On my conscience, I have made a man of you at last; and I hope Miss Warrington will finish your education, and give the *coup de grace* to *Love's Philosophy*, by the acceptance of your hand. Nay, nay, no blushes my sweet girl, I am one of the family, you know; and so let Horace seal the compact upon those ruby lips."

"Sir," exclaimed Emma.

"Miss Warrington," rejoined Millamour, "I insist upon it; Horace, you are a man at last, do as I command you, and I promise you to lay down my rod of parental correction, and leave you to *pursue your studies* according to your inclinations for the future.—Oh, I'll turn my back, of course."

Millamour did turn his back, and he was satisfied; Horace was satisfied too, and Emma was not displeased. The anger of Lady Warrington, also, was soon overcome by the powers of Millamour's persuasion; and her visiting cards now bear the name of the gallant "middle-aged" gentleman, whose gay wanderings have terminated, and himself sobered down to the enjoyment of his domestic home. *Of course*, Emma is Mrs. Horace Millamour, and the only philosophy that her husband studies is that of *Love*.

MATERNAL TRAITS OF FEELING.

THE characteristics of individuals are most truly developed on occasions that call forth the gush of spontaneous feeling. That all have a ruling passion has been finely rhymed, but it is false reasoning; a vast majority of the human race live through their span of life, without any defined or particular object of pursuit, which would awaken and strengthen any one passion as sufficiently predominant to mark their character. But feeling, when it is the instinct of nature, never errs—it gives it at once the key to the human heart; and we have rarely seen a more touching or true picture of the dissimilarity in the affection which the two sexes entertain for their offspring, than was displayed in many instances during the terrible Earthquake of 1783, in Calabria and Sicily. A father's love for his children, if as intense as the mother's, is never so uncalculating. This may be owing to his superior strength of mind, but then it must be confessed she has superior strength of heart—he struggles to save his children from death—she dies without a struggle for them.

When sauntering among the ruins, after the violence of the earthquake had abated, it was remarked that the position of the men, killed by the crush of the destroying, indicated that every nerve had been strained in resistance, while the features and attitude of the females exhibited the

extremity of despair; and in many instances the latter were found with their hands clasped above their heads. Wherever children were found near their parents, the attitudes of the mothers indicated entire self-abandonment, while fathers were often discovered folding a child with one arm, and endeavouring with the other to stem the superincumbent ruins.

"An affecting instance of maternal love and self-devotion was discovered in the ruins of Polistena. The mother of two children—a boy aged three years, and an infant of seven months—was suckling her babe, when the house fell and destroyed all three. The position in which the bodies were found, afforded the clearest evidence that the mother deliberately exposed her life to save her offspring. She was lying on the ground with her face downward, the infant close to her bosom, while with her body she protected also the older child—thus offering her back to the falling timbers. Her arms were clasped round both, and in this affecting position the half-decayed bodies were discovered, when the rubbish was cleared away."

CAPACITY OF BLACKS.

A number of instances are cited in the *Liberia Herald*, of celebrated black men who have distinguished themselves, notwithstanding every disadvantage. Among them are, Hannibal, an African, who rose to the rank of lieutenant-general, under Peter the Great of Russia. His son, a mulatto, was also a lieutenant-general in the Russian corps of Artillery. Francis Williams, a black, born in Jamaica, was educated in the University of Cambridge. After his return to Jamaica he taught Latin and the Mathematics. Anthony Williams Amo, born at Guinea, took the degree of Doctor in Philosophy at the University of Wittemberg, and distinguished himself in metaphysics, he was also skilled in the learned languages. Job Ben Solomon, son of the Mahometan kin, of Banda, was taken in 1730, and sold in Maryland. He found his way to England, and became acquainted with Sir Hanse Sloane, for whom he translated Arabic manuscripts. James Eliza John Capitein, an African, was carried as a slave to Holland, where he acquired several learned languages, and took degrees in theology at the University of Leyden. He was sent out as a Calvinistic minister to Guinea. Ignatius Sancho distinguished himself as a literary character in England, died in 1780. Thomas Fuller, an African, who, although unable to read or write, performed difficult arithmetical calculations with amazing facility.—Balinda after being a slave for forty years in Massachusetts, addressed, in 1782, an eloquent petition to the legislature of that state, for the freedom of herself and daughter. The petition has been preserved in one of the volumes of the American Museum. Othello published, in 1784, at Baltimore, an eloquent essay against the slavery of Africans. Cesar, a black, of North Carolina, wrote several popular pieces of poetry.

THE ORNAMENTAL ARTIST.

ENGRAVED-GLASS JEWEL BOXES.

These are made in the same manner as those described in the January number; engraved glass being substituted for painted, stained, ground, or plain. Pieces of glass may be purchased at any of the fancy shops, with different subjects engraved upon them. There is no very great difficulty attendant on executing the engravings; but the operation is rather dangerous, unless performed with care, and by an experienced person. We cannot recommend our readers to attempt it: it is, therefore, unnecessary to describe the process.

The engravings ought not to be a jumble of landscapes and single figures—a bust on one side, and an extensive view on the other; but all of them should be of the same character. The ornaments should be simple, and the binding by no means gay.

HARLEQUIN AND MIRROR JEWEL BOXES.

The jewel box may be made entirely, or in part, with looking-glass, embellished with gold on the bindings, and having a set of pasteboard partitions suitable to its form, which is to be governed by the fancy of its maker. The harlequin jewel

box may be hexagon, octagon, diamond, or even oblong, with its front and sides formed of triangular pieces, bound and sewn together (see

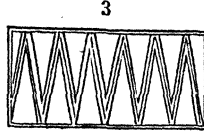
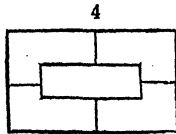


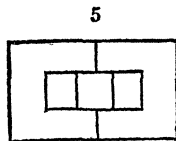
fig. 3.) Whatever may be its form, the harlequin jewel box should be made of stained glass—the various pieces being of different colours; but judgment and taste must guide the constructor, in selecting them, as well as in the choice of ribands for the binding: the latter should be vandyked, and finished with very small stars at the corners.

The divisions in the interior of the harlequin and mirror, as well as all the other glass boxes, may be made to suit the convenience of the owners; but the compartments should correspond with the shape of the box: thus—if the box be octagon, the divisions should be somewhat in the same style; should its length exceed its breadth, they ought to assume the oblong form; if it be diamond, the triangular. The character of each may be easily maintained, and the size of the compartments, at the same time, be accommodated to the shape of the articles they are intended to receive. (Figs. 4, 5, 6, oblongs; 7, 8, 9, diamonds; 10, 11, octagons; 12, hexagon.)

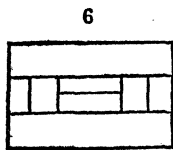
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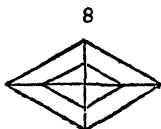
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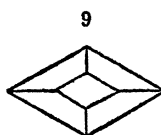
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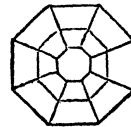
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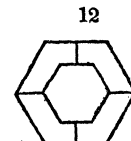
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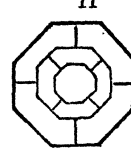
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EMBOSSING ON CARD.

Various devices of flowers, leaves, wreaths, &c. may be embossed on card-board, for the purpose of forming ornamental borders, groups of flowers, centres of hand-screens, &c. by raising the design on the surface of the card with a penknife. The subject should not be sketched in pencil, as it would be difficult to rub out the outline afterwards without destroying the embossing: but the blunt point of a tracing needle may be employed for this purpose. The penknife should be held in a sloping, or nearly flat position, with the edge towards you; and the flowers are formed by making a series of slanting incisions in an

oblique direction, so as to raise the face of the card a little. A stalk may be formed by cutting a series of waving lines; small rosettes, or flowers of a star shape, are made by small circular incisions; leaves, like those of the fern, are composed of one long incision down the middle, and a succession of short ones up the sides. In cutting rosettes it is better to hold the knife still and move the card round: an infinite variety of forms may be produced by varying the length and shape of the incisions. Care should be taken not to cut through to the back of the card, and the penknife must be of that kind which is called sabre-pointed.

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PRAYER IN THE WILDERNESS.*

BY MRS. HEMANS.

In the deep wilderness, unscen, she pray'd.
The daughter of Jerusalem;—alone,
With all the still, small whispers of the night,
And with the searching glances of the stars,
And with her God, alone! She lifted up
Her sad, sweet voice, while trembling o'er her head
The dark leaves thrill'd with prayer—the tearful prayer,
Of Woman's quenchless, yet repentant love.

“ Father of spirits, hear!
Look on the inmost soul, to Thee reveal'd;
Look on the fountain of the burning tear,
Before Thy sight in solitude unseal'd!

“ Hear, Father! hear and aid!
If I have loved too well, if I have shed,
In my vain fondness, o'er a mortal head
Gifts, on Thy shrine, my God, more fitly laid:

“ If I have sought to live
But in one light, and made a mortal eye
The lonely star of my idolatry,
—Thou, that art Love! oh, pity and forgive!

“ Chasten'd and school'd at last,
No more, no more my struggling spirit burns,
But fix'd on Thee, from that vain worship turns!
What have I said?—the deep dream is not past.

“ Yet hear!—if still I love,
Oh! still too fondly—if, for ever seen,
An earthly image comes, my soul between
And Thy calm glory, Father! throned above:

“ If still a voice is near,
(Even while I strive these wanderings to control,)
An earthly voice, disquieting my soul,
With its deep music, too intensely dear:

“ O Father, draw to Thee
My lost affections back!—the dreaming eyes
Clear from their mist—sustain the heart that dies;
Give the worn soul once more its pinions free!

“ I must love on, O God!
This bosom must love on!—but let Thy breath
Touch and make pure the flame that knows not death,
Bearing it up to heaven, Love's own abode!”

Ages and ages past, the Wilderness,
With its dark cedars; and the thrilling Night,
With her pale stars; and the mysterious winds,
Fraught with all sound, were conscious of these prayers.

—How many such hath Woman's bursting heart
Since then in silence and in darkness breath'd,
Like a dim night-flower's odour, up to God!

* Suggested by the picture of a kneeling Magdalen.

TO MELANCHOLY.

The following stanzas were written by a young woman,
who, when composing them, was labouring under a very
considerable degree of active mania:

Spirit of darkness! from yon lonely shades
Where fade the virgin roses of the spring,
Spirit of darkness! hear thy favourite maid
To sorrow's harp her wildest anthem sing.

Ah! how has love despoil'd my earliest bloom,
And flung my charms as to the wintry wind!
Ah! how has love hung o'er my trophied tomb
The spoils of genius and the wreck of mind!

High rides the moon the silent heavens along;
Thick fall the dews of midnight o'er the ground;
Soft steals the lover, when the morning song
Of waken'd warblers through the woods resound;

Then I with thee my solemn vigils keep,
And at thine altar take my lonely stand;
Again my lyre unstrung I sadly sweep,
While Love leads up the dance with harp in hand.

High o'er the woodlands Hope's gay meteors shone,
And thronging thousands bless'd the ardent ray;
I turn'd,—but found Despair on his wild roam,
And with the demon bent my hither way.

Soft o'er the vale she blew her bugle horn—
‘ Oh! where, Maria,—whither dost thou stray?
Return, thou false maid, to the echoing sound!’
I flew, nor heeded the sweet siren's lay.

Hail, Melancholy! to your lonely towers
I turn, and hail their time-worn turrets mine;
Where flourish fair the nightshade's deadly flowers,
And dark and blue the wasting tapers shine.

There, O my Edwin! does thy spirit greet,
In fancy's maze, thy loved and wandering maid;
Soft through the bower thy shade Maria meets,
And leads thee onward through the myrtle glade.

Oh! come with me, and hear the song of eve,
Far, sweeter far, than the loud shout of morn;
List to the pantings of the whispering breeze—
Dwell on past woes, or sorrows yet unborn.

We have a tale and song will charm these shades,
Which cannot rouse to life Maria's mind,
Where Sorrow's captives hail thy once-loved maid,
To joy a stranger, and to grief resign'd.

Edwin, farewell! go, take my last adieu:
Ah! could my bursting bosom tell thee more!
Here parted, here, from love, from life, and you,
I pour my song as on a foreign shore.

—But stay, rash youth! the sun has climbed on high:
‘ The night is past, the shadows all are gone;
For lost Maria breathe the parting sigh,
And waft thy sorrows to the gales of morn.

A TALE OF GALWAY, IRELAND.

In an obscure corner of the town stands a house of extreme antiquity, over the door of which are still to be seen a skull and cross-bones, remarkably well sculptured in black marble. This house is called “the cross-bones,” and its tragical history is as follows. In the fifteenth century, James Lynch, a man of old family and great wealth, was chosen mayor of Galway for life, an office which was then nearly equal to that of a sovereign in power

and influence. He was revered for his inflexible rectitude, and loved for his condescension and mildness. But yet more beloved—the idol of the citizens and their fair wives—was his son, according to the chronicle, one of the most distinguished young men of his time. To perfect manly beauty and the most noble air, he united that cheerful temper, that considerate familiarity, which subdues while it seems to flatter; that attaching grace of manner,

which conquers all hearts without an effort, by its mere natural charm. On the other hand, his oft-proved patriotism, his high hearted generosity, his romantic courage, and complete mastery in all warlike exercises, forming part of an education singular in his age and country, secured to him the permanency of an esteem which his first aspect involuntarily bespoke. So much light was not without shadow. Deep and burning passions, a haughty temper, jealousy of all rival merit, rendered all his fine qualities only so many sources of danger to himself and others. Often had his stern father, although proud of such a son, cause for bitter reproof, and for yet more anxious solicitude about the future. But even he could not resist the sweetness of the youth, as quick to repent as to err, and who never for a moment failed in love and reverence to himself. After his first displeasure was past, the defects of his son appeared to him, as they did to all others, only spots on the sun. He was soon still further tranquillized by the vehement and tender attachment which the young man appeared to have conceived for Anna Blake, the daughter of his best friend, and a girl possessing every lovely and attaching quality. He looked forward to their union as the fulfilment of all his wishes. But fate had willed it otherwise. While young Lynch found more difficulty in conquering the heart of the present object of his love than he had ever experienced before, his father was called by business to Cadiz; for the great men of Galway, like the other inhabitants of considerable sea-ports in the middle ages, held trade on a large scale to be an employment no-wise unworthy even of men of noble birth. Galway was at that time so powerful and so widely known, that, as the chronicle relates, an Arab merchant, who had long traded to these coasts from the East, once inquired "in what part of Galway Ireland lay?" After James Lynch had delegated his authority to trusty hands, and prepared every thing for a distant journey, with an overflowing heart he blessed his son, wished him the best issue to his suit, and sailed for his destination. Wherever he went, success crowned his undertakings. For this he was much indebted to the friendly services of a Spanish merchant named Gomez, towards whom his noble heart conceived the liveliest gratitude. It happened that Gomez also had an only son, who, like Edward Lynch, was the idol of his family and the darling of his native city, though in character, as well as in external appearance, entirely different from him. Both were handsome; but Edward's was the beauty of the haughty and breathing Apollo; Gonsalvo's of the serene and mild St. John. The one appeared like a rock crowned with flowers; the other like a fragrant rose-covered knoll threatened by the storm. The pagan virtues adorned the one; Christian gentleness and humility the other. Gonsalvo's graceful person exhibited more softness than energy; his languid dark blue eyes, more tenderness and love than boldness and pride; a soft melancholy overshadowed

his countenance, and an air of voluptuous suffering quivered about his swelling lips, around which a timid smile rarely played, like a gentle wave gliding over pearls and coral. His mind corresponded to such a person: loving and endearing, of a grave and melancholy serenity, of more internal than external activity, he preferred solitude to the bustle and tumult of society, but attached himself with the strongest affection to those who treated him with kindness and friendship. His inmost heart was thus warmed by a fire which, like that of a volcano buried too deep to break out at the surface, is only seen in the increased fertility of the soil above, which it clothes in the softest green, and decks with the brightest flowers. Thus captivating, and easily captivated, was it a wonder if he stole the palm even out of the hand of Edward Lynch? But Edward's father had no such anticipations. Full of gratitude to his friend, and of affection for his engaging son, he determined to propose to the old Gomez a marriage between Gonsalvo and his daughter. The offer was too flattering to be refused. The fathers were soon agreed; and it was decided that Gonsalvo should accompany his future father-in-law to the coast of Ireland, and if the inclinations of the young people favoured the project, their union should take place at the same time with Edward's, after which they should immediately return to Spain. Gonsalvo, who was just nineteen, accompanied the revered friend of his father with joy. His young romantic spirit enjoyed in silent and delighted anticipation the varying scenes of strange lands which he was about to see; the wonders of the deep which he would contemplate; the new sort of existence of unknown people with whom he was to be connected; and his warm heart already attached itself to the girl, of whose charms her father gave him, perhaps, a too partial description. Every moment of the long voyage, which at that time abounded with dangers, and required a much longer period than now, increased the intimacy and mutual attachment of the travellers; and when at length they descried the port of Galway, the old Lynch congratulated himself not only on the second son which God had sent him, but on the beneficial influence which the unvarying gentleness of the amiable youth would have on Edward's darker and more vehement character. This hope appeared likely to be completely fulfilled. Edward, who found all in Gomez that was wanting in himself, felt his own nature as it were completed by his society; and as he had already learned from his father that he was to regard him as a brother, their friendship soon ripened into the warmest and most sincere affection. But not many months had passed before some uneasy feelings arose in Edward's mind to trouble this harmony. Gonsalvo had become the husband of his sister, but had deferred his return to Spain for an indefinite time. He was become the object of general admiration, attention, and love. Edward felt that he was less happy than formerly. For the first time in his life neglected, he could

not conceal from himself that he had found a successful rival of his former universal and uncontested popularity. But what shook him most fearfully, what wounded his heart no less than his pride, what prepared for him intolerable and restless torments, was the perception, which every day confirmed, that Anna, whom he looked upon as his—though she still refused to confess her love—that *his* Anna had, ever since the arrival of the handsome stranger, grown colder and colder towards himself. Nay, he even imagined that in unguarded moments he had seen her speaking eyes rest, as if weighed down with heavy thoughts, on the soft and beautiful features of Gomez, and a faint blush then pass over her pale cheek; but if his eye met hers, this soft bloom suddenly became the burning glow of fever. Yes, he could not doubt it; her whole deportment was altered: capricious, humour-some, restless, sometimes sunk in deep melancholy, then suddenly breaking into fits of violent mirth, she seemed to retain only the outward form of the sensible, clear-minded, serene, and equal tempered girl she had always appeared. Every thing betrayed to the quick eye of jealousy that she was the prey of some deep-seated passion; and for whom?—for whom could it be but for Gomez?—for him, at whose every action it was evident the inmost cords of her heart gave out their altered tone. It has been wisely said, that love is more nearly akin to hate than to liking. What passed in Edward's bosom was a proof of this. Henceforth it seemed his sole enjoyment to give pain to the woman he passionately loved; and now, in the bitterness of his heart, held guilty of all his sufferings. Wherever occasion presented itself, he sought to humble and to embarrass her, to sting her by disdainful pride, or to overwhelm her with cutting reproaches; till, conscious of her secret crime, shame and anguish overpowered the wretched girl, and she burst into torrents of tears, which alone had power to allay the scorching fever of his heart. But no kindly reconciliation followed these scenes, and, as with lovers, resolved the dissonance into blessed harmony. The exasperation of each was only heightened to desperation: and when he at length saw enkindled in Gomez—so little capable of concealment—the same fire which burnt in the eyes of Anna; when he thought he saw his sister neglected and himself betrayed by a serpent whom he had cherished in his bosom—he stood at that point of human infirmity, of which the All-seeing alone can decide whether it be madness or the condition of a still accountable creature. On the same night in which suspicion had driven Edward from his couch a restless wanderer, it appears that the guilty lovers had for the first time met in secret. According to the subsequent confession of Edward, he had concealed himself behind a pillar, and had seen Gomez, wrapped in his mantle, glide with hurried steps out of a well-known side-door in the house of Anna's father, which led immediately to her apartments. **At the horrible certainty which now glared upon**

him, the fury of hell took possession of his soul: his eyes started from their sockets, the blood rushed and throbbled as if it would burst his veins, and as a man dying of thirst pants for a draught of cooling water, so did his whole being pant for the blood of his rival. Like an infuriate tiger he darted upon the unhappy youth, who recognised him, and vainly fled. Edward instantly overtook him, seized him, and burying his dagger a hundred times, with strokes like lightning-flashes, in the quivering body, gashed with satanic rage the beautiful features which had robbed him of his beloved, and of peace. It was not till the moon broke forth from behind a dark cloud, and suddenly lighted the ghastly spectacle before him—the disfigured mass, which retained scarcely a feature of his once beloved friend, the streams of blood which bathed the body and all the earth around it—that he waked with horror, as from some infernal dream. But the deed was done, and judgment was at hand. Led by the instinct of self-preservation, he fled, like Cain, into the nearest wood. How long he wandered there he could not recollect. Fear, love, repentance, despair, and at last madness, pursued him like frightful companions, and at length robbed him of consciousness—for a time annihilating the terrors of the past in forgetfulness; for kind nature puts an end to intolerable sufferings of mind, as of body, by insensibility or death. Meanwhile the murder was soon known in the city; and the fearful end of the gentle youth, who had confided himself, a foreigner, to their hospitality, was learned by all with sorrow and indignation. A dagger, steeped in blood, had been found lying by the velvet cap of the Spaniard, and not far from it a hat, ornamented with plumes and a clasp of gems, showed the recent traces of a man who seemed to have sought safety in the direction of the wood. The hat was immediately recognised as Edward's; and as he was no where to be found, fears were soon entertained that he had been murdered with his friend. The terrified father mounted his horse, and, accompanied by a crowd of people calling for vengeance, swore solemnly that nothing should save the murderer, were he even compelled to execute him with his own hands. We may imagine the shouts of joy, and the feelings of the father, when, at break of day, Edward Lynch was found sunk under a tree, living, and although covered with blood, yet apparently without any dangerous wound. We may imagine the shudder which ran through the crowd—the feelings of the father we *cannot* imagine—when, restored to sense, he embraced his father's knees, declared himself the murderer of Gonsalvo, and earnestly implored instant punishment. He was brought home bound, tried before a full assembly of the magistrates, and condemned to death by his own father. But the people would not lose their darling. Like the waves of the tempest-troubled sea, they filled the marketplace and the streets, and forgetting the crime of the son in the relentless justice of the father, demanded with threatening cries the opening of

the prison and the pardon of the criminal. During the night, though the guards were doubled, it was with great difficulty that the incensed mob were withheld from breaking in. Towards morning, it was announced to the mayor that all resistance would soon be vain, for that a part of the soldiers had gone over to the people;—only the foreign guard held out—and all demanded with furious cries the instant liberation of the criminal. At this, the inflexible magistrate took a resolution, which many will call inhuman, but whose awful self-conquest certainly belongs to the rarest examples of stoical firmness. Accompanied by a priest, he proceeded through a secret passage to the dungeon of his son; and when, with newly-awakened desire of life, excited by the sympathy of his fellow citizens, Edward sunk at his feet, and asked eagerly if he brought him mercy and pardon? The old man replied with unflinching voice, “No, my son, in this world there is no mercy for you; your life is irrevocably forfeited to the law, and at sunrise you must die. One-and-twenty years I have prayed for your earthly happiness—but that is past—turn your thoughts now to eternity; and if there be yet hope there, let us now kneel down together and implore the Almighty to grant you mercy hereafter;—but then I hope my son, though he could not live worthy of his father, will at least know how to die worthy of him.” With these words he rekindled the noble pride of the once dauntless youth, and after a short prayer he surrendered himself with heroic resignation to his

father's pitiless will. As the people, and the greater part of the armed men mingled in their ranks, now prepared, amidst more wild and furious menaces, to storm the prison, James Lynch appeared at a lofty window; his son stood at his side with the halter round his neck. “I have sworn,” exclaimed the inflexible magistrate, “that Gonsalvo's murderer should die, even though I must perform the office of the executioner myself. Providence has taken me at my word; and you, madmen, learn from the most wretched of fathers, that nothing must stop the course of justice, and that even the ties of nature must break before it.” While he spoke these words, he had made fast the rope to an iron beam projecting from the wall, and now suddenly pushing his son out of the window, he completed his dreadful work. Nor did he leave the spot till the last convulsive struggles gave certainty of the death of his unhappy victim. As if struck by a thunder-clap, the tumultuous mob had beheld the horrible spectacle in death-like silence, and every man glided, as if stunned, to his own house.

From that moment the mayor of Galway resigned all his occupations and dignities, and was never beheld by any eye but those of his own family. He never left his house till he was carried from it to his grave. Anna Blake died in a convent. Both families, in course of time, disappeared from the earth; but the skull and cross-bones still mark the scene of this fearful tragedy.

CHOICE OF A WATERING-PLACE.

“HEIGH-HO!” exclaimed Lady Marabout, subsiding with a peevish jerk into the corner of her chariot, after having ordered her coachman to take a dowager turn in the King's-road. “Heigh-ho!—nothing remains in Hyde-Park but the Achilles—nothing in the Regent's but the bears of the Zoological!”

“Very true, mamma!” replied Lady Mary, yawning. “One may now stand in the New-road, and look down the vacuity of Gloucester-place, as with a telescope, into the very heart of May Fair; and that too, without any apprehension of being smashed by a more honourable vehicle than an omnibus or a turnip-cart. Heigh-ho!”

“The streets are beginning to rumble with the sound of an occasional carriage, like the catarrhal thunder of a melo-drama at the Surrey Theatre; and there is an abundant crop of after-grass in the crescent of Cumberland-place. Heigh-ho!”

“Lalande has squeaked her last reedy squeak at the Opera: spiders are spreading their tapestries over the orchestra at Willis's; Boai's overture to the *Chinerentola* is chopped to empty

benches; the link-boy's occupation's gone; Gunter sleeps in his bed, and Nugee on his board; advertisements of steam-packets and Brighton coaches replace the multitudinous puffs of professors of the Mazurka; and the West-end is a desert. Heigh-ho!”

“I very much doubt whether I shall be able to make up my whist table next week. Lady York is gone down to Muddington to economize the details of her husband's election; Baron Cribbich has crept out of town to be out of the way of the delicate negotiations pending about the abdication of Charles X.; Sir William has had a paralytic stroke; and poor dear Lady Marsden is no more. How very provoking!”

“You have long promised to drink tea with Lady Creepmouse.”

“Which will annihilate *two* dull evenings; for I shall sleep through the one which follows my visit, *par reminiscence*. My sister will prose us to extinction with the last bill of health from Sierra Leone; or the progress of the grand staircase at Exeter Hall. She has not the least notion of caring for things which interest rational people—such as the list of the new maids of ho-

nour, or Lady D.'s adventure with Lady C.'s ferocious macaw. Heigh-ho! I really must think of leaving town; it looks so odd to be swallowing the vile dregs of the seasons."

"If John had not taken it into his head to economize, by letting Marabout Park, we might have gone there for a month or two. I wonder what he means by talking of residing on his Irish estates? I suspect some improper motive must have determined him to so extraordinary a measure?"

"Marabout Park! I hate the sound and the sight of it! A mere cake-house for the Leamington loungers; where the idle old maids club for a pair of post-horses to come and eat one's sandwiches, and borrow the old newspapers, on pretence of inquiries after a cold which has been convalescent for a week! I detest Marabout Park! I advised John to let it, that he might not be taken in by the charms of some Leamington belle, thrown from a restive hack in his avenue, or gracing a fancy ball for the benefit of some country infirmary with the faded costume of a London season."

"Oh! John is safe enough from the perils of matrimony; he has too many fashionable friends who cannot dispense with his stud at Melton, and his shooting quarters on the moors, to be allowed the privilege of domesticating himself for some years to come. John and his rent-roll are at present the property of the knowing ones. But where do you think, Mamma, of passing the autumn? What do you say to Buxton and Matlock? The Duke is to fill Chatsworth in September, and as he knows every thing and every body going out and coming in at the Baths, perhaps he might invite us over for a day or two."

"Pho! pho! The Duke forms his party from his London friends; he does not follow the habits of some country squire who is glad to fill his table with chance society."

"Hastings, then; what think you of Hastings?"

"That we shall be crushed by the Birmingham splendours of Mrs. Macaw, and the four horses with which she travels from street to street, paying morning visits to the Dowager Duchesses, and quizzical dubiosities of rank, who are obliged to swallow her civilities with the rest of the nauseous regimen accompanying their sea-bathing."

"But Tunbridge Wells, my dear Mamma! Think of the green lanes and breezy heaths about Tunbridge?"

"And then the chance of a royal visitation, which cuts up all the little comfortable coteries of the place! Just as one's tea is made and one's candles lighted, comes an invitation in the imperative mood, compelling one to a new pair of white gloves, and an agonized smile of gratitude for the condescension. No—no! Tunbridge will never do!"

"Ramsgate?"

"Searches with its breezes into one's inmost frame, like the officiousness of a custom-house officer."

"Margate?"

"The Minorities *en dishabille!*"

"Brighton?"

"Cheapside in a court-dress!"

"Worthing is a quiet sociable place!"

"Smothered with sea-weed!—good for nothing but kelp-burners, and manufacturers of iodine."

"What do you think of Weymouth?"

"I cannot say I have a good opinion of the place. People are expected to give dinners there, and pay formal visits as accurately as if they were residing in Hanover-square; at Weymouth one never has an opportunity of wearing out an old gown. Besides the distance from town is ruinous."

"Oh! if distance be an object, we can go to Southend; a few hours drive from town and a capital place for boating."

"You might as well determine on a Villa at Blackwall. The people at Southend are web-footed, and are obliged to take the precaution of breakfasting upon bark instead of chocolate."

"But if you are so very difficult we shall never get away from this desolate den. I was obliged to tell Lord H. last night that we were waiting in town to observe the issue of events in France; for that you *had* entertained thoughts of wintering in Paris."

"I am sure the thought entertains *me!* Why even Lady Aldborough has deserted it; the best set there is quite broken up; and Mrs. Hopkins, and Mrs. Popkins, Mrs. Steer, and Mrs. Queer, have established a republic of fashion in lieu of the Dowager Aristocracy. I should prefer going to Cheltenham to degenerating into the secondary society of Paris."

"Cheltenham! my dear Mamma, pray have a little consideration for me; think of the number of Colonel Jobsons and Major Wilkinsons with whom I should be compelled to make acquaintance; wretches in the Bengal cavalry and Samarang lancers, with mustachios long enough for the Sultan of Persia. My partners would infect me with jaundice, and I should be flirted into a bilious fever."

"Nonsense, child! with a very trifling exertion of graceful dignity, you may distance the whole tribe."

"Distance a Major Wilkinson of the Samarang Lancers! Why the Duchess of Northumberland could not freeze such a man into deference."

"At Cheltenham I should be sure of my rubber every night."

"Yes! with a horde of savages in turbans which would be a death blow to Herbaut or Maradan—a horde of what are called "dashing people,"—who season after season frequent ball-rooms and pump-rooms, esplanades and parades, libraries and pantiles, ready to flirt with one half the world, and cheat with the other; and affecting fashionable small talk in the slang of a fashionable novel. Why, dear Mamma, we should have been much better lodged at Marabout Park, than derogating from our family

distinction amongst an odious *coterie* of this description."

"Exclusiveness is going out of fashion. *Tant mieux!* for it has often deprived me of my rubber."

"What say you to Aldborough? It is a quiet unpretending place."

"Distinguished by the manufacture of amber, trinkets, and Members of Parliament."

"Cromer has charming sands —"

"Remarkable for their superfluity of jet and Norfolk parsons."

"Well, then, do let us go to Scarborough?"

"Scarborough! why it is to an imperial diet of Yorkshire squires and squires! Nothing is talked of there but prize cattle, Doncaster races, Ruta Baga, and the music-meeting; and nobody is any body who cannot show a rent-roll of £10,000 per annum in one of the three ridings."

"Perhaps you would prefer Torquay or Exmouth, or one of the western ports?"

"Where one is sighed to death by sentimental young ladies, whose soft sorrows have assumed consumptive symptoms in the hope of being ordered to the South of France. Devonshire is a sort of citizen's Nice; and would enervate me into a decline."

"So you used to say of Bath."

"Not till it went out of fashion, by becoming an economical lay-nunnery for poor old maids. For my part, I think we had better remain in London a month longer. There are always accidental dinner parties going on, from eleemosynary haunches of Venison, and generous presents of turtle, which it costs one thirty guineas to dress. There we can get through September, by Saturdays and Sundays among the villas, stretched as far as the following Wednesday, where we find ourselves comfortable; and towards the end of October we can go to Brighton for the winter. As a royal residence it will be doubtless very gay."

"Now if you had followed my advice, and taken that cottage at Teddington last summer, perhaps we should have managed to get into the Pavilion set."

"Nonsense! Pavilion! I am quite satisfied with a quiet private rubber of five-guinea-whist."

"But in your selection of a watering place I think you are bound in some measure to consult your daughter's interests. You may live to repent your unkindness about the cottage at Teddington. But a bright thought strikes me;—suppose you make choice of Cowes or Southampton?"

"Where R. Y. C. meeting my eyes at every turn, will seem to say "rue your choice," instead of "Royal Yacht Club!"—I detest your fresh water sailors, with jackets of blue, with Gros de Naples, who use *pate-de-Vanille* for tar, and Maraschino punch by way of grog. As to Southampton—the very flounders might be sick of its mud."

"Heigh-ho! I have half a mind to persuade my aunt Creepmouse to go to Bates's, and look for a villa."

"At Teddington?"

"No! Mamma!—whatever may be my moral principles, I trust I am incapable of blundering in point of policy. * * * * * is now the only residence for rational people!"

WENDA, PRINCESS OF POLAND.

THIS princess was of surprising beauty, of great talents, and of still greater ambition. Power she deemed too sweet to be divided with another, and she therefore resolutely refused all offers of marriage.—Incensed at her haughtiness, or in the hopes of accomplishing by force what persuasion had attempted in vain, Rudiger, one of her lovers, who was a German prince, adopted a novel mode of courtship. At the head of an army he invaded her dominions. She marched against him.—When the two armies met, Rudiger again besought her to listen to his suit, and thereby spare the effusion of blood. The maiden was inexorable: she declared that no man should ever share her throne; that she would never become the slave of a husband, since, whoever he might be, he would assuredly love her person much less than her power. Her answer being spread among the officers of Rudiger, produced an effect which he little foresaw. Filled with admiration at the courage of the princess, whom they perceived hurrying from rank to rank in the act of stimulating her followers to the combat, and convinced that all opposition to her will would be worse than useless, they surrounded their chief, and asked him what advantage he hoped to gain from such an expedition. "If thou shouldst defeat the princess, will she pardon thee the loss of her troops? If thou art subdued, will she be more disposed to love thee?" The passion of Rudiger blinded him to the rational remonstrance of his followers: he persisted in his resolution of fighting: they refused to advance; in utter despair he laid hands on himself, and turned his dying looks towards the camp of the Poles. Wenda, we are told, showed no sign of sympathy at the tragical news, but returned triumphant to Cracow. Her own end was not less violent. Whether, as is asserted, to escape similar persecution, or, as is equally probable, from remorse at her own cruelty, having one day sacrificed to the gods, she threw herself into the waters of the Vistula, and there perished.

SINGING FISH.

HITHERTO we have omitted assigning to fish any rank among the virtuosi. M. Grand has repaired this omission in his publication, which announces that the arborescent tritonice enjoys the power of song. The music it produces may be heard at the distance of twelve or fifteen feet, when placed in a vase containing only a small quantity of water. M. Grand supposes that these sounds serve as a means of communication between those animals to one another.—*Petit Courier des Dames.*

THE CHAMOIS HUNTER'S LOVE.

Thy heart is in the upper world, where fleet the chamois bounds,
Thy heart is where the mountain-fir shakes to the torrent's sounds;
And where the snow-peaks gleam like stars, through the stillness of the air,
And where the lawwine's* peal is heard—Hunter! thy heart is there!

I know thou lovest me well, dear friend! but better, better far,
Thou lovest that high and haughty life, with rocks and storms at war;
In the green sunny vales with me thy spirit would but pine—
And yet I will be thine, my love! and yet I will be thine!

And I will not seek to woo thee down from those thy native heights,
With the sweet song, our land's own song, of pastoral delights;
For thou must live as eagles live, thy path is not as mine—
And yet I will be thine, my love! and yet I will be thine.

And I will leave my blessed home, my father's joyous hearth,
With all the voices meeting there in tenderness and mirth,
With all the kind and laughing eyes that in its firelight shine,
To sit forsaken in thy hut—yet know that thou art mine!

It is my youth, it is my bloom, it is my glad free heart,
That I cast away for thee—for thee—all reckless as thou art!
With tremblings and with vigils lone, I bind myself to dwell—
Yet, yet I would not change that lot—oh no! I love too well!

A mournful thing is love which grows to one so wild as thou,
With that bright restlessness of eye, that tameless fire of brow!
Mournful!—but dearer far I call its mingled fear and pride,
And the trouble of its happiness, than aught on earth beside.

To listen for thy step in vain, to start at every breath,
To watch through long, long nights of storm, to sleep and dream of death,
To wake in doubt and loneliness—this doom I know, is mine,
And yet I will be thine, my love! and yet I will be thine!

That I may greet thee from thine Alps, when thence thou com'st at last,
That I may hear thy thrilling voice tell o'er each danger past,
That I may kneel and pray for thee, and win thee aid divine—
For this I will be thine, my love! for this I will be thine!

* *Lawwine*, the avalanche.

PRAYER AT SEA AFTER VICTORY.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

— The land shall never rue,
So England to herself doth prove but true.—SHAKESPEARE.

Through evening's bright repose
A voice of prayer arose,
When the sea-fight was done;
The sons of England knelt,
With hearts that now could melt,
Far, on the wave, her battle had been won.

Round their tall ship, the main
Heaved with a dark red stain,
Caught not from sunset's cloud;
While with the tide swept past
Pennon and shivered mast,
Which to the Ocean-Queen that day had bowed.

But free and fair on high,
A native of the sky,
Her streamer met the breeze;
It flowed o'er fearless men,
Though hushed and child-like then,
Before their God they gathered on the seas.

Oh! did not thought of home
O'er each bold spirit come,
As from the land sweet gales?
In every word of prayer,
Had not some hearth a share,
Some bower, inviolate 'midst England's vales?

Yes! bright green spots that lay
In beauty far away,
Hearing no billow's roar,
Safer from touch of spoil,
For that day's fiery toil,
Rose on high hearts, that now with love gushed o'er.

A solemn scene, and dread!
The victors and the dead—
The breathless, burning sky!
And, passing with a race
Of waves that keep no trace,
The wild, brief signs of human victory!

A stern yet holy scene!
Billows, where strife had been,
Sinking to awful sleep;
And words that breathe the sense
Of God's omnipotence,
Making a minister of that silent deep!

Borne through such hours afar,
Thy flag hath been a star
Where eagle's wing ne'er flew;
England! the unprofaned,
Thou of the homes unstained!
Oh! to the banner and the shrine be true!

TRADITION OF ROLANDSECK,
ON THE RHINE.

ROLANDSECK is, in itself, a solitary ruin, but it commands prospects of most delicious scenery, romantic and picturesque beyond description. The rock upon which it stands overlooks the island of Rolandswert, which is in the middle of the Rhine.

The remains of this ruin, on the side of the river, is in good preservation, but, on the opposite side, it is decayed, and overgrown with ivy and brambles. Schiller has made this scenery

the subject of an interesting ballad, but has, in his description, transferred it to Switzerland. The tradition of the origin of this castle is as follows:—The noble cavalier, Roland, nephew of Charlemagne, during the long, and, to him, wearisome repose of peace, wandered frequently in the environs of Ingelheim, and from thence down to the shores of the Rhine. Overtaken by night in one of his rambles, at the entrance of the domains of a castle, he requested the hospitality of

the owner, and was immediately received by him with that noble frankness which so distinguished this chivalric age. The cavalier of the castle grasped his hand with that hearty cordiality which bespoke the meeting of old friends, rather than that of strangers, and Hildegonde, his daughter, set before him bread and wine, the symbol of hospitality, with all that graceful naivette, for which her youth was distinguished. The goblet was embossed with the family arms of the host, and Hildegonde presented it with that amiable modesty which increased the interest her unfolding attractions created in every beholder. Roland accepted the goblet from her hand, and, what he thought was singular, his own hands trembled, and he blushed, he knew not why. "What!" said he to himself, "is this the firm arm of which, when holding the scymetar, a muscle never flinched? Is this the same countenance of which hordes of Saracens could never disconcert a feature?" He recovered himself, and began to speak of the feats of war, and of the great political views of his renowned sovereign. They retired to rest, but Roland could not close his eyes; the image of Hildegonde continually presented itself before him.

The next day he prepared to depart; he felt a difficulty in making known his name, lest they should deem it necessary to pay him that homage which a name so justly celebrated every where received. Old Raymond, his host, was transported beyond measure at having entertained the hero of chivalry within his walls, and pressed him to pass another day in his castle, which he consented to do. The prudent Hildegonde said not a word, but it was easy to see this arrangement was not displeasing to her.

Roland remained many days. His passion for Hildegonde increased so as to overcome all his timidity, and he only waited for a proper opportunity to declare himself. This occasion soon offered. Walking one day in the grounds, he found Hildegonde sitting on a bank, her hands joined, as if in prayer. Roland approached her, and was studying how he should commence the conversation, when Hildegonde, plucking a rose from its branch, Roland requested her to give it to him, saying, "No symbol of remembrance of any fair dame has hitherto decorated the plumes of my helmet; and, when other cavaliers have boasted of the charms and virtues of their chosen fair ones, my untouched heart has responded in silence." The countenance of Hildegonde was instantly covered with crimson; she was surprised, and taken off her guard: a movement of her hand seemed to indicate a wish to give him the rose, yet a modest circumspection seemed to make her waver. But the eyes of Roland entreated; their silence was so expressive that she acceded to the first impulse, and, in giving the rose to him, said, "That which is beautiful is of short duration." Roland took courage, spoke of his love, and Hildegonde with a look told him, that he need not be in doubt of a suitable return. The lovers vowed eternal fidelity, and Roland obtained her consent, that, at the close of the ap-

proaching campaign against the infidels, he should return to the Rhine, and claim her as his bride. Adieus are generally tranquil, but they are melancholy. A simple pressure of the hand was all that their emotion permitted; their eyes, however, declared eloquently the sentiments which their faltering tongues could not express.

Hildegonde passed the period of absence in the most secluded manner. She thought of nothing but the news expected from her lover. At length it came—news of bloody combats, of perilous actions, of deeds of heroic bravery, and the name of Roland always exalted above all others, the general subject of his exploits became the song of the boatmen on the Rhine. Months, however, passed away, and the long year of absence from him she held most dear in the world was about to close; and it finished with the happy intelligence of a glorious peace, which would enable our hero to return covered with laurels.

One night a cavalier appeared at the castle gates, and requested the hospitality of Raymond until the following day. It proved to be one of Roland's companions in arms, a brave warrior, who had followed Charlemagne in this famous expedition. Agitated and restless, Hildegonde at length ventured to speak of Roland. "Alas!" said the stranger, "I saw him fall by my side, covered with glory, but pierced by mortal wounds." Hildegonde ceased to speak, she could not even shed tears, which would so much have relieved her oppressed heart. Absorbed by the sole thought of her loss, she stood as immoveable and inanimate as a marble statue. After eight days spent in the most profound grief, she took the resolution of quitting a world which now contained nothing of interest to her; and, having obtained her father's sanction, she entered the convent of Nonenworth, and there took the veil. The bishop of the diocese being allied to her family, the term of her probation was shortened, and three months had scarcely elapsed before she had pronounced her vows. A fatal precipitation! which brought misery and death upon two devoted lovers.

Roland suddenly made his appearance at the castle of Raymond, to which Hildegonde had for ever bade adieu; he came to seek her, and fulfil his vows, by leading her to the altar. Deep wounds had reduced his strength, and he fell exhausted from loss of blood, which had given rise to the report of his death. He had, however, met with friends, who had been assiduous in their care of him, and had restored him to health. He now learnt with grief of the indissoluble ties which Hildegonde had formed, and which separated her from him for ever. The arms which had covered him with glory he now threw off with disgust, and, retiring to the neighbourhood of Kolandswert, he built the castle of Rolandseck, upon a rock which overlooked the convent of Nonenworth, and which he named his hermitage.

Here he spent whole days at the door of his cell, with his eyes rivetted upon the spot where his faithful Hildegonde languished out her days.

At the sound of the matin-bell he rose, and, listening to the angelic voices of the choir, frequently he thought he could distinguish the voice of Hildegonde; and, when the evening star had risen, and signified to all around that the hour of repose was at hand, if he could but discover the glimmering of some light from the convent, when all the rest was in darkness, he felt that that was the cell of his dear Hildegonde, who then watched and prayed for the power of resignation. Two years, passed in these solitary and mournful occupations, had wasted his strength. One morning, as he was, as usual, watching the cloister, he saw persons digging a grave in the place appointed for the eternal repose of the servants of God. A secret voice whispered him that it

was for Hildegonde. He enquired, and learned the fatal truth. For the first time he descended to the holy habitation, which hitherto he had held sacred, not daring to profane it by his presence, whilst his heart was agitated by feelings so earthly. He assisted at the last sad rite, threw the earth upon the remains of his dearly beloved, joined his ardent aspirations with those of the nuns for the eternal repose of her soul; but, overcome with grief, he returned home, and was found, shortly afterwards, in his usual seat at the door of his cell, with his eyes fixed upon the cloister, but fixed in death. He was allowed to be buried in the same place, and near to her, who alone in the world had rendered him insensible to glory.

From the unpublished Notes of a Detenu.

BLIND MAN'S BUFF--AT COURT.

WHEN Jerome, the youngest son of the immortal Corsican family, took possession of the throne of Westphalia, he resolved to lead a very different life from his brothers. The eldest, Lucien, was still a republican at heart, a man of science, and seemingly inclined to doubt whether he would not become a hermit. Napoleon's propensities are pretty universally known. Among them were conspicuous his love of conquering kingdoms, and the very great pleasure he experienced in scolding his more pacific brothers. Joseph's throne of Spain was beset by thorns; and poor Louis, the amiable King of Holland, would have preferred managing a farm, or writing romances, to holding sway over his amphibious subjects, who determined not to leave him a moment's rest, so long as their butter, cheese, salt-fish, and Schiedam remained *dead stock* upon their hands. Jerome was the real philosopher of the family, and he often used to tell his librarian, that, as Providence had given him a crown, he should endeavour to make it sit as lightly as possible upon his head. *Courte et bonne* was his favourite device, and the only song he was ever heard to sing commenced thus:—

“ On ne sauroit trop embellir
Le court espace de la vie,
Pour moi, je veux le parcourir
Avec l'Amour et la Folie.”

The Court of Cassel was, without exception, he right merriest in Christendom. In fact, at the period I am speaking of, when nearly the whole world was involved in war, this was the only place to be found where Love and Laughter held sovereign sway.

Proverbs were frequently embodied by the courtiers, and Jerome was, perhaps, the first who introduced the “Tableaux Vivans, and Historical Masquerades.” He was fond of personating Francis the first of France, and Bayard *le cheva-*

lier sans peur et sans reproche; and a short time before the termination of his reign, he had commenced active preparations for giving a grand tournament and *fete*, in exact imitation of the meeting of Henry and Francis, on the celebrated Champ d'Or. Even when Napoleon was tottering upon his throne, *Courte et bonne* was still Jerome's motto. Even when Tchernicheff was within a hundred miles of the capital of Westphalia, no apprehensions were entertained at Cassel, although there were not more than two hundred and fifty of the King's Guards in the town. Count S. was at length despatched by one of the French commandants, to inform the King of Westphalia, that through the means of a person upon whom the utmost reliance might be placed, he had learnt that Tchernicheff had resolved, by forced marches, to make a dash upon Cassel with his Cossacks. Not a moment obviously was to be lost in saving the person of the King, and carrying off, or concealing the regalia. The Count arrived at eleven at night in Cassel, put on a court dress, and repaired to the Palace. The Guard on duty seeing a person attired in this manner, supposed that he belonged to the Court, and he therefore entered the Palace without meeting any opposition. In several apartments through which he passed, he saw persons sitting at different small tables, regaling themselves. They were too agreeably occupied to notice the Envoy. Being personally acquainted with Jerome, he put no questions to any of them, intending to find out his Majesty, and execute his mission in as private a manner as possible. On approaching the last room of the suite of apartments, he heard a number of persons laughing in a loud tone, and others screaming with boisterous mirth. Upon opening the door he beheld a scene of revelry and confusion that baffles description, and that in a person like the Count,

"austere comme un cenobite," must have produced no small degree of astonishment. The chairs, tables, sofas, &c. were all huddled pell-mell at one extremity of the room. About thirty persons, most of whom were ladies, and attired in the costume of the time of Charlemagne, were nimbly tripping about with twisted handkerchiefs in their hands, and dealing copious blows to some individual who was in the centre of the room. He personated Carolus Magnus. Every time a hard thump fell upon his shoulders, "A moi Belisaire!" was the exclamation from some fair lips to the poor sufferer. The eyes of the person, and part of his face, were concealed with a thick bandage; in truth, the representative of Charlemagne was playing at blind man's buff. "Pray who is that?" said the Count to a vinous young Frenchman, who was hallooing louder than all the others together.

"That," said the facetious fellow, "is Belisaire, the blind general, and brother of Charlemagne—the *date obolum* man."

"Now, take care," continued the young officer, "he is coming this way, and I must give him another good thump, as he has made *my* shoulders sore, and unfairly too—so I shall do as he did—tie a double hard knot in my handkerchief."

"Bang," cried the officer.

Belisaire rubbed his shoulders, and pulling down the handkerchief that covered his eyes, he roared out, "*Diable!* that's a foul hit;" but recognising the officer whom he had treated in a similar manner, he burst out into a hearty laugh, and said, "*Allons! nous voila egaux.*"

The Count now approached, and beheld in this blind man Jerome, King of Westphalia.

The moment Count S. communicated his message, the company were dismissed. The regalia, and other valuables of a light nature, were packed up. Horses were saddled—the merry monarch only communicated the intelligence to a few, who hastily made their preparations, and galloped after their monarch, who was soon on the road to the frontiers of France. Before light appeared, on the same day, the Russian general arrived with his Cossacks, secured most of the ministers, who were still in their beds, took all the military who remained in the town prisoners, and after levying a heavy contribution, departed as hastily as he came.

THE PRINCESS DE LOWICZ,

CONSORT OF THE GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE.

THIS lady (writes a gentleman in Warsaw) is a charming woman, a model of grace and elegance, and so winning in her manners, that even the rude and boisterous Constantine was transformed into a rational and kindly companion whilst by her side. Indeed, he was a totally different sort of being when in her company to what he was when away from her. In the hours which he spent with her, he became cheerful, animated, and confiding; and subdued his unruly passions with so perfect a mastery, that she could only

read the trace of their recent explosion in the yet quivering furrors of his brow. "Constantine," she would then say to him, "I pray you, be calm and tranquil; forethought should precede our every act; why then do you suffer your actions to take precedence of your reflection?" The Princess is a Pole by birth, and she has, I think, been very unjustly accused of not availing herself of her station and influence to mitigate the sufferings of her fellow countrymen. It is more than possible, that she could not command the means of effecting what was expected from her; and thus much, at least, is acknowledged on all hands—that a kinder heart than her's never throbbed. Her abode in the palace of Belvedere must have been a painful imprisonment to her, for she had little or no intercourse with her countrywomen; every day, therefore, must have proved a returning scene of splendid misery.

One of my Polish friends was a member of the deputation which was sent to Constantine by the provisional government. They found him in the village of Wirzba, about six miles from Warsaw. Lubecki first, and then Czartoryski entered into a spirited justification of the recent revolution. The Archduke replied to them with great calmness and affability, complained bitterly of the violence done at the Belvedere, and related several affecting instances of the fidelity shown to him by his Russian servants. The Princess de Lowicz then took up the conversation, and keenly upbraiding Lubecki, bade him call to mind the kindnesses he had received at the hands of her consort. In the bitterness of her feelings, she next turned to Constantine, and, pointing to Lelewel, (the main-spring of the insurrection,) exclaimed, "that man possessed your whole—your unlimited confidence; and that man has yet been the primary cause of all our misfortunes." A smile of the eye was all the reply, which Lelewel made to this sally; and the Princess seemed, at once, to recollect the danger to which, under the critical circumstances in which Constantine was at that time placed, it might expose him. She instantly seized Lelewel by the hand, and asked pardon for her vivacity. Then she went up to Ostrowski, and imploringly added, "I conjure you, Sir, to avert the storm from our common country. You, and you alone, possess the confidence of all." This said, she retired, in tears, to her seat. At the close of the interview, upon Constantine's offering to interpose in favour of the "guilty," Ostrowski indignantly replied,—"*There is not a guilty soul amongst us;*" and the deputation quitted the apartment.

In the Netherlands as soon as a girl has given a promise of marriage, the apartment in which she usually resides, and all the furniture in it are decorated with garlands of flowers. Every thing belonging to the bridegroom elect, even to his pipe and tobacco box, are decorated in the same manner. All the wine and liquor at weddings is called the Bride's Tears.

MY FATHER-LAND.

AGAIN upon thy verdant bank I stand,
Thou oft-remembered, silv'ry-flowing Tweed,
Endeared by absence, view my father-land,
Each outlined hill around and woodland mead :
Yon bridge, o'er which so oft I've musing leant,
Whilst gazing on thy waters' tranquil flow,
Recalling hours in brighter day-dreams spent,
Than e'er fulfilled may bless our path below.

Still does thy sweet and gently mourn'ring sound
My spirits soothe, mine ear attract, and seem
Each flow'ry brae, each well-known spot around,
Like strange realities of youthful dream.
In other climes, in distant lands I've been,
Which nature gifts with ever-varying bloom,
Yet have I none prefer'd to thee, blest scene !
My once so happy, and my early home.

Oh! when I've shelter'd from the sultry heat,
To mark the proud course of some giant stream ;
In bright blue skies the early sun to greet—
Have watched the splendour of his orient beam ;
When from the lofty Ghaus' impendent height,
Or toiling round a fortress-hill's ascent,
The fury of the fierce monsoon in might
Has dashed along, and mighty forests rent—

How has my heart with transport turned to thee !
How have I pictured thy enchanting dell !
The fondly cherished scenes of infancy—
Can any other those bright scenes excel ?
Oh! there are names within our breasts enshrined,
The sweetest still which Fancy can portray ;
Time-hallow'd, blest, which are so clear defined,
They fade not, change not, e'en in life's decay.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

THE BURIAL OF HELEN GRAY,

LOVE'S MARTYR.

They buried her at even, in her bridal robes arrayed,
Close by the gushing fountain, and beneath the hemlock
shade;
And beautiful she looked, though all life's glowing tints had
flown—
The martyr to a love which dwells in woman's heart alone!

The roses yet were wreathing in her curls of sunny hair,
And the smile, the vanished spirit left upon her lip, was
there;
The sunset's parting ray gleamed like a glory on her brow,
And crimsoned o'er her pallid cheek with an unearthly
glow.

And he was there—and silently he gazed on his pale bride,
Who, for his sake had flung from her the love of all beside—
He knew that she had loved him then—and something like
a smile
Played on his lip, though his proud heart was bursting all the
while.

He wept not for his lost one—but the shadows of despair
Were gathering round his spirit then—and madness settled
there—
The flower that bloomed upon his path had faded from his
sight,
And earth, to him, was all devoid of loveliness and light !

They buried her at evening.—'Tis a tale of other days ;
Yet they say her gentle spirit by the shaded fountain strays
But no—her loved ones long have fled, why should she
hither roam?

She hath a calmer resting-place, in Heaven, a brighter home!

THE HALT ON THE MOUNTAIN.

THE day's march had been long and wearisome, and still the exhausted party looked 'in vain through the lonely sierras in search of a human habitation. Roland de St. Pierre, the commander of a small detachment of French voltigeurs, became aware that he had missed the direct track, and that it was useless to expect to reach the outposts of the army on that night: he therefore made up his mind to spend the hours of darkness under the shade of one of those spreading cork-trees which made his present route a path of exceeding beauty. He halted his followers, and offered them the immediate repose of which they stood so much in need: unwilling, however, to relinquish the hope of obtaining refreshment after their harassing fatigues, the soldiers rallied their flagging spirits, and desired to proceed onward, upon the chance of finding the hut of some goatherd, which might afford a slight repast to assuage the cravings of their appetites.

It was a calm, lovely, autumnal evening; all was so hushed and tranquil, that not the slightest breeze agitated the leaves of the forest-trees: the dull tramp of the soldiers alone broke the deep silence; for, toil-worn and faint from long abstinence, they had ceased from the light catches

and merry roundels which had heretofore beguiled their march; and melancholy feelings, in unison with the sombre gloom around, began to steal over the mind of the youthful commander, destined to make his first campaign against the unoffending allies of his ambitious master. Roland troubled himself little with political questions; he sought to win rank and honour by the aid of his good sword, and had received his first summons to march into Spain with the enthusiastic delight of a heart panting to distinguish itself in some well-contested field, and reckless what sphere was selected for the theatre of his achievements; but he had that morning encountered scenes revolting to a mind unaccustomed to the horrors of war:—whole villages stretched in black ruins upon the desolated plains; farms, once smiling and prosperous, still smouldering in the flames which had reduced them to heaps of ashes: human bones strewn upon the green-sward, and half-decaying corpses tainting the sweet air of heaven, the frightful relics of those devoted peasants who had dared defend their hearths and their homes from the spoiler's hand.

Roland's unpractised heart grieved over the horrible devastation which greeted his shuddering glance, and he was surprised to find how

deep an impression the ghastly spectacle of the morning had left upon his mind. No trace of war or carnage defiled the purity of the landscape which he now trod. The gurgling runnel leaped clear and limpid over the rocks, its sparkling current unstained with blood, and nought save the perfume of the orange-blossom came mingled with the aromatic fragrance of the thymy pastures; yet was the solitude so profound, the stillness of the coming night so awful, that, in his present state of languor, all the characteristic gaiety of his temper and nation was insufficient to remove the impression which weighed heavily upon his soul.

The dim twilight faded away, and darkness, made more gloomy by the thick foliage above, succeeded; wearily the voltigeurs dragged their jaded limbs along, and, just as they despaired of advancing farther, the sudden illumination of a moon upon the wane showed them at a considerable distance a roof, whence issued a thin column of smoke. Animated by this exhilarating prospect, the tired party pressed eagerly forward to the spot. Upon a closer inspection, they discovered the promised haven to be an outhouse, lofty and extensive, which had evidently been attached to a superior mansion, now levelled with the ground. A broken trellis, from which the untrained vine wandered along the damp earth, fountains choked with grass and fragments of sculptured marble, showed that the sword and the firebrand had performed their deadliest operations; but the work had not been sufficiently recent to display the most frightful ravages of war: time had thrown a slight veil over the wreck, and the moon glanced upon flowers springing up uncultured in a garden which had been defaced by hostile feet, and upon a rank vegetation of weeds, waving like banners from the prostrate walls.

The high dark front of the barn-like building, which promised shelter for the night, frowned grimly in the moonlight: the unglazed windows were secured by strong wooden shutters, and the most dreary silence reigned throughout the interior; but a faint light, issuing from some of the numerous crevices in this dilapidated structure, gave tokens of habitation, although the inmates, whoever they might be, preserved a sullen silence for a considerable period, neither deigning to answer, nor seeming to hear, the supplications and threats with which the French soldiers alternately solicited and demanded admittance. Before, however, these rough guests had exhausted all their patience, a door opened, and the flame of a pine-wood torch threw a strong light upon the face and figure of the portress, as she stood upon her own threshold. Her tall spare form towered above the middle height; but if Nature had moulded it with a careful hand, its beauty was totally obscured by a cumbrous garment of sackcloth, girt about the waist with a cord. Her long gray hair, which streamed wildly from beneath a scanty covering of coarse black stuff, and the rigid lines in her gaunt countenance, gave her the appearance of age: but Roland, as

he gazed upon her with an undefinable sensation of awe and wonder, saw that she had scarcely passed, if she had reached, the summer of her life; and that there was also an air of dignity in her demeanour, which ill accorded with the meanness of her habiliments and the squalid poverty with which she was surrounded. A ghastly smile passed across her pale and haggard face as she bade the weary party welcome; and though want, and wretchedness, and disease, had preyed with ravaging effect upon her features; though her eyes were sunk in her head, her lips parched and wan, and her skin wrinkled and jaundiced, Roland perceived that she still retained lineaments of severe and almost superhuman beauty; and a vague feeling of the existence of some mysterious danger came across his mind, as he observed the silent workings of that extraordinary countenance, while she bestirred herself with fearless alacrity to provide for the accommodation of men, whose intrusion upon her solitude must have been any thing but pleasing.

Ashamed of the dread which involuntarily crept over him—since he knew the impossibility, from the depopulated state of the country, and the strong *cordon* of troops with which the province now occupied by the French army was surrounded, of there being any concealed ambush even in this secluded spot—he strove to banish the apprehension of impending evil, and to make himself as comfortable as circumstances would admit: still he could not withdraw his looks from his hostess; and though not expecting to make any discovery from her answer, inquired whether she did not feel some alarm while living alone in so dreary a solitude.

“What should I fear?” she calmly replied: “I have lost every thing but life, and that is now of so little value, that its preservation is not worth a thought. And why,” she continued, “should I wish for the protection of my countrymen?—they are more gloriously engaged in the great and holy cause which has armed all Spain in defence of its liberties.”

Somewhat reassured by the undisguised frankness of this speech, Roland contented himself with a scrupulous examination of the place, which he still could not help fancying had been inauspiciously chosen for the night-halt of his party. Nothing alarming met his eye: the furniture was rude and scanty, the building ill calculated to conceal arms or snares of any kind; and what could a band of nine stout soldiers apprehend from the utmost malice of one woman? Struggling, therefore, with the forebodings of his spirit, he ate his portion of the frugal meal which was set before him with a keen relish, but declined the cup of wine offered at its completion, from a natural antipathy to the fermented juice of the grape, and a particular aversion to the vintage of Spain. The voltigeurs, delighted to obtain food and rest, unattracted by the person of the lone female who administered to their necessities, and more diverted than angry at her avowed enmity to their country, saw nothing to excite their suspicions; and their commander,

perceiving that no one participated in the uneasy doubts which pertinaciously clung to him, was unwilling to betray his dread of lurking danger to his inconsiderate companions, lest they might attribute the communication to some ignoble feeling.

The repast ended, the young officer was conducted by his singular and painfully-interesting hostess up a ladder to a sort of loft, occupying the upper part of the building. At first he disliked the idea of separation from his party, but perceiving that he could keep a watchful eye over them through several large apertures in the floor, he became more reconciled to an arrangement which would enable him to observe all that passed, without attracting attention by his vigilance. A coarse bed was spread in one corner of the room; but, too much agitated to think of repose, he took up a position which gave him an uninterrupted view of the premises below. A wood fire burned brightly; and within the influence of its genial warmth the toil-worn soldiers had stretched themselves at length upon the floor, and, wrapped in their cloaks, resigned their weary spirits to a death-like sleep. The lone inhabitant of the dwelling had withdrawn to a distant corner, and, in the fitful blaze, the dark drapery which enveloped her spare form could scarcely be distinguished from the inequalities of the floor which formed her couch. So profound was the slumber of the wayworn voltigeurs, that their breathing was not audible in the chamber above: a dead silence prevailed, disturbed only at intervals by a rustling sound, so slight, that Roland deemed it to proceed from the wing of some night-bird sweeping along the eaves. The fire, unreplenished, began to moulder away, the figures of the sleepers became indistinct, and drowsiness crept unconsciously over Roland's frame: how long he remained in utter forgetfulness of his situation he knew not, but he was roused by a clear sweet voice, singing in low yet distinct tones the following ballad:

The Moors have reared the crescent high, the cross is lowly laid,

And vainly to their patron saints the Spaniards shriek for aid:

Sorrow and desolation reign throughout the bleeding land—
But raise exulting shouts to Heaven, for vengeance is at hand!

Our warriors lie in mangled heaps upon the gory plain;
Our fathers, and our husbands, and our brothers, all are slain:

But we will nerve our woman's arms to wield the flaming brand,

And teach our proud and ruthless foes that vengeance is at hand!

This lay was evidently a fragment of the countless relics of the eventful struggle between the Spaniards and the Moors, which, in days of old, had so gloriously terminated in favour of the christian cause; but the coincidence of the words with the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed alarmed the French officer: he groped his way, by the imperfect light, to the spot whence the sound proceeded. "Who and what art thou," he exclaimed, "whose warning song has

so effectually chased slumber from my eyelids?"

"An enemy!" replied the same clear soft voice; "but one who is sated, sick of shedding blood!—Force a passage for me through the decaying panels of the wainscot, and I will set you free!"

"Stand aside then!" cried Roland; and at one effort the worm-eaten barrier gave way: a flood of moonlight passed in, and revealed a slight fair girl, whose countenance, bearing a striking resemblance to that of the female who had inspired him with such a strong feeling of awe, though pale and thin, was still so exceedingly beautiful, that the admiring gazer could not fancy that it had lost a single attraction from the calamity, whatever it might be, which had made such fearful havoc in the frame of her companion.

"Follow me," she cried, "and quickly: the delay of an instant may cost your life."

"I will but stay to rouse my party," returned Roland, struck with sudden surprise to find that they had not already gathered round him, disturbed by the crash of the falling wainscot.

"They will wake no more in this world," said the stranger: "look not to them, but save yourself. The poison has performed its work, and they are as the dust beneath them."

Rushing to the ladder, Roland, reckless of personal danger from the lapse of time, threw himself into the room below, stirred the fading embers, and the blaze that sprang up, as it caught a fresh pine faggot, confirmed the dreadful truth. The pulses of the soldiers had ceased to beat; they breathed not—moved not; and their convulsed and distorted features told the horrid story of their fate. Roland stood shuddering and aghast amid the senseless clay around him; bolts of ice shot, in rapid succession, through his heart. Were these inanimate bodies the late companions of his toil, men vigorous with life and health, who but an hour before had shared his march, stiffening in the cold grasp of death, murdered, and murdered before his eyes?—Drops of agony burst from his brows; and, drawing his sword in gloomy desperation, he exclaimed—"I will stay and avenge you!" The fair vision whose voice had broken his repose had followed him to the spot; and, preserving amid the appalling scene the same calm melancholy expression of countenance which seemed habitual to her, again addressed him.

"Justice," she cried, "claims this sanguinary deed, and vengeance is beyond your reach, unless the blow should fall on me. Strike if you will, and spare not; for dearer lives have fallen beneath the murderous weapons of your countrymen."

The French officer slowly dropped the point of his sword; he saw, indeed, that it would be worse than vain to abandon himself to the indignation which filled his heart; but, continuing to gaze upon the ghastly faces of his comrades, as they lay, bereft of sense and motion, on the earth which was so soon to close over them, a sickening sensation crept through his frame: he could bear

no more; and, clasping his hand across his eyes, moved from the spot.

His companion, taking advantage of this change of mood, seized his cloak, and drew him to the ladder. They ascended it in silence, crossed the two upper apartments, and gained the ground through a wooden balcony, furnished, according to the custom of the country, with a flight of steps. Roland, in a few minutes, found himself in a wild and tangled path, with his preserver still at his side.

"I have saved you from death," she cried; "but my task is not yet ended. A secret avenue, which cannot be trodden without a guide, leads to the road at the mountain's base: I will conduct you thither in safety; and, stranger, employ your rescued life in generous efforts to meliorate the sufferings of the hapless Spaniards: interpose your authority in aid of the weak and defenceless, and snatch them from the wanton butchery which spares neither sex nor age. Look on yonder shapeless ruin: once it smiled joyously in the moonlight—once a happy peasantry crowded to its now broken walls, to pay the tribute of glad and grateful hearts to their beloved lord: a family, blessing and blessed, made the air around them melodious with the hymn of praise and thanksgiving—a gush of song for ever flowing, like the mountain stream. On the last day that tones of cheerfulness issued from human lips upon that desecrated spot, we celebrated a festival—the betrothing of my elder sister—and merrily were struck the cords of the gay guitar, and lightly, to the spirit-stirring sounds of the castanet, our flying footsteps touched the ground. Suddenly an armed band burst in upon our harmless revelry. There was a grotto carefully concealed, wherein our anxious friends placed Estella and myself for safety: through a fissure in the rock we saw the barbarians enter. I lost vision, sense, and recollection, when, vainly struggling with overpowering numbers, my father fell; but Estella, incapable of moving, or withdrawing her eyes from the scene of slaughter, and acutely, miserably alive to all its horrors, turned a stony gaze upon the unequal contest, and saw, one by one, our parents, our three brave brothers, her lover, our friends and servants, perish by the un pitying hands of their assailants. The streams of blood, flowing down the pathway, penetrated the grotto, and as I lay upon the damp ground, my festal garments were drenched with the vital current of all I loved on earth. The work of murder accomplished, the Frenchmen indulged themselves in pillage; and having seized every thing of value, our home, our once happy home, was devoted to the flames. Vainly did we hope that the smoke would suffocate us in our retreat; but the wind blew it away, and we were saved to execute a dreadful deed of vengeance. Three days passed, and at length, sated with plunder and with blood, our merciless enemies retreated! the sound of their bugles died upon her ear, and Estella, the fair, the gracious, the idolized Estella, emerged from the cave, with her golden tresses changed

to dull gray—the beaming radiance of her eyes quenched—her flesh withered away—the gaunt spectre of her former self. She swore a fearful oath upon the mangled pile of our murdered relatives, and fearfully has she performed it. For every precious life taken on that fatal day, by her frail and feeble hands have ten been sacrificed. My spirit grows weary of this constant slaughter; and when you refused the wine, and Estella, perceiving your suspicions, fled to procure the assistance of a trusty friend, the Holy Virgin, to whom I pray incessantly, urged me to effect your deliverance, and I obeyed the mandate."

The narrator of this horrible tale paused, and Roland, bursting into a passionate exclamation, turned round to offer his fervent thanks to the fair and luckless creature to whom he owed his life, but she had vanished: the broad road lay before him, and no trace of his conductress appearing, he lingered for a moment and then pursued his way. The morning began to break as he trod the solitary path, and, but that he was alone, the agile voltigeur could have fancied the whole night's adventure a feverish dream: the rustling of the leaves, the twittering of the birds, were the only sounds that broke the stillness: he missed the light songs and lighter laughter of his late companions, and strode along, unheeding the distance, almost choked by the tumultuous emotions which crowded to his heart. As he approached the outposts, a dropping fire from the lines announced to the young soldier that preparations for action had commenced, and he only arrived in time to join his division, which was immediately engaged in a fierce contest with the enemy. Roland, wound up to the highest pitch of excitement, fought with desperate energy, striving, in the impetuosity of the onslaught, to banish the frightful scene which was ever before his eyes. The day, however, notwithstanding the bravery of the troops, was not auspicious to France; evening saw the whole of the army in full retreat; and Roland, when bivouacking in a secure position, found himself in a distant province from the mountain scene which had proved so fatal to eight of the most gallant fellows in the service.

The beauty of Estella and Magdalena, the daughters of the Count de los Tormes, was celebrated throughout Spain, and the tragic tale of their supposed murder formed a theme for the minstrels, who, while dwelling upon their virtues and their loveliness, incited every generous heart to avenge their wrongs. Some of these popular lays found their way to the French camp. Roland needed no auxiliary to perpetuate the recollection of these unhappy females; his thoughts dwelt continually on the fair form of Magdalena: insensibly he associated this gentle creature with all his future schemes and prospects, and many romantic visions were disturbed by the gaunt spectre of her stern sister, starting up, like a destroying angel, between him and his fairy hopes. Roland, a man, and a Frenchman, could not understand the possibility of owing his life to any

cause, save an impulse of tenderness in his favour. Unaccustomed to reflect deeply upon religious influence, he smiled at the alleged interposition of the Virgin, and admired the womanly contrivance which had so artfully veiled her own wishes under the pretence of obeying the commands of Heaven. Without too closely scanning his intentions, he felt an irresistible desire to snatch the ill-starred Magdalena from the horrible situation in which she was placed; and already well acquainted with the Spanish language, he spared no pains to render himself so completely master of it as to enable him to pass for a native.

The fortune of war gave Roland the opportunity which he had so long desired: he was stationed in the neighbourhood of the humble residence of the sisters, and, in the disguise of a muleteer, he ventured to approach the fatal spot. Taking the same road which he had formerly trod, the bold mountain peaks frowned above him; the thick forest of cork-trees spread its umbrageous shade around; and the ruined mansion, with its grass-grown gardens, brought sickening recollections to his heart. Accustomed to death in every shape—by the sword, by the bullet, and by the axe; by lingering tortures, and by wasting plagues—often fighting ankle-deep in blood, and treading on the corpses of the slain; though lightly regarding these horrors, he never could banish from his memory the scene of that dreadful night, when, by the funeral light of the pine-wood fire, he gazed upon the blackening faces of his comrades, as they lay in death's ghastly embrace on the floor. Often in his gayest revel did the lights, and the music, and the wine-cup, vanish from his eyes, and the dark hut and the dead were before him.

Now he was roused from his gloomy reverie by the same sweet, clear voice which had once broken upon a dangerous slumber: he looked into a green dell below, and saw Magdalena, kneeling at a wooden cross, surmounted by an image of the Virgin, and singing her early matin hymn. Roland was by her side in an instant; and, with the confident vivacity of his country, poured out with passionate vehemence a thousand protestations of love. Magdalena, at first amazed, distrusting sight and sense, and listening with apparent patience, merely to be certain that she heard aright, no sooner caught the truth, than, starting from the ground, her fair melancholy countenance dilating with scorn and rage, she cast a look of ineffable contempt upon the handsome suppliant, and, clinging to the rude altar before her, said—

“But that I loathe the sight of blood, presumptuous miscreant! thy heart's best vein should drain upon this outraged shrine! Begone!—judge not of me by the craven spirit that brought thee hither!” And, before he could make a single attempt to appease her just indignation, she had fled.

The contemned lover lingered long and fruitlessly on the spot which had witnessed his disappointment: reluctantly obeying at last the dictates of prudence, which urged the folly of re-

maining to be discovered and sacrificed to the vengeance which he had provoked, he slowly and sullenly retreated. Though no longer daring to entertain a hope of inducing the fair Spaniard to exchange her dreary solitude for a life of luxury and ease, still the image of Magdalena haunted his imagination; her dazzling beauty, her noble sentiments, her touching history, could not, would not, be forgotten. A third time the means of visiting her dwelling-place presented themselves; and almost without a purpose, Roland again approached the ruined hovel:—he found her grave! A mound of green turf, a rude cross, inscribed with her name and age, marked the last resting-place of one of Spain's fairest flowers. Her sister had assumed a soldier's habit, and had joined the Guerillas.

A HEROINE'S HAND.

THE hand of the heroine of a novel is always *small*. Whatever may be the size of the lady herself, she must be sure to have a tiny hand. This the novelist gives her by prescriptive right, and as a necessary mark of beauty. We suppose they go upon the same principle that the Chinese do in relation to a lady's foot. And yet our Christians ridicule the Pagan taste of the gentry of the Celestial Empire.

But why should a small hand be accounted a characteristic of beauty? If we rightly understand the matter, a hand, or foot, or nose, in order to look well, should be in due proportion to the rest of the body. It is not the smallness of the limb that makes it beautiful—but the just relation it bears to the parts. A small hand, therefore, unless it be upon a small person, is an absolute deformity; and the novelists, while they think themselves beautifying their heroines by giving them tiny hands, are making them absolute frights.—They are for the most part tall and personal ladies as one would meet with on a summer's day; but they have the most contemptible little hands that ever any poor creature was disfigured withal.

But perhaps there may be a reasonable motive, at least in the minds of the male novelists, for giving their heroines small hands—namely, the security of their husbands' ears. But would it not be better to provide the husbands with wigs, and allow the ladies to have hands of a decent size? For our own part we are absolutely tired of seeing the heroine of every novel put off with such shocking little hands. Do gentlemen authors, get something original; your stock of small hands must be nearly exhausted, by this time.

One of Queen Elizabeth's proclamations, which were allowed to have all the authority of law, was to forbid her subjects from wearing their ruffs more than a quarter of a yard in width, and their rapiers more than a yard long. Officers were appointed to tear the ruffs and break the rapiers of those who transgressed the Queen's edict against them.

TRADITION OF ADOLPHSECK, ON THE RHINE.

THE ruin of Adolphseck stands upon a high mountain by the side of the river Aar, near to Schwallbach. It has originally been a castle of great strength, and was surrounded by a wide ditch cut out of the rock; its situation is picturesque, and it commands prospects of some romantic scenery. It was destroyed in 1302, by Albert of Austria, but was rebuilt and inhabited so late as 1695; it is now, however, in a very dilapidated state. The following is the tradition of its origin:—The Emperor of Nassau, Adolphus, being at war with the King of France, sought to cause dissensions and jealousies in his dominions, and marched into Alsace at the head of a considerable force against the Bishop of Strasbourgh, who was in the French interest, for the purpose of taking advantage of these divisions, and pillaging wherever he could. In one of his predatory excursions, he was wounded near a convent of nuns, and thither he was carried by his attendants. The holy sisters were profuse in their attentions to their guest, but none of them showed such affectionate zeal in their attentions as a young and beautiful novice, who frequently watched by him during the night. Her name was Imogine; she was descended from one of the best families of the Vosges. The personal charms of this novice, the interesting situation in which she was placed, combined with the simplicity of the nun's dress, rendered her an attractive and almost irresistible creature.

Adolphus was soon restored to health, but he found that his heart had received a wound which no medicine would heal. Taking the hand of his youthful attendant, one day, he said to her, "I do not know, my fair and noble sister, if I ought to thank you for all your kind and affectionate attentions. Your care has promptly effected the cure of those hurts which I received in the field of battle; but those beautiful eyes, that bewitching smile, have inflicted a more dangerous wound, and one which neither time nor medicine will heal." The novice blushed, and retired without making any reply.

The emperor expected to see her in the evening as usual; but he was disappointed, another sister attended, and from her he learnt that Imogine was indisposed. This information had the same effect upon the young love of Adolphus as the nipping frosts of spring have upon the budding plants: he drooped, and became restless and melancholy, and could scarcely say an obliging word to his new nurse. He was suffered to brood upon his sorrows for three whole days; but, on the last of these days, at ten o'clock at night, when all the convent had retired to rest, the door of his cell was softly opened, and the beautiful Imogine entered with a lighted taper.

"Sire," said she, "the Bishop of Strasbourgh lies in ambush for you, and intends to seize and

carry you off from this convent to-night. I come to show you a secret road which will enable you to escape from his snares. The small gate at the farthest end of the garden opens into a wood, through which there is an unfrequented path that leads to the Rhine, which you may reach in half an hour, and on its shores you will find some fishing-boat that will ferry you across to the right bank. Let us, then, proceed without delay; I have got the key of this gate, and will guide you to it." Adolphus did not hesitate; he had but one attendant, and him he despatched with secret orders to the generals commanding his troops. With his faithful dog *Leveret*, he then followed his conductress to the gate that opened into the forest; there Imogine proposed to take leave of him, and return to the convent, but the Emperor pressed her in such an imploring and affectionate manner not to abandon him, that, overcome by the earnestness of his manner, and her secret love for him, her religious scruples gave way, and she consented to accompany him. Throwing off her veil, she wrapped herself in the cloak of Adolphus, and they proceeded, arm in arm, to the banks of the Rhine, where they found the cabin of a fisherman, and were soon transported by him to the opposite side of the river, and shortly reached one of the residences of the emperor.

To commemorate this event, and to secure the safety of his beloved nun, he built the castle of Adolphseck on a rock shaped like a sugar-loaf, upon the banks of the Aar, near to Schwallbach. In this unfrequented desert the two lovers were united, and enjoyed all the delicious transports of mutual affection: Adolphus forgetting in the arms of his spouse the dangers and fatigues of his wandering and warlike life. But his evil star did not permit him a long exemption from care. Albert of Austria aspired to the throne of the empire, and he was supported in his pretensions by a numerous party, amongst whom was Eppstein, Archbishop of Mentz, who, although cousin to Adolphus, was, on account of the abduction of the nun from the convent, his declared enemy.

Adolphus immediately proceeded to attack the pretender, who was encamped on the other side of the river. He crossed the Rhine at the head of a large army, which, hitherto, had been accustomed to victory.

Imogine resolved not to separate herself from him at this time, and accompanied him to the wars in the dress of a cavalier. It was with difficulty that Adolphus persuaded her to wait the issue of the battle at the Convent of Rosenthal, near to Worms, in the environs of which town the battle was fought.

The brave Adolphus, hurried on by his impetuous courage, fell, pierced with wounds. His

fall decided the fate of the battle. Imogine had passed her time in a most agitated and restless state: filled with the most gloomy presentiments, she had retired to the chapel, and there continued weeping and praying until night closed in upon her, and still found her without any news from Adolphus, or any account of passing events. The morn rose in all its majesty, and chased away the mistiness of the night: all around seemed hushed in peace, when, on looking out, she spied the faithful companion of Adolphus, his dear Leveret, bounding with all speed towards her: he jumped up at her and whined piteously, then seized upon her dress, and made every motion he was capable of, to engage her to follow

him. Terrified beyond measure, and scarce knowing what she did, she accompanied the faithful dog, who conducted her to the field of battle, and there laid himself down by the side of his unfortunate master. The dying embers of the bivouac fires enabled Imogine to distinguish his features, although disfigured with blood. At the sight she uttered a piercing scream and fell lifeless upon the body. They were found shortly after by their attendants, and were both interred at Rosenthal.

Albert was not satisfied with the death of his enemy: he followed up his advantages, and destroyed the fortifications of Adolphseck, and left the castle a ruin.

BARON TRENCK AND PRINCESS AMELIA, OF PRUSSIA.

The object of the Swedish ambassador, who was sent to Berlin to negotiate a marriage with a princess of the house of Prussia, was to obtain the hand of the Princess Amelia for the Prince of Sweden. That princess was strongly imbued with feelings of attachment for the religious tenets in which she had been educated, which were those of the Calvinists. She regarded with horror the change from Calvinist to Lutheran, which would have been necessary had she accepted the hand of the heir to the throne of Sweden. In this dilemma she opened her heart to her sister Ulrica, and demanded her advice to enable her to avoid the marriage. The Princess Ulrica, having first ascertained the fixed determination of her sister never to consent to the condition of changing her religion, counselled her to make herself as disagreeable as she possibly could to the Swedish envoy; to show the greatest haughtiness when in his presence; to treat him herself with contempt; and to endeavour to appear as capricious and as domineering as possible. This conduct, which the Princess Amelia pursued, had the desired effect. The Swede turned from her, and began to observe the Princess Ulrica, whose conversation and manners presented the most studied contrast to those of her sister. At length, he demanded the hand of the Princess Ulrica for the Prince of Sweden. His offer was immediately accepted by Frederic, and with equal readiness by the Princess herself. This acceptance, on the part of Ulrica, astonished and irritated Amelia. She thought her sister had deceived her, and that she had given her the advice, which she had acted upon, in order to secure for herself the station which had been destined for another. Though the Princess Ulrica seems really to have acted with fairness in this transaction, her sister never forgave her; and it was while smarting under the feelings of

humiliation and vexation at the treachery, which she thought had been practised upon her, that she first regarded Trenck with the eye of favour. Her state of mind rendered her peculiarly susceptible of feelings, to which she turned both for consolation and vengeance. It was, as has been previously mentioned, at one of the fetes for the marriage of the Princess Ulrica, that the intimacy between Trenck and the Princess Amelia commenced, which ended so fatally for both. Upon Trenck it brought a long and most cruel imprisonment, and upon his royal mistress evils of a still more dreadful kind. The Princess Amelia appears to have been endowed by nature with personal beauty, with abilities, and with the gift and the wish to please. Shortly after her separation from her lover, she became suddenly and prematurely old and decrepit. Her beauty gave place to wrinkles; she was almost blind; her limbs were paralytic; and her utterance became so much embarrassed, that it was with difficulty she could be understood; her head shook violently; and her legs could not support her body. Her mind also became as much altered as her person. Instead of being the life of society, from the graces and amenities of her disposition, she became solitary in her habits, and bitter in her temper; always decrying others, and always rejoicing in the calamities which befell them. With regard to her bodily infirmities, she is supposed, by taking poisonous drugs, and other means, to have inflicted them upon herself, in the perverseness of despair at her own sad fate. It is related, that her eyes being weak, her physician advised her to hold them over the steam of a very powerful liquid, but to take especial care, at the same time, not to approach the liquid to her eyes. Instead of attending to these instructions, she rubbed her eyes violently with it; and the consequence was, that almost total blindness ensued, and that her eyes ever

afterwards had a most distorted appearance, and as if they were actually starting out of her head. She lived in this wretched state for many years, and died shortly after her brother Frederic II., who always showed her a much greater degree of attention, and even fondness, than he was accustomed to bestow upon the rest of his family.

EXTRAORDINARY MONUMENT.

A SHORT distance from Slane, at a place called New Grange, there is a very extraordinary monument of antiquity, the uses of which have puzzled many sages deeply read in antiquarian lore.

It is a subterraneous temple, the outside of which is a large mound or tumulus, about forty feet high, one hundred and fifty long, and eighty broad at top, surrounded by huge blocks of stone, rude and unshapen as they came from the quarry; the dome or cavern forming an octagon twenty feet high, composed of long flat stones, the upper projecting a little below the lower, closed in and capped with a flat flag. It has been estimated by Governor Pownall to be seventy feet high and to contain 180,000 tons of stone, which must have been brought from the sea side a distance of 12 or 14 miles. Leading to this vault, sepulchre, cavern, or temple, for what its original uses were has never been ascertained, is a gallery seventy one feet and a half long, and from two to three feet wide. The cavern running transversely with the gallery, gives to the entire the form of a cross—the length between the arms being twenty feet.

“For a short space,” says Sir Richard Hoare, who examined the interior in 1807, “the entrance is so low that we could only gain admittance by crawling along on our bellies; but after passing under one of the side stones that has fallen across the passage, the avenue becomes sufficiently high to admit a person at his full height. There are three recesses, one facing the avenue or gallery, and one on each side; in the one to the right is a large stone vase, which antiquarians have denominated a *rock basin*; it is mentioned as having its sides fluted, but I could not distinguish any workmanship of the kind.

Within the excavated part of this large basin are two circular cavities, alongside of each other, about the size of a child's head: several also of the rude stones composing this recess are decorated with a variety of devices—circular, zigzag, and diamond-shaped; some of this latter pattern seem to bear the marks of superior workmanship, the squares being indented. In the opposite recess there are the fragments of another rock basin; and some authors assert (though, I believe, without much foundation) that the centre contained a third vase. The outward surface of the rock basin is about three feet six inches long, and three feet two inches deep.” By some writers these rock basins are supposed to have been heathen altars.—*Hardy's Northern Tourist.*

AN ESTATE NOT TO BE TAKEN AWAY.

THE following story used to be told by King George the First. About the year 1615, there was a nobleman in Germany whose daughter was courted by a young lord. When he had made such progress as is usual by the interposition of friends, the old lord had a conference with him, asking him, how he intended, if he married his daughter, to maintain her? He replied equal to her quality. To which the father replied, that was no answer to his question; he desired to know what he had to maintain her with? To which the young lord then answered, he hoped that was no question, for his inheritance was as public as his name. The old lord owned his possessions to be great; but still asked him if he had nothing more secure than land, where-with to maintain his daughter? The question was strange, but ended in this: that the father of the young lady, gave his positive resolve, never to marry his daughter, though his heir, who would have two such great estates, but to a man that had a manual trade, by which he might subsist, if drove from his country. The young lord was master of none at present, but rather than lose his mistress, he requested only a year's time, in which he promised to acquire one: in order to do which, he got a basket-maker, (the most ingenious he could meet with,) and in six months became master of his trade of basket-making, with far greater improvements than even his teacher himself; and as a proof of his ingenuity, and extraordinary proficiency in so short a time, he brought to his young lady a piece of workmanship of his own performance, being a white twig basket, which, for many years after, became a general fashion among the ladies, by the name of *dressing-baskets*, brought to England from Holland and Germany.

To complete the singularity of this relation, it happened, some years after this nobleman's marriage, that he and his father-in-law, sharing in the misfortunes of the wars of the palatinate, were driven naked out of their estates; and in Holland, for some years, did this young lord maintain both his father-in-law and his own family, by making baskets of white twigs, to such an unparalleled excellency as none could attain; and it is from this young German lord the Hollanders derive those curiosities, which are still made in the United Provinces of twig-work.—*Dictionary of Commerce.*

Those who worship God in a world so corrupt as this we live in, have at least one thing to plead in defence of their idolatry—the power of their idol. It is true, that like other idols, it can neither move, nor see, nor hear, nor feel, nor understand, but, unlike other idols, it has often communicated all these powers to those who had them not, and annihilated them in those who had. This idol can boast of two peculiarities; it is worshipped in all climates, without a single temple, and by all classes, without a single hypocrite.

Oh! Say Not that My Heart is Vain,

A FAVORITE SONG,

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FORTE BY J. DE PINNA.

EXPRESSIONE
CON
ANDANTE.

p *cres.*

The first system of the score shows the piano introduction. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The music begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and includes a crescendo (*cres.*) marking.

f *>* *deces:* *p*

The second system continues the piano introduction. It features a forte (*f*) dynamic, an accent (>), a decrescendo (*deces:*) marking, and ends with a piano (*p*) dynamic.

Oh say not that my heart is vain, Or that it can not

p

The third system marks the beginning of the vocal melody. The lyrics are "Oh say not that my heart is vain, Or that it can not". The piano accompaniment is marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic.

feel, Be - cause no tears of bur - ning pain, Be -

mf *p*

The fourth system continues the vocal melody with the lyrics "feel, Be - cause no tears of bur - ning pain, Be -". The piano accompaniment is marked with mezzo-forte (*mf*) and piano (*p*) dynamics.

death my eye - lids steal. The world may think my

p

The fifth system concludes the vocal melody with the lyrics "death my eye - lids steal. The world may think my". The piano accompaniment is marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic.

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Ah, no! the sinking heart may own
 In secret its distress;
 Or to one other heart alone
 Its miseries confess.
 But to the careless world around,
 Oh who should I proclaim,
 That though with wreaths my hair be bound,
 The brain within is flame?

I would not have thee think of me
 As fickle, vain, or gay;
 I would not thou shouldst ever see
 To what I am the prey.
 Ah, no! to all the world beside
 My secret should be free;
 If I could think the world could hide
 My heart, my love, from thee.

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

BY MISS PARDON.

It was not in holy ground,
 Bless'd by white-rob'd priest, they laid him;
 But on the field,
 While the cannon peal'd,
 A hasty grave they made him,
 With the brave around.

It was not in costly shroud,
 Sown by cherish'd hands, they wound him;
 But on the plain,
 Soil'd by many a stain,
 They wrapped his cloak around him,
 While the strife was loud.

It was not by the tolling bell,
 That to his grave they bore him;
 By the iron note
 Of the cannon's throat,
 They cast the cold sods o'er him,
 Where he bravely fell!

It was not by a sculptur'd stone,
 That in after-years they found him:
 They knew full well,
 Where he fought and fell,
 With the bold and the brave around him,
 Ere the fight was done!

HE CAME AT MORN.

BY T. H. BAYLEY.

He came at morn to the lady's bower—
 He sang and play'd till the noontide hour,
 He sang of war—he sang of love,
 Of battle field, of peaceful grove;
 The lady could have staid all day,
 To hear the gentle Minstrel play!
 And when she saw the Minstrel go,
 The lady's tears began to flow.

At mid-day, with her Page she went
 To grace a splendid Tournament,
 And there she saw an armed Knight,
 With a golden hem and plumage white;
 With grace he rode his sable steed,
 And after many a martial deed,
 He knelt to her with words most sweet,
 And laid his trophies at her feet.

At night, in robes both rich and rare,
 With jewels sparkling in her hair,
 She sought the dance, and smiling came
 A youthful prince and breathed her name.
 He sang—it was the Minstrel strain!
 He knelt—she saw the Knight again!
 With Lovers three—how blest to find
 The charms of all in one combined.

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THE MIRROR OF THE GRACES.

"Let art no useless ornament display,
But just explain what Nature meant to say."
Young.

THE preservation of an agreeable complexion (which always presupposes health) is not the most insignificant of exterior charms. Though we yield due admiration to regularity of features, (the Grecian contour being usually so called,) yet when we consider them merely in the outline, our pleasure can go no further than that of a cold critic, who regards the finely proportioned lineaments of life as he would those of a statue. It is complexion that lends animation to a picture; it is complexion that gives spirit to the human countenance. Even the language of the eyes loses half its eloquence, if they speak from the obscurity of an inexpressive skin. The life-blood in the mantling cheek; the ever-varying hues of nature glowing in the face, "as if her very body thought;" these are alike the ensigns of beauty and the heralds of the mind; and the effect is, an impression of loveliness, an attraction, which fills the beholder with answering animation and the liveliest delight.

"'Tis not a lip or eye we beauty call,
But the joint force and full result of all."

As a Juno-featured maid with a dull skin, by most people will only be coldly pronounced *critically* handsome; so a young woman with very indifferent features, but a fine complexion, will, from ten persons out of twelve, receive spontaneous and warm admiration.

The experience (when once we admit the proposition that it is *right* to keep the casket bright which contains so precious a gem as the soul) must induce us to take precautions against the injuries continually threatening the tender surface of the skin. It may be next to an impossibility, to change the colour of an eye, to alter the form of the nose, or the turn of the mouth; but though Heaven has given us a complexion which vies with the flowers of the field, we yet have it in our power to render it dingy by neglect, coarse through intemperance, and sallow by dissipation.

Such excesses must therefore be avoided; for, though there may be a something in the pallid cheek which excites interest, yet, without a certain appearance of health, there can never be an impression of loveliness. A fine, clear skin, gives an assurance of the inherent residence of three admirable graces to beauty; Wholesomeness, Neatness, and Cheerfulness. Every fair means ought to be sought to maintain these vouchers, for not only health of body, but health of mind.

The frequent and sudden changes from heat to cold, by abruptly exciting or repressing the regular secretions of the skin, roughen its tex-

ture, injure its hue, and often deform it with unseemly, though transitory, eruptions. All this is increased by the habit ladies have of exposing themselves unveiled, and frequently without bonnets, in the open air. The head and face have then no defence against the attacks of the surrounding atmosphere, and the effects are obvious.

To remedy these evils I would strenuously recommend, for health's sake, as well as for beauty, that no lady should make one in any riding, airing, or walking party, without putting on her head something capable of affording both shelter and warmth. Shakspeare, the poet of the finest taste in female charms, makes Viola regret having been obliged to "throw her sun-expelling mask away!" Such a defence I do not pretend to recommend; but I consider a veil a useful as well as elegant part of dress; it can be worn to suit any situation; open or close, just as the heat or cold may render it necessary.

The custom which some ladies have, when warm, of powdering their faces, washing them with cold water, or throwing off their bonnets, that they may cool the faster, are all very destructive habits. Each of them is sufficient (when it meets with any predisposition in the blood) to spread a surfeit over the skin, and make a once beautiful face hideous forever.

The person, when overheated, should always be allowed to cool gradually, and of itself, without any more violent assistant than, perhaps, the gentle undulation of the neighboring air by a fan. Streams of wind from opened doors and windows, or what is called a *thorough air*, are all bad and highly dangerous applications. These impatient remedies for heat are often resorted to in balls and crowded assemblies; and as frequently as they are used, we hear of sore throats, coughs, and fevers. While it is the fashion to fill a drawing-room like a theatre, similar means ought to be adopted, to prevent the ill effects of the consequent corrupted atmosphere, and the temptation to seek relief by dangerous resources.

Excessive heat, as well as excessive cold, is apt to cause distempers of the skin;—every lady should be particularly careful to correct the deforming consequences of her fashionable exposures. For her usual ablution, night and morning, nothing is so fine an emollient for any rigidity or disease of the face as a wash of French or white brandy, and rose-water; the spirit making only one-third of the mixture. The brandy keeps up that gentle action of the skin which is necessary to the healthy appearance of its parts. It also cleanses the surface. The rose-water corrects the drying property of the spirit, leaving

the skin in a natural, soft, and flexible state. Where white or French brandy cannot be obtained, half the quantity of spirits of wine will tolerably supply its place.

The eloquent effect of complexion will, I hope, my fair friends, obtain your pardon for my having confined your attention so long to what is generally thought (though in contradiction to what is felt) a trifling feature, if so I may be allowed to name it.

I am aware of your expectations, that I would give the precedence in this dissertation to the eye. I subscribe to its supereminent dignity; for none can deny that it is regarded by all nations as the faithful interpreter of the mind, as the window of the soul, the index in which we read each varied emotion of the heart; it is, indeed, the "spirit's throne of light." But how increased an expression does this intelligent feature convey, when aided by the glowing tints of an eloquent complexion!

The animated changes of sensibility are nowhere more apparent than in the transparent surface of a clear skin. Who has not perceived and admired, the rising blush of modesty enrich the cheek of a lovely girl, and, in the sweet effusion, most gratefully discern the true witness of the purity within? Who has not been sensible to the sudden glow on the face which announces, ere the lips open, or the eye sparkles, the approach of some beloved object? Nay, will not even the sound of his name paint the blooming cheek with deeper roses?

"Who hath not owned, with rapture-smitten frame,
The power of grace, the magic of a name?"

Shall we reverse the picture? I have shown how the soul proclaims her joy through its wondrous medium; shall she speak her sorrows too? Then let us call to mind, who have beheld the deadly paleness of her who learns the unexpected destruction of her dearest possessions! Perhaps a husband, a lover, or a brother, mingled with the slain, or fallen, untimely, by some dreadful accident. Sudden partings like these

"Press the life from out young hearts."

We see the darkened, stagnant shade, which denotes the despair stricken soul. We behold the livid hues of approaching frenzy, or the blacker stain of settled melancholy! Heloise's face is paler than the marble she kneels upon. In all cases the mind shines through the body; and according as the medium is dense or transparent, so the light within seems dull or clear.

Advocate as I am for a fine complexion, you must perceive, that it is for the *real*, and not the *spurious*. The foundation of my argument, the *skin's power of expression*, would be entirely lost, were I to tolerate that fictitious, that dead beauty, which is composed of white paints and enamelling. In the first place as all applications of this kind are as a mask on the skin, they can never, but at a distant glance, impose for a moment on a discerning eye. But why should I say a *discerning eye*? No eye that is of the commonest apprehension can look on a face bedaubed with white paint, pearl powder, or enamel, and be deceived for a minute into a belief that so inanimate a "whited wall" is the human skin. No flush of pleasure, no shudder of pain, no thrilling of hope can be descried beneath the encrusted mould; all that passes within is concealed behind the mummy surface. Perhaps the painted creature may be admired by an artist as a well-executed picture; but no man will seriously consider her as a handsome woman.

White painting is, therefore, an ineffectual, as well as dangerous practice. The proposed end is not obtained; and, as poison lurks under every layer, the constitution wanes in alarming proportion as the supposed charms increase.

White painting is, therefore, an ineffectual, as well as dangerous practice. The proposed end is not obtained; and, as poison lurks under every layer, the constitution wanes in alarming proportion as the supposed charms increase.

What is said against white paint, does not oppose, with the same force, the use of red. Merely rouging, leaves three parts of the face, and the whole of the neck and arms, to their natural hues. Besides, while *all* white paints are ruinous to health, (occasioning paralytic affections, and premature death,) there are some red paints which may be used with perfect safety.

A little vegetable rouge tinging the cheek of a delicate woman, who from ill health or an anxious mind, loses her roses, may be excusable; and so transparent is the texture of such rouge, (when unadulterated with lead,) that when the blood does mount to the face, it speaks through the slight covering, and enhances the fading bloom. But, though the occasional use of rouge may be tolerated, yet my fair friends must understand that it is only *tolerated*. Good sense must so preside over its application, that its tint on the cheek may always be fainter than that nature's pallet would have painted. A violent rouged woman is one of the most disgusting objects to the eye.

While I recommend that the rouge we sparingly permit, should be laid on with delicacy, my readers must not suppose that I intend such advice as a means of making the art a deception. It seems to me so slight and so innocent an apparel of the face, (a kind of decent veil thrown over the cheek, rendered too eloquent of grief by the pallidness of secret sorrow,) that I cannot see any shame in the most ingenuous female acknowledging that she occasionally rouges. It is often, like a cheerful smile on the face of an invalid, put on to give comfort to an anxious friend.

Penciling eye-brows, staining them, &c., are too clumsy tricks of attempted deception, for any other emotion to be excited in the mind of the beholder, than contempt for the bad taste and wilful blindness which could ever deem them passable for a moment. There is a lovely harmony in nature's tints, which we seldom attain by our added chromatics. The exquisitely fair complexion is generally accompanied with blue eyes, light hair, and light eye-brows and lashes. So far all is right. The delicacy of one feature is preserved in effect and beauty by the corresponding softness of the other. A young creature, so formed, appears to the eye of taste like the azure heavens, seen through the fleecy clouds

on which the brightness of day delights to dwell. But take this fair image of the celestial regions, draw a black line over her softly-tintured eyes, stain their beamy fringes with a sombre hue, and what do you produce? Certainly a fair face with *dark eye-brows!* But that feature which is an embellishment to a brunette, when seen on the forehead of the fair beauty, becomes if not an absolute deformity, so great a drawback from her perfections, that the harmony is gone; and, as a proof, a painter would immediately turn from the change with disgust.

Nature, in almost every case, is our best guide. Hence the native colour of our own hair is, in general, better adapted to our own complexions than a wig of a contrary hue. A thing may be beautiful in itself, which, with certain combinations, may be rendered hideous.

Analogy of reasoning will bring forward similar remarks with regard to the movements of the mouth, which many ladies use, not to speak with or to admit food, but to show dimples and display white teeth. Wherever a desire for exhibition is discovered, a disposition to disapprove and ridicule arises in the spectator. The pretensions of the vain are a sort of assumption over others, which arms the whole world against them. But, after all, "What are the honours of a painted skin?" I hope it will be distinctly understood by my fair friends, that I do not, by any means, give a general license to painting; on the contrary, that even rouge should only be resorted to in cases of absolute necessity.

CHRISTIANITY.

THE real christian can never be unhappy, bating the pressure of immediate bodily anguish, and even through the tortures of the rack a steady belief in God must be a powerful and an enduring support. No earthly prospect, however desolate—no danger, however formidable, can overcome him with terror or despair; for his thoughts are ever dwelling on the something *beyond*, in the full peace and bliss of which a few brief struggles will place him. He may tread cheerfully the most repulsive and perilous passage, when he has the pledge of a heavenly Father, that he will conduct him to bliss. He embarks on the deep, and his ship may be tempest-tost, yet what cares he when he *knows* that the howling winds only waft him homewards to everlasting joy. What is there to make him shrink—or weep—or tremble? What grandeur of character springs from this sacred religion? How majestic does its pure disciple appear descending into the shadowy abyss of death! He only is calm and happy when all around are writhing in anguish! What has the recoiling, the shuddering, bewildered, horror-stricken atheist to offer as a substitute for a spell so potent and sublime? What consolation has he flung carelessly into the world, continually stung with so many kinds of anguish; and so lashed and lashed on to his tomb? With what awful and exquisite grief must he stand,

"Where the grave-mound greenly swells
O'er buried faith,"

and feel that the being he loved has passed away, and is as if he had never been? To him the diseases of his life wear the aspect of fiends. They are not the necessary evils which seem to purify him and prepare him for heaven. They are but the tortures of an accidental and monstrous state of abandonment and confusion—a dark dream, for the joys of which he has no foundation; for its wretchedness no reward; whose images are a delusion, whose hereafter is a blank.

AUTUMN.

"ALONG the sere and melancholy wood the autumnal winds crept, with a lowly but gathering moan. Where the water held its course, a damp and ghostly mist clogged the air; but the skies were calm, and checkered only by a few clouds, that swept in long, white, spectral streaks over the solemn stars. Now and then the bat wheeled swiftly round, almost touching the figure of the student, as he walked musingly onward. And the owl, that before the month waned many days, would be seen no more in that region, came heavily from the trees, like a guilty thought that deserts its shade. It was one of those nights, half dim, half glorious, which mark the early decline of the year. Nature seemed restless and instinct with change; there were those signs in the atmosphere which leave the most experienced in doubt whether the morning may rise in storm or sunshine. And in this particular period the skies influences seem to tincture the animal life with their own mysterious and wayward spirit of change. The birds desert their summer haunts; an unaccountable inquietude pervades the brute creation; even men in this unsettled season have considered themselves more (than at others) stirred by the motion and whisperings of their genius. And every creature that flows upon the tide of the universal life of things, feels upon the ruffled surface—the mighty and solemn change which is at work within its depths."—*Eugene Aram.*

THE OTAHEITE PHENOMENON.

KOTZEBUE, who visited the island of Otaheite only a few years ago, was the first to communicate to the world the singular law by which the tides of this island are regulated—namely, that the time of high water is *precisely at noon and midnight all the year round.* The island of Otaheite was first discovered by Captain Wallis, in 1767. In 1769, it was visited by the celebrated Captain Cook, accompanied by Dr. Solander and Joseph Banks. An accurate survey of the whole island was made by them. It has since been visited by hundreds of navigators from all quarters of the old and new world, yet none of them (except Kotzebue) have condescended to notice this wonderful phenomenon, though it is of a nature to attract the attention of the most careless observer.

THEY SAY I'M FALSE.

They say I'm false—they tell thee so,
That now I wander free,
That spells are broke, the world invites
And finds a guest in me;
They tell thee, too, that rover like,
I fly from bower to bower,
And, restless, wing my liltesome way,
Tasting at ev'ry flower.

They say I'm false—Nor can they say
Aught more than that one word;
It carries poison, deadly blight,
To perish when 'tis heard;
They know, too, what a heart is thine,
What trifles make it ache,
They know beneath care's thrilling touch
It will not bend, but break.

They say I'm false!—But 'tis my pride,
To dare them to the proof,
Fidelity has been my guide,
My polar star is truth.
In distant lands, in beauty's climes,
Upon the bright blue sea,
My thoughts have rested, firm and fond,
My own true love, on thee!

And yet they tell thee, that I'm false,
And bid thee chase away
My image from thy faithful heart—
I know thou'lt not obey.
No, Ella, no—thou'lt not believe
The gulle and treachery.
Thou know'st that he will ne'er deceive,
Who lives alone for thee!

The romantic story of Kate Kearney, who dwelt by the shore of Killarney, is too well known to need repetition. She is said to have cherished a visionary passion for O'Donoghue, an enchanted chieftain who haunts those beautiful lakes, and to have died the victim of "folly, of love, and of madness."

"Why doth the maiden turn away
From voice so sweet, and words so dear?
Why doth the maiden turn away
When love and flattery woo her ear?
And rarely that enchanted twain
Whisper in woman's ear in vain.
Why doth the maiden leave the hall?
No face is fair as hers is fair,
No step has such a fairy fall,
No azure eyes like hers are there.

The maiden seeks her lonely bower,
Although her father's guests are met;
She knows it is the midnight hour,
She knows the first pale star is set,
And now the silver moon-beams wake
The spirits of the haunted lake.

The waves take rainbow hues, and now
The shining train are gliding by,
Their chieftain lifts his glorious brow,
The maiden meets his lingering eye.

The glittering shapes melt into night;
Another look, their chief is gone;
And chill and gray comes morning's light,
And clear and cold the lake flows on—
Close, close the casement, not for sleep—
Over such visions eyes but weep.

How many share such destiny—
How many, lured by fancy's beam,
Ask the impossible to be,
And pine, the victims of a dream!"

THE GATHERER

"A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."

Shakespeare.

In former times sovereign princes had their favourite oaths, which they made use of on all occasions when their feelings or passions were excited. The oaths of the English monarchs are on record, and a list of them might easily be made, by having recourse to the ancient writers of British history, from the conquest to the reign of Elizabeth, who did not scruple, *pia regina, et bona mater*, of the Church of England as she was, to swear by "*God's wounds*," an oath issuing at this time frequently from vulgar mouths, but softened down to "*zounds*."

The little and short sayings of wise and excellent men are of great value, like the dust of gold, or the least sparks of diamonds.

Brantome, who lived in the court of Francis the First, contemporary with Henry the Eighth of England, has recorded the oaths of four succeeding monarchs immediately preceding his time. He tells us that Louis the Eleventh swore by "*God's Easter*;" Charles the Eighth by "*God's Light*;" Louis the Twelfth used an oath, still common among the French rabble, "*The*

devil take me;" but the oath of Francis the First was polished enough for the present day: it was, "*On the word of a gentleman*."

Cambyses, king of Persia, seeing his brother Smerdis draw a stronger bow than any of the soldiers in his army was able to do, was so inflamed with envy against him, that he caused him to be slain.

Accuracy and pedantry are two very different things.—Accuracy has regard to that which is great, as well as to that which is small, treats them both with equal precision, and ranks them according to their relative importance. Pedantry is always meddling with small things, and overrates their value and consequence. Pedantry, says a German, magnifies a gnat into an elephant.

To be angry, is to revenge the fault of others upon ourselves.

In great matters of public moment, where both parties are at a stand, and both are punctilious, slight condescensions cost little but are worth much. He that yields them is wise, inas-

much as he purchases guineas with farthings. A few drops of oil will set the political machine at work, when a tun of vinegar would only corrode the wheels, and canker the movements.

Supposing the productive power of wheat to be only six-fold, the produce of a single acre would cover the whole surface of the globe in fourteen years.

Our passions are like convulsive fits, which though they make us stronger for the time, leave us weaker ever after.

The ingratitude of mankind is sometimes alleged as an excuse for neglecting good offices; but it is the business of a man to perform his own part, not to answer for the returns which others may, or may not, be disposed to make.

“ ——— The glory got

By overthrowing outward enemies,
Since strength and fortune are main sharers in it,
We cannot but by pieces call our own:
But when we conquer our intestine foes,
Our passions bred within us, and of those
The most rebellious tyrant, powerful Love,
Our reason suffering us to like no longer
Than the fair object, being good, deserves it,
That 's a true victory!”

In Lodge's "Historical Portrait," there is a likeness, by Sir Peter Lely, of Lord Culpepper's brother, so famous as a dreamer. In 1686, he was indicted at the Old Baily, for shooting one of the guards, and his horse to boot. He pleaded somnambulism, and was acquitted on producing nearly fifty witnesses to prove the extraordinary things he did in his sleep.

Morrison in his "Medicine no Mystery," speaks of a clergyman who used to get up in the night, light his candle, write sermons, correct them with interlineations, and retire to bed again, being all the time fast asleep.

Sir Robert Cotton, happening to call at his tailor's, discovered that the man held in his hand the identical Magna Charta, with all its seals and appendages, which he was just going to cut into measures for his customers. The baronet redeemed this valuable curiosity, at the price of old parchment, and thus recovered what had long been supposed to have been irretrievably lost. It is now preserved in the British Museum.

Mutius, a citizen of Rome, was noted to be of such an envious and malevolent disposition, that Publius, one day observing him to be very sad said, "either some great evil has happened to Mutius or some great good to another."

A modern writer gives the following enumeration of the expressions of a female eye:—The glare, the stare, the sneer, the invitation, the defiance, the denial, the consent, the glance of love, the flash of rage, the sparkling of hope, the languishment of softness, the squint of suspicion, the fire of jealousy, and lustre of pleasure.

Free writing and despotism are such implacable foes, that we hardly think of blaming a tyrant for not keeping on terms with the press.

He cannot do it.—He might as reasonably choose a volcano for the foundation of his throne. Necessity is laid upon him, unless he is in love with ruin, to check the bold and honest expressions of thought. But the necessity is his own choice, and let infamy be that man's portion who seizes a power which he cannot sustain but by dooming the mind, through a vast empire, to slavery, and by turning the press, that great organ of truth, into an instrument of public delusion and debasement.

If a man be gloomy, let him keep to himself. No one has a right to go croaking about society or what is worse, looking as if he stifled grief. These fellows should be put in the pound. I like a good broken heart or so, now and then; but then we should retire to the Sierra Morena mountains, and live upon locusts and wild honey.

The men who can be charged with the fewest failings, either with respect to abilities or virtues, are generally most ready to allow them.

"I envy," said Sir Humphrey Davy, "no quality of the mind or intellect in others; not genius, power, wit or fancy; but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and, I believe most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief to every other blessing."

“ ——— All wealth,

I mean if ill acquired, not framed to honour
By virtuous ways achieved, and bravely purchased,
Is but as rubbish poured into a river,
Rendering the water that was pure before,
Polluted and unwholesome."

He who has a rich memory is too often contented with a poor judgment—with having much of other men's, and little or nothing of his own.

If you have cause to suspect the integrity of one with whom you *must* have dealings, take care that you have no communication with him, if he has his friend and you have not; you are playing a dangerous game, in which the odds are two to one against you.

A necessitous man who gives large dinners, pays large sums to be laughed at.

Duclos remarks that few distinguished works have been produced by any but authors by profession. In France, this class has long been held in respect. With us, a man used to be esteemed as less than nothing if he were only an author. This prejudice still shows itself here and there, but the force of honoured examples must, in time, crush it. Authorship is, according to the spirit in which it is pursued, an infamy, a pastime, a day-labour, a handicraft, an art, a science, a virtue.

This world cannot explain its own difficulties without the assistance of another.

On reflecting on all the frauds and deceptions that have succeeded in duping mankind, it is really astonishing upon how very small a foundation an immense superstructure may be raised. The solution of this may, perhaps, be found in the axiom of the atomists: That there must ever

be a much greater distance between nothing, and that which is least, than between that which is least, and the greatest.

Of method this may be said: if we make it our slave, it is well, but it is bad if we are slaves to method. A gentleman once told me that he made it a regular rule to read fifty pages every day of some author or other, and on no account to fall short of that number, nor to exceed it. I silently set him down for a man who might have taste to read something worth writing, but who never could have genius himself to write any thing worth reading.

Most men abuse courtiers, and affect to despise courts; yet most men are proud of the acquaintance of the one, and would be glad to live in the other.

We follow the world in approving others, but we go before it in approving ourselves.

Matches wherein one party is all passion, and the other all indifference, will assimilate about as well as ice and fire. It is possible that the fire will dissolve the ice, but it is most probable that it will be extinguished in the attempt.

“ ——— Endeavour

To build their minds up fair, and on the stage

Decipher to the life what honours wait

On good and glorious actions, and the shame

That trends upon the heels of vice.”

It is not every man that can *afford* to wear a shabby coat; and *worldly* wisdom dictates to *her* disciples, the propriety of dressing somewhat beyond their means, but of living within them; for every one sees how we dress, but none see how we live, except we choose to let them. But the truly great are, by universal suffrage, exempt from these trammels, and may live or dress as they please.

Sleep, the type of death, is also, like that which it typifies, restricted to the earth. It flies from hell, and is excluded from heaven.

If kings would only determine not to extend their dominions, until they had filled them with happiness, they would find the smallest territories too large, but the longest life too short, for the full accomplishment of so grand and so noble an ambition.

The keenest abuse of our enemies will not hurt us so much in the estimation of the discerning, as the injudicious praise of our friends.

There is a paradox in pride—it makes some men ridiculous, but prevents others from becoming so.

There is scarce any profession in the commonwealth more necessary, which is so slightly performed, as that of a schoolmaster. The reason whereof I conceive to be these. First, young scholars make this calling their refuge; yea, perchance before they have taken any degree in the university, commence schoolmasters in the country, as if nothing else were required to set up this profession but only a rod and a ferula. Secondly, others who are able, use it only as a

passage to better preferment, to patch the rent, in their present fortune, till they can provide a new one, and betake themselves to some more gainful calling. Thirdly, they are disheartened from doing their best with the miserable reward which in some places they receive, being masters to the children, and slaves to their parents. Fourthly, being grown rich they grow negligent, and scorn to touch the school but by the proxy of an usher.—*Fuller*.

RECIPES.

TO CLEAN BLACK LACE VEILS.

These are cleansed by passing them through a warm liquor of bullock's gall and water: after which they must be rinsed in cold water; then cleaned for stiffening, and finished as follows:

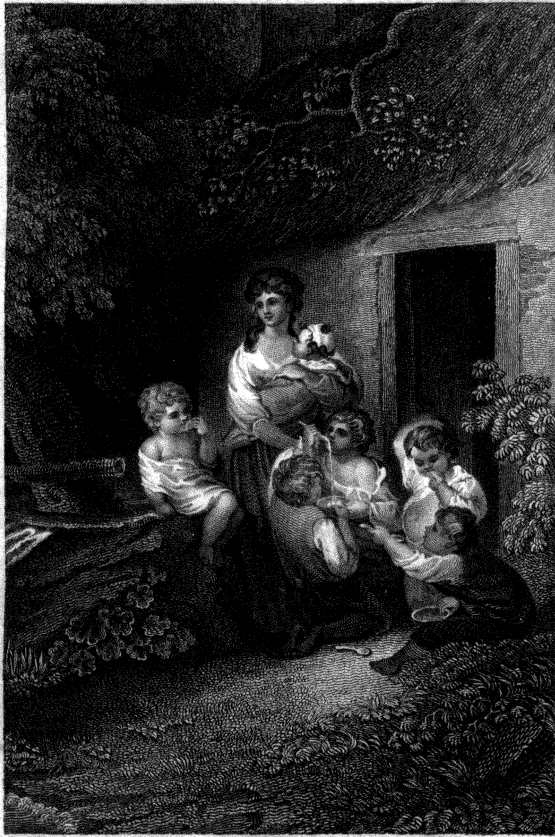
Take a small piece of glue, about the size of a bean, pour boiling water upon it, which will dissolve it, and when dissolved pass the veil through it, then clap it between your hands and frame it or pin it out, taking care to keep the edges straight and even.

A METHOD OF CLEANING WHITE SATIN, SILKS, &c.

Make a solution of the finest hard white soap, and when at a hand heat, handle your silks through this, drawing them through the hand if they are such as will bear it. If any particular spots appear, which may easily be discerned by holding the satin up to the light, such spots must be dipped in the liquor, and gently rubbed between the hands. Sometimes two or three liquors are required in this way. The things must then be rinsed in lukewarm water, then dried and finished by being pinned out, and the flossy or bright side well brushed with a clean clothes brush, the way of the nap. The more it is brushed, the more beautiful it will appear. If you are near a calenderer, your articles may be calendered; if not, you may finish them by dipping a sponge into a little size, made by boiling isinglass in water, and rubbing the wrong side. Your things must then be pinned out a second time, and again brushed and dried near a fire, or in a warm room. Silks are done the same way, but not brushed. If the silks are for dyeing, instead of passing them through a solution of soap and water, they must be boiled off; but if the silks are very stout, the water must only be of heat sufficient to extract the filth. Being then rinsed in warm water, they are in a proper state for receiving the dye.

ANOTHER METHOD FOR CLEANING WHITE SATINS.

French chalk must be strewed over them, and then well brushed off with a hard brush. Should the satin not be sufficiently cleaned by the first dusting, it may be done a second time, and it will both clean and beautify the satin. The more it is brushed the better.



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THE COTTAGE DOOR.

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THE LADY'S BOOK.

MARCH, 1832.

THE COTTAGE DOOR.

BY CHARLES WEST THOMSON.

EMBELLISHED WITH AN ENGRAVING.

