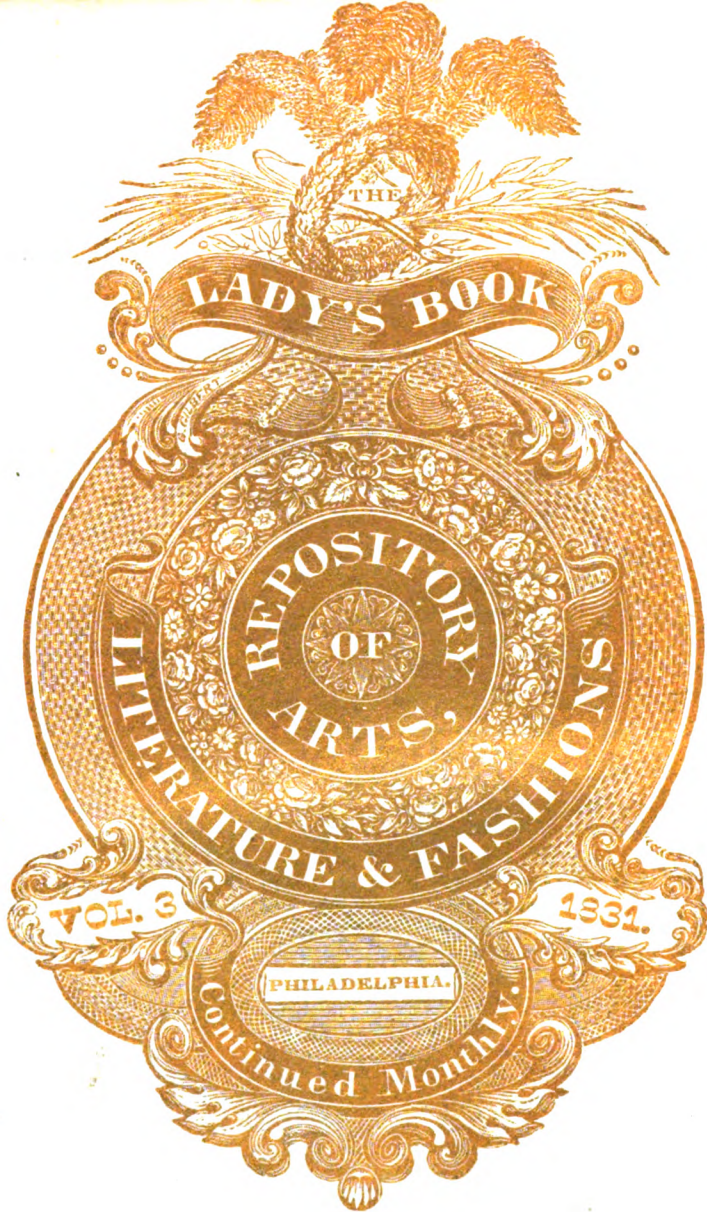




The Lady's Book



EMBELLISHED

WITH A

VARIETY OF BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS,

POPULAR MUSIC, &c.

PUBLISHED BY L. J. GODEY & CO.

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PHILADELPHIA.

THE LADY'S BOOK.

JULY, 1831.

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PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR JULY, 1831.

FIRST FIGURE.—Dress of transparent crape over a white florence. Sleeves of blond or bobbinet, very wide and full, finished with cuffs and epaulettes of the same material as the dress. Hair in large folds and bows, with no other ornament than a white rose.

SECOND FIGURE.—Dress of painted muslin. Canezon handkerchief of French worked muslin. Grenadine scarf. Bonnet, with a round crown of white gros de nap, and a front of coloured wood-lawn; folds of wood-lawn go nearly round the crown. The trimming is of white gauze riband, edged and figured with the same colour as the wood-lawn; each bow being finished with a knot at the bottom.

The child's dress is a frock, pantalets and cape of cambric muslin, with a narrow border of coloured braiding. A straw hat.

A TENDER WIFE.

A WIFE cannot be gifted with a more dangerous talent. Such women are never at rest when their husbands sleep well a-nights; they are never at ease except when the poor man is ailing, that they may have the pleasure of recovering him again; it gratifies both their medical vanity and their love of power by making him more dependent upon them; and it likewise gratifies all the finer feelings of romance. What a treasure—what a rich subject I shall be about ten years hence, when shivering at every breeze, for the laboratory of such a wife! When my withered carcass would be made to undergo an endless succession of experiments for the benefit of the medical world, I should be forced, in order to escape her prescriptions, to conceal my complaints when I was really sick, and to go out and take medicine by stealth, as a man goes to the club to drink, when he is unhappily linked to a sober wife. Were Heaven, for some wise purpose, to deliver me into the hands of a nostrum-skilled wife, it would, in an instant, dissipate all my dreams of retiring to spend my latter days in indolence and quiet. I would see, with grief, that I was doomed to enter upon a more active career than that in which I had been so long engaged; for I would consider her and myself as two hostile powers, commencing a war, in which both would be continually exerting all the resources of their genius; she to circumvent me, and throw me into the hospital, and I to escape captivity and elixirs. No modern war could be more inveterate—for it could terminate only with the death of one or other of the combatants. If, notwithstanding the strength of my conjugal affection, the natural principle of self-preservation should be still stronger, and make me lament to survive her, I imagine my eating heartily and sleeping soundly, would very soon bring about her dissolution.—*Sir T. Munroe's Correspondence.*

MAXIMS.

THE diver for pearls plunges into the depths of the sea; and the man who aspires to glory passes his nights in vigils.

Long discourses lead to ennui and sleep even in the wisest and most patient.

Avoid those who take pleasure in troubling others. There is danger of being burnt if you get too near the fire.

Ponder and you will comprehend.

Hope comes after despair, as day-break follows the night.

The man who has sense and consults others is only half a man: he who has no sense and takes no counsel is not a man.

Three things give access to monarchs: the fine arts, wealth and eloquence.

A story is old from the first time it is told.

It is less troublesome to be sick than to have the care of a sick person.

All according to their rank have their evils to suffer; none have letters of exemption.

The larger a book is, the more it weighs; but it is not the larger the better.

To arrive at the summit of wisdom, it is necessary neither to eat too much, nor sleep too much, nor talk too much.

You desire to be learned without study; it is one of the thousand follies that are about in the world.

What is remembered dies; what is written lives.

The learned are the true nobles and the true lords of a nation.

Have nothing to do with a man in his passion; for men are not like iron, to be wrought upon when they are hot.

He whose mind possesses nothing more than he can express by words, is in truth very poor.

He that cannot forgive others, breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself, for every man hath need to be forgiven.

(RECAP)

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SHAKSPEARE.

To a homeless man, who has no spot on this wide world which he can truly call his own, there is a momentary feeling of something like independence and territorial consequence, when, after a long weary day's travel, he kicks off his boots, thrusts his feet into slippers, and stretches himself before the fire. Let the world without go as it may; let kingdoms rise or fall; so long as he has the wherewithal to pay his bills, he is, for the time being, the very monarch of all he surveys.

The arm-chair is his throne, the poker his sceptre, and the little parlour, of some twelve feet square, his undisputed empire.

It is a morsel of uncertainty, snatched from the midst of the uncertainties of life; it is a sunny moment gleaming out kindly on a cloudy day; and he who has advanced some way on the pilgrimage of existence knows the importance of husbanding even morsels and moments of enjoyment. "Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?" thought I, as I gave the fire a stir, lolled back in my elbow-chair, and cast a complacent look about the little parlour of the Red Horse, at Stratford-on-Avon.

The words of the sweet Shakspeare were just passing through my mind as the clock struck midnight from the tower of the church in which he lies buried. There was a gentle tap at the door, and a pretty chamber-maid, putting in her smiling face, inquired, with a hesitating air, whether I had rung. I understood it as a modest hint that it was time to retire.

My dream of absolute dominion was at an end; so abdicating my throne, like a prudent potentate to avoid being deposed, and putting the Stratford Guide-book under my arm as a pillow companion, I went to bed, and dreamt all night of Shakspeare, the Jubilee, and David Garrick.

I had come to Stratford on a poetical pilgrimage. My first visit was to the house where Shakspeare was born, and where, according to tradition, he was brought up to his father's craft of wool-combing. It is a small mean-looking edifice of wood and plaster, a true nestling-place for genius, which seems to delight in hatching its offspring in bye corners.

The walls of its squalid chambers are covered with names and inscriptions in every language, by pilgrims of all nations, ranks, and conditions, from the prince to the peasant; and present a simple, but striking instance of the spontaneous and universal homage of mankind to the great poet of nature.

The house is shown by a garrulous old lady with a frosty red face, lighted up by a cold blue anxious eye, and garnished with artificial locks of flaxen hair, curling from under an exceedingly dirty cap.

She was peculiarly assiduous in exhibiting the relics with which this, like all other celebrated shrines, abounds. There was the shattered stock

of the very matchlock with which Shakspeare shot the deer, on his poaching exploits. There, too, was his tobacco-box; which proves that he was a rival smoker of Sir Walter Raleigh; the sword also with which he played Hamlet; and the identical lantern with which Friar Laurence discovered Romeo and Juliet at the tomb! There was an ample supply also of Shakspeare's mulberry-tree, which seems to have as extraordinary powers of self-multiplication as the wood of the true cross; of which there is enough extant to build a ship of the line.

The most favorite object of curiosity, however, is Shakspeare's chair; it stands in the chimney-nook, of a small gloomy chamber, just behind what was his father's shop. Here he may many a time have sat when a boy, watching the slow revolving spit with all the longing of an urchin; or of an evening, listening to the cronies and gossips of Stratford, dealing forth church-yard tales and legendary anecdotes of the troublesome times of England. In this chair it is the custom of every one that visits the house to sit; whether this be done with the hope of imbibing any of the inspiration of the bard, I am at a loss to say; I merely mention the fact; and mine hostess, privately assured me, that, though built of solid oak, such was the fervent zeal of devotees, that the chair had to be new-bottomed at least once in three years. It is worthy of notice also, in the history of this extraordinary chair, that it partakes something of the volatile nature of the Santa Casa of Loretta, or the flying chair of the Arabian enchanter; for though sold some few years since to a northern princess, yet strange to tell, it has found its way back again to the old chimney corner.

From the birth-place of Shakspeare a few paces brought me to his grave. He lies buried in the chancel of the parish-church, a large and venerable pile, mouldering with age, but richly ornamented.

It stands on the banks of the Avon, on an embowered point, and separated by adjoining gardens from the suburbs of the town. Its situation is quiet and retired; the river runs murmuring at the foot of the church-yard, and the elms which grow upon its banks droop their branches into its clear bosom. An avenue of limes, the boughs of which are curiously interlaced, so as to form in summer an arched way of foliage, leads up from the gate of the yard to the church porch. The graves are overgrown with grass; the grey tomb-stones, some of them nearly sunk into the earth, are half covered with moss, which has likewise tinted the reverend old building.—Small birds have built their nests in the cornices and fissures of the walls, and keep up a continual flutter and chirping; and rooks are sailing and cawing about its lofty grey spire.

We approached the church through the avenue of limes, and entered by a gothic porch,

highly ornamented, with carved doors of massive oak. The interior is spacious, and the architecture and embellishments superior to those of most country churches. There are several ancient monuments of nobility and gentry, over some of which hang funeral escutcheons and banners dropping piece-meal from the walls. The tomb of Shakspeare is in the chancel. The place is solemn and sepulchral. Tall elms wave before the pointed windows, and the Avon, which runs at a short distance from the wall, keeps up a low perpetual murmur. A flat stone marks the spot where the bard is buried. There are four lines inscribed on it, said to have been written by himself, and which have in them something extremely awful. If they are indeed his own, they show that solicitude about the quiet of the grave, which seems natural to fine sensibilities and thoughtful minds:—

Good friend, for Jesus' sake forebear
To dig the dust enclosed here:
Blessed be he that spares these stones,
And cursed be he that moves my bones.

Just over the grave, in a niche of the wall, is a bust of Shakspeare, put up shortly after his death, and considered as a resemblance. The aspect is pleasant and serene, with a finely arched forehead; and I thought I could read in it clear indications of that cheerful, social disposition, by which he was as much characterised among his contemporaries as by the vastness of his genius. The inscription mentions his age at the time of his decease fifty-three years; an untimely death for the world; for what fruit might not be expected from the golden autumn of such a mind, sheltered as it was from the stormy vicissitudes of life, and flourishing in the sunshine of popular and royal favor.

As I crossed the bridge over the Avon, on my return, I paused to contemplate its distant church, in which the poet lies buried, and could

not but exult in the malediction which has kept his ashes undisturbed in quiet and hallowed vaults.

What honor could his name have derived from being mingled in dusty companionship with the epitaphs, and escutcheons, and venal eulogiums of a titled multitude! What would a crowded corner in Westminster Abbey have been, compared with this reverend pile, which seems to stand in beautiful loneliness as his sole mausoleum! The solicitude about the grave may be but the offspring of an over-wrought sensibility; but human nature is made up of foibles and prejudices; and its best and tenderest affections are mingled with these factitious feelings. He who has sought renown about the world, and has reaped a full harvest of worldly favor, will find, after all, that there is no love, no admiration, no applause so sweet to the soul, as that which springs up in his native place. It is there that he seeks to be gathered in peace and honour among his kindred and his early friends. And when the weary heart and failing head begin to warn him that the evening of his life is drawing on, he turns, as fondly as does the infant to the mother's arms, to sink to sleep in the bosom of the scene of his childhood.

How would it have cheered the spirit of the youthful bard, when, wandering forth in disgrace upon a doubtful world, he cast back a heavy look upon his paternal home, could he have foreseen that, before many years, he should return to it covered with renown; that his name should become the boast and glory of his native place; that his ashes should be religiously guarded as its most precious treasure; and that its lessening spires, on which his eyes were fixed in tearful contemplation, should one day become the beacon, towering amidst the gentle landscape, to guide the literary pilgrim of every nation to his tomb.

THE BIRD'S-EYE FLOWER.

Tar beauty seems wrought of bright dew
That fell from the rainbow's blue
In rich drops azure and pearly;
And the lark from beside thee upspringing,
Wild love of thy sweet eye singing,
As he mounts to the white clouds curly.

Thou openest thy gaze to the morn,
Whose kiss on thine eye-lid is worn,
Whence it presseth a tear of splendour;
And a bride on her rich bed dreaming
Of the love in her blue veins streaming,
Wakes not with a glance more tender.

Beautiful being! love-star of the flowers!
Birth-mate of the daisy in primrose hours!
Blue gem of the emerald meadow!
Not more sweetly the lone poet sleepeth
O'er the eloquent thought which he weepeth,
Than thou o'er thy moonlight shadow.

TRUTH.

FRIEND, Truth is best of all. It is the bed
Where Virtue e'er must spring, till blast of doom;
Where every bright and budding thought is bred,
Where Hope doth gain its strength, and Love its bloom.

As white as Charity is single Truth,
Like Wisdom calm, like honour without end;
And Love doth lean on it in age and youth,
And Courage is twice arm'd with Truth its friend.

Oh! who would face the blame of just men's eyes,
And bear the fame of falsehood all his days,
And wear out scorned life with useless lies,
Which still the shifting, quivering look betrays.

Fer what is Hope, if Truth be not its stay?
And what were Love if Truth forsook it quite?
And what were all the sky, if Falseness grey,
Behind it, like a dream of Darkness, lay
Ready to quench its stars in endless, endless night!

LA PIAZZETTA DI SAN MARCO.

Nor a cloud had broken the deep serene that night. The face of nature was calm, and quiet, and peaceful; man alone was the disturber—man alone had been revelling in thoughtless mirth, or plunging in the depth of crime. Throughout that long night, from the rising of the first pale star of eve, till the faintest ray of the last was extinguished by the blush of morning, Galilei Galileo, from the *Campanile** in the *Piazzetta di San Marco* had watched the planets in their courses through the deep blue vault of heaven. Conviction—the solemn conviction of truth—had flashed upon his mind, that the firm earth upon which we tread was not, as the ancients had believed, a dark fixture in space, round which the sun, the moon, and all the starry host revolved, as lights created solely for the use of its vain and lordly inhabitants; but that it had a motion—a double motion—a power of its own; that, within a prescribed period, it performed one revolution round its own axis, constituting day and night; and, that in another prescribed period, it performed another revolution round the sun, from which, in common with the rest of the planets, it derived its light and heat, its “seasons and their change.” How vast, how sublime, how absorbing was this idea, when it first took full possession of his soul!

The evening, by which that night had been preceded, was lovely as the loveliest evening of Italy. All was soft, and tender, and beautiful. One of the many festivals for which Venice is famed, had filled the *Piazzetta* with dance and song, and mask and spectacle. If the sigh, the gentle glance of love, the whispered notes of ardent passion—of mirth and gaiety, and obstreperous laughter, that rent the very air—could be regarded as the criterion of happiness, the motley assemblage, by which the *Piazzetta* and all its avenues were crowded, must have been pronounced the happiest of earth's happy ones. But the unhallowed sounds disturbed not Galileo; by him they were unheeded and unheard.

At length they died away; the revellers returned to their midnight homes; the last tones of the *gondolieri*, chaunting the strains of Ariosto to the measured stroke of the oar, faded into

* The *campanile*, belfry, or tower of St. Mark's church—from which, however, it is quite detached—is about three hundred feet in height, comprehending the figure of an angel which serves as a vane. Galileo is said to have used this tower as an observatory. From its gallery, which surrounds the pyramidal summit of the structure, the prospect is enchanting: on the one side appears the city; with, as tourists tell us, all its *canals*, domes, and public edifices beneath, and the sea in the middle distance. To describe Venice without its *canals*, might be thought a palpable omission; but the fact is, that, from this, the loftiest tower in the city, not one canal is visible. From the three other sides of the *campanile* are seen the mountains of Dalmatia, Istria, and the Tyrol, with the plains of Padua and Lombardy. The staircase of this remarkable tower is of width sufficient for a person to ascend on horseback.

silence on the ear; and other scenes, and other sounds succeeded. That night, the *Consiglio di Dieci* were busy in their “den of death;” that night—that fatal night—three of the proudest nobles of Venice were dragged from their damp and pestiferous *Pozzi*, beneath the state prison in which they had been long immured—hurried over *Il Ponte dei Sospiri*—and consigned to the sword of the executioner on the giant's stairs† of *La Palazza Ducale*. Nor was this the only sacrifice of blood upon that memorable night. Six individuals, of humble birth, implicated in the crimes, real or imagined, of their superiors, were first strangled and then decapitated in succession between those antique and magnificent pillars which face the splendid palace of the Doge. Ah! could these pillars, the knowledge of whose origin had perished in the lapse of time, describe the scenes of death which they have witnessed—could they stand forth, a record of the lives and actions of the many victims by whose gore their surrounding earth has been soiled, what tales of guilt, of murdered innocence, of human misery, would they not unfold!

Loudly, deeply, solemnly, did the death-bell strike beneath the towering observatory of Galileo; but, to him, its mournful and appalling knell was as the silence of the grave: his spirit was with the stars, and the things of earth existed not for him. Morning came, and exhausted nature sank: he slept—slept profoundly—and his dreams were of other worlds.

When he awoke, the day had far advanced. The square, he observed, was full of people congregating in groups. What could have been the earthly deeds of that night, which he had passed in silent intercourse with Heaven? He descended. The windows and balconies of the Palace—of the Library opposite—of the *Loggiatta*, at the foot of the *campanile*—and of every building within view of the *Piazzetta*—were crowded with anxious and sorrowful faces: every countenance was shrouded in gloom, and from every quarter the groans of men and the wail of women arose. Five heads had successively been recognized, claimed, and removed from the *Pietra del Bando*, or Stone of Proclamation. One head—its visage blackened, its features distorted by the last pang, its dark lank hair bedabbled in the

† The giant's stairs, constituting the principal entrance to the Ducal Palace, are so denominated from two colossal statues of Mars and Neptune, placed at the top. Those statues are of white marble, the work of Sansovino, and were intended to represent the naval and military power of the state. Beneath the porticoes, to which these stairs ascend, are seen the gaping mouths of lions, formerly the receptacles of anonymous letters, informations of treasonable practices, accusations of magistrates for abuses in office, &c.—Amongst other state criminals executed on the landing-place of these stairs, where the doges took their first oath of office, was the Doge Marino Faliero—immortalized by one of Lord Byron's tragedies—in the year 1355. A fine painting from this subject, by Delacroix, was exhibited at the British Institution, in the season of 1826.

blood of the sufferer, and of his fellows—yet remained upon the stone.

From the side of the *Piazzetta*, opening to the sea, a crowd was seen advancing: a female—evidently a young and beautiful *contadinella*—pale, haggard, staggering, as it seemed, yet inspired by the energy of desperation—forced her way—passed between the pillars—(the very path taken by the Doge Marino Faliero, when, more than two centuries before, he made his ill-omened approach to the palace)—rushed towards the *Pietra del Bando*—uttered one wild shriek, and fell to the earth. She was instantly raised by Galileo; and in a few moments an ancient venerable man, his grey hair streaming in the wind, was kneeling by the side of his daughter.

In the old man, Galileo recognized Battista Paolo, a worthy tenant of his father's, in the neighbourhood of Pisa. The first step now was to remove the wretched Carlina to one of the adjoining *casinos*, where, every requisite assistance being procured, the sufferer was, after much persevering effort, restored to animation. She awoke as from some fearful vision of the night. A violent tremor shook her enfeebled frame—her eyes wandered wildly around—it was evident that reason had been dislodged from its throne by the dreadful shock which she had sustained. "Nicolo! Nicolo! oh save me, save me from that horrid sight!" were the only words that escaped her, as, shudderingly, she buried her face in her hands. Galileo, with the affection of a parent, or of a brother, watched beside her; for, though he knew not Carlina, he esteemed her good old father, and his heart was deeply touched by the misery of the scene before him. Repose and quiet were the first essentials to her recovery. That no care might be wanting, Galileo sent for Rachele, an elderly woman, who had the presiding charge of his domestic concerns. With her Carlina was left for a time, and Galileo took Battista with him to his own home. There he learned the particulars of his sad and melancholy story.

Battista's children—he had had a numerous family—were all dead—all, excepting Carlina. He had lost his wife two years before; and, since that period, Carlina had conducted his household affairs with exemplary assiduity—had managed the poultry, the dairy, and all the home concerns of the farm—had proved the entire and only solace of his declining years. The maiden had been beloved by Nicolo Polani, the industrious son of a neighbouring cottager; their faith had been mutually pledged; they were, in the course of a week, to be united for ever, and Nicolo was to assist in the management of the farm.

Unfortunately, the charms of Carlina had inspired a lawless passion in the breast of Donato, a profligate young Florentine noble, whose residence was near. He had long persecuted her, but in vain, with his suit. One evening—it was a soft and bright moonlight—Carlina was indulging in a solitary walk on the banks of the Arno, her native stream. Suddenly, Donato stood before her. The time, the seclusion of the spot,

the silence that reigned around, all favoured Donato's unhallowed purpose. Carlina endeavoured to shun him, he caught her rudely in his embrace—she struggled—screamed—and, in an instant, as though her scream had been heard by Heaven, Nicolo—Nicolo, her protecting angel, was at her side. He was returning from the labours of the field, and there he hoped—for the meeting had been agreed upon—to meet his beloved one, his betrothed. He *did* meet her, in a fortunate yet fatal moment. Donato, galled by the unlooked for interruption, hastily drew his sword and wounded him in the arm; but Nicolo, with the huge branch of a tree, which he had caught up in his path, felled the ruffian to the ground, left him dead upon the spot, and bore off his Carlina in safety to her father's home. This was all, as it were, the event of a moment. That night, and the succeeding day, Nicolo remained concealed. The report of the neighbourhood was, that Donato had been set upon by banditti and slain. To stay at Pisa must have cost Nicolo his life, for the country was up in arms, and the *shirri* were already in hot pursuit. Disguised, and under cover of the night, he fled—towards Venice, as he purposed. Weeks passed away, and no tidings of him were heard. At length a whisper reached Battista, that Nicolo had attached himself to the service of Giustiniani, the heir of the illustrious house of that name. The next rumour was, that Giustiniani, charged with treasonable practises against the state, had, with several of his domestics, and chief members of his household, been arrested and thrown into prison.

A thousand fears and apprehensions racked the bosom of Carlina. It was impossible for her to remain longer in suspense. She resolved to set out in quest of her lover, to learn the worst—if possible to restore her hopes, or to find them crushed for ever. Accompanied by her father, she left Pisa, traversed the country from Florence to Bologna, from Bologna through Ferrara, sometimes by land, and sometimes by water, till they reached Padua. There they hired a *burchiello*, and proceeded straight to Venice. On the instant of their arrival even before they had landed—they learned that a state execution had just taken place—that Giustiniani was one of the victims.

"Giustiniani!" exclaimed Galileo, with a cry of horror, "my own, my best, my dearest friend and patron!"

Now, for the first time, Galileo became acquainted with the fatal events of the preceding night. It was too true, for him, that Giustiniani, one of the best, the bravest, the most generous of Venetian nobles, had fallen; it was too true, for Carlina, had not the sight of that ghastly head before struck conviction to her heart, that Nicolo Polani his faithful servant, had also expiated his crime—if of any crime he had been guilty—with his life.

Poor Carlina had known the worst—her last, fond faithful hopes were crushed. Her senses returned; but she felt that she had nothing far-

ther to do with life. Under the care, however, of her kind and attentive nurse, Rachele, she was cautiously removed, in a litter, to the house of Galileo.

Battista returned to Pisa, for the purpose of looking after his farm, and of apprising his neighbour, Polani, of the fate of his son; intending to come back to Venice immediately, to take his daughter home so soon as her health might allow.

On the day of his second arrival in the capital, Carlina had risen to receive him. Rachele had placed her in a cool and quiet apartment, fanned by the ocean breeze, and commanding a fair and delightful prospect. Her health had somewhat improved; but the native lustre of her eye—that “mysterious light”—was quenched; her lips were bloodless, and a death-like paleness shaded her once expressive brow. Battista and his daughter had met, and embraced. Rejoicing in the reported convalescence of Carlina, Galileo had joined them; and, while he was in friendly converse with Battista, before whom refreshments had been placed, at the close of his journey, Rachele, the old housekeeper, entered to announce the return of Gazano, a courier, from Rome. He had a sealed packet, he said, which he had been charged to deliver into the hands of no one but Galileo. Rachele was, in consequence, desired to conduct him into the apartment. Gazano entered, exhausted by fatigue, and with the dust of travel still upon his clothes.

Carlina involuntarily raised her eye towards the door, at the moment a piercing shriek escaped her; it was like the shriek, but fainter, from a declension of physical strength, that she gave when her sight was blasted and her heart withered, by the gory head of Nicolo on the *Pietra del Bando*. Battista's vision glanced from Carlina to Gazano—from Gazano to Carlina—he trembled—the blood forsook his cheek—Gazano, Galileo, Battista, Rachele, all fled to the spot where Carlina had fallen. Gazano raised her quickly—wildly in his arms; strained her to his bosom—kissed her pale lips and forehead with passionate fondness—then raved in agonizing madness of the death of his Carlina—his own beloved Carlina!

The sealed packet had fallen upon the floor, and there it lay, untouched, unthought of by all. The only self-possessed individual present was Rachele; and, through her timely and considerate aid, animation and consciousness were again restored to Carlina.

Ah! what unearthly mystery was this? Had the grave given up its dead? Was it indeed her own Nicolo—her preserver—her betrothed husband—who stood clothed in the flesh before her!

The mystery was soon explained. Nicolo, the better to elude discovery, had, on his first arrival at Venice, assumed the name of Gazano Biondo. He had been employed by Galileo on a journey to Rome; and he had now brought thence a packet of much importance from his Holiness the Pope, relating to Galileo's discoveries in astronomical science.

“But the head—the head of Nicolo Polani, on the *Pietra del Bando*?” That apparition, too,

was accounted for without the aid of supernatural intervention. Jacopo Polani, the elder brother of Battista, had married and settled in a distant province. For years, there had been no intercourse between these two branches of the Polani family—they had been hardly conscious of each other's existence; yet, by a common coincidence, each of the brothers had named his first-born after his own father, Nicolo; and, by a coincidence less common, the youths, it appeared, had borne a most striking family resemblance to each other. No wonder, then, that, for once, all quick and penetrating as are the eyes of love, those of Carlina should have been deceived, after death had done its worst on the features of Nicolo, the son of Jacopo Polani, whose devoted attachment to Giustiniani had brought him to an untimely end.

What remains to be added, is that, through the intercession of Galileo, a free pardon was obtained for the surviving Nicolo—that the lovers were united—that they were happy and blessed in each other—and that they lived to see their children's children flourish around them? It is said that, even at this day, one of their descendants occupies the same little farm on the banks of the Arno, that was then occupied by Battista Paolo.

THE PARTING.

WILL you never forget—*never*? “Never!” and the rocks and the trees and the stars looked in their profound silence as listeners to the low and earnest tone; and then the springing night breeze gave a voice to the leaves and the waters that seemed to say—*we are the witnesses!*—There was none other, save the two hearts that here for the first time read in each other the history of a burning passion, and after a shorter acquaintance than is generally supposed necessary to inspire mutual attachment, plighted to each other their unchanging faith, as if it were the consummation of years of affection. There is something beautiful in the unreservedness, the unsuspecting trust with which a youthful and generous heart gives up its affections, its hopes, all its chances of happiness, to the heart of another; something which when contrasted with the well regulated, calm, calculating feelings of maturer years, seems to bring the dream of the Pythagorean philosophers even into this life, and make of the existence of man two separate beings. There may be something in the human heart to compensate for the loss of its first fresh feelings; the love given in after years may be the ore purified by the ordeal of many changes; or, perhaps, the heart does not so lean on kindred hearts for happiness or sorrow, when time has drawn it as it were out of itself in the pursuit of honours, or fame, or power, or knowledge. And kindred spirits may be, not those who together look on the beautiful sky and the flowery earth and the dreamy play of waters, and kindle their vision of romance, and draw their

plans of years of happiness—the living, thrilling happiness of youth, unshaded and unsubdued; not those who together dream the dream of holy and devoted love; but those who are linked in friendship or rivalry in the same career of ambition—those who have together looked in the arcana of worldly policy—those who are mutually necessary to each other in reaching the high places of life; and the hopes and pleasures and anticipations of other days, may be as a beautiful dream, which is forgotten in the hour of awakening or remembered without a sigh.

It was an evening late in summer, when the sweet promises of spring seem realized in the splendid garniture of the earth, and the small, pale blossoms that spring up among the meadow grass had given place to the fragrant and glowing flowers of summer, that they who had vowed by all that was sacred in heaven, or on earth, to subdue the obstacles that opposed them, and meet again, or die, clasped in one hurried caress, hands that perhaps might never again be joined, and parted. It was the very season of love, of the richness and maturity of its passion; when the still air is heavy with incense, and the flowers seem sunk in a luxurious slumber, and the stream passes with a deeper murmur, and the sky wears a darker blue, and the stars look down like the eyes of gentle spirits upon the array and magnificence of beauty. But that night the picture seemed sadder, and the pale light that silvered the deep green of the forest trees looked as if passing through a misty veil; for the heart robes nature in joyousness or gloom, and sees the very sunshine darkened when a cloud passes over the bosom. And they who were now to part, though with the consciousness of being beloved, of an affection returned with all the ardour and truth with which it was given, how much of gloom was mingled in their farewell! The possibility of never more meeting—of passing all the long, dreary years of life, their sorrows and their joys unshared; each to tread a different and distant path;—or, if they might yet meet, the long, long time that would intervene—the gloom—the anxiety—the life wearing sorrows of absence, stealing the light from the eye and the buoyancy from the spirit—and withal the task of pride to conceal the secret pang, the trembling sigh, and thoughts that leave the cheek pale—to meet, with hearts so worn and wearied with the intensity of a passion cherished in hopelessness and solitude, that the fresh and beautiful glow of early love has passed away; and the reward of undying constancy, the assurance of never again enduring the agony of parting, is received rather as a hope of rest for an overworn spirit, than as the consummation of the extatic and delicious promises of youth.

And thus they parted; there was no adieu; it would have seemed to their excited feelings the fiat of their doom to part for ever; yet it might have been said, for that long gaze into each other's eyes, and that warm pressure of the hand, was the last. A tear trembled in the lover's eye as they parted;—but the world has power to dry

up the heart's fountains, and the pride of manliness wears a stern lip and a careless brow; and he went forth to the ambition, the amusements, the distractions of earth, and the tear sunk back upon his heart—yet there was no shame in that tear—it sprung from the sorrow of deep and generous love—it was the expression of pure and unsophisticated feeling, ere earth had claimed the heart for its sacrifice.

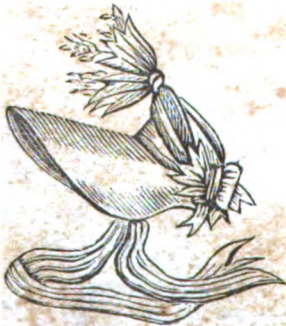
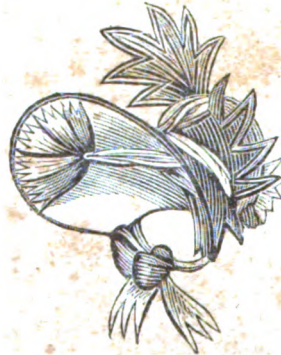
Years passed over the beautiful spot where they parted, and the rocks echoed to the sound of young voices, and light steps were on the flowers, and warm hearts and fond words were by the pleasant stream—but not theirs. They went forth alone to mingle in the false pageantries of the world—alone to stand among the beautiful greenness of summer, and call up the dreams of other days, and live over scenes hallowed in memory, and awake from the reverie to find themselves alone.

Why was it so? could vanity, or pride, or ambition, could the scorn of others, almost always in such cases insincere, break the chains that the deep affections of the heart had woven? They did not change, they who beneath the light of that summer evening, pledged the truth of fervent hearts—the flowers and sky and stream that were around them then, came back like a beautiful vision in many an after hour of loneliness and gloom—and the full and undoubting trust in each other's affection, the belief, to them the certainty, that, could they meet, it would be with the same truth and fervency of love with which they parted, that they were still to each other the centering of every fond and regretful thought. It was the melancholy solace of hearts, to whom the world of the affections, the endearments of social life, the sweet offices and soothing words of kindly intercourse, existed only in the feverish happiness of dreams, or an imagination which amid the pursuits and occupations of life continually reverted to the past, and gathered from the treasures hoarded up in memory a look, a tone, a movement, a sad or a merry glance, all hallowed by love's devotion, all softened, yet distinct and perfect, and giving to the reveries of fancy the vividness and colouring of reality.

THE SEAT OF TASTE.

By covering the tongue with parchment, sometimes in whole and sometimes in different parts, it has been determined by two experiments in Paris, M. M. Guyot and Admyraula, that the end and sides of the tongue, and a small space at the root of it, together with a small surface at the anterior and superior part of the roof of the palate, are the only portions of surface in the cavity of the mouth and throat, that can distinguish taste or sapidity by mere touch. A portion of extract of aloes, placed on any other part, gives no sensation but that of touch, until the saliva carries a solution of the sapid matter to those parts of the cavity.

LATEST LONDON FASHIONS—CAPS AND BONNETS.



MEETING SADDER THAN PARTING.

"Thou needst not thus have mock'd me
With that low, sweet voice of thine—
The days are gone for ever
When I thought to make thee mine!
Thou wouldst not thus so witchingly
Have smil'd upon me now,
Couldst thou but know how beats my heart,
And throbs my burning brow.

I know thou hast forgiven me;
Yet painful 'tis to see
A tranquil smile upon thy cheek,
Where a warm blush used to be.
Why should thy hand so readily
Be proffer'd when I come?
I loved thy former welcoming—
Thou look'dst it, and wert dumb.

We never to each other
Can be what we have been;
And I must hide my feelings 'neath
False apathy's cold screen;
But with me ever lingers
A memory of the past,
And o'er my sad futurity
Its lengthening shade is cast.

Affections have been squandered,
Once hoarded all for thee,
And now I feel how priceless is
A true heart's constancy;
And oft, in silent bitterness,
I wander forth alone,
And ponder on the joyous hours
When I was thine alone.

Then do not mock me, dear one,
With friendship's icy forms;
And do not wear that tranquil smile,
Which gleams but never warms:
'Tis better ne'er to meet thee,
Than in remorse to dwell—
My own fate is before me,
A long, a last farewell."

"I loved thee till I knew
That thou hadst loved before,
Then love to coldness grew,
And passion's reign was o'er;
What care I for the lip,
Ruby although it be,
If another once might sip
Those sweets now given to me!
What care I for the glance of soft affection full,
If for another once it beam'd as beautiful?"

That ringlet of dark hair—
'Twas worth a miser's store—
It was a spell 'gainst care
That next my heart I wore;
But if another once
Could boast as fair a prize,
My ringlet I renounce,
'Tis worthless in my eyes:
I envy not the smiles in which a score may bask—
I value not the gift which all may have who ask.

A maiden heart give me,
That lock'd and sacred lay,
Though tried by many a key
That ne'er could find the way,
Till I, by gentler art,
Touch'd the long-hidden spring,
And found that maiden heart
In beauty glittering—
Amidst its herbage buried like a flower,
Or like a bird that sings deep in its leafy bower.

No more shall sigh of mine
Be heaved for what is past;
Take back that gift of thine,
It was the first—the last:
Thou mayst not love him now
So fondly as thou didst,
But shall a broken vow
Be prized because thou bidst—
Be welcom'd as the love for which my soul doth long?
No, lady! love ne'er sprang out of deceit and wrong."

THE LOVE WATCHER.

BY M. A. BROWNE.

"Ah, Love and Hope should ever go together."—L. E. L.

A LADY sat on a lofty hill,
And she looked toward the sea;
And I marvelled, as I gazed on her,
Who could the lady be:
Her robe was snowy white—her veil
Was like the rainbow's hue;
There was a blush on her gentle cheek,
And a tear in her eye of blue.

Her hair was braided from her brow,
And an opal set in pearls,
Still varying all its trembling light,
Was in her auburn curls.
She sat and watched a brisk bark glide
Towards the farther shore;
And I saw that she was beautiful,
But I knew nothing more.

'Twas noon, and then the lady sung—
'He must have cross'd the sea;
Even now the waves are ebbing back,
And they'll bring him back to me.'
And, shading her eyes with her ivory hand,
She gazed most earnestly,
But there was not a speck to break
The line of sea and sky.

'Twas eve—the red sun in the west
Was resting on the wave,
And a sigh, that almost breathed of fear,
The gentle lady gave.
But still she watched, and tried to sing,
Though in a saddened strain,
'Oh, I remember all he swore,
I know he'll come again.'

'Twas twilight—one red lingering streak
Alone still told of day,
One trembling star was glimmering
Above the watery way,
The lady looked—oh, such a look—
So strained to pierce the dark:
Till she trusted that it was for tears
She could not see his bark.

'Twas midnight—countless stars were out—
The Heavens were calm and fair,
The moon showed all the dancing sea;
But ah, no sail was there!
The lady gave one lingering look
Across the flashing tide,
Then failed the light in her blue eyes,
And she laid her down and died!

They told me who the lady was—
Alas! 'tis ever so,
She lingers to the very last,
Then dies away for wo.
I marvel not the lady died
Thus like a wearied dove;
For they told me that her name was Hope,
And that she watched for Love.

ALBERT GALLATIN.

THIS eminent American citizen began his career as a French teacher, in the interior of Pennsylvania. Early one morning, while riding towards Philadelphia, from one of the western counties, a farmer's daughter came out of her father's house with her milk pail in her hand, and without perceiving that a stranger was near, put one hand on the fence, and with the pail in her other hand, bounded over without touching the rails. Her form was handsome, and her agility so pleased the countryman of William Tell, that he halted his horse, rode up to the house, proposed to make the maiden his bride, obtained a consent, and after placing his intended at a boarding school in Philadelphia for a short period, in due time made her Mrs. Gallatin.—*Colonial Journal.*

As to Mr. Gallatin's marriage, the above account is altogether a romance. He married, as his first wife we mean, a French lady in Richmond, Va. This was about the year 1788, and is connected with a very pleasing incident in Gallatin's life. Mr. Gallatin and his friend, a Swiss, or Frenchman, came to Richmond, wholly unknown, on some business. The Legislature was in session at the time. Gallatin and his friend applied for board at a private boarding house kept by a French lady, and where Patrick Henry, Francis Corbin, and Mann Page, distinguished men in the state, were boarding. The good lady submitted the application to the decision of the mess, who assented to the reception of the foreigners. These gentlemen formed an acquaintance with Gallatin, and a strong friendship for him. They often spoke of him, before his elevation in public life, as a man of surprising ability. The best of the story is, that the lady had two daughters; and Gallatin, before he left the city, married one, and his friend the other.

GARDEN OPERATIONS FOR LADIES.

WE would wish every lady who lives in the country, not only to be fond of botany, to collect specimens, dry them between blotting paper compressed with a bag of hot sand, and then gum them into a leger indexed according to the natural system; but we would wish them to devote a portion of every day, in favourable weather, in the open air, and in unfavourable weather, under a veranda, or in a green house, to some of the lighter operations of gardening, for health's sake, and as a means of adding a zest to their ordinary in-door enjoyments. Cutting out weeds with a light spade, which does not require stooping; stirring the surface of the earth with a light two-pronged spud, the prongs of which need not be much larger than those of a carving-fork, and the handle of willow, or poplar, or cane, not thicker than a fishing rod; and pruning, with the sliding shears, shrubs from three to seven feet high, are operations which do not require stooping, and which may be performed

during the hottest weather, by the use of a broad brimmed straw hat, or other light broad brimmed hat of any sort. Thinning out and tying up herbaceous plants and low shrubs; tying up climbers and twiners, and tying the shoots of trained trees to tellises, or to nails with eyes fixed in walls; cutting off decayed flowers, flower-stems, withered roses, and dead points of shoots and leaves—and pruning shrubs under three feet high, which require stooping, are fit operations for mornings and evenings, and for cloudy weather.

Watering is best performed in the evening; and if any lady wishes to do this in a masterly manner, she ought to have one of the rotary garden engines, fitted up with a wheel and handles like a wheelbarrow: this she may wheel along the walks; and, by an operation not too severe for a healthy young woman, and which would add greatly to the strength of her constitution, and the tranquillity of her nights, throw the water from thirty to forty feet in every direction.

We would much rather see ladies at these operations, common to all countries, than see them shifting and otherwise working with sickly hot-house plants in pots, which cannot be done well without more or less affecting the hands. The care and watering of neat little alpine plants in pots, is what most ladies are very fond of; and one of the principal enjoyments of city ladies, who know plants only or chiefly as pictures, consists in performing this operation. The plants to be presented to such amateurs, ought to be plants that require water at least once in a day, and that grow fast to require tying up, and make frequent dead leaves to require picking and dressing. The principle is something to be taken care of, and to care for and depend on us; something that requires labour, the beginning and end of all improvement and enjoyment.—*London Magazine.*

HORRIBLE SPECTACLE.

THIS day's march disclosed a horrible calamity. A large house, situated in an obscure part of the mountains, was discovered, filled with starving persons. Above thirty women and children had sunk; and sitting by the bodies were fifteen or sixteen survivors, of whom only one was a man, but all so enfeebled as to be unable to eat the little food we had to offer them. The youngest had fallen first; all the children were dead: none were emaciated in the bodies, but the muscles of the face were invariably drawn transversely, giving the appearance of laughing, and presenting the most ghastly sight imaginable. The man seemed most eager for life; the women seemed patient and resigned; and even in this distress, had arranged the bodies of those who first died with decency and care.—*Colonel Napier's History of the War in the Peninsula.*

THE INCENDIARY.

MICHAEL KOHLHAAS was a horse-dealer—or, to avoid evil associations, a horse-merchant—and he lived on the banks of the river Havel, in Brandenburg. He flourished in the sixteenth century, one of the most extraordinary epochs in the moral history of the world: but there seemed to be nothing extraordinary about Michael. He was a plain, honest, even-tempered man, about thirty years of age, in good circumstances, and blest with a fruitful wife, a noble stud, and a thriving progeny of children and horses. His honesty, indeed, was so strict and straight-forward, that it had become proverbial throughout the country, and when people wished to describe a high-principled, stout-hearted, unbending character, they would say "he is a very Michael." This fine quality, however, may go too far. Honesty in one's self is apt to beget an inordinate abhorrence of dishonesty in others. This excess, working on single-hearted and uninstructed minds, sometimes produces disastrous consequences, and it certainly made our worthy horse-dealer one of the most terrible men of his time.

"Honest Michael," as he was familiarly called, was one day journeying along the road with a string of horses behind him, which he intended to sell at Leipsic. Immersed in the speculations of profit and loss, which haunt the mind of the trader, he looked neither to the right nor to the left, neither before nor behind him; and it was with some surprise that he saw himself suddenly stopped, in the well accustomed route, by a barrier thrown across which he had never encountered before. The detention occurred at an ill-timed moment; for it had begun to rain, and the contents of the black clouds which covered the sky came down as if from buckets. With a sturdy "hollo!" he soon roused the attention of the toll-keeper, and that officer, after presenting a grim and surly visage at the window, came leisurely out to open the barrier.

"This is something new?" exclaimed Michael.

"Baronial privilege of the Knight Wenzel of Tronka," grumbled the fellow.

"What!—the old knight, then, is dead?" and Michael turned a troubled eye upon the castle, which stood by the road side, within the jurisdiction of Saxony.

"Of apoplexy," said the toll-keeper, raising the barrier. "So much the worse!" sighed Michael, "he was a worthy man, and a true friend to the honest trader. Alas! it was he who made the new road to the village, because one of my mares had broken her leg on the rascally stones. Well—well! it will not recall him to stand dripping here—what is to pay?" When the toll-keeper had mentioned the sum—

"There, old lad," continued Michael—"a word in your ear: it would have been better both for you and me if the tree which made this barrier had remained in the forest!" and drawing about him his wet cloak, he jogged on as before.

He had not proceeded far when he heard a rough voice shouting to him from the castle tower; wondering what more could be wanted with him, he stood still. The castellan, a huge and portly personage, presently made his appearance, and demanded his passport.

"My passport!" exclaimed Michael, "I have no passport."

"Then you must turn back; you cannot pass the frontiers without one."

"Look you, sir," said Michael, "I am not a stranger here any more than you. I have passed this place seventeen times before to-day, and never till now was asked for my passport. What!—is it Michael Kohlhaas the horse-dealer, whom you take to be ignorant of the barrier laws? Go to—the day is passing, and I have far to journey before night."

"You journey no further this way," said the castellan, "without producing your passport." Michael's equanimity began to be disturbed; but after a moment's reflection he dismounted, and requested to see the Knight of Tronka himself. Followed by the castellan, who scarcely smothered his contemptuous murmurs at the horse-dealer's pertinacity, he entered the court of the castle.

As Michael went up to the portal, he heard shouts of merriment from the banqueting hall, where the Knight was at table, drinking with his companions; but on the appearance of a stranger, the noise ceased for a moment, and a gaze of disdainful curiosity was turned upon his dripping figure. No sooner, however, had the trader taken advantage of the silence to commence his remonstrance against the castellan's injustice, than, at the magical word "horses," the company rose tumultuously from the table, and ran to the windows. By this time the horses were in the court, attended by Michael's servant, and surrounded by the steward and the domestics of the castle. The rain had ceased, and the smooth coats of the beautiful animals glistened as they stood pawing the ground and tossing their proud heads. The eyes of the young noblemen glistened too at the sight, and, with the permission of their host, they sallied out in a body to gaze nearer at the show.

