





**THE**  
**BOOK OF BEAUTY.**







HEATH'S  
BOOK OF BEAUTY.

1837.

WITH

NINETEEN BEAUTIFULLY FINISHED ENGRAVINGS,

FROM

DRAWINGS BY THE FIRST ARTISTS.

EDITED BY

THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

LONDON:

LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMAN,

PATERNOSTER ROW;

DELOY & CO., PARIS.



THE  
BOOK OF BEAUTY.

MADONNA.

. . . . . L'effigie è questa —  
Tu nè begli occhi, che di luce onesta  
Ardono sotto nero et sottil arco ;  
Tu nella faccia amabile et modesta,  
Quasi per vetro, che alla vista è varco,  
*L'immagine dell' anima contempli*  
Già disegnata dal divin Pittore,  
Poscia abbellita dai materni esempli, &c.

CLEMENTE BONDI.

MADONNA ! in that land where thou  
Hast priest and pilgrim round thee kneeling,  
And shrines, where youth and beauty bow,  
To thee, the beautiful ! appealing,  
Oft on those lineaments divine,  
By Guido's glowing pencil fired,\*  
I've gazed, and, lingering in thy shrine;  
Confessed the spell thy look inspired.

\* Now, as the writer supposes, in the Vatican, or Borghese  
palace.

But here, as fair a form I trace  
 As e'er by Guido's touch was given ;  
 And here, as sweet a cherub face  
 As Raphael ever caught from heaven :  
 And both so like to Thee and thine —  
 Oh ! frown not, if the pilgrim raises  
 His homage to an earthly shrine,  
 And breathes an *avé* while he gazes.

For when hath painter's sunny dream,  
 Or poet's rapt imagination,  
 Or sculptor, e'er embodied theme  
 So like a shrine for adoration?  
 With looks of heaven's own liquid blue —  
 Bright tints that so reflect each other !  
 'Twas thus from Grecian chisel grew  
 Her holiest idol — " Child and Mother."

Type of thine own maternal Rose !  
 With peerless cheek and guileless bosom,  
 And rich in all that Heaven bestows —  
 Thy bud shall ripen into blossom.  
 The breeze, that fans thine infant brow,  
 Shall only breathe to banish sadness ;  
 And every spring that clothes the bough  
 Shall wake for thee its song of gladness !

Each hope fulfilled — each care repaid —  
 A flowery path expands before thee ;

And she—the Russells' "sainted shade," \*  
 Shall cast her hallowing mantle o'er thee !  
 The "watchword" † of thine ancient line ‡  
 Shall best instruct thee in thy duty ;  
 And prove its mighty spell in *thine*—  
 The spell of Virtue linked with Beauty.

*Beta.*

\* The Lady Rachael Russell, remarkable for every virtue that could adorn society, exalt her sex, or dignify the character of a daughter, a wife, and a mother. See her Biography.

† The motto of the Hamiltons of Abercorn—*Sola nobilitas virtus.*

‡ Chief representatives in the male line of the illustrious house of Hamilton. The ancestors of the Marquess of Abercorn have frequently intermarried into the royal family of Scotland, and been acknowledged by the parliament of that country as heirs presumptive to the crown. In 1542, James Hamilton, Earl of Arran, who was chosen protector to Queen Mary during her minority, was declared *second* person in the realm ; and, in failure of issue by the queen, her successor to the throne of Scotland.

## ON THE ROMANTIC HISTORY OF THE ARABS IN SPAIN.

BY SIR WILLIAM GELL.

THE following essay will be read with feelings of increased interest, as the last literary production of its gifted and amiable author, whose recent death has occasioned nearly as much regret among the literati of all countries, as among the many friends to whom his estimable qualities had endeared him. The essay was written for the "Book of Beauty" a few months ago, when the editor little imagined that to her would devolve the task of correcting the press; but, ere it could be printed, its author was no more. Sir William Gell's perfect acquaintance with Spain and its language, peculiarly fitted him for becoming its historian; and it is only to be regretted, that the limits of this work prohibited his entering more fully into a subject which few could so well have treated.

If private sorrow may be permitted to claim sympathy from the public, (whose indulgence the editor has too often experienced not to feel a warm sense of gratitude for), then would she add, that she has a melancholy pleasure in inserting in her book this last effort of a mind which years of severe

suffering never subdued, and this last proof of a friendship that ended but with his life.

The traveller who visits Spain, after having made himself acquainted with the seducing and popular ballads and romantic histories of the country, has many a weary and uninteresting league to traverse, before he can in any way recall to his mind, from local observation, the circumstances and events with which he has been so much delighted in the books of chivalry and the legends of the darker ages. It is only on arriving at the ancient capital, Toledo, that the place, and its history, begin to assume a more oriental character; and that those who have naturally a taste for the marvellous, and who, of course, take, on almost all occasions, the side of the vanquished, can safely begin to indulge in the idea of treading on Moorish ground. The statue of the Gothic king, Wamba, a monarch who reigned previous to the invasion of the Arabs, serves to recall the legend of the enchanted tower of Don Rodrigo, which stood on the rocks above it on the road to Aranjuez; and the Castle of Cervantes, by the single charm of its name, suffices at once to transport a willing votary into the regions of romance. The castle has, however, nothing to do with the great writer; and is, in one of the old ballads, said to be dedicated to a saint of that name by King Alfonso VI., who erected it, after taking Toledo from the Moors, in the year 1083.



At Toledo, however, which is magnificently seated on a rocky hill, bounded on three sides by the rapid Tagus, we have a bridge, erected by Wamba's successor, but curiously fortified and repaired, with turrets and gateways, by its Moorish sovereigns. Though some of the walls of the city have been supposed to owe their construction to the Goths, yet the gate opening to the Vega, or the plain on the north, with three Moorish arches, is undoubtedly of Saracenic construction, and was built before the year 1083; when the luxurious Arab king, or Miramamolin, Yahyz, yielded his throne and kingdom, his princely alcazar or palace, with its delightful gardens (the object of a special article in the capitulation), to the conquering Don Alonzo. The Moorish alcazar, on a summit five hundred feet above the Tagus, has now given place to a solid and magnificent Spanish palace; but the name is yet retained. The public plaza, too, yet preserves its original form and use; each chamber in every house being constructed in the manner of an opera box, with wooden balconies and latticed blinds, whence tournaments, in ancient, and bull-fights, in modern times, might be witnessed. The name, too, of Socodōvar, well known to the lovers of the old romances, yet distinguishes the spot.

When Toledo was taken by Taric, in the year 713, the city, being the capital of Spain, was rich in treasure and precious objects. The Arab account says, that in a chamber of the alcazar of Tolaitola,

were found twenty-five crowns of gold, set with jacinths, and other stones. On each crown was inscribed the name of the monarch who had worn it; and twenty-five kings of Gothic race had filled the throne. Taric had pursued his conquest with signal success, and excited the envy of Musa, the *wali*, or commander-in-chief of the west. Musa demanded the plunder, which Taric immediately gave up: but the grand prize, no less a wonder than the real and undoubted green table of the shew-bread of King Solomon himself, and, as the Arabs affirm, taken from the temple of Jerusalem, was found to have lost a leg, which, judging from the avidity with which it was sought, must have been of the most rare and precious material. The legend is curious: and though the table was only transported to Toledo by the conqueror, yet its fame was universally spread; and a numerous colony of Jews, established from very ancient times, believed that something supernatural was attached to its history.

At Toledo, at the time of the conquest of Taric, the troops of Yemen and Persia were stationed, as the royal legion of Emesa was, at Seville. The Egyptians were divided between Murcia and Lisbon; and the legion of Irak and Syria, consisting of ten thousand cavalry, were posted at Granada, as the Moslem historians say. It is not a little remarkable, that so much and such detailed accounts should have been preserved of a period when writing was so little practised by Europeans; but accurate descrip-

tions of all that occurred were regularly transmitted to the caliph in the east.

The lover of romance is, then, at Toledo, fairly launched into oriental society, provided he be sufficiently acquainted with what the Arab writers have left on the subject; otherwise, the positively visible towers of the Moors or Persians are but few, though we do not hear of many wilful destructions of their monuments, as at Valencia, where King Don Jayme went himself with a silver mallet, to strike the first blow at the great mosque: after which, the whole court, assisted by the fanatic populace, attacked the Moorish buildings with such fury, that scarcely a vestige remains. It is impossible to feel sympathy with the invaders of a peaceful country: but, the Goths themselves were only successful intruders, who were driven out in their turn. They were, also, not a highly civilised nation: whereas the Moors were so far advanced both in science and in arms, that only their own divisions and jealousies could have caused their ruin. They have left books on every art and science, which prove that their historians were not always writing romance; and, it is confessed by the Spaniards themselves, that their intercourse with the Moors, during the wars for the recovery of the kingdom, was the source of much of the civilisation, and all the chivalry, for which Spain is chiefly celebrated. The writers of the old Spanish ballads were so insensibly seduced by the captivating tales and poetry

of the Moors, that one of their authors says of them, in verse :—

“ Our Spanish bards renounce their creed,  
And Christian love and faith refuse,  
But prostitute to Mahomed  
The choicest products of the muse.”

It were to be wished that the charge against the Mahometans, of cruelty, and a reckless sacrifice of human existence, had not been so palpably and so perpetually true. Here, at Toledo, we have a terrible instance, among many others, of the total disregard in which the lives of their fellow-creatures were held by the Arabs of Spain. About the year 805 of the Christian era, or 190 of the Hegira, Abderahman, son of King Alhakem, passed, with his army, near Toledo; and was invited to, and sumptuously entertained in, the royal palace, or alcazar, by Amru, the *wazir*, vizier, or governor of the city, who wished to chastise certain of the unruly nobles of the place. The chiefs and sheiks of Toledo were invited to pay their respects to the heir of their sovereign, and came in gala dresses to the alcazar; where, instead of seeing the prince, they were each conducted, as they arrived, into a subterraneous chamber by the guards of Amru, and instantly beheaded. One of the Arab histories says, that four hundred of the prime nobility were thus murdered: but another asserts, that, in the whole, five thousand suffered in this atrocious massacre; and that their

heads were exposed, on the following morning, in the thoroughly oriental manner, to the gaze of the astonished citizens, as if by the order of the king.

It is true that Amru survived only for a short time this horrible butchery : but the history, which seems not to recognise any thing very extraordinary in it, relates, that the prince, who was supposed to have been a party in the plot, continued his journey, quite unconcerned, after halting three days at Toledo. In a like manner, the Arab writers speak of the barbarous treatment of individuals without horror. In the year 270 of the Hegira, say they, King Abdallah of Cordova took prisoner the rebel Said, already severely wounded ; and, not satisfied with common cruelty, the conqueror first burnt out his eyes, and, after keeping him for three days in that melancholy condition, cut off his head and sent it to Cordova. This sort of tragedy characterised the sovereignty of the Moslems wherever they existed ; and, as one party made no scruple of sacrificing the other by hundreds, it is only wonderful that the power of the Moors should have endured so long, when opposed to the concentrated attack of the entire Christian population.

The last vestige which I shall mention of the Moors, at Toledo, is found in the chains taken, as the tradition asserts, from the limbs of the unfortunate Christian captives who were found in prison at the conquest of Granada, by Ferdinand and Isabella. These are hung up on the wall of

one of the churches, in memory of that event. The inhabitants are reduced from two hundred thousand, to twenty thousand; and both Moors and Jews have entirely disappeared.

The histories of the loss and reconquest of Spain have often been related by the Christians; but Conde has at length given the account from the Arab writers, which represent things as they appeared to oriental eyes; and names, as they sounded to oriental ears.

The king, Don Alfonso, is often called Adfans, "Allah confound him;" France is called Afrank; Badajos is Badalyos; and the saints of a pillaged church at Medina Narbonne, or the city of Narbonne, are styled, twelve silver idols on horseback.

But the object of these notices of Moorish history is to prove, that all which has so often passed for romance has really its foundation in fact; for half the delight created by recollections in Spain must vanish, if we be not permitted to believe in the reality of the circumstances recorded in the ancient poetry of the rival nations. A story shall be related from an Arab writer, which will testify, that if the Spaniards falsified in their narrations the customs of the Andalusian Moors, yet these Moors themselves fell into the same error; and described events which could not have taken place in any other Mahometan country. The historian Conde, an excellent Arabic scholar, and devoted, as all who give way to the pleasures of imagination must be,

to the failing cause of the waning crescent of Islam, endeavours to discredit that most seducing volume entitled the "Civil Wars of Granada;" because, as he says, it describes feasts, and dances, and tournaments, in a way perfectly improbable, and irreconcilable with the manners and customs of any Mahometan community. This, however, he avers, by way of enhancing the value of his own work; which, being invaluable, did not stand in need of the support to be obtained from the disparagement of another.

We will first shew, that public marriages, feasts, and riotous Moorish dancing, were customary; and next give a single instance, taken out of many recorded by Conde himself from Arab writers, to prove that the Moors of Andalusia were not guided in these particulars by the customs of their eastern brethren.

A graver authority than Marmol need not be cited.

"In the sixteenth century," says he, "the court of Spain, perceiving that the converted Moors of Granada still remained attached to every usage and custom of their ancestors, sent a list of prohibitions, all contrary to the articles of capitulation." Among the most prominent of these appear the words, *bodas, fiestas, y zambras* — "public marriages, feasts, and Moorish dancing." This is sufficient to prove, that such exhibitions were so frequent as to become a public nuisance to the conquerors: but

the answer of the Moors to this breach of faith is still more conclusive.

“How,” said the learned Francisco Nunez Muley, “can you object to our feasts and rejoicings, as part of the Mahometan dispensation, when they are so little Moorish ceremonies, that no strict follower of the Koran wishes to be seen at them. In Africa, or in Turkey, there are no such festivals; but they are merely the local habitudes of Andalusia.” The learned Muley proceeds to observe, “that the *alfaquis*, or holy men, always quitted the company the moment the drumming or singing commenced, which proved that it formed no part of the Moorish ritual.” Thus, in our own times, cardinals at Rome are expected to give no encouragement to profane dancing; and make a virtual protest against it, by departing from the house when the music commences; or, at least, by repairing to another chamber.

Muley added to his arguments, that even the Moorish king, when he passed through that quarter of Granada which was inhabited by many *cadis* and *alfaquis*, caused his band to maintain silence, out of respect to the holy profession, till they arrived at the gate of Elvira. Certainly, no stronger proof can be given, that *zambras*, and *fiestas*, and music, were not permitted in other countries occupied by the faithful; but were the common and ordinary usage of the kingdoms of Andalusia.

Let us now make an extract from the history of



poetry; and in that species, particularly, which afterwards became the much-admired historical and amorous ballads of Spain. The two languages were for a long time familiar to both people and to their rulers; so that it was naturally to be expected, that the rival poets and rhymers would fall into the same manner of recording events of national or poetical interest.

How many of the supposed discoveries of modern times might really be traced to the Moors of Spain! In the library of the Moorish kings was a book on horticulture, which contained numerous experiments; the results of which have, in our days, rendered celebrated those who have published them as novelties. Among these experiments are, "How to make a tree flower at pleasure: How to make the fruit of many colours: How to make pictures and writing on apples, as well as vine and fig-branches, of all hues: How to make flowering shrubs grow larger, and produce all manner of sweet odours." These are even yet beyond the reach of Mr. Knight's experience. Few persons are aware that oranges and sugar were introduced by them; that apricot, or *alberikuk* — which accounts for the vulgar pronunciation — is Arabic; that box is equally so; with jasmine, and many other fruits and flowers.

Among works, on enriching the soil of gardens, and irrigation of fields, we find poems on algëbra, by Othman Said Ben Mohamad Alocbani,

of Granada ; a book, containing three hundred and fifty-five epigrams in praise of wine, by Abu Ishaak Ibrahim, which would scarcely be tolerated in Turkey : a treatise on the distance of the moon's centre from the earth ; another on burning glasses and parabolic mirrors ; others on the veterinary science ; on the determination of latitudes ; free dialogues on love, chronology, orbits of comets ; and the lives of famous knights, with the account of their customs, arms, habits, and even the qualities of their horses, by Abu Abdallah Mohamad Ben Zaiad of Cordova. The Moors wrote on and studied, not only the abstruse sciences, but, though Mahometans, delighted in composing verses, and every species of light literature, like the most civilised of modern nations ; than whom they do not seem to have been at all more moral or more scrupulous.

The last work of a Moor, which it may be necessary to cite in proof of the liberality of the Andalusians, as compared to other Mahometans, contains the verses of Valadata, daughter of Mohamed Almostakfi Billata, of Cordova, addressed to Abdusi, a noble knight of that city, who paid his addresses to her. When ladies could write verses they must have been far from ignorant ; and the commencement of her poem proves that Valadata saw and was seen by her lover, and, it may be supposed, by the public. Conde had the object of discrediting former accounts in view, when he wrote

that the "Guerras Civiles de Granada" was a tissue of fables contrary to the customs of Andalusia; for he had access to the Arabic library of the Escorial, — and any one may judge by the catalogue of Cassiri, how vast a range of light literature, implying or describing great freedom of manners, existed among the Spanish professors of the faith of Islam. The verses begin thus :—

“ My presence wounds your heart, yet not less true  
My cheeks in blushes speak my love for you ;  
Yet mutual wounds not equal shame impart,—  
By all, my cheek is seen, but not your heart.”

We have now written thus much, to prove that the traveller is not so entirely without reason as might appear at first sight, when he indulges in the dreams of Moorish romance. Much has been said on the subject tending to impair our faith in the legends and traditions of the country; though, by depriving Spain of that source of interest, the recollections and history of the south are robbed of their most seducing charm.

To conclude these remarks on Moorish toleration: even bells, the great abomination of the east, have been used by the Moslem of Andalusia. Don Quixote taxes Master Pedro, the owner of the puppet-show, with absurdity in ringing the bells of all the minarets of the mosques of the city of San-sueña, when King Marsilio ordered that general pursuit of Don Gayferos and the beautiful Meli-

sendra, which the knight thought himself called upon to oppose with his sword; and in which adventure the Moorish monarch was wounded unto the death, and even Charlemagne was cleft in two from his crown downwards, to the great damage of Master Pedro's theatrical property.

It happened that a certain king of Cordova sent his general, Al Hagib, to attack Galicia; when he sacked the church of Sant Jago de Compostella, and carried off the bells to the great mosque of Cordova. In the year 1236, however, Cordova was taken by King Fernando; and the circumstance was so notorious, that the Christian monarch forced a party of Moors to carry these weighty spoils on their shoulders, and replace them at Sant Jago. It is probable, that the dislike of the Mahometans to bells did not arise only in the use made of them by the Christians, who always began to toll them when the *muezzin* was calling the faithful to prayers, but was founded on the superstitious ceremonies customary at the suspension and dedication of these clamorous harbingers.

The Turks say the asses are all Christians; and it is not a little curious, that no sooner is the hour of prayer proclaimed from the minaret, and the *La Allah ila Allah* is announced in a clear and sonorous voice, than the solemn and impressive strain is answered by the abominable braying of every ass in the country.

On quitting Toledo, the country relapses into

that most uninteresting and unvarying arid plain which occupies the centre of Spain ; for the tops of the Sierra Morena do not appear till a long and dreary journey across La Mancha has been performed. Not far from Toledo are the remains of a Moorish palace, now known as the Venta di Sant' Anna, the gate or door of which, with its horse-shoe arch, renders it remarkable ; and, as was before observed, the expulsion of its founders at so early a period from Toledo, is a proof of the high antiquity of the building.

The habitation of a noble Moor at a village some miles beyond, is proved by his name, Amin Aga, which remains that of the place.

The territory of Don Quixote is entered soon after the town of Madridejo, a favourite settlement of the *gitanos*, or gipsies, who deserve in La Mancha the bad reputation they have acquired.

Puerto Lapiche, Villa Harta, and even a place called Quesada, whence the name itself of Quixote may have been derived, are situated in a dreary solitude, at great distances from each other ; but the Arabic name of Quesada, Kigiatha, is known in Moorish history.

The Ojos, or springs of the Guadiana, contribute but little to the beauty of this wretched country. Further south, however, the vines of Val de Peñas, where a species of wine is produced, much esteemed in Spain, have contributed, even more than the knight of La Mancha, to the celebrity of the province.

The Spaniards, who had somehow or other circulated a report that Joseph Buonaparte was given to drinking, and had, therefore, nick-named him the " Bottle King " (*Pepe Botellas*), had a song which referred to the good wine of this place ; the literal translation of which is —

" While tippling Joey makes his drinking matches,  
The couriers leave Madrid without despatches :  
Let Wellington, cried he, take towns as many as  
He pleases, so he leave me Val de Peñas."

About a day's journey to the south, the range of mountains, called the Sierra Morena, is entered at a solitary inn, called Venta de Cardenia ; and here the scene is completely changed, and the associations and historical recollections are more frequent. The place is well suited to the adventure of the knight of La Mancha : trees, a foaming torrent, rocks, and mountains, abound. But the importance of the pass, as a military defence, has been overrated ; and the Sierra does not seem to have ever constituted an impassable barrier, nor, indeed, does any other, to resolute troops well disciplined and well commanded.

In a carriage, the mountain is passed in about five hours, at a foot's pace ; and the village of Tolosa is on the southern descent. Hence, the view extends over the vale of the Guadalquivir, and the Moorish kingdoms of Granada and Jaen ; the last of which, with the neighbouring towns of Baaza

and Ubeda, famous in the wars of the Moslem, seems stretched at the foot of the Sierra. Here, on the cross of the village, is the inscription, "The triumph of the holy cross, in memory of the battle of Tolosa, fought in the year 1212."

King Anazir, according to the Arab accounts, was so enraged at the capture of Calatrava by Alfonso, that he was unable to eat or drink for many days. He marched to the castle, called Hizn Alacah, with all haste, displayed his red flag as the signal for battle, and placed himself in person before his pavilion, surrounded with his band of drums, clarions, and trumpets, and attended by his vizier, Abu Said. The Christians were so numerous, that the like force had never been previously seen in Spain. The Moors had an army of one hundred and seventy thousand men: yet these were quickly surrounded by the opposing host; and then the Moors, by thousands, quickly acquired the crown of martyrdom. At length, the Andalusians fled with loosened reins; and were followed by the Almohades and the Arabs.

The Christians, with Alfonso, "may he be cursed," as the Arab account says, followed, and attacked the guard of negroes stationed around the king; but the faithful blacks were not easily dislodged. Anazir all this time sat upon his shield, saying, "God alone is true, and Satan is treacherous." At last, having lost near ten thousand of his guards, an Arab came to him and said, "How long will you sit here, O

emir! when already the decision of Allah has accomplished his will, and the faithful are fallen?" At these words, Anazir hastened to seize his horse: but the Arab said, "Ride thou my mare, O king! whose race never fails their riders; for, in thy life the safety of all is concerned." Thus, they fled together from the field, and the Christians continued to slay the Arabs till nightfall; for, the order to give no quarter had been issued by Alfonso, "Allah confound him." This victory was of such consequence, that the downfall of the Moors may be said to have been dated from that day. The Arab accounts say, that one hundred and seventy thousand volunteers, horse and foot, and three hundred thousand other Mahometans, went to the battle; so that the king presumed on his own force, believing that no power could resist him. "But God, the powerful and glorious, proved that to himself only belonged the victory, and the glory, and the power, so exalted and so adorable."

The Spanish poets, even to the present day, exalt their imaginations by the mention of the victory of Las Navas de Tolosa in all their poems:

"Fatal, proud France! to thee,  
The day, th' ensanguin'd plain,  
When thou wast forc'd to flee,  
And yield the palm to Spain.

"The shade of brave Alfonso  
In fury comes again,  
His glories at Tolosa  
Recalling at Baylen.'



The Arabs call it the battle of El Cab, or Akab. Not far below this spot is the village of Baylen, where the French army was forced to surrender to General Reding, during the Buonaparte war.

The Moors, when victory was on their side, did not fail, more than the Spaniards, to record their prowess in verse. The style was generally more noble, and referred the triumph to the favour of Heaven, instead of taking all the glory to themselves. The king of the Faithful, after a great triumph over his enemies, is addressed by the Arab poet in verses which may be thus rendered :—

“ The wrath of God on Christians pour’d,  
They perish by thy vengeful sword ;  
While victory hails, by Heaven’s decree,  
This day, the Moslem led by thee.”

The Moorish style of writing inscriptions on the monuments of the dead, is also imposing and philosophic. In the library of Granada are the poems of Abu Bakir Almari Alcarschi, who wrote for his own epitaph —

“ As God ordains, my death foredoom’d must be,  
Kings, prophet, Adam, all preceded me ;  
Go, thou, prepare ! who gloriest in my death,  
For soon shall Fate require thy latest breath.”

The bones of the unfortunate French remained for many years unburied at Baylen. The field of battle extended to the Guadalquivir, which, in the

line to the nearest Moorish capital, Jaen, is crossed by a ferry.

On the banks of this river, in the year 390 of the Hegira, or about 1001 of our era, appeared the spirit of a Moorish fisherman, who chaunted alternately in Spanish and Arabic, with a plaintive voice, "Almanzor has lost his drum at Calcanasor," — "*Elmansor khasara tablahu fi Kalat Anosor*;" after repeating which three times, according to ghostly precedent, he disappeared, leaving the peasants who heard him in astonishment and trepidation. A spectre generally appears with some legitimate motive, which this insignificant affair of the drum would scarcely warrant; and it is that alone which makes the legend curious.

Almanzor, at the battle of Kalat Anosor, had to contend against Christian forces, compared, as usual, by his countrymen, to a flight of locusts. "The earth trembled under their feet. The prayers and clamour of the two armies, the clang of drums and trumpets, and the neighing of the horses, resounded through the neighbouring mountains, till it seemed as if heaven itself was passing away." The Christians fought like hungry lions, and Almanzor himself was seen on a ferocious steed that resembled a bloody leopard. The battle was terminated by the night; but, Almanzor found, at the evening's levee, in the royal pavilion, that death had most sensibly diminished the number of his chiefs. He, therefore, drew off his forces on the following day, when,

*being himself wounded, and no longer able to sit on horseback, he was carried, in a chair, off the field. During his flight, he died; losing probably, with his life, not only his drum, but all his military reputation. He was, however, buried in his war dress, as one who had perished in the field, in the service of Islam.*

After crossing the river, every thing is Moorish both in recollections and appearance; but, unfortunately, though the object of this essay is to prove that romance might have often consisted of truth a little exaggerated, yet the writer is compelled to curtail it, just as the traveller has arrived at Jaen, the capital of a Moorish kingdom; where are still the ruins of the castle and the walls, from the battlements of which, the valorous Reduan of the romances was slain by an arrow.

Here, a range of mountains, the Sierra de Jaen, prevents the direct entrance into the Vega di Granada. There is a direct pass by the Campillo de Arenas, full of difficulties to a rider, and not easy to a pedestrian, the scene of many a battle, well fought, and simply recorded.

The carriage-road turns westward to Martos, situated on a high rock; but we can scarcely afford room to notice a curious story connected with it. Ferdinand IV., king of Castille, ordered two brothers, named Carvajal, to be thrown from the precipice, as the supposed murderers of a courtier called Benavidy. The innocent victims, on the point of

death, summoned, with due solemnity, the unjust monarch to meet them at the throne of the Almighty, before the expiration of thirty days, to answer for his hasty or corrupt judgment. The king was so conscious-smitten by this appeal, and the agitation and inquietude it produced were so great, that he died at the very period ordained by the citation; and his fate, and the circumstances attending it, made a deep impression on the public mind. An English tragedy has been written on this subject; and perhaps it would be difficult to find a tradition which should afford finer materials for alarm, excitation, and feeling.

Not far from Martos, are a valley and a defile, through which the Sierra Nevada, and even Granada itself, may be discerned, defended by five or six watch-towers, or *atalaya*, of the Moors.

The little town of Alcañete, which next occurs, was besieged by the Moors in 1408, with an army of one hundred and twenty-five thousand foot, and seven thousand horse, at that time the whole force of Granada. The people begin in this district to assume an oriental aspect and costume; and, at Alcala La Real, the traveller is asked whether he will have his bed made in the European manner, or upon a carpet, on the floor, as he might find it in the East. Even at Jaen, bedsteads are rather uncommon, and are distinguished by the name of *camas de madeira*, or wooden beds.

At Alcala, the tables and chairs are so low as

to be almost Asiatic, though the Hezn Alquilah, or Castle of Dispute, as the Moors called it, was one of the first wrested from the declining kingdom of Granada, by the victorious Spaniards; and, consequently, must have had a Christian garrison at an early period. But this fact only confirms the observation, that, at one time, the frontier customs of the rival nations must have been similar. Alcala, Archidona, and Antequera, were the three border towns of Christendom during the decline of the Mahometan power; yet scarcely any spot retains more ruins of Moorish towers, and embattled walls, than the last of these places, or looks more like the decayed cities of the East.

It is impossible to quit Antequera without mentioning that—according to the Arab prophecies yet preserved in the office of the Inquisition at Granada, and to the manuscript found in the cave of Castares, in the Algruxarra mountains—it will be one of the first cities retaken by the Mahometans, at the moment when they return to repossess themselves of Spain. These wild reveries were translated by Alonzo de Castillo, interpreter of the holy office; but he remarks, that the language is, perhaps, purposely so involved, that the sense is not always clear; and the Arabic is so equivocal a tongue, that a long or a short vowel often changes the meaning of a phrase. The Turks, as these prophecies say, will, at a certain time, march an army and take Rome, and afterwards all Spain; and a

flaming comet shall be the signal for the commencement of this conquest. The prophecy of Tauca al Hamema, or the dove's breast, informs us, " that succour shall arrive to Islam when the year begins on a Saturday, and a cloud of birds shall appear, among which, two shall be the angels Gabriel and Michael. Then, also, shall the whole world profess the faith of Mahomet. The moon shall be seen to descend into the garden of Tuhema, after the sun shall have risen, divided into halves, and prophets shall appear; and a king, the son of a faultless king, shall take the Alhambra, and, issuing thence, vanquish other provinces and kingdoms. Then, shall be glory to the Moors. Then, too, shall this monarch obtain possession of Seville, and, at the first sally, of Antequera, climbing over and destroying its walls. Seven years shall these victories continue; and the riches of the heretics, whose sins are heavier than mountains, shall be seized. At that time Dolarfe will be king of the Christians, and a brutal old Antichrist will sow at mid-day, and reap at vespers, and will plant trees with his right-hand, while he plucks their fruits with his left."

A part of this prophecy may not be uninteresting to the English reader; for, it declares that, " The children of those who adore only one God shall possess Gibraltar in the tenth generation; and what God has revealed, fails not, nor can be avoided. Amen."

## TRIOLET,

FROM CABESTAING.

BY THE VISCOUNT STRANGFORD.

A YEAR ago, a year ago,  
I thought my heart so cold and still,  
That Love it never more could know :  
That withering Time, and Sorrow's chill,  
Had frozen all its earlier glow.  
A year ago, a year ago,  
I said, "I ne'er shall love again"—  
But, I had not seen thee then !

A year ago, a year ago,  
My soul was wrapt in grief and gloom,  
And sighs would swell, and tears would flow,  
As, bending o'er the lost one's tomb,  
I thought of her who slept below !  
A year ago, a year ago,  
I felt I ne'er could love again—  
But, I had not known thee then !

A year ago, a year ago,  
All vain were Beauty's witching wiles,  
And eye of light, and breast of snow,  
And raven tress, and lip of smiles,  
They could not chase a rooted wo !  
A year ago, a year ago,  
I never wish'd to love again —  
But, I had not kiss'd thee then !



## JULIET'S TOMB IN VERONA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF RIENZI,

&c. &c.

“ BUT I assure you, sir,” said the cicerone, “ that there is nothing to see in it.”

“ More than in all Verona.”

The cicerone shrugged his shoulders, and we continued our way.