THERE'S a festive group at the cottage door
Of playful children, elate with joy;
Whom care's dark cloud has not come o'er
The freshness of childhood's sweet dawn to destroy—
O! there's bliss in the laugh of those bright young hearts,
A bliss which from after years departs.
Ye are gay—ye are gay—a happy band!
O! I envy your pleasure, so perfect and pure;
'Tis a beautiful gift from the heavenly land,
But alas! a gift that will not endure—
I see the wing of misfortune stoop
O'er the years that are coming, ye joyous group!
The hours of childhood must pass away,
And you will forsake the cottage door;
And its pleasing repast, and its innocent play,
In the crowd of the world will be known no more—
But you'll often think of its peaceful shade,
And long will it be ere its memory fade.
The mother that watches your gambols now,
And smiles on your mirth, in the dust will lie;
And perhaps even your bright heads may bow,
Ere your sun has reach'd the meridian sky—
Yes! smiling young urchins! there's none can say
When the shades of the evening may darken his day.
Perhaps you may live on to virtuous age,
And have round you a group like your own gay band;
And, with the bright hopes of some patriot sage,
In the midst of a rising posterity stand—

You will look on their sports, and then live o'er
The pleasures you knew by the cottage door.

The barefoot boy that kneels on the grass,
May perhaps have others to kneel to him;
And the fair-hair'd girl to wealth may pass,
And cover with purple her sun-burnt limb;
And he who is sipping his milk from the bowl,
May drink the inspiring draught of the soul.

The half-clad cherub, who smiles in glee,
May be a man of grief and tears;
And the boy who climbs by his mother's knee,
May always sink through desponding fears;
While the babe on the breast may a wanderer be,
And traverse the bounds of the land and the sea.

Be happy, young creatures! while yet ye may,
Nor dream of the sorrows that come to all;
O! dim not the sun of your infant day
With fears of the ills that may yet befall—
You are happy now—it avails you not
To waste a thought on your future lot.

Give all to joy, unstain'd and free,
Ay! make it a revel—a fairy song;
Let your feelings be bright, like the leaves of the tree,
That throws its shade o'er your mirthful throng—
For never on earth will enjoyment pour
Round your hearts like the bliss of the cottage door.

Original.

ADELAIDE DE FOIX.

How lovely, how transporting, is the calm light of a summer's evening, when all nature appears sinking into repose; when the warblers of the grove have hushed their mellow strains, and the weary cattle recline upon the green sward; when the moonbeams cast their gentle radiance on hill and dale, and tower. On such an evening our story commences in the ancient Chateau de Foix. This castle is situated on a gentle declivity;—behind rise the woody summits and dark recesses of a long chain of irregular hills. The hand of man had not yet robbed the forest of its nobles; the autumn leaves that strewed the ground, were scarce ever disturbed by the foot of intruding humanity. But the wild howl of the wolf mingled with the discordant cries of the savage panther, or the screams of the untameable hyena, as they died away in the echoes of the cliffs. Gradually descending, the base of the mountain swept onward into a beautiful ver-

dant lawn, shaded here and there by groups of mountain oak, or stately fir. Here rose the towers and spires of the Chateau de Foix. Erected in troublous, and unsettled times, it presented every convenience for defence. A wide and deep moat entirely surrounded it, crossed in front by a drawbridge, which gave entrance into the castle court, through a gate of large dimensions and ponderous architecture. Two strong and well constructed towers flanked the entrance, and projected some distance beyond the line of the building, and slits or openings in their walls, originally intended for arrows, were more lately adapted to the use of less innocent weapons, such as fire arms and small cannon. On the right and left, extensive wings offered every domestic accommodation, and for even the less common luxuries of life. Indeed, the balcony that extended from the wall, both in its construction and present use, appeared better suited to the happy

times of peace than those of cruel war. At the time of the opening of this narrative, a lady occupied one of the seats, which was covered with a rich cushion of embroidered silk. Her head was supported by an exquisitely turned arm, and her dark eye rested in deep thought on the scene that was spread before it. Occasionally a low murmur escaped her lips, and then adjusting the folds of her drapery, she relapsed into meditation. Her form was about the middle stature, of that delightful mould which a spectator would almost have ceased to admire, were it increased or diminished in the slightest degree. Her features were noble and highly intellectual, the profile presented an outline the most delicate, and the sweet smile that played around her full and richly coloured lips, only vied with the beaming lustre of her jet black eye. A complexion of the purest white heightened every charm, and plainly evinced itself the index of her heart. E'en now some truant thought seemed unsubdued within her bosom; for the glow of health and youth mantled deeper and deeper to that fair brow which rested on her hand. Over her small tapering fingers fell the glossy drapery of her hair in luxuriant ringlets, confined only by a single string of snow white pearls, like the bright galaxy on the dark expanse of heaven. She slowly raised her eyes, and gazed fixedly on the unclouded moon that beamed like an orb of silver above her head.

"Ah me!" she said, "how can all nature look so sweetly, how can yonder moon shine so brightly on one like me, clouded in my destiny, and made the sport of others' policy, the tool of unworthy intrigue. All that is lovely around me seems but to wound afresh, and mock my misery. That stream which winds its way through the lawn, is calm and undisturbed; while I, even in the morn of life, am agitated and troubled by a thousand contending forces." "Annette, come hither girl, and soothe thy mistress, speak of days when—— but no, 'tis all in vain, *he* must be banished from my words, his name must be forgotten; but the recollection of his noble, his generous spirit shall live while memory lasts." She spoke these last words as if to her own heart, and in a tone almost inaudible; Annette was unable to catch the import, but supposing a connexion between that she heard and the part which escaped her practised ear, she gaily exclaimed:

"By Cupid, dear lady, you take the matter too much to heart, never fear but that all will yet be well, yes for once in my life, I'll be prophetess, and I prophecy"——

"Peace, good Annette, I know thy loving temper, that would swear that darkness was light, to please thy mistress, but hope has fled, and words may not recall that messenger of heaven."

"If you call the *stranger*, hope, to be sure he has fled, and I take it we might call a good while and not bring him back again. But as for that wretch, Robert de Beaumont, he is as ugly as Lucifer, so Lady Adelaide snap your fingers at him, and say '*No*,'"

"But, Annette, you know that my father has said '*Yes*,' and his word is as firm as the mountain behind us, or these deep rooted walls."

"Would you then, be so kind, my pretty mistress, as to inform me what right that crabbed father of yours, can have to force you into marriage with that ugly brute, that bloated, swaggering roystering son of the old count? For the life of me I can't tell."

"In sooth, good Annette, you are choice in your comparisons, and rather forgetful of my father's title to respect;—however much I may be averse to the alliance which he has provided, yet the first duty of a child is to its parent, and there shall mine be paid, whatever pangs it cause me to comply."

"In the names of all the saints what has put you into such a marvellously dutiful humour this evening. I fear that father Gregory's ghostly lectures will persuade my gay mistress to turn nun at last, and marry the church, as the best of two bad suitors to my lady's favour."

"I pry'thee peace, girl, and disrobe me, for I would fain lay my weary head upon my pillow, and forget my woes in sleep."

It is not for us to enquire whether her dreams (if dreams she had) bore any peculiar resemblance to one another, or whether her thoughts were occupied with any engrossing form;—but let her sleep on while we step backward for a few moments to consider the events which had already transpired. The Baron de Foix had been one of the most powerful nobles in the court of France. He had won the laurel of victory in the battle field; and in the council none partook more largely of his sovereign's confidence. Proud and ambitious, yet generous and humane, he worshipped all that can confer external honour and dignity, yet the suit of the humble ever found in him a ready and efficient advocate;—a politician, yet, his word, once plighted to any deed, required no stronger sanction to ensure its performance. Now past the prime of life he retired from the noise of camps, and intrigues of courts to his hereditary residence on the banks of the Loire, there to superintend the education of his only child, the Lady Adelaide, who, while very young, had been deprived of the maternal protection and nurture, by the unrelenting hand of death. In her cradle she had been betrothed to the *eldest* son of the Count de Beaumont. Distance had prevented her association with her intended husband, and when Albert arrived at the age of seventeen, he left home for the tour of Europe, in company with an older and more experienced friend. Adelaide had just attained her thirteenth year, and neither knew nor cared for the troubles of life, her spirit was bouyant, and her heart as pure

"As the icicle which hangs on Dian's temple."

She heard of the departure of Albert, but it passed without impression through her mind; she heard of intelligence that should have been, but was not, received. And when all trace of Albert had disappeared, when untiring and anxious inquiries only resulted in the dreadful news of his

death, she clothed her person in mourning garb, and perhaps felt sorrowful; but her step was soon as light, and her eye as bright as ever. The disconsolate parents long bewailed the untimely fate of their son, and their grief was still greater when they beheld the budding graces of Adelaide, and thought of the noble spirit of their beloved child, now lost to them forever. The younger son of the Count de Beaumont, Robert by name, now succeeded to his brother's place, and not only as heir of his father's princely estate, but as *eldest* son might claim the hand of Adelaide de Foix. He was of a disposition that could brook no control; his passions were his only guides, and guided by them he plunged into every species of dissipation and drank deep of the cup of pleasure, drained it to the very dregs, and then experienced a strange vacancy, an unaccountable void in his existence. As novelty was his only object, its form mattered little, provided that it broke the dull monotony of his depraved and guilty course. In Lady Adelaide he imagined he could find relief; but his advances she repelled with all the indignation of offended delicacy, and bade him remove his hateful presence till that day when the rash and fatal vow of their unthinking parents should demand the sacrifice. He left her, as the hound shrinks to his kennel when the hand of his master has rebuked him. He was conscious of the vast, the immeasurable distance between them, and he felt how cowardly is guilt when confronted with the open brow and unquailing eye of innocence. If he was profligate before, now was he doubly so, for his only prop had been snatched away, one bright spot had been left upon the gloom of his soul, but the black clouds of guilt and despair now settled upon it and buried the whole in one common obscurity. He looked forward to the day which should unite their destinies with feelings of malignity worthy of a fiend, and vowed an awful vengeance on the pure, the innocent, the unsuspecting Adelaide.

The sun had long descended the western hills when De Foix and his lovely daughter sat by the fireside, each wrapt in deep meditation. Suddenly a flash of vivid lightning illumined the hall, and played fearfully on the ancient armour that decorated its walls. "Holy Mary preserve us," cried the affrighted maid; and the Baron strode to the casement just as the muttering thunder burst into a peal so grand, and yet so awful that he started back in terror. It seemed but as the blast of the trumpet which sounded the onset to the opposing elements. The tempest came. The wind sang through the forest. Immense branches were torn from the trees; their foliage was stripped off swiftly as a boy peels the bark from a willow wand. Some were uprooted or shattered by the fury of the storm like fragile reeds. The heavens seemed converted into water, torrents rushed down, bearing every thing before them. Never had such a storm been witnessed by the oldest inhabitants of the castle! the servants huddled together in fear and trembling, crossing themselves, and calling on every saint in the calendar. All appeared to think it a visitation

from heaven for their sins, and all but the Baron and father Gregory were petrified and amazed. At this moment the warder burst into the Baron's apartment announcing that cries, apparently of distress, were heard above the din and fury of the storm. Instantly the Baron sallied forth among the pale crowd of his vassals. "Hence," shouted he, "a purse of gold to the man who saves a life to-night." Not a foot was stirred, but with chattering teeth and failing limbs they besought him not to drive them forth to certain destruction. It was no time for parley, and seizing a cloak, with father Gregory, he hastily passed the drawbridge which had already been lowered, and disappeared. Every preparation was made for their return, new faggots were piled upon the spacious hearth, and a couch was spread to receive the sufferer, if such indeed there might be. Not many minutes elapsed before the heavy step upon the stair announced the arrival of the brave men who had ventured to encounter the horrors of the storm for a purpose so noble as rescuing a fellow-creature from impending death. The door opened, and they appeared, bearing between them the apparently lifeless form of a young man. He was completely drenched with rain, his long hair hung in wild confusion;—from a wound in his forehead the red stream poured over his livid and ghastly countenance, and his left arm hung powerless by his side. He was laid upon the couch. On seeing the mangled and lacerated form of the stranger, Adelaide shrieked aloud, and her father would have borne her from the chamber, but, bursting from his grasp, she seemed suddenly inspired with more than masculine nerve and resolution; and tearing from her neck an embroidered scarf, she bound it round the head of the unhappy sufferer, and checked the effusion of blood, which had else proved mortal. With her own hands she wiped the gore from his face, and assisted the good monk in applying bandages and ointments to the bruises and helpless limbs.

She had indeed acted heroically in so distressing a scene, but, unused to such sights or such exertions, a reaction in her feelings ensued, her form tottered, her cheek blanched, and she sank fainting into the arms of her attendants, by whom she was conveyed to her own apartment.

The stranger had now sunk into a gentle and sweet sleep. His form was remarkably well proportioned, with strong sinewy limbs, and broad expansive chest. The features were strikingly handsome, yet strongly marked, as if he had been much exposed to all the vicissitudes of heat and cold. He slept tranquilly, and his anxious watchers sat by his side, awaiting the event.

"Father," said the Baron, "how think you came this wound upon the stranger's forehead? splinter of wood makes not such smooth and dainty work."

"Had it, my lord, happened in the city's thoroughfare, my unpractised skill would have pronounced that wound a poinard's stroke, but in such a place, and such a night—impossible!"

"True, good father, no man had dared to strike his fellow, when God's voice spoke so loudly in his ear, as it did this dreadful night."

"It was indeed heaven's own hand that prostrated yon sturdy oak. Seeking doubtless these walls for shelter, this unfortunate youth was in the path; the tree fell, and his puny strength was crushed beneath it. Yet he has been fashioned in no common mould: those brawny limbs are little fitting to the silken trappings that bedeck his person; let us pray that his life may be spared."

The pious father raised his eyes to heaven, his lips moved for a moment in silent prayer, and, as if reassured, he sat down beside his patient to wait his awaking.

"Father, a quiet rest to thee, and our young friend. Let nothing be wanting, I pray you, that can afford him ease, and relief from sore bones, after the stout buffets he hath gotten. Thy blessing, father."

"Heaven bless thee, the saints protect and guard thee, son, and all thou callest thine. Fare thee well."

The morning sun rose brightly on the wreck of the past night, and threw its beams on the sleepers in the chateau de Foix. All was now bustle: some were repairing the injuries which the storm had caused, some gazing vacantly on the scene of destruction, and all dreading to meet the anger of their lord for the dastardly conduct of the preceding night. The Baron de Foix was up with the lark, and as soon as propriety would allow, visited his stranger guest. He was awake and greatly revived, a night's rest had in some measure recruited his frame and restored his wonted cheerfulness. His wound gave no cause for apprehension, and father Gregory engaged to allow him freedom to use his limbs in a very few days. In phrase far from homely he thanked his host for the protection and assistance he had afforded, and expressed a hope of being one day able to repay his kindness.

"A mere trifle," said the Baron; "to do one's duty deserves no thanks, fair sir; *repay* indeed! by my halidome, we'll e'en quarrel on that ground, and you may chance to get a drubbing as little pleasant as yonder stout oak tree served you with yestr'e'en."

"Let it then pass," replied the stranger, "my tongue shall e'en be silent, if by speaking it cross that friendship now so happily begun. But, my lord, it seems that you entertain spirits in your castle, for there is some vague thought of an angel that bound—— by heaven! 'tis here, yes on my brow, the very scarf! Kind host, unriddle my dream—explain, I pray thee."

"Well done! sir stranger," said the Baron, laughing, "well done! thy wits have indeed been playing truant, thy brain was not proof against such hearty knocks. To make an angel of my little Adelaide, as pretty a piece of flesh and blood as any in christendom—the Countess of Beaumont that is to be. Ha! ha! ha! But why is not the girl here to welcome our guest."

"Ha!" exclaimed the stranger, as the Baron

closed the door, "Ha! the Countess of Beaumont! did I hear aright? Good father, am I not in the chateau de Foix, and is not this fair damsel the lady Adelaide? methinks a light breaks in upon my mind."

"Thou art right, son, the noble Baron saved thee with his own hand; to him, under heaven, thou owest thy life."

A conversation here ensued, in which father Gregory expressed great amazement and horror at what he heard, and the lowering frown on the stranger's brow, betokened indignation and anger. Their interview was interrupted by the entrance of the Baron and his daughter, the latter all radiant with health and loveliness. The stranger essayed to rise, but weakness forbade him; and the gentle reproof from the lips of Adelaide, as she anxiously inquired after his health repressed his vain attempts.

Day after day passed on, the stranger had now entirely recovered his strength, but yet seemed in no haste to depart. At times he was engaged in earnest consultation with father Gregory, and always left him with a deep flush upon his cheek, and a frown upon his brow; at others, by far the most frequent, he might be seen by the side of Adelaide, tripping over the green lawn, on the shady banks of the Loire, or on a fiery steed guiding the palfrey of the lady de Foix. Nothing could be done without him, her embroidery was without taste unless he had been consulted, her very ornaments were used or neglected, as they appeared agreeable or otherwise to him. In short all the various symptoms of affection, esteem, respect and love successively characterised their mutual behaviour.

One morning he had sent to the lady Adelaide to request an interview. It was granted without hesitation, and as he moved towards her sitting apartment, a strange and undefined sensation crept over his frame. He entered, and the blood rushed to his own cheek in sympathy, as a deep crimson blush overspread the countenance of the lady. The room was hung with tapestry, on which the cunning hand of the artisan had portrayed the huge rigid forms of the de Foix family, in many a scene of danger with the infidel, and chivalrous exploit at home. The embroidery frame lay up on a table, all the colours of the rainbow conspired to render the group of flowers almost as fresh and delicate as on their native stems. A guitar rested against a splendid mirror, whose broad surface reflected the lady Adelaide reclining on a rich ottoman in an attitude of thoughtfulness. She started as the door opened, but quickly recovering her usual manner, thus spoke. "Indeed, sir stranger, (since that is the only title thou wilt own,) in what may your servant do your pleasure, is it to weave new wreaths from the water lilies that deck the margin of yon quiet stream, or to take another gallop over the rough road that we passed last week; speak, in faith thou seemest but half-witted this morning."

"Lady Adelaide," said the stranger in a hesi-

tating tone, "pray do not jest at this time, 'tis no time for jesting. Can you have known me even thus long, and been unconscious of what I feel? Oh! do not frown, nor turn thy head away; behold me at thy feet to entreat acceptance of my suit, to ask thee for my bride: I am not what I seem; the day is not far distant when the cloak shall be cast aside, and I shall then stand as I am, the" —

"Enough!" shrieked the Lady Adelaide.— "Enough, Sir, such language must not, cannot bead dressed to me; to tell thee what I feel would be but waste of words; suffice it to say, your stay in this place must now terminate. Too long have we allowed both duty and judgment to slumber—away, and leave the affianced bride of Robert de Beaumont to her unhappy fate. But we part not in anger, accept this trifle as the last gift of one who would be thy friend."

She unfastened the small locket which rested on her bosom, and placed it in the hand of the stranger. He gazed on it for a moment, and pressing it fervently to his lips, hid it in his bosom. Drawing from his hand a ring of curious workmanship, with a plain gold medallion, he encircled the unresisting finger of the lady. "Dearest Adelaide," said he, "when I am gone, look upon this ring, and deign to think on one who loves thee, who adores thee, whose whole life is but as nothing if not consecrated to thy service. We may meet again; yes I will witness thy bridal, and behold, the daughter of the house of Beaumont." He turned to depart; Adelaide rose to bid him farewell, but her limbs refused their support, and she fell fainting, not upon the ground, but into the arms of her lover. One long ardent kiss he imprinted upon her lips, and hastily ringing the bell to summon her attendant, he rushed from the apartment. In the little chapel he found Father Gregory, and by him sent his grateful acknowledgments to his noble host: a few moments passed in a low but animated conversation with the monk, and ere noon he was far on his way to the city of Tours.

On that night the Lady Adelaide occupied the balcony before her chamber, indulging in those thoughts which we have attempted to record at the opening of this tale. She had now attained her nineteenth year, the fatal period that was to cut short her freedom for ever. In one short week that day would arrive which consigned her to the arms of a man, more hateful and loathsome to her than the poisonous reptile of the mountain cave. But she was resigned to her cruel fate, regarding it as the martyr does the fire which is to consume his body, she beheld in it that trial which should free her from the sorrows of earth, and fit her to join her sainted parent in the mansions of the blest. But why should she grieve for one whom she had seen but as yesterday, of whom she knew little or nothing; he might even be as depraved as Robert de Beaumont! But no, impossible; his noble bearing, his frank and courteous manner, refuted on the instant such unworthy suspicions; but why conceal his name and family? This she was

unable to answer, and amidst these conflicting emotions she fell asleep.

A week soon flew by on the wings of time, and ushered in a bright and glorious morn. Around the high altar of the celebrated cathedral of Tours was a gay and brilliant throng. The newly created Abbot of the Benedictine monastery was there, in all the splendour in which the church is pleased to array its dignitaries; seemingly about to commence some holy rite. In his hoary locks, and placid countenance might be recognised Father Gregory of the chateau de Foix. The air was heavy with incense, the solemn peal of the organ floated through the dark arches and pillars of the noble pile, and added an imposing grandeur to the scene. All were marked with an air of gravity which caused many a suppressed whisper among the surrounding crowd. The Baron de Foix was there, and the Count de Beaumont, both glittering in the splendid blazonry of the French nobility of that period, and both wearing a look that better became a funeral than a bridal. Robert of Beaumont stood by his father's side, habited in a full suit of crimson velvet laced with gold, his cloak was fastened by a golden clasp, a richly jewelled sword hung by his side, and an aigrette of diamonds confined the snow-white plume that waved above his brow. But that brow was dark and low'ring, the eye was restless, the cheek pale, and his lip compressed between his fixed teeth. Some dark and terrible presentiment brooded over his spirit, and weighed it down to earth. But the Lady Adelaide stood like the marble statue that filled the adjoining niche. She spoke not, moved not, her eye was bent on vacancy, and her features were unyielding and of a death-like paleness. No gay apparel decked her person; in spite of her father's commands, and the intreaties of her maid, a plain white robe covered her with its flowing folds; a single string of pearls but partially bound her dark tresses which floated down her back in wild confusion. A ring was on her finger, but she heeded it not, all seemed indifferent, unconscious, dead.—The music ceased, the voice of the holy father rose solemnly—"Who shall oppose the union of the Lady Adelaide de Foix and the Count Robert de Beaumont?"—"That will I," shouted a voice at the other extremity of the aisle. An armed step rung on the marble pavement, and a knight in full armour strode towards the altar, the throng parted round him as he passed along. All of his figure that was visible shone in armour of brilliant steel, his helmet was surmounted by a sable plume, and the vizor was carefully closed. A cloak of purple velvet enveloped and effectually concealed the upper part of his person. "I oppose the union," again he cried, as he reached the altar. A dozen weapons glanced in the air.

"Nay, put up your swords, my business is with *him*," and he extended his hand towards the trembling form of Robert de Beaumont. "Aye, quake and tremble, for well thou mayest—knowest thou the plain of De Foix castle? Who way-laid his dearest friend, and left him for dead in

the horrors of that storm? Who bribed assassins to moisten their daggers in a brother's blood? Who immured him in a dungeon in a foreign land, and bade his parents believe him in the tomb? Who planned the ruin of this lady with a fiendish cruelty, which the hand of Heaven has mercifully averted? Aye, such art thou Robert de Beaumont, thou perjured hypocrite, thou hell-born villain!" The stranger knight unloosed his helmet and disclosed the countenance of the wanderer of De Foix castle. If the lightning of heaven had fallen on Count Robert, he could not have exhibited greater terror and amazement; bursting through the circle he rushed swiftly from the church. The cloak of the stranger now fell from his shoulders, and displayed the arms of Beaumont emblazoned in gold upon the polished breast-plate; but above all, hung the token of Lady Adelaide by a magnificent chain of rubies. In a moment he was locked in his father's arms, his mother hung in transports over her long lost son, and the lovely fair recalled the roses to her pallid cheek, as she

was clasped to the breast of Albert de Beaumont.

"Dearest Adelaide," said he, "receive thy dowry." And he threw over her head the costly chain which supported the precious token of her love. But allow me to reclaim my little remembrancer, which might have declared the truth if any ill had chanced to me. So saying he drew the ring from her finger, and touching a concealed spring, the medallion flew open, and discovered the well known family arms of the Counts of Beaumont. "Father," said he, addressing the Abbot, "the service which thou wast about to render my ambitious and now fugitive brother, may apply equally well to the rightful heir of our house, with the consent of these our noble host, and dear parents. The voice of the Abbot again was raised, the final benediction was pronounced, and as the train departed from the cathedral, Albert whispered to his bride, "Did I not tell thee I would witness thy bridal, and behold the daughter of the house of Beaumont." Y. P.

Original.

REMINISCENCES OF A JURIS-CONSULT.

NO. 3.

Nor long after the events detailed in my last "reminiscence," I was called upon by a rich and respectable merchant retired from business, with another of those knotty cases which sometimes test so severely the ingenuity of counsel. Notwithstanding the unpromising appearance of such cases, they were always welcome and were conducted by me with far more interest than the mere mechanical matters of account, and questions of fact, that constitute the greater proportion of a lawyer's causes. To an enthusiast in the profession, there is a peculiar charm in a case where there is evidently a just claim or an available defence, (as the case may be) but a paucity of testimony to establish the particular facts on which you rely. The very mental labour to discover and prove from the intrinsic evidence of circumstances, or from previous or subsequent transactions, the state of facts favourable to the interests of a client, is an enjoyment, especially when the effort is successful, which amply compensates the exertions made to attain it. The case of my client was this:—A bill for cabinet furniture, to the amount of five hundred dollars, had been sent in to him about six months before, and according to his statement paid in full to Monstrelet the cabinet maker personally, and a receipt taken upon the bill. On the day previous to the interview I am narrating, another bill for the same furniture was sent in to Mr. Leveson, my client, with a request that it might be paid at an early day, as Mr. Monstrelet "had

to take up a note in bank," the usual plea to excuse importunity of creditors. Astonished and indignant, Leveson immediately turned over the file of "bills paid," and drew out the account of Monstrelet duly folded and docketed, but to his unbounded astonishment it was not receipted. Recollecting perfectly the whole circumstances attending the payment, Leveson was naturally surprised and almost alarmed, at finding the name of "F. Monstrelet," which he had himself seen written at the bottom of the bill, entirely vanished without a trace to tell what had been there. Wishing to know the full facts, I requested Mr. Leveson to give me a history of every circumstance connected with the settlement of the account. "About July, 18—," said he, "just before my daughter's marriage, I took her with me one morning to select furniture for her establishment in her new dwelling; finding at Monstrelet's such articles as suited her, I ordered a side-board, some tables and chairs, &c. there, which were duly sent home according to order. When my bills of the year came in last January, this was presented among the rest, and about the end of the month, I think the 27th, I called on Monstrelet and paid him, he was at his desk in a small room adjoining the ware room, and I walked in and paid him, and saw him with my own eyes write "Rec'd. payment, F. Monstrelet," at the bottom of the bill.—"Was this the bill?" said I, "here is no trace of the name, perhaps this is the one sent you yesterday." "No,

no," said he, "this is the one I got yesterday." Upon examination of both bills there seemed no appearance of a signature on either, and how a name which Leveson saw written could have vanished so entirely was inexplicable. "Are you sure," said I, "that you saw him write each letter of his name?"—"No," said he, after musing a little, "I was standing by the desk looking at a very beautiful table top of Egyptian marble, but I heard his pen going, and saw him throw on the sand and then pour it back again, and then I saw as plainly as I see you, 'Rec'd. payment, F. Monstrelet.'"—"Hah," said I, "you did not then see what he had written until after he had sanded it?"—"No, but—" the infernal scoundrel!" shouted Leveson, as the idea I wished to suggest flashed on his mind, "that is it, by heaven." The reader will be able to understand our discovery, if he will dip his pen in clear water and write rapidly a short sentence, name or word, and then immediately throw on a quantity of black writing sand. The water will moisten the size or fine glue with which all writing paper is covered, and the sand being thrown on immediately will adhere where the pen has passed. But a part of our case, however, was yet examined, and it would avail us little that we knew the mode in which the fraud was effected, unless we could also make it apparent to a jury by legal evidence—to effect this was my next object. "Was any person present when you paid Monstrelet?"—"No one was in the little room or office I know, but some one might have been in the ware room."—"Try to recollect." After a silence of a few moments, "I have it," said Leveson—"as I went out of the office into the ware room, I saw old Mr. La Fleur the French merchant, in — street; as I left the office he went in with Monstrelet."—"Do you think he could have seen you pay Monstrelet?"—"I should scarcely think it, but there is a glass door to the office and it may be."—"Do you remember how you paid the bill? was it in a check or notes?"—"In a check! no, I know it was in one note of \$500, but what would that prove?"—"Do you remember from whom you got that note?"—"Yes, it was paid me that morning by Davis."—"What the hardware merchant?"—"No! he is a teller in the M— Bank, and I remember saying at the time to my daughter, 'see, my dear, this will just furnish your front parlour.' As soon as I had done breakfast, I called at Monstrelet's, and paid him the note within an hour after I had received it."—"Where does he keep his account," said I.—"I believe in the M— Bank."—"I should like to see Davis," said I, "can you call here with him this afternoon after bank hours, and if possible, get La Fleur to accompany you." Having thus enlightened my client I dismissed him, and occupied myself in devising other schemes to ferret out the truth, should this prove abortive. The writing with water showed beyond question a plan laid beforehand, and a mind so depraved as to be capable of any crime to effect its purpose; so far the complexion of the case was against me,

although the proverbial desertion of the guilty by their tempter after the commission of crime, was a probability in the cause very favourable to the intended victim of fraud. Some little acquaintance with the administration of criminal justice, had exhibited to my astonishment the ingenious, acute and forecasting rogue, after the commission of crime, becoming so entirely bereft of discretion as to neglect the plainest and commonest maxims of prudence, and daring detection with the recklessness of insanity. The culprit, in the present instance, whatever might be the similarity in moral turpitude, was to be sure less guilty in the eye of the law than the robber or burglar, but the cases are very rare where the true character of such a transaction can successfully elude a diligent and judicious investigation. Some rent in the cloak of fraud almost invariably lets through the ray of truth, and most frequently at a time when detection appears most improbable. My hopes of success were much more sanguine after a conversation with Davis and La Fleur; the nature of their testimony will be seen at a more advanced state of the tale. Having thus examined the strength of our position, I directed my client to inform Monstrelet that having already paid the bill, it would not be paid a second time, without entering into any reasoning or explanation whatever. A suit was in consequence instituted and in due time brought to trial, the plaintiff's counsel being one of those pettifoggers who infest, in a greater or less degree, the respectable profession of which they claim to be members. The cause having been opened, the delivery of the articles was proved by "the books of original entry," as they are professionally called, established by the oath of Monstrelet himself, who it appeared was his own book keeper. The claim being thus proved for the plaintiff, the witness was mine for cross examination, and I commenced "fort brusquement," as a Frenchman would say. "Do you mean to assert that these articles were never paid for?"—W. "Do you suppose I would sue if they were?"—Q. "I do! but answer my question. Do you not know that this bill (showing it), was paid, and a receipt written in water and then sanded over?" The jury at this query leaned forward anxiously, and the witness evidently started, but answered—"No, the bill was never paid from that day to this, and he is a liar who"—The court here interposed and exhorted to a more decorous behaviour, and as my object was gained I dismissed the witness from the stand. In opening for the defendant, I admitted that the case had been proved, and that the evidence offered, if not satisfactorily rebutted, would entitle the plaintiff to a verdict. "Nevertheless," I continued, "if we should show you, gentlemen, that an infamous trick has been resorted to, in fraud of the defendant, if we should prove the very note in which the bill was paid, if we should trace this identical bank note into the hands of the plaintiff within an hour from the time at which we assert that it was paid him, we do not ask too much from your good sense or from your honest

indignation, when we demand a verdict in our favour." Our first witness was then called from an adjoining room where I had requested him to remain. After having been sworn, the clerk as usual, asked the name, "Jean Baptiste Marie Adolphe Etienne du Cange La Fleur," replied the bowing Frenchman, to the amusement of the audience and the no small perplexity of the clerk. "Do you know the plaintiff or defendant Mr. La Fleur," asked I.—W. "Le plentive! ah mon Dieu, qu'est ce que c'est! what is plentive?" Having explained the terms—"Ah! oui, je connois bien, I am well acquaint Mons. Monstrelet et Mons. Leveson."—Q. "Do you know any thing of the payment of a bill to Monstrelet by Leveson in January last?"—W. "Ah! qu'il ne deplaise a Messieurs les respectables les juges," very deeply bowing to the court, "au mois de janvier passe, in Janvery past, at the twenty seven a peu pres, je me suis passe chez Mons. Monstrelet, I have called to Mons. Monstrelet, to pay to him a littel compte his beel vat he sen me; eh bien, when I pass to his room, il y a there was Mons. Leveson, who come out of le bureau the office of Mons. Monstrelet, qui lui ouvre la porte du bureau, who open to him the door and say bien oblige ver much oblige to you, Sir, and then Mons. Leveson, fold up un morceau de papier, a piece of paper wis write on him, and put it in his pocket—je salue, I say bon jour Mons. Leveson, and I enter to the desk with Mons. Monstrelet, to pay my beel."—Q. "Have you that bill with you?"—W. "Oui, Monsieur! le voici," producing a bill to the amount of \$388,56 and receipted at the bottom, "*Recd. payt. Jan. 27, 18—, F. Monstrelet.*"—Q. "Well! what further occurred?"—W. "Quand je payais, while I was pay my beel, I see on the desk a bank note de cinq cent gourds, of Five Hunder Dollar, of the M— Banque; c'etoit dechiré, it was tore mais nonpas tout a fait not quite tear through into two piece, it has been sewed with silk green.—While he was write the recette, I see heem make un grand R pour commencer, to begeen Recd., voyez vous Messieurs," said he, showing his own bill to the jury, "but it had not couleur, was not black de tout, 'Ha, Monsieur,' I say, 'your eenk is ver pale,' 'pshaw!' he say, 'where is the eenkstan?' then he write my recette and I go away—et c'est tout Messieurs."—Q. "Should you know that bank note?"—W. "Ah! oui, je suppose, I think so—Ah mort de ma vie le voici, it is the ver note, j'en suis sur," exclaimed he, as I submitted the note to his inspection, "Voila the seelk green." The paper representative went the rounds of the jury, and then ascended to the bench, whence it returned to the witness, who on cross examination, was more and more positive of its identity, and repeated without inconsistency his original account of the occurrences. The next witness called was Robert Davis, one of those accurate, methodical, precise men whose whole intellect is absorbed in the business of his life, in short, the very ditto of the faithful chief clerk of Osbaldistone and Tresham in Rob Roy. Such a man remembers

every note that passes through his hands, and can almost tell the name of every depositor, and the amount of every deposit for a week together. Having been affirmed, for such men never take an oath, I asked, "Did you in the latter end of January last pay a sum of money to Mr. Leveson the defendant?"—W. "I did on the 27th of last January, pay to Mr. Leveson Five Hundred dollars, for a friend of mine residing in the country, it was paid between 7 and 8 in the morning, in one note of \$500, of the M— Bank in this city; this is the note; I had accidentally torn it and sewed it thus with green silk; the number is 1259, letter B—my reason for remembering this is, that my friend in his letter mentioned and noted the number and letter, and on receiving it I compared the note with the description." En passant: my reader is not to suppose that all these facts were detailed by such a man as Davis in the unbroken series in which they appear; on the contrary, I think that ten words of question might produce on an average three of answer. The results of the examination were the following facts, viz. that among the earliest depositors in the M— Bank (of which Davis was receiving teller,) on the morning of the 27th of January, was the plaintiff Monstrelet, so often alluded to; his deposit on that occasion was \$888,56, a part of which was the identical note of \$500, and the balance La Fleur's check on the M— Bank. The cross examination elicited nothing in any way advantageous to the plaintiff, whose cause was not subserved by a violent and abusive harangue from his counsel, imputing perjury almost in express terms to the defendant's witnesses. The jury, as soon as they had received the few words in nature of a charge from the bench, gave in through their foreman a verdict for the defendant. The infamous Monstrelet was arrested on a charge of perjury, convicted and sentenced and finally died in prison. The satisfaction of my client was of course great, not so much on account of the sum at stake, as from the indignation which a fraudulent attempt excites in the object of the deceit. In the present instance the public voice was loud against the offender, the fraud having been perpetrated not among the mazes and intricacies of mercantile transactions, but in the plain and uncomplicated intercourse of man and man. My own gratification was commensurate with the difficulty of detection and the public exposure of the unprincipled dishonesty of the unsuccessful rogue, thus adding another to the many illustrations of the old proverb, "Honesty is the best Policy." S.

THE EYE.

THE eye is indeed the feature by which genius is most truly asserted; or rather, it is the feature from which genius cannot be excluded. We have seen every other part of the human face divine without indications of the spirit within—the mouth which spoke not of the talent possessed, and the brow that indicated no powers of the capacious mind; but we never knew a superior nature which the eye did not proclaim.

PRIZE POEM.

THE WESTERN EMIGRANT.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY, OF HARTFORD, CONN.

AMID those forest shades that proudly rear'd
Their unshorn beauty toward the favouring skies,
An axe rang sharply. There, with vigorous arm
Wrought a bold emigrant, while by his side
His little son with question and response
Beguiled the toil.

"Boy, thou hast never seen
Such glorious trees, and when their giant trunks
Fall, how the firm earth groans. Rememberest thou
The mighty river on whose breast we sail'd
So many days on toward the setting sun?
Compared to that, our own Connecticut
Is but a creeping stream."

"Father, the brook
That by our door went singing, when I launch'd
My tiny boat with all the sportive boys,
When school was o'er, is dearer far to me
Than all these deep broad waters. To my eye
They are as strangers. And those little trees
My mother planted in the garden bound
Of our *first home*, from whence the fragrant peach
Fell in its ripening gold, were fairer sure
Than this dark forest shutting out the day."

"What, ho! my little girl,"—and with light step
A fairy creature hasted toward her sire,
And setting down the basket that contain'd
The noon's repast, looked upward to his face
With sweet, confiding smile.

"See, dearest, see
Yon bright-wing'd parroquet, and hear the song
Of the gay red-bird echoing through the trees,
Making rich music. Did'st thou ever hear
In far New-England such a mellow tone?"

"I had a robin that did take the crumbs
Each night and morning, and his chirping voice
Did make me joyful, as I went to tend
My snow-drops. I was always laughing there,
In that *first home*. I should be happier now

Methinks, if I could find among these dells
The same fresh violets."

Slow Night drew on,
And round the rude hut of the Emigrant
The wrathful spirit of the autumn storm
Spake bitter things. His wearied children slept,
And he, with head declin'd, sat listening long
To the swollen waters of the Illinois,
Dashing against their shores. Starting, he spake—

"Wife!—did I see thee brush away a tear?—
Say, was it so?—Thy heart was with the halls
Of thy nativity. Their sparkling lights,
Carpets and sofas, and admiring guests,
Befit thee better than these rugged walls
Of shapeless logs, and this lone hermit-home."
—"No—no!—All was so still around, methought,
Upon my ear that echoed hymn did steal
Which 'mid the church where erst we paid our vows
So tuneful peal'd. But tenderly thy voice
Dissolv'd the illusion;"—and the gentle smile
Lighting her brow—the fond caress that sooth'd
Her waking infant, re-assured his soul
That wheresoe'er the pure affections dwell
And strike a healthful root, is happiness.
—Placid and grateful, to his rest he sank—
But dreams, those wild magicians, which do play
Such pranks when Reason slumbers, tireless wrought
Their will with him. Uprose the busy mart
Of his own native city—roof and spire
All glittering bright, in Fancy's frost-work ray.
Forth came remember'd forms—with curving neck
The steed his boyhood nurtur'd, proudly neigh'd—
The favourite dog, exulting round his feet
Frisk'd, with shrill, joyous bark—familiar doors
Flew open—greeting hands with his were link'd
In Friendship's grasp—he heard the keen debate
From congregated haunts, where mind with mind
Doth blend and brighten—and till morning, rov'd
'Mid the lov'd scenery of his father-land.

Albany Literary Gazette.

MARGARET SUNDERLAND.

"HUSH, Margaret, I see it again! poor little thing, how it limps! Hush! I declare it has gone through the hedge into the churchyard. Wait one, only one moment, dear sister, and I shall certainly catch it,"—and over the churchyard stile bounded Rose Sunderland, as lightly as a sunbeam, or, I should rather say, to be in keeping with the time and place, as lightly as a moonbeam; for that favourite orb of love and ladies had risen, even while the golden hue of an autumnal sun lingered in the sky, and its pale, uncertain beams silvered the early dew-drops, which the gay and thoughtless girl shook from their verdant beds in her rapid movements. But Rose cared little about disturbing dew-drops, or indeed any thing else that interfered with the pursuit that occupied her for the moment. With

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the eagerness of sixteen she had pursued a young wounded leveret among the silent tombs, as thoughtlessly as if she trod only on the sweet wild thyme, or humble daisy; and when she had nearly wearied out the object of her anxiety, she saw it take shelter under the worn arch of an ancient monument with evident satisfaction, convinced that now she could secure her prize if Margaret would only come to her assistance.

"Sister, sister," repeated she, eagerly, "come! if we do not take it, it will surely become the prey of some weazel or wild cub-fox before morning."

Margaret slowly passed the stile.

"One would think you were pacing to a funeral," said Rose, pettishly. "If you will do nothing else, stand there at least, and—now I have

it!" exclaimed she, joyously; "its little heart pants—poor thing! I wonder how it got injured!"

"Stop," replied her sister, in a low, agitated voice; "you forget—yet how can you forget?—who it is that rests here; who—" She placed her hand upon a plain stone pedestal, but strong and increasing emotion prevented her finishing the sentence.

"My dear Margaret, forgive me! it is ever thus; I am fated to be your misery. I am sure I never thought—"

"Think now then, Rose, if it be but for a moment; think, that only one little year has passed since he was with us; since his voice, so wise and yet so sweet, was the music of our cottage; his kindness the oil and honey of our existence. Though the arrow had entered into his soul, it festered not, for no corruption was there. When he was reviled, he reviled not again; and though his heart was broken, his last words were, 'Lord, thy will, not mine, be done.' My dear, dear father," she continued, sinking, at the same moment upon her knees, and clasping her hands in devout agony, "teach me to be like thee."—"Say me, rather," ejaculated the sobbing Rose, whose grief now was as vivid as her exultation had been; "say, teach Rose to be like thee: you are like our father; but I am nothing! anything! Oh, Margaret, can you forgive me? There, I'll let the hare go this moment; I'll do any thing you wish; indeed I will."

"Do not let it go," replied Margaret Sunderland, who had quickly recovered her self-possession; "it would be ill done to permit any suffering near his grave." After a brief pause she rose from her knees, and passing her arm through her sister's, left the churchyard to its moonlight solitude.

The silence was soon broken by the younger, who observed,

"Sister, I forgot to tell you that I met Lady Louisa Calcraft this morning at the Library, and she took no notice of me."

"The ban is upon you, and upon us all, Rose," replied Margaret, turning her pale, but beautiful countenance towards her sister—"The ban

—Of buried hopes
And prospects faded."

Would to God that that were all; that any sacrifice on my part could pay the debts my poor father in his honest, but wild speculations, incurred. The Calcrafts in Lincoln!—but they are everywhere. I could ill have borne a scornful look from one of them."

"They are friends of Ernest Heathwood's, are they not?"

A deep and glowing crimson, which luckily the obscurity of the night preserved from observation, mantled the cheeks of Margaret Sunderland, while she replied:—

"Yes, I believe so; but, dear Rose, you might have spared me the mention of his name."

"I am ever doing wrong," murmured poor Rose, as her sister withdrew her arm from within her's.

Margaret and Rose Sunderland were the

daughters of a ruined merchant—of one, indeed, who had been a prince yesterday, and a beggar to-day—of one whose argosies had gone forth, but returned no more—whose name one year would have guaranteed millions—yet who died the next, wanting a shilling. Maurice Sunderland had cheerfully surrendered all to his creditors, yet that all was insufficient to satisfy any thing like the claims made, and justly made, upon him. House, plate, jewels, servants, had all been sacrificed. Not a vestige of their former prosperity lingered; and they who had revelled in superfluities now wanted the most common necessaries. A small jointure alone remained; and in that his wife had only a life interest.

Mrs. Sunderland was vain, weak, selfish; a woman who knew not what it was to grow old gracefully, and who haunted youthful pleasures with a wrinkled brow, a flaxen wig, and a painted cheek; her mind was inconceivably small. She wept more for the loss of her diamonds and Dresden than for her husband's misfortunes.

Pecuniary difficulties were only the commencement of Margaret's trials. The family removed to Lincoln, as one or two relations lived there, who could forward the plans Miss Sunderland had formed for their support. Her affection for her father would not permit her to leave him to the care of a giddy, childish sister, and her almost idiotic mother; particularly as his health was visibly sinking, and nature appeared unable to repair the inroads of disease. She therefore accepted, most joyfully, the charge of the education of four little girls, her cousins. Her father raised no obstacle to this plan; though his withered cheek flushed, and his hand trembled the first day that he saw his beautiful Margaret quietly arranging and superintending her eleves in the back parlour of their cottage; but her mother's caprice and spirit of contradiction, was a constant source of mortification, although it tended still more to draw forth her daughter's virtues: she was never satisfied; always regretting their past splendour, always reproaching poor Margaret with having degraded her family, by condescending to become a "School Mistress;" and yet thoughtlessly squandering her hard earnings on selfish enjoyments: this was not all—no one who has only read of "the delightful task of teaching the young idea how to shoot," can form any estimate of the self-denial, the self-abasement which must be the portion of an instructress; particularly if she be conscientious in the discharge of her duty. All influences to be useful, must be exercised with discretion; and alas! it is but a short step from dominion to tyranny. Margaret was obliged to practice as well as preach; and indeed, the one without the other is always unavailing: she had to watch not only herself, but others; so that her maxims might be really useful to those she sought to improve. She wished to make them not only accomplished but informed; and "her new system," as it was called, was subject to many animadversions, both from her relatives and their friends, who, as usual on such occasions,

quite forgot what Miss Sunderland *had been* in what she was, treated her merely as "the governess," and admitted her only as such into their houses. At one of those visits, which she continually shrank from, and only endured as an occasional penance, she met the very Ernest Heathwood, whom Rose so unwittingly alluded to during their evening's walk. The eldest son of a Baronet, who, with his new honours, had changed, it was understood, a mercantile for a somewhat aristocratic name, was a likely person to attract the attention, and win the civilities of all within his sphere; and he was welcomed to the mansion of one of Miss Sunderland's relatives with extraordinary courtesy. Margaret, always collected, always dignified, neither sought nor avoided his attentions; but silently suffered all the little manœuvres of second-rate country-town society to take their course. The anxiety that some mothers evinced, to crowd a tribe of ill-dressed daughters to a tuneless piano, and there show off their skill in the various departments of first, second, and third harmony; while others contented themselves with exhibiting the more quiet, and consequently, more endurable litter of card drawings and Poonah painting, could only excite a feeling of pity in such a mind as Margaret's. Pity, that woman should so thoroughly mistake the end and aim of her creation, as to descend to be the mistress of a puppet-show—and something more severe than pity, towards the other sex who outwardly encourage, while they inwardly despise such petty traps of slavery! "An age," reflected Margaret, "which values itself on caricature, parody, or burlesque, can produce little that is sublime, either in genius or virtue. Yet those qualities, and the display of imperfect, and, in nine cases out of ten, most senseless accomplishments, amuse; and we live in an age that must be *amused*, though our best and noblest feelings pay the forfeiture;" and she employed her slender fingers with tenfold care to build up the card castle which her little pupil, Cicely, had thrown down.

"It is abominable," whispered her sister, "to hear such bad music, while *you* could give us so much that is good." A quiet motion of her sister's finger to her lips prevented farther observation; and the card castle bade fair to mount three stories, when suddenly Ernest Heathwood turned round, and, addressing himself to the fair architect, asked, if now she would favour them, for he was sure she could. "Oh, yes," observed one of the Dowagers, "of course Miss Sunderland *can* and *will*; she *teaches* so well, that she must be a proficient." Some feeling of pride, perhaps, for it will linger, despite our better judgment, called so exquisite a blush to Margaret's cheek; and young Heathwood gazed on her with such respectful, yet visible admiration, that were she not "only a governess," the entire female sex, likely to be married, or given in marriage, would have thrown up the game as *lopeless*; but the eldest son of a rich baronet would never think of the daughter of a broken merchant

—and a governess! the thing was impossible—quite.

What Ernest Heathwood did think while Margaret commenced that sweet ballad of Moore's, "All that's bright must fade," it is impossible to say; but a thrill, amounting to anguish, was felt by every one in the room, by the peculiar manner in which she pronounced the following lines:

Who would seek or prize
Delights that end in aching?
Who would trust to ties
That every hour are breaking."

Then it was that Ernest Heathwood saw into her very soul; and felt that she must have indeed known change and misfortune. Music is dangerous from lips of beauty, but more dangerous from those of feeling; the union of both was too much for Ernest's philosophy, and he was, it must be confessed, somewhat bewildered during the remainder of the evening. She inspired him not only with interest, but admiration; and he experienced more anxiety than he cared to express, when her history was truly, though it appeared to him, coldly communicated by her relative, the next day, with the additional intelligence that her father had been seized only that morning with paralysis; and little hopes were entertained of his recovery! He called constantly at the cottage; but it was not until some time after the bereavement which Margaret, above all, lamented, that he saw the being who had more interest for him than ever. There are peculiar circumstances, which train our susceptibilities to receive impressions; and misfortune either softens or hardens the heart: the incapacity of her mother, the volatility of her sister, rendered them both unfit companions for the high-minded Margaret; and she might well be pardoned for anticipating the evening that now invariably brought Ernest to the cottage, as the time, when, freed from toil and restraint, she would meet the sympathy and tenderness, without which a woman's heart must be indeed sad and unsatisfied: she was not, like many other wise and prudent people, at all aware of the danger of her position. She had no idea that while seeking to alleviate and dispel her sorrows, by what she termed friendly converse, a deep and lasting sentiment was silently, but surely, implanting itself in her bosom; and that time and opportunity were fostering it, either for her happiness or misery. Her girlhood had passed without any of what we call the frippery of love: how she had escaped the contagion of flirtation, heaven knows! perhaps it might be attributed to a certain reserve of manner, which served as a beacon to fools and puppies, to warn them off the rocks and sands of female intellect, whenever it was their fortune to encounter Margaret Sunderland.

Amongst the wealthy citizens, many had sought her hand; but she was not to be courted in a golden shower; and after her father's failure, none remembered the beautiful daughter of the unfortunate merchant; it was therefore not to be wondered at, that she valued him who valued her for herself, and herself only;

and dreamt the dream that can be dreamt but once.

Many evenings were spent in that full and perfect trustfulness, which pure and virtuous hearts alone experience. So certain, indeed, appeared the prospect of her happiness, that she sometimes doubted its reality: and when a doubt as to the future did arise, it pressed so heavily, so very heavily, upon her heart, that, with a gasping eagerness, which excited her own astonishment, she cast it from her, as a burden too much for her to bear.

She had known and loved Ernest for some months, when, one morning, their only servant interrupted her little school, by saying that a gentleman in the parlour wished to speak with her. On entering the room, a short dark elderly man returned her graceful salutation, with an uncouth effort at ease and self-possession.

"Miss Sunderland, I presume."

She bowed;—a long pause succeeded, which neither seemed willing to interrupt, and when Margaret raised her eyes to his, there was something—she could hardly tell what, that made her think him the bearer of evil tidings. Yet was the countenance not displeasing to look upon—the expanded and somewhat elevated brow—the round full eye that had rather a benign than stern expression, would have betokened a kind and even gentle being, had not the lower portion of the face boded meanness and severity—the mouth was thin and compressed—the chin lean and short—the nose looked as if nature had intended at first to mould it according to the most approved of Grecian features, but suddenly changing her plan, left it stubbed and stunted at the end, a rude piece of unfinished workmanship.

"Madam," he at last commenced, "you are, I believe, acquainted with my son."

"Sir!"

"My son, Mr. Ernest Heathwood."

Again Margaret replied by bowing.

"I have resided many years abroad, but if your father was living he would know me well."

The word "Father" was ever a talisman to poor Margaret, and she looked into his face, as if imploring him to state how he had known her parent; he evidently did not understand the appeal, and continued, in a constrained manner, his lips compressed, so as scarcely to permit egress to his words, and his eyes bent on the carpet, unwilling to meet her now fixed and anxious gaze.

"I have every respect for you, Miss Sunderland; and yet I feel it but right to mention in time, that a union between you and my son is what I never could—never will agree to. The title," (and the new baronet drew up his little person with much dignity,) "I cannot prevent his having, but a shilling of my money goes not with it, unless he marries with my perfect consent; forgive me, young lady, I esteem your character, I—I—" he raised his eyes, and the death-like hue of Margaret's features seemed, for the first time, to give him the idea that he spoke to a being endowed with feeling: "Good God, Miss

Sunderland, I was not prepared for this—I had hoped matters had not gone so far—I—then you really love Ernest."

"Whatever my sentiments, Sir, may be towards your son," she replied, all the proud woman roused within her, "I would never entail beggary on him."

"Well spoken, 'faith; and I am sure, Miss Sunderland, that—had you—in short you must be aware this is a very delicate subject—but had you fortune equal to my hopes for Ernest, I would prefer you, upon my soul I would, though I never saw you till this moment, to any woman in England. You see," he persisted, assuming the tone of low-bred confidence, "I have, as a mercantile man, had many losses, perhaps you know that?" he paused for a reply, which Margaret could not give. "These losses must be repaired, and there is only one way to do so: if I had not the station to support which I have, it would not signify; but as a man of title, the truth is, I require, and must have ten or twenty thousand pounds within a very little time; there is but one way to obtain it; you would not—" (and here the man of rank forgot himself in the husband and father,) "you would not, I am sure, by persisting in this love affair, entail ruin upon me and mine. Ernest has two sisters and a mother, Miss Sunderland."

Margaret's breath came short and thick, the room reeled round, and, as she endeavoured to move to the open window, she must have fallen, but for the support which Sir Thomas Heathwood afforded her.

"I will never bring ruin on any one," she said, at last: "what is it you require of me?"

"To write and reject, fully and entirely, my son's addresses, and never, never, see him more."

"This, Sir, I cannot do; I will see him once more for the last time, this evening. I will practise no deceit, but I will tell him what is necessary: there, Sir, you have my word, and may the Almighty ever preserve you and yours from the bitter sin of poverty!"

Well might the old Baronet dread the effects of another interview between Margaret and his son, when he himself experienced such a sensation of awe and love towards this self-denying girl; yet such was the holy truth of her resolve, that he had not power to dispute it, and he left the cottage, after various awkward attempts to give utterance to his contending feelings.

The evening of that eventful day was clear and balmy; the flowers of early spring disseminated their fragrance over every little weed and blade of grass, till they were all impregnated with a most sweet odour; the few insects which the April sun calls into existence, clung wearily to the young tendrils for support, and the oak leaves of the past Autumn still rustled beneath the tread of the creeping hedge-hog, or swift-footed hare. It was a tranquil hour, and Margaret Sunderland repined at its tranquillity. "I could have better parted from him in storm and tempest, than amid such a scene as this," she said, as she leaned against the gnarled trunk of

a withered beech-tree for support; the next moment, Ernest was at her side.

"And thus, to please the avarice of my father, Margaret, you cast me off for ever: you turn me adrift, you consent to my union with another, though you have often said, that a union unhalloed by affection, was indeed unholy; is this consistency?"

"I came not here to reason, but to part from you; to say, Ernest Heathwood, what I never said before, that so true is my affection for you, that I will kneel to my Maker, and fervently and earnestly implore him to bless you, to bless your bride, to multiply happiness and prosperity to your house, and to increase exceedingly your riches and good name."

"Riches!" repeated her lover, (like all lovers) contemptuously; "with you, I should not need them."

"But your family; you can save them from the misery of poverty, from the plague spot which marks, and blights, and curses, all whom it approaches. I should have remembered," she added with unwonted asperity, "that it rested upon us, and not have suffered you to be contaminated by its influence."

Many were the arguments he used, and the reasons he adopted, to shake what he called her mad resolve; he appealed to her affections, but they were too strongly enlisted on the side of duty to heed his arguments, and after some reproaches on the score of caprice and inconsistency, which she bore with more patience than women so circumstanced generally possess, he left her under feelings of strong excitement and displeasure. He had not given himself time to consider the sacrifice she made; he felt as if she deserted him from a feeling of overstrained pride, and bitterly hinted, (though he knew it to be untrue at the time,) that it might be she had suddenly formed some other attachment. When she found herself indeed alone, in the dim twilight, at their old trysting spot, though while he was present she had repelled the last charge with true womanly contempt, yet she would fain have recalled him to reiterate her blessing, and assure him that, though her resolve was unchangeable, she loved him with a pure and unsullied faith. Had he turned on his path, he would have seen her waving him back; and the tears which deluged her pale cheeks would have told but too truly of the suppressed agony she had endured.

A few days only had elapsed, and she had outwardly recovered her tranquillity, though but ill fitted to go through her daily labours as before, when Rose so unexpectedly mentioned his name. When the two girls entered the little cottage, it was evident that something was necessary to dispel Mrs. Sunderland's ill temper.

"Yes, it's a pretty little thing; what loves of eyes it has, and such nice long ears! but really, Margaret, you must not go out and leave me at home without a sixpence; there was no silver in your purse and the post-boy came here, and refused to leave a London letter without the money; how impudent these fellows are—so—"

Margaret interrupted her mother, by saying, that she had left ten or twelve shillings in her purse.

"Ay, very true, so you did, but a woman called with such an assortment of sweet collars, and it is so seldom I have an opportunity now of treating myself to any little article of dress, that I used them, it was so cheap, only eleven and sixpence, with so lovely a border of double-hem stitch, and the corners worked in the most delicate bunches of fusia—here it is!"

"And did the letter really go back, mother?"

"I wish you would not call me *mother*; it is so vulgar! every one says *mamma*, even married women. No, it did not go back; I sent Mary into the little grocer's to borrow half-a-crown. You need not get so red, child: I said you were out—had my purse—and would repay it to-morrow morning."

Degradation on degradation, thought poor Margaret, as she took the letter, and withdrew to her chamber. "I cannot repay it to-morrow; that was the last silver in the house;—I know not where to get a shilling till next week."

"Rose," said Margaret, a short time after, as the former entered their bed-room, "come hither: sit here, and look over the communication I received this night from London."

"What a vulgar looking letter!—such coarse paper, and such a *scribbely-scrabbely* hand!" Whatever the hand or paper might be, after she had fairly commenced, she did not again speak until she had finished the perusal from beginning to end, and then, with one loud cry of joy, she threw herself into her sister's arms. "Margaret, dear Margaret, to think of your talking this so quietly, when I—my dear sister, I shall certainly lose my senses. We shall be rich—more rich than ever, and you can marry Ernest—dear, kind Ernest—and we can live in London, and keep our carriage, and, Oh, Margaret, I am so happy! let us tell our mother—*mamma*—I beg her pardon; and you shall give up your pupils:—dear, beautiful letter!—let me read it again!" and the second perusal threw her into greater raptures than the first.

"It is better *not* to mention this to our mother, I think," said Margaret, when her sister's ecstasies had in some degree subsided: "and yet she is our parent, and has therefore a right to our confidence, though I know she will endeavour to thwart my resolves—yet—"

"Thwart your resolves!" repeated Rose in astonishment; "why what resolves can you have, except to marry Ernest, and be as happy as the day is long?"

"I shall never marry Ernest Heathwood," replied her sister in a trembling voice, "though I certainly shall be more happy than I ever anticipated in this world."

"I cannot pretend to understand you," said Rose; "but do let me go and make *mamma* acquainted with our unlooked-for prosperity," and she accordingly explained that a brother of her father's, one who had ever been on decidedly bad terms with all his relatives, and their family more

particularly, had died lately in Calcutta, bequeathing by will a very large sum to his eldest niece Margaret, who, in the words of this singular testament, "had never offended him by word or deed, and must ever be considered a credit to her sex." There is no necessity to recapitulate the ecstasies and arrangements which succeeded, and in which Margaret took no part.

The next morning she granted her pupils a holiday, and when her mother went out, doubtless for the purpose of spreading the account of their good fortune, Margaret told her sister that she wished to be alone for some time to arrange her plans. She had been so occupied for about two hours, when Rose Sunderland, accompanied by a gentleman, passed the beechen tree where Margaret and her lover had last met.

"I am sure she will not be angry—it will be an agreeable surprize—and mamma won't be home for a long time," said Rose: "I will open the parlour door, and—"

"There I shall find her forming plans for future happiness, in which, perhaps, I am not included," interrupted Ernest Heathwood.

"You are unjust, Sir," replied her sister, as they entered the cottage; and in another instant Margaret, with a flushed cheek and a burning brow had returned the salutation of him she loved. There was more coldness in her manner than he deemed necessary, and with the impetuosity of a high and ardent spirit, he asked her "if she attributed his visit to interested motives."—"No," she replied, "not so; I hold myself incapable of such feelings, and why should I attribute them to you! I tell you now, as I told you when last we met, that my constant prayer is that God might exceedingly bless you and yours, and save you from poverty, which in the world's eyes, is the perfection of sin."

"But, Margaret," interrupted Rose, as was her wont, "there is no fear of poverty now; and Sir Thomas himself said that with even a moderate fortune he should prefer you to all other women."

"I have not even a moderate fortune," replied the noble-minded girl, rising from her seat, and at the same time laying her hand on a pile of account-books which she had been examining; "you, Mr. Heathwood, will understand me if I say that when I first breathed the air of existence, I became a partaker of my family's fortunes, as they might be, for good or evil."

"And you shared in both, Margaret, and supported both with dignity," said Ernest eagerly.

"I believe you think so, and I thank you," she replied, while the flush of gratified feeling passed over her fine features. "And now bear with me for a little, while I explain my future intentions. My poor father's unfortunate failure worked misery for many who trusted in him with a confidence which he deserved, and yet betrayed—I meant not that," she added hastily; "he did not betray;—but the waves, the winds, and the misfortunes or ill principles of others, conspired against him, and he fell, overwhelmed in his own and others' ruin. Lips that before had blessed,

now cursed him they had so fatally trusted, and every curse seemed to accumulate sufferings which only I was witness to. To the very uttermost—even the ring from his finger—he gave cheerfully to his creditors: there was no reserve on his part—all, all was sacrificed. Yet, like the daughters of the Horseleech, the cry was still 'give! give!' and she added, with a trembling voice, "at last he *did* give—even his existence!—And I, who knew so well the honour of his noble nature, at the very time when his cold corpse lingered in the house, because I lacked the means of decent burial, was doomed to receive letters, and hear complaints of his injustice.

"In the silent hour of night, I at last knelt by his coffin—decay had been merciful; it had spared his features to the last—and I could count and kiss the furrows which disappointment and the scornings of a selfish world had graven on his brow—but, oh God! how perfectly did I feel in that melancholy hour, that his spirit was indeed departed, and that my lips rested on nought but cold and senseless clay; yet I clung with almost childish infatuation to the dwelling it had so sweetly inhabited for such a length of years. The hours rolled on, and the gray mist of morning found me in the same spot; it was then, as the light mingled with, and overcame the departing darkness, that I entered into a compact with the living spirit of my dead father, that as long as I possessed power to think or act, I would entirely devote my exertions to the fulfilment of those engagements, which his necessities compelled him to leave unsatisfied. I am ashamed to say, I nearly forgot my promise, and though a portion of my hard earnings was regularly devoted to the darling prospect of winning back for my father his unspotted reputation, yet I *did* form plans of happiness in which his memory had no share.

"Ernest, for this I have suffered—and must suffer more.—I have gone over these books, and find, that after devoting the entire of the many, many thousands now my own, to the cherished object, only a few hundreds will remain at my disposal. This is enough—again, I say, may you be happy with your dowred bride, and remember that the one consolation—the only one that can support me under this separation is, that I have done my duty." Strange as it may appear, young Heathwood did not seem as much distressed at this resolution, as Rose, or, to say the truth, as Margaret thought he would have been. No matter how heroic, how disinterested the feeling which compels a woman to resign her lover, she naturally expects that the lover will evince a proper quantity of despair at the circumstance: Ernest, after a pause of a few minutes, during which time he seemed more affected by Margaret's noble-mindedness than his own bereavement, entered cordially into her views, and praised the sacrifice (if, with her feeling, so it might be called) with an energy, which left no room to doubt its sincerity.

After his departure, she pondered these things in her heart; and poor Rose, who in so little time

had been twice disappointed—in her hopes both of a fortune, and a wedding, was reproved with some asperity for conducting Ernest Heathwood under any circumstances to their cottage. It is needless to add, that her mother's tears and remonstrances had no effect upon Margaret's purpose; her lawyer received instructions to remit forthwith to all the creditors of the late Maurice Sunderland, the full amount of their demands, with the interest due thereon from the day of his failure!

It required all her firmness to bear up against her mother's complainings: and above all, against the painful truth established in her mind, that Ernest had ceased to regard her with any thing bordering on affection.—Strange! that at the very moment we are endeavouring to repress the unavailing passion of the one we love, we secretly—unknowingly, it may be—hope for its continuance! Not that Margaret would have ever swerved from her noble purpose, but she could not support the idea, that she was no longer thought of. And *he* had left her too, without the sort of farewell she felt she had deserved.

All "business affairs" were arranged according to her desire; but she was fast sinking under the outward tranquillity which, under such circumstances, is more fatal than exertion. Listlessly she wandered amidst the flowers which Rose loved to cultivate, when the unusual sound of carriage-wheels roused her attention, and with no ordinary emotion she saw Sir Thomas and Ernest Heathwood enter the wicket-gate and take the path leading to the cottage.

"I told you, Miss Sunderland," commenced the old gentleman, with more agitation but less embarrassment than he had shown at their former interview, "that I had need of twenty thousand pounds to support my credit, and save my family from distress. I told you, that I wished my son to marry a lady possessed of that sum, and I now come to claim you as his bride."

"Sir! —"

"Yes, Madam, I was your father's largest creditor; and though I had no fraud, nothing

dishonourable to allege against him, yet I did not, I confess it, like the idea of my son's being united to his daughter. He was always speculative and imaginative, and I feared that you might be the same. The sum you have so nobly repaid me, I looked upon as lost, and you must therefore suffer me to consider it as your marriage portion; it has saved me from ruin, without the sacrifice of my son's happiness."

"How is this?" exclaimed Margaret, fearful of trusting the evidence of her own senses, "I cannot understand—the name —"

"Our original name was Simmons," explained Ernest eagerly, "but knowing all the circumstances—I never told you—I knew how my father would feel at your disinterested conduct; and now that your trials are past, you will, I trust, no longer doubt me."

"Who said I doubted?" inquired Margaret.

"Even the pretty Rose, and here she comes to answer for her apostasy."

"Nay, dearest sister," exclaimed the laughing girl, "it was only last evening that I saw Ernest, and I have kept out of your way ever since, lest I should discover my own secret. Without my frivolity, and the thoughtlessness of another, who for all that, is dear to us both, Margaret's virtues would never have shone with so dazzling, yet steady a light."

"True, Rose, spoken like an angel; I never thought you wise before; it is to be hoped that when your sister changes her name, her mantle may descend upon you," said Ernest.

"I think she had better share it with you; and I only hope that Margaret—She may want it for herself," she continued, archly; "who knows but the most bitter trials of Margaret Sunderland may come after marriage?"

Ernest did not reply to the unjust suspicion, for he had not heard it; his sense, his thought, his heart, were fixed only upon her, who had thrown so bright and cheering a lustre over that truth, usually so dark, even in its grandeur. "The good things which belong to prosperity are to be wished, but the good things that belong to adversity are to be admired."

From the MS. Journal of an English Traveller.

THE DOOM OF THE DAUPHINESS!

"A LITTLE more this way! look to the left. You see a pillar near the doorway, and a few paces from it a little bent emaciated old man—he's only the King's Confessor—the Cardinal Archbishop of Rheims*—never *mind* him—but observe the lady to whom he is talking. She is

* Formerly the Abbe de Latil. His Eminence was arrested at Vaugirard during the late convulsions, and dispossessed of the load of gold, plate, and jewels he was conveying away in his carriage. He has since arrived in England

now looking in this direction, so that you have a full view of her features. There," said my conductress, "stands the object of our search—that is the daughter of Louis XVI.—Madame the Dauphiness."

"What a severe, morose, and yet anxious countenance!"

"Such was it not always: yet is it in this instance a sure index to the feelings of the wearer. She has not the slightest confidence in

any one of the French nation. 'How can I,' she has more than once said to me, 'after all that I have witnessed in the person of my parents, and endured in my own? I did once believe them loyal and attached—but the events of the hundred days dissipated that delusion for ever?'—Years as I have been about her person, I have never seen her smile. And if she unbosoms her feelings more to me than to any other of her household, it is because I am an Englishwoman:—the self-same principle that leads the Duchess de Berri to prefer the Duc de Bordeaux being under the eye of my husband in her absence, because he's a Swiss. As to the Dauphiness, no human being but myself is aware of the full extent of her mental tortures. She lives in the constant anticipation of misfortune—in the daily and unshaken expectation of bitter reverses. Not that she fears them—for there is a lion's heart within that attenuated frame—but that she may be prepared to meet them. She is, in fact, as the Corsican said of her, the only man in the family. Alas! the poor doomed Dauphiness!"

"Doomed?"

"Have you never heard the story?—never heard of her allusion to it in reply to Louis XVIII.'s commendation of her bravery in haranguing the troops at Bordeaux during the eventful 'hundred days?'—and his question as to what were her feelings when she placed her life in such imminent peril? 'Fear, Sire, had no part in them. I was not yet *alone*; and your Majesty will remember that *I can die only in the month so fatal to others of my family!*'—Why, where can you have been living that all this is new to you? Listen, *mon enfant*, and grow wiser."

"Among others who were ever welcome at Hartwell during the period the late monarch Louis XVIII. sojourned there, was the Baron de Rolle. Generous, amiable de Rolle! a gentler, kinder, nobler spirit, was never encumbered with a prison house of clay! But each man has his weakness; and this was the Baron's: still cherishing the hope of returning to his beloved native country, he was an easy prey to every adventurer who pretended to possess a knowledge of 'coming events.' And many and bitter was the jest which his passion for augury engendered, and his good temper endured. One day in particular, he came down to Hartwell brimful of the fame of a Swedish astrologer, a Mr. Thorwaldsen. Whatever this man might in reality be, he was shrewdly suspected at the time of being a French spy: to which idea his subsequent flight lent considerable colour.—There was much that was unaccountable in all his proceedings. He exercised his nominal profession with reluctance. He was indifferent to pecuniary reward. He was not angry if his predictions were disbelieved, or his threats derided. But if you desired it he would tell you of passages, scenes, or adventures in your past life, to which you believed no one privy but yourself. He was introduced to the Baron, by Madame St.

Maur; to whom he gave a proof, at all events, of his knowledge of the *past*, by recalling to her recollection a deed of hers in the French Revolution, to which her husband (then dead) and herself were the sole parties.

The Baron had been surprised in a similar manner. He told him, (and as the event proved, *truely*)—that he should die in England, and somewhat suddenly; but he pained de Rolle still more severely by mentioning the name of a lady to whom he had in early life been attached, and detailing to him under what agonizing circumstances they had parted.

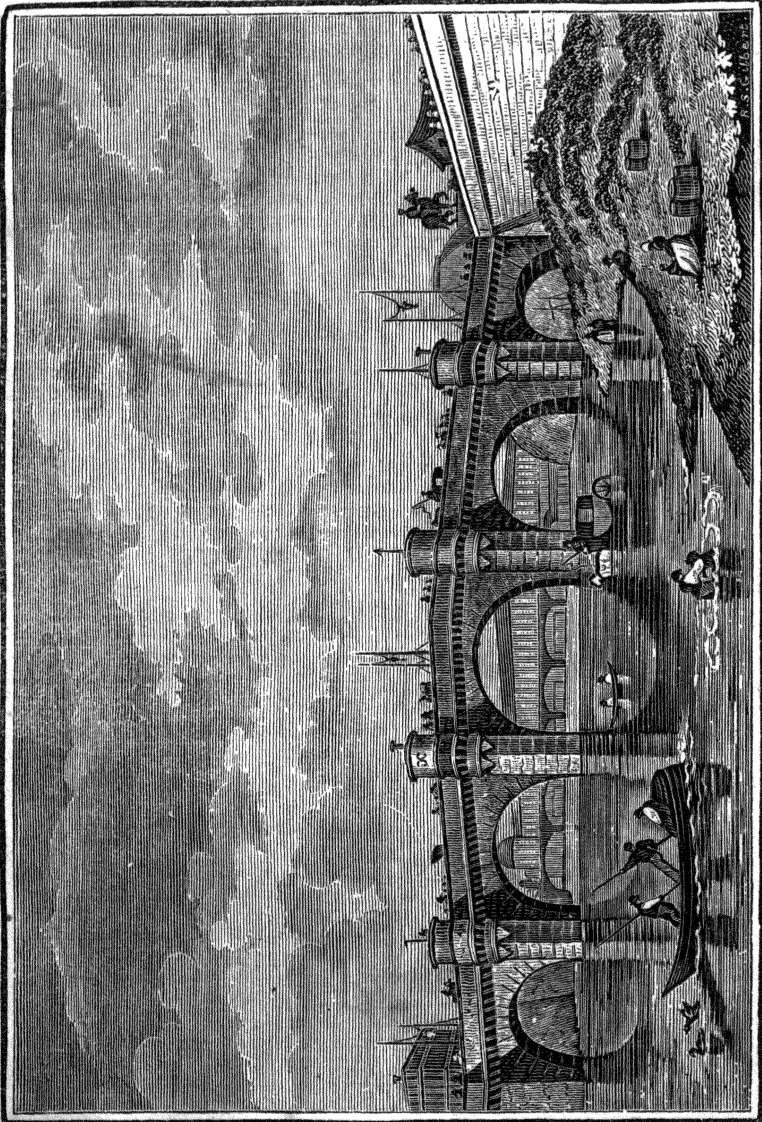
This extraordinary narrative procured for the astrologer a still more illustrious visitant. The Duchess d'Angouleme resolved to wait on him. In order to try his powers, real or imaginary, to the utmost, she was disguised in the dress of an English artisan; and remained during the whole interview veiled and silent. Her companion presented him with the date of the Duchess's birth, to the precise year, hour, and minute.

"Ah!" said he, after a pause of some length—"the tennis ball of fortune! A wife yet not a mother. Always near a throne, yet doomed never to ascend it. The daughter of Kings—yet much more truly the daughter of misfortune. I see before you restoration to the Country and Palace of your fathers;—then an agonizing interval of flight and degradation. Again the banners of royalty wave over you, and you advance a step nearer to a crown. But all is finally overcast, in the gloom of deposition, flight, and exile. You will live to be *alone*. Your last determination will be that of closing your days in a convent—it will be frustrated by death. Dread the month of *August*; for it will be one to you of the most unlooked for mortification and vicissitude. Welcome that of *January*, for it will dismiss you, *though by the hand of violence*, to your repose, and your reward!"

JUDEA.

M. CHATEAUBRIAND remarks, that when you travel in Judea, the heart is at first filled with profound melancholy. But when, passing from solitude to solitude, boundless space opens before you, this feeling wears off by degrees, and you experience a secret awe, that, so far from depressing the soul, imparts life and elevates the genius. Extraordinary appearances every where proclaim a land teeming with miracles. The burning sun, the towering eagle, the barren fig tree, all the pictures of scripture are here. Every name commemorates a mystery; every grotto announces a prediction; every hill re-echoes the accent of a prophet. God himself has spoken in these regions, dried up rivers, rent the rocks, and opened the grave. The desert still appears mute with terror; and you would imagine that it had never presumed to interrupt the silence since it heard the awful voice of the Eternal.

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VIEW OF THE BRIDGE, (PONT NEUF,) AT PARIS.

UNIV.
OF
MICH.

STANZAS.

"I have a passion for the name of Mary"—
BYRON.

I.

YOUNG dark-eyed spirit! in the lovely form
Which makes you present to an earthly eye,
In bloom of being, fresh, life-lighted, warm
And beautiful—too beautiful to die;
How like a star of heaven—ere comes the storm
To o'ershade the beamy waters gliding by,
Does thy charmed image light my heart's deep dream,
And fill each pulse with its embosomed beam.

II.

Forever present!—with thy haunting gaze,
And snowy brow, and darkly flowing hair,
And dreamy smile; and spirit-chastened blaze
Of beauty, radiant o'er each feature fair;
And shape, with step that lightly treads the maze
Of grace—like some Aurora of the air!
Beyond all these—I feel thy power to bless,
Divinely veiled in human loveliness!

III.

These charms—no part of thee—are only thine,
Thy self's unseen, tho' beauty fills the sight—
Nor would I hope, that such should e'er be mine;
Unless the fair veiled spirit, in its might
Sincere, should sigh our beings to enshrine
In ever-living love's life-giving light:
For love of loveliness that soon is past,
Brings anguished darkness o'er the heart at last.

IV.

There is a sweetness, sweeter than thy voice,
In the soft breathings of the song or sigh,
And a deep brightness that enchants the choice
O'er the rich mellowness of thy dark eye;
And spells unnamed—in which I more rejoice
Than the blest dreamer when an angel's nigh,
Soul-felt revealings of a heaven-born worth
Excelling all, thou must resign to earth.

V.

The brow irradiating wordless thought,
The still, clear halo of intelligence;
The warm inspiring of the bosom, wrought
By feelings pure, impassioned and intense,
Like incense burnings to the altar brought
With dazzling sweetness, overpowering sense;
And glow, that glorifies thy look—reveal
The incarnate heavenliness thy charms conceal.

VI.

Oh—dare I ask the answer that would thrill,
To unfold the fairy visions of thy breast—
The blushing smile—the meaning sigh—the still
But passionate desirings, dreamed, repressed—
And high imaginings of thy pure will?—
Loveliest—most virtuous—discreetest—best!
Should fond accord, thy heart's sweet poem ope,
How blest to read its truth—romance and hope.

VII.

Sweet are the hopes that cheer our early years,
And bright our joys—before those hopes are flown:
Beside the fate—that more thy youth endears—
Of sorrows human, and by none unknown;
As thy fair form shall tread this vale of tears,
'Twill meet with woes that will be all its own:
Thy early joys, the earliest—shall vanish,
And thy late sorrow find no charm to banish.

VIII.

O lovely spirit! could the brain-felt spell
On me, round both its sacred circle sweep;
Where all to each, our conscious souls should dwell,
And in both hearts love's mutual worship keep—
Breathing home's holy bliss too deep to tell—
Deeming as gems each tear the loved may weep:
My heart's full joys should all overflow to thine,
And thy heart's sorrows be absorbed by mine.

IX.

Love's truth is all our anxious search on earth
Shall gain, as real, in life's treacherous show;

When found a magic mine of priceless worth,
That held alone yields only wealth of woe:
Loving, beloved when two shall bring it forth,
Their all, so richly given, to each they owe
Dividing woes, redoubling joys—delighted,
Enchained—enchanted—never disunited.

X.

There is a world, where those who love in this,
Shall meet, tho' dimly dreaming here awhile;
And shall embrace each other in the bliss
Of blending radiance brighter than earth's smile;
And deeply breathe, inhaled as with a kiss,
Each other's presence without guile—
All chance of change or parting, far above,
Escaped thro' death to live in deathless love.

XI.

Turning to thee, in self-devoting vow,
Thou idol-image of my dearest dream:
My soul would bask, its darkened breast and brow,
In the glad baptism of thy being's beam;
All wishes, thoughts—to thee committed now,
Like pearls and roses, to a sky-bright stream:
Thy earthly course, a heavenly guide to me—
My wish of Heaven enhanced to be—with thee!

* * * * *

THOUGHTS OF CHILDHOOD.

I OFTEN think, I often think, when the busy crowd is near,
And the voice of mirth is loud and free, of the cottage low
and dear,

With its spreading tree and its lowly porch, and the vines
that round it clung;
And the forms that dwelt within its walls, and the songs
my mother sung.

I often think of that lowly home, where my childish years
were passed,
And it seems to me but yesterday that I stood to gaze my last,
On the peaceful wood, and the waving fields, and the stream
that calmly swept,
While I turned away in my loneliness, and hid my face and
wept!

And it seems to me but a short, short while, since I rested
'neath the trees,
And tried to fathom in my thoughts the hidden mysteries
Of after years—and gazed around, on that calm and peaceful
vale,
And thought on the wild, wide path of life, till my flushing
cheek grew pale.

I often think, I often think, of the wild and long farewell,
In that cottage home, when I vainly strove the gushing tears
to quell,
And my mother's tone in its agony, and my sister's tearful
eye,
Still come when other thoughts have learned to pass unheed-
ed by.

I sometimes wonder if that cot be standing, still o'ergrown
With the climbing vines, and if there still the tall tree stands
alone,
Bending its branches o'er that roof like a mother o'er her
child,
And if the flowers smite there yet, as in those years they
smiled.

'Tis a vain and passing thought, and yet, if a monarch's
wealth was thrown
Before me now, I would not change one outline of that home;
I would not raze the ruined bower where I have sat for
hours,
In the long sunshine days, and trained the fair and glistening
flowers.

And I would give my life to sit again beneath its wall,
And look upon the broad green trees, and hear the waters fall,
And gaze upon the forms I loved, and hear each silvery tone;
Oh! what in life can turn the heart from childhood's
blessed home?

C.

THE VICTIM;

A TRUE STORY—BY A MEDICAL STUDENT.

SOME years ago, myself and a fellow-student went to Dawlish for the summer months. An accident which I need not narrate, and which was followed by a severe attack of pleurisy, chained me a prisoner to my room for several weeks. My companion, whose name was St. Clare, was a young man of high spirits and lively temper; and though naturally kind and affectionate, escaped, as often as he could, from the restraint of a sick room. In one of his walks, he chanced to encounter a young lady, whom he fell in love with, as the phrase is, at first sight, and whose beauty he dwelt upon with a warmth of enthusiasm not a little tantalizing to one, like myself, who could not even behold it. The lady, however, quitted Dawlish very suddenly, and left my friend in ignorance of every other particular concerning her than that her name was Smith, and her residence in London. So vague a direction he, however, resolved to follow up. We returned to town sooner than we otherwise should have done, in order that the lover might commence his inquiries. My friend was worthy of the romantic name that he bore, Melville St. Clare—a name that was the delight of all his boarding-school cousins, and the jest of all his acquaintance in the schools.

He was the sole son of Thomas St. Clare, of Clare Hall, in the county of —, No. —, in Hanover-square, and Banker, No. —, Lombard-street. An eccentric man did the world account him. "Very odd," remarked the heads of houses for wholesale brides, "that the old man should insist upon his son studying medicine and surgery, when every one knows he will inherit at least ten thousand a-year."—"Nothing to do with it," was the argument of the father; "who can tell what is to happen to funded, or even landed property, in England? The empire of disease takes in the world; and in all its quarters, medical knowledge may be made the key to competency and wealth."

While quietly discussing in my own mind the various relative merits between two modes of operation for poplital aneurism, at my lodgings in town, some three weeks after our return from the country of hills and rain, (some ungallantly add, of thick ankles also,) my studies were broken in upon by a messenger, who demanded my immediate compliance with the terms of a note he held in his hand. It ran thus:—

"Let me pray you to set off instantly with the bearer in my carriage to your distressed friend—
"M. ST. CLAIR."

On reaching the house, the blinds were down and the shutters closed; while the knocker muffled, bespoke a note of ominous preparation. "How are you?" I inquired, somewhat relieved by seeing my friend up; and though looking wan,

bearing no marks of severe illness. "I hope nothing has happened?"

"Yes, the deadliest arrow in Fortune's quiver has been shot—and found its mark. At three, this morning, my father's valet called me up, to say his master was in convulsions. Suspecting it to be a return of apoplexy, I despatched him off for Abercrombie,* and on reaching his room, I found my fears verified. Abercrombie arrived; he opened the temporal artery, and sense returned, when my unfortunate parent insisted on informing me what arrangements he had made in my favour respecting the property; and on my suggesting that his books might previously require to be looked over, he interrupted me by saying it was useless. 'You are the son of a ruined man.' I started. 'Yes, such have I been for the last twenty years! I have secured to you a *thousand pounds*, to finish your education—and that is all that calamity has left it in my power to bestow.' For some moments I was led to doubt his sanity.

'What, then, can be contained within those two massive chests, so carefully concealed?'—'Old parchment copies of my mortgages. Your fortune has only changed in aspect; before you were in existence, the author of your being was a *beggar*! My credit alone has supported me. I have with difficulty been able to invest in the funds for your wants the paltry sum I mentioned. May you prosper better than your father, and the brightness of your day make up for the darkness of his closing scene. God's blessing —.' His head sank on the pillow, and falling into a comatose state he slept for four or five hours, when his transition from time to eternity was as gentle as it was unnoticed.

"For my part, I merely remain here till the last offices are performed. All his affairs will be committed to his solicitors, when the fortune and residence which I looked forward to enjoying as my own must be left to others."

"Courage, my dear fellow," said I, "there is no space too great to allow of the sun's rays enlivening it—neither is that heart in existence which hope may not inhabit."

The funeral was over, the mansions of his father relinquished, and St. Clare himself duly forgotten by his *friends*. The profession, which he before looked on as optional in its pursuit, was now to become his means of existence; and in order to pursue it with greater comfort to ourselves, we took spacious rooms, which enabled us to live together, in — street, Borough, in the neighbourhood of our hospital. One morning, it so happened that I had something to detain me at home, and St. Clare proceeded by himself

* Abercrombie is the chief surgical writer on diseases of the brain.

to his studies. From the brilliant complexion and handsome countenance of a former day, his appearance had degenerated into the pale and consumptive look of one about to follow the friend for whom his "sable livery of woe was worn."

"Give me joy, Dudley! Joy, I say, for life is bright once more!" exclaimed St. Clare, returning late in the evening, while his face was beaming with gladness.

"I rejoice to hear it," said I. "What has happened?" I inquired.

St. Clare explained. He had met his forgotten mistress of Dawlish; she had introduced him to her father, with whom she was walking, and whom he recognised as a Mr. Smith, an eccentric and wealthy acquaintance of his deceased parents. Mr. Smith invited him to dinner the next day. To cut short my story, St. Clare soon received permission to pay his addresses to the lady he had so long and secretly loved; and Mr. Smith, who had originally been in trade, and was at once saving and generous, promised £16,000 to the young couple, on the condition that St. Clare should follow up his profession. The marriage was to be concluded immediately after St. Clare had passed the College of Surgeons, which he expected to do in six months.

"Dudley, I have an engagement to-day, and shall not be at home till the evening," said St. Clare, returning from the Hospital one morning; "but as we must dissect the arteries of the neck somewhat more minutely before we go up for examination, I wish you would get a subject. I am told you can have one within two days, by applying to this man," giving me the card of an exhumator in the Borough.

"Very well," I returned, setting off.

"Which will you have, Sir?" asked the trafficker in human clay, whose lineaments bespoke the total absence of every human feeling from his heart:—"a lady or a jemman?"

"Whichever you can procure with least trouble," I replied. "When can you bring it to my lodgings?"

"The day after to-morrow, Sir."

"Good! What is your price?"

"Why, Sir, the market's very high just now, as there's a terrible rout about those things; so I must have twelve guineas."

"Well, then, at eleven, the evening after to-morrow, I shall expect you."

The night passed on, no St. Clare appeared;—the next, still he came not—and eleven on the following evening found him yet absent. Surrounded with books, bones, skulls, and other requisites for surgical study, midnight surprised me, when a gentle tap at the door put my reveries to flight.

"Two men in the street, Sir, wish to see you there."

"Very well," said I; and recollecting the appointment, I descended, and found the exhumator and another.

"We called you down, Sir, to get the woman out of the way; because, you know, these things

don't do to gossip about. Shall we take it up stairs?"

"Yes, and I will follow behind. Make as little noise as possible."

"No, no, Sir, trust us for that—we're pretty well used to this sort of work. Jem, give the signal;" when the party addressed, stepping into the street, gave a low whistle on his fingers, and something advanced with a dull, rustling noise, which proved to be a wheelbarrow containing a sack. They had filled the gutter with straw, and over this driven the barrow. In an instant two of them seized the sack, and without making any more disturbance than if they had been simply walking up stairs, they carried it into my apartment, and the vehicle it was brought in was rapidly wheeled off.

It is usual for students to carry on their dissections solely in the theatre to which they belong, but as there are many annoyances from the low and coarse set too often mixed up in these places, St. Clare and myself had determined to choose a lodging where we could pursue this necessary, but revolting, part of the profession in private. Within my bedroom was a dressing-closet, which, as it was well lighted, we devoted to this purpose. Having carried in their burden and laid it down, they returned to the sitting-room, through which was the only communication with the other.

"Couldn't get ye a jemman, Sir; so we brought ye a lady this time," said the man.

"Very well. I hope the subject is a recent one, because I may not be able to make use of the body for a day or two."

"As to the time she has been buried, Sir, that's none to speak of;" while a grin of dark expression gathered round his mouth; and though ignorant of its meaning it made me recoil, from the air of additional horror it flung over features already so revolting in expression. I went into the closet to take a glance at the subject, fearing they might attempt to deceive me. They had lain it on the table, and a linen cloth swathed round was the only covering. I drew aside the corner which concealed the face, and started, for never till that instant had I seen aught that came so near to my most ideal picture of female loveliness; even though the last touches had been painted by the hand of Death. As the light of the candle fell on the shrouded figure before me, it composed the very scene that Rembrandt would have loved to paint, and, you, my reader, to have looked on. Her hair was loose and motionless, while its whole length, which had strayed over her neck and shoulders, nestled in a bosom white as snow, whose pure, warm tides were now at rest for ever! One thing struck me as singular—her rich, dark tresses still held within them a thin, slight comb. An oath of impatience from the men I had left in the next room drew me from my survey.

"Where did you get the subject, my men?" I enquired, as I put the money into the man's hand.

"Oh, we hadn't it from a town churchyard,

Sir. It came up from the country, didn't it, Jem?"

"Yes," replied the man addressed, and both moved quickly to depart; while I returned to gaze on the beauteous object I had left, and which afforded me a pleasure, so mixed up with all that was horrid, that I sincerely hope it will never fall to my lot to have a second experience of the same feeling.

To me she was nothing, less than nothing; and though, from long habit, I had almost brought myself to meet with indifference the objects which are found on the dissecting-table, I could not gaze on one so young, so very fair, without feeling the springs of pity dissolve within me; and tears, fast and many, fell on those lips; I refrained not from kissing, notwithstanding Mortality had set its seal upon them; as yet—

"Before decay's effacing fingers
Had swept the lines where beauty lingers."

Her eyes were closed beneath the long lashes. I lifted one lid; the orb beneath was large and blue—but "soul was wanting there." So great was the impression her beauty made upon me, that, stepping into the next room, I took my materials, and made a drawing of the placid and unconscious form so hushed and still. I look upon it at this moment, and fancy recalls the deep and unaccountable emotions that shook me as I made it. It must have been an instinctive —. But to proceed, I saw but one figure in my sleep—the lovely, but unburied dead. I awoke—what could it be that felt so moist and cold against my face?—where was I?—what light was glimmering through the windows?—it was the break of day. Worn with fatigue, I had fallen asleep over my drawing, while the candle had burnt out in the socket, and my head was resting on the inanimate breast, which had been deprived too soon of existence to know the pure joy of pillow-ing a fellow-heart it loved. I arose, and retired to a sleepless couch. In the evening, while over my modicum of coffee, in came St. Clare. He appeared haggard and wild, whilst every now and then his eye would gaze on vacancy, and closing, seem to shut out some unpleasant thought, that haunted him in ideal reality.

"Well, St. Clare, what has detained you?"

"Death!" said he, solemnly. "The sole remaining relative to whom Nature has given any claim on my affections, is no more. A sudden despatch called me down to soothe the expiring hours of my mother's sister, and not a soul is left me now on earth to love, save Emily and my friend. I feel most unaccountably oppressed—a dread sense of ill pervades me; but let me hope that ill is past."

"Well, think of it no more," I replied, and changed the conversation. "I have procured a subject-female, beautiful and young; but I feel more inclined to let it rest and rot amidst its fellow-cloths of clay, than bare so fair a bosom to the knife. It is well that the living hold a pre-occupancy of my heart, or such a beauteous form of death—"

"This note has just been left for you, Sir, from

Mr. Smith, who requests an immediate answer," said my servant, entering. I read aloud its contents:—

"Though unknown to you, save by name and the mention of another, I call upon you, as the friend of one who was my friend, to assist me in unravelling this horrid mystery. On Tuesday, at two, my dearest Emily went out, with the intention of returning at four. Since that hour, I have been unable to obtain the slightest information respecting her. I have called in your absence for St. Clare twice; he was unexpectedly out. Surely I have not mistaken *him*! He cannot have filled up the measure of mankind's deceit, and abused the trust reposed in him! Let me pray you, for the love of Heaven! to give me the least clue you are possessed of that may lead to her discovery.

"I know not what I have written, but you can understand its meaning.

"Your's, &c.

"JOHN SMITH."

Starting from his seat with the air of a maniac, St. Clare abstractedly gazed on empty air, as if to wait conviction. Too soon it came, and seizing a light, he dashed towards the closet where he knew the body was to be. For the first time a dark suspicion flashed upon me, and taking the other candle I followed. The face had been again covered, and St. Clare, setting the light upon the table, stood transfixed—just as we feel the pressure of some night-mare-dream—without the power of drawing his eyes away, or by dashing aside the veil, to end this suspense of agony, in the certainty of despair.

Every muscle of his body shook, while his pale lips could only mutter—"It must be so! it must be so!" and his finger pointing to the shrouded corpse, silently bade me to disclose the truth: mute, motionless horror pervaded me throughout; when, springing from his trance, he tore away the linen from the features it concealed. One glance sufficed;—true, the last twenty-four hours had robbed them of much that was lovely, but they were cast in a mould of such sweet expression that *once seen*, was to be *remembered for ever*.

With indescribable wildness he flung himself upon the body, and embracing the pallid clay, seemed vainly trying to kiss it back to life. I watched his countenance till it became so pale, there was only one shade of difference between the two. In an instant, from the strained glare of his fixed glance, his eyes relaxed, and a lifeless, inanimate expression of nonentity succeeded their former tension, while with his hand still retaining the hair of the deceased in his grasp, he sunk upon the ground.

Assistance was called, and from a state of insensibility he passed into one of depression.

All our efforts to disentangle the locks he had so warmly loved from his fingers were in vain; the locks were, therefore, cut off from the head. Through all the anguish of his soul he never spoke; the last words to which his lips gave utterance, were these—"It must be so, it must be

so." For hours, he would stare at one object, and his look was to me so full of horror and reproach, I could not meet it. Suddenly he would turn to the hair, and fastening his lips upon it, murmur some inarticulate sounds, and weep with all the bitterness of infantine sorrow.

The reader will remember it so chanced, that I never was introduced to the heroine of my tale; but all doubt was now removed as to the identity of the subject for dissection with the unfortunate Emily Smith. How she came by her death was a mystery that nothing seemed likely to unravel.

Not the slightest marks of violence could be found about her person; the arms were certainly in an unnatural position, being bent with the palms upward, as if to support a weight; and seemed to have been somewhat pressed, but this might be accounted for by the packing of the body. All beside wore the appearance of quiet death.

She was opened, and not the slightest trace of poison presented itself. Immediate search had been made for the men; they had absconded, and all apparent means of inquiry seemed hushed with the victim of science in its grave.

Some years passed—St. Clare was dead—the father of the unfortunate Emily was no more. Fortune had thriven with me, and being independent of practice, I had settled in the West-end of London, and married the object of my choice. I was soon occupied with the employments of my profession, and amongst the rest that of surgeon to the ——— dispensary.

Seven years after my first commencement, I had to attend a poor man who was attacked with inflammation of the brain. The violence of the disease had been subdued, but some strange wanderings of delirium still haunted him. In a paroxysm of this sort he one day exclaimed to me, as I was feeling his pulse, "Cut it off! cut it off! it says so: off with it!" Paying no attention to this, I replaced his arm within the coverlid, but dashing it out, he seized mine and demanded, "Does it not say if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off?" "Yes, my man, but yours is a useful member; take my advice, and keep it on."

"I will not; it has offended me, ay, damned me to eternity. It is a murderous right hand!" But I will not drag the reader through the incoherent ravings of guilty delirium; it suffices to say, that after some considerable pains I elicited the following story from him:—

"It's just ten years to-morrow (that's Tuesday) since I was discharged from four months imprisonment in the House of Correction. I was then just twenty. In the same place I met a gang of resurrection men, and they said what a jolly life they led, plenty of money, and all that, when one of 'em told the rest he knew a better way to get the rhino quickly than what they did, and if so be as they wouldn't split, he'd tell 'em. Well, after making me take an oath (I trembles now to think of it) that I wouldn't tell, they let me into it. This was to kidnap all the green-

horns, that didn't know their way about town, and carry them to a house the gang had in ——— alley, near Blackfriars, where they were to be suffocated, and sold to you doctors for cutting up. Well, it took a long time to bring my mind to such a thing, but they persuaded me we were *all destined to go to heaven or hell*, before we were born, and that *our actions had nothing to do with it*. So I agreed, when the time came round, to enter the gang.

"On the day we were *let loose*, there were four of us loitering near the coach stand in ——— street. A gentleman was walking up and down before an inn, looking at his watch every now and then, and casting his eyes round to see if a coach was coming which he seemed to expect. Presently he met some one who knowed 'un, and I saw him take a letter and read it, and then say to the other, 'I can't come this instant, because I expect a friend in half an hour, and must wait for her; but stay, I can write a note, and put her off,' when he stepped inside the inn, and came out in ten minutes, with a note in his hand. One of us had been servant in a cutting-up house in the Borough, and knowed him afore; stepping up, he asked if he could carry the note for him? The other was in a hurry, and said 'yes,' giving him half-a-crown to take it into the Borough, then got into the coach and drove off. Instead of going with it, he had learnt to read, and breaking the note open, found some lady was coming to meet the gentleman by half-past two. 'I'll tell ye what, my boys,' says he, 'here's a fish come to our net without looking for it, so we'll have her first. Shortly after, up comes the coach with a lady in it; meanwhile one of our gang had got another coach belonging to us *for the purpose*, which was in waiting; so the villain tells her that the gentleman had been obliged to go somewhere else, but he was an old servant, and if she would get into his coach, he would drive her to the house where the gemman was waiting to receive her. She, never suspecting, got in, and was driven off to the *slaughter house*, as we called it. She entered by a back yard, and frightened by the dark, dirty way, and lonely-looking rooms, and not seeing him she expected, she attempted to run off, but that was of no use, and taking her to a room for the purpose, in the middle of the house, where no one could hear her screaming, she was locked up for the night. Well, I was uncommon struck with her beautiful looks, and begged very hard to let her go: they said it would not do, because as how they would all be found out. *So die she must, the next order they had for a corpse*. That very night came an order, and they swore I should have the killing of her, for being spooney enough to beg her life. I swore I would not do it; but they said if I didn't, they would send me instead, and, frightened at their threats, I agreed.

"In the room where she slept was a bed, with a sliding top to let down and smother the person who was lying beneath, while the chain which let it down was fastened in the room above. They had given her a small lamp in order to look

at her through a hole, that they might see what she was about. After locking the door inside, (for they left the key there to keep 'em *easy*, while it was bolted on the out,) and looking to see there was no one in the room nor any other door, she knelt by the bedside, said her prayers, and then laid down in her clothes. This was at ten—they watched her till twelve; she was sleeping soundly, but crying too, they said, when they took me up into the room above, and with a drawn knife at my throat, insisted on my letting go the chain which was to smother her beneath—I did it! oh, I did it!—hark!" starting up, "don't you hear that rustling of the clothes? a stifled cry? no, all is quiet! She is done for—take her and sell her!" and from that he fell into his old raving manner once more.

The next day he was again lucid, and pulling

from his bosom an old purse, he said, "I managed to get these things without their knowledge." It contained a ring with a locket engraved "E. S." and the silver plate of a dog's collar with the name of "Emily" on it; "that," he remarked, "came from a little spaniel which we sold."

I had made a finished miniature from the rough drawing taken on the first evening of my seeing Emily Smith. This had been set in the lid of a snuff-box, and anxious to see if he would recognize it, I brought it in my pocket. After looking an instant at the contents of the purse, I silently placed the snuff-box in his hand. His mind but barely took time to comprehend and know the face, when, flinging it from him, with a loud cry, his spirit took its flight to final judgment—and I vowed from that day a renunciation of the scalpel for ever.

Original.

THE CLOSE OF LIFE.

"The glittering meed is sought,
Battled for, but unworn;
Ere yet the prize be gained, the wraith
Entwines the victor brow of death."

ANON.

FEW persons have reached that point of human existence, significantly termed middle life, without finding at times a feeling in their bosoms powerfully responding to that declaration in the volume of inspiration, "I would not live always." Life, at times, will be felt to be a burden—one they would most gladly lay down for a season, were taking it up again at pleasure, a contingent possibility. But the thought—to die, to sleep, to rot, and what is infinitely more than these—to be forgotten—comes unbidden over the mind of him who is hesitating on the verge, and half resolved to take the last irrevocable step, and drives him back to earth's hopes and fears, its fleeting gladness, and its fathomless griefs. Men cling to life with a grasp which the benumbing touch of death's icy fingers can alone unloose. We fear to exchange the evils which we know for those of which we know nothing—there is a proud feeling of philosophy which enables us to buffet the torrent of calamity unshrinkingly—and there is a consciousness that to shun the ills of existence would be the mark of recreant cowardice, "or who could suffer being here below;—who would not, when assailed by evils which must pursue him till he hides from them in the grave, seek there an early and secure asylum? It is not the evils of life, however, which always causes this disinclination to live forever on earth. There are emotions the most high and godlike—feelings the most elevated that belong to our natures—aspirations which can only belong to the immortal mind, that prompt the expression of

such declarations. It is not surprising to me that the happiest, as well as the most miserable of men, should look with complacency on a change of existence. What is there on earth of which we do not tire?—what is there, independent of mind, which, however it may fascinate us at first, does not soon pall upon the sense?—and how readily is enjoyment converted into torture. It is a law of our natures that we shall not rest satisfied with the present. It is this principle which lifts us upwards in the glorious career of which man is made capable here and hereafter; and it is this, undirected by reason, which plunges the wretched victim of passion with tenfold rapidity, to the lowest abysses of misery and degradation. If we should change not, every thing would change around us, and in the midst of being, we should be forever alone. Friendship and affection, gladness and joy, are evanescent; the spring of our hopes, ere we are aware, is converted into the autumn of disappointment; even that master passion of the heart, the germ of which was planted by the Almighty in Paradise, and which still bears more of the impress of heaven, than aught else below—love itself, often becomes the source of the bitterest anguish, the most immedicable wounds. There is something in the aspirations, the unsatisfied longings of the mind, which plainly says, it would not be good to live always.

"Who that hath ever been, could bear to be no more?

Yet who would tread again the scene he trod through life before!

On, with intense desire, man's spirit will move on;
It seems to die, yet like heaven's fire it is not quenched,
but gone."

What do we certainly know on earth? Let the most learned philosopher, the most profound thinker ask himself the question, and he would be startled at the answer, for it would come like a chill over the heart—literally nothing! Where is such a man, who has not at times felt that the discovery and establishment of a single positive truth, would be worth dying for; and who to enjoy the enviable privilege of saying, I can read and understand this single page in the dark and mysterious volume of nature, would not willingly have consented to shake off the fetters of mortality, and soared away to that region where the springs of knowledge have their unfailing source. What is there of the bright and beautiful of earth, that we can look upon, without experiencing an emotion of regret? Youth and beauty!—what are they?—bubbles, shadows! The proud superiority of manhood?—a dream—a glorious dream it is true, but still a dream. To the lover of nature, the person who delights in looking through nature up to nature's God, there are few things more enchanting, than the solitary grove, with its cloud of foliage, and the bright sunbeams darting through and sprinkling with drifting gold, the sweet flowers and green turf below. Oh, that this beauty could be eternal!—that the flowers, and foliage, and beautiful sky, and perfumed air, could last forever!—then, freed from care and pain, we might talk of Paradise, and dream of happiness here:—but scarcely can we pass these visions through the imagination, ere the flowers are crushed by the foot, the foliage withers in the north wind, clouds blot out the golden light, while miseries of every kind rudely awaken us to a certainty that such hopes are futile, that disappointment awaits us unceasingly, and demonstrates that an unchanging existence would be an intolerable burden.

It is well then to die. And it is well to be prepared to meet that which we cannot avoid, and to be able to look calmly and coolly at events, which, let us endeavour to avoid them as we may, are coming upon us with a giant's stride. There are things which sometimes precede death, far more terrible and bitter than death itself. I look around me, and see those who are suffering disease in its most unpitiful form, or those whose stooping forms, white locks, and tottering gait, bear every impress of helpless old age; or those who are chained down to miseries of which death alone can free them, yet all strangely clinging to life, as the wrecked mariner clings to the plank which gives a bare hope of safety. God has in mercy thrown from the skies a lamp to guide us through this dark labyrinth of existence, and I would thankfully avail myself of it, not to make preparations for an eternal residence here, but to correct my observations as I pass along, and light with undying radiance the path that leads to the last inevitable change. There are many who affirm they have no choice as to the time or manner of their death;

all their anxiety is to protract life to the latest possible moment. Such I think are not my ideas and feelings. I would not survive usefulness—I would not outlive enjoyment. I would not from the mere desire of breathing, live to be a hopeless burden to those around me, and know by bitter experience what it must be to "wish for death, since others wish it too." No—when that writ, which is never returned *non est*, is issued in the high court of Heaven, I would not plead a postponement of its execution;—when the dart of destiny is drawn from the quiver, I would have the blow as speedy, as the result is sure and inevitable. I would escape protracted disease and suffering; I would spare the prolonged anguish and tears of those I love; I would not witness the sword that is to slay me, drawn by hair breadths from its scabbard, or suspended for months over my devoted head; I would not see the extinction of my fond hopes one by one, or stand shivering on the brink of that grave which will furnish the body a welcome rest after a life of pain and suffering. Were the time of dissolution to be placed at my disposal, I would not choose the spring of the year; then every thing is bright, and pure, and glad: pain, sickness, and tears belong not to a season, when all around speaks of renewed life and happiness: but I would choose the days, when the fragrance of the last flowers is on the departing winds of summer—when the red leaves are slowly falling from the many coloured woods, and gently eddying down the streams—and ere the beautiful hue of the autumn sky has vanished, and the chill November rain with its clouds announces the approach of winter and its storms. It has long appeared to me that the death-bed was no place to gratify idle curiosity, or for speculation, or for the indulgence of show or theatrical parade. I would have no crowd assembled around mine, to watch the expiring agonies. There are moments too awful for the gaze of the world, and the moment of dissolution is one; and whenever the bolt may fall, I would have no prying or sympathising eye, to witness the surrendering of the immortal part, to the hand that made and bestowed.

I shall be deemed equally heterodox on the subject of burial. I never could read of the burning of the dead by the ancients, and the religious solemnity and grandeur with which they invested this manner of disposing of the dead, without feeling a desire, that on the funeral pyre, and amidst the flames of fragrant wood, reduced to ashes, I might find the Hydrotopia of other days. But I well know the age forbids—too many prejudices would be shocked—too many superstitions to overcome to render it practicable.—Why the inclination to introduce gregarious habits among the dead, should be so universally prevalent, I cannot conceive. To me there is something revolting in the idea of a churchyard with its clustering graves—the matted dust—the mouldering bones—and the grass made rank by festering mortality. *There* I would not lie—O no; is there not in the wide bosom of the earth a place suffi-

T

cient for all her sons, that one need not be forced upon the privacy and repose of another? Give me a grave in some secluded quiet spot, where the "silver sand" has no taint of humanity, where no ringed earthworm bloated and fattened on mortality has yet found a home; and where the blue sky alone is over me, and the sweet wild flowers around me; where no curious eye, or careless foot, or hypocritical tear shall ever be known, let me sleep my last long sleep, and lie as I have lived, in the midst of the multitude—alone.

Such a spot I well know. It is in the midst of a wild and lone wood—a gentle eminence from which years ago the huge forest trees were removed, and their place is now supplied by a most luxuriant growth of evergreens, cedar and hemlock, whose dark tops meet over, and shadow, some of the richest, softest, moss-grown verdure I have ever seen. A clear, murmuring brook flows at one foot of the eminence; and the faint vestiges of an ancient road, now choked with masses of foliage, may be traced on the other. The ground is trod by no beasts, unless the wild fox may sometimes pass over it; but the partridge flutters

through the tangled boughs, broods her young on the fresh turf, and the song of the wild bird as he flits through its mid-day shadows, or sunset gloom, seems like the melodious breathings of some invisible being. Often have I stood and viewed this delightful spot, and thought how pleasant it would be when life's fever fit was over, to sleep there so calmly in the virgin earth—to have the green branches that shadowed my grave wet with the dew of heaven, or gilded by the fitting moonbeams. I would have no marble to tell where I lie—to flatter vanity with the hope of a prolonged remembrance:—those I love will not forget me, and by those alone would I be remembered; and when they go down to the grave, I am content to be forgotten. And should she, who has been to me the star of destiny—the rose that I beheld "unfolding its paradise of leaves," ever print with her light foot the pure and verdant moss of that secluded spot, she will remember that on a heart which will then be as cold as the clods of the valley can make it, her name was engraven, and that its last ebbing pulsations were mingled with aspirations for her happiness.

CLIO.

THE LOST DARLING.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

SHE was my idol.—Night and day to scan
The fine expansion of her form—and mark
The unfolding mind like vernal rose-bud start
To sudden beauty, was my chief delight—
To find her fairy footsteps following me,
Her hand upon my garments, or her lip
Close sealed to mine—and in the watch of night
The quiet breath of innocence to feel
Soft on my cheek, was such a full content
Of happiness, as none but mothers know.—
Her voice was like some tiny harp that yields
To the slight-fingered breeze—and as it held
Brief converse with her doll—or kindly soothed
Her moaning kitten—or with patient care
Conned o'er the alphabet—but most of all
Its tender cadence in her evening prayer,
Thrilled on the ear like some ethereal tone,
Heard in sweet dreams. But now alone I sit,
Musing of her, and dew with mournful tears
The little robes that once with woman's pride
I wrought—as if there were a need to deck
A being formed so beautiful. I start,
Half fancying from her empty crib there comes
A restless sound, and breathe the accustomed words;
"Hush, hush, Louisa, dearest!—then I weep,
As though it were a sin to speak to one
Whose home is with the angels.—

—Gone to God!—

And yet wish I had not seen the pang
That wrung her features—nor the ghostly white
Settling around her lips.—I would that Heaven
Had taken its own, like some transplanted flower,
In all its bloom and freshness.—

—Gone to God!—

Be still my heart!—What could a mother's prayer
In all the wildest ecstasy of hope,
Ask for its darling, like the bliss of Heaven.

THE WATERFALL.

BY THE REV. DR. RAFFLES.

I LOVE the roaring waterfall,
Within some deep, romantic glen;
'Mid desert wilds, remote from all
The gay and busy haunts of men;
For its loud thunders sound to me
Like voices from eternity.

They tell of ages long gone by,
And beings that have past away,
Who sought perhaps with curious eye,
These rocks where now I love to stray;
And thus, its thunders sound to me
Like voices from eternity.

And, from the past, they seem to call
My spirits to the realms beyond
The ruin that must soon befall
These scenes where grandeur sits enthroned;
And thus its thunders sound to me
Like voices from eternity.

For I am on a torrent borne,
That whirls me rapidly away,
From morn to eve—from eve to morn—
From month to month—from day to day;
And all that live and breathe with me
Are hurrying to eternity.

This mighty cataract's thundering sound
In louder thunders soon must die;
And all these rugged mountains round,
Uprooted, must in ruin lie:
But that dread hour will prove to me
The dawning of eternity!

Eternity!—that vast unknown!
Who can that deep abyss explore?
Which swallows up the ages gone,
And rolls its billows evermore!
O, may I find that boundless sea,
A bright, a blest eternity!



THE ORNITHOLOGIST.



THE ORNITHOLOGIST.

ACCUSTOMED as our reader must be to the beautiful forms and plumage of many varieties of birds, she will, doubtless, feel an inclination to acquire an idea of the natural history of so interesting a class of the animal kingdom, as that to which they belong.

Birds considerably exceed quadrupeds, in point of number, but fall short of them in size. The Ostrich, which is the largest bird known, is much less than many quadrupeds, and the smallest of these is larger than the Humming-bird. All birds are oviparous; they are very long-lived, and dispersed over the greater part of the earth. To man, birds are exceedingly useful, although but few species have been domesticated: the flesh of many of them affords us delicious food, and the plumage of others is rendered valuable by its application to a variety of purposes.

The bony frame in birds is much lighter than in quadrupeds; the cavities are larger, and it is altogether well calculated for the purpose of flight. The strong ridge down the middle of the breast bone is adapted for the attachment of those powerful muscles by which the wings are moved. The breast bone is very large; the neck long and flexible; and the spine immovable. The bones of the legs are analogous to those of the hind legs of quadrupeds, and those of the wings, to their anterior limbs: the former terminate usually in four toes—three of which are placed before, and one behind. Some birds have only three toes, and a few but two; and their position varies considerably in different individuals. The termination of the wings is in three joints only; the outer one of which is very short.

To whatever bird we may turn our attention, we shall find that it is furnished with a beak nicely adapted for its food and manner of feeding: and that there is often a marked affinity between the beak and the foot. The celebrated Cuvier states, that we never meet with the sharp talons of the Eagle accompanying the flattened beak of the Swan. The birds which are mounted upon long stilt-like legs, have either long beaks or long bills, and sometimes both, to enable them to reach their food without difficulty;—the powerful legs and claws of the Rapacious order, enable the birds to seize their prey and assist them in tearing it;—the claws of the Woodpecker, which, by means of its hard bill and long barbed tongue, is enabled to open clefts, and extract the insects which it eats, are so well adapted to its habits, that the young ones can climb up and down the trees before they are able to fly.

The sight of birds, especially those of the Rapacious kind, is very acute: they possess the power of accommodating the eye to the various distances of objects, so as to see clearly such as are a great way off, and also those which are close to them. They derive this power, it is supposed, from a singular arrangement of scales round the iris, which enables them to elongate

or shorten the axis of the eye, according to circumstances. It has been stated, on good authority, that within a short time after an animal has been killed, when not a speck was previously seen in the heavens, Vultures, in great numbers, have appeared approaching from immense distances towards the carcass, although not the least odour from putrefaction was perceptible. Similar facts are related, accompanied by such circumstances as have led authors to believe, that the powers of scent, in some Rapacious Birds, are even greater than those of vision.

Birds also possess the sense of hearing in great perfection. They have no external appendages to the ear, except feathers.—The organs of touch are more or less powerful in different birds. It is worthy of remark, that the bills of Ducks, Geese, and others of similar habits, are covered with a delicate membrane, so abundantly supplied with nerves, as to enable the birds to discover the food they seek beneath the surface of the mud.

The plumage of birds is no less admirable for its nice adaptation to their necessities and manner of living, than for its richness and variety of colour. The feathers next the skin are furnished with a sort of down, which keeps the body of the bird warm; the exterior ones are neatly folded over each other, tending in the same direction, and calculated, by their formation, to insure speed, as well as to keep out the wet and cold. Certain glands upon the hinder part of the back afford a quantity of oil, which the bird presses out with its bill, and rubs over its plumage to smooth and render it capable of affording a greater resistance to water. The Aquatic Birds have a more bountiful supply of this oil than those which live on land. The exterior feathers have a series of filaments regularly arranged on each side, forming two beards;—the filaments of one being longer than those of the other; the edges on both sides are perfectly even, and neatly tapered off, by all the filaments decreasing to a point at their extremities.

The bones of a bird are hollow, and admit air from the lungs into their cavities; thus the specific gravity of the body is decreased, and the bird is better able to sustain itself on the wing. A number of air-bags, or cells, which communicate with the lungs, and run the whole length of the body, tend materially to the same effect: by means of these air-bags, which birds are enabled to fill or empty at pleasure, they can increase or diminish their specific gravity, more or less, as may be most expedient, in the various actions of diving (if water-birds,) soaring from the earth, or alighting upon it. Air-cells also extend along the muscles; and these, in such birds as are most remarkable for their power of flight, are particularly large. Even the barrels of the quills are hollow and contain air; so that a bird may be said to bear some resemblance to an inflated bal-

loon. Its air-cells, &c. render it so buoyant, that the body is indebted for but little support to the wings, which are therefore left, in a great measure, free, to increase the speed or direct the course. The addition to its specific gravity, obtained by compressing the body, so as to expel the air from the cells, enables the bird, if Aquatic, to descend rapidly from the surface of the water; or, if Rapacious, to pounce with greater velocity from its usual elevation, upon its prey beneath. The wings are placed in the most advantageous situation for the purpose of flight; the pectoral muscles, which are chiefly concerned in putting them in motion, are much stronger than in other animals.

The power of the wings decreases, by almost

imperceptible gradations, through different tribes, until at length the faculty of flying ceases altogether. While a few of the quadrupeds are endowed with wings which enable them to soar aloft from the earth, there are birds whose puny pinions will not support them for an instant in the air. Some possess the power of running with astonishing swiftness; others are capable of swimming with different degrees of facility; a few can neither run nor fly;—but to these, Nature has not been altogether a niggard; for where the Ostrich could not wade, nor the Eagle swim, the Penguin—whose feet Buffon describes as resembling two broad oars, so situated as to render the bird exceedingly well qualified for its manner of living—floats in perfect security.

THE SACRIFICE.

WRITTEN BY MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ,

AUTHOR OF THE PRIZE TRAGEDY OF DE LARA, &c.

The events recorded in the following tale may be found in the annals of a reign, memorable for its splendour and oppression—the reign of Amurath, one of the most powerful Sultans of the East. The usurper and not the inheritor of another's throne, he ruled with iron despotism over the subjects to whose obedience he felt he had no legitimate claim. Yet while others crouched beneath the tyrant's frown, his own heart was a prey to secret disquietude and distrust.

There are no pangs more keen than those occasioned by a consciousness of crime, and a dread of its consequences. Amurath knew that he had been no common usurper, that the path which led to his present grandeur had been deluged with royal blood, and in the midst of all his magnificence a voice was ever sounding in his ear, *that* royal blood would one day cry aloud for vengeance, and be heard.

Superstition, which usually holds dark companionship with guilt, and which in that age and clime maintained a powerful sway over the purest minds, added to the depth and intensity of these emotions. One of those wild dwellers of the mountain, who believe themselves gifted with inspiration from heaven, or impose that belief on the credulity of others, had first kindled the fire of ambition in the cold breast of Amurath by clouded prophecies of his future greatness. The shade which dimmed the brilliant unveiling of his destiny was the asseveration of the prophet, that while the remotest branch of the royal family existed, his power was without base, and his life without security. He had exterminated, with remorseless cruelty, that ill-fated race, but the jewels with which he encircled his brow were as

so many points of living fire to *his* brain. The fear that some scion from the ancient stock still flourished, protected from his power, flitted like a phantom in his path, and shadowed the possession of his glory.