Michael forgot the cause of his detention in the pride of a horse-dealer. His heart warmed at the commendations that were lavished on all sides: and he began to think that he might be able to sell his horses, without going so far as Leipsic. A magnificent bay courser in particular attracted the attention of the Knight of Tronka himself, while the steward was equally anxious to have a pair of fine black horses for the use of the farm. The price, however, was thought too high; or at least the Knight was not inclined to pay so much money, and the negotiation came to nothing. Michael would fain have concluded an amicable bargain, on any terms

short of absolute loss, for he had observed ominous looks of intelligence between the castellan and the steward, and was anxious to be once more upon his journey. But all would not do; and he at last saluted the company, and took hold of the reins of his horses to lead them away.

"Come, come—your passport!" growled the castellan, intercepting him.

"Sir Knight," demanded Michael, turning to Wenzel, "can it be by your orders that this unusual hindrance is thrown in the way of my lawful trade?"

"Yes, yes,"—replied the Knight, "you know you must produce your passport; speak to the castellan—I know nothing about it." The horse-dealer replied that if he had erred in neglecting to provide himself with a passport, it was done through pure ignorance, and begged indulgence for this time, promising to obtain the necessary documents at Dresden, and deliver them on his return. To this the Knight, who found it disagreeable to remain longer in the open air, on a raw and gusty day, made no objection; but the castellan demanded that at least some security should be left for the delivery of the passport, and the steward muttered that the two black horses would make as good hostages as could be desired. In vain did Michael protest against that arrangement, explaining that he should thus lose the sale of the horses; the Knight, who shivered with cold, was only anxious to get within doors; and as at the moment a shower of sleet blew in his face, he turned hastily round and retired into the castle, merely repeating "the castellan knows best."

Michael, in short, was obliged to yield; and, detaching his two beautiful black horses from the line, he led them into a stable which was pointed out to him; then, after ordering his servant to remain and take the tenderest care of them, he set forth again upon his journey. The more he thought of the strange interruption he had met with, the more he suspected its illegality; till at length, on arriving at Dresden, his doubts were set at rest by the sight of the legislative act, which proved that the pretended regulation had no existence except in the will of those who were to profit by it. What profit, however, the Knight of Tronka could derive from such an imposition, it was not easy to imagine; and Michael, concluding that it was merely one of those frolics of the privileged orders, which it was prudent for their inferiors to take as a joke, thought little more about the matter.

On returning to Tronkenburg to reclaim his horses, he placed in the castellan's hands the document which constituted the proof of their illegal detention. The castellan made no remark; but, turning on his heel, merely told him to go in, and take what belonged to him. He first inquired after his servant: the young man, it seemed, had been guilty of some impertinence, and had been expelled from the castle. Michael, wondering and troubled, was directed to a stable, which he entered with a feeling of vague uneasiness and apprehension. The first sound which

met his ear was the neighing of his horses, greeting their master's approach; but, alas, not clear and jocund as before!—and yet, without the testimony of their feeble and broken tones, he could not have recognized them. The beautiful and high-mettled coursers he had left, were now a couple of miserable jades, weak and attenuated, their bones rising in dismal relief from their emaciated bodies, and their manes falling in dirty and tangled masses about their necks!

"What has befallen my poor horses?" exclaimed Michael, struck to the heart by this spectacle of misery.

"Nothing," replied the man who had pointed out the stable; "the beasts have been fed and cared for well enough, but there were too few at the harvest work, and perhaps they have had more to do than they liked." Michael swore bitterly at this barbarity, and was about to quit hastily this den of robbers, when the portly castellan, attracted by the loudness of his voice, waddled forward and asked haughtily what was the matter?

"The matter!" exclaimed Michael—"is it not matter enough to make a man mad to have horses like mine set to the labours of the field? By whose permission did the Knight of Tronka dare to do this? only look at them!" and he struck the animals with his whip. They were too weak even to stir.

"Peasant knave!" muttered the castellan, contemptuously—"as if he ought not rather to bless his stars that the sorry jades, deserted by their keeper, have been preserved in life at all! Fellow, not a word!—not a look!—or I will hunt thee round the court with my dogs, till thou art as lean and battered as thy beasts!"

"Gracious heaven!" groaned Michael, restraining his wrath, "why do I not roll this tumbled rascal in the mud! Is it possible that, after all, he can have reason on his side, and that I, misled by passion, am unjust? What could Herman have done to cause his expulsion?—I say, sir castellan, what was the crime for which you dismissed my servant?"

"He was impertinent," retorted the other, contemptuously. Michael paused in perplexity; but the next moment the knight himself, returning from the chace, bounded into the court, followed by a train of cavaliers, servants and dogs.

"What is this disturbance about?" demanded the Knight, "and what does the fellow want?"

"It is Michael Kohlhaas, the horse-dealer," sneered the castellan, while the knightly dogs, conscious of superior rank, bayed loud and long at the plebeian—"we cannot get him to acknowledge his own cattle!" The young knight grew pale with anger.

"If the dog," said he, dismounting, "does not choose to take back his horses, let him leave them. Come, my friends, the wine waits, and you are all, I doubt not, as thirsty as I am. Gunther! Hans! within there! Come on, ye gallant huntsmen!" and, followed by his companions, he entered the portal. Michael's brow

grew black, and his lips rigid; but his voice became calm and steady.

"I will take back no horses," said he, "that are not fat and strong, and well worth thirty golden florins; for such were the horses I left here;" and so saying, he leaped into his saddle, and set out at full gallop for Dresden.

On the way, however, the indignant feelings that were boiling and fretting in Michael's mind, had time to cool; and his natural love of justice, struggling with the outer man, pulled hard at his bridle. What could have been the misconduct of his servant? How did he know that it was not such as might account for, or excuse all that had passed? Was it wise?—was it just in him to be thus scampering after redress, before investigating the cause of the injury he had sustained? The horse stopped, as if by intuition, when the mental debate had reached this point; and in another moment, Michael's back was turned upon Dresden, and his face towards his own village.*

Arrived at home, he embraced his wife and children, who rushed out joyously to greet him, and then inquired for his favourite servant, the trusty Herman. His Elizabeth turned pale and hesitated, for she had a tale to tell of wrong and cruelty. Her husband, however, was a good and moderate man, and at this moment, especially, he seemed in as favourable a mood as could be desired. She began, therefore, to relate how Herman had returned a fortnight before, weak, pale, and ghastly—how he had spit blood almost to death—and how, in reply to her questions, he could say nothing more than that he barely escaped with his life from Tronkenburg.

"How is he now?" demanded Michael, laying down his cloak.

"He is better, but still very weak! I would have sent another for the horses he left behind; but he implored me rather to leave them to their fate than to sacrifice, for their sakes, a human being, by sending him to that den of robbers: and indeed Tronkenburg has now so bad a name throughout the country, that I thought it would be well to let the matter rest till your return."

"But Herman?" said Michael calmly—"does he still keep his bed?"

"No: he is able to walk a little in the garden, and—"

"Send him here," said Michael, sitting down gravely in an arm-chair; and Elizabeth, as she left the room was about to make some comment, upon his equanimity of temper; observing, however, the growing sternness of his countenance, she withdrew her eyes, and went out in silence. For the first time in her life she felt afraid of Michael; and the children, cowering down upon the floor, looked at their father in silent dismay.

"Herman!" demanded Michael, as the young man entered, "what is this mischief you have done at Tronkenburg? Speak!" he continued

in a louder key, for Herman remained silent. A sudden flush crossed the pale face of his servant, who was obliged to support himself by leaning against the wall.

"Your displeasure, master, is just," said he; "methought I was prompted by heaven itself, to set fire to the strong hold of these Saxon robbers, but at the moment I heard a cry—the cry of a young child—and the match dropped into the Elbe."

"What had you done?" repeated Michael, "that is the question. What did you to provoke them?"

"I refused to let the horses go to field labour. I told them they were young—that they had never been in harness."

"There you told them an untruth. The horses, you know very well, were in harness last spring; and being in some sort a guest at the castle, you might, at least, have shown yourself willing to help them in with the harvest."

"I did so, master," cried Herman; "I knew it would do no great harm to beasts in such condition as our's, and on the third day they brought in three waggons of corn." Michael's chest was now seen to heave with some suppressed feeling, but he bent his eyes upon the ground to conceal their meaning.

"The castellain and steward counselled me," continued Herman, "to feed the horses on the rank grass of the common, and pocket the money I received from you for their support. I turned my back upon them in contempt, that was my offence."

"Then, at least, you left the castle of your own accord? You were not driven away by force?"

"You shall hear. On the evening of the same day, two visitors arrived, and my horses were turned out of the stable to make way for theirs. When I asked the castellain where else to house them, he shewed me the pigsty."

"Something like a pigsty, you mean," suggested Michael, hastily.

"Pardon me; I mean a place where hogs were at the moment wallowing in filth."

"Well—well; I dare say they had no alternative. It is not strange that the castellain should have wished to lodge the visitors' horses in the better place of the two."

"Nevertheless, had you been there, master," said the young man, in a subdued voice, for he was chagrined and disconcerted by Michael's coolness; "you would have seen room enough to lodge them all in the stable. I then wished to put them up in the village; but I was told that the horses were not permitted to leave the castle."

"And what said you to that?"

"Nothing. We did as well as we could in the pigsty."

"Indeed! then you did not find it quite so bad as you expected?"

"No; for I cleaned it thoroughly, bribed the day keeper to remove his pigs, and, during the day time, took off the roof, that my poor beasts might be able to stand on their legs. Alas, if you had

* Now the city of Pottodam, where a bridge over the Havel is still called Kohlhaasenbruck, in memory of the horse-dealer.

only seen them stretch their necks over the tiles, and open their nostrils, as if sighing after their own snug stable at Kohlhaasenbruck!"

"Still, my poor fellow," said Michael, apparently softened by the picture his man had drawn, "why were you turned out of the castle?"

"That is just what I am going to tell you. One day, when I was taking the horses to the pond, I heard a hallooing in the rear, and presently the castellan, steward and servants rushed out of the portal, and swept down upon me like a legion of devils. 'Where are you going, fellow?' bawled the master-fiend, seizing hold of my bridle. 'To water my horses,' replied I. 'To water your horses!' cried he—'O villain—and on the road to Brandenburg!' Then, by a sudden jerk of my leg, he laid me sprawling in the mud. 'Devils all!' shouted I; 'what means this? If I wanted to escape, think you I would have left behind me, in your den of thieves, my saddles and harness?' But it was in vain to remonstrate: the castellan led back the horses, and the servants fell upon me with sticks and whips, till I fell almost dead at their feet. When I got upon my legs again, I staggered after them as well as I was able. 'Rudians!' cried I, 'what are you going to do with my horses?'—but for answer, the castellan let slip the dogs upon me. I could not have defended myself long against such odds: but, by the time that three of them were disabled and gasping on the ground, the rest were called in, the gates shut, and I, exhausted with fatigue and loss of blood, fell senseless on the highway."

"Herman!" said Michael, agitated even to trembling, "it was, perhaps, thy wish to return home. Come tell me, my good lad. Why not honestly confess it? There was no harm in it—I am not angry with thee—it was but natural to prefer thy own warm stable at Kohlhaasenbruck to a pig-stye at Tronkenburg. Heh?"

"God in heaven!" cried Herman indignantly, while his eyes flashed fire, "did you not hear that I left behind the saddles and harness? But, even if I cared not for your goods and chattels, think you I should have forgotten to bring my own linen, and three golden florins which were tied up in a handkerchief behind the crib? Hell and the Devil! a few more such doubts would make me turn back and light another match."

"Peace, peace, Herman!" said Michael, calmly; "I believe you—that is enough. Get you to bed, my poor fellow, and I will send you a bottle of wine to console you. Redress shall be my business."

Michael's first step was to draw up a memorial detailing the injuries suffered by himself and servant, which he carried in person to Dresden. There he engaged in his cause one of the first advocates, obtained a promise of the good offices of many influential persons, to whom he was recommended by his well established character for probity; and, at last, after having deposited a considerable sum of money in the proper quarter, for the expences of the process, returned once more with a light heart to his family.

Months passed on, and the last sands of the year were almost run, before any news of his process reached him. Michael was quietly employed about his usual affairs; and any body would have imagined, from his calm brow and clear blue eye, that the affair had entirely passed from his thoughts. Michael, however, was not one of those who forget; and when at last a letter reached him from his advocate, he sat down to his table and opened it eagerly, not doubting a favourable result. The letter, however, informed him that his complaint was dismissed, *because* the Knight of Tronka was related to the Lords Max and Hugo of Tronka, of whom one was chamberlain, and the other cup-bearer to the Elector of Saxony. The advocate counselled him to go to Tronkenburg, get back his horses, and give up all further judicial proceedings; a step, he added, the more advisable, as the knight at this moment, appeared to be willing to make restitution; and the man of law concluded by requesting, in the event of his client's declining to suffer the matter so to rest, to be allowed himself to decline all further intervention. Michael was at this time at Brandenburg, whither he had brought his servant, Herman, to try the efficacy of the baths. The commandant of this town, to whom he was known, on hearing the circumstances was filled with indignation. He advised him to apply directly to the Elector of Saxony, and transmit to him not only a memorial of the case but the advocate's letter, thus exposing the corruption to which his enemy had had recourse. Michael cheerfully followed this advice, regretting much that he had not applied in the first instance to the Prince himself; and, after taking the necessary steps, returned, with improved hopes of success to his native village.

He was chagrined to learn, however, some weeks after, from an advocate passing through Kohlhaasenbruck, that the Prince Elector had placed the affair in the hands of his Chancellor Count Kallheim; who, instead of proceeding at once in the pursuit and punishment of the Knight of Tronka, had sent for informations relative to the case, to the tribunal of Dresden.

"Dresden again!" cried Michael; "why, in God's name?" "Why"—but the advocate was in a hurry to pursue his journey, and in reply only muttered something which sounded like a *because*, followed by an obscure intimation that Count Kallheim was allied, by marriage to the house of Tronka.

Michael, in whose quiet and regular life, the adventure at Tronkenburg had for a time appeared to be but an episode, troublesome, it is true, but brief and inconsequential, had, by this time, no other business in the world. One by one his faculties had been drawn into the vortex until his whole mind became absorbed; his farm was neglected; his horses forgotten; and his wife and children were like strangers around him. He now petitioned the court of justice at Berlin, but his last hopes were destroyed by the return of Herman from Brandenburg, who

brought an answer to his memorial and a letter from the commandant. The letter briefly stated the sorrow of the writer at being unable to render the assistance he expected, and counselled him, as the advocate had done before, to take back his horses, and say nothing more about the matter. As for the answer of the court it declared the complaint to be wholly groundless, inasmuch as the Knight of Tronka did not contest the prosecutor's right to the horses; and he was desired to avoid troubling the tribunal for the future with charges so trifling and vexatious. Michael trembled with rage on reading this document. Up to this instant he had entertained hopes that the affair might be settled in a manner honourable to public justice and satisfactory to himself; but it seemed now as if something more was wanting to him than the mere satisfaction of his lawful claims; and when his spirit threw itself, with a gloomy fierceness, into the future, he almost dreaded lest some offer of indemnification, on the part of the Knight of Tronka, should still arrive, to baffle those claims to justice which had already begun to identify themselves in his troubled mind with the hope of revenge. The fear was vain, however; for he soon heard, from a neighbour, that his horses were still employed, in common with all the others at the castle, in field labour. And from this intelligence, which irrevocably fixed his belief in the utter disorganization of civil society, he derived a gratifying apology for the morbid vehemence of his own feelings.

One day, while pacing gloomily across his cottage-floor, with his family around him, who were paying hospitable attentions to a neighbour, Michael turned suddenly to his visitor, who was the bailiff of the district, and a man of some wealth.

"What will you give me," said he, "for my Brandenburg and Saxon property, my house, my farm, every thing in one lot?" Elizabeth grew pale at these words, and threw a look of anguish on her children, who were playing around her.

"That is a strange question, my good friend," said the bailiff, with surprise.

"Strange! not at all," replied Michael, gaily; "Kohlhaasenbruck is not the world; there is room for honest men elsewhere. You must understand, my worthy friend, that Michael Kohlhaas was not born to remain a horse-dealer all his life!" At these words the bailiff, who had nothing more at heart than the increase of his landed property, sat down at the table, and, without more words, took hold of a sheet of paper which Michael presented to him. This contained a contract, with blank spaces for the names and sums, which agreement was to take effect at the expiration of four weeks: and having read it, Michael pressed him anew to make an offer, saying that there was no time to be lost.

The bailiff having objected that he could not estimate the value of the house at Dresden which he had never seen, Michael said at once that it should be included at half the price it cost him,

and that every thing he possessed should be the purchaser's, excepting his horses and arms.

The bailiff took the pen and filled up the blanks in the contract; but instead of purchasing the property on terms so singularly disadvantageous to his friend, he had the generosity to substitute a provisional agreement, in the form of a loan and security, which should not be deemed a sale and purchase for two months; before which period Michael was to be at liberty to draw back if he chose. The horse-dealer, touched with this proceeding, grasped him warmly by the hand, and after it had been arranged that a fourth part of the money should be paid down, and the rest in bills at three months on the Bank at Hamburg, wine was set on the table, and they drank success to the bargain. Michael having told his servant to saddle his horse, began to speak of the Turks and Poles, who were then at war. He entertained his guest for some time with the politics of the day; and after the latter had taken another glass to the success of his friend's projects—not a little wondering what they could be—he took his leave.

Elizabeth, who had hitherto concealed her distress and her apprehension under the semblance of attention to household matters, sometimes going out of the room, and sometimes hurrying back, as if in sudden alarm, no sooner found herself alone with her husband than she threw herself on her knees before him, and besought him to tell her the meaning of this strange resolution.

"My dear wife," said Michael, "in order to save you much useless affliction, I have hitherto forbore to tell you that the tribunal has declared my complaint to be foolish and vexatious. There is no doubt some misconception here; and I am determined to go myself, to clear up the matter, and demand justice in person."

"But why sell our house?" said Elizabeth, rising. Michael pressed her tenderly to his bosom.

"Would you have me remain," said he, "in a country where my rights are trampled under foot—where I am spurned like a dog by rapacious nobles and corrupt ministers of justice? Would you, my Elizabeth?" "Alas!" replied she, "how know you with certainty they are unwilling to render you justice? How know you that the Prince has even heard of your hard case? If you approach him with humility, and present your supplication for redress, he is too good a man to deny you justice!"—

"Well! well! my dear wife," rejoined Michael, more calmly, "allowing my fears to be groundless, I shall still be in time to get back houses and land according to the contract. I know well that the Saxon Prince is kind hearted and just; and if I am only fortunate enough to get into his presence, I have no doubt that I shall obtain satisfaction, and return in a few days, never more to leave you. A wise man, however, always prepares himself for the worst; and I must intreat, in the meantime, that you retire with our children to your relations at Schwerin."

"To Schwerin!" cried Elizabeth, almost gasp-

ing with terror, "to the frontiers with my children!" "Doubtless," said Kohlhass; "and on the instant—for the step I meditate will brook no delay."

"I understand you!" exclaimed his agonized wife, "you have no need now but of arms and horses—oh, my husband!" and Elizabeth dropped almost fainting on a chair. Michael strode across the room with rising emotion; but ere long, said sorrowfully, yet severely, as if pursuing his own thoughts—

"God has hitherto blessed me—greatly blessed me in my wife and children; and am I now to be compelled to wish that it had been ordered otherwise?"

Elizabeth, heart-struck at the reproach, threw herself into her husband's arms.

"Tell me," said he, kissing her pale brow, "thou guiding angel of my life, what wouldst thou have me do? shall I go to Tronkenburg, and on my knees beg my horses from that haughty knight?" Elizabeth dared not say yes; she bent down her head, while her tears fell fast, and pressed him in silent sadness to her faithful bosom.

"If you feel," said Michael, with returning firmness, "as I trust you do, that it is my duty as a man to seek for, and obtain redress, grant me also the liberty of choosing my own way;" then rising, he ordered the groom, who came to tell him that his horse was ready, to prepare to conduct his family to Schwerin on the following day.

"Hold! a thought strikes me," cried Elizabeth, wiping her now sparkling eyes as she seized her husband's arm—"I will *myself* go to Berlin, and present your memorial to our own gracious Prince!" Michael, strongly affected by this proof of devotion, took her anew in his arms.

"Dearest wife!" said he, "it is impossible! Our Prince is too thickly hedged round with guards and courtiers for such as we are to break the circle."

"Not so," said she, eagerly; "trust me Michael, it will open at a woman's gentle bidding, when a man might shout in vain. Give me the memorial, and I pledge myself that it shall reach his hands!"

Michael, who well knew the courage and prudence of his wife, was at last persuaded, although not without some difficulty, to give his consent to her undertaking the adventure; and on the same day she set out for Berlin in a good calash, attended by a faithful servant.

This journey of Elizabeth proved, however, the most disastrous of all the steps taken by Kohlhass in this unhappy affair. Not many days after her departure, the calash returned to the village, slowly led by Sternbald, the groom, and containing on a mattress the unfortunate Elizabeth, apparently at the point of death. She had received an injury on her breast from the butt-end of a soldier's halberd, while endeavouring to force her way through the guards to the Prince on the parade.

Such was the account which Sternbald had gathered from those who brought her back senseless to the inn. It was in vain to question the hapless woman herself; although restored next day to apparent consciousness, she lay with fixed eyes and closed lips upon the bed, unable, or perhaps unwilling to utter a word. It was too evident to her agonized husband that ere long she would be released by death from all earthly troubles; her hitherto fixed eyes began to wander; the shadows of a thousand struggling thoughts flitted across her death-like, but still comely and expressive features; for a time she gazed piteously at her husband—then turned again to listen earnestly to the consolations of the Lutheran minister whose creed she and her husband had zealously embraced. Suddenly, with an eager glance and a convulsive effort, she stretched out her feeble arm, took the Bible from his hand, and turned over the leaves with a trembling hand. Her failing eyes lighted up again as she found the passage she had sought, and pointed out to Michael the verse where it is written—"Forgive thine enemies, do good even unto them that persecute thee." Raising her head with a sudden effort, she faintly pressed his hand; then fixed upon him a deeply tender and imploring look, fell back upon her pillow and expired. "*May God never forgive me!*" muttered Michael, bending in agony over the body, "if ever I forgive the Knight of Tronka for his misdeeds to me and mine!" Then closing the eyes of the beloved partner of his life, he kissed her cold lips, and quitted the room with tearless eyes, clenched teeth, and with a leaven working in his spirit, which soon wrought a fearful change in his hitherto peaceful and upright character.

Claiming instantly the money which his neighbour had contracted to lend him on the property at Dresden, Michael ordered a funeral for his wife that would have served for a princess. The coffin was of oak, adorned with metal, and lined with cushions of silk, fringed with gold lace. A grave of unusual depth was dug under his own eyes, while he and his weeping little ones walked round it. When the day of the funeral arrived, the body, shrouded in snow-white linen, was carried into a room hung with black, where the sorrowing pastor of the Lutheran flock pronounced over it a deeply affecting discourse. At this moment a rescript was delivered to Michael from the tribunal at Berlin, in reply to the memorial left there by his wife, which had been picked up on the parade and given to the Prince. The decision was to this effect—that, under penalty of imprisonment, the horse-dealer should immediately bring home his horses from Tronkenburg, and drop all farther proceedings.

Without uttering a word, Michael put up the letter, and ordered the funeral to proceed. The body was then placed in the coffin, and conveyed on a car to the place of interment. This last duty over the unhappy man threw himself once more on his now lonely bed, and there again he muttered his oath of vengeance. After a vain attempt to sleep, he started from his couch, and

drew up a resolution, by which, in virtue of his own natural right and might, he summoned the Knight of Tronka to bring back in person, and in five days from that date, the two black horses to Kohlhaasenbruck, and there to tend and feed them until they were restored to their originally fine condition.

The letter was dispatched by a trusty messenger, but the five days elapsed without bringing either horses or reply. Michael then called Herman into his presence, and showing him a copy of what he had written, enquired whether he was willing to accompany him to the castle to teach the knight his duty to his fellow creatures. Herman, comprehending well the meaning of the question, threw his bonnet joyfully into the air, and declared, with a grim smile, that he was ready and willing.

Michael having concluded the sale of his farm, and seen his children set out, well escorted, for Schwerin, called the rest of his men around him, to the number of seven, all stout men and true, and set out that evening at their head, all being well armed and mounted, for Tronkenburg.

When the party had journeyed as far as the small town of Juterbock, they were reminded by the appearance of a crowd at the entrance, and by the sound of tumultuous shouts mingled with music, that a fair was held that day in the town. As they drew near they separated, in order to avoid observation, agreeing to meet at the farther end of the line of houses; and Michael, pre-occupied with painful thoughts, instead of skirting round the sides of the crowd, rode on mechanically, until he found himself altogether impeded and hemmed in by a dense mass of people, attracted by a gipsy woman of middle age, who was mounted on a wooden stool, from whence she promulgated the decrees of fate, receiving for her trouble the current coin of the country in all its denominations. The costume of the women was alike filthy and fantastic, and the quick flash of her deep black eyes seemed to fascinate with magic power the duller orbs of the spectators. Among the latter, Michael now observed two individuals approaching, who appeared to be persons of high rank, for at their approach the townsmen and peasantry fell back, seemingly divided in their homage between the spiritual and temporal powers before them. The noble strangers, who were in the spring time of their youth and gladness, came on laughing at the credulity of the multitude, and, like the unbelievers of old, demanded from the prophetess some token of her power, Michael was too far off to hear distinctly her reply, although he could see all that passed from the back of his tall charger, and was himself the most conspicuous figure in the assemblage. The answer of the sorceress was received by the young knights with loud merriment, and echoed by the crowd in tones indicative alike of expectation and credulity. Its meaning, however, was imperfectly understood by Michael, for it referred to a matter of local interest. It was known

to all the town that a roebuck had been fattened in an inclosure of the adjacent park, expressly for the Prince's table, and this animal was looked upon accordingly, by the ignorant people, as some sacred victim destined for the blood offering of a divinity. The dark-eyed sybil had, it appeared, predicted to the young knights, in evidence of her supernatural power, that this roebuck should appear forthwith before them in the market place, and to prove the absurdity of this prediction, one of the knights, who was, indeed, no other than the Prince of Brandenburg himself, sent off an attendant at full gallop with orders to have the animal instantaneously killed for the table. The prophetess, nothing daunted, went on to answer the Prince's ironical interrogatories regarding his fate; and the responses appeared to be favorable from the shouting of the attendants, and the shower of money which descended upon the lucky sybil. The other knight, however, who was no other than the Elector of Saxony, did not appear to be so fortunate. An air of mysterious reluctance, mingled with rising horror, became so visible on the gipsy's features, that the voices of the crowd died away into silence, and her reply was distinctly audible to the whole circle.

"I may not," said she, "I dare not give utterance to the thought which is born within me; but on this paper will I write the name of the last prince of your line, and the days of the years he has yet to number ere he shall be deprived of his inheritance." She then wrote something hastily on a small piece of paper, which she carefully folded; but when the prince eagerly attempted to snatch it from her hands, she drew back with a fearful shriek. "Not to thee, O prince!" she cried, "not to thee! *There is one destined to keep the secret of thy fate. Him, I mean, on the tall horse, with a feather in his cap, and the scowl of death upon his brow.*"

Leaping down from her elevated stand, she darted through the astonished multitude, who gave way on all sides, until she stood before Michael. Seizing his bridle, she fixed her potent gaze upon the startled horse-dealer, and exclaimed, "*There Kohlhaas, is a charm of wondrous power! Keep it if thou wouldst prosper—keep it if thou wouldst live!*" In silent wonder, as he received the talisman, the astonished Michael gazed upon her; but recollecting the important object to which he was pledged, and the possible effects of this ill-timed notoriety, he pushed forward his horse, and endeavoured to find a passage through the crowd. On one side, however, he was stopped by the Saxon prince himself, who was pressing eagerly towards the prophetess, and on the other by a new and unexpected disturbance. The crowd opened and retreated hastily before an enormous dog, which, with the bleeding carcass of the roebuck in his mouth, rushed across the market-place. Stopped by the crowd, and terrified by the screams of the women, the animal dropped his prey at the prince's feet, while Michael, seeing now a clear passage through the retreating crowd, dashed

onward through the town to rejoin his companions.

On the third evening after the departure of Michael and his band, the castle of Tronkenburg presented a scene of not unwonted festivity. Lights glittered in the windows, torches flared in the court below, and shouts of merriment were resounding from the banquetting-hall, when the horse-dealer and his men galloped up to the portal, rode over the warders, and entered the castle-yard.

The lord of Tronka had that night been feasting a party of his riotous associates; and when the wine mounted into their brain, and their hearts were merry within them, he had produced as a thing truly worthy of patrician laughter the horse-dealer's letter. The quaintness of the style, together with the sublimity of presumption which the whole document implied, were wittily commented upon, and the laugh of scorn was at its height, when suddenly the loud tramp of horses was heard from the castle-yard, and the vociferous merriment of the assembled nobles died away into feeble whispers. A long and fearful screen now smote upon their ears, a deadly paleness overspread the haughty features of the Knight of Tronka, and each of the revellers gazed in breathless terror at his neighbour. The sounds from the court, which had thus startled them, suddenly ceased; and the company began to breathe again as they fancied that the noise had been distorted by their own imaginations into something german to the matter of their thoughts. The next moment however a column of fire shot up before the windows, and seemed to envelop the lofty hall in a sheet of flame. Shrieks were heard from a distant part of the castle, then a groan from the court below, followed by a sound from an adjoining staircase, which seemed like the plashing of blood, and at the very door of the hall was now heard the tramp of many feet, and the terrible exclamation of "MICHAEL THE HORSE-DEALER!" which became thenceforward for a long period the signal of panic and desolation throughout protestant Germany.—The noble revellers started up as if at the sound of the last trumpet; the cloth was torn in frantic terror from the table, and every light extinguished: some threw themselves from the windows into the court, others retreated by a door into the interior of the castle; and when Michael rushed into the hall, lighted to his vengeance only by the now fitful blaze of the fire below, although his sword drank blood at every swoop, he discovered with the rage of a baffled tiger that the prey he had marked for his especial vengeance was too probably beyond his reach.

The Knight of Tronka, winged by terror, and aided by his knowledge of the interior of the castle, found his way by a secret staircase to a sally-port on the Elbe, and escaped in his boat from present danger.

The castellan and steward were less fortunate; for when Michael descended into the

court, their bleeding bodies fell from a window at his feet, amidst the shrieks of their wives and children, and the triumphant shouts of Herman.

By this time the whole castle was in flames, and as the fire was about to catch the stable, one of the grooms, with the instinct of his class, ran to save the horses. As he passed, Michael caught him by the throat, and pitching the key of the stable over the walls, commanded him to leave the knight's horses to their fate, and to save his. The shed in which the latter were rather imprisoned than stabled, was just in contact with the flames when the lad reached it, who led out the two miserable jades, and presented them to their master. The shouts of approbation which the command had elicited from Michael's followers, were succeeded by sudden silence at this spectacle. Michael, however, looked calmly at the animals for a moment, as if disdaining to betray his feelings; but soon a slight convulsion passed over his features, and spurning the groom with his foot, he turned away and sat down in silence by the gate of the castle.

In the morning this proud baronial edifice was nothing more than a heap of ruins. The peasantry gathered round from all quarters to gaze upon the spectacle—some with wonder, but almost all with fierce exultation; and of these Michael hired the most efficient to act as foot soldiers, in concert with his mounted followers. Having in this manner organized a band, far more imposing in numbers than his own, he drew up, after the fashion of commanders-in-chief, a manifesto, which he caused to be distributed round the country. This document stated the grievous cause of the just and deadly feud which he waged against the Lord of Tronka, and forbade all persons to harbour the God-forsaken knight under pain of confiscation and death. Michael then sat down upon the ruins and remained alone until mid-day, meditating how he should best accomplish that revenge which he called natural justice.

At this time intelligence was brought to him by Herman, who had been engaged in scouring the country and dispersing Michael's manifesto, that the knight had taken refuge in the neighbouring nunnery of Erlabrunn, on the banks of the Mulda, the Abbess of which, Antonia of Tronka, was the fugitive's aunt. Michael immediately started from his reverie, and marched, at the head of his desperados, upon the sacred edifice. Understanding that his manifesto had been delivered here with proper form, he summoned the frail garrison; and presently the venerable Abbess came forth, bearing a silver crucifix, and followed by her nuns, and knelt down in meek supplication at his horse's feet. "Where is the Knight of Tronka?" demanded Michael, sternly.

"At Wittemberg," replied the trembling Abbess.

The avenger raised himself in his stirrups, and pointed with a withering look towards the open door. More than one of his band put themselves

in readiness to spring from their horses, and fulfil the understood command, when the Abbess, with a voice almost unintelligible from terror, declared that the mandate of Kohlhaas had not reached her until after the departure of her relation. This was confirmed by one of his own followers, and Michael, without another word, turned his horse, and crying out—"For Wittenberg!" galloped off. At the dawn of the next day they entered a little inn on the high way, where it was necessary, on account of the fatigue of the horses, to remain for some hours. There Michael, reflecting that it would be vain to attack such a place as Wittenberg with a handful of men, published a second manifesto, in which he detailed more fully the grievous wrongs he had sustained, declared the Knight of Tronka the common enemy of all upright men, and called upon every friend of justice, religion, and patriotism, to join his cause. The peace with Poland had, at this time, thrown out of employment a number of those unquiet spirits whose only trade is war; while the fanaticism which prevailed at that period, and the political discontent which is never wholly wanting at any time, contributed as largely to swell the ranks of the incendiary, and when at length he arrived on the right bank of the Elbe, with the intention of burning the town of Wittenberg to the ground, his followers mustered above thirty men. He retired for the rest of the day into a forest, where he concealed his band in a ruinous barn. At midnight a spy, whom he had sent into the town, returned with the intelligence that his manifesto was already public there; and Michael, quitting his ambush, rushed suddenly down upon Wittenberg, where he fired the suburbs at several points, and the sleeping inhabitants were roused by the conflagration of nineteen houses.

Michael's first step was to post a notice upon the door of a church, in which he declared that the sole object of his attack was the Knight of Tronka; and that, unless that wicked and cruel man was delivered up to him, he would continue to fire the town till there should be no longer a wall left to conceal him. The real force of the assailants was unknown, and for a time no one thought of resistance. At length the authorities, regaining self-possession, dispatched a troop of fifty men, who were, however, entirely discomfited by the horse-dealer's band, and their leader, Gerstenberg, was slain.

Enraged by the loss of several men, Michael again set fire to the town on the following morning, and took his measures so well that many houses, and almost every barn in the suburbs were consumed. The daring incendiary then affixed a paper to the walls of the Town-Hall itself, detailing his victory over the garrison; which so enraged the intendant, that he mustered a second force of one hundred and fifty men, and sallied forth to attack Kohlhaas, after placing a guard over the panic struck Knight of Tronka, who had besought his protection, not only from Michael, but from the fury of the people, who

loudly demanded that the fugitive should be sent away from Wittenberg.

The incendiary had the prudence to shun an encounter. He retired several miles, with the apparent intention of retreating in the direction of Brandenburg; but, after thus misleading his pursuers, he suddenly returned to Wittenberg, no longer protected by its garrison, and set fire to it for the third time. The flames, carried by a fierce north wind, spread with inconceivable rapidity, and in a few hours forty-two houses, two churches, several convents and schools, were reduced to ashes. The intendant, discovering the snare into which he had fallen, returned to the town, which he found in the utmost disorder. The populace, maddened with rage, and armed with beams and hatchets, were assembled before the residence of the Knight of Tronka, whom they loudly called upon to leave the town without delay. To these were vainly opposed the burgo-masters and all the magistracy in their robes of office, who besought the multitude to wait for the return of an express that had been sent to Dresden, to obtain permission to send thither the Knight of Tronka. The populace, however, would hear no counsels but those of violence; and, when the intendant returned at the head of his troops, were about to demolish the house.

The intendant having succeeded in calming them, partly by intimidation, and partly by the exhibition of two of the incendiaries, whom he had brought with him in chains, entered the house and sought the knight, whom he found fainting in extremity of fear. With a look of undisguised contempt, he ordered the effeminate noble to dress and follow him, for greater safety, into the town prison. The latter, still trembling with illness and terror, having donned his doublet and helmet, at length ventured out into the street, leaning on the arm of the Count of Gerschen, his brother-in-law. The people were with difficulty restrained from violence by the military, overwhelming him with imprecations, and telling him that his presence was a curse to the good town of Wittenberg, and that he was a disgrace to Saxony. While the knight was placed in temporary safety in a strong tower of the prison, the express arrived from Dresden with dispatches which threw the intendant into a new embarrassment. In compliance with the pressing petition of the citizens of Dresden, who already anticipated the approach of the incendiaries, the court determined that the knight should remain where he was, but intimated that, to avenge the good town of Wittenberg, Prince Frederick of Meissen was about to march against Kohlhaas with a force of five hundred men. This the prefect saw clearly would have little effect in satisfying the people; for the midnight war, waged by the incendiaries, with straw, pitch, and sulphur, was likely to baffle a much more considerable force than that of the Prince of Meissen. He resolved, therefore, to conceal the resolution of the court respecting the disposal of the Knight of Tronka, and merely to pub-

lish the approach of the Prince against Michael. The next morning at the break of day, a closed carriage was seen to leave the town prison, escorted by four horsemen, well armed, who took the road to Leipsic; and the people, satisfied that they had at last got rid of their dangerous guest, ran in crowds to gaze at the approaching troops of the Prince of Meissen.

Michael, meanwhile, found himself in a perilous situation; at the head of only one hundred men, threatened on one side by the Wittenberger garrison, and on the other by the Prince. His band, however, was well armed, of tried valour, and in those desperate circumstances when boldness becomes prudence; and he determined to try the chance of battle without delay. On the same night he attacked the Prince of Meissen at Muhlberg, and, after three hours' fighting, defeated him completely. He then turned round against the Wittenberg troops, upon whom he fell abruptly in broad day-light, and in an open country. The loss on both sides was equal, and the battle raged until night, when the Wittenberg commander retreated, under cover of the darkness, to Wittenberg.

Five days later, Michael Kohlhaas was before Leipsic, and the town was blazing on three sides. In the manifesto which he issued on this occasion from the castle of Lutzen, he described himself as the vicegerent of the archangel Michael, and as one commissioned to punish with fire and sword all cruelty and injustice. He called upon the people of all ranks to join him in the reform of all worldly matters, and the document was dated in a style of extravagance which shows the effect which rapid success had had upon the excited mind of the incendiary—"Given from the seat of our provisional government, the castle of Lutzen."

In the mean time, the stratagem of the intendant of Wittenberg, in giving out that the Knight of Tronka had left that town, to take refuge in the castle of Pleissenburg at Leipsic, had taken full effect. It was in vain that the magistrates at the latter place published every where declarations that the knight was not there, for the incendiary declared in turn that he would at least force them to point out the place of the fugitive's retreat. The Prince of Saxony was greatly incensed at the trick of the intendant, which thus directed all the fury of the incendiary upon Leipsic, and caused great panic throughout Saxony; and he determined to take the field against Michael in person with two thousand men.

Before, however, he had commenced his march, a new manifesto of Michael appeared, which declared that the knight had taken refuge with his cousins, Max and Hugo, at Dresden, and called upon his desperate followers to advance upon the capital, where the intelligence promptly arrived, and occasioned indescribable alarm. Michael now appeared to consider himself the agent of the offended Deity. The original impressions of foul injustice still remained deeply rooted in his mind, but his actions were

more the result of circumstances than of thought. His love of order and justice remained, however, the same; the crimes which he himself provoked by the temptations thrown in the way of his ignorant followers, were punished without mercy, and their disposition to lawless violence checked by an unsparing application of capital punishments. Austere and recluse in his habits, he commanded the devotion of his men only by his success; he took counsel of no one; he rarely mingled with his people, but glided silently out and in at night-fall to give rapid orders, or carry them into still more rapid effect.

One evening, on returning to the castle, after having superintended in person the execution of two of his band, his eye was caught by a broad paper posted on the gate. The document ran thus: "Michael Kohlhaas! Thou who givest out that thou art commissioned of Heaven to bear the sword of justice—art thou not rather a child of the devil, and full of all subtlety and mischief, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot! What! because the earthly power to which thou art subject hath not supported in thy cause a worthless matter, thou arimest thyself with fire and sword, and goest forth like a pestilence, to waste and destroy. Halt, I say unto thee, in thy mad career, and humble thyself before the powers and principalities of this world, which are ordained of heaven itself. What says the Book of Life? 'Recompense to no man evil for evil; avenge not thyself, but rather give place unto wrath.' Who have refused thy complaint? the counsellors and advocates of the court perhaps—but assuredly not the anointed ruler against whom thou hast drawn the sword of rebellion. What wilt thou say, O fool, if I tell thee, that the Prince knew not even of thy existence. If, at the day of judgment, thou shouldst appear before God to complain against him, he will be able to answer, 'Lord, I did no ill to this man; his very existence was unknown to me.' Know, therefore, that thou art no servant of God, but a robber and a murderer, and that the doom which awaits thee is the rack in this world, and eternal damnation in the next. Blood-guilty wretch! again I charge thee before God, to disband thy lawless force, and to humble thyself before the powers that be, or thou shalt speedily discover that they bear not the sword in vain.

"MARTIN LUTHER."

Michael having read this paper, signed with a name which he loved and revered above all the names upon earth, immediately retired into the castle. His hasty and irregular step was long heard in his lonely apartment, and the warders in the guard-room below said, whispering one to another, "Surely he plans an expedition!—Tomorrow we shall be led against the capital." The trusty Herman was at last called to his master, and his comrades waited for his return with strong curiosity. No one passed, however, but a man in the dress of a peasant of the country, with a slouched hat and a knotted stick, and it was not until long after the echo of his heavy

tread had died away in the halls, that they suspected this peasant was no other than Michael Kohlhaas himself.

The horse-dealer journeyed on till he arrived at Wittenberg, where he went, without attracting observation, into an inn, and remained there till night-fall. At that time, drawing his cloak well about him, so as to conceal a brace of pistols he had brought from Tronkenburg, he went forth into the street, and soon reached the house of Luther. Finding the door open, he went in without being announced, ascended the stairs, and opening a door, found himself in the awful presence of the great Reformer.

Luther, surprised at the sudden appearance of a stranger, who shut and bolted the door, demanded hastily his name and purpose; and when Kohlhaas, holding respectfully his hat in his hand, and in a low and hesitating voice, as if conscious of the horror which the sound of his name would produce, replied timidly, "Michael Kohlhaas," he started from his chair with an exclamation indicating both fear and anger.

"Get thee behind me!" cried he, stretching his hand towards the bell—"thy very breath is a pestilence, and thy whole being is full of iniquity!"

"Reverend Father," said Kohlhaas, without moving a step, but drawing quietly a pistol from his girdle, "if you touch that bell this hand shall lay me dead at your feet. Deign, I beseech you, to grant me a patient hearing."

"Kohlhaas," said Luther firmly, "what dost thou want?"

"To give you a better opinion of me and my cause," replied Michael; "to prove to you that I am not an unjust man. You have said that the Prince was ignorant of my wrongs; if it be so, procure me a safe conduct, and I will set out for Dresden this very night, and lay them before him."

"O thou child of the devil!" cried Luther, with fiery indignation, "who has given thee the right thus to pursue, like a wild beast, the Knight of Tronka, and to ravage the country which protects him from thy lawless vengeance?"

"No one, most reverend father!" said Michael, meekly; "I am ready even to confess that the war which I have waged against society is a crime, since you call it so. But, have I not been myself first driven out from its bosom by craft and cruelty? Has not common justice for grievous wrongs been denied to me? Nay! have not even you, reverend father, yourself preached openly against the rents, tolls and customs, imposed by our cruel and wilful rulers upon their poor vassals—have you not even foretold that the Lord in his wrath will destroy them, and put an end to these great miseries?"

"What madness is this?" cried Luther; "who ever knew a good man to be rejected by the society of which he forms a part?"

"I call it being rejected," cried Michael, bitterly, "to be denied protection, and I have need of this protection, that I may carry on the trade

by which my family doth live. Thus driven out of the pale of society, like a wild beast, I have exercised my natural right to hunt those by whom I was hunted."

"But who has driven thee from the protection of the laws?" rejoined Luther. "If the judges have refused thee justice, and thus exposed to contempt the sacred name of their Prince, is it for such as thou, blood-guilty wretch, to condemn him?"

"Well," said Michael, folding his arms sturdily across his broad chest, "since it is true that the Prince has not rejected me, I shall return as soon as may be into that society of which he is the head. Procure me, reverend father, a safe conduct, and I will at once disband my followers, and carry anew my complaint before the tribunals." Luther was silent for some moments. His countenance was severe, and betrayed a sadness not unmingled with perplexity.

"What wouldst thou of the tribunals at Dresden?" demanded he at last.

"Punishment for the Knight of Tronka, according to law,"—cried Michael; "restitution of my horses in their original condition, and compensation for the losses I have suffered."

"Compensation," replied Luther, in angry surprise.

"God preserve me," replied Michael "from demanding more than is my honest due! For my house and farm, and for the funeral of my poor wife—I claim nothing; and for the blood of my poor Elizabeth, no vengeance—no money can repay me. The injury, however, which I have suffered as a dealer, in losing the sale of my horses, must be considered; and for that I shall demand reasonable damages from the courts at Dresden."

"Diabolical madman!" ejaculated Luther, in amazement. "What, hast thou ravaged Tronkenburg with fire and sword, and scared all Saxony with unheard-of outrage, merely to obtain a compensation for losing the sale of thy miserable horses? Would it not have been better, Kohlhaas," continued he, more calmly, "to have addressed thyself at first in person to the Prince, instead of breaking loose like a wild beast? and, even in the event of his countenance being refused thee, did it not behove thee as a Christian to pardon the Knight of Tronka, for the love of our Lord Jesus, and to take back thy horses to Kohlhaasenbruck?"

A momentary flush passed across the features of Michael while he replied, in tones of sadness, "yes, it might, perhaps, have been better before—before I lost my poor wife; but the knight's injustice has now cost me too dear, and this matter must take its course."

The searching eye of Luther, which had been fixed on Michael's face during the conference, now seemed to gaze on vacancy, and he stood for some moments buried in meditation. "Go," said he at length, "I will write to the elector in thy behalf, and meanwhile see that thou abidest peaceably in the castle of Lutzen. Thou shalt

learn, in due time, the pleasure of the Prince." He turned away as he spoke, with a gesture of dismissal; but Michael knelt suddenly down before him, and fervently besought him, before he departed, to administer unto him the sacrament. It had always been his wont, he added, to receive it at Easter, but he had that year been prevented, by his war against the Knight of Tronka.

Luther, after some reflection, during which he keenly eyed the petitioner, replied, "Well, Kohlhaas! I am not unwilling. But thou knowest that the Lord, of whose body and blood thou wouldst partake, forgave his enemies. Art thou also willing to forgive the man who has wronged thee? And wilt thou peaceably claim and take back thy horses?"

"Even the Saviour, most reverend father," replied Michael, in strong emotion, "forgave not *all* his enemies; for do we not read in the Book of Life, which you have unsealed for us, that our Lord drove out, unsparingly and in just wrath, the dealers and money-changers which had defiled the temple? The two princes, however, their judges and courtiers, all of whom have wronged me, I freely forgive; but I must, if possible, compel the Knight of Tronka to fatten again my black horses."

At these words, Luther turned his back upon Michael, in evident displeasure, resumed his seat and rang for a servant to light his visitor down stairs. Kohlhaas, grieved and agitated, with difficulty unbolted the door which the servant without was vainly endeavouring to open, and he stood for some moments twisting his hat into various shapes between his hands. "And so, reverend sir," said he, at length, making reluctantly a motion to go, "you refuse me the benefit of reconciliation?"