There is no town in Italy more interesting in its appearance than Verona. A quiet and venerable melancholy broods over its streets and houses. Its architecture of all forms ; its peculiar casements and balconies ; the half Gothic, half classic, stamp of its antiquity, have, to my eyes, an inexpressible charm. I think to recognise something Shakespearian in the aspect of the place ; it accords well with the memories with which Shakspeare has associated its reverent name ; and I own, that I trod its motley streets with less respect for its history than for its immortal legend :—for was it not here that the gay Mercutio and the haughty Tybalt ran their brief career ?—along these very streets went the masked troop, with their torch-bearers, and merry music, on the night that Romeo made himself a guest in the halls of Capulet

and won the heart of the impassioned Juliet! The Gothic lattice, the frequent balcony, the garden seen through the iron-gates that close yonder ancient court, do they not all breathe of Romeo—of Shakespeare—of Romance?—of that romance which is steeped in the colours of so passionate, so intoxicating a love, that in order even to comprehend it, we must lift ourselves out of our common and worldly nature—we must rise from what our youth has been made by the arid cares and calculating schemes of life—we must shut ourselves up, as it were, in a chamber of sweet dreams, from which all realities must be rigidly excluded—we must call back to the heart, to the sense, to the whole frame, its first youth—we must feel the blood pass through the veins as an elixir, and imagine that we are yet in that first era of the world when (according to the Grecian superstition) LOVE was the only deity that existed, and his breath was the religion of creation. Then, and then only, can we acknowledge that the legend of Romeo and Juliet does not pass the limits of nature. For the great characteristic of their love is youth—the sparkling and divine freshness of first years:—its luxuriant imagination—its suddenness and yet its depth—the conceits and phantasies which find common language too tame, and wander into sweet extravagance from the very truth of the passion,—all this belongs but to the flush and May of life, the beauty of our years—the sunny surface of the golden well. You see at once the *youngness* of

that love, if you compare it with the love of Antony and Cleopatra in another and no less wonderful tragedy of the great master. The love, in either, passes the level of human emotions — it is the love of warmer hearts, and stronger natures, than the world knows. But the one is the love that demands luxury and pomp; it dispenses with glory, but not with magnificence; it lies

“ In a pavilion, cloth of gold, of tissue,  
O'er picturing that Venus where we see  
The fancy outwork nature.”

Take away the majesty from that love, and it sinks into the gross passion of a hoary dotard and an old coquette. But every thing about the love of Juliet is young, pure even in its passion; it does not lose worlds, but it can dispense with the world itself; it asks no purple canopies, no regal feasts; its wine is rich enough without dissolving pearls in its sparkling freshness;—it is precisely that which belongs to the beautiful inexperience of the passionate girl;—it is the incarnation of passion, solely because it is the incarnation of youth.—And *there*, in that barn belonging to the convent of the Franciscans, the very convent of the good old friar of the tale—no roof above—the damp mould below—the broken, oblong sepulchre itself half filled with green water, is the tomb of this being, made as familiar to us by genius, as if she had really moved and lived before us—as if we had gazed upon her

in the revel, and listened to her voice from the moonlit balcony. Nothing can equal the sadness and gloom of the spot. On the walls yet remain two old and faded frescos on the religious subjects favoured by Italian art: morning and night the dews fall through the roofless hovel, and the melancholy stars gleam on the tomb whence the very dust is gone! It has not even the grandeur of desolation—no splendid sepulchre—no cathedral-aisle—no high-arched roof impresses you with awe. A heap of fagots, piled carelessly at one end of the outhouse, proves the little veneration in which the place is held; the spot is desecrated; the old tomb, with its pillow of stone, is but a broken cistern to the eyes of the brethren of the convent! The character of the place is drear, unsanctifying, slovenly, discomfort! Beautiful daughter of the Capulet! none care for thee, thy love, or thy memories, save the strangers from the Far Isle whom a northern minstrel hath taught to weep for thee! It is this peculiar dreariness, this want of harmony between the spot and the associations, which makes the scene so impressive. The eager, tender, ardent Juliet—every thought a passion—the very Hebe of Romance, never fated to be old;—and this damp unregarded hovel, strewed with vile lumber, and profaned to all uses! What a contrast!—what a moral of human affections! Had it been a green spot in some quiet valley, with the holiness of Nature to watch over it, the tomb would have impressed us

with sweet, not sorrowful, associations. We should have felt the soft steps of the appropriate spirit of the place, and dreamed back the dreams of poetry, as at Arqua, or in the grotto of Egeria. But there is no poetry here! all is stern and real; the loveliest vision of Shakespeare surrounded by the hardest scenes of Crabbe! And afar in the city rise the gorgeous tombs of the Scaligers, the family of that Duke of Verona who is but a pageant, a thing of foil and glitter, in the machinery of that enchanting tale! Ten thousand florins of gold had one of these haughty princes consumed, in order to eclipse, in his own, the magnificence of the tombs of his predecessors. Fretted and arched in all the elaborate tracery of the fourteenth century, those feudal tombs make yet the pride and boast of Verona;—and to Juliet, worth, to the place, all the dukes that ever strutted their hour upon the stage, this gray stone, and this mouldering barn! It is as if to avenge the slight upon her beautiful memory, that we yawn as we gaze upon the tombs of power, and feel so deep a sympathy with this poor monument of love!

The old woman that shewed the place had something in her of the picturesque;—aged, and wrinkled, and hideous;—with her hard hand impatiently stretched out for the petty coin which was to pay for admission to the spot;—she suited well with all the rest! She increased the pathos that belongs to the deserted sanctuary. How little could she feel that nothing in Verona was so precious to the

“Zingaro” as this miserable hovel! — “And if it should not be Juliet’s tomb, after all!” Out, sceptic! The tradition goes far back. The dull Veronese themselves do not question it! Why should we? We all bear about us the prototype of that scene. That which made the passion and the glory of our youth, the Juliet of the heart, when once it has died and left us, lies not its tomb within us, forgotten and unregarded, — surrounded by the lumber of base cares, polluted by strange and indifferent passers by (the wishes and desires of more vulgar life), unheeded, unremembered, — the sole monument which sanctifies the rude and commonplace abode in which it moulders silently away?

BY LORD NUGENT.

TAKE my laste gyfte, a sadd and sorrie one,  
For wee must parte!  
And, since our sunnie dayes of joy are gone,  
Nothinge to mee remayneth but a lone  
And broken harte !

One severed halfe I leave, sweete Love, to thee,  
A fitting token !  
Keepe itt and cheryshe itt wyth constancye,  
In memorye of that which styl wyth mee  
Bydeth, though broken !

# FRANCESCA PIGNATELLI,

## A NEAPOLITAN STORY.

BY THE HON. KEPPEL RICHARD CRAVEN.

IT was during the early part of a sultry night, in the month of August, of the year 1624, that a strippling, wearing the aspect, and bearing the lightest summer attire, of a working peasant, was ineffectually endeavouring to accelerate the flagging paces of a diminutive but heavily laden mule, over the broken and slippery pavement of one of the numerous steep and narrow lanes which, at that period, extended along the interior skirts of the city of Naples.

The successive bursts of an impetuous gale, as they swept between the double range of walls that rose on either side of this toilsome path, far from affording any relief to the exertions of the animal and its driver, seemed only to clog the lungs of the one, and the legs of the other, with the overpowering effects of that irresistible morbid languor so sensitively experienced by the natives of those latitudes during the prevalence of a legitimate sirocco, or south-easterly wind.



The burden which aggravated the sufferings of the weary beast was contained in a broad coarse mat, thrown across the pack-saddle, and doubled in its whole length, but gaping at each extremity in the shape of a capacious pannier.

The material that filled these receptacles, was the black volcanic sand so abundant in the vicinity of Naples, some portion of which was, at every renewed gust, dispersed in the air, or whirled against the face of the youth, who, unable to oppose such continued difficulties any longer, first slackened his pace, and at last halted to rub his eyes, and try, during the intervals of this operation, to discover if there was any appearance of his having attained the object of his laborious journey.

The universal coating of gray clouds that spread over the heavens, and usually characterises the existence of a strong sirocco, though it entirely concealed the disk of the moon, admitted the agency of its rays over all the surrounding objects, which shone distinctly in a clear but somewhat ghastly light.

The line of wall on his right hand was lower than that on the opposite side, forming, in fact, the upper range of the massive enclosures which, in those days, divided the city from the suburbs; portions of which, with their low round towers, are still in existence.

The left range rose to a much greater height, constituting the boundary of a succession of capa-

cious gardens attached to the several mansions of the Neapolitan nobility, accessible, on their reverse, by dark and tortuous streets, ill corresponding with the magnificence of the edifices to which they led. Above this line of wall, which was at times broken by the projections of pilasters, arches, and remains of gateways, mostly blocked up, he could occasionally discern the spikes of the aloes growing on its dilapidated coping, or, in the distance, the feathery branches of a solitary palm-tree, fearfully agitated by the wind.

Close before him stood his mule, which had not failed to stop the instant it ceased to feel the goad and hear the voice of its conductor ; and the heaving sides and rocking limbs of the animal plainly indicated the distress under which it laboured.

The lad looked around him with feelings nearly allied to terror, and then at his travelling companion with those of commiseration ; while he began to doubt if the remuneration promised to his services could ever compensate the hardships they enforced, magnified as they were by his present situation : so that, had not the distance from home rendered the prospect of his return as uninviting as a further extension of toil and fatigue onwards, he would probably have renounced all progress in that direction.

After a few minutes' pause, a deep sigh, and some expressions of regard and encouragement to Persichella, he resumed his way, clapping her flanks,

and adding to this token of renewed departure the more effective stimulus of the sharpened stick he carried. These last efforts were, fortunately, very soon rewarded by the appearance of a door in the wall on his left, which he recollected to have been described to him as the termination of his journey, and more especially to be identified by a small statue of *St. Januarius resting over the architrave*. He tapped gently, and, on the door being opened, perceived the person from whom he had in the morning received the directions which had led him to this spot. This individual, whose garb, manner, and language, denoted as occupying the intermediate station between a superior and a menial, beckoned him to enter a spacious garden, and, after gently closing the door, and placing the key in his pocket, he bade him move on in the direction of a stately building, in the lower windows of which a light was seen to glimmer, at the extremity of a long and broad avenue of cypress-trees. About half-way between this edifice and the door, a circular basin of large blocks of hewn lava received the waters that gushed from an urn, held by a marble naiad, reclining on a seat of artificial rock-work; and here the youth was ordered to stop and relieve his mule from the load it had brought.

While thus occupied in profound silence, he beheld five persons, who issued severally from a thick screen of ilex and laurels, which bordered the walk encircling the basin. A vague sensa-

tion of fear, undirected to any definable danger, induced Carminello (such was the stripling's name) to continue the task imposed upon him without testifying the surprise he could not avoid experiencing at the sudden appearance of these strangers, who stood looking at him from beneath the broad shadow extended by the tall evergreens which entirely precluded all distinct delineation of their features; but, as he successively heaved out the contents of the mat near the edge of the fountain, he could observe, in the outline of their forms and habiliments, that they belonged to a class superior to that of his conductor, and that each was armed with a rapier. One, of higher and more portly stature than the rest, was wrapt in an ample cloak; and a perception, more rapid than explicable, told the peasant that his station was that of pre-eminence above his companions.

The whole load of sand had now been emptied from the mat, and lay in a heap at the fountain's edge; and the youth, while readjusting the accoutrements of his mule, felt that the summons for departure would prove fully as acceptable as the stipend promised to his service, and anxiously waited the one and the other.

A deep-toned voice, that of the person in the cloak, was heard in these words: "Will this suffice?" "Half the quantity would answer the

purpose required," replied another, in a gentler and more collected tone; and, at the same time, he stepped from the line of shade which canopied them all, and, with his hand, measured the height of the accumulated material. This enabled Carminello to obtain a less imperfect view of his person and features—the former was youthful and elegant, and the second regular and prepossessing.

"Nothing then remains," resumed the first speaker, "but to reward this lad, and dismiss him;" and, on a sign he made to the person who had acted as conductor, this last put a silver ducat into the peasant's hand, and moved on with him along the alley of cypress back to the door that had given him admittance. While in the act of turning the key, they were joined by the younger of the two that had spoken, and who, apparently struck by some sudden reflection, had followed them, and drew Carminello's companion apart, speaking to him in a low whisper for a short time; after which, addressing himself to the youth, he mildly inquired what distance he had to travel before he reached his resting-place for the night. This last, whose vague apprehensions had been subsiding with every step he took towards the place of egress, felt them all return at this simple question, notwithstanding the friendly tone in which it had been addressed to him; but he replied, without hesitation, "My father's abode is just outside the grotto di

Posilippo, whence I had come this afternoon with some fruit, when this *galantuomo* engaged me to bring the sand to your excellency's garden."

"That," resumed his interrogator, "is a long way off; and a journey thither at this hour, and through the grotto, may not be unattended with danger; besides, the harrassed condition of your mule seems but ill suited to such an undertaking without some previous rest and refreshment."

"A poor lad like me," said Carminello, "with an ill-fed beast and empty panniers, has little to fear, whether it be night or day, and I am habituated to return home at all hours: as to Persichella, she has quite recovered her breath, and will get there long before me, if left to herself; and, if overtaken with weariness, I could stop and sleep at my uncle's, the blacksmith's, just beyond the town-gate, in the suburb of Chiaja."

"That must not be," hastily rejoined the other, "while we can provide you with better accommodation for the remainder of the dark hours; and the loss of your time, if of any consequence, shall be largely compensated in the morning." Without waiting for a reply, he took him by the arm and led him from the door, not back into the cypress avenue, but under a vine-covered trellis, along the line of garden-wall, till it was broken by the projection thrown out by a low edifice of decayed exterior, the terraced roof of which, still preserving the remains of a stuccoed frieze, and some stone

vases at each angle, shewed its original destination to have been an architectural retreat, so common in the formal gardens of the south.

“Here,” said his conductor, “you will find a bed for yourself, provender for your mule, and substantial shelter from the night air:” after saying which, he urged, or rather pushed him through an open door-way, with a degree of impatience and roughness singularly at variance with the soft intonations of his voice, and his courteous phraseology.

Carminello’s natural timidity, and the docility engrafted on this disposition by habitual obedience to the dictates of a morose but not unkind parent, were submitted to a severe trial by what he felt to be an act of unjustifiable wilfulness, if not tyranny; reflecting, however, that resistance in his present position was not only useless, but, perhaps, likely to aggravate the treatment he feared destined to him, he submitted with patience, if not with good grace, to what was inevitable, and drawing in Persichella after him, he saw the door closed upon them both, and heard two rusty bolts drawn across it.

His companions soon came round to a grated opening in one side of the building, and, before they quitted him, the younger of the two offered to send him some refreshment if he stood in need of it; but this he declined with the same humility and semblance of confidence with which

he thought it prudent to conceal his fears and suspicions, and shortly afterwards he counted the lessening tread of their retiring footsteps, and found himself, for the first time in his life, compelled to pass the night in solitude and captivity.

The motives which induced these persons thus arbitrarily to confine him, however suspicious they appeared, could not, he imagined, arise from any ill-will towards himself, an indigent and unknown youth, who had never seen or offended them; so that, after the first ten minutes of resentment and disappointment had elapsed, his mind, inexperienced in the vices and intrigues of the higher ranks, but not unacquainted with their habits of tyrannical caprice, lulled itself into a state of consolatory security against any further molestation for the night, which he endeavoured to pass with as little discomfort as his position allowed.

The grated window, which opened to the garden, allowed the rays of the moon, now divested of their hazy covering, to penetrate into his place of confinement, and enabled him to see that it was now converted to the uses of a gardener's work-house, containing the tools necessary to that occupation, vessels for watering plants, rows of aromatic vegetables suspended to dry for seed; and, in one corner, a substantial heap of maize-leaves, which verified his conductor's promise, of fodder for his beast and a bed for himself; a twofold accommodation, of which they both speedily availed themselves,



—Persichella by picking out the tenderest stalks of the Indian corn, and the youth by stretching himself at full on the fresh and elastic couch formed by its leaves.

How long his sleep had endured he was unable to judge, when he was awakened by the near sound of footsteps, not on a level with his station, but above his head. Collecting all his powers of attention, he clearly distinguished that the noise proceeded from the exterior of the vaulted ceiling over him, upon which some person was treading, not very lightly :—it was of short duration, and, looking from his resting-place towards the grated opening, he distinctly beheld a man's foot resting on the upper bar of the window, then another follow and lean upon the second, while by degrees an entire human figure shewed itself measuredly descending from the roof into the garden, using the transversal irons as if they had been the steps of a ladder.

Carminello's first and most natural idea was that of a robber scaling the wall, and thus obtaining entrance into the premises; and, well aware that the darkness of the nook in which he rested effectually concealed his own person from the stranger as he descended, he congratulated himself at the confinement which thus enabled him to escape attention. But this feeling was very shortly converted into one of alarm when the two exterior bolts, which he had heard closed upon him with so much reluctance,

were rapidly drawn, the door opened, and the stranger entered his retreat.

He threw down a feathered bonnet and upper garment, and snatching a gardener's working jacket that hung on a wooden peg, run his arms through the sleeves; then, taking a hoe, he was bending his steps towards the door, when a motion of the mule, which was peaceably continuing her repast of maize-leaves, startled him; and, drawing nearer to her, Carminello's recumbent figure could no longer remain concealed. Stepping back in an attitude of defiance, the unknown demanded of him who he was, and what had brought him there: his manner, however, betrayed a degree of agitation so resembling alarm, that the lad's surmises as to his profession and intentions underwent a total change, and, without the smallest hesitation, he told him in few words the errand that had led him to the garden, and the manner in which he had forcibly been compelled to remain within its precincts.

His interrogator seemed lost in thought for a few minutes, and then made him repeat his information, with the addition of the exact number of persons he had seen, and the description of the spot where they had shewn themselves. The few questions he addressed to the youth allowed this last to discover, with that instinctive perspicacity so common to the inferior ranks of all nations, that, although his face, person, and attire, might belong to a superior station, his language, or,

perhaps, the manner of its delivery, indicated an inferior education, though it was neither ungentle nor unpolished.

A second pause ensued, during which the stranger appeared to be weighing in his mind the *risks and chances of the determination he was about to adopt, and, having apparently decided upon it, though after much hesitation and even reluctance, he offered to accompany Carminello to the door that had admitted him into the garden, which, he added, being probably only bolted from within, and not locked, would afford him the means of departing from the present scene of his captivity.* This proposal was thankfully acceded to; and they left the alcove, bending their way along the wall under the clustering festoons of ripe grapes that overhung the walk. During the short interval of time which elapsed in this operation, Carminello felt as if all the vague notions of danger which had hitherto oppressed him, were now taking another direction; and his mind, relieved as it was from all personal apprehensions, sank under the conviction that, somehow or other, all the perils which had seemed to threaten him, were now to be transferred to his conductor, about whom he suddenly experienced an unaccountable degree of interest.

When they reached the door, they found, to Carminello's dismay, not only that it was bolted, but likewise locked, and that the key had been removed; so that all egress was impracticable,

unless, in order to effect it, he had recourse to the same means which had afforded entrance to his companion—a mode of retreat not equally accessible to Persichella, who must, in that case, remain behind, exposed to the rough treatment which those who had so arbitrarily detained her master might, in revenge for his flight, inflict upon her: he must, moreover, run the risk of losing her entirely; an evil which, besides the pangs of separation, would entail such a train of subsequent misfortunes, that he willingly yielded acquiescence to the only alternative suggested by his conductor, that of waiting alone in the garden for half an hour, at the expiration of which, as this last assured him, he might probably ensure his final escape with perfect safety.

The stranger first led him back to the edifice in which they had met, and, after leaving the mule within its walls, and barring the door from without, he conducted him towards the mansion; but, in so doing, purposely avoided the nearest line of communication by the cypress walk, and followed an irregular track, marked by the curvilinear projections of the boundary wall, and concealed from the rest of the grounds by a thick espalier screen of lemon-trees, which, even in the day time, involved it in comparative obscurity.

Treading along the serpentine deviations of this path with the security of one well used to them, and holding Carminello by the hand, his companion soon reached the angle of the palace, projecting from

which a broad substruction of masonry, supporting a terrace, extended along the whole front of the edifice. To this esplanade, adorned with statues and large stone vases containing orange-trees, most of the latticed windows, or rather doors, opened from the apartments on the same level, and a flight of marble steps at either extremity furnished the means of descent, and a communication with the garden. At the foot of one of these, a small doorway gave admittance into a capacious, but very low vaulted vestibule or hall, divided into several compartments by rustic pilasters supporting the whole of the superincumbent terrace.

Carminello's conductor bade him enter, and remain there until he should return to lead him from confinement, which, he repeated, he hoped to effect within the ensuing half hour; "but," added he, "should that space of time elapse, and you find me tarry, mount fearlessly upon the terrace, and tap gently at the only window wherein you see a light; I shall be there and admit you:" so saying, he tripped lightly up the steps; while the lad, with somewhat less alacrity, betook himself to what he hoped would be his last hiding-place for the night. During some minutes the impenetrable darkness, contrasted with the bright moonshine he had quitted, overpowered him; but by degrees, some partial gleams thrown on different objects at various distances disclosed themselves, and he discovered that the nearest of these was thus illuminated from

a circular aperture just above it, and that this opening corresponded with that of a cistern beneath, surrounded by a parapet wall of inconsiderable height. A chain and bucket were suspended over it, evidently for the convenience of drawing up water to refresh the plants on the terrace. The other glimpses of light he perceived to be derived from sundry arches of different sizes which had been constructed in front of the building towards the garden, and were lined with artificial rock-work and moss, which likewise covered the pilasters and rough seats at their bases; while the multifarious plants which thrive with little or no soil, shot up from the interstices of the stones, and matted draperies of creepers threw a kind of network across every one of these arched entrances. The largest of these was exactly in the centre; and as he stood some way within it, he could see that it faced the wide cypress avenue leading to the house, but that a considerable area of open ground intervened, now brilliantly lighted by the last slanting rays of the declining moon, while the opening of the walk itself yawned like a darkening abyss of impervious blackness.

The boy, weary, and yet restless from anxiety, leaned against one of the rustic supports, and allowed his eyes to roam over the wide expanse of waste ground glistening with the micaceous particles peculiar to volcanic regions, and in some places shadowed by the sloping reflection of a statue or

vase described upon its surface; when his reveries, chiefly engrossed by Persichella, were suddenly suspended, and his attention was painfully roused by the apparition of five human figures slowly emerging from the gloom of the cypress-trees. They advanced in the direction of the house, side by side, with a slow and measured pace, but gradually separated from each other as they moved onwards, till the line they formed nearly equalled the front of the terrace; and a studied regularity was superadded to it by a rope stretching along its whole extension, and passing through one hand of each personage, while the other held a sword. This last circumstance, and the number of the band, one of whom wore a cloak, confirmed the recognition of these mysterious beings as those whom Carminello had seen and heard on his first entrance into the garden; and his alarm was not lessened by this identity. Their footsteps fell on the yielding sand without the slightest sound, and their sudden immobility alone apprised him that they had halted at about ten paces from the esplanade; while their own shadows, and those of their weapons, elongated to gigantic dimensions by the last rays of the moon, seemed unearthly and supernatural.

The continuation of deep and total silence has frequently been known to produce an irresistible impression of awe and terror on inexperienced and uncultivated minds, who seem to rest for support or assistance on the various unaccountable sounds

which burst occasionally from the midnight repose of nature, and have, by some poet, been denominated the mysterious voices of the night ; and the appalling calm, which had succeeded to the raging sirocco, struck on the simple stripling's mind with the same overpowering effect as the enervating heat which accompanied it. He could hear nothing but the pulsations of his heart ; yet his fears did not so far overcome reflection as to preclude the feeling that, whatever evil intentions prompted the movements of the dark strangers before him, they could not be directed against him ; while the most commonplace experience in the effects of light and shade, reassured him as to the possibility of their discovering him, situated, as he then was, some twenty paces within an arched vault. He was, moreover, conscious that he might have shifted his position without being noticed ; but this he thought useless at that moment, and remained transfixed, as in fascination, for some minutes longer. These rolled on, and, according to his calculation, few would shortly be wanted to fill up the period of time which was to bring back his guide and deliverer.

The reflections which had assailed him on their first meeting now presented themselves to his mind in stronger and darker colours ; the conviction that mischief, danger, perhaps death, waited the reappearance of his absent protector ; the friendly manner in which he had accosted him ; the assistance he



had proffered, and the undefined impulse which, to the honour of human nature, stimulates us to help the weak and few against the powerful and many — all these feelings combined to urge Carminello's humble and timid disposition to make some effort to serve his unknown friend, and he deemed it practicable through the means of the cistern he had noticed on his first entrance into the vaulted hall.

Having settled his plan of operations, he gently quitted the seat he occupied, and a few paces enabled him to reach the parapet wall round the reservoir, upon which having sprung, he found his head in contact with the corresponding opening in the upper vault ; an experimental pull on the chain that depended from it, having ascertained the security it might afford, two well-directed efforts of his arms drew him up to the terrace, on the pavement of which his feet at the same time alighted, so near the mansion that he felt it impossible to have been seen by the objects of his apprehension, standing as they were at the further extremity of, and under, the esplanade.

The shutters of all the windows were closed ; but through a small square aperture in that nearest to him a light was visible, dimly shaded by a green silk curtain. He tapped gently, the shutter was as gently opened, allowing him to enter a large room, in which he beheld, not the person he expected to find, but two females, who, notwithstanding the

seeming readiness given to his admission, looked equally surprised and disconcerted at his appearance. A lamp stood on a marble table, and behind it sat the least young of the two ladies on one of those cumbrous beds whose carved wooden pillars, and heavy tapestry curtains, were considered, at that period, though equally ill-suited to the habits and climate of the south, as the indispensable appendages of rank and wealth. The other, apparently of inferior rank, and who had opened the shutter, hastily retreated towards her mistress, and a pause of embarrassment and perplexity ensued. This was broken by the latter, who inquired whether Carminello was the youth who had been waiting the return of . . . . She hesitated: but this interrogation having apprised him that his conductor had mentioned him, he replied in the affirmative. "Have you not met him?" resumed the lady; and "has he not informed you that" . . . . "No," hastily rejoined the lad; "surely he is not gone back to the garden?" . . . . and the truth flashed upon his mind that, while he was scaling the interior of the terrace, the person he sought had descended the exterior staircase, and thereby missed him, the consequence of which he felt might be all that he had hoped to prevent. His heart sank within him. . . . The lady continued — "Yes, he went to join you, and so recently, that we thought it was he who struck

the shutter, or should not have unclosed it; what brought you hither?"

"To warn him of peril, of . . . . Hark!" She started from her seat as an indistinct shuffling noise was heard from the garden, and, clasping her hands in agony, exclaimed, "Oh! my forebodings! Mercy! gracious Heaven! if thy wrath be hurled against the guilty, on me alone let it fall!" and she dropped on her knees before an ebony crucifix that was suspended near her pillow: then, starting from this posture, and running to Carminello, who had not moved from the window, "Is it too late to save him?" she said earnestly; "have you no arms to defend him? we are three; may not our presence, my cries, my supplications, interpose?" and she wildly threw open the shutter, and made an attempt to draw him out upon the terrace, beckoning at the same time to her attendant to follow, when a loud knocking at the chamber-door, which communicated with the interior of the house, silenced and detained her.

The girl looked at her lady as if to learn if she was to attend this unexpected summons: this last made a sign in the negative, when the knocking was repeated, accompanied by the following words, uttered in a clear sonorous voice, "Donna Francesca, vouchsafe to open the door to a friend."

"'Tis Father Fabiano, your spiritual director," whispered Vitangela, the attendant, while her

mistress continued her motions of denial. "Your waiting-maid is still in attendance upon you," resumed the voice; "you have, consequently, not retired for the night—open, I entreat—Fabiano, your counsellor, your guide, requests it; he has matters of serious import to submit to your consideration." . . . On another sign from her lady, the girl answered, "The princess, reverend father, is just preparing to disrobe herself, and at such an hour can receive no one, unless it be her lord, the Prince of Acaia." "My visit is authorised by himself," said the priest; "nay, I bring his commands for admittance."

"How can that be, when his excellency is on his road to Benevento?" rejoined Vitangela. "You know of his departure, but not of his arrival thither," resumed Fabiano; "may not momentous matters have recalled him unexpectedly? may he not be returned under his own roof, perhaps at my elbow? Open, I repeat it, for 'tis he that orders you."

The two women exchanged glances which coincided in the necessity of submitting to this ill-timed intrusion, and the lady advanced towards the inner door, while Vitangela gently pushed Carminello through the open shutter upon the esplanade, saying, in a low voice, "Conceal yourself in the garden, if you cannot escape before day-break—I will then seek you and effect your retreat; but should you succeed in departing previously to that time, meet

me at Porta Capuana two hours before sunset, for I must see you again : in the meanwhile be secret, as you value your life."

The foregoing scene had been acted so rapidly, that when the lad found himself again on the terrace, with the shutter closed as it was but a few minutes before, he could scarcely believe it a reality ; and he stood, like one petrified with amazement, for a short time : this sensation, however, soon gave way before the necessity of again concealing himself, and gliding down, with the help of the chain, through the aperture which had admitted him, he resumed his former station in the vaulted chamber, now no longer even partially lighted by the moon, which had finally sunk beneath the horizon ; and he contrived with difficulty to reach one of the arched openings, under which he rested in a state of perplexity far exceeding the other emotions he had been fated to undergo during that memorable night.

By degrees the glimmering of the stars became fainter, and, as the red streaks which precede the sun shone in the eastern sky, the various subdivisions of the garden gradually displayed themselves to his sight, as if rising from a mist ; the stems of the cypress-trees successively detached themselves from each other in their measured array of formal regularity ; the circular basin, with its marble naiad, appeared next ; and beyond it his eye penetrated to the tapering extremity of the avenue, and rested on the little door that had at first given him ingress,

which he observed, with a beating heart, to stand ajar.

Not a leaf stirred, not a sound was heard within the cultivated solitude that extended on all sides, and which he now noticed as much more vast than he had imagined. The prospect of escape thus opening to his hopes was too tempting to be neglected; and, gliding as close to the trees as it was possible, he soon attained the midway fountain, near which a small heap of sand, the scanty remains of the load he had brought, arrested his attention for a few instants, which was more forcibly excited by several bags of coarse cloth, lying scattered in all directions. These were about the thickness and length of stout wooden clubs, which they much resembled; and a few, which had burst at one end, allowed him to see that they were closely filled with the material he had been directed to provide and bring.

Near the same spot, on a bed of clipped lavender and rosemary, the soil appeared indented, and the plants crushed and broken, as if some ponderous substance or body had been thrown, and had rested, upon it. Exactly opposite to, and but a few paces from these marks, some drops of fresh blood shone brilliantly on the dark and damp discoloured stone which formed the circular enclosure of the basin; while the water, limpid in all other parts, was here turbid and stained, apparently from the effect of some heavy weight, recently cast to the bottom,

*which had loosened the weeds and stirred the mud, sending up a foul and clouded spot to the surface, surrounded by large bubbles, among which the gold and silver fish were basking in search of food.*

Carminello's anxious impatience did not permit him to bestow more than a cursory glance on these appearances; but the effect they produced, in the train of the various fearful and mysterious visions which had haunted him for so many hours, was not the less impressive, and only served to stimulate his exertions to depart. He found, with a sense of exquisite relief, that, as he had expected, the door was in reality open: he hastily repaired to Persichella's abode, which he perceived to have likewise been unclosed: he found the mule as he had quitted her, but observed that the stranger's bonnet and doublet were no longer there. Leading his favourite along the border walk, and over the ill-omened threshold, he was, within very few minutes after, seated on her back, and goading her into as rapid a canter as the dilapidated pavement would admit of, in the direction of his paternal abode.