He sat one evening in his magnificent divan, his countenance darkened with more than its wonted expression of care and apprehension. Selim, his favourite and prime minister, stood before him, holding in his hand an unfolded letter, whose contents he had just perused and upon which he still bent a stern and steadfast gaze. "Knowest thou, whose hand has traced these characters?" exclaimed the Sultan, breaking the ominous silence, in a voice which in vain endeavored to master its inquietude.—Selim lifted his head, from the bending position which it had assumed, and met the keen searching glance of the Sultan, with one, irresolute and troubled. At length his eye steadied, while it kindled into an expression of moral sublimity, and though his lip quivered with undefinable emotion, he answered in unflinching accents, "I do." For a moment Amurath was silent, for there is a power in intellect, proudly resting on its own strength for support, unaided and alone, to whose sovereignty the haughtiest despot is compelled to bow. But the momentary awe was succeeded by a gust of stormy passion. "Ha! darest thou thus avow a league with treachery—thou whom I have taken into my bosom, whom I have drawn near my throne and exalted even to my right hand? Tell me the name of him, who has penned this seditious scrawl, or by the sword of the Prophet, every drop of thy false heart's blood shall be spilled to expiate thy crime." "I have formed no league with treason," exclaimed the undaunted

Selim—"still true is my allegiance to my royal master; I boldly assert my right to that confidence which has never been violated. Drain the last drop, if it be thy sovereign will, from this faithful heart, and in my dying agonies, I will only remember that thou once were just to thyself and me." "I demand the proof of thy fidelity," repeated the Sultan in a calmer tone, his wrath beginning to yield to the o'ermastering influence of his favorite; "tell me the author of those fatal lines." Selim answered not, but bending one knee to the ground, bowed his head in the attitude of oriental submission—"Commander of the faithful! bid me not expose an unfortunate to the fate he merits. I once knew the misguided being who has thus clandestinely intruded himself on thy notice, but years have passed since we have met and every bond which once united us has long been broken. Believe me, Sire, it is not the discovery of an obscure individual, that can insure safety to thyself, or security to thy throne. There is a powerful existing party in favor of the fallen dynasty, and were it once known that an offspring of that race is still left behind it would be the signal of anarchy and blood. Destroy this letter,—its contents are safe in my bosom—my life shall be the pledge of my fidelity—it is in thy hands—but I will not redeem it, by the sacrifice of another, even to obey the mandate of my sovereign." "Take back thy pledge," replied the Sultan, "and hug thy secret to thy breast. But never shall thy nuptials be consummated with the beautiful daughter of Ibrahim, till thou hast unravelled this dark conspiracy and discovered the pretended offspring of that race, which was created only to serve at the foot-stool of my glory. The morrow was to have been gilded by the pomp of thy union, but never shall *that* sun rise which is to illuminate the hymeneal rite, till thou hast rolled away this shadow from thy name and fulfilled the commands of thy insulted sovereign."

Selim found himself alone; but ere we penetrate into the recesses of his soul, agitated as it now is with contending passions, we will give an explanation of the preceding scene. Amurath had intercepted an anonymous letter to Selim, whose contents were calculated to awaken the strongest suspicions and darkest forebodings. The language of this epistle was bold and eloquent. It called upon Selim to unite himself to a band, which was leagued to redeem the ancient honors of the throne. It spoke of the existence of a Princess, a daughter of the murdered Sultan, who had been sheltered since infancy from the power of the usurper, and whom they had sworn to protect with their blood. Selim recognised in this daring appeal, the characters of his elder brother, who, scorning the restraints of the paternal roof, and obeying the impulses of his own wild spirit, had for many years, been an alien from his home. He had cherished for this brother an affection more than fraternal; it was romantic, enthusiastic and intense; and in proportion to the ardor of his attachment was the bitterness of sorrow which he felt for his desertion.

No longer interested in the scenes of his youth, he sought the precincts of the court, and the favorite of nature soon became the idol of fortune. He obtained the unbounded confidence of the Sultan, the highest honors royal favor could bestow, and, more than all, the love of Zerah, the beautiful daughter of Ibrahim. He had that evening entered the presence of his sovereign rich in the possession of all that grandeur can impart, and the reversion of all that hope can offer. He now stood desolate and alone,—conscious of the abyss, which yawned before him; for he knew but too well that the wrath of sovereignty succeeding its smile, was terrible as the tempest, blackening in the sunbeam's ray. He might have denied all knowledge of the bold conspirator who had thus exposed him to peril and disgrace, but his truth-telling lips refused to sanction even an implied deceit. He had pledged his fidelity to Amurath—he was bound to him by every tie of gratitude and honor—ties indissolubly strong. He was united to his brother by the holy bonds of fraternity—to Zerah, the fair, the fond, the confiding, by all those hallowed and imperishable sympathies, which the God of nature has created and entwined with the life-chords of our existence. Could he throw off his allegiance to the ruthless usurper, yet liberal benefactor, and brand himself with the name of traitor and ingrate? Better to die with an unblemished name than live to bear a stigma so degrading. Could he sacrifice his brother to the excited vengeance of Amurath, who would search his kingdom to discover the place of his retreat were he once assured of his identity with the conspirator who had awakened his fears? Never—Nature would disown the monster who could violate her sacred laws. Could he persist in his present resolution, and wound by his desertion that tender and innocent heart, which beat but to adore him? To this there was but one reply, involving life or death. These reflections pursued him at the midnight hour, while wandering in a garden contiguous to the palace, which the liberality of nature and the splendour of art had embellished with every charm. Groves of orange trees, covered with their sweet, virginal blossoms, filled the air with that mild, delicious fragrance, which reminds one of all that is lovely in the moral and spiritual world. Fountains of the purest water tossed their silvery foam to the moon's glancing rays, or flowed on through marble channels, in low, murmuring melody, till their sound died on the ear. The moon shone with that pearl-like lustre, which is only known in oriental climes, while remote from the halo of light which surrounded her throne, the stars were scattered like so many living diamonds over the deep, dark blue of a midnight firmament, each shining distinctly in its own individual glory.

Selim felt for a moment calmed and solemnized before the majesty of creation. Who has not felt the influence of night? Grand, silent, religious night! It is invested with a veiled splendor, an approachable magnificence, a thousand

times more sublime than the insufferable blaze of day. We feel as if we had entered the inner temple of nature and shared in the mysteries of her repose. The soul, disturbed by earth-born cares, agonized by earthly conflicts, discards its cares and its conflicts before the altar of omnipotence, and conscious of its own immortality, identifies itself with the divinity around. Such thoughts as these awed the tempestuous passions which raged in the breast of Selim to repose. He threw himself upon a flight of marble steps and reclining his burning temples, against the cold, smooth surface, remained motionless as the statue carved from the same everlasting stone. He lay with his eyes, intensely fixed upon the illimitable vault above, unconscious of aught else in the eternal world, when he perceived the light darkening around him, though no cloud swept over the ethereal blue. Half-rising from his recumbent attitude, he beheld a majestic figure standing before him, in bold relief against the heavens, on which its lineaments were defined. Selim stood erect and grasping his scimitar with one hand repelled with the other the approach of the mysterious visitant.

"Selim," exclaimed the stranger, in the deep tones of suppressed emotion; and in an instant the hand which grasped the scimitar relaxed its hold. Time may dim the recollection of familiar features, or change the form whose traits are hoarded in the memory, but the voice—there is a magic in the voice—it steals over the soul, as the wind floats over the chords of some neglected harp; and the music of remembrance awakens as it breathes. The stranger opened his arms and Selim fell upon his brother's neck and wept. Forgotten were desertion and wrongs, danger and fear. Every other feeling was absorbed in that of fraternal love. He saw only the long estranged companion of his childhood, he felt only the tears of a brother, bedewing his cheek. But the tears of man are few; they are wrung from him only by extremity of feeling, and pride soon conquers the weakness of nature. Solyman, such was the name of the wanderer, unfolded to his brother, the purpose of his secret visit, adjured him to break the gilded chains which linked him to a tyrant's destiny, and assert the claims of the orphan Princess to loyalty and protection.

Selim was immovable—he felt the galling weight of those gilded chains, but he vowed never to betray the master whom he had served, and who had till this moment leaned upon his faith, with undoubting trust. "But where," he cried, "is this unfortunate Princess, who survives the ruin of her race?" "The secret is locked in my bosom," replied Solyman, "close as the gems in the casket, which contains the testimonials of her birth. That casket was committed to my care, by the dying loyalist, who snatched her, when an infant, from destruction and sheltered her from the wrath of the destroyer. Even he who now fosters her in his arms, and shields her with parental care, knows not the treasure, he wears in his bosom. Selim, I have that in my

power which thou wilt value more than all that Amurath, in the prodigality of favor can bestow. Join but our faithful and devoted band, aid us in protecting this last remnant of the kingly line, and thou shalt be rewarded by the possession of the royal beauty."

"Talk not of love and beauty," exclaimed Selim sternly, "thou knowest not what thou utterest." "I know not!" repeated the wanderer—"Thinkest thou that my heart, because it scorned the cold restraints of the world, is dead to human feeling. I roamed from scenes of heartless splendour, but another was the companion of my wanderings. An angel spirit in woman's form, has ever followed my devious path, smoothed its roughness and gilded its gloom. Go with me to yon mountain cave, see the fair flower that hides its sweetness there, and then tell me, if thou canst, that I know nought of love and beauty." "Thou dost not read my meaning," replied Selim, with bitterness—"My dreams of bliss are vanished—the paradise of love will never cheer this isolated heart." He related to Solyman, the history of his betrothed, his anticipated marriage, and the fatal denunciation which had blasted his hopes. He trusted to the magnanimity of his brother and appealed to him, by all that was holy and awful, to relinquish a design which was not only endangering his own life, but destroying the happiness of a brother.

Solyman listened in breathless silence, but Selim marked with indignant surprise, that his eye kindled in the moonlight with a fierce delight, which seemed to mock the calm radiance it reflected. He gazed on the majestic features, which shone with a corresponding illumination, and almost imagined that some malignant demon had animated them. That Solyman should exult over the misery he had caused—the thought was inexplicable. "Fear not," exclaimed Solyman, "she shall yet be thine. No fraternal blood shall stain the hymeneal altar—Meet me to-morrow, when the day first dawns, at the foot of yon mountain which stretches its dark outline on the right, and I will shew the credentials, which shall prove the truth of my words." They parted, to meet again at the appointed hour. They met in stealth, at the foot of the mountain, whose summit was just gilded by the breaking light.

Selim earnestly perused his brother's face that he might penetrate into the depths of his soul, and learn its latent emotions, but he could not fathom them. He saw only the bold, unquiet eye, the proud, curling lip, and haughty mien, which had distinguished him in early years, and gained him the appellation of Solyman the proud. The spot which had been selected was one which nature had guarded from intrusion with the most jealous care. On one side, a cluster of trees, clothed in the densest foliage, presented a wall of living verdure, impenetrable to the eye; on the other a broad stream, darkened by the boughs, which overshadowed its banks, poured its tributary waters into the ocean wave. Selim

impatiently demanded of his brother the credentials he had promised to deliver. Solyman drew the casket from his breast, and touching a secret spring, displayed its brilliant contents. It was filled with the richest gems, but there were papers concealed in the magnificent bed, which Selim gathered regardless of the splendour which surrounded them. From these he discovered that Zerah, his betrothed bride, the supposed daughter of Ibrahim, was that orphan Princess, who had been rescued from the power of Amurath. The loyalist, whose attachment to his murdered sovereign had led him to protect this lone blossom, from the storm which blasted the royal tree, placed her in the arms of Ibrahim's gentle wife, then watching the cradle of her own slumbering babe. Ibrahim was absent, but she vowed to cherish with a mother's tenderness, the innocent being committed to her care. In the mean time her own child sickened and died, and when Ibrahim, who proud and ambitious, had attached himself to the new dynasty, returned, he received to his bosom the offspring of another, unconscious of the deception which was imposed.

The wife of Ibrahim justly deemed that her husband would be secured from danger and solicitude if he remained ignorant of the hazardous charge she had received; and the inexplicable resemblance of the two infants favoured her design. She feared too the lofty ambition of Ibrahim, and in silence cherished the child of her adoption. The protectress of Zerah was no more—and they who stood, side by side in the solitude we have described, were the sole possessors of this interesting secret.

Selim grasped the casket as if it contained his salvation. "Mine be the bosom to guard these sacred relics—I dare not hazard them even in thy hands.—Should Amurath but dream of her identity with the subject of his vengeance, her life would be the instantaneous sacrifice. Even now, his emissaries are on the watch, sent to every part of his kingdom to discover the victim on whom he new unconsciously smiles." "No! let them be a pledge betwixt thee and me," cried Solyman. "Thou hast sworn not to betray me—but thou art human. My life and that of my brave band are in thy keeping. I have unveiled to thee our most secret resolves. What surety hast thou given? What, but the breath of thy mouth? Shouldst thou in some unguarded moment deliver us into the hands of him, by whom thou art enslaved, thy Zerah's life would be the forfeit of thy broken faith. I brought thee hither to learn thee the secret of my strength, but I never will relinquish to the friend of tyranny, the treasure which expiring loyalty committed to my trust." He ceased and suddenly snatching the casket from the grasp of Selim, turned and plunged into the river that rolled near their feet. The action was so sudden and impetuous, that Selim was hardly aware of the deed, till he beheld his brother dividing the waters with one hand, while he held in the other his glittering prize. Soon springing upon the opposite bank, he waved a

parting adieu and disappeared in the obscurity of the shades.

Selim gazed after this wild and singular being with feelings it would be difficult to define. The conviction that Solyman scorned that species of honor which bound him to Amurath, stung him to the soul. "He knows me not," he bitterly cried—but the recollection of Zerah, and the dangers which surrounded her, soon banished every other reflection. The sun was just beginning to curl the mist, that hung upon the mountain's brow—that sun which was to have gilded their nuptial vows. The fear, that Amurath might discover the secret of her birth, deepened to maddening certainty, as he thought of the almost illimitable power which Amurath exercised over the sordid minions who surrounded his throne. He could not admit the belief that the knowledge of so important a fact was confined to the bosom of an individual. He resolved to seek the dwelling of Ibrahim, warn him of some impending calamity, urge him immediately to leave the kingdom and flee with his daughter to some distant asylum, till the apprehended danger was past.

Ibrahim beheld with astonishment the clouded brow and troubled mien of Selim. The pride of the father rose high in his heart, for his beautiful Zerah was the fairest flower of oriental climes, and he deemed her a gift richer than all the gems of the East. To Selim's impassioned representations of imminent peril which awaited them, and earnest entreaties for their immediate departure, he lent a doubting ear. He was one of the most powerful grandees of the kingdom, and he felt that he possessed sufficient power in himself to guard against external ills, and with the proud consciousness of integrity, he declared himself superior to all fear. Selim was prepared for this resistance, and he marked with anguish the suspicions which had entered the breast of Ibrahim. He dared not avow the secret which oppressed him. He could not prove by the necessary credentials the almost incredible tale, and he feared that ambition which held lordly sway over Ibrahim's minor passions, would lead him to sacrifice the innocence and beauty he had fostered, while unconscious of her imperial origin. Ibrahim summoned his daughter and commanding her to fathom the mystery of her lover's conduct or withdraw the pledge she had given, left the apartment.

Selim had not till this moment experienced the overwhelming embarrassment of his situation. He stood pale and disordered in the presence of her whom he was to have claimed that day as a triumphant bridegroom. The pride which sustained him before his fellow man, was now annihilated by a stronger emotion. He did not speak, but knelt in the prostration of agony at her feet, and buried his face in the foldings of her robe. And surely if aught in woman's form could justify the adoration of the heart, this daughter of a kingly line might vindicate the worship she inspired. With eyes of celestial glory, a brow on which the regularity of nature

was enthroned, a cheek on which the rich hue of the pomegranate was mellowed into the softness of virgin bloom, and tresses that wreathed in dark redundancy, as they fell, a native veil around her, she moved amidst the maidens of that eastern land, fair and transcendent as the moon, when attended by her starry handmaids, she treads the halls of ether. The temple was worthy the divinity it enshrined. Thus clothed with the light of material, and spiritual loveliness, she seemed born to feel and to create a passion, refined from the grossness of mortality. Unlike the proud Ibrahim, she doubted not the faith of her lover—when, in broken accents, he told her of the interdiction to their nuptials, of the cloud which darkened their destiny, she wept over their blighted hopes, and instead of withdrawing, renewed her vows of fidelity and love. Oh! the deep, the trusting tenderness of woman's uncorrupted heart! A ray emanating from the fountain of all purity and light, shining on with unwavering brightness, undimmed by the gloom of sorrow, unextinguished by the darkness of despair. The heavier and closer the clouds gather around, the clearer and stronger its divine radiance—the sunshine resting on the brow of the tempest—the rainbow gilding its retiring shades.

Selim felt, in this moment, more than indemnified for all he had endured. The conviction of her unalterable love restored to him that energy and eloquence which had ever rendered him an irresistible pleader. Zerah yielded to the entreaties which the unbending Ibrahim had withstood, and ere they parted had consented to fly with him to some far and lone retreat, where, like the desert flower, which blooms unseen, save by the Omniscient eye, she would be content to live and die alone for him.

Selim sought the palace of the Sultan; he had one of the hardest offices for a noble mind to perform; he was compelled to mask his purpose and to appear with deep submission before that sovereign whose resentment he had incurred. The day must be devoted to the revolting task of dissimulation till the shades of night should favour their design. He was retracing with slow steps the path which led to the mountain stream, that he might avoid the guards of the Sultan; when he suddenly encountered Solyman, who was hurrying along with breathless speed, his countenance expressive of the most violent emotion. "Fly," exclaimed Solyman, in a voice, which sounded in Selim's startled ear, loud as the battle shout. "Fly, the minions of tyranny are abroad; they rushed upon me, cowards as they are; they wrested the casket from my unguarded hand; their scimitars were flashing around me; I fled, but not in fear; I fled in search of vengeance. See," and he lifted his still bleeding hand, "for every drop a thousand streams shall flow; fly through yon secret path; intercept the wretch who robbed me of my treasure; he left his comrades far behind; fear not the power of Amurath; I swear to redeem thee or perish by thy side."

Like the lightning's flash he vanished, and

swift as the same red messenger of heaven, Selim pursued the path which Solyman indicated. That fatal casket! Had he ten thousand lives, he would have perilled them all for the possession of those priceless gems. Zerah, expiring under the hands of the assassin seemed embodied before his eyes; so powerful was the illusion, that when he caught a glimpse of a mantle fluttering through the trees, he called out with the energy of despair, "Save her, All-gracious Allah! save her!" It was the guard who was hastening to the Sultan with the treasure he had won. He turned at the sudden adjuration; the bold arm of Selim impeded his flight. He was a man of towering stature and athletic limbs, noted for physical strength, and one of the chosen guards of the Sultan. He met the stern embrace of Selim with one which might have crushed a feebler frame. They grappled close and fiercely, and it was only with the life-blood of his adversary that Selim redeemed the prize for which he would have freely poured out his own. He buried the casket in his bosom, and mantled over it the foldings of his robe; but the conviction of Zerah's safety was immediately followed by the consciousness of his own danger. He was surrounded by the guards, who had overtaken the flying steps of their comrade, and who had been sent as spies to watch the secret movements of Selim. He saw that it was in vain to contend with an armed band, but lifting his blade aloft, still dripping with the blood of his antagonist, with that majesty of look and gesture which always has such overawing influence on inferior minds, he commanded them to forbear. "Stand back," he cried; "what would ye dare to do? On to the royal palace, say to the Sultan ye saw me wing yon felon's soul to paradise. Aye, tell him, too, ye saw me cast into the oblivious waves what I would not barter for all the riches of his kingdom." Then opening his blood-stained vest he drew forth the casket of Zerah, and raising it high over their unsheathed scimitars, dashed it into the waters of the mountain stream, which there rushed impetuously towards the ocean, as if anxious to throw its wealth into the waves.

Selim drew a deep inspiration, as if his breast was relieved from some oppressive burden. The secret was now safe in the sanctuary of his heart, and no tyrant's power could penetrate its guarded recesses. Turning to the astonished guards, he signed them to advance. Accustomed to obey the princely Selim, they involuntarily followed his command, and though they marched on either side, with naked blades, precluding the possibility of escape, he had more the air of a sovereign with his attendant vassals, than a victim to be arraigned before the throne. With a dauntless mien, and unfaltering steps, he entered the presence of Amurath. He knew the doom that awaited him; but as the barque, which is about to be swallowed by the ocean wave, is borne up over the stormy billows, rising with the rising tempest, his spirit elevated itself above the perils which threatened to overwhelm him.

He stood in immovable silence, while the guards related the scene we have described; and met with an unquailing eye the withering glance of the Sultan.

The wrath of Amurath was at first too deep for words. In spite of his denunciations he had felt till this moment, a confidence in the fidelity of Selim, which he deemed it impossible to abandon. The conviction of his perfidy brought with it the most exquisite pangs. Selim was the only being whom he had really loved and trusted, and a tear actually gathered in his cold and haughty eye, as one by one he gathered up the proofs of his favourite's treachery. Selim marked that unwonted sign of human tenderness, and his pride melted at the sight. He saw once more the trusting friend, the lavish benefactor, and casting down his sword at the foot of the throne, he exclaimed, "Commander of the faithful! take back thy gifts; take even the life which Allah has given; but leave me yet the consciousness of my integrity. I am no traitor, though stained with the blood of thy subject. I am guiltless of treason, and with my expiring breath I will proclaim my innocence." "Prove then thy innocence," cried Amurath; "I swear by the sword and buckler of the Prophet, if thou wilt reveal the name of the supposed offspring of sovereignty and place her in our power, I will freely pardon thy past offences, restore thee thy forfeit honors, and give thee even this day thy plighted bride."

Selim folded his hands resolutely over his breast. "Her name is buried *here* and shall perish with me. No commands shall force, no tortures compel me to reveal it; I offer thee my life; thou mayest devote it to bondage or death; but thou hast not, canst not, have control o'er my free spirit's will." "Away then to the darkest dungeon; away till the traitor's death is prepared for thee. My slighted mercy shall turn to vengeance now. The hour of relenting is past. Thy fate shall tell to after ages, of the ingratitude of favourites, and the justice of kings."

Selim bent his head in token of submission. Amurath ordered him to be shackled in his presence, that the scene of his former grandeur might be also that of his present degradation. Then after a fresh ebullition of ungoverned rage, he commanded the guards to bear him to his cell.

A damp and noisome dungeon, feebly lighted by the rays which struggled through the grated walls, was now the abode of the late magnificent Selim; sad proof of the evanescent nature of all earthly glory. But there is a moral brightness, transcending the noonday's beams, which can throw the radiance of heaven over the darkest hour of human suffering. He, who is willing to sacrifice his existence for another, is supported by the spirit of martyrdom, and that spirit will bear him up, as with an angel's wings, over the gloomy valley of death. That exaltation of feeling, however, which attends the performance of a magnanimous deed, and which sustains the sufferer in the moment of physical agony, gradually subsided, as he recalled the

appalling circumstances which accompanied the sacrifice of life. To lay down his *life* for Zerah, and leave behind him an unblemished name, a memory which the brave might honor, and the true-hearted mourn, would have seemed a trifling effort for a love like his. But to go down to the grave in ignominy and shame; to be branded with the name of traitor, that withering deathless curse: while even *she* for whom he died might learn to scorn his memory, and place another idol on the shrine where once his image dwelt—the thought was maddening. He lifted up his shackled hands and prayed that Allah would send down the waters of oblivion, and obliterate the remembrance of the wretch whom he had created. He poured out the bitterness of his soul into the all-hearing ear of God, till in the stillness of awe, the troubled billows of human passion sunk to rest. At last, the feeble light of his cell darkened and disappeared. Conscious of the return of night, he wondered that Amurath had delayed the execution of his wrath. He felt that he must soon meet his summons, but he had wrestled with the indwelling enemy and came off victorious, and throwing himself on the cold floor of his dungeon, he slept more calm than Amurath on his bed of luxury. He slept, but his dreams assumed the dark colour of his destiny. He wandered in an interminable desert, trackless and fountless; parched with thirst, bewildered in the blackening waste; when suddenly, the gates of Paradise unfolded above and sent down a flood of light, annihilating the gloom. The dazzling contrast broke his slumbers; the dream was fled, but the illumination remained. A celestial figure, robed in white, bearing a lamp in one fair hand, while she veiled with the other her dazzled eyes, stood by the side of the slumbering victim. She stood, with pallid brow and dark resplendent locks, beautiful as the angel commissioned to bear the liberated soul to the bowers of immortality. But it was no spirit of heaven who thus severed the dungeon's gloom. It was a daughter of earth, young, loving and beloved, full of earth's warmest affections, sharing in earth's bitterest woes. It was Zerah, who bent over her doomed lover and met his waking glance. Almost doubting in what world he existed, Selim started from his inglorious couch, while the clanking of his chains sent a thrill of horror through that faithful bosom, which soon throbbed wildly against his own. She, who in the hour of prosperity and joy, repelled with bashful pride the caresses of her lover, as the flower shrinks from the sun's too ardent rays, now threw her pure arms around him and moistened his fetters with her tears.

"Hast thou come," he cried, "to travel with me to the entrance of the tomb? To receive once more from my dying lips the vows of imperishable love?" "I came," said Zerah, in low faltering accents, "as a messenger of mercy and pardon; I came, in Amurath's name, to bid thee live." "Live!" exclaimed Selim, and every drop of blood thrilled in his veins: "and live for thee?" Zerah paused, as if irresolute in what words to

utter the commission with which she was entrusted. Bending her head, till her brow was veiled by her heavy locks, she continued: "He demands the name of that unfortunate Princess who lives unknown to all but thee. It is his last offer of mercy. He has sent *me* hither, thy plighted bride, that love may move the heart which was steeled to the pleadings of royalty." "Would Zerah counsel dishonor?" cried Selim, almost sternly, his warm hopes chilled to ice as she spoke; "would she purchase my life with the blood of innocence?" "I would purchase thy life were it with the blood of thousands," she wildly exclaimed; and sinking on her knees before him, she locked her hands in the agony of supplication. "I pray thee but to live. What is the world to me? it is but a name he asks, and yet that simple word thou wilt refuse, e'en at the sacrifice of Zerah's life." "Zerah," he cried, "in Allah's name forbear. Thou knowest not what thou askest."

Zerah gazed earnestly for a moment on her lover's countenance, then rising from her kneeling attitude every feature of her face changed in its expression—the look of doubtful anguish was resolved into that of cold, settled despair. "The truth has entered my heart," she said, and her late faltering voice was firm and distinct. "Thou lovest this orphan daughter of a kingly race. Thou hast pledged thy false vows to Zerah, while thy heart is given to her, who dwells in thy secret bower. And I, insulted and betrayed, I have knelt at thy feet, for the name of her whom thou adorest, and for whom thou art offering up thy life." "Oh! cruel, and unjust," exclaimed Selim, in a burst of uncontrollable emotion. "Dear, unhappy Zerah! thou hast added the bitterest drop to my cup of misery! For thee to doubt my faith! Oh! mayest thou never know how fearfully this ill-requited faith is proved." The sound of footsteps was heard in the passage. "They come," cried Zerah, "to bear me from thy cell. The allotted moments are past. For the last time, inexorable Selim, wilt thou destroy thyself and me?" The grating of the heavy bolts were heard. The paleness of death overspread her face, and the cold dew of mortal agony gathered on her brow.

Selim felt that the tortures which his supposed perfidy inflicted were keener than those which the cruelty of Amurath could invent. Must then the sacrifice be vain? While he deemed himself the instrument of her salvation, must *she* believe that his perfidious hand was stabbing with deliberate cruelty her too confiding heart? The guard had entered the cell. "All gracious Allah! let us die together!" The words of this deep prayer were the last which ever met the ear of Zerah from the lips of her ill-fated lover. The rough arms of the guard received her fainting form. Selim saw her borne from his sight, her long hair sweeping the dungeon's floor, her dark eyes closed, her cheeks white as the folds of her virgin robe. He heard the bolts re-drawn. The roan which then burst from his

tortured breast was the first and last which the vindictive Amurath had the power to extort from his victim.

There was the clashing of arms, the neighing of steeds, the shouts of a multitude heard that night near the royal palace. The tumult deepened as it approached. The name of Selim resounded through the midnight air and thrilled in the ear of Amurath, terrible as the notes of the arch-angel's trump. It was Solyman, at the head of the insurgent band. Thousands, who were groaning under the rod of despotism, yet waiting for the impulse of some master spirit, rushed forth with gleaming weapons, and joined the war-cry which thundered on the gale. Amurath was dragged from his palace and sacrificed to the fury of an exasperated mob; while Solyman, with some of his chosen followers, descended through the dark recesses of crime, till they reached the dungeon of Selim.

"Almighty Prophet, we have come too late," exclaimed Solyman, the glow of triumph, fading from his cheek, as he beheld his martyred brother, who was breathing out his life in those protracted sufferings which deliberate cruelty had invented, and inflicted upon its victim. Selim lifted his failing glance, and a gleam of joy pierced through the gathering mist of death. "*Oh! could she know my truth!*" The energies of exhausted nature seemed concentrated in these few, but emphatic words. Solyman understood their import. Zerah was brought to the cell, from which she had been so lately borne, but too fatally convinced of the strength of that faith which she had wronged. She threw herself by the side of her expiring lover. It was the last effort of a breaking heart. The prayer of Selim had reached the throne of the Eternal, and was answered in mercy now; **THEY DIED TOGETHER.**

LACE WORK.

An establishment, called the Rhode Island Lace School, has commenced at Newport. Notwithstanding its recent origin, no less than *seven hundred females* are actively employed by its proprietors. The style of lace work is said to be the most ingenious of its kind, and of that particular description with which the English dealers in lace have had to supply themselves in France, in consequence of the superior excellence of execution of their Gallic competitors. Several Englishmen are now settled in France, where they employ people to work upon lace for the American markets, and it is calculated that the people of this country pay foreigners in this way, not less than six or seven thousand dollars annually, for what can as well be performed by themselves. A regular and habitual occupation in these delicate fabrics must eventually lead to that beautiful state of perfection at which they have arrived in France, and some of the females engaged in the lace school have nearly attained a high degree of excellence.



THE SNOW STORM.



THE SNOW STORM.

BY THOMSON.

The whirling tempest raves along the plain,
And on the cottage thatch'd, or lordly roof,
Keen fastening, shakes them to the solid base.
Sleep frighted flies, and round the rocking dome,
For entrance eger, howls the savage blast.

* * * * *

The keener tempests rise; and fuming dun
From all the livid East, or piercing North,
Thick clouds ascend, in whose capacious womb
A vapoury deluge lies to snow congealed.
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along,
And the sky saddens with the gathered storm.
Thro' the hush'd air the whitening shower descends,
At first thin wavering, till at last the flakes
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day
With a continual flow. The cherished fields
Put on their winter robe of purest white:
'Tis brightness all, save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current. Low the woods
Bow their hoary head: and, ere the languid sun
Faint from the West emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep hid and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waste, that burles wide
The works of man. Drooping, the labourer-ox
Stands covered o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
Tam'd by the cruel season, crowd around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
Which Providence assigns them. One alone,
The red-breast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of th' embroiling sky,
In joyless fields, and thorny thickets leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first
Against the window beats, then, brisk, alights
On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is!
Till more familiar grown, the table crumbs
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
Tho' timidous of heart, and hard beset
By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,
And more unpitiful men, the garden seeks,
Urg'd on by fearless want. The bleating kind
Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,
With looks of dumb despair; then, sad dispers'd,
Dig for the withered herb thro' heaps of snow.

Now, Shepherds! to your helpless charge be kind;
Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens
With food at will; lodge them below the storm,
And watch them strict; for from the bellowing East,
In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing
Sweeps up the burthen of whole wintry plains
At one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks,
Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,
The billowy tempest 'whelms, till, upward urg'd,
The valley to a shining mountain swells,
Tipt with a wreath high-curling in the sky.

As thus the snows arise, and foul, and fierce,
All winter drives along the darkened air,
In his own loose revolving field the swain
Disastered stands, sees other hills ascend
Of unknown joyless brow, and other scenes
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain;
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on
From hill to dale still more and more astray,
Impatient frowning thro' the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of home

Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul!
What black despair, what horror fills his heart!
When for the dusky spot, which Fancy feign'd
His tufted cottage rising thro' the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the track and blest abode of man;
While round him night resistless closes fast,
And every tempest, howling o'er his head,
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
Of covered pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent! beyond the power of frost;
Of faithless bogs, of precipices huge,
Smooth'd up with snow; and, what is land, unknown,
What water of the still unfrozen spring,
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
These check his fearful steps, and down he sinks
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
Mix'd with the tender anguish Nature shoots
Thro' the wrung bosom of the dying man,
His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.
In vain for him the officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire
With tears of artless innocence. Alas!
Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
The deadly Winter seizes, shuts up sense,
And o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the snows a stiffen'd corse,
Stretch'd out and bleaching in the northern blast.

Ah! little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;
They who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel, riot waste;
Ah! little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel, this very moment, death,
And all the sad variety of pain;
How many sink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame! how many bleed,
By shameful variace betwixt man and man!
How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms,
Shut from the common air, and common use
Of their own limbs; how many driak the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of misery! sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
How many shrink into the sordid hut
Of cheerless Poverty! how many shake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse,
Whence, tumbled headlong from the height of life,
They furnish matter for the Tragic Muse!
E'en in the vale where Wisdom loves to dwell,
With Friendship, Peace, and Contemplation join'd,
How many, racked with honest passions, droop
In deep retir'd distress! how many stand
Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,
And point the parting anguish! Thought, fond man,
Of these, and the thousand nameless ills
That one incessant struggle, render life
One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,
Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,
And heedless rambling impulse learn to think;
The conscious heart of Charity would warm,
And her wide wish Benevolence dilate;
The social tear would rise, the social sigh,
And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
Refining still, the social passions work:

HISTORY OF THE VIOLIN.

THE violin has been the result of a beautiful series of improvements in the art of producing musical sounds from strings. The rudest stringed instrument was the *testudo* or lyre; the sounds of which were produced by striking, with the finger, strings in a state of tension, the pitch of each sound being regulated by the length or thickness of the string. Sometimes the strings, instead of the finger, were struck with the *plectrum*, or piece of wood or other hard matter; but this we can hardly imagine to have been an improvement, as the tone of the modern mandoline, which is produced by means of a *plectrum* of quill, is not so agreeable as that of the guitar. A great improvement, however, was the introduction of a sounding-board; the tone of the instrument being thus produced by the vibration of the wood, instead of, as formerly, the mere vibration of the string, and being thus incomparably more full and resonant. This most probably constituted the difference between the *testudo* and the *cithara*, or harp, of the ancients. The next great improvement in stringed instruments consisted in giving them a neck, or finger-board, by means of which the same string, pressed by the fingers at different points, was enabled to give a series of notes. This improvement was first embodied in the instruments of the lute species. The lute is believed to have been originally an eastern instrument, and to have been imported by the Moors into Spain. The lute is, or rather was—for it has almost disappeared—an instrument of a most elegant form, with a beautifully turned convex back, tapering into its long neck, or finger-board. It had generally eleven strings; and the finger-board was marked with frets, or divisions, at the points where the strings were pressed by the fingers. There were different species, differing in size and number of strings. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the lute was in its highest vogue. The *preux chevalier* and high born dame reckoned the art of singing to the lute one of their most elegant and indispensable accomplishments. The poetry of those times is full of it; and it makes the principal figure in the musical pictures of Titian and Rubens. The extreme difficulty, when music became more and more complex, of managing an instrument with so many strings, made the lute fall into disuse. The guitar, simpler in its construction than the lute, might seem to have been an improvement on that instrument; but this cannot, in fact, be said to have been the case, as the guitar has been known in Spain, France, and other countries for many centuries. It is now, if we except the mandoline, (a trifling instrument little used,) the only instrument of the lute species of which the practice is still kept up.

The invention of the bow was the next great step in the progress of stringed instruments. The period of this invention has been the subject of much learned debate, with which we shall not trouble our readers. An instrument called *crwth*, with strings raised on a bridge, and played with a bow, has existed in Wales from a remote

antiquity, and has been considered in this country as the father of the violin tribe. The old English term of *crowder*, for fiddler, seems to give countenance to this opinion. It appears, however, from a treatise on music, by Jerome of Moravia, in the thirteenth century, that instruments of this species, already known by the name of *viol*, existed on the continent. The different instruments which went under the general name of *viol*, were in the most common use during the sixteenth, and till about the middle of the seventeenth century. In construction they differed from each other only in size, as the modern violin, tenor, and violincello, differ from each other; but this produced a difference in the manner of playing them, and in their pitch. They were of three sizes; the treble-viol, tenor-viol, and bass-viol. These had six strings, and a finger-board marked with frets, like that of the lute or guitar. The last improvement was the change of the *viol* into the violin. The violin took its rise from the treble *viol*, by its being diminished in size, having its strings reduced from six to four, and its finger-board deprived of frets. The diminished number of strings made the execution of the passages which were now introduced into music, more easy; and the removal of the frets enabled the player to regulate the position of the fingers by a much better guide—the delicacy of his own ear. By the same process, the other instruments of the *viol* tribe were changed into the modern tenor, (which still retains its generic name of *viola*,) and violincello. The violin seems to have been in general use in France earlier than in Italy, Germany, or England. Its acute and sprightly tones were first used to accompany the dances of that merry nation; a circumstance which, with its puny appearance, made it to be looked on with some contempt when it appeared in these other countries. The first great violin-player, however, on record, was Baltazarini, an Italian, who was brought into France by Catherine de Medicis, in 1577. The celebrated Arcangelo Corelli may be considered the father of the violin; and the Italians have maintained their pre-eminence upon it, from the days of Corelli down to those of Paganini.

EQUALITY.

AFTER all that can be said about the advantage one man has over another, there is still a wonderful equality in human fortunes. If the rich have wealth, the poor have health; if the heiress has booty for her dower, the penniless have beauty for theirs; if one man has cash, the other has credit; if one boasts of his income, the other can of his influence. No one is so miserable but that his neighbour wants something he possesses; and no one so mighty, but he wants another's aid. There is no fortune so good but it may be reversed; and none so bad but it may be bettered. The sun that rises in clouds may set in splendour; and that which rises in splendour may set in gloom.

MECHANIC ARTS IN CHINA.

THE perfection of the mechanic arts in China cannot be denied in certain instances; but this is evidently not the result of a regular combination of scientific improvements. It appears to be the effect of labored experience of ages, brought slowly and difficultly to a certain point, where it is stationary and cannot advance further, until science shall dispel the prejudices of habit and the clouds of ignorance. There is certainly a superiority in several of their silk manufactures, as it regards the gloss and the fixing of the colours, and the rendering them so bright and permanent; but this is not produced by any secret mordant process unknown to Europeans. I was once present at the dying of silks; and, on examination, found the process conducted in the simplest manner, with the commonest mordants used in England. They know very little of the chemical agents, the use of which has become so common in Europe; and the brightness and permanency of the colours must be derived from a very nice experience in the application of the mordants, the climate, and other favorable and concurring circumstances. Owing to the cheapness of labor, a very large number of hands are employed; therefore the work goes on with a rapidity almost beyond conception, and the silks are hung out to dry during the prevalence of the north wind, called by them *Pak Fung*. Certainly, in any other climate, and under different management, more time would suffice to alter very much the appearance of the colors.

The Chinese never attempt to dye any fine silks with rich colours until *Pak Fung* commences, which generally happens towards the last of September, or beginning of October. This wind is so remarkable in its effects, and so immediately felt, that should it begin at night, even when all the doors and windows are shut, the extreme dryness of the air penetrates into the house, and the furniture and floors begin to crack, with a noise almost as loud as the report of a pistol. If the floors have been laid down in the summer, when the air is damp, or if the planks be not exceedingly well seasoned, and secured with iron clamps, they will open an inch at least when the northwest monsoon commences. The Chinese will not even pack teas or silks for exportation in damp weather, that is to say, unless they are hurried to do it by the strangers who have business with them, and wish to get their ships away sooner than ordinary. I have known a ship detained three weeks longer than the captain wished, at Canton, because the security merchant would not pack the silks which formed part of the cargo until the weather became favorable. This will account in some measure, not only for the permanency and beauty of the dye, but likewise for the care that is taken to preserve it. The Chinese say, that if newly dyed silks be packed before they are perfectly dry or in damp weather, they will not only lose the brightness of the color, but will also become spotted. They may have some secret in the

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spinning and tissue of silks which we know nothing of, but certainly not in dyeing them.—*Dobell's Travels*.

ANCIENT RECIPE.

THERE is a class of persons who may be styled amateurs of recipes. By these, every scrap in the form of a short pithy direction to do any thing and every thing—whether in removing a stain from the carpet or a consumption from the lungs, is seized upon with avidity, and treasured up with the utmost care. The experience of the aged, the industry of the young, the columns of newspapers, and the pages of almanacs, are put in requisition to augment their store of invaluable items. We have known one of these gatherers of useful directions, from whose reticule, album, and scrap book, might be culled at least fifty different and very dissimilar recipes for pickling cabbage, and double this number of certain cures for coughs, colds, and consumptions, or in fact any ailment which ever did, or ever can occur. Should any individuals of this class chance to be included among our numerous readers, we are persuaded they will be highly gratified by our inserting for their use, the following ancient recipe for improving the complexion. We can apply to it, with great truth, their own favourite recommendation:—If it fail in effecting the object proposed, no possible injury can result from its use.

Xenophon, in his *Memorabilia Socratis*, introduces Ischomachus, an Athenian of great riches and reputation, discoursing with Socrates concerning his family affairs. He told his wife that his main object in marrying her was to have a person in whose discretion he could confide—who would take proper care of his servants, and expend his money with economy. The distressed husband proceeds to complain, “that one day he observed her face painted, and that she wore high heeled shoes; that he chid her severely for such follies, and asked whether she could imagine to pass off such silly tricks on a husband? If she wanted to have a better complexion, why not weave at her loom—standing upright, and in the open air? why not employ herself in baking, and in other family exercises, which would give her such a bloom as no paint could imitate?”

When the Athenian manners became more refined, it is proper to observe, that greater indulgence was given to their females in dress and ornaments. They then consumed the whole morning at the toilette, employing paint, and various drugs, under the vain pretext of cleaning and whitening the skin. Though previously prohibited the use of wine, this now, with various species of rich food, was served daily at their meals. We need not wonder at the remark which has been made, “that from the moment the Grecian females departed from their original simplicity of living, they degenerated in innocence, in beauty, and in health.”—*Journal of Health*.

IT IS THE LAST MEETING,

DEDICATED (BY PERMISSION)

TO QUEEN ADELAIDE,

Written by Thomas Haynes Bayly, Esq. Music Composed by Charles E. Horn.

ANDANTE.
MODERATO.

mp *f*

Songs of the Hamlet.



Second Verse.

I blame not your go - ing, The er - ror was mine; I
It is the last meeting, I know it too well; And



suffer'd Love's fetters, a - round me to twine; At first they are feeble and
near you, to - morrow, no more I shall dwell: Those sweet days are gone! It was



lit - tle we think, How soon time will strengthen each de - li - cate link. I
sol - ly, I know, I once would not let my - self think they could go. At



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ought to have known, that my wishes were vain; That the world would re - call it's young

night, when one day of en - joyment was past, I could look to an - other as

Tru - ant a - gain; My fate is de - ci - ded, a - lone I shall dwell, It

bright as the last, My fate is de - cided, a - lone I shall dwell, It

is the last meet - ing, re - ceive my fare - well, It is the last meeting, re -

is the last meeting, re - ceive my fare - well, It is the last meeting, re -

ceive my fare - well,

Espresso.

ceive my fare - well, my fare - well.

EXCURSION TO TIVOLI.

THE Campagna was gleaming under a burning sun when we emerged from the city boundaries through the Laurentian gate, on our way to the olive shades and cooling streams of Tivoli.—Even an Italian remarked that the atmosphere was singularly translucent. On pointing, as I thought, to a hawk flying near, my companion replied, “No, Sir, ’tis an eagle in the distance.”

The lake of Tartarus, whose waters petrify every substance which comes in contact with them, first arrested our attention. A little further on we crossed a rapid stream of water, thick and white as milk, and having an offensive sulphurous smell. The lake whence it flows (though of confined superficies) is of immense depth; and the bituminous exhalations of its waters, incorporated with dust, leaves and rubbish, and cemented by a glutinous soil, have formed a number of small floating islands, and obtained for it the appellation of *Lago del Isola Natanti*.

The *Ponte Lucano* and *Tomb of Plautius*, not unfrequently appear on the common blue crockery of England. Their picturesque effect is not a little heightened by the Tiburtine groves and mountains in the back ground. At a moderate distance from the Plautian Tomb you ascend the approach to *Tivoli*.

The town is in itself abominable; the scenery about it deservedly famed; but we must not judge of the Sabinian Tibur by the present aspect of the modern Tivoli. At the window of the Sybil inn, I was at once introduced to the grand cascade and an American officer. The thundering of the waters arrested our attention at the same moment. “’Tis a fine thing,” said the captain, “but you should see the falls of Niagara!” We descended to the terrace at the back of the inn, where there is a general view of the surrounding grandeurs: a second cascade here presents itself, of less body but far greater fall, and, in the opinion of many, of superior beauty. “The first,” said the captain, “is more in the style of Niagara.”

It is rather the situation and character of the falls than their magnitude which charm the spectator; yet among all that is beautiful, two objects certainly reach the sublime. The one is *Nephtune's Grotto*, where, in the darkness of a deep cavern, two falls are seen to meet in furious junction, thence rushing with great impetuosity into a lower basin, where they unite with the second of the leading cascades. Thus in its full “completion,” the whole body of water rolls on to the other grand object, viz. the *Grotto of the Syrens*, which we entered with considerable difficulty, and some degree of danger. Standing within the mouth of the cavern we looked with dread upon the rushing waters as they shot by at our feet, and with terrific violence were precipitated into the black gulf or throat of the chasm below. “Gad!” said the captain, “this is fine,

even to those who have seen the Falls of Niagara.” Other cascades of great beauty are formed by a branch of the river carried through the town. These are best viewed from the opposite bank.

The Temple of Vesta is a perfect gem,—singular in the dignity of its situation, and unique in its proportions and decorative character. Whether the capitals of its peristyle be Corinthian or Composite, is not so certain as the beauty of their aspect and the boldness of their execution. How often have Claude and Wilson gazed upon this pet of Art! How frequently has the former introduced it in his glowing pictures! No wonder. Though it had been measured and delineated a “thousand times,” I could not resist the gratification of doing it myself: so the ladders were brought, and I kissed the ox-cheeks on its frieze for very joy, embraced the necks of its elegant columns, and nearly broke my own in so doing.

But this celebrated remain, however beautiful in itself, is perhaps, to the general observer, a still more pleasing object when viewed as an adjunct rather than principal, from the bed of the river in the vale below. Indeed, there are several points whence its appearance is so fascinating, that we are inclined to fall out with some painters of note, who, instead of presenting us with a strict resemblance of the scene as it stands, have opened themselves to the charge of presumption by “compositions,” in which mere hints are adopted where facts should have been set down.

Let no visitor leave Tivoli without seeing the Grottos by torch-light, even though much trouble, some expense, wet feet, and rheumatic probabilities be the concomitants of the task.—The contrast of glittering foam and jet-black rock is here in full perfection. The captain forgot to speak of Niagara!”

Tivoli is a place of treble fascination, being equally distinguished by its artificial beauties, natural grandeurs, and poetical associations.—Kelsal alludes to it as the “Roman Richmond,” the “favorite retreat of the opulent Romans both of ancient and modern times.” It is said the Tiburtine Villas exceed thirty in number. Of these the proudest was that of Mæcenas, the ruins of which crown an aspiring rock on the southern side of the Anio. It was here Augustus sought the companionship of the patron of arts and letters, who preferred the charms of Tibur to the splendours of Roman pomp, and rejected the proffered offices of state for the converse of Virgil, Horace, Propertius, Varius, and Quintilius. The latter possessed a villa here of some magnitude. Catullus also is said to have been the near neighbour of Horace, the site of whose humble residence is now occupied by a small convent.

The ruins of a villa said to have belonged to Caius Cassius will be regarded with an interest

of more than common warmth. Brutus also had a retreat close by:—perhaps you tread the very scene of that conference which led to the fall of Cæsar, the king! Augustus, as we learn, passed the closing years of his life in the villa of his deceased friend Mæcenas, and administered justice in the temple of Hercules, the site of which is now occupied by the cathedral church of Tivoli.

We passed the brick cell of an ancient temple, said to have been dedicated to the deity of coughs, possibly by some unfortunate sufferer from asthma, anxious to propitiate the malevolent author of his affliction. Passing on, we rambled awhile among the formalities of the Villa d'Este, whose lead flats command a vast expanse of campagna, with Rome in the western distance.

A chaos of ruins, extending over a vast space, and in number, variety, and magnitude, seeming rather to speak of a city than a private residence, indicates the imperial magnificence of Adrian. We hear of the villa boundaries having included epitomes of the Athenian Prytaneum, and of the Lyceum of Aristotle, the Academy of Plato, the Pœcile of Zeno, &c. &c. The remains of two theatres are among the most distinct objects; but to the casual observer, the ruins in general bear little indication of their original purpose, although every cell and mass of brick-work has a name in the Guide-book or Cicerone's mouth.

Gratified in no unusual degree, with my Tiburine excursion, I regained my lodgings in *Nuemero 9, Via Prattina* and slept to dream of Vestal loveliness and Mæcena's patronage.—*Library of the Fine Arts.*

THE PLEASURES OF MADNESS.

A REMARKABLE peculiarity in many cases of insanity, is a great rapidity of mind, and activity of conception—a tendency to seize rapidly upon incidental or practical relations of things, and often a fertility of imagination, which changes the character of the mind, sometimes without remarkably distorting it. The memory, in such cases, is entire, and even appears more ready than in health; and old associations are called up with a quickness quite unknown to the individual in his sound state of mind. A gentleman, mentioned by Dr. Willis, who was liable to periodical attacks of insanity, said that he expected the paroxysms with impatience, because he enjoyed, during them, a high degree of pleasure. "Every thing appeared easy to me—no obstacles presented themselves, either in theory or practice. My memory acquired, all of a sudden, a singular degree of perfection. Long passages of Latin authors occurred to my mind. In general, I have great difficulty in finding rhythmical terminations, but then I could write verses with as great facility as prose."—"I have often," says Penil, "stopped at the chamber door of a literary gentleman, who, during his paroxysms, appeared to soar above the mediocrity of intel-

lect that was peculiar to him, solely to admire his newly-acquired powers of eloquence. He declaimed upon the subject of the revolution with all the force, the dignity, and the purity of language, that this very interesting subject could admit of. At other times he was a man of very ordinary abilities."—*Dr. Abercrombie.*

POWER OF REGULATING DREAMS.

DREAMS can be produced by whispering into the ears when a person is asleep. One of the most curious, as well as authentic examples of this kind has been referred to by several writers: I find the particulars in a paper by Dr. Gregory, and they were related to him by a gentleman who witnessed them. The subject of it was an officer in the expedition to Louisburg, in 1758, who had this peculiarity in so remarkable a degree, that his companions in the transport were in the constant habit of amusing themselves at his expense. They could produce in him any kind of dream, by whispering into his ear, especially if this was done by a friend with whose voice he was familiar. At one time they conducted him through the whole progress of a quarrel, which ended in a duel; and, when the parties were supposed to be met, a pistol was put into his hand, which he fired, and was awakened by the report. On another occasion they found him asleep on the top of a locker, or bunker, in the cabin, when they made him believe he had fallen overboard, and exhorted him to save himself by swimming. They then told him that a shark was pursuing him, and entreated him to dive for his life. He instantly did so, with such force as to throw himself entirely from the locker upon the cabin floor, by which he was much bruised, and awakened of course. After the landing of the army at Louisburg, his friends found him asleep in his tent, and evidently much annoyed by the cannonading. They then made him believe that he was engaged, when he expressed great fear, and showed an evident disposition to run away. Against this they remonstrated, but at the same time, increased his fears by imitating the groans of the wounded and the dying; and when he asked, as he often did, who was down, they named his particular friends. At last they told him that the man next himself in the line had fallen, when he instantly sprang from his bed, rushed out of the tent, and was roused from his danger and his dream together by falling over the tent ropes. A remarkable circumstance in this case was that, after these experiments, he had no distinct recollection of his dreams, but only a confused feeling of oppression or fatigue; and used to tell his friend that he was sure that he was playing some trick upon him. A case entirely similar in its bearing, is related in Smellie's Natural History, the subject of which was a medical student at the University of Edinburgh.

A singular fact has often been observed in dreams which are excited by a noise, namely, that the same sound awakens the person, and

produces a dream, which appears to him to occupy a considerable time. The following example of this has been related to me:—A gentleman dreamt that he had enlisted as a soldier, joined his regiment, deserted, was apprehended, carried back, tried, condemned to be shot, and, at last, led out for execution. After all the usual preparations, a gun was fired; he awoke with the report, and found that a noise in an adjoining room had both produced the dream and awaked him. The same want of the notion of time is observed in dreams from other causes. Dr. Gregory mentions a gentleman who, after sleeping in a damp place, was for a long time liable to a feeling of suffocation whenever he slept in a lying posture, and this was always accompanied by a dream of a skeleton, which grasped him violently by the throat. He could sleep in a sitting posture without any uneasy feeling; and, after trying various experiments, he at last had a sentinel placed beside him, with orders to awake him whenever he sunk down. On one occasion he was attacked by the skeleton, and a severe and long struggle ensued before he awoke. On finding fault with his attendant for allowing him to lie so long in such a state of suffering, he was assured that he had not lain an instant, but had been awakened the moment he began to sink. The gentleman, after a considerable time, recovered from the affection.

ARTIFICIAL PEARLS.

THESE are small globules, or pear-shaped bulbs, blown in thin glass, and each pierced with two opposite holes, by which it may be strung. They are afterwards prepared in such a manner as to greatly imitate the rounded and brilliant concretions, reflecting the irridiscent colours, which are found in certain bivalve shells, such as the pearl muscle, &c., and which bear the name of oriental pearls. We can perfectly imitate the brilliancy and reflection of these natural pearls, by means of a liquid termed essence of pearl, and which is prepared by throwing into liquid ammonia the brilliant particles which are separated by friction and washing, from the scales of a small river fish named the bleak. These pearly particles, thus suspended in the ammonia, can be applied to the whole interior of these glass bulbs, by blowing it into them, after which the ammonia is volatilised by gently heating them. It is said that some manufacturers do not employ the ammonia, but instead thereof suspend the pearly particles in a solution of isinglass well clarified, and which they drop into the bulbs, and then turn them in all directions, in order to spread it equally over their interior surfaces. There can be no doubt, that in this mode of applying the pearly mixture, the same success will be obtained as in the before-mentioned process, and that it will afford a layer of the same thinness and brilliancy. It is important, to succeed in the perfect imitation of pearls, that the glass bulbs or pears employed should be of a slight bluish tint, opalised, and be also very

thin, and likewise that the glass should contain but little potash, or oxide of lead. In each manufactory of these artificial pearls there are workmen exclusively employed in the blowing of these glass bulbs, and which indeed requires a great skill and dexterity to succeed well therein—a dexterity indeed, which can only be acquired by long practice. The French manufacturers of these artificial pearls have at length attained a degree of perfection before unknown. We must add, that the bulbs are finally filled up with white wax.—*Dict. Technologique.*

WASHINGTON LOVED HIS MOTHER.

IMMEDIATELY after the organization of the present government, Gen. Washington repaired to Fredericksburg, to pay his humble duty to his mother, preparatory to his departure to New York. An affecting scene ensued. The son, feelingly remarked the ravages which a torturing disease had made upon the aged frame of his mother, and thus addressed her:—

“The people, madam, have been pleased, with the most flattering unanimity, to elect me to the chief magistracy of the United States, but before I can assume the functions of my office, I have come to bid you an affectionate farewell. So soon as the public business which must necessarily be encountered in arranging a new government, can be disposed of, I shall hasten to Virginia, and”—

Here the matron interrupted him.—“You will see me no more. My great age, and the disease that is fast approaching my vitals, warn me that I shall not be long in this world. I trust in God, I am somewhat prepared for a better. But go, George, fulfil the high destinies which Heaven appears to assign you: go, my son, and may that Heaven’s and your mother’s blessings be with you always.”

The President was deeply affected.—His head rested upon the shoulder of his parent, whose aged arm feebly, yet fondly encircled his neck.—That brow on which fame had wreathed the purest laurel virtue ever gave to created man, relaxed from its lofty bearing. That look which could have awed a Roman Senate, in its Fabrician day, was bent in filial tenderness upon the time-worn features of this venerable matron.

The great man wept. A thousand recollections crowded upon his mind, as memory retracing scenes long past, carried him back to the paternal mansion, and the days of his youth; and there the centre of attraction was his mother, whose care, instruction, and discipline had prepared him to reach the topmost height of laudable ambition; yet how were his glories forgotten while he gazed upon her, from whom wasted by time and malady, he must soon part to meet no more.

The matron’s predictions were true. The disease which had so long preyed upon her frame, completed its triumph, and she expired at the age of eighty-five, confiding in the promises of immortality to the humble believer.

RANDOM THOUGHTS.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

When is youth's gay heart the lightest ?
When the torch of health burns brightest ;
And the soul's rich banquet lies
In air, and ocean, earth and skies ;
Till the honied cup of pleasure
Overflows with mental treasure.

When is love's sweet dream the sweetest ?
When a kindred heart thou meetest
Unpolluted with the strife,
The selfish aims that tarnish life ;
Ere the scowl of care has faded
The shining chaplet fancy braided,
And emotions, pure and high,
Swell the heart and fill the eye ;
Rich revealings of the mind,
Within a loving breast enshrined,
To thy own fond bosom plighted,
In affection's bonds united.
The sober joys of after years
Are nothing to those smiles and tears.

When is sorrow's sting the strongest ?
When friends grow cold we've loved the longest ;
And the bankrupt heart would borrow,
Treachorous hopes to cheat the morrow ;
Dreams of bliss by reason banished,
Early joys which quickly vanished,
And the treasured past appears,
Only to augment our tears ;
When within itself retreating,
The spirit owns earth's joys are fleeting,
Yet, rack'd with anxious doubts and fears,
Trusts, blindly trusts, to future years.

Oh ! this is grief, the preacher saith,
The world's dark woe that worketh death ;
Yet, oft beneath its influence bowed,
A beam of hope will burst the cloud,
And Heaven's celestial shore appears,
Slow rising o'er the tide of tears,
Guiding the spirit's darkling way,
Through thorny paths, to endless day,
Here the toils of life are done,
Then youth and age are both as one—
Sorrow never more can sting,
Neglect or pain, the bosom wring,
And the joys blest spirits prove,
Far exceed all earthly love.

THE SPECTRE SEER ;

OR THE WARRIOR'S DREAM.

The prophet rose at dead of night,
All on the burial hill,
And " Up ! my brethren, rise ! " he cried,
In accent deep and shrill.

He shook his wand and magic bones,
He beat his dancing drum,
And " Ho ! my brethren, rise ! " he cried,
" The hour we hoped has come.

" Ho ! warriors up, and seize your arms,
" For they are laid with ye,
" And let us to the war again,
" And battle to be free."

* * * * *

And from their graves the dreamless dead
Arose, upon the strand ;
Each with war-signal on his head,
And weapon in his hand.

Like gathering clouds the warriors stood,
A hundred thousand men ;
A horrid front to look upon,
For blood was in no vein.

But banners waved, and lances shook,
And frontlets seamed with red ;
And giant chiefs moved to and fro,
An army of the dead.

* * * * *

And " Ho ! my friends," the prophet cried,
" Now let us onward go ;
" With shout and song—I give the cry,
" I lead you to the foe ! "

And at that word, a hollow yell,
Broke out from every band ;
That pealed across the distant vale,
And shook the solid land.

A moment more, and not one soul
Of all that fearful throng,
Was seen beneath the moon's pale beam,
Where late they rals'd the song.

Each to his own lone sepulchre,
Slid back with viewless trace ;
And nought but rustling leaf disturb'd
The silence of the place.

THE GATHERER.

" A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."

Shakespeare.

An accomplished man will shine more than a man of mere knowledge, as brass polished has more lustre than unpolished gold, although the latter is intrinsically so much the more valuable.

The first consideration with a knave, is how to help himself, and the second, how to do it with an appearance of helping you.

Sir F. Bacon observes, that men in great places are thrice servants; servants to the state,

servants to fame, and servants to business. " It is strange," says he, " that men will desire place to lose liberty; the rising into place is laborious; by pains, men come to greater pains; and by indignities to dignities."

It is a great misfortune not to have mind enough to speak well, nor judgment enough to keep silent. Hence the origin of every imper-tinence.

Formerly, it was the fashion to preach the Natural, now it is the Ideal. People too often forget that these things are profoundly compatible; that, in a beautiful work of imagination, the Natural should be ideal, and the Ideal, natural.

Flannel was first used to be worn next the skin by Lord Percy's regiment at Boston, 1774. It was hard work to get enough for the men. The celebrated Count Rumford afterwards published a pamphlet claiming the credit of the practice.

The statesman, lawyer, merchant, man of trade,
Pants for the refuge of the rural shade,
Where, all his long anxieties forgot,
Amid the charms of a sequester'd spot,
Or recollected only to gild o'er,
And add a smile to what was sweet before;
He may possess the joys he thinks he sees,
Lay his old age upon the cup of ease,
Improve the remnant of his wasted span,
And having lived a trifler, die a man.

The glory of some men is to have written well,
of others not to have written at all.

Some person asked Charles James Fox, what was the meaning of that passage in the Psalms, "He clothed himself with cursing, like as with a garment."—"The meaning!" said he, "I think it clear enough; the man had a bad *habit* of swearing."

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.

The pleasures of science are greater than the pleasures of power—Archimedes felt more delights in his discovery of the component metals of Hiero's crown, than Hiero ever felt in wearing it.

A London paper speaks of the Queen's breakfasting lately at Chriswick at four o'clock, P. M. The Camden Journal thinks that in the course of a few years more, as high fashion travels forward, it will be extended to beyond midnight, and breakfast become what it was originally—a morning meal.

He who tells a lie, is not sensible how great a task he undertakes, for he must tell twenty more to maintain that one.

Should we, to destroy error, compel it to silence? No. How then? Let it talk on. Error, obscure in itself, is rejected by every sound understanding, when once perceived. If time has not given it credit, and it be not favoured by government, it cannot bear the eye of examination. Reason will ultimately direct wherever it be freely exercised.

Man has a right to speak all things, and write all things—but not to impose his opinions.

Amongst the Records in the Tower of Honour is one to the following effect:—"King John gave several lands at Kipperton and Alerton, in Kent,

to Solomon Atlefield, to be held by this service, that as often as the King should please to cross the sea, the said Solomon or his heirs, should be obliged to go with him, to hold his Majesty's head, if there be occasion for it"—that is, should the King be sea-sick. And it appears by the Record, that this office of *head-holding* was accordingly performed afterwards in the reign of Edward the first.

"—— Do not flatter
Yourself with the opinion that your birth,
Your beauty, or whatever false ground else
You raise your pride upon, will stand against
The censures of just men."

Of two brothers, one served the king, the other worked hard for his food. The former saying to the latter—"Why do you not serve the king, and get rid of your toil?" was answered, "Why do you not toil, and get rid of your slavery?"

RECIPES.

FOR SCOURING THICK COTTON; AS COUNTER-PANES, QUILTS, &c.

Cut a pound of mottled soap into thin slices; put it into a pan with a quarter of an ounce of potash, and one ounce of pearl-ash; then pour a pail of boiling water on it: let it stand till it is quite dissolved; then pour hot and cold water into your scouring tub, with a bowl of your solution of soap. Put in your counterpane, and beat it well out with a doll, often turning the counterpane over in the tub. When this is done, wring it across a gallows or a hook, which is done by turning the two opposite ends round each other, and putting a small clean stick between them. By this method you may wring it as dry as possible, the harder, without injuring it, the better. Having given it this first liquor, you may put in some old cottons or woollens, that the liquor may not be thrown away, and then give your counterpane a second liquor as before. Wring it out again, and rinse in clean cold water; then pour a sufficient quantity of boiling water into your tub, with a small quantity of the solution of soap, so that you will reduce it to a very thin lather. Put three tea spoonfuls of liquid blue into the tub, whence your goods were taken, and the acid of the liquid blue and the alkali of the pearl-ash and the soap ley will cause a slight fermentation or effervescence: stir this thin blue liquor with a stick, and put in your counterpane: beat it out with the doll about five minutes, which will colour the counterpane of a fine azure blue of the lightest shade; but as it dries in the wind, the blue mostly goes off, and leaves a brilliant white.

N. B. In some cases where the cottons are very brown and bad, it is necessary, instead of the last of these three liquors being poured into the tub, that it should be thrown into the copper, and the cottons put in and boiled an hour. When taken out, return them into the tub with some cold water, and add the before mentioned quantity of chemic blue; and dry the articles in the air.

THE LADY'S BOOK.

APRIL, 1889.

DEMI SAISON.

PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

MORNING DRESS.—Coat dress, gros de Berlin of celestial blue, with plaited bosom and falling collar—handkerchief sleeves. Green silk hat, with same coloured trimmings, lined with purple. Green shoes to match the bonnet and trimmings. Brooch and ornaments gold.

EVENING DRESS.—Rose coloured *Charli* with Berri sleeves. Blond peline—white Boa mirabou—sevigne across the forehead carnation. Dark shoes tied with galloon of same colour.

From the Lady's Magazine.

LONDON FEMALE FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

BONNETS.—Bibbs and cottage bonnets are more numerous than ever; they are very slightly trimmed, and are usually finished with the plume frimalee, which is a novel and beautiful imitation of rime frost in feather-work, and which has been in vogue since the commencement of last month. These plumes form a variety with the Polish and Russian willow plumes, which are still the rage. Plush is frequently used in walking bonnets. Flowers are occasionally seen on the bibbs, and are so large that they seem to be chosen in order to form a contrast to these diminutive bonnets; the favorites are a large dahlia, camelia, rose, or poppy. Bonnets, not larger than hoods, are now and then seen tied under the chin with a half handkerchief; these are called a la marmotte, from their resemblance to the fur round the head of that animal. Plush is now much used.

HEAD-DRESSES.—The low Grecian arrangement of hair in the severe classic taste of the antique, is universally adopted by ladies whose outline will admit of this often most unbecoming style. Coronets of pearls, cameos, or flowers are worn very low on the brow. Gold beads or pearls are woven with the braided hair. The high gallery shell combs are now as vulgar as the Ferroniere. In place of carved shell combs, gold combs, on which four or five classic cameos are arranged en couronne, are worn in full dress.

From the Royal Lady's Magazine.

The last week has produced a novelty in evening dress—the adoption of natural flowers in the hair. Proper wires are made to support them invisibly. The flowers, which are not wreathed in the hair till the moment of departure for the ball or soiree, are found to retain their freshness during several hours. This fashion has been revived from the last century, when little vases were made on purpose to contain a few drops of water, and were hid among the hair, with the stalks of the flowers inserted in them.

BALL DRESS.—Hair braided with gold beads,

in Grecian bands, and a low coronet and large knot, ornamented with plumes or silver barley, a la Ceres. Dress of white gauze lisse, gathered in front of the corsage with full loose folds. Under dress of deep rose colored satin a la Reine. The epaulettes and the bottom of the lisse robe are cut into square dents. The upper dress is looped up on the left side to the knees, a la Taglioni, with boquets of gold barley. The rose colored satin skirt is finished with a border of full puffs at the feet. Long white kid gloves, fan embossed with gold; necklace of gold medallions.

DINNER DRESS.—Large dress cap of riband, and two deep aureoles of scalloped blonde. Canezou fichu of the same material: it is made with a falling collar and a deep point on each shoulder. Dress of gros de Tours, the skirt ornamented with a deep zigzag trimming of black embroidered velvet. Belt and wristlets of the same. The sleeves of the same material as the dress, cut plain to the elbow: the upper sleeves are extremely full.

EVENING DRESS.—The hair is banded a la Grecque; small knot on the crown, from which depend a number of ringlets a la Sevigne, is ornamented with a high crown of small field flowers; two half garlands of the same nearly meet on the brow. Dress of crape over a slip of satin a la Rheine; corsage a la Roxalane, over which fall a very pretty pointed revers, and epaulettes of satin. The skirt is ornamented with a wreath of cut ribands a la Taglioni, fastened on the right with a few large satin leaves and ends, and a bunch of minute field flowers like those in the hair. The berete sleeves are very large, and parted into puffs with bands of cut riband, to match the wreath on the skirt. Edging of thread lace in fine scollops at the bust and sleeves.—Necklace and bracelets, clusters of pearls; white kid gloves, with vandykes at the top. Blonde gauze scarf.

At dinner parties, a custom has lately been adopted of placing before each guest a glass vase of rose-water, in which a drop of the essence of mint has been infused; the extreme coolness which forms one of the properties of that herb leaves a pleasant freshness in the mouth during the rest of the evening.

Y

THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

A LEGEND OF PALACE-YARD.

"Lord, what a wind, what a fire, what a motion and commotion of earth and air would there have been! I tremble even to think of it. Miserable desolation!"

Sir E. Coke, the King's Attorney, upon the Trial of Guy Faukes.

NUMEROUS have been the "Histories" and "Memoirs" of the reigns of Elizabeth and James the First, and although many of them differ in trivial and unimportant points, yet they all agree in representing the one monarch as noble and merciful, saying that she was somewhat fiery and choleric, and the other at least inoffensive; yet none have described the restless and agitated state of this kingdom during their sway. In our infancy, the sovereign best remembered was "Good Queen Bess," and, until lately, we have been taught to believe that Elizabeth did more to uphold the splendour of her empire than any preceding monarch. Her reign has been called the "golden age," and she has upon all occasions been contrasted with her sister, but there are few now who do not consider that she was a remorseless fury, who sacrificed every thing to her insatiable ambition, which was only exceeded by her conceit and disgusting personal vanity. Her people had become habituated to acts of tyranny and bloodshed during the sway of her sanguinary and brutal father, and they suffered with more patience the violence and oppression of the succeeding monarchs, not because they were milder, but simply because they were not quite so terrible; but, when Elizabeth assumed the reins of government, the rack, the halter, the gibbet, and the knife, were again put in requisition. Heretofore, Catholic and Protestant alternately gained the ascendancy, and by turns remorselessly butchered each other; but when Elizabeth grasped the sceptre, the power of the former succumbed to the latter, and her agents hunted down the innocent and peaceable Catholic, whose only crime was his adherence to the religion of his fathers. The notorious corruption of the church of Rome certainly called aloud for a reformation; but why were the guiltless punished?—why was the phial of wrath emptied upon the heads of any but those, who, under the guise of sanctity and zeal for religion, struggled for temporal power?

These persecutions were carried on with scarcely any intermission until the death of Elizabeth, which happened in the year 1603. Perverse and obdurate in her dying moments, she quitted the world without naming her successor, thereby leaving the nation in a state of great uncertainty and anxiety, as to who should be chosen to fill that throne from which she had, for more than forty years, issued her cruel mandates. Many plots were contrived to destroy her, and several daring individuals singly attempted her life; but all the parties suffered for their meri-

ty; even suspected persons were seized and condemned. At length a few desperate men conspired to overthrow her and her government; but, in the midst of their deliberations, the angel of death summoned their intended victim before the tribunal of Him, whose name and whose law she had so often wantonly profaned and violated. This event led the discontented to hope that a favourable change would take place, as all eyes were turned towards James the Sixth of Scotland, whose pusillanimous disposition sanctioned the belief that the bloody days of persecution were passed away. His accession was hailed with joy by the Catholics, both on account of his being a descendant of Mary, who was a rigid papist, and also from his having been inclined to that religion in his youth; but great was their surprise and rage to find him strictly executing those merciless laws which his predecessors had enacted against them. The peaceable and unambitious Catholic dreaded a renewal of Elizabeth's barbarities, while the more violent resolved to destroy the newly crowned king or perish in the attempt. James on his arrival in England was attended by a long train of his needy countrymen, all of them seeking for places and preferment, which they obtained to the exclusion of the English, who thus saw those whom they had been taught to believe—and whom, indeed, they had always found to be—their bitterest enemies, filling every post of emolument, and suing for places on behalf of their countrymen, who were daily inundating England, that country of which they had been the scourge for so many hundred years.

The individual who first determined to destroy the king and his minions, was Robert Catesbye, a gentleman of ancient family in Northamptonshire, and a descendant of that Catesbye, who so faithfully served his master, stern and cruel as he was, when all deserted him at Bosworth field. He it was who framed a plot which humanity shudders at, and which, although it cannot be justified, must allow of some degree of palliation when we reflect upon the abject state to which many families of high birth were reduced. The plot was not contrived by a few desperate wretches in the lower walks of life, but by men of family and consequence, who had considerable property at stake; and this fact goes to prove the miserable and degraded state to which the nation had been brought by James and his horde of needy countrymen. Catesbye was the originator of that conspiracy, in the particulars of which no two historians agree; which has been

considered a mere fable by some, and which, for more than two hundred years, has been known by the name of the GUNPOWDER PLOT.

"Can you show me the lodging of the English knight, Sir William Stanley?" inquired a stranger, in imperfect Dutch, of a boor whom he met in one of the streets in Ostend.

"Yaw, Mynheer," replied the fellow, taking his pipe from his mouth, "'tis yon house hard by de zign of de Goot Vrow."

"Thank ye, good fellow," said the Englishman, interrupting him, "here is a groat for your information, which is even better than your English;" and he passed on to the house pointed out to him by the boor, who acknowledged the gift with an awkward bow.

"I sall drinck your honour's goot helt," said the Hollander, resuming his pipe, and rolling towards a bier-kroeg.

In the mean time, the stranger had arrived at the house of which he was in quest, and having knocked at the door, was instantly admitted, and shown into a small dark room, in which a man of sombre countenance was sitting, who, rising from his seat, greeted him with a warm grasp of the hand.

"Welcome, thrice welcome to Ostend, Master Wentour," said he, "for by your visit I see that the hour of vengeance is at hand. Say, how is my honoured friend and intimate, Master Catesbye?"

"Well, excellent well, Sir William," replied Wentour, "and living in the hope that our enemies will, ere long, feel the vengeance we have in store for them. We have a few more fearless hearts joined with us—Master Catesbye has taken a commodious dwelling at Lambeth, and all is ready—we must lay in our munition without more delay."

"'Tis already prepared," replied the knight, "thirty barrels of powder are on board the galliot, alongside the quay, and waiting for the first fair wind."

"Truly you are a zealous worker in the good cause, Sir William; with such souls there can be no fear of a miscarriage—but where is the gentleman of whom our good friend Catesbye speaks so highly?"

"He has not overrated him," said the knight, whistling aloud. An attendant entered. "Bid Master Johnson attend us here, Jenkin."

The servant disappeared, and shortly after, a man of commanding stature entered the room. His aspect partook of that expression peculiar to the better class of the people of Yorkshire; his forehead was high and smooth; his nose somewhat aquiline and well-shaped; his eyes were grey, sharp, and piercing, and his whole countenance would have been prepossessing, but for the close and determined expression of the mouth and chin. A spade beard of a light brown colour descended over his doublet of buff leather, and his mustachios were well trimmed and turned upwards at the ends, after the Spanish fashion. A profusion of brown hair fell in curls over his

shoulders and down his back, and set off a countenance at once noble and commanding. The appearance of this man made a strong impression upon Wentour, who regarded him with fixed attention.

"This is the gentleman," said Sir William, "who is willing to render all the assistance in his power to your great undertaking; trust me, I have ever found Master Faukes a man of courage and ready counsel."

Wentour extended his hand, which Faukes seized in his own, and with an oath exclaimed, in a northern accent, which his long residence abroad had not destroyed:—

"By my beard, it glads my heart to find there are a few bold and resolute souls still left to avenge the wrongs of Old England!—*Madre del—*"

"Hold, Faukes!" cried Stanley, interrupting him, "you must forget that you have carried a spouton here; none of your Spanish oaths, they will betray ye if ye use them in England."

"You are right, Sir William, I will take care to keep my acquaintance with the Spaniard a secret; my new name will protect me from recognition."

"I trust so," said the knight, "and now let us have a flask of burgundy, and drink success to our undertaking. What, ho! glasses and a flask of the best!"

The wine having been brought, they sat down to discuss it, and arrange their plans. The midnight chimes had sounded ere they separated; Wentour retired to rest, rejoicing in this accession to their band, and deeply impressed with the firm and determined character of Faukes.

Early in the morning of the third day of Wentour's arrival, a message from the captain of the galliot informed them that the wind was fair for England. Wentour and Faukes were soon on board, and bidding farewell to Sir William Stanley, they set sail with their terrible cargo.

In the mean time, Catesbye had taken a house* on the banks of the Thames at Lambeth, which he had entrusted to the care of one Robert Keys, whom he had received into the association. The lower rooms had been cleared out, and every thing prepared for the reception of the gunpowder, the arrival of which was hourly expected. It was a calm and beautiful evening, on which Catesbye, Keys, Percy, Rookewoode, and several others, sat in an apartment of this house, overlooking the river upon which the setting sun threw its last rays. Their conversation was carried on in a low tone, but it was not the less stern and terrible.

"Ye would not destroy all," queried Percy, fixing his eye upon the rigid features of Catesbye. "There are some who would rejoice to hear of our plot, must they perish too?"

"Ay, Tom, all; would ye, to save some half dozen shambling fools, run the risk of betraying us? If one spark of pity linger in your breast, think of the wrongs that thou thyself hast suffer-

* This house has been for some time levelled to the ground.

ed; count over the fines thou hast paid to these villains; reckon up the broad acres thou hast lost by them, and—"

"By heaven, you madden me!" cried Percy, "hold, I pray thee, good Catesby; 'twere folly to think of the safety of a few, when a host of enemies are within our toils."

"Ay," said Keys, with a bitter smile, "and unconscious of it too—the cellar is cleared, and we have but to bestow the powder."

At this moment the arrival of two persons in a boat under the window interrupted the conversation, and Catesby throwing open the casement, discovered that it was Faukes and Wentour. Mutual greetings followed, and Wentour informed his companions that the galliot with the powder on board, had anchored in the Thames.

"We must get part of it here without delay," said Catesby: "we can then remove it to my house in Palace Yard at our leisure. You will assist us, Wentour?"

"Ay, when I return," replied Wentour, "but I must first take a journey to Huddington, and prepare my daughter for the event that is to follow, by placing her in the house of some friend."

Catesby bent a stern and scrutinizing glance on his associate, which Wentour observed.

"Nay," said he, "look not so searchingly, I would rather feel thy dagger in my heart, than bear a look of mistrust."

"Forgive me, Wentour," said Catesby, "I would not doubt thy zeal and fidelity for worlds; no, my good friend, I know thee too well to harbour a suspicion of so foul a thing. You will meet us on your return at our rendezvous?"

"Ay," replied Wentour, "I shall not tarry at Huddington; in a fortnight ye shall see me again; farewell for a short time. Gentlemen, brothers, farewell."

He wrung the hand of each by turns, quitted the house, hurried to the water side; and taking a boat, ordered the waterman to row towards the city.

The next morning by sun rise, Wentour was on his way to Huddington, attended only by one man servant, whom he had left in London during his absence in Holland. On the evening of the third day he arrived in sight of his own dwelling, one of those commodious halls built in the reign of Henry the Eighth.

Deeply ruminating on the probable result of the dreadful plot in which he was engaged, he did not perceive that a cavalier and a lady, who bore a small merlin in her hand, were walking their horses down the lane which led to his house, and conversing with great earnestness, while two spaniels gambolled round them, and jumped to lick the hand of the cavalier. It was not until he arrived at his own gate that he found the lady to be his daughter; who, upon perceiving him, jumped from her palfrey and flew into his arms. Without noticing the young man, Wentour strained his daughter in his embrace, and affectionately kissed her forehead and cheek.

"Amy," said he, placing her arm within his, and entering the house, "I have much to say to

thee—thou must with me to London, for business of great weight calls me thither."

"Is it so pressing, dear father?"

"Ay, child, so pressing that we must needs be on our way by to-morrow morning."

"Indeed?"

"Ay, in good truth we must, therefore get thy apparel in order; and now leave me awhile. I will come to thee anon."

He released her arm, and turning to the young man who had followed them in, said:—

"Forgive me, Master Fenton, for my seeming want of courtesy: my mind is filled with the business which has called me abroad; give me thy hand, Cyril, and come with me to my study, I have something for thy ear alone."

He led the way to a small apartment, into which the light was sparingly admitted through a narrow gothic window: some creeping plants had spread over the casement, and together with the arms of the Wentours, which were painted on the glass, almost obscured the view without. The sun was fast sinking in the west, and its rays streamed through the window and glared on the several objects in the room. On one side were ranged several rows of bulky volumes, each of which would now be a treasure to the Biblioplist; and in a corner stood a suit of armour, of Milan steel, well scoured and polished. A portrait of an ancestor of Wentour, painted by Holbein, hung against the wall.

"Cyril Fenton," said Wentour, closing the door, "I know thy love for my daughter: but I have hitherto forbidden thee, aware that thy slender means would not enable thee to maintain the style and station of a gentleman, if a wife were added to thy cares;—nay, do not interrupt me, I will not hesitate to let thee know my meaning:—Tell me, hast thou the will to serve me?—thy country?—ay, thy God?"

"Your words are mysterious, good sir; what mean ye?"

"I mean," laying his hand on Fenton's shoulder, "that the hour of our deliverance is at hand—that the wolf is within our toils—an awful doom awaits our enemies, the heretic band who have so long scourged us is doomed to destruction!"

Fenton's colour fled; he stared at Wentour with surprise, and the word "treason" fell, scarcely audible, from his lips.

"Nay, call it not treason," said Wentour, "is he who labours to free his country from the scourge of such hell-hounds, a traitor?—thine own heart tells thee no. Cyril, whose bloody law doomed thy father to the rack and the scaffold? was it not the daughter of that Herod who so long trampled on the necks of his wretched people and revelled in their blood? By him who died to save us, I am ashamed to see thee stand irresolute."

"Oh, Master Wentour," said Fenton, "it grieves me to hear such words from you, who have been as a father to me. Say, what is the desperate undertaking? alas! I fear 'tis but a plot to entrap thee."

"Thou art a foolish boy," said Wentour, stern-

ly.—“ ’Tis a design framed by those who are by many years thy seniors; by men who, stung by persecution, have determined to break their chains and deliver England from the heretic scourge. Wilt thou join us?—let ay or no be the answer.”

Cyril was for some moments incapable of reply. Fearing the issue of the meditated plot, which, in the event of its failure would inevitably entail disgrace, ruin, and death, upon all concerned in it; and dreading, on the other hand, to displease the father of his beloved Amy, his heart was torn by conflicting feelings, and sinking into a chair he covered his face with his hands, in an anguish of mind which even softened the heart of Wentour.

Cyril Fenton was the only child of a country gentleman, who participated in the plot contrived by Babington, to release from prison the unfortunate Queen of Scots in the reign of Elizabeth, and paid the forfeit with his blood. His estate being confiscated and seized by the crown, Cyril, then scarce five years old, having a few months before lost his mother, was thrown on the world without a friend or protector; when Wentour, taking compassion on his forlorn situation, received him under his roof, and reared him as his own child. Years passed away, and as his protegee grew up to manhood, Wentour made him his steward. But he did not foresee the consequences of keeping a handsome and intelligent youth like Cyril, under the same roof with his lovely daughter; and ere he was aware of it, both were deeply enamoured of each other. When at length he became acquainted with their passion, he sharply rebuked Cyril for what he considered the youth's presumption and ingratitude; and extorted from him a promise that he would desist from his attentions to his child. Fearing that if he hesitated to comply with this request, he should be driven from the spot which contained all he loved in the world, Cyril pledged his word to obey this, to him, cruel injunction; but, alas! love had taken too deep a root in his bosom, and gave the lie to all his promises and assertions. Wentour loved him as his own child, and he was now deeply affected at his distress.

“Come, come,” said he, “Cyril, look up and tell me thou wilt join in our glorious cause; the hand of Amy shall be yours, for it will place thee far above dependence.”

The voice of Wentour, which had before seemed so stern to Cyril, now sounded as music to his ears. He rose from his seat, and seizing the hand of his benefactor, said, while tears dimmed his sight,

“Oh, Master Wentour, my best and only friend, I fear some dreadful calamity will befall you; but believe not that I ever thought of shrinking from you in the hour of danger; no, while life lasts, I will not quit your side.”

“Spoken like a brave youth,” said Wentour; “and now, Cyril, I will unfold to you this great design.” He described the nature of the conspiracy with great minuteness, painted in glowing terms the advantages that would accrue to

those who were concerned in it, and concluded by again promising that Amy should be his on their arrival in London, when their hands should be joined by Father Garnet, to whom he had unfolded the plot in his confession, previously to his leaving the metropolis.

Early on the following morning, Wentour, accompanied by his daughter and Cyril Fenton, set out for London, where they arrived after a tedious and fatiguing journey, and Cyril was immediately blessed with the hand of his lovely daughter. In the society of Amy, Cyril was the happiest of men, and each week that passed seemed but a day, though the time was fast approaching when the tremendous work should be accomplished, and the terrible mine, which was now in a complete state of preparation, should be fired by the daring hand of Faukes.

But the actions of the conspirators were closely watched, and their most secret doings were reported to the minister, Cecil, Lord Burleigh, the son of that Burleigh who so well executed the commands of his odious mistress, Elizabeth.

It was on a dark and tempestuous night, a few evenings before the meeting of Parliament, that a figure, closely muffled in a large cloak, cautiously emerged from a postern door of Exeter House in the Strand, and proceeded in an easterly direction down the street. Within this palace sat Burleigh, at a table, upon which was strewed a number of books and papers, to which he occasionally referred; at length he rose from his seat, and after taking two or three turns up and down the apartment, he rung a small silver bell, which stood on the table, and a servant entered.

“Is Master Nightshade here to-night?” inquired the Earl.

“Yes, my Lord, he is in the Hall.”

“Bid him attend me here, anon.”

The domestic quitted the room, but shortly returned, and ushered in a man of diminutive size, whose physiognomy was as singular as it was disgusting. A high pale forehead, only exceeded in whiteness by the grey locks which shadowed it, had the full benefit of a contrast with a pair of eyes black and piercing, and expressive of great shrewdness and cunning. A hooked nose, and a mouth of hideous proportions, gave to his whole countenance the expression of a demon.

Bidding the servant quit the room, the Earl shut the door, first satisfying himself that no one was lurking on the stairs; then throwing himself into a chair, he fixed his eyes upon this singular being.

“Well, Master Brian Nightshade,” said he, “you are punctual. I wish to talk to you upon a little business touching that wretched slave, Tresame. Say, have ye a drug that will make worms' food of your enemy in an hour?”

Brian grinned a ghastly smile. “I have many, my lord; and not a few that will kill in half that time. See you this little pouncet box?”—(He drew from his pouch a small silver box, not bigger than a nut-shell); “It contains a poison

so deadly, that were a grain of it placed on the tongue of man or beast, in fifteen mortal seconds no leech's skill would avail; or, were it rubbed upon the point of a sword or knife, no churgeon would save from death the man who received the wound."

"'Tis well," said the Earl; "to be plain with thee, I would fain see how this subtle drug will work upon that knave, Francis Tresame."

"Francis Tresame!" echoed Brian, in a tone of surprise.

"Aye," said the Earl, sternly; "why dost thou distend that malignant eye of thine? Art thou not a hater of thy species, and dost thou hesitate to destroy one whom I now place within thy clutch?"

"Your pardon, my lord; I marvelled to hear your desire, for I thought he had proved of great service to your lordship."

"Aye, Master Nightshade, but he now knows too much. To worm myself into his confidence—for he was faithful to his friends at first—I possessed him with some secrets, which, if now disclosed, would bring much evil upon the state;—he must die, but not yet. He has just left me with a letter for the Lord Monteaule, which will cause the destruction of his friends and work his—"

A tap at the door of the room interrupted the remainder of Burleigh's speech, and on its being opened, a servant announced the return of Tresame. Brian Nightshade, by the command of the Earl, quitted the room by a secret door, while Tresame almost immediately entered by another.

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On the evening of the 4th of November, the conspirators met in Catesbye's house in Palace Yard, and made every thing ready for the approaching catastrophe. Their solemn oath was renewed, and each swore to stand by his friend, "and abide the uttermost trial." At midnight they separated, and departed with all possible secrecy, leaving Faukes in care of the house, with every thing necessary for the firing of the train. Catesbye was the last who quitted the premises, and as he passed out, he bent a look so eloquent and impressive upon his bold associate, that it went to the soul of Faukes.

"Farewell," said Guy, "farewell, my honoured friend; doubt not my faith; but a few hours and a roar as of a thousand culverins, shall announce to you the destruction of our foes."

"Farewell for awhile," said Catesbye, "a boat shall be waiting for you at the stairs to-morrow; have a care that the train be well fired."

"Never fear that," replied Faukes, "'twill not be the first mine this hand has helped to spring. Give you good night, Master Catesbye."

"Good night," responded Catesbye, as he threw his cloak around him; "we shall meet to-morrow."

Faukes watched the receding figure of his daring leader, until it was lost in the gloom; he was then about to re-enter the house, when the heavy and measured tramp of feet was distinctly

heard above the moaning of the night wind. "What can this mean?" thought Guy, straining his eyes in the direction from which the sound seemed to come. The noise was familiar to one, the greater part of whose life had been spent in the long wars of the Low Countries; the sound to his quick ear, was that of the march of a troop of soldiers, and he was deliberating how to act, should his appearance create suspicion, when a band of men, some of them bearing torches, turning the corner of an adjoining house, immediately appeared in sight, and the leader called aloud to Faukes to "stand in the king's name!" But he had summoned one whose back was never turned to his enemies; and, though strengthened by numbers, his appearance did not intimidate Faukes, who suffered him to approach with his company.

"What is your name, my friend?" said the leader of the party, who was Sir Thomas Knyvet, "and why are ye abroad at this late hour?"

"My name," replied Guy, nothing daunted, "is John Johnson, I am a servant of Master Percy's. As to my right to be here at this time, you have no authority to question it."

"Thou art a bold knave," said Sir Thomas; "but we will know what keeps you from your bed at this late hour. Here, Serjeant Warren, bring your flambeau a little nearer."

The Serjeant advanced, and held his torch so as to show the figure of Faukes, who was enveloped in a large dark cloak, and booted and spurred. His countenance, at all times stern and commanding, now grew black as night, and the light which flashed upon his features added to their determined and awful expression; but, checking his wrath, he affected to treat their inspection with disdain.

"Well," said he, with a sarcastic smile, "what do you discover? I should judge ye to be barbers, if it were not for your military garments, for ye seem taken with the cut of my beard."

"Seize and bind the villain!" cried Sir Thomas, and the Serjeant attempted to obey him, when Faukes tripped up his heels, then stepped back a few paces, cast his cloak from him, and in an instant his sword was bared, and a long petrirel appeared grasped in his left hand.

"What, are ye all afraid of one man?" cried the knight, perceiving that the soldiers discovered no inclination to rush upon Guy, "then I must lead ye on—surrender, thou traitorous ruffian, or die a dog's death!"

"Never!" shouted Faukes. "Come on? here will I stand until this body is no longer capable of resistance; come on, I say, ye who fear not steel nor lead!"

He drew the trigger of his petrirel as he spoke, and had it not hung fire, so true was his aim, the Knight would not have assisted in his capture.

This failure evidently disconcerted Guy, who hurled the petrirel with great violence, and with a bitter curse, at the head of the foremost soldier, who honoured the salute with the lowest possible prostration. But in doing this, Faukes

had neglected his guard, and the rest of the party, rushing forward, disarmed and secured him, after a desperate struggle. By command of the Knight, he was conveyed into the house, which the whole party entered; and it was not long ere they descended to the large vault, where they commenced a strict search.

"Pull off those fagots there," cried Sir Thomas. His commands were quickly obeyed, and a barrel was discovered beneath them—another, and another appeared, and the Knight, turning to Faukes, said:—

"Tell me, vile slave, what do these tubs contain?"

Faukes looked at him with the eyes of a tiger that has been robbed of its prey—he drew up his tall and athletic figure to its utmost height, and in a voice of thunder, which rang through the vault, in prolonged echoes, cried—

"Powder! sir Knight! Had I received your visit here, I would ha' fired my petriamel into that cask, and sent your tools and you a-riding on the night air!"

"Then heaven be praised for this prevention of thy murderous design," exclaimed the Knight; "lead him away, close up the house, and guard him well. I will hasten to the council and inform them of his capture."

* * * * *

Early on the morning of the third day of his apprehension, Faukes, who had been confined in the Tower, in one of the dungeons in which state prisoners were usually immured, was aroused from his slumbers by the heavy fall of the bar and the withdrawing of the bolts which secured the door of his prison. He started from his straw bed, and beheld the gaoler standing over him. In answer to his question why he was disturbed, he was informed that he must attend the council, who were then sitting in the White Tower. Gathering up his fetters, Guy, though weak from mental and bodily suffering, walked with a firm step to the council-room, where he beheld the noblemen who were to examine him. As he entered this gloomy apartment, his eye glanced on the rack which stood near the door, and his wan cheek assumed a livid hue; but it was only momentary; he raised his head, and viewed the assembly with an undaunted glance.

"He is as gallant a figure as one would wish to behold," whispered Nightshade to the executioner, who stood leaning against the rack with his doublet off, and his arms bare to the elbows.

"He is not so proper a man, though, as Harry Vaughan, whom I assisted in his journey to a better world some two years since, come Candlemas," replied the man of death.

One of the council now addressed Faukes, and demanded his name.

"John Johnson," was the reply.

"Have ye not gone by other names?"

"No."

"Who are your associates in this hellish plot?"

"If I thought that threats or torture would make me confess, I would, like the Egyptian of old, pluck out my tongue and cast it before ye."

"You have companions then? What fiend tempted ye to contrive so bloody a conspiracy?"

Faukes smiled bitterly.

"Ye shall know," said he. "There are bounds to the patience and submission of the most abject slaves, and such, alas! have been too many of my countrymen. I and my fellows, have seen the broad lands, which our fathers possessed, grasped by the hands of men who have overturned that religion which has for so many hundred years flourished like a fair vine in this once happy country. We have seen the gems which once decked the shrines of saints and martyrs, glittering in the crown of a tyrant. We have beheld the gold and silver ornaments of the altar melted down into coin; and, oh! wretched land! whole bands have been hired with it to combat those who still hold to the good faith. We have seen the boldest and the proudest in England writhing on the rack or swinging on gibbets, because they held fast to that holy faith in which their forefathers lived and died. To crown all, we now behold this country swarming with needy foreigners—with those vile Scotch, who have so long been our deadly foes. 'Twas to revenge these injuries that I would have fired that dreadful mine, and blown those needy vagrants back to their native mountains!"

Here one of the council rose, and sternly bade Faukes disclose the name of his associates.

"Prisoner," said he, "we have heard enough of your treason to satisfy us that you have many of your friends in this devilish plot. You have lied in giving us the name of Johnson—you have gone by another; confess it, or you will be ordered to the rack without delay. Do you hesitate?—Then take the consequences of your stubbornness. Executioner, to the rack with him."

In spite of his powerful struggles, Guy was placed on the horrible engine. The second turn of the wheel extorted a deep hollow groan from the prisoner, who cried out in anguish—

"For the love of him who died for us all, have mercy; my name is Faukes!"

"Ha," said Burleigh, who presided at the examination, "you have served in the Low Countries?"

"I have," replied the sufferer, shaking back his long hair.

"In the Spanish army?"

"Yes."

"Who are your associates?"

"Away with ye," cried Faukes, turning his haggard and blood-shot eye upon the questioner, "do your worst; I will not betray my friends."

Another turn of the wheel was ordered, when the already distended sinews and muscles of the prisoner cracked loudly, and he fainted from excess of pain. Nightshade then approached, and grasping the clammy hand of the prisoner, felt the throb of his feverish pulse.

"He will not bear much more," said he; "but I will try the effect of this."

He applied a small chased bottle to the nostrils:

of Faukes, who slowly revived. The question was again put to him—

“Who are your partners in this conspiracy?”

Still suffering the most excruciating tortures, Faukes persevered in his resolution, and the horrible torment was renewed; but it proved fruitless—the prisoner uttering a suppressed groan, sunk under it, and lay on the rack, to all appearance dead. In vain Nightshade applied his restoratives, in vain he bathed with vinegar the livid brow of the sufferer: Faukes was borne back to his prison in a most piteous state, and totally insensible.

* * * * *

We must now return to Wentour and his family, who had, upon their arrival in London, taken lodgings in the Strand. Amy knew not of the dreadful conspiracy in which her father was engaged, and in the society of her husband there was only one alloy to her happiness; this was the moody and reserved state of her parent, whose changed demeanour she viewed with disquiet and even alarm. Wentour had arranged his plans, and was prepared to meet the result of the plot, whichever way the scale might turn. Should it prove abortive, he had resolved to sell his life as dearly as possible in the cause of his friends: for he had already provided a protector for his daughter in the person of Cyril Fenton, whom he had not introduced to his confederates on that account.

On the eve of the memorable Fifth of November, Wentour, after affectionately embracing his daughter, quitted his lodgings, saying that he should not return until the morning. Cyril witnessed his departure with a sigh, for he well knew the dreadful business which engaged his father-in-law, who had solemnly enjoined him to discharge the sacred trust he had confided to him. The caresses of his lovely bride in some degree soothed the anguish of Fenton; but when he tried to drown in sleep the horrible fears which haunted him, the most ghastly visions succeeded. He beheld a spacious building totter to its base, while loud shrieks issued from within. A black cloud obscured the whole, and a crash louder than the discharge of a thousand cannon, followed. He awoke with terror, and found that it was a dream. Again composing himself to sleep, he saw the gory head of Wentour roll on the scaffold, while the shouts of an assembled multitude cheered the dexterity of the headsman. He leapt from his bed, and rushing to the window drew aside the curtain. The morning sun shone brightly into the apartment; all was serene and quiet; the sparrows chirped on the roof, and the sky looked clear and cloudless. How different the scene to the awful visions that had haunted him! He turned to his bride, on whose lids sleep still sat, while the hue of the rose tinged her cheek; her lips lay apart, and disclosed a row of teeth, small, even, and rivalling the pearl in whiteness.

“Heaven shield thee, dearest,” ejaculated he, as he kissed her forehead; “thy sleep is as calm and unbroken as the unweaned child: sleep on,

for, alas! I fear thou wilt wake to hear ill tidings.”

Amy awoke at this moment, and Cyril evaded her questions by speaking of their return to Huddington, though his unusual paleness and sunken eye, too plainly told what was passing within him.

A place was reserved for Wentour at the breakfast table, but he appeared not to partake of their morning's meal. Fenton remained in a state of harrowing suspense, every moment expecting to hear the horrible announcement of the catastrophe, which would inevitably take place, if the conspirators remained true to each other. The clock of St. Clement's church at length chimed the hour of ten, and ere the sound had died away, the noise of horses' hoofs was heard in the street, and the next moment Wentour entered the room, the perspiration streaming from every pore.

“Amy—Cyril—my children,” he cried, “away from this place! All is lost! our enemies triumph—Faukes is taken, and the whole is discovered; Cyril, look to my child—ay, I know thou wilt.—Amy, farewell, perhaps for ever!” Amy fainted in the arms of her husband, while Wentour continued, “at Fresh Wharf, near Belings Gate, a vessel sails for Ostend at eleven.”

“You will accompany us?” said Cyril.

“Oh, no, no, no; my word is pledged to my friends. Look to thy sweet charge, I conjure thee. Farewell, Cyril, for ever—there is as much gold there,” pointing to a box which stood in a corner of the room, “as will maintain ye in comfort as long as ye live.”

Wentour kissed the cheek of his daughter, and his tears fell fast on her face, but she still remained insensible of her father's agony. He then rushed from the house, and mounting his horse, instantly rode off at full gallop.

Our tale now draws to a close. Cyril and his bride bade a last adieu to the land of their birth, and arrived safely at Ostend. Wentour was one of those who held out Holbeach House against the Sheriff of Worcester, who there surrounded the conspirators. The particulars of this attack are too well known to require repetition here; some were slain outright, some were taken alive, and of the latter, Wentour was one. He suffered with his daring companions, (Faukes, Rooke-wood, and Keys,) in Palace Yard, and in sight of that building they sought to overthrow.

Tresame, after being committed to the Tower, was found dead in his prison. *History* tells us, that he died of a strangury, but posterity will judge of the truth or falsehood of this assertion. Certain it is, that a just and speedy vengeance followed the betrayal of his friends.

A tessellated Roman pavement has recently been discovered in Leicester, England. It measures twenty feet by seventeen. The tessellæ are very small, and exhibit a regular pattern, divided into octagonal compartments, richly embroidered with wreaths, &c., within which are devices of great variety and beauty.

STANZAS.

I LOVE to roam at dawn of day,
When light appears, through shadows gleaming,
Ere yet the clouds of sober grey
Unveil the sun in splendour streaming.
'Tis then I sigh o'er days gone by,
When first my heart's best vows were plighted;
And oh! the pain to sigh in vain,
For him I lov'd, my love has slighted!

I love to see the orb of night
Reflect her beams in streamlets flowing,
To watch her course serene and bright,
While breezes soft around are blowing.
'Tis then I feel love's power will steal
Amidst the calm repose of nature;
Fondly I trace the *false one's* face,
And dwell on every graceful feature!

No more I'll seek the rising sun,
Or watch the light o'er earth diffusing,
Bright, like his course, life's race I'll run,
Nor waste the hours in lonely musing.
Adieu! false love—no more I'll prove
Thy wiles, and smiles, and fond caressing;
But, ah! I try in vain to fly
From love—*life's sweetest, dearest blessing!*

FARE THEE WELL.

FAREWELL, dearest!—fare thee well,
May blessings with thee go,
May sunshine stream upon thy path,
And flow'rs around thee grow.
For thou wert kind when all the world
From off my fortunes fell;
Thou'st soothed with smiles my troubled heart;
Then dearest—Fare thee well!

Farewell, dearest!—may those smiles
That o'er all hearts have shone,
Now turn and throw their blessed power
Like sunlight on thine own.
And may the joy which thou hast given
For ever with thee dwell;
Sweet thoughts, and pleasing dreams be thine,
And dearest—Fare thee well!

Farewell, dearest!—still I stay
And yet I know not why—
To hear the magic of thy voice
The murmur of thy sigh.
Once more thy lips are pressed to mine,
Again I feel their spell;
Give me once more that sunny smile,
Then dearest—Fare thee well!

THE SPIRIT-SEEKER.

AFTER I had left school, I recollect being much attracted by certain representations of European troops plundering some Asiatic soldiers of their costly ornaments. This print, which then adorned all the dead walls of the metropolis, I have gazed at for hours; and at night I could dream of nothing but pagodas and rupees, sashmeres, hookahs, and Damascus blades! The East Indies appeared to me to be an El Dorado, where the gifts of fortune were showered upon all who sought them. It presented the same temptations to me as the golden shores of the Pacific offered to the Spaniards and Portuguese, after Columbus had given his glowing descriptions of their wealth and fertility. I was a tall youth, above the height required for recruits; so finding my desires grow stronger every day, and a soldier's life appearing to my young fancy the gayest under the sun, I took the king's bounty, and enlisted in a regiment which was on the point of proceeding to Calcutta.

It was not long before I found out how much I had been deceived, but as I saw there was little use in repentance, I resolved to make the best of my situation. My attention to my duties rose me from the ranks, and by volunteering in every situation of danger, I gained continual promotion. I saw a great deal of hard service, for I lost no opportunity of distinguishing myself, and by embarking all my gains in mercantile speculations, I found, in the course of fifteen years, that I had realized a very handsome independence for life. My yearnings after home then became very powerful, and as there was no occasion for my staying longer in India, I sold out, for the

purpose of returning home, to learn how many of my friends were dead, and to find out those who remained above ground.

I took my passage in a fine ship, well rigged and manned, and powerfully armed; it was the time of war, which made the masters of our merchant vessels careful in providing for emergencies. She carried but few passengers, none of them particularly deserving of remark save one. He was evidently a person of some consequence, from the attentions paid him by the captain. He was a tall and well-formed man, of dark features, whose expression I did not always admire. No one knew him—no one held companionship with him, for his fellow passengers seemed to shrink from him with a feeling of dread. He would walk for hours upon the deck with an abstracted air, as if unconscious of all around; and would frequently start in the middle of his walk, as if alarmed,—would mutter some unconnected words, and then continue his solitary promenade.

I felt a desire to know something about so strange a being, and endeavoured to get some intelligence from the captain—a brave, blunt fellow, with whom I was frequently in the habit of conversing.

"Why, Sir," said he, putting his finger on his broad forehead, "he's a little bit *heady*, or so."

It struck me that I had observed a wild restlessness about his gaze, which gave me some doubts of his sanity, but I did not like to rest upon mere suspicion; I resolved, therefore, to pay great attention to his conduct, as I thought his strange behaviour might be the result of eccentricity. I

wished to learn something of his history, but gained nothing by my inquiries.

We proceeded on our voyage without any remarkable incident, till one morning the man at the mast-head cried out "a sail!" and in an instant all the telescopes in the ship were in requisition. I discovered, after a long search a speck in the distant horizon, which gradually enlarged till it bore the figure of a ship. It was soon discovered to be a Frenchman, of superior force, bearing down upon us with all her canvass set.

The captain caught up a speaking trumpet, and shouted forth to the crew a quick succession of orders, which were as promptly executed. The officers bestirred themselves in very direction, all was bustle and activity. In what appeared to me an incredible short space of time, the decks were cleared, the port-holes opened, and the sails furled for action.

I offered my services to the captain, who shook me by the hand with all the frankness of a sailor and led me to his cabin. There he thanked me, and declared he expected to need the help of all who were ready to fight for their lives, for the enemy had much the superiority in point of force, and shewed a determination of attacking. It was his intention, he said, of defending the ship to the last, as she contained a valuable cargo; then pointing to the arms, which lay in all directions, he asked me to choose for myself. I was soon equipped with pistols and cutlass, and determined to use them with as much effect as I possibly could.

I ascended again on deck, to see how things were going on. I found the men rigged, and strongly armed. Some in groups, eyeing the approach of the enemy; others attending to the guns, or busied in the rigging. Loblolly-boys were running about with powder for the gunners, gliding from the gun-room to the deck, like so many imps of darkness. The boatswain sat on the breach of a gun, for which he seemed to feel a particular affection, and was holding forth to a group of attentive listeners; occasionally stopping in his discourse to pay attention to a capacious can of grog, that was placed within his reach. I viewed the scene with much interest, for although I had seen a good share of service on land, this was the first sea-fight I had ever had an opportunity of witnessing. It was new to me, and, I must say, I felt in a strong degree the general excitement.

The privateer, for such she proved to be, was a beautiful ship, and cut through the water like a swan. Her decks appeared to be covered with men, and she carried many more guns than we did. Our sailors viewed her with evident interest. They praised her sailing, and watched her with the eyes of experienced judges, while she was manœuvring to get the wind of us. When she was within shot, she tacked, took down most of her canvass, and fired two guns. The shot came hopping along the water, but passed us without doing any damage.

"A roll o' pig-tail to a can o' grog," exclaimed the boatswain to his grinning auditors, "them

'ere Frenchmen as fired them shot, got out o' their hammocks this morning with their night-caps on."

"Brown!" shouted the captain, from the quarter-deck, "bring your gun to bear!"

In an instant the boatswain obeyed orders, adjusted the gun with the precision of a finished marksman, and fired. Splinters were seen flying about the deck of the enemy's vessel, and the gunner exclaimed, with an appearance of much satisfaction, "Aye! aye! I arn't been at sea man and boy for nothing!" Orders were given to continue firing, which was done with good effect, while the guns of the privateer seemed to be badly served, for their shot passed over us, or only divided a few ropes of very trifling importance. The enemy were getting the worst of it, which probably they themselves thought, for they bore down upon us with a design of coming to closer quarters.

"Now, my boys," exclaimed the captain to his men, "stand to your guns, and give it 'em, for the honour of the Craft!" He was answered by three cheers, as universal as ever came from any vessel preparing for action. Their shot came flying thick, but ours were reserved for a more favourable opportunity. As soon as the ship's sides were parallel, we poured in broadside after broadside, with the most complete effect, sweeping off her men from the deck by dozens. An obstinate engagement ensued, but we avoided most of the danger arising from her superiority of guns, by a series of skilful evolutions. Our men, except those actively employed, lay down on the decks, and the fire of the enemy did comparatively little mischief among them. The fight was kept up with great bravery on both sides; at last the privateer closed in upon us; her great object was now in boarding, her strength of men giving her still an advantage. The ships were lashed together, under a heavy fire of musketry, and the boarders came on sword in hand, where they were met by our own brave men, and a desperate struggle ensued. They fought hand to hand, and foot to foot, without either giving an inch of ground. The hurrahs and shouts of the combatants, mingling with the continual discharge of fire-arms, were truly deafening. The enemy at last gave way before our determined resistance, and the galling fire which was kept upon their decks by our top-men. This was an important crisis, and our men rushed on to the charge with renewed vigour. Then I saw the strange being, whom I have before noticed as my fellow-passenger, mingling in the thickest of the fight, and hewing down like blades of grass all who opposed him. I followed in his wake, and soon found myself on the deck of the privateer, where the conflict was raging in its greatest fury. There our captain, though wounded, was fighting like a lion, and urging his men, both by voice and action, to follow his example. The stranger and I fought side by side. Their resistance seemed to grow fainter, except in one spot, where a group of brave fellows were fighting round their com-

mander, a man of gigantic size and immense strength. We were soon among them, and I saw the sword of my companion cleave the Frenchman's skull, and the strong man sunk dead at his feet. After his death, the resistance ceased. She struck, and became our prize.

Our captain, after the engagement had terminated, came up and thanked us for the assistance we had rendered him. The stranger seemed to avoid all conversation, and what he said was spoken hurriedly, as if anxious to conclude the subject.

The prize we found of little service. A number of shot had taken her between wind and water, her sails were reduced to shreds, and her masts were most of them shattered to splinters. The carnage on board was dreadful; of nearly two hundred men, scarcely fifty remained alive, and most of them were wounded. We therefore secured the men and valuables, and deserted the ship. As for ourselves, we paid dearly for our victory, for many were the brave but unfortunate men, I saw lashed to the grating and consigned to the bowels of the deep.

Little took place during the remainder of the voyage worth noticing. There seemed to be some deep mystery in my fellow-passenger, which, at any risk, I was determined to fathom. I endeavoured to get into his confidence. For that purpose, I did him many little offices of kindness. They were at first rather unfavourably received, but as I persevered, his unsociableness wore off, and he seemed at last to take a pleasure in my society. When we arrived at our place of destination, I visited him frequently. One day, after some preliminary conversation, in which I endeavoured to make him talk of his own affairs, he said to me, "You have been kind, and I will confide in you. Listen, and you shall hear a tale which nothing you have ever heard, or read of, seemed half so strange." I listened attentively, and he continued:—

"From a boy upwards, I have longed for an intercourse with the unembodied shadows of the departed, whose existence I had often heard well authenticated in the nursery and in the hall. I had strange desires from my birth. I loved to be alone. I was fond of darkness. I would sit up in the depths of midnight, in 'hopes of high talk with the departed dead.' I yearned for the things that dwell not in the earth, and yet are on it. Church-yards and cemeteries were to me as familiar as my father's hearth. I loved the most savage sports, and the most unfrequented places of the wild and mountainous country in which I was born; and when I heard from the superstitious peasantry that such a ruin, or such a dell, or such a wood, was the haunt of supernatural visitors, there would I make my dwelling; and, night and day, I called aloud upon the Spirits of the Dead—but they came not!

"I loved the sound of the thunder when it seemed to shake the heaven on which I gazed, and the earth on which I stood. I courted the gaze of the vivid lightning, and my eagle eye shrunk not at its burning glance. I stood by the

sands of the sea-shore, and drank in with delighted ears the music of the storm. I climbed to the tops of mountains; I descended into the depths of vaults and caves; I crossed the fathomless ocean, and penetrated into the parched deserts of the torrid zone. I heard the famished hyena howling for her food among unburied skeletons; and I saw the lion crunching the bones of many a luckless victim, as he roared exultingly in his wrath. I stood in the night surrounded by the ghastly fragments of those who had endeavoured to penetrate its inhospitable regions; the moon shone upon their bleached skeletons with a sickly light; the hot breath of the simoom gave a sense of suffocation, which had made many a weary traveller lay down and die; and there was no sound stirring in the desert, save the scream of the jackal. In the stillness of the deep night, I called aloud upon the Spirits of the Dead—but they came not!

"I went on a pilgrimage to the idol Juggernaut,* whose thirst is quenched with blood, and whose hunger is appeased with human flesh. I saw thousands rush under his massive chariot wheels, to obtain the glory of being crushed to death; a martyrdom which was accounted the very highest honour. The streets were paved with carcasses, and the gutters streamed with blood. I passed on to the field of skulls, where the vultures and the dogs were disputing over a living banquet of quivering flesh. I stood in the middle of the festering carcasses of the worshippers of the deity, when there was not a star visible in the heavens, and the moon had veiled her glory from the earth; and I called with a loud voice upon the Spirits of the Dead—but they came not!

"I heard the plague was raging afar off. I journeyed over mountains, I crossed streams, I swam cataracts, and I forded rivers, with a feverish impatience that hurried me on like lightning to arrive at the place where I knew death was busy. I came. The air gathered in my nostrils with the putrid steam which came from the dead, who lay around me mouldering and festering in heaps. The dead-carts passed by; but those who had loaded them had become part of the load. The graves lay open—those who had dug them became the first occupiers of a dwelling which they expected others to tenant. The poor loaded themselves with riches, and died before they could make use of their plunder. The rich flew from their dwellings, but perished before they had arrived beyond the influence of the pestilence. Thousands and thousands sickened daily, and all shunned each other. The lover left his mistress, and the mother deserted her children, and the friend of many years stood afar off from the brother of his heart. They died—falling like autumn-leaves, when a strong wind shakes the trees of the forest. Days passed—weeks passed—months passed—and still they died. At last I stood the only living thing in a

* The January Number of the Lady's Book contains an engraving and description of this Idol.

vast and once-populous city. All was still as the grave. Not a leaf stirred—not a stream flowed—not a wind whispered: for all the trees were leafless trunks, and all the waters were stagnant pools. There was not a breath stirring in the air, and the red sun glared in the sky with an evil look, as if to curse the gazer with the quenchless fire of his moveless eye. Solitary I stood in the high-places, as if the world had been hushed into an everlasting sleep. Then I raised my voice, and called aloud upon the Spirits of the Dead—the echoes died sullenly away. Again I called—but they came not!

“I fled from the place in fear and loathing, and afterwards entered a fortified town while it was being besieged by the enemy. Famine raged within its walls, gnawing the gaunt frames of its brave defenders; but their bony hands still held the sword, and their almost fleshless limbs still defended their impregnable city. I saw a rich man offer all his wealth to a beggar, for a piece of putrid meat which he was devouring voraciously—the beggar looked at the gold, and cast it from him with scorn. A miser saved a loaf, though the rest had given up theirs for the common good: he sold it in pieces for double their weight in silver, and soon afterwards died of starvation. Soon there was nothing left. Many died raving mad, screaming for water to cool their burning tongues, and in a short time there remained not enough to man the wall. Then the remnant of the brave bands came to a resolution to perish by each other’s hands. I saw them expose their naked breasts to the sword, and they died breathing defiance on their enemies. I stood upon the prostrate bodies of the slain, and the fleshless skeletons of thousands lay around me. I called upon the Spirits of the Dead with a voice that might have awoke them from their sleep—but they came not!

“I have been on the field of battle after a bloody carnage, when friend and foe were heaped together in the slaughter; and I have entered conquered cities after a massacre, where the old and young, the guilty and the innocent, the poor and the rich, the deformed and the beautiful, were all butchered indiscriminately. I have been in all places where I thought the Spirits of the Dead were most numerous, and at all times and all seasons when I thought it most probable they would appear to human ken; and I have lifted up my voice in solitary places, calling upon them to appear—but they came not!

“Then I applied to those who were said to have communion with them, and I journeyed to far off lands in hopes of knowing their secrets. I saw withered sybils and hoary magicians, I knew studious monks and learned Jews, and I became familiar with the most famous scholars of all nations, and the wisest priests of all religions; I asked them to impart their knowledge to one who would use it well. I offered them gold and much treasure; they accepted my gifts, and I became their pupil. But I soon found, after a short sojourn with them all, that their knowledge was that of a fool, and their learning that of a

child. They were liars, impostors, and cheats, who lived upon the credulity of the human race; and I cursed them in the bitterness of my heart, as I shook off the dust from my feet in leaving the secret places in which they dwell.—Now, said I, do I know of a verity, that all men are fools—a superstitious race, who for two thousand years and more have lived in a vain fear and a foolish belief.

“Do we not die, and are buried, or rot on the face of the earth, while the wind dries and the sun bleaches our bones till they are calcined into dust, and we mingle again with the earth from which we came? Are we not born more helpless than the worm we crush beneath our feet; and those who are so unfortunate as to last to an old age—do they not live more miserable than the vilest thing on earth? continually complaining with unnatural peevishness, and yet not possessing sufficient resolution to rid themselves of a burthen they have not the courage to bear resignedly. Do we not perish like the beasts of the field, and the fowls of the air? and in a few short years our names are obliterated from the earth, that none may know of what fashion we were born.—Such is our being and existence, and such our dissolution.

“When we die, we die utterly and everlastingly. The fire passes from the clay which it warmed, and the mass crumbles away into utter nothingness; and yet for many generations, there have been those to assert, and others to believe, that the senseless dust possesses a revivifying power which shall start again into being at some indefinite period—that the spark which animated the living frame, continues to reside in the ashes, which is the residue of the crucible of existence; and that this spirit, is an untangible and incorporeal form, wanders about the earth, occasionally visible to the fear-struck gaze of the living, or may be commanded to appear by those who are sufficiently fearless to invoke them in solitary places—

“——— where graves give up their dead,
And church-yards yawn.”

“Oh! degenerate race! so credulous and easily deceived—of what use is that reason which you vaunt; where is that intellect of which you are so proud! The beasts that toil in the field expect not an Eden of rest when the butcher has led them to the shambles, and the savage ones of the forest dream not of a Paradise beyond their green savannahs and the liquid clearness of their refreshing streams. Wherefore should’st thou, O man! puff thyself up with a vain-glory, and hug to thy breast a cloud for an imperishable hope? Wherefore should’st thou carve for thyself immortality, and sentence all nature to be cast in the unfathomable ocean of oblivion? O, man—man! obdurate and proud of heart, there shall come a time when thou shalt awake from thy sleep, and see through the darkness which hath enveloped thy soul in its misty folds for so many generations.

“I left their dwelling, after discovering how vain was the search in which I had been em-

ployed, and took ship with a determination to return to my own country. We left port with a fair wind, and the ship rode proudly on the bosom of the ocean. I felt a strange delight when I found myself proceeding towards my native land, after, so long an absence, and in fancy I often thought I could discern its snowy cliffs peering through the fog, although we were many thousand miles from its nearest coast. The vessel in which I sailed was a pirate, the crew a set of lawless villains of all nations; but I loved their society from the spirit of freedom which seemed to animate them all. They were daring as young lions, and crafty as serpents; yet each seemed to possess a high feeling of honour which scorned all meanness. I found myself at home among them, for they respected my humours, and allowed me to conduct myself as I pleased. They declared war against all governments, and set up the black flag in opposition even to free states. The captain was a man of considerable muscular strength, and great bravery—one as much feared as loved by those whom he commanded. Although he never failed to distinguish any of his men who had made themselves conspicuous by acts of daring or good seamanship, yet his anger was fatal, and few among such a reckless set would have chosen to risk it.