"With thy God," said Luther, sternly, "*yes*; with thy prince, *no*;" and Michael, folding his hands across his heart, with a bitter sigh, left the apartment.

Not long after this interview, the citizens of Dresden were surprised to see, daily walking in their streets, the most extraordinary man of his time, Michael Kohlhaas, the horse-dealer. The interference of Luther had been successful, and an amnesty granted to the incendiary, under the seal of the Prince of Saxony. Michael's formidable band, amounting, by that time, to upwards of four hundred desperadoes, had melted away in a single night; and on the following morning, the castle of Lutzen, stored with arms and supplies, was found deserted by its garrison, while the chief himself was travelling alone as a private individual to the capital. The conferences of the electoral cabinet are minutely detailed in the histories of that time, and exhibit the great alarm into which the whole body of the aristocracy had been thrown by the exploits of the horse-dealer.

At the council held on this occasion, the cousins of the Knight of Tronka, in order to get out of immediate difficulties, proposed that the safe

conduct demanded by Michael should be granted at once. There was no occasion, they argued, to grant more than present security to the horse-dealer, as Luther himself had obviously not expected that the passport should include an amnesty for atrocities so fearful and notorious. As for the Prince of Saxony, a young man of good intentions, but deficient in strength of mind and public virtue, he was willing to act as honestly as might be consistent with his own interest. Nevertheless, after long debate, it was finally determined that if Michael Kohlhaas could prove his claim against the Knight of Tronka before the tribunal of Dresden, redress for his grievances, and an amnesty for his outrages should be granted. Should he, however, fail in establishing the required evidence of injuries sustained, he should himself be arraigned as a robber and incendiary, and suffer the penalty due to his enormous guilt.

We now find the horse-dealer in Dresden, prosecuting his claim against his enemy, not with fire and sword, but with quills and parchment. An obstacle, less insignificant in reality than it appeared to be, opposed itself to the settlement of the affair, and this was the disappearance of the horses which had been the original cause of the dispute. From the knight's groom, who had saved them by Michael's order from the flames, they had passed into a variety of other hands, till at length it was supposed that death had terminated their sufferings. By accident, however, they were discovered at Dresden, in the possession of a horse-flayer, or knacker—an employment still regarded in Germany as infamous.

As soon as this fact was ascertained, the cousins of the Knight of Tronka, followed by some of their friends, repaired to the castle-market to claim the fatal property. The dismal condition in which the poor animals were found, awakened at once the indignation and derision of the populace; and no small portion of the latter feeling was freely bestowed upon the effeminate courtiers who interested themselves so earnestly in this matter. The rude and reckless deportment of the horse-flayer—a man cut off by his profession from all communion with his fellow-men, and beyond, because below pride—added zest to the enjoyment of the mob.

This excitement at one time appeared likely to manifest itself in a manner somewhat dangerous to the assembled lordlings; and when the renowned horse-dealer appeared on the scene to identify his property, a shout arose which made some of the courtiers quake. Michael, however, looked calmly at the animals, merely signified his recognition of them, and disappeared in the crowd. The knight, Max, of Tronka, then haughtily tossed a purse to their keeper, and ordered one of his own servants to lead them away. The lad, however, disobeyed, probably influenced by the horror with which all contact with condemned horses was habitually regarded; the angry noble, stung to madness by the indignities he had suffered, so far forgot his rank as to

fly upon the recusant, and tear off with his own hands the badges of his servitude. This was the commencement of a general disturbance; and the unfortunate horses of Michael Kohlhass, which were doomed to make mischief wherever they appeared, were with difficulty led away from this scene of tumult.

This circumstance, slight and fortuitous as it was, sharpened anew the hostility of Michael's enemies. The guards, which were at first allowed him for his own protection, were doubled, and then trebled; and his wanderings, which till now had been guided by his own discretion, were gradually circumscribed, until he became all but a prisoner. Michael, from day to day, found his situation more perplexing. The process advanced slowly through its early stages, and doubtless a fierce regret grew out of this trying suspense when he looked upon the time when, at the head of his gallant band, he had given law to great part of Saxony.

That this singular rebellion should have died away so suddenly, leaving no trace of its existence but the ruins and ashes which had marked its progress, could have hardly been expected; and, in fact, some disturbances continued still to exist—or, rather, after a short interval, had been renewed by the discharged followers of Michael, which at length began to assume an aspect formidable enough to alarm the government. The ringleader, who had belonged to Michael's band, by way of recommending his cause to the daring spirits of the time, gave out that his late chief had been entrapped—a fact which circumstances only rendered too probable—and that his life was to be sacrificed at Dresden to the rancour of the family of Tronka. As soon as this intelligence reached the capital, Michael's enemies threw off all disguise, and instead of attempting to baffle him, as heretofore, with the trickeries of the law, boldly accused him of a participation in the new disturbances. The report was industriously circulated that his petition for an amnesty had been a mere pretence, and that at this moment a large force of his adherents was distributed in disguise in and around Dresden. Michael, wearied and disgusted, at length openly announced his intention of retiring, unless detained by force, to the farm, still his own, by the generosity of his friend the bailiff, and there await the result of the lawsuit. He sent intimation accordingly to the authorities, and awaited, in great uneasiness of mind, the answer. In the interval, while he was standing at his window, looking listlessly into the court, a figure passed, on which he gazed with a curiosity for which he at first could not account. In a little while it passed again, and his heart throbbed with gathering conviction, till at last, as if stopping to adjust some part of his dress, the man turned his face up towards the window, and disclosed the features of Herman.

"Master," said he, speaking quickly, but distinctly, "I know all; you are a prisoner, and your life is in danger, but be of good cheer. I bear despatches from the remnant of our band,

which place at your disposal hundreds of true hearts and sharp swords. Be prepared to receive a letter from me when I next pass you in the street, and conceal it under your cloak."

"Herman," said Michael, "I will receive the letter, for I am anxious to hear of my old comrades, whom I so fatally misled; and it may be that I shall be able to return an answer which will save them from destruction, by pointing out the utter hopelessness of their present lawless proceedings. You will find in that purse, which I have dropped, enough of money to take you to Hamburg, whither I shall repair as soon as I can extricate myself from the meshes which now surround me, with the intention of quitting this unhappy country for ever. Answer me not, Herman; I have well considered all things, and my resolution is taken."

Unfortunately for Michael, one of the guards, whose suspicions had been excited by the long stay of a stranger near the window, had approached silently in the deep shadow of a gateway, and overheard enough of the conversation to excite his suspicion of some intelligence between Michael and the insurgents.

The faithful follower had scarcely gained his obscure lodgings in the suburbs, when he found himself in the custody of a guard of soldiers; and his first thought was to swallow a paper which he had in his possession; but recollecting his master's innocence of any new crime, and that he alone, as the emissary of the rebels, would be a sufferer, he suffered his papers to be taken from him without resistance. A special council was summoned on the occasion, at which the relations of the Knight of Tronka did not fail to appear; and after much discussion it was resolved, that a man resembling Herman in stature should deliver the letter to Kohlhass at dusk, and receive the promised answer, which would doubtless implicate the writer in the outrages of his late followers. This discovery gave great satisfaction to the Tronka party, for no one but Herman doubted that the incendiary would be only too happy to embrace the means of escape so unexpectedly offered to him by his lawless adherents.

On the following evening, when Michael was passing through the court to his dwelling, a man, muffled in his mantle, walked suddenly past him, and slipped the letter into his hand, hastily whispering—"Drop your answer from your window in an hour." The answer was written, dropped, and picked up by the messenger, who instantly retired. It was now nine o'clock, and the inmates of the house were preparing for bed; Michael alone, oppressed with some anxious thought, and feeling no disposition to sleep, continued to pace along his chamber. The hours passed on, and midnight found the horse-dealer still pacing to and fro in painful retrospection, and sometimes casting a vacant look into the court as he paused to listen, while the challenges of the sentries, or the ceremony of relieving guard, reminded him, from time to time, that he was a captive. Thus wore away the night, and

day began to dawn, when suddenly a sound was heard in the court below of approaching steps and voices, and the prisoner listened anxiously. The sound approached, and rapid steps were heard upon the stairs. Throwing away his cloak, placing one hand upon a pistol in his girdle, and the other upon the hilt of his sword, he strode towards the door.

"Who is there?" he demanded.

"A friend—Lutzen and liberty!" was the reply, and he withdrew the bolt. The next moment a crowd of armed men burst into the apartment, seized on his arms and legs, and he soon found himself a prisoner, and loaded with heavy fetters. He was hurried through the streets into the council-chamber, so stupified by this unexpected catastrophe, that he hardly knew where he was. The blaze of light, as he entered, contributed still more to bewilder him, and he did not altogether comprehend the growing peril of his situation, until he saw glaring upon him, from the midst of the council, the baleful eyes of the knights Max and Hugo, and others of the house of Tronka. The process of trial was brief and conclusive. The fatal letter, on which this new charge against Kohlhaas was founded, was then read aloud, and it ran thus:—

"Be assured, my brave comrades, that the heart of your betrayed and injured leader, is ever with you, and that he yearns to escape from his captivity. My base oppressors know that the hearts of the people are turned against them; but they think the danger yet afar off—like the deaf adder, they sleep in blind security, and repent them not of the wrongs they have heaped upon the industrious and lowly."

"But vengeance shall yet be mine! The lawful way to justice is closed against me, and in the Lord's name will I upraise against the strong arm of the horse-dealer, and scatter the wicked magnates of the land like chaff before the whirlwind. For a time they have been permitted to wear purple and fine linen, and to fare sumptuously every day; but the hour of reckoning is at hand, and, by the grace of God and St. Michael, we will once more kindle a blaze in Saxony, and it shall burn like fire from heaven, until the palaces and strongholds of our unrighteous rulers are utterly consumed.

"Up then, my brave men, and gird on your armour for the fight! Let but a dozen of you—such as I saw in Wittenberg, with swords and fire-brands—reach my prison-door at to-morrow's dawn, and they shall find me ready to lead them on.

"MICHAEL KOHLHAAS."

Michael remained cold and unmoved during the reading of this formidable letter, and when asked, according to the customary form, whether he had written it, he darted a withering glance at the Lords of Tronka, and sternly answered—"No! it is a wicked fraud, so help me God! I besought them only to aid my escape, and to disperse." Then folding his arms, he keenly watch-

ed the crafty nobles, to whom he ever after attributed this cruel forgery, and doggedly refused to answer any farther questions.

Meanwhile the council proceeded to examine all the papers found on the person of the accused, and amongst them the letter he had received from the insurgents. The evidence against the unhappy Kohlhaas was fatally strengthened by the obvious agreement between the two letters; and the close imitation of Michael's hand-writing, and of the vehement denunciations and wild fanaticism observable in all his manifestos, was alone deemed abundant evidence of his guilt by judges strongly prejudiced against him, and long suspicious of his intention to rejoin the insurgents. Judgment was immediately pronounced, and the unfortunate horse-dealer was sentenced to have his flesh tortured with red hot pincers, to be quartered, and his remains to be burnt between the wheel and the gallows.

The fate of this extraordinary man, however, had now become an object of interest with more than one of the German princes; and the Elector of Brandenburg in particular, in order to save his life, claimed him as a subject from the Saxon authorities. He demanded that the criminal should be tried again in Berlin, and if found guilty, punished according to the law of Brandenburg: and enforced his claim in terms so peremptory, that the timid Saxon prince, already menaced with a Polish war, at length consented to deliver up the prisoner to the Brandenburg authorities.

The court of Berlin, to which the cause was now transferred, appealed for decision to the Emperor, to whom was forwarded a detailed relation of the war of Kohlhaas in Saxony, and of the breach of the amnesty which had been granted to him. The prisoner, guarded by Brandenburg soldiers, then left Dresden in a light wagon, accompanied by his five children, whom he had not long before sent for from Schwerin, feeling that without them he was desolate, and a widower indeed. Passing through the domain of the Count of Kallheim, on their way to Berlin, the incendiary and his escort found themselves, one evening, in the midst of an assemblage of noble personages returning from the chase. Michael, an object of curiosity at the time to all Germany, was immediately surrounded, and assailed with a thousand idle and unfeeling questions.

Whether owing to the fineness of the weather, or to the exhilarating sight and sound of the sylvan train, he was, on this occasion, not merely resigned, but cheerful.

"I shall not die, ladies," said he, as the fair huntresses gathered around him; "I shall not die by the sword, if there is faith in woman! I wear a charm which a cunning gypsey told me would preserve my life. Its power I have already proved in many perils; and now that my cause is in the hands of the Emperor, and the eyes of all Germany are upon me, I am tranquil, and leave the event to Providence." Thus say-

ing, he held up a leaden locket, suspended from his neck by a chain, and which contained the paper delivered to him by the gipsy, as described in the earlier portion of this history.

He had resumed his customary grave deportment, when he observed one of the noble hunters gazing upon him; with a look widely different from that of common-place curiosity. This individual was not distinguished in dress from his comrades, but an air of habitual command, and the obvious deference of those around him, would have betrayed his rank to Michael, had the mind of the latter been at leisure to mark such distinctions. The stranger's features called up some vague reminiscences that he had seen them before, and for some moments he vainly endeavoured to recollect the occasion. The wagon, however, now moved onward, and at nightfall Michael and his escort took up their quarters in a farm house, not far from the castle of Count Kallheim; and while the wearied soldiers were stretched in repose, except one, who kept guard over the prisoner, Michael sat buried in melancholy recollections by the cottage stove. Presently he heard some one challenged by the sentry, and then permitted to pass, and the same cavalier who had attracted his attention before, amongst the hunting party, abruptly entered, and paid him the compliments of the night in a hurried manner, without waiting, however, for the usual reply. "That locket," said he, "with the history of which you entertained our ladies—have you read its contents?"

"I have not," said Michael coldly; "I hammered a bullet around it in the way you see, soon after I left that cunning gypsey, and here it has remained ever since."

"Will you allow me to look at it?" said the stranger.

"No."

"Will you sell it?"

"Yes."

"At what price do you value it?"

"Give me life, liberty and justice, and it is yours." The stranger looked at him in evident perplexity.

"The two first," said he, "are in my power."

"Without the third," interrupted Michael, "they are not worth my acceptance."

"Surely," said the other, as if catching at a sudden thought, "Michael Kohlhaas would know how to obtain justice for himself, were he once at liberty!" Michael hesitated; he looked into the cottage at the sleeping soldiers. "Tempter," said he, "avaunt! I am weary of blood: this locket I will not part with, save on the scaffold."

The attention of the sentry had been attracted by the earnestness of his conversation, and he came near to listen. The stranger was silent, but Michael could hear for some moments the convulsive beating of his heart. He at length turned suddenly away, rushed out of the cottage, and the sound of his horse's hoofs died speedily away in the distance.

"What man is that?" demanded Michael of the sentinel.

"The Prince of Saxony," was the reply.

"The Prince of Saxony!" said Michael, smiting his breast fiercely with his open hand. Then turning his face to look after his visitor, his features were for a moment lighted up with pride and exultation. Michael was by no means free from the superstition of the age, and when he called to mind the circumstances in which this mysterious gift had been presented to him, he wondered little at the anxiety of the elector. The paper, he had been told, contained the name of the last prince of his line, the period of his death, and the name of him who was to wrest the sovereignty out of his hands; and the mysterious power of the old woman had been verified by a token, the foreknowledge of which, to his simple apprehension, must have been supernatural.

"Tyrant!" muttered Michael, with a hoarse laugh, "is it of *him*, whose cry for justice you would have smothered in his own blood, that you come to ask a boon. Again he clutched the locket in his nervous grasp, and carefully concealed it beneath his doublet.

The Prince of Saxony, at once timid and superstitious, lost no time in inaction. Having tried in vain, both personally and by means of emissaries to obtain from Kohlhaas what appeared to him the book of his destiny, he immediately engaged in intrigues with the other Princes of the Confederation, the object of which was the free pardon of the incendiary, hoping thus to obtain from his gratitude, what was withheld by his vindictive feelings. No one would stir, however, in a matter which the Emperor had taken in hand; with inexpressible dismay the Prince saw creeping on, day by day, the period fixed for the decision of the council at Vienna; and, as a last resort, he determined, if Michael was indeed to suffer, that he would at least be near the scaffold, and by some means obtain the bullet and its precious inclosure. Michael had been some weeks a state prisoner at Berlin, with his five children, when, from the window of his cell, he saw approaching the three legal functionaries of the Emperor, the Prince of Saxony and the Prince of Brandenburg, with the chancellors of the two electors, and other high officers, forming the deputation appointed to communicate to Kohlhaas the decision, final and irrevocable, of the imperial council, and which was forthwith read aloud to the prisoner by the attendant herald. The judgment on the Knight of Tronka, which condemned him to two years' imprisonment, and restitution of the horses in their original condition, was no sooner read, than Michael clasped his hands and uttered a cry of joy which echoed through the building. He then ran to the window, attracted by sounds which no ear but his own could have recognised, and saw his two black horses, restored to health and beauty, pawing the ground and neighing with impatience. They were led by Herman, who no sooner beheld his master than he fell on his knees and sobbed aloud.

"Michael Kohlhaas!" continued the herald.

"thou hast heard the just sentence passed on the Knight of Tronka, thou art now to hear the doom which thine own crimes have drawn upon thy head." He then read aloud the sentence which condemned the horse-dealer to immediate execution.

With an unmoved countenance Michael said: "At whose expense were my horses purchased from the flayer?"

"At the cost of the Knight of Tronka, whose squire then waved a flag over their heads, and restored them to the honour they had lost in the flayer's possession."

"By whose care," continued Michael, "and at whose expense were they restored to their original condition?"

"By the servants, and at the expense of the Knight of Tronka, who has, moreover, by imperial award, made restitution in money for all other injuries done to thee and thy servant Herman. The sentence has been read to thee—the forms of justice are fulfilled—and thou must now prepare for death upon the scaffold."

Regardless of his own sentence, Michael placed on the ground his two youngest children, who were in his arms, then fell upon his knees, and with glistening eyes and folded hands exclaimed—"My God! I thank thee—this is indeed justice, and I am satisfied."

When led out to the scaffold, Herman was permitted to approach him with the horses.

"Art thou free, my good fellow?" said Michael. The faithful follower's voice was choked with emotion, while he answered "yea."

"Thank God," cried his master, embracing him. Patting for the last time his two black coursers, "Herman," he said, "I leave my horses to my two sons, and my family to the care of the bailiff of Kohlhaasenbruck, who will be a father to them, a faithful guardian of their property, and a kind master to thee."

Among the crowd assembled round the scaffold was one in the garb of a peasant, who fixed his eyes with such keen and anxious interest upon the prisoner, that he attracted the attention of the guards who told him to stand back. The stranger, however, whispered something into the ear of one of them, and he was suffered to remain. This momentary disturbance arrested the attention of Michael, who looked at and appeared to recognize the peasant. He then took the leaden locket from his bosom, and biting it in twain, extracted the paper. While reading the few lines which were written on it, a stern smile of satisfaction passed across his features; the next moment, glancing at the stranger, he put the mysterious prediction into his mouth, and swallowed it. The peasant, with a wild shriek, fell senseless on the ground; and before he recovered, Michael Kohlhaas was no more.

A report soon after prevailed in Berlin, that the Elector of Saxony had attended the execution in disguise. To the curious reader who would seek historical evidence of the rumoured connexion between the mysterious prediction and the fortunes of the Saxon Prince and his descen-

dants, we can only say—is it not written in the chronicles of the Electoral house of Saxony?

To conclude—the high-minded Prince of Brandenburg ordered that the remains of the unfortunate Kohlhaas should receive a Christian and decent burial in a church-yard without the city, whither the body was followed by a crowd of sincere mourners, who had long known and respected "Honest Michael, the horse-dealer."

Before the procession departed from the place of execution, the Prince called unto him from the prison the two sons of Kohlhaas, knighted them, and took them as pages into his immediate service. He provided, with generous care, for all the orphan family, and in the eighteenth century their descendants were settled and flourishing in the state of Mecklenburg.

HINDOO WOMEN.

THE forms of the women of the high castes are delicate and graceful; their eyes dark and languishing; their hair fine and long; their complexions glowing, as if they were radiant; and their skins remarkably polished and soft. The only feature about them that does not quite harmonize with European notions of female symmetry is the size and projection of their ear; but, with this exception, nothing can be more lithe and sylphlike than a genuine Hindoo beauty. Their dress is very elegant, and upon a fine form is more classical than the fashionable bundles of knots, tatters, and head dresses as broad as the umbrella over a palanquin, which in the present year, 1831, gives the belles of America our outline, which if it should please nature to fill up with flesh and blood, would certainly render them of all created beings the most shapeless, or at any rate the most unmeaning in shape, either for use or ornament. The close part of the Hindoo female dress is a jacket with half sleeves, which fits tight to the shape and covers, but does not conceal the bust, and this in females of rank is made of rich silk. The remainder of the dress is the sholice, a large piece of silk or cotton, which is wrapped round the middle, and contrived to fall in graceful folds, till it falls below the ankle on one leg, while it shows a part of the other. It is gathered into a bunch in front, and the upper end crosses the breast, and is thrown forward again over the shoulder, or over the head like a veil. The hands and feet are always adorned with rings and other ornaments, and sometimes a jewel is worn from the nose. Even the working girls have their anklets and armlets of glass, tin, brass, or tutenag, and sometimes of silver. The higher classes wear a kind of slippers or sandals, which are long, turned up, and sometimes ornamented at the points; but the poorer classes go barefooted. The ornaments that are worn upon the person are the only costly articles in the establishment of a Hindoo, but they are of a nature not soon to wear out, and they never become unfashionable,

I'M NOT A HANDSOME MAN.

WHEN I have pondered, now and then,
The miseries that arise
From those thrice-favoured mortals, "Men
With lovely hair, and eyes;"
The girls that daily lose their wits,
From "looks where lightnings flash;"
The tears, and sighs, and fainting fits,
Produced by a mustache;
The battles, murders, wounds, and scars
Since first the world began—
I very often thank my stars
I'm not a handsome man.

Though I am tender to them all,
For me they never fret;
I never caus'd a tear to fall
From any female, yet!
We part—for twenty years or two—
No "strong convulsions" tell—
We meet—I faultier "How d'ye do!"
They laugh a gay "Quite well."
I never hear "You've grown so thin,"
From Fanny, or from Anne;
I can't perceive they care a pin—
I'm not a handsome man.

My boot's from Hoby, you can see.
My coat is cut by Stulz—
And yet they don't consider me
Like other male adults!
My figure they can scarce abuse,
And each proportion suits,
I'm five feet ten, in dancing shoes,
And six feet one, in boots;
Yet, at a ball, no girl ere had
My name upon her fan
For waltz, quadrille, or gallopade—
I'm not a handsome man.

The "soft regrets," the "agony,"
The "soothings," that repay
A broken heart, or head, on me
Are never thrown away;
They see me take, without remorse,
No sust'nance for a week;
Or mount the most neck-breaking horse,
Without a single shriek:
No "Don't for mercy's sake be rash,"
No tender "How you can,"
Unheeded all my bones may crash—
I'm not a handsome man!

All my perfections have an "ir,"
My virtues all a "sur,"
"His gait is graceful, sur too stiff;"
"His mouth well shaped, ir shut;"
"He writes the most delicious rhymes,
But has not one blue vein!"
"Like Byron, raves of foreign climes.
But, Heavens! he is so plain!"
Even my modesty some defect
Supplies, for them to scan,
"His songs are really too correct"—
I'm not a handsome man.

And yet I bear with all their pets,
As well as all their airs,
Their monkeys, squirrels, paroquets,
Tame goldfinches, and hares:
I visit Laura, and I bring
Her swan, a "comfiture;"
I call on Fanny, and I fling
Her monkey—a "douceur;"
Yet this, for all I have withstood,
The only praise they can—
"If he's not beautiful, he's good"—
I'm not a handsome man!

FLATTERY—A FABLE.

ONE summer day, in idle thought,
As all alone young Clara wander'd,
The various evils Flatt'ry wrought
In this bad world she sagely ponder'd.

She deem'd her lures might bear a sway
O'er minds by nature weak and common,
But marvell'd they could lead agray
The judgment of a reas'ning woman.

Just then, (alas! for strength untried!
She boasted in an evil hour;)
The goddess stood by Clara's side,
To try—and haply prove—her power.

Graceful she check'd the damsel's pace,
And, as she pau'd, a sketch presented,
Where Clara's lovely form and face,
She said, were faintly represented.

It was a master-piece of Art,
Perfect in colour, form, and feature;
The model then, said Clara's heart,
Must be a master-piece of Nature.

The magic sketch before her spread,
While thus she gazed, and gazed enchanted,
She heard a voice that coldly said,
"Likeness was all the picture wanted."

She started—Reason's form was there,
(And seldom Clara met or sought her.)
Calmly she bade the maid beware,
Nor learn the lesson Flatt'ry taught her.

"In Truth's unerring glass display'd,
Behold a likeness far more real—
Here, see your portrait, disarray'd
Of fancied grace, of charms ideal."

Poor Clara, while her alter'd eye
Betray'd a pang she fain would smother,
Confess'd with a reluctant sigh,
The portraits were not like each other!

Then, shrinking from a second view,
And from the glass abruptly moving,
A doubtful glance on Flatt'ry threw,
Forgiving half—and half reproving.

That mingled glance the goddess read,
And felt she was not yet defeated;
She saw, though reason rul'd her head,
That Clara's heart might yet be cheated.

She "thought the likeness perfect;" still
She "wondered Reason was so stupid—
The world allow'd the painter's skill,
And prais'd the graphic art of Cupid!"

At Cupid's name a passing smile
The sober eye of Reason lighted;
She "thought she knew that artist's style!
The boy is blind!—at least, short-sighted."

Oh! when was Reason Flattery's match?
Her point was in her rival's favour,
And she but lay in wait to catch
And keep the vantage ground it gave her.

"If, then," she cried, "in tins too bright—
In form too fair—he has portray'd her,
The fault is in the painter's sight—
What Clara seem'd to him, he made her!"

"And though the sketch his fancy drew
Be fair, beyond her own believing,
At least he thinks the likeness true,
Deceiv'd, perhaps—but not deceiving!"

Poor Clara!—short was Reason's part
When Love and Flatt'ry both beset her
She plac'd the picture next her heart,
And lov'd the Artist only—better!

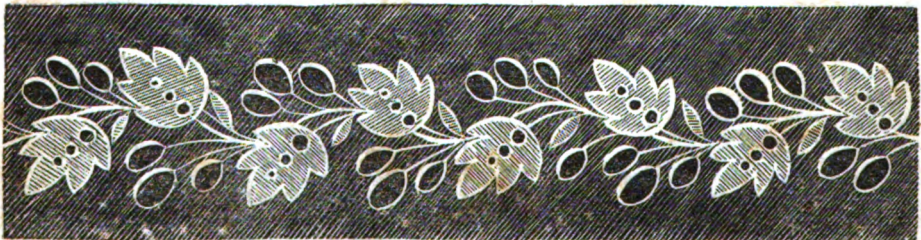
EMBROIDERY FOR HEAD DRESSES.



CROWN PATTERN.



SIDE PATTERN.



FEMALE EDUCATION.

It is pleasing to one who takes an interest in the welfare of the rising generation, to witness the increased attention that is given to the subject of instruction, and especially to the education of females. This is a subject which has been too much neglected, and even now is not receiving all that attention which its importance demands.

It is yet too much the practice to regard every thing as useless in the studies of youth of both sexes, (and most especially of the females,) which appears not to have a direct bearing upon the general pursuits of life. How often do we hear the question asked with respect to the studies of girls—"Of what use will this, or that, be to the female? What advantage to her to have a knowledge of arithmetic further than the simple rules, and to be acquainted with chemistry, history, or philosophy, since they are never brought into practice in after life? To how much greater advantage could she spend her time, in perfecting her knowledge in the mechanic arts? She had much better learn to cook her husband's victuals, (if perchance she should be so fortunate, or unfortunate as to get one) darn his stockings, and manage his household concerns with economy."

Far be it from me to undervalue domestic qualifications in females. Such qualifications are indispensable. Nor would I have them neglect the duties of their sex to figure in the halls of science or of legislation. "The modest virgin and the prudent wife are much more serviceable than the petticoated philosopher—they always move without grace when they stray beyond their sphere.

But with the present great facilities for acquiring knowledge, how few are the parents who are unable to allow their daughters time enough to obtain a better education than females of the present day generally possess. He who contemplates woman merely as presiding over domestic affairs, and as a being created only to administer to the wants and pleasures of man, does not consider her in her most important and interesting character. She is not only the mother of our children, but she is emphatically the framer of their infant minds. 'Tis her prerogative to watch over the first dawns of intellect, and shape the character of the future man. But few, even in this enlightened period, are fully aware of the great responsibility of that station, which woman, by nature, is destined to fill.

But I cannot now pursue the interesting subject of women's influence upon the infant mind, and the importance of this influence in determining the character in future life; but would make a few remarks on the influence of education upon the character of a woman considered as a social being.

The habits and situation of the sex render them social beings in the highest sense of the term, and are peculiarly calculated to develop

their talents for conversation. So true is this remark, that it has passed into a proverb, "that woman's tongue is never still." Nor is scarcely any saying more common than that, "they are generally employed on trifling subjects." And gentlemen who are solicitous to secure the favors of the fair, adopt the rule which Lord Chesterfield recommended to his son:—"Women, (says that celebrated master of politeness,) are to be regarded only as children of a larger growth; they have an entertaining tattle, and sometimes wit; but for solid reasoning good sense, I never in my life knew one that possessed it, or who reasoned or acted consequentially for four and twenty hours together. A man of sense only trifles with them, plays with them, humours and flatters them, as he does with a sprightly, forward child; but he neither consults about, nor trusts them with serious matters; though he often makes them believe he does both; which is the thing in the world that they are proud of: for they love to be dabbling in business (which by the way they always spoil;) and being rather distrustful that men in general look upon them in a trifling light, they almost adore that man who talks to them more seriously, and seems to consult and trust them: I say, who *seems*—for weak men really do, but wise ones only seem to do it. No flattery is either too high or too low for them. They will eagerly swallow the highest, and gratefully accept the lowest; and you may easily flatter any woman, from her understanding, down to the exquisite taste of her fan. Women who are either indisputably beautiful, or indisputably ugly, are best flattered on the score of their understandings; but those in a state of mediocrity, are best flattered upon their beauty, or at least their graces. But these are secrets which must be kept inviolably, if you would not, like Orpheus, be torn to pieces by the whole sex."

What a picture is here drawn of the fairer part of creation! It is a portrait drawn in 1748, and will not probably (be it said to the honor of the sex) be admitted as a very striking likeness at the present day. And yet it must be confessed there are many points of resemblance plainly to be discovered. Nor are our sex wholly unmindful of the rules prescribed to young Chesterfield. For how many are the fashionable ladies capable of conversing, not learnedly, but even with propriety, on scientific or literary subjects, or others of importance which happen to be the topic of conversation? True, they can excel in superficial *chit-chat* of the tea-party—they can discuss with elegance the merits and faults of others, and arraign the characters of neighbours, before their "dread tribunal," and be fluent with the tongue of slander. But broach the subject of science or history, and their eloquence deserts them. ('Tis true there are some honorable exceptions—would there were more.) And how

suddenly will the conversation even of men of sense, be changed to trifles, when *the ladies* become members of the company, because it is considered impolitic to introduce into such company, subjects with which it is taken for granted they are unacquainted.

But when we look to the education which females generally receive, what else could we expect? What ought we to expect would be their topics of conversation, but the character of absent acquaintances, since their bloom of life is passed between domestic duties, the toilet, and novels? Or if the advantages of a boarding-school have been enjoyed, the more ornamental branches have engrossed their whole attention, to the exclusion of those which improve the understanding.

It is, I think, to a defective education, that we are to look as the source of that levity, and superficiality of character, and of that propensity for tattling, gossiping, and slandering, which so often manifests itself to the annoyance of whole neighborhoods, and of which complaint is not unfrequently made in your valuable book. Let us then throw the veil of charity over this weakness, and endeavor to correct the source from which it springs. PHIL.

THE ORIGIN OF CHIMNIES.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the magnificence of the Greek and Roman architecture, which we yet behold with admiration amongst the ruins which remain as records of their talents and genius, we are yet to learn whether or no they had chimnies in their dwellings.

In the mean time, it is difficult to imagine that the Romans, who taught us how to build, were not possessed of some means of preserving their elegant mansions from smoke; mansions in which every refinement in luxury was to be found. How can we possibly believe that they, the slaves of pleasure, could suffer their apartments to be choked up by suffocating vapour? Could the major-domo's of their houses prepare in smoky dwellings those exquisite and sumptuous dishes which so often loaded their epicurian tables?

It is not, certainly, amongst the imperfect ruins of city walls, temples, amphitheatres, baths, aqueducts and bridges, that we may expect to find chimnies; but at Herculaneum, for example, private dwellings have been discovered. However, there have not been found any traces of chimnies. Paintings and pieces of sculpture, which have escaped the ravages of time, throw no light whatever on this subject; there is nothing to be seen which has the least resemblance to what we call a chimney.

If chimnies existed in the time of the Romans, Vitruvius would not, certainly, have failed to describe the manner in which they were constructed; he says not a word concerning them; neither does Julius Pollux, who has collected toge-

ther, with the most scrupulous care, the Greek names given to every part of their dwellings; nor Gradulpus, who, in his time, (which was not so far back,) has left a vocabulary of all the Latin terms made use of in architecture.

There were no chimnies in the tenth, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, which seems fully proved by the *curfew-bell** of the English and the Romans. At the time of the middle ages, they made their fires in a kind of furnace, which was obliged to be covered at the time of going to rest. Towards that period, it was ordered that every fire should be extinguished at a certain hour in the evening.

The first mention of chimnies was in 1347, a period in which Venice experienced the shock of an earthquake, which threw down a great many. Gataris says, in his History of Padua, that Francesco de Gararera, lord of Padua, came to Rome in 1308; and that, not finding a chimney in the inn where he lodged, he was obliged to have one constructed by masons and carpenters, whom he caused to be sent for from the neighbourhood where he resided. These were the first chimneys ever seen at Rome, and the arms of the nobleman was placed above them to commemorate so great an event.

* Not originally of the English, but introduced by William the Conqueror; not, as has been unjustly asserted of him, that he feared the plote of the English, but it was an ancient Norman custom; and the bell, still called *Courefeu*, in spite of the revolution, even now rings or tolls at about nine o'clock in several towns of Normandy, to warn against fire, &c.

PRAYER.

PRAYER flourishes and grows in beauty like a flower in domestic culture. It has a small beginning, but a bright consummation; it is cradled in the cloud, but crowned in the sun-beam. To accomplish it well, we have often to begin it as we can, in the midst of retirements and avocations; if not holy, yet humbly; if not with the unction of Divine grace, at least with a full feeling of human depravity; if not with the conviction of need, finding the strongest motives to prayer in the weakness of our efforts to pray.

Prayer thrives with repetition. All can try—all can ask—all can kneel—and most idle and dangerous it is to trust in anticipating grace, or to vain expectation of gratuitous mercy without putting forth such natural strength as we possess, in confessing inability and imploring succor. The holy will, the sanctified wish, the steady purpose, are of the free bounty of God to impart—to avow a sinner's concern for his soul, and to supplicate forgiveness, are simple doings, within the competency of miserable flesh—duties which humanity is a debtor to form, and from which beginning we may mount on the promise of Scriptures, that high and holy hill where our Master will shed the dew of his blessings on all sincere supplicants.

THE POLISH WIFE.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION OF 1831.

"It was for this I loved him so,
And lavished hopes that brightly shone;
My heart—my soul—my weal below—
My trust in heaven—on Him alone:
All—all was given to retain
One so beloved—not loved in vain!"—ANON.

THE struggle between the brave Poles and their despotic masters, has been productive not merely of scenes of interest and import, but the main incidents of individual life been produced with a colouring and effect, that only similar circumstances could give birth to. Men that had hitherto plodded on through the even tenor of their way, unbroken by any occurrence of import, have suddenly burst, as it were, into a new existence, and opened a career of greatness and of glory: others that have, in the "sullenness of despair," borne the heavy weight of the oppressors' chains with a mere sigh, now throw down the galling burthen, and clenching the avenging sword, uprear their heads, and shout for liberty! For liberty, the one darling idol that alone occupied their thoughts when groaning beneath the yoke of tyranny, and which alone possessed their souls, when they were forced to bend and kiss the dust at their master's feet, and, with bursting hearts, to implore heaven's blessings on them! But the bondage is now burst, the lion is freed from his toils, and goaded to madness by the cruel torments which it has been forced to endure, rushes with deadly vengeance upon its oppressors, and liberty or extermination are its fixed resolve. In such a contest, widely must the stream of blood flow, and many must the patriot hearts be that sink in the conflict, and yield their existence in the sacred cause for which their heart-springs have been so nobly drained. Many must be the incidents and anecdotes connected therewith, that deserve to be enrolled upon the sacred records of posterity, and many the names that should be carried down to latest ages, covered with glory and with honour. Among these, Nicholas Rolofski, and his little family, with the story connected with the period of their life at this important period, is deserving of particular notice.

Rolofski had been an officer in the service of Constantine, but had quitted it in consequence of a disagreement with a brother officer respecting a female, whose affections the former had succeeded in gaining, to the destruction of the hopes of Wrelschoff; a continuance in the same regiment with his rival, after his marriage with Christine, Rolofski considered would not only be imprudent, but also hurtful to the feelings of Wrelschoff, whom, notwithstanding the quarrel between them, he still respected, and sought to avoid occasion of again coming in collision with. He retired from public life to the cultivation of a little farm, and the enjoyment of domestic

life, irradiated by the charm of happiness and contentment; and in which the smiles and endearments of an affectionate wife spoke a language of peace and contentment to his heart, and amply recompensed for the more noisy gratifications of society, and the business of the world. Where is the home that is not prized, which is hallowed by the spell of woman's love—where is the abode that is not happy, sanctified by the purity of the affection of woman's heart, infusing its divine spirit into all our thoughts and feelings, and breathing a language of perfect enjoyment and unalloyed felicity?

Of all the gratifications of life, there is none superior, or holier, than the purity of a wife's affection; the other relative situations are mean in comparison; we may feel for the affection of a brother, and support and guide the steps of a beloved sister, we may perform the offices of charity and benevolence, and become honoured and respected from our kind interference in the cause of sorrow and distress; the voice of gratitude may reach our ear, and the tear upon the eye-lid of the relieved may speak eloquently to our feelings; but where is the sympathy—where is the tone that is so irresistible as that breathed by the woman whom we love? It falls like the rich dew from heaven upon the barren plain of the human heart, and brings to light and life the hidden treasures that no lesser power could reveal. In the affection of a wife, we can repose all our sorrows, all our cares; *her* sympathy will lighten their weight, *her* voice will dissipate their power, and enable us to effect their dissolution. Are we happy?—then, too, is the beloved object at our side, sharing with us the height of pleasure, as she had experienced with us the depths of woe. Kolofski enjoyed this happiness; loving and beloved by his faithful Christine, the years of his life rolled on in an unbroken stream of brightness, and nothing interposed to break the beautiful charm that so tenderly endeared to him existence and all other things. The birth of a son, who, as he grew in years, seemed to inherit the combined charm of his mother's beauty, with the noble spirit of his sire, more firmly knitted the bonds of affection, that had united Rolofski and Christine, and their happiness became the exemplar to which the aspirations of the youths of all the surrounding neighbourhood were addressed.

The bolt, however, at length burst; and the sacred banner of liberty was raised by the oppressed Poles, and patriots from all directions

enlisted beneath it, and vowed to destroy the power that had bound them down in slavery, or yield their lives in the attempt. Rolofski beheld with joy the resolute steps of his countrymen, and his heart burned to enjoy with them the glory of redeeming the national character from the obloquy which had been attached thereto;—dissuaded, however, from his desire, by the entreaties of Christine, who implored him for her sake—for the sake of his boy—whom the chance of war might render fatherless and unprotected; he yielded to the fascinations of home, and displayed his patriotic fervour merely by assisting, to the utmost of his power, the noble spirits that had devoted their lives to the redemption of their native land. He received the wounded, and instructed the young recruit, revealed to him the science of warfare, and all the manœuvres of attack, which were so necessary for the contest—and with prayers and blessings dismissed the young hero to the encounter. Exultingly, he beheld the banner of freedom floating upon the air, and the sons of liberty spreading death amidst the forces that had so long held their souls in subjection; exultingly, he saw the spirit of popular determination crushing the power of tyranny; and exultingly did he welcome the return of the young warriors who had succeeded in driving their oppressors from their seat of power. The first assault of the patriots had been crowned with success.

Too speedily, however, they resigned themselves to enjoyment and rejoicing;—heated with success, they beheld nothing but glory in the perspective, and in the confidence of future triumphs, gave themselves up to the gratification of the moment. In vain, were the remonstrances of Rolofski addressed to them, in vain did he picture the, even then, perilous nature of their situation, opposed to such force and discipline;—their own power was considered ample, and the fears of Rolofski deemed chimerical and vain. He had conceived, however, too truly, for a band of the government forces burst suddenly upon those assembled upon this spot, and an action commenced, that terminated in the complete dispersion of the patriots, and the triumph of their oppressors. Rolofski's farm, where many of the retreating had taken refuge, was assailed, and fired; the flames spread with rapidity—the shrieks of the affrighted and agonized wife and mother, were drowned in the absorbing tumult of the fight; Rolofski, beholding himself reduced to the last extremity, rushed upon the ruthless destroyers of his little property, and fought with that desperation which his sense of public wrong and personal injury inspired—but his effort was vain, for, exhausted and powerless, he sunk beneath the whelming weight of superior numbers, and was, with his infant boy, made prisoners.

Morning dawned, and the sun blazed with its full splendor over the spot where, on the previous day, the beautiful cottage of Rolofski shone in its beams;—now they fell only upon a mass of smoking ruins, lonely and desolate, the fearful evidence of the destruction of the force of tyran-

ny. One individual, alone, stood gazing upon the mournful scene—one young and beautiful being, in the silent agony of sorrow, stood gazing upon the smoking ruins of her hitherto happy home! It was Christine—the wife and the mother—yesterday in the enjoyment of the richest blessings of heaven, now reduced to the depths of anguish and despair; like a fairy dream her happiness had floated away, and she stood gazing upon the wreck, abstracted, pale, and motionless! Husband and child were torn from her—that husband so tenderly endeared to her, that child so fondly loved—both prisoners, taken in the very heat of rebellion, whose punishment was instant death! She shuddered as her imagination contemplated the fearful result, and turning from the scene of her burning home, she formed the resolution of following the band that were carrying away all that the world held dear to her, of throwing herself at their feet, of imploring mercy in the name of heaven, and trusting to her agony and despair for the relief of her husband and her child.

This was the natural resolution of an affectionate woman, of a woman whose soul was bound to that of her husband, not by the ordinary ties of law, but by that divine chain which should ever link the heart of wedded beings—of a woman esteeming existence but for the enjoyment of her husband and her son, in whose happiness she lived, and in whose death she could die, nor wish to live when those should be torn from her. It was the natural impulse of a wife's affection, that induced Christine to follow the hasty march of the despoilers of her home—that impulse which we see so often exerted, but too frequently without avail: too often is the heroism of woman despised, too often the dignity of her character contemned, and her intrepidity laughed to scorn. Christine arrived at the camp, she made her way through the revelling soldiery, and fell directly at the feet of the commanding officer, and stretching out her arms in supplication, exclaimed—"Mercy, mercy!—forgive my husband—restore my unoffending child!" The officer gazed in astonishment at the agony of the woman, and, immediately raising her from the ground, enquired the meaning of her supplications; but ere he could finish his enquiry, Christine had turned her languid eyes upon his countenance, and, shrieking at the sight, shrunk hastily away. It was her husband's rival—Wrelschoff!

"Christine!" exclaimed the officer, as he recognized her—"Christine!"

"Mercy, mercy!" cried the agonized wife, and again sunk in supplication at his feet.

"Nay, rise Christine," rejoined the officer, "so fair, so dear a friend, must not bend thus; repeat your griefs, tell me the cause of all this agony, and trust in my sincere desire to serve you."

"My husband and my child are prisoners!"

"Your husband, Christine! Rolofski a prisoner! The darling wish of my soul—my first, best hope was, that I might one day repay the

insult and the injury Rolofski inflicted in depriving me of thy love; and now he falls a victim to the outraged laws, and is my prisoner!"

"Wrelschoff," exclaimed the wife, "you surely do not contemplate *revenge*;—you do not mean to punish my husband for the mere act of loving me, of being beloved! Oh no, you will not—cannot be so cruel!"

"Christine," rejoined the officer, "that I loved you, fondly, passionately, you well know;—you know the restless days and sleepless nights of my boyhood, when this romantic feeling possessed my soul, burned in my heart, and maddened even my brain,—you know that well. I might have won you, had not this Rolofski come between us, and snatched away the prize, at the very moment I believed it truly mine! Years have passed since that time—Rolofski has been a happy joyful bridegroom—Wrelschoff a lonely soldier; in the intervals of military duty, the form of Christine has ever presented itself, and the enjoyment of Rolofski, my-hated rival, perpetually recurred;—then, then, in these bitter moments, have I sworn, in the sacred face of heaven, to revenge the injury, if ever the chance of fate or fortune threw my rival in my power—"

"Oh God!—you do not mean—" interrupted the agonized wife of the patriot.

"Christine!" exclaimed the soldier, in a deep, low, and determined tone, "my feelings now are as they were in my boyhood;—Rolofski's head is beneath the axe, and my vengeance is satisfied! You can save him—I need not add the means."

She hastily turned from the officer in indignation, and in a proud, contemptuous tone exclaimed, "Christine is a Polish wife—and knows her duty!"

"Aye," rejoined Wrelschoff, "but Christine is a Polish *mother*."

Christine hesitated a moment as she contemplated the power of the ruthless soldier, and its probable effects, but as instantly assumed her former attitude of resignation, and rejoined, "My trust is in heaven, to whose power I commend my husband and my child!"

A soldier at this moment announced that the prisoners had escaped; the sentinels had fallen asleep upon the watch, and Rolofski and his son had climbed to the grated window, from which they leaped into the open field, and had succeeded in effecting their escape.

"My prayer is heard—I have not implored the protection of heaven in vain!" shouted the Polish wife, as the happy intelligence reached her ears of her husband's safety, and her child's.

"Now, Wrelschoff, where's your *vengeance*?"

"Even here," exclaimed he, seizing her hand, "the pretty Christine must be an hostage for her husband's return:" and he ordered her instantly to be detained.

Rolofski and his boy hastened with all their speed to the neighbourhood of their home, in order to ascertain the safety of the beloved wife and mother:—all that met their view, however,

when arrived, was the mass of black ruins, here and there venting thin streams of smoke, and all around and about, still, lone and desolate. The distracted husband called upon the name of Christine, but no voice responded to his cry; he shouted with all his might, and the boy assisted, but all their hopes expired beneath the despairing conviction, that the one object of their search and solicitude had fled the mournful scene. Afraid to remain upon the spot, they immediately hastened to the nearest rendezvous of the patriots, and the name of Nicholas Rolofski was enrolled in the list of those intrepid heroes, whose lives were devoted to the redemption of Poland from its state of slavery and oppression.

All endeavours to discover the retreat of Christine were ineffectual; until, at length, a soldier of the enemy's forces was brought in prisoner, from whom Rolofski ascertained, that his wife was in the power of his rival, Wrelschoff. Maddened with rage, he meditated an immediate attack upon the enemy, and was only restrained by the cautious interference of a veteran, who suggested the propriety of a more matured arrangement, previous to entering upon a contest in which the numbers were so unequal. Rolofski, however, laughed his comrades fears to scorn, and intent solely upon the rescue of his wife, he besought an immediate attack. His appeal, however, was ineffectual; the number of the patriots was too small to admit of the probability of success against the enemy's overwhelming forces, and some days must elapse before a reinforcement of the patriot party could arrive; but to Rolofski, that interval was pregnant with danger and destruction: unable to induce his associates to the attack, he ventured to quit their assembly with his young boy, in order to attempt the release of his wife.