Nearly ten hours had elapsed since Carminello's return to his resting-place, the greater portion of which had by him been devoted to that rest which the fatigues of the preceding night rendered so necessary. His father, habituated to see him come home at various and irregular hours, and well satisfied with the result of his labours, which the youth,

with his wonted exactitude, had placed in his hand immediately on his arrival, never troubled his head with inquiring into their nature and details, and allowed him the full measure of rest he deserved. After he had risen, and partaken of the frugal and only daily meal which poverty and habit had used him to regard as sufficient for both enjoyment and refreshment, he loaded Persichella with some water-melons, and, by his father's order, drove her to the market of the Carmine, to dispose of these articles to the wholesale purchasers, who retailed them to their evening customers : and, as soon as he had performed the task, he pushed on towards the gate called Porta Capuana, and loitered on the broad irregular area which extends before the Tribunal of the Vicaria, adjoining this most frequented place of egress from the city. Although his slumbers had cast a misty haze over the events of the previous night, which assimilated them to a dark and fearful dream, every individual circumstance that had occurred during its progress, was deeply engraven on his memory, and occupied or agitated his mind by turns. He feared to ascertain to what fatal extremity the evil proceedings that were evidently preparing had reached ; yet this feeling did not make him shrink from the confidential part which chance appeared to have allotted to him, though he was yet ignorant of the nature of the assistance which might be expected at his hands by the two females with whom he had so singularly become acquainted. He



stopped at the termination of the long and narrow street conducting to the Vicaria and Porta Capuana, but did not wait there long before he was joined by a woman, clad in the black silken garb and veil habitually worn by the female *bourgeoisie* of that period ; and the glance she cast in passing enabled him to recognise the person who had suggested the appointment so faithfully attended to. No one was near them at the time, as every passenger seemed in a hurry to get on, and she was thereby empowered to question him without restraint as to the manner in which he had left the garden, and to obtain other information connected with his sojourn there. His replies to the minute and somewhat vague interrogations she put to him, seemed to affect her in different ways, as they afforded scope for hope, or threatened dire but ill-defined disasters. A short lapse of time sufficed to acquaint her with all the particulars she was so anxious to learn ; and she appeared desirous in return to make some communication of a more important nature, when, observing the number of loungers and passers by increase about them, she hinted at the convenience to be derived from a more secluded position, and proposed crossing the square, for the purpose of reaching the public road, and outside of the gate. Carminello acquiesced, and was preparing to follow her through the motley crowds that habitually occupy this populous quarter of the city at that particular hour, when the attention of both was attracted by the repeated exclamations of

surprise, commiseration, and sometimes horror, which broke from most of the individuals surrounding them, all apparently excited by the same event or object. There was also an evident fluctuation of the multitude towards one particular point; and Carminello and his fair companion were involuntarily borne along with this tide towards the gloomy archway which gives admittance to the extensive structure erected by Peter of Toledo. This fabric, uniting under the same roof the criminal courts and the abode of the malefactors, is known now, as then, by the name of Vicaria. The succession of strongly grated windows, extending along the lower line of wall, exhibited the usual number of squalid faces, imploring charity of the passengers, or engaged in melancholy converse with their friends or relations; while, among these last, the wonted intermixture of fruit and vegetable stalls, portable furnaces for the concoction of macaroni and other comestibles, and gaudy sheds for the distribution of iced water, was observable. Here, likewise, were to be seen the mendicant friar busily prowling; the *facchino*, or porter, reclining in his basket; the cleanly bare-legged fisherman, with his rush platter of fresh anchovies; beggars, lame and blind, shaking their many-coloured rags; and children, without any rags at all, rolling about in the hot sand. But the universal point of attraction was near the prison-gate, where an antique column, without base or capital, had been placed, with a

pedestal before it. To this, commonly called La Colonna della Vicaria, the culprits condemned to be publicly scourged or exposed, were tied, when undergoing similar castigations ; and here, also, the banns or sentences of the courts were affixed. But it was not till our two wayfarers effected a nearer approach to the spot, that they discovered the object which at that moment gave it so peculiar a degree of interest. This was a human corpse in a state of complete nudity, leaning against the pillar, to which it was made fast by two ropes, one placed under the arms, and another round the ancles, by which it was retained in an upright position. The limbs and trunk displayed the combination of graceful symmetry with muscular vigour, appertaining to masculine beauty in the prime of adolescence ; not a scratch defaced the polish of a skin which, in smoothness and the somewhat livid paleness it exhibited, vied with the surface of the marble against which it rested ; but a narrow crimson streak seemed to bind the throat where it had been severed, and the head separated from the body : this was not visible ; and the remarks of the populace soon made it known that it had not been found ; a circumstance which aggravated the feelings of commiseration, not unmixed with curiosity, which such a sight was calculated to inspire. " Yes," said an old woman, " it was discovered by the night-watch very early this morning, under the city-walls hard by St. Anello."

" No," interrupted a baker, " it had been thrown

upon the beach at the mouth of the great sewer, near the light-house."

"That cannot be," rejoined a waterman, "for I was there at day-break, and it must, besides, have been soiled and disfigured, while the flesh is fair and sound as that of a sword-fish."

"Death," said a barber, somewhat conceitedly, "must have been very sudden to leave no marks, and was probably caused by spontaneous decapitation with a sharp razor."

"Why not by poison?" asked the old lady; "many of the nobility have died that way."

"That," observed the tonsor, "would have covered the skin with dark green spots."

"Your chirurgical studies are very limited, signor, if they have left you in ignorance of the many violent deaths which may be inflicted without leaving any wounds or signs upon the body." This was uttered by a pale but stout-built man of about five-and-thirty, whose showy vestments, broad-hilted stiletto, and peculiar cut of hair, might have indicated as one of the stipendiary bravoës, secretly paid and retained by many of the titled families at that period.

"I know of none in the records of surgery," resumed the barber; "but I am not willing to dispute superior experience and knowledge in such matters."

"Suffocation," continued the other, with a tone of much importance, "suffocation in a sack full of down,

or feathers, would leave the skin unblemished; or the application of repeated blows from bags closely filled with sand, and tightly bound at each extremity—such methods have been resorted to when peculiar reasons exist for maintaining exterior appearances.”

“The Madonna have mercy on such Algerine inventions,” exclaimed the old woman, “but still the bruises would shew.”

“That learned operator,” said the other, “will inform you why they do not appear on the outward flesh, and why the entire effect of such an operation is confined to the interior organs.”

“Indeed,” hastily and sullenly answered the barber, turning away, “I know nothing of such performances.”

“The Lord have compassion on his soul!” piously ejaculated a Franciscan monk; “he must have expired without the extreme rites of our holy church.”

“He must have been a comely youth,” said a young girl frying *scagliozzi* (cakes made of maize); “*povero figliuolo!* perhaps he was soon to be married! What sorrow for his bride!”

“What anguish for his mother!” resumed the elderly dame who had spoken first; “he will never be known or claimed unless the head is found.”

“Why should he be known,” gravely observed a vender of macaroni; “he probably provoked his fate—some audacious gallant! There are but too

*many such, who wear the clothes and seek the favours of their superiors in rank and fortune."*

"*But,*" continued the old crone, "*how long will the body remain there? "*

"*Till night-fall,*" replied the dealer in paste and scraped cheese; "*and then, if not identified, it will be buried.*"

"*Not in consecrated ground,*" said she; "*the like was never heard of a body without its head.*"

"*No, certainly,*" answered the man, dabbing a large handful of his commodity into a wooden trencher, and adding a spoonful of gravy; "*but, probably, in the plague ground.*"

The crowd had, in its resistless course, borne Vitangela and her companion as near the object of general curiosity as a file of Spanish soldiers and sbirri allowed them to approach, the height of the pedestal on which it was placed rendering it visible to all beholders.

Carminello, after the first glance at a spectacle repugnant to his naturally gentle and compassionate nature, had averted his eyes, and stood listening in silent wonder to all the above-mentioned observations; but Vitangela remained steadily gazing at the mutilated corpse with features unmoved, and a countenance apparently absorbed in deep and painful meditation, when he noticed a sudden change in its expression; her looks seemed to acquire stronger intensity, her colour fluctuated, her lips trembled, and, leaning on his arm for support, "*Let us go,*"

she hastily said, "I have seen enough—too much . . . . Yet, hold!" and she gently checked the direction of his footsteps, adding, in a whisper, "do you observe any particular mark upon the body? Look to the left side; Heaven grant my eyes may have erred."

He obeyed her injunctions; and, after a short but fixed examination, replied, in the same subdued tone, "Yes, I think there is a sign or mole, somewhat resembling a violet."

"Enough," she resumed, in a stifled voice, "let us be gone;" and, without waiting a reply, she nimbly threaded her way through the crowd towards the street whence they had issued, nor spoke again till a narrow lane, into which she turned, gave her an opportunity.

"Young man," she said, "our acquaintance is brief of date, but I feel I must trust in you for the only assistance which now——" . . . Her accents faltered, and she wept bitterly; then, resuming a degree of composure, "You were willing," she continued, "to make an effort to save one unfortunate, but his fate was written in Heaven; *doveva morire!* May I reckon upon your aid to preserve the other?" Observing Carminello hesitate, she eagerly rejoined, "You need apprehend no danger; activity and caution are all I demand from you."

The lad, moved by the deep distress which now marked her words and countenance, expressed his readiness to obey her wishes; an assurance which

appeared to renovate her hopes, and with them her bodily powers and energy; for, after a smile of gratitude, she hastily resumed her progress, beckoning him to follow, through the intricate maze of intersecting passages and lanes, with which she seemed well acquainted, and they finally issued upon the square called Largo del Castello; after which a few paces more brought them before the gate of the royal palace, already in a state of completion, and inhabited by the Spanish viceroy. The personage who at this period was intrusted with the important functions attached to this exalted dignity, was the Duke of Alba, grandson to the celebrated nobleman of the name, well known in the history of the two preceding reigns by his bravery, his talents, and his harsh disposition. His descendant possessed none of these qualities, but had displayed others which, though less brilliant, were better calculated to combine the approbation of his superiors with the well-being and gratitude of those whom he was deputed to govern, to whom his administration had been hitherto highly satisfactory, by its impartial justice to all classes, united with the exercise of salutary severity in repressing the tyrannical excesses of a libertine and unruly nobility. Two Spanish sentries stood at the gate, and opposed the entrance of our adventurers with a rough interrogation as to who they were, and what they sought. The female, without circumlocution



or embarrassment, replied, that she had business of importance with the viceroy himself.

*“This is not audience day,” said the soldier, “and you can only inscribe your name for the next, for which purpose you must apply to his secretary.”*

“May I be allowed to do so immediately,” resumed Vitangela, stepping forward; when the other guard, interposing his halbert between her and Carminello, jeeringly observed, “The secretary is ever ready to receive with favour the petition of a pretty face, but I doubt his extending such grace to your bare-legged valet and his charger.”

Vitangela whispered her companion to wait her return, or summons, at no remote distance; and he saw her nimbly turn into the arched passage leading to the great staircase, after having received the sentinel's instructions as to the situation of the secretary's office; he then retired into the square, and remained patiently waiting the result of her enterprise.

A flourish of drums and trumpets shortly afterwards announced the approach of the viceroy himself, who had been, with some degree of ceremony, attending a religious function in a church dedicated to one of the numerous patron saints of the city. The ponderous machine which then bore the appellation of coach, preceded by a detachment of arquebusiers on horseback, and drawn by eight Andalusian steeds, with a running footman at the head of each,

was seen slowly advancing towards the extremity of the strada Toledo, which connects itself with the viceregal residence; and, after entering the area before it (*in those days much more limited than in these*), and describing the ceremonious curve considered indispensable to the safety of a vehicle of such hazardous longitude of dimensions, the gilt wheels rolled sonorously under the deep arch which gave them entrance, accompanied by the clang of the different weapons which had been put in motion to render suitable honour to the viceroy's presence, and the greetings of the populace, with whom he was deservedly a favourite.

A few minutes after this, Carminello saw, with some surprise, his fair companion tripping towards him, attended by an individual whose formal dark-hued attire, and white wand, denoted as one of the ushers of the interior apartments: they told him to leave his mule, which he committed to the care of some of the surrounding *lazaroni*, and bade him follow them back into the palace, to which the presence of his official companion now secured him free admission, though not without some significant expressions of astonishment from the sentries who had so lately denied it.

Here, for the present, we shall leave them, and lead the reader's attention to the garden where Carminello had passed the night, now glowing under the still and sultry influence of the last hour of light, which the cessation of the sea breeze, and

the previous effects of an August sun, render the most, indeed the only, oppressive portion of the day. The lady, who may be regarded as the heroine of this tale, and who, it is needless to add, was the mistress of the mansion and grounds, was pacing to and fro on the terrace before her apartment, the door of which was left open. An intense degree of thought and deep dejection marked her handsome, but pale and care-worn features. She wore the same simple and dignified apparel as on the preceding night; and this, as well as the unaltered state of her head-dress, and her sunken eyes, shewed that the salutary rest required by nature had not been sought by her, or, if sought, not obtained. After a quarter of an hour wasted in slow though restless perambulation on the esplanade, she descended into the garden, and entered the cypress walk, directing her steps towards the marble basin and fountain. Sculptured seats of marble were constructed at regular distances all round it; and on one of these she seated herself, scarcely conscious, apparently, of what she was doing. Her eyes wandered from the jet thrown from the urn of the naiad to the smoother surface of the water near the edge; they glanced over the broad leaves of the water-lily, and the twinkling fins of the gold fish that glided beneath; but their powers of vision were absorbed in her mind, a mirror over which the past events of a monotonous existence floated in painful succession, diversified by

vivid recollections of rare, very rare, moments of excitement rather than enjoyment or felicity.

The incidents of the preceding night, wrapped, as they still were, in the mist of doubt and uncertainty, seemed to predict that such brilliant coruscations could never again illumine the gloom of years to come; and a deeply rooted presentiment told her that she had reached that period of life, early though it was in her, when the only sentiment that had given it some value was on the brink of annihilation. She felt that a storm had laid waste all that still might remain of earthly happiness for her; and though the causes of the wreck were as yet unknown, her heart told her it was complete, and she sat, in hopeless immobility, as if waiting for the last wave that was to waft her to the waters of eternity and oblivion which had already engulfed all her human affections. Some approaching footsteps roused her from this state of apathetical reflection, and, raising her eyes in the direction of the house, she beheld her husband, accompanied by her own brother, and followed by three other individuals belonging to the family of the former, and who habitually constituted the very limited circle of her society. He drew near with a frigid and stately aspect, as she rose from her seat, and before she could speak, said, "Your ghostly director, Donna Francesca, has no doubt informed you, as I had directed him, that business of importance has retarded my journey to Benevento, which will take

place this night instead of the last: we may be parted for some time, and my kinsmen, as well as your brother, are come with me to take their leave of you."

"I trust," said the lady, "that, during your excellency's absence, I may be allowed, as on former occasions, to enjoy the friendly intercourse of the only relative I now possess—my brother remains in Naples." . . . .

"Undoubtedly," exclaimed this last, stepping eagerly forward and tenderly embracing her; "now, as ever; nay, more than ever, I will pass every day with my Francesca."

"Far be it from my wish," resumed the prince, with the same cold intonation and leaden look, "to put any restraint on such innocent communication, if you, Don Hector Pignatelli, find your heart so inclined to this lady."

"I told you it could never change," replied the youth, with much animation of manner and physiognomy, "Francesca will need consolation;" and the expression of his countenance altered for an instant; "to whom can she now look for it, unless it is to me; we are the last of our line, and we should love each other even better than hitherto." He again clasped her in his arms, and kissed her forehead, tenderly wiping away the tears which these demonstrations had called into her eyes, and then continued:—

"Rest yourself, sister; you are pale, you are

tired ;” and he seated himself by her on the marble bench.

“ The princess,” said her husband, “ has not slept ; she was engaged most part of the night in devotional discourse with Father Fabiano ; but the relief which her mind has obtained from such conversation <sup>^</sup> will amply compensate for corporeal exhaustion.”

He then placed himself on the other side of her, beckoning his three relatives to sit on the next bench : a pause ensued, during which the prince, in deep and sudden abstraction, traced incomprehensible algebraical figures on the sand with the point of his ivory cane.

Francesca’s hand was still clasped in her brother’s, while he gazed fondly, but somewhat sadly, on her raven hair and colourless cheeks.

“ I shall depart,” said the prince, “ an hour after dark ; the moon will favour my progress, and the night will be cooler than the last ; there will be no sirocco to annoy us ;” and he looked significantly at his kinsmen.

A second silence ensued, which was again broken by the last speaker. “ I have ordered,” said he, looking at his wife, “ our evening repast to be served in the anteroom contiguous to your apartment ; you will grant us permission to wear our travelling gear, and our arms ?”

She bowed her head in token of acquiescence,

without raising her eyes from the waters of the fountain.

“Methinks, Donna Francesca,” added he, “that your habits of solitude and reclusion have inspired you with the study of natural history, so bent you seem on the examination of those golden fishes.”

“This basin, and the fountain that feeds it, were constructed by my predecessor and uncle, the late Prince of Acaia—it has flowed without interruption ever since its completion. He little foresaw what attractions it might one day hold forth to his niece. It has never been emptied or cleaned out since that period: what, if in the interval before our meal we drain the reservoir and investigate its contents? who can tell but we may find some hidden treasure, some monster of the deep?” and, turning a brazen ring that protruded from the enclosing stonework, the stream ceased to flow. A similar operation applied to another on the opposite side opened the valve of a subterranean channel at the bottom of the basin, and the volume of its waters was heard loudly rushing through it, as their level sank from the brim with proportionate celerity.

Hector looked uneasily at him, saying, “Surely such boyish pastime is ill suited to the present hour.”

“Why so? good brother,” returned the prince, “we shall at any rate draw a good haul of fish for supper, and they will stand for red mullet finer

than those of the Granatello;" and, with an hysterical agitation of manner, he successively pierced three of the golden fish which had collected on the sinking surface of the water, and cast them at the feet of his wife. The lady, terrified by the sudden alteration in his manner and countenance, which, contrasted with his recent formal and frigid address, savoured almost of insanity, arose from her seat, and, placing her arm within her brother's, prepared to return to the palace; but, on a sign from the prince, his kinsmen stood across the walk, and the former roughly forced her back into the seat, and kept her stationary by his side, while with his right hand he repeatedly struck the receding waters with the blade of his sword, his voice hoarse, and trembling with emotions that seemed, as they increased in violence, to assume a delirious and fiendish character. "What do I see!" he exclaimed: "look, madam, the waters are troubled as they subside—they flow dark and foul as the course of guilt, but in their innermost depths behold a fair spot displayed! I said we should find a subaqueous treasure: vouchsafe to look again, princess, a curious nondescript is here, some amphibious substance? No! something human, though not alive: as I am a noble, here are well disposed, close, curling locks, a polished forehead, jet black eye-brows, and a goodly nose, though cast in somewhat of a plebeian mould, lips that may once have



shamed the pomegranate's crimson hue, though now more like the violet's." . . . .

Francesca, frightened beyond measure, clung to her brother, and tried to disengage her arm, but in vain, from her husband's iron grasp, while he bent over the basin, now nearly emptied of its contents, apparently seeking for some object at the bottom. "Here, lady," he added, in lower accents, broken between each phrase by a chuckling hysterical laugh; here, perhaps this mouth, so pursed and blue, has pressed a hand as fair as yours; these eyes, glazed with the film of death, have feasted on looks as bright as Donna Francesca's; through this senseless block, stripped of life and feeling, once floated visions of hope, inspired by audacious passion! Perhaps the daughter of the Lord of Orta, a scion of the Pignatelli race, the consort of Leonardo Tocco, the Princess of Acaia, can solve these queries?" . . . . and with the violence of a maniac, accompanied by a shout of laughter that rung through the trees, he thrust a human head, which he held by its curly hair, close to the averted face of his wife. She uttered a feeble but agonised shriek, and burying her countenance in the folds of her brother's cloak, she slipped down upon her knees, clasping him round the body. Hector raised, and gently replaced her on the bench, where she remained with her eyes covered with her hands, sobbing convulsively, while he addressed the prince in an angry tone: "Brother,"

said he, "this was not our compact; your feelings carry you beyond the limits of justice; my sister shall not be thus outraged; surely her punishment is already sufficiently severe." "So let it be," resumed the husband, in a subdued and surly tone: then dropping the head on the ground, he gave it a kick, the violence of which made it rebound against Francesca's knee, and roll along the walk to some distance, where one of his companions stuck his rapier into it, and cast it disdainfully into the mud of the basin. An interval of silence ensued, and the whole party slowly bent their way towards the mansion, Hector leading his sister, whose weak, but not unsteady steps, and ice-cold hand, locked in his, attested the shock she had received, and the effects it had occasioned: she had closed her eyes to the horrid spectacle which her lord had so diabolically thrust before them; but her perception, too feelingly awake to the fatal truth disclosed by this action, delineated every sickening detail which accompanied it. The livid cheeks, compressed lips, clotted hair, glaring eyeballs, and all the appendages of a violent death, spread themselves before her mind with more appalling intensity of effect than the reality could have produced; and, amidst these images of murder and destruction, the likeness, and even some physiognomical peculiarities of the devoted victim were preserved, and dwelt on her imagination with a weight almost insufferable: but her senses, spite of these repeated shocks, never forsook

her, and she reached her apartment with apparent composure of manner and action. Her husband, with his two uncles and his cousin, had followed her, and pointed to the adjoining room, in which the supper table, lighted by a large silver chandelier with many burners, was laid out: but her brother said, with some asperity, "Under existing circumstances, methinks the princess's presence may be spared at your excellency's board; you will likewise dispense with mine; her health is affected, medical aid is requisite;" and he made her rest on a settee furnished with velvet cushions.

"Spiritual counsel," replied the prince, in an ironical accent, "will be more efficacious in a complaint like hers; and when her attendance is required at a husband's table, I presume a wife will not disregard the last command she may probably receive from that husband's lips; the banquet will be short, my horses are already saddled, darkness has closed in, the rising moon will summon me from home in less than half an hour."

"Prince," resumed Hector, with a haughty manner; "I repeat it, you have by far outstepped the limits of our mutual agreement; it implied the chastisement justly due to an audacious and illicit enterprise; *that* has been inflicted; but wrong and obloquy shall not light on my sister."

Francesca rose, and anxiously taking her brother's hand,—“No altercation, dearest Hector,” she said; “’tis not my wish to resist my consort’s man-

date; there, or here," she added, pressing her two hands to her forehead, "'tis all the same," . . . . and she drew him into the next room, and dropped into the chair nearest the door; her brother placed himself next to her, the prince on the other side, and the three guests seated themselves opposite. The menials in attendance helped the viands to the party, and poured out a goblet of wine to each: except Francesca and her brother, all partook of the refreshments; but a death-like silence pervaded the feast, if so it could be called, which was at last broken by its lord, with an invitation to his wife to follow their example; she shook her head, without speaking, when a sound of hurried footsteps, and of confused voices in seeming controversy was heard in the bed-chamber. "What noise is that?" sternly inquired the prince of one of the servants; "have I not given special injunctions that we be not interrupted; are they not obeyed? are not the great gates secured?" "They are," replied the domestic; "and the postern at which your excellency's horses are stationed, is likewise locked, your equerry waits there with the key: no admittance can have been effected from either the main street, or any of the lanes that flank the palace."

"Then, what intrusion is this?" resumed the prince.

Before an answer could be returned, Vitangela burst into the apartment from the adjoining one, breaking from the major-domo of the household, who

had vainly endeavoured to prevent her entrance, and threw herself at her mistress's feet, clasping her knees, and exclaiming, "The saints be praised! my lady is safe! I am in time . . . yet, speak, signora! Oh, that deadly paleness! Tell me you have not tasted of this meat, this wine" . . . and she dashed the silver platter and the costly goblet on the floor.

"Woman, you are frantic!" said the prince, rising in great wrath; "you forget your station: retire, if you value your safety."

"I value nothing!" exclaimed the agitated girl, still clinging to Donna Francesca, "not even your murderous threats, not even my own life, now I have saved my lady's."

The prince knit his brows, and abruptly dismissed the other attendants, with the most earnest denunciations of castigation against any one that approached the great portal, or might even answer any application for admittance: he likewise repeated his orders for his horses to be kept in immediate readiness for departure. As soon as the servants had quitted the room through the bedchamber, he locked the door which had given them egress, put the key in his bosom, and on a sign to his three relatives, they arose, and stood round him, while he addressed his wife in the following terms, uttered in a cool and collected voice:—"Francesca, we meet not again in this world; the last half hour has severed our destinies. Your brother, and my noble

kinsmen, sensitively jealous of the hitherto unsullied honours of their respective houses, could not patiently submit to the contamination cast upon them by the guilty temerity of an ignoble menial. To them was allotted the task of inflicting chastisement on the base born; chastisement, mind you; not revenge: on me, on your protector, your lord, your husband, the discharge of duties still more painful has devolved, from which I have not shrunk. I ask for no avowal from your lips; the minute details of that which the world may call frailty, but which a husband terms guilt, have long been known to me, in their every disgraceful particular; you have my pardon; but that of angry Heaven can only be obtained through the mediation appointed by our holy religion: last night, Father Fabiano attended you by my order, and endeavoured to suggest the confidential disclosure due to his sacred office; but the hour, it seems, was not come, it is now striking, (the bell of a neighbouring monastery was tolling the Ave Maria,) you have no time to lose:" and he opened a small door, communicating, by a corridor, with the inner apartments and the palace court, from which the confessor issued, bearing a crucifix in his hand. "Reverend father," he continued, "my task is terminated, accomplish yours, in the last service you can render to this unfortunate." He led him to Francesca's chair; but her brother started up, and drawing his sword, sprang towards the prince, saying, "Again I protest

*against these insults to my sister ! you have violated all our conditions ! one life has been forfeited, one stream of criminal blood has flowed, I guard hers with my own" . . . . and he placed himself in an attitude of defiance between her and the prince.*

"Senseless youth," scornfully resumed this last, "cast your looks upon her, and say if blood is requisite to consummate the sacrifice."

Hector, wavering in doubt as to the meaning of his words, turned to the wretched object of their altercation, who sat silent and motionless, on the same chair she had occupied during the repast, and only then noticed the fearful alteration which the last few minutes had wrought upon her countenance. Her eyes, glazed and motionless, had lost the fire of life, and even the indication of reason ; cold drops of sweat rolled from her forehead upon her cheeks and along her nose, which, in its angular sharpness of outline, bespoke the approach of dissolution ; while her lips, entirely devoid of all natural colour, were contracted, and closely compressed against each other, save at periodical intervals, when they separated with a ghastly kind of smile, to allow short but deep-drawn inspirations. The priest had drawn a seat close to hers, and placed the cross between her hands, which clasped it with a convulsive grasp. Her brother cast himself on his knees before her, and eagerly inquired if she suffered ? "Not now," she slowly answered ; "but my head swims, and the room is dark."

Vitangela, who was supporting her from behind her chair, stooped her head to Hector's ear, and whispered, "Protect her from her husband's murderous projects, and a few minutes more will rescue her from every peril; she is only fainting from terror and emotion; I think, even now, I hear deliverance at hand."

The prince approached, and parting her dark locks over her brows, imprinted a kiss between them, saying, in a softened voice, "Francesca, your confessor is at your side, few are the moments you can call your own, add not eternal condemnation to the weight of mortal sin which oppresses you."

She turned her eyes downwards, and a slight shudder played over her frame as the voice of her husband struck upon her recognition; she pressed the crucifix to her bosom, and in a tone scarcely audible, said, "There is but one, one single crime, but its hue is of the foulest dye! Oh, father! will Heaven be more merciful than man?"

At this moment the sound of booted feet, and a distant metallic clangour, was wafted from the garden and the terrace, as if approaching the mansion, but was suddenly stilled.

Vitangela pressed Hector's hand; and seeing the prince retire with his kinsmen towards the door opening to the corridor, her heart beat with renovated hope and security; and she exclaimed, "Fly, sir, fly, if you would escape the punishment due to



your vindictive barbarity, the hand of retributive justice is raised above your head!"

"Francesca," said her husband, not heeding Vitangela, "hear my last injunctions,—save your soul."

There was an audible pressure from without against the latticed window, as if an attempt was made to force it.

"My lady's life will be spared!" exultingly exclaimed the affectionate girl, as she eagerly listened to those sounds.

"Barely long enough to confess one single act of frailty," replied the prince: "but, Heaven be praised! it will not be extinguished in final impenitence," observing that Father Fabiano had knelt before his wife, and that she was confiding some whispers to his ear.

"Be of good cheer, sweet lady," continued Vitangela, "years of health and happiness are yet in store for you; that blood-stained tyrant cannot henceforward work you any harm."

"Dear sister," added Hector, re-assured by the words of Vitangela, "suspend these gloomy disclosures."

"Continue, nay, accelerate them," loudly vociferated the prince, "as you hope for salvation!" saying which, he turned the key of the small door, and opened it to the corridor.

"Your threats are powerless as your denuncia-

tions," resumed the attendant; it is now too late to use violence, she has escaped your murderous machinations, she has not tasted food since the morning."

A smile, like that of a fiend, gleamed on the husband's features, as he said, in slow and measured accents, "Except a cup of chocolate two hours before sunset." Vitangela uttered a piercing shriek, and flung herself on the floor before her mistress, while the prince, accompanied by his relatives, darted through the open door, which was violently jammed to, and the push of an exterior bolt heard, followed by the hasty and decreasing sounds of their footsteps along the passage. At the same moment, a loud crash, occasioned by the bursting in of the jalousie and window from the terrace, gave notice of the violence used to effect an entrance through them; and the viceroy, attended by his secretary, half a dozen of his body-guards, and accompanied by Carminello, who had been their guide through the garden, entered the room. "Where are the culprits?" exclaimed the Duke of Alba. "Fled," sobbed Vitangela, wringing her hands; "behold their victim!"

"One criminal is here," resolutely said Hector Pignatelli, "if the vindication of honour be a crime." The viceroy made a sign to his guards to secure him; but he pointed to his sister, and raised his hands in supplication, as for a short respite. The duke, who, standing on the other side of the table,

had not at first observed her or the kneeling friar, was drawing near, with surprise, when this last respectfully chided his advance, as he arose, and gently replaced Francesca in a reclining position, assisted by Vitangela, who recovered her composure to aid him in the office. Her eyes were closed, one hand pressed the crucifix on her breast, the other held the monk's, and its scarcely perceptible movements seemed to draw him nearer to her. Vitangela raised her head, and the priest bent over her to catch the concluding accents of his penitent's confession, but they were inaudible; and the breath which vainly struggled to give them utterance, was the last she drew.

"She is dead," he solemnly said, raising his hands over the corpse in the act of benediction, "but she is absolved: the utmost power of man is limited to punishment and death, Omnipotence knows no bound in mercy and indulgence."

#### NOTE.

The leading incidents of the preceding narrative, as well as the names of the personages, and the date of the event, are not founded on fiction, but were furnished by a manuscript work, containing (as it assumes) authentic but secret anecdotes of many of the distinguished Neapolitan families at that particular period, most of which record deeds of a similar hue and character.

Of the actors who figure in this domestic tragedy, it may not be irrelevant to say, that the brother was imprisoned for life; and the more guilty husband, whose descendants exist to the present day in one of the most illustrious houses in the

kingdom, was sentenced to die, but, after many years of absence and concealment, succeeded in obtaining a pardon.

It appears, however, that he never returned to Naples, but died in Upper Italy, in the military service of his sovereign, the King of Spain.

With regard to the singular mode of inflicting death on the offending gallant (whose name was Gian battistre Vitelli, a Capuan youth, of inferior rank), it is alluded to as of not unfrequent occurrence during the 16th and 17th centuries; though the reader may learn, with some surprise, that a murder was committed in the same form, though not for the same offence, at a period not more remote from the present than ten years ago.

## LINES

BY LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY.

O Human Beauty ! far—how far  
Beyond the grace of flower or star—  
Beyond all soulless things that smite  
The sense with transports of delight !  
Fair is the fount's transparent wave  
Which jewel-tinted pebbles pave ;  
And fair the imperial Indian shell  
Where all the rainbow's colours dwell ;  
And bright that rainbow's self, whose dyes,  
When storms are past, flush all the skies,  
And glorify with rich stained light  
E'en the returning sunshine bright.  
And lovely is the lustrous gem  
That lights the kingly diadem ;  
And lovely, too, the glistening snows  
Which on the mountain's crest repose ;  
And beautiful the blushing cloud,  
The nearest of the vapoury crowd  
To the rich setting sun's deep eye,  
Flashing his farewell through the sky ;  
As he would fain, fain linger yet,  
And grieved and sorrowed thus to set—

As he would leave his soul behind,  
 Midst those empurpled clouds enshrined;  
 While, blaze by blaze, and ray by ray,  
 He sinks and languishes away;  
 Leaving this changed world, dim and dun,  
 As though there should be no more Sun!  
 And, oh! that sun himself how fair  
 In morning's blush, or noontide's glare;  
 Or, in that pomp of parting state,—  
 Slow sweeping through his western gate.  
 But, Human Beauty! far—how far  
 Beyond all things that loveliest are!  
 Can these—these glorious things, and fair,  
 With thy transcendency compare?  
 No! though thyself thou may'st not be  
 Endowed with immortality,  
 The eternal soul's *reflection* even  
 To thee so deep a charm hath given,  
 That nothing beauteous, under heaven,  
 Or in that heaven—spread visibly—  
 Can match—can even approach to thee!  
 Thou 'rt twin'd with holier things, and higher,  
 And holier feelings dost inspire.

And thou!—fair, gentle, guileless thing,  
 In all the freshness of thy spring,  
 To whom earth, heaven, and life, are new,  
 Doth not thy form approve this true?  
 If I can read the *speaking light*  
 Of those soft smiling eyes aright,

Pure mystic, precious sympathies  
Already link thee with the skies.  
Youth, Beauty, Innocence, and Love,  
These have their kindred things above.  
O Human Beauty ! far — how far  
Beyond all things that loveliest are ;  
Beyond the grace of flower or star ;  
Beyond the glory that is shed  
O'er fairest things around us spread —  
Sun, rainbow, cloud, fount, shell, or gem, —  
From *thee* we learn to appreciate *them* !  
Thou first dost waken — first inspire —  
First kindlest admiration's fire ;  
And so we're led and taught to admire :  
While thou dost still thy sway maintain,  
Thy gentle, and thy glorious reign.  
Ay, Human Beauty ! still *thou* art  
Fairer than all to eyes and heart.

## IMAGINARY CONVERSATION.

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, ESQ.

AMONG the Jerejahs, a tribe in Guzerat, it was customary for mothers to kill every female infant, and the race was perpetuated by women from Sada.