"I loved to pace the deck after the sun had gone down, and watch the stars come forth by twos and threes in all their beauty from their hiding places. Night after night have I gazed as they shot from their spheres into darkness, till I became as familiar with the heavens as with an open book, and the stars became unto me as the faces I had known in fancy.

"One night as I was taking my usual walk on the deck, the watch was set, and I was wrapt up in meditations of the bright things above me. All was hushed as a maiden's sleep; and we lay becalmed upon the silent waters. I was startled from my reverie by a loud cry of fire, and in an instant the ship was in one immense blaze. There was either no time to get out the boats, or all were rendered stupified by the extent of the danger. They leapt from their hammocks, and fled about the vessel as if bewildered. Some ran to the spirit-room, and soon rendered themselves incapable of providing for their own safety;—others, in their frenzy, leapt overboard, and the waters overwhelmed them;—a few, with more presence of mind, got out the long-boat. As soon as it was lowered they jumped in—numbers followed, till it was unable to hold its burthen;—they were endeavouring to put off when she sunk, and all went to the bottom.

"In a short time, the captain and myself were the only persons left on board. I attempted to persuade him to jump into the sea, and save himself by clinging to some of the planks which were floating about. But he silenced me by saying, that he and the ship should perish together. I committed myself to the waves, and soon swam beyond the reach of the burning fragments of timber that were continually thrown around me by explosions of gun-

powder. As fast as the flames reached the guns, they were discharged, and scattered the messengers of death in all directions.

"I lashed myself to a large plank, and then turned to take a last look at the ship. For an instant I saw the form of the intrepid captain red in the surrounding flames—the fire reached the powder magazine—one shriek, and all was over.

"The flames ceased, and I was left in impenetrable darkness, in a strange sea, I knew not how far from land. Yet even then the thirst that lay at my heart for communion with the shadows of the past, did not desert me. In that hour of peril and solitude, the longing that had filled my breast so long came upon me with all its original force, and I felt a strange sensation that roused every sense within me to exertion. In that scene of horror I lifted up my voice, though the tones seemed to fall with a cold weight upon my heart, and I called aloud upon the Spirits of the Dead—I heard a voice answer, '*Here!*'—then a million of feeble voices caught up the sound, and the faint echoes fell upon my ear and chilled my brow with the cold dew of death.—Just then the expiring ship sent up one bright flame of vivid light, and I saw ———"

Here he looked upon me with an expression I shall never forget. A shadow of deep agony shrouded his features—his eyes were starting from their sockets, gleaming with unnatural light—his strong frame shook with fear—he seemed labouring under an effect of terror of the most dreadful nature.

"I saw," he continued, as he caught hold of me by the arm, "a sight that made my blood run cold with fear—that curdled the marrow in my bones—that made my flesh quiver convulsively, and that filled my heart with a feeling of incurable pain, and my brain with a quenchless, burning, corroding flame, that tortures my senses into madness.

"I see it now!" he cried in a voice of thrilling agony, pointing with extended arms to places where I could see nothing. "There!—there!—see how they stare upon me with their sightless orbs—how they point at me with their fleshless hands! Hear you not a laugh like the bubbling of blood—the red light of the burning ship dwells upon their skulls—I press my hand over my brows and over my ears, but though both eyes and ears are closed, still I hear and still I see.—Avaunt! avaunt! ye horrible fiends!—avaunt, and mock me not! Oh! look not upon me with the blue light of those empty sockets. It sinks into my soul, it burns my heart to ashes. Away! away!—to the fathomless ocean from whence ye came! Down, into the depths of the dark sea, away!—Oh, God!—Oh, God!"

He sunk upon the floor, senseless. I rendered him immediate assistance, but it was long before he became perfectly sensible. At last he recovered. He looked round the room, with a wild, unsettled gaze, and said, "Where am I?—methought I was upon the deep ocean, and darkness was around me, and"—a strong convulsive shudder passed

over his whole body—"but," he continued, "it was all a dream."

I endeavoured to compose his mind, by leading it to other topics, and it was some time before I allowed him to conclude his extraordinary narrative.

"I know not," said he, "what passed for many hours after the ship had been engulfed by the waves. The sight had frozen up the current of life, and I lay upon the bosom of the dark waters without sense or motion. When I recovered I found myself lying on a bed, enclosed by curtains of a light and elegant fabric. I drew them aside, and was surprised at the splendour of the room in which I lay. I observed a black female, in an oriental dress, who as soon she noticed me, left the room. I had not been long engaged in making observations on the costly luxuries with which I was surrounded, when I perceived her return, and with her a lady of most graceful shape. I softly laid myself down, and closed my eyes. I heard some one advance on tip-toe, and draw aside the curtains with a gentle hand. I looked, and I beheld a youthful face, of a most bewitching beauty, gazing upon me with an expression of intense interest. Her features were dark, approaching to a brown; but the hue of the rose lay glowing on her cheek, and threw over it a warmth and richness I had never before seen equalled. Her eyes were of the blackest hue, and of a sparkling brightness that outshone the sunbeam. A few folds of fine muslin enveloped her head, from which two or three glossy curls, as dark as the raven's plume, were allowed to stray. Her dress was light and graceful, ornamented with curious designs, and her slim waist was bound with a belt studded with jewels, on which was traced figures of an Indian character.

"She blushed slightly, as I gazed on her, inquired in the most winning accents after my health, and hoped that I was better, as her father would be so happy to hear of my recovery. I began asking her numerous questions as to where I was and how I came there; but she commanded silence; for, she said that talking would be injurious to my health, and that in a few days her father was expected, who would tell me all. She then wished me better, and left me to my own reflections.

"I afterwards learnt that I had been picked up by a ship belonging to her father, which had discovered the burning vessel at a distance, and had crowded all sail in hopes of picking up some of the sufferers. None had been found but myself, whom at first they thought dead, for I remained in a state of torpidity for several days, during which I was carried into port, and taken to the merchant's country-house, where I then lay. They found by some papers about me who I was, and I was treated with the greatest kindness by the old gentleman as soon as he heard of my situation.

"He was an East India merchant, and had married the daughter of a native prince. She died a few years after they had been united, leaving a helpless infant to his care and protection. In

that child he had centered all his hopes of happiness. As she grew up his affection increased, and every gratification that riches could procure were purchased for her enjoyment. All those accomplishments which render a female more fascinating and extend the circle of her influence, had been taught her by the best masters that could be found. When I saw her she had almost completed her fifteenth year, yet appeared in the full bloom of womanhood.

"I could have loved her, with more than earthly love, but a shadow dwelt upon my heart, which shut out with a veil of darkness all that was fair and bright; and I was as desolate as the first murderer. I improved, and recovered; but though I possessed haleness of body, I have never since been blessed with health of mind. In the society of my kind friends, I might have enjoyed every earthly happiness, but though they did all that friendship could do, still I was miserable, I felt a secret consciousness of some impending evil, hanging over me like an everlasting shadow, and throwing a gloom over all around me. In my hours of gaiety, it did not leave me, and I became abstracted and thoughtful on all occasions. I have seen and heard sights and sounds, which I dare not tell of, things which would congeal the blood to ice, and turn the heart to stone. They were always near me, go where I would. If I plunged into dissipation, they were still before me in all their hideousness. In the banquet I have sat down surrounded by noisy revellers, but I could hear a fearful whispering above the shouts of the rioters; the faces of those around, turned to demon forms, and the wine-cup seemed to change its contents from the sparkling juice of the grape, to the dark and awful hue of human blood. I could not endure this eternal horror, it made me mad. I often attempted to destroy myself, but some unknown power held my hand, and the weapon dropt harmlessly from my grasp.

"I determined to return to the home of my fathers, and I informed my friends of my resolution. They attempted to dissuade me, but without success. Every temptation was thrown in my way, to make me give up my object, but I adhered to my determination. They then made every arrangement for my convenience, and I parted with them. I took with me their good wishes, and entered immediately upon my voyage.

"I paid little attention to what was going forward in the ship; I was wrapt up in my own reveries. The same torture I suffered on board, as I had endured on land. It seemed as if a demon had possessed me; for the same sights blasted my gaze, and the same voices tortured my ear. I have rushed to plunge myself in the wave that was roaring beneath me, but an invisible hand held me back, and I had not the power to move. When I heard we were going to be attacked, and when I saw the preparations we were making for defence, I was in great joy: for now said I, I shall surely die. I went and prepared myself for the conflict with a light heart; for I

expected soon to throw off the torture that had so long been gnawing at my brain. I listened to the roar of the guns, and the clashing of weapons, and the groans of the wounded, and shouts of the combatants, as to the sweetest music; but above the roar, and the clash, and the groan, and the shout, was the whispering of unearthly voices. It tortured me to madness, and I could endure it no longer. I caught up the steel, and rushed into the thickest of the fight. I struck down all that opposed me; their blows fell upon me like the pattering of summer rain on the tall grass; and the bullets whistled by my ears, but I minded them not more than the hail in a thunder-storm. Wherever I came, they fled; I singled out the bravest of those who remained, and cleft him down with a stroke of my sword. Soon all was over. I retired from the fray unhurt, and I now live!—live to endure an agony no medicine can alleviate, a pain no art can cure. My brain burns with a scorching heat, that all the tears the saints have shed, for the sins of the wicked, could not cool. My heart is as a withered tree—

the lightning has scorched it to the core. Night and day, the dark and horrible shadows are around me, and a chorus of feeble voices are eternally babbling in my ear unutterable things, that make my soul sick at the sound. Among crowds, I am in a solitude. I see not, hear not, think not of what is passing around me—I dare not think; for a curse is on my brain, and a blight is on my heart, which makes me see things that others see not, and hear things that others may not hear; and never till the grave separates this restless spirit from its corporeal frame, and the dark shadows of oblivion blot out the light from my throbbing eye-balls, may I hope to find that peace—

‘Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.’”

Such was his story. I had occasion to leave him for a few days, and when I returned, I heard—but, as the reader may imagine, without surprise—that he had shown such strong evidence of insanity, as to make it a matter of necessity to place him in confinement.

THAMAR, THE JEWESS OF FEZ.

THE beauty of the Hebrew women of Barbary has not escaped the observation of travellers. Female loveliness must create a deep impression on the mind, in whatever land it is found; but in the vicinity of the stupendous Atlas, where human nature is wild and rugged as the mountain scenery, to meet with these beautiful children of the desert, is an unlooked for pleasure. Here the Jewish women possess all the primeval charms, which the imagination pictures to itself, as having belonged to our first mother. Here are seen the large, soft melting eyes, fringed by the long silken lash; the jet black hair shading the cheek of jessamine and roses. Nor is the oriental dress, here preserved, the gold-embroidered jillick and robe, the gemmed tiara, and anklet of pliant gold, at all calculated to diminish the lustre of their appearance. Yet is the existence of these daughters of Israel marked only by their beauty and their sorrow; they are subject to all the indignation of a tyrannical government, and are the slaves of time-darkened superstitions. Those who “know what ’tis to pity and be pitied,” may find some interest in the tale of Thamar, a daughter of this oppressed race. Her personal beauty and gentle manners had deeply interested me. I became a frequent visitor at her house, where I was always welcomed with pleasure. I had often conversed with her on the difficulties under which her nation laboured in Barbary, and asked her if she would not find herself much happier in Europe, where females enjoyed even greater privileges than men. A look of inexpressible sweetness, and a deep-drawn sigh, was my only answer.

My influence with the Bashaw of Fez enabled me to show how far I sympathized with this lovely creature. The custom to which the Jewish women were subjected, of taking off their slippers, and exposing their naked feet to the rough soil, on passing a mosque, had struck me as a peculiar cruelty. I represented this circumstance to the Bashaw, and asked him if it was not in his power to abolish it; he answered me, “that it would require more money than all their tribe was worth to purchase an exemption from such a long-established custom.” I, however, found means to succeed in getting Thamar excepted from the general rule, and one morning presented her with an order I had obtained from the Bashaw to that effect. This favour had been as unsolicited as unlooked for on her part, and kissing both my hands, she thanked me for my kindness, with an emotion that nearly overpowered her. Her brilliant dark eye filled with tears. I fancied I yet saw something within them that she was labouring to express, but wanted courage to tell. Pressed by my solicitations, she at last said, “I think I may confide in you, you are so generous; but not now, I hear footsteps approach, return to-morrow at this hour and I will tell you all.”

My impatience could scarcely brook the prescribed delay. I was punctual to my appointment. “Your kindness,” said she, “has had the effect I imagined; I am forbidden to receive you any more.”

I was not aware that any one had the right to regulate my visits, and was disposed to be angry. “Control your feelings,” said she, “and listen

to me." I seated myself beside Thamar, on a Moorish carpet which occupied the centre of the room. In a slightly agitated tone, she commenced:—"The person you have often met here is my destined husband, and he is jealous of your visits."

"I thought him your father, Thamar."

"And well," continued she, "might you so imagine, for he is near fifty years of age, though I am but just eighteen. While yet a child in the cradle, I was affianced to this man, who was a friend of my father's. When I grew up, I foolishly ratified the contract my parents had made, which places me entirely at his mercy. Yet my heart refuses the sacrifice I am bound to make; I must escape the unhappy lot that awaits me, or die. My parents, in the persuasion that I could have no other choice but that which they had made for me, left this country some few years back, to reside in Portugal. They confided me to the care of my aunt Zipporah, who, in her zeal for my happiness, confided my dislike to my destined husband to the Rabbi Benatar, one of the most revered of our priesthood. This subtle hypocrite won my confidence by his seeming sympathy in my grief, but he had no sooner heard the secret of my aversion to my lover, and my desire to escape the proposed union with him, than he suddenly endeavoured to convert the disclosure to his own advantage. On condition that I would become his wife, he promised to annul the contract existing with Benhadi, and when I turned with the repugnance I could not hide from his proposal, he threatened me with his vengeance if I betrayed his secret, or avoided his addresses. From that hour this wicked priest has never ceased to persecute me with his passion, and now declares, with most violent threats, if I do not decide in his favour, to pursue me to my undoing. Complain I dare not, for surrounded as I am by power which can be bribed to any act of injustice, I must become the victim of one of two lovers whom I equally dislike. The generosity you have displayed towards me, induces me to consult you in my distress, how I shall evade the cruel destiny that awaits me?"

I seized Thamar's hand, and pressed it to my bosom; with offended pride she drew it back. "My unhappiness," said she, "is of too serious a nature for trifling; I must beg you to abstain from these passionate effusions, if you are really desirous to assist me."

"For the future," said I, "I only breathe to serve you," and drew back respectfully. "Confide yourself fearlessly to my honour, and I promise you the means of escape."

"I will rely on you," said she; "if you free me, then shall the prayers and gratitude of the Jewess be yours; but recollect your only reward will be that of having relieved a fellow-creature from wretchedness."

"Enough!" cried I; "all I ask is to please the beautiful Thamar; you shall hear from me soon. I took my leave, ruminating on the means of carrying my intention into execution. The danger of carrying off a Jewess was great, even

with her own consent, the Bashaw being entitled to a heavy duty on every one who leaves the country, the payment of which would have exposed Thamar's intended flight to the rival lovers, and thus in all probability have foiled her escape; yet, in spite of every obstacle, I determined on fulfilling her wishes. The festival of Purim was at hand, an epoch which the Jews of Barbary celebrate with great rejoicings. This period is one of continued masquerading; the doors of every house are thrown open, and every one is at liberty to partake of the hospitality which prevails on these occasions. My return to Thamar's house being forbidden, I profited from the opportunity this festival afforded, and procured a splendid female costume, which with some little pains, formed a complete disguise. I stained my hands and feet with henna, adjusted a neat mask to my face, and at the approach of evening sallied forth and joined the first group of maskers that passed by. I patiently accompanied them in all their rambles, till we arrived at the house of Thamar. My elegant appearance, however, caused me more difficulties than I anticipated; I became the object of general attraction. My fellow masqueraders (being now divested of my large el-haicke, or shawl) wished to know who I was, and invited me to unmask, or partake of some refreshment; all their requests I refused except that of dancing, which I could not well avoid. Beside the noise of the *zambomba*,* and the *gargualas*† of the old women, rather favoured my project of conveying to Thamar the means I had devised for her flight. I therefore joined in the dance, and pressing her hand with fervour, soon made her understand who I was. I informed her that before the end of the festival I should depart for Europe, that I had planned every thing for her accompanying me in the disguise of a Moorish servant, for whose embarkation I had procured an order from the Bashaw. I promised to return several nights in different costumes, to convey to her the dress which she was to wear. She seconded my arrangements, and at a few subsequent visits I conveyed every thing necessary for her equipment. At my last interview I informed her of the vessel's readiness, at Mogadore, to put to sea, and that on the following evening, a little previous to the locking up of the *Juderia*, a Jew quarter of the city, I would meet her at the gate with a mule ready to convey her forward on her journey.

At the appointed hour I proceeded to the place of rendezvous; but, to my great surprise, the gates of the *Juderia* were closed. I thought I had mistaken the hour, and again looked at my watch, but the time had not yet elapsed at which I had made the appointment. I felt perfectly confounded at this unexpected inci-

* The *zambomba* is a flower-pot, over the top of which a piece of parchment is tightly fastened; a cane is then drawn backwards and forwards through a small aperture in the middle of the parchment, which produces a rude inharmonious sound.

† *Gargualas* is music produced by the throat, totally inexpressible, and imitable by any other people.

dent, and inquired the reason of the Juderia's being closed at so early an hour, but received no satisfactory answer. I therefore returned to the house I had previously occupied, determined to defer my journey till this mystery should be cleared up. I passed a truly restless night, and rose early the next morning to gain some intelligence of Thamar, when, breathless and agitated, the aunt Zipporah entered my apartment.

"She is ruined—she is lost!" shrieked the old woman, "and your unpardonable folly is the occasion of it."

"She is then dead!" cried I, with scarcely courage to listen to the reply, but not a word could be got from the old woman, who continued to sob and weep. "Tell me, for Heaven's sake," cried I, "what has happened?"

"Imprisoned in a dungeon! Shut out from the light of day! In the hands of the Rabbi Benatar, her bitterest enemy! Who will deliver her now from her persecutors? Oh! my poor mistress, I never shall behold thee more!"

"She yet lives; then is there some hope.—Quick, tell me where she is confined, that I may fly to her rescue."

"Alas!" cried Zipporah, "if I knew that, I should not stand here weeping; all I can tell you, is, that the Rabbi Benatar, that sombre, malicious priest, struck by the splendour of a mask that entered my house, and its close conversation with Thamar, traced its residence here. His suspicions subsequently led him to discover its return to my house in different disguises. Last night this wicked man caused the gates of the Juderia to be closed at an early hour, and search to be made throughout our quarter of the city, when the trembling Thamar, amidst the hootings and execrations of a vile rabble, was detected in a male dress, and conveyed before the elders of our people, where, accused of flagrant crimes, they have ordered her a solemn trial, and placed her in solitary confinement. All communication with the prisoner is denied."

"That shall not be!" cried I, "whilst I have voice or influence left. I will straight to the elders of your people, and if they do not deliver up Thamar, I will exert my influence to get them all punished."

"You will ruin Thamar entirely by such a step," said Zipporah. "Your interference will but augment their enmity against her. You will be considered the favoured lover of the accused; she will be banished as an outcast from our people."

Embarrassed by the just representations of Zipporah, I at last determined on another course, that of propitiating the Bashaw to protect Thamar's innocence. By great industry I discovered that she had been conveyed to a vault beneath some uninhabited and ruinous houses in an abandoned part of the town, where the Jews generally met to consult on any affair they wished to keep secret from authority, or to carry into effect any measures which interfered with the power of their masters the Moors.

Thamar was here put upon her trial. Every

offence that the wounded vanity and disappointed passion of the priest could suggest, was laid to her charge. The ostensible persecutor was the lover Benhadi, but Benatar, who possessed his private reasons for so doing, alleged that the Jewish religion had been insulted by her conduct, and incensed her judges to the highest pitch of exasperation against her. The principal crime laid to her charge, was a violation of her engagement with Benatar, by her intimacy with a stranger, a disregard of her holy religion, and an attempt to fly her country in disguise. The document of the promise of marriage, the Moorish dress, the verbal testimony of numerous suborned witnesses, were brought in fearful array against the Jewish maiden. It did not suit the Rabbi's plan to proceed to a definitive sentence at once; he found sufficient pretexts to delay the proceedings, and having succeeded in somewhat appalling the mind of Thamar, which, in fact, his art might have accomplished against a more skilful adversary, he remanded her back to her dungeon.

Overwhelmed with sorrow, the lovely Thamar lay on her straw bed, in her damp and gloomy prison-house, when she was aroused from her solitude by the entrance of the Rabbi Benatar.

"Transgressor of our laws," said he, "arise! Does thy humbled pride yet relent? where is thy fancied security now? dost thou not yet see the extent of my influence and power?" He proceeded to paint to Thamar, in glowing colours, the proofs of guilt that could be brought against her, and hinted that he alone could save her from her impending fate. He bade her reflect on the folly of trifling with his feelings, and to choose between his love and the punishment the law could award.

The hypocrisy and impudence of the Rabbi but tended to increase Thamar's hatred of his proposals. She was tempted to threaten to denounce him to the assembled elders when next she appeared before them, but when she recollected that she had no witnesses of his misconduct, nought but her unsupported word to set up against the Rabbi's life of seeming piety and religious austerity; no proofs which would not be branded as the last efforts of despairing criminality, her heart sank within her, she preserved the silence of despair. The frightful presentiment took possession of her mind, that she must become the victim of his machinations. She tore the hair that veiled her streaming eyes, and cursed the fatal beauty that inspired such cupidity. Benatar pressed her acceptance of his offer. Her grief changed to the utmost indignation. "Sooner than become the victim of your hateful passion," said she, "shall this hand free me from bondage! Proceed, dissimulating priest, to blind the eyes of superstitious followers, and make fresh sacrifices to your duplicity, but remember I yet am mistress of myself!"

The priest wondering at her resolution, and exasperated at her defiance of his power, a guilty and irresistible passion reigning within his breast, now thought but of vengeance. "Tremble,

proud woman," said he, "at your resolve; none ever yet offended me with impunity;" and in a paroxysm of rage and disappointment, he quitted the dungeon.

The second sitting of Thamar's judges now approached. Like the cedar of Lebanon, she stood unmoved, in the splendour of her youth and beauty, before this self-constituted tribunal. To the hearts of any other judges her looks alone would have carried conviction of her innocence, but on their prejudiced minds the voice of an angel could scarcely have made an impression. With no hope, save that derived from a consciousness of her own rectitude of conduct, she combated all the accusations prompted by the Rabbi Benatar's disappointed hopes.

The old bridegroom and the priest were at once advocates and accusers; the former urged his right of still claiming the hand of Thamar, in case she should be proved innocent, whilst at the same time (a tool in the hands of the designing priest) he laboured hard to prove her guilt. Their evidence was again resumed; the affected solemnity and religious awe of the priest had its weight on the assembly in every thing brought against Thamar, whose crime consisted partly in the superiority of her mind over the rest of her tribe. In answer to some questions respecting her opinions and pursuits, she boldly said—"I will not deny that my imagination has been filled with illusions, and that I have, spite of your general customs, striven to cultivate my mind by means of books, that in the vast wilderness of error which surrounds me, I might find some relief from the ignorance in which we are plunged. If to aspire to knowledge be an offence, then am I guilty! If to detest an union, in which my heart could have no share, be a crime, then am I punishable! If to spurn the oppressions of bigotry, which weigh down my nation, be an error, then have I done wrong! But I will cede to none in the purity of my life and manners; and, therefore, I ask to be emancipated from the sentence of a tribunal, at which, circumstances render it impossible I should find an impartial hearing."

"Woman!" said the Rabbi Benatar, with severe voice, "you need not thus violently defend yourself. Words are the weapons of your sex. We shall rest the case of outraged virtue on a severer proof than your own assertions."

The patient and meek Thamar was enraged at these expressions. "Priest," said she, "I will spare you such answer, as I am privileged to make. I will only say, that no one on earth can be better convinced of the purity of my life than yourself."

The Rabbi was confused. "Thamar," said he, "your judges do not arrogate to themselves the power of reading the human heart; circumstances are certainly sufficiently strong against you to warrant extreme severity, but the Lord, who alone can judge rightly of human transactions, will decide: to him we have resolved to refer the question of your guilt or innocence. My brother judges have agreed with me upon

the proper course to be pursued in this affair. Hold yourself ready to drink of the water of purity.

This was a liquid the Rabbi had persuaded his brethren was brought from the Holy Land, and possessed the power of exhibiting truth in the most unequivocal light. 'Twas one of the numerous superstitious customs which had obtained in former times, and which the crafty Jewish priesthood had practised for the purpose of destroying those they wished to get rid of. The Rabbi Benatar, who was well versed in the mysteries of the cabala, had no difficulty in persuading his brethren that he possessed the secrets of life and death, of good and evil, which their forefathers were reported to have held. He therefore easily persuaded his colleagues to concur in the ordeal he proposed for putting the innocence of Thamar to the test. This fiend, under the pretext of asserting the rights of the bridegroom, for whom he pretended the greatest friendship, and as the champion of a religion, whose true precepts he was at that moment trampling under foot, only sought to fill the measure of his own revenge. He had determined, if he could not possess Thamar himself, to prevent her from falling into the hands of any one else, although her life should be thereby sacrificed; he had therefore prepared a poisonous liquid, which he pretended was pure water; this he sanctified by many mock mysterious ceremonies, and by some sentences which he first wrote on parchment and afterwards scraped off and mixed with the drink.

The ingenuous Thamar, who dreamt not of the extent of the priest's villany, but who, at the same time mistrusted the efficacy of miracles, cheerfully consented to the ordeal her judge proposed. Her guileless soul could not conceive the extent of the priest's malicious jealousy.

Benatar muttered the final prayer; he then handed the goblet, in which the drink had been prepared, to the bridegroom, and commanded him to present the draught to Thamar. The confiding girl, secure in the irreproachable tenor of her life, first raised a look to Heaven, and implored her God to protect her innocence, then seized the goblet and raised it to her lips.

At this moment a crash like "echoing thunder" burst the doors of the secret assembly. A turbaned host, with flashing yatagans, poured into the vault, and in a moment seized and manacled every member of this dark tribunal. Shrieks of despair fell from their quivering lips, the elders called upon the God of Israel to deliver them from the violent death, which they already saw in anticipation prepared for them. Some fell on their knees, others offered all their worldly possessions to be allowed to escape: big drops of perspiration stood on their pale foreheads.

The Bashaw of Fez, whom I had accompanied, and had stirred up to this act of justice, stood in the midst of the affrighted assembly.

"Wretches!" said he, in a voice at which they had been long accustomed to tremble, "since when have ye dared to usurp the power which

belongs alone to the Sultan, or to me his deputed representative? Speak, or I will blot ye all from the books of creation. Say, Jewess," exclaimed he, turning to Thamar, "why stand you here a prisoner, and what is the meaning of that goblet you hold in your hand?"

Thamar, in softened colours, related the history of her confinement and trial, and, in conclusion, explained how the Rabbi Benatar had merely required her to drink the contents of the goblet she held in her hand, in order to manifest her guilt or innocence, a command with which she was perfectly ready to comply; she implored the Bashaw, as they had consented to so mild an expedient, to pardon their offence, and allow her to satisfy her people, by undergoing the prescribed ordeal. She here again raised the goblet to her lips, about to drink off its contents.

"Hold your rash hand, Thamar, for Heaven's sake!" cried I, and whispered a few words to the Bashaw.

The eyes of the Bashaw flashed fire. "Give me the cup!" said he to Thamar, and took the goblet from her hand. "Come forth, thou meddling priest!" cried he to Benatar. The trembling Rabbi, with bent body, crept towards the Bashaw, and kissed the skirt of his garment. "I fear much," continued the Bashaw, "that this liquid contains some poisonous mixture; speak, reptile, are my surmises well founded or not?"

"Most noble Bashaw!" exclaimed the Rabbi, "I swear it contains nothing injurious to the innocent, it can only affect the guilty."

"Why, then, have ye sought to hide your proceedings beneath the ruins of this abandoned quarter of the city? why, like owls, do ye shun the day-light?"

"By the life of Sultan Muley Abderachman, whom God preserve a thousand years, we meant no harm; it only proceeded from a wish to follow up all our ancient ceremonies in a sort of trial which has long been discontinued amongst us, and at which the bold Mussulman would be apt to scoff."

"You are convinced that the beverage can only hurt the criminal?"

"None else, my lord."

"Then immediately swallow every drop of it, or by my beard, by the grave of my fathers, and by the life of the Sultan I serve, your head shall be severed from your body on the spot."

A groan of despair escaped the trembling Rabbi. He threw himself on his knees, and begged the Bashaw to immure him in the deepest dungeon of the city, to take his gold, any thing but make him drink of the cup he had prepared."

The Bashaw beckoned four of his black slaves, strong muscular men. "Bear the Rabbi hence," said he, "and hurl him up into the air till the falls have broken his neck; then fling his body into the ditch of lions by the eastern wall."

This order would have been as promptly executed as uttered; the Rabbi knew it well, and demanded the goblet. He drank off its contents.

"Curses on ye all," said he, "and may your lives prove bitterer to you than this draught to me; may ye live till—" convulsions here seized the Rabbi's frame, and paralyzed his speech. A livid hue usurped his face: he foamed at the mouth, reeled along the pavement, and expired.

Thamar beheld the catastrophe with eyes filled with tears. She now saw, for the first time, the danger to which she had been exposed, and was overcome by the conflict of her feelings. The faithful Zipporah ran to support her, and when she came to herself pointed me out as her deliverer. The beautiful Thamar overwhelmed me with manifestations of her gratitude. I begged her to bestow her thanks on the Bashaw, which she equally did. This excellent Moslem redeemed his former government from a load of reproach, by his noble conduct towards Thamar. He annulled the contract of marriage which Benhadi held, by making his renunciation of her hand the condition of his pardon, for the share he had taken in the crimes of the conspirators; the rest he liberated on payment of very heavy sums of money, and granted Thamar uncontrolled permission to leave the country whenever she pleased, and a freedom from all responsibility to the jurisdiction of the Jews, as long as she wished to remain.

GOSSAMER SPIDER.

THERE is a substance called gossamer, which at some seasons, particularly in autumn, is seen floating in the air, in long threads, sometimes attached to a branch or blades of grass by one end, and sometimes entangled in long skeins through the branches. It was doubted what had produced these light and beautiful films, but now it is known that they are the production of a spider. He is a most ingenious artist, and not only makes a habitation to reside in and supply him with provision, but he also forms for himself a flying chariot, by which, though he has no wings, he can transport himself through the air, and obtain a living in the higher regions when he cannot on the earth.—When the spider, either from choice or necessity, wishes to change his place, he projects forward a number of these detached films, which are so light that they are freely borne along with the wind; and attaching himself to an extremity, he is carried along as easily as an aeronaut in his balloon, which, in fact, he guides with more safety than such enterprising voyager, for there he sits secure; and he has been compared to a sculler on the Delaware, looking one way and rowing another.

These flying spiders are sometimes seen above the spires of steeples, moving along with their filmy chariots, and when the sun glances upon them, they look no less beautiful than curious, resembling so many tiny comets moving through the blue sky, with their shining train blazing around them.

For the Lady's Book.

ON WOMAN.

When half creation's works were done,
Just form'd the stars, the glowing sun,
And softly blushing skies;
And wide across earth's dewy lawn
Gleamed the first glances of the dawn,
And flowers began to rise—

Clad in her robe of tender green,
Nature delighted, view'd the scene,
Pleased with each novel form;
And from each sweetly opening flower,
From hill and vale and shady bower,
She cull'd some lovely charm.

Soft o'er the lilly's glowing white,
Tinged with the trembling ray of light,
She shed the rose's flush;
Just as the first-born morning gale,
Light-breathing o'er the spicy vale,
Deepened its virgin blush.

She drew the diamond from the mine,
And lustre from the stars that shine,
Amid the cloudless sky;
And purest pearls, obscurely spread,
In ocean's dark and gloomy bed,
Remote from mortal eye.

She took the balmy violet's blue,
The sweet carnation's mellow hue,
Rich with the tear of night;
Though the young beam of rising day
Had melted half that tear away,
In the first stream of light.

And now in elegance arrayed,
Her last, her fairest work she made,
Almost a seraph's frame;
To animate this form was given
A gentle spirit sent from heaven,
And *Woman* was her name.

Then on her softly-smiling face
She lavished every winning grace,
And every charm was there;
Upon her eye the violet's blue,
Upon her cheek the rose's hue,
The lily every where

Yes, on that eye was seen to play
The lustre of the stellar ray,
The diamond's humid glow!
She threw, to form her bosom's globe,
Life's tender flush and beauty's robe,
On wreaths of virgin snow.

Then Woman's lips in smiles withdrew
Their veils of rich carnation hue,
And pearls appeared beneath;
And blest Arabia seemed to pour
The perfumes of its spicy store,
To mingle with her breath.

Hark! hark, she speaks, and silver strains
Melodious floating o'er the plains,
And nameless joy impart!
The Nightingale hath caught the tone,
And made that melting voice his own,
That vibrates on the heart.

Fond nature cast her glance around
The glowing sky, the flow'ry ground,
The day diffusing sun;
On Woman last, her darling child,
She gazed, and said, with accent mild,
"Creation's work is done."

Carlisle, Pa. 1832.

Z. Y. X.

WE RETURN NO MORE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

When I stood beneath the fresh green tree,
And saw around me the wide field revive
With fruits and fertile promise, and the Spring
Came forth her work of gladness to contrive,
With all her reckless birds upon the wing,
I turned from all she brought, to all she could not bring.
CHILDRE HAROLD.

"We return—we return—we return no more!"*
—So comes the song to the mountain shore,
From those that are leaving their Highland home,
For a world far over the blue sea's foam:
"We return no more!" and through cave and dell
Mournfully wanders that wild Farewell.

"We return—we return—we return no more!"
—So breathes sad voices our spirits o'er,
Murmuring up from the depths of the heart,
When lovely things with their light depart;
And the inborn sound hath a prophet's tone,
And we feel that a joy is forever gone.

"We return—we return—we return no more!"
—Is it heard when the days of flowers are o'er?
When the passionate soul of the night-bird's bay
Hath died from the summer woods away?
When the glory from sunset's robe hath pass'd,
Or the leaves are borne on the rushing blast?

No! It is not the rose that returns no more,
A breath of spring shall its bloom restore;
And it is not the voice that o'erflows the flowers
With a stream of love through the starry hours,
Nor is it the crimson of sunset hues,
Nor the frail flushed leaves which the wild wind strews.

"We return—we return—we return no more!"
—Doth the bird sing thus from a brighter shore?
Those wings, that follow the southern breeze,
Float they not homeward o'er vernal seas?
Yes! from the lands of the vine and palm,
They come with the sunshine, when waves grow calm.

"But we—we return—we return no more!"
The heart's young dreams when their spring is o'er;
The love it hath pour'd so freely forth,
The boundless trust in ideal worth;
The faith in affection—deep, fond, yet vain—
—These are the lost that return not again!

* "Ha til—ha til—ha til mit ulide!"—We return—we return—we return no more—the burden of the Highland song of emigration.

THE LAND OF OUR BIRTH.

THERE is not a spot in this wide peopled earth
So dear to the heart as the land of our birth:
'Tis the home of our childhood! the beautiful spot
Which mem'ry retains when all else is forgot.

May the blessings of God
Ever hallow the sod,
And its valleys and hills by our children be trod.

Can the language of strangers in accents unknown,
Send a thrill to our bosom like that of our own?
The face may be fair, and the smile may be bland,
But it breathes not the tones of our dear native land!

There's no spot on earth
Like the land of our birth,
Where heroes keep guard o'er the altar and hearth!

How sweet is the language which taught us to blend
The dear names of parent, of husband, and friend;
Which taught us to *listen* on our Mother's soft breast,
The ballads she sung as she rock'd us to rest.

May the blessings of God
Ever hallow the sod,
And its valleys and hills by our children be trod!

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A HARP.

BY A POPULAR AUTHOR.

“ Ad mortem fidells.”

“INTENDED for a birth-day gift, a pure and classical taste presided over the formation of the instrument with which, from the moment of its construction, I was associated, as are the spirit and the material substance; and I am justified in asserting that graceful in form, and unrivalled in tone, I issued from *Erard's* a perfect specimen of skill.

“Conveyed to a superb mansion in —, I was carefully inspected by a gentleman, who, attaching to me a billet inscribed ‘*A Father's Gift to his Daughter,*’ directed me to be carried into a drawing-room furnished with the luxurious attributes of fortune, and apparently prepared for the reception of guests. Placed in a corner, and left to my own reflections, I had a full opportunity of dwelling upon the scene destined to mark my entrance into life. Drapery of azure silk, fringed with silver, and looped up with large tassels of the same material, decorated the walls of the apartment, in which alternate recesses were occupied by some of the most exquisite and costly specimens of art, while vases of porcelain, filled with odoriferous flowers, stood in the angles of the room, and superb chandeliers depended from the ceiling.

“In the midst of my inquisitive survey I was interrupted by the entrance of a young lady, who, perceiving me, approached with an evident sensation of surprise. While the colour rose and deepened upon a cheek pale as the water-lily, a tear glistened in her eye as she regarded me, and the words ‘dear, dear father!’ issued from her lips. These artless indications of her sensibility increased the favourable impression made upon me by the sylph-like and elegant appearance of this fair girl.

“I call her *fair*, for human eye never rested upon a fairer or a sweeter. I have already said that she was pale, monumental marble could be scarcely paler; a form of extreme youthfulness and gracility; a head of Grecian dignity, with a profusion of ringlets shadowy and auburn; an intellectual forehead; a brow calm and meditative, such as the spirit of Leonardo would have loved to linger on; an eye which, neither light nor dark, captivated by the charm of its melancholy tenderness, with a full, rich lip, that wore a seraph's smile, presented an entire almost ideal in loveliness.

“Beautiful in character, although not coldly beautiful in feature, she seemed as she bent over me a bright creation, unfitted for a pilgrimage of tears—something too fragile, too visionary for earth. Reared in the home of luxury and ease, and as yet in the infancy of life, the blight of sorrow could not have fastened upon her heart, yet

in her mien there was an air of pensiveness, a shade of sadness, a something so bordering upon grief, that one unable to dive into the inexplicable mysteries of the spirit might have presumed that the canker-worm of care was busy within. The common-place, the admirers of mere red and white, blindly insensible to the beauties of expression, would, perhaps, have beheld her without emotion, for as a diamond in the hands of the unskilful, or some fair volume written in a mystic tongue, she was not to be estimated or understood by the ordinary mind; yet even such must have been interested by the early graces of a figure, which the muse of poetry and painting would have gazed upon with delight.

“A dress of pale green silk, with loose white sleeves, fastened at the wrist by bracelets of gold and emeralds, and confined at the waist by a band of white satin; with a twisted necklace of oriental pearls, and pendants of the same, gleaming through the classic ringlets that fell in superb masses upon her neck, completed the attire of the young stranger.

“I dwell thus minutely upon my description, because I afterwards loved her with an intensity of which I once believed myself incapable; and they who have given up the affections of their heart, well know how sweet it is to linger around the image of their idol. Years have rolled into oblivion since I beheld her, silence and desolation have hung upon my chords, yet every feature, every trait, every varying light and shade of her angelic countenance, is impressed upon remembrance, never to be forgotten until time or accident shall leave but the memory of my being.”

The silvery tones which in the last sentences had faltered, through agitation, now died away like the summer breeze when it murmurs amid the leaves of the forest; the spirit of the harp was mute, and some moments elapsed ere she* resumed the narration of her adventures: it was then with renewed energy she recommenced. “The party which assembled to celebrate the natal anniversary of my youthful possessor was numerous and brilliant. As might be expected, I was displayed and honoured with eulogium; and while the light as well as awkward hand swept across my chords, the ready tone of admiration burst from every lip. ‘Beautiful,’ ‘in-

* In ascribing the fair, and, of course, feminine gender to the harp, I am not only swayed by the propriety of deciding that to be *feminine*, which is so exquisitely sweet and harmonious, but I presume to guarantee my judgment by referring to the origin of this captivating instrument as fabled by the poet in his beautiful melody to the air of “*Gage Fanc.*” What lady will dispute my *acumen*?

comparable,' 'superb,' resounded through the room; but my triumph was incomplete, till, at general request, Emma diffidently, seated herself beside me, and with all the delicate mastery of art, mingled with the witchery of feeling, drew forth the richest volume of harmony. No frigid adherence to rule, no dashing display, no sacrifice of sentiment to bravura, no seizure of admiration by storm, depreciated her style; all was genuine and exquisite taste, genius wedded to science; and while her parents listened, enraptured, to the applause which she excited, her manner depreciated its warmth.

"And there was another in the room, who, with her father, gloried in the consciousness of her superiority, and to whom her eyes timidly retreated when withdrawn from the paternal gaze; he was stationed at her side, and when the company were loud in their panegyrics, an eloquent glance, and a whisper in her ear as he bent forward, apparently to arrange her music, conveyed the treasured meed of *his* approval.

"The only surviving branch of a once noble family, Edward Cavendish was the pride, the hope and solace of his venerable grandmother, who in the stripling youth, committed by a departing daughter to her charge, beheld the last descendant of her race, and the sacred bequest of her widowed and broken-hearted child. The son of a soldier, he inherited from his intrepid father a portion of military ardour, which was in no small degree animated by the pride of ancestry; and at the time of my first beholding him he held a Captaincy in the — regiment. The army was thus adopted as the path of his profession, but the fire of inspiration, had been kindled by nature in his bosom, and from early boyhood he had been an abstracted student, a worer of the muse, and a worshipper at the eternal shrine of art. Burning with the nameless susceptibilities and imaginings of genius, fervid and impetuous, yet ever guided by the dictates of reason and principle, he was worthy of the fair and noble minded girl by whom he stood; and it is but truth to affirm that he regarded her with that absorbing devotedness, that idolatrous intensity of affection, which the young and the stainless nourish amidst the blights, the chills, and perfidies of a cold and artificial world.

"His thought by day, his dream by night, Emma was to him the load-star of existence, nor was his attachment unrequited; for with all the tenderness and constancy of woman's love, Emma had resigned to him her heart, parental concurrence had been obtained, and the union of this youthful and highly-gifted pair was to be celebrated on the completion of Edward's majority. A head marked by an air of patrician grandeur, a countenance of absorbing interest, and a slender, but nervous figure, formed the outlines of his features and person. But why need I enter into detail: like the heroic Korner, he was a poet and a soldier, the envy of many and the admiration of all.

***** "The birth-day festivities concluded with a ball, and the company waved their

adieux at an early hour in the morning. Returning to its usual pursuits, the family of Mr. Lascelles afforded me an opportunity of becoming intimately acquainted with its members. Edward was a daily visitor, and perhaps nothing could be more delightful than to watch the interchange of sentiment between the youthful pair. A small but beautiful garden, assiduously cultivated, lay behind the house, and, in the summer evenings, was all sunshine and verdure, fragrance and flowers. At the bottom of this fairy retreat, protected by poplar trees, a bower of clematis, intermingled with roses, sweet-briar, and jessamine, was fancifully constructed; and here, canopied by green leaves, with poetry and music, amidst the wild humming of bees, the floating of natural perfume, and the soft tinkling of the silver rivulet, that bubbled over a bed of shining pebbles, Edward and Emma were wont to pass the noontide and the twilight hour. I was their frequent companion; and at such periods I strove to give forth the whole essence of my harmony, and, as it were, identify myself with the happiness of the lovers.

"I must hasten in my narrative. At the date of my introduction to the family of Mr. Lascelles, Edward had just entered his twenty-first year; and the lapse of a few months only was required previous to the celebration of the nuptial ceremony; but, alas! how unsubstantial is all earthly felicity! how baseless and unreal all human expectation!

"Roused into resistance by the ambition of Napoleon, Europe had risen in arms against the conqueror, and England, the scourge of despots, and the deliverer of nations, leagued herself with the tremendous powers opposed to the energies of France. The regiment to which Edward belonged was ordered upon duty; three days were allowed for his arrangements, and, at their expiration, with a beating heart he prepared to tear himself from the arms of his parent, and to take an impassioned and a solemn farewell of his adored girl, ere he hurried to the field of glory. The parting was all that love, the fondest and the purest, could dictate in a moment when, alas! it had every thing to fear. I remember, for the memory of such though bitter, is yet sweet—I remember it was on a mellow and luxuriant twilight, that Edward, habited in regimentals, came to breathe his final adieu. The ardour of the *soldier* had yielded to the feelings of the *lover*, and as he pressed his mistress to his bosom, and vowed eternal fidelity upon her lip, the tear that glistened in his eye, the deep yet stifled accents of his voice, the unutterable intensity and lingering tenderness of his gaze, told what was passing in the still chambers of his heart. They stood beneath the shade of that bower in which they had so often held sweet converse; all around them was calm and exquisite in loveliness; the moon shone brightly in the vaulted sky; the breath of flowers stole upon the soft summer gale; the poplars waved pensively in the breeze; and the little river made pleasant melody as it passed; trifles as they were, these aided the solemnity of

the 'farewell,' but nothing could deprive it of its weight. Tears rapidly chased each other down the pale face of Emma, as with a darkened spirit she listened to the vows and assurances of her Edward. He spoke of glory, of the soldier's fame; she thought of mortal scathe and peril, of a blood-red field, and an ensanguined grave; and when he told of faith and love that could know *no change*, she beheld the ruins of a blighted and a broken heart. Alas! alas! her bodings were too true. They separated;—and death might have been mercy to the pain.

"From the time of Edward's departure the tone of Emma's spirits saddened, and the shade upon her fair brow became deeper and deeper; an extreme delicacy of constitution had attended her from infancy, but reared like some costly exotic, and watched over with ceaseless solicitude, she seemed to acquire strength as she grew up, and gave promise of a blooming meridian. Still to shield her from the storms and roughnesses which ruder forms and spirits might encounter without peril, was the aim of all around her.

"It was now the most beautiful season of the year; June was about to tread in the flowery step of her sweet sister May, and the heart's-ease, the rose, and the lily of the valley, welcome her approach. News from the continent was received; and in a letter from Brussels, Edward gave intelligence of having joined the army in safety. His epistle was fraught with the fondest expressions of affection, the sweetest assurances of faith; and he alluded to the approaching conflict, merely to hang upon the picture of re-union with all the buoyancy of youthful emotion. In a letter to his grandmother, written at the same time, he, however, spoke of the risks of his profession, and besought her to sustain and console 'his Emma,' in the issue of his fall. They were the last communications which he ever penned. The Gazette announced the brilliant victory of Waterloo, and dwelt in proud and triumphant strains upon the glories of the day; to the statesman and the politician it might have appeared blazoned in gold, but to the widowed and the childless, the desolate and the orphan, it teemed with characters of blood. Edward had fallen in the field; his tidings of his disease came wedded with the voice of victory; and from that fatal hour Emma drooped and faded like a flower which has neither sun nor moisture. In vain her distracted parents strove to wean her from her melancholy; despair, quiet but *certain despair*, had fixed upon the delicate springs of her existence; 'her thoughts and her memories lay too deep for tears,' and, silent and uncomplaining, she appeared passing to the 'green pastures and still waters' of the blessed. Music became her principal solace; and it is to me a mournful pleasure to imagine, that as the sharer of her solitude, I sometimes soothed her into a momentary oblivion of her sorrows.

"Upon Lord Henry F****, Edward's companion in arms, devolved the responsible office of conveying to Emma some memorials from Edward, confided to him on the field of battle, when

the vital stream was fast ebbing to a close, and these were accompanied by the last assurances of his love. This melancholy duty was performed with respect and manly tenderness by Lord Henry, who, labouring under the effect of a severe sabre-wound in the shoulder, weak, pale, and attenuated, presented a spectacle of harrowing interest to the family. The interview was painfully distressing, but supported by the chief sufferer with a fortitude that surpassed the expectation of her friends. She endeavoured to look calm, while it was evident that her heart was bursting; no shriek—no idle tear escaped her; and the hysterical sob which at length broke from her surcharged bosom, was scarcely deeper than that with which Lord Henry, concluding his narration, put into her hands a lock of hair, once bright and auburn, but now faded and discoloured with a sanguine hue. It was her own—her own—the ringlet which she had given her Edward—and which he had worn as a talisman, and kissed a thousand and a thousand times while gazing upon each golden hair. And that stain—that deep and horrid stain!—could it be mistaken?—Oh! no—his heart's blood had dyed and consecrated that fair tress. Her eyes closed, and pitying nature suspended the consciousness of woe. * * * * *

"Having discharged his mission, the gallant nobleman withdrew; but the impression made upon him by the appearance of Emma was too serious to be erased. His calls were repeated; and Mr. Lascelles, hoping to wean his child from her strong agony of thought, fostered his visits of etiquette, till they ripened into those of friendship. The prepossession in favour of the young mourner, thus matured into passion the most ardent, the most delicate and sincere, and Lord Henry waited but for an opportunity of declaring his affection, and flinging himself, his title, and his dazzling possessions at her feet.

"With its deep and mellow livery, its splendid and glowing sunset, and its rich and shadowy twilight, the autumn came and went; the winter also passed away; and the sweet notes of the thrush and the wood-lark hailed the arrival of the spring. Nature, reviving, assumed the aspect of gladness; and the iris, the pansy, the violet and the primrose peeped out from their concealment. But Emma was unaffected by the beauties of the season. It is true that, for her parent's sake, she prayed for resignation—but, alas! her heart was in the tomb; and when her noble wooer, trembling with agitation, revealed the nature of his sentiments towards her, a cold shuddering crept over her, and with averted eyes she motioned him away, while the ashy hues of her countenance, the convulsive movement of her lip, and the inflexion of her sweet brow, told him too plainly that he had made shipwreck of his love. Pale as she had ever been, she soon became paler, and the rare graces of her figure faded into the traces of premature decay. The worm lay buried at the root, and the fall of this fair flower was inevitable. Symptoms of pulmonary decline made themselves visible in the in-

creased lustre of her eye, the fitful hectic of her cheek, and in excess of apprehension, Mr. and Mrs. Lascelles summoned additional advice; the physicians of royalty obeyed the call; but when the blight is at the core, man's art availeth nought; and thus, ere the summer waned away, it shed its brightest blossoms upon the grave of Emma. Fair and stainless being, unfitted for a world of sin and sorrow, the first rude touch of trial severed a chain, the links of which had long been dissolving, and gave back her pure spirit to the Creator who endowed it.

"The sun had sunk beneath the horizon, but its radiance still burned upon the west, when, turning her eyes, for the last time, upon that glowing sky, and then fixing them upon her parents with unutterable tenderness and solemnity, Emma grasped a hand of each, and pressed it to that poor heart whose pulses were fast hastening to decay. It was a trying and an awful moment, and strong as was the hallowed hope of re-union within her breast, it was evident that the frailty of nature wrestled with her spirit—for though no murmur escaped her lips, tears swam in her pure eyes, as steadfastly, sweetly, and mournfully she continued to gaze upon the objects of her filial affection, so soon to be left desolate and childless.

* * * * *

"A quivering of the under-lip, a tremor of the closing eye-lids, and a 'long-drawn, struggling sigh,' were the termination of the conflict!

"Left, as she had placed me, in the window of her own apartment, I was converted into the witness of her forlorn mother's anguish, and the sad inmate of the chamber of death. How shall I describe my emotion, as I beheld all that remained of the being whom I adored? Beautiful in dissolution, she reposed upon that couch from which she was doomed to rise *no more*: those eyes, which I had so often dwelt upon with joy, were then closed for ever—their lids were sealed, and the golden lashes with which they were fringed lay like a soft shadow upon a cheek paler than the mountain-snow. The bloom of vitality had passed from that enchanting lip—but still the traces of a radiant smile hung round it, and told how divinely sweet it must have been in life; while upon her guileless brow sat a calm and hallowed serenity, blended with the gentler traits of suffering and sorrow. Unshorn, and unshrouded by the ceral band, the long auburn ringlets which had so often swept over me like wreaths of silk, now receding from her temples formed a mellow contrast with the marble hues of that transparent face. * *

"The evening wore away, and the noiseless—the mysterious night came on. A rustling in the room excited my attention;—the mother had stolen from her attendants to watch, and weep, and mourn over the relics of her angel-child; and now that there was no eye—no ear to hear her save HIS, she abandoned herself to the deep and stirring agony of a *mother's* woe.

"'And was it for this,' she exclaimed, 'was it for this, my Emma, that I cherished thee at my bosom—that I nursed thee in the cradle—that I

tended thee by day, and hung over thee by night? Was it for this, my fair and only one? Was it, alas! for this sad and weary scene?' She could say no more, but, bending over the corpse, imprinted a thousand yearning kisses upon the clay-cold lip of her idolized; and her tears—a woman's and a mother's tears—fell fast upon the tintless cheek and brow. * * *

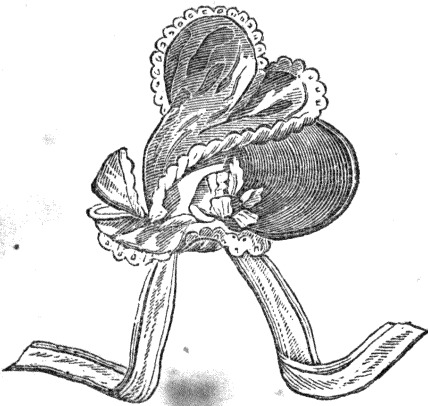
"The funeral shortly took place. The brief and ceremonious visits of the man of sables—his hollow sympathy—his trembling voice, but tearless eye—with the cold, mechanical scrutiny of his assistants, shocked and disgusted me. But, alas! what could my feelings—the feelings of an unknown and stranger inmate—what could they be? Bound by an imperious chain of silence, I could neither sooth nor be soothed; and voiceless and visionary, I beheld and shared in that affliction, for the mitigation of which I would have sacrificed my mysterious existence. At length the dreadful, the harrowing day of interment arrived; and the coffin—the dull and envious coffin—was screwed down. How can I paint the mute, the wild, the despairing anguish of the mother, as, for the last—ay, the *last* time, she pressed the faded lip of her angelic child! How can I pourtray the solemn suffering of the father, as, with all the parent at his heart, he sought to yield to the partner of his life that consolation which he no less required! Let me draw the veil over a picture too full of sadness to be contemplated without pain. Suffice it to say, that, consecrated by prayer and benediction—by unbought tears and sighs—my beloved, my idolized, my Emma was borne to her final resting-place upon earth; and dimmed was every eye as the white plumes upon her hearse glanced and nodded through the bright green trees that shaded the pathway to the tomb of her ancestors.

"*She* reposes beneath a marble sepulchre, surrounded by the trophies of greatness and the blazonry of wealth; while *he*, for whom she died, sleeps in the far-off grave of a soldier—in the field where, though conquering, he fell; and the tall grass that waves fitfully over the turf is the only memorial of the spot.

"In change of scene and hurry of engagement, Lord Henry endeavoured to lose the sense of his disappointment and his grief. In part he succeeded; for the constancy of man is but as the reed when compared with that of woman: but although the shade of sorrow vanished from his brow, *the double memorial of love and friendship*—the blood-stained tress—was *never* discarded from his breast."

Plutarch tells a story of a Lacedemonian who had killed his father, and escaped discovery. Some time after, when in company, he darted his spear into a nest of swallows. When asked the reason of that unaccountable action, his answer was, "that he thought that those swallows were reproaching him with his father's death." The strangeness of this answer begat suspicion, discovery, conviction and punishment.

LATEST FASHIONS FOR CAPS AND BONNETS.



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GAMES OF THE ANCIENT ROMANS.

At a very early period we find the games of the Romans regulated with great order and method. Under the republic, the consuls and pretors presided over the Circensian, Apollinarian, and Secular Games; the plebeian ediles had the direction of the Plebeian Games; the curule ediles, or the pretor, superintended the festivals dedicated to Jupiter, Ceres, Apollo, Cybele, and other chief Gods. These latter celebrations, which continued during three days, were originally termed *Ludi Magni*; but upon the term being extended to four days by a decree of the senate, they took the name of *Ludi Maximi*. Games were instituted by the Romans, not only in honour of the celestial deities of all nations, but even to propitiate those who presided over the infernal regions; while the *Feralia* was a festival established in honour of deceased mortals. Thus were Heaven, Tartarus, and the grave, all laid under contribution for holidays, by a religion which may be literally termed jovial, whether in the ancient or modern acceptation of that word. The *Feralia* continued for eleven days, during which time presents were carried to the graves of the dead, whose *manes*, it was universally believed, came and hovered over their tombs, and feasted upon the provisions which had been placed there by the hand of piety and affection. It was also believed that during this period they enjoyed rest and liberty, and a suspension from their punishment in the infernal regions.

The Scenic Games, adopted from those of Greece, consisted of tragedies, comedies, and satires, represented at the theatre in honour of Bacchus, Venus and Apollo. To render these exhibitions more attractive to the common people, they were accompanied by rope-dancing, tumbling, and similar performances. Afterwards were introduced the pantomimes and buffoons, to which the Romans, like the degenerate Greeks, became so passionately attached, when the public taste and manners had become equally corrupt, that they superseded the more regular drama. There was no fixed time for these exhibitions, any more than for those amphitheatrical shows which were given by the consuls and emperors to acquire popularity, and which consisted in the combats of men and animals. So numerous, however, were the games of stated occurrence, that we can do no more than briefly recapitulate the names of the most celebrated.

The Actian Games, consecrated to Apollo in commemoration of the victory of Augustus over Mark Antony at Actium, were held every third or fifth year, with great pomp, in the Roman stadium, and consisted of gymnastic sports, musical competitions, and horse-racing. In the reign of Tiberius were established the *Ludi Augustales*, in honour of Augustus, the first representation of which was disturbed by the break-

ing out of the quarrel between the comedians and the buffoons, where rival factions so often subsequently embroiled the theatrical representations. Livia established, in honour of the same emperor, the Palatine Games, to which the Romans were perhaps more indebted than to any other, since their celebration afforded an opportunity for the destruction of the monster Caligula. The *Certamina Neronia* were literary competitions, established by the tyrant from whom they were named, who affected to be a patron as well as an adept in all the liberal arts. Among other prizes there was one for music, by which we are to understand poetry, since we are expressly told by Suetonius, that Nero himself won the crown of poetry and eloquence; none of his antagonists, probably, choosing to surpass so formidable an antagonist. Games, upon various models, were also founded in commemoration of Commodus, Adrian, Antoninus, and many other illustrious and famous individuals; while all the leading and many of the subordinate deities in the mythological army of the pagans were honoured, at stated periods, by festivals and sacrifices; so that one almost wonders how the people could snatch sufficient time from the business of pleasure and the public shows, to attend to the diurnal cares and pursuits of life.

Besides these numerous festivities—for, though many of them professed to be religious ceremonies, they were essentially merry-makings, and revels—there were the Secular Games, revived by Augustus, and celebrated only once in a hundred years. Every thing appertaining to these games were calculated to impress the superstitious mind with deep and solemn reverence. From the long interval between the celebrations, none could have seen them before, none could ever hope to behold them again. Slaves and strangers were excluded from any participation in this great national festival; the mystic sacrifices to Pluto and Proserpine, to the Fates, and to the earth, were performed at night on the banks of the Tiber; the Campus Martius, which was illuminated with innumerable lamps and torches, resounded with music and dancing, and the temples with the choral hymns of youths and virgins imploring the gods to preserve the virtue, the felicity, and the empire of the Roman people. While these supplications were tendered the statues of the deities were placed on cushions, where they were served with the most exquisite dainties. During the three days of the festival three different pieces of music were performed, the scene being changed as well as the form of the entertainment. On the first the people assembled in the Campus Martius; on the second in the Capitol; the third upon Mount Palatine. A full and beautiful description of these games is furnished by the *Carmen Sæculare* of Horace, who was appointed the laureate to celebrate their revival by Augustus, and whose Ode, like

those of Pindar upon the Olympic Games, is all that remains to us of the great and gorgeous spectacle that it commemorates.

When the Romans became masters of the world they accorded the right of staid public shows to such cities as required it; the names of which places are preserved in the Arundel marbles, and other ancient inscriptions. Games of all sorts—floral, funeral, Compitalian, and many

others, as well as the numerous festivals in honour of deities, heroes, and men, were held in most of the provincial towns as well as in Rome itself. These closely resembled the religious ceremonies of the Greeks, from whom indeed they were chiefly borrowed; but none of them equalled in celebrity or magnificence the Olympic Games, of which we have already given a description.

THE SPANISH MAID.

W. A. ALLSTON.

Five weary months sweet Inez number'd
From that unfading bitter day
When last she heard the trumpet bray
That called her Isidor away—
That never to her heart has slumber'd;

She hears it now, and sees far bending
Along the mountain's misty side,
His plumed troop, that, waving wide,
Seems like a rippling feathery tide,
Now bright, now with the dim shore blending;

She hears the cannon's deadly rattle—
And fancy hurries on to strife,
And hears the drum and screaming file,
Mix with the last sad cry of life.
Oh, should he—should he fall in battle!

Yet still his *name* would live in story,
And every gallant bard in Spain
Would fight his battles o'er again.
And would not she for such a strain,
Resign him to her country's glory?

Thus Inez thought, and pluck'd the flower
That grew upon the very bank
Where first her ear bewilder'd drank
The plighted vow—where last she sank
In that too bitter parting hour.

But now the sun is westward sinking,
And soon amid the purple haze,
The showers from his slanting rays;
A thousand Loves there meet her gaze,
To change her high heroic thinking.

Then hope, with all its crowd of fancies,
Before her flits and fills the air;
And, deck'd with Victor's glorious gear,
In vision Isidor is there.

Then how her heart mid sadness dances!

Yet little thought she, thus forestalling
The coming joy, that in *that* hour,
The Future, like the colour'd shower
That seems to arch the ocean o'er,
Was in the living Present falling.

The Foe is slain. His sable charger
All fleck'd with foam comes bounding on;
The wild Morena rings anon,
And on its brow the gallant Don
And gallant steed grow larger, larger.

And now he hears the mountain-hollow;
The flow'ry bank and little lake
Now on his startled vision break—
And Inez there.—He's not awake—
Yet how he'll love this dream to-morrow!

But no—he surely is not dreaming;
Another minute makes it clear;
A scream, a rush, a burning tear
From Inez's cheek, dispel the fear
That bliss like his is only seeming.

THE VIRGIN MARY'S BANK.*

BY JOSEPH C. CALLANAN.

The evening star rose beauteous above the fading day,
As to the lone and solemn beach the *Virgia* came to pray,
And hill and wave shone brightly in the moonlight's mellow fall,
But the bank of green where *Mary* knelt was the brightest of them all.

Slow moving o'er the waters a gallant bark appeared,
And her joyous crew look'd from the deck as to the land she near'd;

To the calm and shelter'd haven she floated like a swan,
And her wings of snow, o'er the waves below, in pride and beauty shone.

The master saw "our lady" as he stood upon the prow,
And mark'd the whiteness of her robe and the radiance of her brow;
Her arms were folded gracefully upon her stainless breast,
And her eyes look'd up amongst the stars to Him her soul lov'd best.

He show'd her to his sailors, and he hailed her with a cheer,
And on the kneeling *Virgin* they gazed with laugh and jeer,
And madly swore a form so fair they never saw before,
And they curs'd the faint lagging breeze that kept them from the shore.

The ocean from its bosom shook off the moonlight sheen,
And up his wrathful billows rose to vindicate their Queen;
And a cloud came o'er the heavens, and a darkness o'er the land,
And the scoffing crew beheld no more the lady on the strand.

Out burst the growling thunder, and the lightning leap'd about,
And rushing with its watery war the tempest gave a shout,
And that vessel from a mountain wave came down with thund'ring shock,
And her timbers flew, like scatter'd spray, on *Inchidony's* rock.

Then loud from all that guilty crew one shriek rose wild and high,
But the angry surge swept over them and hush'd their gurgling cry;
And, with a hoarse exulting tone, the tempest passed away,
And down, still chafing from their strife, the indignant waters lay.

When the calm and purple morning shone out on high *Dunmore*,
Full many a mangled corpse was seen on *Inchidony's* shore;
And to this day the fisherman shows where the scoffers sank,
And still he calls that hillock green, the *Virgin Mary's Bank*.

* These very beautiful verses are founded on an existing popular tradition in the county of Cork. There is not a fisherman, we believe, who visits the bay of *Gloughhalkilly* but can show the green hillock, known as the *Virgin Mary's Bank*.

THE WIFE OF SEVEN HUSBANDS:

A LEGEND OF LONDON.

In the beginning of the reign of Edward the First, of long-limbed memory, there lived upon Corne-hille, over against the spot where the water-tonne was a few years afterwards built, a certain blithe and buxome widow, very wealthy, and as fair withal as she was wealthy: she was only in her twenty-eighth year, of a tall and stately shape and bearing, and with commanding and yet right modest features: her face was oval, her hair and eyes of bright black; her forehead high; her eyebrows arched, almost into semi-circles; her nose slightly aquiline; her cheeks high coloured, and yet delicately so; her lips small, and prettily bent; her teeth white and regular; her chin rather forward and dimpled; and her complexion dark though not swarthy: so that upon the whole she had rather a Jewish cast of countenance, and yet there was no rightful reason to suspect that there was even a drop of Israelitish blood in her veins, for her father, and his fathers before him, for many generations back, had been rich and respectable goldworkers, citizens of London, and had always married among their equals and friends. Busy tongues, however, there were that whispered something or other to this effect—that the maternal grandmother of Mrs. Alice (my young and pretty widow,) during the absence of her husband, who was a merchant, had become pretty intimately acquainted with a young Hebrew, at that time staying in London; and that, when her husband returned, he was, for some reason or other, so angry with his wife, that he put her away from him, and would never after see her, though he provided for her during life, and himself educated the children she had borne up to the period of their parting. Now, though the latter part of this story is undoubtedly true, I would nevertheless caution my readers, gentle and simple, not to put too much trust in the former part thereof; remembering that husbands are husbands, and, from the beginning of the world to the present day, have been, and are, a jealous and wayward race; and, moreover, that the breath of slander will at times sully the brightest reputations; and besides, that conclusions are too frequently drawn which the premises will by no fair means justify.

But be this as it may, Mistress Alice was a very handsome woman, and, as has been before said, very wealthy, for her father always petted her, and although he had two other children, sons, he quarrelled with them both and turned them out of doors, and very solemnly vowed he would disinherit them, and there is little doubt he would have kept his vow, but that they prevented him, the eldest, by being drowned in the Flect river, and the other by getting murdered in an affray with the city watch. At the old man's death, therefore, he left all his property, real and personal, to his "deare daughter Alice," who

was then twenty-one years old, and had lately been married for the first time in her life. She has been already introduced to the reader as a widow, and if he was tempted to be surprised at her being so young a one, what will he think when he reads that she was a widow for the fifth time?—ay, and was now on the eve of being married to her sixth husband—this was a Master Simon Shard, a draper of Corne-hill, who had a well-filled purse, a rather corpulent figure, a round and ruddy face, and was about two and thirty years of age. It was said he had been enamoured of the fair Alice previously to her three last marriages, but that he had not had courage enough to break his mind to her till some time after the death of her fourth husband, and when he did so he found she was unfortunately engaged to his immediate forerunner, at whose death he again pressed his suit—was accepted, and they were married. After living for about six months on the most seemingly loving and comfortable terms, Master Shard was one morning found dead in his bed, without any previous illness or indisposition: this was very strange, at least strange it will probably seem to the reader, though it was not so to Mrs. Alice's neighbours, for, wonderful to relate, all her other husbands had died in the same way, and under the same circumstances. There had been from time to time many various opinions afloat upon this subject, and they had become more prevalent, stronger, and of longer lasting upon the successive deaths of each of her husbands. The most moderate had merely observed, that "for certes Mrs. Alice was a very unlucky, or a very lucky woman," according to the speaker's appreciation of wedlock: others looked very wise, and seemed to think a good deal, but said very little, generally contenting themselves with observing—"That it really was very odd;" but again there were others, who—especially on the death of Mr. Shard's predecessor—declared that "such things were clean out of the common run of nature, and that either Mrs. Alice, or some one not to be named among Christians, must have bewitched her husbands," (and here the speaker and listeners, especially if females, would devoutly cross themselves) "or else some thing or other" (also it seemed not to be named among Christians) "had carried them off in a very odd way, to say the least of it;" and to this cautious and mysterious opinion the generality of the last mentioned sect of gossips, with additional self-crossings, assented. Still however, Mrs. Alice's conduct was so, not only unobjectionable, but praiseworthy; she was so pious and charitable a woman, so good a neighbour, so kind a friend, and in short, both publicly and privately fulfilled all the domestic relations of life, in so exemplary a manner, that even the tongues of those who secretly envied her wealth, her beauty, and may

be her luck, had not as yet dared to wag in open scandal against her; but a sixth recurrence of so extraordinary an event, it would seem gave sudden loose to their hitherto confined scruples and tongues; or, perhaps the reason why they more freely vented their suspicions or their spite on the present occasion might be that Master Shard had been a man of great influence in the city—his connexions stood high in the eyes of men, and he had a cousin who was sheriff at the time of his death, and who declared when he heard it, "by his father's beard, he would see into the matter that very moment," and accordingly next morning, for he was just going to sit down to dinner when he made the above declaration, he presented himself with a *posse comitatus* at Mrs. Alice's door—and then the neighbourhood, as with one voice, spoke out against her; for their long held opinion of her (at least they said it had been long held), now found the countenance of power—her piety had been hypocrisy, and they had thought so all along—her charity, ostentation—her goodness and kindness, even those that had benefited by them, now found some hole to pick in, and in plain and pithy English they called her a murderess.

While this was going on without Mrs. Alice's doors, another kind of scene was taking place within. The sheriff had been readily admitted, and was followed not only by the *posse* of the county, but by a *posse* of the *venue* (to use, I believe, a strictly lawful phrase,) consisting of all sorts of people, who either had, or thought they had, or thought they should like to have some concern in the business. They found the widow by the bedside of her departed husband: she not only did not fly from, but courted investigation, and accordingly the body was investigated, but not the slightest sign of violence was found upon it; no trace of steel or poison—all was as right and as unaccountable as it ought to have been. There were some present who pretended to a great knowledge of human nature, and who strictly watched Mrs. Alice during the whole transaction, and their evidence went still further to clear her from the imputation it was sought to affix upon her: for they said her conduct was so thoroughly natural—she seemed struggling between indignation at the charge brought against her, and grief for the cause thereof; and yet there was no overacting in her grief, it seemed just what she would be likely to feel for the loss of such a husband, and to be rather sorrow for the spell that appeared to be upon her, than for the man himself. The sheriff and his friends therefore, whatever they might have thought or wished, found themselves forced to declare her guiltless; and after partaking of a slight refec-tion, consisting of boiled beef, suet puddings, sausages and ale, left the widow to her solitude. His declaration of her guiltlessness was soon known among her neighbours, almost all of whom without any delay or difficulty returned to their former good opinion of her, greatly pitying her for the trouble she had been put to, and much wondering how folks could be so spiteful

as tell such wicked stories. In a few days orders were given for the burial of the late Master Shard in Mrs. Alice's family vault, which was in St. Michael's church, and which vault, though one of considerable extent, Mrs. Alice seemed in a fair way of filling choak full with her husbands.

St. Michael's church stood at the period of this tale, and for aught the teller knows to the contrary, stands to this day at the eastern end of Cornhill, and about midway between this church and Mrs. Alice's house there was a pot-house or tavern, known by the sign of the "Sevenne Starres:" in the tap-room of this tavern, upon the afternoon when Mr. Shard was to be carried to his long home, there was assembled a very merry company of some dozen worthy citizens, who were getting full of good things and gratitude towards the giver of the feast, Master Martyn Lessomour, a young merchant, whose safe return from a long and successful voyage in the Mediterranean they were met to celebrate. Master Lessomour was not yet thirty, though hard upon it; tall, strongly and well-built; his face was handsome and manly, and his large blue eyes looked like mirrors of his frank heart; his complexion was naturally fair, but exposure to sun and storm had given it a healthy tan, as they had also yet more bleached his light hair, which he wore long and curling down his neck and shoulders; in short, he was altogether a comely young man to look upon, and the rogue knew it too, for it was particularly observed of him that his carriage, which was at all times free and easy, would assume a little bit of a swagger when he either met in the streets, or passed under windows where were sitting any young and pretty city damsels. In his merry moods he was playful as a month-old kitten, as very a galliard as the best among them; but when business required it, he was as staid and sober as if an idle jest or an extra cup of canary had never passed his lips, so that he was equally well thought of among the grave and the gay; some of the oldest and wealthiest of the citizens would nod to him in passing, and some even went so far as to declare upon 'Change, "they believed young Master Lessomour would be a man well to do in the world, if," for they generally added a reservation, "if he only took care of himself and had good luck." They might indeed have been a little influenced in the formation of this good opinion, by the fact of his being the only heir and great favourite of a very rich and very old uncle. On the afternoon in question, he and his boon companions were at the height of their merriment, when one who was sitting in the bay window, that jutted out into the street, observed the funeral of Master Shard approaching, and gave notice thereof to the others. The passing of a dead body being a solemn event, and they being orthodox Christians (according to the orthodoxy of those times) their merriment was therefore suspended, and I will not undertake to say there was not a share of curiosity mixed up with this religious feeling, for they rose, one and all, and

huddled into the window recess, in order to have a fair view of the funeral procession, which as matters went then-a-days was a very sumptuous one. Most of the party present being acquainted with the circumstances of the case, at once recognized whose funeral it was, and the ignorant and anxious ears of Master Lessomour were greedily drinking in sundry marvellous tales of the rich widow of Corne-hille, when she herself passed immediately by the window, looking becomingly downcast and sorrowful.

"Be she what she may," exclaimed my young merchant, "by the pillars of St. Hercules, she is a lovely wench, and steps out like an emperatrice."

"A witch, Master Martyn," replied one, the oldest of his companions, "a wicked witch is she, take an honest man's word for it, who should know something about such things."

"He is married to a shrew," said another, in an audible under tone, which produced a hearty laugh against the former speaker: in this, however, Master Lessomour did not join, nor with his companions who resumed their places round the well stored table, but drawing a stool into the window recess, and taking a tankard of ale with him, he sat him down, intending, he said, to have another glimpse of the fair widow as she should return from the church; meanwhile, he requested the company to tell him something more about her as they seemed to know so much, and he nothing, having been so long away from home—and accordingly, Master Andrews (he who had boasted of his knowledge of such things, and was indeed reputed the most garrulous gossip in the parish) with the assistance and interruption of his companions, when they thought he had not made enough of a good point, went through a relation of Mrs. Alice's life and adventures; and, which relation, divested of a considerable share of fiction, with which Master Andrews had laden it, and put together, it is humbly hoped, in something of a more coherent manner, corresponded very nearly with that which has been already laid before the reader. During all this while, Martyn Lessomour spoke not a word, and, when at length the narration was ended, he slapped his hand lustily on the window sill, and cried out, "By the seven stars, and they are ruling ones now," casting up his eyes to the sign over the door, "but it is a strange tale—and whether true or false I will soon know—for if the mind of man hold good within me four-and-twenty hours, I will somehow or other scrape knowledge with this said witching widow."

At this observation, there was a general outcry, some declaring he would not do as he said, others that he could not; and some, presuming on long intimacy with him, or on their greater advance in years, vowed he should not.

"And we'll see that, my merry masters, in an eye-twinkle," cried Lessomour, "for here comes the dame back as if to my wish;" and with that, to the no small wonderment of his friends, he started from his seat, and clapping his cap upon one side of his head, hurried out of the door, and

posted himself on the middle of the path, whereon Dame Alice with a few attendants was returning: he staid there, till she came within two or three paces of him, and then drew back to make way for her—she looked up, and their eyes met, and, bowing as gracefully as he could, which was not indifferently, he drew back still farther. Mrs. Alice turned with the intent to cross the road, but some horsemen riding by at the moment prevented her from doing so; whereupon Master Lessomour, stepping to her side, said, "Fair dame, will you let a stranger do his poor duty here, and see you safe over." She curtsied, and accepted the arm he offered her; and after escorting her across the road, where they again exchanged courtesies, he left her, and joined his companions, who from the window had beheld with astonishment his bold gallantry. They conspired to attack him with a good deal of bantering and rillery upon his exploit; but he was in such high spirits at the good success of it, and so well pleased with the way in which he had acquitted himself, that he fairly turned the tables upon them; or if, literally speaking, he did not do that, they pretty nearly did it for themselves; for in the course of two hours there was not one of the party, with the exception of Master Lessomour, who was too merry to get drunk, and of Master Andrews, on whom liquor had no more effect than on a sponge, only making him heavy: with these exceptions, there was not one who did not turn himself under the table.

Martyn dreamed all night of the lovely widow, and rose next morning at the first break of dawn. He proceeded immediately to rummage over all his mails, a process he went through three or four times before he could fix upon what suit of clothes he should array himself in. Having at last chosen one, which he thought the handsomest, and the best calculated to show off his figure to advantage, he began to dress himself therein; but before he had got half through his toilet, it occurred to him that the suit he had chosen being a very gaudy one, was not the most suitable for the visit he intended to make; he therefore picked out one of a more sober cast, in which he finally clothed himself to his heart's content. It consisted of a sad coloured doublet, breeches and hosen; the greater part of which, except the sleeves of the former, were concealed by a long cloth coat or robe, of a deep claret hue, hanging down nearly to his heels: this outer garment was open up the front, and fastened at the top with three silver buttons; there were no sleeves in it, but large apertures to let the arms through, which, together with the bottom, front and neck, were trimmed with a broadish border of silver lace: upon his head he wore a high peaked hood, with a long and full tail hanging from it, of the same materials and colour of his robe; and a pair of pointed shoes completed his dress. He then selected a few pieces of black and grey bombacyn, as the species of silk then chiefly manufactured in Sicily was termed, which he had himself brought home on his last voyage, and tied them up with a silken cord—and having

broken his fast, he sallied forth from his lodging in Ship-alley, near Tower Hille, with his parcel under one arm, and his hands tucked into the arm-holes of his robe to keep him warm, for although it was May, it was a real English, and not a mere poetical one. He arrived at Mrs. Alice's door and was admitted into her presence. In the most picked language he could master he excused his intrusion, relying upon the slight courtesy he had happily been enabled to show her the preceding day; while she was lavish in her thanks for that courtesy, and seemed quite as willing to overrate, as he was to lessen it: after a good long interchange of such civilities, he respectfully requested her examination of the contents of his parcel, at the same time, letting her know as much as he with propriety could of his situation and prospects in life: and when she had chosen two pieces of the bombacyn, and begged to know at what price they were to be purchased, he gallantly entreated her to receive them as a trifling token of the great esteem wherein he held her: this gave rise again to a great many very pretty speeches, and at last Mrs. Alice very graciously vouchsafed to accept his handsome present—and they parted mutually pleased with each other.

He visited her, however, again and again, and their liking of each other seemed to increase with each meeting; for if he was charmed by her, with her modesty, and her beauty, she was decidedly as much taken with his good looks, his open-heartedness, and his conversation:—she would sit for hours and hours together, listening to the strange history of his adventures upon the high seas, of his being chased by, and escaping from the pirates of the Atlantic and Mediterranean; of the wonders he had seen in Spain and Italy; of his visits to Venezia and Genoa; and, finding what interest she took in such relations, he undoubtedly did a little amplify the truth now and then, making as much of an uncommon circumstance as he could; though he never outraged veracity or her common sense so far as to talk of Anthropophagi, or of men whose heads did grow beneath their shoulders. In fine, so agreeable did they find each other, that as soon as decency would permit, they married; neither it would seem, at all deterred by the fate that had attended all Mrs. Alice's former husbands. The preparations on this occasion were as splendid and expensive as possible, every citizen of any importance that was at all known to either of the parties, graced the ceremony with their august presence, bringing with them too a host of wives, sons and daughters, kinsfolk, friends and acquaintance. The bride wore upon her head a small cap of cloth of gold, wrapped about with silken cords and stringed pearls; her gown was of green silk, embroidered round the neck with jewels, as was also her broad silver girdle; and over all she bore a long mantle of white cloth, richly trimmed and figured with silver, fastened round her neck with thick silver cords, and lined throughout with white fur; her shoes were also of white cloth, with long points

something turned up. The bridegroom was arrayed in a pair of peach coloured hosen of stocking cloth, serving the double purpose of stockings and pantaloons, and a short *cointoise*, or robe of crimson silk, lined with white *persan*, open at the front, and fastened with golden buttons, set upon a broad border of dark blue velvet, and this trimming also ornamented with similar buttons, ran round the skirts, and wristbands of the robe; his waist was cinctured by a golden girdle; a small dagger hung from it, the ivory handle and yellow velvet sheath of which were richly ornamented with precious stones: over this *cointoise* he wore a long mantle similar to his bride's, only of dark blue cloth, lined with white *persan*, and clasped at top by a large sapphire, set in chased silver; behind his back there hung a hood of the same colour and material as his robe, worked all over with golden sprigs, and buttoned under his chin; on his feet he had a pair of yellow Spanish leather *crackowes*, or shoes, with long pointed toes, the ends of which were fastened to his knees with silver-gilt chains: gloves also he had, and so indeed had the bride, though I forgot to mention it; they were alike of fine white kid leather; hers, embroidered with gold; and his, with a large emerald set in the back of each one, gauntlet-shaped, and edged with golden buttons. If all that has not been told, would have been irksome and tedious in the telling, much more so, nay, quite impossible would it be to tell of all the feasting and mummeries that had place in Mrs. Alice's house on that day—of the quantities of roast, boiled, grilled and fried—of mortries, pies and tarts, that appeared and disappeared—of the oceans of liquors and wines too—French and Greek—of Ypocras, and Pyment—of Rumney, Malaspine, Vernage, Mountrese, Algrade and Garnarde, the very names whereof are lost in this degenerate age. Let the reader only rest assured, that this was better than any common feast, inasmuch as there was more than enough.

This day seemed to have been the beginning of a new life for Mrs. Alice; she became from that time a gayer woman, and mingled more in company than ever she had done before; for, with all her good qualities, she had lived hitherto rather a retired life: and yet she certainly did not fly to society, as I am afraid some modern housewives do, to escape from the fellowship of her husband; but rather, as it seemed, to give her a greater zest therein—for she loved him almost to devotion, and he was equally attached to her. They had been married for nearly four months, and not yet a cross word or look had passed between them: their mutual affection, indeed, seemed on the increase, which is not always the case with a new-married couple, especially after the honey-moon; but, as Master Lessomour took care to exact from his wife nothing either unreasonable, or what she thought so, he found her all duty and obedience. Many people, indeed, whispered that all this would not last long; for they had not forgotten her other husbands, though it might almost seem that Master

Lessomour and Mrs. Alice herself had done so.

It chanced, however, that, as they were sitting together silently one evening upon a low stool or settle (in shape something like a modern settee, only with quaintly carved frame and elbows,) gazing upon the dying embers of a wood-fire, that had been piled up between the brazen dogs on the brick hearth, that Mrs. Alice fetched a sigh.

"Why dost sigh, sweetheart?" said her husband; "art not happy?"

"I knew not that I sighed, dear Martyn," she said. "Certes, it was not for lack of happiness, for I am right happy."

"I am glad to hear thee say so, and think thou sayest sooth—if I may at all judge from mine own heart—for I am happier than I ever yet have been."

"And so, in truth, am I, Martyn—for I *am* happy now; and, indeed, I never knew happiness till I knew thee."

"Nay, now thou art surely cajoling me, sweetest. Meanest thou, thou wert never happy ere now?"

"I say, till I knew thee, never—never!" As she said this with great stress on the word *never*, Martyn, whose arm was girdling her, felt her shudder strongly, and he shook too.

After a short pause he resumed, "Didst thou, then, not love thy other husbands, Alice?"

"Love them! No, Martyn—no; I hated them—hated them with a deadly hate." And at these words her face grew lividly pale, and her eyes fixed on her husband's with a strange and snake-like glistening, that his marrow thrilled again, and his heart beat thick. He spoke to her, however, in a meek voice, and said—

"Why didst thou hate them so, Alice?"

"By cause that they were drunkards and faithless, Martyn; and, therefore, I hated them so; and, therefore, were it possible thou shouldst be such, I should even so hate thee, much, very much as I do now love thee." She uttered these words in a tone of deep tenderness, and fell weeping on his neck.

He strove, both by caresses and assurances, to soothe her; but it was some time before he could do so. The conversation was not resumed, and they retired to bed. But Martyn's mind continued very restless, and he lay awake long after his wife had gone to sleep; he could not dismiss her words from his brain, nor efface the impression they had made thereon; and, after turning the matter over a great many times, he came to the resolution that he would see a little into the matter. At last he fell asleep, but it was only to wake soon from a wild dream. He thought he and his wife were still sitting on the low settle, as they had been that evening; and that their faces were lit up, as they then had been, by the fitful glimmering of the dying embers—that *her's* wore the same livid hue, and her eyes glistened in the same snake-like manner, that had then so frightened him; and that they were fixed, as then, upon his, and, though her look was most

shocking, that he was fascinated by it, and could not move away his glance from her's; and her face kept growing paler and paler; and her eyes brighter and brighter, and more and more terrible; and he grew sick and sicker at heart, and felt a reeling in his brain, and a choking in his throat; and still he could not turn his eyes from her. And, behold! her long black curls, that hung about her neck and shoulders, seemed of a sudden, and yet slowly, to become instinct with life; and, one by one, they uncurled themselves—some moving their ends to and fro, and up and down, as he had seen leeches do in a vase when they sought to fix their heads somewhere—others, again, twined themselves round the carved rail-work of the settle—while others, arching and stretching themselves out, twisted round his neck so tightly that they nearly throttled him. He woke up in alarm and agony, and found his wife's long hair, indeed, around his neck—and her arms, too; and her head was lying on his chest, and she was sobbing violently. He asked her what ailed her; and she said she had had a dreadful dream, all of which that she could recollect was that she had seen him murdered.

Martyn slept no more that night; and, the next morning, he rose betimes, and, pretending business, he went out at an early hour. Business, however, he had none. He walked forth at the Cripplegate, and strolled through the Finsburie fields, and so away into the country, without any fixed determination or even knowledge of whither he was going. It was a drizzly day, too; but he seemed unconscious of it, though he was soon drenched to the skin. But he kept walking about, thinking over the scene of the last evening, and all the stories he remembered to have heard of his wife from the day he first saw her, and all other stories he could remember ever to have heard of witches and their cunning, till he began to hold his wife for one in real earnest; or, if she was not a witch, she certainly was something else of an unusual nature, but *what* he could not just then bring himself to decide. Still he felt that he was not, somehow or other, safe with her, in spite of all her fondness for him; and reflecting upon her expressions of deep hate for her former husbands, and the cause whereto she had ascribed that hate, he conceived a design to try her love, which he determined upon carrying into immediate execution. It was long after sunset when he returned home, and he went straight to bed, pleading cold and weariness. The next day, he sat all the forenoon with his wife; but, in spite of her kindness and attentions, he could not overcome the disagreeable feeling that was upon him. He remained reserved, and almost sullen; and, at last, Mrs. Alice seemed infected with the same manner. At noon he left his house, and went straightways to Master Andrews, who lived not far off, with the purpose of inducing from him a recital of some of those marvellous tales wherewith he had, on a former occasion, regaled him. His purpose was, however, so far forestalled; for when he came there, he found he had some friends with him, and, of

course, he was not anxious to make his wife's conduct matter of public talk. He sat, therefore, the whole evening nearly in silence; for which, however, they made full amends by their boisterous and drunken noise. He sat as late as any, and left them with the full determination of putting his plan into effect that very night. On his way home, he trod casually upon a piece of apple-rind lying in the path, and, slipping, fell in the mire; for it had been raining all that day too. At first he was not a little put out; but, after a little reflection, remembering that this very mischance might be made serviceable to his scheme, with disordered dress, bending knees, drooping mouth and half-closed eyes (assuming, as much as he could, the bearing of a drunken man,) he presented himself at his door. His wife, although it was now late in the night, had sent the servants to bed, and had herself sat up for him—a mark of attention that some very loving wives do at times pay their husbands, often more to their annoyance than comfort. In the present instance, however, nothing could have happened more to Lessomour's wish. The moment his wife saw him, her face flushed even to darkness, and her large black eyes widened to a greater size, as she said in a tone half of anger, half of dread, "Why, Martyn, what is this? what has befallen thee?"

"I've been with some friends, my love," he replied, speaking thickly.

"Martyn! Martyn!" she answered, and bit her lip, and shook her head, "a-get thee to thy bed; I will follow quickly."

He went accordingly; but it was some time before she did follow him, and she lay down by his side without speaking a word to him. He pretended to be asleep, though he did not really sleep all that night; nor more, he thought, did she—for she tossed about, and seemed very restless, now and then muttering to herself; and as soon as morning broke, she rose, and dressed herself, and left the room. The whole of that day he staid at home, feigning to have a bad head-ache. She was very attentive to him, but in no way hinted at his conduct of the foregoing evening. In two or three days he repeated the experiment, and with nearly the same success, saying that Mrs. Alice, seemed a little more gloomy the following day. He tried it a third time, and a fourth, and that night she did not come to his bed at all. The next morning she spoke to him, for the first time, upon the subject; she expressed more sorrow than anger—talked kindly to him—said she had hoped once, twice, and even thrice, that his coming home full of liquor might have been a mishap; but she now felt forced to fear that drunkenness was becoming an usage with him; and she begged him, with tears in her eyes, as he prized her happiness, to stop in good time, ere it did in truth become an usage. He was moved by her earnestness, and promised her, and, at the time, himself determined to disquiet her no farther on this head; but an impulse, which somehow he could not resist, urged him in a few days to break his word.

Twice more his conduct called forth pressing entreaties from his wife—the last time, indeed, they were mingled with some reproaches: but it all was of no effect upon Lessomour, he continued in the career he had begun. The day after he had returned home, for the seventh time, in a pretended state of drunkenness, his wife said to him, "Martyn, I have prayed thee till I am weary: I now warn thee—take heed. As my husband, I owe thee love and duty; but I can pay neither to a drunkard. Heed my warning, or woe upon us both!"

And did Martyn still go on with the pursuit of his experiment?—He did. Although he saw it was losing him his wife's love, and winning him her anger—her hate—he went on, with an unswerving resolution, which, in such a cause, seemed obstinacy, or madness, or worse. In the present enlightened age, I should not like to say he was bewitched, or to attribute to any supernatural influence the strong impulse which led him on to do as he was doing, in spite of his better sense and better feeling—in spite of the love he had unquestionably borne his wife—in spite of the danger which he felt he was thrusting himself into and feared; and yet I equally dislike to suppose that he was tempted to this severe trial of his wife's love and duty either by too great faith in them, or a want of it; though something, perhaps, of a similar nature was the trial to which *Henry* put his *Emma*, and *Posthumus* his *Imogene*: in neither case, indeed, so severe a one, nor, for his personal safety, may be, so dangerous; but, whatever might have been his motive, it certainly to himself was as inexplicable as he owned it to be irresistible. Again, therefore, he transgressed, and was again threatened: again he reiterated his offence; and then his wife said to him the next day, "Goest thou forth to-day, Martyn?"

"I must, indeed, Alice," he answered; "I have weighty business to do to-day."

"Then mark me, Martyn. I am not going to pray thee; but I have warned thee once, and I have warned thee twice, and I now warn thee for the third and for the last time. Go at thy risk, and see thou heed this warning better than thou hast done mine others. Go not forth to-day, Martyn; or, going, come not back to me as thou hast been wont of late to come. Better that thou stay from me altogether; but better yet that thou stay *with* me altogether, Martyn."

"Nay, nay, I needs must go, Alice."

"There needs no plea, Martyn, but thine own will—thine own stubborn will—that will not bend to thy wife's prayer. Ay! I said I would not pray thee, but I do now. Look! see, Martyn! I am on my knees here to thee—and there are tears in mine eyes!—and, kneeling and weeping thus, I pray thee go not forth to-day. I have had dreams of late—dreams of bad foretoken, Martyn; and only last night I did truly dream that ———" [Here she gulped, as if for breath.] "Thou wilt lose thy life, and thou go forth to-day, Martyn."

But Martin Lessomour, like Julius Cæsar,

was not to be frightened from a fixed purpose by a wife's dreams; and he answered her—

"Wife, wife, thou art a fearful woman, and makest me fear thee; but, natheless, I shall go."

"Go then," she said, and rose and left him; and he shortly after went from the house—he returned in the evening in the same assumed state as before, and went to bed. For the last two days that he had played this part, since his wife had begun to use threats, he had gone when he left his own house, either to a friend's or a tavern, where he slept away all the time he was absent, in order that he might lie awake during the night, to watch what his wife would do; but during this day he had not, for disquietude of mind, been able to sleep at all; but now that he was in bed, such a drowsiness came over him, that in spite of all his endeavours he soon fell into a sound sleep. From this he was aroused by his wife's getting out of bed; yet, although he at once started into thorough wakefulness, he had the presence of mind to pretend to be still asleep, and lay still and watched her. She had thrown a night gown around her—but her hair was loose, and hung straggling about her neck, and as she passed the foot of the bed, the light from a lamp that was burning on a table, fell through her locks upon her face, and Martyn saw that it was of that livid paleness, and that her eyes were brightened by that hateful snake-like look, which he had only once before beheld in reality, though in memory, thousands and thousands of times: he saw too that she held a small knife in one hand. Slowly and stilly, like a ghost, she glided on—but away from him; and going up to the place where she had hung her gown up when she undressed, she took it down, and ripped open one of the sleeves of it, and took something out: she then went to the hearth, where there was a fire burning, for it was winter, and having laid the knife and whatever else she held in her hand, beside the lamp upon the table, she seemed searching for something about the hearth. At last Martyn heard her mutter, "Not here—how foolish—heedless of me—I must go and fetch it from below." She moved towards the door—Martyn's heart beat high within him, as he thought the moment she should be gone, he would leap from the bed and rush past her down the stairs, and out of the house—for he strangely felt to be alone would be more dreadful than to be in her most dreaded presence. She stopped, however, at the door—laid hold of the latch, but did not raise it—and continued in a low mutter, "Not here; mayhap it was for some good end that I forgot it—mayhap that I should give him one more trial yet—shall I? I shall—one more trial I will give thee, dear Martyn, dear still, though lost, I dread—one more—one more;" and saying this, she hurried back to her bed, and leaning her head upon Martyn's shoulder, sighed and sobbed, not loudly indeed, but as if her heart were cracking—and he—he lay deadly still by her side, for he really feared to speak to her, even though it were to speak comfort; or when he thought of doing so, the remembrance of her

word, "one trial more" stifled him—she seemed soon after to doze. In the morning he took care to rise before her, and woke her in so doing—he went up, as if by accident, to the table—and saw that beside the knife there lay a smallish round lump of lead.

"What is this for Alice?" he said, in a careless tone—for he knew she was watching him.

"What is it?" she replied. He took it to her bedside. "That," she continued, "is a weight from the sleeve of my gown; I cut it out last night, to put in a smaller, for I find it too heavy."

Martyn laid it down, and presently left the room. It was some time before his wife joined him below stairs, and when she did at last come, her eyes looked so swollen and red, that Martyn was pretty sure she had been weeping; he said nothing about it, however, but in a few minutes rose, and took down his cap, and said, "I am bidden forth to dinner again to-day, Alice."—"Good bye then, Martyn, good bye," was all her answer, and that was said in a low, very solemn, and yet kind tone of voice. He lingered in the room for a moment or two, in the hope she would say something more to him, for he felt less inclined to pursue his fraud that day than he had ever felt before; perhaps it was from a return of love he felt this, perhaps from fear—she said, however, nothing more, indeed, did not seem to notice his presence; so after saying, "Well, good bye, Alice," he withdrew. He went at once to his next door neighbour's, and requested them to hold themselves in readiness, in case he should want for their assistance in the night, for he had some idea, he said, that there would be an attempt to rob, or perhaps to murder him that night. This greatly alarmed his neighbours, and they promised to do what he requested, and the moment he had left them they sent for a reinforcement of their friends, and also begged of the fitting authorities that there might be an additional watch set in their neighbourhood that night.

Lessomour returned earlier by some hours than usual, and to his wonder, found his door was not fastened within. He entered, and called, but no one answered—he fastened the door, and went up to his bed-room, where he found his wife already in bed, and seemingly fast asleep:—this was the first time she had not sat up for him. He made a great noise, overturning stools and boxes, and sundry other things, and then cursing at them, after the manner of drunken men—but his wife still seemed to sleep soundly; he spake to her, but she made no answer. Really believing she was asleep, he got into bed, and pretended himself to sleep, and to snore—still she lay quiet. For two hours after he got into bed she never moved; but then she quickly but silently slipped from the bed, hurried, but still without noise, to a stool near the fire, took from under one of the cushions a small iron ladle, and, what Martyn knew again for the leaden weight he had seen in the morning—this she put into the ladle, and kneeling upon one knee, set it upon

the fire; in about a minute she turned her face to the bed, and then raised it up, and Martyn saw that though her features were frightfully writhen with bad passions, there were tears in her eyes that bespoke an inward struggle. She rose notwithstanding, and whispered—"Now—no flinching!"—and walked up to the bed, with the ladle containing the molten lead in her right hand; and just as she brought this forward so as to pour it into her husband's ear, he started up with a loud outcry, seized her hand, and jumped out of bed, at the same time saying, "Shameless assassin! have I caught thee? Help, ho! help, neighbours! Help—murder!" Alice did not scream—nor start even—but stared in her husband's face, and with a strong effort freed her hand, flung the ladle into the fire, sank on a stool behind her, and hid her face in her hands. Lessomour continued calling for help, which call his neighbours, to do them justice, were not slow to obey—but to the number of two score and odd, well armed, they forced the outer door, and were hastening up the stairs. As they were close upon the bed-room door, Alice took her hands from her face, and with a hollow voice said—"Martyn Lessomour, before the ever living God, I am glad this hath so happened." Before he could reply, his neighbours and the watch were in the room, and, upon his charge, seized his wife.

The next day the coffins of her former husbands were all opened, and in the skulls of each was found a quantity of lead, which had plainly been poured in through one of the ears. Mrs. Alice was soon after tried upon the evidence of her living husband, and that of her dead ones, which though mute was no less strong. She would say nothing in her defence; indeed, after the words she spoke to her husband in their bedroom on the night of her apprehension, she never uttered another: only, in the court, during her trial, when Lessomour was bearing witness that he had pretended drunkenness to try what effect it would have upon her—when he swore to this, Alice, whose back had hitherto been towards him, turned rapidly round, fixed her glazing eye upon his, and uttering a shriek of piercing anguish, would have fallen, but that her jailer caught her in his arms: and that look and that sound Martyn Lessomour never forgot to his dying day. His wife was found guilty of petit treason, and was burnt to death in Smithfield, according to the law of the land.

And so great a noise did this story make, that in the course of that year a statute was passed, more determinately to settle the office of Coroner, and the powers and duties of him and the jury he should summon to the Inquest.

Martyn Lessomour lived to be a very old, and, as had been foretold of him, a very rich man—but he never was a happy one.

While we can easily defend our character, we are no more disturbed by an accusation, than we are alarmed by an enemy whom we are sure to conquer; and whose attack, therefore, will bring us honour without danger.

A CHINESE DINNER PARTY.

WHEN a Chinese invites to a ceremonious dinner, a large red paper is sent several days before the time. On this is written the invitation, in the politest terms of the language. On the day before a feast, another invitation is sent to the guests, on rose-coloured paper, to remind them of it, and to ascertain whether they are coming. Again on the next day, a short time before the hour appointed, the invitation is repeated to inform them that the feast is prepared and awaits them. When the guests are assembled, the first thing presented is warm almond milk, in large cups. Every table is served with exactly the same food, and the same number of dishes, at one and the same moment. (Only four or five or six persons sit at each table. In very fashionable houses, not more than two or three.) The tables are mostly of polished ebony, or Surat black wood, and are double; for, as they use no table-cloths, the upper table is removed, with all that is on it, at the end of the first course, to give place to the second. For the first course, the tables are laid out with chop-stick, wine-cups, china-ware, or enamelled spoons and stands, and two little plates with fruits, nuts, &c. Several small cold dishes, such as dry salted fish, shred fine, and made into a salad with mushrooms, &c. are spread over the board, only leaving room in the centre for a cup, about the size of a breakfast-cup. The dinner now commences, and all the wine cups are filled with *sew-heng-tso*, (a weak acidulated liquor, distilled from millet-seed, and always drunk hot,) and the master of the feast rises, as well as all the guests; he holds the wine-cup in both his hands, saluting them with it, after which they all drink together, and sit down again. A cup with hot food is now served in the centre of every table. After the first course the upper table is removed, and the table remaining is spread with spoons, wine-cups, chop-sticks, vinegar, soy, and sweet sauce, with some plates of sliced radishes, pears, oranges, and various other fruits and vegetables, placed before each person; and all the large fruits are sliced, as well as the vegetables. While the second course is preparing, those who are tired of sitting, rise and walk about the room. The second table being prepared, the guests are all seated again, when bird's-nest soup, the most expensive and the greatest delicacy a Chinese can offer, is served up, with pigeon's or plover's eggs floating upon it, to each person. When entertaining any of the high constituted authorities, the master puts the first dish of the second course on every table himself, as it is brought in by the servants. After all, tea is served up in covered cups, as before described; on the leaves, and without milk or sugar; and thus closes the entertainment. On the day following the feast, the host sends a large red paper to each of the guests, apologising for the badness of the dinner; and they answer him on the same sort of paper, expressing in the most exalted and extravagant terms the pleasure and unbounded satisfaction his feast has afforded them.

THE SWAN AND THE SKYLARK,

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
 Bird thou never wert,
 That from heaven, or near it,
 Pour'st thy full heart,
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

SHELLEY.

MIDST the long reeds that o'er a Grecian stream,
 Unto the faint wind sigh'd melodiously,
 And where the sculpture of a broken shrine
 Sent out, through shadowy grass and thick wild flowers,
 Dim alabaster gleams—a lonely swan
 Warbled his death-chant, and a poet stood
 Listening to that strange music, as it shook
 The lilies on the wave; and made the pines,
 And all the laurels of the haunted shore,
 Thrill to its passion. Oh! the tones were sweet,
 E'en painfully—as with the sweetness wrung
 From parting love; and to the poet's thought
 This was their language.

"Summer, I depart!

O light and laughing Summer, fare thee well!
 No song the less through thy rich woods shall swell,
 For one, one broken heart!

"And fare ye well, young flowers;
 Ye will not mourn! Ye will shed odours still,
 And wave in glory, colouring every rill
 Known to my youth's fresh hours.

"And ye, bright fountains, that lie
 Far in the whispering forest, lone and deep,
 My wing no more shall stir your lovely sleep—
 Sweet water, I must die!

"Will ye not send one tone
 Of sorrow through the shades? one murmur low?
 Shall not the green leaves from your voices know,
 That I, your child, am gone?"

"No! ever glad and free!
 Ye have no sounds a tale of death to tell;
 Waves, joyous waves, flow on, and fare ye well!
 Ye will not mourn for me.

"But thou, sweet boon, too late
 Pour'd on my parting breath, vain gift of song!
 Why comest thou thus, O'er-mastering, rich, and strong,
 In the dark hour of fate?"

"Only to wake the sighs
 Of echo-voices from their sparry cell;
 Only to say—O sunshine and blue skies!
 O life and love, farewell!"

Thus flow'd the death-chant on; while mournfully
 Soft winds and waves made answer, and the tones
 Buried in rocks along the Grecian stream,
 Rocks and dim caverns of old prophecy,
 Woke to respond: and all the air was fill'd
 With that one sighing sound—"Farewell, farewell!"
 Fill'd with that sound! high in the calm blue heavens
 E'en then a skylark sung; soft summer clouds
 Were floating round him, all transpierced with light,
 And midst that pearly radiance his dark wings
 Quiver'd with song, such free triumphant song,
 As if tears were not—as if breaking hearts
 Had not a place below—as if the tomb
 Were of another world; and thus that strain
 Spoke to the poet's heart exultingly.

"The summer is come; she hath said, 'Rejoice!'
 The wild woods thrill to her merry voice;
 Her sweet breath is wandering around on high;
 Sing, sing, through the echoing sky!"

"There is a joy in the mountains; the bright waves leap.
 Like the bounding stag when he breaks from sleep;

Mirthfully, wildly, they flash along;
 Let the heavens ring with song!

"There is joy in the forest; the bird of night
 Hath made the leaves tremble with deep delight;
 But mine is the glory to sunshine given;
 Sing, sing, through the laughing heaven!"

"Mine are the wings of the soaring morn,
 Mine the free gales with the day-spring born!
 Mine only young rapture can mount so high;
 Sing, sing, through the echoing sky!"

CARROLL O'DALY AND ECHO.

Carroll. SPEAK, playful echo, speak me well—
 For thou know'st all our care;
 Thou sweet responding Sibil, tell,
 Who works this strange affair?
 Echo. A—fair!

A fair—no, no, I've felt the pain
 That but from love can flow;
 And never can my heart again
 That magic thralldom know.
 Echo. No.

Ah! then, if envy's eye has ceased
 To mar my earthly bliss—
 Speak consolation to my breast,
 If remedy there is.
 Echo. There is.

Gay, witty spirit of the air,
 If such relief be nigh,
 At once the secret spell declare,
 To lull my wasted eye.
 Echo. To die.

To die! and if it be my lot,
 It comes in hour of need;
 Death wears no terror but in thought—
 'Tis innocent in deed.
 Echo (surprised). Indeed!

Indeed, 'tis welcome to my woes,
 Thou airy voice of fate;
 But, ah! to none on earth disclose
 What you prognosticate.
 Echo (playfully). To Kate.

To Kate?—the devil's on your tongue,
 To scare me with such thoughts;
 To her, oh! could I hazard wrong,
 Who never knew her faults.
 Echo. You are false.

If thy Narcissus could awake
 Such doubts, he were an ass
 If he did not prefer the lake,
 To humouring such a lass.
 Echo. Alas!

A thousand sighs and rites of woe
 Attend thee in the air;
 What mighty grief can feed thee so
 In weariless despair?
 Echo. Despair.

Despair—not for Narcissus' lot,
 Who once was thy delight;
 Another in his place you've got,
 If our report is right.
 Echo. 'Tis right.

Dear little sorceress, farewell—
 I feel thou told'st me true;
 But as thou'st many a tale to tell,
 I bid thee now adieu.
 Echo. Adieu!

YOUNG MASTER BEN.

BY MISS MITFORD.

It was about seven o'clock one evening in the last Christmas week, that I was sitting alone in our little parlour, with my feet on the fender, my dog Dash reclining against my knee (I beg Dash's pardon for having reckoned him as nobody,) a glowing fire before me, and an apple roasting on the hob—doing nothing, unless occasionally turning the apple or patting Dash's beautiful head may be accounted doings,—and entirely immersed in that perfection of lazy comfort—that piece of dreamy delight yclept a reverie.

There was, too, that additional zest to the enjoyment of in-door warmth and comfort which is derived from the effect of strong contrast without. The weather was what is usually and most expressively termed—bitter. Snow lay deep on the ground, and the dark cloudy sky gave token that the first interval of calm would produce another fall. At the moment of which I speak, the wind was too high even for a snow-storm; the fierce north-east howled amain, and the icy bushes in the hedge-rows rattled and crackled in the tempest, whilst the large boughs of the trees creaked like the masts of a ship at sea. It is strange that these noises, betokening so much misery to the poor wretches doomed to wander abroad, should add to the sense of snugness and security at home;—but so it is! The selfishness, however unamiable, is too general to be ashamed of, or even to lament over; and perhaps a silent thankfulness for one's own superior comforts may tend to throw into the feeling that portion of good which will generally be found in the inward meditations of every human being not absolutely wicked; for the thoughts of an hour, as well as the actions of a life, are of mingled yarn; none, I fear, all virtuous,—few, I trust utterly wicked.

My enjoyment of that blessed state the "*sur niente*" was, however, much too dreamy and vague to permit me to analyse my own sensations. And yet my reverie was not wholly pleasurable either. We lived in the midst of the disturbed districts; my father was at B., attending his duty (a very painful one on this occasion) as chairman of the bench; and though I had every reason to believe that the evil spirit was subsiding, and that he was at that instant sitting as quietly and as snugly as myself, with his friend the high sheriff and his brother magistrates in a warm, comfortable, elegant room at the Crown Inn (for happen what may, justices must dine!) or at the worst, seated by a large fire taking examinations in the council chamber at B., still no one who lived within reach of the armed peasantry, or of the exaggerated and still more frightful rumours that preceded their approach, or who had witnessed as I had done the terrific blaze of the almost nightly conflagrations, could get rid of the vague idea of danger which might arrive at

any moment, especially to one notoriously and actively engaged in putting down the mischief. Our parish had remained, it is true, happily free from the contagion; still it raged all around, east, west, north, and south; we were on a well-frequented highway, almost at the very point where four roads met, and the mobs travelled so far and so fast, that there was no telling at what hour or from what point of the compass our quiet village might be invaded.

Just as thoughts like these were beginning to traverse the blissful thoughtlessness of my reverie, a noise of shouting voices and rushing feet from the end of the street struck my ear. Dash started up instantly, and I was preparing to ring the bell and be frightened, when a sound, well known to each of us, pacified us both. Dash, who is a superb old English spaniel, gave his magnificent ears a mighty shake; and making his accustomed three turns on the hearth-rug, lay down before the fire; and I, with a strangely modified feeling, alarm subsiding into amazed curiosity, proceeded to the door to examine into the cause of the uproar.

The sound which produced this consolatory effect was the well-known and peculiar whistle of Master Ben Emery,—a sound which, while it gave token of every variety of boyish mischief, was yet a most comfortable assurance against any thing worse.

Young Master Ben was one of those truly English personages, who, even in boyhood, show token of the character that is to be—a humourist in embryo, an oddity, a wag. His father was a better sort of labourer, a kind of bailiff or upper man in the service of a neighbouring farmer, and had brought up a large family honestly and creditably. All of these were now happily out of the way,—some at service, some in business, some married, and some dead,—with the exception of Benjamin, the youngest born, his mother's darling and plague. Ben was not as a mother's darling often is—a beauty. His carrotty locks forbade any claim to that title, though he had the lively blue eye and pleasant smile which so often accompany that complexion, and cause a general resemblance, a kind of family likeness between red-haired people. In person he was a thin, stunted, dwarfish boy of fourteen, small and light enough to pass for ten, who made use of his actual age to evade a longer attendance at the charity school, the master of which, a dull personage no way fit to cope with Ben's biting jests, acquiescing in the young gentleman's own account of his scholarship purely to get rid of him; whilst his smallness of size and look of youth and debility he turned to account in another way, pleading his deficiency in bulk and stature, and general weakness and delicacy, as a reason for not going to work at the farm with his father.

whose master had consented to employ him to drive the team. He weakly! Why in play or in mischief it was a pocket Hercules! has beaten big Bob the blacksmith at quoits; and thrown Titus Penwin, the Cornish boy, in wrestling. Delicate! why if the sun or the world would but have stood still for the time, there is no doubt but he could have played at cricket for eight and forty hours running, without requiring more pauses than the usual fifteen minutes between the innings. No exercise that bore the name of sport was too much for him; sheer labour was another matter.

Not only did he plead weakness and delicacy to escape the promotion of plough-boy at farmer Brooke's, but when hired by his father to keep Master Simmon's sheep,—an employment that seemed made for him, inasmuch as there was, for ten hours in the day, nothing to do but to lie on a bank and practise a certain pastoral flageolet with which he used to go too-tooing through the village,—he contrived to get dismissed in three days for incapacity and contumacy; and even when proffered by his mother to look after her croney dame Welles's Welch cow, (an animal famous for getting out of bounds,) not for the lucre of gain, but simply, as she expressed it, to keep both the creatures out of mischief, his services were rejected by the prudent dame with the observation, that 'obstropolous and wild as her beast might be, Ben was incomparably the most unmanageable of the two'—a proof of bad reputation which so enraged his father, that he only escaped a sound flogging by climbing up a tree like a squirrel, and sleeping all night in the coppice amidst the fern and the bushes.

It was the very day after this misadventure, that Ben contrived to attach himself to our little establishment as a sort of help to our boy John. How he managed nobody can tell, for all the house knew him and his character, and every body in it held him for the very incarnation of mischief: but here he is, in prime favour with every one, not regularly paid and hired to be sure, but receiving sufficient and comfortable wages in the shape of pretty constant dinners and suppers, frequent largesses of sixpences and shillings, occasional doles of wearing apparel. I question whether he be not more expensive to our small household than that model of a boy John himself. Having said this, it is but right to add that he is nearly as useful in his own wild way; will do any thing on earth that he thinks can serve or please, especially if he be not ordered to do it (for he has a Sir-John-Falstaff-like aversion to compulsion;) makes himself in one way or other agreeable to the whole family—always excepting a certain under-maid called Betsy, against whom he has a spite; and although renowned all over the parish for story-telling, a peccadillo, which I really believe he cannot help, never takes any of us in (for we know him so well that we never dream of believing him,) unless now and then when he happens to speak truth; which has the same effect in deceiving his hearers as falsehood from other people.

We keep Ben because we like him. Why he came to us heaven knows! Perhaps for the same reason; perhaps to avoid the flogging which roosting in the coppice had delayed, but not averted; perhaps attracted by a clever jay of mine now, alas! no more—a bird of great accomplishment, and almost as saucy as himself; perhaps for the chance of handling a certain gun which he had seen John cleaning, an implement of noise and mischief that just suits his fancy, and which he brandishes of a night about the garden, pretending to hear thieves; perhaps to ride a fine young horse of our's which nobody else can ride, for he is an excellent horseman, and with his quick wit and light weight, seems born for a jockey; perhaps, and this is the likeliest cause of all, to have opportunity for playing tricks on poor Betsy, whom neither I nor my maid Anne, and I believe she tries all in her power, can protect from his elvish machinations. But that very day had he spoilt my dinner (most unintentionally as far as his design went) by throwing a snow-ball at her as she stood by the kitchen fire, which, from her suddenly starting aside to avoid the missile, alighted on the back of a fowl in the act of being roasted, which was thereby rendered totally uneatable. This feat had of course brought him into great disgrace in the lower regions; and since half past five, when the misadventure took place, nothing has been seen or heard of the young gentleman till now that his repeated and well-known whistle gave token of his vicinity.

Immediately after Ben's whistle, another sound was heard in the melée, rising from amidst the tramp of feet bounding along the frosty path from which the snow had been swept, the shouts and cries of children escaping and punished, and the distant tinkling of a bell, another well-known sound—the loud, gruff, angry voice of Master Clarke, the parish beadle.

This worthy functionary was a person who, an enemy to mischievous boys, by virtue of his office, had contrived to render his post and his person peculiarly obnoxious to that small rabble of the village, of whom Ben might be considered the ring-leader, by a sour stern severity of aspect and character, an unrelenting aversion to frolic or pastime of any sort, and an alacrity in pursuing and punishing the unhappy culprits, which came in strong contrast with his usual stolid slowness of act and word. Of course Master Clarke could not fail to be unpopular; and the mingled noise of his voice and of the bell reminded me that that very morning he had been to our house to inform his Worship that every night, as soon as he sat down to supper, his shop-bell had been rung and rung and rung, not by profitable customers, but by some invisible enemies, boys of course, whom he was determined to catch, if catch he could, and to punish with all the severity of his rod of office. His Worship, an indulgent and kindly personage, heard his complaints, and smiled and shook his head, and even threw away upon him a little of that unprofitable commodity called good advice!

—"Boys will be boys, Master Clarke," said he; "you were one once, and so was I. Better leave the bell unanswered for a night or two; take no notice, and depend on it they'll soon tire of their frolic."

This recollection, which came across me as I passed from the door of the parlour to the door of the hall, completely enlightened me as to the cause of the uproar; and I was prepared to see, by the pale cold dim snow-light, Master Clarke, with a screaming struggling urchin in either hand, little Dick Wilson, poor fellow! who has but just donned the doublet and hose, and Sam Sewell, who is still in petticoats, in full chase of the larger fry who were flying before his fury, whilst Master Ben was laying perdu in a corner of our court, under shadow of the wall which he had contrived to leap or to scramble over. The sound of the distant ringing seemed to augment with every stride that Master Clark took, who, half maddened with that noise, and with a sudden whistle which Ben again sent forth from his hiding-place under the wall suddenly abandoned his pursuit, and was making for our gate, when all at once the man—one of the largest proportions, colossal, gigantic!—seemed pulled back with a mighty jerk by some invisible cause and was laid prostrate and sprawling in the snowy kennel. Ben jumped on the wall, the better to survey and laugh at him, as Puck might do to Bottom, and the rest of the crew dancing with shouts of triumph round their fallen enemy, like the make-believe fairies round Falstaff in the guise of Herne the Hunter. The cause of this downfall was soon discovered to be a strong cord tied at one end to Master Clark's coat, at the other to the bell at his shop door—but how fastened, or by whom, this deponent saith not. Betsy, indeed, avers, that the cord much resembles one which she herself missed that very evening from John and Ben's bedstead; and the beadle hath his own suspicions; but as no certain proof could be obtained, Master Ben hath escaped scot-free!

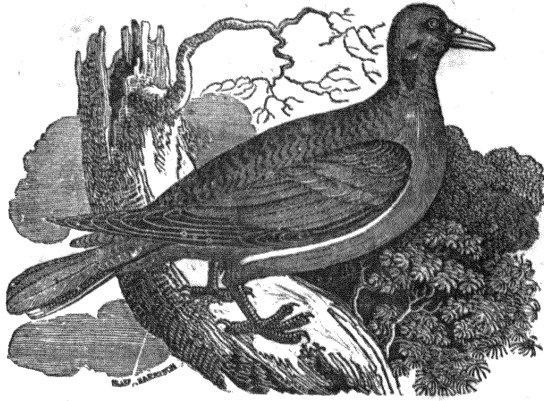
PLANETARY ATMOSPHERES.

Of the existence of an atmosphere about each of the planets, no doubt can now be entertained. The author observes, that the presence of this atmosphere is proved by the spots and belts that are observed on the disc of the planets. "These spots," observes Mrs. Somerville, "appear like clouds driven by the winds, especially in Jupiter. The existence of an atmosphere round Venus is indicated by the progressive diffusion of the sun's rays over her disc. Schroeter measured the extension of light beyond the semi-circle, when she appeared like a thin crescent, and found the zone that was illuminated by twilight to be at least four degrees in breadth, whence he inferred that her atmosphere must be much more dense than that of the earth. A small star hid by Mars was observed to become fainter before its appulse to the body of the planet, which must have been occasioned by his atmosphere. Sa-

turn and his rings are surrounded by a dense atmosphere, the refraction of which may account for the irregularity apparent in his form; his seventh satellite has been observed to hang on his disc more than twenty minutes before its occultation, giving by computation a refraction of two seconds, a result confirmed by observation of the other satellites. An atmosphere so dense must have the effect of preventing the radiation of the heat from the surface of the planet and consequently of mitigating the intensity of cold that would otherwise prevail, owing to its vast distance from the sun. Schroeter observed a small twilight in the moon, such as would be occasioned by an atmosphere capable of reflecting the sun's rays at the height of about a mile. Had a dense atmosphere surrounded that satellite, it would have been discovered by the duration of the occultation of the fixed stars being less than it ought to be, because its refraction would have rendered the stars visible for a short time after they were actually behind the moon, in the same manner as the refraction of the earth's atmosphere enables us to see celestial objects for some minutes after they have sunk below our horizon, and after they have risen above it, or distant objects are hid by the curvature of the earth. A friend of the author's was astonished one day on the plain of Hindostan, to behold the chain of the Himela mountains suddenly start into view after a heavy shower of rain in hot weather. The Bishop of Cloyne says, that the duration of the occultations of stars by the moon is never lessened by eight seconds, so that the horizontal refraction at the moon must be less than two; if, therefore, a lunar atmosphere exists, it must be one thousand times rarer than the atmosphere at the surface of the earth, where the horizontal refraction is nearly two thousand. Possibly the moon's atmosphere may have been withdrawn from it by the attraction of the earth. The radiation of the heat occasioned by the sun's rays must be rapid and constant, and must cause intense cold and sterility in that cheerless satellite.—Mrs. Somerville on the Mechanism of the Heavens.