He gained the vicinity of Wrelschoff's quarters, unobserved and unmolested, and paused to consider upon the many plans that suggested themselves, all of which, however, vanished upon consideration, while the bare certainty of Christine's confinement presented itself. While musing upon the probability of success, he was challenged by an approaching guard. "Friends," exclaimed Rolofski, "friends to the Duke!"

"Nicholas Rolofski!" rejoined the guard, "I know the voice."

"You are mistaken friend," immediately exclaimed Rolofski, in the apprehension of detection, "I know no such name."

"And yet," continued the other, "each word you speak, more forcibly convinces that I am not in error. If you are the patriot, you are safe with me."

"Aye!" exclaimed Rolofski:

"I see—I read Rolofski written in every feature of that expressive face. Rolofski, who dealt death so bravely in the attack upon his farm, and charmed even enemies by his daring valor."

"You are an enemy to freedom."

"No, no," rejoined the guard, "I have quitted for ever the service, and am hastening to enlist under the patriot's banner."

"Then heaven be with you," exclaimed Rolofski, pressing the soldier's hand, "I am Rolofski."

"And you seek your intrepid wife," said the soldier, "now suffering under the oppressive tyranny of Wrelschoff; but she bears her sorrows bravely:—never did man offer greater temptations to woman,—never did woman withstand them more nobly:—disdaining liberty and even life, she resists the insult of the commander, and scorns alike his prayers and threatenings; her gallant conduct charmed me, her stern devotion awed me into virtue, and lo! inspired by the virtue of the patriot's wife, I go to join the patriot's cause."

Rolofski heard the noble conduct of his wife with exultation;—his lips quivered, and the tear started to his eye-lid, while the soldier recapitulated his story, and pressing his hand fervently, he enquired, what means he could take to rescue his beloved? "Simply this," exclaimed the soldier, "exchange clothes with me, and take my station in the guard-house; my flight will not then be discovered, nor in the hurry and business of the moment will the substitution. You will soon be ordered to guard the chamber wherein the lady is confined; you are bold and resolute, and to a spirit such as yours—"

"The rescue's certain!" interrupted the husband, and delighted at the anticipated result of his expedition, he hastily made the projected change of attire, and then, directing the soldier to the rendezvous of the patriots he had just quitted, the latter undertook to protect the boy until Rolofski's return, as his appearance in the guard-house might hazard detection, and produce the worst results. Rolofski thanked the guard for the suggestion, and also for his kind promise to protect the child: he feared to trust him, however, with a stranger. But the latter immediately assured the patriot of his integrity, and also of the danger that would attend his project if the boy went with him; the child, too, requested his father to proceed alone, as he was sure the stranger would not harm him, and he might be serviceable in directing his passage to the patriot's retreat; moreover, that the safety of his mother depended solely upon his caution, and he intreated, therefore, to be allowed to conduct their friend. The father, unable to resist such arguments, kissed the forehead of his boy, and commending him to the care of heaven, and the safe protection of the stranger, allowed them to depart. He saw them descend the hill, and cross the narrow valley. The soldier quick in his movement, and the boy equally anxious to conduct his fellow traveller, until the turn of the road obscured them from his sight; the fond parent then turned towards his destination, and, with a burning heart, progressed rapidly towards the quarters of the Russian detachment.

Rolofski dreamed not that he was the victim of treachery, that the snares of the enemy had completely entrapped him, and that he now hastened to his doom! The friend whom he had just quitted, and to whose protection he had resigned his child, was a spy of Wrelschoff's, and

immediately he believed himself out of sight of his victim, he secured the boy, and hastened by a shorter path back to the Russian quarters. Rolofski had gained his destination, and mingled with the other soldiers in the guard-house; he had thus far succeeded in his project, and beheld, in his imagination, the speedy rescue of his beloved wife, and the termination of his anxious fears.

Christine was confined in an apartment, from which escape was altogether impracticable; massy iron bars secured the only window that admitted light, and a sentinel was ever present to watch her conduct. Wrelschoff had expressed himself determined upon her detention, maddened by the reflection that the rival whom he had imagined so securely in his power, had eluded his vengeance, and deprived him thereby of an exquisite revenge. Christine, however, had been secured, and the idol of his passion was his beyond the possibility of assistance or of rescue; the boy, too, had now become his prisoner, and he exultingly discovered Rolofski again within his toils. Immediate orders were given for the arrest of the latter, who, at the moment he was projecting the release of Christine from her confinement, was secured by the guard, and conducted to the same prison from which he had so lately escaped. The patriot instantly discerned the treachery, and in the anguish of the moment raved in incoherent terms, and requested tidings of his poor boy, but the lips of the guard were sealed, and he obtained no reply.

"Madam, your child!" exclaimed Wrelschoff, as he entered the apartment of Christine with the boy. The mother shrieked at the sight of her darling, and springing towards him, clasped her white arms around his little form, and pressing him to her maternal bosom, mingled her tears with his.

"Madam," continued Wrelschoff, "the child again is mine."

"And its father?" enquired Christine, in a burst of agony.

"Is my prisoner!"

"Gracious heaven forbid!" she cried, and pressing her boy more passionately to her throbbing heart, gave vent to her agony in tears.

"Fortune has favored me, Christine," exclaimed the officer, "and led within my power those beings that have produced such anguish in my heart, such madness in my bosom. Vengeance, Christine, will be satisfied, your husband dies!"

"Oh no, you cannot be so very, very cruel, Wrelschoff."

"There is no cruelty, Christine, in a most dear revenge."

"Revenge is monstrous, Wrelschoff; more fit for demons than for men."

"Then men should not provoke it," said the officer, in a decisive tone; "the die is cast, and Christine seals her husband's doom."

"I!" exclaimed the agonized mother.

"You know the means by which he may be saved."

"Oh, yes," rejoined Christine, and kissing the white forehead of her boy, she pressed him fondly to her bosom, and exclaimed, "I know, too, that Nicholas Rolofski would rather yield his life upon a scaffold, or at the cannon's mouth, than that Christine should render herself unworthy the distinction of a Polish wife!"

"You have resolved?" enquired Wrelschoff, and his eyes flashed fire as he spoke.

"I have," was the calm and dignified reply.

"Then be it so," cried Wrelschoff, snatching the boy from his mother's arms, and delivering him instantly to the guard—"Let it be as I have ordered!" and the guard withdrew with the child.

"Monster, what is it you would do?—give me back my child!" cried the trembling mother, as the door closed upon them.

"Aye, aye," replied Wrelschoff, "hy-and-bye the boy shall return; he has first a deed to execute,—to serve his country and his king."

"What is it you mean?"

"There is a traitor to be shot to-day, and it is resolved that the boy's hand shall be tried upon the firing of the cannon;—that, madam, is all!"

"Ah!" rejoined Christine, "my mind pictures a scene of horror. Wrelschoff, your looks confirm my fears; who, tell me, who is the boy to shoot?"

"The traitor, Nicholas Rolofski!"

"Oh no, oh no, you cannot be so monstrous!" shrieked Christine. "Recal those words, tell me they are false,—are but to try me; say you would cheat me to dishonor, and let me picture such a scene no more."

"Christine, it is resolved on; but the father's face will be concealed, and he will not know who it is that fires the instrument of death,—neither will the boy be aware of the individual who receives destruction. Behold!" continued he, unfastening an iron window that had overlooked the parade, "behold the preparations for the execution."

Christine gazed from the window, and beheld the soldiers drawn up in military array, preparatory to the scene of death that was to ensue; the cannon that was to destroy her husband was fixed, and her boy, her darling boy, was by its side, holding the lighted match that was to fire the fearful instrument, wholly unconscious of the being whom he would destroy: guards were over him to direct the child's hand, and every thing appeared ready for the last ceremony.

Christine instantly averted her glance, and fell at the feet of the author of this scene of horror.

"For the love of God!" cried she, "by the hope of heaven, stop these dreadful preparations,—recal the sentence, or withdraw my innocent child;—let not his father's blood be on the poor boy's head!"

"It is Christine," murmured Wrelschoff, "that has caused these preparations;—it is Christine that has placed her child with a lighted match at the cannon's head, and gives the signal for the destruction of Rolofski!"

"Monster, monster," exclaimed she, "how can you force me to this state of suffering?"

"One word, Christine, and your husband's saved.—Behold!"

The procession was now seen advancing towards the scene of death. Rolofski, apparently resigned to his impending fate, received the religious consolation of the holy men that attended him, with composure and placidity, and beheld the engine of destruction without the least emotion or dismay.

"He does not fear to die!" energetically exclaimed Christine. "He falls as a Polish patriot should fall, and heaven will receive his soul! But my boy—"

"One moment longer, Christine, and your resolve is of no avail;—say, must he perish?"

"Not by the hand of his child;—you will not, dare not be so barbarous!"

"He dies!" cried the officer, and hastily quitted the apartment.

Christine shrieked as she saw him depart; she followed him to the door, but it was closed, fast and firm; she heard the bolts jar in the iron clasps, and she turned away disconsolate. The guard was her only companion, but he was mute and sullen. Reflection overpowered her, and she sank upon her seat motionless, gazing upon vacancy, her thoughts too great for utterance, too violent for tears. The trumpet announcing the arrival of the commanding officer upon the scene of death awakened her from her stupor; she shrieked, and turning to the window from whence Wrelschoff had directed her attention to the preparations for the execution, discovered that it had not been closed; in the impulse of the moment, the distracted mother sprung towards the casement, and, before the guard could withhold her, leaped from her confinement, and with the speed of lightning rushed towards the spot where her darling boy held the match ready to destroy his father!

The alarm was instantly spread, but the action of Christine was too swift for prevention; and ere her progress could be arrested, she struck the lighted match from her child's hand, and, in a frantic tone, exclaimed, "*Boy, boy, it is your father you would kill!*" Rolofski recognized the voice, and the fearful words it breathed; and starting from his kneeling posture, rushed towards the spot from whence it proceeded, and, in a moment, clasped to his despairing heart, the wife and child so dear to him. Wrelschoff furiously ordered their instant separation, and the destruction of his rival; but a sudden tumult from the rear excited his attention, and, before he could collect his thoughts, a vast body of the patriot troops were upon him; and so quiet and unperceived had been their progress, that the Russian soldiers were surprised and defeated, ere they could well imagine the cause of the alarm. Rolofski headed a party of his brave associates, and beneath his arm the villain Wrelschoff fell in the first assault. Short, but desperate, was the contest, and it ended in favor of the patriot troops. Rolofski was saved, and he

clapsed to his bosom his faithful wife, and their darling boy; whilst the patriot troops planted the sacred banner of freedom upon the headquarters of the Russian army, amidst the shouts of Victory and Liberty!

THE MAJESTY OF GOD.

NOTHING is more difficult than to endeavor to form such ideas of God as are in any degree worthy of his greatness and majesty. It is as impossible for us to comprehend him perfectly, as it would be to hold the sea in the hollow of our hand, and compass the heavens with a pen. Of God it may be justly said he is both well known to and concealed from us. He is very high and yet infinitely beyond us—well known and very high in respect to his being, and infinitely distant and hidden in respect to his nature, perfections, and purposes. But on this very account it is our duty to endeavor to know his greatness, as it is necessary that we should form those sentiments of veneration, for they are his due. To assist our weakness in this respect, let us compare him with what men esteem and admire most, and we shall see that God is infinitely above all.

We admire the power of kings, and we are filled with astonishment when we find they have conquered vast empires, taken cities and fortresses, erected superb buildings, and have been the means of the happiness or misery of whole nations. But if we are struck with the powers of a man, who is but dust and ashes, the greater part of whose exploits is due to other agents, how shall we admire the power of God, who has founded the earth and formed the heavens, who holds the sun in his hand, and upholds the immense fabric of the universe by the word of his power! We are, with reason, astonished at the heat of the sun, the impetuosity of the winds, the roaring of the sea, the peals of thunder and the inconceivable rapidity of the lightning; but it is God who lights up the solar fire, who thunders in the clouds, makes the winds his messengers, the flames of fire his ministers, and who raises and calms the waves of the sea.

We justly respect those who have distinguished themselves by the extent of their knowledge; but what is the knowledge that the whole human understanding can acquire, in comparison of the wisdom of that august Being before whom all is uncovered and all known—who counts the stars of heaven and numbers the sands of the sea—knows the path of every drop that falls from the atmosphere—and who, with one look, beholds the past, the present, and the future, in the present moment! How much wisdom shines in the construction of the universe, in the revolutions of the planets, in the arrangement of our globe, and in the smallest flower! They are so many master-pieces, which infinitely surpass the most magnificent and most perfect work of man.

We are dazzled with the splendor of riches, we admire the palaces of kings, the magnificence of their furniture, the pomp of their cloth-

ing, the beauty of their apartments, and the abundance of gold, silver, the precious stones which shine on every side; but how little is all this, compared with the riches of the Lord our God, whose throne is in the heavens, and whose footstool is the earth! The heavens are his, and the earth also; the habitable world and all that dwell therein. He has fitted up dwellings for all creatures—he has established stores for all men and all animals—he causes grass to grow for cattle, and corn for the service of man. All that is useful and excellent in the world is drawn from his treasures. Life, health, riches, glory, happiness, every thing that can constitute the good of his creatures—all are in his hands, and he distributes them according to his good pleasure.

We respect the great men of the earth when they command a multitude of subjects, and reign over many countries; but what is that spot which is subject to them, in comparison with the empire of the universe, of which our globe is but a small province, which extends over all the heavenly bodies and their inhabitants! How great must that master be who has all monarchs of the universe for his servants, and who beholds around his throne the cherubim and seraphim ever ready to fly to execute his orders!

We judge of the greatness of men by their actions. We celebrate kings who have built cities and palaces, who have governed their estates well, and who have successfully accomplished great designs. But how astonishing are the works of the Most High! How wonderful the creation of the immense universe, the preservation of so many creatures, the wise and equitable government of innumerable worlds, the redemption of the human race, the punishment of the wicked, and the recompense of the good!

Who is like unto thee, O Lord! Thou art great, thy name is great, and thy works proclaim thy grandeur! Nothing can be imagined equal to the greatness of our God. Should not a religious reverence ever possess our souls at the thought of the presence of the Ruler of the world, the Lord, who encompasses all our paths! The brightness of the stars is absorbed by the presence of the sun. Thus all the glory, all the knowledge, all the power, and all the riches of the world vanish when compared with the glory and majesty of God. The soul exults and is ennobled in meditating on the greatness of the Most High. Such sublime meditations delightfully exercise all our spiritual faculties—we are filled with reverence, admiration, and joy, when, in a holy transport, we represent to our minds the Being of beings, the Eternal, Almighty, the Infinite! Can we help exclaiming with ecstasy, The Lord he is God! The Lord he is God! Give glory to him for ever and ever?

He that is a good man, is three quarters of his way towards the being a good Christian, where-soever he lives, or whatsoever he is called.—*South.*

CUI BONO?

FROM FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

WHAT is Hope? a smiling rainbow
Children follow thro' the wet;
'Tis not here, still yonder, yonder—
Never urchin found it yet.

WHAT is Life? a thawing iceboard
On a sea with sunny shore;
Gay we sail—it melts beneath us—
We are sunk, and seen no more.

WHAT is Man? a foolish baby,
Fighting fierce for hollow nuts;
Demanding all, deserving nothing—
One small grave is what he gets.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE day of wrath! that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away;
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
Whom shall he trust that dreadful day?

When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When, louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead!

Oh! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ! the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

BAT BOROO.

If you're passing at early morning, above there, beyond the Clough, you may see Bat, with his back leaning against Mick Maguire's door—'tis there where he lodges—smoking his pipe, and looking out under his eye-brows at you, as fierce as a grenadier at a Frenchman. There's nothing warlike about Bat but braggadocio, and a cut across his chin—barring that he's wasted and worn, you'd think; for his broad shoulders seem to have been better covered with flesh one day than they now are. When he condescends to spake to any of us, Bat talks of the wars as though he'd been in them; and says he has wounds besides that one on his chin, but they're under his clothes; and then he gives a bit of a cough, and says he's asthmatic, and might catch harm if he stripped himself to show them. So that nobody has seen Bat's wounds but himself, but no doubt he has many of them; though, to be sure, that on his chin looks as though it was done by the blunt razor of a barber, rather than a grenadier's baggonet, or a dragoon's sabre. However, all one's for that.

Bat's too high and mighty to be much liked by the peoplo about; and a boy says he peeped in at a hole in the cabin one day, and saw something on Bat's back that looked as if the military cat had been scratching it. But doesn't the boy play the rogue now and then?—Faith! he does; and may be, Bat is belied by him. How the blade lives, nobody knows; nor why he came here to this place, which is at the very back of God's speed, we can't say. May be, he's a pensioner: why not?—And, may be too, as some think, he's a native of these parts, and one of the sons of that same ould Dick Boroo, who lived in a cabin on the very same spot where Mick Maguire's now stands. Dick wint to the dogs, long ago, and he and the whole seed and breed of him run the country; and nobody has seen a ha'p'orth of them since; except this is one o' them, come here after the wars, to bluster away, where he used to be beaten; and die one day where he first drew breath.

Bat won't own he's a Boroo; but we all call him that name in the face of him; and, when he goes off, what will they write on the stone by his grave, if he gets one, think you?—Why, then, "Here lies Bat Boroo, who died of doing nothing."

And, faith! it's nothing he does, but walk about like a half-sir, as he is—smoking his pipe the whole blessed morning, for the sake, he says, of getting himself an appetite for dinner. But he needn't take the trouble; for its just as needless, in my mind, as whistling to the sea, when the tide's coming in; and come it will, like Bat's appetite, whether you whistle or no, devouring almost every thing in its way. Without a word of a lie, Bat's the biggest eater in all the barony, and the biggest brag—that is, he was—to the tail o' that. But, poor fellow! he don't know his infirmity; and thinks his appetite a sign of weakness, instead of sound health: it's the only living thing he takes on about. "There's nothing, Jimmy Fitzgerald," says he, to me one day, "there's nothing, in the universal world, I can keep on my stomach—bad luck to the bit!—for if I ate half a rack of mutton, with peathees and milk, or a pound of pig's-face, or eight or ten red herrings, for my breakfast—it's hungry I am, in an hour or two again, as though nothing had happened to me that day in the way of provision."—What think you of that for digestion?

There's three things Bat thinks about, and that's all:—first, his stomach; secondly, making believe he's not to be frightened by man or beast, nor even the good people that lives in the moats, and frolics away all night on the heath, and goes to bed in the butter-cups and daisies—it's a wonder to some they've played no tricks with him yet;—and lastly, that he has much better blood in his body than the people about him.

Now I'll tell you what happened Bat. "While ago—three or four years back—we'd a cunning woman came here, and it's but little she got—how would she, when there was little to give? it was going to a goat's house to look for wool:—

and plenty of bad luck she prophesied, for nobody had enough to pay for better. Some of it came true enough; and, if she spoke truth, there's more mischief behind. She said to me, I'd have my roof down; but it's safe yet, for I trusted in Providence, and put a new beam across it the week after she wint. At last, when she'd tould a power of ill-tidings to many, and no one would go near her for fear, and she'd stood by the abbey-wall for a long hour, waiting for customers, with the people—men, women, and children—making a circle about her, who should come up but Mither Bat Boroo, just after taking a good dinner with Paddy Doolan? "What's the murder here?" says he. So they up and tould him, that nobody dared to have their fates from the cunning-woman.

This was a windfall for Bat;—a glorious occasion for making much of himself. Up he marched to the woman, as though he was going to attack an entrenchment, and crossing her ould yellow hand with the copper—the best his pocket could afford—he desired she'd say what would happen him. "Speak bouldly," says he, "for Bat Muggleburgh isn't the man that's to be frightened by a bulrush."

"Man," says she, looking up to him, "you've been a souldier."

"What then?" says he.

"Here's a line in your hand,"—says she, "a line which tells me that before another year has gone over your head, you'll be more frightened by a *bulrush* than ever you was by a *baggonet*;—and that's saying much."

Bat bullied her, but bit his lip for vexation; and, by-and-by, you'll hear how he got on, and what came of the cunning-woman's foreboding. But wait a little, for I'm before my story, and must go back. You heard me say, Bat called himself by the name of Bat Muggleburgh, awhile ago; and so he did: for, as I told you, he denied the name of Boroo, because, he said, he'd no call to it; and that Muggleburgh was what he'd a right to—and he'd own to it—and nothing else. Now, all this may be true enough; Bat's name may be Muggleburgh, and he Dick Boroo's son for all that:—for did any one ever know, or take the trouble to inquire, what was ould Dick's rale name—if he had one?—besides Dick—Boroo was a nick-name he got for some saying or prank, that was past by and forgotten entirely in my time, though the name still stuck to him. He wasn't an Irishman; but where he came from—except he was a bit of a Dutch smuggler or something in his young days—myself neither knows nor cares.

It's often he brags—Bat does—of the brave coat of arms that belongs to him, if he had his rights; and what great men the Muggleburghs was in times gone by;—but that's no matter at all: there's a regular descendant of the honourable kings of Meath sells butter at Cashel, and is as big a rogue as one here and there. I myself came from a fine family by my mother's side; but what's all the famous blood of her ancestors now?—one of the grandfathers of the worm you

trod on o' Monday, had some of the best of it; and for my own part, I don't value that of great Bryan himself a rush and a half; but my mother didn't think so, poor thing—rest her soul!

Well, by this time, you must be pretty well acquainted with Bat—and may be, tired of him; but wait till you hear what happened him. Many months: but not a year, after Bat had his fortune tould in the manner I mentioned, we'd a poor scholar—a stripling of sixteen or so—with us here, for two, or it might be, three days at the most. Good luck follow him!—he was a lad we all loved, high and low;—and it's not very high the best of us is, sure enough;—for the boy behaved beautifully, though he'd a spice of the wag in him. And why not?—wasn't he young?—and isn't young days the best of days with us? And if we arn't merry then, when will we, I'd like to know?

Bat didn't like the poor scholar, and used to abuse him, because he convinced us all he knew more of the geography of foreign parts than Bat, who had been among them, as he said. And the night before the lad left us, Bat threatened to baste him, for smiling while he was preaching about the Muggleburgh arms, and bewailing the state of his digestive organs: and he would too, if it was not for this crutch of mine, and Mick Maguire's gun, and the piper of Drogheda's wooden leg, and one or two other impediments;—not to mention a feeling of goodness that came over him then in the poor scholar's favour;—for if Bat's a bully and a cormorant, he hasn't a bad heart, when all comes to all:—but the poor scholar didn't forget it to him.

The next morning, those who were up, and passed by Bat's door before he was awake, saw as fine a coat of arms figured out with chalk upon it, as the best of the Muggleburghs, in the height of their glory—if ever they had any—could well wish to look upon. And could any one thing suit Bat better?—Faith! then, nothing in the wide world. In the middle, was a dish instead of a shield, with a fat goose—Bat's favourite food—quartered upon it; and each side of the dish, what do you think there was, but a knife and fork for supporters?—and, to crown all, perched upon the top, was a *swallow*, for a crest. Then, at the foot, there was a table-cloth finely festooned, and words written upon it, by way of motto, which ran thus:—"Boroo *edax rerum*:" I remember them very well. First, there was Boroo; then came the name of my lady's steward, Mither Dax, with a little *e* before it—then after a blank, followed a *ra*, or a *re*; and it ended, like a slave-driver's dinner, with *rum*:—Boroo *edax rerum*, or *rerum*;—signifying, as the worthy coadjutor informed us, that Bat, like ould father Time, who takes a tower for his lunch, and a city for his supper, was a devourer of all things. The hand that can draw, could make its master understood, where the tongue that speaks seven languages couldn't do a ha'p'orth; or so thinks Jimmy Fitzgerald—that's me. Now, though we couldn't make out the motto, all of us, down to the boys themselves,

knew what the figures of the goose, and the swallow, and so forth, stood for; and great was the shouting:—but Bat had a glass in his head, and didn't wake.

By-and-by, down he came, with his pipe in his mouth; and, suspecting nothing at all, shut the door after him, and leaned his back against it as usual. When his backy was smoked, he threw away his pipe with an air, and strutted off through the place; and, behold! there was the chalk from the door on him, and he, not knowing it, bearing his arms on his own coat. Will I tell you how many boys and girls he had at his tail in ten minutes?—I couldn't, without reckoning every living soul of them, within half-a-mile of this, or I would. For a long time, Bat didn't know what it was all about, and looked before and both sides of him to find out where the fun was, but he couldn't. "Look behind you!" says somebody. Bat looked, and there was the boys and girls laughing, and that was all: so he wint on again.

This couldn't last long though:—after awhile, Bat found out what made the boys follow him, as the little birds do the cuckoo—and then his rage wasn't little;—describe it I won't, for I can't; but I'll tell you what he did:—he suspected the scholar had played him that trick—which was the truth—and he found out which road he took; and you'll be sorry to hear he soon came within sight of his satchel.

Whether the boy heard Bat blowing and blustering I don't know, but he luckily glanced behind him, and seeing Bat and his big stick, did what any one in his place would, if he could—put a hedge between him and his enemy. Bat followed him, vowing vengeance in the shape of a great basting from one field to another; until, in the end, he didn't know how, he found he'd lost the boy—and discovered the prudence of taking to his heels himself; for there he was, in the midst of a meadow, and a fine fierce-looking bull making up to him at a post-trot. Seeing this, Bat began to make calculations, and perfectly satisfied himself, that before he could reach the hedge he came over, the bull would come up with him, and, in all probability, attack his rear. Bat couldn't very well like this: there wasn't much time for pros and cons with him; so he threw his stick at the beast, and away he wint, at a great rate, towards a gate he saw in the nearest corner of the field. Though the bull wasn't far behind him, he contrived to reach and climb up the gate-post without being harmed;—but, musha! what did he see, think you, when he got there?—

If ever man was in a dilemma, it was Bat. The gate led into the yard before young Pierce Veogh's kennel, and just below Bat, was a brace of as promising dogs for a bull-bait as you'd like to see, trying all they could to get a snap at Bat's leg, that was hanging their side of the gate-post. The dogs looked, and really were, more furious than usual—which was needless;—for it happened to be just at the time when Pierce was away in the safe custody of Timberleg the bailiff, and

they weren't fed in his absence quite so regularly as they'd wish. Bat knew this; and, thinks he, they'd make but little bones of a man of my weight, if they had me;—so that it wouldn't have been wise in him to have ventured into the yard. The gate wint close up to the garden-wall. But there was three impediments to Bat's going that way:—first, the gate was well spiked; next, if he didn't mind that, one of the dogs could reach him aisily from the top of their kennel as he passed; thirdly and lastly, if he defied the spikes, and escaped with a bite or two, and got to the garden-wall, there was a board, with "steel-traps," and so forth, staring in the face of him. And what other way had he of getting off? Divil a one but two. One was, by dropping into the meadow again;—and that he might do well enough, but for the bull that was bellowing below to get a rush at him;—the other, I think, was jumping off the post into the stream, upon the edge of which it was planted. The water wasn't wide, but it was deep, and Bat couldn't swim: and there he was, depend upon it, in as nice a dilemma as man had need be. If you don't credit what I say, draw a map of his position as he sat on the post with the beasts on both sides, the spikes behind, and the water before him, and then tell me what you think.

Bat bellowed, and so did the bull, and the noises wint for one, and the dogs barked, but nobody came. By-and-by Bat saw a figure walking along the opposite bank, and who should it be but the ould cunning-woman?

"Is that yourself, Bat?" says she.

"I think it is," says he, "more's the pity!"

"That post of yours isn't the pleasantest post in the world, I think," says she.

"I think not," says he.

"Did't I tell you, Bat—"

"Bad luck to every bit of you!" says he, interrupting her; "bad luck to you and your *bull-rushes* too, and all them that plays upon words!—for I know well enough of what you're going to remind me."

"Bat," says she, "it isn't a year since I—"

"Ah! now go away," says he; "go away, now you've had your ends, and make up for the mischief, by calling some one to tie up the dogs, or drive away the bull, or bring a boat—why can't you?"

The ould woman sat down, and smoked her pipe, and she and Bat had a little more confab this way across the stream; but, at last and at long run, he persuaded her to come to us here, and tell us how matters stood with Bat, and to beg us to help him off: not—do you mind?—as I think, out of any humanity to the man, but to show us how truly she'd foretold what was to happen him. I don't like her, so I'll say no good of her—but this, namely—she gave a poor boy who was upon the shaughran, without father or mother, house or home to his head, a penny and a blessing, when it's my belief, she'd little more to give. I say that—for I'd like to give even a certain elderly gentleman, whose name I won't mention, his due—much more a poor ould cun-

ning-woman—that's weak, flesh and blood, after all's said and done (though not a bit too good) lik one's ownself.

Down came the woman, but she found few at home besides Mick Maguire, for a'most every mother's son that could move, had gone away to get Bat off his predicament before. Mick wouldn't go at all; for he said, sure he was the bull bore a grudge against him, because he threw stones at his head, and bullied him once.

"Ah! but," says somebody, "may be, he wouldn't notice you, Mick."

"May be, he would though," says Mick; "so it's go I won't."

"But sure we'll all be wid you, Mick."

"That matters not," says he; "for the bull

might be ripping up ould grievances, and select meeself, out of all of ye, to butt and abuse."

"But couldn't you bring your gun, man?"

"I could then, but I won't," says Mick; "for I'm inclined to suspect that it wasn't to shoot his bull that Mither Pierce Veogh gave it me."

You'll wonder how they came to know where Bat was—won't you?—'Twas the poor scholar then, that ducked down in a ditch, from the bull on one side, and Bat on the other; and after that, saw how Bat got on with the bull and came to tell us. So some of them went to Pierce Veogh's people, and got the dogs called off, and down came Bat amongst them, swearing that if he'd his big stick—which, he said, he'd dropped he didn't know how—he'd baste the bull any day.



THERE'S MUSIC IN A MOTHER'S VOICE.

THERE'S music in a mother's voice,
More sweet than breezes sighing;
There's kindness in a mother's glance,
Too pure for ever dying.

There's love within a mother's breast,
So deep, 'tis still o'erflowing,
And care for those she calls her own,
That's ever, ever growing.

There's anguish in a mother's tear,
When farewell fondly taking,
That so the heart of pity moves,
It scarcely keeps from breaking.

And when a mother kneels to Heaven,
And for her child is praying,
O, who shall half the fervour tell
That burns in all she's saying!

A mother! how her tender arts
Can soothe the breast of sadness,
And through the gloom of life once more,
Bid shine the sun of gladness.

A mother! when, like evening's star,
Her course hath ceas'd before us,
From brighter worlds regards us still,
And watches fondly o'er us.

REFLECTION.

WHAT avails love—when each fond hope
That springs to life within the breast
Is blighted by Fate's canker breath,
And wither'd, sinks to endless rest?

What avails love—when every glance
But speaks too plain the sadden'd tale;
When dreams of hope are mockery,
And burning tears of no avail?

What avails love—when all we prize
On earth, and all we fondly cherish,
Is snatched away, like winter's joys,
That spring to life, and quickly perish?

Oh! what avails the bursting heart,
That tenderest feeling of the soul,
That crush beneath the agony
Of things beyond control?

What avail these—ah what avail
The mutual anguish, mutual truth;
Fidelity's own perfect charm,
The fondest, tenderest, hopes of youth?

They sink, like the wretch on the deep,
Beneath the unfathom'd wave,
And our joys go down to their endless sleep,
And our hopes to the endless grave!

THE BROKEN HEART.

Now lock my chamber-door, father,
 And say you left me sleeping;
 But never tell my step-mother
 Of all this bitter weeping:
 No earthly sleep can ease my smart,
 Or even a while relieve it;
 For there's a pang at my young heart
 That never more can leave it!

O let me lie and weep my fill
 O'er wounds that heal can never;
 And O, kind Heaven! were it thy will
 To close these eyes for ever—
 For how can maid's affections dear
 Recall her love mistaken?
 Or how can heart of maiden bear
 To know that heart forsaken?

O, why should vows so fondly made
 Be broken ere the morrow,
 To one who loved as never maid
 Loved in this world of sorrow?
 The look of scorn I cannot brave,
 Nor Pity's eye more dreary,
 A quiet sleep within the grave
 Is all for which I weary!

POLISH SONG.

HARK! the sounding bugle's voice,
 Peals its loud war—minstrelsy,
 Sons of patriot sires rejoice,
 In Liberty!

Now the stars of Freedom shine—
 Storms of dark oppression flee—
 Gallia!—every praise be thine,
 For Liberty!

Onward—hear ye not the chains
 Worn by you in slavery?—
 While the life-blood swells your veins,
 Shout—Liberty!

Spirits throned in yonder sky,
 Scourges once of tyranny—
 Hear with joy your thrilling cry
 Of Liberty!

Gory rivers now may flow,
 Welcome death, or victory!
 Nations will applaud the blow
 For Liberty!

Onward then and freedom claim—
 Poland!—let the watch-word be—
 Now another—prouder name
 For Liberty!

KOSCIUSKO.

THADDEUS KOSCIUSKO, citizen soldier, one of the last and most illustrious defenders of the liberties of Poland, his unfortunate country, was born in the year 1756, of a noble but a poor family, and received his first education at Warsaw, in the company of cadets. He distinguished himself among them by his good conduct, his application to study, his knowledge of the mathematics, and of the art of drawing. The first prize Kosciusko's merits obtained was to be included in the number of the four students who were sent, at the public expense, into foreign countries to perfect their studies. He remained several years in France, constantly applied to the study of science, and particularly that which relates to the art of war, relaxing from his labours to cultivate letters and the fine arts. On his return to Poland, he obtained military service, and was named commander of a company; but his country having then no urgent need of his arm, and the banner of liberty floating in the New World, Kosciusko hastened to cross the Atlantic and offer his services to General Washington. The American hero soon had an opportunity of appreciating the valour and military talents of the Polish warrior; he made him his adjutant, gave him his entire confidence, and employed him in the most difficult affairs. The companion of Lafayette, Lameth, Gumas, and other French soldiers, he acquired their unlimited esteem and friendship. He was loaded with the praises of the celebrated Franklin, and received the public thanks of the Congress of the thirteen provinces. After the peace, and the solemn recognition of the United States of America by England, and

by the other European powers, Kosciusko returned to Poland. He there lived in retirement until 1789. At that epoch, King Stanislaus and the Polish diet attempted to oppose the domineering influence of the Empress Catharine II., and her allies. Kosciusko was nominated General Major by the diet. The 3d of May, 1791, the King, and all the Polish nation, adopted with enthusiasm a free constitution; but they had neglected to solicit of the great Autocrat of all the Russias the permission of being free and happy, and she sent an army to chastise this people whom she already treated as rebels. The young prince, Joseph Poniatowsky, was intrusted with the defence of his country against the invasion of the Russians. Kosciusko held under him the command of a division, performed prodigies of valour throughout all the campaign, and excited a general enthusiasm in the army by his brilliant conduct at the bloody engagement of Dubienska. But his zeal and pure blood spilt for his country, could not save her from a foreign yoke. The weak Stanislaus, intimidated by the menaces of her who had not always shown him so much rigour, hastened to negotiate, and at last submitted to the entire will of Catharine. As soon as the shameful treaty of slavery was concluded, Kosciusko, and sixteen other patriot chiefs, retired from their employments. A short time after, he was forced to exile himself from his country, subjugated by the Russians, and he retired to Leipsic. The Legislative Assembly of France honoured his patriotism by sending him the title of French citizen. In the beginning of 1794, he returned by a circuitous route to Poland, having

been informed that the patriots of Warsaw were ready to begin a revolutionary movement, and that there was no time to lose, since the Russians were disbanding successively all the national troops. Kosciusko entered the town in the month of February, at the moment Madalinsky was ordered by the Russian General Tgelstrow to licentiate his regiment; but instead of obeying, Madalinsky unfurled the Banner of Liberty, and drove the Russians from Cracow.—On the 24th of March, the citizens of that town drew up the act of Polish Independence, and issued their proclamations in every part of the kingdom. Kosciusko was declared supreme chief of the national forces, and invested with a general dictatorship, as well for military and civil affairs, as for political relations with foreign powers. His wisdom and moderation were well known, and no other limits were placed to his power save those of virtue. He proved himself worthy of that high confidence, and even his enemies could never accuse him of making bad use of his authority. The first use he made of it was to quit Cracow, and to put himself at the head of 4,000 men, the arms of the greater part of whom were pikes and scythes. With this feeble corps, and without artillery, he did not hesitate to march against 12,000 Russians, amply provided with ammunition of all sorts. There was not a moment to lose; other troops of the enemy were on the point of forming a junction with these. Kosciusko exhorted his soldiers to follow his example, to vanquish or die. He attacked the Russians with the greatest impetuosity, near Wraclawec, completely defeated them, took 12 pieces of cannon, and made 3,000 prisoners. His soldiers were worthy of their chief: a body of peasants, armed only with scythes, were seen precipitating themselves on the Russian batteries, and carrying them off. After several successful actions he repaired to Warsaw to organize the government, but the approach of a new and formidable army soon forced him to quit it to engage again in fresh combats. The King of Prussia entered Poland at the head of an army of 40,000 men; Kosciusko had but about 15,000 to oppose him. He was, however, bold enough to attack the Prussians near Szcekociny, on the memorable 8th of June.—The battle was bloody, and victory long undecided. After having two horses killed under him, and lost a great number of men, Kosciusko succeeded, however, in occupying a strong position before Warsaw, and in covering that town, which the Prussians could not take. The King of Prussia having united fresh forces, with whom several Russian corps had formed a junction, immediately invested the town.—But he employed in vain all the resources of force and art to reduce it; the citizens were menaced with total destruction; the Polish officers were offered the continuation of their ranks and new favours if they would abandon Kosciusko. They all renewed their oath to conquer or perish with him. During two months the most sanguinary engagements took place every day. A general assault was at length resolved on; but the patriots re-

pulsed the Prussians and Russians with considerable loss. Frederick William then saw himself obliged to raise the siege, and to retire with all haste to Prussian Poland, where a general insurrection had just broke forth. Kosciusko detached several corps in pursuit of him, and was preparing to place himself at the head of a little army to penetrate into Lithuania. But the Russian General Suwarrow, become since so famous, had already entered that province, and had defeated the patriot Sierakowshi near Brzese. On the other hand, Gen. Fersen advanced rapidly at the head of a considerable body to join Suwarrow. Kosciusko resolved, at all hazards, to prevent this junction; he left Warsaw in September; but fortune, that had till then seconded his valour soon betrayed him. The orders he had sent to Gen. Poninski were intercepted by the Russians; the corps of that chief could not join him, and the important pass of a river was forced by the enemy; at last, on the 6th October, Kosciusko was attacked by the army of Generson, three times superior to his own. The battle of Mackijowice, the most bloody, and most fatal to the Poles, lasted an entire day; the Russians were twice repulsed, and prodigies of valour rendered the fortune of the day doubtful, when Kosciusko fell senseless, pierced with wounds. He had made his attendants swear not to abandon him living to the power of the Russians, and it is asserted that some Polish horsemen, not being able to rescue his body, struck him with their sabres on the head, and left him for dead on the field of battle. The Cosaques were already preparing to strip his dead body when he was recognized by some officers. As soon as the name of Kosciusko was pronounced, even the Cosaques themselves testified the respect due to courage and misfortune. All the aid of art was lavished on him, and he was treated with the greatest regard. But an order soon arrived to have him transported to Petersburg, where Catharine, who was sometimes generous, but then too much irritated to be so, had him plunged into a dungeon. He would, without doubt, have terminated his career in prison, or augmented the number of wretched Poles who already languished in the deserts of Siberia, if the death of the Empress had not come to change his destiny. One of the first acts of Paul I. was to render homage to the virtues of Kosciusko. He not only immediately set him at liberty, but granted him a pension, which the noble Pole would not touch, and the brevet of which he sent back as soon as he reached a soil beyond the fear of Russian influence. When his numerous wounds were healed, Kosciusko repaired to America, where he was received as a citizen hero should be, who had been lavish of his blood in the two worlds for the sacred cause of liberty. In 1798 he returned to France, where the same honours awaited him; at Paris every faction united in celebrating his arrival, and his countrymen of the army of Italy, having found, at the taking of Loretto, the sabre of an ancient defender of Poland and Germany, John Sobiesky, who had vanquished the Turks

under the walls of Vienna, judged Kosciusko alone worthy of possessing the weapon, and sent it to him. Kosciusko preferred the sojourn of France to any other, and remained there a long time, without accepting, however, any employment. The Polish hero, in a humble retreat in the country, occupied his leisure hours in rustic labour, and like the great Conde at Chantilly, amused himself with the culture of flowers. But he did not cease to be attentive to the destiny of his country, and to give useful lessons to his fellow citizens. In 1814, when France was invaded by foreign troops, Kosciusko happened to be at a country house, in the environs of Fontainebleau. The commune he inhabited was devastated by plundering mercenaries; he threw himself among them, protected the citizens, and indignantly addressed the officers of a Polish regiment he met, and whose soldiers were not the least eager in the pillage. "When I commanded brave soldiers," exclaimed he, "they did not plunder; and I would have severely punished the subalterns who would have dared to commit the actions I now witness, and still more severely the officers who should authorize them by their blameable indifference." "And who are you, that speak with so much boldness?" was the question on every side. "I am Kosciusko!" At this name, the soldiers threw down their arms, supplicated him to pardon the fault they had just been guilty of, prostrated themselves at his feet, and according to the custom of their nation, covered their heads with dust. Kosciusko, unable to support the dismal spectacle that the country he loved next to his own presented at this epoch, quitted France, and, after travelling for some time in Italy, at last retired to Soleure in Switzerland. It is from thence that we must date the last remarkable act of his life. In 1817, in presence of the magistrates, and registered by a public notary, he abolished slavery on his estate at Siechowicze, in Poland, declaring free and exempt from all charges and personal services the ancient serfs of his lands. A deplorable accident a short time after put an end to his glorious career. His horse fell under him, and a grievous wound, the consequence of his fall, occasioned his death a few days afterwards. The Old and New world were afflicted by the news. His body was at first deposited in the church at Soleure; but his grateful country soon claimed the remains of her greatest son. The Polish ladies, with unanimous accord, put on deep mourning, and wore it as if for a father. His ashes now repose in the metropolitan church of Cracow, between those of Sobiesky and Poniatowski. A colossal monument will be elevated to him; and the brave of every country have desired to participate in the expense. But his memory will last still longer than the monuments elevated by the hands of men; and his glory, without a stain, which even misfortune could not sully, will be perpetuated from age to age. The name of Kosciusko will be pronounced with veneration as long as there exist beings who know virtue and cherish liberty.

THE ORIGIN OF WINE.

THEY say that in the first ages of the world, wine was unknown to mortals; that this precious liquor originated in the country, where there was found a shepherd but the religiously observed the rights of hospitality, a man soft, affable, and kind; that one day he presented all kinds of fruits to Bacchus, who had retired into his house; but he offered him nothing but the insipid beverage which nature yields to men and animals; that the god, satisfied with the humanity of his host, gave him some wine as a mark of his good will: that the shepherd, charmed with a nectar so delicious, leaped with pleasure, and turning towards Bacchus, "whence comes this purple water?" said he, with an air of simplicity, "or rather in what part of the world is found this blood, which flatters the taste so sweetly? for this does not resemble the drink which the rivers and fountains afford us—a drink without pleasure, and which only serves to satisfy our thirst—but this odiferous perfume embalms the mouth, and though cold in appearance, bears a voluptuous warmth to the very depth of our hearts." They add, that at these words Bacchus conducted the shepherd to a place planted with vines; that he took some grapes, and, having expressed the juice, "Behold," said he, "whence comes this divine water, this wonderful blood; the fruits which you see are its source." It is thus, according to the Tyrians, that the art of making wine was first taught to man.

For the Lady's Book.

A SKETCH.

SHE was all light and loveliness; and her eye, deep and lucid as the sapphires, beamed with animation. The amber curls that waved around her head, like streaks of sunshine, shaded a brow fairer than the swan's white down. She was all smiles and innocence—like a bright influence diffusing love and harmony. But now a change came o'er her, and she faded—she the fair, the gay! The sunny smile had vanished, and the cheek's bright hue had fled. The crystal drops that hung upon her eye's dark fringe, like dew upon the rose, kissed her fair soft cheek. She was all sad and lovely—like a lone bird whose dulcet notes are hushed. Her young affections had been given to one who asked them not, save in the silent language of the eye; and had left her without one word of sorrow or regret. He too loved, but breathed it not, save to his own heart, or in the murmur of a dream; but quickly fled the beautiful vision which had bowed the heart that stern misfortune could not shake. But years passed on, and he returned. Once more his footstep pressed his native shore; and she was there still meekly—beautiful even in her despair; and they have met again, and he has knelt—she wept, then smiled—and her gentle spirit clung to earth again! R. L. D.

THE CRUEL HOUR,

A Song,

COMPOSED FOR THE LADY'S BOOK.

MUSIC BY J. EDGAR,

ARRANGED FOR THE GUITAR BY LEOPOLD MEIGNEN.

Andante.

The cru...el hour comes swift...ly on, that

tears thee from my breast, Yet still my anxious heart would be less

bit...ter...ly op.....prest, If hope would to my troubled soul in

sooth...ing whis...pers say, That thou wilt still re-

men...ber me, when I am far a.....way

II.

I mourn the hour when first we met,
 Since we but met to part;
 When first thy artless sweetness won
 My wild unfettered heart.
 Untouch'd by Love's envenom'd shaft,
 I then was fancy's slave,
 And careless rovd' from fair to fair
 In wanton liberty.

III.

I mocked the tender and the true,
 The fond and constant heart,
 And smiled to see the fading cheek,
 When fortune bade them part.
 We met—and all my youthful dream—
 Provd' false as they were fair;
 We met—and I awoke at once
 To love and to despair.

IV.

For now the cruel hour has come
 That tears thee from my breast;
 Yet still my anxious heart would be
 Less bitterly oppress'd,
 If hope would to my troubl'd soul
 In soothing whispers say,
 That thou wilt still remember me,
 When I am far away.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE NECROMANCER.

Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please?
 Resolve me of all ambigities?
 Perform what desperate enterprises I will?
 I'll have them fly to India for gold,
 Ransack the ocean for orient pearl,
 And search all corners of the New-found World
 For pleasant fruits and princely delicacies

MARLOW'S FAUSTUS.

An old man on his death bed lay, an old yet stately man;
 His lip seemed moulded for command, tho' quivering now
 and wan;

By fits, a wild and wandering fire, shot from his troubled eye,
 But his pale brow still austerely wore its native mastery.

There were gorgeous things from lands afar, strewn round
 the mystic room;

From where the orient palm trees wave, bright gem and
 dazzling plume;

And vases with rich odour fill'd, that o'er the couch of death
 Shed forth, like groves from Indian isles, a spicy summer's
 breath.

And sculptured forms of olden time, in their strange beauty
 white,

Stood round the chamber solemnly, robed as in ghostly light;
 All passionless and still they stood, and shining through the
 gloom,

Like watchers of another world, stern angels of the tomb.

'Twas silent as a midnight church, that dim and mystic
 place:

White shadows cast from many thoughts, o'erswept the old
 man's face:

He spoke at last, and low and deep, yet piercing was the tone,
 To one that o'er him long had watch'd, in reverence and
 alone.

"I leave," he said, "an empire dread, by mount, and shore,
 and sea,

Wildier than Roman Eagle's wing e'er traversed proudly
 free;

Never did King or Kaiser yet such high dominion boast,
 Or Soldan of the sunbeam's clime, girt with a conquering
 host.