Hattagi had saved two daughters, Gonda and Dewah, dressed like boys, and brought to Colonel Walker's camp to be vaccinated. Walker abolished this infanticide; yet we hear of no equestrian statue, no monument of any kind, erected to him in England or India.

WALKER, HATTAGI, GONDA, DEWAH.

*Walker.*—Hattagi! you may rest assured that the operation is not dangerous to the boys, and that it will preserve them in future from the most loathsome and devastating of maladies. The worship of the cow in many countries, and the veneration in which she is held throughout the whole of Hindustan, must have originated from this benefit. If they have all forgotten the remedy, the reason is,



~~But the community, poor, after millions were car-~~  
~~ried out, did not return again for very many centu-~~  
~~ries, so that its application for sixty or seventy~~  
~~generations had been unnecessary.~~

*Hattagi.*—I do not fear that it will impair the strength of the children, or remove an evil by a worse: but will it not, like the other, leave marks, and spoil the features?

*Gonda.*—Spoil what features, father? Are we not boys?

*Dewah.*—Gonda! be still!

*Walker.*—How is this? What do they mean, Hattagi? Why do you look so discomposed?

*Hattagi.*—Ah, children! you now discover your sex. Dissimulation with you will soon grow easier, with me never. Praise be to God! I am a robber, not a merchant: falsehood is my abhorrence. Thou knowest the custom of our Jerejah tribe: every female our wives bring forth, is, in less time and with less trouble, removed from the sunshine that falls upon the threshold of life. A drop of poppy-juice restores it to the stillness it has just quitted, or the parent lays on the lip an unrelenting finger, saying, O pretty rosebud, thou must breathe no fragrance! I must never irrigate; I must never wear thee!

*Walker.*—We know this horrid custom. Thou hast then broken through it? Eternal glory to thee, Hattagi! The peace of God, that dwells in every man's breast while he will let it dwell there, be with thee now and always!

*Hattagi.*—Children! you must keep this secret better than your own. He wishes me the peace of God: I should be grieved were he condemned to many penances for it. The Portuguese call it heresy to hope any thing from God for men of another creed. Will not thy priests, like theirs, force thee to swallow some ass-loads of salt for it? When I was last in Goa, I saw several of them in girls' frocks, and with little wet rods in their hands, put a quantity of it into the mouth of a Malay, as we do into the mouths of carp and eels, to purify them before we eat them; and with the same effect. Incredible what a quantity of heresies of all colours it brought up. He would have performed his ablutions after this function; and never did they appear more necessary; but the priests buffeted him well, and dragged him away, lest, as they said, he should relapse into idolatry. You Englishmen do not entertain half so much abhorrence of idolatry as the French and Portuguese do: for I have seen many of you wash your hands and faces without fear and without shame; and it is reported that your women are even still less scrupulous.

You can pardon me the preservation of my girls. So careful are you yourselves in the concealment of your daughters, that I have heard of several sent over to India, to keep them away from the sofa of rajahs and the finger of mothers. Even the Portuguese take due precautions. None, perhaps, of their little ones, born across the ocean are considered

worth the expenditure of so long a voyage, like yours ; but those who are born in Goa are seldom left to the mercy of a parent. The young creatures are suckled and nursed, and soon afterward are sent into places where they are amused by bells, and beads, and embroidery, and where none beside their priests and santons can get access to them. These holy men not only save their lives, but treat them with every imaginable kindness, teaching them many mysteries. Indeed, they perform such a number of good offices in their behalf, that on this account alone they, after mature deliberation, hold it quite unnecessary to hang by the hair or the ribs from trees and columns, or to look up at the sun till they are blind.

*Walker.*—Were I a santon, I should be much of the same opinion.

*Gonda.*—Oh! no, no, no! so good a man would gladly teach us any thing, but surely would rather think with our blessed dervishes, and would be overjoyed to hang by the hair or the ribs to please God.

*Walker.*—Sweet child! We are accustomed to so many sights of cruelty on the side of the powerful, that our intellects stagger under us, until we fancy we see in the mightiest of beings the most cruel. Does not every kind action, every fond word of your father, please you greatly?

*Gonda.*—Every one: but I am little; all things please me.

*Walker.*—Well, Hattagi, thou art not little; tell

me, then, does not every caress of these children awaken all thy tenderness?

*Hattagi.*—It makes me bless myself that I gave them life; and it makes me bless God that he destined me to preserve it.

*Walker.*—It opens to thee in the deserts of life the two most exuberant and refreshing sources of earthly happiness—love and piety. And if either of these little ones should cut a foot with a stone, or prick a finger with a thorn; would it delight thee?

*Hattagi.*—A drop of their blood is worth all mine: the stone would lame me; the thorn would pierce my eyeball.

*Walker.*—Wise Hattagi! for tender love is true wisdom, the truest wisdom being perfect happiness. Thinkest thou God less wise, less beneficent than thyself; or better pleased with the sufferings of his creatures?

*Gonda.*—No; God is wiser even than my father, and quite as kind: for, God has done many things which my father could never do nor understand, he tells us: and God has made us all three happy; and my father has made happy only me and Dewah. He seems to love no one else in the world; and now we are with him, he seldom goes forth to demand his tribute of the rajahs; and is grown so idle, he permits them to take it from every poor labourer: so that in time, a rajah will begin to think himself as brave and

honest a man as a robber. Cannot you alter this? Why do you smile?

*Walker.*—We Englishmen exercise both dignities, and, therefore, are quite impartial; but we must not interfere with Hattagi and his subsidiary rajahs. Have you lately been at Goa, Hattagi?

*Hattagi.*—Not very.

*Walker.*—Nevertheless, you appear to have paid great attention to their religious rites.

*Hattagi.*—They are better off than you are in those matters. I would advise you to establish a fishery as near as possible to the coasts of their territory, and seize upon their salt-works for curing the fish.

*Walker.*—Why so?

*Hattagi.*—They have several kinds which are effectual remedies for sins. I do not know whether they have any that are preventatives; nor does that seem a consideration in their religion. Indeed, why should it? when the most flagrant crime can be extinguished by putting a fish against it, with a trifle of gold or silver at head and tail.

*Walker.*—Very ingenious contrivance.

*Hattagi.*—I would not offend; but surely their priests outdo yours?

*Walker.*—In the application of fish? or what?

*Hattagi.*—When I say it of yours, I say it also of ours, in one thing. We have people amongst us who can subdue our worst serpents by singing:

theirs manage a great one, of which, perhaps, you may have heard some account, and make him appear and disappear, and devour one man and spare another, although of the same size and flavour; which the wisest of our serpent-singers cannot do with the most tractable and the best-conditioned snake.

*Gonda.*—Oh, my dear father! what are you saying? You would make these infidels as great as those of the true faith. Be sure it is all a deception; and we have jugglers as good as theirs. We alone have real miracles, framed on purpose for us; not false ones, like those of the Mahometans and Portuguese.

*Walker.*—What are theirs, my dear?

*Gonda.*—I do not know: I only know they are false ones.

*Hattagi.*—Who told thee all this, child?

*Gonda.*—Whenever a holy man of our blessed faith has come to visit you, he seized the opportunity, as he told me, if you were away for a moment, to enlighten and instruct me, taking my hand and kissing me, and telling me to believe him in every thing, as I would Vishnou; and assuring me that nothing is very hateful but unbelief, and that I may do what I like, if I believe.

*Walker.*—And what was your answer?

*Gonda.*—I leapt and danced for joy, and cried, *May I, indeed? Then I will believe every thing; for*

*then I may follow my dear father all over Guzerat; and, if ever he should be wounded again, I may take out my finest shawl (for he gave me two), and tear it, and tie it round the place.*

*Hattagi.*—Chieftain, I did well to save this girl. And thou, timid, tender Dewah, wilt thou, too, follow me all over Guzerat?

*Dewah.*—Father! I am afraid of elephants, and horses, and armed men: I should run away.

*Hattagi.*—What then wilt thou do for me?

*Dewah.*—I can do nothing.

*Hattagi (to himself).*—I saved her; yes, I am glad I saved her. I only wish I had not questioned her: she pains me now for the first time. He has heard her: Oh, this is worst. I might forget it, can he? Child! why art thou afraid?

*Dewah.*—I am two years younger than Gonda.

*Hattagi.*—But the women of Sada would slay thee certainly, wert thou left behind, and, perhaps, with stripes and tortures, for having so long escaped.

*Dewah.*—I do not fear women: they dress rice, and weave robes, and gather flowers.

*Hattagi.*—Dewah! I fear for thee more than thou fearest for thyself.

*Dewah.*—Dear, dear father! I am ready to go with you all over Guzerat, and be afraid of any thing as much as you are, if you will only let me. I tremble to think I could do nothing if a wicked man should try to wound you, or even if only a tiger

came unawares upon you. I could but shriek and pray; and it is not always that Vishnou hears in time. And now, O father! do remember, that although Gonda has two shawls, I have one; and she likes both hers better than mine! If ever you are hurt any where—ah, gracious God, forbid it!—take mine first. I will try to help her. How can I? how can I? I cannot see you even now. I shall cry all the way through Guzerat. For shame, Gonda! I am but nine years old, and you are eleven. Do girls at your age ever cry? Is there one tear left upon my cheek?

*Hattagi.*—By my soul, there is one on mine, worth an empire to me.

*Dewah.*—Vishnou! hear me in thy happy world! and never let Gonda tear her shawl for my father!

*Hattagi.*—And should it please Vishnou to take thy father away?

*Dewah.*—I would cling to him, and kiss him from one end of heaven to the other.

*Hattagi.*—Vishnou would not let thee come back again.

*Dewah.*—Hush! hush! would you ask him? Do not let him hear what you are saying.

*Hattagi.*—Chieftain! this is, indeed, the peace of God. May he spare you to me, pure and placid souls! rendering pure and placid every thing around you! And have thousands like you been cast away? One innocent smile of yours hath more virtue in it



than all manhood, is more powerful than all wealth, and more beautiful than all glory. I possess new life; I will take a new name\*—the daughter-gifted Hattagi.

\* The Orientals are fond of taking an additional name from *some* fortunate occurrence.

ON  
A PORTRAIT OF LADY SYKES,

BY AL. CHALON, ESQ. R.A.

Is this the fragrant Queen of Flowers,  
Or Goddess of the Morn,  
Fresh from the empyrean bowers,  
On balmy breezes borne ?  
Health blushes on that rosy cheek ;  
Mirth sparkles in those eyes ;  
Those sunny smiles, they seem to speak  
Of more enchanting skies,  
Than those that cloud our gloomy May,  
And with a weary wing  
Now herald on their sullen way  
The sluggish hours of Spring.  
Oh ! joyful in our dingy clime  
Thy radiant brow to trace,  
And feel the year's delicious prime  
Is pictur'd in thy face !

*May-Day, 1836.*

THE ASPEN,  
FROM WEISFLOG.

BY LORD ALBERT CONYNGHAM.

WHY quivers the aspen, when not a breath disturbs the summer heat? whilst other trees are enjoying repose, and affording the blessings of shade, it alone knows no rest.

Pride was its bane!

At that dread hour when our Redeemer suffered, the sun hid its light, and all nature quaked.

The wild beasts of the forest cowered in their dens; not a bird twittered; not an insect buzzed or chirped; the voice of the breeze was hushed in the sultry air, and man awaited in alarm the event.

The trees, shrubs, and flowers, felt the awfulness of that hour, and sympathised with each other upon it in their own mysterious language.

The lofty cedar of Lebanon (*Pinus cedrus*) rustled forth a melancholy sound, and clothed its branches in a deeper green, in sign of mourning.

“Alas! all is now over!” gently murmured

the *Salix Babylonica* (weeping-willow), and swept the Euphrates with its mourning branches.

The vine-dresser in his vineyard saw that the vine wept; hence, when its fruit was gathered, he called the produce *Lacrymæ Christi*.

A balmy fragrance arose on the Golgotha; the *Hesperis tristis* (sweet-smelling night-stock) offered it up, to refresh the suffering Son of man.

The *Iris Susiana* said to the cypress, "From this day will I attire myself in a garb of mourning":—"And I," replied the cypress, "will henceforth take up my abode among the tombs, in memory of this hour."

A form flitted through the gloom — it was *Asturoth*, the angel of death, on his way to the cross: and when a voice was heard to exclaim, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" every branch, leaf, and flower, trembled.

The *Populus* alone, a tall proud tree, stood unmoved on the Golgotha.

"What are thy sufferings to us?" it cried; "we plants need no atonement; we are not fallen!"

But the angel of death, who heard this boast, breathed upon the haughty tree, and the unfortunate *Populus* was struck as with a palsy.

Its leaves drooped; never from that moment have its branches found rest; and it is called the *Populus tremulosa*, or the aspen, to this day.

# HAVE I THEN STILL A HEART FOR THEE ?

*GINES WRITTEN AT WILTON CASTLE, AFTER A LONG ABSENCE.*

*Sept. 183—.*

BY HENRY JOHN LOUTHER, ESQ. M.P.

YES, I have still a heart for thee !  
Thy native charms are dear to me,  
Thy woods, where giddy, light, and free,  
    I heedless roved ;  
E'en now the sun with piercing rays  
O'er the glad landscape brightly plays,  
And marks, thro' clouds of later days,  
    The scenes I loved.

Yes, I have still a heart for thee,  
As when replete with mirth and glee,  
I strung, beneath yon spreading tree,  
    My early lyre.  
Fond memory yet recalls each charm,  
My visits to the humble farm,  
Joys, which my youthful breast could warm,  
    And bliss inspire.

Yes, I have still a heart for thee ;  
Once more thy woody banks I see,  
Ere autumn bids their verdure flee  
    Beneath the blast.

Amongst them rang'd the straggl'ing hound,  
'Twas there my buoyant spirits found  
An echo in the bugle's sound  
    Too sweet to last.

Yes, I have still a heart for thee,  
Fair prospect of the dark blue sea,  
Work of that God, whose just decree  
    All nature sways.

Thy bosom, like the heaving breast,  
By varied elements oppress'd,  
Now fiercely mov'd, now lull'd to rest,  
    His will obeys.

Yes, I have still a heart for thee ;  
In silent prayer I bend the knee  
To one, who will admit the plea  
    Of worldly grief ;  
Whose power is in the foaming spray,  
The smiling fields, the noontide ray ;  
And, whilst I thus my homage pay,  
    Hope speeds relief.

# AN EASTERN STORY,

FROM A RARE MS.

BY J. G. WILKINSON, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "TOPOGRAPHY OF THEBES, AND GENERAL VIEWS  
OF EGYPT."

DURING the tedious hours that too often intervene in the domestic seclusion of Eastern life, a relief from its monotony is not unfrequently sought by the sultan and sultana, in resorting to an apartment which overlooks the court, commanding a distinct view of the ingress and egress of all who approach or leave the palace. Here, reclined on her ottoman, and shaded by curtains and blinds, the favourite can observe, without being observed; while the sultan, luxuriously laid on a couch, in a more remote part of the chamber, resigns himself, with closed eyes, to the *dolce far niente*, his sultana informing him of all who make their entrances or exits, and giving him her comments thereupon.

In one of these chambers reclined the Sultan Mustapha and his sultana, who, though little known in history, were greatly esteemed by their subjects for their wisdom; but above all, for that affability which, perhaps, is not the least proof of it in mon-

archs, though it is the one most easily yet rarely practised. While the sultana opened *her* lustrous eyes, in the hope of discovering some object to amuse her vacant mind, and the sultan closed *his*, from indolence, an individual, crossing the court, and entering the palace, excited her curiosity.

This man had long followed the occupation of a fisherman, and supported a large family by the sale of what he caught: he was clever, and well versed in all that cunning which is so common in the East, and to which, necessity frequently obliged him to have recourse. He had had the good fortune to catch a kheréet, of a size rarely met with in that species; and, thinking it a pity that so fine a fish should be cut into small portions for the market, to suit the convenience of ordinary customers, he resolved on presenting it to his sovereign; and repaired with this proud specimen of his sport, to the royal palace. No sooner had he entered the door beneath the sitting-room of the sultan, than he was summoned to appear before him, and to explain the object of his visit.

“Fortune,” said the fisherman, “has given me this fine kheréet, which appeared to me of such uncommon size and beauty, that I scrupled to send it to the market; and, knowing that no one’s table was so well suited to receive it as your majesty’s, I have brought it here to lay it at your feet, and to beg you to accept it.”

“Makbool, makbool—the gift is welcome,” said



the sultan. "Here, are a hundred gold mahbóobs ; take them and prosper."

The grateful and delighted fisherman kissed the ground before him, and retired ; but, scarcely had he left the room, when the sultana upbraided her husband, for his extravagant generosity.

"How," said she, "could you think of giving the man a hundred mahbóobs for a paltry fish ? A hundred mahbóobs ! Would not one be much more than it is worth ? Had you given him five, the present would have been a noble one, and he would have had cause to bless you, and to pray that your life may be long ; but to throw away a hundred mahbóobs in such a manner is absurd. I have no patience with you ; men have no discretion. Do call him back, and take them from him. I desire that you do."

"How," said the sultan, "can I take away a gift ? it would be unworthy of a monarch."

"Not at all : has not he who gives, a right to reclaim his gift ?"

"A right ! yes, but how mean would it be. Would it not be said that Sultan Mustapha was capricious, and did not know his own mind ?"

"Well, then," said the sultana, "make some excuse ; but take back the money you must."

"Yet what excuse can I make ; what can I say ?"

"Say ! oh, ask him if the fish is a male or a female ; and if he answers a male, say I wanted a

female ; and if he tells you it is a female, say you wanted a male."

The fisherman was sent for, and brought back.

"Tell me," said the sultan, "is that fish a male, or a female?"

"I beg your majesty's pardon, it would be a disgrace to my beard if I spoke an untruth ; this kind of fish is both male and female."

The sultan could say no more ; the fisherman saved his hundred mahbóobs, and the plans of the angry sultana were defeated. But, seeing that the fisherman was aware of the snare that had been laid for him, and admiring the ingenious manner in which he had extricated himself, the sultan doubled the present ; and once more dismissed him with good wishes for his prosperity. The indignation of the sultana was excessive ; all complaint, however, was vain, and she was silent. The fisherman walked slowly across the court, carrying the sack which contained the money on his shoulder ; but, hearing one of the gold coins fall upon the hard ground, he stopped to look for it ; and, after searching for some time, found it, and then proceeded on his way.

"Look," said the sultana, "observe the avarice of that wretch ; one mahbóob fell from his bag, and, not contented with the hundred and ninety-nine that remained, he has had the meanness to stop to pick it up, and even to toil in searching for it. Could he not have left it for some of our servants who might chance to pass that way, and find it? What a vile

monster! Do call him back, and take it all away from him. I would have him bastinadoed; he really deserves any punishment; the stick would be too lenient for such a sordid creature. By your head! I ——”

“Well, well, you shall be satisfied. I really do think his meanness deserves a severe punishment, and the money shall be taken from him.”

The fisherman was sent for, and brought again into the royal presence.

“Why,” said the sultan, “could you not leave that one mahbóob which fell to the ground, and rest contented with the hundred and ninety-nine that remained? Could you not spare it for some one of my servants who, accidentally passing that way, might have found it, and blessed me for his good luck? Are you so covetous? and that, too, after all my liberality to you!”

“It was originally my intention,” replied the fisherman, “to have done as you suggest. I was actually pursuing my way, resolved to leave the coin where it fell, when it occurred to me that your majesty’s sacred head and revered name were inscribed upon it; and I thought that if any one happened inadvertently to put his foot upon it, and trample upon that blessed head and name, the fault would have been mine: and I should never have forgiven myself for my neglect in leaving it on the ground.”

With this reply, the sultan was delighted; and,

inwardly commending his quickness, he presented him with another two hundred mahbóobs. Then, convinced of his folly in permitting the imprudent interference of the queen, he issued a proclamation, that no man for the future should on any account listen to the advice of his wife: a proclamation which, if rumour be true, is said to have decreased his popularity with the wives rather more than it increased it with the husbands throughout his empire, and to have led to insurrection in public, and insubordination in private.

## ON THE CASCADE OF CHEDE,\*

IN THE VALLEY OF CHAMOUNI.

BY THE LADY CHARLOTTE BURY.

WATERS of Chede ! whose parted wave  
Flows lightly from thy rocky height,  
Whose liquid crystals, sparkling, lave  
The emerald foliage richly bright ;  
Thy fairy bow of Iris hues,  
Which seems a heaven-descended guest,  
Whose gaily painted tints diffuse  
Strange radiance on thy snowy vest ;  
Waters of Chede, I hail thy streams !  
Thy beauty bids my fancy soar,  
And in the mystery of dreams  
I listen to thy dashing roar.  
Many the grassy path may climb,  
To view thy scenes of famed romance ;  
But few, in past or future time,  
Have felt — will feel — more gentle trance,

\* A liberty has been taken in the pronunciation of the name of Chede.

Than that which now around me throws  
A lulling charm so vaguely kind,  
Enhancing bliss, suspending woes —  
The twilight of the softened mind.  
Traveller, if here with pensive thought  
Thou wanderest these wild scenes among,  
Pause—and be mute—that, Fancy-fraught,  
Thou list her airy silver tongue ;  
She tells of daintier, purer things,  
Than mortal tongue can ever say :  
The soul's communion hither brings,  
And scatters worldly things away ;  
Allays *past* pains, the *present* charms,  
The *future* veils with tender care :  
For who, that fond affection warms,  
Dreads not the storms are gathering *there* ?  
The broken outline towering high  
Of peaks sublime, in snowy vest ;  
The discord which makes harmony ;  
Of lower hills, in beauty drest ;  
The strange accord of softest grace,  
With frowning majesty severe —  
The younger seasons' varying face  
Beneath perpetual winter sere !  
Waters of Chede, thy mountain urn,  
Thy snowy streams, thy dashing fall,  
Imaged by memory, will return,  
And all the Alpine scene recall.  
But what recalls th' oblivious hour,  
Which bears me from myself away,

Which lifts the mind with magic power  
To realms sublime of brighter day ?  
Such hours return not ; they are rare —  
Like meteors shine, like meteors fade ;  
But leave a gloom of dark despair,  
By force of contrast deeper made.  
Waters of Chede, a long farewell !  
If e'er my steps these scenes retrace,  
Let me again resume the spell  
Which haunts thy wild unworldly grace.

COULD ANY OTHER CONCLUSION BE  
EXPECTED ?

BY R. BERNAL, ESQ. M.P.

SIXTY or seventy years ago, the autumnal season was passed in an English country house, pretty nearly in the same manner, we believe, as at the present day. Confirmed sportsmen then, as now, but rarely favoured the female inmates of the mansion with their presence ; the ladies being dependent for society on those chance visitors whose habits and tastes were quiet and sedentary. Under such circumstances, slight acquaintances often led to decided intimacies ; and consequences resulted, which the ordinary calculations of human foresight never included.

At Maddington Bowers, the seat of Sir Charles Maddington, some sixty years back, a large party were collected, of which the Lady Honoria Vincent was the leading star and ornament. In the full bloom of youth and beauty, and with an overflowing gaiety and liveliness of temper, she united attractions not easily rivalled. Some difficult and censorious persons might occasionally have found time



and opportunity to discover traces of thoughtlessness, or want of real feeling, in the character of the fair Honoria. But there was such a source of grace and loveliness in her winning smiles, and such a fund of cheerfulness in her conversation, that those disposed to be captious, forgot, or abandoned, their original impressions.

In the circle assembled at Maddington Bowers, Arthur Raymond was the most constant attendant upon, and the most respectful admirer of, the Lady Honoria. Indifferent about the preservation or destruction of hares, partridges, or pheasants, inexperienced in poor laws and politics, and equally uninformed upon every recognised system of husbandry, Raymond associated but little with the gentlemen at the Bowers. On the other hand, his modest and retiring manners, his kindness, and simplicity of heart, joined to a romantic admiration of female worth and excellence, obtained ready favour with that gentle sex, which can so correctly appreciate what is deserving of being appreciated.

It was not long before the Lady Honoria was assured that she held, in silken, but durable chains, the heart of a diffident and enthusiastic admirer. Whether the conquest was one worth preserving, might be a doubtful question. Raymond had then lately quitted the academic groves of Oxford, with no rank beyond that, which high honours, on his first degree, and the robes of deacon's orders, invested him with ; and with no other worldly prospects be-

yond those which his abilities and college reputation presented. Honoria was nobly born and well connected ; but the fortunes of her family were far from flourishing, and her own pecuniary resources were limited. Prudence would have condemned the utter impropriety of encouraging the fond hopes and rising affection of a heart ripe in truth, but young in experience. Nevertheless, the Lady was gratified by attentions springing from pure and disinterested feelings ; and, like many other women, had not the resolution to check, or decline, the homage so devotedly tendered to her. Raymond entertained too humble an opinion of himself, to believe that the ardent love which engrossed every thought of his bosom, could be fully responded to by its charming object. Nor was it probable that a lady, who, though young, had acquired a due knowledge of worldly matters, and had, perhaps, been somewhat steeled by the polish and refinement of fashionable life, would seriously give any countenance to the addresses of a youth, poor, almost unknown, and who could, hereafter, look only to his own exertions for a livelihood.

But the pinions of love, delicate as they may be, are still strong enough to brush away all the little impediments raised by cold and mere matter-of-fact imaginations. Raymond dared to give utterance to his passion ; the tale was listened to without repugnance, and with a degree of embarrassment flattering to the wishes of a lover.

Happiness in present enjoyment, or in fond anticipation, is but of brief endurance. The period of Lady Honoria Vincent's visit at Maddington Bowers was rapidly drawing to a conclusion; and she was on the point of returning to her father, the Earl of Croyland. If she had not, by words of actual assent, accepted the suit, or confirmed the hopes, of her admirer; yet she had, by a thousand nameless substitutes, to be found in the vocabulary of flirtation, animated his timid resolutions, and created in his mind fresh sources of delightful expectation. Still, while Raymond was thoughtful and silent, as the time for her quitting the Bowers drew nigh, the lady continued, to all appearance, as blithe and cheerful as ever. On the day before that fixed for her departure, her smiles were more sunny, her beauty more radiant, than usual. It seemed as if she had exerted herself to concentrate the whole force of female loveliness, in order to prove to the circle at Maddington Bowers, the impossibility of their supplying the blank which her absence would occasion.

Raymond had, in the course of the morning, made several ineffectual attempts to obtain a few minutes' private conversation with Honoria; and he had been defeated by as many chance interruptions. He was almost in despair; when, in turning towards the garden terrac<sup>e</sup>, at the sound of the first dinner bell, he met the lady descending the steps of the balcony. Little heeded he that his

toilet was yet unprepared ; here was an opportunity, by which he was determined to profit. Honoria was attired with more than her customary care and elegance ; and evidently appeared not to avoid the conversation sought by her admirer, who, when he raised his eyes, and caught the full blaze of beauty which beamed upon him, faltered in his speech and purpose. Having, at last, found sufficient courage to breathe, in whispers, as far as a timid man could venture, his hopes — his wishes — his aspirings — she smiled, and replied, “ that all men were deceivers ever.” Then came, in return, a full tide of vows and protestations, which the lovely girl only arrested by the act of holding out a rose in her white and taper fingers towards Raymond, while her soft and musical voice uttered, “ Accept of this flower, Mr. Raymond ; its leaves are more numerous, perhaps, yet not more grateful, than the days we have enjoyed at Maddington Bowers — Though their fragrance may fade, do not let the memory of former happiness pass away.” Hardly presuming to trust to his senses, the enamoured youth grasped the blooming flower with transport. The sound of approaching footsteps recalled his mind from waking dreams of love and bliss ; while a laugh from the gay Honoria, which might have been accepted as a fit offering by the demon of levity, checked, for a time, the wild current of his imagination, as she exclaimed, in mirthful accents, “ For shame, Mr.

Raymond! it is near five o'clock, and you are not yet dressed for dinner."

The bright and transient reign of pleasure at Maddington Bowers had ceased: alas! it had not been forgotten by one who had largely partaken of its delights, and who now, in its consequences, inherited regret and disappointment. Arthur Raymond was again domiciled in the monastic seclusion of a college life. Months had been tediously and sadly wasted in the imperfect and futile attempts at hard and serious study. In vain did he seek, in silent and solitary meditation, for firmness to subdue that feverish irritation which one beloved image for ever raised within his breast. In vain did he court relief in such society as his own college afforded. The feelings, tastes, and thoughts of the inmates of the common room, were foreign from those of the enthusiastic Raymond. By degrees, he absented himself from all intercourse with his former companions. Books, amusements, conversation, became irksome; and Raymond, as he again and again pressed to his lips, and to his heart, the faded rose, which had been the parting gift of his beloved Honoria, forgot for awhile his cheerless and barren prospects, and abandoned himself to all the glowing delusions of love and hope.

He had now obtained a curacy; and, being truly a man of religion and virtue, had strictly entered upon the conscientious performance of the sacred

duties of his charge. Abilities and merit, such as he possessed, had also found encouragement ; a fellowship having become vacant, to which he had been elected.

By these means, though occupation was created, and a source of mental activity and relief opened to Raymond, it must not be supposed that his heart was emancipated from the spell which the enchantress had woven, too powerfully, around it. Day and night did he, as a voluntary victim, devote sighs, thoughts, cares, and wishes, to the spell which formed, at the same time, his bane and his happiness. As he reverently preserved the drooping leaves of the flower, which the hand of that enchantress had consecrated, he lingered, in fond recollection, over every word she had uttered ; and those drooping leaves formed a talisman, from which he extracted the most extravagant, intoxicating, and deceitful visions. Raymond had become, by his college preferment, the possessor of a moderate income ; and though the greater portion of it, arising from his fellowship, necessarily depended on his remaining unmarried, still, with all the eagerness of an enthusiast, he had cherished the most romantic and chimerical plans for a union with the object of his affections.

And during all this time, had the lady preserved any thing like a continuous and kindly sentiment, or recollection, in favour of one so removed by circumstances and situation from the sphere in which she shone ? Or were the fancies, hopes, and visions of

Raymond entirely devoid of reality? Perhaps it would not have been in the power of Honoria herself to have replied to these queries by a decided negative, or affirmative. She had by no means forgotten one, whose sincere and disinterested affections could not be despised, or even ridiculed, by any woman who acknowledged the slightest influence of feeling. Nay, further, of all the men with whom she had ever been acquainted, Raymond was the only one towards whom her heart, if its impulse had been free and untainted, would have yielded a response. But the Lady Honoria was completely a woman of fashion; so much followed and admired, that the sway she maintained was to her an inexhaustible fund of gratification. Her father naturally was desirous of seeing her well married. The peer was both poor and proud; the lady, a decided flirt. Therefore, though admirers were abundant, actual and desirable offers from men of high rank and fortune were not so easily procured.

Buoyed up by expectations, which rested on no solid basis, Raymond was so imprudent as to resign his curacy, in order to fix his general abode in London, and to obtain, thereby, the chance of occasional interviews with her, to whom every other consideration was subservient. The income and advantages arising from his fellowship were diminished by his non-residence in college; and at that period, when authors did not meet with the profitable harvest which modern times have afforded,

it was only by unremitting and severe exertions that his literary efforts could supply the pecuniary deficiency.

Still his laborious days and gloomy evenings were lightened and cheered by the recollection of some past, or by the prospect of some future, interview with his beloved Honoria. She, with her accustomed thoughtlessness and indiscretion (cruelty and culpability might be more appropriate terms), listened to the warm and romantic plans and wishes of her lover, never repulsing, and never actually accepting them, but feeding the flame of his affection with new hopes. Raymond ardently pointed out to her, that every day he was approaching nearer to the chance of a college living, on which he might, if the Lady Honoria could condescend to share his humble fortunes, look forward to the possession of comparative comfort and competence.

Poor enthusiast ! the vision, though illusory, was delightful. The enchantress could not — would not say “No !” But on the next day — indeed, in the evening of the same twenty-four hours — Honoria was the ornament and the attraction of the then fashionable Ranelagh, coquetting with a gay and celebrated duke, whose arm she graced during the whole entertainment.

Time ran on ; — four years had elapsed since the visit to Maddington Bowers. The Lady Honoria still remained unmarried, to the surprise of every body. Rumour had been busy on the subject.



Some said, that the beauty had a secret attachment, which was not countenanced by her family. Others (and they were the greater number) more confidently hinted, that she was too difficult; and, moreover, that when a lady flirted for one week with an earl, and, for the next seven days, encouraged the attentions of a captain of the horse guards, it was not to be wondered at, that no proposals, consistent with her rank and station in society, were made to her.