JEALOUSY.

HIPPOCRATES, the father of medicine, had a smack of this disease; for when he visited Abdera, and some other remote cities of Greece, he wrote to his friend Dionysius to oversee his wife in his absence, although she lived in his house, with her father and mother, who he knew would have a care of her; yet that would not satisfy his jealousy, he would have his especial friend, Dionysius to dwell in his house with her all the time of his peregrination, and to observe her behaviour, how she carried herself in her husband's absence: "for a woman had need to have an overseer," saith he, "to keep her honest; they are bad by nature, and lightly given, and if not curbed in time, as an unpruned tree, they will be full of wild branches."



THE TURTLE DOVE.

THE Turtle Dove is about twelve inches only in length; the greater part of its plumage is of an ash colour, mixed with brown; there is a spot of black feathers, tipped with white, on each side of the neck; the breast and front of the neck are of a fine light purple, dashed with red; the lower parts of the body are white; the eyes are yellow, and encompassed with a circle of crimson. Turtle Doves are often kept in cages. They build their nests in the most retired parts of woods, on the tops of high trees; and their young are strong enough to accompany them when they depart from our shores to pass the winter in a warmer region.



THE HUMMING BIRD.

THIS is a very beautiful and interesting species. The characters are—a remarkably fine beak, longer than the head, and terminating in a delicate tube; the upper forming a sort of case for the lower mandible; the tongue formed of two threads, tubular and filiform; and the feet ambulatory.

Humming Birds are very numerous; many of them are no larger than humble-bees; and they have been described as hovering "from morn till dewy eve," about the flowers, and extracting their sweet juices without ever settling upon them. This statement is, however, erroneous; for birds have scarcely any power of suction. Wilson, the author of the Ornithology, has frequently found insects in the crop of the *Trochilus colubris*; and the experienced Waterton positively asserts, that Humming Birds feed on insects. In the warm regions they live in the fields the whole year round: in the colder climates they remain torpid during the winter. The nest of the Humming Bird is elegant, and delicate as its fairy architect: the materials of which it is composed, are chiefly small vegetable fibres, and fine moss; it is lined neatly, and suspended from the bough of the citron, the orange, or the pomegranate-tree. The eggs of the smallest of these magnificent little beauties, are about the size of a small pea. The Humming Bird does not derive its name from its note, which is a low chirrup, interrupted, and rather unpleasing, but from the humming noise produced by the quick motion of its wings. No general description could impart an idea of the plumage of these birds—they differ so widely in their hues: the breasts of some of the species display all the colours of the rainbow, visibly united, but so finely blended, that it is impossible to fix the boundaries of either.

OH FOR SHAME LITTLE CUPID 'T WAS YOU!

WRITTEN BY MRS. C. R. HUXLEY,

Composed for the Piano Forte,

BY J. C. TAWS.

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By. alla

ANDANTE
ESPRESSIVO.

lento

You may laugh pretty boy as you will, You may peep thro' your tresses of

Gold, You may lurk 'mong the lads of the mill, But you're known little urchin of

old; But you're known little urchin of old.

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Pro a list of your friends who would fain make a - mends for the dances you've

led them 'tis true; Who col - lect - ed his darts to de - stroy wor - thy hearts, Oh! for

ad lib. tempo

shame little Cu - pid 'twas you; Oh! for shame lit - tle Cu - pid 'twas you!

8

II.

You are sly and deceitful, you know,
As are some of the victims you make,
You amuse, while you level your bow,
Such amusement you'll never forsake.

I would ask if you know, who with steps faint and slow,
For the widow's compassion did sue,
Pleading hunger and cold, to betray I am told,
Oh! for shame, little Cupid, 'twas you!

Original.

THE SHIPWRECK.

Hark to their cry o'er the wide spread sea,
As the shrill wind whistles past;
On their longing eyes breaks the land of the free,
And they heed not the roaring blast.

The barque presses onward—her white sails wave,
And the song of the sailor is gay;
The billows gleam bright as they gently lave
The tall ship on her homeward way.

The dangers that threatened, the trials they bore
Fly far from their thoughts, are remembered no more;
The dark clouds of sorrow no longer appear,
But the bright star of hope is their glad pioneer.

* * * * *

Hark to the sound that booms slow on the ear,
In the howl of the tempest it comes;
Instant on instant more loud and more near,
Echo the startling signal guns.

Dark, dark is the ocean, and sullen its roar,
The angel of death hovers near;
Loud rattles his quiver—the wild torrents pour,
And the mariners shriek with fear.

But the lightning glares bright on the white foaming surge,
Reveals the dark shroud that envelops their grave;
The hoarse roar of thunder re-echoes their dirge—
The dirge of the dauntless, the noble, the brave.

On each heart is the cold icy hand of despair,
All nerveless each arm, and distracted their air;
Pale visions of horror flit ghostly before them—
A low gurgling shriek, and the billows close o'er them.

The blithe songs of mirth are now silent and still,
The cry of the sea-mew is piercing and shrill;
Dark and sullen the billows roll ceaselessly on,
Their wrath sunk to slumber, their raging is gone.

Y. P.

THE SNOW-DROP.

BY MARY HOWITT.

The snow-drop! 'tis an English flower,
And grows beneath our garden trees;
For every heart it has a dower
Of old and dear remembrances.
All look upon it, and straightway
Recall their youth like yesterday;
Their sunny years when forth they went
Wandering in weariless content;
Their little plot of garden ground,
The pleasant orchard's quiet bound;
Their father's home so free from care,
And the familiar faces there.

The household voices kind and sweet,
That knew no feigning—hushed and gone!
The mother that was sure to greet
Their coming with a welcome tone;
The brothers that were children then,
Now anxious, thoughtful, toiling men;
And the kind sisters, whose glad mind
Was like a sunshine on the earth:—
These come back to the heart supine,
Flower of our youth! at look of thine;
And thou among the dimmed and gone,
Art an unaltered thing alone!

Unchanged—unchanged—the very flower
That grew in Eden droopingly,
Which now beside the peasant's door
Awakes his merry children's glee,
Even as it filled his heart with joy
Beside his mother's door—a boy;
The same, and to his heart it brings
The freshness of those vanished springs.
Bloom, then, fair flower! in sun and shade,
For deep thought in thy cup is laid,
And careless children, in their glee,
A sacred memory make of thee.

Original.

REMINISCENCES OF A JURIS-CONSULT.

NO. 4.

THE next case that I find on my notes was one that in its time excited very considerable interest, and affords me even now a hearty laugh when I recur to certain gestures, and tones, and peculiarities of manner of my very eccentric client. If my reader in perusing the following tale should see but little cause for this involuntary merriment on my part, I pray him to recollect the impossibility of embodying in words the events of his own life, in connexion with the exact shade of feeling and the precise point of view in which they affected his mind at the time of their occurrence. He who for the first time sees the cataract of Niagara, with its magnificent accompaniments of sight and sound, feels the utter impossibility of conveying by pen or language the indistinct but majestic emotions that oppress his soul, and (to leap the gulf between the sublime and the ridiculous), is there one who has not, at one time or other, burst into obstreperous mirth, in despite of decency and decorum, as some co-

mic idea has flashed on a sudden upon his fancy, all incommunicable by tongue, pencil, or pen. Thus much having been premised as a salvo, should that which "made a great laugh at the time," be "weary, stale, and unprofitable" in the narration, I proceed to the facts of the case.—One morning a gentleman for whom I had transacted business, called on me to introduce his "friend Mr. Robinson"—and such a friend! On being named to me his first motion was to seize my hand with both his, and gaze into my face with that eager expression of countenance, with which a dog regards the morsel that his tantalizing master holds above his head, at the same time kicking out his left leg backward in the manner so prevalent on the stage among the whole genus "bumpkin."—"I'm yours, Sir, I'm yours," was the vocal accompaniment to this gesticulation, uttered in a tone of anxious sincerity that would have forced conviction on the most incredulous. During this scene his friend's

countenance exhibited so queer a mixture of risibility and vexation, that I felt the utmost difficulty in restraining the expression of my own feelings. The ceremony of introduction over, I requested my odd client to be seated, and prepared paper for the leading facts of his case. His person is describable only by negatives; he was not tall, so much so at least as to be remarkable, nor was he corpulent—if in company with the board of Aldermen—his dress was not old, nor could it be pronounced new, but it had that wonderful air of being “tossed on with a pitchfork” that gave the whole suit an uneasy appearance; when examined, the materials were fine, the cut fashionable, but there was at first glance an eccentricity in the coat, an oddity in the vest, and a queerness in the remainder of the habiliments that seemed singularly accordant with the afterward developed character of the wearer.—“Well, Mr. S—,” began he, “they tell me you’re a great lawyer, eh?”—“They do me much honour,” meekly replied I. “Umph! honour—do you know, Mr. S—, that I’ve been most dishonourably treated—shamefully, Sir.”—Here, rolling his eyes round he espied my sand-box, and hitching his chair nearer to the table he laid hold of the article, and alternately lifted it from the table, gazed at it and replaced it, all the while continuing his story—“Shamefully I say—promised *her* marriage! now, Sir, the truth is that I did go to old Marston’s, and the girls, to be sure, were very, v-e-r-y”—(during the pronunciation of this word he raised the sand-box, and seemed lost in admiration of it, letting his “v-e-r-y” slip out very slowly and as it were involuntarily)—“Allow me, Sir,” suddenly snatching my paper from before me as I finished the page, and dashing the sand on it with such energy that a quantity spread over the green cloth of my table, and a modicum into my eyes. Smarting with pain and wholly unprepared for these novel incidents in a consultation, I sprang from my chair with an ejaculation rather suited to the tone of my feelings than to the gravity of the professional character. After bathing my irritated optics, I resumed my seat, secretly amused with the oddity of the circumstances, and was overwhelmed with apologies delivered in a tone and manner creditable to the best bred gentleman of the day. The incident seemed so to shock his sense of propriety that the rest of the interview passed in the most rational and business like manner, and the facts were detailed as clearly as I could myself have stated them. It appeared, then, that my client, who was an opulent man of leisure, had fallen into the habit of visiting at the house of a Mr. Marston, whose daughters he had met somewhere or other, and being captivated with their manner or beauty, had almost domesticated himself at their home. Mercenary and grasping, the family conceived the chance of so rich a connexion was not to be neglected, and the whole armory of female wiles was employed to secure so valuable a prey. His every movement was noted and each word listened to with a purpose of future utility, so that

if the main object—marriage, should be unaccomplished, a compensation for their trouble and ingenuity might at the worst be made sure. Mr. Robinson did not, of course, give me this history of the affair, but from the circumstances he narrated, I felt no doubt as to the true state of the matter. Having in full security of success strained too rudely the line, the half-hooked prey was effectually frightened from the tempting bait, and the designing Marstons, “since better mote not be,” had appealed to the laws for consolation for the wounded spirit of Miss Janette, and writs and pleadings soon succeeded billets-doux and honeyed whispers. My preliminary advice to my client, or rather to his friend Mr. Tarlton, was to sound those who visited and had frequent intercourse with the Marston family, trusting with some confidence that some who envied Miss Janette her anticipated success, might have observed the manœuvres put in practice to appropriate this valuable prize. My advice was followed with much skill and with such results, that I felt pretty secure of a favourable termination of the case; what our defence was, the reader will find at a more advanced stage of the tale. The suit in due course was at last ready for trial, and, as cases of this kind are universally interesting, the court was crowded with ladies, sympathizing perhaps with the lacerated feelings of the fair plaintiff, or it may be, secretly gratified that so desirable a match might yet fall to their own lot. I cry mercy of the ladies for the mere thought that so mundane a motive could have place in the bosom of their enchanting sex—but, alas! the rude blasts of experience have painfully dissipated the rosy halo that surrounded many a bright fancy of earlier years, and I have wept to see the frost-work of imagination melting in the too excessive radiance of reality. The opening counsel for the plaintiff, as usual, was eloquent on a subject that affords so fine a scope to the orator, and when managed with reasonable skill, enlists on the side of deserted beauty the generous feelings of every male auditor. The present speaker, unfortunately for himself, portrayed a picture altogether too deplorable for the facts, talked of “nipping the blossom of her young beauty,”—“the pale livery of sorrow,” and “the pining victim of man’s fickleness.”—Glancing at the plaintiff, who was in court, I noted a reply to these morceaux of sentiment; certainly the lady showed no outward indication either in face or person of pining or pallor, whatever mental distress she might have endured. Her figure tended decidedly to the *embonpoint*, her very pretty face boasted the bloom of a peony, and her bright eyes retained no traces of excessive sorrow. The witnesses for the plaintiff consisted chiefly of her sisters and mother, who had evidently resolved that the case should not fail for lack of circumstances; so minute and so chronological were they in their testimony, that I really began to suspect that immediately after each visit of Mr. Robinson, they had minuted on paper his most unimportant words and actions. The mother

was the first witness called, and to believe *her*, the attentions of the defendant were very assiduous, and some very affectionate interviews took place, not in the sacred solitude so congenial to true lovers, but amid the general bustle of the house, scarcely interrupted by the household duties of the servants. The Scylla and Charybdis of prepared testimony are the proving too much or too little, and into the former of these predicaments fell the plaintiff's witnesses on this occasion. Upon cross examination the colouring of the case altered considerably; it then appeared that the eccentricity of the defendant had been frequently the subject of mirth among the family, and that the eagerness and impetuosity of his character were productive of several comic scenes, in the laughter arising from which no one more unrestrainedly indulged than Miss Janette herself. It moreover appeared that the attentions so sedulously paid were by no means confined to Janette, but that Marianne, Lucy and Caroline participated largely in the demonstrations both of his gallantry and his generosity.

Q. "You mention a party on the river, Mrs. Marston; who accompanied Janette and Mr. Robinson on that occasion?"

W. "Why Sir, the rest of the girls went with them."

Q. "On the evening when the party was formed for the Theatre, do you know to whom the invitation was first given by Mr. Robinson?"

W. "To Janette, to be sure."

Q. "Recollect, Madam," said I, "Janette did not return from her aunt's in the country till the next day—is it not so?"

W. "Yes, I believe she did not, but the party was made for her."

Q. "What! when she was not expected for a week."

It would be taxing too severely the patience of my readers, to detail in the form of question and answer the whole evidence in our favour, so reluctantly wrung from the mother and sisters; suffice it to say, that the merit of being the sole object of his devotion could not be claimed by Janette, with any regard to the contending pretensions of her sisters. Another point on which I strongly urged the witnesses, was the frequent and apparently welcome visits of a dashing buck, (but not "of the first head,") named Melton; but from any revelations on this subject they one and all edged off with an anxiety that assured me that here was the tender ground of their case. In all these parties of pleasure the presence of this man was always unacknowledged, and when pushed on this circumstance, a penchant for Lucy was rather suggested than asserted as a reason. Another thing was remarkable, that no application had been made for consent or sanction, to the parents of the lady. She was to be sure of age, and consequently under no legal obligation to consult their pleasure or obtain their approbation; but in all families the virtuous and well educated female

will refer a suitor to her parental guardians before she finally accepts his addresses.

It was proved that the defendant had talked of the alterations he would make in his house, and asked the opinion of Janette as to the expediency of some contemplated purchase of a country residence, offered to select her bridal wardrobe, if she would remember him in the distribution of bride cake, and many other of the clumsy civilities of the unpolished, upon which the family had too sanguinely relied to establish that most dangerous of all indiscretions, a promise of marriage. At one time, according to the testimony of one of the young ladies, he walked into the parlour while the relics of the breakfast still encumbered the table, and seizing the coffee-pot, with the poetic quotation, "O that for me some home like this might smile," performed the honours of the meal to the fair Janette, who had lingered longer than the rest in her chamber. Beyond these and a few similar freaks, the evidence when subjected to careful inspection, established nothing but the fact that a freedom of intercourse more unrestrained than suited the delicacy of the female character was permitted to take place between Mr. Robinson and the daughters of Mr. Marston. In opening for the defendant, after adverting to the insufficiency of the evidence adduced, "Gentlemen," said I, "you have heard much of the 'pining victim of man's fickleness,' of 'nipping the blossom of her young beauty,' with many other rhetorical gems, highly creditable to the fancy and classic lore of my learned opponent, but lamentably inapplicable to the facts of the present suit. Such of you, gentlemen, as have permitted your eyes to rest on the features of the fair inconsolable, have not, I think, seen there the seared furrows of sorrow, nor the blanched cheek and haggard visage that mark the desolation of the heart; they have gazed enraptured on blooming youth, on eyes undimmed by a tear, on a face and figure that may vie with the fairest of this galaxy of beauty, that grace with their presence our professional investigation. But with regret we announce to you that we shall develop plans and sentiments, alas, unworthy of the soul that should animate so fair a form. We are prepared to establish, beyond confutation, a scheme laid by this politic family, to entrap into a most disadvantageous connexion, a wealthy, an amiable, but an eccentric individual, or the ardour and impetuosity of whose modes of feeling and action, they have sought to establish an ill-assorted match, or in case of failure, to found a claim for pecuniary compensation. Their manoeuvres were so palpable, and their wiles so apparent, that every one but their intended victim, saw, ridiculed and despised them. By investigations commenced since the opening of the court this morning, (the results of which have just been communicated to me,) we shall show you that at the very time while these proceedings were in progress, at the very time when this promise is alleged to have been made, the plaintiff was engaged and under promise of marriage to this Mr. Melton. If we succeed in

this, it needs no prophet's eye to foresee your decision." Our first witness was then called, at whose appearance the plaintiff evidently started. This was a female servant of the Marstons, who had resided with them at the time of the visits of Mr. Robinson, and for some time before the commencement of his intimacy there. Her testimony was that the defendant, although a very frequent visitor at the house, was not more pointedly attentive to Janette than to either of her sisters, and that in their conversations respecting his assiduities (which frequently occurred while she, the witness, was present) they themselves were doubtful as to whom the merit of winning Mr. Robinson properly belonged. If a pearl necklace were presented to one, a diamond ring, or rich pendants, or some other splendid offering was always made to the others. Upon one occasion, a wish having been expressed to attend the benefit of some celebrated tragedian, Robinson entered on the following day, with a hat with half a brim, a coat ripped from one shoulder to the opposite hip, and a face purple with exertion, he having personally mingled in the crowd as it rushed to the box office, and secured the best box in the house. Ungenerous as was the present suit, the further testimony of this girl exhibited it in a still more odious light. According to her evidence the young ladies, even while arraying themselves in the magnificent presents of the ill-used suitor, ridiculed his manners and eccentricities; when in company with him they artfully turned the conversation on such excursions and amusements as they wished to enjoy, perfectly certain that the noble hearted youth required no more than a hint of their wishes to arrange a party of pleasure for their gratification. It was moreover fully and freely talked of in the family, that Miss Janette was and had been the betrothed of the fop Melton, before the acquaintance with Robinson took place, and the witness had frequently seen a drawer filled with bridal attire, acknowledged to be the property of the plaintiff. Much as the unfortunate defendant had done to purchase golden opinions from this family, he was not exempt from those exhibitions of female caprice, which the sex consider as the "experimentum crucis," to determine both the reality and the ardour of a lover's affection. One night at a ball, after having danced successively with all the Marstons, he stood up with a beautiful girl of higher rank in life, and, with his usual gaiety and sprightliness performed the duties of a partner. On his calling on the Marstons the next morning, the servant was directed to deny the family although his own eyes had testified to the presence of two of the ladies, and his ear had caught the order for his exclusion, (even through the panel of the street door,) as it was vociferated from the top of the stairs. Still, with that heavenly sunniness of soul, that, like charity, "thinketh no ill of its neighbour," he took an early occasion when he met the family from home, to learn the reason of conduct so unusual; but his advances being repelled with scorn or neglect by them all, the unmerited

insult awoke the self respect which lay hid under his external singularity, and the acquaintance was dropped at once. The Marstons finding the unexpected result of their plan of action, immediately, by means of mutual friends, and marked and most gracious recognition in public, endeavoured to repair the error in their tactics, but the gentleman though respectful, was distant. As a next step, a brother called "to request an explanation," &c. but finding the threatened salt-petre and lead inefficient, and his bullying encountered by the cool courage of a perfect man of the world, he retired "re infecta" (as Mr. Randolph might say) to report progress to the family government. All hopes of a restoration of the "status quo ante bellum" having been abandoned, and the party being impregnable to smiles or threats, Themis was invoked to do a deed for which both Venus and Mars were insufficient. Such were the facts detailed in the course of the case, and thus the jury received it. The court, as was proper, left facts to the proper judges of them, giving the few and simple matters of law bearing on the matter. After a short whispering interchange of sentiment, a verdict for the defendant was recorded, amid the congratulations of friends, and the sneers of enemies. My own gratification was enhanced by the sunny smiles of my fair friends in the gallery of the court-room, who, with the generosity of their sex, scorned the mercenary and disgraceful conduct of the defeated plaintiff and her family. S.

I HAVE NO TIME FOR STUDY.

The idea about the want of time is a mere phantom. Franklin found time, in the midst of all his labours, to dive to the hidden recesses of philosophy, and to explore an untrodden path of science. The great Frederick, with an empire at his direction, in the midst of war, on the eve of battles which were to decide the fate of his kingdom, found time to revel in all the charms of philosophy and intellectual pleasures. Buona-parte, with all Europe at his disposal; with kings in his anti-chamber begging for vacant thrones; with thousands of men, whose destinies were suspended on the brittle thread of his arbitrary pleasure, had time to converse with books. Cæsar, when he had curbed the spirits of the Roman people, and was thronged with visitors from the remotest kingdoms, found time for intellectual cultivation. Every man has time, if he is careful to improve it; and if he does improve it as well as he might, he can reap a threefold reward. Let mechanics, then, make use of the hours at their disposal, if they want to obtain a proper influence in society. They are the life-blood of the community; they can, if they please, hold in their hands the destinies of our republic; they are numerous, respectable, and powerful; and they have only to be educated half as well as other professions, to make laws for the nation.

THE GATHERER.

"A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."

Shakespeare.

POVERTY is accounted disgraceful; but how notable the defect in him who boasts of high descent.

The best thing to be done when evil comes upon us, is not lamentation, but action; not to sit and suffer, but to rise and seek the remedy.

Germans are serious in society, their comedies are serious, their satire is serious, their criticisms are serious, their whole polite literature is serious. Is the comic alone always unconscious and involuntary in this people?

I hate all people who want to found sects. It is not error, but sectarian error—nay, and even sectarian truth, which cause the unhappiness of mankind.

M. Lichental, a piano-forte maker, of Ghent, has invented a new instrument, called piano-viole, in which, with all the execution of the piano-forte, the sounds of the violoncello may be obtained with the same degree of continuity. The chords are played upon with a bow moved by the keys.

"———'Twas a weakness
To measure by your own integrity,
The purposes of others."

None are so fond of secrets, as those who do not mean to keep them; such persons covet secrets as a spendthrift covets money for the purpose of circulation.

There are ideal trains of events which run parallel with the real ones. Seldom do they coincide. Men and accidents commonly modify every ideal event or train of events, so that it appears imperfect, and its consequences are equally imperfect. Thus it was with the Reformation—instead of Protestantism, arose Lutheranism.

It is a singular fact, that at Sidon, (the Tyre and Sidon of Scripture,) to which tradition assigns the discovery of the manufacture of glass, nothing is now known of it, either in the manufacture or the use.

To marry a widow, in good French, signifies to make one's fortune; but it does not always happen that this meaning is correct.

Hypocrisy assumes a virtue if she has it not, and carries the dagger of hatred under the mantle of professed love. Her example may be salutary to others, though her pretensions to piety are wickedness in his eyes, who trieth the heart and reins.

The immortal Wilson, in his Essay on the Liberty of Unlicenced Printing, has this remarkable passage:—"As good almost kill a man as kill a book; who kills a man, kills a reasonable crea-

ture—God's own image—but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye and understanding too. Many a man lives a burthen to the earth—but a good book is a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."

———A winter such as when birds die
In the deep forests, and the fishes lie
Stiffened in the translucent ice, which makes
Even the mud and slime of the warm lakes
A wrinkled clod, as hard as bricks: and when
Among their children, comfortable men
Gather about great fires, and yet feel cold;
Alas! then for the homeless beggar old.

There is no more potent antidote to low sensuality than the adoration of beauty. All the higher arts of design are essentially chaste, without respect of the object. They purify the thoughts, as tragedy, according to Aristotle, purifies the passions. Their accidental effects are not worth consideration. There are souls to whom even a vestal is not holy.

In the reign of Henry the Eighth, of England, no less than seventy-two thousand criminals were executed.

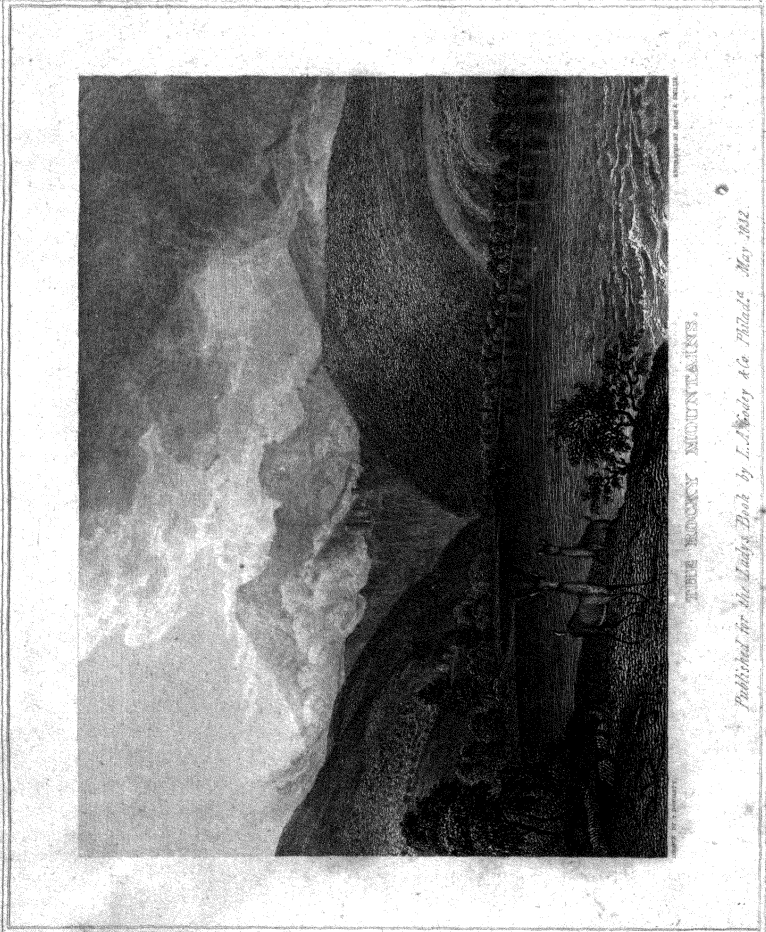
Is there so much goodness, fidelity and equity among men, that we should place such confidence in them, as not to desire, at least, that there was a God, to whom we might appeal from their injustice, and who might protect us from their persecutions and treacheries?

What excesses will not men be transported to by their zeal for religion, which yet they are as far from believing, as from practising?

RECIPE.

FOR CLEANING THIN COTTONS, AS GOWNS, &c.

INSTEAD of rubbing the soap on the cotton, as is the custom with laundresses, make a solution of soap, and put in your goods; then wash them as a washerwoman would. The benefit resulting from this difference of procedure is, that the cottons are cleaned all over in an equal degree, which is not the case when the soap is rubbed on the body of the cotton; for then we often find much soap in the pores of the cotton, which prevents such parts from receiving the dye, or appearing clear: whereas the solution, if made as described for quilts, &c. will extract all impurities, and do it evenly. It often happens in coloured cottons, where greens, reds, &c. are used, that the colour will run; in such case some acid, as lemon juice, vinegar, oil of vitriol, or any other, should be infused into the rinsing water, to preserve the colours, especially in Scotch plaids.



THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

Published for the Ladies' Book by L. S. Wooley & Co. Philad., May 1842.

THE LADY'S BOOK.

MAY, 1882.

THE INDIAN BRIDE.

My dear Atterley, you little know the strength of woman's love.

VOYAGE TO THE MOON.

The plate we have chosen for our present number represents an imposing view of those great natural curiosities the Rocky Mountains. The following story, the scene of which is laid partly in these romantic regions, will be read with great interest. It forms a sufficient illustration of the engraving.

THE funeral mounds, scattered over the fertile plains lying upon the tributaries of the Mississippi, that majestic parent of waters, have, for two centuries, attracted the eye of the solitary hunter, and awakened the sympathies of the humane and contemplative traveller. Within the limits of the state which bears the name of that dark and angry flood, they are usually discovered upon the beautiful levels irrigated by streams, every where intersecting a region of undying verdure, once the dominion and peaceful home of the free-born Indian. Now they exhibit no vestige of his race, save these green and solitary tumuli, at once the monuments of his power and instability. They are, nevertheless, the sepulchres of brave, generous, and gentle beings. The warrior lies here, whose daring deeds once struck dismay to the soul of the invader; the maiden, whose only monitor was the impulse of a guileless bosom; the matron, whose native virtue and open-handed hospitality cherished unfeeling men, who were ready, even at her fireside, for deeds of violence; and the innocent babe who only averted its eye from her bosom, to sport with the dazzling instrument of merciless slaughter.

Their blood has sunk into the earth, the very echoes sigh out the tale of desolation, silence sits in their solitary places, and corruption awaits the summons which will invest it with immortality, and bid the oppressor and the victim to the awful tribunal of their common God!

But little of the history of this exterminated people is now known; even what remains, comes through the perishable medium of tradition, unstable as the race of which it is a memorial; but it yet furnishes many a tale of high daring, stormy passion and consuming vengeance, of true magnanimity, matchless fidelity and ardent affection—possessing fearful and engrossing interest. One of these traditions is the foundation and material of the present narrative.

About the year 1800, a surveyor of the Natchez district was employed to compromise the differ-

ences existing between the landed proprietors, by the re-survey of certain conflicting lines, which produced feuds and collisions fraught with agitation to the community. These lands embraced a large portion of the beautiful plains of Second Creek, as highly esteemed by the aboriginal, as they now are by the civilized occupant. During the progress of the survey, the chain-bearers paused at the foot of a mound, over which the compass directed their course. It was similar in appearance to those ordinarily seen, but of much smaller dimensions, and encircled by trees so disposed as to preclude the supposition that such an arrangement was the result of accident. The mound formed nearly a sharp cone; and from its centre rose the stately shaft of a magnificent oak, whose towering head, wrapped in a cloud of verdure, shaded the entire circumference. The spot was on the extremity of a peninsula, formed by the meanders of the creek, and offered a place of repose so attractive, calm and secluded, that the party halted for refreshment.

The eye of the practised surveyor is extremely acute; his curiosity was on this occasion much excited; and, after a careful examination, he declared to his companions his belief, that the earth had been raised to mark an important corner.

"If," said he, "it were larger, I should pronounce the mound to be a place of burial: but the Indians didn't do these matters in so small a way; they were never over fond of hard work, and instead of digging graves, to save labour, they piled the bodies in layers, you see, one over another, until the height became distressing, and then began again. This little hill would hardly hold a pair."

"It can't be a Spanish corner," said one of his companions, "for this oak grew here long before a Spaniard ever trod the soil; its size speaks it above a hundred years old, and, more than that, it's a planted tree."

"Aye, aye," rejoined the surveyor; "but it may have been set in French times."

"Hardly," exclaimed the third; "the Frenchmen, God knows, took as little care of lines and corners as their copper-faced friends. Land was too plenty, in their day, to make them particular about boundaries, even if the lazy devils had been disposed to drive a plough, which they never

were. Niggers now, Indians then. The Natchez were the cooks and bottle-washers for Mounseer; and the fattest turkey, the best quarter of venison, and first choice of women always fell to number one!"

"Spanish or French," now shouted the surveyor triumphantly, "here's the mark."

His companions hastened to the tree; but though they examined with interested eyes, they could not discover what professional experience so easily distinguished and eagerly pointed out.

"Nothing but the scar of a sore shin," said one, "from a flash of lightning or a falling tree."

"Or the marks of a red-headed ivory bill, or the practising of a January buck," said the other.

"Neither bark, nor bird, nor buck, nor yet a thunderbolt," replied the surveyor, "but the work of man, and done with steel. But hand a hatchet, and the story is soon told."

The axemen were forthwith called, and a chip of large dimensions, running well towards the centre of the tree, was detached, and exposed to view the rude representation of a Roman cross. At this denouement the man of the compass was exceedingly puzzled.

"It was done by the hand of man," said he, "as I told you; but it is no corner. A St. Andrew," he continued very gravely, "would have settled the matter; but a Roman cross was never a surveyor's sign-manual."

Here the investigation ceased; the chain-bearers recommenced their labour, and the whole party proceeded to matters having for them higher interest and greater attraction. Since that period an aged Indian has related the fragment of a tradition leading to the history of the oak, and of the mound on which it grew. It was intended, as our friend the umpire remarked, only for "a pair;" and a hapless pair were they who slumbered in that green and silent valley.

The close of the seventeenth century found the adventurous Frenchmen, who penetrated the wilderness of the Mississippi, in great favour with the Natchez nation. The politeness, so proverbial of this versatile people, and the ease with which they assimilate themselves to the strangers among whom they may be thrown, give them advantages among savage tribes over all other nations. As regards the unfortunate Natchez, the French did not properly appreciate their motives: and the honest effusions of native benevolence were ascribed to duplicity or cowardice.

It is not now intended to detail the wrongs of that race, who were distinguished above every other within the limits of northern America, for the refinement of their manners, the ardour of their affections, the chivalric character of their courage, and the unsuspecting hospitality which resulted from this felicitous combination of moral virtues. It is sufficient to allude to the infliction of heartless insult and notorious oppression by the French, and the vindictive spirit which the fiery Indians, driven to desperation, would naturally exhibit.

A young man, whose father bore a commission in the service of the French king, had accompanied him to the Mississippi, at a period when the best intelligence existed between the natives and the emigrant strangers. The youth, though scarcely seventeen, possessed talents of a high order, a sound judgment, and a most ingenious disposition. His form was just assuming the finest proportions and graces of manhood; and, though withdrawn at this early age from the discipline of the schools, he was deeply imbued with the love of virtue and a thirst after knowledge: indeed, his whole character presented a striking contrast to the reckless spirits by whom he was surrounded. On his arrival in the western world, he became soon charmed with the brave and adventurous character of the natives; he loved to unite in their expeditions in pursuit of game; and, urged on by a spirit of curiosity and enterprise, he roamed far and wide over those vast prairies which spread across the centre of our continent, and whose western limits are only fixed by the pointed summits of the Rocky Mountains, which dart high into the blue atmosphere, and reigned then, as they yet reign, over vast regions scarcely tributary to man. Settling at length among the Natchez, his kindness and suavity speedily rendered him a favourite. He engaged in their pursuits, and joined in their pastimes: no difficulty subdued his enterprise, no danger repelled his intrepidity. The hunter extolled the keenness of his glance and the fleetness of his foot; the warrior contemplated, with admiration, the calmness of his courage and his self-possession in the hour of peril. Mild and engaging in his manners, as he was dauntless of soul, the children thronged tumultuously around him, and in the warmth of their artless affection they named him "the good Frenchman." He climbed the trees for the grape and the peccan; distributed among them the simple ornaments which they admired; gathered wild flowers for their hair, and selected for them the most beautiful feathers from the spotless heron and rose-coloured flamingo. But beyond the mere desire of pleasing, he aimed at being useful; and he instructed this docile people, so far as they came within his influence, in those domestic arts most calculated to prove beneficial. To the elder he taught agriculture and the manual occupations adapted to their capacities; to the younger, the literature of his native land; and to all he held out, in their grandeur and sublimity, the bright promises of that religion which influenced his own actions and exalted his virtues.

Among the pupils of St. Pierre was the daughter of a chief, in whose family he maintained the most friendly intercourse. She was, at this period, but twelve years of age, and in his estimation, as well as in fact, a child. She listened with delight to his instructions, and her attentive manners and entire confidence won his affections, while her expanding intellect promised the most gratifying success in the cultivation of her mind. This result became daily more evident; his exertions were redoubled, and, in the lapse of four

years, the native genius of the interesting Natchez shone forth in intellectual beauty.

She was named, in the figurative language of her race, "the Morning Star." St. Pierre, in playfulness, or for the sake of brevity, called her Etoile. They at length became inseparable; they walked together through the boundless forests, which bloomed in their native beauty around them; together, they trod the margin of that stream whose living waters, even at that early day, bore upon their bosom the silver strains of melody, and which now, in the holy calm of a summer sunset, or beneath the glittering serenity of a mellow moon, are unsurpassed in brightness; together they admired the sublime works of the Creator—distant and resplendent worlds wheeling in their immensity, their silent majesty, and their unapproachable magnificence; and together they knelt in adoration of the Almighty Author, amidst the stupendous works of his hands and the evidences of his omnipotence.

Is it necessary to ask, if hearts thus in unison had imbibed other sentiments than those which characterized their earlier intercourse; or whether the enthusiasm of the instructor, and the emulation of the pupil had not been exchanged for mutual admiration and deep and ardent affection? At the age of twenty-one, manly grace distinguished the stately form of St. Pierre; and sixteen summers had unfolded the beauties and matured the attractions of this child of the wilderness, whom he now loved beyond all the world beside.

At this period of our narrative, the encroachments of the French had attained a point which became intolerable to the Natchez, and every circumstance unequivocally proved that opportunity alone was wanting to bring down retributive vengeance on the aggressors. Intercourse had gradually decreased, mistrust took possession of the minds of the French, and they resumed, in appearance at least, the discipline of a military post. St. Pierre had witnessed these indications with regret, and saw the approach of a storm, ominous in its aspect, and destined, at no distant period, to burst with unexampled fury.

The stern warrior, who had heretofore regarded the intimacy of the Christian youth and his daughter with the indifference of a barbarian, was unsuspecting of that league of the heart which united them. He announced to them that their intercourse must terminate. To St. Pierre he declared that faith and truce with his nation were at an end, and that his person would be unsafe among the Indians; for the Natchez warriors were sworn to immutable hate and deadly vengeance.

"I have no crime to allege against St. Pierre," said the chief, "but that he is a Frenchman. Go again across the great lake, over which your nation have come to the distress and ruin of an unoffending people. You are now safe: when we meet again, which I hope we may not, it must be as enemies, in battle. The spirits of my slaughtered children, from the deep gloom of our forests, cry aloud for blood."

Arguments were lost on the inexorable warriors. St. Pierre urged with impassioned eloquence every motive by which he hoped to attain his purpose. As a friend to the Natchez and a Frenchman, he proposed a mediation between the exasperated parties, and hinted at a new and permanent compact.

"We have sworn by our God," said the old man, pointing to the sun, whose setting beams seemed to linger among his white locks as if to listen, "we have sworn by our God, and the oath is irrevocable."

But when the unhappy lovers confessed the nature of their attachment, the glance which met the submissive look of the trembling girl, too plainly indicated the high displeasure of her father. He upbraided her as one unworthy of her lineage and nation, who could consent to mingle her blood with the enemies of her race. He spurned the idea with scorn; and bade her prepare for a union with a warrior of her own tribe.

This sentence Etoile and St. Pierre knew to be irrevocable. They contrived, however, to arrange, during the hasty interview, a mode and place of meeting, should opportunity permit; they renewed their pledges of unalterable attachment, and resigned themselves to their fate, anticipating more auspicious days. Weeks elapsed, but the obstacles presented to a meeting, in the increased vigilance of the hostile parties, were almost insurmountable. Circumstances now transpired, rendering action indispensable, without regard to consequences. Etoile was informed by her father that the period of her marriage with a warrior of the Natchez was fixed, and that the young and brave of the nation were to signalize the occasion by a hunting party, such as had not been witnessed in their generation. She betrayed no emotion, seemed to acquiesce in the wishes of her father, but determined to avoid, at any hazard, a fate to her more awful than death.

By the promise of a great reward, she induced a young Indian to bind himself to her service; she instructed him to proceed by night to the French encampment, cautiously to approach the chain of sentinels, and to send an arrow, which she had prepared, within the lines. To it she attached a small piece of paper, on which was inscribed, in emblematic characters, the intelligence she was desirous of communicating to St. Pierre. She informed him that at the rising of the moon, on the night appointed for her marriage, she would meet him at a place designated by her, that they might fly from scenes which, to them both, were fraught with peril. This communication, being firmly fixed to the arrow, was given to the messenger, who faithfully performed his engagement. The missile was picked up in the morning by one of the soldiers; curiosity, surmises and suspicions were excited, but no explanation could be made of what was called "the Indian picture." It circulated among the officers, day after day, until all excitement ceased, and the incident was forgotten. To St. Pierre it presented no mystery; and he silently and joy-

fully prepared to obey the summons. The eventful moment at length arrived. Etoile appeared calm and even happy. Arrayed in the picturesque costume of her nation, heightened in effect by her own exquisite taste, she never looked more beautiful or seemed more tranquil. Suspicion was thus disarmed, and she was left to the exercise of her own inclination.

The young warriors had accompanied their companion, whose singular good fortune was that day to be completed in the possession of the most lovely maiden of her tribe, upon an expedition which her father had represented to her as one of hunting, in honour of her bridal. The party was to return at night and the marriage to be solemnized amidst general rejoicing. Towards the close of the day Etoile wandered off, as if accidentally, from her unsuspecting companions; and pursuing her object with great rapidity, a few hours brought her to the place of meeting, agreed upon with St. Pierre. The latter had arrived before her, and they were once more in each other's arms. No time was to be lost; the night was advancing, and they knew that the absence of the intended bride must soon be discovered. They therefore turned their steps towards the French camp as a place of present refuge, resolved to remain there until opportunity should enable them to reach a seaport, whence they might embark for Europe.

But what a scene awaited them! They were surprised on reaching the lines, to find their approach undiscovered and unobstructed. The challenge of the sentinel, the hum of the camp, the roll of the evening drum were unheard; and the solitude of the desert, only broken by the ominous shriek of the owl, fell heavily upon their hearts. They reached what had once been the encampment of the French, where a smouldering heap of ruins, and the ghastly spectacle of mangled and consuming carcasses, too surely indicated the fate of the ill-starred garrison. So secret had been the plan of the Natchez, and so fatal their expedition, which, under the disguise of a hunting party, was intended against the French, that they fell upon them at sunset and massacred them to a man. This was the chase destined to distinguish the marriage pageant of a warrior's daughter, and was emphatically called by the Indians "the hunt of the French dogs."

The onset was made and the catastrophe accomplished, during the time occupied by St. Pierre and Etoile in reaching the place agreed upon for an interview. To describe their sensations were a hopeless attempt, nor had they leisure for the indulgence of unavailing sorrow, danger pressed sharply upon them; for they well knew that pursuit would be speedy.

At the distance of thirty miles, on the route to the next French post, there lived, in safety and seclusion, a venerable priest of the Roman Catholic order; he had retired from the irreligion and depravity which latterly degraded the French, and undisturbed by the Indians, who respected him for his humanity and spotless life,

devoted his days to prayer and contemplation. To the hospitality of this holy man they therefore resolved to commit themselves, in order to solicit his services in the solemnization of their marriage; after which, it was their determination to seek the sea-board and sail for France. In the prosecution of these intentions, they entered the wilderness, and on the following evening reached the residence of the priest. He received them with kindness, and heard the sad fate of his countrymen with undissembled grief: but well knowing the vigilance, sagacity, and matchless perseverance of the Indians, the good man urged them to prosecute their flight without unnecessary delay. He first confirmed their vows in the holy sacrament of marriage, and pronounced their indissoluble union. A hasty repast was provided by their host, a blessing pronounced, and again they sought the depths of the forest. The moon rose in cloudless majesty, seeming, by the cold serenity which sat upon her changeless disk, to mock the thousand emotions which alternately agitated the wanderers. St. Pierre, well versed in the habits of the Indians, pursued his path through the most intricate woods and defiles. On reaching a stream, the fugitives would plunge into the water and follow its meanders a long distance, that their trace might be lost to their pursuers. In the practice of these and similar stratagems, they passed the night. On the ensuing morning the sun shone out in splendour, the forest resounded with the gush of music, hope held out bright prospects for the future, and their spirits seemed to react under these reflections and the vivifying beauties of the coming day. Exhausted nature, however, after such exertions, required repose; and the sun had passed the zenith before the wearied youth awoke from the false visions which transported him, with that beloved one, to home and kindred, far from persecution and danger, among the green hills and sunny glades of his own vine-clad land. Etoile was yet slumbering by his side, and he most unwillingly dispersed the fair dreams which seemed to impart to her repose unbroken serenity. They now arose: the evening was delightful, the sky was unobscured by a cloud, and a balmy and refreshing breeze, with almost a conviction of safety, inspired the travellers with renewed vigour. Apprehension, though thus allayed, was not banished from their minds. The anxious and vigilant St. Pierre had paused frequently within an hour, as if in the attitude of listening: he climbed a tree to the topmost branch, and again descending, pressed his ear closely to the earth.

"My fears are groundless," said he, "it is but the moaning of the forest wind."

"But hark! Again? Pshaw! It is the cry of the wolf; he is early on the chase; some straggling deer has passed his den, and the savage is roused by the scent of blood."

And now at briefer intervals there came upon the breeze, low and broken, but not unmelodious sounds, like the closing ring of a distant guitar, or the parting wail of an *Æolian* harp; now for

a moment pausing, as if in doubt and perplexity, and again bursting forth in the ecstasy of triumph. The strain came booming on, the deep notes swelled out to their fullest scope, and pealed sullenly among the drowsy echoes of these deathlike solitudes.

"It is not the cry of the wolf," resumed the agitated St. Pierre; "nor yet the yell of the panther; and dogs, there are none in this wilderness."

The wild sounds, now opening from the highlands and approaching the valley where the travellers stood, fell coldly on the heart of the terrified girl: for it was beyond a doubt, that a foot, unerring as death, hung like destiny on their flight. Etoile flung back her luxuriant hair, turned her ear towards the quarter whence the sounds proceeded, and a fixed look of speechless amazement too truly told the sequel.

"It is the bay of Sanglant," at length she exclaimed; "we are lost, for ever lost! My father's blood-hound is out, and when this cry is heard, death—death is on the wind. Faith herself may now abandon hope."

With but sufficient strength to utter these words, the agonized wife sunk into the arms of her husband.

They proved too true. The Indians, unexpectedly baffled by the stratagems of the fugitives, had well nigh abandoned pursuit. At this juncture it was fatally proposed to dispatch a runner for the favourite dog of the chief. He was of an illustrious stock, but unfavourably known in the cruel history of the early emigrants to Cuba; celebrated for staunchness and indomitable courage, for great vigour of limb, incredible powers of scent, and of matchless endurance in the chase. His sagacity upon this occasion had not been too highly appreciated, and his cry, which never deceived, was hailed by the Natchez with a shout of savage exultation. St. Pierre, convinced that flight or resistance would prove equally desperate and unavailing, submitted in silence and with unshaken fortitude; but his disconsolate companion, overcome by the various emotions which had so rapidly agitated her soul, lay helplessly in his arms. They were thus made captives by the triumphant Indians.

The prisoners were reconducted to the village: the good father, who knew well the fate prepared for St. Pierre, saw the party on their return, and accompanied them, in order to afford to the condemned those consolations which Christianity always confers in mortal extremity. In a solemn council of the nation the unfortunate Frenchman was condemned to the stake, amidst the lamentation of women and the heart-rending cries of children, to all of whom he was endeared by a thousand tender recollections. The preliminaries to such an execution are too well known to require description; they are such at least as humanity shrinks from contemplating.

The hour arrived, and the victim, serene and undismayed, was bound to the tree. Over his head hung a gorgeous image of the sun; as if the sacrifice, then to be offered, would prove accept-

able to that divinity. It might have been affixed there in derision of the holy faith of the sufferer. In many circles of great height, increasing from the centre, were disposed the combustibles destined to terminate this awful tragedy.

Etoile, the bride—the wife, was there too; and she viewed the preparations with the calm and steady eye of an indifferent spectator. Not a tear dimmed her dark eye, not an intercession escaped her lips; for tears and prayers, she well knew, could hope for no sympathy among the fierce and relentless spirits of her nation. She was attired in her bridal dress, disposed with the utmost regard to elegance and taste; at her belt, almost concealed by the folds of the tunic, hung a small hatchet, and, pressed to her bosom, she bore a silver cross, presented by her husband in days of peace and happiness. Through the top was drilled an opening, in which was inserted a strong and sharp bone either of fish or fowl. Little regard was paid to her, in the engrossing interest which attached all eyes to the pile, now bursting into a blaze. The smoke and flame wreathed up into wild and fearful eddies. Etoile suddenly sprang forward into the line of fire, which repelled the near approach of the executioners.

"I come, my love," she exclaimed, "I come. In life or death I am for ever thine. Neither the cruelty of man nor the terrors of the grave shall sever us! The emblem under which we die, assures us of another and a happier home!"

At the same instant she struck the image of the sun from the stake, and with a single blow of her hatchet planted the cross in its place; then, embracing the sinking form of her husband, she yielded up her noble spirit.

The aged priest collected their ashes, raised the mound in which they were deposited, and encircled it with the most lovely trees of the forest. He planted the oak which has been described, and engraved upon it the sign of the cross, a simple memorial of Christian faith and mortal suffering.

SYNONIMOUS SOUNDS.

THERE are three different articles of nearly similar sound in speech, but very distinctly different in the countries to which they belong. *Cocoa* is the name of the root and the palm tree upon which it grows, and of an oil produced from it; now this is not the article intended in the law or the report, which is not subject to any duty.—*Cacao* is the name of a fruit and tree, and of the shells of the kernels of the fruit; and it is from this fruit that chocolate is manufactured: this is the article intended by the law.—The third article is written and spoken *Coco*, and does not enter into our commerce; it is the name of a creeping plant about the size and shape of the leaf of the kidney bean; it has an aromatic flavour, and is used in South America and in Hindoostan, in combination with other ingredients, as a luxury.

Original.

TWILIGHT THOUGHTS.

BY LUCIA AMELIA BROWNELL.

'Tis a sweet, pensive hour--to me it seems
 Best fitted for all holy, tender things:
 For tranquil musing, and the blissful dreams,
 Which faithful mem'ry to the bosom brings.
 Now doth the spirit, like a dove, take wings,
 And hover o'er the forms we hold most dear;
 And not on this dull earth alone--it springs
 To those beloved ones, no longer here,
 Whom fondly hope pourtrays, in Heav'n's own blessed
 sphere.

'Tis not sad thoughts alone these eyelids steep--
 Tears are not all of grief, remorse or pain:
 Intense, unmingled mis'ry cannot weep--
 There is no fountain in the burning brain.
 Some hope, some sympathy must still remain,
 Some touch of tenderness the rock to melt;
 Even now, the thought that I may meet again
 Those dear ones, where my best affections dwelt,
 Exerts a soothing pow'r, in darker hours unfelt.

'Twere pleasant, if the spirit for awhile
 Far from the thralldom of the flesh could flee,
 Could once escape life's drudgery and toil,
 And unencumber'd rove o'er earth and sea.
 And full of sweet sensations would it be
 When lingering in the sun's departing rays,
 O'er Greece, erst country of the brave and free,
 While rich and melting in the golden haze
 Lay all her classic hills, and lovely capes and bays.
 Strange, dreamy joy 'twould be at this dim hour,
 To glide 'midst relics on Egyptian sands;
 Where many a giant monument of pow'r,
 In silent, melancholy grandeur stands:
 To trace the chisel'd warriors, wrought by hands,
 That long, long ages since, have ceas'd to be.
 Oh! who can think on all these countless bands,
 With passions, hopes, affections--even as we--
 Nor muse, in solemn mood, on human destiny?

How various are the feelings and the scenes
 That twilight sheds its soft'ning light upon!
 Now o'er the tossing bark the ship-boy leans,
 Pond'ring on that dear home, whence he hath gone--
 His mother weeping for her absent son--
 Till to his eyes the tears unconscious start;
 While sounding waves continuous dashing on,
 Friendly to contemplation, soothe his heart,
 And do, to all his thoughts, a mournful charin impart.

And now the weary mother lulls to sleep
 Her wayward babe, while through the dark'ning room
 She casts her eyes--and half inclined to weep,
 Surveys the mingling cheerfulness and gloom.
 And now do mem'ry's sweetest visions come,
 And all her soul with tender musings fill;
 Of earliest youth--of times long past--friend--home--
 Light form, light foot, and lighter spirit still,
 Bounding, unclogg'd by care, o'er rock, and field, and hill.

I always thought (though chance perhaps it may,
 So little vers'd, I do not deem aright)
 That hearts grew softer with the closing day,
 And lips and eyes look'd milder by the light
 Of sunset skies--for day is all too bright
 For such disclosures as the twilight bears.
 Thou gentle union of the day and night,
 Blest be thy mellow tints and balmy airs,
 And blest thy influence sweet, on thousand happy pairs.

Bright are the wreaths that Love's fair temples bind--
 But of all joys that thrill the mortal breast,
 Friendship, strong sympathy of mind with mind,
 Highest to me thou seem'st--purest and best.
 What are earth's pomps and pow'rs, thee unposset.
 All passions and all pleasures else are poor,
 Imperfect, evanescent.--Heav'n's behest!
 Thou, only thou art worthy to endure,
 Eternal as the soul, in brighter lands more pure!
 East Hartford, Conn.

Original.

REMINISCENCES OF A JURIS-CONSULT.

NO. 5.

THE DESTROYED WILL.

THERE has been, lately, a class of writers on political economy, who divide the community into two great classes, "the productive" and "the non-productive," the former of which they consider as consisting of the bees of the general hive, and the latter as composed only of those whom they unequivocally and unceremoniously call "drones."--If constant labour for the good of others, if busy days, thoughtful nights, early rising, and curtailed slumbers can exalt the Priests of Themis to the rank of the useful, the classification of these authors is inaccurate, when "gamblers, spendthrifts and criminals," are associated in the second class with "lawyers." So far as my own experience has enlightened me on this subject, there is scarcely an individual so much the slave of the public as the diligent and

conscientious lawyer, nor one to whom his avocations leave so little time for relaxation or amusement. In the earlier years of my career, I had leisure enough, but as practice increased, the various cares and anxieties attendant on the charge of the most important interests of my clients, left me scarcely the hardihood to indulge in any recreation. In the afternoons of those fine days in summer when the level rays seem to smile on the green earth so benignantly, I did occasionally snatch time enough for a ride on horseback, to exchange the heat and dust of the city for the groves and fields of the quiet country. One afternoon, while pacing leisurely through a shady wood that bordered and embosomed the rural lane that I had selected, my attention was attracted by a rustling and crashing, apparently

at no great distance, the cause of which I was unable to discover—spurring on, I perceived at a little distance a head, a thicket of laurel, agitated in a very singular manner, and giving vent to a combination of noises entirely indescribable. Approaching still nearer, the crashing increased, above it rose a torrent of abuse, much more sincere than edifying, and in the midst of all, out dashed from the heart of the thicket the cause of all this disturbance, in the shape of a noble black horse, almost white with foam, and his rider who resembled the ragged sentinel of a corn-field more than any thing human. In his violent passage through the thicket, the thin summer coat that he wore had diminished one half in the quantity of its material, and the remaining moiety fluttered in the most *degaje* style from his person. The hat that I suppose he once boasted had been left somewhere among the laurel in his trajet through it, “in perpetuam rei memoriam.” Descending in my survey of his outward man, I smiled to see the havoc that the various twigs and brambles had made on his white jean trowsers, penetrating, in some instances, to the limbs that they once covered, if any guess could be founded upon the streaks of red that diversified the remains of that portion of his dress. Emerging into the road, this unlucky horseman reined up, full as much surprised as pleased at having a witness to his singular dishabille. “Ha, Mr. S.” cried he, “is this you?” I did not of course deny my identity, although entirely unable to make out that of the querist. “Don’t know me, eh?—well,” glancing at his person, “no wonder—by Jove, I do not know myself—humph! a sweet pickle I’m in to be sure!” then reaching his right hand round the left side in search for that half of the breast of his coat, absent without leave, “the devil,” cried he, “why I’m quite undressed.” Such was his angry surprise at discovering his situation, that, although I supposed myself an utter stranger to him, I could scarce keep my saddle from overwhelming risibility, in which, after another glance at his disattire, he heartily joined. When he had washed his face in a rill that crossed the road, I at last recognised him as a Mr. Herman, a very respectable and opulent man of leisure, resident in the city, with whom I had that kind of street acquaintance that so naturally takes place among individuals who frequently meet in transactions of business. While we were riding toward a farm house near, occupied by a man whom I knew, for the purpose of procuring some decent clothing, he explained the cause of the singular predicament in which I found him. He had been riding along another lane that traversed the same piece of woods in which our rencontre took place, when his horse started at some object in the thicket above mentioned. With the hot-headed impatience of opposition which I had heard was characteristic of the man, he immediately set about forcing the animal through the obstacle from which he had recoiled; the beast resisted, the rider whipped and spurred, and the results were the disturbance that had attracted my attention, and the dilapi-

dated state of my friend’s wardrobe. This was the beginning of my acquaintance with Mr. Herman, in the course of which I was on many occasions his confidential legal adviser. His family consisted of an only son and an orphan niece whom he had always treated as a daughter, who repaid by her devoted attachment to her benefactor, the kindness which he lavished upon her. The son, however, was of a disposition entirely dissimilar; brought up without the judicious restraints of parental authority, and indulged in every fancy by his opulent father, it was scarcely possible that he should practice a self-denial, not inculcated either by precept or example. Supplied with money far beyond the reasonable requisitions even of a gay and fashionable youth, the pernicious habits of gambling which he had acquired, exhausted even his princely allowance, and his impetuous father, irritated by the presentation of a bill for the discharge of which he had shortly before been supplied with funds, reproached him with so little judgment, that the interview ended with the exclusion of the imprudent young man from the roof of his parent. Presuming on my intimacy with Mr. Herman, I seized the earliest opportunity of representing the dangerous consequences of such a step, and its fatal effects upon a youth already embarrassed by debt, and totally unaccustomed to the profitable application of his powers to any useful end. The remonstrance, however, was ill-timed; the angry feelings excited in their last interview had not subsided, and many months elapsed before natural affection resumed its holy sway in the bosom of the incensed parent. Having at last received a reluctant permission to recal the exiled boy, I with much difficulty traced him as the marker to a billiard table, in a neighbouring city, and after much argument and more persuasion, so far tamed his father’s spirit in him as to induce him to accept the olive branch held out to him. The mischief, however, had been done—the desperation of feeling produced by what he considered the tyranny of his father, and the slow relenting of heart that succeeded his expulsion, severed forever the silver cord of filial love, and if still a union subsisted it was the tie of habit, or the galling bond of hopeless and helpless dependence. The freshness, the generosity, the accessibility of youth was gone, and a sullen sense (perhaps involuntary) of injuries suffered, poisoned the source of every kindly affection, while the vicious associates among whom his necessities had thrown him, had degraded his mind by a low debauchery inappreciable and inconceivable to the refined *roue*. Such being the unhappy situation of affairs, my friend one day called on me with a draft of his wishes as to the testamentary disposition of his property. After some munificent bequests to individuals and to public institutions, he had divided the mighty residuum into two portions, of which he wished to constitute a friend of his and myself trustees, of the one half for his niece, and of the other for his son, in such manner as that only such a portion of the income of the son’s moiety as the trustees might think

proper, should be devoted to his maintenance. Shortly before this visit, Mr. Herman had sent his iron chest to one of the city banks for safe keeping, during an intended journey, and the key of it he afterwards requested me to take charge of in case any of the papers it contained should be required during his absence. The will, however, he took with him, and accompanied by his son and niece, set out on his usual summer excursion to one of the fashionable watering places. The journey was his last! with his usual impetuosity, he persisted in pushing on through a sudden and violent storm, and the consequence was a fever, that in three days closed his career. On the arrival of the corpse, (which, by his special desire, on his death-bed, was brought home,) I as executor, of course, attended to render the last sad offices to the deceased, to restore to original dust the wonderful structure of which it was the primal element. A few days afterwards Philip Herman, the son of the deceased, entered my office, to enquire if I knew whether his father had left a will. There was an eagerness, a restlessness, a nervous agitation in his manner, that struck me as peculiar, and a strange lightning of the eye, as if in triumph, when I answered that, at his father's request, I had prepared a will, immediately before he undertook this last sad journey. His next question was if I knew where it was. I answered that his father, after having signed it, had declared his intention of taking it with him. He then assured me that diligent search had been made for the instrument, but without success, and requested that I would search with him the repositories of the deceased. Startled at the consequence to his lovely niece, I immediately accompanied Philip Herman, and after a most careful search, was convinced that no will was to be found—at the moment I had come to this disheartening conclusion, I recollected the key of the deposited iron chest, and immediately hurried off my companion to the bank, where, in presence of several of the officers of the institution, the chest was opened. Above was layer upon layer of certificates of stocks and loans, title deeds of whole blocks of houses, bonds, notes, and mortgages. At the sides were bags of gold and silver coin of foreign nations, and in secret drawers, packets of uncut gems of immense value, and with them a paper sealed and docketed, "MY WILL AND TESTAMENT." At first sight, a throb of satisfaction shot through my mind at this discovery, but the date below—"June 23, 18—" convinced me that it could not be the will which I had prepared but a month before;—a glance at my companion showed him pale and haggard, while his lip pressed firmly between his teeth to repress its convulsive quivering and wounded by their spasmodic contraction, denoted the powerful emotion of some kind under which he was trembling. I requested the president of the institution, who was present, to break the seal, and to read the important instrument. It was a paper conceived in the fury of a father's anger, and its effects were terrific.

The whole of his princely estate the testator had given to his niece—charged only with the payment of "One Thousand dollars to my worthless son, Philip Herman, on the 10th of June, in every year—and when he receives it let him remember the scene on that day in my study." The accursed instrument was written throughout in the testator's own hand, and duly executed before two merchants of the first eminence, who had regularly witnessed it, but of course, without knowing the contents. The particulars of that interview no man but the father and son ever knew, but something there occurred that should seem to have changed the current of paternal affection into a tide of molten lava. The horrible allusion to that scene, and the device of fiendish ingenuity to revive forever its recollection in the mind of his victim, were no sooner pronounced than with a shriek that rang through the vaulted halls of the bank like the yells of a lost spirit, the miserable son sprang from the floor and fell back senseless. Carefully replacing the rich contents of the chest, I requested the president to take charge of the fatal will, at the same time expressing my full conviction that the other one of later date prepared by me, would be found. A delirium followed the awful scene in the bank, and the unhappy son in the incoherency of his ravings, reproached himself with the destruction of the later paper by the side of his parent's corpse, thus constituting himself sole heir to his immense estate. But little credit can be given to the confessions of the insane, or to the wild fancies of a disordered brain, but the later will never was found, and Philip Herman escaped the jaws of death only to suffer the more dreadful fate of utter and incurable idiocy. The bright torch of intellect was extinguished, and mere animal existence, and animal joys and sorrows alone remained during the sad residue of his life. These melancholy facts could not be long concealed from Miss Herman, and the disclosure was most affecting. Earnestly did she press upon me her own informal projects to reinstate the latter will, and so "to minister to a mind diseased." If reason had returned, her hapless cousin would have been forced to share the fortune of her uncle, and even then I was compelled by her importunity, to prepare a conveyance to trustees of one half of her vast possessions for her unfortunate relative, should he ever recover the faculties of his mind. A few months however closed his existence without the dawn of even a momentary return of intellect, and the approving witness of her own mind and the admiration and esteem of those who heard her noble conduct were her sole reward. S.

He that abuses his own profession, will not patiently bear with any one else that does so. And this is one of our most subtle operations of self-love. For when we abuse our own profession, we tacitly *except* ourselves; but when another abuses it, we are far from being certain that this is the case.

ON MUSIC.

SWEET voice of music! I have owned thy power
 In the wild breeze, and in the water's roar;
 And I have loved thee at the twilight hour,
 When distant vespers died along the shore.
 Oft have I listened to the soothing strain
 Till hope returned, and life seemed young again.

And I have loved thee in the festive bower,
 When the light step scarce echoed to thy sound;
 When beauty smiled, and bright eyes felt their power
 O'er fettered hearts in willing bondage bound.
 The dance is done—the music is forgot,
 And they who vow to love, remember not.

Great is thy power, oh music! o'er the soul
 That sickens with despair, or hopelessness,
 And shrinks within itself. Thou canst control
 The breaking heart, and make its suff'ring less.
 'Tis thine to raise the mind to heaven in prayer,
 While man, enduring, murmurs "*Hope is there!*"

THE DEPARTED ONE.

SHE in whose smile Elysium reigned,
 From whose sweet tongue soft music fell;
 She whom I prized with love unfeigned,
 Loved more than human speech can tell,
 Now sleeps beneath a tablet rude,
 For the cold earth-worm princely food.

She whose sweet thralldom swayed my breast,
 On whose seraphic form I've gazed—
 Gazed till, as an immortal blest,
 My soul, enrapt, to Heaven was raised—
 Now slumbers in the silent grave
 O'er which the cypress loves to wave.

I may no longer breathe on earth,
 The only charm of life is gone,
 For ever fled have smiles, and mirth,
 With MARY my beloved one.
 I'll wander where her relics lie,
 And there yield up my latest sigh.

THE PROCRASTINATOR.

"Time—only regarded in music and dancing."

Cunningham's Fashionable World Displayed.

PROCRASTINATION may be unfortunately considered as the predominant habit of many of the inhabitants of all countries under the sun; but as it is one of the national characteristics of our sister land—"the green and flourishing island," I trust the warm-hearted inhabitants of that verdant country will forgive me for presenting an Irish procrastinator, as *the procrastinator, par excellence*. The portrait will be recognized by some, who can doubtless even now remember the original; but the principle must be admitted by all who have been acquainted with Irish habits during the past century. A more active spirit is now, I believe, alive amongst them; and, in a very few years, this, and other sketches of a similar character, will be looked upon as the records of a past race. Let us hope, however, that their virtues will survive their vices, and that they may never be numbered among the cold-blooded nations of Europe.

"Thunder an' ages! Molly Maggs, Katty Purcel, Tim Cleary! sure you won't answer if I bawled myself black in the face, and skinned my throat for ye'r sakes. Mistress Molly Maggs! oh! it's yourself that's the pathron of a housekeeper," continued the old steward, sarcastically, at the same time elevating his candlestick, that was simply a scooped raw potatoe, and contained nothing more distinguished than a farthing candle, which he held, so that its flickerings fell upon sundry dilapidated chairs, where the moth and the worm securely revelled amid destruction. Shaking his grey head, he repeated, as he passed from the anti-chamber into the great hall—"It's ye'rself that's the pathron of a house-

F 2

keeper, Molly Machree! to see the dirty dust upon thim illegant chairs. Katty Purcel! sure, thin, you're a beautiful housemaid. Tim—Timmy Cleary; I'd take an even bet he's as drunk as Moses at this blessed minute—I'll just ring the larum bell; och, bother! here's the string broke, and sorra a word it 'ill spake. Bat Beetle—ah, there you are, Batty, my boy, run agra, run, and tell every one o' them that here's a letter we should have got ten days ago, only 'cause of the delay; and masther's married—to a foreigner for any thing I know—an' he an' the new mistress 'ill be here to night, as sure as ye'r name's Bat—that's a gay gossoun! well, ye'r a nimble boy, I'll say that for ye, it's a sin and a shame to put such feet as your's into brogues at all."

Bat's intelligence was, as might well be supposed, of an alarming nature. Soon the passage leading to the great hall echoed a scuffling and shuffling of bare and slip-shod feet, and presently the members of the kitchen household of Castle Mount Doyme crowded around the eccentric but faithful old steward, Morty Mac Murragh.

"Och, ye'r come, are ye!" he exclaimed, without heeding their vociferous demands for news—"ye'r come, and a purty figure you'll cut before the foreign lady. You, Mistress Maggs, as a housekeeper with a blue bed-gown, and—but I don't want to say any thing offensive—only it 'ill take ye a month o' Sundays to hinder the clothes from falling off, if ye walk ever so easy; and you, Katty, though ye'r a clean skinned girl, ye might as well be a negre, for any thing I could tell, by this blessed light, to the differ. Tim—Tim—there's no use in life in my setting myself

as a pathron to ye—ye'r a sinner, Tim—I'd say nothing to ye'r taking a *mornin'*, or two or three dacently stiff tumblers after dinner, or may be a sup to keep the could out o' ye'r stomach of a winter's night, but to be always drink—drink—drinking, like a frog or a fish! Tim, I'm ashamed of ye, I am indeed. The Lord look down upon ye, ye poor sinner. Go to bed."

Tim did not seem at all inclined to obey the old man's directions; but he stumbled as far as the door, and holding by it, maintained a tolerably erect position; while "Mister Morty," as he was called, scolded, directed, and re-directed the ill assorted servants, who had been deemed sufficient to keep the dwelling of Castle Mount Doyne from damp and decay. At last they ran off in different directions to make some—they hardly knew what—preparation; but the housekeeper paused in the middle of the hall, turned to the all-important steward, and inquired—

"What time was it the mather fixed did you say, Mister Morty?"

"His honor says that he'll be surely here by Thursday, that's the Thursday that's past."

"Dear me! then he'll hardly come to-night. Bless his sweet face! When he was a boy, we always gave him a week's law; and it 'tisn't the fashion of the family to mend as they grow older."

"Something strikes me they'll be here to night, any way," replied the old man; "and I must insist on all being ready."

"Very well," rejoined the housekeeper, "you need not be so high about it, Mister Morty, I've lived most as long as ye'rself in the family, counting my mother into the time, which is all one; and though it is not natural to like a young mistress over the head, yet I'm sure my heart bates double joy at the thought o' seeing the baby I've so often nursed on my knee, a married man." She then departed, and, although persisting in her belief that her master would not arrive that night, *because* it was too near the time he had appointed, thought there could be no harm in "making herself dacent;" and having quickly accomplished her toilet, she despatched Bat to the nearest cottage to say, that "mather was coming home that night with a new illigant wife, and that they must all come to help her to get ready;" then Bat had to post on to "Corney Phelan's, general dealer," for candles and salt, a quire of brown paper, some nails, and whatever "bits o' boards" he could spare, to make glass of, to mend the broken "windys, 'cause the lady was tender maybe, and might catch cold;" besides, he was commissioned to bring twine, and butter, and pepper, and a score of things, the most necessary portion of which he, of course, forgot, and, in his zeal, rendered the other half ineffective, particularly by suffering the untied paper-bag of salt to fall into a stream, and mixing the rusty nails with the flour.

All was confusion at the castle; Tim had contrived to get on an antiquated tarnished livery; and Morty, who, to do him justice, was the pattern of neatness, was arrayed as befitted what he

considered his elevated rank in the establishment. Some poultry were sacrificed, to make welcome the master and his lady; and if a great deal was not accomplished, there was, nevertheless, a greater bustle than if ten times as much had been actually done.

The night waned on—it was clear, cold, and frosty; the candles approached the sockets of the rich old silver candelabres, that stood in solitary dignity at either corner of the dining chamber, contrasting strangely in their brightness with the worn damask, which was still agitated by the north winds blustering through the broken panes, that Morty had not yet stopped up, though he toiled, and hammered, and pasted, with indefatigable industry. At the opposite end of the room rose a huge black marble chimney-piece, and from beneath its destined arch, a fire, of mingled wood and turf, threw the dense and towering mass into strong shade; as it gloomed heavily over the blazing embers, a little imagination might induce the belief that it was a deep cavern, in whose interior was sheltered a burning crater—so hot, and darkly red streamed the fire from within. There was a strange blending of poverty and profusion in the garniture of the table—the plate was rich, the linen poor, and all that belonged to the olden time told of prosperity—but it was the prosperity of the past century; all that was modern was mean, and showed that the careful eye and hand of a mistress had been long wanting. To be sure, the abode of a bachelor, even in modern times, is comfortless enough. Tables, and chairs, and carpets, and curtains, there certainly are, but that is all—none of those little elegancies, those sweet and tasteful solacers of existence, those *Penates* of household life, which vary and embellish domestic—did I say *domestic*?—poor, miserable mortals! I should have remembered all you can know of that sweet word is its sound—its *feeling* is far from ye; though ye be clothed in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day, yet are there none to whom you can praise, even the beauty and fragrance of a flower, with the consciousness that *one* heart echoes not only your words, but your feelings.

One would have thought that Morty had some undefined notion of the sort, and of the necessity there was "to make things more comfortable" when a lady was expected, by his wandering from place to place, now wafering a slip of brown paper on a "slit" in the window-frame, then casting an eye for the twentieth time over the table, to see that, according to his ideas of propriety, nothing was wanting. He had drawn two arm-chairs under the shadow of the chimney, and placed a small inlaid table, that had belonged to his former mistress, between them, thinking, to repeat his muttered phrase, "that it would be handy for mather's tumbler, out of the could," and again repaired to the window, to reduce an obstinate board to obedience, which the wind had blown into open rebellion. When he had at length succeeded, he seated himself on the expansive window-seat, which overlooked the

court-yard; and presently he saw, distinctly, in the moonlight, the figure of his master's old nurse, Milly Eldred, creeping along the wall, and stooping every now and then to cull some particular flower or plant that struck her fancy. His former lady was a native of Scotland, and much discontent had been expressed by the dwellers in Castle Mount Doyne at her importing a Scottish nurse to attend on the only child she ever had. Notwithstanding this, Milly remained at the castle; and in her age and feebleness was paid much attention. It might be more from fear than love, for divers things were whispered relative to her skill in various ways, which blanched many a rosy cheek in the adjoining village. She was, in truth, very old—mid-way in her dotage, and cankered in her temper; these—added to the advantages which a Scotch education gives over an Irish one—rendered her an object of respect and mistrust. She soon passed from Morty's sight, and while he was yet wondering what she could be gathering at that hour, the old creature entered the dining-room, with an almost noiseless step. Her clean white apron was nearly filled with grass and tangled weeds; and her eye, still clear and blue, had in it more of light than it usually possessed. "Said ye na'," she commenced, "said ye na', Morty, that a bonny bride was coming hame this bra' winter's night; and did ye na' think to pu' the flowers to mak' her welcome; ken ye na' the song?"

'The primrose I will pu' the firstling o' the year,
And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear,
For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a
peer,
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.' "

"Whisht with ye'r ballads, agra!" interrupted the steward; "it's ill in such an ould crathur as you to be tuning up love songs—it's like sunbeams sparkling on skulls and cross bones, Lord save us! So be off to ye'r prayers, Milly, honey. Sure there are no flowers now growing at all, machree!" The sibyl heeded him not, but seating herself in one of the arm-chairs near the fire, continued chaunting snatches of old ballads, and apparently arranging the offering she deemed it right to make to her nursling's bride. Morty had just determined upon a gentle method of dislodging her, when the clatter of horses, and the sound of carriage-wheels, called him and the other domestics to the steps of Castle Mount Doyne.

Mr. Mount Doyne had experienced no mischance on his journey until he arrived nearly at the termination of his own avenue. Morty, we have already seen, did not deserve to be numbered amongst unfaithful stewards; but yet, "somehow," it never occurred to him that the old trees, which had been felled for fire-wood, could impede the progress of his master's carriage, although they had fallen directly across the road, where, of course, they would remain to be used when wanted by the servants—or indeed the neighbors, and neighbors' *childer*, who might feel inclined to cut them up for the purpose; over these trees, nevertheless, the carriage upset, and Mr. Doyne, in no very gentle temper,

carried his young and lovely wife, almost in a state of insensibility, into the hall, where she again ran the risk of her life, and narrowly escaped suffocation from the smell of burnt feathers and whisky.

"Blessings upon her sweet face;" "Long life and prosperity to the both—sure they're a beautiful pair;" "Long may they live to reign over us;" "May their bed be made soft in heaven yet, I pray God;" "May they never know sin or sorrow;" "May God's fresh blessing be about them;" were a few of the warm and affectionate salutations which awaited Mr. Mount Doyne and his bride; and from many glad hearts and cheerful voices did the wishes proceed; night though it was, all the peasantry, who had heard the rumor of his arrival, had crowded down to the hall, in anticipation of seeing "the young mather." But where was Milly Eldred?

When Mrs. Doyne was completely restored, her husband led her into the dining-room; there the old nurse met them, and flinging her long withered arms round "her darling's neck," mingled tears and smiles of affection of imbecility together.

"I ha' naething to gie ye'r bonny bride," she exclaimed, looking at the young and fair creature, who, surrounded by so wild-looking a group, showed more surpassing in her loveliness; "naething but these wild flowers, that I pu'd in the night dew. See here is

'A buddin' rose, when Phœbus peeps in view,
For it's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bonny mou.' "

The bride took the gift, but her eyes were fixed on the donor.

"The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,
And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there."

Again she accepted the flower, without looking at it.

"The woodbine I will pu' when the e'enling star is near,
And the diamond draps o' dew, shall be her een sae clear."

Her small white hand was extended for the third time, when she shrieked, and the leaves quivered in her fingers.

"Roses—lilies—woodbines, Milly," exclaimed Mount Doyne, angrily; "why here is nought but wormwood, rue, and nettles."

"Heck, Sirs!" replied the nurse, "if the Lord has turned my winsome flo'res into sic like, his will be done." She folded her arms on her breast, and noiselessly withdrew.

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"And that odd, wild woman was really your nurse, Charles," said Mrs. Mount Doyne the next morning; "I trust, my love, you are not infected by her madness; I hope you will not give me the rue and nettles instead of the happiness you so often promised."

"By Heaven!" exclaimed the lover-husband; and then he swore after the most approved fashion, and truly with real sincerity of purpose, to devote his existence—his fortune—his time, to promote her happiness;—and she believed him!

* * * * *

Six months passed as rapidly as if only six

weeks had elapsed, and though Caroline loved her husband as much as ever, she had discovered his besetting sin. "My love," said the lady, "there is no possibility of crossing the courtyard, the weeds are so rampant, and the stones that tumble from the castle parapet, so numerous, that I cannot now pick my steps to the little flower-garden, which your only effective servant, Old Morty Mac Murragh, keeps in such nice order for my gratification."

"Well, faith, it is too bad, and I will, indeed, send to the workmen who are engaged clamping turf, to clear the rubbish away."

"And as you have masons in this part of the world, let them be employed to take down or secure those battlements—they are positively dangerous in their present state."

"Certainly, my love."

"Yes, you say '*certainly*'—but of any thing being done there is no certainty."

"I declare that I will see to it."

"Now?"

"How can I attend to it now—don't you see I'm not shaved?"

"But you ought to be—let me ring for Morty, and he will heed your directions: forgive me, but you seem strangely infatuated by a habit of procrastinating."

"Why, yes, but I can't help it—it's a family failing. But what's the matter with your cheek—it is dreadfully swollen?"

"Only the tooth-ache."

"How could you possibly get the tooth-ache?"

"Rather, how could I avoid it? there is not, I do believe, an entire pane of glass in the castle."

"My dearest love, I am distressed beyond all measure—and as soon as I am dressed—*presently*—I'll send a man and horse off to Ballytrane for glazier, mason, and every tradesman, who can by any possibility be wanted to set every thing in order."

He went so far with this resolve as to ring for his valet, but instead of the valet came his withered nurse, bearing in her arms Fido, his favorite dog, in the agonies of death.

"Good heavens, Milly—how came this?"

"The pair beast went into Mad Ronald's stall, and the animal as ye see, jist kict the life out o' him!" The uncomplaining but suffering dog crawled to his master's feet, and looked piteously in his face.

"My poor Fido—my faithful old friend," murmured Mount Doyne, kindly, while he examined injuries which he saw it would be in vain to attempt to heal; "but how is this—I always understood that Ronald was kept in a separate stable—his vicious tricks are known of old?"

"Heck, ye may say that! but what's to hinder any livin' thing from ganging into his stall—the door has no hinges, ye ken, and winna stay shut?"

"It is a cruel case," said Mount Doyne, "that amongst the household nothing of the sort is attended to."

"My bairn, my bairn," replied the crone,

"ye attend to naething y'er ain sell; and the house ainly follows y'er example."

"My poor Fido!" continued his master, "I never past that stable-door, without *intending*—"

"Hush, hush!" interrupted the nurse, laying her skinny finger on her lip; heard ye ne'er that 'Hell is paved wi' good intentions?'—Y'er winsome wife is aye too young; she canna be expected to ken the care o' sich matters; but for her sake, e'en more than y'er ain, see, an' act ere it be ow'r late. The gloaming is o'er ye now, but beware o' the night."

Mount Doyne heard little, and heeded less the old woman's advice, for he was witnessing, without the power of alleviating, the dying agonies of his poor favorite; his gentle wife shared in his feelings, and when Fido's expiring effort was to lick the fair hand which had so often caressed and ministered to its wants, she turned silently away, unwilling that even her husband should witness the emotion which she could not suppress.

More than four years had passed into the gulph of time. On the whole, matters at Castle Doyne were rather worse than better. To those acquainted with how things were managed in what were most falsely termed "good old establishments," in the sister country, a true picture of coarse, yet lavish expenditure, has been often presented—a house filled with guests, from the garret to the kitchen—some of them, it is true, of high and honorable distinction—but the majority consisting of poor and idle relatives, too proud to work—but not too proud to partake of the "bit and the sup," and the cast-off raiment of those who had it to bestow. "His honor, God bless him, 'ill never miss it," was echoed in the kitchen and acted upon in the parlor. And, as from hour to hour—from day to day—from week to week—and from month to month—the amiable, but indolent, Mount Doyne, put off every thing where investigation was concerned, he was, it may easily be believed, in as fair a way to be ruined as any gentleman could possibly desire. He *knew* that his agent was any thing but an honest man, and yet his habits prevented his looking into accounts, where fraud could have been detected by the simplest school-boy—he felt that he was surrounded by a nest of sycophants, who slandered the very bread they consumed, and daily resolved that "*on the morrow*" he would get rid "of some Tom this, or Jack that, or Paddy the other," who was preying upon him, without drawing a veil even over his malpractices. But no "*morrow*" ever dawns on a genuine procrastinator. His wife's delicacy of constitution could ill support the noisy company and late hours of an Irish house at the period of our story, and she shrank from what she could not save, into a somewhat solitary turret of the rack-rent-castle; she had now also the duties of a mother to perform, and felt a sweet and holy tranquillity in watching her lovely infant, in whom a mother's fondness daily discovered increased beauty.

"You do not smile as cheerfully to-night as

usual, darling," said Mount Doyme, at the same time pressing his wife to his bosom, and parting her golden curls on a brow that might rival the snow in its mountain purity; "and yet I never saw our little Charles look so beautiful."

"He is beautiful," she replied, "to you I may surely say so; I can almost see the blood circulating on his cheek as it presses the soft down pillow, and those blue veins, marbling his noble brow, which is so like your's, dearest; and now as he lays, his cherub lips just parted, look at his small teeth, shining like pearls encased in richest coral. My blessed boy," she continued, with all the earnestness of truth, "I often think, when I behold you thus, that God will take back to himself so fair, so bright a creature!"

"Silly, silly girl—and can such folly make you sad to-night? for shame."

"It is not that exactly: I have had a letter from Dublin—and that situation is gone."

"D—n it!" muttered Mount Doyme, bitterly.

"Had your application been sent in one day sooner, you might have had it—and you know—"

"Hold your tongue," he interrupted, angrily; "I know I am a most unlucky fellow. Who could have imagined it would have been snapt up in that way? but I suppose you will set that down also to my procrastination, as you call it."

His wife made no reply, but busied herself in adjusting some portion of the drapery of her child's couch. Again he spoke—

"It is a greater disappointment than you dream of; and one I can ill bear—for to confess the truth my rent-roll has become unprofitable, and I cannot exactly tell how to lessen my expenditure."

"If the latter is necessary, nothing is more easy. Why, out of the twenty servants employed, five only are effective."

"I could not turn off the old servants and leave them to starve."

"God forbid you should leave them to starve—pension them off, that is the best, the only way."

"Easily said. How could I pension them off, when I find it impossible to command ready money to pay even the tradesmen?"

"Pray, when does Mr. Sheffield Shuffleton mean to take his departure?"

"When I can pay him fifteen hundred good English pounds, value received."

"My dear, Mr. Shuffleton, his servant, and two horses, have been here during the last five months—he has made good interest at all events."

"You women pretend to know every thing. What was I to do? he came for his money—I had it not to give—so of course I asked him to remain, which, don't you see, has been a great accommodation to me."

Mrs. Mount Doyme shook her head. "You forget the immense additional expenditure it has occasioned—he is what you call a regular five bottle man."

"Indeed, Caroline, it shocks me to see the note you take of such matters—there is something

dreadfully mean in observing what people eat and drink."

"I would not have my husband mean—I would only have him just," she replied, with much firmness. "I would have him calculate his income, and live within it; I would have him discard an agent whom he knows to be worthless and dishonest—"

"Stop—in mercy stop!" exclaimed Mount Doyme, in a tone of sad but earnest entreaty; "would to Heaven I could do so!—but that man has me within a charmed circle, which seems hourly closing. I am so dreadfully in his power—I have suffered him to get hold on my property, bit by bit, in exchange for paltry sums lent from time to time to supply present necessities, and which, after all, were useless. If I had only obtained this situation, I should then have had an excuse for living part of the year, at all events, away from this destroying gulph."

His gentle wife uttered no reproach—no aggravated word escaped her lips. She might have told how frequently, and how earnestly, she had implored him to use his influence for that very object—and how he had procrastinated. She might have said how constantly her energies had been exerted to urge and save the being she so loved, not only from others, but from himself; but though she reproached not, she advised—implored—entreated, that, cost what it would, he would shake off that one slothful, destroying principle, and stand forth—even if poor—independent; enjoying the glorious privilege which, of all the Almighty's gifts, is the most valuable. Then she pointed to their sleeping child: she appealed to his feelings as a father, whether he could bear the reflection—if ever it should come—of seeing that dear one want—of being the means of bringing a creature into the world, endowed with beauty—enriched by a living spirit—hallowed by the finest affections the human heart is capable of feeling—born as the inheritor of name and fortune—and yet despoiled, degraded in the scale of society, by the carelessness of the being appointed by nature as his protector.

Mount Doyme was touched—convinced—promised—declared—and—persisted in his old habits.

Exactly a month after the above conversation occurred, there was deep and bitter mourning in the castle of Mount Doyme. The blooming, healthy infant—the joy of his mother's heart—the pride of his father's eyes—was a blurred, a disfigured corpse—a thing that it was offensive to look upon, and loathsome to approach. Yet *one* sat by his little cot; and though the apartment, in conformity with the *outré*, yet affectionate custom of the country, was crowded by the retainers of the family, and the peasants of the neighbouring villages and hills—yet *she* heeded them not—but, ever and anon, would wipe its discoloured lips, where her kisses had often dwelt with all the fervour and tenderness of a mother's love—then pressing the little hands between her own, she would rest her burning brow upon the simple pall, and pray for the relief of

tears. They put him in his coffin—yet *still*, she was by its side. Then, when the deep wail and the cry arose, “lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning,” and the father entered to take the last look of what he, too, had dearly loved, the feelings of the wife were overwhelmed by those of the mother; and she bitterly reproached him, as the cause of her boy’s death. “Did you not promise, day after day, that the surgeon should come to inoculate him? But he is dead—and I have now no child!”

This lesson, it may well be supposed, sank deeper into Mount Doyne’s heart than any other; but he said it *came too late*. It might be so for him—though my belief is, that, in worldly as well as in spiritual things, there is hope, even at the eleventh hour—nay, more than hope—certainty, if the mind so will it. It was well said by Napoleon, that “*impossible* is the adjective of fools.” Nothing weds us so closely to immortality as habitual firmness. A resolved man can be, if it so pleases him, another Alexander.

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“You might well give me rue, and wormwood, and nettles, Milly, as a wedding dowry,” murmured the lady of Castle Mount Doyne, one bleak December night, as the old nurse was fanning with her apron the uncertain blaze of a wood fire in her solitary chamber. “How the noise below distracts my poor head!—they have seized every thing.”

“Auld Morty told me that master might have got off the sheriff’s sale—only somehow he forgot to sign something.—But eh! sure it was the way of the family, they say. It is not sae in my ain country.”

The lady smiled—but with such sadness, one would rather she had wept.

“Keep a good heart, lady-dear,” said the old steward, kindly; “master’s friends will never desert him—tisn’t in an Irish heart to look could on the unfortunate. Och! they know too much of that same to think easy of it. Sure it’s himself that has the grand friends in Dublin. Why not?—an’ he of such an ould, ancient family—and the sheriff and all the people’s gone now?”

“Taste a morsel of this, Mistress, honey,” chimed in our former acquaintance, Molly Maggs; “it’s as nate a hare as iver was snared: Bat Beetle caught it a purpose for ye—knowing I had the thrue Frinch way o’ dressing it; he thought it nourishin’-like, and that it might rise ye’r heart.”

“Thru for ye, Mistress Maggs,” said Morty, as he followed the housekeeper out of the room; “and it ‘ill go hard if I can’t find a drop o’ the rale sort (wine I mean) to keep the life in the craythur—though the devil of an agent thought he swept the cellar, as well as every thing else, clane out.”

“My bitter curse light on him with the light of heaven, every hour he sees it!” responded the housekeeper; “it was a pity the masher wasn’t more sharper-like; I only hope *she’ll* last till he comes back.”

“Oh! the doctor, God bless him, said she

might hould for a week yet; and he was to be back to-morrow.”

The woman smiled.—“Morty, ye’r as bad as a *natural*. Who ever thought of heedin’ what the poor masher said as to that. What did he ever know in regard of time, except that it past, bad luck to it, like a thief as it is, and, by the same token, took every thing along with it. There’s one comfort left. If the things are all cleared out, the people are cleared too: there’s none stayed out of the housefull, that gathered when there was full and plenty for them;—but, Morty, ye’r a knowledgeable man, and have read a dale o’ doctor’s books in ye’r time; did ye ever find if there was much in the differ betwixt the heart of a poor, and the heart of a rich body—I mean in the size?”

“I can’t say I ever did,” answered Morty, after a pause.

“Well, then, upon my soul, that’s quarer still,” observed the house-keeper. “I wonder if the priest could tell what makes the differ in people, if it is’n’t the size of the heart?”

“Where’s the good o’ botherin’ ye’rself with the like o’ that, in ye’r ould age, woman a-live? Don’t go to ask the priest any sich questions; it would be like wantin’ to pick the confessions out o’ him; so be easy.”

“Well, God help us! we live in a dark world, where all is wonderful;” and thus, having unknowingly echoed the sentiment of our best philosophers, Molly accompanied Morty in search of the cordial-wine, for “the mistress,” whom they, at all events, had not deserted in her adversity.

The same evening, on a soiled sheet of coarse letter paper, by the light of a miserable candle, Mrs. Mount Doyne wrote to her husband.

“Charles—first and last object of my earnest love—come to me, for *I am dying*. You said you would return by to-morrow; yet I fear—forgive me, dearest—but I do fear you may procrastinate, and that you may not be here to receive my last breath, and with it my parting blessing. I have, also, my husband, to request your forgiveness for having often perhaps given you pain, though I meant it for your own good. Once—and bitter is the remembrance—once I was cruel; it was when our child lay dead; then, indeed, I was unkind—and unkind to you, too—to you who loved me so dearly. I will not attempt to refer to the past—it is past for *us*; but for *you*, in this world there is a future, though *not for me*. Let me, therefore, conjure you, by every beloved and holy tie, to—”

The unhappy lady did not finish the sentence; and the letter was dispatched, a few hours after it was written, with a postscript from the faithful Morty, stating that his poor mistress had expired a few moments after the pen had dropped from her hand.

Some weeks after this, an advertisement appeared in the county papers, announcing the sale of the estate of Castle Mount Doyne; and on the very day when the purchase was con-

cluded, and the estate of his ancestors passed into the hands of strangers, Mount Doyne left his native country for ever.

* * * * *

Some said he entered into foreign service; and this idea was confirmed by a French officer's stating that there was a brave Irish gentleman in his regiment, who was universally beloved, and would have been respected but for a prevailing indulgence in a habit of indecision, which induced him to "put off" everything that could be delayed, and that eventually blighted his prospects. He described him as being singularly handsome, but of a melancholy aspect—deficient in energy every where but in the battle-field. He was never in time on parade; and the officers

used to distinguish him as the "*late* Lieutenant Doyne." The termination of his career was at least characteristic. He was rallied by his comrades, the night before an anticipated battle, on his well-known failing.

"I will be in time for once," he replied gravely, "for procrastination has cost me already too much." He *was* in time, and he was the first man who fell. "You see," he said to a companion in arms, "that I have gained my death by being in time. I speak sincerely; death is a *gain* to me—for there is nothing I would live for." A miniature was found on his bosom, evidently the counterpart of the portrait of a female that had been sold among the decorations of Castle Mount Doyne.

MY PORTRAIT.

BY MISS LOUISA H. SHERIDAN.

WHAT a source of deliberation, vexation, consultation, hesitation, agitation, examination, disapprobation, and tergiversation, is the choice of an attitude and costume for a portrait! To be sure, all the foregoing long words (or, as L. E. L. aptly says, "dictionary words") might be avoided, if we were content to appear in our every-day position, and dressed (like the Irish national vegetable) *au naturel*: but I cannot help thinking an apparent contempt of "scenery, dresses, and decorations," originates in "the subject's" supposing his or her all-powerful personal attractions are perfect beyond improvement; and if I were a professional artist, I should be inclined to value the modesty of a person who said, "make my portrait better looking than myself," more highly than one who said, "I wish for an exact likeness, by no means flattering."

The first and last time I encountered the troubles of sitting for a portrait, was in order to surprise my kind godfather who lived abroad, and frequently made inquiries respecting the sort of creature for whose sinful deeds he was responsible: his letters usually contained some money for the especial use of his young charge, which sums I always kept for one purpose; and my happiness may be conceived, when I found myself ("aged thirteen years") rich enough to sit to a "grand gentleman from London," who visited our part of the country, and who included "a complete love" of a frame in the bargain.

The dear old Vicar of Wakefield (my guide in many matters of a more serious nature) warned me against being drawn as an imitation shepherdess, Venus, or Amazon; neither would he permit me to hold an orange; while Lady Morgan—another of my early idols—cautioned me against "an Italian greyhound and a missal," which might be wilfully mistaken for "a cat and a piece of gingerbread;" and although in private

the two latter possessed a tolerable share of my liking, still, like many an older person of the other sex I was ashamed publicly to acknowledge the humble objects of my regard.

Having thus ascertained how I would *not* sit, I applied to all my friends—I fancied I had half a hundred—for their opinions as to the great question, and always found myself ready to coincide with the last speaker. The broad foreheads advised *bandeaux*; the narrow foreheads, *les cheveux crepes*: the short faces patronized ringlets and *giraffes*; the lengthy visages loved the flat Grecian: the romantic recommended that my dishevelled tresses should float on the breeze; and the beauties who were *un peu passees*, advocated the Medea-like charm of the *crop en Titus*, as it made a face look always youthful. As I could not follow every one of these plans, we agreed to leave the *coiffure* for the painter's decision, and to proceed to the important choice of a costume.

I scarcely think that Proteus himself could have undergone so many transformations as I did at this period: I was Queen Elizabeth, Mary Stuart, a Suisse, a flower-girl, Thalia, Comedy with a mask in my hand—nay (having composed some horribly original *valse*s) one *rather* partial friend talked of St. Cecilia, scraping away on the violoncello! But I still remember the indignation I felt when an old gentleman proposed I should wear a plain white frock and blue ribbon, which would appear "childish and innocent." Odious words to a damsel of thirteen! Why I would gladly have worn grandmamma's large red turban—with her frown also—and even have powdered my hair, to escape the degrading fate of looking either one or the other!

There was a certain stiff black velvet gown, of course "a world too wide," in which I would have liked to bury myself, and this being refused

—with peals of unmannerly laughter, which I considered very much misplaced—I applied for a purple velvet and ermine cloak, which I had often tried on during grandmamma's absence, and thought it extremely womanly and splendid. This was also refused, and the owner added, "she could not see the use of a baby being drawn in any way." Baby indeed! I glanced at her juvenile self over the fire-place, and saying, "Why not with high-heeled shoes, fly-cap, and a lamb at one's feet larger than the pink-coated shepherd?" I left the room, and slammed the door in a magnificent rage.

I need not enumerate the different attitudes which were proposed, chosen, and again rejected, before we were satisfied; however, our deliberations, like all earthly matters, had an end, and having made our selection, mamma and I proceeded to the artist's residence. Here a new difficulty arose, of which I had not before had time to think; viz. I was so terrified at the idea of having my features examined by "a strange gentleman, who must be a good judge," that I was ready to cry with alarm. The artist's bright penetrating eyes did not tend much to reassure me, and when he placed me in a great chair, with a magic ray of light just falling where he pleased, I trembled, and turned so pale, that I thought I should have fainted.

I was greatly relieved by the painter saying he was not quite ready to commence the outline, and at the same time he gave me an album to examine, containing numerous comic designs: I have always felt, even from a very early period, an intense degree of pleasure in seeing a witty design well executed, and I soon became completely engrossed with the pictures, laughing with the artist, and expressing my delight, quite regardless of the directions a friend had given me as to the most becoming number of teeth to be displayed by "a gentle smile."

With the last page of the album all my terrors returned, for I saw the artist putting away the materials he had been using; so now, of course, my turn was come. I could scarcely think I understood him, when he said, "that will do for to-day, my dear!" at the same time showing me a sketch of myself, in the full enjoyment of a book of merry pictures.

After a few more sittings, the portrait, in its deep frame, was given into my possession, and the artist took his departure, carrying with him the whole amount of my savings. Every one was satisfied with his efforts; yes, even mamma allowed it was like her only child, so it certainly *must* have been a "wonderful picture." I was most delighted by the little white hands, and taper ivory fingers; and although I cast many a sorrowful glance at the originals, which were welted with harp and guitar blisters, stained with inks and varnishes, and tolerably well scratched by rose-trees and kittens, still I comforted myself by thinking they *might* have been like the picture, if I were as quiet and idle as the damsel in the frame.

The painter had desired me to gather a bou-

quet of all my favourite flowers, which he had grouped in a vase in the picture: after his departure, however, there was a flower in blossom which we had raised from seed sent home by my godfather, and I was most anxious to have this in the bouquet also. What was to be done? the artist was far away, and so I was obliged to trust to my own skill; and taking the picture from the frame, I gathered the Indian blossom, placed it in water, and diligently began sketching it on the ivory. I was interrupted, however—I am almost ashamed to confess the cause—by a dragon regiment marching past our house, with the bugles playing, and I scampered up to my own room, to enjoy this favourite and splendid sight. They passed, and I returned to my work with that sobered sort of feeling, which music fading in the distance generally causes. One of the servants stood near the table, crying and wringing her hands—the Indian flower lay trodden on the ground, and the glass in which I had placed it was broken.

"What is the matter, Mary?"

"Oh! Miss Louiser, that Corporal Black—oh dear, oh."

I hesitated between my disinclination to inquire, and my wish to hear a tale of unrequited love; the latter predominated, and I said in the patronizing tone of a little lady expecting a confession, "Pray, my good girl, is he going to embark, and leave you?"

"Oh, I don't mind him, Miss—oh—only I thought as nobody was here, I'd just see him ride past—oh—for the last time—oh—so I pushed between the table and the window, and threw down the water all over the picture.—Oh, oh, oh dear!"

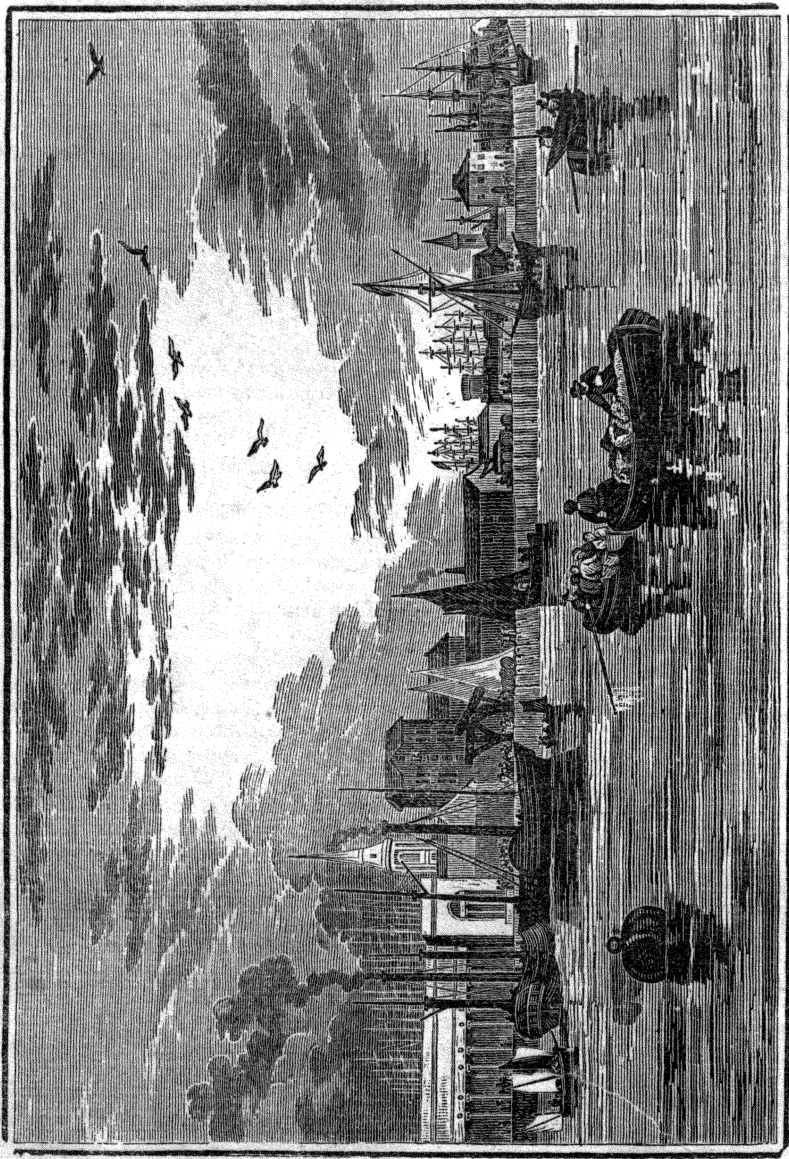
"Let me see it!" I exclaimed in an agony."

"I thought—oh—I could have wiped it, Miss, and so I did, in your nice soft cambric handkerchief—oh—but the whole picture came off, and left nothing but this plain white bit of bone. Oh dear—oh dear—I ax your pardon, Miss Louiser, for ever and ever."

Here she fell on her knees: but I was too angry to trust myself with one word, so I locked myself in my own room, paced up and down for half an hour, threw myself on the bed, and cried till I fell asleep; thus terminating the adventure of my first and last sitting.

Egotistical as my subject is, I should have hesitated to give it publicity; but having been requested to send "a sketch" for your magazine, I felt (in compliance) I could not do less than send a PORTRAIT!

THE fogs of England have been at all times the complaint of foreigners. Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, on being asked by some person about returning to Spain if he had any commands, replied, "Only my compliments to the sun, whom I have not seen since I came to England." Carracioli, the Neapolitan minister, used to say that the only *ripe fruit* he had seen in England were *roasted apples*, and that he preferred the *moon* of Naples to the *sun* of England.



VIEW OF LIVERPOOL FROM THE MERSEY.

THE HOME OF THE BETRAYED;

OR, THE ITALIAN PEASANT GIRL.

" Oh! when wilt thou return
To thy spirit's early loves—
To the freshness of the morn,
To the stillness of the groves?
Still at thy father's board,
There is kept a place for thee;
And, by thy smile restored,
Joy round the hearth shall be!"

MRS. HEMANS.

In the perils of existence, the beautiful and the young are sure to suffer most. From the hour when they first bloom into notice and admiration, snares are laid around them, and danger lurks concealed in every path they tread. Sympathy frequently is deceitful, friendship faithless, the voice of affection breathes only to betray, and guilt dwells in the heart that appears devoted to their innocence. Happy are they who are enabled to pass through the pilgrimage of existence unsullied and uninjured; and who, having surmounted the perils of the world, can look back upon the past, and, with a proud consciousness of innocence, survey their conduct with pleasure and content. Italy, the land of romance and love, is replete with illustrations of female worth, as well as of female degradation; of the most honourable results of affection, as well as of its worst effects. There, the impulses of woman throb with all their intensity; with a power that neither force nor persuasion can destroy. Julie was the pride of the village; young and lovely, all her companions did homage to her superior attractions; the girls envying and the young men almost adoring her. Happy did they consider would that one be who could succeed in inspiring her affections; but Julie seemed insensible to love, and, with the step of a fawn, bounded lightly and joyously over the green hills, and through the bright gem-studded vineyards of her village, untrammelled by any fetters of affection, and laughing at those who had been caught in a snare which she affected to despise. It may have been, that Julie was too proud; elated by the encomiums upon her beauty that continually met her ear, she, perhaps disdained her village associates; certain it is, that the devotion and affection of Guiseppe, a young man every way worthy of the village coquet, was treated by her with scorn. All the ridicule, even the contempt of Julie, could not destroy the tenderness of her lover; but rather inspired fresh exertions, fresh energies, to remove her prejudices, and awaken her heart to similar feelings to those which glowed in his own. But his devotion was ineffectual; the love of Guiseppe merely afforded Julie a subject for the exertion of her wit, and she delighted in exhibiting her own pleasantries by holding up her lover to the ridicule of all her village acquaintance.

At this period, a troop of brigands were com-

mitting depredations in the vicinity of the village, and perpetrating the most savage barbarities; the peasantry themselves had armed, and made head against the ruffians, but they were completely overpowered by the superior force and ingenuity of their oppressors, and compelled to behold their ravages without being able to prevent them. A party of the military, however, were dispatched after the brigands, and they arrived at the village at the very moment when the peasantry, expecting an immediate attack, were prepared for a fierce encounter. At the appearance of the military, however, the brigands would not risk an engagement, but endeavoured to retreat; they were pursued by the troops, and forced to fight or perish; the conflict was short, for the brigand chief was killed at the onset, and the remainder either fell beneath the swords of their opponents, or succeeded in effecting their retreat.

The military returned to the village, and were received with frantic demonstrations of joy; the peasantry hailed them as their deliverers, and each one endeavoured to prove his gratitude. A festival was concerted to celebrate the happy event, and the youths and the maidens displayed their energies to render the entertainment worthy of the occasion. Julie, the beautiful Julie, was the queen of the festival, and her best looks were called forth by the dignity of the guests. The loveliness of the gay coquette could not fail of attracting the notice of the strangers, and one of the young officers appeared particularly attentive to her during the festival. No one knew the nature of the conversation between them, but from the happy looks of Julie it was evident she was gratified. The next day Guiseppe continued his attentions, but Julie, who before had only laughed at him, now commanded him to speak no more upon the subject: her tone was haughty and imperious, her eyes shot forth their fires, and although the rose bloomed brightly upon her cheek, and she endeavoured to appear gay as heretofore, there was evidently something upon her heart that she wished not to reveal.

In a word, the heart of the village beauty had been caught by the young Count Florian; he had succeeded in effecting, in a few short hours, what the peasant Guiseppe had laboured for many years, and Julie loved him. To her romantic heart, the difference between the Count's

situation and her own presented no impediment; she believed all that he said to her, and trusted to become his wife. Heated to enthusiasm by his fond devotion, she trusted implicitly to all his asseverations, and, in a moment of passionate feeling, forsook father, friends, home—all that was dear to her, save the one object who accompanied her flight—all by whom she was truly loved! In the stillness of the night she passed from the spot of her innocence, her happiness—and was speedily in the travelling carriage of the Count, and on her way to Rome.

The *love* of Julie was *real*; inspired in a moment it was still intense and faithful; guilt dwelt in the heart of her betrayer, but her own was pure. The carriage passed rapidly on its route, through the embowering woods and vineyards, silent and still in the moonlight, unruffled even by a single breeze; and they had arrived at a dark and narrow portion of the road, when a shrill whistle was distinctly heard, which was immediately answered. "The brigands!" cried the Count; but the driver needed not the intimation, for lashing the horses, they flew along the road; but the brigands were too nigh them, and their progress was arrested, and the carriage stopped.

"Make the best terms you can with them," cried the Count to his servants; "and by no means let them know who I am."

The admonition was needless; for one of the brigands, upon opening the carriage door, immediately recognised the Count's person, and, cocking his carbine, exclaimed, "Count Florian, by the Holy Virgin!"

"Revenge—revenge!" cried the brigands simultaneously, and the whole of them rushed towards the carriage door. The Count, finding himself discovered, called upon his servants to assist, and preparing for a fierce encounter, desired Julie to fear nothing, as he would soon put the brigands to flight. A bullet, at that instant, passed between them; Florian passed through the opposite door, and joined his servants, who were fighting with the robbers. The contest was fierce and long—the Count and his servants had the best at the onset, but, ultimately, the brigands were prevailing. The affrighted Julie heard the rejoicing shouts of the latter, and, unable to remain longer in the agony of suspense, ventured to look from the vehicle; the Count had, at that instant, fallen beneath the demoniac fury of a brigand, whose weapon was already upraised to give the death-blow to his victim, when Julie, shrieking at the sight, snatched a pistol from the carriage, and levelling it at the head of the brigand, shot him dead, at the very instant he was about to terminate the existence of the Count, and his body fell with a dull heavy sound upon the earth.

Julie, overcome by her own heroism, fainted in the carriage; when she recovered, she was in the arms of her lover, the Count. The brigands had been overcome, and the carriage was now rapidly progressing towards its destination. The Count pressed his lovely preserver to his bosom,

whilst she, almost unconscious of what she had, in the fervour of her affection, accomplished, clung fondly to her lover, listened to his passionate praises, and believing herself as truly loved, conceived that she had only done her duty.

And now Julie was introduced to a splendid palace at Rome. Pleasure administered to her wants, and she was the mistress of all that a magnificent fortune could command. She was arrayed in costly gem-adorned robes, the richest perfumes enriched the air she breathed, and the sweetest tones of melody greeted her enraptured ear.—But she was not the *wife* of Florian.

Was Julie *happy*? Alas, no! The enchantments of the varied scene into which she was introduced by the Count bewildered her soul—her thoughts were confused and wild—she trod a Paradise, in her own imagination—and awakened only from her dream of felicity to find herself a *victim*!

The fascinations of jewels, gold, incense, and music *then* lost their effect; the air of novelty soon faded, and Julie looked upon every thing around her without pleasure, without *happiness*.—*That* had fled for ever. The truth of her situation began to appear, and in proportion as it became acknowledged, her heart felt sick and heavy; then the jewelled robes she wore spoke only a language of reprobation—then the magnificent apartments, contrasted with the humble cottage of her fond father, presented an aspect of terror, and music only inspired her tears. What was the village beauty then! She was in the possession of every thing that wealth could command—numerous attendants waited upon her—her wants were anticipated—and every pleasure administered to beguile her wandering thoughts; but, even in the midst of felicity, a still, small voice whispered terror into her ear, and she would then shrink from her own reflections, and bury her face upon the bosom of her betrayer.

She at length conjured him to remove the weight of anguish from her heart; the Count evaded the unpleasant theme, and strove to divert her thoughts.—She implored him to make her *his wife*!

A look of mingled reproof and scorn was the only reply to her agonised appeal.

She fell upon her knees before her betrayer—bathed them with her tears—pictured the hours of innocence, when all her companions loved her for her beauty and her virtue; when her aged father clasped her to his bosom, and returned thanks to heaven for giving him such a child—so good, so innocent! She contrasted that time with the present, when every object upon which she gazed, seemed to upbraid her crime, and even the language of consolation appeared a mockery and reproof; the happiness of her humble *home* had been forsaken for the misery of a splendid palace, and in the place of a doating father returning thanks to the Omnipotent, and with tears of joy embracing his affectionate child—that child was supplicating upon her knees, bending in agony before her betrayer,

who now, that his triumph had been achieved, despised and scorned her!

"Julie!" exclaimed the Count, "I thought that the splendours which attend you here, would have prevented those frantic exclamations.—Since you prove ungrateful for my kindness, upbraid me, too, for administering to your happiness, and seem even to abhor me, I will not again offend by appearing in your presence.—Farewell!"

"Good God!" cried the agonised girl, "Florian, for heaven's sake—Florian, you will not desert me!"

"Until you have learned to be grateful!" haughtily exclaimed the Count, and immediately quitted the apartment.

Julie threw herself upon a couch, and endeavoured to relieve her sufferings by tears; but the fountain of her heart was dry, her eyes were burning, and her forehead and her heart throbbled violently; she could not weep, her agony was too violent for tears. There she lay for hours, her eyes fixed and motionless, gazing upon vacancy; her one hand pressed violently upon her brow, the other hanging palsied by her side;—statue-like and lifeless she remained. The sun went down in the horizon, and the light breezes of evening floated through the open casement, and the fragrance of choice flowers was wafted into the chamber, but their effect was lost upon Julie—the beauty and sweetness of nature had now no charm for her—she had been *betrayed!* *Her heart was breaking!*

Who is that standing by the couch of the riven-hearted girl? His garb is humble, and his mien is lowly; he regards the sufferer with intense anxiety, and sympathy, heartfelt sympathy, is marked upon every feature of his honest countenance. "*Julie!*" exclaims he.

The girl starts at the sound of the well-known voice; her white hand falls from her brow—she gazes upon the youth—and shrieking the name of "*Guiseppe,*" falls lifeless upon the couch.

It was Guiseppe, indeed, the faithful, the affectionate Guiseppe; who, after the abduction of the village beauty, had devoted all his time in searching after her. For some time his efforts had been unsuccessful, but by perseverance and application he, at length, discovered the route that the fugitives had taken, and instantly pursued them; he bore with him the supplications of a heart-broken parent, and he had come to repeat them to the poor misguided Julie.

"Oh, my father—my poor, poor father!" cried the village girl, as the power of speech returned, hiding her face in her hands, not even daring to behold him, whom in the days of innocence she had despised, but who must now scorn *her*. "He does not curse me, Guiseppe!" cried she, in an agony of grief.

"Oh no, Julie, he pities and forgives you!"

The girl arose from her couch, and casting a steadfast glance upon the face of the youth, as if doubting the truth of what he said, fell upon her knees, and clasping her hands in the attitude of prayer, raised her eyes to heaven, and words of

devotion, springing from her penitent heart, fell from her lips. Julie then arose, her face was bathed in tears; a heavy load seemed to be removed from her heart, and the fountain of sorrow had been supplied.

"My father forgives me!" cried she. "Then I may die in peace and happiness."

"Talk not of dying, Julie!" exclaimed Guiseppe. "There is your place still left in your father's cottage; but oh, more than that, there is your place still in your father's heart. He longs again to embrace his child; and when I recount to him the penitence, the agony that I have beheld, he will fondly kiss away the tears from your pale cheek, administer the balm of paternal affection to your contrite heart, and lead his poor Julie back into the paths of honour!"

"It cannot be—it cannot be!" murmured the girl. "The wanderer from honour never can retrace her steps—the betrayed cannot again be innocent."

"But her penitence," rejoined Guiseppe, "may atone for her crime. It will with heaven, and it must with man."

"No, no, no," cried she, "Guiseppe, I dare not return! I cannot again enter the cottage, where my poor father used to bless the innocence of his child; even words of kindness from *him* would break my heart now. I cannot meet the gaze of the villagers; the youths would pass me by with a scornful eye, or murmur words of *pity*, and the girls would curl their lips as I went by them, and greet me with a horrid welcome. No, no, no—I dare not return—I dare not!"

"Julie, think not thus of your companions; they have ever loved thee, and unfeigned tears have been wept over their betrayed friend's error. They pity you, Julie, but still would not even murmur words of consolation, lest they might awaken bitter feelings in your bosom. No, Julie, they will welcome you with their choicest songs of joy; they will still be to you as friends, still honour and respect you."

"What do they think of me, Guiseppe?"

"As of an innocent, fond, and too confiding girl, the victim of a villain."

"Victim! Yes, yes!—I am a victim!" cried Julie, and again she fell upon her couch in tears.

By the kind and respectful entreaties of Guiseppe, she became, at length, reconciled to a meeting with her parent; she promised to forsake her faithless lover, and return again to her humble home. The peasant then left her, for the purpose of making arrangements for their speedy departure.

Julie remained for some time in abstraction; determined upon forsaking the scene of so much misery, still some painful tie chained her to the spot,—she still loved Florian! His conduct, though it had riven the fetters of affection, had not entirely destroyed them—a link remained, and while that lasted, the heart of Julie was his own. She fondly recalled all the moments of rapture that she had experienced with him since their first interview, and their recollection inspired affectionate feelings, though the results

were painful and afflicting. It could not be that even his perfidy could make her utterly forget the hours of their tenderest endearments, when he appeared to live entirely for her happiness, and she would

“ — Fall upon his neck and weep—
And gaze upon his brow—and hold
His hand in hers, while gentle sleep
Stole o'er that spirit brave and bold!
Must these dear tasks of tenderness
No more her blighted bosom bless ?”

She determined upon making a last appeal to the honour of Florian ; she intimated her wish to see him, but her desire was cruelly denied ! The chain severed ; all feeling for her heartless betrayer was now perished in her bosom.

The appointed hour of her departure arrived, and, with a quick step, she descended a back staircase, and passed from the scene of her error and her shame. She trembled as she progressed along the busy streets of Rome, according to the directions which Guiseppe had given her, and who was now anxiously and impatiently awaiting her arrival at the appointed spot. She came—cast one look back at the proud palaces of the city, and then passed silently into the vehicle that had been prepared for her. The morning had not long broken, and the lark was rising blithely up to the blue arch of heaven, spreading its sweet melody over the scene ; the sun rose in his splendid majesty, and the face of nature appeared decorated in its choicest aspect. But to Julie's heart those appearances had no effect ; she beheld the bright green of the fields, and the still brighter blue of the sky, and no emotion, no impulse of feeling, marked her countenance ;—her heart had become a gloomy sepulchre—full, and with no room for happy feelings. In this manner they continued their route. Julie melancholy, thoughtful, and silent ; Guiseppe not daring to interrupt her reverie, apprehensive of the painful result.

The first object that awakened the sensibility of Julie, was a beautiful vine-clad hill, at a short distance from her own village ; it had been the scene of some of her happiest hours, of some of her innocent enjoyments. There she had often mingled with her gay associates, had joined with them in the song and in the dance, and had listened to the praises which were echoed around her by the admiring peasantry. She riveted her eyes for a moment upon the beautiful objects before her, and then turned from the contemplation to give vent to her anguish in tears.