"They hear me, they that dwell, far down where the sea-
 serpent lies;

And they, th' unseen, on Afric's hills, that sport when tem-
 pests rise;

And they that rest in central caves, whence fiery streams
 make way,

My lightest whisper shakes their sleep, they hear me, and
 obey.

"They come to me with ancient wealth—with crown and
 cup of gold,

From cities roof'd with ocean waves, that buried them of
 old;

They come from earth's most hidden veins, which man shall
 never find,

With gems that have the hues of fire deep at their heart en-
 shrined.

"But a mightier power is on me now—it rules my struggling
 breath;

I have sway'd the rushing elements—but still and strong is
 Death!

I quit my throne, yet leave I not my vassal-spirits free—
 Thou hast brave and high aspirings, youth!—my Sceptre is
 for thee!

"Now listen! I will teach thee words whose mastery shall
 compel,

The viewless ones to do thy work, in wave, or blood, or
 hell!

But never, never may'st thou breathe those words in human
 ear,

Until thou'rt laid, as I am now, the grave's dark portals
 near."

His voice in faintness died away—and a sudden flush was
 seen,

A mantling of the rapid blood o'er the youth's impassion'd
 mien,

A mantling and a fading swift—a look with sadness-fraught—
 And that too pass'd—and boldly then rush'd forth the ardent
 thought.

"Must those high words of sovereignty ne'er sound in hu-
 man ear?

I have a friend—a noble friend—as life or freedom dear!
 Thou offerest me a glorious gift—a proud majestic throne,
 But I know the secrets of his heart—and shall I seal mine
 own?

"And there is one that loves me well, with yet a gentle
 love—

Oh! is not her full, boundless faith, all power, all wealth
 above?

Must a deep gulf between the souls—now closely link'd, be
 set?

Keep, keep the Sceptre!—leave me free, and loved and trust-
 ful yet!"

Then from the old man's haughty lips was heard the sad re-
 ply—

"Well hast thou chosen!—I blame thee not—I that unwept
 must die;

Live thou beloved, and trustful yet!—No more on human
 head,

Be the sorrows of unworthy gifts from bitter vials shed!"

SENSATIONS.

I FEEL, when I see him smile,
 Something that's pleasant,
 Though my heart, all the while,
 Throbs,—so incessant;
 'Tis not the pulse in which
 Love pays his visit,
 His is a sharper twitch;—
 Tell me, what is it?

I feel when I hear him sing,
 Ev'ry nerve shiver,
 And, in my heart, a string
 Vibrate, and quiver:
 Why, when the crowded hall
 Praise, and profane it,
 Why do I hate them all?
 Can you explain it?

His, when I meet their gaze,
 Beam not more brightly
 Than other eyes, whose rays
 Shine round me nightly:
 Long as he is not by,
 I can dissemble,—
 Why, when I meet his eye,
 Why do I tremble?

When the gay ball is done,
 Others feel lonely,
 I never miss but one—
 One—and one only.
 Bella's first love was false,
 He may be false,—
 But, could you see him waltz,—
 Heavens! such a waltzer!

Last evening, while turning
 The leaves of my "Handel,"
 We saw a moth burning
 Its wings in the candle!
 I screamed,—but his features
 With pleasure were lighted,
 And he said, "little creatures,
 They are so short-sighted!"

E.

THE COEFFEUR.

THERE is one art, which I consider of all others the most useful to society, as well as the most arduous in relation to the virtues which it requires: I mean the art of a Lady's Hairdresser. To modify into pleasing forms those long and slender filaments which nature seems to have intended for the sport of every gale; to lend to them a consistency of which no one would suppose such materials were susceptible; to give to abundance regular order in the place of confusion, and to supply a want with fictitious riches, which would deceive the sharpest enquiry; to soften the coarseness of features; to increase the brilliancy of the eye, by contrast of colours, and even sometimes by reflected union: to effect all these miracles, without any other means than a comb, and a few essences, these are the characteristics of the art, and yet constitute but a small part of the professor's daily occupation.

If his industry entitles him to the rank of an artist, its *subject* ought surely to give him a distinguished place on the list.

The pencil of the painter is exercised upon canvas; the chisel of the statuary upon the marble block; cold copyists of the charms of which they only present the image, their labours necessarily bear the mark of dependence. They must have models to direct their imagination and their hand. Their greatest merit is faithful imitation; and the inanimate shadow which they sell so dear to luxury, is but an imperfect sketch of the original, of which it teaches us to lament the loss.

What a difference between them and the Lady's Hairdresser! It is living beauty that he embellishes; it is a sex with whom alone wisdom will look for happiness, and experience hope to find it, that implores his aid. Has nature lavished upon it all her treasures? He improves them. The forms and the features of the sculptor and the painter are all borrowed: the model is before their eyes. Not so with the Coeffeur: he must have a peculiar genius for invention, a superior taste for combination.

He must be able, at the first sight of a physiognomy, to ascertain what sort of a decoration will suit it. He must adhere to the general fashion: yet modify the dress to the individual. One woman would appear horrible, in the style which makes another lovely. The Coeffeur must therefore be always uniform, yet always vary his productions. It is true, the industrious hands, to which the canvas and the marble owe their metamorphosis, have a superiority, in one sense, over the Coeffeur. Their works possess a solidity which immortalizes them. Each succeeding generation enriches itself with the labours of the preceding. The Coeffeur has not that good fortune. The products of his art are more fleeting than those of the spring. Like the bouquets, whose brilliancy they possess, they disappear with the day that has seen their growth, and find their tomb in the sleep, from whence the beauties they adorned derive new freshness. This is indeed a disadvantage; but ought the Coeffeur

to feel humbled on that account? In this particular, his art resembles that which we admire most in nature. It is the fate of every thing beautiful to fade away and vanish, at the moment when arrived at the highest degree of perfection. The Coeffeur always triumphs over this envious fatality by new creations. Every toilette is a fertile field where he scatters his roses; and the prodigality of the evening is only a pledge of the abundance of the next day.

I have hitherto considered him as a mere artist; but what if I were to enter into a detail of all his virtues? Are not discretion, reservedness, patience, punctuality, virtues? Of all the artists, is there one to whom they must be more familiar than to the Coeffeur? Admitted to the mystery of the toilette, must he not, like Job, make a compact with his tongue and his eyes? The more unreserved the confidence, the more circumspection is required. How great must be his vigilance to keep himself constantly on his guard against the charms which are placed in his hands! A new Pygmalion, does he not run a risk of having his brain turned by the divinities, whose heads he is employed to adorn? What scrupulous modesty does he not require to bear him safe through such a variety of danger? He must not be merely as silent as Job, he must be equally patient. It is not a piece of inanimate metal that he forms; they are beings of quick sensibility, beings of delicate taste, accustomed to empire, and who regard every curl of their hair as forming part of their crowns. He must, therefore, follow with his eye their interesting and penetrating glances—he must divine the effect of a curl or a tress—he must seize in a moment all the immensity of rapid combinations which every motion of the comb produces, and answer with this instrument even the silent objections to his procedure. It will be admitted then, that the exercise of this art supposes a calm temper, excessive virtue, attention, and inexhaustible patience.

As to punctuality, only think for a moment, what disorder would arise in society, upon all such essential occasions, as balls and assemblies, spectacles and plays, were a Coeffeur to neglect his duty, or slip his memory! How many empty boxes, how many distressed families, how many broken engagements, and hence what confusion, what embarrassments both in public and private!

ELOQUENCE.

THE prize of eloquence is sought even at the altar, and before the holy mysteries. Every hearer thinks himself a judge of the preacher, to censure or applaud him: and is no more converted by the man he favours, than by him he condemns. The orator pleases some and displeases others, but agrees with all in this: that as he does not endeavour to render them better, so they never trouble their heads about becoming so.

For the Lady's Book.

COUNTRY LODGINGS.

A SKETCH—BY MISS LESLIE.

"Chacun a son gout."

It has often been a subject of surprize to me, that so many even of those gifted people who are fortunate enough to possess both sorts of sense (common and uncommon) show, nevertheless, on some occasions a strange disinclination to be guided by the self-evident truth, that in all cases where the evil preponderates over the good, it is better to reject the whole than to endure a large portion of certain evil, for the sake of a little sprinkling of probable good. I can think of nothing, just now, that will more aptly illustrate my position, than the practice so prevalent in the summer months of quitting a commodious and comfortable home, in this most beautiful and convenient of cities for the purpose of what is called boarding out of town; and wilfully encountering an assemblage of almost all "the ills that flesh is heir to," in the vain hope of finding superior coolness in those establishments that go under the denomination of country lodgings, and are sometimes to be met with in insulated locations, but generally in the unpaved and dusty streets of the villages and hamlets that are scattered about the vicinity of Philadelphia.

These places are adopted as substitutes for the springs or the sea-shore; and it is also not unusual for persons who have already accomplished the fashionable tour, to think it expedient to board out of town for the remainder of the summer, or till they are frightened home by the autumnal epidemics.

I have more than once been prevailed on to try this experiment in the universal search after coolness, which occupies so much of the attention of my fellow citizens from June to September, and the result has been uniformly the same; a conviction that a mere residence beyond the city, is not an infallible remedy for all the *desagremens* of summer, and that (to say nothing of other discomforts) it is possible to feel the heat more in a small house out of the town than in a large house within it.

The last time I was induced to make a trial of the delights of country lodgings, I had been told of a very genteel lady whose late husband was highly connected in Europe, and who had taken a charming house at a short distance from the city, with the intention of accommodating boarders for the summer; and I finally allowed myself to be prevailed on to become an inmate of her domicile, as I had just returned from the north and found the weather still very warm.

Two of my friends, a lady and gentleman, accompanied me when I went to engage my apartment, and we soon arrived at a white frame house with green window shutters in front, and also a

gate, a short gravel walk, two grass plats and four Lombardy poplars, trees, which though exploded in the city, still keep their ground in out-of-town-places.

There was no knocker, but after hammering and shaking the door for near five minutes, it was at last opened by a bare-footed bound girl, who hid herself behind it as if ashamed to be seen. She had a ragged light calico frock, the body of which was only kept together by pins, and a profusion of long yellow hair was hanging about her shoulders. On enquiring if Mrs. Netherby was at home, the girl scratched her head and replied, that she would go and see, and then left us standing at the door. A black servant would have opened the parlour, ushered us in, and with smiles and curtsies requested us to be seated. However, we took the liberty of entering without invitation; and the room being perfectly dark, we also used the freedom of opening one of the shutters. The floor was covered by a mat which fitted no where, and showed evidence of long service. Whatever air might have been introduced through the fire-place was effectually excluded by a thick chimney-board, covered with a square of wall paper representing King George IV., visiting his cameleopard.—I afterwards found that Mrs. Netherby was very proud of a tinge of English blood. The mantelpiece was higher than our heads, and therefore the mirror that adorned it was too elevated to be of any use. It was also decorated with two pasteboard baskets, edged with gilt paper, and painted with bunches of calico-looking flowers, two fire-screens ditto, and two card racks in the shape of harps, with loose and crooked strings of gold thread. In the centre of the room stood an old-fashioned round tea-table, the feet black with age, and the top covered with one of those cloths of unbleached linen that always look like dirty white. The curiosities of the centre table consisted of a tumbler of marigolds; a dead souvenir, which had been a living one in 1836; a scrap work-box stuck all over with figures of men, women, and children, which had been most wickedly cut out of engravings and deprived of their back grounds for this purpose; an album with wishy-washy drawings and sickening verses; and a china writing apparatus, guiltless of ink, sand, or wafers.

The walls were ornamented with enormous heads, drawn in black crayon. One represented Innocence and had a crooked mouth; a second was Benevolence with a crooked nose; and a third was Veneration turning up two eyes of unequal size. The flesh of one of these heads looked

like satin; another had the effect of velvet; and the third resembled plush.

All these things savoured of much unfounded pretension, but we did not then know that they were chiefly the work of Mrs. Netherby herself, who, as we learned in the sequel, had been blest with a boarding school education, and considered herself a woman of great taste and high polish.

It was a long time before the lady made her appearance, as we had arrived in the midst of the siesta, in which it was the custom of every member of the establishment (servants included,) to indulge themselves during the greatest part of the afternoon, with the exception of the bound-girl, who was left up to "mind the house." Mrs. Netherby was a tall, thin, sharp-faced woman, with an immense cap that stood out all round and encircled her head like a halo, and was embellished with an enormous quantity of yellowish gauze riband, that seemed to incorporate with her heavy yellow curls; fair hair being much affected by ladies who have survived all other fairness. She received us with abundance of smiles and compliments, and affectation, and on making known my business, I was conducted up stairs to see a room which she said would suit me exactly. Mrs. Netherby was what is called "a sweet woman."

The room was small but looked tolerably well, and though I was not much prepossessed in favour of either the house or the lady, I was unwilling that my friends should think me too fastidious, and it was soon arranged that I should take possession the following day.

Next afternoon I arrived; and tea being ready soon after, I was introduced to the other boarders as they came down from their respective apartments. The table was set in a place dignified with the title of "the dining room," but which was in reality a sort of ante-kitchen, and was located between the acknowledged kitchen and the parlour. It still retained vestiges of a dresser, part of which was entire, in the shape of the broad lower shelf and the under closets. This was painted red, and Mrs. Netherby called it the side-board. The room was narrow, the ceiling was low, the sun-beams had shone full upon the windows the whole afternoon, and the heat was extreme. A black man waited on the tea-table, with his coat out at elbows and a marvelous dirty apron, not thinking it worth his while to wear good clothes in the country; and while he was attentive enough to every one else, he made a point of disregarding or disobeying every order given to him by Mrs. Netherby; knowing that she would not dare to dismiss him for so trifling a cause as disrespect to herself, and run the risk of getting no one in his place; it being always understood that servants confer a great favour on their employers when they condescend to go with them into the country. Behind Mrs. Netherby's chair stood the long-haired bound-girl (called Anna by her mistress, and Nance by Bayard, the black waiter,) waving a green poplar branch, by way of fly-brush, and awkwardly flirting it in every one's face.

The aspect of the tea-table was not inviting. Every thing was in the smallest possible quantity that decency would allow. There was a plate of rye-bread, and a plate of wheat, and a basket of crackers; another plate with half a dozen paltry cakes, that looked as if they had been bought under the old Court House; some morsels of dried beef on two little tea-cup plates; and a small glass dish of that preparation of curds, which in vulgar language is called smear-case, but whose *nom de guerre* is cottage-cheese, at least that was the appellation given it by our hostess. The tea was so weak that it was difficult to discover whether it was black or green, but finding it undrinkable, I asked for a glass of milk; and when Bayard brought me one, Mrs. Netherby said with a smile, "See what it is to live in the country."—Though, after all, we were not out of sight of Christ Church Steeple.

The company consisted of a lady with three very bad children; another with two very insipid daughters, who, like their mother, seemed utterly incapable of conversation; and a Mrs. Pownsey, who talked "an infinite deal of nothing," and soon took occasion to let me know that she had a very handsome house in the city. The gentlemen belonging to these ladies never came out till after tea, and returned to town early in the morning.

Towards sunset, I proposed walking with the two young ladies, but they declined on account of the dew, and we returned to the parlour, in which there was no light, during the whole evening, as Mrs. Netherby declared that she thought nothing was more pleasant than to sit in a dark room in the summer; and when we caught a momentary glimpse from the candles which were carried past the door as the people went up and down stairs, we had the pleasure of finding that innumerable cock-roaches were running over the floor, and probably over our feet; those detestable insects having also a fancy for darkness.

The youngest of the mothers went up stairs to assist her maid in the arduous task of putting the children to bed, a business which occupied the whole evening; though the eldest boy stoutly refused to go at all, and stretching himself on the settee, he slept there till ten o'clock, when his father carried him off screaming. The gentlemen talked altogether of trade. Some neighbours came in and nearly fell over us in the dark; and finding the parlour (which had but one door,) most insupportably warm, I took my seat in the entry, whither I was followed by Mrs. Pownsey, a lady of the Malaprop school, who had been talking to me all the evening of her daughters Mary Margaret and Sarah Susan, they being now on a visit to an aunt in Jersey. These young ladies had been educated, as their mother informed me, entirely by herself, on a plan of her own, and, as she assured me, with complete success, for Sarah Susan, the youngest, (though only ten years old) was already regarded as quite a phinominny,* and as to Mary Margaret, she was an absolute prodigal.

* Phenomenon.

"I teach them altogether myself," said she, "except their French, and music and drawing, in which they take lessons from the first masters. And Mr. Bullhead, an English gentleman, comes twice a week to attend to their reading, writing, and arithmetic, and the grammar of geography. They have never a moment to themselves, but are kept busy from morning till night. You know that idleness is the root of all evil."

"It is certainly the root of *much* evil," I replied, "but you know the old adage, which will apply equally to both sexes, 'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.'"

"Oh! they often play," resumed Mrs. Pownsey, "in the evening after they have learned their lessons, they have games of arithmetic and history, and botany, and all such instructive diversions. I allow them no other plays. Their minds are certainly well stored with the arts and sciences. At the same time, as I wish them to acquire a sufficient idea of what is going on in the world, I permit them every day to read over the *Marianne List* in our *New York paper*, the *Chimerical Advertiser*, to give them a knowledge of ships: and also Mr. Walsh's *Experts* in his *Gazette*; though I believe he does not write these little moral things himself, but hires Mr. Addison, and Mr. Bacon, and Mr. Locke, and other such gentlemen for the purpose. The *Daily Chronicle* I never allow them to touch, for there is almost always a story in every paper, and none of these stories are warranted to be true, and reading falsehoods will teach them to tell fibs."

I was much amused with this process of reasoning, though I have heard such logic more than once, on the subject of fictitious narratives.

"But," said I, "you do not surely interdict all works of imagination. Do you never permit your daughters to read books of amusement?"

"Never," replied this wisest of mothers.—"Amusement is the high road to vice. Indeed with all their numerous studies, they have very little time for reading. And when they have, I take care that they shall read nothing but works of instruction, such as Mr. Bullhead selects for them. They are now at Rowland's *Ancient History* (I am told he is not the same Rowland that makes the *Macassar oil*), and have already got through seven volumes. Their Aunt Watson, (who, between ourselves, is rather a weak-minded woman,) is shocked at the children reading that book, and says it is filled with crimes and horrors; but, of course, it is proper that little girls should know all such things. That is the only use of history. And they will derive far more benefit from Rowland, than from reading Miss Edgeworth's story books, that Aunt Watson is always recommending."

"Have they never read the history of their own country?" said I.

"The *History of America!*" exclaimed Mrs. Pownsey, "Oh! that is of no consequence at all, and Mr. Bullhead says it is never read in England. And after they have got through Rowland they are going to begin *Sully's Memoirs*. I know Mr. Sully very well, he painted my por-

trait; and when they have read it, I will make the girls relate to me his whole history. Now we talk of pictures, you have no idea what beautiful things my daughters can paint. The very first quarter, they each produced two pieces to frame. And Mary Margaret is such a capital judge of these things, that whenever she is looking at a new souvenir, her first thought is to see who did the pictures, that she may know which to praise and which not. There are a great many artists now, but I remember the time when almost all the pictures I saw were done by Mr. Sculp and Mr. Pinx. And then as to music!—I wish you could hear my daughters. Their execution is wonderful—They can play crotchets quite as well as quivers; and they sing the great *Hunting Chorus* in *Der Friskit*, equal to the *Musical Fund*."

So much for the lady that educated her daughters herself.

And still, when the mother is judicious and capable, I know no system of education that is likely to be attended with such complete success, as that which keeps the child under the immediate superintendence of those who are naturally the most interested in her improvement and welfare; and which removes her from the contagion of bad example, and the danger of forming improper or unprofitable acquaintances. Some of the finest minds I have ever known have received all their cultivation at home; and the results have been most fortunate. But the contrary must inevitably be the case, when the arduous task of education is undertaken by a vain and ignorant parent.

About nine o'clock Mrs. Netherby had begun to talk of the lateness of the hour, giving hints that it was time to think of retiring for the night, and calling Bayard to shut up the house; which order he did not think proper to obey till after ten. I then adjourned to my own apartment, the evening having appeared to me of almost interminable length, as all evenings do that are passed without light.

The night was warm, and after removing the chimney-board, I left the sash of my window open; though I had been cautioned not to do so, and told that in the country the night air was always unwholesome. But I remembered Dr. Franklin's admirable essay on the art of sleeping well. It was long before I closed my eyes, as the heat was intense, and my bed very uncomfortable; but in the middle of the night I was suddenly awakened by a most terrible shrieking and bouncing in my room, and evidently close upon me. I started up in a fright, and soon ascertained the presence of two cats, who having commenced a duel on the trellis of an old, blighted grape-vine (that unhappily ran under the back windows,) had sprung in at the open sash, and were finishing the fight on my bed, by biting and scratching each other in a style that an old backwoodsman would have recognized as the true rough and tumble.

With great difficulty I succeeded in expelling these fiendish visitors, and to prevent their re-

turn there was nothing to be done but to close the sash. There were no shutters, and the only screen was a scanty muslin curtain divided down the middle with so wide a gap that it was impossible to close it effectually. The air being now excluded, the heat was so intolerable as to prevent me from sleeping, and the cats remained on the trellis, looking in at the window with their glaring eyes, yelling and scratching at the glass, and trying to get in after some mice that were beginning to course about the floor.

The heat, the cats, and the mice, kept me awake till near morning, and I fell asleep about day-light; when I dreamed that a large cat stood at my bed-side, and slowly and gradually swelling to the size of a tiger, darted its long claws into my throat. Of course I again awoke in a fright, and regretted my own large airy room in the city, where I had no trellis under my windows, and where the sashes were made to slide down from the top.

I rose early with the intention of taking a walk, (as was my custom when in town,) but the grass was covered with dew, and the road was ankle-deep in dust. So I contented myself with making several circuits round the garden, where I saw four altheas, one rose-tree, and two currant bushes, with a few common flowers on each side of a grassy gravel walk: neither the landlord nor the tenant being willing to go to any farther expense in improving the domain; the grape-vine and trellis having been erected by a former occupant, a Frenchman who had golden visions of wine-making.

At breakfast we were regaled with muddy water mis-called coffee, a small dish of doubtful eggs, and another of yellowish cucumbers, and two plates containing round white lumps of heavy half-baked dough, dignified by the title of Maryland biscuit. The dinner consisted of very salt fried ham and a pair of skeleton chickens, with a small black looking leg of mutton, and a few vegetables set about on little plates. There was, however, a pitcher of milk for those who chose to drink milk at dinner. For the dessert, we had hard green pears, hard green apples, two unripe cantelopes, and a small whitish water-melon. "What a fine thing it is to be in the country and have such abundance of fruit," said Mrs. Netherby, "I can purchase every thing of the kind from my next neighbour."

The truth is, that even when there is really an inclination to furnish a good table, there is always much difficulty and inconvenience in procuring the requisite articles at any place out of town, that is not absolutely a farm, and where the arrangements are not on an extensive scale. Mrs. Netherby, however, made no apology for any deficiency, but always went on with the most perfect sang-froid, praising every thing, and wondering how people could think of remaining in the city, when they might pass the summer in the country. As the gentlemen ate all their meals in town, (a proof of their wisdom) ours were very irregular as to time; Mrs. Netherby supposing it could make no difference to

ladies, or to any persons who had not business that required their attention.

Two days after my arrival, the dust having been laid by a shower, Mrs. Pownsey and myself set out to walk on the road, in the latter part of the afternoon. When I came home, I found the washing-stand had been removed from my room, and the bason and pitcher placed in the corner on a little triangular shelf, that had formerly held a flower-pot. The mirror was also gone, and as a substitute, I found a little half-dollar Dutch glass in a narrow red frame. The two best chairs were also missing, one only being left, and that a broken one; and a calico quilt had taken the place of the white dimity bed-cover. I found that these articles had been abstracted to furnish a chamber that was as yet disengaged, by way of alluring a new comer. Next morning after my room had been put in order, I perceived that the mattress had been exchanged for a thin feather-bed, and on enquiring the reason of Mrs. Netherby, she informed me, with much sweetness, that it had been taken for two southern ladies who were coming that day, and who being southern, could not possibly sleep on any thing but a mattress, and that she hoped it would be no inconvenience to me, for it would be a great disadvantage to her if they declined coming.

In short, almost every day, something disappeared from my room to assist in fitting up apartments for strangers; the same articles being afterwards transferred to others that were still unoccupied. But what else was to be done, when Mrs. Netherby represented the impossibility of getting things at a short notice from town.

My time passed very monotonously. The stock of books I had brought with me was too soon exhausted, and I had no sewing of any importance. The nonsense of Mrs. Pownsey became very tiresome, and the other ladies were mere automatons. The children were taken sick (as children generally are at country lodgings,) and fretted and cried all the time. I longed for the society of my friends in the city, and for the unceremonious evening visits that are so pleasant in the summer.

After a trial of two weeks, during which I vainly hoped that custom would reconcile me to much that had annoyed me at first, I determined to return to Philadelphia; in the full persuasion that this would be my last essay at boarding out of town.

I have no doubt that summer establishments may be found, in many respects more agreeable than the one I have attempted to describe; but it has not been my good fortune or that of my friends, who have adopted this plan of getting through the warm weather, to meet with any country lodgings (of course I have no reference to decided farm-houses,) in which the comparison was not palpably in favour of the superior advantages of remaining in a commodious mansion in the city, surrounded with the comforts of home, and "all the appliances and means to boot," which only a large town can furnish.

WOMAN'S HEART.

First take a feather and lay it upon
The stream that is rippling by—
With the current, be-hold, in a moment 'tis gone,
Unimpressive and light as a sigh—
Then take thee a dear and precious stone,
And on the same stream place it—
Oh! mark how the water on which it is thrown,
In its bosom will quickly encase it.

Or take a crystal, or stainless glass,
With a crayon upon it, then trace
A sentence or line, and watch how 'twill pass—
A breath will its beauty efface—
Then take a diamond pure and bright,
And write some modest token—
'Mid cold or heat, in shade or light,
'Twill last till the crystal is broken.

And thus with the tablet of woman's pure heart,
Where the vain and the idle may try
To leave their impressions—they swiftly depart,
Like the feather, the scroll, and the sigh—
But once be engraved on that tablet a name
And an image of genius and worth.
Through the changes of life it will still be the same,
Till that heart is removed from the earth.

SONG.

A wand'rer long in Hope's bright world,
A pilgrim to that shrine,
Where vows arise, and sacrifice
The world's gay dream and mine;
And now I return like the weary-wing'd bird,
From its wand'ring again to its nest,
And seek in the scenes of my childhood and peace,
For the isolate pilgrim's rest.

The hand of friendship I have grasp'd,
And have found many foes;
I have seen of love and hate the train
Of passions they disclose;
I've seen bright eyes—nay, I will say
Those eyes have glanced on me;
I've felt their force, but still 'twas vain,
The pilgrim still was free.

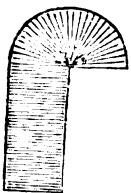
I've basked in radiant sunny bowers,
Have dreamt in groves of bloom,
And my visions have teem'd with the spirits of bliss,
While my sense has inhaled rich perfume;
But I fly from them all, each delight I forsake,
No longer they yield charms to me;
No!—perish the thought—I have one joy in view,
And, dearest, that rapture is *thee*!

THE ORNAMENTAL ARTIST.

CRIMPED PAPER HAND-SCREENS.

THE paper commonly used for making these hand-screens, is glazed and coloured on both sides. Divide a sheet into three parts or equal strips, of two of which the screen is to be formed;

1.



(see fig. 1, which shows this partially done:) when the lower part, which in the engraving appears straight, is drawn by the thread into the shape of the upper part, fasten the two ends firmly together. The handles may be purchased

2.



at any fancy repository, either black or white, according to taste. The taper end, which is the part to be fastened to the screen, should be covered with paper of the same colour as the screen. Gum the handle firmly on, taking care that it covers the part where the paper is joined; it should extend, for the sake of strength, to some distance beyond the centre. For the purpose of entirely concealing the junction on the centre, gum a star, or some

other pretty and appropriate ornament, on each side of the screen: one or two bows of narrow ribbon may be put on different parts of the handle, by way of finish. The two ends of the paper should be so contrived, that the handle, being neatly and firmly gummed on one of them, the other may wrap securely over, without showing where they are joined. (Fig. 2.)

MODELLING WITH RICE-PAPER.

Rice-paper is principally applied to the formation of groups of flowers, either on card-board, or affixed to small vases, baskets, &c. in festoons and clusters. The rice-paper may be procured in various colours, and intermediate tints may be made by colouring the white. Several pieces of rice-paper are laid on each other upon a tablet of lead, and the leaves and component parts of flowers are cut out with small steel punches, which may be procured, in every variety of form, at the fancy tool warehouses. A sufficient quantity of the different leaves having been thus formed, and placed on separate trays, each leaf is to be held by a delicate pair of tweezers, and its end affixed, with stiff gum-water, to the article to be ornamented. Thus, the heads of roses and thick clusters of flowers, are formed, and fine delicate parts may be drawn in colours afterwards. Water-colour drawings are frequently made on leaves of rice-paper, for scrap-books, screens, &c. The effect of the colours, if properly managed, on this material, is very soft and delicate.

LEARNING AND LOVE.

Said Nature one day,—“ For the peace of mankind,
 Let Woman and Man have their kingdoms apart;
 To Man I assign the cold regions of mind—
 To Woman the sunny domains of the heart.”

The partition was fair, and the boundaries plain,
 Between Learning and Love—between beauty and books:
 Contented was Man, in his black-letter reign,
 And he left laughing Woman her love darting looks.

But restless Zitella must kindle a feud,
 And stir up a war of the studies and bowers:
 Too proud for the limits wise Nature deemed good,
 From her own rightful empire she burst upon ours.

We thought ourselves safe in our Latin or Greek,
 But Plato has yielded, and Tully is taken:
 What we can but read, dread Zitella can speak—
 Her books of the boudoir are Berkely and Bacon.

Sweet pedant, beware! all the world is arrayed
 To check your ambition, your schemes to oppose;
 The Scholar, if routed, will soon have the aid
 Of a legion of dames—to a woman, your foes.

The kingdom of hearts is enough for your share;
 Oh! unharness your owl, and depend on your dove;
 There is learning enough in this world—and to spare—
 But, ah! my Zitella! there's too little Love!

SHE IS GONE AND FOR EVER.

There are feet on the mountains,
 And songs on the air,
 And dances by the fountain,—
 But thou art not there!

There are galleys on the waters,
 Spirits of the sea;
 Greece is gathering her daughters,—
 But we look for thee!

We listen to the chorus
 Of the sweet and fair,
 And they dance on before us—
 But thou art not there!

The village girls are singing
 Their glad evening lay,
 Flowers round them flinging,—
 But thou art away!

The elders are numbering
 The girls as they run,
 Some bright one is slumbering—
 'There wanteth but one!

The wild-grass is covering
 A tomb stone bare,
 And a bird is hovering—
 Sweet! thou art there!

THE GATHERER.

“ A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.”

Shakespeare.

MEN who are always running after unattainable pleasures, and neglecting those within their reach, may be compared to astronomers contemplating the stars through a telescope, regardless of the more useful lamp that burns at their side.

Should a man be afraid of being seen with a woman who is not his wife, I should commend his modesty: Were he loth to frequent the company of such persons whose reputation is not altogether untainted, I should not wonder at him. But what impertinent whim can make him ashamed of his own wife? What makes him blush to be seen in public with one he has chosen for an inseparable companion. One from whom he should expect all the satisfaction and delight which can be reaped from human society.

The Poet should cull from the garden of Nature only those sweet flowers that diffuse a healthful fragrance. No poisonous weed, however brilliant its hue, however delicious its perfume, should mingle in the wreath he wears.

Children have no such thing as time past, or future; but do, what we rarely do, enjoy the present.

A sure sign that the love of liberty is declining in a state, is a tacit submission to the usurpations of wealth, exclusive of merit. The ruin of any undertaking, however grand in its conceptions,

may be safely predicted when its advantages are monopolized, or its councils directed, by rich family influence, without regard to talent or moral deportment.

Religion gives to time all its importance and to eternity all its glory: and without it, existence is a mere riddle.

The Duchess of Marlborough pressed the Duke to take a certain medicine, saying, with her usual warmth, “ I'll be hanged if it do not prove serviceable!” Whereupon Dr. Garth, who happened to be present, exclaimed, “ do take it then, my Lord Duke! for it must be of service, one way or the other.”—*Walpole.*

They that govern most, make least noise. You see, when they row in a barge, they that do drudgery, work, slash, and puff, and sweat; but he that governs, sits quietly at the stern, and scarce is seen to stir.—*Selden.*

The last words said to be spoken by Cromwell, are invaluable as a key to his whole career. He had, during the progress of his illness, boldly predicted that he should recover. Some of his immediate counsellors, who saw the inevitable result of the disorder, ventured at last to recommend that he should speak less confidently on the subject, to save his character for prediction. But the Lord Protector judged on principles fit-

ted to act upon the multitude. He refused to qualify his words: "If I recover," said he, "the fools will think me a prophet; and, if I die, what matter then if they call me an impostor!"

Fire burns only when we are near it; but a beautiful face burns and inflames, though at a distance.—*Xenophon*.

PAST GRIEFS.—

"But ever and anon of griefs subdued,
There comes a token, like a scorpion's sting,
Scarce seen, but with fresh bitterness imbued;
And slight withal may be the things which bring
Back on the heart, the weight which it would fling
Aside for ever. It may be a sound—
A tone of music—summer's eve, or spring—
A flower—the wind—the ocean."—*Byron*.

Idlers cannot even find time to be idle, or the industrious to be at leisure. We must be always doing or suffering.—*Zimmerman*.

The stormy petrel, (called by sailors, Mother Carey's chickens,) is found in most parts of the world; and in the Ferro islands the inhabitants draw a wick through the body of the bird, from the mouth to the rump, which serves them as a candle, being fed by the vast proportion of oil which this little animal contains.

There are some evils so frightful, and some misfortunes so horrible, that we dare not think on them; the very prospect makes us tremble; if they chance to fall on us, we find more relief than we could imagine, we arm ourselves against perverse fortune, and do better than we hoped for.

If life is miserable, 'tis painful to live; if happy, 'tis terrible to die; both come to the same thing. The death which prevents dotage comes more seasonably than that which ends it.

Ingratitude never so thoroughly pierces the human breast as when it proceeds from those in whose behalf we have been guilty of indiscretions.

The passion for the sport of angling is so great in the neighbourhood of London, that the liberty of fishing in some of the streams in the adjacent counties is purchased at the rate of ten pounds per annum.

When we look at a field of corn, we find that those stocks which raise their heads the highest are the emptiest. The same is the case with men, those who assume the greatest consequence have generally the least share of judgment and ability.

The gossip of idle inconsideration is often as pernicious in its effects as the gossip of actual malignity: the turpitude, indeed, is not so great, but the mischief is as real.

To cite the examples of history, in order to animate us to virtue, or to arm us with fortitude, this it is to call up the illustrious dead, to inspire and to improve the living. But the usage of those Civilians, who cite vicious authorities for worse purposes, and enforce the absurdest practice, by the oldest precedent, this it is to bequeath to us as an heir-loom, the errors of our fore-

fathers, to confer a kind of immortality on folly, making the dead more powerful than time, and more sagacious than experience, by subjecting those that are upon the earth, to the perpetual mal-government of those that are beneath it.

When man measures the works of the divine mind by his own feeble combinations, he must wander in gross error; the infinite can never be understood by the finite.

It is almost as difficult to make a man unlearn his errors as his knowledge. Mal-information is more hopeless than non-information; for error is always more busy than ignorance. Ignorance is a blank sheet on which we may write; but error is a scribbled one, on which we must first erase. Ignorance is contented to stand still with her back to the truth; but error is more presumptuous, and proceeds in the same direction. Ignorance has no light, but error follows a false one. The consequence is, that error, when she retraces her footsteps, has further to go, before she can arrive at the truth, than ignorance.

TOWN NOTORIETY.—

"There's a wonderful charm in that sort of renown,
Which consists in becoming "the talk of the town."
'Tis a pleasure which none but "your truly great" feels,
To be followed about by a mob at our heels,
And to hear from the gazing and mouth-open throng,
The dear words "That's he," as one trudges along,
While beauty, all anxious, stands upon tip-toes,
Leans on her beau's shoulder and lips—"There he goes!"

The follies, vices and consequent miseries of multitudes, displayed in a newspaper, are so many admonitions and warnings, so many beacons continually burning, to turn others from the rocks on which they have been shipwrecked. What more powerful dissuasive from suspicion, jealousy and anger, than the story of one friend murdered by another in a duel? What caution likely to be more effectual against gambling and profligacy than the mournful relation of an execution, or the fate of a despairing suicide? What finer lecture on the necessity of economy than an auction of estates, houses and furniture, at Skinner's, or Christie's?—"Talk they of morals?" There is no need of Hutchinson, Smith, or Paley. Only take a newspaper, and consider it well; read it, and it will instruct thee; *plinius et melius Chrysisippo et Crantore*.—*Bishop Horne*.

When you are elevated with reading a work, and your mind is inspired with noble and generous sentiments, seek not for any other rule to judge it by; it is good, and done by a masterly hand.

All assemblies of gaiety are brought together by motives of the same kind. The theatre is not filled with those that know or regard the skill of the actor, nor the ball room by those who dance, or attend to the dancers. To all places of general resort, where the standard of pleasure is erected, we run with equal eagerness, or appearance of eagerness for very different reasons. One goes that he may say he has been there, another because he never misses. This man

goes to try what he can find, and that to discover what others find. Whatever diversion is costly will be frequented by those who desire to be thought rich; and whatever has, by any accident, become fashionable, easily continues its reputation, because every one is ashamed of not partaking it.—*Johnson*.

A single herring, if suffered to multiply unmo-
lest and undiminished for twenty years, would
show a progeny greater in bulk than ten such
globes as that we live upon.

FAREWELL.—

"And is he gone?"—on sudden solitude,
How oft that fearful question will intrude!
"Twas but an instant passed, and here he stood—
And now!"—Without the portal's porch she rushed,
And there at length her tears in freedom gushed;
Big, bright, and fast, unknown to her they fell;
But still her lips refused to send "Farewell!"
For in that word—that fated word—how'er
We promise, hope, believe—there breathes despair!"
Byron's Corsair.

Our constitution stands on a nice equipoise,
with steep precipices and deep waters on all
sides of it. In removing it from a dangerous
leaning towards one side, there may be a risk of
oversetting it on the other. Every project of a
material change in a government so complicated
as ours, combined at the same time with external
circumstances still more complicated, is a
matter full of difficulties, in which a considerate
man will not be too ready to decide; a prudent
man too ready to undertake; or an honest man
too ready to promise. They do not respect the
public or themselves, who engage for more than
they are sure they ought to attempt, or that they
are able to perform.—*Burke*.

It is calculated that we receive from God 12
blessings every minute, relative to respiration;
30 relative to our understandings and will; and
6000 relative to the different parts of our bodies;
consequently, God grants us, each minute, 6042
blessings, and 362,520 every hour of life.—*Sturm's
Reflections*.

The feet and ankles of Greek women—which,
by the by, rather correspond to Grecian, than to
modern ideas of beauty, are completely hid by
the folds of their trowsers, that are tied like a
purse just below the knee. This gives a woman,
when walking, completely the appearance of a
feather paw pigeon; and is more striking, as Gre-
cian coquets affect, as much as possible, to imitate
the walk of a bird. "You walk like a goose"—
"like a duck," however impertinent in the ear of
an English belle, are the most flattering compli-
ments that can be whispered in those of a Greek
one.

Merit is often an obstacle to fortune, and the
reason is, because it always produces two bad
effects, envy and fear. Envy in those who can-
not rise to the same degree of perfection, and
fear in those who are established, and who dread
that by advancing a man possessed of more abili-
ties and merit than themselves, they may be
supplanted.

I never see an eccentric man—especially if he
be a young man—without suspecting him of af-
fectionation. Nature is a whimsical old dame, and
now and then manufactures an odd fellow, but
such works are rare, and therefore the more
likely to be counterfeited. I have no patience
with those young gentlemen, who in company
affect absence of mind—who, if you ask them a
question, seem so profoundly wrapt in meditation
as to be unmindful of what is passing around
them. Vanity often makes a man ridiculous,
but never more so than when he affects to be
eccentric.

Who can see worse days than he that, yet liv-
ing, doth follow at the funeral of his own reputa-
tion?—*Bacon*.

Christianity is a discovery of a future life, and
acquaints us with the means by which its happi-
ness may be secured; civil government is alto-
gether an affair of the present state, and is no
more than a provision of human skill, designed to
insure freedom and tranquillity during our con-
tinuance on this temporary stage of existence.

"The camp may have its fame, the court its glare,
The theatre its wit, the board its mirth;—
But there's a calm, a quiet haven, where
Bliss dies for shelter—the domestic hearth."
Cowper.

Handkerchiefs were first manufactured at
Paisley, in Scotland, in 1743.

Hats were invented for men in Paris, in 1404.
Knitting stockings were invented in Spain, in
1550.

Linen was first made in England, in 1253.

RECIPES.

RHUBARB PIE.

For one pie, take four of the small bunches of
green rhubarb stalks that are brought to market
in the spring, or six if they are very small. Peel
the stalks, cut them into little pieces, and stew
them till quite soft in a very little water. When
done, mash the rhubarb with the back of a spoon,
and make it very sweet with sugar. Set it away
to cool. Make a puff paste, and when the rhu-
barb is quite cold put it into the pie, which may
either be a shell or with a lid. Bake it about
half an hour.

POTATOE PUDDING.

TAKE half a pound of butter, and half a pound
of powdered sugar, and stir them together till
very light. Have ready a pound of boiled pota-
toes, which must be quite cold. Grate the pota-
toes, and beat four eggs till very thick. Stir the
beaten eggs and the grated potatoes alternately
into the butter and sugar, with a gill of cream or
rich milk. Add a tea-spoonful of mixed spice,
and a glass of wine, brandy and rose-water, mix-
ed. Having stirred the whole very hard, put it
into shells of puff paste and bake it half an hour.
This quantity of the mixture is sufficient for two
shells the size of soup plates.

Sweet potatoe pudding may be made in the
same manner.

AN ISLAND OF ICE.

From Mr. Galt's new novel of Bogle Corbet, we have extracted the following interesting sketch of an encounter with an Island of Ice:—

"A fresh breeze came sharply from the north, and so cold, that the sailors said it must be blowing from an iceberg. We saw nothing, although the moon was high; but, at midnight, one of the men descried a brightening along the northern horizon, which left no doubt of the fact. At last, the brightness began to assume outline and features, and the wind rose as piercingly and rude as December, while the enormous mountainous mass was evidently nearing. By its apparent extent, the captain conjectured we should pass to the windward of it without difficulty; but as it came nearer and nearer, the feeling of danger mingled with the chillness of the wind, and we beheld with awe and astonishment many streams of beautiful water leaping and tumbling from the cliffs and peaks, as it drifted in the sunshine towards us. The wind, as the iceberg approached, slackened, and we saw with the telescope, on a point that projected from the side, a huge white bear couchant, which, the sailors said, was watching for fish. No sight could be more solemnly impressive than the evidently advancing mass; at last it came so near that we feared it would be impossible to escape.

"The vast peaks, cliffs, and pinnacles, were like a gorgeous city, with all its temples and palaces, shuddering as if shaken by an earthquake. The waters dashed from terrace to terrace, and every point and spire was glittering and gleaming with countless flames kindled by the sunshine. Terror confounded every one on board. A huge mass, which projected far aloft, and almost already overhung the ship, was seen to tremble; and, with a crash louder than thunder, it fell into the sea. The whole dreadful continent, for such it seemed, visibly shook. The peaks and mountains were shattered with indescribable crashing; as, with a sound so mighty that it cannot be named, it sundered as if several islands had separated; and we saw through the dreadful chasm a ship under full sail beyond, coasting the weather side. Still the different masses floated in view; and all day long we had our eyes fixed upon them, as they appeared to recede—fearful that another variation of the wind would bring them again around us."

CHIROGRAPHY.

"It is generally believed that men of genius do write in a very obscure, infirm, or eccentric character; such as Byron, and Chalmers, and Jeffrey, and Bonaparte."—HERBERT.

Washington wrote a fair, open, manly, straight forward line—every letter legible and distinct, bearing the same relation in the composition of the word that his actions all and singular bore in the formation of his general character—nothing hidden or mysterious. Jefferson's hand writing

was bold and masculine—partaking of the cleanliness, purity, and firmness, of his own great mind. Bonaparte wrote a most hideous and unreadable scrawl—appearing as though while writing he was attempting to dodge an enemy's fire—very little of the generalship about it.—Burke's writing was most uneven and hurried—looking as though his thoughts quarrelled for utterance; and in their struggle put the outer man in commotion.

Hamilton wrote a light running hand, quite sparing of ink. Canning's penmanship partook of all the chasteness and classical purity, and at the same time of all the nervousness of his mind. Byron, "stooping to touch the loftiest thought, as though it scarce deserved his verse," wrote "like very mad," to the great bespatterment of his paper and ruffled shirt, which by the way, we believe he never wore. We have our eye upon the scribbings of many other poets, divines, statesmen, warriors, lords and ladies;—but they have long split their last quill, and death subscribed their papers—FINIS. We turn from the dead to the living.

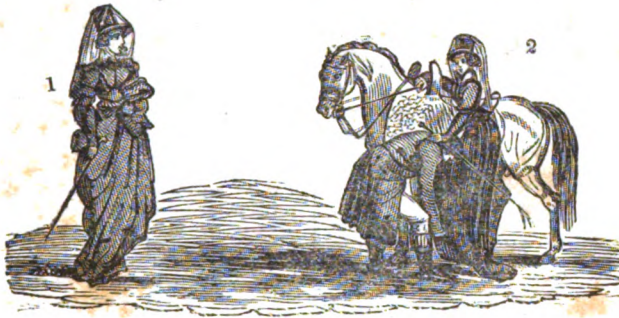
Madison writes a fair, firm, upright line, without distinction of hair and body strokes; and not unlike him writes Marshall. The autograph of J. Q. Adams is neat, manly and perpendicular. Jackson writes rather a clumsy, careless hand, than otherwise, as if with a bad pen, and yet it is characteristic of his boldness and independence.—James Kent's caligraph is perfectly unique—to be compared to nothing this side itself.—Brougham writes a hasty hand, but a good pen and full of ink. Peel writes with a stiff pen, but considerable taste and soberness. Cobbet writes with fury—just as he does every thing else. Dr. Chalmers, as if with the feathered end dipped in ink—a real spider scrawl. Webster like a hopeful child of the tariff school, giving encouragement that improvement will follow experience. W. Irving writes a perfect lawyer's hand, as though he wished no one could read it but himself. W. Scott's autograph is rigid and scraggy, though tolerably legible. Croly writes with a furious, rambling, excursive, but with most vigorous paw. Wadsworth, as though he bought ink by the barrel—a downright crow-bar hand.—Jeffrey writes as if he wrote against time, with a stick dipped in ink—nothing so hideous and unintelligible; yet there is a power and vivacity about it not unlike the man. Crabb's hand writing is neat, elegant, and woman-like; and Mrs. Hemans' masculine, bold and strong.

LOVE.

Love does not awake in the heart of a virtuous woman those violent feelings the offspring of a delirious imagination. It does not at once occupy her soul; it steals into it. It is not like a devouring fire; but as the genial warmth of spring, it animates and fertilizes. It is so timid and unassuming that it appears abashed; it is so generous that it resembles friendship.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF RIDING, &c.