Lord Croyland's fortune was, as before mentioned, insufficient for the maintenance of his position in the world. Holding the rank of general in the army, he had accepted the offer of a military government in North America, where the flame of resistance and civil war had just been kindled. His fair daughter accompanied him across the Atlantic. Raymond, without hesitation as to the prudence or propriety of the step, availed himself of an opportunity which was presented, to obtain the chaplaincy of a regiment then under orders for America. Military strife, and the scenes of civil conflict, were little in unison with the feelings and pursuits of Raymond. The quarters of his regiment were twenty miles distant from the seat of government and residence of the Earl of Croyland and his daughter. Although Raymond had but seldom the facility of seeing the latter, nevertheless not a week passed but he heard from every tongue praises of her beauty, accounts of the gaiety which she had dif-

fused at head-quarters, and tales of the numberless suitors whom she apparently attracted. Colonels, majors, captains, subalterns, were all on the *qui vive*, fostered and protected by the smiles of Honoria, who, for want of better employment, had dispensed them liberally upon such commonplace materials.

Hostilities had commenced, and there was every prospect of a protracted and sanguinary contest. The regiment to which our chaplain was attached suffered severely. Lord Croyland himself took the field, in a divisional command, in a distant province; while his daughter remained in the doubtful security of a disaffected city. All parties were separated, and the mixed pleasures and cares of the world had given place to the more certain and harsh duties and solitudes attendant upon the harassing state of civil contention. In a few months Raymond's regiment was ordered to, and sailed for, the West Indies. Three sickly and dreary years were consumed in one of the Leeward Islands, when the regiment, having been made up by recruits to its full complement, was moved to Gibraltar. In the course of this period, Lord Croyland had been dangerously wounded, and had, on his first approach to convalescence, embarked for England. Raymond could not procure an exchange of his chaplaincy; and his means were so scanty, that it had become an object of the last importance to preserve the receipt of its emoluments. A considerable space of time had thus intervened since he

had beheld the idolised features of his mistress. With superstitious reverence he still preserved the remnants of the decayed flower, the only gift of his beloved Honoria of which he could boast ; and on these still many a solitary tear was dropped, and many a painful sigh was breathed, in the course of his long absence from England. He had ventured to write oftentimes to the Lady Honoria ; a few brief lines which he had received in return, on two or three occasions, joined to the knowledge of her still being single, stimulated the fond enthusiast in his ideal pursuit of the shadow of happiness. And it was but a mere shadow ; for, in all her communications, the Lady Honoria never positively committed herself to a promise, nor still less to any engagement.

Twenty-five years had passed away, since Arthur Raymond had, on the terrace of Maddington Bowers, received the blooming and fragrant rose from the fair hands of the then beautiful Honoria. No longer a poor and humble youth, struggling with destiny, behold him now, a doctor of divinity, and the rector of a valuable living in one of the most prosperous counties of England. The wheel of fortune had made more than one turn in his favour. A distant relative, from whom he never had the slightest expectation, had died in India, bequeathing to him the bulk of very considerable wealth. These two fortunate events had both occurred but recently ; and Raymond, having crossed the Rubicon of fifty

years, was reposing in ease and luxury in the undisturbed shelter of a comfortable rectory — a quiet, charitable, good-humoured, and gouty bachelor. For some years he had lost sight of the Lady Honoria Vincent, who, at the death of her father, having been left with a slender competence, had joined some female relations in a temporary residence in Italy. Yet had Raymond never forgotten the woman who still held a secret and irresistible influence over his feelings, which his yet youthful heart acknowledged as devotedly as ever.

The state of his health compelled Raymond, much against his inclination, to quit his abode of tranquillity for the waters of the then gay city, Bath. What droll and sad changes will not a quarter of a century produce! Raymond had never been in Bath for twenty-five years. Formerly he might have wandered from the uppermost crescent down to the banks of the Avon, without exciting the most trifling notice or remark. Now, as he paraded the well-thronged Pump-room, in all the dignity of shovel hat and gouty ankles, he was noticed respectfully by all the idlers, and pointed out as the learned and excellent Dr. Raymond, that exemplary clergyman — who was the possessor of three hundred thousand pounds. Widows and spinsters of every age manœuvred for an introduction, and sought his acquaintance. But the doctor was obdurate, though polite. He could

love but once, and his first love was still in existence.

As the doctor was one night playing his quiet rubber at the rooms, his attention was attracted by a noisy argument, which had arisen at a neighbouring card-table, upon that subject so fertile in dispute, a revoke. A female voice rose louder than the rest in the wordy war; and, as Raymond's eyes were turned on the speaker, they were riveted in their gaze by features apparently familiar to them. Raymond inquired of his partner the name of the lady who had been engaged in the controversy, and who had resumed the game with all the anxiety of a veteran player. The reply, "Lady Honoria Vincent," made the doctor start from his chair, in despite of his swollen legs. Alas! Time, thou wert, and art, a ruthless innovator! There, were the same bright eyes; but their brightness was painful and unnatural, as if overstrained and heightened by the deep coat of rouge with which the cheeks were covered; and those cheeks, alas! were sunk and pinched in; whilst the once faultless form of the lady, as if in bold contrast, had dilated to an *embonpoint*—yes, to a corpulence of no ordinary dimensions. There was yet a waning air of dignity and fashion in her appearance; but the Lady Honoria had outlived her fashion, her loveliness, and her attractions. And she, who had been the grace and ornament of the highest society, was

now considered, in less pretending circles, as *une de trop*, except at a quadrille or whist table; and, even there, she was regarded as a quarrelsome and disagreeable old maid. Raymond had soon renewed his acquaintance, and eagerly accepted an invitation to visit the lady, which had been as eagerly given to him.

If Raymond's eyes conveyed to his mind the surprise which they had received at the striking change which was presented to them in the person of Honoria, still the fond and lively impressions of youthful days overpowered every other feeling: and it was with a beating heart, and tumultuous and confused sensations, that the doctor mounted the steep and narrow staircase of a first-floor in Milsom-street, as fast as his gouty legs would admit, to the apartments of the Lady Honoria Vincent; for the lady tenanted apartments only—her reduced income having rendered economy necessary in all her arrangements. Apparently, Raymond had been earlier in his visit than had been anticipated. The morning toilet of Lady Honoria was not completed with the elegance and precision of her former balmy days of beauty and fashion. Deprived of the aid of rouge, she looked pale, sallow, and haggard. The curls of her hair—to be correct, of her wig—were in disorder; her dress was any thing but careful, neat, and cleanly. However, she advanced to meet her old admirer with the most friendly and unreserved greeting.

“ My dear—dear doctor, how delighted I am to see you ! Such an age since we met ! and you looking as well and as hearty as ever.”

The doctor hemmed, stammered, and uttered some kind expressions in return, while he looked down in doubt at his own feeble limbs for a confirmation of the truth of the compliment. The Lady Honoria, with increasing volubility, poured out a torrent of questions upon her kind friend.

“ So, my dear doctor, it is true, you are at last delightfully and comfortably settled. It must, indeed, be dull and solitary for you to be buried alive in the country, without a companion or friend, during the long and heavy winter months. Heigho ! I never saw any country-house which pleased me half as much as Maddington Bowers,” tenderly exclaimed the interesting spinster, as, glancing at a mirror, she pushed back some few treacherous gray hairs, that spurned the restraint imposed upon them by their artificial rival. “ But,” continued the fair Honoria, “ I must positively leave you for a moment, to dress ;” and away she tripped, rather awkwardly and ungracefully, to her apartment. In her absence, the doctor surveyed, with curious eye, the room in which he sat. He there beheld backgammon-boards, dice, soiled queens of diamonds, torn kings of hearts, Hoyle’s “ Rules of Whist,” and all the other accessories of an old age of cards, and not of a youth of beauty. Every thing bore the appearance of a want of order and com-

fort. Somehow or other, a sudden revolution had taken place in the intentions and plans of the doctor ; and, on the lady's return, he made a hasty excuse for a short visit. A pressing invitation to come again without any ceremony, was repeated more than once. The doctor murmured his thanks and adieus, and thoughtfully limped down stairs.

On that same day, the once talismanic rose-leaves, so long religiously treasured, were committed abruptly to the flames. Very soon afterwards, Dr. Raymond was again settled in his peaceful rectory, quite resigned to the daily cultivation of his geraniums, and the weekly manufacture of his sermons ; while the Lady Honoria Vincent remained in single blessedness, the undisputed tenant of the card-rooms of Bath, as anxious about the issue of a rubber of half-crown whist, as, in former days, she had been in the fascination of some new admirer.



## THE LADY TO HER LOVER'S PICTURE.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

O DARK, deep, pictured eyes !  
Once more I seek your meaning,—as the skies  
Were sought by wizards, once, from eastern towers,  
When signs of fate dawned through the night's bright  
hours.

O master of my soul, to whom belong  
These starry lights of love ! thou dost me wrong—  
Thy *heart* doth wrong me, if it hath not told  
That she who loved ~~of~~ old  
So deeply, still awaits thee,—loving yet :  
She loves, she watches,—why dost *thou* forget ?

Upon what pleasant shore or summer waters  
Dost thou repose ? Hath Time,  
Or the dark witchery of the Indian daughters,—  
Or some luxurious clime,—  
The natural love of change,—or graver thought,  
Or new ambition, all my misery wrought ?

*Why* art thou absent ? Is not all thy toil  
Done, on that burning soil ?  
Are thy dreams unaccomplished ? Let them go !  
She who stood by thee once, in want and wo,



## GRACE FALKINER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CECIL HYDE," &c.

GRACE FALKINER was a moral phenomenon. She was an only child, a beauty, and, according to general belief, an heiress ; but, strange to say, at the advanced age of one-and-twenty, her temper was unspoiled by indulgence, her head unturned by flattery, and her hand, as yet, unsolicited by any suitor whose petition could, for a moment, be entertained by those possessed of any influence or authority with its fair object.

This exemption from the natural consequences of her position, on three points of such importance, was not equally miraculous with respect to them all. As far as relates to the two first, it must certainly be considered as an extraordinary triumph of nature over education and circumstances ; but, in the latter instance, it was referable to principles more easily explained, and more universally intelligible. Her beauty was beyond dispute ; her brother-and-sisterless condition satisfactorily established ; but her fortune, — "ay, there's the rub !" — was that algebraical abstraction, *an unknown quantity* : and, although

reasoning by induction, inference, or analogy, may be perfectly admissible in metaphysics, politics, or morals,—those who are skilled in such matters are wisely of opinion, that the pretensions of an heiress can only be tested by a process little short of mathematical demonstration.

Alas! for the chilling influence of time, and the blighting effects of intercourse with the world, in the destruction of early hopes and youthful illusions!—When we start in life—or, at least, upon town— young, artless, unsophisticated,—we lend a willing ear to the golden fables which conjecture loves to invent, and rumour to circulate, for no other purpose, it would seem, than to lead us astray. Strong is our belief in female perfection, and the three per cent consols. We are ready to fall down and worship the first idol, whose glittering surface can be mistaken for gold. Not a doubt have we as to the reality of her virtues, or the extent of her acres. Our fancy revels amid angels and ingots; but we are not long in discovering, that the wings with which our partiality invests the one, are, in point of fact, the more legitimate attributes of the other; and that, however that complaisant deity may court us to his temple by fair promises, we are very seldom indebted to *Hymen* for an introduction to *Plutus*.

But, to return. Although the qualified belief in her financial merits was not without its weight in maintaining her popularity, few indeed were those who stood less in need of such adventitious recom-

commendations than Grace Falkiner. The winning softness of her manner, joined to the melody of her voice, captivated at once; and increased admiration was the invariable result of more intimate acquaintance with her. The character of her beauty was pensive; and a slight tinge of romance in her disposition gave additional zest to the cheerful and even sprightly demeanour, through which it was only discoverable at intervals:—as the stream—but we fear that the “under current” has been too often pressed into the service to admit of its introduction here, with any plausible pretension to originality; so we will spare the reader and ourselves the trouble of the simile.

In short, Grace Falkiner was “all that youthful poets fancy when they love;” both as to mental and personal attractions: and if the reader, with respect to the former, is obliged to take our word for it, in proof of the latter, at least, he has ocular demonstration; for, at the head of our narrative, he will behold her faithfully depicted in all her charms.

Grace Falkiner had lost her father when an infant, and had been brought up wholly under the care of her mother. Mr. Falkiner was a man of extensive landed property; but it was strictly entailed on the male line, and, on his death, the estates had consequently passed to the next heir,—a nephew. His widow was handsomely provided for by a jointure of 4000*l.* a-year; but their only child, our heroine, had nothing to depend on but a sum of 5000*l.* in the three per cents; which rumour had exaggerated to

an indefinite amount. Mrs. Falkiner's style of living, and, occasionally, her manner of talking, contributed to perpetuate an error, by which she hoped to profit in the establishment of her daughter. But the children of this our London world are wise in their generation; and, although her dinners were in great repute, and her weekly *soirées* remarkably well attended—although her *britska* seldom lacked a mounted escort in the park, and her opera-box was never without a reasonable supply of *élégans* in phantasmagoric succession,—still they came to flirt, and not to woo; and postponed their declarations until such time as further evidence could be adduced on the material point which remained as yet unelucidated.

Grace, however, had a great-uncle in India, from whom she expected nothing,—but her mother hoped a vast deal. He was known to be enormously rich, unmarried, and, as far as could be ascertained, without encumbrances. He had returned to England, after a residence of forty years in the East, and gone back to India within little more than a twelvemonth; determined, as he said, to end his days in a country where he knew the faces of the people, and was always secure of a well-made curry. During his short stay in London, he had been hospitably received and entertained by Mrs. Falkiner, his nephew's widow, and had appeared to be favourably impressed by the beauty and amiability of her daughter, to whom, on his departure for India, he

had dropped sundry vague hints of an intention *not to forget* her; although the extent to which he proposed exercising his powers of memory in her favour, was a point open to the most unlimited conjecture. Grace, indeed, gave herself very little trouble on the subject; and certain it is, that, however he might remember *her*, she had nearly forgotten him, when, one evening, as she was dressing for a dinner-party, a packet was delivered to her, the appearance of which denoted its great importance; for it bore the superscription, "*private and immediate.*" On removing the envelope, she found two letters, both addressed to herself; one of which had a formal business-like aspect, and that decidedly travelled air by which a "ship-letter" is generally recognisable, without the assurance to that effect usually affixed by the post-office. The letter in question, however, bore no post-mark; but in one corner were the words, "favoured by C. Briggs, Esq." It was sealed, or rather wafered, with black; and a deep black edging bore solemn testimony to the *mourning*, if not the grief, of the writer. Grace trembled as she opened the letter—for the messenger of death is always awful, even where we have every reason to believe that the victim has not been selected from among those whose existence seems necessary to our happiness.

It proved to be from Mr. ———, the solicitor of her uncle at Calcutta, acquainting her, in becoming terms, that the worthy nabob had died on such a

day ; and that he, the solicitor, had been named one of the executors of his last will and testament, an authentic copy, or rather duplicate of which would be forwarded to England, by the same ship which conveyed Mr. ——'s letter, and consigned to the care of Messrs. Caveat and Company, Pump-court, Temple, who were instructed to communicate to her the provisions of the aforesaid document, in which she was materially concerned.

This was an exciting piece of intelligence, and all the more so from the uncertainty in which it left the important question of the will. Grace had seen so little of her uncle, that she could scarcely be expected to feel any thing like grief for his loss ; and it will not, we trust, be deemed in any degree derogatory to her claims, as a heroine, on the regard and sympathy of the reader, if we acknowledge that her anxiety was chiefly directed to that financial point in the affair which, in the good old days of romance, would have been held unworthy of a moment's consideration on the part of one so young and so lovely. *Au reste*, we must take the world as we find it ; the pastoral style is as much out of fashion as the chivalrous ; and as, in our day, there are no Tancred's but in the opera, and no Damons but in the ballet, the fair sex may really be excused for adopting ideas more consistent with the matter-of-fact routine of life in the nineteenth century.

Grace was hurrying to her mother's dressing-room, for the purpose of communicating the unex-



pected intelligence, when she recollected that half the contents of the packet remained unexamined; she therefore resumed her seat, and proceeded with the investigation. The second letter was evidently of home manufacture, and recent production; but what distinguished it, in a very marked manner, from the numerous epistolary "favours," of all colours, blue, green, pink, and yellow, which it was Miss Falkiner's lot to receive, and her misfortune to be obliged to answer, was a small red morocco case of a circular form, which had been tied up with the letter by a piece of black riband. A slip of paper, attached to the case, bore the following words: "You are requested *not* to open the miniature-case until you have read the letter." This injunction was a severe trial to the curiosity of our heroine; but she had too much of the spirit of romance in her composition to interfere with the regular progress of an adventure which seemed really not unpromising. So she complied with the request of her mysterious correspondent, by giving precedence to the letter. The reader must judge of her feelings, when she read what follows:—

*" Thomas's Hotel, Berkeley Square,  
" February 183-.*

" MADAM, .

" I feel considerable embarrassment in addressing you; and am really at a loss in what terms to

introduce the subject which it is my duty to bring under your notice. But, as a very singular combination of circumstances has placed me in an extraordinary position with respect to you, I have judged it advisable to communicate, at once and directly, with yourself, rather than confide the explanation of matters of a peculiarly delicate nature to the discretion of a third party.

“ I am but this moment arrived in London from Calcutta, having brought from thence the letter which you will receive herewith, conveying the melancholy intelligence of the death of your amiable and benevolent relation, Mr. Herbert Falkiner, of that city. The particulars of that gentleman’s will \*must, of course, be officially communicated to you within a very few hours ; but I trust you will appreciate my motives for anticipating their formal announcement.

“ You are then to know, Madam, that, by the last will and testament of your great uncle, you will succeed, as residuary legatee, to the great bulk of his fortune, (upwards of 150,000*l.*, as I am credibly informed), upon one condition, however ;—and that condition—I really have scarcely the face to write the words—that condition is, that, within six months of the period when you receive the news of Mr. Falkiner’s death, you are married to *me* !

“ I can imagine your surprise ; I fear I ought to add, your indignation, at the idea of your hand being thus unceremoniously disposed of by a posthu-

mous freak of your worthy relative. *Mais, que voulez-vous?*—he was a humourist all his life; and I indulge a hope, that you will never have cause to regret the characteristic facetiousness of this last act of his existence: but I have only to say, that, if the joke should prove unpalatable to you, no undue influence shall, with my consent, be exerted, to make you enter into its spirit.

“Do not, I beseech you, be guilty of the injustice of supposing, that Mr. Falkiner’s extraordinary disposition of property, and more than property, in my favour, is the result of any deliberate plan of toadyism on my part, or of any attempt to divert his succession from its natural course. The fact is, that I had about as much expectation of a legacy from Mr. Falkiner as I had of a seat in council (excuse my professional and local illustrations), having been in that worthy gentleman’s society but half a dozen times in my life; and although, upon one of those occasions, I was fortunate enough to render him a slight service, my interference in the case to which I allude was prompted entirely by common motives of humanity, without the slightest reference to the feelings of gratitude which it might excite, or the personal advantages to myself which might result from it.

“This, however, is not the time to trouble you with the details of my acquaintance with your eccentric relation. It is of more importance that I should

satisfy your very natural curiosity with respect to myself. I accordingly subjoin the following particulars on that interesting subject, humbly hoping, that, as I 'nothing extenuate,' so you will not 'set down aught in malice:'

"First, as to birth and family. I am an only child, and an orphan. With respect to my parents, I can only say, that I was always given to understand, that I had had a father and mother; but I am unfortunately unable to speak to the fact from my personal knowledge. From the age of eighteen months, I was brought up by a distant relative, to whose care I had been left, as the guardian of the very little property bequeathed to me by my father. My education has been like that of most of my acquaintance. I was kept, for a certain number of years, at school,—made to pay for a good deal of Greek and Latin, and got very little value for my money; but, as usual, I suppose, that was my own fault: at fifteen, my guardian got rid of me (a good riddance), by sending me out to India as a cadet.

"*Quant au personnel*;—I am above five feet nine in height; weight, averaging from nine stone to nine and a half; complexion, just now, approaching to mahogany, but, I trust, capable of being bleached by change of climate; my hair dark-brown, except where it is growing grey,—a change which, I am sorry to say, is in rapid operation. This, however, is of less consequence, as my once flowing

locks are falling off with still greater rapidity. My age is two and thirty; my rank, that of a lieutenant in the — Bengal Cavalry; my present income 100*l.* per annum, exclusive of regimental pay and allowances; my prospects, *nil*. I have no doubt that I should play very well on the guitar, had I ever learned,—that I should sing very sweetly, if I had any voice,—and that I should indite very pretty verses, if I were only to try. My dancing would also be unexceptionable, were it not for an unfortunate halt in my gait,—the result of a shattered ankle, which was my reward for assisting to storm an impregnable and unpronounceable fort, some ten years back. As to my temper, it would not, perhaps, become me to say much. I may, however, assert, with tolerable confidence, that I am seldom *very much* put out, as long as I have every thing my own way: *au reste*, we all know, that, in the social as well as the physical climate, an occasional hurricane is of use in clearing the atmosphere. I have only to add, that I never smoke in the presence of a lady; and that my constitution is unimpaired by brandy and water. ‘What more can I say?’

“I will now conclude, with a humble and dutiful request, that I may be allowed the honour of a personal interview with you at your earliest convenience; and, in the mean time, I recommend to your notice the accompanying miniature, which will present you with a tolerably accurate delineation of that

*extérieur* which I have partly described above, but which, as the heralds say, ‘in the margin more lively is depicted.’

“ I have the honour to be, Madam,

“ Your faithful and devoted Servant,

“ COURTENAY BRIGGS.”

It would not be easy to do justice to what was passing in the mind of our heroine, as she read this despatch. Every feeling of womanly pride, dignity, and delicacy, revolted against the unceremonious disposal of her hand which her uncle had made the condition of his posthumous bounty. Under such circumstances, his legacy was little more than a mockery and an insult. Should she submit to be transferred, as so much “live stock,” to the possession of Mr. Courtenay Briggs, by the stroke of a pen? The idea was insufferable, degrading! But, in spite of her just indignation, she could not help feeling a slight degree of curiosity respecting the appearance of the individual to whom she had been thus cavalierly bequeathed; and she opened the miniature-case with a degree of eagerness worthy of a more pleasing, if not a more interesting, occasion. Heaven and earth! what a scarecrow presented itself to her view! It was “such a man,” she thought, “so wo-begone,” who

“ Drew Priam’s curtain at the dead of night.”

The face was long, thin, and angular ; the features, pinched ; the complexion, to all appearance, undergoing a transition from the yellow-jaundice to the blue-cholera ; the hair scanty, and bristling, “ like quills upon the fretful porcupine ;” the cheeks, hollow ; the eyes, sunk and lustreless ; and, to crown all, this oriental edition of the *anatomie vivante*, was arranged in a uniform of sky-blue and silver, which hung upon him as a great-coat hangs upon a peg,—giving no visible assurance of any internal substance analogous to the outward form in which the tailor had arranged his materials.

Long and silently did she gaze on this attractive effigy of her *soi-disant* intended ; nor could she sufficiently admire the delusion of that *amour-propre*, which could lead him to believe that he was recommending himself to the good graces of a fair lady, by means of a portrait which might have served as a most appropriate representation of the “ knight of the rueful countenance.” But if she had at first resolved on meeting with a decided negative the advantageous proposal of Mr. Courtenay Briggs, her determination was strengthened tenfold, now that she could form some idea of the extent of the sacrifice which she was required to make, in order to obtain her inheritance. But before she had made up her mind as to the most judicious mode of signifying her resolution, under the circumstances, Mrs. Falkiner, surprised at the unusual delay in the performance of her daughter’s toilette, entered the room with a

view of hastening her proceedings,—the carriage being at the door to conduct them to their dinner engagement.

All the documents were, of course, immediately submitted to her inspection; but very different, indeed, were the feelings they excited in her breast, from those which Grace experienced on the occasion. Having long survived the period of romance, Mrs. Falkiner had ceased to regard the institution of matrimony in any other than a financial point of view; and from a fancied eminence of *soi-disant* philosophy, she looked down upon all who were accessible to *les foiblesses du cœur*, as so many absurd visionaries, who deserved to be brought to their senses by the rough discipline of experience, and recalled to practical notions by

“ — that worst of earthly ills,  
The inflammation of our weekly bills.”

Accordingly, she viewed the affair on its bright side; and—never, for a moment, doubting her daughter’s acquiescence in so profitable an arrangement—congratulated her, with great sincerity, on this sudden turn of fortune in her favour.

“ A hundred and fifty thousand pounds !” exclaimed she, in a tone of exultation; “ why, Grace, you are the luckiest girl in the world! What a dear, *good* creature that uncle of yours was, to die so opportunely !”

“ But, dear mamma,” remonstrated Grace, “ think



of the horrid condition which he has attached to his legacy. Do you really suppose I would consent to marry that odious wretch in the sky-blue? Not for ten times the sum."

"Psha, Grace! how can you talk such nonsense? Odious wretch, indeed! I declare I think—judging from this picture—that he must be a particularly gentlemanlike person,—a *leetle* too pale, perhaps, but that is by far the best fault of the two."

"Such a name, too!" ejaculated Grace.

"The name *is* objectionable," said Mrs. Falkiner, "but that is easily remedied. He must take your name; and Mrs. Courtenay Falkiner will sound particularly well, I think. Come, sit down at once, like a good girl, and write a civil answer to the poor man. We must, of course, keep out of general society for a short while; but you may as well ask him to dine with us *en famille* to-morrow."

Grace, however, though usually submissive, conceived that the occasion fully justified the display of a little constitutional resistance to the maternal authority. She loudly protested against giving any encouragement to Mr. Briggs; and firmly, though respectfully, avowed her determination to relinquish the fortune sooner than accept the encumbrance.

This declaration produced, between the mother and daughter, a discussion of a rather animated character. But we deem it inexpedient to enlighten the reader as to the exact particulars of what passed;

conceiving that these little family misunderstandings, from which even the best regulated *ménages* are not wholly exempt, are more judiciously left to his imagination, or, perhaps, we should rather say, to his memory. As in most other discussions, however, each party remained unconvinced by the arguments brought forward on the other side; and Mrs. Falkiner had almost exhausted her powers of reasoning,—so to speak,—on the subject, when she suddenly recollected that Col. and Mrs. Dynewell, with a whole host of distinguished guests, were, in all probability, waiting dinner for them; and visions of over-boiled fish, over-baked *pâtés*, over-roasted mutton, spoiled *entrées*, &c. &c. &c. rose in awful reproach before her.

“God bless me!” exclaimed she, “we are forgetting the Dynewells all this time—and it is now half-past eight! What shall we do?”

“Send an excuse, of course,” said Grace. “I will write, and say that the loss of a near relation makes it impossible for us to attend. I am sure,” continued she, half aside, “I might almost say, ‘a severe domestic affliction,’ for it seems likely to prove one to me.”

“No!” said Mrs. Falkiner; “on second thoughts, we had better go: nobody knows any thing about this affair yet; and, as this packet has arrived so late, we are not obliged, you know, to have heard any thing of it till to-morrow; and by that time, I hope, you will have come to your senses, and be in

a more reasonable frame of mind on the subject : besides, we are surely not to go without our dinner, because your great-uncle chooses to die in India."

Accordingly, to Colonel Dynewell's they went, and arrived in better time than they had anticipated, for they were not the last ; and, consequently, Mrs. Falkiner's intended solemn asseveration, in the teeth of facts, that *eight* o'clock, instead of *seven*, had been written on their invitation-card, was not called into play. Dinner was at length announced, and Grace found herself at table near the last arrival,— a young man with light hair and eye-brows, and a reddish-brown face, who seemed to be rather *dés-orienté* as to the usual topics of London conversation between strangers. At length, in reply to some observation of hers on passing events, he said :—

"I am afraid you think me a sad Goth to know so little about what is going forward ; but the fact is, I only arrived in London a few hours ago, having landed yesterday at Portsmouth from India, where I have been for the last four years. I am in the Bengal Cavalry, and am come home on sick leave."

"Sick leave indeed !" thought Grace, as she observed the energy, little characteristic of an invalid, with which he was despatching a plateful of "curry for three."

"You seem rather better," observed she.

"Yes," said he ; "the voyage has done wonders for me ; but I was a sad object when I left Calcutta."

“Had you a pleasant passage?” inquired Grace.

“Very,” responded the B. C. man. “Our vessel was a small one,—only six hundred tons,—but we had several ladies on board; and Briggs, of ours, who is certainly the most agreeable fellow in the three presidencies—the three kingdoms, I should say—was of the party: so the voyage could not fail to be pleasant.”

“What!” said Grace, whose curiosity was thoroughly awakened: “did you say that you had an officer of the name of Briggs in your regiment?”

“Yes, to be sure — Courtenay Briggs; the best fellow in the world, and one of the handsomest, into the bargain. Are you acquainted with him?”

“Not at all,” said Grace, much surprised by this testimony to the personal attractions of her correspondent; “but I think I have heard his name.”

“Very likely. And have you heard any thing of the odd business that brings him to England?”

It was perhaps fortunate for Grace that the eyes of her oriental friend were too busily intent on his beloved curry to admit of his remarking the becoming suffusion which exhibited itself on the face of our heroine, when she heard his unconscious allusion to her own affairs. She, of course, professed her entire ignorance on the subject; and he proceeded to enlighten her.

“It is the oddest thing in the world. He has been left a large fortune by a man whom he had

not seen half a dozen times in his life, on condition that he marries the old fellow's niece."

"Dear, how odd!" said Grace.

"Briggs happened to render him a slight service about a year ago, when they met on a tiger-hunt. *Puss*—a remarkably fine animal in his way—had fastened on the trunk of old Falkiner's elephant (that was the man's name), when, through some carelessness of his people, I suppose, the straps gave way,—the old gentleman came tumbling down, head over heels, howdah and all,—and the tiger would have made minced meat of him in no time, if Briggs had not jumped down from *his* beast in the twinkling of an eye, and discharged his rifle right into the ear of the assailant. Old Falkiner said very little about it at the time, and was so busy scolding his own retinue for their negligence, that he seemed almost to have forgotten the acknowledgments due to Briggs for having saved him from such an 'ugly customer.' He asked him to dinner, however, two or three times in the course of last year, and was generally civil to him; but not so much so as to make Briggs imagine that he was overwhelmed by the weight of the obligation: so that, when the old gentleman died suddenly one fine morning, it was the greatest surprise to Briggs to find that he had carried his gratitude to so unusual an extent."

"Was the fortune left to himself, then?" enquired Grace.

“No—not in the first instance, at least. It is left to old Falkiner’s great-niece, provided she marries Courtenay within six months after his arrival in England: if she refuse at the end of that period, he gets the whole unconditionally.”

“And pray,” said Grace, very much edified by this last piece of intelligence, “does he know what sort of person the lady is?”

“Yes,” answered the B. C. man; “he saw her several times when he was on leave in England, two years ago, but he was not acquainted with her. He says, she appeared to be a good-humoured, fat girl, with very thick ankles,—not at all the sort of person to suit his taste; indeed, so little to his mind, that, if she would consent to it, he would be too happy to split the difference, and give up half the fortune to her. But if, on the contrary, she should insist upon marrying him, he must, of course, submit, as a hundred and fifty thousand pounds are not to be had every day in the year.”

Grace, although an acknowledged beauty, was perhaps as free from personal vanity as any of her sex; but she must have been more than woman, if she could have heard, without the liveliest feelings of indignation, this disparaging account of her personal claims, and the insulting hypothesis so innocently advanced by her indiscreet friend. “If she should insist upon marrying him!” Good heavens! *She*, the admired, the courted, the idol of her own circle—to hear herself spoken of as one whose alli-

ance was a penalty which would be gladly evaded by the sacrifice of half a fortune ! It was insufferable ; and it was with the greatest difficulty she could command herself sufficiently to keep up the appearance of unconsciousness which the occasion required. She contented herself with observing, however, that “ perhaps Mr. Briggs might not find it so difficult as he imagined to be released from his obligations in the affair ; that there were *some* people whom one would not marry if they had the whole wealth of the Indies ; and that she had heard a very different account of the gentleman in question, from that which his friend now gave of him.”

“ Well,” said her communicative acquaintance, “ there is no accounting for difference of opinion : but you will perhaps be able to form your own judgment on the subject, by and by ; for my friend Briggs has half promised to look in here this evening.”

“ You don’t say so !” exclaimed Grace, turning quite pale.

“ Yes, indeed,” was the answer. “ He is close by, at Thomas’s, where I am staying also. When my uncle found that he was with me, he wanted him to dine here to-day ; but he excused himself, on the ground of having *some* business to attend to, requesting, however, that he might be at liberty to make his appearance in the evening, if he should find himself at leisure.”