The sun had now set, and dark clouds were spreading fast over the sky ; the song of the villagers returning to their homes were heard in the distance, and the tinklings of the sheep bells, and the voices of the shepherds, as they conveyed their flocks to the nightly shelter, audibly and distinctly met the ear of Julie. They were not unregarded by her, and each sound, so well known, and so forcibly remembered, seemed to awaken fresh chords of anguish. She trembled violently, and the intense sobs which momentarily burst from her full heart, spoke a language

which could not be mistaken, so plainly as it told the tumult that was passing there. As they came near to the village, Guiseppe considered they might not attract so much observation, if they proceeded to the “home” of Julie on foot, as the appearance of the vehicle certainly would ; he, therefore, assisted the trembling penitent from the chaise, though she had become so weakened, that even so trifling an exertion appeared too much for her strength, and as she slowly passed along to the village, her limbs scarce seemed capable of supporting their burthen, and with difficulty Guiseppe, tenderly supporting her fragile frame, conducted her to her destination. Emerging from a thick group of larch trees, the dwelling of her father, the home of Julie—the poor, betrayed Julie—appeared conspicuous ; at that moment, too, the villagers were singing their vesper-hymn—that hymn in which Julie, innocent and happy, used always to join. The sight and the sound overpowered her ; she started, shrunk back, and screaming violently, sunk lifeless into the arms of Guiseppe.

She was borne by her lover to her home ; an old woman, an attendant upon Julie's father, received the fair charge, by whom she was placed upon a bed, and restoratives immediately administered, while Guiseppe sought the villager. “Julie has returned !” exclaimed he, as he met the feeble old man hastily progressing to his dwelling, who immediately clasped his hands, and sinking upon his aged knees, murmured thanksgivings to the Deity, for the restoration of his child. Then, impatient to clasp that child again to his heart, he accepted the proffered assistance of Guiseppe, and with him returned to his home.

“Julie ! My dear, dear Julie !” exclaimed the old man, as with outstretched arms he rushed towards the bed whereon she lay. But no voice responded to the enraptured cry ; all was silent and desolate. The father caught the hand of his child, but it was cold ; he passed his fingers across her once beautiful features, but they were motionless—Julie was dead ! Her spirit had departed at the very moment when her “home” broke upon her view, and the sounds of the vespers fell upon her ear. All the agonised parent had to embrace, were the cold and lifeless remains of his poor betrayed child.

The villagers still tell the tale of their unhappy and misguided associate ; and whilst their tears are yielded at the remembrance of her sorrows and her shame, they never fail to execrate the memory of her betrayer, who fell, a short time afterwards, in a contest with a party of brigands.

In great matters of public moment, where both parties are at a stand, and both are punctilious, slight condescensions cost little, but are worth much. He that yields them is wise, inasmuch as he purchases guineas with farthings. A few drops of oil will set the political machine at work, when a tun of vinegar would only corrode the wheels, and canker the movements.

A TALE OF THE ALHAMBRA.

BY MISS JEWSDURY.

This "tale," which is not the less true for being told in the language of poetry, contains, as the reader will scarcely fail to remark, a striking instance of a prediction working out its own fulfilment.

It is a tale of mystery and woe,
 (Alas! that these should still in union grow,)
 A tale of one that long hath passed away,
 Alike from banquet-hall and battle-fray,
 Leaving memorials for the thoughtful heart,
 Mournful as music heard when friends depart.
 He was a King, of whom the record brief
 Is told of fated power and fated grief;
 And songs of welcome hailed him at his birth,
 City and palace rang with shouts of mirth;
 Granada, then the glorious and the gay,
 And the Alhambra—both were glad that day;
 And poured their chivalry with cymbals clashing,
 Bright dancing plumes, and lances brighter flashing—
 War in the splendid guise of festal hours—
 To hail the babe, heir to the thousand towers!
 Woe to the men who troubled first the gladness,
 With looks of wisdom uttering words of madness!
 Glooming the future with dark sign and spell,
 As if man's fate but in man's deeds could dwell;
 Beholding portents of decay and war,
 Hid in the glowing silence of a star;
 Casting life's horoscope ere life has bloomed,
 And a soft infant branding as "The Doomed!"
 'Twas thus with him, of whom this lay is framed;
 Sages so named him, unrebuked, unblamed—
 "He shall grow up and reign—but in that day
 The kingdom of his fathers melts away!"
 The whispered omen waiting crowds received,
 Heard it and sighed, but whilst they sighed, believed.

Time waned—marked but by common grief and joy,
 The princely infant grew the princely boy;
 'Mid the Alhambra groves, in royal weeds,
 Riding, in mimicry, his tilt of reeds;
 Or through bright halls bounding in frolic pride,
 Or stretched in slumber by a fountain's side;
 Now wreathing flowers around his playmate's neck,
 The fawn, that followed at his lightest beck;
 Now by the lute won from each wilder game,
 His mother's lute that told his father's fame.
 And thus in tranquil happiness he grew,
 Nor the dark secret of his birthright knew.
 He could not read it in his mother's eyes,
 He did not hear it in the wind's soft sighs,
 He never felt it 'mid the flower's rich bloom,
 The lute, the fountain, neither sang of doom;
 Clouds never breathed it, nor the dews imperled—
 All these were silent—these, his only world.
 At last he knew it; childhood passed away,
 Lovely, but oh! too transient in its stay,
 And youth was severed from those pleasant years,
 By the dark barriers of foreboding fears.
 He took his station by his father's side,
 And none could further fling the lance, or ride,
 None bear in games of chivalry a part
 With nobler seeming—but his heart! his heart!
 There, like a shadow, the prediction fell;
 What reeked its origin—a madman's cell?
 He read belief in every glancing eye,
 He heard it whispered as the breeze swept by,
 Full oft in words it reached his ready ear
 When he was nigh, yet none believed him near,
 And, joined with meaning smile and silent frown,
 The strength and courage of his heart struck down;
 Allied his nobleness with weaker things,
 And from his princely spirit rent the wings.
 Omens could daunt him in his boldest scheme,
 A day be saddened by a midnight dream;

To him the stars were oracles of trust,
 Masters, not ministers, to human dust;
 And he would watch them shining in their spheres,
 With lowly reverence, yet with passionate tears,
 Forget their beauty in their mystery dim,
 Or ask why beauty worked but blight to him?
 He could not love them—nought behold as we,
 Self-governed, mind-controlled, unfearful, free.

Time rolled along, and he was King at last—
 Deem not the dark cloud from his spirit past;
 War at his gates; armed hosts without; within,
 Trampling, and tumult, and the trumpet's din;
 Conquest, defeat, captivity, return,
 All that makes cowards quail, the daring burn,
 He proved in turn; gay on the banquet night,
 Meek in misfortune, gallant in the fight;
 But changeful, timid, womanly in will,
 For oh! the doom hung o'er him, crushed him still—
 Making each high resolve of heart and mind
 Snow in the sunbeam, flower-leaves in the wind.

Years—yet more years—the storm of war swept by,
 And days of peace came on for low and high;
 Again saw Granada a peaceful day,
 And the Alhambra once again was gay.
 No murderous sound then from the ramparts rung
 No cloud but of the mist-wreath round them clung—
 The silver mist that, light as beauty's veil,
 Shone in the sun, and trembled in the gale:
 Mailed warriors trod no more each marble hall,
 Nor groans were mingled with the fountain's fall,
 Bright the pomegranate stirred its odorous head,
 Calm on the citron groves was sunlight shed.
 But the Moon roved not 'mid those bowers of bloom—
 His land the desert now, his home the tomb!
 Another King within his halls kept court,
 Another banner waved o'er tower and fort;
 And he, the Doomed One, driven beyond the wave,
 Found, for an empire lost, a nameless grave:

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

HAST thou sounded the depths of yonder sea,
 And counted the sands that under it be?
 Hast thou measured the height of heaven above?
 Then may'st thou mete out a mother's love.

Hast thou talked with the blessed of leading on
 To the throne of God some wandering son?
 Hast thou witnessed the angels' bright employ?
 Then may'st thou speak of a mother's joy.

Evening and morn hast thou watched the bee
 Go forth on her errand of industry?
 The bee for herself hath gathered and toiled,
 But the mother's cares are all for her child.

Hast thou gone with the traveller, thought, afar,
 From pole to pole, and from star to star?
 Thou hast; but on ocean, earth or sea,
 The heart of a mother has gone with thee.

There is not a grand inspiring thought,
 There is not a truth by wisdom taught,
 There is not a feeling pure and high,
 That may not be read in a mother's eye.

And ever, since earth began, that look
 Has been to the wise an open book,
 To win them back from the loss they prize,
 To the holier love that edifies.

There are teachings on earth and sky and air,
 The heavens the glory of God declare;
 But louder than voice beneath, above,
 He is heard to speak a mother's love.

MADAM MALIBRAN.

MARIA MALIBRAN was born in Paris, in 1809. She is the daughter of the tenor singer, Garcia, who is justly accounted one of the ablest singing masters of the present day. Madam Malibran is her father's best pupil; but, if popular report may be credited, great perseverance, and even severity, were required to inspire her with a taste for that art in which she now so eminently excels. It was not until she had attained her thirteenth year that she made any satisfactory progress.

When Maria Garcia was only fifteen years of age, she appeared at the King's Theatre as Rosina, in the *Barbieri di Seviglia*. Her debut was quite unexpected, for she undertook the part merely as a temporary substitute for the prima donna who was regularly engaged. It is well known to all her friends that she was thoroughly practised in the music of the opera; but the admirable style in which she acted the character astonished every one. Her success was triumphant. She soon obtained a regular engagement, and appeared in the character of Felicia, in the *Crociato in Egitto*, in which she produced an extraordinary sensation, especially in the beautiful trio *Giovinetto Cavalier*.

Shortly afterwards M. Garcia proceeded with all his family to America. At New York, his daughter appeared at the opera, and performed with the greatest success several difficult characters, *Tancredi*, *Malcolm* in *La Donna del Lago*, *Desdemona*, &c. Relative to her performance of the latter character, a curious anecdote is told. Garcia played the Moor of Venice, and at the rehearsal he considered his daughter's performance so cold, that he declared his determination to stab her in good earnest at the catastrophe if she did not evince a little more spirit. This threat, in the mouth of a very severe master, was taken seriously by Mademoiselle Garcia. It had a good effect. Her performance was sublime. At the conclusion, her father, in a transport of joy, overwhelmed her with praises and caresses.

M. Malibran, a merchant of New York, who was reported to be exceedingly rich, offered his hand to the young cantatrice. He was old enough to be her father; but his vast fortune banished all scruples as to the disparity of age. The marriage took place, and Madam Malibran left the stage. However, her husband shortly afterwards failed and lost all his fortune. It has been alleged that he foresaw this catastrophe when he solicited the hand of Mademoiselle Garcia, and that he speculated on repairing his commercial losses, by the produce of his wife's talents. Be this as it may, Madam Malibran returned to the stage. Her husband's creditors insisted on receiving her salary; and hence ensued conjugal disputes, which terminated in a separation.

In 1827, Madam Malibran returned to Paris, and on the 14th of January, 1830, she performed at the Theatre Italien for the benefit of Galli.

She played the character of Semiramide, in the opera of that name, and it would be difficult to describe the effect she produced.

Two months afterwards, Madam Malibran obtained no less success at one of the concerts at the Conservatoire. At length, on the 8th of April following, she made a regular debut at the Theatre Italien, where she had obtained an engagement, the terms of which were 50,000 francs for the season, and a free benefit. In every character she undertook, her success was complete; and if, as a singer, she might have feared the powerful rivalry of Mademoiselle Sontag, and the recollections left by Madam Fodor, she was unequalled as an actress, both in tragedy and in comedy, with the single exception of Pasta in the former. Every new part in which she appeared was the occasion of a new triumph. On the 13th of April she displayed all the brilliancy of her powers in *Desdemona*. A few evenings afterwards, she appeared in the *Barbieri*, and astonished the audience no less by the novelty of her acting, than by her truly national style of dressing the character of Rosina. Indeed, with regard to costume, it may be truly said, that the example of Madam Malibran has effected a reform at the Theatre Italien.

In May or June following, Madam Malibran visited London, where her performance at the Opera, and at the numerous concerts of the season, fully confirmed the high reputation which had preceded her arrival.

In private, Madam Malibran's manners are distinguished for that natural grace and gaiety, which impart such a charm to her performance in comic parts on the stage. She is passionately fond of her profession, and music is her favourite amusement. Nothing is more delightful than to hear her sing, accompanied by herself on the piano. She is well acquainted with the science of musical composition, and has composed several *barcaroles*, &c. which are greatly admired. She has, it is said, by dint of prudence and economy, laid the foundation of a fortune, which will soon render her independent.

Within the last few days, the French journals have stated that the process of her divorce from M. Malibran has been decided, and that she has given her hand to Mr. Beriot, the celebrated violinist.

SPIDERS.

LIVE and grow without food. Out of fifty spiders produced on the last day of August, and which were kept entirely without food, three lived to the 8th of February following, and even visibly increased in bulk. Was it from the effluvia arising from the dead bodies of their companions that they lived so long? Other spiders were kept in glass vessels without food, from the 15th of July till the end of January. During that time they cast their skins more than once, as if they had been well fed.—*Redi, Generat. Insect.*

TIME.

I SAW a mighty river, wild and vast,
Whose rapid waves were moments, which did glide
So swiftly onward in their silent tide,
That, ere their flight was heeded, they were past.—
A river, that to death's dark shores doth fast
Conduct all living, with resistless force,
And though unfelt, pursues its noiseless course,
To quench all fires in Lethe's stream at last.
Its current with Creation's birth was born;
And with the Heavens commenced its march sublime
In days, and months, still hurrying on untired—
Marking its flight, I inwardly did mourn,
And of my musing thoughts in doubt inquired
The river's name—my thoughts responded "Time."

SONNET.

THERE was a beautiful spirit in her air;
As of a fay at revel. Hidden springs,
Too delicate for knowledge, should be there,
Moving her gently like invisible wings;
And then her lip out-blushing the red fruit
That bursts with ripeness in the Autumn time,
And the arch eye you would not swear was mute,
And the clear cheek, as of a purer clime,
And the low tone, soft as a pleasant flute
Sent over water with the vesper chime;
And then her forehead with its loose, dark curl,
And the bewildering smile that made her mouth
Like a torn rose-leaf moistened of the South—
She has an angel's gifts—the radiant girl!

CALAMITIES OF CARVING.

"Ah, who can tell how hard it is to carve!"

I HATE carving—hate it in all its branches, moods, and tenses—abhor it in all its figures, forms, and varieties. What is carving, in fact, but a spurious kind of surgery, which we are called upon to exercise, without the advantage of a common apprenticeship? Far from crying, like other children, for a knife and fork, *my* early years were marked by a decided aversion to those weapons; and when my uncle, who brought me up, first put them into my hands, and abstracted my spoon, I regarded it as the loss of a sceptre; nay, its consequences amounted almost to a prohibition of food, and I felt something of the horror of anticipated starvation. Long, indeed, I endured the mortification of seeing dinner come and go without the ability to secure a tolerable meal; for my uncle was a martinet in all matters of the table, and his whim was, that the plates of the youngsters should be removed as soon as the knives and forks of the elder branches had ceased to ply. My cousins got through their work adroitly: they had the advantage of early initiation in the mystery; moreover, they had a natural liking for the instruments which were my abhorrence. With a quick sense of shame, much natural timidity, and an appetite of no ordinary cast, many a meal passed with ineffectual struggles to assuage that hunger which is the unfailling attendant of a sound constitution, and regular bodily exercise. On one occasion, the effort to satisfy myself had nearly cost me my life. Spurred to despair, I attempted to dispatch the slice assigned as my allowance, without the preparatory process of cutting.

At length I succeeded in mastering the difficulty of the knife and fork as far as regarded this preliminary step; but, truly is it said—

"Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

Carving was still my abhorrence. An expert carver was ever allied, in my imagination, to an

executioner, or headsman. He who asserts a liking for the art, tells us, we know, a gratuitous falsehood. Your professed carver is a lover of good dinners, a man of tit-bits; his passion for which has conferred upon him the facility of dissection. Can it be credited, then, that he is fond of an art, which imposes the obligation of offering the choicest parts to others in entire exclusion of himself? Can he expect us to believe that he desires to sit utterly dinnerless two or three times a week, as infallibly he must, if he acquit himself in the style the hateful office enjoins? Yet, as I cannot compete with, let me not abuse him. If absurd custom demands that the lady of the house must sacrifice one of her guests to the comfort of the others; or if any one, in an insane moment, volunteers himself as the victim, he gains a reputation which I have never been able to achieve by similar means. It were vain to recount the miseries in which my want of relish for this mystery have involved me. Not to mention the positively painful situations in which it has placed me, the minor distresses I have endured are beyond the power of enumeration.

Judging by the obstacle the barbarous art of carving has proved to my views, and observing the beneficial effect which has attended adepts in it, I conclude the man who can carve well to be in the direct road to the highest offices of church and state; and if I were asked what were the three grand requisites for success in life, I should unhesitatingly reply, in full conviction of the truth, the first, *carving*—the second, *carving*—the third, *carving*.

I was designed for the church, and despite of my lack of qualification in the carving art, I entered into orders. The living of S— soon afterwards became vacant, and the bishop of the diocese, to whom I was slightly known, and who had been on terms of intimacy with my father, expressed

himself disposed to confer it upon *me*. The friend to whom I owed this communication, gave me, at the same time, an invitation to dinner for a day in the following week, adding that his lordship would be of the party. I would fain have declined this intended kindness; but reminded that the bishop would be there, whom it was important I should meet—that my temporal interests might greatly depend upon it, I consented, but with a reluctance which, though not expressed, ill comported with the service my friend conceived he was rendering me.

The chance of being placed next to some dish which might call my carving into play, would, in this instance, have dictated a refusal, and in all cases the apprehension has heavily outweighed any enjoyment, which otherwise I might have anticipated. Many a time have I dressed to join a convivial dinner-party with the same stagnation of feeling, the same half-conscious sense of the operation, with which a culprit prepares himself for the scaffold. My mind recoils at the jostling, the shuffling, and manœuvring, I have been guilty of to avoid proximity to a particular dish, which might be supposed to contain a *joint*; in fact, I have always shirked a large cover, as though a living tiger were crouching beneath it ready to spring upon me. But the day for my meeting the bishop arrived. As it was (to use my friend's expression,) one upon which my temporal interest might greatly depend, I resolved, as far as possible, to atone for my ignorance in carving, by looking through various books upon cookery, which contained carving instructions.

One I was possessed of, which treated largely of this infernal art, and presented pictures of birds and beasts, with lines drawn, indicating the course the knife was to take. I studied hard, and went through the whole list. I then paced my room, and, in imagination, cut up, in the most approved manner, all animals, common and uncommon; and though thus, in some measure, theoretically prepared, still I made my appearance with a fluttering heart at my friend's house. As I entered it, a combination of fumes, escaping from the kitchen, reached my olfactories; and as I followed the servant to the drawing-room, I resolved to avoid conversation before dinner, and recal my morning's study, fixing my particular attention upon the dishes, which I might now, from the hint given to my nose, expect to appear. But, strange to say, none but the most unusual viands would now occur to me; and I was busily engaged in banishing visions of quails, herons, swans, and others of the feathered race, least subject to human mastication, when dinner was announced.

The only seat unoccupied upon my entrance, was one next the lady of the house; and before I could well extricate myself from my musings, my friend begged I would lead her to the dinner-room. I offered her my arm therefore, though I would gladly have exchanged this distinction for a howling wilderness; since it seemed to bespeak the probability of my sitting next her, and if so,

I knew too well, though she did not, what was likely to follow. As I augured, so it proved—she assigned his lordship a station on her right hand, and placed me on her left—the post of honour, it might be; but I remember the pillory occurred to me, as a sort of paradise compared to it. The cover being removed, a turbot was exhibited to view; the lady turned to me, requesting my assistance. My last hope, flimsy as it was, hung upon his lordship's soliciting this distinction; but he sat erect and mute; and when she politely handed me the fish-slice and the knife, I felt about as much obliged to her as though she had presented to me a poisoned goblet and a dagger. But there was no retreating; I was tied to the stake.

Now be it known I was no gourmand, and independently of my gross want of skill, I knew not for my soul, why one part of any creature designed for our use was not as good as another. Moreover, the tail of the turbot was towards me, and I judged from this circumstance that it was designed I should commence there. I began therefore at the tail, and insinuating the fish-slice at its very extremity, turned over a thin fin-less morsel to his lordship, whose plate was first at my elbow. The bishop looked any thing but the living of S—at me, as it was placed before him. The lady soon perceived my error, and before I had dispatched another plate, pointed to the upper part of the fish. I dashed in the slice, under the superintendance of her fair finger, and detached a portion for the other guests; for every one, as fate would have it, would eat fish, and no one would taste soup—a sound which my ear eagerly longed to catch, as a remission of at least a part of my sentence. Unceasing demands made me desperate, and I laid about me with knife and slice, but with so little address, that before half the company were supplied, the turbot lay an unsightly heap of ruins, and the most experienced eye might have been puzzled to determine what in reality it had originally been. This achieved, I waited in grim despair a second attack upon the next dish, and in the brief interval, I had full leisure to observe that I had disconcerted the lady, and displeased the bishop; which did not, however, so entirely absorb my faculties as to conceal the certainty that I was undergoing the ban of several of the other guests. But before I could cast up the sum total of my demerits, a servant appeared, bearing an enormous dish and cover, which he placed in the situation the hapless turbot had so recently occupied. The cover being taken off, a turkey was exposed. I had as soon it had been a rhinoceros. However, limited as was my information, I chanced to know that the breast was the favourite part, and desiring to atone to the bishop, on whom I kept a penitent eye for my late infraction of the law of gulosity, and considering I could not do too much to repair my error, I sent him a junk in the form of a wedge, that might have puzzled the capacity of an alderman. Here I was again set right by my fair and offended auxiliary, who, in evident perturbation, audibly whispered—

"*thin*, Sir, if you please, *thin*." I took her at her word, dispatched slices to the others which rivalled Vauxhall. "The cry was still they come;" turkey, nothing but turkey would go down—all the fish eaters had suddenly become bird-fanciers. A legion of plates were at my elbow, and it was now necessary to disengage some of the limbs. My fate had reached its crisis—in endeavouring to cut off one of the legs, I suddenly drove the ill-fated bird to the edge of the dish, and sent the gravy it contained, like a jet d'eau over the spruce dress and rubicund face of his lordship. No trap-door opened under my feet, for which I heartily prayed, and prayed in vain. The bishop, after vainly endeavouring for a moment to rid himself of the effect of the accident, was translated to an adjoining apartment, to which the servants accompanied him, and when he resumed his seat, who can paint the anger that sat on his brow? on the brow of him, who, from his sacred calling and exalted station, is said to be "above the atmosphere of the passions?"

At length the cloth was removed—I had not swallowed a morsel, and the bumpers I drank to subdue my uneasiness, assailing an empty stomach and disquieted spirit, soon attacked my brain; I went through almost every grade of intoxication. I talked incessantly; became vehement and vociferous; and finally was fast verging towards something worse, when a glimpse of my unhappy state, before reason was quite dislodged, helped me to discern the expediency of a retreat. I made an abrupt exit, but I have no distinct idea how I succeeded in getting home. All I remember is, that I tripped in the mat on leaving the dinner-room, and turning my head into a battering-ram, made a forcible entry into an opposite parlour, where, as my evil stars would have it, my fair hostess had retired to write a note. I was past making any apology. The servants, alarmed at the noise, ran to my assistance, and though stunned by the encounter between my skull and my friend's mahogany, I recollect, when they took me up, hearing one of them answer the inquiry of the lady, "It's the gentleman, ma'am, what splashed my lord bishop." These were the last words I heard that night, and certainly the bespattered diocesan was the first image that occurred to me the following morning. It was plain my prospects in that quarter were utterly ruined, and as I lay in bed I revolved and re-revolved, with the advantage of a parched tongue and fevered brain, the means of ridding myself at once from all the disquietude which I felt must ever be my lot whilst carving was in fashion. If I looked back I saw nothing but suffering, acute suffering—if forward, I perceived one interminable vista of similar discomforts. It was clear, that to avoid the dissection of dishes, which despite of my efforts to escape were often placed under my distribution, I had feigned sprained wrists, cut fingers, and sudden indisposition, until they could be feigned no more. Something therefore was immediately necessary to be decided upon to relieve me from the burden of such an existence as I was endur-

ing. Mine was no common calamity—a marriage, a bankruptcy, a duel, may occur in the course of a man's life-time; but carving is of diurnal occurrence—no man is safe for four-and-twenty hours—no sooner is one dinner dispatched, than in some way or other, another must be in preparation; and who can endure an everlasting conflict with antipathies? I resolved therefore to quit England, once and forever—a country where the very poor are the only very happy people—for they have no dinners.

Arriving at this determination, I wavered for a time between China and France. The Chinese, I had heard (like sensible people,) always eat alone; but I knew less of their general habits. France occurred to me as the land of ragouts, hashes and fricasees; of course, little or no work for the knife, and much for the spoon. I determined therefore for France. I rose with alacrity, dispatched my affairs, collected my moveables, and made all ready for a start.

Fortune, however, could not be satisfied without a parting blow at me, even when I had consented to succumb to her dictates and expatriate myself. During a ride which I took to bid farewell to my few remaining relatives, I was approaching, about fifteen miles from my house, an inn which I had been in the habit of stopping at, when a fellow belonging to it called to his companion, and exclaimed, in a subdued tone which he thought could not reach my ear "I say, Tom, here comes *Chops*." I looked round, but perceiving no one, dismounted and entered the house. Presently after, having ordered some refreshment, I heard one of the waiters in the passage ask another, if a party who had just arrived were to dine in the Unicorn. "No, no," said he, "they can't dine there, *Chops* is in that room." Assured, as I was the only tenant of it, that they must have some reference to me, I rang the bell, and when the waiter entered, insisted upon an explanation. After much vervarication, and a promise on my part of entire forgiveness whatever it might be, he said, "Why, all the servants calls you so, Sir, because you never orders nothing but *chops*."

It was too true; my anti-carving faculties had doomed me to a monotony of mutton—to perpetual dinners upon chops.

Now, fortune, I defy thee—I am on board the packet—the wind is fair, and in a few hours I shall be across the channel.

The comparison of human life to the burning and going out of a lamp, was familiar with Latin authors, as we know by the terms *senes decrepiti*. Plutarch explains the origin of this metaphor thus:—The ancients never extinguished their lamps, but suffered them to go out of their own accord, that it be the last crackle; hence a lamp just about to expire was said—*decrepitare*, to cease to crackle. Hence, metaphorically, persons on the verge of the grave, were called *decrepid men*.

FURNESS ABBEY.

I wish for the days of the olden time,
When the hours were told by the abbey chime,
When the glorious stars look'd down through the midnight
dim,

Like approving saints, on the choir's sweet hymn—
I think of the days we are living now,
And sigh for those of the veil and the vow.

I would be content alone to dwell
Where the ivy shut out the sun from my cell,
With the death's-head at my side, and the missal on my knee,
Praying to that heaven which was opening to me:
Fevered and vain are the days I lead now,
And I sigh for those of the veil and the vow.

Silken broldery no more would I wear,
Nor golden combs in my golden hair;
I wore them but for one, and in vain they were worn
My robe should be of serge, my crown of the thorn;
'Tis a cold false world we dwell in now,
And I sigh for the days of the veil and the vow.

I would that the cloister's quiet were mine;
In the silent depths of some holy shrine;
I would tell my blessed beads, and would weep away
From my inmost soul every stain of clay;
My heart's young hopes they have left me now,
And I sigh for the days of the veil and the vow.

STANZAS.

Yes lady, thou wilt die. That lip of snow—
And that pale brow foretell thy early lot—
The wing of death is o'er thee—thou wilt go
Where broken hearts and blighted flowers are not:
Thou art too beautiful to linger where
The rainbow brightens but to melt away,
And the sweet sounds that wander on the air
But swell the dirge of sorrow and decay.

Yes thou wilt die. Thy spirit soon will leave
This dull cold exile for its place on high,
And, like a bright cloud on a silent eve,
Melt in the deeper glories of the sky;
Thy home will be where bluer skies are glassed
In softer streams mid spring's undying bowers,
And where the winds of autumn never passed,
Nor serpents writhed round passion's sweetest flowers.

Ay, thou wilt die;—and I shall linger here,
When all the blossoms of the heart are fled,
To muse on thee and mourn, with bitter tear,
The cold, the lost, the beautiful, the dead;
But, as life's stars in loneliness depart,
Thy memory still, amid the deepening gloom,
Will shine upon the ruins of my heart
Like a lone fire-fly on the midnight tomb.

THE EXECUTIONER.

Yes, I—I am an executioner—a common
hangman!—These fingers, that look, as I hold
them before mine eyes, as a part and parcel
of humanity, have fitted the noose and strained
the cord to drive forth the soul from its human
mansion, and to kill the life that was within it! Oh,
horror of horrors, I have stood on the public
scaffold, amid the execrations of thousands, more
hated than the criminal that was to die by me—
more odious than the offender that tottered
thither in expiation, with life half fled already—and
I have heard a host of human voices join in
summoning Heaven's malediction on me and my
disgusting office. Well, well I deserved it; and
as I listened to the piercing cry, my conscience
whispered in still more penetrating accents—
“Thou guilty Ambrose, did they but know all
thy meed of wickedness, they would be silent—
silent in mere despair of inventing curses deep
enough to answer to the depth of thy offence.”

What is it that prompts me to tell the history
of my transgressions? Why sit I in my solitude,
thinking and thinking till thought is madness,
and trembling as I gaze on the white and un-
soiled paper that is destined shortly to be so
fouly blotted with the annals of my crime and
my misery? Alas, I know not why! I have no
power to tell the impulse that compels me—I
can only pronounce that the impulse has exist-
ence, and that it seems to me as if the sheet on
which I write served me instead of a companion,
and I could conjure from its fancied society a
sort of sympathy in the entireness of my wretch-
edness.

As some men are born to greatness, so are

some to misery. My evil genius, high heaven
and the truth can witness, clutched me in my
cradle, and never have I been free from the
grasp that urged me onwards and onwards, as
though the great sea of destruction was being
lashed into tenfold speed and might for the sole
purpose of overwhelming me.

Yes, if earliest memory may justify the phrase,
from my very cradle was I foredoomed to sin and
sorrow. The first recollection that I have of
those worldly incidents that marked my daily
course, takes me back to a gloomy, marshy, half-
sterile spot, deep seated in the fens of Lincoln-
shire. May I say that I lived there? Was it
life to see the same dull round of nothings en-
compassing me day after day—to have none to
speak to, or to hear speak, save an old and wi-
thered crone, who to my young comprehension
appeared to be fastened down, as it were, to the
huge chimney-corner, and who seemed to exist
(paradox-like) more by sleeping, than by the
employment of any other function of the animal
frame? The only variation of this monotonous
circle of my days was the monthly arrival of my
father, who used to come across the quaggy
moor in a sort of farmer's cart, and on whose
periodical visits we entirely depended for our
provisions for the ensuing month. The parent at
all times exercises mighty influence over the mind
of his offspring; but were I to attempt to describe
that which my father possessed over me, it would
seem as if I were penning some romantic tale to
make old women bless their stars and crouch
nearer to the blazing Christmas log, rather than
simply narrating the prime source of all those

courseful events that have made me the wretch I am. Nor need I here describe his power; for each page that I have to write will more and more develop the entrenchment of his baneful influence over my mind, and show how he employed it to my irretrievable undoing.

Monthly he came;—and as I grew from boyhood into the full youthtide of my blood and vigour, it seemed to me as if I only condescended to live for the recurrence of these visits. The question in my mind was, not what day of the week, or what date of the month it was; but how many days had elapsed since my father's last visit—how many were to elapse before I should see him again. And then, after these periodical heart-aching reckonings, he would come—come but to go again, after a short tantalizing one-day stay. Once—once I ventured to press him to take me with him: my eagerness made me eloquent. I bowed to my very knees in supplication for the indulgence. But in vain—in vain; and it was then, perhaps, that I first fully ascertained the power that he had over my heart—ay, over my soul—my very soul of souls. Angry at my continued entreaties, he lost his temper, raged till his teeth gnashed in the fierceness of his ire, and bade me again ask to accompany him at the peril of his curse. To me, at that time, his passion was little less than so many dagger-thrusts in my bosom, and I shrank in exquisite anguish from the contest, tremblingly convinced that never again might I dare to urge the cherished desire of my imagination. When I remembered the height of his indignation, it almost seemed as if there must have been something heinous, in an unheard-of degree, in my request: my father, to my mind, was the wisest, the best, and the most judicious of mankind; how could it be otherwise, when he was the only one with whom I had ever held communication, save the érone who appeared to have slept away her brains, if she ever had any? and that wisdom, that goodness, that judiciousness, I had offended! Where, then, was the wonder that I myself cried shame upon the offence?

In this state of things I attained about my twenty-third year, as nearly as I can guess; and then, at last, a change arrived. Great heaven, what a change! Fool that I was, not to content myself with being at least as well off as the beast of the field, or the steed that is stalled and carded for, as far as nature and his appetite make demands upon him. But ignorant, restless, and morbid in my sensations, I must needs have change. It came; and I changed too—into a wretch—an outcast—a thing hated, despised, and hooted at!

It began with an ill omen! I might have foreseen that some deed of horrid circumstance was at hand.

The old woman was seated, as usual in the chimney-corner. She had been sitting there from six in the morning till nine at night, without uttering a syllable—without tasting food, as far as I knew, though during some hours in the day she had been left to herself, while I was

wandering my solitary round through the plashy fens. At length, our hour of nightly rest arrived, and I summoned her from her stationary posture. But she answered not—she moved not: I approached, and gently shook her: I took hold of her withered, wrinkled hand—it was cold and clammy:—I raised her head—it was expressionless—her eye was inanimate. She was dead!

It took some minutes for me to persuade myself that death had indeed been at work. I had thought of death—dreamed of death—pictured death; but now, for the first time, he presented himself to my outward observation, and I shrank with morbid instinct from the task of contemplation. Always a creature of passion—always a creature of waywardness and prejudice—without education, without instruction, without guidance, I had no philosophy to lead me but my own ignorance—no rule of conduct save the *ignes fatui* of my own imagination. I doubt whether at any time, or with any training, I could have taken my first lesson in mortality without an involuntary shuddering; but circumstanced as I then was, I almost instinctively tottered into a far-off corner of the room, and there, for a while, as I held my hands before my eyes, to shut out all visible presence of the corpse, I seemed as if I was gradually assuming its motionless rigour, and sharing in its cessation of existence.

It was a fearful night; and so the days and nights that followed. From the time of the old woman's decease, to the period of my father's next visit, was a fortnight. Flight from this scene of death was one of the first thoughts that presented itself to my mind—but whither? I had no one clew to guide me in my search for my parent; and to me, every thing beyond the cottage in the fens and its neighbourhood was a blank. As I debated this within myself, I tried to resolve to stay—I determined to confine myself to another room of the narrow dwelling—I called upon my energy to assist me in forgetting how nearly I was hand in hand with death. But the task was too much for me—my whole mental faculty succumbed under the attempt—and my brain felt as if it was under the utter dominion of the Prince of terrors; each hour added fresh visions of dismay to those which already appalled me; and when, after the lapse of three or four days, the odour of the decaying corpse spread itself through every portion of the cottage, the thoughts that seized upon my excited imagination became unbearable, and, without plan or project, I almost unwittingly rushed from the abode of my childhood, to face the perils of all that lay before me, unknowing and unknown.

My first steps were those of real flight, prompted by a desire of freeing myself from a sort of incubus that seemed to be urging me on to madness, as long as I remained within its influence. This feeling lent speed to my pace for nearly half the day, and then, when I began to consider the rate at which I had walked—or rather, when I was able to begin to consider any of the circumstances that attended my change, I gradu-

ally obtained the power of perceiving that I was by degrees releasing myself from the painful impulse that had hitherto been pressing me forward. But in proportion as I escaped from these sensations, others of a scarcely less dreary complexion took possession of my mind. Where was I?—What was I about?—Whither was I going?—And how was I to find my father, of whom I did not even so much as know his name?—With these and similar thoughts disturbing my imagination, I found the night fast gathering around me, while I was still vainly extending my gaze in every direction for the abode of man, or any practicable refuge for the destitute wanderer. Vainly, indeed, did I run my aching eyes along the farthest margin of the horizon. Nothing but a low marshy land, with here and there a stunted water-loving tree, was to be seen; and when I turned my glance upwards, the clouds that met my sight appeared as sullen and as gloomy as the prospect which a moment before the earth had presented. But even this was comfortable in the comparison to that which followed; for presently a chilly soaking rain commenced falling; the day completely closed; and I scarcely took a step without finding myself plunged knee-deep in some marish reservoir, or unexpected quagmire. Surrounded with evils, the best that I could do was to choose the least; and, feeling that it was hopeless to pursue my path when all was utter doubt and darkness, I resolved to take shelter in one of the stunted trees which I found scattered over the fens, and there to remain till the morning should begin to dawn. My project succeeded as far as mere rest was concerned, and with cramps and rheums for my bed-fellows, I found that I might hope to pass through the tedious night. But though I thus escaped any farther trials of the treacherous footing that awaited me beneath, the thin and scanty foliage of my tree of refuge afforded no shelter from the pitiless storm, in which the wind and the rain seemed to be playing an alternate game, the one undertaking to dry me as fast as the other drenched me to the skin.

This, then, was my first introduction to the world. This was the "Go on, and prosper," that attended me on my first venturing forth from that dwelling that had hitherto sheltered me. As I sat stilted, as it were, in my dark arbour of slippery branches, amidst which I felt as if couched in a morass, I could not help recalling to my mind the ominous words with which my father had, two years before, prophesied that I should most surely repent any endeavour to make the world and myself more intimately acquainted. Already did I repent! yea, even though the act of my quitting the cottage in this instance had been scarcely more than what I considered to be a sort of self-preservation.

At length morning came. It still rained—a heavy, penetrating, chilling torrent. The wind still roared, as though the northern blast was hallooing to its brother of the east to come and make dreary holyday for the nonce; a hunger, fierce and gnawing, had taken possession of me,

as if that too was in cruel collusion with the elements to crush me. But still, in spite of rain, wind, and hunger, there was light—and with light came hope—with hope, a sort of artificial buoyancy and vigour, which enabled me to descend from my scrambling melancholy couch, and once again to stretch forward in search of some track of human existence.

Whither, or in what direction I wandered, I never was able to satisfy myself, though I have since, more than once, pored over the map of Lincolnshire, with a desire of tracing my first journey from the solitary cottage in the fens, to the habitation of man, and of civilized society. All that I know is, that after nearly exhausting the whole of this second day in fruitless rambling, I at length, even at the moment when I thought I must finally give up the effort, and sink in obedience to declining nature, had my heart gladdened with the sound of the barking of a dog, and by following this aural track, I was fortunate enough to reach the small village of Fairclough a little before nightfall.

How my bosom glowed as I attained this spot of human sojourn! I was like the arctic traveller, who, after having wild beasts for his companions, and snow for his pillow, at last arrives at one of those godsend hunting huts, that to his longing eyes start up in the wilderness, more brilliant than the most gorgeous palace of the East to the perverted gaze of a luxurious emir. Now, thought I, is the hour at length arrived for me to be introduced to my kindred men—now is the world of humanity before—now will every one that I meet be a brother or a sister;—and my heart, too long pent-up, and compelled to be a self-devourer, will find an opportunity for that expansion for which it has so long been yearning.

As I thus communed with myself, I approached a cottage. The door stood invitingly open.—"Hail, happy omen of the heart that reigns within," cried I; and, with an honest reverence for my own picture of human nature, I entered. The only persons that I perceived inside were a woman and a child, sickly and puling, whom the former was endeavouring to coax from its shrill cry, by the offer of a slice of bread and butter.

It was not till I had fairly crossed the threshold, and found that I was noticed by the female, that I remembered that my errand was a begging one; and the sudden recurrence of the thought threw some little embarrassment into my manner. However, I had no time for consideration; for the woman, without waiting for my address, briefly demanded—"What's your want?"

"For the sake of pity," replied I, somewhat chilled by her words, and still more by the callous manner in which she used them—"for the sake of pity, afford me some food—this is the second day that these lips have gone without a morsel."

"Food, quotha!" reiterated the woman—"hark ye, youngster, did you never hear of rent and taxes, and poor-rates to boot? It is not

over much food that we get for ourselves—none that we have to give away. You had better try the overseer."

"The overseer!" returned I, somewhat puzzled as to whom he might be—"alas, I have no strength left to carry me farther! A crust of bread and half an hour's rest is all I ask." And, as I uttered these words, I sank exhausted into a chair that stood near.

"Poor fellow!" cried the occupant of the cottage, probably moved by the too apparent condition to which I was reduced:—"Well, God knows, bread is dear enough, and money is scarce enough, and supper is seldom enough; but if a crust will satisfy you, it shall not be wanting. But, harkye, you can't stay here to eat it; my husband will be here anon, and—"

Scarcely had she uttered the words—hardly was the proffered crust within my grasp, when he, of whom she spoke, made his appearance, with evident symptoms about him that he had not visited the village alehouse in vain.

"How now, Suky," cried he, as he observed my presence—"what does this chap do here?"

"Poor wretch," replied his wife, "it seems as if it were nearly over with him, what with fatigue and what with hunger, so he asked leave to sit down a bit, and rest his poor bones."

"And why the devil did you let him?" surlily demanded the man:—"I'll have no bone-resting here.—Am I the lord of the manor, or squire of the village, that I can afford to take in every pauper that finds his way here?—and who gave him that bread?"

The wife seemed to shrink from the question, while I mustered resolution to reply—"She—who will be blessed for it, as long as heaven blesses charity."

"Heyday," cried the fellow, "why the chap is a Methodist parson in disguise, after all!—Harkye, Mr. Parson-pauper, please to turn out.—Once a-week is quite enough for that sort of thing."

"Do not force me abroad again to-night!—I have not strength to move."

"Hoity toity," exclaimed the drunkard, "you have strength to eat, and pretty briskly too.—And who, do you suppose, is to find your lazy carcass a lodging for the night?—Turn out, I say."

"F'or pity's sake —"

"Pity be d—d! Turn out, I say,"—and as he spoke he seized me by the collar, and whirling me round by mere brute force, I found myself in an instant outside the cottage; while as a token that all hope of re-entry was vain, he slammed the door violently in my face.

This was my first introduction to the benevolence of mankind:—this was the earliest welcome that awaited the wanderer from the fens.—I groaned, and tottered onwards.

But if this was my first introduction, I soon found that it was by no means a solitary specimen of what was to be presented for my acceptance. Another, and another, and another cottage was tried—and still the same result. I was spurned

by the most cruel—I was unheeded by the most humane—I was neglected by all; and one other much-begrudged crust of bread was all that my importunities were able to obtain. With this I retired to a miserable outhouse attached to a farm at the extremity of the village, and having devoured it, I endeavoured to make myself a bed in the scattered straw that lay strewed about the ground. My hunger, though not altogether appeased, had ceased to press with such torturing pain on my very vitals; and the exhaustion of my frame speedily lulled me to sleep.

Sound and refreshing were my slumbers; and it was not till I was roused by the owner of the building that I awoke from them.

"Halloo, my fine spark!" cried he; "who gave you permission to take possession of my outhouse? Please to get up, and away; and you may think yourself well off that you escape so easily."

This was a bad omen for begging a breakfast; and I was about to depart without a syllable in reply, when it suddenly crossed my mind that I might at least solicit work. Heaven knows that it was never my desire to live on the bread of idleness, and with how much willingness I was ready to undertake the most menial or the most laborious employment to entitle myself to my daily food.

"Well," cried the farmer, perceiving that I lingered, "will you not take my advice, and disappear, before I show that I am in earnest?"

"I was hoping, sir," replied I, "that you would not take it amiss if I solicited you to give me some work. Indeed, indeed you will find me very willing; and I think I could be useful."

"Useful, youngster! In what?—Can you plough? Can you thrash? Can you reap?"

A mournful negative was my reply. "But I am ready to learn."

"And who is to pay for your teaching? Besides, a pretty hope it would be that you will ever be good for any thing, when we find a tall strapping fellow like you, who has been too idle as yet to learn to plough or to reap. No, no, thankye, we have plenty of paupers here already, and I have no fancy to add to the number, by giving you a settlement in the parish. So, good day, my friend; and when you again offer to work, see if you cannot give yourself a better character."

Again baffled in hope, and checked in spirit, I moved away, seeing but too clearly that the village of Fairclough was no resting-place for me.

"Oh, father, father!" cried I, with bitterness in my accent, as I paced slowly forward—"where am I to seek you? How am I to find you?"

It was a dreary day in March that again witnessed me—a wanderer—creeping along on my unpurposed journey, and tracking my weary way from spot to spot, as chance or destiny might direct. The early produce of the fields afforded me a scanty, miserable breakfast; and as I looked upwards, and saw the linnet and the finch fitting with a gay carol over my head, a

sort of envy of their condition seized me, and, instead of glorying in my station, as one of the master works of nature, I mourned at the shackled unhappiness of my lot. What now had become of my fancy-decked picture of the all-receiving brotherhood of mankind? Whither had flown the friendship, the kindness, the heart-in-hand welcome that I had so fondly dreamt waited my arrival in the abodes of the world? Fictions! Empty, deceitful fictions, that had betrayed me to myself, and that, for a short moment, had taken the place of the withering, frightful truth, that for the houseless, penniless wanderer there was no sympathy, no hospitable tendering to his necessities!

Thus, for many days, strayed I through the humid atmosphere of a Lincolnshire March, now and then reaping one miserable meal, or one measured draught of milk from a whole village, but more often feeding on the vegetable productions of the hedges and the fields, and trusting to the chances of the road for a nightly shelter.

Meanwhile, I felt that my heart was gradually changing within me, I had brought it into the world of men, with its offering of love and kindness, but none would accept it—none would reciprocate to it; it was the heart of a beggar, and society cried, Out upon it! I began to ask myself gloomy and frightful questions—questions that no heart ought to be forced to ask itself. As I laboured along in solitude, misery, and neglect, I demanded of myself a thousand times—“Why am I to have love for man, when mankind has none for me?”

At length accident conducted my steps to the little town of Okeham, the capital of Rutlandshire. There the hedges, and the other cold cheer of nature failed me, and I was compelled to beg for my very existence. It is impossible to describe the disgust with which I contemplated this necessity. The rebuffs with which, one after another, I had met, had sickened upon my soul, and I felt that the mere act of petitioning charity was like offering my cheek to be smote, or my person to be insulted. It was nothing short of utter starvation that was able to drive me to it.

But it seemed as if my evil genius was accumulating the venom of disgrace for me. It was my ill fortune to select, as my first house of trial, the abode of one of the constables of the town; and the words of imploring charity were not cold from my mouth, ere this high official burst forth in a strain that astonished even me, accustomed as I was to rebuke and reproach, for daring to announce that hunger had on me the same effect as on the rest of mankind. According to this man's creed, I was a villain, a vagabond, and a rapsallion, and I ought to go on my knees to thank him for not instantly dragging me before a magistrate, to be dealt with as the heinousness of my presumption demanded. Alas! he might have spared his wrath, for I was too well accustomed to rejection not to take the first hint, and shrink from an encounter where all power

was on one side, and all irrisistance on the other.

“Come with me, my poor fellow,” exclaimed a gentle voice that was hardly audible amid the constabulary storm that I had raised. “Come with me, and I will afford you such poor assistance as my wretched means will allow. I am your twin-brother in misery, and my ear too well knows the cry of distress.”

I looked round to see what angel it was that thus pronounced the first real words of kindness that had reached me since my secession from the cottage in the fens. He who had spoken was a thin, sickly-looking youth, about eighteen or nineteen years of age; and when his face was scanned, though only for a moment, the beholder would feel that there was no need for his confession of misery. Sorrow, and well-nigh despair, were seated there; and his thin uncoloured cheek declared the waste that grief had inflicted on his heart.

“Come with you, indeed!” cried the man of office, tauntingly. “Why, that will be rogue to rogue with a vengeance; and I suppose we shall have a pretty account by to-morrow, of some burglary to be looked after.”

When I took my first glance at my new friend, it seemed to me as if nothing but art could have lent colour to his fallow countenance; but nature was more strong in him than I had imagined, and as he listened to the words that were uttered by this overbearing Dogberry, the quick blood bubbled to his cheek, and he glowed with the full fire of indignation, as he replied—“I would that the law permitted me to commit a burglary on thy wicked heart, that I might break it open, and show mankind how foul a composition may be cased in human substance. But no matter—I speak to iron! Come, good fellow,” added he, turning to me, “we will avoid this iniquitous libel on the species, and seek another spot for farther conversation.”

“Now that's just what you won't,” roared his brutal opponent:—“I rather suspect what you have said amounts to a threat of assault; and I shall ask Justice Goffle about it; but at all events I know that this ragged barebones, who seems to be all at once your bosom friend, has brought himself within the vagrant act; so you may go and seek your conversation by yourself, or along with your father, who is snug in the lock-up, for you know what; for as to this youngster he stirs not till Mr. Goffle has had a word or two with him; and then perhaps a month at the tread-mill may put him into better condition for the high honour of your friendship.”

He suited the action to the word, for before he had finished his speech, I felt myself within his nervous gripe.

The youth saw that opposition was vain. For my own part I felt no inclination to struggle or contend: the one drop of liquid tempering, with which his words of sympathy had softened my heart, was again dried up and consumed by the new cruelty that attended on my destitution; and I felt a sort of bitter satisfaction that my last

week's resolve of hatred against mankind had escaped the peril of being shaken by the benevolent offer of this exception to his species.

Under the watchful custody of the constable, I was speedily conveyed to the presence of Mr. Justice Goffle: my offence was too evident to admit of a moment's doubt; he who had captured me, was at once my prosecutor, my convicting witness, and my custos to lead me, according to the sentence of the law, and of Mr. Justice Goffle, to a fortnight's imprisonment and hard labour in the jail of the town. In another half hour, I was safely lodged within its gloomy walls.

The first lesson which I there learned was, that the criminal and the offender of the laws were better fed than the harmless, wretched wanderer, whose only sin was that of being hungry in obedience to nature's ordinances. I could hardly believe my senses when I had proffered to me, and without asking for it either, a substantial meal—such a one as had not gladdened my sight since I quitted the cottage in the fens: and, as I silently devoured it, I tried to account for the phenomenon, but in vain; it was too much for my philosophy. It did not, however, tend to ease the cankering hatred against mankind that was fast eating into the very core of my every sensation.

My next lesson was one still more mischievous. It was that which I received from my fellow-prisoners, and which was made up of vain-glory for the enormity of their crimes that were passed, and of wily subtle resolves for the execution of those that were to come. A week before I had held all mankind to be excellent and lovely. I now deemed the whole race wicked and pernicious.

The third morning after my initiation into Okeham jail, I perceived an unusual bustle taking place: the turnkeys crossed the yard in which we were confined with more than their usual importance; and the head jailer rattled his keys with extraordinary emphasis. What to me would have been a long unravelled mystery, if left to my own lucubrations, was speedily explained by some of my companions. It was the day for the commencement of the assize—the judges were hourly expected—fresh prisoners were being brought in from the various lock-ups, and every thing was in preparation for their reception. Presently a buzz went round among those that were already confined, anticipatory of a fresh arrival of colleagues in misfortune, and a minute afterwards the yard-gate was unlocked.

"Pass in Edward Foster, committed for horse-stealing," shouted one of the turnkeys, outside.

"Edward Foster passed in," echoed his brother turnkey, who stood at the yard-gate; and the new prisoner, on his appearance among us, was received with a cheer by the gaping crowd of malefactors, as Lucifer might be by his kith and kin of fallen angels on his arrival at Pandemonium. After the lapse of another minute, Foster was conveyed to a solitary cell, in token of his being confined on a capital charge.

"Pass in Stephen Lockwood, king's evidence, and committed for want of sureties," again shouted the same voice, from without.

"Stephen Lockwood passed in," repeated he at the gate.

The crowd of prisoners gathered round the entry as nearly as they dared approach; and, on receiving this other new comer among them, saluted him with a threatening groan, that ran round the old walls of the jail, for the purpose of showing their contempt of "the snivelling 'peach."

He who was thus welcomed to his dungeon, made his way as speedily as he could through the mob of jail-birds, and approached the spot where I was standing, probably so induced, from its being the least crowded part of the yard.

Eternal Heaven! what were my horror and astonishment, on perceiving that it was my father that thus drew near!

Our mutual recognition was instantaneous, but before I could speak, he muttered hastily—"Not a word of our relationship before these wretches."

It was some time before the indignant criminals that surrounded my father, afforded us an opportunity of conversation. When at length we had an opportunity of exchanging a few words without being overheard, my parent demanded of me the circumstances that had made me the inmate of a prison. When they were recounted—"It is well," cried he, "fate has brought us together in its own mysterious way. It is well!—it is well!—But we may yet be revenged on the world."

My eyes gleamed with delight at the sound of the word "revenge;" and I echoed it from the very bottom of my soul. It was easy for my father to understand the spirit in which I uttered it; for it had been with no cold-blooded suppression of manner that I had narrated to him my adventures since I had quitted the cottage in the fens.

"But you, my father," cried I, "why are you here?"

"Hush," whispered he, "this is no place to relate the tale of my wrongs and of my wretchedness. Your sentence of imprisonment will be over in twelve days; and till then we must restrain ourselves. I have a dreadful story for your ears."

"But how soon shall you be free?"

"In four or five days, beyond all doubt:—the trial for which I am detained is expected to come on to-morrow, after which I shall be at liberty. On the day of the expiration of your imprisonment, I will wait for you outside the jail. Meanwhile, feed your heart with thoughts of vengeance the dearest, sweetest, only worldly solace that remains for men so undone as Stephen Lockwood and his progeny."

Dreadful was the anxiety with which I counted the hours till that of my release arrived. My father's calculation as to his own term of imprisonment proved to be correct; and for the last eight days of my confinement I was left

alone to brood over my heart's wild conjectures—born of the dark and mysterious hints that he had poured into my ear.

At length the day of my restoration to liberty arrived, and, true to his word, I found my parent waiting for me in eager expectation outside the prison.

"Follow me," cried he hastily, as soon as he perceived that I was by his side:—"follow me to the fields beyond the town; for I have those things to relate that other than you must never hear."

I obeyed in silence, for my whole soul was so completely wrapt in expectation of that which he had to communicate, that I sickened at the thought of dwelling on any less momentous subject. He, as we strode along, was equally reserved; but I could perceive that the thoughts that were raging within him were of sufficient potency to disturb the outward man, and to give a wildness of action to his demeanour that I had never before observed, save on that one occasion when I had pressed him beyond endurance to make me his companion, by releasing me from my sojourn in the cottage in the fens.

At length we arrived at a secluded spot some distance from the town we had just quitted, and where a long, blank, nearly untrodden moor gave promise that we might escape interruption.

"It is here, Ambrose," cried my father, suddenly pausing in his progress, "it is here that we will take our stand; hateful man cannot approach us without being seen—the roaring wind cannot blab our secreties, for none are nigh to catch the whisper it conveys—trees and darkling coverts there are none to hide our foe, or permit his stealthy footstep to creep unwarily upon us:—here, then, here we may talk truths, and cry aloud for vengeance without fear or hindrance."

I was all ear, but murmured not a sound. Like the tyro in the schools, I waited to be led to my conclusions; and with the sentiments that I entertained towards my father, his words seemed to be those of one inspired.

He himself paused as though it required some great effort to enable him to commence his tale. At length he continued—"The time is now come, Ambrose, when I have to place before you the circumstances that induced me to fix your residence in the lonely spot you have so lately quitted, in the hopes of sheltering you from the unkind treatment of that world that has used your father so bitterly. The time is come, and with it our revenge. Listen, my son, that you may learn the grudge you owe to man—that you may be taught how to resent the wrong that was inflicted on you long before you dreamt that mischief had station on the earth, or had played you false in your very earliest existence."

"Your every word, my father, reaches the very centre of my heart. I am in your hands: mould me to your bidding."

"You will require no moulding, Ambrose. My tale will be sufficient to direct your course. Listen:—I was born of humble parents in the

village of Ravenstoke; and though I had the misfortune to lose both my father and my mother almost before I knew the value of such beings, the evils that attend a child of poverty were averted by the kindly notice of the principal family of the place. The good man at its head, and who never made fall a tear till death took him from the world, early noticed me, and was pleased to think that he saw in me sufficient capacity and promise to befit me to be the companion of Edward, his only child, whose years were pretty nearly the same as my own. Thus in happiness and content passed away my youth; but it only seemed as if the demon that had marked me for his prey, was resting for the purpose of accumulating his whole force in order to crush me. In a neighbouring village, to which my walks had been frequently directed, there lived a maiden whose gentleness of disposition and beauty of person had won for her the affection of all who were blessed enough to be acquainted with her. In my eyes she was even more than my young fancy, ever too busy in picturing forth happiness and loveliness, had at any time conjured to the vision of my senses. Need I say that I loved—loved to distraction, and how more than mortally happy I deemed myself when I received from the fair lips of Ellen a half-whispered approval of my love? Oh, my Ambrose, I cannot recal those early days of fondness and affection, and prevent the hot tears coursing down my cheeks, there to stream as witnesses of my devotion, till the bitter recollection of the manner in which that devotion was abused dries up the liquid testimony at the very source, and leaves me even now, after the lapse of twenty years, the victim of a distorted faith—too fresh, too real, and too scathing, ever to be extinguished till this body is returned to moulder with the dust."

As Lockwood thus spoke, his eyes gave proof of the fulness of his feelings; and some minutes elapsed before he was able to proceed.

"I must be brief, Ambrose, with the rest of my story, for I feel that my heart will scarcely allow me words to conclude it. When Ellen had confessed her affection for me, there was nought to prevent our union, and a few weeks, therefore, saw me, as I deemed myself, the happiest of men; and our dearest hope appeared to be that we might live and die with one another. The hour of separation—fatal, fatal separation—however, arrived; and to oblige Edward, who, on the death of his father, had succeeded to the family property, which was somewhat involved, I consented to go to the East Indies for him, relative to an estate there on which he had a considerable claim. This journey, and the delay which I met with abroad, occupied two years; and it was with a heavy heart that I quitted Ellen, who, on the eve of being brought to bed, was in no condition to share with me the fatigues of a long sea voyage. Well might my heart be heavy with presentiment! Could it have anticipated all that was to happen, it would have turned to lead, and refused to obey its nature-

appointed functions. At length the day of my return approached: each hour that the ship neared England I stood on the deck, counting the lazy minutes, and stretching my eyes landward, in the hope of catching the first glimpse of the white cliffs of my native land; and so, when I reached the shore, I reckoned each moment an age till the happy one should arrive that was to restore me to the arms of my wife. There was no such moment in store for me; for just as I was quitting the metropolis for Ravenstoke, I met an old village acquaintance, who felled my every hope with the intelligence that my Ellen—mine—she whom I had deemed to be the truest, the faithfulest of her sex—was living with another—acknowledged, brazen, barefaced before the whole world, and in defiance of the thousand vows in the face of God and man by which she had pledged herself mine, and mine alone. You may well start with astonishment, my son, and gaze wildly, as if in doubt of the truth of this atrocity. So started I—so doubted I—till evidence beyond evidence bore bitterest conviction to my soul. But the whole is not yet told.—Ellen's falsity came not single. He who had seduced her from her liege affections showed with equal perjury before high Heaven. It was Edward! Yes, Edward—my friend, my companion;—he for whom I had quitted my gentle wife and peaceful home—Edward, the monster, the traitor, the fiend begot of sin essential, had taken advantage of the opportunity, which he himself had solicited, of my friendship, and stolen from me, by double deceit and treason, the prize that I cared for more than life or any thing on earth."

"Gracious powers!" exclaimed I, overwhelmed by the dreadful incidents that had been narrated—"and am I the son of this wretched mother? Was I thus early doomed to misery?"

"It is too true," replied my father; "you are the child of whom I left Ellen pregnant when I departed on the ruinous errand besought by her seducer. When the fact of your mother's crime was made conviction to my senses, a thousand different modes of action poured in upon my brain; and, the creature more of impulse than of reason, I hurried to Ravenstoke to confront the guilty pair. It was evening when I arrived—even such an evening as this—gloomy, dark, and cheerless—yet in high accordance with the thoughts that urged me forward. As I hurried across the park that led to the mansion-house, a pony-chaise overtook me. I turned on its approach, and for a moment my senses forsook me at the sight of Ellen, who with you for her only companion, was driving quickly homeward to avoid the threatening storm. My voice arrested her farther progress, as I groaned rather than uttered—'Ellen!'—'Wife!' At the summons she descended from the chaise, after wrapping you in her cloak as you lay along the seat, asleep and unconscious. What words I addressed to her I can hardly tell:—they were those which flowed at the dictation of a brain almost mad at the injury it had sustained; while her

answer was none save tears and sobs of heaviness. At length she broke from the grasp with which, in my anguish, I had seized her—and then—then—Oh God, I cannot speak the words that should tell the rest!"

"For pity's sake, my father," murmured I, sunk in the fearful interest of his story—"for pity's sake, the end in a word—the end—the end!"

"Yes, yes!—the end, the end!" he echoed fiercely:—it is one she earned, and it is wanting to make whole the frightful tale. Ambrose—Ambrose—she burst from my grasp, and rushed into a copse hard by. I pursued her, but in vain; for the momentary pause I had made in wonder at her meaning, had removed her from my sight, and I followed at random, guessing the direction she had taken as nearly as I might: after thus speeding for a few minutes, I reached the side of an ornamental lake that adorned the park, and there again caught glimpse of her by the dim light of a clouded moon, as she reached the opposite bank. Ambrose—Ambrose—cannot you imagine the rest?"

"Oh, father, was it so indeed?—And none to save her?"

"Was not I there, boy?—Thrice I dived into the bosom of the waters, after hurrying to the bank from which she had precipitated herself into destruction—thrice did I dive to the very depth of the pool—but in vain—I could not find her—the circuit of the lake that I had to make had afforded too much time to her fatal intention; and the attempt to find her body was fruitless. Mad with a thousand contending emotions, I returned to the chaise, and heard your little voice crying for your mother. It was then that I remembered my child, which the crime of its parent had made me forget. I took you in my arms; and as I gazed upon your innocence, my heart softened; and I resolved to put revenge aside for a while till I had secured you from peril. It was this that made me place you under the care of the old crone at the cottage in the fens."

"But why was I kept there so long?"

"That remains yet to be told; and I shall have finished my narrative. As soon as you were safely provided for, the desire of vengeance again assumed its empire in my bosom; and I returned to Ravenstoke, hardly knowing what my purpose was, but whispering to myself, 'Revenge! Revenge!' each moment of my journey. But even revenge had then for the season forsworn me. On my arrival at the village, the man who had so deeply injured me had the audacity to have me taken into custody on the charge—hear it, Ambrose, and help me to curse the villain—on the charge of having destroyed Ellen. I destroy Ellen!—Alas, alas, it was she who had destroyed me, if the banishment of peace, and of happiness, and of joy, for ever and for ever from my bosom, can be called by so poor a name as destruction. Of course, I need not tell you that when the matter came to trial I was instantly acquitted; but the event had given me timely warning of the extent to which the seducer of Ellen was

able to carry his devilish contrivance to ruin the man he had already so deeply wounded; and I resolved to keep you—my only hope—in obscure concealment till the time should have arrived when I might call on you to join me in revenging my dishonour and Ellen's unhappy fate."

"And has that time arrived?"

"It has, Ambrose!—And though we stalk on this dreary moor, the very outcasts of mankind, great and mighty is the revenge that is at hand for us."

"Let us grasp it then," cried I, fully wrought to the purpose—"Let us grasp it then, and urge it to the quick."

"Well said, well said, my son!—Oh, what years of labour has it not cost me to bring events to their present aspect! But the labour is well repaid. For the sake of revenge, I have consorted with villains of every description—I have sacrificed all and every thing to them, on the one sole bargain, that they should ruin my hateful foe; and well have they kept their word! The monster, a year or two after the death of Ellen, dared to marry. I was glad to the very heart when I heard of it; for I felt that the more ties he formed, the more ways there would be to pierce him to the heart. But his wife died too soon—before I had time to sacrifice her on the tomb of Ellen; and his son, the only offspring of the marriage, has as yet eluded my vigilance. But the father, Ambrose, the father! He is fast within my clutch! My emissaries taught him the art of throwing dice, and throwing away his estates—they inoculated him with the gambler's dreadful disease; and, for the last twelve months, he has been a ruined man in his fortunes. Desperate have been the efforts that he has made to redeem himself; but I was at hand, though never seen; and my master-mind, fraught to the very brim with his destruction, would not allow them to succeed. At length his despair was fed to its proper pitch, and I resolved to give the final blow, for which I had waited twenty long years with that exemplary patience which revenge only could bestow. I had it proposed to him, by his most familiar blackleg, and on whom his only hopes of success rested, that they should proceed to Newmarket on a scheme, which, it was pretended, could not fail of realizing thousands. The only difficulty was, how they should get there, being at that time at Doncaster on a speculation that, through my interference, had utterly failed, and left my enemy altogether penniless; in which condition, the faithful blackleg also pretended to be. When his mind was sufficiently wrought upon by the picture of absolute and irremediable ruin that would happen, in the event of their not being able to reach Newmarket the very next evening, my agent, according to my instructions, proposed the only alternative—that of helping themselves to a horse a-piece out of the first field that afforded the opportunity, and by that means reaching the desirable spot that was to prove to them another *el Dorado*. For a long while my enemy wavered, and I almost trembled for my scheme; but at length

the longed-for thousands that flitted in fancy before his eyes, gilded the danger of the means of passage, and he consented. It was then, Ambrose, that I felt that revenge at length was mine, and I almost danced and sang in the extacy of my delight. Pursuant to my directions, my agent informed him who was so nearly caught within my meshes, that he had a companion to take with him, who would be absolutely necessary for the prosecution of the Newmarket scheme; and when the night for departing arrived, I was introduced as this third person. I had little fear of Edward's remembering me after a lapse of twenty years, each of which had added care, sorrow, and affliction to the lineaments of my countenance; but to guard against the possibility of danger, I muffled myself in a large cloak, and spoke the little that I uttered in a disguised voice. Every thing succeeded according to my wishes. After walking a couple of miles out of Doncaster, we came to a field where the cattle we needed were grazing; and each seizing his prize, and obtaining, with silence and caution, from the farmer's outhouse, the necessary harness, we soon found ourselves at full speed on the highway towards Newmarket. Edward was dreadfully agitated as he rode along; and once or twice I feared that he would fall from his seat—but worse evil awaited him. I will not, however, occupy our time by detailing all the minutiae of my scheme. Suffice it to say, that after giving the hint to my faithful agent to make his disappearance, I contrived that Edward and myself on reaching the village of Stretton, should be apprehended on suspicion; and that that suspicion should be made conviction by my volunteering as king's evidence. The rest you almost know. You yourself witnessed Edward Foster's committal to jail for horse-stealing, and my detention as the chief witness against him:—and most probably have heard, that on my evidence he was nine days ago convicted, and ordered for execution."

"Conviction!—Execution!" exclaimed I.—"Then our revenge is indeed complete!"

"Not quite," muttered my father; "there is one other step to make it as perfect as my sweeping desire could wish."

"Mean you a step beyond the grave? I know of none other—and only know that is impossible."

"No, Ambrose, not beyond the grave, but the step to the grave!—Ask your heart! Does it feel hatred and disgust towards the man that has made wretched one parent, and scandalous the other?—that has condemned yourself to wander fortuneless and honourless over the cheerless face of the earth?—Ay, ay, boy; your gleaming eye and flushing cheek tell me the reply that your heart has already put forth. And I ask you, would it not be revenge's most glorious consummation, to repay your dreadful debt to Foster, by yourself dealing unto him that death which the law has awarded for his crime?"

"Father, father, what words are these?"

"Milk-livered boy! Why blanches your

cheek, when I hold within your clutch the very satiety of vengeance? Why clench you not the precious boon? Or are you a man but in seeming, and a puling infant in resolve?"

"Speak on, father—speak on—it seems to me as if each word you utter burns deeper and deeper into my brain, searing, as it goes, those doubtful agitations of my soul, that would raise a trembling opposition to your bidding. But they shall not! No, no! Down, down! Your wrongs shall answer the cry of humanity—my mother's fatal end the appeals of tenderness!"

"Now," cried Lockwood, "I know you for my son. But we have talked too much—action should be doing. The death of our foe is appointed for the third day from this; and I have learned, beyond doubt, that owing to there not having been an execution in Okeham for many years, the Sheriff finds great difficulty in procuring the proper functionary. It was this that stirred me to the hope that you would volunteer to the office; and I thank you that my hope has not been deceived. You must away to the Sheriff instantly, and get appointed; that attained, I trust to be able so to instruct you, that failure in the performance will be impossible."

I obeyed—ay, I obeyed! I was successful! The honesty of human nature was scouted from my heart by the towering voice of the worst passion that ever cursed the breast of man.

The morning of execution arrived, and found me ready for my office. As the time had gradually grown nearer and nearer, my father had perceived, with dread, that misgivings, in spite of myself, shook my whole frame; and, in order to be more sure, he had kept me at carouse the whole of the previous night, in the miserable back street lodging that afforded us shelter.

The morning arrived; and, drunk with passion, vengeance, and brandy, it found me ready for my office.

The solemn tolling of the prison bell announced the hour of death to be at hand, as I awaited the coming of the prisoner in the outer cell. How I looked—how I acted—I know not; but, as well as I remember, it seems to me now as if I was awakened from a torpor of stupefaction on hearing the clanking of the chains that announced the approach of Foster; the sound reached my ear, more heart-chilling than the heavy tolling knell, that answered as if in echo; but I had not forgotten my lesson; I beat my hand against my brow, and whispered "vengeance" to the spirit that was so ill at ease within. It was at that moment, that, for the first time, I beheld Edward Foster; he was not such as my soul had depicted. I pined for him to look hateful, ferocious, and bloody; but his aspect was placid, gentle, and subdued. I could have stormed in agony at the disappointment.

My first duty was to loosen his arms from the manacles that held them, and supply their place with a cord. As I fumbled at the task, I could feel myself trembling to the very fingers' ends; and it seemed as if I could not summon strength to remove the irons. My agitation must have

attracted Foster's notice; for he looked at me, and gently sighed.

Gracious God, a sigh! I could as little have believed in Foster sighing as in a tigress dandling a kid. Was it possible that he was human after all? How frightfully was I mistaken! I had imagined that I had come to officiate at the sacrifice of something more infernal than a demon!

At length, with the assistance of a turnkey, every thing was prepared, and we mounted the scaffold of death. Short shrift was there; but it seemed to me as if the scene was endless; and when I looked around on the assembled multitude, I imagined that it was to gaze on me, and not on Foster, that they had congregated.

All was prepared. With some confused recollections of my father's instructions, I had adjusted the implement of death; and the priest had arrived at his last prayer, when the dying man murmured, "I would bid farewell to my executioner." The clergyman whispered to me to put my hand within those of Foster.

I did do it! By Heaven, I did do it! But it seemed as though I were heaving a more than mountain load, and cracking my very heart-strings at the task, as I directed my hand towards his. He gently grasped it, and spoke almost in a whisper.

"Young man," said he, "I know not how this bitter duty fell to your lot—yours is no countenance for the office; and yet it comes upon my vision as a reproach. God bless you, sir! This is my world-farewelling word; and I use it to say—I forgive you, as I hope to be forgiven."

My hand no longer held, dropped from his; and the priest resumed his praying. I could not pray! Each holy word that was uttered, seemed not for Foster, but for me—stabbing, not soothing.

At length the dread signal was given; and mechanically—it must have been, for the action of my mind seemed dead within me—mechanically I withdrew the bolt, and Foster was dead swinging to the play of the winds—the living soul rudely dismissed, the body a lifeless mass of obliterated sensations.

A deep hoarse groan ran round the multitude—that groan was for me. It gave token of an eternal line of separation drawn between me and the boundaries of humanity.

Oh, that the groan had been all!—But there was one solitary laugh, too—dreadful and searching. It was my father that laughed, and it struck more horror to my soul than the groan of a myriad.

Oh, that the groan and the laugh had been all! As I crept away through the prison area, where each one shrank from me with disgust, I passed close to a youth deep bathed in tears, and some one whispered to another, "It is poor Foster's son!" What devil tempted me to look in his face? I know not the impulse; but I know I looked—and he looked!—Oh, consummation of wretchedness, it was Foster's son—and it was he also who had offered to share with me his slender

pittance on my first arrival at Okeham! As he gazed on me, a deep heavy sob seemed as though his heart was breaking.

I rushed from the spot like one mad. In all my misery, in all my wickedness, I had fondly clung to the recollection of that youth and his goodness, as the shipwrecked mariner to the creed-born cherub that he pictures forth as the

guardian of his destiny. But this blow seemed to have destroyed my only Heaven. I had not even this one poor pleasurable thought left me to feed upon. His sob thrilled in my ear, as though it would never end; and the womanly sound was more overwhelming and more excruciating than the despising groan of the mob, or the atrocious laugh of Lockwood.

LET US DEPART!

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Louder and louder, gathering round, there wander'd
Over the oracular woods and divine sea,
Propheesyings which grew articulate.—SHELLEY.

NIGHT hung on Salem's towers,
And a brooding hush profound
Lay where the Roman Eagle shone,
High o'er the tents around—

The tents that rose by thousands,
In the moonlight glimmering pale;
Like white waves of a frozen sea,
Filling an Alpine vale.

And the temple's massy shadow
Fell broad, and dark, and still;
In peace, as if the Holy One
Yet watch'd his chosen hill.

But a fearful sound was heard
In that old fane's deepest heart,
As if mighty wings rush'd by,
And a dread voice rais'd the cry,
"Let us depart!"

Within the fated city
Ev'n then fierce discord raved,
Though through night's heaven the comet-sword
Its vengeful token waved.

There were shouts of kindred warfare,
Through the dark streets ringing high,
Though every sign was full which told
Of the bloody vintage night:

Though the wild red spear and arrows
Of many a meteor host,
Went flashing o'er the holy stars,
In the sky now seen, now lost.

And that fearful sound was heard
In the temple's deepest heart,
As if mighty wings rush'd by,
And a voice cried mournfully,
"Let us depart!"

But within the fated city
There was revelry that night;
The wine-cup and the timbrel note,
And the blaze of banquet light.

The footsteps of the dancer
Went bounding through the hall,
And the music of the dulcimer
Summon'd to festival.

While the clash of brother-weapons
Made lightning in the air,
And the dying at the palace-gates
Lay down in their despair.

And that fearful sound was heard
At the temple's thrilling heart;
As if mighty wings rush'd by,
And a dread voice rais'd the cry—
"Let us depart!"

THE SILENT WATER.

WHEN that my mood is sad, and in the noise
And bustle of the crowd I feel rebuke,
I bend my footsteps from its hollow joys,
And sit me down beside this little brook.
The waters have a music to my ear,
It glads my soul to hear.

It is a quiet glen, as you may see,
Shut in from all intrusion, by the trees,
That spread their giant branches, wide and free,
The growth of many silent centuries,
And make a hallow'd time for hapless moods,
The sabbath of the woods.

Few know its quiet shelter—none like me,
Do seek it out with such a fond desire;
Poring with idlesse mood on flow'r and tree,
And hearing but the voiceless leaves respire,
As the far travelling breeze, above the spring,
Rests here its wearied wing.

And all the day, with fancies ever new,
And sweet companions from their fruitful store,
Of merry elves, and fairies deck'd with dew,
Fancifast creatures of an ancient lore—
Watching their wild, but unobtrusive play,
I fling the hours away.

A gracious couch—the root of an old oak,
Whose branches yield it moss and canopy,
Is mine—and so it be from woodman's stroke
Secure, shall never be resigned by me;
It hangs above the shallow stream that piles,
Trembling, beneath my eyes.

There with eye, sometimes fast, but upwards bent,
Listless, I muse, through many a quiet hour;
While every sense, on earnest mission sent,
Returns, thought-guided, back with bloom and flow'r
Pursuing, though rebuked by those who moil,
A profitable toil.

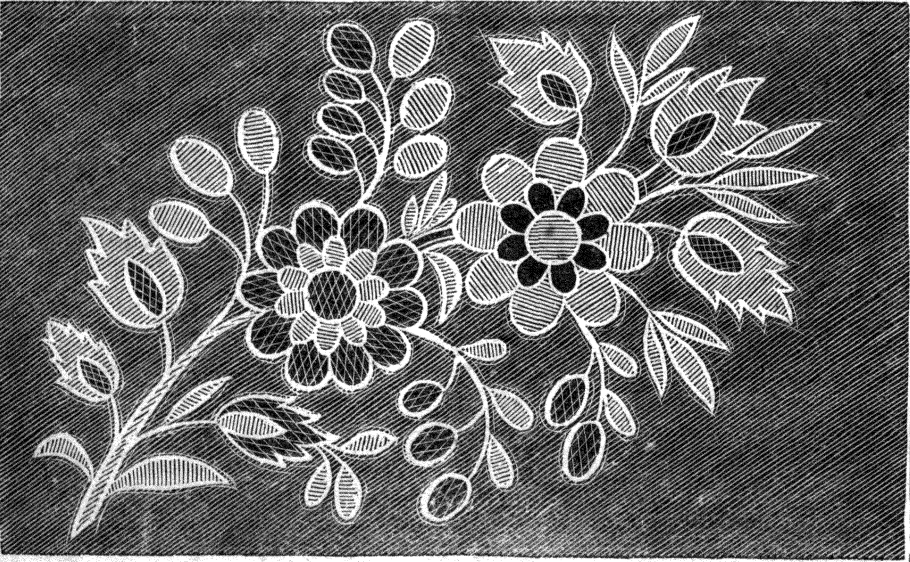
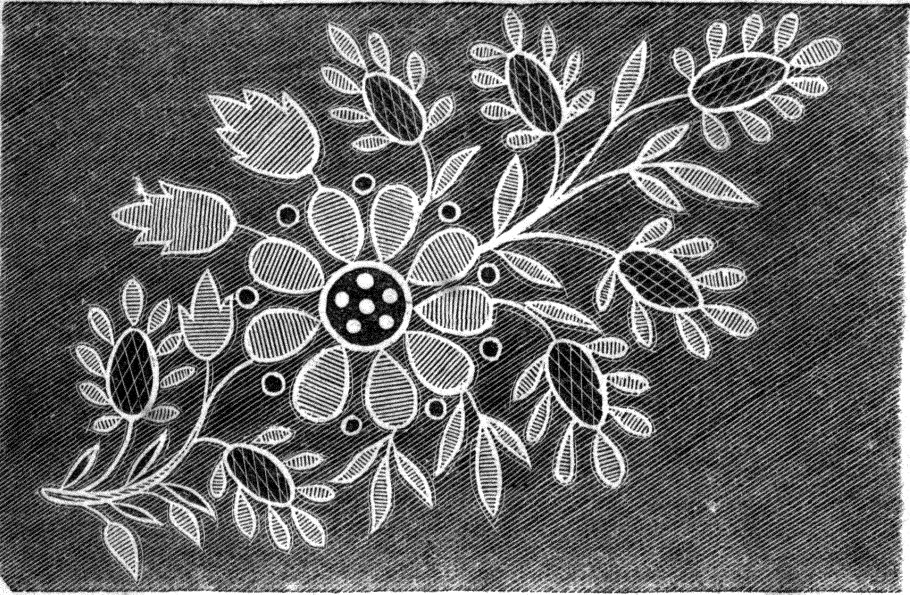
And still the waters, trickling at my feet,
Thrill on their way with gentle melody,
Yielding a music, which the leaves repeat,
As upwards the enamour'd zephyrs fly;
Yet not so rude as to send one sound,
Through the thick copse around.

Sometimes, a brighter cloud than all the rest,
Hangs o'er the arch-way, opening in the trees;
Breaking the spell, that like a slumber press'd,
On my worn spirit, its sweet luxuries;
And with awkward vision, upward bent,
I watch the firmament.

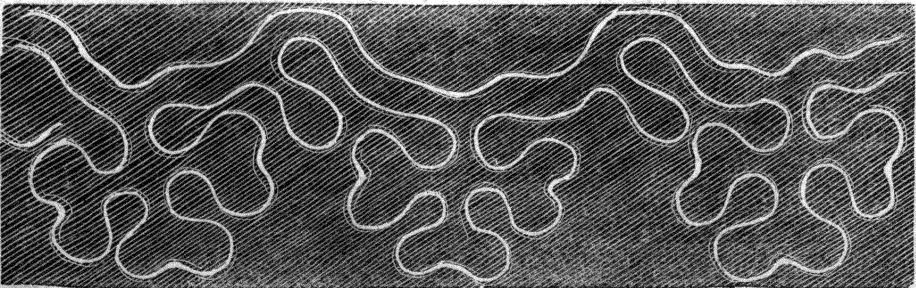
How like its sure and undisturbed retreat,
Life's sanctuary at last, secure from storm—
To the pure waters trickling at my feet,
The bending trees that overreach my form,
So far as sweetest things of earth may seem,
Like those of which we dream.

Thus, to my mind, is the philosophy,
Taught by the bird, that carols o'er my brow—
He perches on the branch, but instantly,
Leaps to the azure world that hides him now—
With a most lofty discontent, to fly
Upward from earth to sky.

CROWN PATTERNS.



SIDE PATTERN.



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POUR ET CONTRE.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"Brother, brother, we are both in the wrong."

"It has been an exploded notion these twenty years!" exclaimed Mrs. Saville Clarence, "and my only astonishment is, that you tolerate such prejudices, or rather how such prejudices can, in the nineteenth century, enter your head."

"Nay, Juliet, the wonder is, or ought to be, how you, a—sensible, well-educated, and truly a very pretty woman, can indulge in such ruthless frivolity—such utter carelessness of all established rules of good society."

The lady elevated her hands—they were small and white—threw up her eyes, (they were of that deep violet hue which bears an upturned expression,) and then exclaimed, "Carelessness of all rules of good society! good society! was there ever such a charge brought against an unfortunate lady! Against one whose soirees last year were the admiration of Paris, whose dress is the perfection of art, who—"

"Might be the perfection of nature," interrupted Mr. Saville Clarence, looking at the truly beautiful and bright creature, that, despite her gaiety and affectation, was admired even by her husband, although five years had passed since their union.

"Nature!" echoed the lady, "would you metamorphose me into a red-armed milk-maid? feed me upon blackberries and buttermilk? send me to tend kine? watch

'The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,'

or contemplate with the maudlin Shenstone,

'Banks furnished with bees?'

give me—dwelling in a white cottage, with a green door and a brass knocker—dominion over a ten-foot garden, luxuriant of cabbages, glittering with African marygolds, and redolent of garlic? Then, dearest Clarence, band my tresses under a white cap, and write me down mother and nurse to seven small children? Ha! ha! ha! there's a *natural* picture for you; Morland himself, dear artist of the swinish multitude, could not furnish a better."

It is at all times easy to turn the current of sober thought into a ridiculous channel, and though there was nothing witty in what the lady uttered, there was much in her manner of utterance—and her husband laughed, as he often had before, in spite of his better judgment.

Mr. and Mrs. Saville Clarence had made what is called a love-match, that is, they had married in defiance of the advice of their dearest friends. The lady's mamma had reckoned upon an earldom for her daughter, at the very least; the gentleman's papa had set it down, as regularly as he did his impromptu and parliamentary speeches, that his son should first be a statesman, and then marry eighty thousand pounds, at the smallest possible calculation. The fair Juliet

was only possessed of ten, with talent to spend a hundred; and Saville was not likely ever to be greater than a commoner, unless some good fortune, under the name of *state necessity*, compelled the creation of a new batch of peers—when there is no knowing who might be induced to accept a coronet.

Talk of the love that outlives adversity! the love that remains with prosperity, is a thousand times more rare. The one is the keen, but bracing north wind of existence, that invigorates and nerves for exertion; the other is the enervating hot breath of summer, which sickles and weakens our best resolves, makes us feverish, captious, and suspicious, even of those we love best. Mrs. Saville Clarence danced like a sylph, sang like an angel, and talked so prettily, that she was courted and caressed, feted and flattered, until her husband began to argue seriously against her late hours, her little flirtations, and her milliner's bill. Mr. Saville Clarence was a gay companion, belonging decidedly to the class of beings called good-natured; handsome, without being so much so as to excite the jealousy of his compeers—be it known, that men are a thousand times more envious of beauty than women—sung marvellously good songs, and told excellent stories; was never at home; and his little wife took upon herself to lecture *him* upon sundry habits of extravagance, which she had sense enough to see must end in destruction. The marvellous part of the story was that neither party calculated on *self* reformation; if she had her balls, he had his clubs; she went to the Opera, he to the House; she sometimes played at loo, he always played at billiards; her milliner's bills were expensive, his tailor's ditto; he often urged the dismissal of Mademoiselle Delphine, her lady's maid; she railed at his racer's and English grooms; once or twice he somewhat unfeelingly hinted at the small fortune she had brought him, and she angrily retorted on his lacking a title. Still there was much of love to combat with these little bickerings, and love is a powerful antagonist to overcome, particularly in a woman's bosom. But we must conclude our opening dialogue.

"My dear Juliet, the world has quite spoiled you; do you remember how happy we were at Mill-Hill, during the first year—that charming year?"

"You were always at home then, Saville; there was no club to take you out every night."

"Nor no opera for you to shine at."

"Heigh ho! you never wasted whole mornings at billiards."

"Nor you, my love, entire nights at loo."

"My dear, you had not then brought yourself

into difficulties, by the purchase of that odious borough; if you ever spoke, the case would be altered."

"Speak, my dear! I beg your pardon, I have spoken!"

"Oh, you, have! well, once speaking is quite enough, particularly when you are likely to do no good by it."

"My speech in the House was more attended to than my domestic orations are, or you would give up going to this odious masquerade, which, as I have before stated, is, at best, a very questionable amusement for any lady—that is, any lady of reputation."

"Enough, enough, Saville!" exclaimed his wife, pettishly; "I am, indeed, tired of this endless lecturing, a little tired of the world, and perhaps a little inclined to—to—please you. I will give up both Lady Lucy's dinner and the masquerade, if you will remain at home with me."

"Stay at home?"

"Yes."

"What, to-day?"

"Yes—I cannot, indeed, love, remain here by myself; it is so dull."

"To-day?"

"I will give up the masquerade."

"Juliet, I should be delighted to do so, but I promised Lord John so faithfully to dine with him, and he is so interested about something that is coming on in the House—the game-laws, I believe—I don't see how I can possibly get off."

"Very well; Lady Lucy and the masquerade, against Lord John and the game-laws."

"But I will be home early."

"Oh, your servant at one or two, I suppose?"

"Before then; and you, dearest, will have had the consolation of doing your duty."

"And moping my life out. Oh no! That is really too good—while you are enjoying yourself."

"Pretty enjoyment, truly; you may well believe how much happier I should be at home."

"I never heard of a male gad-about who did not say *that*. Yet I do not consider you particularly self-sacrificing. Good morning—I shall ride till four."

"And you give up the masquerade?"

"No, no; I am not yet metamorphosed into an obedient wife." (curtsying.)

"I did not imagine you were; but remember if you do go, it is in decided opposition to my wishes."

"I perfectly understand."

"In direct opposition to my commands."

"*Tant mieux!* there is something heroic in braving a tyrant."

"Madam!"

As the lady passed the pier-glass, she paused for a moment to adjust a ringlet, pulled the blond trimming of her "*bonnet*" a little more to the left, and sauntered out of the room, with the most provoking calmness, singing—

"Oh men, what silly things you are."

In three minutes the breakfast-room bell was pulled violently; and Thompson told Delphine,

ten minutes afterwards, *confidentially*, that his master was in a terrible rage for nothing. It was a long time before Mrs. Saville Clarence rang for her attendant; and when she did, the practised Frenchwoman saw palpable demonstrations of recent grief. I will do my dear sex the justice to say, that they often assert their dignity, and keep up their consequence, wofully at the expense of their feelings and affections. When the lady reached her own dressing-room, she first locked the door, then threw herself into her *chaise longue* and fixed her eyes upon—upon what? upon the rose-coloured border of the muslin curtains. Presently the transparent lids of those lovely eyes swelled and heaved, and immediately afterwards large round tears forced their way down her cheeks; no lineament of the beautiful face was distorted; no sigh, no sob, escaped the half-open mouth; yet they fell, and fell, and fell, on her dress, on her hands; and she fancied—but it might be only fancy—that they rested on her wedding ring.

"To think he should ever become so unreasonable," she murmured at last, "as to expect *me* to stay at home, while *he* is philandering here and there, and every where; as if there were any harm in a masquerade? He cannot surely be jealous of any one? I should not much care if he was a little, a *little* bit so, it would punish him for his ill temper; yet I have always avoided *that*, and always will, though I cannot help his whims. What a fool I am to sit crying here! He would hardly go out and leave me without some effort at reconciliation; and it would never do to let him see I was at all affected by our little—hush! *Ma vie!* he is really gone out! What a set of unfeeling savages men are!" and she rang for Delphine, and Delphine came, and brought her masquerade dress, upon which she descanted with all the *gout* and eloquence of a Frenchwoman and a *femme de chambre*.

"I shall *not* ride to-day," said Mrs. Clarence; "and I shall not be at home."

And Delphine, in her turn, communicated to Thompson, that her lady was grown so captious, that really it made her quite miserable, and that it was perfectly impossible for her to sacrifice her reputation by living with any lady who gave herself red eyes. "You see, Sare, if de *ladie* be gay—*jolie*—and what you call all dat—*bon*; den de reputation of de *ladie* in waiting is safe—de mistress is pronounced *charmante*, and is considered happy in having secured de attentions of de French *artiste*; but if de mistress go glum, glum, glum, all day—in concert with your atmosphere, your fog—the case alter. Why a woman live but to be seen, to dress, dance, talk, and be admired?" To all this the valet acceded; and Delphine came to the conclusion, that Monsieur Tonson "was ver nice *homme*, for an English *homme*: and it was von great pity that he had the *mauvais gout* to take von English female for wife."

The day lagged heavily. Mr. Saville Clarence looked in at the Athenæum;—nobody there. The papers he had seen before; and who reads

the magazines after the fifth or sixth day of the month? He then rode towards the Regent's Park, but a bevy of fighting fish-women frightened his horse at the corner of Regent street, and he sauntered back to Hyde Park—wondered who placed the club in the bronze hand of the Achilles, and why somebody did not take it out again. While he was contemplating the boarded windows of an illustrious but unpopular nobleman, a little old gentleman, in a grey coat, and mounted on a grey pony, rode past him, and then, wheeling abruptly round, extended a long driving whip, calculated to manage a four-in-hand, so that it rested for a moment on the neck of Clarence's spirited horse.

"So you think his grace is still attached to the system of fortification, eh!"

"Good heavens! Mr. Greythorn, is it you come at last?"

"Faith, yes; as grey as usual—grey coat—grey pony—grey headed too," he continued, removing his grey beaver;—"so I am quite in the fashion. How's your wife?"

"Very well. Have you not been to Harley street? you promised to make it your headquarters."

"To be sure I have, but I was told you were both out."

"Well, Mrs. Clarence did say she would ride this morning."

"She did; then why did you not ride with her? I suppose it is not fashionable for bone of one bone, and flesh of one flesh, to be seen in company. They must be separated, according to the most approved rules of good society. Poor little Juliet, she used to have such a warm heart, I wonder how she bears it! More than five years since we met! And now, Saville, I want to tell you, without loss of time, that I am going to claim the privilege of an old friend, and pry into your family secrets. Let us get out of the ride and take this road, and then I will explain.—I must premise to you that I will not be affronted—nothing you can say shall put me in a passion. Now tell me honestly if you are not something very near being—a ruined man?"

"Not quite so bad as that, Sir."

"What did your election cost?"

"Not much—a few thousands only."

"Where did they come from?"

Mr. Saville Clarence looked exceedingly angry and perplexed; he felt it would be more than useless to give way to the one, and he did not exactly know how to avoid the other. Mr. Greythorn was a near relation of his wife's, and what appeared to him just then of more consequence, a rich relation—one who had many oddities, and many virtues—but who seldom committed either follies or extravagances, from the simple fact of his head being as good as his heart—happily, no mean compliment to either.

"The usual trick, I suppose—Jews and mortgages," continued the old gentleman; "and all for the honour of being suffocated in an atmosphere of human exhalation, obliging your friends by franking their letters, and claiming the bell-

man's privilege of crying, 'Oh yes! oh yes!' whenever it so please your party. Besides, you may run in debt without any intention of paying."

The storm had been gathering on Saville's brow, and it burst forth at last—not in disclaiming the privileges granted by the most honourable House, but in sundry oaths, directed against his favourite horse Arabin, who, if he could have spoken, would have agreed with Thompson in wondering "what the deuce was the matter with his master."

"Confound you!" exclaimed Mr. Greythorn, "can't you tell the beast alone, you'll tear his mouth to pieces. One would not think you were a liberal, to see how you use that fine horse—So! so! so! Now," he muttered in an under tone, "he would just treat me in the same way, if he dare—hot blood, and high—so much the better." And the companions rode on silently together for some yards until Mr. Greythorn perceived that his young friend's temper had abated.—"Well, Saville, we will talk all matters over coolly after dinner. I shall be so truly happy to meet Juliet, and witness your domestic felicity."

"You will not have an opportunity of doing so to-day, sir, I fear," replied Clarence. "Mrs. Clarence dines out, and—"

"Well, I am glad that I came to prevent your being alone. We—at least I—shall enjoy a *teletete* exceedingly."

Saville was again puzzled; although he had told his wife that his engagement with Lord John was of an unbreakable description, yet it would have been difficult for him to state why it was so. He had got so much into the habit of being out, except when he had company at home, that he seemed to consider it positively necessary to have engagements; and, it must be truly confessed, that the idea of sacrificing them to his wife's pleasure was not what he calculated upon. He now felt that policy, and indeed good feeling, required him to give up all and every enjoyment to remain with one who had been, and would be, a true and disinterested friend, though in his own way—but how to act as regarded his wife! He could not be the *first* to give way, and say "I will dine at home;" neither did he exactly like to do for another what he had so pointedly refused to do for her. He therefore rapidly decided on asking Mr. Greythorn to accompany him to Lord John's, and said so without much preface.

"No," replied the old gentleman, shaking his head, "that will not do. I pray that I may be no restraint upon you; I can take a cotellette by myself in your study; or, if it be more correct, go to a tavern. I confess I grieve to find you both estranged from home."

"I make it a point never to find any fault with Juliet; but to you, who were like her father, I may say that she is sadly changed—so gay—so thoughtless. I might as well be without a wife, as far as companionship goes. Now, to-day, for instance, I did all I could to make her stay at home for dinner, and she would not. Nay, she

would persist in going to a masquerade to-night—a most disreputable thing—but so it is.”

“What! go out and leave you to dine, and spend the evening by yourself?”

“Why, no, not that exactly; I was rather particularly engaged; but she might have remained at home for all that, you know.”

“Humph! You are a courageous man, Saville, to suffer such a pretty wife to go masquerading without you.”

“My dear sir, what can I possibly do? She will go.”

“Then go with her.”

“My parliamentary duties!”

“Fiddle-de-dee! You have also social and domestic duties to fulfil. A man who is always from home sets a bad example, and can have no right to preach what he shows so little inclination to practice. Women cannot be dictated to now as they were twenty years ago. ‘Gad, sir, since the far-famed march of intellect has commenced, they have got a knack of thinking for themselves, and now it is only left to us to teach them to think rightly. Saville, you must give up Lord John—dine at home—and let me talk to Juliet.”

“I make no stranger of so old a friend. There is only one objection that I can have—she urged me very much to stay at home to-day, and I refused. Now, it would be like giving in, and that would be derogatory—You understand me?”

“Leave me to manage that,” replied the old gentleman in grey, with a chuckling laugh. “I’ll manage all that; let me talk to her first. Here is your house; and now go and write an apology to Lord John.”

Mrs. Clarence was delighted to see her old friend. Her truly happiest associations were those of youth. She had been a sportive, light-hearted, and withal a most innocent child—chased butterflies and sunbeams at an age when juvenile misses now pursue lovers and finery—and many a cowslip and snow-ball had she pelted Mr. Greythorn with, at Greythorn Castle, long before the world had touched, what as yet it had not much tainted. She had been out of spirits the whole morning; and though she secretly lamented her most disobedient resolution, still was she too much of a woman to recal it. I must confess that it would have been better—wiser, too, in the end—to have determined upon giving up the masquerade—waited the truant’s return in a becoming *deshabille*—looked particularly pensive—complained bitterly of head-ache—not eaten any breakfast next morning—and yet uttered no word of reproach or unkindness. My life on’t, ’twould have made him as domestic as her chained maccaw! But Mrs. Saville Clarence sought to triumph—not to manage; a plan which does not, and—to be serious for one moment—ought not to succeed. I cannot blame a woman for loving her own way; but I would have her learn that it may be bought too dearly.

“Do you know,” said he of the grey coat, “that you do not look as you did, Juliet? You are not less beautiful; but the character of your

beauty is changed. At Greythorn Castle you were a nymph; *here* you are more like a Calypso. *Then*, you were all nature; *now*, you seem the perfection of art. God grant that your heart is unchanged!”

Mrs. Saville Clarence did not rouge—that is, not rouge regularly—but weeping had made her pale; and she was preparing to dress for Lady Lucy’s dinner, when her old friend arrived. Her cheeks were, therefore, slightly tinted—but she heeded it not; her colour mounted even to her fair temples before Mr. Greythorn’s sentence was concluded.

“Well, well,” he proceeded, “do not blush so! though I never quarrel with a woman for blushing. I dine with you to-day; and, after dinner, we can talk over all our old acquaintances and habits.”

Now Mrs. Saville Clarence felt pretty much, at this proposal, as her husband had done at a similar one. What! stay at home, when she had so positively laid down the only condition on which she would remain, and that condition had been refused! Give in—and be the *first* to give in! She was debating within herself how to manage in this predicament, when her friend in grey said, “you will enjoy a little quiet as much as Saville, whom I met in the hall. He was going to write an apology to some Lord John—to please you, he said.”

“To please me!”

“To be sure; is that so very extraordinary?”

“My dear sir, ~~do~~ you I may confess that it is something new, at all events.—Ah! he is so changed—so everlastingly out! I assure you I begged of him to stay at home to-day, and he would not.—Are you sure he said to please me?”

“To be sure I am.”

“Then I had better send an apology to Lady Lucy; it will not be giving in, in the first instance; and I am delighted to find that he was the *first* to plead guilty.”

“You need not mind telling him so, Juliet; it will be more gracious on your part to say nothing about it. Take my advice, and give up so silly a triumph—more fit for a school-girl than a married woman.”

On some pretext, Mr. Greythorn, bent on reformation, descended to the library, and told his young friend that he had been agreeably surprised at finding that, *to please him*, his wife had given up going out; and accordingly both parties met in mutual good humour, each exulting in fancied triumph. The dinner passed off delightfully. Mr. Greythorn was a man not of the new, but the old world; and could manage to make himself most entertaining, particularly when he had any object to attain by being so. Mrs. Clarence had not many moments retired from the dining-room, when the servant entered with a message.—“Lord John R— presents his compliments, and there will be no division to-night.” The gentlemen soon adjourned to the drawing-room.

“My love,” inquired the lady, “do you go to the House?”

"No, my-dear."

"Another triumph," thought she; "it is now but common courtesy to give up the masquerade."

The parties themselves were astonished at the happiness they enjoyed that evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence sang duets, and applauded each other so heartily, that they needed no farther praise. Mr. Greythorn, judicious and good tempered, lost no opportunity of making them pleased with themselves; and, had they confessed the truth, they would have acknowledged how astonished they had been at the happiness they enjoyed during that quiet evening, passed without any other excitement than a mutual disposition to be agreeable and complaisant to each other.

Mr. Greythorn certainly did inquire into their family affairs—and happy are they who have such friends. He listened to the "pour" of the

one, and the "contre" of the other, with exemplary patience. He ceded (in his self-elected, but acknowledged character of judge) to Mr. Saville Clarence considerable more than half the number of balls, operas, and milliner's bills which his lady had indulged in, and sacrificed loo and Delphine altogether: while, on the other hand, Juliet was gratified by her husband's resignation *in toto* of clubs and billiards, and a moderate use of tailors and racers—read his speeches in the House, and did her best to understand them, particularly as her old friend said that, as Saville was there, he might as well keep there until the next dissolution—which, however, she earnestly prayed for. Under judicious management, their difficulties passed into things that had been; and, by studying *pour et contre* together, they avoided the danger of divided interests, and the disgrace of a separate maintenance.

RIVERS.

RIVERS!! How many delightful recollections; how many fine associations; how many splendid visions are called up by this word! The glory and riches of empires are linked with it, as well as all that is beautiful or picturesque in nature; but it is my intention at present to take up the subject in a matter-of-fact way, and to write a plain explanatory paper—not a rhapsody. There is no word perhaps to which so great a latitude of meaning is allowed as this word river. The garden of an acre, and the garden of a rood, have common features; they are both gardens; only the one is a little, the other a big garden. The mountain of four thousand, and the mountain of twelve thousand feet, differ in sublimity; but they have a thousand points of resemblance—they are both called mountains, and nobody sees any thing absurd in the designation. But where shall we find any similitude between the mighty flood of the Amazons, and the sparkling stream that bounds our garden, or winds through our lawn? Yet, they are both called rivers; the term is applied indiscriminately to the wide waters of the new world, and to the trouting streams of our English counties—to the vast expanse that embraces the rising and the setting of the sun, and to the insignificant current that may be diverted to turn a mill-wheel. There is evidently nothing in common with these, excepting that they are both running water; and yet, I fear, there is no mode of distinguishing and duly settling the claims of running water, unless by prefixing augmentatives or diminutives to the word river.

I would make the following classification:—First come the *mighty* rivers. These are the rivers of South America—the Amazons, the La Plata, the Oronooko. Then follow the *great* ri-

vers (a more numerous class) the St. Lawrence, the Mississippi, the Ganges, the Nile and Niger, and some others; but none of this class are to be found in the continent of Europe, which supplies the third *grade*: these I would designate the *large* rivers; for great and large are not entirely synonymous; and, to most minds, the term *great* river, and *large* river, will present a distinct image. The lower we descend in the scale, the more numerous do we find the species. The continent of Europe abounds with examples of the third class—such as the Rhine, the Danube, the Rhone, the Elbe, the Tagus, the Ebro, the Guadalquivir. The fourth class is still more numerous. Then come the family of streams—nameless, unless to those who live upon their banks; afterwards follow rivulets; and lastly, we close the enumeration with rills.

With each of these classes our associations are in some degree different. With the mighty river we have no distinct association; all is vague and indefinite. We know that they flow through vast unpeopled solitudes; and our only image is a joyless waste of waters flowing in vain. Our associations with the great river are less depressing, and somewhat more defined; the sun rises on one bank and sets on another. We have a vision of cities, and even of commerce; but with these associations of life many dreary ones are mingled. African deserts; American forests; flocks of buffaloes; the solitary lion slaking his thirst; or the great river-horse walking by the shore. How different are the associations—now, indeed, recollections—called up by the third class. We see the large river rolling its ample flood through cultivated plains, watering them into fertility and abundance; and images of life and utility are vividly present with us. Our as-

sociations with the fourth class are similar, but more varied and more defined. Again, our associations change at the recollection of the next class. We have to do with nature rather than art; utility is confined to the turning of the mill-wheel, or the irrigation of the meadow. The small river cannot bear upon its bosom the commerce of kingdoms, but it is familiar with the charms of nature; it visits by turns the sublime, the picturesque, and the beautiful; and our associations are with these: we see effect added to the wild and desolate; grace to the gentle and pastoral. And now we come to the family of streams—the richest of all in pleasing associations, and gentle and endearing recollections. For who is there that has not passed a day—a long summer day—upon the banks of a clear brawling stream? And who is there that does not associate with it a thousand images of simple rural life, and a thousand scenes of quiet delight? The heart of an angler “leaps up” at the recollection; he sees the green pastoral slope before him, and he knows that at the foot of it runs the trouting stream; he quickens his pace, unscrewing his rod as he walks on; and now he sees the clear, yet dark-coloured water, tempting him forward, with all its eddies, and dimples, and little rapids, and noise and bustle. But it is not the angler only to whom the stream recalls pleasant and endearing recollections; he is but an indifferent worshipper of nature who cannot wander the live-long day by the margin of a stream, without a rod. But the rivulet and the rill yet remain to be noticed; and with each of these our associations are somewhat different.

Rivulet—

Free rover of the hills, pray tell me now
 The chances of thy journey, since first thou
 From thy deep prisoned well, away didst break,
 A solitary pilgrimage to take.
 Among the quiet valleys, I do ween
 Thou with the daisied tufts of tender green,
 Hast loving lingered; didst thou not awake
 With thy soft kiss, the hare-bell bending low,
 Stealing her nectar from the wild bee's wooing?
 And thou hast toyed (though thou wilt tell me, no)
 With many a modest violet, that looks
 Into thy glassy pools in secret nooks.
 Come, tell me, rover, all thou hast been doing!

As for the rill, the tiny tinkling rill, our associations are of the simplest, gentlest character—far-up valleys, heaths, and mosses; and that music—

“The noise as of a hidden brook
 In the leafy month of June,
 That to the sleeping woods all night
 Singsh a quiet tune.”

Beauty of scenery is almost, though not altogether, in an inverse ratio to the magnitude of the river. Scenery is evidently out of the question with rivers, whose banks cannot be distinctly seen from the centre of the stream. The next two classes—great and large rivers—do not certainly offer so great attractions as the fourth and fifth classes. The scenery of the Rhine, the Rhone, and the Danube, is sufficiently celebrated; but, at the hazard of appearing singular, I will venture an opinion, that the scenery of the

Upper Rhine, the Upper Rhone, and the Upper Danube, is more beautiful than it is lower down. The banks of the Rhine, from Schaffhausen to Cologne, may be more gigantic, and possessed of stronger features, but it is certainly less varied, and, as it seems to me, less interesting than between Schaffhausen and its source. The banks of the Rhine, too, between Geneva and Lyons, are much more beautiful than between Lyons and Avignon. The same may be said of all large rivers—of the Danube, which is more interesting above than below Vienna; or the Guadalquivir, which loses below Seville, all the attractions it possessed between Seville and Cordova. And the reason is obvious. A river does not become large until it descends into the plains; and it is not among plains that we must look for fine scenery. It is among small rivers, or the beginnings of great rivers, when they too are small, that we must go to feast with nature, and many, too, of the insignificant streams, nay, even nameless rivulets, will conduct the traveller among scenes of surpassing beauty. Among the Pyrenees, among the Bavarian Alps, and in the Tyrol, I have often been led by such companions among the most majestic scenes that nature offers to the contemplation of man.

It has often been a question with me, whether it is more agreeable to journey up or down a stream. In journeying down, there is certainly more companionship, for we are fellow-travellers; and there is no small pleasure in seeing our companion, for whom we naturally acquire a kind of affection, growing daily bigger, receiving the contributions that pour into it, and, as it were, making its way in the world. But, on the other hand, if, in journeying upward, the stream be less our companion, inasmuch as it is ever running away from us, this is balanced by other advantages. There is still a fonder feeling engendered by going back with it to its infancy, and tracing it to those small beginnings, from which, like many other great things, it must ascribe its origin. Gradually we perceive its volume diminishing; now we may wade across it; now, leap over it; now, we are able to bestride it; and, lastly, we stoop down, and drink from the spring.

This naturally leads me to speak of the sources of rivers. “Throwing my shoes off,” says Bruce, in his travels to the source of the Nile, “I ran down the hill, towards the little island of green sods, which was about two hundred yards distant; the whole side of the hill was thick grown over with flowers. I after this came to the island of green turf, which was in form of an altar, apparently the work of art, and I stood in rapture over the principal fountain which rises in the middle of it. It is easier to guess than to describe the situation of my mind at this moment.” This rapture was perhaps foolish, but it was natural; and even those who cannot, like Bruce, boast of having accomplished that which has baffled the inquiry and industry of both ancients and moderns, will yet admit, that there is a peculiar pleasure—a pleasure, perhaps *per se*—in reach-

ing the source of any well-known river. This may partly arise from the consciousness of having overcome difficulty; for to reach the sources of any of the greater rivers some difficulties are to be vanquished; and it may also be in part attributed to the many associations that are instantly awakened, as following the tiny rill with our eye, imagination continues to accompany it in its long and victorious course, fertilizing empires, enriching cities, and carrying the products of industry to the remotest parts of the habitable world.

The sources of the greatest rivers are not the most remarkable for the features that surround them. The sources of the mighty rivers of the Western Hemisphere, or even of the great rivers of Africa or Asia, have not, as far as is known, been visited by the traveller, with the single exception of the Nile; their sources are probably placed amid those unapproached solitudes, where the foot of man hath never yet wandered; what appearances of nature may preside over their birth we have no means of knowing; but it does not appear from the narrative of Bruce that the source of the Nile afforded any example of extraordinary sublimity. The sources of the large rivers of the European continent are many of them well known; but the sources of neither the Rhine, the Rhone, nor the Danube, present those majestic and imposing features that distinguish the sources of some of the smaller class. Nor is this difficult to explain; the large rivers have not one, but many sources; and, as the source *par excellence*, we mount to the highest, which invariably lies among the upper fields of snow. The smaller rivers, on the other hand, may gush at once from a single spring, placed perhaps among the rocks, and ravines, and precipices, which lie lower than the line of congelation. It is, at all events, a fact, that the most sublime sources are those which belong to the smaller rivers. Of these, I may mention the Soane, the Gave and the Sourgue—the two latter especially. The Gave rises in the magnificent amphitheatre of Marbore; and the Sourgue bursts at once, an imposing torrent, from the immortal fountain of Vaucluse.

Different, very different, are the associations called up to different minds, by the contemplation of a river's source. The utilitarian would most rejoice to stand by the spring from which swells forth the Ohio or Mississippi of the western hemisphere, destined to carry the riches of one world to contribute to the wants and luxuries of another; or he would rejoice, like Bruce, to stand beside the sources of the Nile, appointed by its inundations to fructify lands, that, without it, would be deserts; or place at the source of the Rhine the utilitarian, the historian, the novelist, and the simple lover of nature, and the thoughts of each would run in a different channel. The utilitarian would see in it a mighty artery, carrying on the circulation between Western Germany, the Netherlands, Holland, and the rest of the world; the historian would recal to his memory the epochs in which the Rhine has

been the barrier to conquests, the scene of warfare, or the object of treaties; the novelist would see only the grey ruins of the baronial castles that frown upon its heights, and would recollect only the feuds of feudal times, and the legends that tell the achievements of chivalry, or the triumphs of love: while the lover of nature would see but a rich assemblage of images; a blending of nature with art; woods, rocks, and cataracts; and the noble stream gliding away, beautiful, if even it bore upon its bosom no token of industry—and interesting, even if a battle had never been fought upon its banks—or if its time-worn castles had never been built for any other purpose than to adorn the landscape.

PASSION.

WHAT is more unpleasant, and what so much derogates from the character of an amiable, beautiful, or accomplished woman, as to behold her in a passion? For a young lady to become enraged at the misdemeanour of a servant: or because her milliner failed in executing her commands in proper season: or that her dress did not precisely suit her taste: or from any other trifling motive; at once discovers the want of amiability, as well as of sufficient strength of mind to suppress her temper. Such an one would never be selected as the partner of a sensible man; such could never kindle exalted admiration, true respect, or genuine love. I do not wish to applaud those tame beings, who have not a sufficiency of spirit to resent an insult, or to uphold an opinion against the obstinacy of some jackanapes fop; nevertheless all this might be done in temperate language, and with such a different bearing as is the true characteristic of a delicate female. What is more admirable than to witness a young and beautiful female, timidly adducing strenuous arguments in opposition to some positive theory of the lords of the creation, and while her good sense and sound doctrine carry triumph with them, to see the deep blush of virtue stealing over her forehead, at her own success. When the passions of her opponent are excited, to witness her, cool and collected, and rather endeavouring to sooth than to triumph, to allay than to perplex. Deliberate firmness in any moment of contest, or extremity, is ever commendable, and a woman who can fondly gaze upon the countenance of her husband, tell him, in gentleness, of his faults, and beseech that he will endeavour for her sake and for his own, to mend them, is as nearly allied to an angel as a mortal may be.

Sir William Nairne, afterwards Lord Dunsinane, and a Lord of Session, was a man of such scrupulous integrity, that when Sheriff-Depute of Perthshire, finding, upon reflection, that he had decided a poor man's case erroneously, as the only remedy, supplied the litigant privately with money from his own purse, to enable him to carry an appeal to the Supreme Court, where the judgment was reversed.

Original

THE LAST INDIAN.

I looked, and lo
 A continent outstretched before me lay ;
 Its eastern side the loud Atlantic lashed
 With angry billows, plumed with snow-white foam.
 Far in the west the mild Pacific lay,
 Where Phœbus' car at eventide descends,
 To lave his coursers in the azure deep.
 Hill piled on mountain pierced the sullen clouds—
 Amid the rocks leaped the wild cataract
 In sportive beauty or in grandeur dread.
 But mark that noble form, that mien of majesty,
 See where it glides along the mountain's base,
 His manly form is naked to the waist,
 Around him to the knee, in graceful folds
 Hangs the rich trophy of some monster's death ;
 Across his shoulder swings an unbent bow,
 Resting in dread companionship, upon
 A quiver gorged with poisoned arrows,
 Whose wound is past the art of leech to cure.
 From crag to crag he bounds with sinewy spring,
 And now the pinnacle receives him safe.
 He gazes downwards whence the smoke ascends
 From the rude wigwams of the forest's sons,
 In mystic wreaths encircling all around.
 In the far west a huge portentous cloud
 Shrouded the sky in darkness : and the earth
 Groaned with the raging of the elements,
 In furious strife combating.
 He heard the thunder roll—from ev'ry cloud
 The lurid lightnings burst, and stream across
 The sable firmament, in vividness distinct—
 But hark ! a sudden silence reigns around,
 The winds and tempests cease, the clouds move on,
 And heaven re-echoes to the dulcet song
 That grateful rises from the feathered tribe.
 With heartfelt gratitude the Indian knelt,
 Thanked the Great Spirit for his guardian care :
 The mighty God who hears the red-man's prayer ;—
 Rising, he threw, on the unbounded view,
 A hurried glance, and then survey'd himself :—
 His bosom heaved, as with exulting voice,
 He cried—" I am sole monarch of this earth,
 None can dispute my right!"—and echo answered—*None.*

Ages passed on, the iron wheels of time,
 In ceaseless, steady revolutions rolled ;
 Midsummer's splendour followed blooming spring,
 Autumn succeeded with her azure sky,
 The seasons sank in winter's common grave,
 And yet the Indian lived. The timid deer
 Flew swiftly from his dart—he watched the graves
 Where many a chieftain slept—partook the sports
 His brethren shared ;—*the Indian was happy.*
 The white man came, and " to he laid his hand
 On hill, and dale, and stream, and call'd them *his.*"
 Then was the song of vict'ry hushed, and then
 The war-whoop's echo died upon the blast.
 The red-man turned him to the setting sun,
 With a fierce scowl upon th' intruding whites,
 Saw bayonets glitter o'er his native plains,
 Proud cities rise where erst his wigwan stood—
 Sails whitening ev'ry bay and ev'ry stream,
 Where once his light canoe in silence sped ;—
 All this he saw, and more :—with aching heart
 He sighed " farewell," and in the forest's shades
 Quick disappeared amid the noiseless gloom.

Years wore apace :—a beetling cliff o'erhUNG
 The western wave, precipitous and steep.
 It had a tenant too—a tall gaunt form,
 Clad in a strange, uncouth, yet warlike garb.
 His hair was hoary and his visago wan—
 Yet might be seen within that jet black eye,
 Deep lying fires which age could not dispel ;
 The weight of fourscore years was on his brow,

His voice sepulchral, deep, and tremulous.
 He bow'd his head upon his hands—and wept !
 Loud howl the winds a requiem to the past,
 And toss his hoary locks upon the sweeping blast.
 The sounds terrific strike the Indian's ear,
 He smites his breast with anguish and despair.
 " Land of my Fathers ! has thy glory fled ?
 Thy hearths are desolate, thy children dead.
 Souls of the mighty, of the great and wise,
 Grant my last guerdon, ere this body dies !
 Cursed be the fiends that drove us from our land,
 Blast them, Great Spirit, with thy mighty hand !
 About their guilty heads, in vengeance pour
 Death and despair, now and forever more !"
 He said—loud rang his deaf'ning yell,
 As with tremendous force he cleaved the air,
 And sunk forever in the flood beneath.

Y. P.

THE CHILD OF EARTH.

BY MRS. NORTON.

FAINTER her slow step falls from day to day.
 Death's hand is heavy on her darkening brow ;
 Yet doth she fondly cling to earth, and say,
 " I am content to die—but, oh ! not now—!
 Not while the blossoms of the joyous spring
 Make the warm air such luxury to breathe—
 Not while the birds such lays of gladness sing—
 Not while the bright flowers around my footsteps wreaths.
 Spare me, great God ! lift up my drooping brow—
 I am content to die—but, oh ! not now !"

The spring has ripened into summer time ;
 The season's viewless boundary is past ;
 The glorious sun hath reached his burning prime :
 Oh ! must this glimpse of beauty be the last ?
 " Let me not perish, while o'er land and lea
 With silent steps, the Lord of light moves on ;
 Nor while the murmur of the mountain-bee
 Greets my dull ear with music in its tone !
 Pale sickness dims my eye and clouds my brow—
 I am content to die !—but, oh ! not now !"

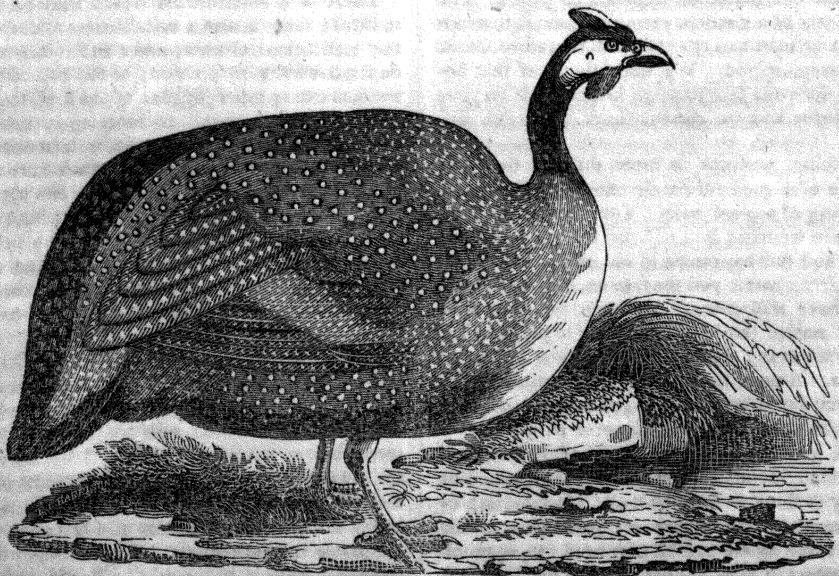
Summer is gone: and autumn's soberer hues
 Tint the ripe fruits, and gild the waving corn ;—
 The huntsman swift the flying game pursues,
 Shouts the halloo ! and winds his eager horn ;
 " Spare me awhile, to wander forth and gaze
 On the broad meadows and the quiet stream,
 To watch in silence while the evening rays
 Slant through the fading trees with ruddy gleam !
 Cooler the breezes play around my brow—
 I am content to die—but, oh ! not now !"

The bleak wind whistles: snow showers far and near
 Drift without echo to the whitening ground ;
 Autumn hath passed away, and cold and drear,
 Winter stalks on with frozen mantle bound ;
 Yet still that prayer ascends, " Oh ! laughingly
 My little brothers round the warm hearth crowd,
 Our home-fire blazes broad, and bright, and high,
 And the roof rings with voices light and loud :
 Spare me awhile ! raise up my drooping brow !
 I am content to die—but, oh ! not now !"