We have made an addition to our former number of pages, and shall continue to do so until we have completed the republication of the essays, contained in our first volume, on RIDING, DANCING, EMBROIDERY, &c. We are induced to this in consequence of the repeated applications made to us by recent subscribers, for the earlier numbers of the work, the demand for which we have been unable to supply. The object in this republication is to furnish those who have not obtained these essays, a compilation of them in a form suitable for binding with the work. To those who have already received them they cannot but be acceptable, as they are entirely extra to the usual quantity of matter. The cuts have all been retouched, and the letter press so arranged that when completed the series of essays collected together will form a handsome addition to the work, embodying much useful information.



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

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

It is the groom's duty, when the rider approaches, to gather up the reins with his left hand, smoothly and evenly, the bit reins between, and somewhat tighter than the bridle, properly dividing them with his forefinger. The lady receives them a little more forward than the point of the horse's shoulder, with her right hand, which still retains the whip over the saddle to the off (or right) side: on taking the bridle in this manner, her forefinger is placed between the reins; the groom removes his hand, and the lady draws her's back, suffering the reins to glide gently and evenly through her fingers, until she reaches the near crutch of the pommel, which she takes hold of with her right hand, still holding the whip and reins, and places herself close to the near side of the saddle,

with her back almost turned towards it. The groom now quits his former post, and prepares to assist her to mount. The horse being thus left under the lady's government, it is proper that, in passing her hand through the reins, she should not have suffered them to become so loose as to prevent her, when her hand is on the pommel, from having a light but steady bearing on the bit, and thus keeping the horse to his position during the action of mounting. She then places her left foot firmly in the right hand of the groom or gentleman in attendance, who stoops to receive it. The lady then lays her left hand on his right shoulder, and straightening her left knee, she bears her weight on her assistant's hand, which he gradually raises (rising himself at the same time) until she is seated on the saddle. During her elevation, she steadies, and even, if necessary, partly assists herself towards the saddle by her hands, one of which, it will be recollected, is placed on the pommel, and the other on her assistant's shoulder. It is important that she should keep her foot firm and her knee steady.— If these directions be attended to, she will find herself raised to her saddle with but a trifling exertion, either on her own part or that of the assistant. Should the latter be a lad only, or not much accustomed to this part of his business, he should use both hands instead of one (Fig. 2)— joining them by the fingers: indeed, this, generally speaking, is the safer mode. The lady, in all cases, should take care that her weight be well balanced on her left foot, from which she should rise as uprightly as possible; above all things taking care not to put her foot forward, but keeping it directly under her. The assistant should not begin to raise her until she has removed her right foot from the ground, and, by straightening her knee, thrown her weight completely into his hand. Having reached the saddle, while her face is still turned to the near side of the horse, and before she places her knee over the pommel— when some ladies, very improperly, first take the reins.— the assistant puts the lady's left foot in the stirrup, while she removes her hand from the near to the off crutch of the pommel, holding the whip and reins as before directed— she now raises herself on the stirrup by the aid of her right hand, while the assistant, or the lady herself with her left hand, draws the habit forward in its place. She then places her right knee in the pommel, and her seat is taken.

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



PUPILS, during their first lessons, may dispose of the reins in the following manner:—The right hand is removed from the pommel of the saddle, the reins are separated, and one is held in each, passing up between the third and fourth fingers, the ends being brought over the fore-fingers, and held in their places by closing the thumbs upon them, and shutting the hands, which should be on a level with each other, at a little distance apart—three inches from the body, or thereabouts—and the knuckles of the little fingers in a line with the elbow. By slightly advancing the hands, or even relaxing the hold of the reins, the horse, if well trained, will go forward. The left hand is raised to turn to the near or left side, and the right hand to turn in an opposite direction. By slightly raising and approaching both hands toward the body, the horse may be made to stop. When either rein is acted on to turn the horse, the other should be a little slackened, or the hand which holds it relaxed.

As soon as the pupil has passed her novice in the art, she holds both reins in the left hand: some ladies separate them by the third and fourth fingers; others by one of these fingers only; and many by the fourth and little finger, but the greater number use the latter alone for this purpose, passing the off or right rein over it, and bringing the near or left rein up beneath it. The reins are carried flat upon each other up through the hand, near the middle joint of the fore-finger, and the thumb is placed upon them so that their ends fall down in front of the knuckles. The elbow should neither be squeezed close to the side, nor thrust out into an awkward and unnatural position, but be carried easily and gracefully, at a moderate distance from the body: the thumb should be uppermost, and the hand so placed that the lower part of it be nearer the waist than the upper; the wrist should be slightly rounded, the little finger in a line with the elbow, the knuckles immediately above the horse's neck, and the nails turned toward the rider.

With the reins in this position, if she wish her horse to advance, the lady brings her thumb towards her, until the knuckles are uppermost, and the nails over the horse's neck: the reins, by this simple motion, are slackened sufficiently to permit the horse to move forward. After he is put in motion, the rider's hand should return to the first position gradually, or it may be slightly advanced, and the thumb turned upward immediately.

To turn a horse to the left, let the thumb, which in the first position is uppermost, be turned to the right, the little finger to the left, and the back of the hand brought upward. This movement is performed in a moment, and it will cause the left rein to hang slack, while the right is tightened so as to press against the horse's neck. To turn to the left the hand should quit the first position, the nails be turned upward, the little finger brought in toward the right, and the thumb moved to the left: the left rein will thus press the neck, while the right one is slackened.

To stop the horse, or make him back, the nails should be turned from the first position upwards, the knuckles reversed, and the wrist be rounded as much as possible.

The body, says Adams, in his valuable Treatise on Horsemanship, must always be in a situation, as well to preserve the balance, as to maintain the seat (see fig. 3). One of the most common errors committed by ladies on horseback, who have not been properly taught to ride, is hanging by the near crutch, so that instead of being gracefully seated in the centre of the saddle, with the head in its proper situation, and the shoulders even (Fig. 4), the

body is inclined to the left, the head is brought to the right by an inelegant bend of the neck in that direction, the right shoulder is elevated, and the left depressed. To correct or avoid these and similar faults, is important.—All the rider's movements should harmonize with the paces of the animal: her position should be at once easy to herself and to her horse, and alike calculated to insure her own safety and give her a perfect command over him. If she sit in a careless, ungraceful manner, the action of her horse will be the reverse of elegant. A lady seldom appears to greater advantage than when mounted on a fine horse, if her deportment be graceful, and her positions correspond with his paces and attitudes; but the reverse is the case, if, instead of acting with, and influencing the movements of the horse, she appear to be tossed to and fro, and overcome by them. She should rise and descend, advance and stop with, and not after, the animal. From this harmony of motion results ease, elegance, and the most brilliant effect. The lady should sit in such a position, that the weight of her body may rest on the centre of the saddle; one shoulder should not be advanced more than the other; neither must she bear any weight on the stirrup, nor hang by the pommel over the near side; she ought not to suffer herself to incline forward, but partially backward. If she bend forward, her shoulders will, most likely, be rounded, and her weight thrown too much upon the horse's shoulders; in addition to these disadvantages, the position will give her an air of timid *gaucherie*. Leaning a little backward, on the contrary, tends to bring the shoulders in, keeps the weight in its proper bearing, and produces an appearance of comely confidence.

The head should be in an easy, natural position, that is, neither drooping forward nor thrown back—neither leaning to the right nor to the left. The bust should be elegantly developed, by throwing back the shoulders, advancing the chest, and bending the back part of the waist inward. The elbows should be steady, and kept in an easy, and apparently unconstrained position near the sides; the lower part of the arm should form a right angle with the upper part, which ought to descend almost perpendicularly from the shoulder. The position of the hands, when both are occupied with the reins, or when the reins are held in one only, we have already noticed; the right arm and hand, in the latter case, may drop easily from the shoulder, and the whip be held in the fingers, with the lash downwards between two fingers and the thumb. The whip may also be carried in the right hand, in the manner adopted by gentlemen: the lady is not restricted to any precise rules in this respect, but may vary the position of her whip arm as she may think fit, so that she do not permit it to appear ungraceful. She must also take care that the whip be so carried, that its point do not tickle or irritate the flank of the horse.

The stirrup is of very little use except to support the left foot and leg, and to assist the rider to rise in the trot; generally speaking, therefore, as we have already remarked, none of the weight of the body should be thrown upon the stirrup. The left leg should not be cramped up, but assume an easy and comfortable position; it should neither be forced out, so as to render the general appearance ungraceful, and the leg itself fatigued; nor should it be pressed close to the horse, except when used as an aid, but descend gracefully by his side, without bearing against it.

Although hanging by the left crutch of the pommel, over the near side, is not only inelegant, but objectionable in many important respects, the pommel, properly used, is a

lady's principal dependance on horseback: by the right knee being passed over the near crutch, the toes slightly elevated, and the leg pressed against the fore-flap of the saddle, and the pommel grasped, and the rider well secured in the possession of her seat. It is said, that when a lady, while her horse is going at a smart trot, can lean over on the right side, far enough to see the horse's shoe, she may be supposed to have established a correct seat; which, we repeat she should spare no pains to acquire. In some of the schools, a pupil is often directed to ride without the stirrup, and with her arms placed behind her, while the master holds the longe, and urges the horse to various degrees of speed, and in different directions, in order to settle her firmly and gracefully on the saddle—to convince her that there is security without the stirrup—and to teach her to accompany with precision and ease, the various movements of the horse.

Nothing can be more detrimental to the grace of a lady's appearance on horseback, than a bad position: a friend of ours says, it is a sight that would spoil the finest landscape in the world. What can be much more ridiculous, than a female, whose whole frame, through mal-position, seems to be the sport of every movement of the horse?—It is certainly rather painful to behold such a sight. If the lady be not mistress of her seat, and be unable to maintain a proper position of her limbs and body, as soon as her horse starts into a trot, she runs the risk of being tossed about on the saddle, like the Halcyon of the poets in her frail nest,—

Floating upon the bolsterous rude sea.

If the animal should canter, his fair rider's head will be jerked to and fro as "a vexed weathercock;" her drapery will be blown about, instead of falling gracefully around her; and her elbows rise and fall, or, as it were, flap up and down like the pinions of an awkward nestling endeavouring to fly. To avoid such disagreeable similes being applied to her, the young lady, who aspires to be a good rider, should, even from her first lesson in the art, strive to obtain a proper deportment on the saddle. She ought to be correct, without seeming stiff or formal; and easy, without appearing slovenly. The position we have described, subject to occasional variations, will be found, by experience, to be the most natural and graceful mode of sitting a horse; it is easy to the rider and her steed; and enables the former to govern the actions of the latter so effectually, in all ordinary cases, as to produce that harmony of motion, which is so much and so deservedly admired. A lady should ride her palfrey, even as some beautiful water-fowl passes onward with the tide, seeming in the eye of fancy, by the concord of its motions with the undulations of the water, to be a portion of the stream, on the surface of which it floats.

The balance is conducive to the ease, elegance, and security of the rider:—it consists in a fore-knowledge of what direction any given motion of the horse would throw the body, and a ready adaptation of the whole frame to the proper position, before the horse has completed his change of attitude or action; it is that disposition of the person, in accordance with the movements of the horse, which prevents it from an improper inclination forward or backward, to the right or to the left.

The balance is governed by the direction and motion of the horse's legs. If the animal be either standing still, or merely walking straight forward, the body should be preserved in the simple position which we have directed the lady to assume on taking her seat. Should it be necessary to apply the whip, so as to make the animal quicken his pace, or to pull him in suddenly, the body must be prepared to accommodate itself to the animal's change of action.

When going round a corner at a brisk pace, or riding in a circle, the body should lean back rather more than in the walking position; in the same degree that the horse bends inward, must the body lean in that direction. If a horse shy at any object, and either turn completely and suddenly round, or run on one side only, the body should, if possible, keep time with his movements, and adapt itself so as to turn or swerve with him; otherwise the balance will be lost, and the rider be in danger of falling off on the side from which the horse starts.

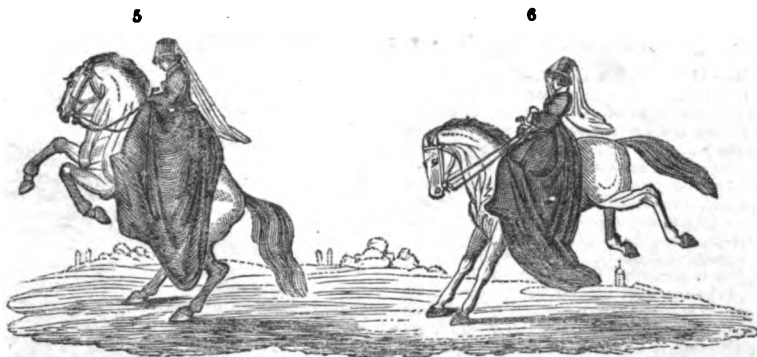
The proper mode of preserving the balance under some other circumstances, will be found described in a future number. In no case, let it be remembered, should the rider endeavour to assist herself in preserving her balance by pulling at the reins.

SOME horses are addicted to a very troublesome and vicious habit of turning round suddenly—we do not here allude to shyness but restiveness—without exhibiting any previous symptom of their intention. A horse soon ascertains that the left hand is weaker than the right, and, consequently, less able to oppose him; he, therefore, turns on the off side, and with such force and suddenness, that it is almost impossible, even if the rider be prepared for the attack, to prevent him; in this case, it would be unwise to make the attempt; the rider would be foiled, and the horse become encouraged, by his success in the struggle, to make similar endeavours to have his own way, or dismount his rider. The better plan is instead of endeavouring to prevent him from turning with the left hand, to pull him sharply with the right, until his head has made a complete circle, and he finds to his astonishment, that he is precisely in the place from which he started. Should he repeat the turn, on the rider's attempting to urge him forward, she should pull him round on the same side three or four times, and assist the power of the hand in so doing, by a smart aid of the whip, or the leg; while this is doing, she must take care to preserve her balance by an inclination of the body to the centre of the circle which is described by the horse's head in his evolution. The same plan may be pursued when a horse endeavours to turn a corner, contrary to the wish of his rider; and if he be successfully baffled three or four times, it is most probable that he will not renew his endeavours. On the same principle, when a horse refuses to advance, and whipping would increase his obstinacy, or make him rear, or bolt away in a different direction, it is advisable to make him walk backward, until he evinces a willingness to advance. A runaway might, in many instances, be cured of his vice by his being suffered to gallop, unchecked, and being urged forward when he showed an inclination to abate his speed, rather than by attempting to pull him in; but this remedy is, in most situations, dangerous, even for men; and all other means should be tried before it is resorted to by the rider. Should either of our fair readers—"which the fates forefend!"—have the misfortune to be mounted on a runaway, she may avoid any evil consequences, if she can contrive to retain her self-possession, and act as we are about to direct:—she must endeavour to maintain her seat at all hazards, and to preserve the best balance, or position of body, to carry her defences into operation; the least symptom of alarm, on her part, will increase the terror or determination of the horse; a dead, heavy pull at the bridle will at once aid, rather than deter him in his speed, and prevent her from having sufficient mastery over his mouth and her own hands to guide him; she must, therefore, hold the reins in such a manner as to keep the horse together when at the height of his pace, and to guide him from running against anything in his course; and it is most probable that he will soon abate his speed, and gradually subside into a moderate pace. Sawing the mouth (that is, pulling each rein alternately) will frequently bring a horse up in a few minutes; slackening the reins for an instant, and then jerking them with force, may also produce a similar effect; but if the latter mode be adopted, the rider must take care that the horse, by stopping suddenly, do not bring her on his neck, or throw her over his head. In whatever manner the runaway be stopped, it is advisable to be on the alert, lest he should become so disunited by the operation, as to fall. Our reader will here think, perhaps, that this advice may be easy enough to give, but difficult to follow: we beg leave, however, to tell her, that although it is not so easy as drawing on a worn glove, or replacing a stray curl, it is much more practicable than she may imagine; but we trust she will never have occasion to put it to the proof.

There is another situation, in which it is advisable to force the horse apparently to have his own way, in order to baffle his attacks. Restive horses, or even docile animals, when put out of temper, sometimes endeavour to crush their riders' legs against walls, gates, trees, posts, &c. An inexperienced rider, in such a situation, would strive to pull the horse away; her exertions would be unavailing; the animal would feel that he could master the opposition, and thus discovering the rider's weakness, turn it to her disadvantage on future occasions. We cannot too often repeat, that, although a rider should not desist until she has subdued her horse, she must never enter into an open, undisguised contest with him. It is useless to attack him on a point which he is resolute in defending; the assault should rather be directed to his weaker side. If he fortify himself in one place, he must pro-

portionably diminish his powers of defence in another: he anticipates and prepares to resist any attempt to overcome him on his strong side; and his astonishment at being attacked on the other, and with success, on account of his weakness in that quarter, goes far to dishearten and subdue him. If he plant himself in a position of resistance against being forced to advance, it is a matter of very little difficulty to make him go back. If he appear to be determined not to go to the right, the rider may, on account of the mode in which he disposes his body and limbs, with great facility turn him to the left. If he stand stock-still, and will not move in any direction, his crime may be made his punishment: the rider should sit patiently until he show a disposition to advance, which he will probably do in a very short time, when he discovers that she is not annoyed by his standing still. Nothing will subdue a horse so soon as this mode of turning his attacks against himself, and making his defences appear acts of obedience to the rider's inclination. When, therefore, a horse viciously runs on one side towards a wall, pulls his head forcibly towards it; and if, by the aid of the leg or whip, you can drive his croupe out, you may succeed in backing him completely away from it. It is by no means improbable, that when he finds that his rider is inclined to go to the wall as well as himself, he will desist; should he not, his croupe may be so turned outward, that he cannot do his rider any mischief.

In shying, the same principle may be acted upon more advantageously, perhaps, than in any other instance. If a horse be alarmed at any object, and, instead of going up to or passing it, he turn round, the rider should manage him in the manner recommended in cases where the horse turns through restiveness; he should then be soothed and encouraged, rather than be urged by correction, to approach or pass the object that alarms him, to attempt to force him up to it would be ridiculous and dangerous. If the horse swerve from an object, and try to pass it at a brisk rate, it is useless to pull him towards it; for if you succeed in bringing his head on one side, his croupe will be turned outward, and his legs work in an opposite direction: this resistance will increase proportionally to the exertions made by the rider. A horse, in this manner, may fly from imaginary into real danger; for he cannot see where he is going, nor what he may run against. Pulling in the rein, therefore, on the side from which the horse shies, is improper; it should rather be slackened, and the horse's head turned away from the object which terrifies him: by this mode a triple advantage is gained; in the first place, the horse's attention is diverted to other things; secondly, the dreaded object loses half its terrors when he finds no intention manifested on the rider's part to force him nearer to it; and, lastly, he is enabled to see, and, consequently, avoid any danger in front, or on the other side of him.



A horse may be coaxed and encouraged to go up to the object that alarms him; and if the rider succeed in making him approach it, a beneficial effect will be produced: the horse will discover that his fears were groundless, and be less likely to start again from any similar cause.

After the first impulse of terror has subsided, the horse, if he be properly managed, will even manifest an inclination to approach and examine the object that alarmed him; but while he is so doing, the rider must be on her guard; for the least movement or timidity, on her part—the rustling of a leaf, or the passing of a shadow—will, in all probability, frighten him again, and he will start round more violently than before. After this it will be exceedingly difficult to bring him up to the object. Mr. Astley, however, whom we have before quoted, says, that should the first trial prove unsuccessful, it must be repeated, until you succeed; observing, that the second attempt should not be made until the horse's fears have subsided, and his confidence has returned. A horse that is rather shy, may, in many cases, be prevented from starting, by the rider turning his head a little away from those objects, which she knows by experience are likely to alarm him, as well before she approaches as while she passes them.

A lady, certainly, should not ride any horse that is addicted to shying, stumbling, rearing, or any other vice; but she ought, nevertheless, to be prepared against their occurrence; for however careful and judicious those persons, by whom her horse is selected, may be, and however long a trial she may have had of his temper and merits, she cannot be sure, when she takes the reins, that she may not have to use her defences against rearing or kicking, or be required to exercise her skill to save herself from the dangers attendant on starting or stumbling before she dismounts. The quietest horse may exhibit symptoms of vice, even without any apparent cause, after years of good behaviour; the best tempered are not immaculate, nor the surest-footed infallible; it is wise, therefore, to be prepared against frailty or accident.

Stumbling is not only unpleasant, but dangerous; to ride a horse that is apt to trip, is like dwelling in a ruin; we

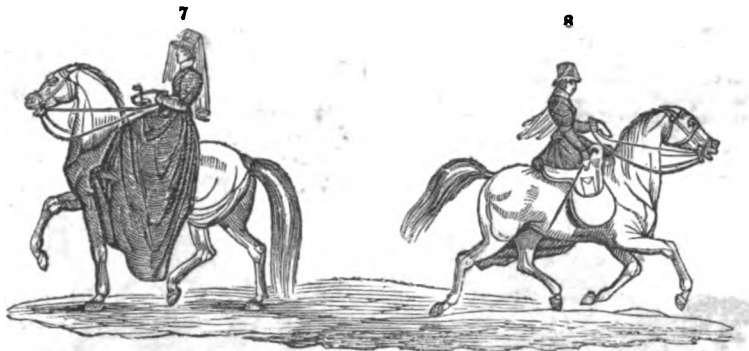
cannot be comfortable if we feel that we are unsafe; and, truly, there is no safety on the back of a stumbling nag. The best advice we can offer our readers as to such an animal, is, never to ride him after his demerits are discovered, although the best horse in the world may, we must confess, make a false step, and even break his knees. When a horse trips, his head should be raised and supported by elevating the hand; and the lady should instantly throw herself back, so as to relieve his shoulders of her weight. It is useless to whip a horse after stumbling, (as it is also after shying,) for it is clear he would not run the risk of breaking his knees, or his nose, if he could help it. If a horse be constantly punished for stumbling, the moment he has recovered from a false step, he will start forward, flurried and disunited, in fear of the whip, and not only put the rider to inconvenience, but run the risk of a repetition of his mishap before he regains his self-possession. It being generally the practice—and a very bad practice it is—for riders to correct horses for stumbling, we may discover an habitual one on an occasional stumbler, by this circumstance; namely, when a horse, that is tolerably safe, makes a false step, he gathers himself up, and is slightly animated for a moment or two only, or goes on as if nothing had happened; but if he be an old offender, he will remember the punishment he has repeatedly received immediately after a stumble, and dash forward in the manner we have described, expecting the usual accompaniment to his misfortune.

When a horse evinces any disposition to kick, or rear, the reins should be separated and held in both hands, in the manner we have described in a previous page. This should also be done when he attempts to run away, grows restive, or shies. The body should also be put in its proper balance for performing the defences: it should be upright, the shoulders thrown back, the waist brought forward, and the head kept steady. Every part of the frame must be flexible, but perfectly ready for action. The danger attendant on the horse's rearing, is, that the rider may fall off over the croupe, or pull the horse backward upon her. To prevent either of these consequences, immediate-

ly a horse rises, slacken the reins, and bend the body forward, so as to throw its weight on his shoulders, (Fig. 5;) and the moment his fore foot come to the ground—having recovered your position gradually as he descends—correct him smartly if he will bear it; or endeavour to pull him round two or three times, and thus divert him from his object; the latter course may also be adopted to prevent his rearing, if the rider can foresee his intention. We have made some other observations on this subject in a preceding page, to which we beg to refer our readers.

A horse that displays any symptoms of kicking, should be held tight in hand: if his head be kept up, he cannot do much mischief with his heels. If, however, when the rider is unprepared, in spite of her exertions, he should get his head down, she must endeavour, by means of the reins, to prevent the animal from throwing himself down, and also by a proper inclination of her body backward, save herself from being thrown forward, (Fig. 6.) If the least opportunity should occur, she must try to give him

two or three sharp turns; this may also be done with advantage, if she detect any incipient attempts in the animal to kick. A horse that rears high seldom kicks much, he may do both alternately; and the rider should be prepared against his attempts, by keeping her balance in readiness for either of the corresponding defences. She must also take care, that while she is holding her horse's head up, and well in hand, to prevent him from kicking, she do not cause him to rear, by too great a degree of pressure on his mouth. It is proper to observe, that if a horse be chastised for either of these vices, the whip should be applied to the shoulder for kicking, and behind the saddle for rearing; but we must needs remark, that correction on the shoulder is, in some degree, likely to make a kicking horse rear; and on the flank, or hind quarters, to make a rearing horse kick.—The rider, however, cannot do better, under the circumstances, than to correct the positive evil, notwithstanding the possible consequence, in the manner we have directed.



ALTHOUGH our limits will not permit us to enter into an elaborate detail of the lessons taken by a pupil in the riding-school, it is right that we should give the learner a few useful hints on the rudiments of Riding, and not devote our whole space to the improvement of those who have made considerable progress. While we endeavour to correct bad habits in the self-taught artist—in the pupil of a kind friend, an affectionate relative, or of a mere groom—to confirm the regularly educated equestrian in the true principles and practice of the art—to remind her of what she has forgotten, and to improve upon the knowledge she may have acquired—we must not forget those among our young friends, who, having never mounted a horse, are desirous of learning how to ride with grace and propriety, and who dwell at a distance, or do not feel inclined to take lessons from a master. To such, one-third, at least, of our preceding observations are applicable; and we recommend an attentive perusal of what we have said, as to mounting, the aids, the balance, position, &c. before they aspire to the saddle. Our other remarks they will find useful when they have acquired a little practice.

A quiet and well-trained horse, and a careful attendant, should, if possible, be procured. A horse, that knows his duty, will almost instruct his rider; and if a friend, who is accustomed to horses, or a careful servant, accompany the pupil, there is little or nothing to fear, even in the first attempts: the friend, or groom, may also, by his advice, materially assist the learner in her progress.

It would be needless for us to repeat our advice as to the manner of mounting, holding the reins, making the horse advance, stop, turn, &c. or the proper position of the body and limbs; all these, in her early lessons, the pupil should gradually practise.

WALKING.—Let the pupil walk the horse forward in a straight line, and at a slow rate, supporting his head in such a manner as to make him keep time in the beats of his pace; but not holding the reins so tight as to retard the measurement of his steps, or to make him break into a trot on being animated (Fig. 7). The hand should be so carried, that it may delicately but distinctly feel, by the operation of the horse's mouth on the reins, every beat of his action. If he do not exert himself sufficiently, he must be slightly animated. Should he break into a trot, he must be checked by the reins; but the pull must neither be so firm or continued as to make him stop. The moment he obeys the rein and drops into a walk, the hand is to be relaxed into its previous position. Should he require animating

again, the movement for that purpose must be more gentle than before, lest he once more break into a trot.

After walking in a straight line for a short time, the pupil should practice the turn to the right and to the left; alternately using both hands in these operations, in the manner directed in a previous page. She must observe, that when she pulls the right rein to turn the horse on that side, the other hand must be relaxed and lowered, or advanced, to slacken the left rein and ease the horse's mouth, and *vice versa*.

If the horse will not readily obey the hand in turning, or do not bring forward his croupe sufficiently, he is urged to throw himself more on the bit, by an animation of the leg or whip. The animations, during the first lessons, should be commenced with great gentleness, and the rider will easily discover, by a little experience, to what degree it is necessary to increase them, in order to procure obedience. This observation should be attended to, were it only for the pupil's safety: for if she begin with her animations above the horse's spirit, his courage will be so raised as to endanger, or, at least, alarm her; and thus render what would otherwise be an agreeable exercise, unpleasant.

After the pupil has practised walking in a straight line, and turning on either side, for a few days, she may walk in a circle, and soon make her horse wheel, charge, demi-volt, &c. The circle should be large at first; but when the pupil has acquired her proper equilibrium, &c. it must, day by day, be gradually contracted.

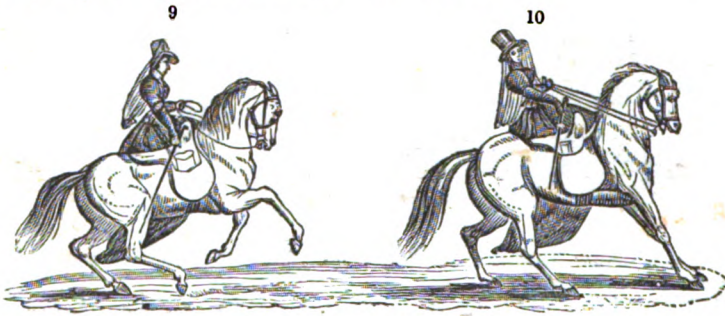
In riding round a circle, the inner rein is to be rather lowered, and the body inclined inward: this inclination must be increased during succeeding lessons, as the circle is contracted, and the pupil quickens the pace of her horse. She must practise in the large circle, until she is able, by her hand and her aids, to make the horse perform it correctly. The inside rein must be delicately acted upon: if it be jerked at distant intervals, or borne upon without intermission, the horse, in the former case, will swerve in and out, and, in the latter, the rider's hand and the animal's mouth will both become in some degree deadened; and thus their correspondence will be decreased.—In order to procure correct action, the inner rein should be alternately borne on in a very slight degree, and relaxed the next instant—the hand keeping exact time in its operations with the cadence of the horse's foot. The direction is to be frequently changed—the pupil alternately working to the right and the left, so as to bring both her hands into practice.

As soon as the rider becomes tolerably well confirmed in her seat and balance, and in the performance of the simple aids and animations, as well in large as small circles, she should begin to ride in double circles—at first, of considerable diameter, but decreasing them by degrees as she improves. Riding in double circles, is guiding the horse to perform a figure of 8; and this, in the language of the riding-school, is effecting the large and narrow change, according to the size of the circle. The number of the circles may be increased, and the sizes varied, with great advantage, both to the rider and the horse. They may be at some distance from each other, and the horse be guided to work from one to the other diagonally.

TROTting.—The pupil should begin to practise the trot (Fig. 8) as soon as she is tolerably perfect in the walking lessons. It will be as well for her, at first, to trot in a straight line; she may then work in the large circle, and proceed gradually through most of the figures which she has performed in a walk. To make the horse advance from a walk to a trot, the fore-hand should be slightly elevated, by drawing upwards the little finger of each hand (or that of the left hand only, when the pupil has advanced enough to hold the reins in one hand), and turning them toward the body. An animation of the leg and whip should accompany this motion. The trot should be commenced moderately: if the horse start off too rapid-

ly, or increase the pace beyond the rider's inclination, she must check him, by closing the hands firmly; and if that will not suffice, by drawing the little fingers upward and toward the body: this must not be done with a jerk, but delicately and gradually; and as soon as the proper effect is produced, the reins are again to be slackened. If the horse do not advance with sufficient speed, or do not bring up his haunches well, the animations used at starting him are to be repeated.

When the horse is made to proceed to the trot, the pupil must endeavour to preserve her balance, steadiness, and pliancy, as in the walk. The rise in trotting is to be acquired by practice. When the horse in his action raises the rider from her seat, she should advance her body, and rest a considerable portion of her weight on the right knee; by means of which, and by bearing the left foot on the stirrup, she may return to her former position without being jerked: the right knee and the left foot, used in the same manner, will also ease her in the rise. Particular attention must be paid to the general position of the body while trotting: in this pace, ordinary riders frequently rise to the left, which is a very bad practice, and must positively be avoided. The lady should also take care not to raise herself too high; the closer she maintains her seat, consistently with her own comfort, the more correct her appearance will be.



The whole of the exercises in circles should next be performed in a canter, which may be commenced from a short, but animated trot, a walk, or even a stop. If the horse be well trained, a slight pressure of the whip and leg, and an elevation of the horse's head, by means of the reins, will make him strike into a canter. Should he misunderstand, or disobey these indications of the rider's will, by merely increasing his walk or trot, or going into the trot from a walk, as the case may be, he is to be pressed forward on the bit by an increased animation of the leg and whip; the reins, at the same time, being held more firmly, in order to restrain him from advancing too rapidly forward to bring his haunches under him; for the support of which in this position, he will keep both his hind feet for a moment on the ground, while he commences the canter by raising his fore feet together.

The canter, (Fig. 9) is the most elegant and agreeable of all the paces, when properly performed by the horse and rider; its perfection consists in its union and animation, rather than its speed. It is usual with learners, who practise without a master, to begin the canter previously to the trot; but we are supported by good authority in recommending, that the pupil should first practise the trot, as it is certainly much better calculated to strengthen and confirm her in the balance, seat, &c. than the canter.

The pupil is advised, at this stage of her progress, to practise the paces, alternately, in the various combinations of the figures we have described; performing her aids with greater power and accuracy in turning and working in circles, when trotting or cantering, than when walking. She should also perfect herself in her aids, the correspondence, and balance, by alternately increasing and diminishing the speed in each pace, until she attains a perfect mastery over herself and her horse, and can not only make him work in what direction and at what pace, but also at what degree of speed in each pace, she pleases. She may extend the canter to a gallop—learn how to ascertain, by the motion of the horse, if his canter be false or true, and acquire the means of making him rectify his action. In cantering, the horse ought to lead with the right foot: should he strike off with the left, the rider must either

check him to a walk, and then make him commence the canter again, or induce him to advance the proper leg by means of the near rein, pressing his side with the left leg, and touching the right shoulder with the whip. The hind legs should follow the direction of the fore legs, otherwise the pace is untrue, disunited, and unpleasant, both to the horse and rider: therefore, if the horse lead with his near fore leg (unless when cantering to the left—the only case when the near legs should be advanced), or with his near hind leg, except in the case just mentioned—although he may lead with the proper fore leg—the pace is false, and must be rectified.

The pupil must also learn how to perform the perfect stop in all the paces. The perfect stop in the walk, is a cessation of all action in the animal, produced instantaneously by the rider, without any previous intimation being given to the horse (Fig. 10). The slovenly stop is gradual and uncertain; the incorrect stop is a momentary and violent check on the action in the middle, instead of the conclusion, of the cadence; while its first part is coming to the ground, the proper movements should be performed by the rider, so that it may conclude correctly with the cadence. The firmness of the hand should be increased, the body be thrown back, the reins drawn to the body, and the horse's haunches pressed forward by the leg and whip, so that he may be brought to bear on the bit.

The stop in the trot is performed as in the walk: the rider should operate when the leading legs have come to the ground, so that the stop be perfected when the other fore and hind legs advance and complete the cadence.

The stop in the canter is performed by the rider in a similar manner: the time should be at the instant when the horse's fore feet are descending; the hind feet will immediately follow, and at once conclude the stop and cadence. The rider must bear in mind, that in order to make the stop perfect, the horse should previously be animated, united, and correct, in the beats or time of his pace. Stopping or turning too suddenly in the gallop, is very distressing to the horse as well as unsafe to the rider; in fact, the pace itself is rather too violent and exceptionable, in many respects, for a lady to ride.

11



12



BACKING.—It is necessary that the pupil should learn how to make a horse back in walking. To do this, the reins are to be drawn equally and steadily towards the body, (but to yielding him when he obeys,) and his croupe is to be kept in a proper direction by means of the leg and the whip.

The pupil should perform her first lessons with a snaffle bridle, holding the reins in both hands, and without a stirrup. When she has acquired some degree of practice in the balance, aids, and general government of the horse, she may use a curb with double reins, and hold them in the left hand—managing them as we directed in a former page.

It would be well for the self-taught equestrian, who has not acquired the true principles of Riding, to go through all the foregoing exercises in the paces, patiently and progressively. She will, doubtless, find it difficult to drop her incorrect mode of riding, but she should persevere, if she wishes to sit her horse with grace, ease, and safety. The pupil, in all cases, should recollect, that her horse requires occasional haltings and relaxations: the time occupied in each lesson, should be in proportion to the pace and animation in which it has been performed. If the exercise be varied and highly-animated, the horse should rest to recruit himself at the expiration of twelve or fifteen minutes; when refreshed by halting, he may be made to go through another of the same, or rather less duration, and then be put up for the day. It would be still better to make two halts in the same space of time: the exercise taken in such a lesson being equal to three hours' moderate work.—When the lessons are less animated, they may be made proportionally longer; but it is always better, if the pupil err in this respect, to do so on the side of brevity, than, by making her lessons too long, to harass her horse, and fatigue herself so as to lose her spirit and animation.

LEAPING.—In the riding-schools, ladies who never intend to join what the poets call the jocund pack,

By copse or dingle, beath or sheltering wood,

are frequently taught to leap at the bar. The practice is beneficial, as it tends to confirm the seat, and to enable the rider more effectually to preserve her balance, should she afterwards be mounted on an unsteady or vicious horse.

Leaps are taken either standing, or flying, over a bar, which is so contrived as to fall when touched by the horse's feet, if he do not clear it: it is placed at a short distance from the ground at first, and raised by degrees as the pupil improves. The standing leap, which is practised first, the horse takes from the halt, close to the bar. The flying leap is taken from any pace, and is easier than the standing leap, although the latter is considered the safer of the two to begin with; as, from the steadiness with which it is made by a trained horse, the master or assistant can aid the pupil at the slightest appearance of danger.

The position of the rider is to be governed in this, as in all other cases, by the action of the horse. No weight is to be borne on the stirrup; for, in fact, pressure on the stirrup will tend to raise the body, rather than keep it close to the saddle. The legs (particularly the right one) must be pressed closely against the saddle; and the hand and the reins yielded to the horse, so that the rider can just distinguish a slight correspondence between her hand and the horse's mouth. The animations thus produced, and the invitation thus given, will make the horse rise. As his

fore quarters ascend, the lady is to advance forward; the back being bent inward, and the head upright and steady. (Fig. 11, the ascent.) As soon as the horse's hind legs quit the ground, the body is to incline backward—the rider taking care not to bear heavily on the reins, lest the horse force her hand, and pull her forward on his neck, or over his head, as he descends. When the leap is cleared, the rider should bring the horse together, if at all disunited, and resume her previous ordinary position.

In the flying leap the seat is to be preserved as in the standing leap; except, that it is needless, and indeed unwise, to advance the body as the horse rises; because, in the flying leap, the horse's position, especially in a low leap, is more horizontal than when he rises at the bar from a halt: and there is great danger of the rider being thrown, if she lean forward, in case the horse suddenly checks himself and refuses the leap, which circumstance occasionally happens. The waist should be brought forward, and the body suffered to take that inclination backward, which will be produced by the spring forward of the horse. The horse's head is to be guided towards the bar, and the reins yielded to him as he advances. The proper distance for a horse to run previous to the leap, is from ten to fifteen yards. If he be well trained, he may be suffered to take his own pace at it; but it is necessary to animate an indolent horse into a short, collected gallop, and urge him by strong aids to make the leap. (Fig. 12, the descent.)

Having conducted our fair readers through the leading principles of horsemanship, teaching them how to enjoy its pleasures and to avoid its perils, it only remains for us to dismount them with grace and safety, which will form the closing remarks to this healthy and polite accomplishment.

DISMOUNTING.—The first important point to be attended to, in dismounting, is the perfect disentanglement of the clothes from the saddle; and before the lady quits it, she ought to bring her horse carefully to a stop. If she be light and dexterous she may dismount without assistance, from a middle-sized horse; but it is better not to do so if the animal be high. The right hand, in preparing to dismount, is to receive the reins, and be carried to the off crutch of the pommel. The reins should be held sufficiently tight to restrain the horse from advancing, and yet not so firm as to cause him to back or rear: nor uneven, lest it make him swerve. The lady should next disengage her right leg from the pommel, clearing the dress as she raises her knee; then remove her right hand to her near crutch, and take her foot from the stirrup. Thus far the process is the same, whether the lady dismount with or without assistance.

If she be assisted, the gentleman, or attendant, may either lift her completely off the saddle to the ground, if she be very young; or, taking her left hand in his left hand, place his right hand on her waist, and as she springs off, support her in her descent. (See Fig. 13.) She may also alight, if she be tolerably active, by placing her right hand in that of the gentleman, who in this case stands at the horse's shoulder, and descend without any other support. Should there be any objection or difficulty found in alighting by either of these modes, the gentleman, or assistant, may place himself immediately in front of the lady, who is then to incline sufficiently forward for him to receive her weight, by placing his hands under her arms, and thus easing her descent.



If the lady dismount without assistance, after the hand is carried from the off to the near crutch, she must turn round so as to be able to take in her hand a lock of the horse's mane; by the aid of which, and bearing her right on the crutch, she may alight without difficulty. In dismounting thus without assistance, she must turn completely round as she quits the saddle, so as to alight with her face towards the horse's side. (See Fig. 14.) By whatever mode the lady dismounts, but especially if she do so without assistance, to prevent any unpleasant shock on reaching the ground, she should bend her knees, suffer her body to be perfectly pliant, and alight on her toes, or the balls of her feet. She is neither to relinquish her hold, nor is the gentleman, or assistant, if she make use of his ministry, to withdraw his hand, until she is perfectly safe on the ground. In order to acquire the mode of dismount-

ing with grace and ease, more practice is required than merely descending from the saddle after an exercise or a ride. It is advisable to dismount, for some days, several times successively; either before or after the ride; commencing with the most simple modes, until the pupil acquires sufficient confidence and experience to perform either of these operations in a proper manner, with the mere help of the assistant's hand, and even to dismount without any aid whatever. If she be but in her noviciate in the art of riding, we strongly advise her in this, and all other cases, not to place too great a reliance on her own expertness, or attempt too much at first; but rather to proceed steadily, and be satisfied with a gradual improvement; as it is utterly impossible to acquire perfection in the nicer operations of the art, before the minor difficulties are overcome.

ELIJAH'S INTERVIEW.

BY CAMPBELL.

ON Horeb's rock the prophet stood—
The Lord before him passed;
A hurricane in angry mood
Swept by him strong and fast;
The forest fell before its force,
The rocks were shivered in its course;
God was not in the blast.
'Twas but the whirlwind of His breath,
Announcing danger, wreck, and death.
It ceased. The air grew mute—a cloud
Came muffling up the sun;
When, thro' the mountain, deep and loud
An earthquake thundered on;
The frightened eagle sprang in air,
The wolf ran howling from his lair:
God was not in the storm.
'Twas but the rolling of His car,
The trampling of His steeds from far.
'Twas still again—and nature stood
And calmed her ruffled frame:
When swift from Heaven a fiery flood
To earth devouring came.
Down to the depth the ocean fled,
The sickening sun looked wan and dead,
Yet God filled not the flame.
'Twas but the terror of His eye
That lighten'd through the troubled sky.
At last a voice, all still and small,
Rose sweetly on the ear;
Yet rose so shrill and clear that all
In Heaven and earth might hear.
It spoke of peace, it spoke of love,
It spoke as angels speak above;
And God himself was there.
For oh! it was a father's voice,
That bade the trembling earth rejoice.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

"Ivy, holly, and mistletoe,
Give me a penny before I go."

"Christmas comes but once a year."

THE rose, it is the love of June,
The violet that of spring;
Out on the faithless and fading flowers
That make the south wind's wing!
Such craven blooms I hold in scorn—
The holly's the wreath for a Christmas morn.

Its berries are red as a maiden's lip,
Its leaves are of changeless green;
And any thing changeless now, I know,
Is somewhat rare to be seen.
The holly, which fall and frost has borne,
The holly's the wreath for a Christmas morn.

Its edges are set in keen array,
They are fairy weapons bared;
And in an unlucky world like ours
'Tis as well to be prepared.
Like the crest of a warrior worn,
The holly's the wreath for a Christmas morn.

It was so with England's olden race—
But, alas! in this our day
We think so much of the present time,
That we cast the past away.
Let us do as they did ere we were born—
The holly's the wreath for a Christmas morn.

The holly, it is no green-house plant,
But glows in the common air;
In the peasant's lattice, the castle hall,
Its green leaves alike are there.
If its lesson in mind be borne,
The holly's the wreath for a Christmas morn.

L. E. L.



Painted by C.L. Eastlake R.A.

HELEN.

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PHILADELPHIA



THE LADY'S BOOK.

AUGUST, 1831.

HAIDEE.

Locks of auburn and eyes of blue have ever been dear to the sons of song. So said Lord Strangford; and Moore, not venturing to differ from such high authority, gives to his Delphic maiden "auburn hair and eyes of fire"—leaving the reader to guess at the colour which the blaze has hidden from the poet. Byron was bolder; and perhaps he never showed more striking originality than when he found a new comparison for the black eyes of an Eastern Beauty.

Her brow was overhung with coins of gold,
That sparkled o'er the auburn of her hair,
Her clustering hair, whose longer locks were roll'd
In braids behind, and though her stature were
Even of the highest for a female mould,
They nearly reached her heel; and in her air
There was a something which bespoke command,
As one who was a lady in the land.

Her hair, I said, was auburn; but her eyes
Were black as death, their lashes the same hue
Of downcast length, in whose silk shadow lies
Deepest attraction, for when to the view

Forth from its raven fringe the full glance flies,
Ne'er with such force the swiftest arrow flew;
'Tis as the snake late coil'd, who purs his length,
And hurls at once his venom and his strength.

Her brow was white and low, her cheek's pure dle
Like twilight rosy still with the set sun;
Short upper lip—sweet lips! that make us sigh
Ever to have seen such; for she was one
Fit for the model of a statuary—
(A race of mere impostors, when all's done—
I've seen much finer women ripe and real,
Than all the nonsense of their stone ideal.)

THE MERCHANT'S CLERK;

A LEGEND OF THE OLD TIME IN LONDON.

DINING some time back with a friend, whose house is situated in one of those out-of-the-way courts in the City, where one would hardly think of searching for anything picturesque or beautiful, but which, nevertheless, abound with various rich memorials of the past; while seated with him at his window, overlooking a small yard containing two mulberry-trees at least a century old, I observed, with no small sorrow, that an old stone wall, the rounded gable of which was pregnant with recollections of the reigns of Elizabeth and the first James, was being removed, in all probability to be succeeded by a piece of modern, uninteresting brick-work. By this removal, however, another morsel of antiquity, which had previously been concealed, was now exposed to view: this consisted of a hovel or shed, built against one of the interior sides of this stone wall, and apparently the remains of some more extensive and important building; for though, in many places, the large, irregularly-shaped slates had been displaced, or perhaps had fallen away, and been re-placed by modern tiling, still several of the massy stone pillars, supporting strong oaken arches, were remaining, and appeared as though they were the vestiges of a colonnade or cloister, which at some former period had run round the whole interior of the wall. I mentioned this idea to my friend, who concurred with me that it was probably correct.

"By the way," observed he, "the spot which

has attracted your observation, I believe even that very shed, was once the scene of a murder, the perpetration and discovery of which were attended by some very singular circumstances."

This information, of course, led to an inquiry on my part; and that, in its turn, elicited the following Legend of London:—

Towards the middle of the second half of the seventeenth century, or in plainer English, about the year of grace, 1672, there lived in London a very rich, and therefore very respectable merchant, who, having come to the rare resolution that he had made money enough, and having, as he said, no kith or kin, tacked to this said resolution one of more frequent occurrence, namely, that he would take a wife, to be the superintendent of his household affairs, the sharer of his fortune, the soother of his sorrows, if ever he should have any, and so forth. And to a man of so much importance as was Master Edward Edwards, there were very few obstacles in the way of his accomplishing such a purpose, as he might easily pick and choose among the maidens or widows of his ward, who would all be but too proud of an alliance with so honourable and substantial a citizen. He did not, however, deliberate so long on the matter as might perhaps have been expected, seeing how wide a field he had wherein to exercise his speculations; for at the same time that he informed those friends, whom he chose to consult on the occasion, of his before-named in-

tion, he gave them to understand that his choice had already fallen on Dorothy Langton, the daughter of a poor Goldsmith, and reputed papist, but, nevertheless, a maiden of good fame, seemly bearing, and twenty-six years of age. She was tall, fair, and well made, but with nothing striking about her face that would call for particular description, unless one may advert to—what indeed was not part of her face—an unusual breadth at the back part of her head, behind her ears, which seemed to give her features an appearance of being too small. The lady was, truth to confess, not very much admired in the neighbourhood; and, to continue the confession, she was as little liked. She was said by those who knew her best, or rather as it might seem worst, to be of a sullen temper, and yet, withal, violent; and the death of one young man was laid at her door, all the way from the East Indies, whither he had gone in despair, after having been for eleven months her accepted suitor, and then discharged in a fit of peevishness. How far this incident, which happened before she was twenty, might have formed her after character; or how far even her earlier character might have been moulded from the fact of her having been left motherless while yet an infant, and bred up afterwards under the sole care of her father, a harsh and severe man, it is not for me to determine; and much less so, how or why Master Edward Edwards came to fix on her as his partner. Master Edwards himself, at the time we are speaking of, was in the very prime and vigour of life—that is, in his own opinion; it may be stated, however, that he was in his five-and-fiftieth year; rather corpulent and very grey; but the former fact he asserted, and not without truth, was a proof of his stoutness: some men, he observed, quite young men too, (that is, younger than himself,) had contracted a bad habit of stooping, which shewed their walk through life had not been upright; then, as to his grey hairs, he boasted that they were once the veriest black, but that thought and honourable labour had blanched them; besides, his worst foes could not say he was bald. For the rest, Master Edwards was a man of tolerable parts, as times went, of an easy and good temper, and one who loved to crack his bottle and his joke as well any man living, either now or then.