This announcement was, as may be supposed, highly embarrassing to Grace, and she thought every minute an hour, until, Mrs. Dynewell having given the signal of retreat, the ladies repaired to the drawing-room. When arrived there, she pleaded a violent head-ach, as an excuse for an early departure; and, with some difficulty, succeeded in hurrying Mrs. Falkiner away before the gentlemen had made their re-appearance. Her great anxiety was, of course, to avoid the possibility of a *rencontre* with Mr. Courtenay Briggs; but as she passed through the hall, on her way to the carriage, a gentleman, who had just entered the house, drew back to make room for her; and as she acknowledged his politeness with a bow, she heard the name of Mr. Courtenay Briggs, travelling up-stairs before him, in the usual telegraphic mode of progression. Grace was closely shawled and muffled, the weather being cold, so that the stranger could scarcely have distinguished her features, had he even looked at her with attention; but the single glance she gave to his face and figure, sufficed to convince her that a more flagrant libel had never been perpetrated by pen or pencil, than the miniature which he had thought proper to send as the authorized representation of his outward man. Instead of the wo-begone, bilious-looking starveling she had been led to expect, she saw a tall, elegant young man, of the most *distingué* appear-



ance, not a hair's breadth too thin for waltzing or sentiment, and with a face, whose slightly sunburnt hue seemed in perfect accordance with the manly character of the well-formed and aristocratic features. His motive for thus practically vilifying his own pretensions was not to be misunderstood; and this last instance of bad faith and deceit completed the measure of Grace's irritation. The remonstrances of her mother were unavailing; and, indeed, after what Grace had accidentally heard that evening, Mrs. Falkiner could scarcely attempt to combat a determination, which a due sense of the dignity of her sex could not have failed to dictate to any woman similarly circumstanced.

The next day, Grace replied to the communication of Mr. Courtenay Briggs, by the following letter:—

*“ Harley-street.*

“ I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of yesterday's date, and I lose not a moment in relieving your mind on a subject which I have reason to know gives you so much uneasiness.

“ When I tell you that I am perfectly well acquainted with the feelings which dictated that letter, and the motives which actuated you in its composition, you will not be surprised to learn that I at once, and without hesitation, release you from the embarrassing dilemma in which you are placed,

between your natural wish to obtain the fortune of my deceased relative, and your distressing fear of being hampered with the encumbrance which his caprice has attached to its possession.

“ It appears that you have seen me, and met me in society, during your last visit to England,— a fact of which I had not the slightest recollection: your memory, it seems, is more tenacious, if not more complimentary. Be it so;— you *may* possibly be acquainted with my face and appearance, but you must indeed be wholly ignorant of my disposition and character, if you can fear my acquiescence in a proposal so repugnant to every sentiment which becomes my sex. Rest assured that you need not have resorted to deceit or subterfuge in order to ensure my instant rejection of a suit,— if such it may be called,— urged under circumstances so insulting, not to say degrading, to the person to whom it is addressed.

“ What could have been the object of my uncle in inflicting this posthumous outrage on my feelings, I am wholly at a loss to divine: with that, however, I have nothing to do. It only remains for me to assure you, that his benevolent intentions with respect to you may be fully accomplished; and that you will not be called upon to sacrifice half the fortune,— no! not even a sixpence of it,— to secure the *unfettered* enjoyment of the remainder.

“ I return the portrait with a sight of which you have favoured me: I shall not make any

observation on the fidelity of the likeness. Were I to compliment your modesty, it would only be at the expense of your candour.

“Yours,

“GRACE FALKINER.

“*To Courtenay Briggs, Esq.*”

What rejoinder was “put in” to this “*retort courteous*,” we are unfortunately unable to ascertain; for the missive which made its appearance in Harley-street, about an hour after the despatch of Miss Falkiner’s letter, was returned by her, unopened, to the place from whence it came, she having recognised the handwriting of her very unsentimental *adorer*. Several equally unsuccessful attempts were subsequently made by him to obtain a hearing, or an interview; but Grace was inexorable. In spite of all her mother’s remonstrances, she resolutely refused to see him, or to receive any communication from him; and it was only through the medium of the solicitors, Messrs. Caveat and Co., that he was at length enabled to convey to her an assurance of his anxiety to come to some arrangement which might be mutually satisfactory to both parties, and his extreme regret, that, from an erroneous impression of his views and feelings, &c. &c. To all such professions, however, she turned a deaf ear; and Mr. Courtenay Briggs was,

perforce, reduced to the necessity of postponing the execution of his pacificatory intentions until the expiration of the six months, at the end of which period he would be competent to act for himself in the affair, as the fortune would then be his own.

The six months had almost expired, when Grace Falkiner, under the chaperonage of her cousin, Lady Raynham, was slowly making her way through the crowded saloons of St. James's, at the birth-day drawing-room. As they left the throne-room, the first person they encountered was Colonel Dynewell, standing near the door, in conversation with another gentleman, whose face betrayed, on their approach, a degree of embarrassment amounting almost to agitation. It needed not the corroborative evidence of the sky-blue and silver, to convince Grace that she stood in the august presence of Mr. Courtenay Briggs, of the Bengal Cavalry.

Grace would have gladly passed on, and avoided any thing like the appearance of recognition between persons so awkwardly circumstanced; but the pressure of the crowd forbade all rapid progress, and the unconscious Lady Raynham made so determined a halt before the gallant colonel and his friend, that our heroine felt very much inclined to give her credit for the employment of a little *malice* on the occasion; an offence of which, it is fair to believe, she was wholly guiltless, being, in fact, completely ignorant of all that had occurred relative to the

testamentary dispositions of the late Mr. Falkiner, and unaffectedly glad to see an old friend.

"Is Mrs. Dynewell here?" inquired she.

"No," said the Colonel; "delicate health,—immense crowd,—too great an undertaking," &c.

"Then, if you are not on duty elsewhere, do, there's a dear, good man! give me your arm to the carriage. I really can hardly move among all these people; and perhaps Mr. ——, your friend, would have the kindness just to take charge of my cousin."

The colonel complied with the greatest alacrity; and Courtenay Briggs, thus appealed to, advanced with equal *empressement*, and held out his arm to Grace, who could not well refuse to take it. He seemed by this time to have quite recovered from his momentary embarrassment, and commenced talking to her with as much *disinvoltura* as if he had entirely forgotten the awkward circumstances connected with their correspondence.

At first she was naturally silent and reserved; but, as he was very persevering in his efforts to draw her into conversation, and, to confess the truth, very agreeable in his manners, she gradually relaxed a little in the frigidity of her demeanour; and, at the end of twenty minutes, during which they were slowly progressing towards the palace doors, she was surprised to find herself chatting with him as familiarly as if he had been an old, not to say a favourite acquaintance.

In the mean time, Lady Raynham and the

colonel still kept their position in the van; and beguiled their time, to all appearance, as agreeably as the couple who brought up the rear of the party.

The colonel was a fat, good-humoured, talkative, and hideous little man, of a *very certain age*; for he was *very certainly* on the wrong side of fifty; but he was, nevertheless, a great favourite with the ladies, and a more expert small-talker than half the men of thirty about town. On the present occasion he seemed more than usually entertaining, if one might judge by the frequent, though, of course, subdued laughter, which his sallies elicited from his companion.

“Really,” observed Grace to her *cavalier*, after one of these slight bursts of merriment, “my chaperon is behaving most shockingly; I never saw such a flirtation! I must positively let Lord Raynham know what is going on, in his absence from town.”

“Is his lordship, then, generally supposed to be the favourite in that quarter?” inquired Briggs.

“Really,” said Grace, with astonishment, and some degree of *hauteur*, “I *must* say that is a very extraordinary question.”

“Nay!” said Briggs, “I beg pardon if I have been indiscreetly inquisitive; but the allusion was your own.”

“Allusion!” repeated Grace; “surely a jocular remark about an old friend like Colonel Dynewell,

who has known my cousin from her cradle, cannot be considered as authorizing you to call in question her regard for her husband."

"Husband!" exclaimed Briggs; "why, you don't mean to say that she is married? I never heard of it."

"*Cela n'empêche pas*," said Grace; "were you then acquainted with her before her marriage?"

"I?—to be sure!—why, yes!—that is—I knew who she was. But how long is it since it took place?—very recently, I suppose?"

"Not very," said Grace; "she has been married these two years."

"Two years!" reiterated Briggs: "Impossible!"

"All I can say is," said Grace, "that I was present, and officiated as bridesmaid on the occasion."

"Is it possible!" said Courtenay; "her name was?"—

"Falkiner, like my own," said Grace.

The sky-blue hero gave a start, almost amounting to a bounce.

"What!" exclaimed he, "is *your* name Falkiner? and were *you* related to Mr. Herbert Falkiner, of Calcutta?"

"I am his great-niece," said Grace, quietly, rather enjoying the embarrassment of her new acquaintance, although not quite understanding its cause.

“But, surely,” continued Briggs, with increasing agitation, “you are not—you cannot be—Miss Grace Falkiner, of Harley street?”

“Excuse me,” said our heroine, “however incredible it may appear, my name *is* Grace, and I *do* live in Harley Street.”

“Good heavens!” exclaimed Briggs; “and I——”

“Oh!” said Grace, “I may spare you the necessity of being equally communicative; I am perfectly aware that I have the pleasure of speaking to Mr. Courtenay Briggs, of the Bengal Cavalry—or, perhaps, by this time, I should say, Mr. Courtenay Falkiner.”

Words are inadequate to describe the confusion of poor Briggs at this observation of our heroine. But, fortunately for him, they had reached the door, and “Lady Raynham’s carriage stops the way,” was too earnestly vociferated to allow of any delay in obeying the summons. With a countenance, pale and red by turns, and a trembling hand, he assisted her into the carriage; and, after it had driven off, he stood for some time as if nailed to the spot, until unceremoniously warned off by a “make way there, if you please,” and a slight hint from a policeman’s truncheon, to the same effect.

“Well!” said Colonel Dynewell, as they walked off towards Pall Mall, “what do you think of Miss Falkiner, my dear Briggs?”

“Think!” exclaimed Briggs, —“I think that



she is an angel, and that I am a confounded ass ! ”

“ Oh, ho ! ” said the colonel.

“ When I thought her a goddess, she thought me a fool,  
And I swear she was most in the right.”

“ Have you been making love to her, after all ? ”

“ Making love ! ” said Briggs ; “ if I had not been a positive idiot, I ought to have been married to her ages ago.”

“ I know that as well as you,” said the colonel.

“ How ? ” inquired Briggs, hastily ; “ who could have told you any thing about it ? ”

“ Oh ! my dear fellow,” said Dynewell, “ it is not such an easy matter to keep so good a story quiet. I had it all from your particular friend, my nephew John, immediately after your arrival in England. Old Falkiner left his money to his great-niece, on condition that she should marry you. You were rather anxious to retain the fortune, and very desirous to eschew the heiress, whom you spoke of as a *good-humoured fat girl, with very thick ankles* ; a description which, in all points except the good-humour, seems to me anything but accurate. However, there is no accounting for difference of tastes and opinion.”

“ But there is *no* difference of opinion ! ” said Briggs ; “ it is all a mistake. I took it for granted, that my intended bride was that dumpy cousin of hers that was with her to day, and whom I met

three years ago, as Miss Falkiner, at Cheltenham, where she was undergoing a course of the waters at the time — a circumstance that would be enough to disgust me with any woman; faugh! I own I was *not* particularly anxious to marry *her*, and therefore did not quite make the most of my pretensions in the letter I sent her, accompanied by a portrait which might pass for a very strong *post mortem* likeness of me, for it was painted while I was slowly recovering from the jungle fever. What a dolt I have proved myself!”

“Well!” said the colonel, “you need not break your heart about it; the awful six months, I think, are nearly up; the fortune will be your own; and in that there can be ‘no mistake.’”

It was true; the six months had expired that very day, and Briggs was now in undisputed possession of the property.

It was little more than a week after the birthday when Grace received the following letter, which, although she recognised the hand-writing of the superscription, and the device of the seal, a pardonable curiosity withheld her from returning unopened.

“*Oriental Club,—such a date.*”

“Six months have now elapsed since the period when I first addressed you; and, although from a laudable feeling of pride you rejected all my overtures at the time, I venture again to approach you

under other, and, I trust, more auspicious circumstances.

“ After what occurred the other day at the drawing-room, you will not be surprised to learn that I have been under a mistake with respect to your identity. To that circumstance, and to that alone, is to be attributed any thing in my brief and slight intercourse with you, by which you may have been annoyed or offended. The letter which I wrote to you on my arrival, and the observations which were, I conclude, reported to you, as made by me, during my voyage from India, were severally written and spoken under the erroneous impression that the lady whose inheritance of her great-uncle’s property was contingent upon her marrying me, was a Miss Grace Falkiner, whom I had seen at Cheltenham during my last visit to England, and whom I have since discovered to be Lady Raynham. I trust that you will not consider me as intentionally failing in proper respect to your fair and noble cousin, when I acknowledge that I *did not* contemplate the prospect of being united to her with any very satisfactory feelings. I ought, perhaps, to apologise for saying so; but such is the fact; and I can only observe, in extenuation of this unwillingness, for which I should in vain seek for a plausible excuse, either in the appearance or character of the lady in question, that we cannot command our own predilections. I must, therefore, trust to your indulgence for my excuse.

“ Your answer to that first letter, however, containing, as it did, so dignified and well-merited a rebuke, produced a great change in my feelings on the subject ; and, had you honoured me with an interview, according to my earnest and reiterated entreaties, I should have been delightfully undeceived, and you might perhaps have been moved from your stern resolve by the sincerity of that homage which, in your real character, you must always command. But you were inexorable.

“ Thus, it is not my fault if the period allowed you for deliberation by Mr. Falkiner’s eccentric will has now expired. By that circumstance, the property, as you are, no doubt, aware, has been wholly vested in me. My motives are, therefore, not liable to misconstruction, when I thus earnestly and humbly renew my suit, and implore you not to doom me to final rejection, as a punishment for my unintentional, and, as far as you are concerned, unconscious offence.

“ But should you be, as I sincerely trust you are, somewhat softened towards me, by this apologetic explanation, it is still possible that you may be withheld from acceding to my prayers, by a consideration which is likely to carry no little weight with one swayed by such exalted principles of delicacy and independence. Anticipating this objection, however, I have been fortunately able to obviate it. Learn, then, that the fortune thus unaccountably

bestowed on me, is no longer mine. In compliance with Mr. Falkiner's will, his property had all been realised, and placed in the funds. In this shape it came into my possession some days ago; and it has cost me little more than a few strokes of the pen to transfer it to one who has a far juster claim on Mr. Falkiner's inheritance. The sum of £150,000 now stands *in your name* on the Bank books.

“ Thus, then, my fate is entirely at your disposal. You are free to act without any other bias than your own sense of justice and propriety. But I solemnly declare, that not a sixpence of the property in question will I receive, save in the manner contemplated by the original framing of your deceased relative's bequest.

“ What I might have consented to some months ago, when under the mistaken impression before alluded to, I know not. *Now*, I will enter into no compromise on the subject. The fortune is wholly yours; and I either share it with you as your husband, or return to my military duties in India, as poor a man as I left it, with the consolation of having expiated my folly, and, at least, secured your esteem.

“ I shall wait impatiently for your answer. Should it not be wholly unfavourable, I shall present myself in Harley Street to-morrow; but, if you are determined not to give me a chance, I have 'only to say—*adieu!* My passage shall be imme-

diately taken on board a vessel which sails for Calcutta about the middle of next month, and I shall molest you no more.

“COURTENAY BRIGGS.”

What was the precise course pursued by our heroine on the receipt of this letter, we are unfortunately unable to state; nor, indeed, have we space to enter into any further particulars.

The following extract, however, from the list of presentations at the last drawing-room of the season, will, perhaps, throw sufficient light on the subject.

“Mrs. Courtenay Falkiner, on her marriage, by her mother, the Hon. Mrs. Falkiner.”

## THE DEATH OF CLEOPATRA.

BY W. J. DENISON, ESQ. M.P.

“ Fill high the sparkling bowl ;  
The rich repast prepare ;  
Reft of a crown, they yet may share the feast.”

GRAY.

HUSH'D is the din of arms, the battle's roar,  
As the soft moon lights Alexandria's shore ;  
Scarce will her shadow vanish from the sight,  
Or fair Aurora gild each mountain height,  
Ere one last struggle must decide the strife  
For Egypt's throne, and Cleopatra's life.  
Stung to the soul by Actium's fatal day,  
Each long-tried legion sinking with dismay,  
The bold Triumvir veils an aching heart,  
And gaily calls his menials to depart.  
“ Rouse, rouse, the remnant of my youthful throng,  
Prepare the banquet, and awake the song ;  
Braid quick the roses — myrtle wreaths entwine,  
O'er goblets flowing with Falernian wine.  
When our brief web of destiny is spun,  
Can Jove's decree the proudest mortal shun ?  
Consuls and monarchs share one common fate,  
In passing Pluto's adamantine gate.

Though of my vet'rans, few, alas ! remain,  
Who gain'd Pharsalia, or Philippi's plain ;  
To-morrow's sun shall o'er our laurels smile,  
Or (stretch'd as heroes) view the fun'ral pile."

Each bulwark mann'd, dismiss'd each warlike care,  
He sought the palace of his regal fair ;  
That fatal siren, whose seductive art  
From childhood govern'd each aspiring heart.  
The stately dome, with symmetry array'd,  
Imperial pomp and Grecian skill display'd ;  
In Parian marble graceful Hebes shine,  
Mosaic floors, and frescoed walls combine ;  
On Theseus there his Ariadne smil'd,  
Or fair Endymion, Dian's love beguil'd ;  
There, great Alcides knelt to female power,  
Or young Adonis sought the Paphian bower ;  
A murm'ring stream from marble fountains flow'd,  
And taste refin'd—all opulence bestow'd.  
High on a couch reclin'd th' Egyptian queen,  
The lov'liest object of that gorgeous scene ;  
Her raven tresses clust'ring gems adorn,  
Her look attractive as th' orient morn :  
From crystal lamps, reflecting to the view  
Embroider'd silks, and robes of Tyrian hue ;  
Refulgent vases waft their balmy cloud,  
And Care seems banish'd from the thoughtless crowd,  
Though in her bosom what emotions rise !  
Dreams of past splendour flit before her eyes ;



The chiefs enamour'd of her youthful charms,  
Her throne, her ancestors, once great in arms ;  
Her vassal kings from Ethiopic vales,  
To climates perfum'd by Arabian gales :  
Now, direful change ! herself a falling star,  
Destin'd to grace vindictive Cæsar's car !  
“ Yet a few hours for revelry remain,  
Defiance bidding to a victor's chain ;  
Music and Mirth shall banish all the past,  
And Love and Friendship cheer us to the last.”

The morning dawns, the distant trumpets sound,  
Ere the tir'd sentry quits his watchful round ;  
Her trusty maids their beauteous queen convey  
Far from the din and tumults of the fray :  
Frantic she wanders through each spacious hall,  
Where the proud Ptolemies her step appal ;  
Where, rudely carv'd, despotic Pharaoh's line,  
Frown as she enters each neglected shrine.  
As clarions, then triumphant, rend the sky,  
And, panic-struck, her chosen cohorts fly ;  
As gath'ring flames in furious torrents rage  
Through temples fill'd with many a mystic page ;  
As the pale Lotos seeks her wat'ry bed,  
And great Osiris veils his sacred head :  
She calls her follow'rs with heroic mind,  
Bids them her glitt'ring diadem unbind ;  
Bids them in haste the loathsome reptile bring,  
And clos'd each sorrow by its venom'd sting.

## THE BRIDE OF WALSINGHAM.

BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

“ One adequate support for the calamities of mortal life exists,—one only ; an assured belief that the procession of our fate, however sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being of infinite benevolence and power, whose everlasting purposes embrace all accidents, converting them to good.”—WORDSWORTH.

IT was early in the month of June, 1586, just as the soft twilight had faded into a serene night, when the furious galloping of horsemen was suddenly heard, as they rapidly advanced upon the ancient avenue of lofty pines, intermixed with linden, hazel, and drooping birch-trees, that led by a gentle, though somewhat circuitous ascent, to the stately castle of Sir Howard of Montague. This noble edifice, already old at the period to which our history refers, had much of that strength which distinguished the castles of the first Norman barons, while not as yet altogether secure from the despair, or the revenge, of the defeated followers of Harold. It consisted of a group of several lofty and irregular towers, guarded, as it were, by a vast esplanade of massive walls and exterior battlements, surrounded in turn by a deep and impassable moat ; while far in every

direction beyond lay a chase, or open park, of natural grass of almost interminable extent, shaded occasionally by the wide-spreading foliage of stately and majestic oaks. An open bridge-way, rudely and hastily paved with sharp-pointed stones, now supplied the place of the more guarded drawbridge; for the tyrannic jealousy of Elizabeth had caused many of the nobles of her time to adopt a style of openness and insecurity, in order that they might be unexpectedly assailed and overwhelmed by her power.

The sounds of the rushing steeds, as they sprang clattering over the causeway, startled a young and beautiful female, who knelt before a small altar of ivory, thickly overlaid with silver, within the deeply secluded sanctuary of a chapel, or oratory, which threw its single but lofty window, rich in "oryent colour and imagery," in not ungraceful contrast to the sterner and more ancient masses of solid masonry around it. She dropped the small crucifix of ebony, that hung by a long descending string of onyx beads of the same funereal hue; and covering her eyes with both hands, awaited, in an attitude of attention that approached to terror, the event of her father, the valiant Sir Howard of Montague's mission. The agony of her contending emotions, equally the effect of hope and fear, was interrupted by the approach of Sir Howard himself, who, with a gentle step, which contrasted strangely with the full suit of armour in which he was en-

veloped, though partly concealed under the ample folds of a large riding-cloak.

“ My child, my Lucilla !” he exclaimed, affectionately raising his kneeling daughter to his arms, “ you have, indeed, cause to pray the favour of our guardian saint. Elizabeth is inexorable, and our friends remain shut up within the walls of York ; nay, further, the craft of her councillors has gained to their party the father of your own affianced Francis Walsingham ; and the apostate, Sir Hedworth Walsingham, is now leagued with the foes of Mary of Scotland, that beautiful martyr to our true and sacred Catholic church.”

“ And Francis Walsingham,” answered the now weeping Lucilla, “ has he, too ?”

But the fearful question died away upon her lips.

“ Nay, my child, he remains, as ever, constant to you, and faithful to our blessed religion, to that true creed which alone is left to us, as a last and present hope of consolation. While other sectaries seek only to follow the frivolous suggestions of their own imaginations, and invariably sink down into strife-stirring disputations with one another, till their faith becomes, like broken waters, dispersed, wasted, and for ever lost ; our zeal, founded on the sole Apostolic Scripture, will burst triumphant forth from the ashes of our martyrs. But Walsingham, as some amends for his father’s untimely defection, accompanies me in my attempt, which Heaven

crown ! to rescue Queen Mary from her, perhaps, too soon impending fate — that beautiful and unfortunate woman, hunted by a heretical faction from her kingdom, and detained a captive, at first by stratagem, and finally by force ; and now about to perish for our sakes, since persecution, ruin, and threatened violence, have failed to compel her to forsake the faith of her and our own forefathers ! And Walsingham, he seeks, in the presence of Father Eustace, — to whose excellent care I have lately intrusted you, secure alike in his piety, his devotion, and his fidelity to ourselves, — a parting interview, ere he set forth on our expedition of danger and hazard. Perhaps, Lucilla, 'tis to persuade you to become his bride.”

“ Alas, father ! what you would propose may not be altogether foreign to the inclinations of my heart ; but in my grief, in my sorrow for your hopeless and unavailing entreaties for the restoration of our friends to liberty and safety, how little am I fitted to form so solemn an engagement ! You, too, who were faithful to Elizabeth, though still steadfast in your religion ; and that same Sir Hedworth, once our friend, but who has deserted us, and perhaps connives at the detention of our friends, are neither of you in circumstances to authorise my yielding to Francis Walsingham's wishes. Alas ! I cannot but shudder at the idea of uniting our fates at a moment so sad and inauspicious.”

“ And will you, then,” replied Sir Howard, “ punish the son for his better fidelity to our just cause ?

would you, indeed, my child, hold him, my faithful friend, responsible for aught ——”

“Than his true fidelity to the fair Lucilla,” interrupted the young knight, Francis Walsingham himself, advancing from behind the noble choir screen of exquisitely carved oak.—“Alas! you know not, Lucilla, how much more able I shall be to serve the queen you pity, were I but permitted to add your heart and name to mine.”

“And, by the mass!” exclaimed Sir Howard, “here cometh our good friend, Father Eustace, doubtless uneasy after our prolonged absence. Father, your holy services may be required: but, I pray you, counsel, not control the lady.”

“His counsels may be kept for higher matter,” said the Lady Lucilla, smiling kindly, but faintly; “nor shall I very likely require to be controlled where my affections have of themselves inclined. My hand, then, Francis Walsingham, is yours; and, when you would unite it with your own in that cause in which every Catholic feels her interest so necessarily involved, take my heart also; and let it ever constantly inspire thee to endeavour the relief of the young, the beautiful, the generous, the wronged, the betrayed, from the never-ceasing persecutions of her foes, of foes once friends, whom she endued with power, whom she alone raised from their own hopeless insignificance; whether I would name to you a usurping brother, or the thankless husband, who, in return for a crown, commanded the

murder of her friend! Gracious Heaven! how long will oppressions be heaped upon the down-trodden Catholic!"

Whilst contemplating the wrongs of her unfortunate brethren, Lucilla's fine countenance glowed with emotion, and her whole frame trembled under the dominion of the vehement feeling by which she was excited. .

Father Eustace, who even in reproof did not put his Christian gentleness aside, now advanced; and, with an expression of patience, sweetness, and benignity, led the half-weeping girl to the altar. The nuptial ceremony performed, the bride of Francis Walsingham was consigned to the holy care of the good priest.

On the following morning, the gallant spectacle of warlike parade was once more seen in Halnaker castle. At an early hour, the chiefs took to horse. The march commenced in all the pomp of feudal times. At the head rode Sir Howard, attended by the young knight, both attired completely in armour. Two hundred men at arms followed, bearing on their helmets and shields the united crests of the Montagues and Walsinghams. Military music sounded. Pennons and banners floated in the wind lightly as summer clouds. Armour glittered on loyal breasts; and swords and spears, in true hands, glanced and twinkled like stars in a frosty sky.

The newly made bride was now left to brood over in solitude the fearful presentiments that

anxiety awakened in her breast. A husband and a father's life exposed to deadly peril! how vividly did her imagination portray the dangers that menaced those so dear to her! She would start at the least sound, and fly to open the casement, expecting to hear tidings of the objects who occupied all her thoughts: but day after day rolled away, making her feel that weariness of spirit and sinking of heart, that ever follow hope deferred,—and yet they came not.

How often is the morning of life early clouded with those shadows that close upon the hopes of the best! The party of Lord Claud Hamilton, who had assembled his followers, and united himself to those of the chivalrous train of Sir Howard of Montague, was suddenly dispersed by treasons at home; ere Lord Claud, the most constant of all Queen Mary's friends in Scotland, since the death of Kirkaldy of Grange, could set out upon his last perilous and determined encounter with her enemies. Thus the chiefs of the intended conspiracy were once more compelled to disperse.

After these disasters, to remain inactive was impossible. Sir Howard, forgetful of his wrongs at the hands of Elizabeth, sprang forward to defend her from the dangers of the Spanish Armada: and Francis Walsingham sought glory under the banners of his gallant kinsman, Sidney, then serving in the Low Countries.

But decay, sadness, and death, awaited the re-



turn of the chiefs to the castle of Montague. Lucilla's health had been gradually declining; she had lost the fresh elasticity of form, and had become wasted, wan, and feeble, when a rumour reached the solitary bride of Walsingham, that her father had been assassinated, and her husband slain in a skirmish near Flushing; while more certain intelligence informed her of the destruction of her friends within the wall-skirted dungeons of York.

The unfortunate Lucilla sank under the pressure of the double calamity. To complete the measure of her sad misfortunes, the good Father Eustace was falsely suspected of having joined in a papist plot; and only at the entreaties of Lucilla could he be prevailed upon to withdraw from the castle, since a large reward had just been offered for his head. Grief and solitude were, therefore, the only companions of her lonely and expiring hours; for no gentle hand was there to smooth her dying pillow; no kind, well-known voice to respond to her last parting sighs. The good priest would, at the risk of life itself, have willingly attended her; but, with her dying breath, she besought that he would consult his own safety. Left to herself, religion shed its light upon her heart; faith renewed her sinking spirit with life and hope; and, recommending her soul to the prayers of the faithful, with meek confidence of triumph over death and the grave, she gently yielded up her spirit to Him who gave it.

The concluding passage of our history is easily

told. Father Eustace attended the lamented remains of Lucilla to the funeral vault, called by his duty to perform the holy Catholic service for her welfare, content to sacrifice himself at the same shrine. The hymn consecrated to the repose of the dead had just been chanted, when the myrmidons of Elizabeth rushed from their ambush, and tore the faithful priest from the bier of Lucilla. At this eventful moment, Francis Walsingham, who had been despatched from the field of Zutphen with the news of Sidney's death, and who was speeding with the fatal tidings to the castle, now suddenly appeared. Casting a look of mingled frenzy and despair on the still unlowered coffin, he flew to the rescue of the good Father Eustace : but courage against numbers was of little avail ; he fell, pierced with many wounds, and was that day consigned to the same sepulchre with his beloved bride.

Reader, in the small cemetery of Halnaker is still to be seen a monument. It is the vault of the Montague family. The last inscription bears the date 1586, and runs in these words :—

LUCILLA WALSINGHAM, aged 20.

FRANCIS WALSINGHAM, aged 21.

TO  
A MAIDEN SLEEPING

AFTER HER FIRST BALL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VIVIAN GRAY."

DREAMS come from Jove, the poet says ;  
But as I watch the smile  
That on that lip now softly plays,  
I can but deem the while,  
Venus may also send a shade  
To whisper to a slumbering maid.

What dark-eyed youth now culls the flower  
That radiant brow to grace,  
Or whispers in the starry hour  
Words fairer than thy face ?  
Or singles thee from out the throng,  
To thee to breathe his minstrel song ?

The ardent vow that ne'er can fail,  
The sigh that is not sad,  
The glance that tells a secret tale,  
The spirit hushed, yet glad ;  
These weave the dream that maidens prove,  
The fluttering dream of virgin love.

Sleep on, sweet maid, nor sigh to break  
The spell that binds thy brain,  
Nor struggle from thy trance to wake  
To life's impending pain ;  
Who wakes to love, awake but knows  
Love is a dream without repose.

## THE HONEY - MOON.

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

“ Some persons pay for a month of honey with a life of vinegar.”

NOVELS and comedies end generally in a marriage; because, after that event, it is supposed that nothing remains to be told. This supposition is erroneous, as the history of many a wedded pair might exemplify: for, how many hearts have fallen away from their allegiance, after hands have been joined by the saffron-robed god, which had remained true, while suffering all the pangs that, from time immemorial, have attended the progress of the archer boy!

Passion—possession—what a history is comprised in those two words! But how often might its moral be conveyed in a third—indifference!

Marriage, we are told, is the portal at which Love resigns his votaries to the dominion of sober Reason; but, alas! many have so little predilection for his empire, that they rather endeavour to retain the illusions of the past—gone for ever—than to content themselves with the reality in their power.

During the days of courtship, the objects beloved are viewed through a magic mirror, which gives only

perfections to the sight ; but, after marriage, a magnifying glass seems to supply its place, which draws objects so unpleasingly near, that even the most trivial defects are made prominent. Courtship is a dream ; marriage, the time of awaking. Fortunate are they who can lay aside their visions for the more commonplace happiness of life, without disappointment and repining.

The hero and heroine of our sketch were not of these. They had loved passionately — wildly. Their parents had, from motives of prudence, opposed their union, considering them as too young to enter a state which requires more wisdom to render it one of happiness, than most of its votaries are disposed to admit.

This opposition produced its natural result, — an increase of violence in the passion of the lovers. Henri de Bellevalle, our hero, was ready to commit any action, however rash, to secure the hand of Hermance de Montesquieu ; and she did all that a well-brought up young French lady could be expected to do, — she fell dangerously ill. Her illness and danger drove her lover to desperation ; while it worked so effectually on the fears of her parents, that they yielded a reluctant consent to the marriage, which was to be solemnised the moment that she was restored to health. The first interview between the lovers was truly touching : both declared that they must have died, had their marriage

not been agreed to ; and both firmly believed what they asserted.

Henri de Belleville, being now received as the future husband of Hermance, passed nearly the whole of his time with her, seated by the *chaise-longue* of the convalescent ; marking with joyful heart the return of health's roses to her delicate cheek, and promising her unchanging, devoted, eternal love.

“ Yes, dearest Hermance,” would he say, “ when once you are mine, *wholly* mine, I shall have no will but yours ; never shall I quit your presence. Oh ! how tormenting is it to be forced to leave you, — to be told by your mother, that I fatigue you by the length of my visits, and to be absent from you so many long and weary hours ! And you, Hermance, do you feel as I do, do you mourn my absence, and count with impatience the hour for our meeting ? ”

The answer may be guessed : yet, though tender as youthful and loving lips could utter, it scarcely satisfied the jealous and *exigeant* lover.