The spring is come again—the joyful spring !
 Again the banks with clustering flowers are spread :
 The wild bird dips upon its wanton wing :—
 The child of earth is numbered with the dead !
 " Thee never more the sunshine shall awake,
 Beaming all redly through the lattice-pane ;
 The steps of friends thy slumbers may not break,
 Nor fond familiar voice arouse again !
 Death's silent shadow veils thy darkened brow—
 Why didst thou linger ?—thou art happier now !"



BIRD OF PARADISE.



THE PINTADO, OR GUINEA FOWL.

THE BIRD OF PARADISE.

Among the splay and luxuriant groves of the Philippine and other Indian islands, the Birds of Paradise associate in immense numbers. It is a popular error that they always follow the king bird, who is distinguished by the exceeding beauty of his plumage: he is about the size of a Blackbird; two filaments proceed from the tail, which are mere shafts, until within a short distance of the extremities, where they become bearded on one side, and terminate in a large circle, open in the centre, of an emerald colour, bright, and ever-varying: The Greater, or Common Bird of Paradise, is principally remarkable for the peculiar feathers, terminating in white, which, emerging from beneath the wings, extend to a considerable distance beyond the feathers of the tail. The webs of these beautiful plaits are open, and resemble very fine hairs.

The Gold-breasted Bird of Paradise is about the size of a Dove: its head, cheeks, back, tail, wings, and part of the throat, are a fine black, shaded with violet; its neck and breast are of a gold colour, and a fine band crosses the back of the neck, of an united and varying tint of gold, green, red, and violet. Several black feathers, the beards of which are separated like those of the Ostrich, point upwards, and, as it were, embrace the wings; and three long black filaments, terminating in oval webs, spring from each side of the head, diverging in angular forms, and extend to a fourth part of the length of the tail.—The genus comprises several species; among them the Lyra is conspicuous from the form and beauty of its tail, which bears a singular resemblance to the musical instrument from which the bird takes its name. In the evening, the Birds of Paradise perch on lofty trees, in which the natives lie concealed for the purpose of shooting them with blunt arrows. Their principal food is said to be the larger kind of butterflies and moths. The absurd notion of the Birds of Paradise wanting legs and feet, was, doubtless, occasioned by the natives of the islands, where they are taken, cutting off those parts before they sold the stuffed birds.

THE GUINEA FOWL.

The head of the Pintado, or Guinea Fowl, is naked, like that of the Turkey. Its plumage, although plain when at a distance, is singularly beautiful if closely examined: the general colour is of a darkish grey, sprinkled with white, round, pearly spots: a sort of cone-shaped horn ornaments the top of the head, and from the sides of the upper mandible depend two loose wattles; those of the male are rather blue; those of the female red.

The Guinea Fowl was, originally, a native of Africa, and thence, in the year 1508, introduced to America, where its numbers increased surprisingly. It is now common among our poultry; but does not live very amicably with the other domesticated birds; frequently disturbing them with its loud and unmusical clamour, its petulant sprightliness, and assumption of a dominion which it is incapable of maintaining. Its flesh is very much like that of the Pheasant; it also resembles that bird in many of its habits. In ancient Rome, the Pintado was much more highly prized, as an article of luxury for the table, than with us.

A FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS DAUGHTER.

You are now, Sophy, grown up to woman's estate: and you are not to remain always single. Your mother and I would have you happy, because our happiness depends on yours. The happiness of a virtuous young woman, is to make an honest man happy: we must, therefore, think of marrying you. We must think of this sometimes, for your fate through life depends on your marriage; and we cannot think too much upon it.

Nothing, perhaps, is more difficult than the choice of a good husband, except perhaps the choosing of a good wife. You, Sophy, will be this rare woman; you will be the pride of our lives, and our happiness in old age. But, however great merit you may have, there are men who have still more. There is no man who ought not to think it an honour to obtain you; there are many whom it would do you honour to obtain. Among this number the business is to find one suitable to you, to get acquainted with him, and to make him acquainted with you.

The greatest happiness of marriage, depends on so many points of agreement, that it would be a folly to think to find them all; the most important must be made sure of, preferably to the rest; if the others can be procured too, so much the better; if they cannot, they must be overlooked. Perfect happiness is not to be found in

this world; but the greatest of misfortunes, and that which may always be avoided, is to be unhappy by one's own fault.

There is a suitableness which may be called natural; there is also a suitableness arising from the institutions of men, and a suitableness that depends wholly on opinion; of the two last, parents are the proper judges; of the first, the children alone can judge. In marriages, made by the authority of parents, those suitablenesses that arise from civil institutions and opinions are alone minded; the matches are not between the persons, but between their rank and fortune; but both these are subject to change: the persons alone remain the same, in all places, and at all times; the happiness or unhappiness of the marriage state depends, in spite of fortune, on personal suitableness.

Your mother was a woman of family: I had a large fortune; these were the sole considerations that influenced our parents to join us together. I have lost my fortune, she has lost her rank; forgot by her family: what doth it signify to her that she was born a lady? In the midst of our distress, the union of our hearts made up for every thing; the conformity of our tastes made us choose this retirement. We live happy in our poverty; each is to the other a friend and companion. Sophy is our common treasure: we

thank the Almighty for giving her, and taking away every thing else.

You see, my dear child, whither Providence hath brought us. Those considerations which occasioned our marriage are vanished, and that which was accounted as nothing makes all our happiness.

It is for man and wife to suit themselves. Mutual inclination ought to be their first tie; their eyes, their hearts ought to be their first guides; for as their primary duty, after they are joined together, is to love one another, so to love, or not to love, doth not always depend on us; this duty necessarily implies another, namely, to begin with loving one another before marriage. This is a law of nature which cannot be abrogated: those who have restricted it, by many civil laws, have had more regard to the appearance of order than to the happiness or the morals of the people. You see, my dear, that the morality we preach to you, is not difficult: it tends only to make you your own mistress, and to make us refer ourselves entirely to you for the choice of your husband.

After giving you our reasons for leaving you at full liberty to make your own choice, it is proper to mention those which ought to induce you to use it with prudence. Sophy, you have got good nature, and good sense, much integrity and piety, and those qualifications which a woman ought to have; and you are not disagreeable, but you have no fortune; you have the best riches indeed, but you want those which are most valued by the world. Do not aspire, therefore, to what you cannot attain to; and regulate your ambition not by your own judgment, or your mother's and mine, but by the opinion of mankind.

If nothing were to be considered but merit equal to your own, I know not where I should set limits to your hopes; but never raise them above your fortune, which, you are to remember, is very small. You never saw our prosperity; you were born after we failed in the world. You have made our poverty pleasing to us, and we have shared in it without pain. Never, child, seek for that wealth which we thank Heaven for taking from us; we never tasted happiness until we lost our riches.

You are too agreeable, Sophy, not to please somebody; and you are not so poor as to render you a burthen to an honest man. You will be courted, and perhaps by persons who are not worthy of you. If they show themselves what they really are, you will form a just estimate of them; their outside will not impose upon you long; but, though you have good judgment, and can discern merit, you want experience, and know not how far men can dissemble. An artful cheat may study your taste, in order to seduce you, and counterfeit before you the virtues to which he is an absolute stranger. Such a one, child, would ruin you before you perceived it; and you would not see your error, until it was past recovery. The most dangerous of all snares, and the only one from which reason can restrain

you, is that into which the passions hurry one: if ever you have the misfortune to fall into it, you will see nothing but illusions and chimeras; your eyes will be fascinated, your judgment will be confused, and your will corrupted; you will cherish your very error, and when you come to see it, you will have no desire to leave it. It is to Sophy's reason, not to the bias of her heart, that we commit her; while passion hath no ascendancy over you, judge for yourself; but whenever you fall in love, commit the care of yourself to your mother.

This agreement which I propose to you, shews our esteem for you, and restores the natural order. It is usual for parents to choose a husband for their daughters, and to consult her only for form's sake. We shall do just the contrary: you shall choose, and we shall be consulted. Make use of this right, Sophy, freely and wisely; the husband that is suitable for you ought to be your own choice, and not ours: but it is we who must judge whether you are not mistaken in his suitability for you; and whether you are not doing, without knowing it, what you have no mind to. Birth, fortune, rank, or the opinion of the world, will have no weight with us. Take an honest man, whose person you like, and whose temper is suitable to you; whatever he be in other respects, we shall receive him for our son-in-law: his income will be always large enough, if he hath hands, and good morals, and loves his family. His rank will always be high, if he ennobles it by virtue. If every body should blame us, what doth it signify? We seek not the approbation of the public; your happiness suffices to us.

MARSEILLAISE HYMN.

THE celebrated song of the patriots and warriors of the French Revolution, was composed by M. Joseph Rouget de l'Isle, while an officer in the engineer corps at Strasburg, early in the French Revolution, with a view of supplanting the vulgar songs then in vogue, relative to the struggle then going on. He composed the song and the music in one night. It was at first called *L'Offrande a la Liberte*, but subsequently received its present name, because it was first publicly sung by the Marseilles confederates in 1792.

It became the national song of the French patriots and warriors, and was famous through Europe and America.—The tune is peculiarly exciting. It was suppressed, of course, under the Empire and the Bourbons; but the Revolution of 1830 called it up anew, and it has since become the national song of the French patriots. The King of the French has bestowed on its composer, who was about seventy years old at the time of the last revolution, having been born in 1760, a pension of 1500frs. from his private purse. M. Rouget de l'Isle had been wounded at Quiberon, and persecuted by the terrorists, from whom he had escaped by flying into Germany.—*Encyclopædia Americana*.

SLEEP TALKING.

This is merely a modification of somnambulism, and proceeds from similar causes, namely, a distribution of sensorial power to the organs of speech, by which means they do not sympathize in the general slumber, but remain in a state fit for being called into action by particular trains of ideas. If, for instance, we dream that we are talking to some one, and if these organs are endowed with their waking share of sensorial power, we are sure to speak. Again, the mere dream, without a waking state of the organs, will never produce speech; and we only suppose we are carrying on conversation, although, at the time, we are completely silent. To produce sleep talking, therefore, the mind, in some of its functions, must be awake and the organs of speech must be so also. The conversation, in this state, is of such subjects as our thoughts are most immediately occupied with; and its consistency or incongruity depends upon that of the prevailing ideas being sometimes perfectly rational and coherent: at other times full of absurdity. The voice is seldom the same as in the waking state. This I would impute to the organs of hearing being mostly dormant, and consequently unable to guide the modulations of sound. The same fact is observable in very deaf persons, whose speech is usually harsh, unvaried, and monotonous. Sometimes the faculties are so far awake, that we can manage to carry on a conversation with the individual, and extract from him the most hidden secrets of his soul. By such means things have been detected, which would otherwise have remained in perpetual obscurity.

Persons have been known who delivered sermons and prayers during sleep; among others an American lady is spoken of, who did so for many years. The same was the case with Richard Haycock, professor of medicine in Oxford: he would give out a text in his sleep, and deliver a good sermon upon it, and all the pinching and pulling of his friends could not prevent him.—Somnambulists frequently talk while on their expedition. Indeed, sleep talking is one of the most common accompaniments of this affection, and bears so close a resemblance to it in most of its circumstances, that it may be regarded as merely a modification of somnambulism.—All that can be done for the cure of sleep talking, is to remove such causes as we may suppose has given rise to it. It is, however, in most cases, of such a trivial nature as not to require any treatment whatever; and, when it proceeds from idiosyncrasy, or becomes habitual, I believe no means which can be adopted will be of much avail. The state of the digestive apparatus should invariably be attended to, and, if disordered, they must be put to rights by suitable medicines. And should the affection proceed, or be supposed to proceed from hypochondria, hysteria, or the prevalence of any strong mental emotion, these states must be treated according to general principles.—*Macnish's Philosophy of Sleep.*

THE COMMON ASH TREE.

The *Fraxinus Excelsior* or Common Ash tree, is often met with in ruins and ancient walls, probably on account of the readiness with which its winged seeds (the culverkeys of our pastoral poets) are borne by the wind. Johnstone in his *Flora*, deplors the destructive power of this tree, from its insinuating its roots far into the crevices of the old buildings, and thereby become an instrument of destruction of what affords it support; in like manner it fastens upon loose slaty rocks, and decorates them with its verdure, whilst it works their fall. The ash is one of the latest trees in coming into leaf, and loses its leaves earlier in autumn. These are greedily eaten by the cattle; and it ought not to be planted in parks or lawns intended for pasture of milch cows, for they communicate a disagreeable taste to the butter. The wood is tough and valuable, being applicable to a great variety of purposes; and it possesses the very singular property of being in perfection even in infancy, a pole three inches in diameter being as valuable and durable for any purpose to which it can be applied as the timber of the largest tree.

In the Highlands of Scotland, at the birth of an infant, the nurse takes a green stick of ash, one end of which she puts into the fire, and, while it is burning, receives in a spoon the sap that oozes from the other, which she administers to the child as its first food. Near Kenety church, in the King's county, is an ash, the trunk of which is 21 feet 10 inches round, and 17 feet high before the branches break out, which are of enormous bulk. When a funeral of the lower class passes by this tree, they lay the body down a few minutes, say a prayer, then throw a stone to increase the heap which has been accumulated round the roots. There is an ancient saying that, "A serpent had rather creep into the fire, than over the twig of an ash tree." Cowley, enumerating various prodigies, says:—

"On the wild ash's tops the bats and owls,
With all night ominous, and baleful fowls,
Sate brooding, while the screeching of these doves,
Profaned and violated all the groves."

LIFE.

LIFE is short: The poor pittance of seventy years is not worth being a villain for. What matters it if your neighbour lies in a splendid tomb? Sleep you with innocence.—Look behind you through the tract of time, a vast desert lies open in the retrospect; through this desert have your fathers journeyed on, until wearied with years and sorrows, they sunk from the walks of man.—You must leave them where they fell, and you are to go a little further, where you will find eternal rest. Whatever you may have to encounter between the cradle and the grave, every moment is big with innumerable events, which come not in slow succession, but bursting forcibly from a revolting and unknown cause, fly over this orb with diversified influence.—*Blair.*

THE SIMILE.

WRITTEN BY MISS A. H. OF CAMBRIDGE.

Music, Composed for the Lady's Book,

BY EDWARD L. WHITE.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1832, by J. Edgar, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

**ANDANTE
BEGATO.**

p

I've seen, at the rise of a fine winter's morning, The

Cres: *f*

frost on the windows rich sparkles display: And vie with the sun, that through it was dawning, Re-

fect all its brightness, then melt in its ray. And thus is it seen, that in life's early prime, Our friendship tho' vivid, soon

slake to de - cay, Un - less like the sun, it warms as it shines, The frost of indif'rence will

chase it away.

Original.

THE NATURAL BRIDGE,* VA.

MAJESTIC arch, what spirit rear'd
Thee to thy towering height,
Say, was the tinkling trowel heard,
Did man afford his mite?

What power piled those rocks on high,
Placed with a master's hand,
Before whose form the uplifted eye
Grows weak; could this be man?

Man, link by link, thy towering thought,
May reach the eternal throne,
Thy powers are great, but never wrought
That form—God worked alone.

Go, rear thy pyramids on high;
Bid towers and temples rise,
Until the clouds around them fly,
They kiss the stooping skies.

Nature will still above thee smile,
Pity thy foolish play,
For thou thyself art nature's child,
Frail being of to-day.

Destroying time shall sweep away
Thy handy craft; all, all,
But yonder work, shall scorn decay,
Till Nature's self shall fall.

Majestic arch! Virginia's pride,
Still stretch thy form on high,
Long as thy wonders shall abide,
May Freedom's banner fly!

Louisville, Albemarle, Va.

* Jefferson pronounced this the greatest curiosity in the world. It however must yield the palm to the Falls of Niagara.

THE CITY OF DELHI.

Thou glorious city of the East, of old enchanted times,
When the fierce Genil swayed all Oriental climes,
I do not ask from history a record of thy fame,
A fairy page has stamp'd for me thy consecrated name.

I read it when the crimson sky came reddening through the
trees,
The twilight is the only time to read such tales as these;
Like mosque, and minaret, and tower, the clouds were
heap'd on high—
I almost deem'd fair Delhi rose a city in the sky.

What sympathy I then bestow'd upon her youthful king!
I fear I now should be less moved by actual suffering;
All sorrow has its selfishness—tears harden as they flow,
And in our own we half forget to share in others' wo.

I can recall how well I seem'd to know the princely tent,
Where painted silk and painted plume their gorgeous colours
blent;
The conquests blazon'd on the walls, the roof of carved
stone,
And the rich light that, at midnight, over the dark woods
shone.

The lovely princess, she who slept in that black marble
tomb,
Her only pall her raven hair, that swept in midnight gloom;
The depths of that enchanted sleep had seem'd the sleep of
death
Save that her cheek retain'd its rose, her lip its rose-like
breath.

Gone! gone! I think of them no more, unless when they
are brought,
As by this pictured city here, in some recalling thought—
Far other dreams are with me now; and yet, amid their
pain,
I wish I were content to dream of fairy tales again.

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THE GATHERER.

"A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."

Shakspeare.

WE never love heartily but once, and that is our first love: the inclinations which succeed are less involuntary.

The chief justice of England has fifteen saleable offices, for which, it is said, seventy thousand guineas were once refused.

What is hope? nothing (says Lord Byron) but the paint on the face of existence: the least touch of truth rubs it off, and then we see what a hollow-cheeked harlot we have got hold of.

The mind which does not converse with itself is an idle wanderer, and all the learning in the world is fruitless and misemployed; whilst in the midst of his boasted knowledge, a man continues in profound ignorance of that which, in point both of duty and advantage, he is most concerned to know.

Women, when women truly, are much more
Than women only—to the enthusiastic lover,
They are inspiring night gems, and their lore,
Is of unearthly images that hover
Like living stars upon a spell-bound shore,
That spirits of the dead are watching over—
Their love is the fixed planet that has shone,
And lit the heart when all other lights are gone.

To enforce the doctrines of christianity by argument at this time of day, puts me in mind of Homer investing the *invulnerable* Achilles with armour.

The littlest feeling of all is a delight in contemplating the littleness of other people. Nothing is more contemptible than habitual contempt.

It is the excess, not the nature of our passions, that is perishable. Like the trees which grow by the tomb of Ptolesilaus, the passions flourish till they reach a certain height; but no sooner is that height attained than they wither away.

Calico was first introduced into England by the East India Company, 1657.

It was once observed to Lord Chesterfield, in the course of conversation, that man is the only creature that is endowed with the power of laughter. "True," said the Earl; "and you may add, perhaps, he is the only creature that deserves to be *laughed at*."

"—'Twas her beauty
Wrought first on my rough nature; but the virtues
Of her fair soul dilated in her converse,
That did confirm it."

Those who made laws of imprisonment for debt, apparently supposed, that every deficiency of payment was the *crime* of the debtor. But the truth is, that the creditor shares the guilt of improper trust; or insolvencies would not be half as frequent as they are. Is no allowance to be made, or consideration had, for misjudgment,

miscalculation, or the ever-changing circumstances, and accidents of life. Certainly those laws were conceived in a spirit opposed to humanity, and equally so to justice.

It was a laconic letter from a lady to her husband—"I write to you because I have nothing to do; and I conclude because I have nothing to say."

"When love once pleads admission to our heart,
(In spite of all the virtue we can boast)
The woman that *deliberates*—is lost."

Sickness and disease are, in weak minds, the sources of melancholy; but that which is painful to the body may be profitable to the soul. Sickness, the mother of modesty, puts us in mind of our mortality; and while we drive on heedlessly in the full career of worldly pomp and jollity, kindly pulls us by the ear, and brings us to a proper sense of our duty.

Sweetness of temper is not an acquired, but a natural excellence; and, therefore, to recommend it to those who have it not, may be deemed rather an insult than advice.

"O, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practice to deceive."

It is a coarse, but very common misapprehension, that in order to represent the Ideal, an aggregate of virtues, as numerous as possible, must be packed together under one name—a whole compendium of morality be exhibited in one man. Nothing is effected by this but the utter extinguishment of individuality and truth. The Ideal consists not in quantity, but in quality. Grandison is exemplary, but not ideal.

He who has had the experience of a great and violent love, neglects friendship; and who has consumed all his passion upon friendship, is nothing advanced towards love.

In all the discipline of war they came:—
Their strong squared columns moved with heavy tread,
Their step, their bearing, e'en their *breath* the same,
And not a murmur whispered through the dead and boding
silence."

I never knew a scolding person that was able to govern a family. What makes people scold is because they cannot govern themselves. How then can they govern others? Those who govern well are generally calm.—They are prompt and resolute, but steady and mild.

Cannons were first invented, 1330: first used by the English, 1340; in Denmark 1354.

A prince should know how to take advantage of his ministers' talents, but he ought never to follow their counsels blindly; he may lend himself to men, but not yield himself up absolutely to them.



THE SEA SIDE TOLLET.

Published for the Ladies Book by L.A. Godey & Co. Philad.^a June 1832.



THE LADY'S BOOK.

JUNE, 1889.

MARIAN LEE.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Not a care hath Marian Lee,
Dwelling by the sounding sea;
Her young life's a flowing way,
Without toil from day to day;
Without bodings for the morrow;—
Marian was not made for sorrow!

Like the summer-billows wild,
Leaps the happy-hearted child!
Sees her father's fishing-boat
O'er the ocean gally float;
Lists her brother's evening song,
By the light gale borne along;
Half a league she hears the lay,
Ere they turn into the bay;
And with glee, o'er cliff and main,
Sings an answer back again,
Which by man and boy is heard,
Like the carol of a bird!

Look!—she sitteth laughing there,
Wreathing sea-weeds in her hair!—
Saw you e'er a thing so fair?
Marian! some are rich in gold—
Heaped-up treasure—hoards untold;
Some are rich in thoughts refined,
And the glorious wealth of mind:
Thou, sweet child! life's rose unblown,
Hast a treasure of thine own:—
Youth's most unalloyed delights,
Happy days and tranquil nights;
And a brain with thought unweaved,
And a light heart, unperplexed!
Go, thou sweet one! all day long,
Like a glad bird, pour thy song,
And let thy young graceful head
Be with sea-flowers garlanded;
For all outward signs of glee
Well become thee, MARIAN LEE!

CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY L. E. L.

If ever in the human heart
A fitting season there can be,
Worthy of its immortal part,
Worthy, O blessed Lord, of thee;
'Tis in that yet unsullied hour,
Or ere the world has claimed its own;
Pure as the hues within the flower,
To summer and the sun unknown;
When still the youthful spirit bears
The image of its God within,
And uneffaced that beauty wears,
So soon to be destroyed by sin.
Then is the time for Faith and Love
To take in charge their precious care,
Teach the young eye to look above,
Teach the young knee to bend in prayer.
This work is ours—this charge was thine—
These youthful souls from sin to save;
To lead them in thy faith divine,
And teach its triumph o'er the grave.
The world will come with care and crime,
And tempt too many a heart astray;
Still the seed sown in early time
Will not be wholly cast away.
The infant prayer, the infant hymn,
Within the darkened soul will rise,
When age's weary eye is dim,
And the grave's shadow round us lies;
The infant hymn is heard again,
The infant prayer is breathed once more;
Reclasping of a broken chain,
We turn to all we loved before.
Lord, grant our hearts be so inclined,
Thy work to seek—thy will to do;
And while we teach the youthful mind
Our own be taught thy lessons too.

M 2

THE DEATH OF A LOVELY DAUGHTER.

DEDICATED TO LAIRD MAXWELL.

She's gane to dwell in Heaven, my lassie,
She's gane to dwell in Heaven,
Ye're ower pure quoth a voice aboon,
For dwelling out o' Heaven.
O! what'll she do in Heaven, my lassie?
O! what'll she do in Heaven?
She'd mix her own thoughts wi' angels' sangs
And make them mair meet for Heaven.
She was beloved of a', my lassie;
She was beloved of a';
But an Angel fell in love wi' her,
And took her from us a'.
Low there she lies, my lassie,
Low there thou lies,
A bonnier form ne'er went to the yird,
Nor frae it will arise.
Fu' soon I'll follow thee, my lassie,
Fu' soon I'll follow thee:
Thou left me nought to covet, lassie,
But thou goodness sel' wi' thee.
I look'd on thy death-cold face, my lassie;
I look'd on thy death-cold face;
Thou seemed a lillie new cut 'i the bud,
And fading in its place.
There's nought but dust now mine, my lassie,
There's nought but dust now mine;
My soul's wi' thee i' the cauld, cauld grave,
An' why should I stay behin' ?
I look'd on thy death-shut eye, my lassie,
I look'd on thy death-shut eye;
And a lovelier brow in the sight o' Heaven
Fell time shall ne'er destroy.
Thy lips were ruddie and calm, my lassie,
Thy lips were ruddie and calm,
But gane was the holy breath o' Heaven
To sing the Evening Psalm.

ROSE OF THE DESERT—A BALLAD.

BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

VOICE

Rather slow.

Rose of the De - sert!

GRAND PIANO

The first system of music features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked 'Rather slow.' The lyrics 'Rose of the De - sert!' are written below the vocal line. The piano part includes a dynamic marking 'p' (piano) and a hairpin crescendo.

then, whose blushing ray, Lone - ly and love - ly, feet unseen a -

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'then, whose blushing ray, Lone - ly and love - ly, feet unseen a -' are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern.

way, Lone - ly and love - ly, feet unseen a - way.

The third system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'way, Lone - ly and love - ly, feet unseen a - way.' are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment continues with the eighth-note pattern.

No hand to cull thee, none is woo thy sigh,

The fourth system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'No hand to cull thee, none is woo thy sigh,' are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment continues with the eighth-note pattern.

In ves - tal al - lence left to live and die, In

The fifth system concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'In ves - tal al - lence left to live and die, In' are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment continues with the eighth-note pattern.

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yea - tal al - lence left to live and die.

Rose of the Desert! thus should wo - man be.

Shi - ning un - court - ed, lone and safe like thee,

Shi - ning Un - court - ed, lone, and safe, like thee.

mf

Rose of the garden how unlike thy doom!
 Destin'd for others, not thyself, to bloom;
 Cull'd, ere thy beauty lives through half its day;
 A moment cherish'd, and then cast away;
 Rose of the garden, such is woman's lot,
 Worshipp'd, while blooming—when she fades, forgot.

THE PORTRAIT:

A SKETCH.

Yes; at last I was fairly in love! and with what? A portrait!—but such a one!

The exhibition had only just opened; I had gone to see it on the third day, and scarcely had I advanced a dozen paces into the grand room, when I felt myself riveted to the spot. "What's the matter?" inquired Armstrong. I heard him, but felt as if the faculties of speech were suspended. He repeated the question, but to no purpose. "Are you dreaming?" at length he exclaimed—"What is the matter with you?"

"Do you know the original of that portrait?" inquired I.

"No."

"Look at the number in the book. Well, what says it?"

"Portrait of a young lady, by E. F."

"And who is E. F.?"

"I know not."

"A plague upon all initials," exclaimed I; "I would give the world to know the name of the artist."

"I'll try and find him out for you, my boy," rejoined the kindest-hearted fellow in Dublin.

"Oh, there are tones and looks that dart
An instant sunshine through the heart;
As if the soul that minute caught
Some treasure it through life had sought;
As if the very lips and eyes
Predestined to have all our sighs,
And never be forgot again,
Sparkled and spoke before us then!"

repeated I to myself, as I stood gazing upon the voiceless, sightless picture!

'Twas a full-length—a front view, in the attitude of advancing—a maid of auburn tresses; the complexion fair; the eyes, a deep blue; the lips—carnations—slightly apart, as though the sweet breath were issuing through them; the bosom delicately full-veiled by a kerchief of gauze, all but one spot of dazzling whiteness; the waist, tapering to the critical point, beyond which firmness and grace take leave of tenuity, and from the zone of which the lines of the lower part of the figure flowed outwards and downwards in a curve of noble richness; an ankle and an instep, like the rest—symmetry! The arms—which were bare from something more than half way above the elbows—were beautiful; her right hand was covered with a glove, and held another, leaving her left one the voucher of a virgin palm! No ring was on the finger.

"Tis time to go," said Armstrong, slapping me on the shoulder; "the exhibition closes at four."

Three hours had I been poring upon it!—"Four!" exclaimed I.

"It wants but ten minutes of it."

"And have you found out the artist?"

"No."

* * * * *

Not a day did I miss the Exhibition. As soon as I entered the room I took my seat before the portrait, and there I remained till every one else was gone. No doubt I was the object of frequent remark. I often heard a whispering near me. Sometimes I caught a glimpse of a smile, suddenly suppressed. On one occasion I seemed to give no small umbrage to a gentleman who stood in front of me. A lady was leaning on his arm. I had heard a sigh so deep, that, in spite of my absorption, it attracted my notice. I withdrew my eyes from the portrait, and they fell on the lady, who was in the act of turning away; but I encountered the gaze of her companion, whose countenance betrayed an expression of mingled impatience and resentment, so strong, that my own began to lour, and I was on the point of starting from my chair, when he looked another way, and conducted his companion to the opposite side of the room. She wore a cloak, and was veiled. I was surprised at the incident. I never after entered the Exhibition without looking about for the gentleman and his fair friend, but I never met them there again.

* * * * *

"Hang the Exhibition!" exclaimed Armstrong; "you shall take a lounge with me this morning." I was on the point of walking in, when he thrust his arm through mine, and took me by main force along with him.

"That woman has a figure!" cried he. I listened, but noted not the object of remark. My eyes were in the Exhibition.

"Her waist," continued he, "is as natural as her neck—which she carries so well. She doesn't squeeze it. There is too much pliancy there for much constraint." We were walking in Sackville street; which, from noon till dinner-time, may be called the Mall of Dublin. "The fall of her shoulders," added he, "is the most graceful thing imaginable! Do you mark it?"

"Yes," replied I, poring upon the figure in the Exhibition room.

"So much for her back," resumed Armstrong. "We have not seen her face yet, but the pleasure is at hand. She'll be sure to turn at the end of the street. Depend upon it, she and her fair friend have not put on their bonnets and shawls for nothing but a walk to the Rotunda and back again. Slacken your pace," continued he.—"Now for it! Has a well-turned ankle never played you a trick? For once that I have been obliged to one for a handsome face, I may reckon fifty introductions to a homely one. Now for it, my lad! Right about, wheel. By Jupiter, she is an angel!"

I mechanically raised my eyes. There was the portrait in living flesh and blood before me! Our eyes met—I stopped short—she hesitated too—coloured—and the next moment she and her companion passed on. We followed.

How my heart beat! Its agitation became almost insupportable as we drew near the other end of the street, where I hoped they would turn again. They were within three or four yards of it—they slackened their pace. Kind fortune!—"Are you ready?" exclaimed a voice. They stopped—a gentleman had accosted them out of a barouche, that had drawn up to the side of the flags. 'Twas the identical individual, the peculiarity of whose deportment had struck me in the Exhibition-room. He sprang out of the carriage, handed the fair partners in, and, stepping in after them, they drove off.

"Whither are you going like a madman?" exclaimed Armstrong.

"To follow them!" replied I, scarce conscious of what to do.

"Follow your dinner!" rejoined he; "or rather wait upon it. You are engaged at six o'clock, and have to go home, dress, and be at Kingstown in that ample space of time." It was five.—"Come," continued he; "is it tumbling into love you are about? And do you think there is but one beautiful woman in Dublin?"

"But one in the world!" exclaimed I.

"Then, by my conscience," rejoined he, "there is no such place in the world like Dublin!"

"I went home, dressed, and drove in a car to Kingstown. A joyous party—but nothing could get me out of Sackville street. I was abstracted, restless, impatient of the restraint of company; anxious to be gone, without knowing whither to go. The evening had scarcely commenced when I stole away. I hastened home, and flung myself into bed; and, in bed, I was still in Sackville street.

Sackville street—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday—every day in the following week; but not a glimpse of the living portrait. "Hang you!" exclaimed Armstrong, planting himself right before me, about half an hour after I had commenced another week's promenade. "I never saw such a fool, when you take a fancy into your head! I want a pair of gloves—step with me to Grafton street." And to Grafton street the incorrigible Armstrong literally dragged me.—"This is the shop," cried he, entering one upon the right hand; "and, by the powers! there stands your Venus herself, fitting her fair hand! Up to her, my Mars!" whispered he. There stood, indeed, the incomparable original of the portrait—her female companion along with her. She had been choosing some gloves from several parcels, which lay open upon the counter. She had just taken up a pair—one of which she was about to try on. It fitted her. "This will do," remarked she to the mistress of the shop. "I shall take half a dozen pair, and send three dozen of different sizes after me." The gloves were white. Just then our eyes encountered. Her face in a moment became crimson, and then all at once turned to a deadly pale; she seemed gasping, as it were, for breath. I saw she was ill, and sprang forward, and caught her as I thought she was about to drop. She looked in my face as her colour slowly returned; gently, and with-

out any expression of displeasure, disengaged herself, and snatching the arm of her friend—"Come," said she, heaving a sigh, which reminded me of the one which I had heard in the Exhibition room.

My heart was in a tumult. The look of her male companion—the sigh—the blush—the blush again—the strangeness of its sudden vanishing—and then the sigh again! What was I to conclude? They had scarcely got into the street when I followed them.

They proceeded up Grafton street into Stephen's Green. I kept about half a dozen yards behind them. They took the right hand side of the square, and in crossing the end of Cuffe street, passed one of those semi-gentlemen, whose only occupation is idleness, and who instantly followed them, keeping between them and me. He drew nearer—I saw what he was about—and scarcely had he touched the arm of the fair creature when I collared him. I had caught a Tartar! He was accomplished in an art, in which I had never felt any ambition to excel. I let him go, thinking I had a gentleman to deal with, and scarcely was he at liberty, when I was stretched, in a state of insensibility, upon the street.

When I came to myself, the first thing of which I was sensible was the pressure of a hand upon my temples. I looked up. It was her's—she was chafing them. The sight of her recalled at once the full possession of my faculties. I looked around, and saw we were alone. I sprang from a couch upon which I had been stretched, and throwing myself at the fair creature's feet, poured forth the passion of my soul in a strain of vehement eloquence, of which before that moment I had never been the master. She listened to me without lifting her eyes, till I was silent. Then slowly raising them, she fixed them upon me with an expression that pierced me to the soul, and gave me indescribable anguish. "The designs of Providence are inscrutable," said she with another deep-drawn sigh. "I know not to what it has destined me! Forget me, Sir!—Forget me! Would to heaven—!"

"I can wait no longer!" said her friend, looking into the parlour.

She started upon her feet—for she had been sitting—and hastily moved a step or two towards the door. I as hastily followed her, catching her by the hand to detain her—"Would to Heaven what?" I exclaimed.

"That I had never seen you," was her reply; and by a sudden effort she withdrew the hand which I was holding.

"Follow me not!" added she. "Attempt not to detain me!" Her hand was upon the lock of the door. She paused—looked at me till her eyes seemed to strain again—raised her right hand to her lips. I waited not to allow her to complete the action which I anticipated—I sprang towards her—she vanished, closing the door after her; in the act of re-opening which, I heard the hall-door shut; I followed, and tried to open it. In my precipitation I could not find the way. It was pre-

sently opened from without, and the servant entered, followed by a person whom I concluded to be her master, and who opposed my egress. An explanation ensued. It was a medical gentleman, whom the servant had gone to fetch. She had been alone in the house, immediately opposite where I had been knocked down—had witnessed the transaction—and readily suffered me to be brought in, attended by the lovely being in whose cause I had suffered. I hastily recompensed each, and sallied forth, but all trace of the dear unknown one was lost. It totally escaped my recollection at the time, that, by applying at the glove-shop, I could have got a clue to her.

I rose the next morning in a state of bodily, as well as mental fever, and wandered through the streets as chance directed me. In turning a corner, I came right against somebody.

"Hallo!" cried Armstrong. "Are you walking in your sleep? Rouse you, my merry man!—Heavens!" he exclaimed, when I looked at him, "what the mischief is the matter with you?" I unburthened my heart to him, as we walked together. As we were passing St. Thomas's, a friend of his issued from the church, and apparently in a state of considerable excitement.—"What's the matter with you?" exclaimed Armstrong.

"A murder is doing in that church!"

"A murder!"

"Yes; they are sacrificing a young heart to Plutus. I know the parties. The story is told in three words. It is the daughter of an English gentleman of reduced circumstances. She has taken the fancy of a young man of fortune, who has just returned from his travels. Her heart was disengaged, and her parents prevailed upon her to accept him. She rues the consent which has been wrung from her. They have brought her to the church. For this half hour have they been trying to prevail upon her to allow the ceremony to proceed. I never saw such a scene! How they can stand it, I know not; but, for my part, it was too much for me, and I was obliged to come away."

The truth flashed across me. I broke from Armstrong, and rushed into the church. It was she! I met them bearing her fainting from the altar, supported by the man whose scowl I had encountered in the Exhibition room. The knot had been tied! As they passed by me, I stood like an idiot—I spoke not—moved not—they went out of the church—all power of reflection or action seemed to have deserted me. I mechanically submitted to the guidance of Armstrong, who, with his friend, conducted me home.

"Come," said I, suddenly starting up, after I had sat, as Armstrong has assured me, for upwards of two hours without speaking—"Come, I shall embark to-night for England!"

He did not attempt to dissuade me. "I shall accompany you, my lad," said he.

We had but few arrangements to make; nevertheless, when we arrived at Kingstown, we were too late for the packet; she had sailed half an hour before.

"What shall we do?" asked Armstrong.

"Take up our quarters here till to-morrow evening," replied I. "I shall not set foot in Dublin again."

"Content!" rejoined Armstrong.

It came on a dreadful night—wind, rain, and thunder. 'Twas a relief to the chaos of my heart—the tempest was in unison with it. I watched an opportunity, and stealing out, went down to the beach. The night was terrifically grand. As far as the eye could reach, there was nothing but one undulating, heaving sheet of foam. You could scarcely hear the thunder for the breakers. I discerned a party at a distance busy about something. I approached them. A vessel was in the offing on the bar, and they were about to launch the life-boat; they had almost accomplished their purpose, when one of the crew was struck down and stunned—they could not tell with what. Obeying an impulse, for which I could not account, but which probably owed its origin to an utter recklessness of life, I made a rush, and sprung into the boat—"I can pull an oar, my lads!" I exclaimed—"Lay to, and tug away!"

We slowly approached the ship. As we neared her, we saw that the crew had taken to the boat, which was pulling from her. We hailed it. Our cry was answered. It disappeared; we hailed it again—again. No reply. It had gone down! We looked at one another and shuddered, but spoke not. We were now alongside of the wreck. Upon the poop, the only part above the water, stood two individuals, who watched us, without speaking. We rowed to leeward of the vessel, took them off, and after ascertaining that there was not another soul on board, made back and reached the shore.

It was a man and a woman whom we had rescued. We conveyed them to the inn—the female was consigned to the charge of the landlady. Armstrong and I undertook the task of attending to her companion, whom we soon equipped with dry apparel from our own trunks, and easily prevailed upon to take a seat at our board, which was spread for supper.

He spoke little at first, except to thank us—especially me, who had been instrumental in preserving him. He was a Portuguese, but spoke English with considerable fluency.

"Many a time, Sir," said he, "have I cursed your country, but now I bless it."

"Cursed it!" echoed Armstrong.

"Yes, Sir, I'll not deny it—nor need I. That girl whom you have saved from a watery grave is my sister; death perhaps would have been a blessing to her—and to me. Yet is it an appalling thing when it comes."

We wished for an explanation of this, but from delicacy were silent. It came, however, of its own accord. A foreigner had fallen in love with her—married her—and deserted her a few months after their nuptials. Her brother and she were in pursuit of him; and after tracing him through Spain, France, Italy, and Germany, had at length got a clue to him in this coun-

try. The story was an exceedingly affecting one, and proved the darkest obliquity of principle upon the part of the offender.

Scarcely was it finished, when the landlady abruptly entered the room—

"Gentlemen," said she, "what is to be done?"

"My sister!" exclaimed the young man, starting up in an agony of apprehension.

"Your sister is safe and well, Sir, and sound asleep, for what I know, but there is another in the house who, if I mistake not, would give all she is mistress of to be the occupant of her bed."

At this moment we heard a shriek. It came from the room below. Armstrong and I rushed down stairs, followed by the stranger and the landlady. The cry was repeated.

"He will use force!" exclaimed the landlady. I heard no more. I was foremost—I burst open the door of the apartment.—What were my emotions at beholding the mistress of my heart—the fainting bride of the morning—on her knees before the man who had espoused her.—

He was holding her. At sight of me she sprung upon her feet, and rushed into my arms.

"I will not be his wife!" she exclaimed. "I have been forced to the altar,—I knew not what I did.—It was mockery.—I will not be his wife.—They deceived me into accompanying him.—Deserted me, and left me in his power.—I will not be his wife!"

He stood pale and trembling with rage. We all remained motionless, looking now at him, and now at one another. He cast his eyes about the room, as if in search of something; they rested upon a trunk which lay upon one of the chairs—he approached it—opened it—took out a pair of pistols—cocked them, and approached me.—At this moment the Portuguese rushed past me, and caught him by the throat.

"Villain!" exclaimed the Portuguese. The pistols fell on the ground. They knew each other. Imagine the conclusion of the scene.—Imagine the scene that followed it in a month after, when I saw the Portrait in my own room—and the Original at my side—my willing wife!

THE COURT OF FRANCE.

I WARN the reader, that I am not going to introduce him into the great closet, where the Council held its sittings; for I was not one of those who were admitted into it; and as I never listened at its doors, I labour under a consequent inability to report what occurred within it. All that I know is, that there *was* a cabinet, which expended three sheets of paper too much; looking at the lamentable conflagration which they kindled. It is you, strangers, who never participated in the fetes and ceremonies of the court, whom I summon to follow me into the Tuileries; for you knew them only by name. I shall not attempt to describe their external aspect. I am ambitious of bearing you with me into the interior of the chateau; but shall take due care not to show you how it looked after the three days, with its crumbled doors, rent furniture, shattered mirrors, torn hangings, vandalized paintings, and lacerated registers; as to the last of which, perchance, none was so maltreated as the book of benefactions; a misfortune, originating probably in the modesty of the victors, who had no wish that their names should appear. I do not desire to recal these afflicting occurrences; I would rather it were in my power to expunge them from the memory of man. Unhappily they are become matters of history, and, in its inexorable austerity, history will hand them down to after ages.

We will travel back to happier times, and transfer ourselves to some of the fetes and ceremonies which graced the court of Charles X.; but, as you do not bear French trappings about you, we must not attempt an entrance by the

great staircase. It is guarded by a man who is termed a Swiss, albeit he is a Frenchman, every inch of him; he would let you know, that etiquette forbids any booted visitor from crossing the king's threshold. The stairs, by aid of which I shall give you admittance, are free from this embargo. You seem astonished that the steps are more attenuated by use, than the others! The reason is, that they are the highway to the *Caisse des Aumones*—a box, the very antipode of the Danaides' tun; for men's fingers are perpetually dipping into it, and yet they never reach the bottom. We will ascend higher still, and cross the black corridor, where, on either hand, right and left, are a series of narrow, inconvenient, and yet, dearly courted apartments, in which the *Grand Seigneur* and valet-de-chambre, the *maitre d'hotel* and the medical attendant, the aid-de-camp and the almoner, and the squire and man of all work, garrison in common. In this region, all ranks, dignities, and grades of society are huddled pell-mell: aye, and when the last day comes, I conjecture that we shall all of us have to find our way through a black corridor, in which all social distinctions will be herded together, as is the case within the Tuileries.

And now we will descend to the next floor, and pay our devoirs to the first gentleman of the chamber—one of the great officers on the household establishment. Let us ask him for some cards to the ceremony of the "Last Supper," and having obtained them—thanks to his untarrying readiness to oblige all parties. The groom of the chamber has taken our ticket—and the

valet-de-chambre has shown us to a seat behind the ladies.

What a delightful *coup d'œil*. What a festive aspect wait upon this scene! The confined area of the Chapel Royal did not afford sufficient space for it, and the solemnity has been adjourned, therefore, to the gallery of Diana. You may well smile as you lift up your eyes, and rest them on the splendid paintings which decorate the ceiling. Cupid and Psyche, Diana and Endymion, Hercules and Omphale, together with the whole train of pagan gods and goddesses, seem but ungainly attendants on the pomp of a Christian solemnity. But, cast your eyes downwards, mark the simplicity of yon altar and oratory, from which the God of the Christian and his minister are about to pour forth celestial language, and you will have no heart for a smile: your mind will have compassed the far-and-wide interval which severs error from truth.

A large table has been placed at one of the extremities of the gallery, and on that table stand thirteen dishes, symmetrically repeated thirteen different times; each of them is adorned with odorous flowers, lending a delicious perfume to the incumbent atmosphere. Both right and left, throughout the whole extent of the gallery, are three rows of seats below each other; one side is appropriated to the ladies, whose elegant habits have somewhat of a worldly cast about them; yet the scene is an enchanting one; and the book, held between their fingers, even though they do not open its pages, is indicative, at least, of a goodly intention. In front of the seat reserved for the use of the royal family, is a more elevated bench occupied by thirteen indigent children, typical of the thirteen apostles; for, at the time when the last supper took place, Iscariot had not betrayed his master. Behind the young apostles stood the king's band, led by Cherubini and Lesueur, and directed by Plantade. Talent of every description had been placed under requisition to compose it—as a whole, it was without a rival in point of execution, and a long and lingering regret will survive its dissolution.

But, suddenly, a voice is heard, and "The King," is announced. See! how every one leans, and presses, and thrusts himself forward to discern him!—he salutes the throng with the easy grace with which nature has gifted him; there is nothing of the old man in his manner; it is respect alone which reigns in the ardent burst his benignity would seem to invite. Divine service is nearly at an end before the audience have bethought themselves of prayer. Next succeeds the sermon, and it is listened to in full confidence that none but a Bossuet or a Masilion would be admitted to preach before Royalty; but anticipation proves a cheat; and the listener is consoled with the sight of the king. How the eye follows his every motion, whilst he discharges the goodly office, handed down by his royal ancestors, and with his own hands washes the feet of the thirteen apostles in token of christian humility! Let the impious laugh this affecting so-

lemnity, a remnant of his fathers' piety, to scorn; yet if he did but once witness it, that laugh would be dismissed for ever. The scene is not, in every stage of it, austere and sanctified; the assistants at the ceremonies and altar come forth in procession, bearing bouquets of flowers and the insignia of their offices in their hands; the Dauphin of France, followed by the great officers of State, follow in their train; they advance and return, thirteen times in succession for the purpose of fetching the bread, wine, and dishes designed for the apostles; and, having delivered them to the king, he places them in baskets, and deposits them at the feet of each of the children; adding a purse, containing thirteen five-franc pieces as a donative with each basket. This concludes the ceremony; and well may the Sovereign say of it, "I have performed more than a mere act of piety or humility; I have made the hearts of thirteen families to leap for joy!" * * *

E. MENNECHET.

REMARKABLE PHENOMENON.

If we hold a narrow slip of paper vertically, about a foot from the eye, and fix both eyes upon an object at some distance beyond it, then if we allow the light of the sun or the light of a candle to act strongly upon the right eye without affecting the left, which may be easily protected from its influence, the left hand strip of the paper, will be seen of a bright green colour, and the right hand of a red colour. If, the piece of paper is sufficiently broad to make the two overlap each other, the overlapping parts will be perfectly white and free from colour, which proves that the red and green are what is called *complimentary*. When equally luminous, or candles are held near each eye, the two strips of paper will be white.—If when the candle is held near the right eye, and the strips of paper are seen red and green, then on bringing the candle suddenly to the left eye, the left hand image of the paper will gradually change to a green, and the right hand image to a red.—*Brewster's Optics*.

SADNESS.

THERE is a mysterious feeling that frequently passes like a cloud over the spirits. It comes upon the soul in the busy bustle of life, in the social circle, in the calm and silent retreats of solitude. Its powers are alike supreme over the weak and the iron-hearted. At one time it is caused by the flitting of a single thought across the mind.—Again, a sound will come booming across the ocean of memory, gloomy and solemn as the death-knell, overshadowing all the bright hopes and sunny feelings of the heart. Who can describe it, and yet who has not felt its bewildering influence? Still it is a delicious sort of sorrow; and like a cloud dimming the sunshine of the river, although causing a momentary shade of gloom, it enhances the beauty of returning brightness.

SPRING.

BY MARY HOWETT.

The spring—she is a blessed thing!
 She is the mother of the flowers!
 She is the mate of birds and bees,
 The partner of their revelries,
 Our star of hope through wintry hours.

The merry children when they see
 Her coming, by the budding thorn,
 They leap upon the cottage floor,
 They shout beside the cottage door,
 And run to meet her night and morn.

They are soonest with her in the woods,
 Peeping the withered leaves among,
 To find the earliest, fragrant thing,
 That dares from the cold earth to spring,
 Or catch the earliest wild bird's song.

The little brooks run on in light,
 As if they had a chase of mirth;
 The skies are blue, the air is warm,
 Our very hearts have caught the charm
 That sheds a beauty over earth.

The aged man is in the field,
 The maiden 'mong her garden flowers,
 The sons of sorrow and distress
 Are wandering in forgetfulness,
 Of wants that fret and care that lowers.

She comes with more than present good—
 With joys to store for future years,
 From which in striving crowds apart,
 The bowed in spirit, bruised in heart,
 May glean up hope with grateful tears.

Up—let us to the fields away,
 And breathe the fresh and balmy air:
 The bird is building in the tree,
 The flower has opened to the bee,
 And health, and love, and peace are there!

THE BROKEN HEARTED.

She braided a wreath for her silken hair,
 And kindled a smile on her sad, pale face;
 For a secret hand had been writing there,
 In lines that sorrow alone could trace!

She gave a check to the rising sigh,
 And sent it again at its source to swell;
 While she turned to dash from her tearful eye
 A glittering drop, that her tale might tell.

Her foot in the dazzling hall was found
 As lightly the maze of the dance to thread,
 While, sportive, she troved to the viol's sound,
 As if not a hope of her heart had fled!

Yet she wished, ere a rose in her wreath should die,
 Or the smile on her lip should cease to play,
 Her head on the pillow of death might lie,
 And the suffering chords of her heart give way!

But she poured no plaint in an earthly ear;
 Her soul with its secret griefs went up,
 Beseeching her God that he would hear—
 Withdraw the bitter, or break the cup!

Her prayer was heard, and the sigh was stilled,
 As if in her breast it ne'er had been!
 The tear, ere it sprang to her eye, was chilled;
 And the lids forever had locked it in!

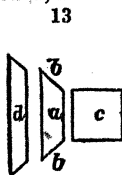
I bent o'er her pale and breathless clay,
 As it shone in the light, like a frozen flower,
 That stands in the air of a winter's day,
 Ere a leaf has drooped at the sunbeam's power!

'Twas wrapped in a sweet and holy calm,
 That bade each shadow of grief depart!
 The spirit had risen to breathe the balm,
 Which Gilead sheds for the pure in heart!

THE ORNAMENTAL ARTIST.

GLASS PICTURE FRAMES.

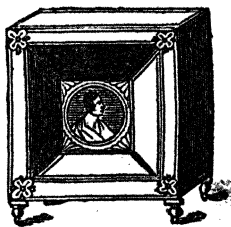
A frame for a picture, or case for a bust, may be produced from four pieces, cut as *a* (Fig. 13,) bound, and sewn together at their ends, *b b*; a



13 piece, as *c*, which will serve as the glass in front of the picture or bust, fastened by its binding to the inner edges of the pieces, *a*; four other pieces, as *d*, which are to be sewn together by the bindings at their ends, and then fastened in like manner, by the inner edges, to the square formed by the pieces marked *a*; four more, of equal size, to form the bottom, top and sides, which are to be fastened to the outer edges of the pieces, *d*; the centre glass must be depressed, and the inner pieces of the frame placed in a slanting direction towards it: the outer parts, *d*, forming an obtuse angle with them, and being placed square on them and the sides. A portrait in stained glass, a small painting on velvet, or a miniature; a beautiful medallion, or a bust in wax, may now be

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put behind the glass (Fig. 14) and the frame or case completed, by adding a back of stout pasteboard or wood, bound and sewn to the edges of the sides. The bottom, top, and sides of a case for a bust must be deeper than those for a frame; and so also should the parts *a*; the inside of the back must be lined, and have a small shelf or pedestal fixed to it, for the bust to rest on; any appropriate ornaments may be placed at the corners, to conceal the seams. If a frame, a loop may be fixed in the back to suspend it by; and if a case, pedestals may be fastened to the bottom, which will be more convenient if made of wood. The piece, *c*, in front of the picture or bust, should, of course, be plain plate glass; the front, sides, &c. may be ground, stained, or of looking-glass.

SOPHIA, PRINCESS OF ZELLE;

OR, THE SYBIL'S WARNING.

"The friends whom I loved in light,
Are seen through a twilight dim;
Like fairies beheld in a moonlight night,
Or heard in a far-off hymn!
The hopes of my youth are away,
My home and its early dreams;
I am far from the land where I used to play,
A child, by its thousand streams!"

T. K. HERVEY.

"The lovely, and the innocent, are e'er the spoiler's prey!"

CAMPBELL.

In regarding the English Revolution of 1688, and the Act of Settlement, by which the throne of these realms was rendered hereditary in the family of Brunswick, the minor details of those events, and the multitude of interwoven circumstances which such stupendous changes gave birth to, have seldom been adverted to by the historian. In the fugitive pieces of the time alone do we find them particularly mentioned, and there indeed we have affecting and interesting details of family and individual suffering; ruined fortunes and blighted hopes; stratagems, fraud, cunning; the vicious propensities of ambition, and the debasement of the human character. The sufferings of the beautiful Princess of Zelle particularly claim our attention, and demand our tenderest pity; possessing every qualification, and every disposition to become the delight and ornament of society, she fell a victim to the insatiable ambition of her step-mother, while the gross propensities of her husband sanctioned her degradation, and by a bigotted devotion to his favourites, he suffered his amiable wife to pine in captivity, her reputation branded with infamy, and herself deprived of every consolation beyond that high support under suffering which is inspired by the consciousness of moral rectitude.

The Electress Sophia of Hanover, granddaughter of the ill-fated Mary of Scotland, cousin of the equally unfortunate Charles the First, and mother of the Electoral Prince George, who ultimately obtained the crown of England, was a woman who contemplated all the politics of Europe; viewing herself in such close connection with a great nation, her efforts were unceasingly directed to secure to herself a position by which she might be enabled to hold an authority in that kingdom, which so many circumstances then appeared to prevent her from becoming the real possessor of; every scheme that crafty policy could suggest were tried; the Electress saw with delight the Revolutionary monarch die without issue, and the next Queen (Anne) having lost her son, the Duke of Gloucester, could scarcely oppose the Hanoverian succession. The Electress exulted in the prospect which now opened before her. Her star rose in the regal horizon, her machinations were crowned with success, and

the crown of England was now ready to descend upon her head. The Elector was too much engaged in sensual pleasures to heed the political schemes of his wife; she therefore controlled the destinies of the Electorate, and swayed the dispositions of her husband and her son. The latter followed the precise steps of his parent, and while they were passing the hours of their existence in dissolute and depraved company, she was moulding a scheme of family aggrandizement, which eventually succeeded, and the Electoral Prince became the King of England.

But it was necessary that the Prince should marry, that he should have a *lawful* partner in order to perpetuate the succession, and his cousin, the Princess Sophia, daughter of the Duke of Zelle, was selected. But the Electress scorned the lovely and amiable Princess; her family were low and pitiful in her elevated mind, and from the day of her marriage, the ambitious mother treated her with contumely and contempt. The Princess Sophia was a young and innocent girl, possessing warm affections, ardent dispositions, and a faithful devotion, that the repeated and wanton tyranny of her husband and his mother could scarcely destroy: and she placed her happiness in the hands of the Prince, reluctantly, but with noble and generous confidence, that confidence which is ever characteristic of goodness and unsullied innocence, too pure to believe that one who swears in the face of heaven to promote and preserve its happiness, could ever be false or cruel. But how faithless are the pictures which the young heart in its first enthusiasm delineates, all purity, all romance; the stern realities of life soon dissipate the coloured visions of romance, and "blot them out in tears."

"—————We cannot see

Through the grey veil of fate. Else who would dare
The coming storm, the wreck of hope and heart—
The miserable realities that sweep
Away the fairy pictures of our dreams,
And lead us to the cold, dark mansions
Of the tomb!"

The moment in which the Princess of Zelle became united to the Electoral Prince, was the commencement of a life of unmingled unhappiness and regret. Too proud to tell the gaping heartless world what she endured, her grief was

still and silent;—she never complained of the dissolute manners of her husband, but a tear trembled upon her eyelid, as she kindly chided his neglect; with all the tender and delicate endearments of real affection, she endeavoured to charm him from his pursuits, to awaken the dormant spirit of rectitude in his breast, and inspire that affection which at the altar of his God he had sworn to treat her with. But all those springs of feeling had been dried up—feeling had become deadened, the ideas of the Prince were depraved, and every woman became in his opinion, as worthless as the infamous Henrietta Meissenbourg, or her sister Plaatén.

Those were the women, who fearing lest the amiable and unsullied disposition of the Princess might ultimately overturn the false principles of her husband, and lead him into the paths of rectitude and honour, sought opportunities of fixing scandal upon the undisguised actions of the Princess—of traducing a character which stood above suspicion, and at length bent upon the ruin of their noble rival, and presuming upon the hold they had upon the favour of the Prince, and aware of the contempt of the Electress, at length produced a series of forged documents, which attached criminality to the virtuous Princess, and consigned her to a dreary prison on the banks of the Ahler Strom.

It was not until the fact stared her in the face, of her very existence being in danger, that the Princess awakened to the perils of her situation, and then her enemies had too much power for her to encounter; she must have sunk beneath their machinations, and have ignominiously perished by the hands of an assassin. This conviction rushed upon her mind, and the consciousness that she stood alone in the Electorate without a single friend to comfort or assist her, was more than sufficient to lead her to embrace the proffered assistance of a dissolute young man to accompany her to France, where, in the midst of her mother's family she would be safe from the perils which surrounded her under her husband's roof. There was no criminality in this; it was the natural impulse of apprehension. There was no safety for her but in flight, and where could she fly to but to France? Her father was a weak-minded man, and his Duchy too near to the Electorate to ensure her personal safety. France was the nearest place that she could escape to, and she could not proceed thither alone: Louis the Fourteenth was pouring his troops towards the Belgic frontiers, and the whole country was in arms. A soldier of high character and bravery was requisite to protect her on her way, and there was only one being near her, by whom she was either regarded or respected.

This was the young Count Konigsmark, a man of acknowledged heroism, but whose manners were sadly tinged with that spirit of profligacy which pervaded all the surrounding courts. He had once been the lover of the Princess—perhaps the favoured lover; but parental command severed the engagement, gave the hand of the innocent girl to a dissipated Prince, and led

the chivalric youth into a life of profligacy and heedlessness. We cannot presume to imagine the reflections of the disunited—nor state the pictures which the neglected Princess drew of the husband who deserted her for the metricious charms of others, and the once honourable and affectionate Konigsmark, who having irretrievably lost all that was dear to him, plunged into a course of conduct which at one time his heart would have shrunk from and contemned. But whatever the reflection of the Princess may have been, her conduct was above suspicion:—a lingering regard for him whom she once imagined would have had a lawful claim upon her affections, may still have clung to her heart, but reason and virtue curbed and stilled the passion—she was the wife of another, and could now only think of Konigsmark as a friend.

And the friendship of Konigsmark was tendered; he had repeatedly in the hearing of the Baroness de Molckt, the confidant of the Princess, expressed his devotion and readiness to serve her even with his life, should circumstances demand the sacrifice; and these noble and generous expressions induced the Princess, as the only means of ensuring her personal safety, to confide in the Count's honour, and to solicit him, the only friend in the world, with whom she was enabled to correspond, to assist her in escaping from a scene of misery and ignominious death. The Count immediately gave his services, which were gratefully, but delicately acknowledged, and the arrangements for the projected flight left entirely to his direction.

Before those arrangements could be completed, Konigsmark was called upon an especial business to the Polish Court, to that Court, which, under the rule of Augustus, one of the most dissolute men of the time, contained a depraved band from all the Courts of Europe. The Count mingling with these men, again sunk into his profligate habits; he partook of all the entertainments and revelries of the Court, and again gave himself up to dissipation. He freely detailed his amours to his associates, and slandered the most exalted, and noble women in every Court through which he had pursued his career; and, at length, heated by wine, and the glowing recitals of his companion's successes, he ventured to insinuate that he was still beloved, and even that he was in the confidence of the Electoral Princess!

That was the admission required; spies were around him, his correspondence with the Princess had been noticed by the emissaries of the Electress and Madame Plaatén, and he had been followed to the Polish Court, where he dared intemperately to slander the reputation of an innocent Princess, and which ultimately proved the cause of her captivity and his own untimely end. A dispatch was immediately forwarded to the Electress, and she soon became acquainted with the unguarded expression of the intemperate Count.

The revel of the night broke up—the royal Augustus was conveyed senseless to his couch, and his intoxicated and exhausted courtiers re-

treated from the scene of depravity in order to recruit their strength, by a few hours slumber, for a similar debauch on the ensuing day. Konigsmark was the last who retired; intoxicated as he was, a suspicion that he had committed himself, flashed across his mind; he distinctly recollected his insinuation respecting the Princess, and he had noticed the abrupt departure of one of the guests from the table; a fearful presentiment occurred to him, but the wine had stupefied him, and he could not bring his ideas into any settled or actual form;—he was distracted—he saw his folly—but could scarcely comprehend his danger;—his mind was confused and agitated, and he sought his couch for relief.

As he passed from the palace, along one of the dark and narrow streets of Warsaw, his progress was suddenly impeded, and looking up he beheld a wild and almost unearthly female figure standing before him; her dark raven hair streaming over her shoulders, floated in the breezes of night; her eyes, large and dark, glanced deeply upon the Count's face and seemed to speak a language of reproof and scorn; the forefinger of her right hand was placed upon her lips, and her other hand was upraised towards the skies.

"Ruin!" screamed the sybil, as she retreated. "Ruin and death!"

"Who—who art thou?" exclaimed the Count.

"The guardian spirit of the house of Zelle!—Beware, beware!" continued she, screaming the last words with fearful utterance, and in a moment her figure was obscured in one of the dark outlets of the street.

* * * * *

A month had elapsed since Konigsmark's return from Poland:—the arrangements for the flight of the Princess were concluded. At midnight, the Baroness de Molckt, received the signal, and, in a few moments, Konigsmark was in the chamber of Sophia. The Princess received him who was to be her deliverer, in tears: she trembled at the decisive step she was about to take, and her fears proved greater than her courage. "My children! my dear, dear children!" exclaimed she, sinking upon a chair, "I cannot go without seeing *them*. They have never offended—never injured me. I have a mother's heart—a mother's feelings; pray—pray excuse me!"

"Dear madam," exclaimed the Count, "there is danger in delay: we are surrounded by spies—another occasion may not happen, and then—"

"Then I must perish! I thank you—from my heart I thank you; but I am a mother. I must see my children!"

In vain the Count, as well as the Baroness de Molckt, endeavoured to persuade the Princess; she was fixed in her resolution, and determined upon again embracing her innocent children. She delayed her flight until the following evening, and the Count was conducted from the apartment.

But the sybil's prediction was to be fulfilled. The cabal of the Electress were aware of Konigsmark's admission to the chamber of the Prin-

cess—and such an opportunity of utterly ruining their innocent victim was too golden to be allowed to pass. The death of the Count was determined upon, and he was assassinated in the apartments of the Princess, a few moments after he had left her chamber. The circumstance of the detection of Konigsmark, embellished with all the scandalous implications that the malice and the infamy of Meissenbourg and Plaaten could invent, was speedily conveyed to the credulous husband, who willingly believed every assertion of his favourites, and gave implicit credence to all the forged documents which were laid before him, purporting to be letters from the Princess Sophia to Konigsmark. Incensed at the supposed criminality of his wife, Prince George immediately ordered her to be confined. The news of her disgrace soon reached the court of Zelle, but there the minions of the Prince poisoned the ear of the Duke; and though the agonized mother, upon her bended knees, implored his intercession, the Duke turned from her with disdain, exclaiming—"She hath forgotten the duty of a daughter, and shall find that I no longer have the feelings of a father!"

On the day subsequent to the murder of Konigsmark, the Princess was made a State prisoner, a guard placed over her, and the infamous women, Plaaten and Meissenbourg, added, by their personal taunts, to the affliction of the guiltless wife. In a few hours, the Elector entered in considerable emotion, to announce the Count's death, and the immediate removal of Sophia. "Send me where you may," replied she, "you cannot fix upon a residence more hateful to me than this." Her only wish was again to see her children, and it was complied with: as she pressed the weeping George and his interesting sister to her heart, "See," cried Madame Plaaten, "see how she mourns their father's death." The Princess, instantly darting a withering look of scorn and contempt, exclaimed, "Monsters! their father lives, and the God above, that knows the hearts of all, will speedily avenge our wrongs!" Then, falling upon her knees, and still clasping her trembling children to her heart, she breathed a prayer and murmured—"Father of the wretched and the desolate, guardian of the innocent and the oppressed, protect these little ones in this regal den of wretchedness! I am guiltless of the crimes imputed to me, and thus, humbling my soul before thee, I implore protection: preserve them in the paths of rectitude, and let them be the avengers of my wrongs—the means whereby my innocence may be made known!"

The women mocked the prayer of the Princess; but her spirit rose superior to their insults, and, disdaining to notice them, she followed silently to the carriage that was to convey her to her prison. Bothman, one of the villains in the pay of the Electress, sat by her side, with a drawn sword in his hand, and thus was she torn from her home, her husband, and her children; denied a hearing, and sentenced only by the machinations of the Prince's favourites. "You

will not be much alone, at nights, madame, in the Castle of the Ahler Strom," said Bothman, in the course of the progress to that savage looking edifice, where, if tradition is to be believed, many foul murders have been perpetrated, and many victims have pined through years of suffering—"You will not be much alone at nights, madam, for every room is haunted!"

"Not with worse fiends," exclaimed the Princess, "than thee and thy associates!"

"Long Piet, who had the honour of despatching Konigsmark, will, with his wife, be your attendants."

"There is yet a worse pair that the Electress could have chosen—Count Plaaten and his abandoned wife!"

The carriage stopped at the gate of the castle, and the Princess was instantly hurried into the edifice by the guards that had accompanied the vehicle. "I leave you now, madam, in the custody of these worthy people," exclaimed Bothman, with a sardonic grin; "you will be very hospitably treated, and have much reason to thank the clemency of your injured family."

The Princess turned from the ruffian with contempt. "Conduct me to my prison," exclaimed she; and Long Piet, awed by the sternness of her expression, immediately led the way in silence, into a large and gloomy apartment. The furniture was of the meanest kind, and the bed felt damp and cold: a small glimmering lamp was the only illumination, and, as the keeper retired, the Princess heard the heavy bolts of the door outside jar in their rusty holds. She sunk upon her knees, to implore the protection of Heaven in her desolate condition; and at length, wearied and exhausted, she fell into a slumber. But it was broke by fearful dreams: she beheld her protector perishing beneath the assassin's knife, and her enemies exulting; then the scene changed, and she thought herself in the Electoral Palace—the abandoned Meissenbourg approached the bed-side of her children, cast aside the curtains, and fiendishly seized the infants' necks;—they struggled and shrieked, but the grasp of the murderess became tighter, and the features of the children grew black—they struggled less, and their cries were fainter. The Princess herself had neither power to speak nor move; her body seemed inanimate, though her soul fluttered within—but then an invisible arm struck the murderess to the earth—the children revived, and again rushed into their mother's arms!

Prince George returned to the Electoral Palace, but the knowledge of what had transpired weighed down his spirits: intemperate and heedless, still he was not so dead to every feeling of humanity, as to join his vicious associates in their exultations at the imputed guilt of Sophia, and her disgrace. He sanctioned her captivity, however, and suffered himself still to be guided in all his actions by his ambitious mother, and his meretricious favourites. But there are moments when reflection creeps upon the dissolute mind—there are moments when a still small

voice finds its way to the heart, and, in a few short words, speaks volumes of bitterness and reproof.—The Prince was alone in his library, a prey to the thoughts which such reflections give birth to, when his attention was diverted by the strange appearance of a female, standing directly before the window in a significant and mysterious attitude;—the Prince arose from his seat, and, throwing up the window-sash, enquired the cause of the intrusion.

"To prop the tottering fabric!" whispered the sybil, and her dark eyes shot forth mysterious fires. The Prince was alarmed, and retreated from the window, but the woman instantly rejoined—

"There is no danger in the wind-breath that foretells the storm. I cannot harm you as you harm yourself."

"How!" exclaimed the Prince, awed by the strange tones in which the sybil spoke.

"The Princess dies!—your life is linked with hers. Within twelve months from her death, what then will be the Electoral Prince himself?"

With these words the mysterious woman darted from the window, and though instant search was made through the Palace gardens, she escaped undiscovered.

* * * * *

Proposals were made for a reconciliation with the prisoner, but she demanded, preparatory thereto, the publication of her entire innocence, and the punishment of her accusers: those conditions were refused. "Then tell the Prince," was the spirited rejoinder of Sophia, "that a reconciliation is impossible; for if I am guilty I am unworthy of him, and if I am innocent he is unworthy of me!"

The Electress had now paid the great debt of nature, and Anne, Queen of England, dying shortly after, the friends of the House of Brunswick prevailed over the Stuart faction, and the Electoral Prince ascended the throne of Great Britain.

But the enemies of Sophia still prevailed, and the breach was further widened: the young Prince George, who interceded in his mother's behalf, fell under the royal displeasure, and at length a divorce was obtained in the German Courts. The son, indignant at his mother's unmerited sufferings, endeavoured to elude the vigilance of her guards, and to obtain admission to the castle, but detected, and baffled in his design, he was compelled to forego all his hopes of again embracing his innocent parent. At length, wearied with suffering and broken-hearted, the pure spirit of the Princess Sophia winged its flight to a better world, there to experience the happiness which was denied her in this, and to partake of that bright cup of felicity which

"—none but angels share!"

Twelve months afterwards, the King set out to visit his Hanoverian dominions: on his way from Delden to Herenhausen, he was observed to start suddenly, as if he had beheld some mysterious appearance at the carriage window; but

immediately falling back, he remained for some time in a kind of lethargy or stupor. "'Tis all over with me!" exclaimed the monarch, and ordered the postillions to drive rapidly to Herenhäusen. But they had reached no farther than

Osnaburg, when the powers of the monarch failed, and he sunk exhausted in the arms of one of his attendants.

"*The Sybil was right!*" murmured the King, and in a few hours he expired.

ADVICE TO A BRIDE.

BY A LADY.

"Love guard thee, gentlest!—and may every woe
Be far from thy young heart—and sorrow not
For me, sweet daughter, in my lonely lot
God will be with me.
This was a mother's parting with her child,
A young meek bride on whom fair Fortune smiled,
And wooed her with a voice of love, away
From childhood's home."

Mrs. HEMANS.

"Who is she that winneth the heart of man, that subdueth him to love, and reigneth in his breast? Lo! yonder she walketh in maiden sweetness, with innocence in her mind, and modesty on her cheek. She is clothed with neatness, she is fed with temperance; humility and meekness are as a crown of glory circling her head. Her eye speaketh softness and love; but discretion, with a sceptre, sitteth on her brow. The troubles of her husband are alleviated by her counsels, and sweetened by her endearments; he putteth his heart in her bosom, and receiveth comfort."—*Economy of Human Life.*

You are at this moment the happiest woman in existence. The visions of bliss that have long floated over your imagination, are now about to be realized, and the cares, anxieties, and regrets that have heretofore thrown shadows over your path now vanish, and are dissipated by the bright sun of rapture that beams so joyously upon your heart. But in the midst of all this brightness, all this happiness, do not forget the fable of the boy, who, enraptured with the delightful flowers that were springing up around him, abandoned his allotted task, to wile away his hours in the midst of their fragrance. In other words, let not the fairy joys that now surround you, induce you to forget the task which you have voluntarily undertaken, or allow your present happiness to render you neglectful of the duty of a wife.

The task appears light, and it will be found light if you enter upon it in time;—a day, an hour's neglect is important, we know not what an hour may produce. It is necessary for you to commence with those reflections, and the ideas which they inspire, will lead you on, to the consummation of that happiness, which you so ardently aspire to, and expect. You are the wife of one whom you have every reason to believe is the best disposed, and the most honourable of

men; he appears passionately devoted to you, and, in all probability, he himself imagines that his affection will endure, in all its strength and purity, to the latest moment of life. But there is not a greater contradiction in nature than the character of man. Made up of passions and prejudices, his merits are mostly negative, and consist not in the actual presence of good, but in the fortitude with which his more endured nature enables him to withstand evil. Thus he becomes the creature of circumstance, and is swayed and biassed by associations.

The great endeavour of a wife must be, therefore, to fix the disposition of her husband by increasing and persevering attentions: there is nothing more easy, if the task is assumed upon the outset in the marriage state; it is then a pleasure—the bride thinks no exertions too great to promote the happiness of the man she loves, and she perseveres in the task, until the very task itself becomes connected with her habits and manners of life, and, consequently, with her happiness. But if she neglects this opportunity, it can never be regained; the favourable moment will not return, and then, when the excitement of the occasion has abated, and the novelty of the new situation worn off, she discovers the fallacy of her expectations, and that all her high-built hopes are castles in the air. The early hours of married life glide on so felicitously, that the proper energies of the wife are lulled, as it were, into repose; a state of blissful repose certainly, but the more dangerous the nearer it approaches bliss. She fondly imagines the same happiness which attends her wedding day, and continues for some time after, will be permanent; that her husband's enthusiasm will continue, and that, therefore, she may remain a passive participatrix in the enjoyments, which will last forever! This is the idea of most newly-married ladies, but the experience of every day proves their error. It is upon this belief that the foun-

dation of most unhappiness is established. A bride must never encourage it. She must not regard marriage as the perfection, but as the means of happiness: she must commence the new condition of life as if she were about to commence a journey, the destination to be arrived at with difficulty, although roses and bright flowers enliven the way.

Man, as I have before said, is the creature of circumstance, and, unless his disposition is naturally depraved, it is in the power of a wife to render him a source of perfect enjoyment. She must not abandon those little innocent artifices which she so successfully exerted in winning a heart, now that that heart is entirely her own; for when it finds the attraction gone, it will rebel! The common way of wives is to resign themselves to utter heedlessness and negligence. Then the husband finds his home wearisome. He sees in his walks beautiful women, dressed and adorned with choice attractions; and when he returns home, he finds his wife *en deshabille!* Then his imagination institutes comparisons between the carefully adorned beauties that have met his glance in the morning, and the neglectful wife, who has received him at home. Then that home becomes wearisome; perhaps he may prove his wife's negligence; if she is what is termed spirited, a quarrel ensues; if her disposition is sullen, she turns her back upon her husband, and plays with her lap-dog; or sits in silence, contemplating the fire-tongs and shovel, or some such interesting piece of furniture.

This she considers a fine stroke of domestic policy or retaliation. Alas, alas! she dreams not that the stroke is aimed alike at her own happiness. For though her husband may endure this conduct for a season, every recurrence serves to wean away his affection, and then he seeks that gratification in the society of others, which is denied him in that of his wife. At this period it is difficult, nay, I may say, it is impossible to call the wanderer back; or if it were, you have too much self-esteem to attempt it; you have suffered vanity to master your better feelings, and you cannot stoop, *then*, to acknowledge yourself in error.

This is the general course of wedded life—the parties set out erroneously, and, in the rapture of the moment, forget their duty to each other. The ardour of man's disposition leads him to very romantic professions; this you are aware of, but still you act as if you were not at all conscious of it. The protestations of the newly-married man are, without doubt, sincerely intended—but he professes more than humanity can accomplish—yet you believe it. This is your first error. You are flattered into vanity and self-esteem; the romance of the lover is regarded by you as truth, and, certainly, if you still continue the same means of excitement, you may experience its truth as far as such romance can possibly be true; but believing, from his asseverations, that you have a most powerful hold upon him, you abate every means of retaining that hold, and then that wearisome monotony is

experienced, which too generally characterizes the marriage state.

The nature of man is such, that where there is no excitement there he is faithless; like the bee, he is constant to no flower, after the charm has worn off. It is your task to preserve a perpetual charm; or rather a variety of charms, by which your husband, always finding pleasures at home, will never wish to roam abroad for others. You must consult his taste and his partialities. Whatever he may commend in another, that you should strive to imitate, or if that is not practicable, then atone for it by something else for which you have the capability. If he is a well-disposed and honourable man, these are the means which he will adopt in order to insure your affection; but should he find all those attentions unrepaid by similar exertions on your part, he will abandon them altogether, and you will prove the truth of the vulgar expression, "courtship and matrimony are different things."

It will be your plan, in order to ensure perfect connubial happiness, to regard all the professions of your lover, not as true, but as only expressed with a sincere intention of fulfilment; your exertions, therefore, must be directed to preserve him perpetually your *lover*. From the first hour of your marriage, you must regard your husband as the means of happiness, but which is only to be insured by a strict course of conduct. You must, in reality, make him your study, and what employment can you have more pleasurable? If his temper is faulty, then strive to amend it by kindness; if he be a good man, kindness will shame him from his error. I have heard many women termed "spirited," all the "spirit" of whom consisted in their irritable disposition, and their desire to talk louder and faster than their husbands. The true "spirit" of a wife is of a gentler nature: spirit is not vehemence, but that soft and tender feeling which is ever most effectual in its appeal to the honourable mind; a feeling which inspires, not riot, not outrageousness, nor threats, but mild forbearance, merciful reproof—that feeling which induces a wife to weep over the errors of her husband—to take the hand of the faulty one, to lay the other kindly upon his shoulder, and, looking up into his face, urge her remonstrance in the plain and unadorned—the calm but expressive language of a tear.

If he be worthy of your love, the husband so addressed will not be addressed in vain.

The love of woman is very different to man's love; there is more devotion, more reality in it. Man, in his connexion with society and the world, passes through scenes calculated to alienate the kinder feelings of humanity; woman has no such trials of her faith; thus, her love is more pure and devoted. Mrs. Norton has very powerfully delineated it:—

"To worship silently at some heart's shrine,
And feel, but pain not, all its fires in thine;
To pray for that heart's hopes when thine are gone,
Nor let its after-coldness chill thine own;
To hold that one, with every fault, more dear
Than all who whisper fondness in thine ear:

To joy thee in his joy, and silently
 Meet the upbraiding of his angry eye;
 To bear, unshrinking, all the blows of fate,
 Save that which leaves thy sorrow desolate;
 Nor deem that woe, which thou can'st feel is still
 Borne with him, and for him, through ev'ry ill:
 To smile on him—nor weep, save when apart,
 God, and God only, looks into thine heart!
 Oh, this is WOMAN'S LOVE!"

The task of a wife is thus comprised, and nothing can be more easy of accomplishment; but to be pursued successfully, you must never allow anger, nor any other evil feeling or disposition to rise into predominance. Bear always in mind your true situation, and have the words of the apostle perpetually engraven on your heart. Your duty is submission—"Submission and obedience are the lessons of your life, and peace and happiness will be your reward." Your husband is, by the laws of God and of man, your superior; do not ever give him cause to remind you of it. If he be an honourable man, he will never exert his authority, but rather seem to yield submission. But mind this, never accept such submission—never exert authority over him, but remembering the wayward nature of man, still act and demean yourself according to the duty of a wife. Your husband will love you more for that denial, and your happiness will proportionately increase. Milton has defined the duty of a wife in the following beautiful poetry, which I quote, from an address by Eve to her partner, Adam:

"My author and disposer, what thou bid'st
 Unargued I obey: so God ordains;
 God is thy law, THOU MINE: to know no more
 Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.
 With thee conversing, I forget all time;
 All seasons and their change, all please alike."

Let all your enjoyments centre in your home. Let your home occupy the first place in your thoughts; for that is the only source of happiness. Let all your endeavours be directed towards the promotion of your husband's welfare, and he will reward your faithful zeal. May heaven prosper those exertions, and bless your union with perpetual felicity; that after years may witness no diminution of the happiness which has been inspired on this—your *wedding-day*.

"Happy then will be the man that hath made you his wife—
 Happy the child that shall call you mother."

PALACE OF VERSAILLES.

THE palace, as it now stands, with all its appurtenances, was erected by Louis XIV. in the midst of an expensive war, and cost the nation, from first to last, an outlay of many millions sterling. In one week alone, 22,000 men and 6,000 horses were employed daily, at an expense of 250,000 francs; and for a considerable length of time the labourers actually composed an *army* of not less than 36,000. Lead is usually considered rather a heavy article, and the French exchequer found it so, for its consumption amounted to a modest item of 32 millions of livres. Indeed, the expenditure could not be otherwise than

enormous, for the attractions of Versailles are all of them exclusively created by dint of labour and indefatigable art. Nature, it is apparent, has been strictly neutral, and the Duc de Crequi had certainly no less than reason to call his master's darling residence "a favourite without merit." The reckless indifference with which monarchs in those days could dispose of the national resources, appears to be well exemplified by the simple act of Louis when the tremendous account of the cost incurred by the chateau and gardens was laid before him. His Majesty was "graciously pleased," after having glanced at the sum total, to throw the paper behind the fire. There is, moreover, abundant cause to believe that the progress of Marlborough gave him no such uneasiness as a casual blunder of his architect or gardeners. To those who are conversant with the intrigues of courts, the alleged origin of the war of 1688 will hardly appear improbable. The king, it is said, one morning discovered that a window in *Grand Trianon* was not uniform with the rest, and immediately became so incensed against the superintendants of the works, that François, Marquess de Louvois, keeper of the seals, exclaimed to one of his intimates, "I am lost if I do not find occupation for one who thus easily loses his temper. Nothing but a war can wear him from his buildings, and a war he shall have!"

"What dire effects from trifling causes spring!"

The palace has been uninhabited since 1789, and stands in its dreary grandeur a solitary memorial of fearful associations. Who can ascend without emotion the splendid marble staircase, where the *garde de corps* was murdered while the wretched queen made her escape from another part of the building. Who can regard without some tenderness of sentiment the scene consecrated to classical recollection by the touching apostrophe of Burke:—"It is now seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the dauphiness, on the terrace of Versailles, and surely never lighted on this orb, which she scarcely seemed to touch, a more delightful vision!" Who can call to mind without a shudder the memorable fifth of October, 1789, when the mob of the revolution, for the first time, profaned the sanctity of the royal threshold, and armed Treason desecrated these household shrines of an august and ancient dynasty! Then, indeed, did the unhallowed intrusion of a rebellious rabble but too literally illustrate the description of the poet—

"Apparent domus intus et atria longa patescunt,
 Apparent Priami et veterum penetralia regum."

John Speed, the historian, and Stow, the antiquary, whose writings became the admiration of succeeding generations, were originally tailors; Franklin, the great American philosopher and statesman, was once a printer's boy; Simpson, the Scotch mathematician, was originally a poor weaver; Herschel, the eminent astronomer, was a fifer-boy in the army.

YOU ASK ME HOW I LOVE THEE.

You ask me how I love thee,
But should I answer true;
You say the heart's fair colouring,
Wore much too bright a hue.
You ask me how I love thee,
The question's rather bold:
You state it very plainly,
But the truth you'd not be told.

Love is a myst'ry;—those who feel
Its pure and strongest power,
Ne'er waste that love in idle words,
Nor pass an idle hour:
For 'tis a perfect, solid thing,
Like bags of current gold;
Which charm the heart as well as eye,
Most truly, when untold.

Imagination yields a charm,
Which knowledge soon destroys;
We think that 'mong the mass of gold,
There can be no alloys.
We think, too, in the proffer'd heart,
There can be no deceit;
And yield our own when thus we see,
The captive at our feet.

What language can have greater force,
Than that spoke from the eyes;
Are there not volumes in a glance,
And tomes of truth in sighs?
Yes, more than ever I could tell,
In those are oft confest;
I tell thee that my heart is true,
That think—and guess the rest.

FAREWELL.

FAREWELL, we part to meet no more,
Our fates will have it so;
The dream of wildest bliss is o'er,
To distant lands I go:
And all our fairy hopes depart,
The hopes youth's fervour gave,
I bear alone a breaking heart,
To bow me to the grave.

On the high waves now bounds my bark,
To waft me o'er the sea:
I grieve from cherished friends to part,
But mostly, love, from thee.
Thou wilt remain to gem the scenes
Of happiness and pride;
And joy and gladness wait on thee,
And bliss be at thy side.

I go to solitude and thought,
You to the rose-hung bower;
The lute and song will thee beguile,
Each fairy-gifted hour.
Well, be it so—thy path in life
Was mark'd 'mid flowrets fair;
Mine among thorns of bitterness,
Of trouble and of care.

Alas—alas—when hopes depart,
And fairy prospects die:
All that can cheer the mournful heart,
Consists in memory.
And thou perchance wilt think upon
Affections' 'passioned spell;
And sometimes, too, of him, who now
Murmurs his last farewell!

MARK GHERRIT'S RING;

OR THE STRANGER OF FRANKFORT.

The young—the innocent—the fair,
Fall first the spoiler's prey;
And evil spirits lay their snare,
To lead young hearts astray.

THE traveller, as he passes through Frankfort, seldom fails to turn a few miles out of the direct road, for the purpose of witnessing a singular object, to which a popular superstition is attached, regarded as it is by the peasantry of the neighbouring village, with awe and wonder. This object is a piece of rock pierced in the shape of a ring; but whether its present appearance is to be ascribed to the ingenuity of man, or to one of those vagaries of nature, the effect of which so frequently meets the traveller's eye, it is impossible to determine. It bears the name of *Mark Gherrit's Ring*, and the following superstition, connected therewith, was related to me, with much precision, by a venerable patriarch of the village, who seemed to give implicit credence to every detail of the story.

In the year of —, I forget the precise date, but it was some period of the latter portion of the seventeenth century, the fair of Frankfort was expected to be extremely attractive, from

the quantity of merchandize of all descriptions that, for some time previously, the dealers had been bringing into the city, from all parts of the continent. The excitement of those attractions drew the people, far and near, to the great emporium; and holiday as the fair of Frankfort usually was, upon the present occasion it proved far more lively and entertaining. The bells from all the churches ushered in one of the brightest mornings that the imagination can picture, as, with cheerful looks, the enterprising merchants began to unlock their stores, and produce the varied attractions of articles of use and of luxury; the velvet kirtle and the embroidered stomacher; the embossed and massive bracelets, and crosses of gold and ivory, to the delighted eyes of the crowds that assembled to gaze upon the varied beauties. Rapidly the choicest goods made their way from the stalls of the dealers, to the possession of some allured admirer; the kirtle was carried off in triumph by

a laughing maiden, whilst a cloak, of the newest Paris cut, found an eager purchaser in some Frankfort beau, who, probably, caught at the treasure with delight, in order to appear with greater advantage in the eyes of his beloved girl; the bracelets and ear-drops became love gifts, and the crosses of gold reposed upon the white bosoms of some admiring beauties. In this manner the day opened; cheerful looks and bright smiles bespoke the pleasure which the heart experienced, and happiness and animation pervaded the scene.

At this interesting period of the day, arrived Michael Blockberg, a retired merchant, with his daughter Christine and his maiden sister Agatha; the latter of whom officiated as housekeeper in the merchant's establishment, maintaining the honours of that situation, although the pretty Christine was now fast arriving at womanly estate. But Agatha had lived so many years in the commanding capacity, that she became pertinaciously attached thereto, and the least attempt to interfere with the duties of that department, was considered an infringement of her prerogative, and treated accordingly. We should have premised, that Michael Blockberg resided in retirement in a small village, situated in a beautiful valley at a short distance from Frankfort, where he lived in peace and happiness, his declining years being consoled by the soft affection of a devoted child, whilst his every want was administered to by his attentive and obliging sister. Eighteen years of Christine's life had passed in this delightful manner; in the possession of all that the means of a doating father could confer, she was supremely happy; the beauty of all the village festivals, the blithe companion of the young and gay, and the constant friend of the aged and lowly, Christine was the pride of the neighbourhood; every girl, while she envied, loved her; and the youths endeavoured to render themselves worthy of her smiles. Frederick Bernhardt, the son of the village pastor, however, was the one who seemed to obtain the most favours, for he was ever at her side at all the festivals, and often, when he had concluded his studies, and sought relaxation from the severe pursuit, by wandering among the fields and meadows, as the sun declined in the heavens, and the cool breezes of evening, refreshed both heart and mind, then was Christine beheld leaning upon his arm, looking so innocent and so happy, that the picture itself was delightful to behold.

She loved—she was beloved; and *Love is all
That makes a woman's world*—her element—
Her life—her Eden! Then the seal was set,
Love never sets in vain—and sets but once.
I need not say how young affection sprung,
Gathered, and grew in its sweet course; they hung
Together o'er the poet's breathing page
Till their own eyes reflected every thought:
And both lov'd music, and love never yet
Had an interpreter like song!

Such was the situation of the little family of Michael Blockberg, at the time of the great fair of Frankfort, when Christine, desirous of personally beholding the splendours and amusements

of that scene of gaiety, persuaded her good natured parent to accompany her thither. Nor was Agatha Blockberg averse to the solicitations of her niece, for though arrived at an age that has ever been considered that of prudence and sober thought, Miss Blockberg had still implicit reliance upon the power of her personal charms, which, according to her own opinion, remained in all their early attraction, and, consequently, still capable of impressing upon an admirer's heart; besides, too, she wanted to make several purchases, had a great desire of seeing the Dutch conjuror, with the fame of whose astonishing feats the whole country was resounding; and the various other gaieties were alike attractive to the sensibilities of Agatha Blockberg.

Frederick Bernhardt attended the little party a short distance on their way, and then, compelled to return to his studies, he resigned Christine to her father's arm, and parted, leaving them to pursue their journey. The day was far advanced when they arrived at their destination, and aware of the short time which they would be enabled to spend amidst the many gaieties of the fair, Agatha, as well as her interesting niece, with delighted hearts, passed over the varied portions of the scene, scarcely allowing themselves to appreciate a single object, so entranced were they with the joyous appearance of the whole. In vain the sober merchant advised them to restrain their ardour, for, like emancipated fawns, they lightly bounded amidst the congregated group, utterly unmindful of the intreaties and remonstrances of the the worthy Michael. Christine enjoyed the amusements, but Agatha was perfectly delighted. Nothing could exceed her astonishment at beholding the far-famed conjuror, and her shouts of admiring surprise could, frequently, be heard half-way over the fair. Then, her laughter, too, at the whimsicalities of the mountebanks, and her expressions of amazement when the rich stores of jewellery and embroidery upon the various stalls met her eyes, created as much amusement to the gawling spectators, as the exhibitions did to her delighted self. At length, however, the enthusiasm of the females began to tire; the day was rapidly declining, the stalls were thinning, the conjuror abated his attractions, and the buffoons in vain endeavoured to excite a laugh; people were departing to their homes, and Michael Blockberg intimated that it was also time for his little party to be gone. Christine willingly acceded to her father's proposal, but Agatha was loth to leave; she had not had time to purchase a single article, for every moment had been completely occupied by the amusements; and now there was not anything exhibited that seemed at all worth buying. The lady then fell into an ill humour, not a little increased by the reflection, probably, that not a word in the way of gallantry had been spoken to her during the whole day, whilst encomiums upon her niece's beauty, were continually meeting her ear. She became sullen and ill-natured; they had already passed, for the last time, the principal stalls, and were nearing the verge of

the fair, when the eyes of Agatha fell upon a richly covered stand of jewellery that must have been quite unheeded by the fair people, for not a single article appeared to have been sold therefrom. The merchant to whom the stand belonged, stood by its side, looking upon his unsold stock, very dejectedly, and resigned to complete abstraction; care and deep thought were marked upon his pale countenance, and he seemed altogether an object capable of awakening sympathy. Of a sudden, Agatha burst from the sullen fit, and exclaiming with delight, "Oh here are fairings, brother!" away she dragged the old man, and his willing niece, to the stall of the dejected merchant, where she began pulling about the rich articles of jewellery, each one exciting some favourable opinion, and each appearing still more beautiful than those which she had previously beheld.

The dealer, aroused from his abstraction by the loud acclamations of Agatha, immediately assisted her in drawing forth the splendours of his merchandize; he spoke, too, in a tone of such civility, that Agatha became as much delighted with him, as with his wares; but to Christine, the sound of his voice produced unpleasant feelings; those feelings were so strange, it was impossible even for herself to define them. As he spoke, his words inspired something like terror; and when with a smile of humble courtesy, he submitted a beautiful *ruby ring* for her inspection, she involuntarily shuddered, and sunk back upon her father's arm. The dealer spoke not; for a moment he gazed intensely upon the girl, and then, with a smile, exhibited the ring to the delighted Agatha, expressing his wish that she would purchase it for the young lady.

"No, no," exclaimed Christine; "I am not in want of a ring."

"Tut, child, tut; you want to spare your father's purse; but recollect we have no fair at Frankfort, every day: and 'tis but right that he should buy for each of us a trifling article of remembrance; and, on my conscience, I think the ring a very pretty bauble."

"Yes, yes, good aunt," replied Christine;—"but—"

"But, nonsense child; put the ring upon your finger without another word, for I have chosen, too, a very pretty cross, and by the blessing of St. Mary, I intend your father to pay for it for my own wear."

"Then have it aunt, by all means; but for the ring, I cannot, will not have it."—

"Not have it!" exclaimed the surprised father; "not as *my* gift, Christine?"

"My dear father," replied she, "I would willingly have the ring—nay, I should dearly esteem such a gift from *you*; but, believe me, there is something that I cannot explain; nay, nor even comprehend, which bid me not accept it."

"'Tis childish feeling, Christine; you must not have such thoughts."

"Perfectly childish, indeed," echoed Agatha, still turning over the wares; "the ring is a very pretty ring, indeed, and perfectly suited for a

lady's wear. Methinks," continued she, raising her eyes from the stand, and leering at the merchant, whose thoughts were all occupied upon the fair Christine, "Methinks the ring *might* suit some other finger, sir."

"Madam," exclaimed the dealer—

"Oh, inattentive, sir," exclaimed Agatha, endeavouring to blush at the abstraction of the man. "I said that if Christine refused the ring, then *I* might, perhaps, accept it."

"Pardon me, madam; the young lady appears to like the ring, though delicacy prevents her from expressing her approval. Her father *might* induce her to accept it; a gift from such a source, must, sure, be very estimable."

"Very estimable, indeed," said the aunt, scarcely knowing what she was giving utterance to. "Allow me, madam," continued the dealer; "for your father's sake, to place the ring upon so fair a finger," and he stretched forth his hand in order to receive the girl's, but she shrunk away, and, with tears starting in her blue eyes, exclaimed, "Do not, do not entreat me, I implore."

Michael Blockberg, though a kind and indulgent parent, had a great aversion to being thwarted in any thing upon which he had set his heart: he was rather irritable, and always would have his way. The continued refusal of Christine, therefore to accept the ring, which he, adopting the stranger's opinion, ascribed to excessive delicacy, and want of knowledge of the world, only inflamed his disposition, and again he desired his child to give her hand to the man.

"There, there," cried Agatha, "she still refuses. Upon my conscience, I believe the girl has parted with her blessed sense, (St. Mary forbid!) or she would never have the heart to refuse so sweet a ring. Indeed, I am quite enamoured of it, and Mr. Goldsmith, since the foolish child will not allow you to place the bauble upon *her* finger, you are at perfect liberty to affix it upon *mine*," and smiling in his face, she instantly offered her hand.

The merchant, however, did not seem to heed what she said, and remained looking intensely upon Christine, with his hand held out to receive hers.

"Did you hear, sir, what I last observed?" enquired Agatha.

The stranger finding himself compelled to answer, replied, "Oh, yes, madam; but I should be very loth to deprive the young lady of a jewel which, I am certain, she must admire."

"But if she is so pertinacious in refusing it," rejoined Miss Agatha, "I don't see why you should lose the sale, when another purchaser is ready. Come, give it me."

Agatha reached over to the stranger, and was about to take the ring, when he instantly drew back his hand, and in a tone of perfect civility, replied—

"Excuse me, madam, I cannot sell the ring to you. 'Tis far from my wish to offer rudeness to a lady, still I must observe, that this particular ring was formed with studious care, to gem a

youthful hand. A lover's fond affection gave it birth; 'twas meant for one most beautiful, who spurned the precious gift—the fond heart, too, that offered it. Pleased with the lover's ardour, I had resolved the ring should be so wrought, that it might prove worthy of his passion; my time, my utmost talent, was devoted to its perfect finish, and the young man gave it his entire approval. I prized the ring myself, for it was beautiful. But the lady scorned the lover and his gift; disclaimed the heart whose first and best affection throbb'd so fondly for the false one, beneath whose treachery it broke; yes, ladies, the lover died. He could not live beneath her frowns, whose lips had once breathed only rapture, and whose smiles had only spoken tenderness and love. He died, ladies, and I again obtained possession of the ring. You may believe with what regard I prize it, and will not blame my fixed resolve, to part with it but to as fair a purchaser as she who once refused it."

The stranger finished his little narrative, which he had delivered in a tone of such impassioned feeling, that the tears trickled down the cheeks of Christine, and even Agatha displayed symptoms of having been moved by the recital. When the stranger had concluded, she replied—

"The story's quite romantic, I declare. Upon my conscience it's a very pretty tale; I scarce know which I most admire, that, or the ring itself. Well, sympathetic sir, although I cannot very much admire the *gallantry of your refusal* I will not insist upon the purchase for *myself*, but, by the Virgin, Christine shall have it."

"Indeed, indeed," murmured Christine; "Indeed I had rather not."

"Ridiculous," replied Michael; "obey you shall, so give the man your hand; the night is setting in, and we must hasten home. Christine, your hand."

The trembling girl averting her head from the merchant's stall, suffered her father to take her hand, and place it in that of the stranger. Immediately she felt the touch of the latter, a chilling coldness pervaded her frame, and with the hand that remained at liberty, she clung convulsively to her father's arm. A smile played upon the stranger's countenance, his eyes became bright, and his dejected demeanour gave place to a look of happy gaiety, as after breathing upon the ring, he placed it on the white finger of Christine, exclaiming at the same time—

"Fair child of innocence, receive *Mark Gherrit's Ring!*"

Christine shrieked as the stranger pronounced these words—a deadly weight fell upon her breast, and clasping her father's neck in an agonized manner, she fell senseless into his arms.

Michael Blockberg, as well as Agatha, now became alarmed, for life seemed entirely to have fled, and the pale features of Christine were cold, and her pulse moved not beneath her father's pressure. The stranger left his stall, and appeared to take the utmost interest in the distressing situation of the girl. Agatha, however, whether she could not pardon his want of gallantry

to herself, or thought his attention uncalled for, requested him to desist, and forcibly prevented him from pressing his lips to those of the hapless girl, which he meditated and attempted. Agatha's ire was roused at this, and she immediately desired her brother to leave the fair which he did, bearing in his arms the poor Christine.

"*'Tis done!*" cried the stranger, and he retired again to his merchandize.

These mysterious words were heard by Michael as he was proceeding from the spot, but attaching no importance to them then, they were altogether unheeded, and swiftly passed from his memory.

In a few moments after they had left, Christine revived, and after gazing inquiringly upon the features of her father, she raised her head, and looking for a moment upon the ring that glittered on her finger, fell on Michael's neck in tears.

"Only behold the face of ridiculous delicacy," cried Miss Agatha, as the little family proceeded to their home. "Thank St. Mary, no one can say that *I* was ever possessed of such excessive notions."

"I will bear witness to that," returned Michael. "You never were at all squeamish."

"I understand the tone in which you speak, brother Michael—you delight in throwing doubts upon the propriety of my behaviour."

"Propriety!" cried Michael, "there is a great deal of propriety, no doubt, in having half a dozen hangers-on at a time."

"Oh, you *will* acknowledge that, brother Michael? On my conscience I imagine you would say I never had an offer, but continued in the honourable distinction of the single state through sad necessity. But no, brother, I might have had the highest fortune that I pleased, but I *refused*—yes, brother Michael, I *refused*. There was a colonel of the Emperor's troops projected an elopement from Madame Von Spickensplack's seminary, but he was five minutes beyond his time, and I *refused*. After that came the son of the mayor"—

"Whom you frightened away with a peal of *vixenry!*" interrupted Michael.

"There, there, it is—you are a very provoking creature, brother Michael—an absolute Russian bear!"

In this manner the party proceeded in their little vehicle to the village. Christine spoke not a word, but frequently her sobs were audible; once or twice she essayed to remove the ring from her finger, but it was so firmly fixed, that it withstood her endeavours, and by repeated efforts to displace it, seemed only to cling more firmly. Arrived at their abode, Christine immediately desired to retire to her chamber: she heard the voice of Frederick welcoming her return, and a strange feeling seemed inspired respecting him; she endeavoured to avoid him, and when he caught her hand, she suddenly withdrew it from his grasp, and placing it across her eyes, hurried to her apartment.

Unable to comprehend the meaning of this strange behaviour, Frederick sought an explanation from Michael Blockberg, who disclosed to him the whole of the events of the day. Attaching no importance, however, to the affair of the *ring*, the father was alike unable to account for the altered demeanour of Christine towards her lover: ascribing it, however, to weariness and exhaustion, Frederick departed to his own home.

The sun again rose in the heavens, and Michael Blockberg prepared to commence another day. Frederick was early at the abode of his beloved one, but she had not left her chamber, and after waiting for some time, he was obliged to depart to his studies.

Agatha, however, speedily appeared at the breakfast table, and shortly afterwards Christine appeared, perfectly recovered from her strange indisposition of the preceding day. The father, glad to behold the restoration of his child's health, amused himself by laughing at the strange fears which had produced so grievous an effect.

"I am almost ashamed, my dear father," at length observed Christine, "for having been the cause of so much pain to you. I cannot account for my behaviour, but, still, I remember shuddering at the idea of having this sweet ring. It was perfectly ridiculous, I own, for the merchant was very kind and civil."

"Oh yes, very civil indeed," replied Agatha, "on my conscience. I believe the man was somewhat taken with his customer, for while you were lifeless in Michael's arms, the fellow seemed impetuous in his desire to salute your lips!"

"Indeed!" exclaimed Christine with a smile.

"Indeed, Miss!" echoed the aunt. "You seem pleased at hearing of his attention."

Another smile was the only reply of Christine.

"On my conscience," cried Miss Agatha, "I believe we live in fairy land! The girl seems pleased with the fellow!"

"And why should I not, aunt, he was certainly agreeable."

"A great deal too agreeable, Miss—but he did not touch your lips I warrant. But what will Frederick say to this?"

At this moment a servant entered to announce that a stranger wished to offer his compliments to the family. Michael desired his name, and the servant returned with that of *Mark Gherrit!*

"The goldsmith himself, upon my conscience!" cried Agatha starting from her chair. "I see it, I see it all as plain as the letters in the legends of St. Dennis! What will come next!"

The stranger, at the request of the hospitable Michael, now entered the apartment, and bowing respectfully to the family, he begged to inquire after their healths, but more particularly of the young lady. Christine smilingly assured him that she was perfectly recovered, and thanked him for the interest which he appeared to feel for her. He was offered a seat at the breakfast table, which he accepted, and during the meal contrived to ingratiate himself into the favour of all the family. He described himself as an independent trader, frequenting the various fairs

more for amusement than profit, and as having taken his abode within a short distance from that of Michael Blockberg, from his admiration of the delightful situation of the village. The day past in cheerful and animated conversation; the attention of Gherrit was devoted to Christine, and she seemed not unmindful thereof; repaying his little gallantries with those sweet smiles, which more than any thing bespeak the gratification of the heart. Evening came, and Christine was still fondly listening to his vows, which the enraptured Gherrit was offering at her shrine, when the arrival of Frederick was announced. Christine started at the mention of the name, and a deep blush suffused her pale cheeks, as if her heart was at the moment conscious of its perfidy; but Gherrit directed a fixed and passionate glance upon her, and she immediately requested that Frederick might not be admitted! The work was accomplished, and Christine had become Mark Gherrit's slave.

It matters little what passed at that momentous period; Christine banished the remembrance of Frederick Bernhardt from her heart, and its passionate impulses now throbbed alone for the stranger. People marvelled that one so good should prove so fickle, and the guile of Christine became talked of throughout the village: one alone among the throng was silent, and though he heard the opinions of all his associates, still he never once upbraided her, though he alone had cause. Michael Blockberg regretted the transition of his child's affections, yet his wishes were for her happiness solely; and though regretting the step which she had taken, he never once blamed her choice, nor spoke, nor thought to the discredit of her new lover. Other individuals had not similar delicacy, for they openly exclaimed, not only against Christine's faithlessness, but against the stranger Gherrit, many of whose actions, since he had resided in the village, had appeared mysterious and unholy. Agatha, who never forgave his want of gallantry at the fair, was not at all averse to talking on the subject, and at length the mysterious affair of the *ring* became a general subject of conversation. Mark Gherrit never attended the religious duties of the family, nor did he ever enter the church of the village; every Friday a strong and supernatural light was beheld blazing at midnight in his chamber, and indeed some hazardous or inquisitive persons had even ventured to his door upon one of those occasions, and although Mark Gherrit lived alone, yet voices were heard in conversation—sometimes threatening, and at others sinking into earnest supplication. The villagers now forsook his society, and he became shunned by all except the family of Michael Blockberg. Each succeeding day seemed only to increase the affection of Christine, and through all the calumnies that were echoed round her respecting the object of her love, her heart clung to him with undiminished fondness, more pure, more devoted, from the opprobrium by which he was assailed.

An important religious festival was now fast

approaching; it was the feast of St. Mary, and preparations were making in order to celebrate the day with the utmost solemnity and splendour. Gherrit had been persuading Christine to absent herself from the ceremony, in order that she might witness a beautiful piece of jewellery, which he meant for her to wear upon her wedding day, but which he could not commence until the former period. For some time the girl refused in consequence of the imperative orders of her father, but at length affection for her lover overcoming every other feeling, she consented, and it was arranged that Michael and Agatha should attend the festival, while Christine beheld the workmanship of her lover.

During the whole of the interval Frederick was not heard of by the family; he never made any inquiry respecting Christine, and Michael Blockberg began to consider his affection unreal, and to congratulate himself upon the loss of such a son-in-law. At length St. Mary's Eve came, and Michael, Agatha, and Christine were sitting in their principal apartment, the latter waiting impatiently the coming of her lover, when a footstep was heard upon the stairs; Christine started from her seat to welcome the appearance of Gherrit, when the door opened, and Frederick entered the apartment. The family were surprised, and Christine turned away her head abashed; but Frederick seizing her hand, exclaimed, "Turn not away, Christine, do not still spurn your Frederick, who, though abandoned, has still watched over, and now has come to save you!"

"Save me, sir!" exclaimed Christine.

"Do not, do not speak so cruelly, I implore!—Christine, you are the victim of a fiend!"

"Sir!" exclaimed Christine again.

"Mark Gherrit, the stranger," continued Frederick, "has persuaded you to remain with him alone during to-morrow's festival. Oh! Christine, my beloved Christine, encourage no such idea. To-morrow his crime must be consummated—he yields an innocent victim to the demon, or himself must perish! No matter how I obtained this knowledge—such is the fearful truth; already you are destined, for the *ruby ring* is on your finger, and you have accepted it with the stranger's love! Only one thing can save you—a refuge at the altar in the festival."

At this moment Gherrit entered the room—he started upon beholding Frederick, who, glancing imploringly upon Christine, quitted the apartment. The whole of his discourse was now revealed to the stranger, who, by his keen powers of persuasion, soon succeeded in converting it into ridicule, and in a few moments it was thought of merely to afford a theme for laughter. Gherrit took his leave for the night, with a promise from Christine that she would certainly attend him on the morning.

The morning came, and, true to her promise, Christine quitted her father's house alone, and with unmoved feelings passed into the abode of her lover. He received her with a frantic smile of exultation, and, with the most tender ejaculations, conveyed her into the apartment where his

articles of workmanship lay scattered about. Christine expressed some surprise that her lover should be so cautious in strongly fastening every door through which they passed, but fearing no harm from one whom she believed loved truly, and so well, she allowed her thoughts to be laughed away, and then became perfectly contented and happy. At length Gherrit rose from his seat, and passing his hand over the white brow of Christine, and moving aside the thick auburn tresses of her hair, he regarded her delicate features for a moment with fixed and intense feeling. A tear trembled upon his eyelid, and his whole frame quivered.

"What means this agony, Mark?" inquired the affrighted girl.

The stranger replied not, but remained still regarding the girl's beauty, his feelings at that moment, too agonized for utterance. At length he burst convulsively from the contemplation, and sinking upon a chair beside her, exclaimed in a murmured tone, "*I am ready!*"

"*Ready—ready—ready!*" resounded, in response, throughout the abode.

"Mark Gherrit!" cried the terrified girl, "what can this mean?"

"Nothing, nothing, love, but the echoes of my own voice through the vaulted roofs of the chambers through which we have passed. Oh, do not fear!" And again his heart seemed bursting.

His injunction was unheeded by Christine, whose fears increased as thin streams of smoke curled through the crevices of the flooring—the air of the place seemed infected, and various insects were seen creeping over the walls. The curls of smoke rapidly united, and formed themselves into dense masses, whilst confused voices resounded through the dwelling. Gherrit remained in an agonized state of abstraction—his hands clasped before his eyes, until the shrieks of Christine awakened him to the execution of his project. Instantly he started from his seat, and, seizing the girl, exclaimed aloud—

"*The Victim's ready! and Mark Gherrit claims another twenty years!*"

At this moment, when the smoke was rapidly filling the apartment, and red sparks began to issue around, a crash was heard at the back of the apartment, and the voice of the village pastor exclaiming aloud—

"*Spirit of evil, in the name of the living Deity be stilled!*"

"Oh!" shrieked Marked Gherrit, as he made towards the door, and endeavoured to fly from the presence of the ministers; but he had himself barred the entrance too securely to admit of his momentary escape, and ere he could unloose the bolts, Frederick Bernhardt, with his father, the pastor, and the whole religious assemblage that had congregated to celebrate the festival, had entered the scene of evil through a private passage, unknown even to Gherrit himself. "*Stay!*" cried the pastor, and the arms of Gherrit sank nerveless by his side. The host was instantly raised, and the crucifix applied to the lips of Christine by the hands of her lover. The girl

shrieked at the touch, and fell senseless into Frederick's arms; the ruby ring dropped suddenly from her finger—a smile pervaded her sweet countenance, and she seemed in a sleep of innocence and peace. The holy rites were continued, and the host was brightly visible amidst the mass of smoke that filled the apartment—frightful noises were heard, and at length the whole building gave way, and the next moment the noise and smoke vanished—the sun shone brightly upon the little assembly, and they breathed again the pure air of heaven. Not a trace of Gherrit nor of the ring was visible, and the building wherein his crime was to have been

consummated, had vanished, leaving only a small circular piece of rock to bear a warning to the villagers in after years, and recall the remembrance of the rescue of the fair Christine, who, during the fearful scene, reposed calmly upon the breast of Frederick, and awakened from the delusion to bless his perils and fidelity, and to offer her thanksgivings in the festival for her rescue from the machinations of the spirit of evil!

“On my conscience!” exclaimed Agatha Blockberg on the ensuing morning—“I never had an opinion of the stranger, since he was so ungallant to me at the fair of Frankfort!”

REMEMBRANCE.

I LOVE thee, parted time!
 Thy lights—thy shadows—all
 From joyous morn's awakening prime,
 To evening's dewy fall!—
 To evening's dewy fall,
 When the gloom is gathering fast,
 And trains of pensive dreams recal
 The pale and dreamy past!

'Tis as a long seal'd book,
 Whose half-forgotten page
 We turn with reverent hand, and look
 As on a former age:—
 When the life-pulse bounded free,
 As the stream that bursts in song;
 And the laughing eye could only see
 One sun-bright course along!

Oh for those halcyon days!—
 Though fled, their memory brings
 The breathings of long-slumbering lays,
 Won from neglected strings!—
 Yet sweeter 'tis to dwell
 On hours of woe and balm,
 That wake b'er the mind like a sabbath-bell,
 With a pure and holy calm!

And should some drearier thought
 Steal o'er the darkening brow—
 The sigh, the tear that flows untaught,
 May not in sadness flow!
 Tears have a solace still,
 When time extracts their sting;
 As the lone heart loves to retrace the ill
 That has flown on his parted wing—

Even as some pilgrim turns
 To gaze life's voyage o'er,
 While the lamp of home on his fancy burns,
 And points to a fairer shore!
 Yet who that ever gazed,
 Could look with unmoistened eye,
 When the veil of time was slowly raised,
 And the past came gliding by!

And who that look'd would tread
 That self-same path again,
 To shed the tears that he once hath shed—
 To toil, to strive, in vain!
 Oh blest if his heart hath striven
 For the hope that ne'er betrays—
 To behold the beacon-star of Heaven
 Smile sweet on his closing days!

THE TRIBUTE OF ARMS.

There is a legend connected with the Church of Notre Dame, that one of the earlier French Kings rode into that Cathedral after a victorious battle, and left there his horse and arms as an offering to God and the Virgin for his success. Up to the period of the first Revolution there existed an equestrian statue of a knight armed cap-a-pe, who is supposed to have been this hero. Historians are agreed as to the fact, but differ respecting the identity of the individual.

THERE came a knight in his armour light, to the Church of Notre Dame;
 The victor heir of proud Navarre, and the sun-bright Oriflamme;
 The chancel rung 'neath his courser's tread, where the priests were bowed in prayer,
 And the mitred abbot raised his head, for a princely guest was there.

He greeted not that holy band, but made the accustomed sign,
 And reined his barb with a practised hand, at the foot of St. Mary's shrine;
 Then lightly leaped from his saddle down, the monks stood, mute the while,
 And his kingly brow was lighted now, with a bright triumphant smile.

As he bowed him there on the altar stair, and his devoir duly paid;
 For he added glory to his crest, and fame to his battle-blade;
 Then laid aside his helm of pride, nor shunned the gazing crowd,
 But kneeling near, where all might hear his homage breathed aloud:—

“Mother of God! to thee I bring this hacked and dented shield,
 And this red reaping-hook of death, from Cassel's bloody field;
 These trophies true are sure thy due, to whom all honour be;
 The strife is done, the battle won, by might derived from thee!

“I offer here my victor's spear, my proud and gallant steed;
 The horse and lance, how dearly proved! that served in sorest need:

Yes, Mary Mother! unto thee such gifts of right belong,
 For the race it is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong

“What most I prize, I proffer thee, accept the tribute meet;
 My sword, my shield, my spear, my steed, all prostrate at thy feet;

There let them lie before thy shrine, that all the world may see;

We know who nerved the conqueror's arm, and gave it victory!”

FEMALE SENTIMENTALISTS.

THERE is a great deal of spurious sentiment in every thing. And the affectation or misapplication of feeling is far more prejudicial than its excess. Thus the sympathy which works of fiction excite, though it has in it something tender and romantic, by no means involves real feeling. The young woman who is versed in romances, will, no doubt, acquire the language of sentiment. She will have a sigh and a tear for every occasion—a languish-look, and a nervous palpitation; she will condole with every tale of distress, and be exuberant, at least, in her professions of sympathy. She will even imagine it pretty and picturesque to appear in a cottage, to drop a guinea on a poor man's table, and to receive, with blushing modesty, his lavish thanks. But when the effort is really to be made—when she finds that charity involves self-denial and exertion—that she must rise from the luxurious couch, and soil her silken sandals, and encounter, perhaps, rudeness and ingratitude from the object of her relief; and that all this is to be done without observation or applause; that there is no one to overhear her silver voice, or to watch her gliding footsteps, or to trace her fairy form, as she passes down the village street—then her philanthropic ardour cools—she shrinks from the painful duty, and discovers that what is very interesting and poetic in description, is very dull and irksome in practice. The very morbidity of her sensibility is a bar to the real exercise of benevolence: she cannot bear to look upon pain; there is so much that is offensive in human misery, and unromantic in its detail; there is so much that is appalling in scenes of misery and sickness, and death, that she recoils from the mere observation of such calamities, and shuts her eyes and closes her ears to genuine distress, from the same feelings that cause her to scream at the approach of a spider, or faint at the sight of blood. Yet she delights to nurse imaginary griefs, to live in an ideal world, and so to pamper her fancy; and excite her sensibility, that they alone become to her prolific sources of unhappiness.—*Mrs. Sanford's Woman in her Social and Domestic Character.*

APPEARANCE OF THE DEAD.

It frequently happens that the features of the dead retain their entire form and individual likeness for many years after their burial. Experience, however, has proved that on exposure to the air for some minutes, dust returns to dust again. The following circumstances occurred at the disinterment of the body of Robert Burns, the poet, sometime in the year 1815, for the purpose of being entombed beneath a splendid monument:—

As a report had been spread that the principal coffin was made of oak, a hope was entertained that it would be possible to transport it from the north to the east corner of St. Michael's without opening it, or disturbing the sacred deposit it contained. But this hope proved fallacious. On

testing the coffin, it was found to be composed of the ordinary materials, and ready to yield to the slightest pressure; and the lid removed, a spectacle was unfolded, which, considering the fame of the mighty dead, has rarely been witnessed by a single human being. There were the remains of the great poet, to all appearance nearly entire, and retaining various traces of vitality, or rather exhibiting the features of one who had newly sunk into the sleep of death—the lordly forehead, arched and high—the scalp is still covered with hair and the teeth perfectly firm and white.—The scene was so imposing, that most of the workmen stood bare and uncovered, as the late Dr. Gregory did at the exhumation of the remains of the illustrious hero of Bannockburn, and at the same time felt their frames thrilling with some undefinable emotion, as they gazed on the ashes of him whose fame is as wide as the world itself. But the effect was momentary; for when they proceeded to insert a shell or case below the coffin, the head separated from the trunk, and the whole body, with the exception of the bones, crumbled into dust.

STEAM.

THE poets of former days were said to be endowed with a spirit of vaticination, and truly the gift seems to have descended on some of their successors. In the whole range of English literature, perhaps, there is nothing more curious than the following prophecy in Dr. Darwin's Botanical Garden. The poem was published in 1789, and was composed, it is well known, at least twenty years before the date of its publication:—

Soon shall thy arm, unconquer'd steam, afar
 Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car;
 Or on wide waving wings expanded bear
 Thy flying chariot through the fields of air.
 Fair crews, triumphant leaning from above,
 Shall wave their fluttering kerchiefs as they move;
 Or warrior's bands alarm the gaping crowd,
 And armies shrink beneath the shadowy cloud;
 So mighty Hercules, o'er many a clime
 Waved his huge mace in virtue's cause sublime,
 Unmeasured strength, with early art combined,
 Awed, served, protected and amazed mankind.

True happiness is of a retired nature, and an enemy to pomp and noise; it arises in the first place from an enjoyment of one's self, and in the next from the friendship and conversation of a few select companions; it loves shade and solitude, and naturally haunts groves and fountains, fields and meadows; in short it feels every thing it wants within itself, and receives no addition from multitudes of witnesses and spectators. On the contrary, false happiness loves to be in a crowd, and to draw the eyes of the world upon her. She does not receive any satisfaction from the applause which she gives herself, but from the admiration which she raises in others. She flourishes in courts and palaces, theatres and assemblies, and feels the realities of existence but when she is looked upon.—*Addison.*

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Rencontre between Clevelly, Buckland and Herrick.

Page 303.

ROGER CLEVELLY.

A DEVONSHIRE LEGEND.

Why did you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

William and Margaret.

K. Henry. O thou eternal mover of the heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
O, beat away the busy meddling fiend,
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul.