For some time, say thirteen months, after the marriage, they lived together in all seeming harmony. I say seeming, of course speaking only of what met the eyes of others; for far be it from me to intrude any unnecessary inquiry into the discomforts or discrepancies (if any such existed) of the domestic circle—a rather small one, to be sure, seeing it consisted of only two individuals, unless as a third segment thereof, may be reckoned Master Edwards' clerk, a young man, an orphan, of the name of Simon, who had lived with him from his childhood. He was a youth of good favour, but did not seem to find it in his mistress's eyes; or rather, *latterly*, he did not: for at her first coming she had behaved with great kindness to him, while he, on the other

hand, always treated her with that distant respect, so becoming in an inferior, but so mortifying to a superior, who may happen, for some purpose or other, to wish to be on more familiar terms. After a little time, Mistress Edwards evidently took a great dislike to poor Simon, and by the exercise of a little domestic despotism, she made his home sufficiently uncomfortable. Master Edwards seldom interfered in the matter; and to do his wife justice, she concealed the alteration she had caused in the lad's comforts, as much as she could from his master; and if ever he did happen to make any reference to the subject, she was pat with a complaint against Simon for being so often away from the house; which was no more than truth, as she frequently made it too hot to hold him; and also that during his absence, he was continually seen to be in very bad company—at which his master would sigh; and which I am sorry to say was also no less than the truth, and probably the consequence of her harsh treatment. Various little trinkets and other nic-nacs were also said by Mistress Edwards to be from time to time missing—and her lamentations and anger on such subjects were always uttered in Simon's hearing, plentifully interlarded with expressions of wonder, "who the thief could be,"—and assertions, "that such things could not walk off without hands:" whereat her facetious husband never failed to remark, "Yes, deary, they might, if they had feet." And this as regularly put her in a passion, and made her vow that, "for her part, she could not see what use there was in keeping about the house such lazy, loitering, good-for nothing vagabonds," with various other such ungentle epithets, all of which were quite plainly launched at the unfortunate Simon.

At the end of these thirteen months, Simon, together with several articles of plate, was found missing in real earnest—all mere suspicion on the subject being removed by the following note, which Master Edwards found on his breakfast table:—

"Even in the very commission of a deed of wrong and villany, can I not refrain from bidding you farewell—my kind, mine honoured, my loved master!—even while I am doing wrong to you. But I am driven to it, and away from your house, by the cruel and unjust treatment of your wife: beware of her, master of mine, for she is evil. Whither I go, God knows—I care not—nor will He; for I have abandoned his ways, and broken his commands—but I am forced to it—forced to rob, that I may not starve of hunger—to rob you, to whom I owe every thing—but indeed, in deed I would not sodo, knew I not that what I take from you can be little missed, and that if I spoke to you, you would not let me quit your house: and sure I am, that if I did so without means of living, you would sorrow that the child of your fostering—the boy of your rearing—whom you have ever treated more as a son than a servant, should be * * *

The words that immediately followed were quite illegible, being so blotted, as though the

writer had written over drops of water: then followed a short thick dash of the pen—and then in a large and hurried hand, the following:—

“But this is foolish—and fallacy—farewell, Sir,—dear master, farewell:—forgive me—I cannot pray for you—I ask you not to pray for me—but do, if *you* think it will avail me aught—if not, forget me—and oh! forgive me. I *am* going wrong—good bye.”

The signature was also much blotted, but it could be traced to be, “the thankful orphan, Simon.”

The effect produced by this event was very different, both on Master Edwards and his wife—as well as from what might have been expected: the former, to use a homely word, took on greatly about the matter, was evidently much hurt, became silent and abstracted, and went so far as to shed tears; a thing which his oldest friends—those who had been his school-fellows—declared they had never known him do in all his life—not even when under the infliction of Doctor Everard's cane—the right-reverend high master of Saint Paul's School, where Master Edwards had learned Latin and peg-top. Mistress Edwards, on the other hand, shewed a great share of rejoicing on the occasion, declaring she thought his room cheaply purchased at the loss of the trumpery he had taken with him. That same afternoon, during dinner, she hinted that she had already a young man in her eye, as the successor of Simon; at which observation, her husband merely sighed, and made no inquiries—and yet he probably had no conception whom his wife had in her eye, though if some of their neighbours had been present, they might, if they had liked it, have helped him to an innuendo concerning a handsome young man, of whom no one knew any thing, except that he was frequently seen walking with Mistress Edwards of evenings under the tall elms in Goodman's Fields. There were some hints of a yet more scandalous nature—but these shall be omitted.

The stranger however came after the situation, and a handsome young man he was—his name was Lambert Smithe—but as for his qualifications for the new place, which Mistress Edwards really seemed uncommonly anxious he should obtain, as little had best be said as may be; and the less need be said as Master Edwards was decidedly of opinion that he was utterly unfit for the office; for the expression of which opinion he was downright scolded by his wife, and indeed fairly warned that she would have her own way after all.

* * * * *

A few nights after Simon's departure—a dark and stormy November night it was—Mistress Edwards was seen—no matter yet by whom—to cross the cloistered court-yard, at the back of her husband's house, bearing a lantern in her hand, which she partially covered over with the large cloak wherein she was muffled, probably with the intention of concealing its light—perhaps only to prevent its being extinguished by the

gustful wind and rain. She approached a low postern-gate, which gave into a passage leading to Cripplegate Church—she unlocked it—opened it hesitatingly—looked out as though for some one—came back again—re-locked the door—placed the lantern in one of the angles of the cloister, and began slowly pacing up and down under its shelter. In a few moments, she stopped, and listened—her body and head slightly bent rightward, towards the postern: a low whistle was heard without—she flew to the gate—opened it, and let in a man also muffled in a cloak: she addressed him, by exclaiming, “Late, Sir!”

The stranger began some excuse probably, but was at once stopped by a sharp “hush!” and they conversed in whispers.

At length they shifted their position, advanced towards the house, Mistress Edwards having taken up her light, and leading her companion forward with the other hand. Of a sudden the man stopped, and she also. He sighed, and said, though still in a whisper—“I cannot do it.”

“God gi' me patience!” she cried, impatiently, and in a much louder tone: then in a lower, added—“Come, Lambert, dearest Lambert, take heart.”

“I cannot, indeed I cannot—any thing but that!”

“Any thing *but* that! Why, what else is there to be done? Will you not be master of all?—of me? Nay, come, dear Lambert.”

The man passed on. As he turned a second angle, close to the house door, a sharp-pointed weapon was driven into his breast, by some one standing behind one of the thick stone pillars, and with such force, that the point pierced one of the ribs, which prevented the wound from being mortal. The young man shrieked with agony; and grasping towards the spot whence the blow came, seized hold of part of the assassin's dress, who struggled, and extricated himself from his grasp, but left behind him part of a chain, with a watch hung to it: at the same time he wrenched the dagger from the lacerated bone, and, with a surer blow, drove it into his victim's heart.

All this was the work of little more than a moment; during which Mistress Edwards, who at first had been struck with a stupor of surprise and horror, rushed forward, screaming “Murder! murder!” and fell, swooning, within a few paces of the body.

When she recovered, she found several of her neighbours and of the watch standing round, and among them her alarmed husband. She looked round wildly for a moment, fixed her eyes on him for another, then shrieked wildly—“Ah! I see—I see—him—him! Seize him—the murderer,” and again fell senseless.

Edwards was accordingly seized, though few could understand why or wherefore; but when he protested he knew nothing about the matter, people began to think him guilty, especially as some declared the murdered man was the same youth with whom his wife had been often seen

walking under the tall elms in Goodman's Fields; and, upon her second recovery, Mistress Edwards confirmed this declaration by clinging round the young man's body, and calling for vengeance on the murderer of her Love.

Edwards was carried before a justice of the peace, and after a short examination, committed to Newgate to take his trial in the Court-house there at the next session, which was to take place within a week.

The day came, and the trial commenced. At the very outset an argument arose between the counsel for the prosecution and the defence, whether the exclamations used by the wife on the night of the murder, accusing her husband, could be given as evidence by those who had heard them. For the defence it was urged, that as a wife could not appear as a witness either against or for her husband, so neither could any expression of hers, tending to criminate him, be admissible; on the other hand, it was contended that as confessions were admissible in evidence against a party, so a husband and wife, being as one in the eye of the law, such expressions as these were in the nature of confessions by the party himself, and therefore should be admitted—and so the Recorder decided they should be. In addition to this, other—circumstantial—evidence was produced against the prisoner; the poniard, with which Lambert had been stabbed, and which in falling he had borne down out of his slayer's hand, was a jewelled Turkish one, known by many to be the property of the prisoner, and to have been in his possession many years; he having brought it home with him from one of his voyages to the Morea; the watch also was produced, which, with part of the chain, the deceased had held in his clenched hands; it was a small silver one, shaped like a tulip, and chequered in alternate squares of dead and bright metal; its dial-plate of dead silver, figured, with a bright circle, containing black Roman figures; in the interior, on the works, it bore the inscription—"Thomas Hooke, in Pope's-head-alley," the brother to the celebrated Robert Hooke, who had recently invented the spring-pocket-watches. This watch was proved to have also been the property of the prisoner, to have been given by him to his wife, and lately to have been returned by her to him in order to be repaired. These circumstances, together with the natural imputation that was cast upon him by the consideration of who the murdered man was, were all that were adduced against Edwards; and he was called on for his defence in person, being, by the mild mercy of the English law, denied the assistance of counsel for that purpose: it being wisely considered, that though a man in the nice intricacies of a civil cause may need technical aid, he cannot possibly do so in a case where the fact of his life being dependant on the success of his pleading, must necessarily induce and assist him to have all his wits about him. The prisoner's situation, however, in this instance, seemed, unaccountably, to have the contrary effect on him, and he appeared quite embarrassed

and confused; he averred he could not explain the cause of his wife's extraordinary error; but that an error it certainly had been. For the poniard's being in the man's hand he was equally at a loss to account; and as for the watch, he admitted all that had been proved, but declared that he had put it by about a week before the murder in a cabinet, which he had never since opened, and how it had been removed he was unable to tell. Of course this defence, if such it could be termed, availed him very little, in fact simply nothing. The jury found him guilty; and the Recorder called on him to say why judgment should not be pronounced against him.

The prisoner seemed suddenly to have recovered his old, or gained new powers; he broke out into a strong and passionate appeal, calling on the judge to believe his word, as that of a dying man, that he was innocent, and concluded by solemnly calling upon God so to help him, as he spoke the truth.

He was condemned; the prisoner hid his face in his hand, and sobbed aloud; he was removed from the bar to his solitary cell.

About half-past ten that night, as the Recorder was sitting alone, dozing in his easy chair over the fire and a tankard of mulled claret, he was suddenly startled by a loud knock at the door; followed up by the announcement of a stranger, who would brook no delay. He was admitted—a young man, whose features were fearfully haggard and drawn, as though with some intense inward struggle; in fact, the good magistrate did not half like his looks, and intimated to his servant that as his clerk was gone home he had better stay in the room—which was on the whole a confused remark, as, in the first place, he knew his servant could not write; and in the second, he did not know whether any writing was required; but the youth relieved the worthy Recorder from his dilemma, by peremptorily stating that the communication he had to make must be made to him alone. The servant therefore withdrew, the Recorder put on his spectacles and the youth began.

"I come to tell you, Sir, that you have this day unjustly condemned an innocent man to death."

"Bah! bah! And pray how know you that he is innocent?"

"By this token, Sir, that I know who did the deed for which you have condemned Master Edwards to suffer. Lambert's murderer stands before you."

The Recorder, horror-stricken at the notion of being so close to a murderer at large, gabbled out an inarticulate ejaculation, something of an equivocal nature betwixt an oath and a prayer, and stretched out his hand towards the silver hand-bell which stood before him on the table; and still more horrified was he when the youth caught his hand, and said—"No; with your leave, Sir."

"No; with my leave, Sir! What, mean ye to murder me, with my leave Sir?"

"I will do you no harm, Sir. But my confession shall be a willing and a free one."

He removed the hand-bell beyond the Recorder's reach, let go his arm, and retired again to a respectful distance. He then proceeded to relate that his name was Simon Johnson, that he was an orphan, and had been bred up with great kindness by Master Edwards. In detailing his story, he hinted at an unlawful passion which his mistress had endeavoured to excite in his mind towards her; and to his resistance or carelessness of her wiles he partly attributed her hatred and persecution of him: his home made wretched thereby, he had sought relief in society; unfortunately for him, he had fallen in with some young men of bad character—among others with this very Lambert, who had been among his most strenuous advisers, that he should from time to time purloin some of his master's superfluous wealth, for the purpose of supplying himself and his companions with the means of more luxurious living; he had, however, for a long while rejected this advice, until at length goaded by the continual unjust accusations of his mistress, charging him with the very crime he was thus tempted to commit, he had, in truth, done so, and had absconded with several articles of value; but his companions, instead of receiving him with praise, as he had expected, had loaded him with invectives for not bringing them a richer prize. Instigated by their reproaches, and, by a mingled sense of shame and anger, he had intended, by means of a secret key which he had kept, to rob Master Edwards' house on the very night when the murder was committed. Having gained access to the courtyard, he was just about to open the house door, when he heard footsteps; he retired, and concealed himself. From his place of concealment he had seen and heard Mrs. Edwards encouraging Lambert, by many fond and endearing professions of love for him, and of hatred of his master, to the murder of her husband; and as Lambert, conquered by her threats and entreaties, was passing him within arm's length, an irresistible impulse had urged him to save his master's life by sacrificing Lambert's; and having done the deed of death, he had leaped the yard wall and fled. The poinard and watch were part of the property he had stolen when he left the house. He ended thus—

"After I had left the spot, Sir, I fled, I know not whither; for days and days I wandered about in the fields, sleeping in sheds, numbed with cold and half starved, never daring to approach the dwellings of men to relieve my wants, till dark, and then ever feeling as though every eye scowled upon me; and when I left them again, and was again alone in the fields, I would suddenly start and run, with the feeling that I had been followed, and was about to be taken. In vain I strove to overcome these feelings—in vain I struggled to reconcile myself to the deed I had done—in vain I represented it to my heart as one of good, as one which had saved a life infinitely more valuable than his whom I

had slain: it was all vain, a something within tortured me with unnatural and undefinable terror; and even when I sometimes partially succeeded in allaying this feeling, and half convinced myself that I had done for the best, it seemed as if I heard a voice whisper in my own soul, 'What brought thee to thy master's courtyard that night?' and this set me raving again. Unable longer to bear this torture, I made up my mind to self-slaughter, for the thoughts of delivering myself into the hands of justice drove me almost mad; my heart was hardened against making this even late atonement, and with a reckless daring I resolved on self-slaughter; but how, how to do this, I knew not; drowning was fearful to me, I should have time perhaps to repent; and so with starving, even if nature would allow that trial. I returned to the suburbs—it was this very evening—a lantern hanging on the end of a barber's pole caught my sight—I hastened into the shop, with the intention of destroying myself with the first razor I could lay my hands on; but the shop was quite full. I sat down in a corner, doggedly waiting for my time, and paying no heed to the conversation that was going on, till my master's name struck on my ear. I listened—his trial, condemnation, and coming execution, were the general talk. I started up, and with a feeling of thankfulness to God that there was something yet to live for—I think I cried out so—I rushed out of the shop, hurried hither—I am not too late—to—to supply my master's place to-morrow."

The young man sank exhausted in a chair, and dropped his head on the table. The astonished magistrate leant forward, cautiously extended his hand, seized his hand-bell, and rang loud and long, beginning at the same time to call over the names of all the servants he had ever had from the first time of his keeping house.

But at the first jingle of the bell Simon started up from the the chair, and said, "Aye, I am your prisoner now."

"Yes, Sir, yes," said the Recorder. "Geoffrey! Williams! very true, Sir—by your leave, Sir—Godwin! Ralph! there's your prisoner, Sir," he added to the one wondering servant, who answered this multitudinous call.

The sequel may be told in a few lines. A reprieve for Edwards was immediately sent to Newgate, which was followed up by a pardon; for having been found guilty, of course he could not be declared innocent. The wretched wife of the merchant died by her own hand, on the morning of her husband's reprieve. Simon was tried for Lambert's murder, of course found guilty, and sentenced to death; but in consideration of the extraordinary circumstances attending his case, this sentence was changed into transportation for life. My Lord Chief Justice Hale delivered a very voluminous judgment on the occasion; the main ground on which he proceeded, seems to have been, that as Simon had not been legally discharged by Edwards, he might still be considered in the light of his servant,

and that he was therefore, to a certain degree, justifiable in defending his master's life.

Simon died on his passage. Edwards, from the time of his release, became a drivelling idiot: he lived several years. It was not till the death

of the old man that a secret was discovered—it was ascertained that Simon was a natural son; and that, in preventing the intended assassination of the Merchant, he had unconsciously saved the life of his Father.

ON CONVERSATION.

WHEN we consider what a prodigious proportion of human breath is expended in talking, it is surprising how very few persons excel in conversation. The English nation is proverbially said to produce profound thinkers, solid writers, but miserable talkers. The truth is, that we inculcate so strongly upon our youth, the virtue of being

"Taxed with silence, rather than checked for speech,"

that when the period arrives for their admission into the colloquial circle, they have the whole art and mechanism of the craft to conquer; and run like a new wheel, creaking and uneven, where their course should be as light, easy, and smooth, as a second year's chariot from Hobson. An unpractised talker let loose upon society, is like a young member of the House—all his common-places—his cut-and-dried moralities and quotations—his bursts of magnanimity—his verbal tiltings with the frogs and mice, are yet unuttered, and must be thrown off like scum, before we can arrive at the sound properties and qualities of the mind from which they have arisen.

The French, on the contrary, whose lungs appear to demand, from their very earliest hour, the spasmodic contraction of vociferation—whose nurseries resemble a nest of jays—whose seminaries the field of the water-fowl at the Zoological Gardens on a rainy day; the French are so trained to early habits of dialogue, that they infallibly acquire a degree of fluency, and a plausibility of phrase, which if it does not replace the originality and rationality of an English proser, affords a graceful garment, whose ample folds conceal all the deficiencies of the speaker. The French form, in fact,

The mob of gentlemen who talk with ease.

There is something extremely uncourtous in the colloquial reserve practised in English society. With the exception of the habitual diners-out and conversation men, who are as deliberately provided for the entertainment of the company, as the turbot and outlets, it is no uncommon thing to encounter at the first tables in London, men, whose age and reputation, birth and breeding, entitle one to expect something like edifying or amusing conversation from their lips; but who maintain on the contrary, a supercilious silence; opening them only for the mechanical admission of their fish and soup, and the equally mechanical emission of little wiry nothings, unmeaning factitious phrases, which come

unregistered from the mind, and which can only produce replies unworthy of further comment. The air of pre-occupation—the stony countenance of "I am thinking—I cannot be at the trouble of talking,"—assumed on such occasions, is an insult to the society at large, which no foreigner would presume to offer to the circle of which, however reluctantly, he forms a part. The great motive of this conversational reserve arises less from vanity than egotism. It is not because he considers his mind too richly gifted to be bestowed on the multitude, that the Englishman remains silent; but because he is selfishly afraid of displaying the nakedness of the land. Conceiving himself to be individually exempted from the tax of being agreeable, and privileged at all times to remain among the audience, rather than mingle in the business of the stage—his great care is to preserve the dignity of his own reputation unimpaired, under the armour of a contemptuous taciturnity.

"I met Brougham at dinner the other day," says Lord C—, "and I own I was disappointed;—a great deal of dissertation—very dictatorial both in manner and opinions."

"Had you much conversation with him?"—
"Oh! dear no! I hope you do not suppose I should presume to enter into conversation with such a man as that?—No—no! I sat there to be edified, as one is always expected to do in the presence of those great guns;—instead of which, I was bored to death."

"Leaving to your host and his distinguished guest the exclusive trouble of keeping up the ball."

"Lytton Bulwer supped at my brother's last night."

"You must have been delighted! You who so warmly admire the brilliant sallies and caustic aphorisms of his writings."

"Yes!—he appeared entertaining enough;—but we did not interchange a syllable. I hope I know better than to expose myself, by drawing the attention of the company by tattling to a regular wit."

"A hospitable mode of rendering your brother's house agreeable to his friends."

In the same way, during Madame de Stael's visit to England, it became the fashion to accuse her of declamation, monologue, and egotism; whereas the merit and brilliancy of her conversation was enhanced, in other countries, by striking against the opinions of others, and re-

bounding from the opposition of the circle. But Madame de Stael, like the generality of foreigners, would have conceived it a horrible accusation against the dulness of the society, had a dead silence been suffered for a moment to prevail; and as nobody chose to sacrifice their self-love in the certainty of being eclipsed by the sparkling variety of her own colloquial talent, she was left to the painful necessity of eternal dissertation. "*Tenir le fil de la conversation*," during the intervals of the general discourse, is in France the allotted duty of the master or mistress of the house.

It is the custom to "go and hear Coleridge talk," as you might go and hear Malibran sing, or listen to a piping bullfinch in a cage. As if the originality of the speaker would not become a thousand times more apparent in conversation, if the subjects were alternately supplied, and his arguments called forth, by contrariety of opinion, and by the theories and speculations of his weaker brethren. Yet so ancient of observance is the English custom of listening to a man of genius, rather than attempting to relieve the labours of his mind by engaging him in conversation, that Dr. Johnson was regularly drilled into "delivering a charge" to the jury of society; so that, at length, any junior presuming to insinuate a difference of opinion, was stunned into silence with a "SIR!" such as might have formed a dam to the overwhelming tide of even Sir ——'s flippant eloquence!

An amusing anecdote has been told of one of the best conversation-men of the present day. His friend, the witty Mr. B——, who had long suspected him of the unworthy practice of *cramming* previous to any intended exhibition of his conversational abilities—having found his way into the dressing-room of the colloquialist, discovered on his toilet, a *carte a la Feinagle*, for the use of the evening.

Mem.—Duchess of D.'s box during the ballet, *Psyche*; Egyptian legend of the butterfly; altar found in the temple of Venus in the Island of Samos; Juno, willow-tree, *willow*, Grimm's epigram; epigram, Sheridan's new one; Sheridan's speech last night—*generalities* without *generalization*; Radcliffe's last romance, written at Had-don Hall after an horrific supper of Derbyshire pyklets; *Derbyshire fluor*; Davy's new *fluoric gas*; engraving on glass, &c. &c.

Having diligently mastered this memoria technica, he made his appearance in the Duchess's box, a quarter of an hour previous to the commencement of the ballet; and a *propos de Psyche*, ran through his string of *imromptus faits a loisir*, with unbounded success. After sedulously exhibiting every feather of his borrowed plumage, he retired to an opposite box, and had the malicious delight of seeing his friend arrive in unsuspecting self-satisfaction—seat himself beside the Duchess—and commence the twice-told tale of the altar found in the island of Samos, Grimm's epigram, and the whole *rechauffe* of his own wit. But when he arrived at—"I was in the gallery last night to hear Sheridan's speech,

and I must confess myself to have been disappointed. I fear Sherry is losing ground; he is becoming a mere orator, addicted to *generalities*, without that *generalization* of argument which is characteristic of the philosophical mind," the Duchess burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, assuring him that his *tirade* was admirable; but that she had just heard it repeated, word for word, by his witty friend Mr. B. An explanation ensued; and the conversation-man had the good sense to put the affront and the memorandum card into his pocket together.

It has been remarked, that royal personages, even those not especially distinguished by intellectual superiority, are excellent talkers. Secure through their habits of life from the constraint of *mauvaise honte*, and accustomed to hear every subject canvassed in their presence, with the best arguments, of the first men of the age; they acquire a degree of familiar mastery over the topics of the day, such as supersedes the necessity of seeking information, and proves, indeed, far more available than any to be acquired from books. Presence of mind and composure of manner are also indispensable qualifications to those who would excel in conversation. The information displayed by Hallam—the acuteness and fluency of Croker—the good sense of Lord Lansdowne—the causticity of Moore—the wit of Sydney Smith—the good stories of Lord Nugent—the bon mots of Sir Joseph Copley, or Lord Normanby—the classic grace of Luttrell—the anecdotes of Miss Berry—the piquancy of Mrs. Norton—the sallies of Lady Morley—the unpretending intelligence of Lady Ruthven—the animation of Monsieur de Mornay—and the originality of Lord Alvanley—although admirable accomplishments towards improving the general texture of conversation, do not suffice to produce that perpetual flow and interchange of discourse, that "linked sweetness" of nothings, which prevails even in the inferior coteries of Paris. In London, indeed, men seldom talk much and without much pretension, except at their clubs; but the circles of Holland House—of Lord Dudley—Mr. Agar Ellis—Mr. Hope—Mr. Rogers—and the Duke of Devonshire, may be cited in their several kinds, as the most propitious "*coignes of vantage*" for either talkers or listeners of merit.

WIT AND HUMOUR.

I AM unable to decide which is the less desirable quality in conversation—wit or humour. The former creates enemies—the latter lowers us in the estimation of friends—the one may procure for us the reputation of wisdom, the other brings down upon our head the imputation of folly. Wit is a tiger, that growls in his cage; we tremble lest he should break through and dart upon ourselves—humour is the monkey, who mimicks our own look and gestures and regales us with droll exhibitions. We laugh at the humorist, but we fear the wit.

ENGLISH GENIUS.

FOR my own part who have conversed much with men of other nations, and such as have been both in great employments and esteem, I can say very impartially, that I have not observed among any, so much true genius as among the English; no where more sharpness of wit, more pleasantness of humour, more range of fancy, more penetration of thought, or depth of reflection among the better sort; no where more goodness of nature and of meaning, nor more plainness of sense and of life, than among the common sort of country people: nor more blunt courage and honesty than among our seamen. But, with all this, our country must be confessed to be, what a great foreign physician called it, the region of spleen; which may arise a good deal from the great uncertainty and many sudden changes of our weather in all seasons of the year: and how much these affect the heads and hearts, especially of the finest tempers, is hard to be believed by men whose thoughts are not turned to such speculations.—*Sir W. Temple.*

 QUEEN ELIZABETH.

WITH all the strength of mind which Queen Elizabeth possessed, she had the weakness of her sex as far as related to her age and her personal attractions. "The majesty and gravity of a sceptre," says a contemporary of this great princess, "could not alter that nature of a woman in her." When Bishop Rudd was appointed to preach before her, he wishing in a godly zeal as well became him, that she should think some time of mortality, being then sixty-three years of age, he took his text fit for that purpose out of the Psalms, xc. v. 12.—O, teach us to *number* our days, that we may incline our hearts unto wisdom; which text he handled most learnedly. But when he spoke of some sacred and mystical numbers, as *three* for the Trinity, *three times three* for the heavenly hierarchy, *seven* for the Sabbath, and *seven times seven* for Jubilee; and, lastly, *nine times seven* for the grand climacterical year [her age,] she perceiving whereto it tended, began to be troubled with it. The bishop discovering all was not well, for the pulpit stood opposite to her Majesty, he fell to treat of some more plausible numbers, as of the numbers 666, making Latinus, with which, he said, he could prove Pope to be Antichrist, &c. He still, however, interlarded his sermon with Scripture passages, touching the infirmities of age, as that in Ecclesiasticus, 'When the grinders shall be few in number, and they wax dark that look out of the windows, &c. and the daughters of singing shall be abased;' and more to that purpose. The queen, as the manner was, opened the window; but she was far from giving him thanks or good countenance, that she said plainly, 'He might have kept his arithmetic for himself; but I see the greatest clerks are not the wisest men;' and so she went away discontented."

ORIGIN OF BANKING.

IN this age of debt, and scrip, and consols, the public may be curious to learn the origin of banking. "Money was wanting to the public coffers, and the Doge, having exhausted every other financial expedient, was obliged to have a forced loan from the most opulent citizens, each being required to contribute according to his ability. On this occasion, the Chamber of Loans, (*La Camera degl' imprestiti*) was established. To this chamber the contributors were made creditors, at an annual interest of four per cent., a rate far below the standard of the age. These creditors, in process of time, were incorporated into a company for the management of their joint concerns, and thus formed the basis upon which afterwards was erected the *Bank of Venice*, the most ancient establishment of its kind, and the model of all similar institutions. The method in which the above-named loan was repaid is believed to be the earliest instance on record of the funding system, and the first example in any country of a permanent national debt."—*Sketches of Venetian History.*

 THE HEAD.

THE head has the most beautiful appearance as well as the highest station in the human figure. Nature has laid out all her art in beautifying the face; she has touched it with vermilion, planted in it a double row of ivory, made it the seat of smiles and blushes, lighted up and enlivened it with the brightness of the eyes, hung it on each side with curious organs of sense, given it airs and graces that cannot be described, and surrounded it with such a flowing shade of hair as sets all its beauties in the most agreeable light. In short, she seems to have designed the head as the cupola to the most glorious of her works; and when we load it with a pile of super-numerary ornaments, we destroy the symmetry of the human figure, and foolishly contrive to call off the eye from great and real beauties to childish gewgaws, ribands, and bone lace.—*Addison on Ladies' Head Dresses.*

 DR. ARNE'S DEATH.

THE manner of Dr. Arne's death was very singular. The day after his decease his intimate friend, Vernon, the favourite singing actor of Drury Lane Theatre, came into the music room, and in my presence described it as follows:—"I was talking on the subject of music with the doctor, who suffered much from exhaustion, when, in attempting to illustrate what he had advanced, he in a very feeble and tremulous voice sung part of an air, during which he became progressively more faint, until he breathed his last! making as our immortal Shakspeare expresses it, 'a swan-like end, fading in music.'"

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

BY H. BRANDRETH, JUN.

For whom art thou, maiden, so anxiously watching,
 With hair all dishevell'd and cheek wan and pale;
 Yet buoyant thy step as the fawn's when first catching
 The sound of the wild horn afar on the gale?

I'm watching for Love—here he promised to meet me,
 What time the bright moon sailed her bark through the sky;
 The bark and the blue starry ocean both greet me—
 Yet absent is Love, with his smile and his sigh!

But who art thou, stranger, that thus, uninvited,
 His place hast usurped in his own leafy bower?
 And why art thou seeking a maiden thus slighted—
 Why pluck from the myrtle Love's own token-flower?

Young maids call me Friendship, when hearts are in danger,
 And thus, unimpeded, I stray through the grove;
 For where is the maiden would banish the stranger,
 Who, *Friendship* to-day, may to-morrow be *Love*?

THE BELL AT SEA.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

When the tide's billowy swell
 Had reached its height,
 Then pealed the Rock's lone Bell,
 Eternly by night.

Far over cliff and surge,
 Swept the deep sound,
 Making each wild wind's dirge
 Still more profound.

Yet that funeral tone
 The sailor blessed,
 Steering through darkness on
 With fearless breast.

E'en thus may we, that float
 On Life's wide sea,
 Welcome each warning note,
 Stern though it be!



SKETCH OF DR. FRANKLIN'S LIFE.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN was born at Boston, in New England, in 1705. His father had emigrated from Great Britain in 1682; his mother, the second wife, was an American. At twelve years of age, he was apprenticed to his brother, a printer; but left the situation, in consequence of a disagreement, before the expiration of his indentures. He then hired himself as journeyman at Philadelphia, went over to England for employ, superceded his old master, set up a newspaper, and became printer to the provincial assembly. Having been employed to print the paper currency, he defended an increase of emission in a pamphlet which drew attention. He married, in 1730, a widow lady to whom he had been attached before her first marriage. In 1731, he proposed to found the still subsisting public library of Philadelphia on

a subscription plan. In 1732 he began to publish *Poor Richard's Almanac*, a book which has inspired some of the coldness that distinguishes the American character. In 1736 he was appointed clerk to the general assembly of Philadelphia; and in 1737, post-master. About this time, on the occasion of some loss by fire, he suggested a hand-in-hand assurance office.

His attention was next drawn to the phenomenon of electricity. He first ascertained, in 1752, by an experiment with a silken kite, the identity of lightning and the electric fluid. This great fact is well recorded in the inscription on his bust: *Eripuet fulmen celo*. He was already at this time a member of the general assembly of Pennsylvania, having been elected as a Burgess for the city of Philadelphia, in 1747. He spoke seldom, sententiously, concisely, but with

convincing aptness. In 1749, he drew a plan for an academy to be endowed by the state, and managed by trustees; it was realized in 1755.

In 1754, the depredations of the Indians on the American frontiers had become grievous and alarming; the colonies of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Maryland appointed commissioners, or deputies, to meet at Albany, and to devise some plan of military defence. Dr. Franklin attended on behalf of his province, and produced "The Albany plan of Union." The idea was to solicit an act of parliament for establishing a general government over the colonies, consisting of a governor to be named by the crown, and of a parliament to be named by the assemblies of the provincial states, in the proportion of their respective populousness. This general government was to raise troops, build forts, and to provide for the public defence. This scheme was, in America, held too favorable to the influence of the crown, and was therefore rejected by the colonial assemblies: in England it was held too favorable to the independence of the colonies, and was therefore rejected by the ministry of Great Britain. But the discussion served to familiarize the words congress, general government, American army, and thus to prepare the very form of confederacy which was resorted to during the rebellion. Dr. Franklin was deputed, in 1757, to Great Britain, there to solicit the abolition of certain exemptions from taxation which had been foolishly conferred on the selfish family of Penn. He succeeded in the object of his embassy; and, during his stay in London, he published a pamphlet pointing out the advantages which would result from the conquest of Canada. This pamphlet produced the desired effect, and thus delivered the North Americans from the danger of a French neighbourhood.—When it is considered how exactly the Albany Plan of Union was adhered to during the rebellion, and how unsafe such a rebellion would have been for the friends of independence, if the French had retained the sovereignty of Canada, it seems reasonable to attribute to the foresight or providence of Franklin, the whole scheme of events which was subsequently realized; an instance of sagacity, or rather of power over fate, of which there are few examples even among the greatest men. In the summer of 1762 he returned to America, and was remunerated with five thousand pounds currency for his services.

In 1764, the Penn family, irritated at the taxation to which Dr. Franklin had rendered their estates liable, caballed against his re-election, and found means to exclude him from the representation of Philadelphia; but the assembly contained a majority of his friends, who appointed him provincial agent, and deputed him once more to Great Britain. He embarked for Holland, where he landed in 1766, and made a circuit which included some German territory. After presenting his credentials in Great Britain, he also visited France, and became acquainted among men of letters and talent, who were af-

terwards to support the American cause. On returning to London, Dr. Franklin obtained the secret correspondence of some over loyal American with the British government, by the publication of which, a great odium was excited against them in America; and thus the friends of the British ascendancy were deterred from making the communications essential to their purposes.

The presentation of a petition from the Massachusetts assembly, occasioned Dr. Franklin to be called for examination before the Privy Council. The solicitor-general, Wedderburn, poured on him a torrent of abuse, and charged him with sedition and disloyalty: there was foresight in the speech; he could perceive the drift without knowing how to intercept the purposes of Franklin. Hostilities having begun against the British government at Boston, in 1772, Dr. Franklin returned, in 1775, to America, and was immediately elected a delegate to congress by the legislature of Pennsylvania. Under the command of Washington, the friends of independence displayed a perseverance in the field not unworthy of their conduct in the senate. Dr. Franklin was deputed to France in 1776, and accomplished, in 1778, an alliance between the United States and the French. This recognition of their independence was acceded to by the British king in 1782, and Dr. Franklin triumphantly signed the treaty extorted from his humbled sovereign. A purer Magna Charta of liberty was won for America than that which had been obtained of old at Runnemede: Franklin was the Langton, and Washington the Fitzwalter, of this new and greater revolution.

In 1787, Dr. Franklin projected and established the Pennsylvania Society for promoting the Abolition of Slavery, and the relief of free negroes unlawfully held in bondage, and the improvement of the condition of the African race. The constitution of this society is far better devised than that of the English societies against the slave trade, which begin attempting the reformation at the wrong end.

After the year 1788, Dr. Franklin was confined to his room, and died in 1790, afflicted with gout and stone, on the 17th of April. His will bequeaths a considerable fortune to public purposes.

WIRT, in a powerful panegyric on the character of Franklin, says—Never have I known such a fireside companion as he was!—Great as he was, both as a statesman and philosopher, he never shone in a light more winning than he was seen in a domestic circle. It was my good fortune to pass two or three weeks with him, at the house of a private gentleman in the back part of Pennsylvania; and we were confined to the house during the whole of the time, by the unremitting constancy and depth of the snows. But confinement could never be felt where Franklin was an inmate. His cheerfulness and his colloquial powers spread around him a perpetual spring.—When I speak however of his colloquial powers, I do not mean to awaken any notion analogous to that which Boswell has given us, when he so

frequently mentions the colloquial powers of Dr. Johnson.—The conversation of the latter continually reminds one of the “pomp and circumstance of glorious war.” It was, indeed, a perpetual contest for victory, or arbitrary and despotic exactions of homage to his superior talents. It was strong, acute, splendid and vociferous, as stormy and sublime as those winds which he represents as shaking the Hebrides, and rocking the old castles that frowned upon the dark rolling sea beneath. But one gets tired of storms, however sublime they may be, and longs for the more orderly current of nature. Of Franklin no one ever became tired. There was no ambition of eloquence, no effort to shine, in any thing which came from him. There was nothing which made any demand either upon your allegiance or your admiration.

His manner was as unaffected as infancy. It was nature's self. He talked like an old patriarch; and his plainness and simplicity put you, at once, at your ease, and gave you the full and free possession and use of all your faculties.

His thoughts were of a character to shine by their own light, without any adventitious aid.—They required only a medium of vision like his pure and simple style to exhibit, to the highest advantage, their native radiance and solidity.—It seemed to be as much the effect of the systematic and salutary exercise of the mind as of its superior organization. His wit was of the first order. It did not show itself merely in occasional coruscations; but without any effort or force on his part, it shed a constant stream of the purest light over the whole of his discourse. Whether in the company of commons or nobles, he was always the same plain man; always most perfectly at his ease, his faculties in full play, and the full orbit of his genius forever clear and unclouded. And then the stores of his mind were inexhaustible. He had commenced life with an attention so vigilant, that nothing had escaped his observation, and a judgment so solid, that every incident was turned to advantage. His youth had not been wasted in idleness, nor overcast by intemperance. He had been all his life a close and deep reader, as well as thinker; and, by the force of his own powers, had wrought up the raw material, which he had gathered from books, with such exquisite skill and felicity, that he had added a hundred fold to their original value, and justly made them his own.

FLOWERS.

The following beautiful passage is from the “Book of the Seasons,” by the poetic Quaker, William Howitt.

“Of all the minor creations of God, flowers seem to be most completely the effusions of his love of beauty, grace and joy. Of all the minor objects which surround us they are the least connected with our absolute necessities.—Vegetation might proceed, the earth might be clothed with a sober green; all the processes of fructification might be perfected without being attended by the glory with which the flower is crowned; but

beauty and fragrance are poured over the earth in blossoms of endless varieties, radiant evidences of the boundless benevolence of the Deity.—They are made solely to gladden the heart of man, for a light to his eyes, for a living inspiration of grace to his spirit, for a perpetual admiration. And accordingly they seize on our affections the first moment that we behold them. They bound about in flowery meadows like young fawns—they gather all they come near—they collect heaps—they sit among them, and sort them, and sing over them, and caress them till they perish in their grasp. We see them coming wearily into the towns and villages with their pinafores full, and with posies half as large as themselves. We trace them in shady lanes, in the grass of far off fields by the treasures they have gathered and have left behind, lured on by others still brighter. As they grow up to maturity, they assume, in their eyes, new characters and beauties. Then they are strewn around them the poetry of the earth. * * *

“The ancient Greeks, whose souls pre-eminently sympathized with the spirit of grace and beauty in every thing, were enthusiastic in their love, and lavish in their use of flowers. They scattered them in the porticos of their temples—they were offered on the altars of some of their deities—they were strewn in their conquerors' path—on all occasions of festivity and rejoicing they were strewn about, or worn in garlands. The guests at banquets were crowned with them—the bowl was wreathed with them—and wherever they wished to throw beauty, and to express gladness, like sunshine, they cast flowers.

“Something of the same spirit seems to have prevailed amongst the Hebrews. ‘Let us fill ourselves,’ says Solomon, ‘with costly wine and ointments, and let no flower of the spring pass by us. Let us crown ourselves with rose buds before they be withered.’ But amongst that solemn and poetical people, they were commonly regarded in another and higher sense—they were the favourite symbols of the beauty and the fragility of life. Man is compared to the flower of the field, and it is added, ‘that man withereth and the flower fadeth.’

“In our confined notions, we are often led to wonder why beauty, and flowers and fruit, should be scattered so exuberantly where there are none to enjoy them. But the thoughts of the Almighty are not as our thoughts. * * *—To Omnipotence creation cost not an effort, but to the desolate and the weary, how immense is the happiness thus prepared in the wilderness! Who does not recollect the exultation of Villant over a flower in the torrid waste of Africa. A magnificent lily which, growing on the banks of a river filled the air far around with its delicious fragrance, and, as he observes, had been respected by all the animals of the district, and seemed defended even by its beauty.—The affecting mention of the influence of a flower upon his mind in a time of suffering and despondency, in the heart of the same savage continent, by Mungo Park, is familiar to every one.”

THE BRIGHT SUMMER-TIME.

We met in a region of gladness,
 We met in the beautiful bowers,
 Where the wanderer loses his sadness,
 Mid blossoms, and sunbeams, and flowers;
 Around us, sweet voices were breathing
 The songs of a far distant clime;
 Above us, in garlands were wreathing
 The buds of the bright Summer-time!

That vision of fairy-land never
 Can fade from my heart or my sight—
 It casts on my pathway for ever
 Its sparkles of magical light;
 I still hear the harp's joyous measure,
 Still scent the faint bloom of the time;
 Oh! years cannot banish one pleasure
 I felt in the bright Summer-time!

SONG.

THEY tell us of yore, that the harp lay enshrined
 In the earth's chilly bosom, and never
 Had thrill'd to sweet numbers, till haply, the wind
 Passing over, awoke it for ever:
 Thus many a sweet gem of song may have lain
 In the soul, until beauty awoke it,
 And silence held many a lyre in her chain
 Till woman and loveliness broke it.

Oh! trembling as Autumn's thin leaf, is the tone
 Of the Poet's first song when he wakes it,
 Till passion hath made one vibration its own,
 And apathy's cold chill forsakes it;
 Ambition full many a bosom hath fed,
 And glory hath counted her numbers,
 But what, save the bright look of woman, e'er led
 The young Poet's soul from its slumbers?

SCENES IN POLAND.

1794—MACEJOWICE* AND PRAGA.†

"You will deliver this to his Excellency the Field-Marshal, and wait for the answer."—

"But General——"

"I have served twenty years, and never uttered a *but*. No reasoning; I shall wait here."

It was necessary to obey. The fact was that the General wanted a little sleep—and no wonder; for he had never closed an eye since we left Petersburg. We had travelled at the rate of sixteen miles an hour over Lithuanian and Polish roads, so celebrated for their smoothness. It may be, too, that he was not desirous of obtruding himself in the way of the balls and bullets. It matters not. The right of the Poles again showed their colours, and pushed forward. Their sharpshooters were seen coming out like locusts. While the General was yet speaking, the fusilade began in good earnest; and from the thickets, the hollows, and the ditches alongside of the public roads, the balls came whistling to our hearts' content. At short intervals a brace of bright gleams flashed out, softly shaded with smoke, and down tumbled half a dozen metal caps‡ never to rise again; while the glorious bass thundered after like the *requiem defunctorum*. This portentous music continued. For my part my road was not difficult to find; I had merely to follow the roar of the cannon with my fifty cuirassiers through the thickest of the dead and dying, and on through the centre. It was already broken, and the affair over on this side: towards the extreme left, however, on the road to Warsaw, four regiments of infantry were still maintaining their ground.

*The battle which decided the fate of Poland in 1794.

†The Suburb of Warsaw.

‡The Russian grenadier's cap of this time was of a singular form, and not unlike the mitre of the Catholic bishops. Instead of the bearskin, it was decorated with a brass es-cutchion of the imperial arms in relief.

"Where is he?" demanded I, for the second time of a dragoon major, who sat bending forwards in his saddle, his feet firm in the stirrups, and his hand grasping the mane of the horse. He gave no answer, but dropped gently to the ground. The man was dead.

Bravo! Here we are in the midst of a whole regiment of guard-cossacks coming up at full gallop, and taking us along with them as the whirlwind does a feather,—where? Heaven knows. I hope not before the Polish squares.

"Ztupay! ztupay! Comradi!" cried a voice from amidst a cloud of smoke. I knew it well. "Now or never!" thought I; and, wheeling to the right, we dashed straight through the guard-cossacks, accompanied by millions of curses, and at least a dozen of good byes from their pistols. I was in the presence of the Field-Marshal.

"Ztupay! Comradi!" exclaimed he.

"Your Excellency! despatches from Mother's Majesty."

"Ztupay! Comradi! No time to read despatches; glory to our Mother and God.‖ St. Nicolas is great! Suwarrow fears not the rebels:" and kissing an image of his favourite saint which hung from his neck, he crossed himself with a grimace, gave his horse the spur, and galloped towards the Poles. We followed. The square stood without flinching. Wherever a man dropped, the very staff officers picked up his musket, and leaped into the gap—but, poor fellows! it was a desperate game.

"Ztupay! Comradi!" cried the shrill voice of the

§ "Ztupay! Comradi"—the favourite expression of Suwarrow when attacking. "Forward! comrades!"

‖ "Glory to our Mother and God"—the expression used by Suwarrow. It is scarcely necessary to remark, that there is no exaggeration in the picture of this man. It is drawn to the life.

Field-Marshal once more shriller than ever, and the guard-cossacks set on with a tremendous hurrah! The square is broken. Good night Poland!

"Courier!"

"Your Excellency."

His Excellency turned round towards me, and looked for a moment into my face. "Bravo! Comrado—not afraid of powder? Suwarrow fears not the rebels." I had seen that plainly enough, for he had killed three Poles with his own hand; and he now coolly drew his bloody sword along the palm, which he wiped on the sleeves of his uniform.

"Your name?" demanded he.

"Captain Count D—y."

"Who has sent you?"

"General Count R—n?"

"Who sent General R—n?"

"Mother's Majesty."*

"Poh! General R—n don't like to smell powder. Heh? Suwarrow fears not the rebels. Heh? Swaty Nicolast before Suwarrow, Suwarrow behind Swaty Nicolas, and behind Suwarrow his comrades. Good night, enemies!"