“ But will you always love me as at present ? ” asked the timid girl. “ I have *heard* such strange tales of the difference between the lover and the husband : nay, indeed, I have *seen* ; for the Viscount de Belmonte *now* leaves my poor friend, Elise, for whole hours ; yet you may remember, that before *they* were married, he, too, could hardly bear

to be absent from her side. Ah! were *you* to change like him, I should be wretched."

"You wrong yourself and me, my adored Hermance, by supposing me capable of acting like de Belmonte; and, besides, your poor friend, though a very charming person, does not resemble *you*. Ah! what woman ever did? If she only possessed one half your charms, he could not tear himself away from her. No! dearest; years shall only prove that my passion for you can know no decrease, and never, never, shall the husband be less ardent than the lover! I have planned all our future life; it shall pass as a summer day,—bright and genial. We will retire from Paris, which I have hated ever since I have loved you; its noise, its tumultuous pleasures distract me. I could not bear to see you gazed at, followed, and admired. No! I feel, my Hermance, that it would drive me mad. But you, my beloved, will you not sigh to leave the pleasures of the metropolis, and to exchange a crowd of admirers for one devoted heart?"

"How can you ask such a question?" replied Hermance, pouting her pretty lip, and placing her little white hand within his: "I shall be delighted to leave Paris; for *I* could not bear to see you talking to the Duchess de Montforte, and a dozen other women, as you used to do, when I first knew you; and when all my young friends used to remark, how strange it was that the married women occupied the attention of the young men so much, that they



scarcely took any notice of us spinsters. I should be very jealous, Henri, I can tell you, were you to shew more than distant politeness to any woman but me."

And her smooth brow became for a moment contracted, at the recollection of his former publicly marked attentions to certain ladies of fashion.

The little white hand was repeatedly pressed to his lips, as he assured her, again and again, that it would be even irksome to him to be compelled to converse with any woman but herself; and her brow resumed its former unruffled calmness.

"I have taken the most beautiful cottage orné, at Bellevue; it is now fitting up by Le Sage, as if to receive a fairy queen. *Such* a boudoir! How you will like it! We will walk, ride, drive, read, draw, and sing together; in short, we shall never be a moment asunder: but perhaps, Hermance, you will get tired of me."

"How cruel, how unjust, to suppose it possible!" was the answer.

In such day-dreams did the hours of convalescence of the fair invalid pass away; interrupted only by the pleasant task of examining and selecting the various articles for her *trousseau*, rendered all the pleasanter by the impassioned compliments of the lover, who declared that, while each and all were most becoming, they still borrowed their last grace from her whom they were permitted to adorn.

He taught her to look forward to wedlock as a

state of uninterrupted happiness, where love was for ever to bestow his sunny smiles, and never to spread his wings. They were to be free from all the ills to which poor human nature is subject. Sorrow, or sickness, they dreamt not of; and even "ennui," that most alarming of all the evils in a French man or woman's catalogue, they feared not; for how could it reach two people who had such a delightful and inexhaustible subject of conversation as was offered by *themselves*?

At length the happy morn arrived; and, after the celebration of the marriage, the wedded pair, contrary to all established usage in France, on similar occasions, left Paris, and retired to the cottage orné, at Bellevue.

The first few days of bridal felicity, marked by delicate and engrossing attentions, and delicious flatteries, flew quickly by; reiterated declarations of perfect happiness were daily, hourly, exchanged; and the occasional interruption to their *tête-à-tête*, offered by the visits of friends, was found to be the only drawback to their enjoyment.

After the lapse of a week, however, our wedded lovers became a little more sensible to the claims of friendship. Fewer confidential glances were now exchanged between them, expressive of their impatience at the lengthened visits of their acquaintances; they began to listen with something like interest to the gossip of Paris, and not unfrequently extended their hospitality to those who were inclined

to accept it. In short, they evinced slight symptoms of a desire to enter again into society, though they declared to each other that this change arose merely from their wish of not appearing ill-bred, or unkind, to their acquaintances. They even found that such casual interruptions served to give a new zest to the delights of their *tête-à-têtes*. Yet, each remarked in secret, that "a change had come over the spirit of their dream;" and that, when no visitors dropped in, the days seemed unusually long and monotonous. *They* were ashamed to acknowledge this alteration, and endeavoured to conceal their feelings by increased demonstrations of affection; but the forced smiles of both insensibly extended to yawns; and they began to discover, that there must be something peculiarly heavy in the atmosphere to produce such effects.

When they drove, or rode out, they no longer sought the secluded wooded lanes in the romantic neighbourhood, as they had invariably done during the first ten days of their marriage; but kept on the high road, or the frequented one in the Bois de Boulogne. Hermance observed with a sigh, that Henri not unfrequently turned his head to observe some fair equestrian who galloped by them; and Henri discovered, with some feeling allied to pique, that Hermance had eyes for every distinguished-looking cavalier whom they encountered; though, to be sure, it was but a transient glance that she bestowed on them. Each was aware that the change

equally operated on both ; but neither felt disposed to pardon it in the other. Hermance most felt it ; for, though conscious of her own desire to see, and be seen again, she was deeply offended that her husband betrayed the same predilection for society. They became silent and abstracted.

“ I am sure,” would Hermance say to herself, “ he is now regretting the gaieties of Paris ; and this fickleness after only two weeks of marriage ! It is too bad ; but men are shocking creatures ! Yet I must own Paris is much more agreeable than Bellevue ; heigh ho ! I wish we were back there. How I long to shew my beautiful dresses, and my pearls, at the soirées ! and when Henri sees me admired, as I am sure I shall be, he will become as attentive and as amusing as he used to be. Yes ! Paris is the only place, where lovers are kept on the *qui-vive* by a constant round of gaieties, instead of sinking into a state of apathy, by being left continually dependent on each other.”

While these reflections were passing in the mind of Hermance, Henri was thinking that it was very strange that she no longer amused or interested him so much as a few weeks before.

“ Here am I,” he would say to himself, “ shut up in this retirement, away from all my occupations and amusements, leading nearly as effeminate a life as Achilles at Syros, devoting all my time to Hermance ; and yet she does not seem sensible of the sacrifice I am making. Women are very selfish

creatures : there is she, as abstracted as if two years had elapsed since our marriage, instead of two weeks ; and, I dare be sworn, wishing herself back at Paris, to display her *trousseau*, and be admired. This fickleness is too bad ! but women are all the same : I wish we were back at Paris. I wonder whether they miss me much at the club ? ”

Henri no longer flatteringly applauded the toilette of Hermance,—a want of attention which no woman, and least of all a French woman, is disposed to pardon. He could now (and the reflection wounded her self-love) doze comfortably, while she sang one of his favourite songs,—songs which, only a few weeks before, had called forth his passionate plaudits. He no longer dwelt in rapturous terms on her beauty ; and she, consequently, could not utter the blushing, yet gratified, disclaimers to such compliments, or return them by similar ones. No wonder, then, that their conversation, having lost its chief charm, was no longer kept up with spirit, but sank into commonplace observations.

“ Yes ! ” Hermance would mentally own ; “ he is changed—cruelly changed.”

She was forced to admit that he was still kind, gentle, and affectionate ; but was kindness, gentleness, and affection, sufficient to supply the place of the rapturous, romantic felicity she had anticipated ? No ! Hermance felt they were not ; and pique mingled in her disappointment. These reflections would fill her eyes with tears ; and a certain degree of

reserve was assumed towards Henri, that tended not to impart animation to his languid, yet invariably affectionate, attentions.

Each day made Henri feel, still more forcibly, the want of occupation. He longed for a gallop, a day's hunting, or shooting; in short, for any manly amusement to be partaken of with some of his former companions.

Hercules plying the distaff could not be more out of his natural element than was our new married Benedict, shut up for whole hours in the luxurious boudoir of his wife; or sauntering round, and round again, through the pretty, but confined, pleasure-ground, which encircled his cottage. It is true, he could ride out with Hermance; but then she was so timid an equestrian, that a gallop was a feat of horsemanship she dared not essay; and to leave her with his groom, while *he* galloped, would be uncivil. After they had taken their accustomed ride, they invariably strolled, arm in arm, the usual number of turns in the pleasure-ground; repeated nearly the same observations, that the flowers, weather, and points of view, had so frequently elicited; looked at their watches, and were surprised to find it was not yet time to dress for dinner. At length, that hour arrived, regarded by some, as the happiest in the twenty-four; and our wedded pair found themselves at table, with better appetites and less sentiment than lovers are supposed to possess. In short, the stomachs seemed more alive than the hearts,—a fact

which rather shocked the delicacy of the gentle Hermance.

During the first few bridal days, their servants had been dismissed from attendance in the *salle à manger*, because their presence was deemed a restraint. Besides, Henri liked to help Hermance himself, without the intervention of a servant; and, with the assistance of dumb-waiters, their *tête-à-tête* dinners had passed off, as they said, deliciously.

In the course of a fortnight, however, they required so many little acts of attendance, that it was deemed expedient to dismiss the dumb-waiters, and call in the aid of their living substitutes.

“How tiresome it is of our cook,” said Henri, “to give us the same *potage* continually!”

“Did you not examine the *menu*?” replied Hermance.

“I scarcely looked at it,” was the answer; “for I hate ordering dinners; or, in truth, knowing what I am to have at that repast, until I see it: and here, I vow (as the servant uncovered the *entrées*), are the eternal *côtelettes d’agneau*, and *filets de volaille*, which we have had so often, that I am fatigued with seeing them.”

“Do you not remember, *cher ami*,” said Hermance, “that you told me you liked *soupe au riz* better than any other, and that the *entrées* now before us, are precisely those which you said you preferred?”

“Did I, love?” replied Henri, with an air of nonchalance; “well, then, the fact is, we have had them so frequently of late that I am tired of them: one tires of every thing after a time.”

A deeper tint on the cheek of Hermance, and a tear which trembled in her eye, might have told Henri that his last observation had given rise to some painful reflections in her mind. But, alas! both blush and tear were unnoticed by him, as he was busily engaged in discussing the *filets de volaille*.

“You do not eat, dear Hermance,” said Henri, at length, having done ample justice to the decried *entrées* — “let me give you a little of this *rôti*, it is very tender.”

“It is only more unfortunate for that,”\* replied Hermance, with a deep sigh; “but I cannot eat;” and with difficulty she suppressed the tears that filled her eyes, while a smile stole over the lips of her husband at her sentimental reproach.

Hermance felt hurt at the smile, and offended, at observing that Henri continued to partake as copiously of the *rôti* as he had previously done of the *entrées*. How unfeeling, how indelicate, to continue to devour when *she* had refused to eat!

As soon as dinner was concluded, and the scr-

\* The words used by a French lady to her husband on a similar occasion.



vants had withdrawn, Henri remarked, for the first time, that the eyes of his wife were dimmed with tears.

“How is this, dearest!” exclaimed he,—“you have been weeping—are you ill?” and he attempted to take her hand; but it was withdrawn, and her face averted, while she applied her handkerchief to her gushing eyes, as she wept with uncontrolled emotion. “Speak to me, I beseech you, Hermance!” continued Henri, endeavouring again to take her hand; “how have I offended you?”

“I see, I see it all, but too plainly,” sobbed the weeping Hermance; “you no longer love me! I have observed your growing indifference day after day, and tried not to believe the cruel change: but now,” and here her tears streamed afresh, “I can no longer doubt your fickle nature, when I hear you avow that you get tired of every thing—which means every person; and this to me—to me, who, only a few weeks ago, you professed to adore! Oh! it is too cruel! why did I marry?” and here sobs interrupted her words.

“You wrong me! indeed you do, dear Hermance: I said one tires of things; but I never said, or meant, that one gets tired of persons. Come, this is childish; let me wipe these poor eyes;” and he kissed her brow, while gently performing the operation.

“Then, why have you seemed so different of

late?" sobbed Hermance, letting him now retain the hand he pressed to her lips.

"In what has the difference consisted, dear love?" asked Henri.

"You no longer seem delighted when I enter the room, or join you in the garden, after being absent half an hour."

"*Half* an hour!" reiterated Henri, with a faint smile.

"Yes! a *whole* half hour," replied Hermance, placing an emphasis on the word "whole." "You used to appear enchanted when I came into the salon, at Paris, and always flew to meet me. You never admire my dress now, though you were wont to examine and commend all that I wore; and you doze while I am singing the songs which, a few weeks ago, threw you into ecstasies." Poor Hermance wept afresh at the recapitulation of the symptoms of her husband's growing indifference, while he soothed her with loving words and tender epithets.

Having in some measure reassured her, by his affectionate manner, harmony was again established; but the veil was removed from the eyes of both, never again to be resumed. They perceived that the love, unceasing and ecstatic, of which they had dreamt before their union, was a chimera existing only in imagination; and they awoke, with sobered feelings, to seek content in rational affection, instead of

indulging in romantic expectations of a happiness that never falls to the lot of human beings : each acknowledging, with a sigh, that even in a marriage of love, the brilliant anticipations of imagination are never realised ; that disappointment awaits poor mortals even in that brightest portion of existence —  
The Honey-moon.

PARAPHRASE OF CAP. 93, AL-KORAN,

ENTITLED,

“THE BRIGHTNESS,” REVEALED AT MECCA.

BY C. J. KEMEYS TYNTE, ESQ. M. P.

By the brightness of morn, when the day-spring is  
blushing,

And bathed is creation in roseate light ;

By the stillness and gloom which all nature is hushing,  
When spread are the wings of the angel of night—

Allah swears, O Mahomed ! he ne'er  
will forsake thee !

Though thy mortal career may be laden with sorrow,  
Yet think of the glories that wait thee above ;

When the ills of to-day shall be changed on the morrow  
For bliss, in the realms of the Lord of thy love.

Allah swears, O Mahomed ! he ne'er  
will forsake thee !

Encompassed by danger, an orphan he found thee ;  
A wanderer in error thou wast in thy youth,

When he flung (as a mantle) his mercy around thee,  
And guided thy steps to the temple of truth.

Allah swears, O Mahomed ! he ne'er  
will forsake thee !

Thou wast needy and poor, but he freely has given :

    Then scorn not the beggar, nor orphan oppress ;

But learn from the light that is lent thee from heaven,

    To cherish the outcast, and pity distress.

    Allah swears, O Mahomed ! he will  
    not forsake thee !

## MINNA MORDAUNT.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

Do you not observe the gentle smile and large affectionate eyes of Minna Mordaunt? Look, I pray you, at the roundness of her arm, and the beauty of her taper fingers;—there, hanging on the edge of her basket as daintily as if they rested on the strings of a guitar:—how they ever raised that basket, full of round white eggs, to the top bar of the stile, is a wonder to me. I never in my life saw eggs so badly packed. Why, there is not a blade of straw in the basket to prevent the one from crushing against the other! How exquisitely the black velvet band, with its rich clasp, sets off the delicate fairness of her throat! And did Mr. Parris for a moment imagine that any reader of “The Book of Beauty” would believe in the veritable rusticity of such a being?

In years long past, there dwelt—just where you see the spire of the village church peering above yonder trees—a courtly gentleman,—a man of fashion,—proud as proud might be, stately, rich,—ay, very rich,—an only son;—and only sons, I have observed, unless well tutored in their childhood, are seldom much beloved: the selfishness

which springs and flourishes in the hearts of all youths, requires careful pruning, or else it grows into a foul and loathsome weed, choking the plants of honest virtue, which yield, in humbler soils, a useful fruitage. This only son was rich, and proud, and handsome, gay and thoughtless, — thoughtless of every thing but *self*: — there are many such, even in the present age. Virtue and honour do not keep pace, in these improving times, with what is generally termed intellect. — But this has naught to do with Minna Mordaunt.

This great man *fancied* he loved the daughter of one of the farmers who rented a portion of his father's estate, — a simple country girl she was, but the pride of the whole village — a beauty really rustic; — and he frequently met her at that same stile where Minna Mordaunt is now standing: *there*, dressed in the very fashion you have but now looked upon, with her eggs *properly* arranged for market, often has the rich gentleman waited the poor girl's coming; — ay, and after a little while *she* waited too for *him*. I do not like to give new readings of old stories; — the poor girl loved, and — was forsaken. She could not bear that those who once admired and regarded should consider her disgraced; — she felt she was forsaken, and she left her father's cottage one long autumn night, and managed her escape and her concealment with so much secrecy, that no one knew her motive; nor any, save her mother, her dishonour: in six months

from her departure, the mother and the secret slept within the same grave, beneath the shadow of the old church-wall;—you may see the grave now, if it please you walk so far;—it is much talked of in the village, for one night there sprung over it a tomb of the whitest marble, as if from the green grass, and on it were engraven only these words:—

“WE CAN HAVE BUT ONE MOTHER!”

Time passed on: the farmer died,—the daughter and her mysterious disappearance were alike forgotten. The “only son” of our story had also buried his father, and increased in wealth, and in pride, and in honours; but, I know not how it was, there was a shadow over him, and over all he did;—he prospered, yet he was not blessed;—he married a right noble lady, beautiful, and of high blood, and it was said he loved her,—perhaps he did. I have witnessed some cranks and turns in what the world called “love,” which seemed to me far more like hate. They lived together many years, but the lady’s lips forgot their smiles, and her voice its music: then at last she also died, leaving her husband a very glorious heritage—five noble boys.

It was most strange; but, one by one, those children drooped, faded, and, in less than six years after their mother’s funeral, five coffins, all of different lengths, were placed within the vault with hers.

\* \* \* \* \*



It was a sunny day in June ; the windows of a spacious drawing-room in the chief hotel at Dover were open, yet the rays of the "god of day" were carefully excluded by closely drawn blinds ;—a lady reclined upon a sofa, and her daughter, seated by her side, was reading to her from an open volume that rested on her knees ; two mulatto women were arranging various packages ; and it was evident that the party had recently landed from an Indiaman, which, from the windows of the room, was distinctly visible. The mother was dressed in widow's weeds, the daughter in slight mourning.

"I am tired of that book," exclaimed the elder lady ; "do find something to amuse me, Minna."

"Births, deaths, and marriages," exclaimed the young lady, smiling, and taking up a paper. She read, first the births, then the marriages, then the deaths : the last on the dark list was as follows :—

"Died, on the morning of the 7th, at Mordaunt-hall, Edwin, last surviving child of the Honourable Charles Leopold Danforth Mordaunt, to the inexpressible anguish of his father, who has followed his amiable and accomplished wife, and five sons, to the grave within six years."

A shriek from one of the Ayahs told the young lady that her mother had fainted.

Mrs. Browdon was the widow of an old general officer of the Bengal establishment, who had taken it into his head to marry when most men think of death ; and soon after his final departure from drill

and dinners, the physicians abroad sent his widow to Europe, to recover her health, which, they said, her native air would restore. She did not believe them.

About three hours after Mrs. Browdon had fainted, her daughter was sitting on the same spot, *alone* with her mother. She was deadly pale, and the tresses of her silken hair clung to cheeks which were soaked with tears.

“ You know all now, Minna,” said Mrs. Browdon, “ you know all now ; yet you have not cursed me ! ”

Minna flung herself on her knees by her mother's couch, and pressed her weak and fading form to her bosom.

“ I have told you all—all—how I was deceived,—how I fled my home,—how you, my child, were born,—how true a friend I found,—how *she* protected me,—how I met General Browdon, who, believing me a widow, offered me his hand,—how I risked all, and told him TRUTH ;—but the old man loved me still ; he called me weak, not wicked,—*he* pitied, and forgave ;—but, Minna, your mother could not forgive herself ; your sweetest smiles were ever my reproaches,—silent, unmeant, yet still reproachful. And now—that you know all—you do not curse me, Minna ! Can you, can you forgive me ? ”

“ My dearest mother, you know I do ; you

know I *have* ever, ever *will* bless you, and the kind old general:—*he* was not my father? then *tell* me of my father,—my real, real father,” said the lovely girl.

“Minna, he is sonless,” replied her mother; what you read, was his record.”

“Dear mother, then,” exclaimed her daughter, all woman’s feelings rallying round her heart,—“dearest mother, cannot you, too, pity and forgive?”

“Forgive, as I was myself forgiven,” said Mrs. Browdon. “I can—I can—I do forgive, and from my soul I pity him.”

Alas! why should so sweet a face as Minna’s be linked to so sad a tale? it is like wreathing a garland of cypress round a moss-rose! and yet the story must be told:—it has already recorded many deaths; it must note another.

Mrs. Browdon’s presentiment on leaving India was too fatally fulfilled; the doctor’s prophecies proved false; the breezes of its native country could not renovate a plant which had blossomed and faded under the fervid excitement of the East: she felt that her very hours were numbered, and she immediately wrote, recommending her child to the protection of—a father!

“Had I found,” she wrote, “on my return to England, that you were encircled by blessings, you should have remained ignorant of the existence of

your daughter ; but, knowing your bereavements, it would be ill of me to take from you the only child the Almighty has spared you."

"You are so like what I was at your age, my child," she said, as she placed the letter in Minna's hands, "that if Mordaunt could but see you in the dress he first saw me, at the foot of the church hill, resting against the stile which divides Mordaunt-park from Woodbine-hollow, it would hardly need this letter to tell him who you are.

"We cherish first affections with a tenderness and care which the interests and feelings of after-life look for in vain. I have received homage, such as is never paid to our sex in England ; my robes have been sewn with pearl ; and you will find, Minna, treasures of gold, silver, and brocades, such as are seldom seen, within those cases : yet, yonder, in that small green trunk, is the remnant of something that I loved, when I was happiest."

At her mother's desire, Minna brought the box ; her thin, trembling fingers undid the fastening ;—*there* were no brocades, no gold, no jewels ! it contained nothing, save the straw cottage-hat and dress of an English peasant girl. Minna looked into her mother's eyes, — she dreaded that she raved, — but those beautiful eyes were mild and calm, and full of tears.

"Beneath," she continued, "is a basket. When first I met *him*, that basket hung upon my arm, filled with a tribute from our humble homestead,

which it was my duty to carry to *his* mother. I remember, on my return, his filling that basket, Minna, with roses, — ay, roses! — but *not* roses *without thorns*. Those were my robes of innocence! I scorned them afterwards, and wore others, which I then called *fine*: these were discarded; but in my affliction I remembered them, and brought them with me; a feeling of mingled pain and pleasure urged me to do so. I thought they would recall my innocence: but, no! *that* could not be: I am sure they stimulated me to after good; and perhaps their coarseness *kept* me humble,—at least they have caused me many tears; and tears, my child, soften and fertilise the heart: we learn of tears what we cast off with smiles!”

Poor lady! she died that night; not, however, without further converse with her daughter.

Minna in a little time repaired to her mother's native village; she learned that her father had grown more morose than ever; that he shunned all society.

“I have never seen him smile,” said the old landlord of the inn.

“But I have seen him weep,” said the still older landlady, “and that last Sunday, at the stile called ‘Beauty's Ladder,’ where, long ago, he often met poor Minny Graham: he goes there every Sunday, when he ought to be at church.”

“And so ought you, dame, not spying after your landlord; at any rate, you should be wise enough to

keep your news to yourself. What gentleman, think you, likes to be seen crying?"

"Better, I guess," replied the dame, "to be ashamed of the sin, than ashamed of the tears: I am sure I did not think there was a tear in him 'till I saw it."

The next Sunday, "the strange young lady," as Minna was called by the villagers, was not at church. Need I say *where* she was?

Turn to the picture,—there she *is!* and the black gorget round her throat, which, I forgot to mention, her mother clasped with her own fingers the very night she died.

Mordaunt was proud of his daughter. The lonely place in his heart was filled; he had something to love,—something belonging to himself: he felt his youth renewed while looking on the image of what, in his youth, he had once, though for a little time, really loved.

## DRAMATIC FRAGMENTS.

BY SIR AUBREY DE VERE, BART.

### I.

#### THE MISANTHROPE.

I HAVE beheld him sitting  
For hours on some rude promontory's edge,  
Wrapt in his mantle ; his broad brow sustained  
With outstretched hand, o'ershadowing his eyes,  
In moody contemplations, lonely and mute.  
And there he lingered ; as a Titan-born  
Drawing mysterious life from mother Earth,  
And mingling with the scene ; and held with all  
Around — rocks, trees, gray waters, azure sky —  
Fraternal intercourse ; and communed with  
Great Nature in variety : from morn,  
What time thro' drifting mists yon placid lake  
Smiles back in salutation to the sun,  
Through the dead, sultry noon ; when, from the  
west,  
Rushes the cloud-steed of the tempest, sweeping  
The pale earth with his gloomy mane, 'till even  
With equinoctial storm closes the day.

Then most he loved to brood—looking defiance  
Upon the war of elements ; and watched  
In meditative gloom : like Mangarton  
Beneath the shadow of a thunder-cloud.

## II.

### THE PAST.

'Tis hard to form true judgment of the past.  
We measure not from any living substance,  
Scan by no rule of relative proportion,  
No recognised affinities ; but guess  
Those beings of our worship by their shadows,  
Dilated from the sunset of old times.  
Thus, 'mid' their clouds, they shew like demigods,  
Throned in obscurity ; and on the eye  
Loom with a lordlier aspect ; like strong towers  
Seen through autumnal mist near mountain lakes.



## THE TWO FUNERALS.

BY MRS. FAIRLIE.

“Fortitude, and religion, enable some persons to support great trials ; while frivolity, or obtuseness, prevent others from feeling them.”

ON the 20th of June, 18—, two coffins were brought into the church of —, and each contained a male infant, sole offspring of its bereaved mother. But with what various feelings were the innocent babes consigned to the tomb ! The first procession was conducted with all the pomp and ceremony bestowed upon the mouldering remains of those who have dwelt in this world’s high places. Many were the persons who followed the highly-decorated little coffin, which bore all the insignia of nobility, and a long train of emblazoned carriages succeeded.

The Duke of —, the father of one of the deceased children, stood by the head of the corpse, mute, and apparently absorbed in thought ; but no passionate burst of grief betrayed the anguish of a parent’s heart. No ! he more lamented the heir to his titles, than the lovely and innocent boy who had just learned to lisp the endearing name of father : for

he valued the child as the inheritor of his honours, not as his offspring.

Can this be possible? Alas! yes: too often do pride and ambition suppress the growth of every other feeling in the heart which harbours them; even the instinctive love which brutes bear their young finds no place in the breast of the proud man: and such was this child's father.

And the mother? Of her I would fain think better: yet her babe was ill, was dying, and this parent was attiring herself in gems and silken robes: and was in gilded *salons*, listening to the dulcet sounds of music, and winding the mazes of the dance, when her child, her only child, breathed its last!

'Tis true, she "shed some natural tears,—but dried them soon;" true, she confined herself to the house, now that the innocent being to whom she had given birth no longer needed her care. But she consoled herself by saying he had had the best medical advice London could afford; and—shall I own the degrading fact? *I*, a woman, blush for my sex; *I*, a mother, scarce can bring my pen to trace the words which tell it—she consoled herself, too, with seeing her beauteous infant lie in state; with decking the corpse with lace, and satin, and flowers; with placing it in a coffin covered with velvet, with golden nails, and a plate of gold, whereon was engraved —

THE MOST NOBLE  
CHARLES ALFRED ÆMILIUS,  
MARQUESS OF ———,  
DIED XII. JUNE, M.DCCC—,  
AGED ONE YEAR AND FOUR MONTHS.

This vain and heartless woman selected the choicest exotics to place around the precious little flower she had so neglected, and even studied effect in arranging them. She ordered the most becoming mourning, and then—having gazed upon the inanimate features of her only child for the last time,—she retired to her splendid boudoir, to bathe her eyes with rose-water, and arrange her curls; which having done, she composed herself “with decent dignity” on a luxurious sofa, and, in the perusal of the last French novel, sought a relief from sorrow. And this was a mother!

There was one, however, who had tended the poor babe with maternal care, who had fulfilled with fond alacrity a mother’s duty. From her it had received the nourishment a mother’s breast had denied it, and all the devoted attention which affection only can bestow.

Aileen O’Shea was a widow within the first few months of her marriage, and had borne a dead child. Engaged to nurse the young marquess, he became to her as her own, and all the tenderness of her nature

was lavished on him. When he was weaned, she implored so earnestly to be permitted to remain with him, that the duchess, though reluctantly, allowed her still to stay.

Night and day had she watched over him ; hours had she sat by his cradle, when the woman to whom God had given the blessing of a living child was occupied by balls and *fêtes*, far from the sick couch of her only son. Ailcen, with bitter tears and sighs, which almost rent her heart in twain, embraced the lifeless form of the little being who had clung to her, who had drawn sustenance from her bosom, and whom she loved as though he were her own : and when the rude men came to close the coffin, to hide him from her sight for ever, she fell senseless on the floor. When she recovered, she found they had already soldered down the lead ; but she never left the room till the day of the funeral ; and then, with a sorrowing and almost broken heart, she went to the church.

While the bishop read the first part of the service, she appeared stupified with grief ; but when they lowered the coffin, she rushed forward, passed the duke, and screaming, “ Oh ! mavourneen ! a chorra ma chree ! ma graw bawn ! ” would have fallen into the vault, had not one of the bystanders caught her.

“ Who is it ? ” was asked by those around.

“ Only his Irish nurse, ” was the reply.

The second funeral approached. The coffin which enclosed her boy was followed by a young mother, supported by a female friend, whose looks denoted her sympathy in the affliction she witnessed. The weeping parent had hoped, on her husband's return from sea, to have presented to him their blooming child; to have heard her William bless her, as he pressed the babe to his paternal heart, and to have shared his transports. But her fond hopes were blighted. She watched the infant so unceasingly, that she perceived instantaneously the first faint indication of illness, and called in the best medical aid that her lowly fortune could procure. Her heart shrank with a sorrowful foreboding when the doctor pronounced the disease to be the most malignant species of small-pox; and her worst fears were confirmed, when, on the second day, her infant was covered with the eruption in its most loathsome form. The fourth, this so lately lovely boy, on whose beauty she had so delighted to gaze, was a hideous corpse, from the contemplation of which all eyes but those of a mother would have turned with disgust: but, though the unsightly appearance of the remains of her beloved child aggravated her distress, still she watched them with all the engrossing tenderness peculiar to the maternal breast.

In eight days from that on which Margaret perceived that her child was unwell, she followed him,

with a breaking heart, to the grave, and felt now as if she were alone on earth ; for he, who should have spoken comfort to her, the father of her lost boy, was, as she deemed, far away.

The early part of the burial service, one of the most impressive in our liturgy, being ended, the coffin was borne to the small grave which had been prepared for it ; and the first handful of earth had just rattled on the lid, when Margaret, who was absorbed in sorrow, turned suddenly at hearing her own name pronounced. She doubted—could it be? Yes ! she beheld her husband !

“ Our child ! ” was all she could say ; and pointed to the open grave. He clasped her in his arms, and they wept together. Yes ! he, the manly-hearted sailor, who had faced death in its most terrific forms, and whom no dangers could appal, was subdued by sorrow, and mingled his tears with those of the mother of his unseen babe. The friend who had accompanied Margaret to the funeral (a kind old woman with whom she lodged), tried to comfort the sorrowing pair, and, by her persuasion, they quitted the burial-ground, to return home ; when, for many a day, all stimulus to exertion seemed dead in their breasts, now that their boy, the heir of their love and of their poverty, was no more.

Ere a year had elapsed they again entered — church, and now with a living child, whom

they brought to be baptised. But the joy they felt was clouded by the remembrance of a former ceremony performed there; and the grassy mound which marked the lowly resting-place of their first-born was not passed without a tear.

## PROLOGUE TO ION,

WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR OF THE TRAGEDY.

SPOKEN PREVIOUS TO ITS REPRESENTATION AT COVENT GARDEN  
THEATRE, ON MAY 26, 1836,\*

BY MR. SERLE.

[*Now First Published.*]

WHAT airy visions on a play's first night  
Have flash'd refulgent *here* on poet's sight !  
While emulous of glory's stainless wreath,  
He felt "the future in the instant" breathe ;  
Saw in the soften'd gleam of radiant eyes  
The sacred tear through lids yet tearless rise ;  
Made to each fervid heart the great appeal  
To bear him witness—stamp'd with living seal—  
Of passion into forms of grandeur wrought,  
And grief by beauty ting'd, or rais'd by thought ;

\* This Prologue, it will be perceived, was written in the expectation that the Play would be represented only on the occasion for which it was produced—the benefit of Mr. Macready ; and having been rendered inapplicable, by the unexpected desire of the audience for the repetition of the Tragedy, was not afterwards spoken.



As cordial hands their liberal boon conferr'd,  
Fame's awful whisper in the distance heard,  
Now shrunk with nicest fear from fancied scorn,  
Now glow'd with hope for "ages yet unborn."