2d part of K. Henry VI.

In the village of Winkleigh there lived, in the reign of Charles the Second, a miller of the name of Clevelly; he was what is called, in the remote parts of the county, a substantial man; what he had was his own, and his upright dealings with the world, and economy in his own household, enabled him at his death to place his son Roger; who had just attained his twenty-second year, in similarly independent circumstances. His estate consisted of a good mill, and about ten acres of land in tolerable cultivation. Many were the deliberations of the calculating fathers and sharp-eyed mothers of Winkleigh upon young Clevelly's succeeding to his father's possessions, and they took especial care that none of their daughters should be absent on Sundays at the village church. Roger was a comely and well-proportioned youth, though the fastidious might say he was somewhat too sturdy; but this is a fault which is easily overlooked in Devonshire, where skill in wrestling is so much in repute, and where strength of body is often found to make amends for any deficiency in the mental faculty. He had made no slight impression on the fair-eyed girls of his native village, although there were some damsels whose charms were on the wane, who hinted that the flourishing business of Roger Clevelly was the most powerful magnet. Be this as it may, there were many families who would have been proud of an alliance with the young miller; but the charms of no maiden had as yet enslaved him, although there were many in his neighbourhood who could boast of a fair proportion of that beauty for which the damsels of Devonshire are so justly famous. Many were the invitations he received, and no rustic fete was given to which he was not invited.

Three years had passed away since the death of his father, when Roger, at length, seriously determined to take unto himself a wife, and he was not long in fixing upon one whom he thought in every respect likely to render him happy. He accordingly waited one morning upon the father of the object of his choice, and after some preliminary formule, Roger was permitted to visit the house of the wealthy farmer, in the quality of a lover, or, in more modern parlance, to "pay his address" to the old man's darling, the beautiful Alice Buckland. Her's was that beauty at which your city dames may scoff; but her fair cheek, glowing with the rosy hue of

health, her white and even teeth, and dark brown ringlets, though all partaking of a certain degree of rusticity, were not less winning, and her triumph over the lusty young miller was complete. Between two such beings there is little fear of a lack of affection; and ere the year was out each village lass pointed to the happy couple as they strolled along, and, with laughing eye and significant gestures, betrayed her allowable envy.

But the dark veil of superstition was still spread over the peasantry of England. Evil spirits were believed to roam through the world, blighting the fair hopes of the young and sanguine heart. A dark and fearful tale had oft been whispered by the elders of the village, that Roger Clevelly was the last of his race, and that an evil destiny hung over him. But he heard not these things, or, if he did hear them, they were unheeded, and their forebodings troubled him not:

At length, the day was fixed for their marriage, and the busy fingers of the bride and her friend were employed in preparing her wedding dress. In three weeks they were to be made man and wife, and each looked forward to the happy day which should see them united by the holy and indissoluble bond of wedlock.

Young Clevelly was in the habit of riding over to Hatherleigh market every week, and he had left home one day for that purpose, intending to make a purchase of some corn of a farmer with whom he had many dealings. His stay at Hatherleigh was much protracted, in consequence of his not finding this person in the town as he expected, and night was advancing, when he determined to return home. Before he had quitted the town half an hour, it became quite dark; this made him urge his horse forward with some speed, for the roads in those days were not over safe to travel in the night time. He had arrived within a mile of his home, when the horse he rode, with an instinct peculiar to that animal, suddenly shied, and in doing so, nearly threw the young miller into the road; at the same moment a faint voice cried out for help.

"Whoa! whoa! jade!" said the miller, stroking the neck of his horse; then raising his voice, he cried out, in the familiar dialect of the west, to the person who had spoken, and whom, owing to the darkness, he could not see distinctly—

"Who bist thee, vriend? and what brings thee here at this time o' night?"

A deep pause ensued, interrupted only by the snorting and pawing of the miller's horse. No answer was returned, and Roger dismounting, perceived that a young and well-dressed man was lying in the middle of the road, apparently in a state of intoxication. After a moment's deliberation he drew the stranger from the road, and placing him on the green sward, remounted his horse, and rode hastily home for assistance. This was soon procured, and in half an hour the stranger was under the roof of the young miller, in a state, to all appearance, of total unconsciousness of what had been done for him by his generous preserver. Hock and soda-water, the modern tippler's remedy for such cases, were not known at that period to the unsophisticated inhabitants of Winkleigh: the miller had none, but such simple restoratives as his generous disposition prompted him to use were not spared to render his guest sensible of the kindness with which he had been treated. Old Dorcas, the miller's housekeeper, not unused to such scenes in the lifetime of her old master, ventured to suggest that a night's sleep would restore the stranger to consciousness; he was therefore placed with much care in the best chamber, and the household retiring to rest, left the crickets to their nightly gambols on the deserted hearth.

The miller arose betimes, and set about his accustomed labour. When breakfast time came, the stranger to his astonishment, entered the room, and thanked his preserver in the most grateful terms, for the kindness shown him. There were no marks left on his countenance of the excess of the previous evening, and his gait and manner were those of a man who had seen the world, and mixed with polished society, although there was something like a bluntness in his discourse, which indicated that he had been used to the sea. His face was eminently handsome; his eyes were large, dark, and lustrous; his nose beautifully formed; his mouth somewhat large, but well-shaped, though when he smiled there was a writhing of the nether lip, as if it were a pain to him. His hair was jetty black, and it fell in large curls over his shoulders, beautifully contrasting with his high, pale forehead, on which age had not yet stamped a single wrinkle. His figure was such as the most fastidious might essay in vain to find a fault with; his age appeared to be about thirty. Upon his entering the room, the miller handed him a chair, and then helped him to the good things he had provided for breakfast. Tea, coffee, and chocolate were not known in those days to persons in his station of life, but there was no lack of ham, beef, and good ale, while a flask of choice wine was added to the list by the generous young miller. The stranger, however, made but a sorry meal, which he said was owing to the preceding night's debauch.

"'Tis ever so with me," said he, "after I have drank too freely overnight. 'Tis lucky that I escaped without a broken limb, for my mare is a winsome jade, and requires a tight hand."

"You had a horse then?" inquired the miller, hastily; "pardon me, Sir, I wot not that you had been riding last night, though, fool that I am, I remember unbuckling your spurs and drawing off your boots. I will send over the country in search of it immediately;" and, rising from his seat, he gave orders to two of his men to go in pursuit of the stray horse.

As they sat at breakfast, the stranger conversed freely with the young miller, and scrupled not to tell him that he had been engaged in more than one scene of violence and rapine on the coast of South America.

"Here," said he, producing a massive gold chain, "I took this from the neck of the governor of a Spanish fort near Panama. I slew him with a pistol shot; just as he was about to give fire to one of his culverins. I cannot now bestow it on a more worthy gentleman than yourself;" and, rising from his seat, he hung it round the neck of the astonished miller, who, thunderstruck at such an instance of generosity, was with difficulty persuaded to keep it.

"'Tis but a trifle," said the stranger, "a mere bauble, believe me. I have a few things here, though, which I should have much grieved for the loss of, had I fallen into other hands."

He took from his vest, as he spoke, a steel casket, and, opening it with a small key, displayed a quantity of jewels of such dazzling brightness, that old Dorcas literally screamed with amazement, while the young miller doubted not but that he had given shelter to the king himself; and he already saw himself at court, a dubbed knight, ruffling in silk and gold lace, and wearing a rapier of Bilboa steel by his side. The stranger's manner was bland and courteous, and his marvellous relations of perils by land and sea, and "hair-breadth 'scapes i' th' imminent deadly breach," completely turned the head of the miller, who paid but little attention to his accustomed labour that day. Ere dinner-time arrived, the men who had gone in search of the stranger's horse returned without it, and informed their master that no traces of the stray animal had been obtained.

Not to tire our readers with all that passed between young Clevelly, and his guest, we must inform them, that at the end of three days the latter discovered no inclination to depart. These days seemed but so many hours to the miller. Sunday morning came, and it was then that he, for the first time, remembered he had not seen his beloved Alice since the day he set out for Hatherleigh market. Stung by self-reproach, he hastened to his chamber, and dressed himself in his best, to attend the village church, for the tinkle of its bell now summoned the inhabitants under its hallowed roof. Roger soon completed his rustic toilet, and was descending the stairs, when he met the stranger, whom we shall now call Herrick, and who thus accosted him:

"Whither now, Master Clevelly?" then, glancing at his dress, "Truly those hosen become your leg passing well, and your points are tied right jauntily—Where would ye, fair Sir?"

"To church," replied Roger. "Why ask ye, Master Herrick?—will ye not go with me?"

The lip of Herrick curled with a smile as he replied—

"Go with thee, Master Clevelly—marry, I would as lief hang. What, sit for a whole hour and hear a long discourse from that feeble and short-sighted piece of mortality ye pointed out to me yesterday. Never!"

"Pr'ythee, forbear," replied Roger, somewhat hastily, "he is a worthy, pious man, and is beloved by his flock; as to his discourse, why——"

"Pshaw!" interrupted Herrick, "it may do very well for the clowns of this village; but shall I, who have studied in Araby, and learnt that secret which places the wealth of the Indies at my disposal, listen to a teacher of clodpoles?—Nay, huff it not, man; I do not include thee, for there is that in thy looks which tells me thou wert born to a better fortune."

Roger smiled.

"Ay," continued Herrick, "I see that thou art possess'd of more spirit than the clowns of this dull village, in which no man can raise himself. What say ye, Sir, to a visit to London? where the merits of a gallant like yourself are soon known and appreciated."

"I will talk of that when I return," replied Roger, brushing past him; "but if I stay to hear you now, I shall not get to the church in time, and I *must* go to-day."

He bounded from the house as he spoke, to the evident chagrin of Herrick, and soon gained the church, in which the inhabitants of the village were already assembled. He passed up the aisle, and entered Master Buckland's pew, where sat his beloved Alice, her countenance reddened with a mingled feeling of gladness and displeasure. A reproachful glance from Alice struck to his heart, and he bitterly upbraided himself for his neglect of the beautiful and fond girl, who loved him with the unalloyed affection of a first and early passion. Who could blame them if they rejoiced at the conclusion of the morning's service? As they gained the churchyard, the lovers separated from the throng, and Roger sought and obtained pardon for his neglect.

We shall not dwell on all that transpired between them. Those who have been lovers can picture to themselves such scenes, while to those who have never loved—and where are they?—the pen cannot convey an adequate description.

When Roger returned home, the vivid description of London which Herrick gave him, completely turned his brain, and he swore that he would see the city, and taste of its pleasures ere that moon was out. And he kept his word; for, in less than a week, he bade adieu to the village of Winkleigh, and was on his road to London, accompanied by Herrick.

It was not without regret that he quitted Alice, but then he consoled himself with the reflection that he should reap advantage by a visit to London, and appear more refined and polished when he returned. On arriving there, they put up at one of the best inns in Fleet Street, and Roger

was soon the gayest of the wild gallants who frequented that celebrated part of London. Herrick mingled with the polish of a courtier the recklessness and careless bearing of a sailor, and ere a week had passed, Clevelly, under his guidance, had drank deep at the dark and inky fountain of vice. His appearance soon altered; his face lost its healthy and sunburnt hue, and his languid eye told too plainly that dissipation had done its work upon him. His step, to be sure, was much like that of the gallants of London—he turned out his toes so as to show the rosetts on his shoes, or when booted, to show his suppleness; but it wanted that firmness and elasticity which was once the pride of Winkleigh.

The heartless and sensual miscreant, Charles, held, at this time, his court at Whitehall, and London was crammed with all the gay and thoughtless in England. Every one knows, or, at least, ought to know, what society was in this reign; a reign in which Oates, Dangerfeld, Blood, and other such ruffians, were not only allowed to live, but were even patronized and sheltered by the Court. This was the age in which the witty and talented, but depraved Rochester roamed about; at one time amusing the rabble in the guise of a charlatan;—at another, frightening the credulous out of their wits in the garb of an astrologer; and not unfrequently obtaining, by the latter means, secrets from those by whom he was surrounded at court, which gave him a fearful ascendancy over them. The civil wars had made many needy and desperate, and many who had once lived in affluence were content to subsist upon the bounty of the powerful and vicious. Licentiousness and vice had reached their utmost height, and to be virtuous was to be an object of ridicule and contempt.

It would, then, have been wonderful indeed if Roger had remained three weeks in London without contamination; more especially in the company of Herrick, whose manners were as loose as his wealth was boundless.

Unaccustomed to a life of riot and debauchery, Clevelly soon began to feel the effects of indulging in such excesses, and having been confined to his chamber one day by indisposition, he retired to bed early; but not to sleep, for his fevered brain forbade it. He lay till long after the midnight chimes had sounded; it was then that he slept, but dreams of a dark and fearful kind haunted his slumbers. He beheld, as if reflected in a mirror, the church-yard of his native village, and he looked and saw a newly-formed grave, on which some friends of the departed had scattered a profusion of wild flowers, now fast fading in the noon-day sun—and anon, the scene changed, and a dark cloud rolled before him, and as it dissolved, an awful scene was disclosed. He beheld a figure like himself bow before a throne of dazzling brightness, on which sat one whose countenance shone like the face of the prophet when he descended from Mount Sinai, and ten thousand celestial beings were gathered around. Suddenly, a voice loud and fearful pealed through the vault of heaven, and one of giant size and

height appeared, and claimed the soul of him who had thus humbled himself. Then came forth one arrayed in white, and low she bowed, and in meek and piteous accents supplicated for the soul of him who knelt. And the figure was that of his deserted love, his fondly-devoted Alice! He started from his couch with a deep groan of anguish; cold drops of moisture stood on his brow; he essayed to pray, but his tongue moved noiselessly, his parched lips quivered with agony, and he sunk back in a swoon.

When he recovered, the first rays of the morning sun gleamed on the latticed window of his chamber. Throwing himself on his knees, he implored mercy for his numerous sins, and prayed with an intensity like that of a criminal who is about to be sacrificed to the offended laws of his country. Tears, bitter scalding tears, such as he had never shed before, rolled down his hectic cheek, and his faltering tongue poured forth the anguish of his troubled spirit.

A gentle tap at the door aroused him from his recumbent posture; he opened it, and Herrick entered in his gown and slippers.

"Good morrow, Bully Roger," said he, "what has troubled ye so much, my good friend? You look scared."

"Oh, Herrick!" replied Roger, "I am sick at heart; this night has disclosed to me such awful—"

"Pshaw!" interrupted Herrick, "then you have been only dreaming—by this light I thought so; for as I lay in the next chamber, I could hear you mutter and exclaim in your sleep. Why, thou art not cast down because thou hast had a dream. Courage, man; what will the gallants of Fleet Street say to thee if it should come to their ears?"

"Peace," said Clevelly hastily, "I have had such a warning in that dream, that I would not stay another day in London, were it to obtain the treasures of the east—no, Herrick, no earthly power shall keep me here; to-day I set off for Winkleigh. If thou art still my friend, thou wilt bear me company."

It was in vain that Herrick attempted to turn him from his determination; he was alike insensible to reasoning or ridicule; and ere the morning was far advanced, they quitted London, and were on their road to Winkleigh.

Nothing worthy of relation occurred during their journey, which was one of difficulty in those days. Roger was moody and thoughtful, and at times a prey to the deepest melancholy, which all the jokes and witticisms of his friend could not dispel.

Day had begun to dawn when they arrived in sight of the village of Winkleigh. A faint streak of light appeared in the east, but not a single chimney as yet sent forth its wreath of smoke, so grateful to the eye of the weary traveller. Every window and door was fastened, and Roger beheld with a moistened eye his house and mill, which reared its long yanes high above the surrounding houses.

Old Dorcas aroused from her slumbers by the

arrival of her young master and his companion, immediately set about preparing breakfast; but, as she did so, the miller could perceive that she was unusually dejected. He dreaded to ask after Alice when he first entered, as many do who are prepared for the worst, yet are loth to have their fears confirmed; but he could now no longer delay the question. How shall we describe his feelings upon receiving the news of the maiden's death? There are some living who have been thus stripped of all they loved in this world, but can they describe their agony at the harrowing moment which makes them acquainted with their loss? No. All that poets wrote or minstrels sung would fall short of the description;—how then shall we paint the anguish of the soul-struck lover?

His first torrent of grief being over, the young miller inquired when and how she died.

"Alas!" replied Dorcas, "she took your leaving her so much to heart, and especially the cruel letter you sent her that—"

"Ha!" cried Roger, starting on his feet, and staring wildly, "what letter?—a letter, say ye?—I wrote none—where is it?"

Here Herrick interposed. "'Twas the vile art of some cursed rival, my good friend," said he. "Now, as I wear a sword, it shall drink his base blood."

"'Twill not bring her back again, poor innocent," said the Dame; "a fairer maid, or one more gentle, never sun shone on; but she is gone—they buried her yesterday. Alas! that I should ever live to see this day!"

Roger quitted the room at this moment, with a hurried step, threw his cloak around him, and strode towards the churchyard. He soon discovered the grave, the likeness of which he had beheld in his dream. There was the fresh-turned earth, and the scattered flowers, now withered and loveless, but newly placed. He had scarcely reached the spot, when he was conscious that he had been followed, and turning quickly round, he beheld Herrick. He saw before him the author of his sufferings, and giving vent to his indignation, he upbraided him in bitter terms. Herrick heard him with a smile, and tauntingly bade him remember that he alone was the cause of all. This reproach stung him to the soul, and he groaned bitterly as Herrick with a malicious satisfaction ran over a list of his excesses while in London.

"So!" said he, folding his arms, and looking on the wretched young man, as the basilisk is fabled to look upon its victim; "so this is my reward for having treated you like a noble. Was it I who introduced ye to that pretty wench with whom you were so taken, and who drew so largely on your purse, that you were fain to come to me for a supply?—Or was it I alone who helped to fleece the young Templar whose money burthened him?—Was it I——?"

"Peace, peace, malicious fiend!" cried Clevelly; "hadst thou the heart of a man, thou wouldst pity my distress. Get thee gone from my sight. Would I had been laid in my grave ere I had met with thee!"

A wild laugh was Herrick's only reply, but it stung Roger to the soul, and he quickly clutched the handle of his sword, which, however, with all his strength he could not draw from the scabbard.

"Desist," said Herrick, "take thy hand from thy toasting iron, or I will paralyze thy frame, and make thee as helpless as an aged man."

Clevelly knew too well the power of Herrick, by whose means his sword had been rendered useless, and he groaned bitterly.

"Pitiful minion," said Herrick, glancing fiercely on him, "I thought thee possessed of a firmer soul—will thy whining bring back the dead?"

The miller made no reply, but covering his face with his hands, wept bitterly, while his companion beheld his distress with evident satisfaction.

"Leave me," said Roger, imploringly.

"Nay," replied Herrick, with a sneer, "you had better quit this place, for yonder comes he who was to have been your brother-in-law."

The miller raised his head, and perceived that Herrick spoke truly, for William Buckland, the brother of his departed Alice, leaping over a low stile, entered the churchyard, and advanced towards them.

"Ha! thou damnable villain," cried he, "art thou returned with thy vile companion to exult over her now she is in her grave?"

"Oh, William," replied Clevelly, "do not upbraid me; 'tis punishment enough to look upon this green bank—my heart is broken."

"Nay, thy hypocrisy shall not screen thee," said the fiery youth; "I yesterday swore upon this grave that I would revenge her death; therefore prepare, for one of us must fall."

He unclasped the cloak in which he was muffled, threw it on the ground, and drawing his sword, called upon Clevelly to defend himself. Roger essayed to unsheath his weapon, but his trembling hand refused its office;—when Herrick spoke—

"Couragio, Master Clevelly," said he, "out with your fox, and show this clodpole a little of your fence."

"I may be left to try yours," remarked young Buckland, "but he at present is my man."

"We shall see that anon, boy," replied Herrick with bitter emphasis. "Take your stand, young sir, my friend is ready for you."

As he spoke, Roger threw off his cloak, then stepping a few paces aside, stood opposite young Buckland, and waited for his attack.

The miller, during his stay in London, had not, with other accomplishments, neglected to improve himself in the art of defence, but it proved of little use against the strength and impetuosity of his adversary, and ere they had exchanged half a dozen passes, Clevelly fell on the green sward, pierced through the body. The sword of William Buckland was already descending to finish the work of death, when Herrick, unsheathing his rapier, parried the thrust with great dexterity, and presented his point so as to keep off

the infuriate young man. Enraged at this interference, he attacked Herrick with great fury, but at the first lunge, his sword bent like a bull-rush, and the blade and handle became red-hot! With a shout of terror he dashed the weapon to the ground, and fled from the churchyard with the speed of lightning, not doubting but that he had crossed swords with the fiend himself. Herrick smiled at his affright, then sheathing his weapon, directed his attention to the wounded youth, whose blood was fast flowing from the deep wound he had received, so fast, indeed, that nothing but prompt assistance could prevent his dying on the spot. Raising the body in his arms, Herrick bore it home, and summoned Dorcas to his assistance, who was about to send for a surgeon, when he interposed, and after placing the body in Rogers own chamber, began to strip and examine the wound, which he dressed with great care and skill. An hour had passed ere Roger returned to consciousness, and when he did, he found Herrick and Dorcas watching by his side.

The arrival of one or two of the neighbours was at the same time announced, and they entered the room with open mouths, and with the evident intention of demanding an explanation of the strange scene in the churchyard; but Dorcas very unceremoniously showed them into another room, and bidding them wait a few moments, returned to her patient, whom she found supported by pillows, in earnest, though faint, conversation with Herrick. A word or two which she overheard, induced her to draw back, and she saw that Herrick held a parchment in the one hand, and a pen in the other, which he offered to Clevelly.

"Pshaw! this is foolery," said he, perceiving him irresolute, "subscribe your name, and health and boundless wealth are yours for years to come."

Roger's reply was scarcely audible; but she could distinguish that he refused to sign.

"Then die in thine obstinacy and guilt," said Herrick; and he was turning from the bed, when Roger motioned him to return—and again they spoke together; when, suddenly, the wounded man sprung up convulsively in the bed, and clasping his hands wildly together, cried—

"Aroint thee, fiend!—In the name of heaven, I charge thee be gone!"

Scarcely were these words uttered when Herrick's frame seemed to dilate and tremble—his eyes streamed forth a supernatural light—and with a diabolical smile of disappointed malice, the Tempter immediately disappeared! No light or vapour accompanied his departure—it seemed as though he had suddenly dissolved into air. Dorcas and the neighbours rushed into the chamber, and as one of them drew aside the window curtains, the morning sun burst with all its radiance into the apartment; it fell upon the face of the wounded man—now clad in the pallid livery of death, and disclosed to their view all that was mortal of the ill-fated Miller of Winkleigh!

THE FLOWER OF THE DESERT.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"Who does not recollect the exultation of Vaillant over a flower in the torrid wastes of Africa?—The affecting mention of the influence of a flower upon his mind, by Mungo Park, in a time of suffering and dependency, in the heart of the same savage country, is familiar to every one."
—Howitt's *Book of the Seasons*.

Why art thou thus in thy beauty cast,
O lonely, loneliest flower!
Where the sound of song had never pass'd,
From human hearth or bower?

I pity thee for thy heart of love,
For thy glowing heart, that fain
Would breathe out joy with each wind to rove—
In vain, lost thing! in vain!

I pity thee for thy wasted bloom,
For thy glory's fleeting hour,
For the desert place, thy living tomb—
O lonely, loneliest flower!

I said—but a low voice made reply:
"Lament not for the flower!
Though its blossoms all unmark'd must die,
They have had a glorious dower.

"Though it bloom afar from the minstrel's way,
And the paths where lovers tread,
Yet strength and hope, like an inborn day,
By its odours have been shed.

"Yes! dew's more sweet than ever fell
O'er island of the blest,
Were shaken forth, from its perfumed bell,
On a suffering human breast.

"A wanderer came, as a stricken deer,
O'er the waste of burning sand,
He bore the wound of an Arab spear,
He fled from a ruthless band.

"And dreams of home, in a troubled tide,
Swept o'er his darkening eye,
As he lay down by the fountain side,
In his mute despair to die.

"But his glance was caught by the desert's flower,
The precious boon of heaven!
And sudden hope, like a vernal shower,
To his fainting heart was given.

"For the bright flower spoke of One above,
Of the Presence, felt to brood,
With a spirit of pervading love,
O'er the wildest solitude.

"Oh! the seed was thrown these wastes among,
In a blest and gracious hour!
For the lorn one rose, in heart made strong,
By the lonely, loneliest flower!"

THE GRAVE OF MARION.

"The grave! the grave! O happy they
Whom death hath seized in early spring,
Who sleep within the house of clay,
Gathered when life is blossoming.

J. G. BROOKES.

MARION, my love! 'tis many a year,
Since thy young form was buried here;
Marion, my love! and many a day
May roll its weary waste away,
Ere I shall lay me down beside
Thy perished loveliness, my bride!
Ah! what a joy 'twould be to rest
In peaceful slumber on thy breast!
Oh! what a heavenly bliss 'twould be
To sleep in solitude with thee!

What art thou, Marion? Ashes now,
That golden hair, that pearly brow!
What are the roses of thy cheeks?
Ah! to my heart that cold stone speaks!
Enough—thou art no more!—indeed,
My soul may melt, my heart may bleed.

Dear Marion, it is hard to tread
A world that bears thy dying bed:
To feel that wheresoe'er I go,
Through this dark wilderness of woe,
I tread the dust, I pluck fair flowers,
In fairy fields, and blooming bowers;
That once, perchance, had formed a part
Of thy young melancholy heart!

Hark!—Ah! that lovely song again
With melody o'erflows my brain!
How exquisite! I never heard
So sweet a song from girl or bird:
'Tis like some spirit, sent from God,
To guard the consecrated clod
Where Marion sleeps, as calm and still
As yonder sunbeam on the hill.

Again!—Oh, God! 'twill break my heart,
Marion, my life! why did we part?
Did God so love thee that he gave
A heart to be thy living grave!
Oh! would to heaven that I could weep,
Mine agony is far too deep!

Behold! the God of Day goes down
Through those red clouds, the crags that crown;
And leaves me mourning by thy grave,
Where weeping willows wildly wave.

Oh! how I envy every tear
That mingles with thine ashes here!
Oh! how I envy every bud
That draws existence from thy blood!
Ah! how I long, upon thy breast,
To lay me down, and be at rest!

CACHEMIRE SHAWLS.

This valuable article of traffic occupies so much curious matter, that it may be considered of importance to our fair readers, to receive some explanation of the method employed in weaving that elegant and graceful envelop of female dress. We shall by that means demonstrate how and why these shawls become so expensive an

article of commerce, and so difficult of obtaining; adding thereto an explanation of the meanings of the different borders attached by the ingenious merchants to their manufacture.

The manufacture of Cachemire shawls, which are so highly prized by Europeans, employs nearly fifty thousand pair of hands. It would be

difficult, perhaps, to estimate the number of shawls made every year; but it is generally computed, that sixteen thousand frames are employed for this purpose; and supposing that each frame produced five shawls per annum, the number made would amount to eighty thousand. One shawl would occupy an entire workshop, if the fabric was particularly fine, a whole year; while six or eight might be made of inferior quality in the same space of time. The number of weavers employed in these shops are not more than three, and when the article is particularly fine, they can only make about a quarter of an inch per diem. The shawls which contain the most ornament are made in pieces, at different shops, and it has been observed, that these pieces are very rarely of the same dimensions. The workmen are seated on benches, some three, others four in a class. Plain shawls occupy only two workmen, and, for their purpose, they make use of a strong, straight heavy frame.

As there must be a variety of patterns inserted in these shawls, they use wooden needles, one for each separate colour in use; this causes the work to proceed very slowly, on account of the richness of the designs. Women and children are employed to separate the fine wool from the inferior; and young girls card it with their fingers, and lay it upon India muslin, to draw the thread to its length, and to cleanse it from impurity; they then give it into the hands of the weavers and colourers. The frame that is used is very simple, and placed horizontally. The weaver is seated on a bench; and a child, placed a little below him, with its eyes fixed on the pattern, every time that the frame is turned, advertises the workman of the colours wanted, and the bobbins which are to be employed. The overseer, or head workman, overlooks the operations. If a design is proposed to which they are not accustomed, he teaches them to form the patterns, and to select the sort of threads and colours which they require for use. The wages of first-rate workmen are from four to five pence; and those of the common sort from two to three pence.

When a merchant undertakes this kind of employment, he forms a certain number of shops in the same establishment, and he takes upon himself the charge of superintendence; he then furnishes the superior workmen with the threads, carded, as before mentioned, and dyed; they then carry it away to their separate manufactories, after having received the necessary instructions concerning the quality of the merchandise and the colours of the designs, &c.

As soon as the work is finished, the manufacturer takes the shawls to the custom-house to be marked, and pays a tax proportioned to the value and the quality of the article. The officer who marks them does not fail to estimate them below their real value. The duty demanded is 1s. 5d. The greater number of the shawls exported from Cachemire are not washed after taking out of the frame. The great mart for shawls is Amretseyr. Even at Cachemire they

do not wash nor pack them equal to the former place.

VARIOUS KINDS OF SHAWLS.

Notwithstanding the numerous accounts which travellers have given of the luxury of the shawl, and of the Cachemire goat, of whose hair it is fabricated, we have never, either in travels or dictionaries, met with any information concerning the classification and nomenclature of the different kinds of shawl, according to their patterns and colours.

What lady is unacquainted with the palms of the Indian shawls; and yet she is not aware that the palm trees of the shawls have not the slightest resemblance to those of the desert; but represent a very different tree, namely the cypress, the lovers' tree among the orientals, which is sculptured on the ruins of the palace of Persepolis, exactly as it is figured on the shawl borders.

The cypress of the shawl is, in fact, no more a palm, than are the willow boughs which are carried about on Palm Sundays. Palms play a conspicuous part in the nuptial festivals of the eastern nations; for garlands of the branches wreathed together, are carried in the processions; or large artificial trees, intermixed with gold and silver thread, adorned with fruit and flowers, and festal chaplets, and tied with ribbons, are borne in these solemnities, under the name of palm trees, as the symbol of fruitfulness.

The cypress adorns the border of a shawl, even as the tree itself overshadows the bank of a stream; and is considered by the easterns as the image of religious and moral freedom, as Saadi has expressed in verse—

"Be thou fruitful as the palm, or be
At least as the dark cypress, high and free."

Because its branches never incline to the earth, but all shoot upwards towards heaven.

The cypress is to the orientals a cherished image of their beloved; whose graceful movements in the bloom of life they trace in the waving summit of this tree, when apparently animated by the soft western wind. Those trees which the Europeans have, unaptly enough, converted into palms, have only shared the fate of the Vizier in the original Indian game of chess: which the Persians call *Tersin*, and the French, at first, generally translated *Vierge*, and afterwards converted into a *Queen*.

The figurative sense of the latter, is not less understood by the European ladies, than the original meaning of the wreaths and bunches of flowers woven in the middle of the square shawl pieces, and which so greatly enhance their value. The Turkish and Persian name of these shawls is *Boghdscha*; a word which, in common language, signifies a bunch or bundle, and is used to designate the parcels of shawls and stuffs of which the easterns make presents. The origin of the word is, however, neither Turkish nor Persian, but Indian, from *Pudscha*, which means a flower-offering. When the season of the year,

or the nature of the country will not afford the flowers which the Hindoos offer to their gods, the Indian women spread out shawls, in the middle of which the embroidered basket of flowers supplies the place of fresh blossoms; on this they kneel, as do the Moslems on the little carpets, which exhibit a representation of the altar in the holy temple of Mecca, towards which they turn when they pray.

The European ladies, whose delicate feet sometimes repose on the Sedschadi, or praying carpets, and who fold around their fair shoulders the Boghscha, or four-cornered shawls, are not generally aware that the Moslem kneels on the former, the Indian on the latter, which represents the Pudscha, or flower-offering, wherewith the Hindoo women consecrate themselves to God, as the flowers of the creation.

The Boghscha, or square shawl, with the flower-basket in the centre, may here take precedence of the other kinds, from the superiority of its original destination, rather than from its commercial value; for, in this respect, it is usually surpassed by the long scarf shawls. These, when they have a deep border, are commonly denominated Risaji; the plain ones are called Djar; those with a flowered ground, Djidshekli; the striped shawls, and such as have large patterns, are called Fermaisch; and the longest and narrowest, which are used as sashes, are termed Beldar, *i. e.* supporting the stomach and waist, a name which expresses their use more plainly than those of the other varieties. The name Risaji, seems to have some relation to the name of Risa, the eighth of the twelve Imauns, who is much revered in Persia. Djar, abbreviated from Djari, the flowing, might designate the long narrow border of the shawl as a flowing stream, on whose margin flowers are blooming, and tall cypress trees growing. The word *Fermaisch*, which is not to be found in the Persian dictionaries, is derived from *fermuden*, to command; what reference the parallel stripes, or the patterns have to the orders of a commander, it is not easy to guess. A very beautiful *Fermaisch*, striped with red and yellow, was presented by the Persian ambassador, Mirza Abul Hassan Khan, in 1819, to the court interpreter at Vienna, together with a very lean Persian steed, on which a wit observed, "*Que l'ambassadeur avait regale un cheval maigre et un shawl gras.*"

A third class of shawls are woven without flowers or borders, and are generally made into dresses by the opulent, and especially the women; these are called by the Turks, Toulik.

In the shops and warehouses where the shawls are first sold, they are called Kischmiri or Lahori, according as they are the produce of Kaschmire or Lahor. The imitations of them, whether they come from Bagdad, Paris, or London, are all called Taklid, *i. e.* imitations.

The workshops of Kaschmire have very lately produced some splendid shawls, which are always marked with the word *newtash*, signifying new-fashioned. The patterns of these represent

banners, pinnacles, chains, peacocks' feathers, &c.; and according to the pattern, so they are denominated in Persian—Alemdar (containing banners;) Kunkeredar (containing pinnacles;) Koeschedar (having corners, if the corners are ornamented;) Lilsiledar (containing chains;) Peri-taus (peacock-winged,) &c. These denominations are frequently worked on the shawls with coloured silk; the name of the manufacturer is also generally inscribed on them, and very often the epithets of God; as, O preserver! O protector! be a blessing granted to us! and single letters, which form the word Ahmed, or Mohammed, or some talismanic word, with the addition of Aala, Aala, "the highest, the highest!" (of the best quality.)

As a further elucidation of the subject, we subjoin a translation of the list sent with twelve shawls, which Mirza Abul Hassan Khan presented, in the name of the Schah of Persia, to her Majesty, the Empress of Austria.

1. Kaschmire shawl, Tirmeh, *i. e.* Moondart.
2. Risagt, white, with a wide border; from the manufactory of Dervish Mohammed.
3. Tirmeh, resembling linen. Moondart, or summer month, (for Tirmeh, or Tirmah, is the name of the first Persian summer month) with an apricot border.
4. White Risaji, with a chain border.
5. Musk-coloured Risaji, with leaves and chain.
6. Risaji, of the colour of the heavenly water, with a chain border.
7. Emerald Risaji, with roses in the corners.
8. Ditto.
9. White Risaji, with roses in the corners.
10. Garlick-coloured Risaji, bordered.
11. White shawl (Abreh.)
12. Ditto, with willow branches.

In conclusion, we give the explanation of the word shawl, from the Persian dictionary, *Fesheng Schuri*, which illustrates every article with a Persian verse, and the following one, by a distich of Mir Rasim Schal, is the well-known dress piece, woven of wool, as are the carpet and Aba, (in contradistinction to the richer silk and gold stuffs.)

"I long not for rich silks or satins,
My mind is contented with the schal and woollen stuff."

At a certain age, experience removes the bandage which has hitherto prevented us from seeing reality. This is done by degrees: the illusion does not vanish all at once, but grows weaker, and at length wholly disappears. Fatigued by a vain chase after good, through tortuous paths, strewed with both thorns and flowers, along which the impulse of example and the fever of the passions hurry our steps, we pause; and soon we recal to our recollection a straight and even path, not before tried, that of repose; we seek it, find it, follow it, and attain our object. Such is the usual progress of human life; and the habit of achieving great things does not make us cease to be men.

MILTON.

" Who sung of Chaos and eternal Night ;
 Taught by the heav'nly Muse to venture down
 The dark descent, and up to re-ascend,
 Tho' hard and rare!—

* * * * *

Nor ceased to wander where the Muses haunt,
 Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
 Smit with the love of sacred song."

PARADISE LOST.

SEEN stretch'd upon a flow'ry bank, sat one
 Upon whose cheek, the vermell bloom of youth
 Glow'd joyous;—his fair, yet ample forehead,
 Seen thro' the clust'ring ringlets of brown hair,
 That wanton'd in the breeze luxuriant,
 Bespoke the mind within;—while in his hand,
 Part worn, as if 'twere oft perus'd, he held
 Tale of romantic hist'ry, and the deeds,
 The val'rous exploits, of a chivalrous age;
 This had fill'd his young and buoyant fancy
 With golden dreams of high-wrought imagery,
 Th' Elysium of bright thoughts, Fiction's sweet sorceries :

Of middle stature, but of graceful form,
 Well fitted for athletic exercise,
 But more for deeds of intellectual strength,
 Which from that face divine, thus outward show'd
 Capacious thought, godlike similitude;
 O'er nature's lovely landscape spread around
 He cast a quick and side-long glance, that took
 In its wide compass, all rural objects,
 As hill, or lowly dale, or thymy mead,
 Or sweet sequester'd valley, or brown wood;
 Or splashy spring, wherein the swallow dips
 With circling flight, his ready wing;—or where
 From art, some imbrown'd cluster of dark trees,
 Just peering 'bove is seen the curling smoke
 Of straw-hatch'd cottage, or the neighbor'ing spire
 That points with graceful attitude to heav'n;
 The husbandman that blithely drives afield
 His lusty steeds, the patient labouring ox,
 The careless ploughboy, whistling o'er the lea,
 While overhead is heard the cawing rook,
 Fieldfare or plover, calling to their mates;
 Nor yet unheeded pass'd observance quick,
 The bee, that rifling flies from flow'r to flow'r,
 Intent on sweets, the live-long summer's day;
 Or bubbling brook, or naiad-haunted stream,
 Or twilight groves, of thick umbrageous shade,
 Haunts of inspiration and poetic thought,
 The covert walks of silent solicitude;
 Naught escap'd his eye excursive, but from these
 His teeming fancy drew all imaged bliss.
 All that the mind creative can pursue
 Of wonderful or fair, thro' earth or sky,
 Stood present to his view;—tho' listless sunk
 In drowsy dream, of youth imaginative,
 As one absorb'd in sweet forgetfulness;
 Yet still the mind in busy phantasy,
 Is ever wakeful, ever on th' alert,
 That finds no footing, like the dove of Noah,
 To rest its flight advent'rous—but is, (tho'
 Seeming to the gaze of one unpractis'd,
 To be close bound up in cold indifference,)
 For ever watchful, like the bird of Jove,
 By fabled poets sung. Upon that face,
 Divine expression kindling glow'd triumphant,
 The speaking emanation of the soul,
 As when the sun thro' misty morning breaks
 With golden splendour, light'ning the orient,
 So lighted up those features, as the mind
 From its imprison'd cell forth drew its store
 Of many-colour'd tissue, of bright thoughts,

Th' inward working of a soul superior;
 Then, as with joy elate, methought outflash'd,
 That creature of th' imagination wild,
 The enchanter 'Comus,' whose witching spell
 And syren strains of enchain'd music might
 " Create a soul, under the ribs of death."

Sweet village Horton,* thou too wert witness,
 And charm'd didst list the poet's madrigal,
 As mid thy scenes sequester'd, lone he sung,
 And from the channel of his dainty mind
 Produced " L' Allegro," and " Il Penseroso,"
 The concentration of all lovely things,
 As in a pictur'd landscape, brought to view
 Whate'er is fair, or beautiful in nature:
 Thy tender pity, too, in plaintive verse
 Responsive wail'd the death of Lycidas,
 Of Lycidas, the bosom'd friend, and lov'd
 Conductor;—who met, untimely met,
 Where darkly waves the oasir o'er the stream,
 A wat'ry grave! These were the themes that woke
 The tuneful efforts of his early lyre,
 That sent forth strains of sweeter harmony
 Than ever Orpheus sung, when he bewail'd
 His lov'd, his lost Eurydice.

HOAR TIME

Hath sped his way, with noiseless wing, since which
 The bloom that mark'd the youthful cheek hath fled,
 Supplanted by the deeper lines of manhood,
 Of manhood bord'ring on the vale of years,
 Tho' sightless, and from the world's sweet garden
 Quite shut out, a total blank presenting,
 " So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs."
 Yet, oh! what heav'nly-mindedness, what calm
 Investiture, celestial dignity,
 Mid all this deep privation;—say could aught
 Be seen upon this nether world, in shape
 Of human form, (next kin to heav'nly mould,)
 That could display divine beatitude,
 The holy purpose of a god-like mind,
 Serenely bent on its great argument?
 Upon that brow, conscious of strength, there sat
 A lofty bearing; as one who inward plann'd
 Some great exploit, or high achievement proud.
 The loss of sight he mourn'd, as one debar'd
 From view of nature's sweet varieties,
 Yet not the less sought he the flow'ry bank,
 Where oft his boyhood strayed, or " Siloa's stream
 That flow'd fast by the oracle of God."
 But most his daring flight advent'rous took,
 (Where none essayed before to spread a wing,)
 When th' embattled host of heav'n proclaim'd,
 In lofty verse;—angels with angels leagued
 In direful war—'till from his princely throne,
 Thus forfeited by revolt, th' apostate
 Fell, hurl'd headlong. Thro' all th' empyrean road
 Seen like a meteor, flaming thro' the sky,
 He with his crew of fallen spirits fell

* A retired village in Buckinghamshire, where the illustrious poet passed the earliest part of his life.

Deep prostrate sunk, beneath the flaming lake,
The dol'rous shades of grisly black despair,
"Where hope ne'er comes, that comes to all;"—just, just
Retribution, for this their foul revolt,
And treason dang'rous 'gainst heav'n's matchless King.
And longer yet had sunk in that red pool
Of liquid fire, immortal suff'rers doom'd.
Had not their chief, Satan, th' arch fiend, with voice
Potential call'd, as high erect he stood
Upon the burning marl. Awoke by their
Great leader's voice, like locusts up they spring
And straight alight, with baneful wings outspread,
When they their new-found city 'gan to build,
By name call'd Pandemonium;—the royal
Seat, and capital of hell's proud potentate,
Synod of gods, of gods infernal met.

Bard of immortal subjects, this, this form'd
The matter of thy song, on which thy soul
Dilated—with how, tho' discomfited,
The Tempter, with inbred malice fraught, first
Flann'd his dark, insidious emprise, t' ensnare,
With guileful arts our first progenitors
And nar their happy Eden. Too blissful
Seat t' escape th' envious eye of our dread foe,
Who plotted nothing less than man's defeat,
For ever banish'd fruitful paradise,
Thro' sin our bane, the bane of all mankind.
Whilst thou, with dignified sublimity,
As with the wing of some superior angel,
Bear'st thy flight amid the cherubic host,
Like flying pursuivant, on herald bent,
Thro' all the sapphire blaze, of kingly thrones,
Of powers supreme, celestial ardours bright,

The shining seats of high-born dignities,
Caught up to the third heav'n's, thou there beheld'st
The glories of transcendent Deity,
And heard'st, as from ten thousand voices sweet,
(Thine ear attuned to heav'nly symphonies,
The harplings of adoring seraphims,
And the shout of th' archangels, and the voice,
Like many waters heard, the voice of God!
"With thoughts that wander thro' eternity,"
What else could fill that mighty mind, or meet
Its vast conceptions, or "find room and verge
Enough" t' expand its noble aspirations?
What else save this, its one great argument,
The "Fall of Man," and cause of all our woe;
Till one, "a greater Man," th' eternal Son
"Restore us, and regain the blissful seat!"

The praise of man were vain, great epic bard,
'Twere vain to rear a column to the skies,
Or grave thy name on time-enduring brass,
Or sculptur'd stone, or breathing marble's bust,
To hand it down to deep posterity;
Thou'st 'graved thyself a nobler monument,
Enduring more than earth's proud pageantry,
Or the cold records of its prostrate dust;
'Tis the divinity within that lives,
The consecration of the soul divine,
Th' outpouring of the spirit immortal,
"Those thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," thus
seen
Thro' all thy works, deep traced in every line,
That must survive the pointed pyramid,
Or Fame's emblazonry;—o'en Time outlive,
And triumph o'er its last sad obsequies.

LOVE.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

"Love is oft a fatal spell.
A garland of the cypress tree,
Or weeping-willow wreath may well
Its emblem be."—MALCOLM.

"LOVE is strong as death, and Jealousy is cruel as the grave, the coals thereof are coals of fire that hath a vehement flame. Many waters cannot quench Love, neither can the floods drown it. If a man would give all the substance of his house for Love, it would utterly be condemned."

"What *can* this passion be?" exclaimed the pretty little Lucy Clifton, throwing down a volume of a romance which she had been perusing, and looking her aunt earnestly in the face.—
"What can this passion be, that I read and hear so much about? It is certainly either the most delightful, or the most ridiculous thing in the world, this *love*."

Mrs. Bellamy, surprised at the suddenness and singularity of her niece's ejaculation, raised her face from the embroidery which she had been engaged upon, and, with a smile, replied:—"And you profess to be wholly unacquainted with this *delightful* or *ridiculous* passion."

"Perfectly, my dear aunt, perfectly unacquainted with it."

"In less than six months, Lucy, you are to be introduced to what is termed *par excellence*—THE WORLD—the fashionable society of the metropolis of this vast empire: you will move in the circles of *ton*, and become initiated in all its mysteries, its splendours, and its follies. About twelve months hence you will, unless the great Disposer of events should otherwise ordain, be again upon a visit here to me: I think I may say, you will not *then* put so singular a question to me."

"Well, well," replied Lucy, a blush mantling upon her delicate cheek, "I cannot wait so long as that. I am impatient, my dear aunt—have heard and read so much, that I wish to be convinced of the absorbing nature of this prevailing passion, and as *you* must know all about it, my dear, dear aunt, I pray you tell me whether it is *delightful* or *ridiculous*."

"It is either, my inquisitive little Lucy, either,

according to the dispositions and tempers of the beings under its influence."

"I can scarcely comprehend your meaning."

"If you have sufficient command of yourself, or sufficient good sense to avoid the many alluring paths that intersect and almost bewilder the true way to happiness, you will find it indeed *delightful*; but should you overstep the boundary that prudence has marked out, or forsake the direct path for any of the bright intersections which I have mentioned, you will ultimately find that your passion has become ridiculous, that you have followed a shadow which has led you to disappointment, or, it may be, to despair; that the *parterre*, among which the most lovely flowers blossomed, has conducted you to a bed of thorns; you will blame your folly, when it is too late to remedy it, and repent of your false step, when repentance is of no avail."

"It is surprising, my dear aunt, that a road so perilous, and fraught with danger, should be so universally taken, and so madly as it seems to be."

"Every one has some idea of the happiness to which it leads, and they set out with the hope of attaining it; but few indeed are they who have sufficient prudence to withstand the many temptations that assail them."

"Dear me, aunt," exclaimed Lucy, with a sigh, "you have perfectly frightened me I declare—I *will never fall in love, you may depend.*"

"At least you think so now; but mark my words, a winter in London occasions strange revolutions in young ladies' ideas; and when, next autumn, you pay a visit to your aunt Bellamy, do not feel offended if *she* should then repeat your question—'*What is Love?*'"

Such was the conversation one evening in the little family party assembled at aunt Bellamy's, the usual rendezvous of the juvenile members of every branch, for aunt was ever so fond of children, so kind, and so attentive, and, moreover, so happy when she saw the smiling, cherub faces of the juveniles around her. Lucy Clifton was the eldest of the sojourners at that time with her aunt; she was just turned seventeen, possessing all the artlessness and unconstrained gaiety of the girl, just dashed with a little of that forethought which becomes inspired at such an age, and is the first characteristic that denotes the approach to womanhood. She was kind, affectionate, and beautiful, three qualities, the possession of which justified Mrs. Bellamy in her anticipations of the effect of a winter in London upon the feelings and ideas of her niece.

The inquisitive girl, however, had not been perfectly satisfied with the slight explanation which her aunt had made; a new train of ideas was inspired, and instead of allaying her curiosity, Mrs. Bellamy's observations had served to heighten and inflame it. She took another opportunity of mentioning the subject, and begged to know what *perils* those were, which had been, and were, the cause of so much blighted happiness.

"They are many, Lucy," replied her good-natured aunt, "and consist of all those faults and foibles, those errors of disposition and conduct,

that produce the unhappiness of the human race. Anger, pride, conceit, indecorum, suspicion, jealousy—"

"What is *jealousy*?"

"One of the greatest perils of the whole, and one which if you would experience the happy results of the passion you are so inquisitive about, you must never for a moment encourage. It is a consciousness of your own follies or unworthiness, or a mean opinion of the individual in whose hands you have placed your happiness, which induces you to believe or suspect that another shares his affection."

"Oh dear me," cried Lucy, "I am sure I never will be *jealous.*"

"Do not be too hasty, my dear, in your expression—say that you will, by a course of prudence and worthiness, give no cause to the object of your affections to render you so."

"No, no, my dear aunt—it is a horrid thing—I declare again that I *never* will be *jealous.* I *may*, perhaps, fall in *love*, as it seems such a *universal thing*, but I do declare that I *never* will be *jealous*—oh no, *that* would be indeed ridiculous!"

* * * * *

The year rolled on, and autumn came again, the circles of fashion were rapidly thinning, and the stars of beauty that had spread light and life over the varied scenes of splendour, sought newer sources of enjoyment. London was forsaken; and, among the rest, Lucy Clifton, whose *debut* had been the most successful that had been witnessed for some seasons, and who had been the prevailing object of admiration, departed to the retirement of her aunt Bellamy's mansion.

One evening Lucy was evidently very melancholy; her fingers first ran wildly across the keys of the piano, and then across the strings of her harp but she could not elicit any harmony, nor collect her thoughts sufficiently to carry her through a single air. She then blamed the difficulty of the music, and afterwards censured her juvenile companions for putting the piano out of tune, though the songs were of the easiest description, and her music-master had tuned the piano but a few hours before. But Lucy was discontented and uneasy—book after book was tried, but they were all dull and uninteresting, and then aunt Bellamy came in for her share of blame for having no "pretty books" in her library. Thus hour after hour passed on, and Lucy was still fretful and peevish; at length she threw herself upon the sofa, reclined her pretty head upon her hand, and gave herself up to thought.

Mrs. Bellamy glanced at her niece, but said nothing—wisely, perhaps; Mrs. Bellamy had, without doubt, been frequently in a similar situation herself.

A servant entered the room with a letter for Miss Clifton—Lucy started from the sofa, and receiving it with evident emotion, retired from the drawing-room. Mrs. Bellamy affected not to notice the circumstance.

In about half an hour Lucy returned, but her manner was completely changed; she entered

the room with smiles upon her happy-looking countenance; her eyes were brilliant, and joy quivered upon her lips. She sat down at the piano, and, in a few moments, every piece of music was gone through with the most astonishing facility! and when she became tired, she came to the table at which aunt Bellamy was silently engaged in her accustomed occupation of embroidery, to read "a very interesting volume which she had found in the library."

"Lucy, my dear," exclaimed Mrs. Bellamy.

Lucy raised her face from the book immediately.

"WHAT IS LOVE?"

Lucy blushed deeply—her face was all crimson, but she put up her handkerchief to conceal her emotion—"Oh, aunt Bellamy!" was all that she could say.

"You want no explanation now, I presume—you think that you are perfectly qualified to teach a lesson yourself."

* * * * *

Mrs. Bellamy returned with Lucy to the metropolis, in order to spend the winter there. Edward Temple appeared devoted to the beautiful object of his affections, seizing every opportunity of testifying his happiness in the enjoyment of her regard, and exercising all those little ingratiating qualities which appeal so silently, but effectually, to the human heart. Edward Temple's rank in life was equal to that of Lucy; her friends were, therefore, all agreeable to the intercourse, and Lucy Clifton imagined herself the happiest girl in the whole world.

"———But then we trace

The map of our own paths; and long ere years,

With their dull steps, the brilliant lines efface,

Comes the swift storm, and blots them out in tears."

That winter was the happiest portion of Lucy's existence. She loved, and was as truly beloved. Edward Temple was a good, an honorable man; but with the characters of the most upright and honest of earth's creatures bold slander will be busy, and there are ever friends about the young and lovely, to magnify the babbled rumour, and spread the seeds of discontent and misery in the heart. Something mysterious was noticed in Edward Temple's conduct—suspicion was awakened; but Lucy scorned every insinuation that was breathed to his discredit, and aunt Bellamy approved so virtuous and honorable a trait of character. Lucy felt proud of that approval.

"You find, dear aunt, that I was right—I am above such mean suspicions."

"Be ever so, my child," returned Mrs. Bellamy, "and you must be happy."

Mrs. Bellamy was compelled to return to her country residence; but she left her niece steadfast in her noble sentiment, and with the prospect of true happiness before her. Another month passed in unalloyed felicity. Edward's affections appeared to increase, and his union with Miss Clifton was now generally talked of.

But who is there in the living world that can secure to themselves the cup of bliss? Who, with the draught in their hands, can say that it

shall touch their lips? A hand may come between us and our happiness, and the cup may pass away from us never to return.

Edward Temple's visits at a lodging-house, in a retired part of the metropolis, had for some time been known to Lucy; she had mentioned it to him, but then he entreated her to forbear inquiries, at least until a period when he might be permitted to explain the circumstance. Lucy confided in the honour of her lover, and never again alluded to the subject; her generous confidence evidently exalted her in Edward's estimation. A discharged domestic, whom Edward had turned from his doors, after discovering him in many acts of knavery, now appeared upon the scene; he sought an interview with Miss Clifton, which he obtained, and then revealed to her the startling fact, that the mysterious visits of Edward, were to a female friend, who, with an infant child, resided in strict seclusion, and was visited by no one but Mr. Temple.

Lucy fainted at this intelligence, and when she recovered, she was alone; but the dreadful truth of what she had heard was impressed upon her heart, and, for the first time in her life, Lucy Clifton was suspicious of the man she loved.

She taxed him with the circumstance, and he acknowledged its truth; she was indignant, but Edward was distressed.

"My dearest Lucy," observed he, taking her hand, but which she instantly withdrew, "you have ever confided in my honour, you have ever believed me above the meanness of deceiving you—still let me beg, let me entreat of you to entertain the same opinion, though circumstances may at this moment appear to render me unworthy of your regard."

"I refused to listen, sir, to every imputation, until the fact became too evident to render further confidence at all honourable to myself."

"My dearest Lucy, I have every expectation of being able, in less than a month, to conclude an affair of so much moment, and which has been productive of so much anxiety to me; then all shall be revealed to you, and I know my Lucy too well to imagine that she will not applaud my conduct, strange as it may now appear to her."

"Situated as we are, I should think Mr. Temple could have no objection to reveal this momentous affair—if not to myself, at least unto my parent, to whom I beg to refer any farther correspondence."

Such was the substance of this interview, when Lucy abruptly left the room, nor could Edward Temple by any perseverance, or means, obtain another hearing. And then, in all probability, he considered such behaviour unmerited—for after having had three or four letters returned unopened, he became indignant as well—and the correspondence was broken off.

Lucy, notwithstanding her fortitude—her determination to resist, and conquer the demon—was now absolutely jealous!

Whether Lucy repented of her hasty conduct did not transpire, but she became silent and reserved; weeks passed away, and nothing was

heard of Edward—his name was never mentioned in her family circle, nor was the connexion ever alluded to. At length one of the newspapers announced the death of his father, and the departure of Edward and *Miss Temple* to the south of France to attend the rites. Lucy had never heard of a *Miss Temple*, she never knew that Edward had a *sister*—the probability that it might be a mistake, and the being who accompanied him was *Mrs. Temple*—was *his wife!* agonized her heart—for she still loved, fondly loved, the forsaken one, and trembled lest her fears should ultimately prove true.

But she had banished him *for ever!* Jealousy, which she had formerly imagined so repulsive as to scorn the mere idea of the probability of her own actions being directed by such a feeling, had at length obtained the victory, and now triumphed over her happiness—wrecked—blighted, and herself a lonely girl, whose heart had now no joy, no single hope to rest upon. Then did she think that fate had done its worst; her thoughts reverted to the moments of rapture which she had passed in the society of her lover—she beheld him again at her feet—again heard the soft tones of affection in which he was accustomed to speak; she viewed herself *then* on the eve of happiness—and *now* she stood upon the brink of despair.

“———ah, but ill,

When with rich hopes o'erfraught the young high heart
Bears its first blow. It knows not yet the part
Which life will teach—to suffer and be still!
And with submissive love to count the flowers
Which yet are spared; and through the future hours
To send no busy dream. She had not learned
Of sorrow 'till that blight, and therefore turned
In weariness from life.”

The cup of Lucy's anguish was not yet filled—the measure of her sorrows not yet completed. Twelve months passed, and Edward had never been heard of; the possibility that he had quite forgotten *her*, weighed down her heart—her spirit was bowed and broken, and the fragile flower that had hitherto bloomed in such lively beauty, now shook in the blast, and threatened premature decay. And then her doting father—the good parent who had affectionately endeavoured to cheer the drooping spirits of his child, passed into the silence of the tomb, and Lucy became an orphan;—bereft of all now that was dear to her—alone—and without a living being in the world upon whom she had any legitimate claim for protection.

It is needless to describe the additional anguish—the agony of Lucy then, the only one whose precepts had consoled her previous sufferings, and led her afflicted thoughts to peace and resignation, had been snatched away from her, and now, save her aunt Bellamy, there was no one that either loved or cared for her.

She retired from the busy circles of the metropolis, and sought refuge with her aunt; in the quiet retirement of the village she found a relief that the noise and hurry of fashionable life could not afford. She became honoured and esteemed in the neighborhood, and she frequently assisted

her worthy aunt in her accustomed acts of benevolence and charity. But people marvelled that one so young, so lovely, and so good, should wear such marks of grief upon her countenance—for no sunshine could ever again inspire the smiles of happiness there.

In a country town the appearance of a traveller is always certain of obtaining notoriety, and one bright Sunday in May, all the talk was of a gentleman and lady, and their beautiful looking child, who, in passing through the town, had put up at one of the inns, and had been present at the service in the church that morning. Lucy had been too unwell to leave the house, and she could only listen to the many encomiums that were passed as well upon the handsome appearance of the gentleman and lady as of their child. In the course of the afternoon, the family were surprised by the stranger lady being announced, who wished to see Miss Clifton, and who having been admitted to the drawing-room, after the usual compliments, thus addressed her:—

“I come, not merely as an ambassadress to Miss Clifton, but, also, as an apologist for having been the unwitting occasion of much unhappiness.”

“Madam!” exclaimed Lucy.

The lady immediately presented her card, and Lucy read the name of “*Miss Temple.*” She gazed at the stranger in surprise and astonishment.

“Yes, my dear Miss Clifton,” resumed the lady, “I am the sister of him whom you once thought worthy of your love, but who was abandoned and despised because he maintained the secret of his sister's misery.”

“Can this be possible?” exclaimed Lucy.

I had married far beneath my rank in life, and my father shunned me—he would never be reconciled, and even when my husband died, and I and my infant child could scarce procure the means for subsistence, even then he would not forgive me. Edward was my *only* friend, and he had given me his sacred promise, as I wished to conceal my misfortunes from the world, that he never would disclose my painful situation unto *any* human being. Dependant as he then was upon his father, he could not publicly support his sister, and to his honour he sacrificed his love. And now he sends me again to proffer you a heart which is still your own; and upon this interview depends his happiness—nay, indeed, his very life.”

Lucy's sorrow had taught her a valuable lesson, and now their recollection served only to enhance her joy; the cup of bitterness had passed, and her after years were those of happiness and love.”

In the course of the ensuing week she became the wife of Edward;

The flights of genius are sometimes like those of a paper kite. While we are admiring its vast elevation, and gazing with boyish wonder at its graceful soarings, it plunges into the mud, an object of derision and contempt.

WOMAN'S HEROISM.

—Unheeded, pass not by
 The bravery of woman; trust we good Sir Knight.
 It bears as good record in olden deeds
 Of chivalry, and even beams as glorious
 As woman's love!"—DECKER.

It is delightful to record instances of glory in which the most lovely objects of the creation have distinguished themselves, so as to render them equal to the much, though unjustly, vaunted superiority of man. Confessing, however, that woman appears in the most beautiful, because delicate, light, in her domestic character; still we are pleased at finding her, occasionally, emerging from those tender duties, to assert her rights to the rewards of heroism. We have, therefore, the agreeable task of mingling with our sketches of woman in her more subdued character, a record of woman's valour, nothing less than the institution of a *female order of Knighthood!* which was created by Don Raymond, the last Earl of Barcelona, (who, by a marriage with Petronilla, only daughter and heiress of Romino, the monk king, united that principality to the kingdom of Arragon,) who, in the year 1149, gained the city of Tortosa from the Moors.

In the course of the ensuing winter, however, the Moors, having recruited their army, laid siege again to the place; for a length of time the inhabitants bore the siege firmly, and with the utmost and uncomprising bravery, but having suffered extreme privations, they applied to Don Raymond for relief; the latter, however, having experienced very ill success himself, was unable to succour the city, when, every hope having vanished, it was proposed to yield it to the Moors. Upon hearing this cowardly project, the females of the city instantly offered themselves to defend the place, and having attired themselves in the habits of their husbands and brothers, they made a resolute sally upon the Moors, and with such heroism that they compelled their enemies to raise the siege, and returned triumphant to the city! So resolutely did they fight, that the Moors fled in dismay, and made no farther attempt upon Tortosa.

Raymond was delighted by the report of the bravery of those intrepid females, and entering the city for the express purpose, he rewarded them by the grant of several privileges and immunities. Moreover, to perpetuate their memory, he instituted an order of Knighthood, somewhat resembling a military order, into which none but those brave ladies who had succeeded in preserving the city, were admitted. The badge of the order resembled a friar's capouche, of a crimson colour, and sharp at the top; it was worn upon the head dress. He also ordained, that at all public meetings the women should have the precedence of the men; that they should be exempt from all taxes, and that all the apparel and jewels left by their husbands (whatever might be the value of them,) should be lawfully their own. These privileges, with many

others, they long enjoyed, and were universally honoured and esteemed.

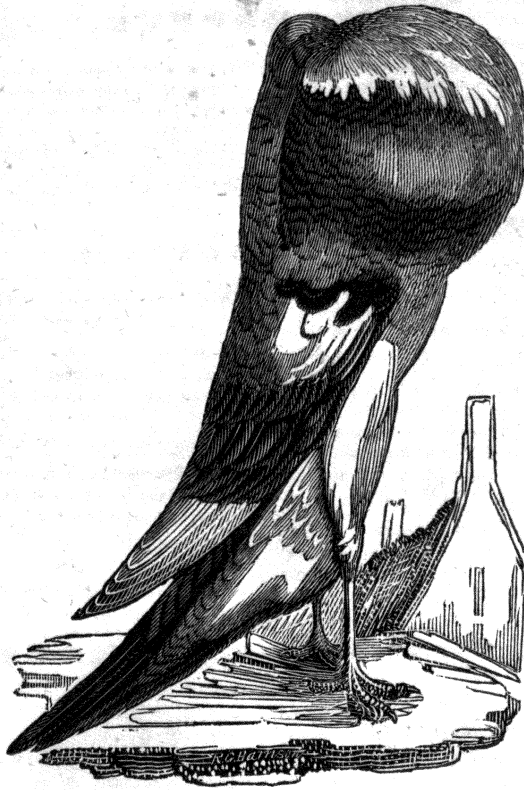
At the present eventful period, we have also a bright example of the heroism of woman, and in one of the noblest causes, too, that has ever inspired the sympathy of human nature. The poor Poles were assisted in their brave attempts to redeem themselves from Russian thralldom, by their females, and the name of Plater, the lady who led the female troops, will descend to posterity, associated with the record of the noble, though unsuccessful, struggle of the Poles.

 THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

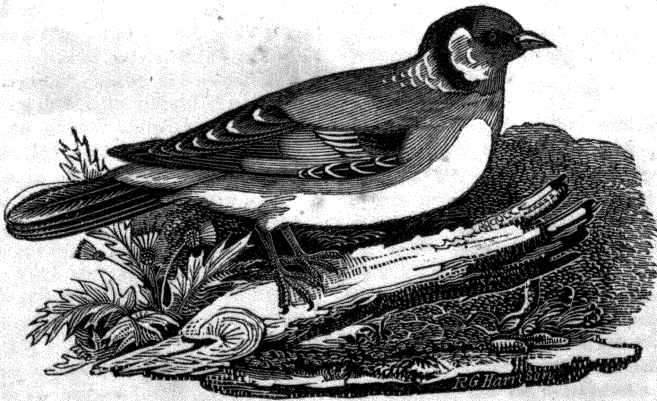
BUT the most stupendous work of this country is the great wall that divides it from Northern Tartary. It is built exactly upon the same plan as the wall of Pekin, being a mound of earth cased on each side with bricks or stone. [The astonishing magnitude of the fabric consists not so much in the plan of the work, as in the immense distance of fifteen hundred miles over which it is extended, over mountains of two and three thousand feet in height, across deep valleys and rivers.] The materials of all the dwelling houses of England and Scotland, supposing them to amount to one million eight hundred thousand, and to average, on the whole, two thousand cubic feet of masonry or brick work, are barely equivalent to the bulk or solid contents of the great wall of China. Nor are the projecting massy towers of stone and brick included in this calculation. These alone, supposing them to continue throughout at bow-shot distance, were calculated to contain as much masonry and brick work as all London. To give another idea of the mass of matter in this stupendous fabric, it may be observed that it is more than sufficient to surround the circumference of the earth on two of its great circles, with two walls, each six feet high and two feet thick! It is to be understood, however, that in this calculation is included the earthy part in the middle of the wall.—*Barrow's Travels in China.*

 D'AUBIGNE.

WE find in the memoirs of D'Aubigne, an anecdote that is worthy of notice. In a battle that was fought during the wars of Henry the Fourth, D'Aubigne had a personal combat with a captain of the name of Dubourg. During the heat of the action, D'Aubigne perceived that an arquebusade had set fire to a bracelet formed of his mistress's hair, which he wore on his arm; without thinking of the advantage he gave his adversary, he instantly employed himself in extinguishing the fire, and preserving this precious bracelet, which was dearer to him than liberty or life. Captain Dubourg sympathized with and respected the sentiment, suspended his attack, inclined the point of his sword, and began to trace on the sand a globe, surmounted with a cross.—*Memoirs of Madame de Genlis.*



THE CROPPER PIGEON.



THE GOLD FINCH.

THE CROPPER.

ALL Pigeons have a peculiar property, in a greater or less degree, of inflating their crops with air, but none to such an enormous size as the Cropper. These birds are frequently from seventeen to eighteen inches in length; their bodies are thin, and tapering from the shoulders downward; their legs are strong, straight, and covered with soft, white feathers. The front of the crop, the under parts of the body, and the tips of the wings, are usually white; there is, also, generally, a white spot near the point of each wing: the remainder of the plumage is usually of one uniform colour—yellow, red, blue or black, except round the red spot on the crop, where the feathers are of a brilliant green, or purple. These birds are exceedingly difficult to rear, on account of the carelessness of the old ones: for this reason, their eggs are generally hatched, and the nestlings brought up under some other Pigeon.

THE GOLDFINCH.

Fringilla.—This genus comprehends several of those little birds which are equally admired for the beauty of their plumage and the liveliness of their song. To enter into any description of the colours of the Goldfinch would be superfluous, nor is it even necessary to dwell on the mode of treatment most congenial to their habits when kept as song-birds; for who does not know that these gay little warblers delight in being placed, during the merry spring-time of the year, where the sun beam may gild their plumage with a richer glow?—in the sultry season, abroad, but in the shade?—and, while their feathers are falling, and throughout the winter, in “some choice location,” which is at once sheltered, but not solitary?—or, that they live on seeds, and require to be regularly provided with food and water, for which, in return, the little captives make their little mansions merry with their melody?—The Goldfinch, when kept in a cage, loses, in moulting, the freshness and beauty of its plumage: those which are purchased in autumn, possess the livery they wore in the woods; and it is never again equalled, while the birds remain in a state of captivity. The proper time for purchasing these birds is when the young ones flock, at the latter end of the summer: those which are taken in spring, frequently pine, and rarely prove good songsters in the cage. The Goldfinch builds a very beautiful nest of moss, and other soft materials, and lays five or six eggs, which are white, and marked at the end with purple spots.

THE PLAGUE OF GIBRALTAR.

THE spots that are canopied by the serenest skies, where the air is the purest to the vision, and the most genial to the feelings, where nature too, has been most lavish of her charms, are those where the visitations of pestilence are the most frequent and the most destructive; coming, as if in mockery of the judgment of man, to show him, that spots which seem to him the Edens of the world, are, like the Eden of old, gardens where death lies in ambush. This observation may well be applied to atmosphere; where, a spot of earth upon which nature has so outpoured her riches, decorating the gigantic rocks with a thousand odoriferous flowers; thus strangely mingling beauty and sublimity, and strewing every acclivity with the broad-leaved and venerable fig-tree, the yellow-tufted and fragrant acacia, the golden-speckled orange, and the bright blossomed geranium, that in its infinite varieties trails over the ground, and hangs in every fissure. Yet plague and pestilence, in their most horrid forms, have been visitors here; and the elements of disease and death have been borne on the same breeze that wafted the odours of a thousand flowers. The disastrous story that I am about to narrate, is connected with the memorable visitation of 18—, and its details will not, I think, possess less interest, because they belong not to the dominion of fiction.

I received a commission on the medical staff of Gibraltar, the winter before the plague broke out; and in the month of March I arrived at that celebrated station. The 2— regiment of infantry accompanied me from England, and the officers were my messmates in the Thetis frigate, during the voyage. Among their number was

Edward Courtenay, with whom—singularly enough—I had been on habits of the closest intimacy ever since childhood, and who was, indeed to me, as a younger brother. He was a fine, noble-minded fellow; his like I have never seen before or since; and often as we sat on deck during the glorious evenings that set over us as we sailed southward, we talked of the pranks of our youth, and imagined scenes of manifold enjoyment, during the four years that it was supposed we might be stationed at Gibraltar. “The brightest of my anticipations,” said Courtenay, “is the renewal of my acquaintance with Caroline Lorn.” Now this was the only anticipation that gave me uneasiness; I knew of the predilection of my young friend for this fascinating girl, before her father obtained a civil appointment in Gibraltar; and well aware of his enthusiastic turn of mind, I could not but fear the influence which I foresaw a despotic passion might exert over his intellect and his actions.

We were soon domesticated in Gibraltar, and began to realize the pleasant fancies we had pictured on our voyage; and the bright anticipation of Courtenay was fully answered. Mr. Lorn we found inhabiting one of the sweetest of those little villas that dot the neighbourhood of the town; it stood upon one of the south-western slopes which are terminated by the moles, and was embowered in a thicket of sweet-smelling and flowering shrubs. This was the daily resort of my friend, and truly the household goddess was well worthy to receive his adorations. Let me say a few words of Caroline Lorn.—She was four years younger than Courtenay; he was twenty-two, Caroline was only eighteen; but

her figure, as well as her mind, had somewhat outstripped her age; the former, cast in the most perfect mould, added to an almost infantine lightness, those gracious contours which belong to maturer years; and with the artlessness of childhood, her mind was already rich in those indescribable and nameless elegances and perceptions, which are rarely the accompaniment of even a riper age. I wish I could describe her countenance; but this is impossible. I can only say that it was radiant with beauty, youth and gladness, and that the expression of contemplative thought that sometimes shadowed it, but increased its charm, as the thin cloud, veiling but not obscuring the sun-beams, throws upon the earth a softer and more mellowed light. I often saw Courtenay and Caroline Lorn together; it was evident that they were bound by no common attachment; and if, from present promise, human reason ever dare predict future felicity, it might there have indulged its augury; for happiness had already unfolded her fairest blossoms, and they had outlived the hour when frost might have blighted them. Is there not a season in love, when the beatings of the heart are but the chronicles of happiness?

There are some who may perhaps say, contemptuously, "this is a love-tale!" Reader, I wish it were; I wish I had only to record the triumphs, or the difficulties of love; but he is a poor philosopher, and but indifferently skilled in the history of the human mind—which is the history of the world—who speaks contemptuously of a love-tale. If such be deficient in interest, the fault may lie with the narrator, but surely not with the passion, which has led to wilder, aye, and to greater and nobler deeds, and which has brought with it more happiness, and more misery, and has been the hinge of greater events, than have ever arisen from all the other passions of mankind.

Four months passed away; four months, I may say, of perfect felicity. It was now the beginning of July; and it was settled that the following month Courtenay and Caroline were to be united. I was equally the friend and confident of both; I was the depository of all their little plans; scarcely was their conversation interrupted by my presence; and when in the midst of that domestic circle, I raised my eyes to the countenances of the manly youth and the lovely girl, who sat near to each other, and saw the beautiful blending of present deep-felt happiness, with the anticipation of still fuller joy, I wondered at my own foolish fears, that a passion such as theirs could ever be prolific in aught else but happiness.

The memorable 17th of July arrived; on that day the plague first made its appearance in the town of Gibraltar. I passed that evening at the cottage, and notwithstanding the fearful forebodings that were abroad, we contrived to be gay; for youth is slow to believe in the prediction of evil; and although my knowledge of the facts might have enabled me to throw a chill over the anticipations of my friends, I for-

bore—for "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

Next morning, doubt could no longer rest upon the minds of the medical officers, that the plague was amongst us; and the same day, about noon, orders were issued from head-quarters, that the regiments stationed in Gibraltar, should be in readiness in three hours, to evacuate the place, and form an encampment upon the neutral ground; and the staff (with the exception of the governor) having resolved to accompany the military, the order of course comprehended me. Courtenay was with me when the order was communicated; and as I expected, he immediately proposed to go to the cottage.

"This is, indeed, a blow," said he, as we crossed the Alameda.

"From which," said I, "I trust we shall all recover; there is every reason for hope; Caroline lives in one of the healthiest spots in Gibraltar; and it is thought that on the neutral ground, the military, and therefore you, will be safe."

"Ah!" said he, "you have never known what it is to love; absence is of itself a sufficient evil."

Caroline met us at the entrance of the garden; and in place of leading the way as usual into the cottage, she conducted us to the summer-house. She already knew of the order that had been issued; "I trust, Edward," said she, "I may live to see it recalled."

"May live!" said Courtenay; "Caroline, do not speak doubtfully to me."

"How else should I speak, dear Edward?" returned she, "are not our lives, yours and mine, and all our lives in the hands of God; and how can I say better, than that I trust in him?"

But the tone in which Caroline spoke, and the strange, though strangely-sweet smile with which she turned to Courtenay, raised some indistinct suspicion in his mind; and suddenly taking both her hands, and looking in her face, "Caroline," he said, "you never deceived me; something is amiss—tell me, for God's sake, tell me," and before she could reply, he had relinquished her hands and rushed towards the house.

"He will know all, he will know all," said she, "'twas for his sake I would have concealed from him—"

"What is it that you conceal, Caroline? May I follow him? Is it any evil that I can prevent or alleviate?"

"You cannot cure the PLAGUE," said she.

This was, indeed, a thunderbolt; this was the evil she would have concealed. Courtenay returned; for with woman's apprehension, and the instinct that told her she could conceal nothing from her betrothed, she had locked the doors. But concealment any longer was impossible. The symptoms of disease had manifested themselves in a servant of the family.

When the disclosure had been made, we remained for many moments silent. Courtenay hid his face in his hands; but his agitation was extreme.

"Caroline," said he, at length, in a composed and earnest manner; "there is one remedy for

this evil, the evil—the danger, I mean, that threatens you; you have consented, within one little month, to be my wife; anticipate the time, accompany me now to the altar; your father, I know, will consent, and in three hours we may both be safe from pestilence.”

“Edward, my dear Edward,” said Caroline, “I will be ingenuous, even at the risk of being thought bold. It is true that I have consented to be your wife, and I not only do not recal that consent, but I even avow that I wish it had been already ratified at the altar; but I would be unworthy of you if I could timidly, meanly prefer the chance of my own safety to that of thousands. No, Edward, my heart pleads for what you desire, because it is misery to be separated from you; but I dare not sport with the lives of others; I dare not risk the remorse that would pursue me, if I carried into your camp the seeds of disease that perhaps now lurk in myself.”

Courtenay argued with her; implored her; kneeled to her; but Caroline, though strongly moved, was resolute. “Do not,” said she, “do not try to make me unworthy of you; take with you my love, but leave my life in the keeping of God.”

Caroline's father entered the garden, and Courtenay flew to him to plead his wishes. “It is impossible,” said he; my child is right: I dare not advise her otherwise; go, my young friend, assured of her affection, and my esteem; we will take every possible precaution, and let us hope that all will go well.”

Courtenay had exhausted every argument and every entreaty; he stood gazing upon Caroline, the image of misery and despair. At length he burst into tears.

Reader, forgive him; the lion-hearted may be moved to tears. Remember how he loved—remember his enthusiastic nature; he knew that he was about to be separated from her whom perhaps pestilence had already marked as his prey; he saw her before him, young, and beautiful, and sorrowful—for the large drops silently ran down her cheeks; and perhaps he fancied her on her death-bed. I do not know what were his thoughts, but they must have been bitter and sad; for, I say, he burst into tears.

Caroline could withstand his eloquence, his prayers, even his kneeling; but where is the woman who ever yet resisted the tears of the man she loves? Caroline threw herself upon his neck, unmindful of witnesses of her tenderness. “I am your's,” said she, “I am your's;” lead me where you will.” But Courtenay felt that his triumph was ungenerous.—“No,” said he, “that which judgment and virtue, religion and affection have withheld, ought not to be yielded to tears.” And they parted in deep sorrow indeed, but with somewhat more calmness than from the former part of the interview might perhaps have been expected.

An hour after, the troops mustered at the different barracks, and marched out of Gibraltar: and, before sunset, the encampment was formed upon the neutral ground. The neutral ground

of Gibraltar is a strip about half a mile wide, across the neck of land that connects Gibraltar with the main land, lying, of course, between the British and Spanish lines. Upon every occasion, when disease has visited Gibraltar, it has been the custom for the soldiery to encamp upon the neutral ground. This precautionary measure has evidently proceeded upon the supposition that plague is contagious, for its purpose is to cut off all communication between the military and the inhabitants, which would be difficult, if not impossible, unless by placing between them impassable moats and bulwarks. This purpose has also been always made doubly secure, by the most rigorous exaction of military discipline, and obedience to orders; and any violation of these has been visited by prompt and effectual punishment. The separation would, indeed, be entirely nugatory, unless it were accompanied by the most rigorous discipline. Accordingly, the same evening upon which the encampment was formed, the troops were called out, and a general order read at the head of each company, forbidding, under any pretence, all communication between the camp and the town, under the high penalty affixed by the articles of war to disobedience of orders. But even this was insufficient to enforce obedience. A private, in the 8th regiment, who had been accustomed to resort every night to a small public-house near the north-western point, took advantage of low water soon after dusk, to cross the long reach of sands, and wading as far as the depth would allow, swam under the mole, and reached his favourite resort. But he paid the penalty. He was seen from the signal-house crossing the sands; and being apprehended and sent to the encampment, he was tried, condemned, and shot the same afternoon. Let me now return to my story.

The same evening, while sitting in my tent, just as dusk was fading into darkness, the curtain was pushed aside, and Courtenay entered.

“Good evening,” said I, “but how is it that you are here? They have beaten the retreat, and you ought to be in your own tent, unless, indeed, you are on guard.”

“I am,” replied Courtenay; “I am on the western piquet—the most fortunate station I could have had.”

“How fortunate?” said I. “Why more fortunate than any other?”

“Cannot you guess?” said Courtenay.

“No, indeed, I cannot, unless it be that it is the point nearest to Caroline.”

“I see,” said Courtenay, “you do not understand me.”

A suspicion of the truth flashed upon my mind.—“You cannot mean, Courtenay,” said I, “to—Impossible!”

“To disobey orders, you would say. Ah! my friend, you never loved as I do.”

“Courtenay,” said I, in a grave tone, “sit down and listen to me. This is madness—not love. Have you already forgotten the example of this afternoon?”

"I am sure," said he, interrupting me, "you do not believe me a coward."

"No Courtenay," said I, "but cowardice and prudence are not the same. Your duty as a soldier commands you to stay—your duty as a man also; for you are about to incur the very risk, to avoid which Caroline sacrificed her inclination. Will you allow her to out-do you in resolution?"

"Duties," replied he, "are of different obligations; although our vows have not been exchanged at the altar, they have been registered elsewhere; and I know of no duty so sacred as that of cherishing her who is all but my wife. It is possible, oh, Seymour!—oh, God! it is possible that she is at this moment ill—dying; and shall I sacrifice the duty of watching over her, to any obligations that human law may have imposed?"

I tried to argue the matter with Courtenay; I implored him by the affection he felt for his mother and sisters in England—by his friendship for me—by his love for Caroline, to desist from his project.

"I am not afraid of discovery," said he: "the piquet are men of my own company, and will not betray me. I have agreed with a Spanish boat from Algesiras to be in readiness at ten; it will carry me close to the mole; and I shall have returned long before daylight. I am utterly miserable, Seymour; if the risk were a thousand times greater than it is, I could not live over such another day as this."

I saw that it was in vain to offer farther opposition. I held aside the canvas, and shook hands with him as he walked out; and his figure soon disappeared among the tents; but I frequently returned to look out; and once I thought I heard the stroke of oars—which was not impossible, as the night was quite calm, and my tent was on the western side of the encampment.

I was awake at five o'clock by the morning gun. This was the hour at which the piquets are broken up; and in a few minutes I saw Courtenay enter. He seated himself near me, without speaking; and the dawn was yet too imperfect to permit me to augur any thing from his countenance. His silence, however, was ominous of evil, and I waited patiently until he should break it.

"Seymour," said he, at length, "my story is brief; but I cannot utter it. Caroline—"

"Is well, I trust," said I.

Courtenay half rose, and bending over me, whispered in my ear, in an articulate whisper, that will never pass from my memory—"THE PLAGUE;" and with a deep smothered groan of intense agony, he fell to the ground.

I knew the meaning of these words—Caroline was about to be a victim. I raised Courtenay from the ground, but I had no consolation to offer him. I could only say, "It is not always mortal: you may yet both live to be happy."

"You do not yet know all," said he; "my hours, as well as her's, are numbered, and for that mercy I thank God. I believe, Seymour, my absence is known."

"Then, indeed," said I, "all is lost." And as the dreadful and inevitable consequence of Courtenay's indiscretion rose fully before me, I almost prayed that the plague might spare Caroline the far greater misery that awaited a deliverance from it.

At this moment the curtain of my tent was drawn aside, and a sergeant appeared with an order to conduct Courtenay to the colonel. I accompanied him. The colonel was a well-known disciplinarian, and a blunt man. "I am sorry to hear it is true," said he; "we must go through the forms of a court: but I cannot give you any hope. Private Donovan was shot yesterday for the same offence, and distinctions won't do in the service."

Early in the forenoon a court-martial met. I was a member of it; and Brigadier-General L—, of the Artillery, presided. Courtenay had been mistaken in his estimate of the men who composed the piquet; one of the men, upon whose good feeling he had calculated, owed him a grudge. Upon a former occasion this man had been tried, for what offence I am unable to recollect; and Courtenay, from the best motives, exerted himself in his behalf, and having stated some palliating circumstances that had come to his knowledge, obtained a mitigation of the sentence, which was changed, from death to that other punishment that still so deeply disgraces the code of our martial law. This man, while in confinement, had levelled the bitterest curses against Courtenay, and swore he would never forgive him; and, like most other men who have once suffered a disgraceful punishment, his heart hardened under its infliction; and though the scars of his body were healed, the laceration of his mind grew into a sore, that festered, and at last cankered every thought, and poisoned all the sources of feeling. This man gave information against Courtenay the moment the piquet was dismissed.

Courtenay said nothing in his defence upon his trial; he admitted the act of disobedience, and neither palliated nor vaunted it. For form's sake, the soldiers who composed the piquet were summoned; but one of their number—the man who had been the informer—was no where to be found; and soon after, information was brought that he had hung himself upon one of the tent-poles. One only palliating circumstance I was able to bring into view. The Spanish sailor, in whose boat Courtenay had been carried to and from Gibraltar, said, that in crossing the bay, he had warned him of his danger. He told him he knew the character of one of the piquet, and that he was his enemy; and he advised Courtenay to take advantage of a boat just then getting under weigh for Tangiers; but that he refused. This was, of course, insufficient to alter the complexion of the crime, or to change its penalty. "Unless we can bring private Donovan to life," said General L—, "it is impossible to extend pardon to Lieutenant Courtenay." And Courtenay was accordingly adjudged worthy of death.

"Gentlemen," said Courtenay, addressing

himself to the Court, "I have one favour to beg: defer until to-morrow morning the execution of the sentence, and, in the meantime, remove the arrest from my person."

The first part of the petition the court immediately granted; but the second occasioned some demur—it was unusual, and old officers are averse to innovation.

"I pass my honour," said Courtenay, "as a British officer, and an English gentleman, that I will be present at the appointed hour to meet the penalty. Surely you do not distrust me!"

A few words were whispered among the members of the court; and General L— then said, "the desertion of your post was not only a military crime, but also some stigma on your honour; and your request is granted, that you may have an opportunity—the only one you can ever have—of wiping it out!"

To have looked upon Courtenay at the same moment that his petition was granted, one might have thought that he had suddenly reached the summit of human felicity, or that he had just awoke from a disturbed sleep, and found that he had been but dreaming of horrors that were unreal. It can scarcely be supposed that the court, in granting Courtenay's petition, ever contemplated the possibility of a second visit to Gibraltar, for this would have been granting a license to break through the command of non-intercourse. There was, indeed, no proof, upon trial, that Courtenay had visited Gibraltar; he was tried for deserting his post; but that he visited Gibraltar was undoubtedly suspected—the spot appointed for carrying the sentence into execution being the same as that selected in the case of private Donovan, who, it was supposed, might possibly communicate infection: this was the sands at low water, for within water-mark, so that the waves might wash away the infected person.

"Mr. Courtenay," said General L—, "you are now at liberty; to-morrow morning, two hours after gun-fire, the troops will muster."

The moment the court broke up, I walked slowly towards my tent, and Courtenay walked by my side—both in silence. Courtenay reached the tent first, and he held aside the canvas for me to enter.

"I will follow," I said.

"I do not enter," said he. "Pass by, but do not touch me."

I raised my eyes to his countenance, and saw the unfailling signs, which, owing to the excitement he was under during the trial, had then escaped me.

"Yes, Seymour," said he, "the hand of the plague is upon me. I feel it here—and here," pressing his forehead and his chest; "and God be thanked for it; for now I know that death was awaiting us both, and would have baffled precautions. But I trust it may give me time to redeem my promise to the court—to live till two hours after gun-fire and once more to see her—are all I now desire." And before I could reply he had dropped the curtain, and disappeared

I remained many hours within my tent, sunk in deep and most oppressive thought. Alas, what a revolution had three days accomplished! I recalled the evening of the sixteenth, when I had looked on happy countenances, and listened to projects of enjoyment that stretched into far years. Now, they were all annihilated, and those who had projected them had done with the world and its concerns.

I was roused from my meditation by a messenger, who came to inform me, that a signal had been made from Gibraltar for one of the medical officers. It had been agreed upon, before the troops evacuated the town, that, if the medical assistance there should be found insufficient, and if disease had not made its appearance in the camp, the medical officers should be recalled by certain signals. I, accordingly, immediately left the encampment; and having bribed the services of a boat, I was soon landed upon the mole.

It was now about seven in the evening; and it will be readily believed, that the instant it was in my power, I hastened to Mr. Lorn's cottage. Ah! with how different sensations from those to which I had been accustomed, did I push open the garden-gate. The sky was as blue, and the sun as bright as ever, and yet an air of gloom seemed to be there; the flowers were all so beautiful, and smelled as sweet as before, but their brightness and beauty were offensive. The door was open, and I entered; all the lower rooms were empty; no one was visible; perhaps, said I within myself—all, all are victims, and the house is tenantless, or tenanted only by the dead. I ascended to Caroline's chamber, and as I approached the door, I was startled by the sound of laughter; but there was in it so unearthly a sound, and it was in such jarring discord with the silence of death around, and the reign of pestilence, the deepest moan of suffering would have been more grateful to my ears. I entered the chamber, prepared for horror, and I found it;—there lay the dead, locked in the arms of the living—there lay the victim of the plague, in the embrace of madness!

"Ah!" said Courtenay, looking at me without showing any surprise, "you are come to see us then—that's kind in you. I was just laughing at the excellent trick we played; he came for us, but I said we were not at home, and he went away, and so we cheated the Plague," and Courtenay again broke into a peal of dreadful laughter. It was a horrible scene. Caroline—ah! how changed—lay an insensible corpse, upon the bed where she had died. Courtenay's own arm supported her head; he had raised himself upon his other elbow to look at me when I entered, and now lay in convulsions of laughter. Yet, who could have desired to see the fit of madness pass from him? who could have desired to see that maniac joy exchanged for the wailings of misery—the horrors of reality—hopelessness and despair? I inwardly prayed that reason might never return.

Suddenly he checked his laughter, and turning towards me with a grave countenance, "I will

tell you," said he, "a curious dream I had: do you know I dreamed that Caroline was dead, and that I was sentenced to be shot—for what crime think you?"

"I cannot tell," said I.

"Why then, I will tell you," said he; and he sprang up, and stood on the middle of the floor; "it was for killing the plague. I wrestled with him, and then I trampled upon him, and threw him out to the dogs; but they slunk away, and so I left him lying. Come," said he, "and see where he lies," taking me by the hand, and leading me to the bedside. "There." He bent over, and for a moment looked with a steadfast gaze upon the dead. He then pressed his hand to his forehead, and, with a terrific cry, in which the fit of insanity passed away—a cry that will ring forever in my ears—he fell senseless upon the couch.

When he returned to consciousness and misery, he extended his hand to me, and said, "Seymour, I was in time to receive her last sigh, and her blessing; but since then I remember nothing. Is it near gun-fire?"

"'Tis only evening," I replied, "the sun has but newly set."

"I trust," said he, "I may live to redeem my pledge."

I gently led my friend from the bed-chamber to the garden, and seated him in the summer-house. It was such an evening as that upon which, three short days ago, we had parted from Caroline. At first, Courtenay was overpowered by the reminiscences which it awakened, but he gradually recovered his composure.

"I fear," said he, "honour is less dear to me than it ought to be, and that if *she* had lived it would have been a hard struggle to tear myself from her, to meet death: there is the coast of Spain, and there are the mountains of Barbary—I would not have answered for my honour, Seymour."

"You are spared that struggle, at least," said I.

"'Tis better as it is; better for me, perhaps, even for her."

Just at this moment, a man's head appeared above the mole; it was the face of the Spanish sailor, who had been examined upon the trial. He climbed up, and walked towards us. I could not guess his errand, but he soon made it known. "I have here," said he, addressing Courtenay, "a good boat; I'll undertake to land you either at Tangiers, or Tarifa, before day-break, or if the wind continue fair, I'll put you aboard an American, in the bay of Cadiz in twenty-four hours."

"Friend," said Courtenay, "I thank you for your offer, but if you will look closer into my face, you will see that I have no temptation to accept it."

The man advanced a few steps, looked on Courtenay's face, shuddered, and returned to his boat.

My professional duties now called me to the town; I returned to the house, brought writing materials, and, laying them before Courtenay,

told him, if he wished to address a few lines to England, I would be the bearer of his memorials. He was able to write; the disease advanced slowly, and I believe that Courtenay might have been cured: but this thought was painful; I neither indulged it myself, nor breathed it to him. I told him to remain in the summer-house until I should return, and walked towards the town.

How was the face of every thing changed! No drums or trumpets were heard from the deserted barracks; no gay parties were sauntering in the Alameda, nor bearded Jews lying under the trees, talking and smoking. As I raised my eyes to the face of the single sentinel at the gate, I saw that he was smitten; and when I entered the town, all was like a sepulchre. It was at this hour, when the heats had subsided, that the streets and the walks used to be crowded; but all was deserted—there was no sound of pleasure or of business: one or two starving African porters sat on the steps of the Exchange; their services were no longer needed: surfeited dogs lay in the streets, or were seen walking in and out of the open doors; they looked smitten and I avoided them; and, as I passed along the rampart, I heard the occasional splash of the bodies that were dropped into the sea.

The greater part of the night was occupied with the duties I had to perform, and it was dawn before I could return to seek the friend who was soon to be added to the number of the dead. I found him on the spot where I had left him. I saw that disease was making rapid progress; two letters lay before him, which he put into my hand, and at the same moment the morning gun boomed over the sea.

"'Tis nearly time, Seymour," said he, "yet I think I can spare a little while;" and he was about to enter the house, when I held him back. "No, Courtenay," I said, "if you wish to preserve your reason, and to redeem your promise, do not risk it." "Well, well," said he; "we shall meet soon," and I led him to the mole.

The boat had slipped from its mooring, and, after some time had been lost in ineffectual efforts to recover it, I was forced to swim, and bring it under the wall. It was nearly six when we pushed off, and a strong east wind had arisen, and blew directly out of the bay. Courtenay seemed fast sinking; he heaved deep sighs, and all the symptoms were fearfully aggravated; and with no assistance from him, it was with difficulty I could make way. We had proceeded but a very little distance, when we heard the trumpet from the camp, calling the soldiers to muster, and then the roll of the drums was heard as they fell into rank. We saw them march down to the sands, and form; and as we drew nearer, we could even see the file of musqueteers take their places, ready to carry the sentence into execution. It was now close upon seven o'clock. The Exchange clock is distinctly seen from the neutral ground and the bay. Courtenay, although visibly approaching his last moments, yet preserved his intellect, and gazed intently upon it. The hand trembled upon the hour; the boat was

already surrounded by the surf; and the sand was scarcely distant three hundred yards. Courtenay, with that almost superhuman energy that sometimes accompanies the last stage of disease, sprung from the boat, and dashing through the breakers, reached the dry sand. With extended arm, and his finger pointed to the clock, he rushed staggering forward, and fell upon the spot destined for the scene of his execution, as the first chime told that the hour had arrived.

There had been dead silence among the sol-

diery from the moment that Courtenay was seen to leap from the boat: but when he fell upon the spot, and redeemed his word, a hum of mingled pity and approbation ran through the ranks, and swelled into a faint huzza.

The soldiers filed off the ground in silence, for Courtenay was dead. I returned to the mole, as I had no permission to land; and the next tide, doubtless swept the body of the unhappy youth to mingle with the unburied victims of THE PLAGUE.

RHAPSODIES BY A RAMBLER.

GERMANY! sweet Germany! from the day when Arminius and his hardy followers on Winfelt's glorious field spread wailing and lament through the gorgeous palaces of Imperial Rome, to the hour when thy sons on the plains of Leipsic arose, and with one majestic effort chased the Gallic eagles from thy soil, thy land has been the region of romance; the martial character of thy warrior men, the tender softness of thy blue-eyed maidens, the theme of poetry and song. In our own days thy territory, from the mighty Danube to the legendary Rhine, from the Tyrolian Alps to the dreary Baltic, has been one vast theatre of war; thy cities, camps; thy palaces, casernes; thy public walks, the bivouacs of warriors, from China's wall to the shores of Britain. Peace has at length spread her graceful mantle over thee; and long may it be ere the love-dream of thy daughters is startled by the alarum of an enemy's trumpet; far distant the period when again thy high-minded youth will behold, in the luring front of an enemy's ranks, the friend of his infancy, slaughtered in the unhallowed cause of foreign ambition.

How martial is the aspect of the Prussian capital. On approaching Berlin none of the vulgar features of other large cities offend the traveller's eye; no range of mean looking suburbs; no lines of carts, lumbering omnibusses, or shabby diligences. All is noble, beautiful, and "en grand."

We entered Berlin from the Charlottenburg road, and as we approached the magnificent Brandenburger Thor, some battalions of the grenadiers of the guard, and two regiments of lancers, were defiling in column beneath its stately arches. The measured tread of the infantry, their proud and gallant bearing, the waving pennons of the uhlans, the loud breathings of their brazen bands, the architectural magnificence of the gate itself, with its chariot of victory rearing aloft in lordly pride the black eagle of Prussia, produced a beautiful effect. As our britscha slowly rolled down the Unter den Linden, one of the finest promenades in Europe, some of the most picturesque features of Prussian life burst upon our view. Groups of military of every arm, the tall grenadier of the

guard, the graceful uhlan, the heavy cuirassier, the splendid hussar were seen, some twitching their moustaches, and lounging with a listless "air de garnison;" others standing with folded arms, turning their large proud eyes on the fair occupants of the line of open carriages that crowded the centre of the drive. Many a nod of recognition was exchanged; many a bright eye, with sidelong glance, looked furtively on the handsome figures of their countrymen, who, for martial grace and military carriage, surpass the soldiers of every other country. After all, there is a halo around the profession of arms, that appeals to the imagination of the most phlegmatic; but to the fair, there is magic in the glitter of an epaulette, music in the gingle of a spur.

I established my quarters at the *Pariser hof*; and, as I stood at its lofty gate, holding council with myself in what way I should dispose of the first evening—whether I should study the street population in a stroll, or while away an hour or two in some of the numerous cafes, my lacquey de place, who, with an instinct peculiar to his race, apparently guessed what was passing in my mind, decided the question, by pronouncing two talismanic words—the Opera and Sontag. There was no resisting such an appeal, and to the opera I went.

The grand opera at Berlin, whether we consider the efficiency of the musical department, the talent and reputation of the *artistes*, or the magnificence of the scenery and decorations, holds the first rank among the spectacles of Europe. The *salle*, which is immense, was on this occasion crowded to excess; the royal box, with its gorgeous decorations, in the centre of the house, was occupied by the King, his sons, the Grand Duke Michael, and a glittering train of aides-de-camp. Upon the whole, I do not recollect to have witnessed a more splendid theatrical *coup d'œil*. The ladies were *en demie toilette*.

The gentlemen, with very few exceptions, were in uniform, which added greatly to the brilliancy of the scene. How well the soft beauty of the German women harmonizes with the martial splendour of the military costume. I was particularly struck with the surpassing loveliness of a girl in a box near me: she was listening

with profound attention, but with a melancholy expression, to the conversation of a handsome young officer of Jagers. I observed her more than once turn her beautiful eyes on him with a thrilling gaze of tenderness, that told me the heart of this fair creature was no longer her own.

The English love music, or at least affect to do so; but the Germans really feel it. The opera for the evening was Oberon, and during the performance of the overture a death-like stillness was observed by the audience. When, at length, the magnet of attraction, Sontag, made her appearance, she was greeted with an electric burst of enthusiasm from every part of the theatre. Henrietta Sontag may be considered the beau ideal of German beauty; and her career has been certainly one of the most successful on the stage. Born of humble parents at the town of Oberwyssel, near Coblenz, her first appearance, a very youthful one, was at the opera at Frankfort, where the dawn of her career indicated none of those brilliant talents that have procured her the entree to the most aristocratic courts in Europe, and raised her to the rank of nobility. The unassuming deportment of the royal family, the stillness of the audience, impressed me with the most favourable ideas of the taste and refinement of the Prussian capital. I dreamt all night of the great Frederick and the seven years' war, and really imagined myself charging the French squadrons with Seidlitz, at Rosbach. On awaking in the morning, I resolved on a pilgrimage to Potsdam.

To the soldier, Potsdam, the berceau of a new war-system, is as interesting a source of association, as the abode of Copernicus to the astronomer. It is still what it was in the days of Frederick, a vast barrack yard; on every side of which you behold recruits in the various stages of military education.

Every traveller visits the royal chateau, the retreat of the soldier philosopher; it is a beautiful edifice, and worthy of a king. The apartments are much in the same state as when they were occupied by this wonderful man. You may wander through his small, but well chosen library, may loll in his easy chair, turn over his favourite work on Strategy, or handle his victorious sword; that sword on which Napoleon threw himself, exclaiming, "Que d'autres saisissent d'autres depouilles, voici pour moi ce qui est superieur a des millions."

In the church of the garrison is the tomb of Frederick: no inflated inscription, no "sta viator," marks the last abode of him who rode the victor of a hundred battle-fields. It is a plain black marble monument, placed in a kind of cell, quite unadorned, and bearing the simple inscription of his name. Yet before this tomb did the modern Alexander descend from his war-chariot, reeking with the blood-red spoils of Jena; and here, in the abode of death, as with mingled feelings of awe and veneration, he contemplated the silent tomb of him who broke the spear of Gallic chivalry on the field of Rosbach, some dark forebodings of future evil, of the sad

reverse that was so soon to cloud his lofty destiny, flashed across his mind, and saddened his victorious brow. History, with all its moral lessons, has no finer one than the picture of Napoleon, musing with folded arms, on the instability of human greatness by the tomb of Frederick. But in the garden of Charlottenburg there is another tomb, that of a female; the grave of her who, as wife and mother, was fondly cherished—whose virtues still live in the recollections of her gallant subjects—whose wrongs they nobly avenged; the last resting-place of Prussia's patriot queen—the beautiful but ill-fated Louisa, who, in the noon-tide of youth and beauty, sunk into its cold embrace, broken-hearted by the sad reverses of her country. Surrounded by weeping willows, and gloomy cypresses, stands a beautiful portico, supported by four doric columns. On an elevated platform, in the centre of the edifice, on a graceful sarcophagus of white marble, reclines the full-length figure of the beautiful queen—the work of her protegee Rauch, whose talents she fostered, and whose genius this statue will ever immortalize. Nothing can be more finely imagined than the attitude of the figure. The arms are gently folded on the bosom; an air of perfect repose marks the countenance; it is death—but death

"Before decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers."

Here, once a-year, on the anniversary of her death, does the widowed husband and his children repair, and hang garlands on the marble impersonation of their deceased mother. The cruel indignities of Napoleon to their beloved queen, sunk deeply into the bosoms of the Prussians, fostered a rancorous spirit of animosity against the French, and imparted to their sabres a keener edge in the field. To this day her virtues are fondly remembered, and her melancholy fate bewailed by her fair countrywomen.

There is an indescribable charm about the women of Germany that goes immediately to the heart. It is not the melancholy passion, the deep-souled tenderness of the Italian, the witchery of Spain's dark-eyed daughters, the polished wit and fascination of manner of the sprightly dames of France, nor is it the more confiding gentleness of the English girl; but it is a winning softness, an exquisite sensibility, a heightened enthusiasm of sentiment, that we meet with in the women of no other country. Their figures are tall and *bien ebauchees*, and they retain to this day the golden hair, and soft blue eyes, that twenty centuries ago so powerfully captivated the hearts of their Roman invaders, and rendered them recreant to their dark-eyed mistresses on the banks of the Tiber; charms which the haughty matrons of the eternal city sought in vain to imitate by all the aids of Grecian and Asiatic art. (Juvenal tells us, that one of the expedients of the Roman ladies, to imitate the golden tresses of their German rivals, was to powder their hair with gold dust.) Their minds receive the most elaborate and careful cultivation; their education is solid—scientific as well

as accomplished. A man should be conscious of his force, ere he deploys on any subject of science or of literature, ancient or modern, in the company of a well-educated German woman; and yet no pedantry marks their conversation—every thing like display being repugnant to their retiring nature. They seek rather to please by sensibility, and to interest through the medium of the imagination. Love with them, it has been finely remarked, is a religion; but a poetical religion that tolerates all that sensibility can excuse. Educated amid the din of camps, and destined to shelter and tend the wounded, whether friend or foe—to have their young hearts assailed in a thousand dangerous shapes—fated so often to see their hopes blighted and their happiness withered—is it to be wondered at, if, yielding to the dictates of an impassioned sensibility, fostered deeply, too, by the romantic literature of their country, the German women have sometimes erred? It will, I know, be urged, that the faci-

lity of divorce in Protestant Germany, is an instance of the immorality of married life; but should be borne in mind, that while, in England, guilt can alone dissolve the tie of wedlock—in Prussia, mere incompatibility of temper, or dissimilitude of taste is a sufficient ground for divorce. To judge, therefore, a German divorcee, according to English rules, is unjust. What influence the question of divorce may have on the greater question of human happiness, I leave to the fair Prussians to decide; but I certainly met in society, at one of the garrison-towns on the Rhine, a lady who had been *three* times divorced. Her reigning, and one of her *ci-devant* husbands, were present; but they seemed to be not in the least embarrassed by their juxtaposition.

During my residence in Germany, I had frequent opportunity of bearing testimony to the amiability of the Germans, and their high cultivation, both of mind and manner.

Original.

REMINISCENCES OF A JURIS-CONSULT.

NO. 6.

MR. THOMAS BROWN.

A good story is told of a wag, who finding the pit of a theatre too crowded for his comfortable accommodation, cried out "Mr. Smith's house is on fire," when the speedy departure of a shoal of "Smiths" rewarded his ingenuity with a very eligible seat. Although the hero of our tale does not boast a name quite so indistinctive as "Smith," yet the "Browns" are a sept that numbers many a clansman in every city and town on this continent. An ingenious writer deduces the universality of the name "Smith" from an old Saxon root which our publisher has no types to express in the original, but which in Roman letters would read "Smitan," meaning to strike or beat, which, says he, being indicative of the various manufactures in which the use of the hammer was necessary, came in time to distinguish those classes of men whose occupation it was to wield that tool. Following the lead of this lively writer we may deduce the name of our hero from some probable synonyme of the adjective "brown," and refer its prevalence as a name to the natural effect of heat and exposure on the cuticle of the many whose avocations required frequent or constant labour in the open air.—Leaving, however, such inquiries to the philological, we will proceed to our tale.

One morning while engaged at my desk, I received a visit from a Mr. Thomas Brown, a gentleman who seemed under considerable excitement of some kind or other; without the usual salutation he burst out almost before the door had closed behind him, with "Here's a

pretty set of letters to be sure!" slapping down on my table to the utter discomposure of my papers, a packet of letters which he said he had received by the mail of that day. "By Jove! am I to put up with this? is there nobody else in the city to play their April-fool tricks on but me! Now, Mr. S." said he, changing his tone from the high pitch of anger in which he had commenced, to the earnestness of a deeply confidential communication—"Now, Mr. S. you find out every thing they tell me, I'll give you Five-hundred-dol-lars if you'll ferret out the rascal"—(here his voice was again in alt.) "the villain who has been fooling me in this style."—Somewhat scandalized at this vociferation, the cause of which I was not yet permitted to see, (for he was all this time rapidly striking the bundle of papers in unison with the angry pulses of his inner man)—I endeavoured to abate at least the vehemence of his tone, while I requested a perusal of the papers, in which apparently lay the secret of my client's excitement. They were as follows:—

A

—, Oct. 18—

Mr. Thomas Brown, Mercht.

Sir—The arrangement which you propose in your last, although far less favourable than we consider ourselves entitled to, either according to commercial usage or the feelings of obligation which you have so frequently confessed, we have agreed to accept upon your representation of

your expected insolvency. We must however say, that we cannot conceive the possibility of such losses as you exhibit, unless from the most inexcusable negligence on your part. The loss, for instance, by Thomas, Wermann and Co. can be attributed only to the most singular ignorance of the standing of that house, which even *here* was not considered as solvent so early as January last. The object of the present, however, is not to recal grievances. We understand your proposition to be, to pay 75 per cent. on the amount of your note, by notes at six, nine, and twelve months, secured by mortgage of your — street property, with a judgment entered as collateral security. If we are correct, our friend Mr. Williams of your city, will make all necessary arrangements on our part. You will of course understand us as consenting only on condition of prompt compliance with the terms above stated.

Your obedient servants,
FERMOR, WING & Co.

"There's a pretty letter!" exclaimed Brown as I finished it—"I pay 75 per cent. I compromise my note!" and the exasperated merchant absolutely skipped with wrath. For my own part, I could scarcely comprehend why an epistle evidently intended for another could be so pertinaciously adopted by one who was an entire stranger to the circumstances on which its contents were founded. This opinion I urged to him, and represented the manifest inapplicability of the allusions to him or to his mercantile transactions. But an idea that some enemy was at work to undermine his credit, to whose machinations the present epistle owed its origin, had seized his mind and its expulsion seemed impossible. I therefore proceeded to letter

B

Thomas Brown, Esq.,

Cincinnati, Sept. 18—

Sir—Our mutual friend, Mr. Smith, has just been with me, and completed the purchase mentioned in your last. On his former visit, I was not aware of his connexion in business with you, and to this you will please attribute the delay that has taken place. Mr. S. is a young man, (although of most unimpeachable character,) and the purchase he proposed a large one; you will therefore see the prudence of my conduct under my then impression. At present there can of course be no obstacle, and I have taken the liberty to draw on you for the amount, (according to the account enclosed,) say Six Thousand Nine Hundred Thirty-seven 68-100 dollars (\$6,937 68) at three days sight, in favour of Wm. Miller. I also enclose a price current, and should you see fit to make purchases in this section of country, should be pleased to receive your farther orders.

Your obedient servant,

C. M. FERLUCKEN.

The last letter was rather less exciting than the former; whether from the natural subsidence

of his irritation after the vent given to it, or from the compliment paid to his commercial importance, after the insulting concessions to his necessities contained in the first, I was not able to determine, but the apprehension that in some way or other he had been hoaxed, or might be involved in trouble, seemed to have possessed his imagination to the exclusion of all rational considerations of the case. "Now here's a fellow," said he, in answer to my representations, "here's a fellow has represented himself as my agent or partner or something, and I suppose he'll swear to any thing, and forge letters and—By Jove! I'd give a thousand dollars to find out the scoundrel that dares to fool me so"—And between these two views of the case he vibrated, in a most lamentable state of indecision. "But," said I, "as you have never written to any one authorizing a sale to Smith on your account, why need you distress yourself. No one will dare to support a suit on a forged letter, as this must be if the credit given to this Smith be saddled upon you by force of it, and if they should, there are a thousand circumstances to disprove it independently of the signature itself."—"Ah! but Mr. S." replied he, "this may do well enough for you lawyers that live by snarling and snapping at each other, but for a quiet old man like me who never was sued in my life, it is a very different thing. There will be the plague and anxiety of the trial, and the looking over books, and the turning all your affairs inside out—and then the lawyers will be seeking out flaws and loopholes in a man's business, and calling him names and—O confound it! I'd rather pay the draft at once and be done with it, than go through all this"—To me whose conceptions of a lawsuit were much less appalling, the horror of my client afforded much amusement, which, however, the gravity of my demeanour did not manifest, and while he was pacing up and down the office in sad anticipation of future evil, I turned to letter

C

Fullerstown, Sap Timber, ay.

Deer Onkil—Pah ses i me rite u a letter too tell u we ar wel, and i hop yew ar so 2. O onkil ony think my new wite hen is gon of and al the nabors ses tha aint seen her no wers—an the old dog Tosur is gon ded, an Jon put him in a pit ole—an O onkil my noo trowsis is split lik ane thing—from yure fecshinate nevvey

BEN BROWN.

The reading of this morceau of composition and orthography entirely overcame my self command, and in defiance of professional decorum I laughed without restraint, in which mirthful demonstration I found no sympathy from my client, who still conceiving himself the butt of some joker, with ludicrous pertinacity refused to relinquish the idea, although a constant source of irritation. The remaining letter was anonymous and had the city Post mark, and this alone of all the paquet had to me the appearance of a personal application to my visiter.

D

"Because your character stands high in the city, you suppose that no one can expose hypocrisy in its true colours, and that the cunning veil so long thrown over a bad character can never be drawn aside. Others have thought so, and yet the finger of public contempt has pointed to them. Remember the boat at midnight—Such a secret is worth Five Hundred dollars. If that sum be given to a muffled man who will meet you in the field behind the new Chapel, you are safe. You will be there *alone* at 11, to-morrow night, unless money be more valuable than reputation."

N. B. The word is "Caution," the countersign "Security."

This agreeable epistle had neither date nor signature, and my friend could give me no clue to the author. The "boat at midnight" he supposed to have allusion to the disappearance of an unfortunate youth, who, some years before, had forged his signature, and whose escape he had effected, before the officers of the law could apprehend him. The circumstance he had supposed unknown to every one, and although to divulge it could now be of little importance,—the criminal being now a merchant of high standing abroad,—yet, with the nervousness of a timid and aged man, he shrank from any thing that might disturb the even tenor of his quiet existence, and was rather inclined even to comply with the demands of his anonymous correspondent (if, indeed, the note were intended for him,) than to risk the excitement and vexation of a public disclosure of his very venial and humane, if not strictly legal conduct. The interview closed by an offer, on my part, to discover the anonymous writer, and with a promise, on his, to return to the post-office the other letters, for the benefit of the real owners. In pursuance of my plan, on the night specified I armed myself with a stout bludgeon, for immediate service, and a pair of loaded pistols as a dernier resort, and having directed two or three policemen to go out singly, about an hour before the time appointed, and take possession of some thickets at no great distance from the spot of rendezvous, in case of accomplices, I threw on Mr. Brown's well known camblet cloak, and assuming, with his broad hat and a grey wig, his stooping gait, I set out on my expedition. The night was dark and the wind high, although there was still no indication of a storm, and when I passed beyond the region of the public lamps, I began to doubt the probability of the payer and payee of the expected bribe ever meeting to conclude their somewhat irregular contract. However, the eye soon became accustomed to the obscurity, and, with no other accident than pitching head foremost over a slumbering cow, who was waked from her visions of clover by the unlucky occurrence, I reached what I presumed was the place of conference. After endeavouring to pierce the thick darkness, I at length descried an object moving toward me, probably the gentleman whom I had taken such unusual pains to visit. And so it proved: in a few

minutes I perceived, close at my side, a figure enveloped in a large cloak, and, willing to make the first advances to acquaintance, I murmured, in as accurate imitation of the tones of "Thomas Brown, Esq." as I could compass, the word "Caution!" My muffled companion, evidently in a disguised voice, returned the countersign, "Security!" at which I handed him a blank cover, containing—nothing! and as he eagerly grasped it, seized him by the wrists, forced his hands behind him, and, in three seconds, had them tied together, in a style that would have done honour to a Bow-street officer. Having thus secured my man, I sounded a whistle, and almost before the sound had died away, a battle royal enlivened the scene of action. A whistle, it seems, had been the rallying signal of my prisoner to his friends, as it was for my ambushed policemen, and at the same moment the two parties rushed up to the spot where my captive and I were mutually endeavouring, by the "darkness visible," to make out each other's identity. Tripping up my pinioned companion, so as ensure his presence during the conflict, and rolling my client's cloak around his legs, the more effectually to secure the advantage of his umpirage, I brandished my bludgeon and sprang into the *mêlée*, striking at whatever offered, and incurring equal risk from friend and foe. The victory declared itself for us, and, securing the prisoners, we marched them at "double quick" into the watch house, to nestle for the remainder of the night under the guardian wing of the law. In the morning, I found that the conquered party, who came to the rescue of my peculiar prisoner, were notorious rogues, on whom the police had had an eye for some time past, and one among them the ring-leader of a band of burglars, whose ingenuity had enabled him to elude justice until the unlucky surprise of the last night. The original culprit, to the horror of Mr. Brown, was recognised as the confidential clerk of that gentleman, in whose probity and correct demeanour he had placed the most undoubting reliance. Seduced into private gambling, the liberal salary allowed him soon became insufficient for his expenditures, and, after defrauding his employer by misentries in the books, as far as was practicable without exciting suspicion, he fell on the device for obtaining supplies from the fears of his principal, which had just resulted so unfortunately. The satisfaction of Brown at this development of some of the circumstances which had so seriously affected his quiet, was considerably alloyed by the reflection that the character of his clerk was entirely and irretrievably blasted, if the facts were made known. Acting upon a principle highly honourable to his humanity, he declined to prosecute, and afterward established the grateful and humbled young man in a lucrative business in a new settlement far in the West, where the rumour of his disgrace seemed unlikely to follow him, and where, by industry and rigid honesty, he amassed not only an independent property, but the preferable and excelling treasure of "a good name."

S.

THE GATHERER.

"A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."

Shakspeare.

FINE sense and exalted sense are not half so useful as common sense. There are forty men of wit for one man of sense, and he that will carry nothing about him but gold, will be every day at a loss for readier change.

The heart of man is older than his head. The first born is sensitive but blind—his younger brother has a cold, but all-comprehensive glance. The blind must consent to be led by the clear sighted if he would avoid falling.

Oppression makes wise men mad; but the distemper is still the madness of the wise, which is better than the sobriety of fools.

The ever active and restless power of thought, if not employed about what is good, will naturally and unavoidably engender evil.

Love seizes on us suddenly, without giving us time to reflect; our disposition or our weakness favours the surprise; one look, one glance from the fair, fixes and determines us.

Without good company, all dainties
Lose their true relish, and like painted grapes,
Are only seen, not tasted.

The coldness and disorders which happen in friendship have their causes; in love there is hardly any other reason for ceasing to love, than that we are too well beloved.

Mahomet the Second caused seven of his pages to be ripped open, to find out who had eaten one of his cucumbers.

A bishop, congratulating a poor parson, said he lived in a very fine air. "Yes, sir," replied he, "I should think it so, if I could live upon it, as well as in it."

Knowledge is pleasure as well as power; and of any two individuals in society, whether rich or poor, the more highly cultivated—other circumstances being the same—will possess the greater share of happiness, and will be the more valuable member of society.

There is no policy like politeness; and a good manner is the best thing in the world, either to get a good name, or supply the want of it.

The plans of each variety of shape, are not restricted to those particularly delineated: they are merely specimens, which may be greatly diversified without losing their respective general characters.

The oldest monument of an English King which Great Britain contains is that of King John, in Worcester Cathedral. The tomb was opened some years ago, when the skeleton was found in good preservation, and in precisely the same dress as that represented in the statue.

He whom God hath gifted with the love of retirement possesses, as it were, an extra sense.

The National Debt of England, in the reign of Henry VII. was £1,430. It is now about eight hundred millions.

Who, though possessing the rarest talents and most excellent merit, is not convinced of his uselessness, when he reflects that he leaves, in dying, a world that does not feel his loss, and where so many persons are found to replace him.

The surest way to be deceived is to think ourselves wiser than others.

Solitude is sweet! but like the Frenchman, I wish to have a friend to whom I can say, "How sweet is solitude!"

The bow loses its spring that is always bent; and the mind will never do much unless it sometimes does nothing.

Deliberate with caution, but act with decision; and yield with graciousness, or oppose with firmness.

Shakspeare, Butler, and Bacon, have rendered it extremely difficult for all who come after them to be sublime, witty, or profound.

Examinations are formidable, even to the best prepared; for the greatest fool may ask more than the wisest man can answer.

Always endeavour to learn something from the information of those thou conversest with; and to put thy company upon those subjects they are best able to speak of.

A lofty subject of itself doth bring
Grave words and weighty, of itself divine;
And makes the author's holy honour shine.
If ye would after ashes live, beware
To do like Erostrate, who burnt the fair
Ephesian Temple, or to win a name
To make of brass a cruel calf untame.

Political newspapers first came into general use in England during Cromwell's time. The first regular periodical for news was the English Mercury published in Elizabeth's time.

Great talent renders a man famous; great merit procures respect; great learning esteem; but good breeding alone ensures love and affection.

The reason of things lies in a narrow compass, if the mind could at any time be so happy as to light upon it. Most of the writings and discourses in the world are but illustration and rhetoric, which signifies as much as nothing to a mind in pursuit after the philosophical truth of things.

The first war undertaken for religion was that of the Arminian christians to defend themselves against the persecution of Maximin.

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