With no such trembling sense of inward power  
Our author seeks to win his little hour ;  
While, for a transient glance, he dares unveil  
The vision'd outlines of a Grecian tale.  
He boasts no magic skill your souls to draw  
Within the circle of Athenian awe ;  
Where Fate on all things solemn beauty throws,  
And shapes heroic mourn in stern repose ;  
Or to reveal the fane where genius tips  
With love's immortal lustre heav'nly lips,  
Where airs divine yet breathe round forms so fair,  
That Time enamour'd has been charm'd to spare ;  
Nor his the power which deeds of old imbues  
With present life, and tints with various hues,  
Casts glowing passion in heroic moulds,  
And makes young feelings burn 'neath ancient folds.  
Unlearn'd in arts like these, he seeks to cast  
One faint reflexion from the glorious past ;  
A narrow space his fond ambition bounds,  
His little scenic life this evening rounds !

Oh ! if some image pure a moment play  
O'er the soul's mirror ere it pass away ;  
If from some chance-sown thought a genial nerve  
Should heartstrung quicken virtue's cause to serve ;

Let these slight gifts the breath of kindness claim,  
For one night's bubble on the sea of fame,  
Which tempts no aid which future praise ensures ;  
But lives—glows—trembles—and expires in yours!

TO

A L A D Y R E A D I N G.

BY HENRY F. CHORLEY, ESQ.

WHAT, lonely still? and bending o'er the page  
Thine heart, if not thine eyes,—dear dreamer, say,  
Where, led by bard inspired, or calmer sage,  
Do thy young virgin thoughts, soft triflers, stray?  
Hark! music sounds, and feet are on the floor;  
Come forth, thy flatterers wait thee,—read no more!

Is it Romance that with her spells hath clouded  
That gentle brow, made grave that laughing eye,  
Whilst thou, in sweet bewildering fancies shrouded,  
Wanderest through lands of gorgeous mystery?—  
Wake, and return! there's folly in her lore,  
The wise world laughs at fables—read no more!

Or is't a tale of some proud lip and cheek,  
Worshipped of old, to-day, alas! forgot;  
And thou, a shrine whom Beauty's pilgrims seek,  
Now shrinkest sadly from the common lot?

Fear not hoar Time — too well shall Art restore  
Dull cheeks and silvered tresses — read no more !

Come, wreath thy hair with roses, o'er thy heart —  
What boots its aching ? — clasp a jewelled zone ;  
And learn to laugh when burning tears would start ;  
To move 'mid crowds most gaily, when alone  
Thou pinest to sigh — and learn to hide thy store  
Of rich, bright, *useless* thought for evermore !

So shalt thou have the mightiest at thy feet,  
Kings at thine ear, and nobles at thy call ;  
Nor hand shall write, nor echo dare repeat  
The envious whisper, “ 'Tis but mockery all ! ”  
Still dost thou dream ? unheeding, and unwon  
By the world's lure — True heart ! then read — read on !

## THE LAST LETTER.

BY MISS LOUISA H. SHERIDAN.

Who could bear that fond letters, so sacred as thine,  
Should encounter the gaze of the worldly, the  
cold ?

No ! the flame hath consumed ev'ry heart-prompted  
line,

And those records of love I no more shall behold !  
Each phrase, well remembered, I witnessed effaced ;  
The lov'd name, by my lip pressed again and  
again ;

Oh ! no more let thy feeling's expression be traced,  
For 'twas death to destroy—what I dared not  
retain !

I must lose, for the world's sake, that sole conso-  
lation,

Recalling bright hours, too entrancing to last :—  
From the chill Polar night hide the one constellation,  
Lov'd image, though faint, of the summer light  
past !

By the<sup>\*</sup> vain, heartless world, be my sorrow un-  
guessed :—

Let the shrine sink in darkness, whose light  
burned in vain!

And no more to this heart be thy feeling expressed,  
For 'tis death to destroy — what I dare not retain!

## A SCENE IN THE LIFE OF NOURMAHAL.

BY L. E. L.

IT was a large lonely looking hall, with nothing in it that marked the usual splendour of the East. There were no carpets, and the mats were formed of the scented grass, — one of those common luxuries which summer bestows on all. The frescos on the walls were dimmed by time, and the golden letters of the sentences from the Koran were rough and dull. Still, there was much of cheerfulness, nay, of grace, in that desolate apartment. The silvery fall of the fountain mingled with youthful voices, and its spray fell like pearls on the lilies below. The slaves seated around were gorgeously apparelled; and the scarfs that they were working were scarcely less fresh than those that they wore. Seated a little apart from the rest, but equally busy with themselves, was a lady, employed in tracing some rich arabesques upon delicate white china. She was very young; but there was that in the compressed lip and curved brow which spoke experience,—experience which can teach so much, and in so little time. She worked like one whose mind compels itself to the

task, but whose heart is not in it. A deeper darkness filled the large and dreaming eyes; and more than once a slight start, and then a yet more rapid progress of the pencil, told that there were thoughts which had mastered for a moment, only to be put resolutely aside. But, as the colours became shadows, and the rapid twilight merged in sudden night, and the slaves eagerly sought the garden for their hour's accustomed relaxation, the proud and lonely beauty gave way to her reverie. A softness for an instant unbent the set and stately brow, and her small fingers woke, low and indistinct, a few chords from the chitar beside, and words almost as low and indistinct came from her lip.

Mournfully, how mournfully,  
 Think I of my lover!  
 Round a weary pillow  
 Does one image hover.  
 O'er the sunny waters gliding  
 Are many shadows thrown;  
 But the flower by it drooping  
 Sees one sweet shade alone.

“Folly; folly of the young and loving heart!” exclaimed the singer, ceasing abruptly in her song; and, drawing up her stately figure to its full height, she began to pace the solitary hall. “Folly, indeed!” muttered she, in a lower tone; “and yet, how I loved him! How well I remember the first day that the young and graceful prince came to my



father's palace. My soul at once knew its predestined idol. With what delicious fear did I bind the yellow champac in my hair, when I met him secretly in the cedar grove! Oh, my father, was it not cruel to wed me with another? But even that hated link is broken! and how —" her face grew deadly pale, and the white brow glistened with the damps that rose upon it. The darkness seemed fearful; and, rubbing two pieces of sandal wood together, she hastily lighted a small lamp on a table near.

The startled terror of remorse that dares not think of what it fears, is as inconsistent as all other human feelings. The attention of Shire Afkun's lovely widow was caught by a mirror on the table. She took it up and gazed on the face it reflected, earnestly, coldly,—rather as woman gazes on the features of her rival than her own.

"I am beautiful," said she, slowly; "and yet that beauty, which is triumph to another, is to me mortification. He saw me, I know, when I was first brought here, prisoner, slave, in that harem where he once asked me to be queen. Can loveliness lose its power? Ah, yes! when love can lose its truth. Weak and impetuous, yielding to temptation, but trembling to enjoy the reward of the committed crime; such is the man of whom my heart made its divinity,—for whose sake I would have toiled as a slave; ay, and do; but with far other aim now. Let us but once meet again, Jehanghire, and thou

art mine ! but I—I can never be thine again. Life, throne, fortunes, we will yet share together ; but my heart, never, never more !”

For a few listless minutes she gazed from the window, rather for distraction than amusement. The Jumna was flowing like a dark and glittering beryl amid its melon trees. Perched on the topmost boughs, the herons rested their long and snowy necks beneath their wings, breaking with their white presence the long lines of shade. Some three or four little flames, like meteors, seemed dancing down the river, now flinging their tremulous lustre on the waters, now all but shipwrecked by the broad leaves and crimson flowers of the lotus. They were the tiny barks launched by her young slaves, formed of a cocoa-nut shell, and filled with fragrant oil, whose burning was to be an augury for the gentle hopes that trusted themselves to such frail freightage.

Nourmahal smiled bitterly, and turned aside. Such graceful fantasies belong to the childhood of Love: to Love, the credulous and the dreaming ; and such Love had long since passed away from Nourmahal. She asked of Fate for a sterner sign, and a darker omen. The river seemed to mock her feverish unrest with its tranquil beauty. She looked out from another window, which commanded one of those vast plains—dry ; bare, like the human heart, which so often exhausts its own fertility ; yet there was something striking in the very desolation. The

clear moonshine turned the sand to silver; and there it lay like a vast unbroken lake, without ripple or shadow, one bright and glittering expanse. Suddenly the quick eye of Nourmahal detected a slight speck on the shining surface; it approached rapidly; and she saw a vast snake making its swift circles: one of its rings like dark jewellery, winding into another, till the vast expanse was passed, and its speckled length became again a shadow, a speck, and nothing.

“That reptile,” muttered Nourmahal, “was the saviour of my childish life. I laugh at such vain belief, and yet it haunts me. I feel as if its presence here were an omen. Is my destiny about to fulfil itself?”

While she was speaking, a step at the extremity of the chamber drew her attention. She knew well the low dwarfish figure of the fakir that entered to ask that charity of which she was so lavish. “I am rich to-day,” said she, giving the dwarf a little bag filled with coins. The creature took them in silence, and stood gazing upon her. The contrast was strange between them; the one looking the very poetry, the other the caricature, of humanity.

“They were talking of you in the divan to-day; the omrah Mohareb is forbidden to appear at Agra.”

“The shadow of the mighty emperor rests on the meanest of his slaves,” replied Nourmahal; “and it must have been a keen observer that marked

the small teeth that pressed the lip till it wore a hue like coral, ere the waters have dried upon it."

"The shadow was deepest on his own brow," returned the fakir; "the emperor was thinking of you, lady."

"And I," continued Nourmahal, "must resume my nightly task, or it may chance that, on your next visit, the poor will watch your going forth in vain."

The fakir took the hint, and departed, both understanding each other; and Nourmahal held her breath for a moment. It was as if to inhale a new existence; the light darkened in her eyes, and the delicate lines of her brow knit to almost sternness. The gilded balls of the ghurree dropping into the water, warned her of the hour, and clapping her hands, the sound assembled her slaves. All were soon seated at their accustomed task; and no one who had seen the lovely painter bending o'er the cup on which she was tracing, in a fanciful arabesque, the name of Jehanghire, would have dreamed of the agitation, that even her self-control could scarcely master. She felt that her destiny was on a cast. None but an ear, quickened as the mind can quicken the faculties of the body, could have heard a step that hesitated on the threshold. Nourmahal felt it on her heart,—not with the sweet, quick beating which it used to excite, but as the warrior hears the first trumpet of the coming battle on which he has staked his all. She moved not from her

graceful attitude ; and nothing could be better calculated to display her perfect form. The head, small as an Arab steed's, but with hair whose long black plaits reached to the ground, bent so as to shew the curved neck, and the finely cut profile, while the curled eyelashes told how dark were the eyes that they concealed. The whole position bespoke despondency ; and so, too, did the dress. Her slaves were richly garbed, but Nourmahal had on only white muslin, without an ornament of any kind. In her belt, sole mark of her birth, was a small poniard ; it had no sheath ; but there was crusted blood upon it. It was that of the omrah who had intruded upon her solitude but the evening before. Yet how little did the fierce or the scornful seem to suit the sweet, sad face which Jehanghire saw drooping over his name. Jehanghire was the stranger on the threshold. He entered—all at once knew their master, and fell prostrate.

“ Leave us,” said the sultan, approaching Nourmahal. She rose on her knee, and remained gazing upon him, her large eyes radiant with delight.

“ Nay,” exclaimed she, as he took her hand to raise her ; “ let me be happy for a little. Let the sunshine of that beloved face enter my heart. It seems but yesterday that we parted, Jehanghire. Ay, still the same stately and glorious form that taught me to know how the gods look on earth.”

“ You have not forgotten me, then ?” said the king.

A look was her only answer.

“This is but a gloomy place,” continued he, glancing round. “You must be wretched here?”

“Wretched! I can sometimes see you ride past in the distance.”

The emperor gazed on the soft dark eyes, which filled with large bright tears as they gazed upon his own.

“Why should we not be happy?” said he; “it is of no use dwelling on what has been. Why should we part?”

“We have never parted, my lord,” replied Nourmahal. “Do you think your image could pass from the heart where it had once been shrined?”

The next day saw Nourmahal on a throne; Jehanghire at her side; the court at her feet. But there was a troubled shadow in the depths of those midnight eyes; and scorn curved the small red lip, if for a moment its settled smile passed away. There was but one thought in her heart, half triumph, half bitterness.

“I have won him, and shall keep him; for to his weak temper habit will be as fetters of iron. I have won him—but how? He remembered not the earnest and devoted love of the young heart, which was his, and his only. Even my beauty failed to influence his selfish carelessness: but he is mine by a more potent spell. Love may be given in vain,

— beauty may be powerless ; but I have mastered by the deeper magic of flattery.”

## NOTE.

Those who only know Nourmahal by Moore's delicious description in "The Light of the Harem," the most exquisite painting to which words ever gave music, are little acquainted with the resolution and talents of this extraordinary woman. Jehanghire, after one or two fruitless attempts, had her first husband murdered, and herself placed in his harem. Yet, by some caprice of remorse, or of despotism, he never made an attempt to even see the object of his early passion. The weak only are discouraged by difficulties ; and Nourmahal's ambition looking steadily onwards, she supported herself and slaves by the exercise of her abilities, whose display became the talk of the court. Every lover was steadily rejected ; and her own hand and poniard avenged her, when one of the omrahs intruded on her solitude. Jehanghire's curiosity was awakened ; he saw her again ; and from that moment began an influence which endured to the last. One of the many recorded triumphs of the strong over the weak mind.

## TO MYRA.

BY HENRY L. BULWER, ESQ. M.P.

### I.

OH, years are gone — since, young and wild,  
For every fair who kindly smiled,  
    My willing lute was strung ;  
The minstrelsy was void of art —  
Albeit it proved a gentle heart —  
Thus said they all — who blamed in part  
    The reckless strains I sung.

### II.

And so, the follies of my youth  
Did prove a gentle heart, forsooth —  
    Though much too idly given  
To worship every meteor bright,  
However false the fairy light  
That, by its fickle nature, might  
    Across my path be driven.

### III.

But years came on ; and with them came  
A mind of sterner, manlier frame,  
    Which spurn'd the boyish lay



That youth full long had linger'd o'er :  
 And swearing that I'd be no more  
 A slave — all idols to adore —  
     I flung my lute away.

## IV.

And scenes I sought with action rife,  
 Ambition's cool and wary strife,  
     That only thrills — the brain ;  
 And if I sometimes wished to feel  
 That gentle spirit o'er me steal  
 Which would such tender things reveal  
     Of yore — I wished in vain.

## V.

Then canst thou whisper, Myra, why  
 The fountains of my heart, once dry,  
     Now fondly overflow —  
 Why come those mystic thoughts again —  
 Those dreams that Paradise the brain —  
 Those visions — call'd no more in vain —  
     That charm'd me years ago ?

## VI.

Why feel I now, as when a boy,  
 That wild and melancholy joy  
     With which, in younger times,  
 I rov'd at eve some stream along,  
 Or sat the shady trees among,  
 Imagining some fairy song  
     That mock'd my careless rhymes ?

## VII.

What influence is it, strange and soft,  
That wakes the wayward sigh so oft,  
    And thoughts of days by-gone?  
Why do I dream of spring-time flowers,  
And moon-lit groves, and myrtle bowers,  
And one — with whom to wile the hours  
    That lonely linger on?

## VIII.

Whence come the wizard clouds that roll  
Their storm and sunshine o'er my soul?  
    What gives me back the fears,  
The hopes, too, that I've known before,  
With thoughts more high than those of yore —  
Oh! what with Youth can varnish o'er  
    The hue of soberer years?

## IX.

Ah! would some tender heart divine  
The mystery that thrills through mine —  
    A heart such things which knew:  
And tell me — tell me, Myra, thou —  
If some dear being gave me now  
The soft sensations I avow,  
    What were it wise to do?

## X.

I know that many have no fear  
To breathe their tale to lady's ear —  
    I am not one of these!

Of prouder, and of tenderer mood,  
 I shrink before an answer rude,  
 And shew a soul too much subdued  
     With her I fain would please.

## XI.

Then tell me, Myra, if my lute  
 Has lain too long unstrung and mute  
     To breathe a lover's tone ?  
 Oh ! tell me, if it keep no air  
 Which might (no rival minstrel there)  
 With pity touch some bosom fair  
     And gentle like thine own ?

## XII.

I ask — yet do not deem that I  
 So little ken of woman's eye,  
     As idly to offend :  
 Pardon my too unthinking strain !  
 I know those brighter dreams were vain —  
 A thousand lovers still remain,  
     And I—am but a friend.

## XIII.

Then fare thee well ! when next we meet,  
 Coldly mine eye thine own shall greet —  
     There yet are thoughts to quell :  
 But they shall yield — and not the less  
 May Heaven with every happiness  
 Thy gentle ways, dear Myra, bless —  
     All kindly, fare thee well !

# DEATH IN MASQUERADE.

(LANGBEIN.)

A FREE TRANSLATION.

BY THE HONOURABLE ROBERT TALBOT.

TIME was, in the ball-room, old chronicles say,  
When *in propria personâ* Death figured away :  
Still the pencil of Holbein exhibits him so,  
As among lords and ladies he points the light toe.

Then all shrunk from a partner so ghastly and grim,  
And no dame was ambitious of waltzing with him ;  
But, now that he trips it in gay masquerade,  
What nymph of his skeleton hand is afraid ?

Behold, when disguised as a cook he is seen,  
How your epicure sniffs at his savoury tureen !  
How, changed to a vintner, observe his nose shine,  
As he mingles the poisons he sells us for wine !

A milliner next, with a robe *à la Grec*,  
That displays, oh, ye gods ! something more than  
the neck ;

He waits on the fair ; but its gossamer folds  
Are a flimsy defence against fevers and colds.

He lurks in the garland that crowns the young bride ;  
With Hymen he frisks, like a lamb, at his side ;  
While he chuckles to think of the scourge that's to  
    come,  
Which must drive the meek spouse to a premature  
    tomb !

Of a wanton he apes the voluptuous air,  
As in quest of his Lemman he hunts the parterre ;  
And, when he succeeds in his pestilent chase,  
His victim he blights, as he smiles in his face !

Now a sharper ; see there, how he handles the dice !  
Rattle, rattle ! the pigeon is plucked in a trice !  
To the wretch, when despair has bewildered his soul,  
He offers the choice of the pistol or bowl !

On the wings of a bat he at midnight is found,  
The lamp of the student to flutter around :  
There he conjures from darkness the gibbering train  
Of goblins, that haunt Hypochondria's brain !

Your pretenders to verse, mark, how, each in his turn,  
He bespatters with gall, from his critical urn ;  
Yet all but pretenders may set him at nought,  
For the trophies of genius he never can blot !

At the couch of disease a grave doctor is he,  
Who looks at the patient, but thinks of the fee ;

Then, grasping his pen on a sudden, makes shift,  
With a scrap of quaint Latin to send him adrift !

The man who is wise will ne'er struggle and strain,  
To escape from a mask, whom to fly were in vain.  
May we all, then, be ready to answer his call,  
The moment we 're summoned to dance at his ball !

## SUN AND MOON.

BY JAMES SMITH, ESQ.

DEAR brother, quit with me the sky !”  
(Thus spoke the Queen of Night,)  
And, radiant, walk the earth, while I  
Dispense my milder light.  
On Malta’s Rock I’ll take my stand,  
To calm the seamen’s fears ;  
And you shall brilliantly command  
O’er barbarous Algiers.”  
Each godhead straight on earth alights  
With such a potent blaze,  
That Malta long was ruled by *Nights*,  
And Algiers long by *Days*.

# GENIUS.

FROM VICTOR HUGO.

BY MRS. TORRE HOLME.

Wo unto him ! the child of this sad earth,  
Who in a troubled world, unjust and blind,  
Bears Genius, treasure of celestial birth,  
Within his solitary soul enshrined.  
Wo unto him ! for envy's fangs impure,  
Like the eternal vulture's, will be driv'n  
Into his noble heart, that must endure  
Pangs for each triumph ; and still, unforgiv'n,  
Suffer Prometheus' doom, who ravished fire from  
heav'n.

Glory, a phantom, beautiful and bright,  
To distant peril lures his footsteps on ;  
He yields, like all on whom the dazzling light  
Of her imperious smile has ever shone :  
Thus the poor timid bird, beneath the charm  
Of the false Hydra's fascinating eyes,  
From height to height flies dizzy with alarm,  
Then rushes blindly on his fate, and dies  
Beneath the poisoned glance where such seduction  
lies.



Or if, at length, he sees his efforts crown'd  
 By dawning brightness : if, around his head,  
 Living he feels the glorious laurel bound,  
 Whose consecrated leaves await the dead ;  
 Yet, even then, proud ignorance, and strife,  
 And blind detracting envy, will repine,  
 Wearing with calumny his noble life ;  
 While glory only leads him to her shrine,  
 To immolate him there, a sacrifice divine.

Still, though his destiny on earth may be  
 Grief, and injustice ; who would not endure,  
 With joyful calm, each proffered agony,  
 Could he the prize of Genius thus secure ?  
 What mortal, feeling kindled in his soul  
 That bright celestial flame, so pure, and high,  
 O'er which nor time, nor death, can have control,  
 Would in inglorious pleasures basely fly  
 From sufferings, whose reward is immortality ?

No ! though the clamours of the envious crowd  
 Pursue the son of Genius ; he will rise  
 From the base earth, borne by an effort proud,  
 Beyond the reach of vulgar enmities.  
 'Tis thus the eagle, with his pinions spread,  
 Reposing o'er the tempest, from that height  
 Sees the clouds roll tempestuous o'er our head,  
 While he, rejoicing in his tranquil flight,  
 Far upward soars, sublime, in Heav'n's eternal  
 light.

TO ———

ON HER BIRTH DAY, APRIL 4, 1822.

BY PAUL METHUEN, ESQ. M.P.

A BIRTH-DAY is a day of gloom  
For those to earth who cling ;  
Who look not from the dreary tomb,  
And mortal bonds, to spring.

But to the virtuous and the just  
The day for joy is given ;  
That Time has borne them from the dust  
To one year nearer Heaven.

Then hail I this thy natal hour  
With no misplac'd regret,  
That thou, above corruption's power,  
Shalt rise a seraph yet.

## CALANTHA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VIVIAN GREY.

WHEN I first saw her, she was unconscious of my presence; for, following her father, who was much a-head of me, down the long, dark corridor, I entered, in error, the room in which Calantha was sitting. My step gave no warning sound, having left my slippers—for I still cling to my oriental modes and fashions—in the hall of the castle. Her head leant upon her delicate fair hand; her large blue eyes were suffused with pensive sentiment; and those magnificent and hyacinthine locks, that, if the truth were known, I believe were half the secret of De Courcy's fatal defection, fell in artless profusion on either side of, what I might style, the voluptuous serenity of her countenance.

Wild as has been my life, quick and impetuous as are my feelings, with me the great charm in woman is, nevertheless, repose. And Calantha, with all her devotion, was so calm, that, amid all my anxieties, and all the singular adventures that I have related, when life, and fortune, and empire, were on the stake, her presence of mind seemed never to desert her. No whining, no fretfulness, no miserable

lamentations in our adversity over lost splendour and vanished power; and, when the stream of our good fortunes ran strong and clear, no feminine exultation, but a lofty, yet subdued, demeanour, worthy of her great and romantic line, and her proud husband's station.

Who, that beheld this beautiful and serene being, born, as it were, only to love and to be loved, and who herself would have been content to have passed her life in a garden, with no greater cares than the tending of her flowers; who could have believed that her life had more abounded in stronger transitions and stranger vicissitudes than probably that of any woman of modern ages? She visited every quarter of the globe, and ruled in two; she mingled in battles; suffered the severest shipwreck on record; was immured in a dungeon; once nearly publicly executed; and, stranger than all, by her very virtues occasioned the death of her nearest and dearest relatives. Unhappy Calantha! thy horoscope was indeed mystical and wild, and yet thy soul was pure; and those large eyes that unconsciously hatched treason, never gazed upon the world but with a glance of charity and love.

As long as Calantha lived, I felt that my good genius had not deserted me. She gave me no counsel; she did not sympathise with my ambition; hers was not that restless brain that gains or maintains a crown; but she inspired me by the consciousness of her existence. In all my exigencies I re-

membered Calantha: the thought has preserved me from many crimes, and prompted me to many virtuous and heroic deeds. She was a spell of softness, and obedience, and duty, that environed my life. Her influence over my ardent temperament was as the rain on the Syrian earth. She spoke little, and seldom smiled; yet she was ever interested when I addressed her, and always cheerful. Nothing ever surprised her; she received the most costly jewel like the most simple flower; and yet I never felt disappointed by her demeanour. She was never out of temper in her life; and she never told me that she loved me, except by her devotion.

Her death was remarkable, and yet in character with her strange career. She had been long declining — yet never complained. Rest and quiet, which, from the moment we were united, she was never doomed to know, might have prolonged her life; but then came that unhappy flight from \* \* \* \* and that turbulent and terrible scene in the port. I have witnessed stranger and wilder incidents than any living man; but I shall never forget that night, and the lurid apparition of the torch-lit boat that pursued us. Our voyage was prosperous. After some weeks we put into a small island harbour with which we were unacquainted. The isle was very small, but exceedingly beautiful; the banks richly wooded with spiey trees; while in the centre of the island rose a small chain of mountains of picturesque form. It was apparently uninhabited.

The appearance of the country was so charming, that Calantha seemed disposed to explore it; and, attended by a small retinue, well armed, we proceeded for that purpose. We came, after a short time, to a small plain, which appeared to be the centre of the isle. Here were ancient remains of considerable importance; clusters of columns, of a style of architecture I had never before witnessed; a pyramid of white marble, the sides of which were admirably sculptured, while an enormous porphyry obelisk had fallen, and was half buried in the soil. The only trees here were palms; they mixed beautifully with the columns.

At the extremity of this plain rose the chain of mountains of which we had before observed the summits. The soil was rich, and the vegetation vivid; not a cloud was in the sky; and the western sun was just trembling on the horizon. A beautiful blended tint, delicate and shifting like the neck of a dove, was spread over the heavens. The moon was just observable, like a thread of silver, with a single star by her side. There was not a breath of air, nor, indeed, a sound. While Calantha, leaning on me, was watching the setting sun and the effect of its light upon the columns and palm trees, I was surprised to

\* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \*

# YOUTH.

BY MISS ATWELL.

SAY, what adorneth youth ?  
Buoyant heart and sunny smile,  
Free from bitterness and guile ;  
Voice of mirth and step of air ;  
Laughing eye and clustering hair ;  
Soul of spotless truth.

Liberal hand ! is thine, in sooth,  
With all that's beautiful and bright ;  
Active form and spirit light —  
Warm affection's gentle gush —  
Feelings prompt, and fancy's flush —  
All belong to youth.

## LINES

BY THE HON. GRANTLEY F. BERKELEY, M.P.

### I.

COME, come to me! sigh on me, soft summer  
breezes!

Bring back the old freshness of youth to my brow;  
Oh! bring back the joy of that time, when all  
pleases,

And bring back the friends loved, and lost to me  
now.

### II.

I mourn for past pleasure — I mourn the lost hour —

I weep for the smiles that have long fled away;

I miss the secluded sweet eglantine bower,

Where with Flora I lingered the long summer's day.

### III.

Beneath those thick hawthorns how oft have I  
listened,

To hear the lone nightingale warble its song!

How oft have my anxious eyes tenderly glistened,

As thence my fair Flora came tripping along!



## IV.

'Tis years since my steed through these grassy glades  
threaded,

And long have the woods lost the blast of my horn ;  
My heart hath, since then, to its sorrows been  
wedded,

And all its best wishes lie withered and torn.

## V.

There is not a bright stream, vale, moorland, or  
mountain,

Not a tree, nor a dingle, in deep forest dell,  
From bleakest and barest rock, down to the fountain  
That acts not on Mem'ry as though 'twere a spell.

## VI.

That casement, which now swingeth idly and lonely,  
Once shewed me *such* loving and soul-searching  
eyes,

That even to look at, or think of it only,  
Brings anguish — its mistress in yonder tomb lies.

## VII.

Hush ! hush ! hence, away from this valley of  
sorrow, —

Of strange recollection of pleasure and pain ;  
Let me quit vain regrets, with the hope that to-  
morrow

Bright visions may bring, though they cheat me  
again.

## FAREWELL TO ITALY.

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, ESQ.

I LEAVE thee, beauteous Italy ! no more  
From the high terraces, at even-tide,  
To look supine into thy depths of sky,  
Thy golden moon between the cliff and me,  
Or thy dark spires of fretted cypresses  
Bordering the channel of the milky-way.  
Fiesole and Valdarno must be dreams  
Hereafter, and my own lost Affrico  
Murmur to me but in the poet's song.  
I did believe, (what have I not believed ?)  
Weary with age, but unopprest by pain,  
To close in thy soft clime my quiet day,  
And rest my bones in the Mimosa's shade.  
Hope ! Hope ! few ever cherisht thee so little ;  
Few are the heads thou hast so rarely raised ;  
But thou didst promise this, and all was well.  
For we are fond of thinking where to lie  
When every pulse hath ceast, when the lone heart  
Can lift no aspiration . . . reasoning  
As if the sight were unimpaired by death, —  
Were unobstructed by the coffin-lid,  
And the sun cheered corruption !

Over all

The smiles of Nature shed a potent charm,  
And light us to our chamber at the grave.

## INSCRIPTION IN AN ANNUAL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISERRIMUS."

THIS globe again has turn'd,  
And brought another year ;  
And man again has learn'd  
That all 's unstable here :  
And sad it is to view the trace  
Of twelve poor months upon the face  
Of Nature, and the human race.

Th' united are estranged,  
The proud have lost a name ;  
Consistency is changed,  
But thou art still the same.  
Yet thee, and thee alone, I find,  
Immutable in form and mind,  
The fair, the good, the wise, the kind !

## MADRIGAL.

BY J. R. CHORLEY, ESQ.

I MARKED, when last we met, mine own,  
And longed to ask thee— why  
That pensive look, that plaintive tone,  
That ever downcast eye ?  
Thy voice— my ear has learned to know  
Each change its tones betray ;  
What made its note so faint and slow ?  
My gentle lady, say !

O ! I was born for gloom ; but thou,  
Mine own, to smile and shine !  
The slightest shade that dims thy brow  
Falls dark and cold on mine.  
I mused, and grieved, and vainly sought  
To wile the cloud away ;  
O was it care, or weary thought ?  
My gentle lady, say !

Methought— though still, my tongue, forbear  
The silent cause to seek —  
The fond request, the loving care  
Perhaps a glance may speak ;

So oft I sought thine eye,—so oft  
Its timid start said, “Nay;”  
What feared those tremblers, dark and soft?  
My gentle lady, say!

Perchance, methought, remembrance brings  
Some early grief to mind;  
Or is she vexed with many things,  
Or deems her friend unkind?  
For I am rude — and eye and word  
So ill my wish obey;  
Has look of mine, or language erred?  
My gentle lady, say!

I cannot bear to see a tear  
Bedim that laughing eye;  
It makes me start from thee, to hear  
The murmur of a sigh:  
With one so young, and pure, and sweet,  
No heavy thoughts should stay;—  
Wilt thou not smile when next we meet?  
My gentle lady, say!

TO THE  
"BOOK OF BEAUTY."

BY SIR WILLIAM SOMERVILLE, BART.

I.

Book, nam'd of Beauty, how shall I presume,  
Where all is calmly clear, serenely bright,  
To throw across thy page one shade of gloom,  
Or warn thy readers of approaching night?

II.

No!—since in vain I woo the dreary muse  
To thoughts of gladness, or to words of joy,  
Let me at least, with firm resolve, refuse  
Thy day of cloudless sunshine to destroy!

III.

Far from thy page the darker thoughts be kept—  
Cheer'd on to smiles thy joyous readers be;  
And though too oft hath suff'ring Beauty wept,  
Let them not know the sad reality!

IV.

The mirth-inspiring eye, the seraph smile,  
The bloom of youth, bright Book, be thine to shew;  
But say not how at hand may lurk the while  
The sigh of sadness, or the tear of wo!

## V.

Drawn be the veil that mercifully hides  
The shadowy future of severer life ;  
Encourag'd be the laughter that derides  
Its pain, its tears, its sorrow, and its strife !

## VI.

Let not the frame where Beauty lives enshrin'd,  
Asserting still her everlasting sway,  
Shew forth the darker shadows of the mind,  
The sterner workings of the soul portray !

## VII.

The fair, with skin of snow, the dark brunette,  
Form'd each our admiration to engage,  
The orb of azure, and the eye of jet,  
Still keep possession of thy dazzling page.

## VIII.

Beauty's own Book, by hand as fair prepar'd,  
The smile of gladd'ning welcome be thy lot !  
Through thee, the tear from Beauty's cheek be scar'd ;  
Through thee, be Beauty's wo, if known, forgot !

THE END.