He broke open the autograph letter of the empress, ran over its contents, tore off a piece of the paper, and, stretching out his hand for a pencil which the adjutant held in readiness, he wrote a few lines on the pommel of his saddle.

"You return to Mother," said he looking up, "not General R—."

"But your Excellency?—"

"Who dares debate with Field Marshal Suwarrow?—what living man?"

His Excellency's face assumed a certain blood-red hue, which I had heard spoken of as an ominous sign; and I retreated a few steps. The tempest, however, passed away, and he calmly handed the scrap to the adjutant.

"Stay, Captain D—y," said he; "you like powder; you go, not General R—."

I touched my hat, received from the aid-de-camp the scrap enveloped and sealed, galloped across the battle-field towards the burning Macejowice, showed my General the letter, told him the orders, and took my seat in his place after having handed him out of his own carriage, leaving him under the agreeable necessity of providing himself with another.

* * * * *

"And you have left our good Suwarrow before Macejowice," said the empress?

"The centre of the rebels was forced, and the right wing rolling up. On the left, four regiments still held out, of which I saw one broken. The battle was decided when I quitted the field. . . ."

"You are again the bearer of our despatches, Colonel."

Three weeks had done more for me than the preceding three years. I was a Colonel at twenty years of age. I started for Poland, the bearer of the august will of her Majesty.

* "Mother,"—thus Suwarrow and the Russians used to call Catherine II.

† Saint Nicolas.

"Make haste, good D—y," admonished the august Mother; and I did make haste. It was exactly six days since I had left St. Petersburg, and already the Vistula lay before me. I was within fifty wersts of Warsaw.

"All is quiet milostiŭ officer, since yesterday morning," whispered the black-eyed Jewess, pointing down towards the banks of the Vistula, and handing me a tumbler with gorzalka, the only beverage I had tasted since leaving Wilna.

My eyes was fixed on a regiment of Cossacks, who came trotting up the hollow, laden as if they had plundered a whole country.

"What news?"

"Praga taken," said the dirty Hetman, pointing significantly to his throat. "We must on to Dobry; woe to the rebels!"

Praga taken! mused I, with an involuntary shudder; but it saves ten wersts of my journey. The morning was cold, the ground frozen, the vault of heaven calm and blue. But away far over the borders of the Vistula hovered a wreath of thick heavy mist. Mist? It was the smoke arising from a chaotic mass, from which now and then a pale flame darted upwards. *That mass was Praga!*—the great fauxbourg of Warsaw, as the geographers say; what it really was, however, it would have been difficult to tell; for Suwarrow had passed through it! The road was strewn with broken ammunition carriages, wheels, cannons, dead and dying horses, in picturesque disorder. The muskets and balls and dead soldiers were untouched even by the Jews. I passed a score of the latter dangling from the door-posts of their brethren, the tavern-keepers, to serve as scare-crows against further appropriations of imperial property. This must have been something like a battle, thought I. The bridge over the—what is its name?—is broken down; but they have laid the beams over the frozen bodies of men and horses, which now serve instead of arches. There now Praga should begin; but where is it? I can see nothing of Sapihas, nothing of Vladimir street. It looks as though all had been blown into the air. Fragments of walls, black-burnt stones, intermingled with thousands of carcasses of man and beast roasted into hideousness; and not a living being to be seen! The sound of my Stepanku's trumpet re-echoed fearfully in the empty hollow! Our very horses seemed troubled. Their manes bristled up, their ears and limbs trembled as if terror-stricken, and they gazed upon the objects at their feet shrinking and shivering.

Here begins something like a street, if a street it may be called. The houses doorless, windowless, nay roofless; the ways are choked up with the inhabitants: none living. Aye, truly, Suwarrow! thou art a glorious fellow! right willing to destroy more in one day than United Poland has raised in a thousand years.

There at last again life is seen: it is a picket of Cossacks stationed on the Vistula bridge. Even *they* are tired; for they have quitted the

‡ *Milosti*, gracious.

§ *Gorzalka*, brandy.

backs to lie under the bellies of their horses. Here we must cross, and let us cross hastily, for a spectacle is before us which should not be dwelt upon. The wearied Cossacks are still on duty: they are guarding about two thousand prisoners, men, women, and children—lying, sitting, and standing, on the Sigismund-place; some half-naked, some wholly naked, some wounded, others starving, and all freezing to death.

My escort halted. "Here his Excellency keeps head-quarters," said the corporal. I looked up—not a window was unbroken in the whole palace of the Diet. I alighted and entered; I cannot say through the gate, for there was none. The fore-hall, the court-yard, the staircase, were filled with officers of all grades and colours. Before the doorless anti-chamber stood another group of officers, of Cossacks of the Don, and the Ukraine, and uhlands and dragoons, grenadiers and cuirassiers, sleeping on straw. A large straputz* in the next room, had the honour of being occupied by the adjutants, and some general and staff officers, and in the adjoining cabinet his Excellency was seen stretched on his bed of straw covered with a bearskin.

The adjutant-general went to announce me.

"Come in," cried the Field-Marshal.

I entered the room. It had neither door nor windows, but a broken china stove, the pieces of which lay scattered upon the floor, with rubbish and straw.

"From Mother?" cried the Field-Marshal, leaping from his bearskin, donning his hat, and girding on his sword.

"Her Majesty has commanded me"—

"Ah! Captain D—y, am I right?"

"Colonel, by the grace of her Majesty."

"Mother likes Suwarrow. Suwarrow fears no cold, no Poles; Mother will be satisfied—killed a good many—Cossacks have had a good day of it. Bravo, Colonel, you are going back again; Mother wants you immediately. We shall not detain you."†

Suwarrow shivered a little, for he had no uniform on. His countenance was blood-red, with black streaks, and his eyes blood-shot. He seemed rather embarrassed, and having waved his hand, turned me abruptly out of the room. He looked like a murderer.

"His Excellency will not expect me to depart immediately," said I to the adjutant-general, Count G—y.

"Indeed, Colonel Count D—y, you must depart immediately. The despatches are ready and sealed."

I hastened down through the hetmans and colonels, captains, cossacks, and dragoons, wishing them with their leader at the devil.

"Stepanku turn round!"

We trotted towards the bridge, Ah! Og—y's place! What a delightful ball there was here

three years ago! And now? The provost-general and his myrmidons, with their hanging apparatus, are making their rounds. The great executioner stops before the house, looks and listens. He enters, and so must I, though his Excellency were at my heels. The provost applies his ear to the wall. The whole house is worse than waste. Every thing broken, torn, every where desolation, and filthiness—Russian filthiness.—What is that? A spectre-like figure, gliding behind one of the columns of the entrance hall, into a side passage, seized by his long beard, as we are descending from the upper apartments.

"Ouiai!" whistled the pale, death-like Hebrew, with a breath too feeble to blow out a candle. "Milosti officer, I am innocent!"

"We shall see!"

One of the executioners dragged him along the marble pavement, and we descended.

"Perhaps, provost, I may be of some use as a guide, for I know the house—I am Colonel D—y, courier to her Majesty," said I to prevent unnecessary delay.

"The Russian dialect, slavish enough as is well known, had not sufficient words to express the obsequiousness of the provost, and he followed with a curved back. We entered the servants' apartment. There they lay—three, six, eight—men and women, promiscuously—all dead, all mangled, the apartment flowing with blood—articles of dress, gold, silver, plate, were scattered here and there.

"The blood is fresh," said the provost, "but where are the men?"

I opened a door which communicated with the upper apartments by a secret passage. Suddenly we heard a loud snoring, which proceeded from three Cossacks who were sitting squatted on their hams, stupified with drinking.

"Dobra gorzalka," stammered one of them, an officer. A couple of lashes with the knout made him rise from his seat—that seat was a dead body. "Have you not heard the rallying signal?—Why have you not joined your pulk?"

"Pulk? Pulk?" stammered the men.

"Take all the three," said the provost.

The Cossacks, who had become sober at once, ran out into the kitchen, and opening the iron door of the stove, disclosed three Hebrews, intending them, no doubt, to serve as scapegoats for themselves.

"Take them also!" said the provost.

The passage led into the upper apartments. The secret cabinet on the right side—yes, I remember it. But what have we here? It is Og—y, pierced by numberless wounds, his eyes glazed, his hands cold, lying before the very door where he had fallen in the defence of his household gods.

I opened the door. Heavenly powers! the Countess lying dead in the middle of the room—at her side a child—a new-born child—alive!

* Straw spread on the ground and covered with any thing so as to render it a substitute for a bed.

† The very words used by Suwarrow.

‡ Provost-general, an office now abolished. He combined in his own person the jurisdiction of court-martials, and had the *jus gladii* in its utmost extent, so as to be allowed to order an immediate execution.

Ten minutes were gone—I caught up the boy, threw him upon a pillow, and ran down the stairs as if I had been hunted by the Cossacks.

When I stepped into my carriage, I beheld, on turning round, the three Cossacks, with twice as many Jews dangling from the iron bars of the window. This was so far satisfactory.

“But drive on, Stepanku,—fast on—go on for life and death: 'tis fifty miles out of my way—a day's ride. It may cost my life—yet the last hope of one of the noblest houses of Poland deserves a sacrifice.” Happily I remembered Abraham's wife, who had handed us the last tumbler of brandy. She was nursing her child. She must along with me—I again took a glass—my Stepanku threw her into the carriage, and on we went—the children crying and screaming at the sudden disappearance of their mother. After twelve hours desperate riding, I had delivered my charge over to Count Z—y, hunted two of his best horses dead, and found myself again on the road to St. Petersburg. My head was in danger—I knew it. Humanity is but a poor advocate with our gracious Katinka. * * * *

Just as I expected. Our gracious Mother looked a little oddly when I stepped into her au-

gust presence. Behind her stood General R—n, with so courtly a smile of satisfaction hovering upon his lips, that I knew at once how matters stood.

“Our good Suwarrow is well?” said her Majesty.

I bowed.

“You left Warsaw on the ninth—we have an express of the tenth. You thought fit, it seems, to serve the family of a Polish rebel before serving your Empress! You are dismissed!”

When I left the imperial apartment, Major G. had the kindness to tell me that I was under arrest. When I arrived before my house, a pritschka, with three horses, stood ready. I knew then my destination—Tobolsk—Irkutsk—perhaps Kamtschatka—but it was Tobolsk. I shot sables there for two years, was recalled, graciously received, and advised to take care for the future.

Happily, however, Baron W—ch, the imperial body physician, was the friend of my family, and he being of opinion that I could not well stand the air and climate of St. Petersburg, I received permission to travel—of which I have now been availing myself these twenty years.

REMINISCENCES OF A COURTIER.

LOUIS PHILIPPE—CHARLES X.—TALLEYRAND.

SOME years have glided over my head since I have been under Louis-Philippe's roof; but, as those who have been admitted into his society of late assure me that time has wrought no change in him, you may accept former reminiscences as drawn to the present life. He is of full stature, strongly built, and of portly appearance, though by no means what would be termed corpulent. His hair is dark and luxuriant; his visage round of form, and brownish in tint; his features have more of the southern cast about them than those of any other member of his family, and, though sharply turned, are pleasing in expression; he has dark eyes, and their look is lively and penetrating; his smile is rendered still more winning from its betokening manifestly the possession of a firm and cheerful temper of mind. The *tout ensemble* of the outward man (in which I must not omit to notice the manner of wearing his hair) conveys a complete idea of the soldier, whose earlier youth has been passed under arms; but there is a military freedom of deportment about him, which is perfectly in harmony with the dignity of his station. His language is full of brevity and firmness. He has always been forward in evincing his esteem for the more distinguished, of all parties, among his fellow countrymen. He has not only much experience in military affairs, (having derived a means of live-

lihood from active service for no inconsiderable length of time.) but he is well versed in the arts of peace; and he left every other of the Bourbon family far behind in promoting science and industry on his native soil after the restoration. As that of one of the most affluent princes in Europe, the court of the Duke of Orleans was kept up with becoming splendour and dignity; yet it was always distinguished by a system of unusual regularity in its arrangements. I have frequently formed part of a throng, to which every individual, down to a certain sphere in life, was freely admitted. Whether as placed at the head of his domestic affairs, or as superintending the excellent education which his children have enjoyed, Maria Amelia of Naples, his consort, has always stood distinguished for her indefatigable attention and discerning judgment; indeed, she has been quite as much the favourite with every one, from the obliging cheerfulness of her manners, as Louis-Philippe has been, from his manly and condescending deportment.

I well remember the forenoon of the 20th of March, 1815. A rumour of the king's departure the preceding night had collected an immense concourse in the court and gardens of the Tuileries, as well as on the Place du Caroussel. I was at the time in that part of the palace which is called the “Pavilion de Flora;” and was stand-

ing in the saloon on the ground-floor, amidst a throng of courtiers. Monsieur (now the ex-king, Charles the Tenth) was one of the number. To all outward appearance, he seemed quite at his ease, and was conversing with several present, who were kissing his hands and weeping over them, whilst he was chatting with all that light-someness of heart which is peculiar to him. He did not appear to pay the least attention to the confusion and uproar which were going forwards out of doors. On a sudden our ears were assailed by hundreds of voices, crying out, "Orleans! long live Orleans!" and this in so audible a tone, that Monsieur (though he did not break off the conversation,) slowly, and as it were, undesignedly, turned his head towards the spot from which the cry proceeded. Immediately afterwards we heard the Duke repeatedly exclaiming, in his energetic manner, "Not Orleans, but the King!—long live the King!" and, in another five minutes, the Duke entered the saloon, went up to the Prince, made a low *obeissance* to him, and addressed him in an under tone of voice. Monsieur replied, in an equally low accent, but with a melancholy sort of smile, though with his usual grace and dignity. Whilst Charles continued to receive the condolences of those near to him, Louis-Philippe was taking leave of several of the officers present; his voice was firm and his manners cheerful; some he shook hands with, and others he embraced.

There has seldom been a man whose exterior has carried about it so little of the ambitious courtier as Talleyrand's; and I know scarcely another individual whose extraordinary intellectual endowments are associated with so unfavourable an impression as accompanies this statesman's cast of features. He is notoriously misshapen, and besides this, lame of one foot; his countenance indicates deep design, and gives the idea of sinister views rather than of the nobler speculations of the statesman—and this, even on those occasions where his whole soul is at work upon topics which are of momentous interest to him. His manners are far from elegant, and the tone of his voice is not agreeable. He has a habit, when in conversation, of kneeling upon a chair and rocking himself in that posture. It was a most extraordinary scene to see this peculiar personage in his uncourtierlike attire, wandering about in the saloons of Vienna in the year 1814, among the most distinguished diplomatists of Europe, and associating with men, many of whom were not only eminent for rank and talent, but admired for their personal endowments and gorgeous trappings: yet, he so completely engrossed every one's attention, that he seemed to be the pivot on which the whole party revolved. He had but to open his lips, and all was wrapt in deepest silence; every eye was watching the minutest turn of his countenance; the national pride of the Englishman, the formal wiliness of the Austrian courtier, the meditative temperament of the Prussian, and the lofty pride of the Russian, were all met with consummate dexterity by the *quondam* minister of that individual,

whom every one of them had proclaimed their common enemy, in whose negotiations he had so long taken the lead, and against whose throne he had assisted in raising his present master. So truly does the intellect sit at the helm of human affairs! It were a matter of supererogation to add, that the conversation of such a man as Talleyrand is anything but inane; in social intercourse, it possesses even much of the attractive. He is the father of hosts of bon-mots, full of wit, and *piquant*, from the sharpness of their sting.

SUNSET.

Who is there who has ever looked up to the "golden gates of the resplendent West"—and beheld them arrayed in all their magnificence, and watched the beautiful departure of the God of day, and has not felt himself lifted from earth to heaven, and his feelings spiritualized by the contemplation of the scene? The glories of sunset can be seen and enjoyed in their greatest fulness only in the country. The winds are now hushed among the foliage—the birds of heaven have ceased their warbling—the voice of the labourer is no longer heard—silence hangs like a canopy upon the scene. At such a season, go walk abroad in the country—carry along with you no book to aid your reflections—go alone or with a friend—let your heart be open to the influence of the scene—let its home-felt delights rise up unrepressed—resign yourself freely and entirely to the emotions of your own bosom—and if you have not been too far corrupted and contaminated by intercourse with the world, you will return a better, happier, and a holier man.

A BOOK PUFFED BY A GHOST.

A BOOKSELLER of Defoe's acquaintance had, in the trades-phrase, rather overprinted an edition of "Drelicourt on Death," and complained to Defoe of the loss which was likely to ensue. The experienced bookmaker, with the purpose of recommending the edition, advised his friend to prefix the celebrated narrative of Mrs. Veal's ghost, which he wrote for the occasion, with such an air of truth, that, although, in fact, it does not afford a single tittle of evidence properly so called, it nevertheless was swallowed so eagerly by the people, that Drelicourt's work on Death, which the supposed spirit recommended to the perusal of her friend, Mrs. Bargrave, instead of sleeping on the bookseller's shelf, moved off by thousands at once; the story, incredible in itself, and unsupported as it was by evidence or inquiry, was received as true, merely from the cunning of the narrator, and the addition of a number of adventitious circumstances, which no man alive could have conceived as having occurred to the mind of a person composing a fiction.—*Walter Scott.*

THE BLUSH.

Was it unholy?—Surely no!
The tongue no purer thought can speak,
And from the heart no feeling flow
More chaste than brightens woman's cheek.

How oft we mark the deep tinged rose
Soft mantling where the lily grew,
Nor deem that where such beauty blows
A treach'rous thorn's concealed from view!

That thorn may touch some tender vein,
And crimson o'er the wounded part!—
Unheeded, too, a transient pain
Will flush the cheek, and thrill the heart.

On beauty's lids, the gem-like tear
Oft sheds its evanescent ray,
But scarce is seen to sparkle, ere
'Tis chased by beaming smiles away!

Just so the blush is formed—and flies—
Nor owns reflection's calm control—
It comes—it deepens—fades and dies;
A gush of feeling from the soul!

SONG OF THE TROUBADOUR.

List, love, list,
The night bells chime;
Come, come with me;
To Agnes' shrine.

Long, long has the sun sunk behind the dark mountain,
The valley beneath us is silent and dim;
Nought is heard, but the gush of the silvery fountain,
The sounds of the convent's fast evening hymn.

Starlight is on the water,
My light barque on the tide;
Fairest of Italy's daughters,
Away and be my bride:

My ears shall strike the sparkling wave,
Our boat fly swift along;
Each pearly tear I'll chase away,
And charm thee with my song.

Come, my love, come,
The night bells chime;
Come, my love, come,
To Agnes' shrine.

THE ORNAMENTAL ARTIST.

CHARADE FLOWERS.

Cut a piece of any coloured paper in an oblong form. Rule a very light pencil line along the middle of it, lengthwise, and, taking the centres in that line, describe segments of circles completely across the paper; fix the compasses again at the opposite side of each segment, and join the two extremities; the segments on one side of the paper must then be neatly cut out and the whole piece creased by the hand. Run a thread through the part not cut out, draw it into a circle, and thus the form of a flower will be obtained. Make a handle of wire, and fasten it



3 to the flower, covering the seam which will be in the centre, with a piece of paper representing the central filaments of the flower. The wire should be covered with thin green paper, or gauze, twisted into the shape of a stalk; at intervals, introduce a leaf or two, formed likewise of green paper, with a thin piece of wire up the centre to preserve the shape and resemble the stem (Fig. 3). Before creasing the flower, charades, enigmas, &c. should be written on each of the imitative petals. The artist may carry her representation of flowers, on the above principle, to a very considerable extent. She may use double, or even treble paper, placing one piece behind another; and by a judicious selection of colours may copy, not merely the shape, but the various tints of the flowers. She will show her good taste by imitating, as closely as possi-

ble, the colours of her original; instead of substituting red for lilac, blue for green, or yellow for vermilion, &c.

An immense variety of other elegant and useful articles may be constructed of pasteboard and paper; indeed, the application of the art is so extensive, that it would be impossible for us to afford space for describing an hundredth part of the various works in those materials which have fallen beneath our notice. The elementary principles of the art may be sufficiently acquired by constructing the articles which we have described, to enable the young artist to copy others, or to fabricate and embellish novelties of her own invention. Working in pasteboard is by no means restricted to trifling productions: very elaborate and exquisitely finished architectural subjects, ingenious models of the most delicate works, grottoes, trees, &c. and even views on an extensive scale, may be admirably executed in parchment or paper, either in a plain state, or coloured to imitate the objects represented. The attempt to describe the mode of constructing such a class of works, would be fruitless; proficiency in this amusing, and we may venture to say instructive, art, is only to be attained by practice, taste, and natural ingenuity.

Several of the boxes, baskets, &c. classed under the subsequent heads of the Ornamental Artist, are constructed on nearly the same principles, and some of them partially made of the same material, as many of the articles described in the preceding pages; from such, therefore, the reader will derive a still further insight into the art of working in pasteboard.

With a little ingenuity, very neat and elegant boxes, and other ornaments, may be constructed

of glass; the parts being bound together with riband in such a manner as to produce a very pleasing effect. Boxes may be made in a variety of forms, according to the inclination and taste of the artist: we shall commence by giving directions for making one of the most simple shape.

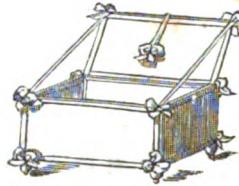
OBLONG GLASS BOX.

Procure from a glass-cutter the following pieces of ground glass:—four in an oblong form, of precisely the same length and breadth, for the top and bottom, back and front; and two others, equal in depth to the back and front, and in breadth to the top and bottom, for the ends. It is indispensable that all the pieces should be cut with accuracy, otherwise it will be impossible to put them together so as to produce a correct shape: the artist should, therefore, send patterns in pasteboard, the accuracy of which she has previously proved. The next step is to bind the edges of each of the pieces with narrow riband. The mode of doing this is very simple: begin at one corner of the glass with one end of the riband, and thence carry it round the entire edge of the piece of glass, until it is brought to the corner from which you commenced, where the two ends must be neatly and firmly sewed together. It is necessary to bring the riband round as tightly as possible, and to keep the edges of the glass in the centre of its breadth. Having done this, the riband is to be pressed down on each side of the glass; it should then be plaited at each of the corners; the plaits must be fastened with a stitch or two of silk; and when the last of them is done, the inner edges of the riband will be stretched so as to lie close to the surface of the glass, which

will thus be completely and securely bound. Silk of precisely the same colour as the riband should be used in sewing the corners, and the riband should be kept tight, and stitched securely at the plaits, otherwise the box, when complete, will not be sufficiently firm to retain its shape.

All the pieces, being bound in this manner, are to be successively stitched together, in their proper situations, by the bindings. The stitches are only to be inserted at the corners: they must be drawn tolerably tight, and may be concealed by little bows of riband, or rosettes. The box is then to be mounted on small knobs or pedestals, of ivory or wood, pierced round their upper edges, and fastened with sewing silk to the binding of the four corners of the bottom; to the interior of which, a cushion of wadding or wool, covered with quilted silk, may be tacked.

4.



The back part of the lid, after being bound, is to be stitched at the corners to those of the back; thus hinges of sewing silk will be

formed. To lift the cover, a bit of riband, terminating in a bow or rosette, must be tacked to the centre of its front binding; and for the convenience of suffering it to remain open, the cover may be prevented from falling back by two pieces of riband, of equal length, being tacked to the corners of the front and the front corners of the lid. The box is now complete, and will form rather an elegant ornament to the toilet.—(Fig. 4.)

THE FATE OF THE DUKE DE BIRON.

FRANCIS, Count of St. Maurice, was born at Poitiers, in France, in the year 1580. His father perished in battle before his eyes opened to the day, and his mother scarcely survived his birth a week. His patrimonial property had been wasted in the wars of the league, and his only inheritance was his father's sword, and a few trembling lines written by his dying mother to the famous Baron de Biron, with whom she was distantly connected by the ties of blood. A trinket or two, the remnant of all the jewels that had decked her on her bridal day, paid the expense of arraying the dead wife of the fallen soldier for the grave, and furnished a few masses for the repose of both their souls; and an old servant, who had seen her mistress blossom into woman's loveliness, and then so soon fade into the tomb, after beholding the last dread dear offices bestowed upon the cold clay, took up the unhappy fruit of departed love, and bore it in her arms, on foot, to the only one on whom it seemed to have a claim. Biron, though stern, rude, and selfish,

did not resist the demand. Ambition had not yet hardened his heart wholly, nor poisoned the purer stream of his affections; and gazing on the infant for a moment, he declared it was a lovely child, and wondrous like his cousin. He would make a soldier of the brat, he said, and he gave liberal orders for its care and tending. The child grew up, and the slight unmeaning features of the infant were moulded by time's hand—as ready to perfect as to destroy—into the face of as fair a boy as ever the eye beheld. Biron often saw and sported with the child, and its bold, sweet, and fearless mood, tempered by all the graces of youth and innocence, won upon the soldier's heart. He took a pride in his education, made him his page and his companion, led him early to the battle field, and inured him almost from infancy to danger and to arms.

Although occasionally fond of softer occupations—of music—of reading and the dance, the young Count of St. Maurice loved the profession in which he was trained. Quick-sighted and

talented, brave as a lion, and firm as a rock, he rose in his profession, and obtained several of those posts, which, together with the liberality of his benefactor, enabled him, in some degree to maintain the rank which had come down to him without the fortune to support it. Attaching himself more and more to Biron every year, he followed him in all his campaigns and expeditions, and paid him back, by many a service and many a care, the kindness he had shown him in his infancy. So that twice had he saved the Marshal's life, and twice, by his active vigilance, had he enabled his leader to defeat the enemy, before he himself had reached the age of eighteen.

Gradually, however, a change came over the mind of Marshal Biron. Henry IV., his too good master, became firmly seated on the throne of France, and Biron, attributing all the king's success to his own support, thought no recompense sufficient for his services, no honours high enough for his merit and his deeds. Henry was any thing but ungrateful, and though, in fact, he owed his throne to his birth, and to his own right hand, more than to any man on earth, he, nevertheless, loaded Marshal Biron with all the honours in his power to bestow. He was created a Duke and Peer of France, High Admiral, and Lieutenant-General of the king's armies; and many a post of distinction and emolument, raised his revenues and his dignity together. But still he was not satisfied: pride, ambition, and discontent, took possession of his heart; and he meditated schemes of elevating himself, till the insanity of ambition led him to thoughts of treason. His manners, too, grew morose and haughty: he was reserved and distant to those he had formerly favoured, and his household became cold and stately.

At the same time a change, but a very different change, had taken place in the bosom of the young St. Maurice; and to explain what that change was, a fact must be mentioned, which is in itself a key to all the new feelings and the new thoughts, the new speculations, and the new hopes, which entered into the bosom of the young, but fortuneless Count, about the end of the year 1600. About eight years before that period, there had been added to the family of the Duke de Biron a young niece of about nine years old, a lively gentle girl, with bright fair hair and soft blue eyes, and pretty childish features, that had no look but that of innocence, when they were in repose, but which occasionally took a glance of bright, happy eagerness, with which we might suppose an angel gazing on the completion of some bright and mighty work. In her childhood, she played with the young St. Maurice, till they loved each other as children love; and just at that age when such things become dangerous to a young girl's heart, fluttering between infancy and womanhood, the Duke de Biron was ordered to Brussels on the arrangements of the peace, and taking St. Maurice with him, he sent Mademoiselle de la Roche sur Marne to a convent, which she thought very hard, for her father and mother were both dead, and all

that she loved on earth the Duke carried away with him.

St. Maurice was left behind at Brussels to terminate some business which Marshal Biron had not concluded, and when, after some lapse of time, he returned to France, and joined the Duke at the Citadel of Bourg, where that nobleman commanded for the King, he found Marie de la Roche no longer the same being he had left her. The bud had at once burst forth into a flower, and a flower of most transcendent loveliness. The form which his arm had encircled a thousand times, in boyish sport, had changed in the whole tone of its beauty. Every line, every movement, breathed a different spirit, and woke a different feeling. The features too, though soft as infancy, had lost the roundness of infancy, and in the still innocent imploring eyes, which yet called up all the memory of the past, there was an eloquent glance beaming from a woman's heart, in which childhood was outshone. The young Count felt no alteration in himself, but was dazzled and surprised with the change in her, and felt a sudden diffidence take possession of him, which the first warm, unchanged welcome could hardly dispel. She seemed scarce to dream that there was a difference, for the time that she had spent in the convent was an unfilled blank, which afforded scarce a circumstance to mark the passage of a brief two years. The Duke de Biron received his young follower with rough kindness, but there were always various causes which kept him more from the society of St. Maurice than formerly. There were many strangers about him, some of whom were Italians, and St. Maurice saw that much private business was transacted, from a knowledge of which he was purposely excluded. The Duke would take long, and almost solitary rides, or go upon distant expeditions, to visit the different posts under his government, and then, instead of commanding at once the young soldier's company, he left him to escort Mademoiselle de la Roche to this fair sight, or that beautiful view. In the pride and selfishness of his heart, he never dreamed it possible that the poor and friendless Count of St. Maurice would dare to love the niece of the great Duke de Biron, or that Marie de la Roche would ever feel towards him in any other way than as the dependent follower of her uncle. But he knew not human nature. Mademoiselle de la Roche leaned upon the arm of St. Maurice as they strayed through the beautiful scenery near Bourg, or yielded her light form to his grasp, as he lifted her on horseback, or listened to him while he told of battles and dangers when he had followed her uncle to the field, or gazed upon his flashing features and speaking eye while he spoke of great deeds, till her heart beat almost to pain whenever his step sounded along the corridors, and her veins thrilled at the slightest touch of his hand. St. Maurice, too, for months, plunged blindly into the vortex before him. He thought not—he hesitated not at the consequences. But one feeling, one emotion, one passion filled his bosom—annihilated foresight, prudence, reflec-

tion altogether—took possession of heart and brain, and left the only object for his mind's conception—love!

It went on silently in the bosom of each; they spoke not what was in their hearts; they hardly dared to look in each other's eyes for fear the secret should find too eloquent a voice; and yet they each felt and knew that loving, they were beloved. They could not but know it, for constantly together, there were a thousand voiceless, unconscious modes of expression, which told again and again a tale that was but too dear to the heart of each. And yet there is something in the strong confirmation of language which each required for the full satisfaction of their mutual hopes and there are moments when passion will have voice. Such a moment came to them. They were alone; the sun had just sunk, and the few grey minutes of the twilight were speeding on irrevocable wings. There was no eye to see, no ear to hear, and their love was at length spoken.

They had felt it—they had known it long; but the moment it was uttered—its hopelessness—its perfect hopelessness—seemed suddenly to flash upon their minds, and they stood gazing on each other in awe and fear, like the first two, when they had tasted the fatal fruit of the knowledge of good and evil. But the never-to-be-recalled words had been breathed, and there was a dread and a hope and tenderness, mingled with every glance that they turned upon one another.

Still the Duke de Biron did not see, for his mind was so deeply engrossed with the schemes of his mad ambition, and the selfishness of his pride, that nothing else rested in his thoughts for a moment. Messengers were coming and going between him and the Duke of Savoy, a known enemy to France, and whenever he spoke with St. Maurice, it was in terms of anger towards the good king Henry IV., and of praise and pleasure towards the cold hearted monarch of Spain. Often, too, he would apparently strive to sound the disposition of his young follower, and would throw him into company with men of more art and cunning than himself, who would speak of the destruction of the Bourbon line as necessary for the good of France and the tranquillity of Europe, and insinuate that a time might be at hand when such a sacrifice would be completed. St. Maurice frowned, and was silent when the design was covered, as often happened, with much art, and boldly spoke his mind against traitors when the treason was apparent.

At length one day he was called to the presence of the Duke, whom he found alone. "Come hither, St. Maurice," said his friend; "I have brought you up, young Count, from your infancy to your manhood—I have been your friend in fair days and foul—I taught you the duty of a soldier and the duty of an officer—I have raised you higher than any other man in France could do, or would do—and now tell me—whether do you love best Henry of Bearn or me?"

"Your words, my lord," replied St. Maurice, "taught me in early years to love the King, and your actions taught me to love yourself, but the

honour of a French noble teaches me to love my duty, and that joins ever with my love towards my King."

"Ha!" exclaimed Biron, his dark brow burning, "must you teach me what is duty? Begone, ungrateful boy!—leave me—thus, like the man in the fable, we nourish serpents in our bosom, that will one day sting us—begone, I say!" St. Maurice turned to quit the cabinet, with feelings of sorrow and indignation in his heart. But grief to see his benefactor thus standing on the brink of dishonour and destruction, overcame all personal feeling, and he paused, exclaiming, "Oh! my lord, my lord! Beware how you bring certain ruin on your own head — ——" But remonstrance only called up wrath. Biron lost all command over himself. He stamped with his heavy boot till the chamber rang; he bade St. Maurice quit his presence and his dwelling; he stripped him, with a word, of all the posts and employments which he had conferred upon him, and bade him, ere two days were over, leave the castle of Bourg, and go forth from his family a beggar as he had entered it. Nor alone, in his rash passion, did he content himself with venting his wrath upon his young follower, but he dropped words against the monarch and the state, which left his treasonable practices beyond a doubt.

The young Count heard as little as possible, but hurried from the presence of a man whom pride and anger had frenzied, and hastening to his chamber, he paused but to ponder over all the painful circumstances of his own situation. Nothing was before him but despair, and his brain whirled round and round, with that vague wild confusion of painful ideas, which no corporeal agony can equal. The predominant thought, however, the idea that rose up with more and more frightful prominence every moment, was the necessity of parting from her he loved—and of parting for ever, without one hope, without one expectation to soothe the long cold blank of absence. He could have borne the unjust and cutting unkindness of the Duke—he could have borne the loss of fortune, and the prospect of that hard fierce struggle which the world requires of men who would rise above their original lot—he could have borne the reverse of state and station, comfort and fortune, without a murmur or a sigh, but to lose the object in which all the ardent feelings of an ardent heart had been concentrated, was more, far more than he could bear. Thus he pondered for near an hour, letting the bitter stream of thought flow on, while every moment added some new drop of sorrow, as reflection showed him more and more the utter hopelessness of all his prospects.

The setting out of a large train from before his window, first roused him from his painful dream, and, though he knew not why, he felt relieved when he beheld the Duke de Biron himself lead the way, caparisoned as for a journey. The next moment found him beside Mademoiselle de la Roche. Her eyes were full of tears, and he instantly concluded she had heard his fate, but it

was not so. She was weeping, she said, because her uncle had come to her apartments, angry on some account, and had harshly commanded her back to her convent the next day; and as she told her lover, she wept more and more. But when he in turn, related the Duke's anger with him, and his commands to quit the citadel—when he told her all the destitution of his situation—and his hopelessness of winning her when all his fortune on the earth was his sword and a thousand crowns, Marie de la Roche wept no more, but drying her bright eyes, she put her hand in his, saying, "St. Maurice, we will go together! We love each other, and nobody in the world cares aught about us—my uncle casts us both off—but my inheritance must sooner or later be mine, and we will take our lot together!"

Such words, spoken by such lips, were far more than a lover's heart could resist. Had he been absent when that scheme was proposed—had he not seen her—had he not held her hand in his—had her eyes not looked upon him, he might have thought of difficulties and prudence, and danger, and uncomfot to her. But now her very look lighted up hope in his heart, and he would not let fear or doubt, for a single instant, shadow the rekindled beams. He exacted but one thing—she should bring him no fortune. The Duke de Biron should never say that he had wedded his niece for her wealth—if she would sacrifice all, and share his fate, he feared not that with his name and with his sword, and her love to inspire him, he should find fortune in some distant land. Marie doubted not either, and willingly agreed to risk herself with him upon the wide unknown ocean of events. It seemed as if all circumstances combined to enable them more easily to make the trial. The Duke de Biron had gone to Fontainebleau, boldly to meet the generous master he had determined to betray, and the old chaplain of the citadel, whose life St. Maurice had saved at the battle of Vitry, after many an entreaty, consented to unite him, that very night, to his young sweet bride. Their horses were to be prepared in the grey of the morning, before the sun had risen, and they doubted not that a few hours would take them over the frontier, beyond the danger of pursuit.

The castle was suffered to sink into repose, and all was still, but at midnight a solitary taper lighted the altar of the chapel, and St. Maurice soon pressed Marie to his heart as his wife. In silence he led her forth, while the priest followed with trembling steps, fearful lest the lightest footfall should awaken notice and suspicion; but all remained tranquil—the lights in the chapel were extinguished, and the chaplain retreated in peace to his apartment.

There was scarcely a beam in the eastern sky when St. Maurice glided forth to see if the horses were prepared. He paused and listened—there was a noise below, and he thought he heard coming steps along some of the more distant corridors. A long passage separated him from his own chamber, and he feared to be seen returning to that of Marie, for he might be oblig-

ed at once to proclaim his marriage, lest her fair fame should be injured, and he therefore determined to hasten forward, and strive to gain his own part of the building. He strode onward like light, but at the top of the staircase a firm hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a loud voice demanded "Who are you?" St. Maurice paused, undetermined whether to resist and still try to shake off the person who stopped him, or to declare himself at once; but the dim outline of several other figures against a window beyond, showed him that opposition was vain, and he replied, "I am the Count of St. Maurice; why do you stop me, sir?"

"In the King's name, I arrest you, Count of St. Maurice," replied the voice; "give me your sword."

"In the King's name, or in the Marshal de Biron's, gentlemen?" demanded St. Maurice, somewhat bitterly. "You jest with me, gentlemen; my lord the Duke I may have offended, but the King never."

"I said in the King's name, young gentleman," replied the other gravely, taking the sword, which St. Maurice yielded. "You, sirs," he continued, turning to those who stood near, "guard this prisoner closely, while I seek for the Baron de Lux."

St. Maurice was detained for a few minutes in the corridor, and then bade to prepare to journey to Fontainebleau. The whole castle was now in confusion, and all the principal officers of Marshal Biron, the Count found, were, like himself, under arrest. At his earnest entreaty, the Count de Belin, who commanded the party of royal troops, permitted him to take leave of her he had so lately wedded, though only in his presence. Marie de la Roche sur Marne was drowned in tears, but alarm for her uncle's safety easily accounted for that, and the few low words of comfort and assurance which St. Maurice spoke, betrayed not at all the secret of their union. She suffered him to speak, uninterrupted but by her sobs; but when he bent over her hand to raise it to his lips, with the formal courtesy of the day, all was forgotten but her love and her despair, and, casting herself into his arms, she hid her eyes upon his shoulder, and wept with the bitter agonizing tears of unavailing love.

The old Count de Belin gently unclasped her arms, and removed St. Maurice, who turned, and, grasping his hand, said, with a meaning look, "Sir, you are a soldier and a gentleman—our confidence, I am sure, is safe?"

"Upon my honour," replied the officer, laying his hand upon his heart, and St. Maurice was satisfied. He was soon after put on horseback, and conducted, with several others, to Fontainebleau, from whence he was immediately carried to Paris, and lodged in the Bastille. But it may be now time to turn to him whose weak ambition had brought ruin on his own head.

As is well known, the Duke de Biron, summoned by the King to his presence on clear information of his treason, proceeded at once to Fontainebleau, depending fully on the fidelity of the very man who had betrayed him, and entered

the gardens in which Henry was walking, at the very moment when the monarch was declaring, *that beyond all doubt he would not come*. He advanced at once towards the King, and Henry, whose frank and generous heart would fain have believed him less guilty than he really was, embraced him, according to his custom, saying, "you did well to come, Lord Duke, otherwise I should have gone to seek you;" and, taking him by the hand, he led him into another garden, where he could speak with him unobserved. There Henry at once, with the noble candour of a noble heart, told him that good information had been received, of his having carried on a long correspondence with the enemies of the state. "Speak the truth, my lord," he added; "tell me all, and, good faith, no one shall know it; the matter shall go no further, and all it shall cost you shall be a sincere repentance."

The Marshal replied, proudly, that he had nothing to confess, and that his purpose in coming, was to meet his accusers. There was a rudeness in his answer, which was not the boldness of innocence; and Henry, turning away, rejoined the court. Still Henry tried, more than once, during the day, to win from the traitor one repentant word. He again and again solicited him to speak. He sent his friends to him, and his relations; and though urged by his council—before which full proofs of the Marshal's guilt had long been laid, and which had taken prompt measures, as we have seen, for securing his followers and dependents—still Henry's heart rebelled against his better judgment, and would not suffer him to order his arrest. "If this matter be tried, and proved against him," said the King, "justice must have its way for the sake of public example; but I would fain avert the necessity." At length, even at midnight, Henry once more called his treacherous servant to his presence; and again begged him, for his own sake, to confess his fault. "Let me hear from your own mouth," said the monarch, "that which, with great sorrow, I have heard from too good authority; and, on a frank acknowledgment, I promise to grant you pardon and kindness. Whatever crime you may have committed or meditated against my person, if you will but confess it, I will cover it over with the mantle of my protection, and forget it myself for ever."*

"Sire!" replied the Marshal, boldly, "I have nothing to say but what I have said. I did not come to your majesty to justify myself, but to beg you only to tell me my enemies, that I may seek justice against them, or render it to myself."

Henry turned away disgusted, and the Duke advanced through the door of the saloon into the ante-chambers beyond. At the door of that, however, which led out upon the staircase, he was met by the Count de Vitry, who, seizing his right hand in his own left, caught the hilt of Biron's sword with the other hand, exclaiming, "The King commands me to give an account of your person, sir. Yield me your sword."

*These two remarkable speeches are upon record.

Biron started, and a mortal paleness came over his face; for it would seem, that he never dreamed for a moment, either that the monarch had accurate information of his treason, or would proceed to do justice against him. He suffered himself to be disarmed, however, and led to a secure apartment, where, after he had recovered from his first surprise, he passed the night in violent and intemperate language, injurious to his own cause, and indecent in itself. From thence he was conveyed to the Bastille, and his trial proceeded in with great rapidity. A thousand efforts were made to save him, by his friends and relations; and Henry was besieged, wherever he appeared with tears and petitions. But the day of mercy had gone by; and the same monarch who had almost supplicated his rebellious subject to say one word that might save himself, now sternly declared that justice must take its course; and that whatever the law awarded, without fail should be put in execution.

In the meanwhile, St. Maurice passed his time in bitter meditations, confined in a dull cell of the Bastille, which, though not absolutely a dungeon, contained nothing but one of those small narrow beds, whose very look was like that of a grave, a crucifix, and a missal. The hours and the days wore on, and he saw no one but the people who brought him his daily food, and a few persons passing occasionally across the inner court of the Bastille; so that solitude and sad thoughts traced every day deeper and deeper lines upon his heart, and upon his brow. He thought of her whom he loved—of what her situation was, and what it might be; and when that was too painful, he turned his mind to his own fate, and tried to look it calmly in the face, but still the image of Marie rose up in every scene, and reduced all the native resolution of his heart to woman's weakness.

He was thus one day cast heedlessly on his bed, when the door of his cell opened, and the jailor desired him to follow. St. Maurice rose and obeyed, and a few minutes brought him to a larger chamber, which he was bade to enter. At the other side of the room there stood a middle-sized man, habited in a plain suit of rusty black velvet, with strong marked aquiline features, and grey hair and beard. His eye was keen and quick, his forehead broad and high, and there was something peculiar in the firm rooted attitude with which he stood, bending his eyes upon the open door. Even had St. Maurice never seen him before, he could never have doubted that he was a King.

"Come hither, Sir Count," said Henry IV. abruptly, "and tell me all you know of this treason of the Duke de Biron. Tell me all, tell me true, and, by my faith, you shall have full pardon."

"Sire," replied St. Maurice, "when my father died in the service of your majesty, and my mother left this world a few days after my birth, I was left a penniless orphan, for all our fortunes had been lost in your royal cause—" Henry knitted his brow—"I was a beggar," continued St. Maurice, "and the Duke de Biron

took pity on me—brought me up—led me to the field—protected—provided for me”——

“Hold! hold! hold!” cried the King. “Say no more! say no more—get you gone—yet stay—I seek not, sir, this unhappy man’s death. Justice shall be done, but no more than justice—not severity. If you know any thing which can mitigate his offence, speak it boldly, and the King will thank you; any thing that may render his crime less black.”

“I know little, Sire, of the Marshal’s late conduct,” replied the Count, “for in truth I have been less in his confidence than formerly; but this I know, and do believe, that he is one of those men to speak, aye, and to write, many base things in a hasty and a passionate mood, that he would be the last on earth to act.”

Henry mused for a moment in silence, and then, without any farther observation, ordered St. Maurice back again to his cell.

Another long week passed, and day after day grew more weary and horrible than the last. Each hour, each moment, added to anxiety, uncertainty, and expectation, already beyond endurance. The rising and the setting of the sun, the heavy passing away of the long and tardy minutes, the wide vague infinity through which apprehension and care had leave to roam, overwhelmed his mind, and shook even his corporeal strength. Each noise, each sound, made him start; and the very opening of his cell door brought with it some quick, indistinct fear. It is said that those long accustomed to solitary confinement, get injured to the dead, blank vacancy of existence without action; lose hope, and fear, and thought, and care; and exist, but hardly can be said to live. But St. Maurice had not yet had time to let one of the fresh pangs of his situation become lulled by the opiate of custom, and every moment of its endurance was a moment of new agony. He heard no tidings, he received no comfort, no hope, from any one. The very joys that he had known, and the love he valued most, became a torture to him; his own heart was a burden, and while the future was all dark and lowering, the past was full of regret, and prolific of apprehension.

At length one evening an unusual number of footsteps traversing the court below, called him from the bed on which he usually cast himself in prostrate despondency, and he beheld, from the small window of his cell, a number of people gathered together in the open space, of a quality which showed at once that some great and formal act was about to take place within the walls of the prison. The Chancellor was there, and various judges and officers of the Parliament, and a number of the municipal body of Paris were on the spot, with clerks and serjeants, and the two chief *prevots*. A small body of soldiers also guarded the different doors of the court, and on the side next to the garden was raised a scaffold, about five feet above the ground, at the foot of which a strong man in black stood, with two others of an inferior grade, examining the edge of a large heavy sword, which was suddenly put

into the sheath on the sound of some voices at the other side of the court.

At that moment the Duke de Biron was brought in through the opposite door, accompanied by several of the officers of the prison. His dark swarthy countenance was not a shade paler than usual, and, with his hat and plume upon his head, he walked boldly forward, with an erect and daring carriage; but, as his eye first fell upon the scaffold, he paused a single instant, exclaiming, “Ha!” He then strode forward again, as if he had been marching against an enemy, and came to the foot of the ladder which led to the scaffold. There he paused, and looked round him with furious and impatient eyes, as if he would fain have vented the wrath that was in his heart upon some of those around him.

“Sir Chancellor! Sir Chancellor!” he cried, “you have condemned a man more innocent than many you have suffered to escape, and that upon the evidence of two perjured villains. You have done injustice, sir, which you could have prevented, and you shall answer for it before God.—Yes, sir, before him to whose presence I summon you before a year pass over.” Then turning to the commandant, he added, “Ah! Monsieur de Roissy, Monsieur de Roissy! had your father been alive, he would have aided me to quit this place. Fie! fie! is this a fate for one who has served his country as I have?”

“My lord duke,” said the Chancellor, “you have heard the sentence of your peers, and it must now be executed. The King commands me to demand the insignia of that noble order to which you once belonged.”

“There sir, take it!” cried the duke, giving him his star and riband. “Tell the king, that, though he treat me thus, I have never broken one statute of the order to which my deeds in his service raised me. Pshaw!” he continued, turning from the priests, who now pressed him to confess—“I make my confession aloud. All my words are my confession—Still,” he added, as his eye rested for a moment on the scaffold and all the awful preparation for his fate, “still I may as well think a while of where I am going.”

He then spoke for a few minutes with the priest who stood by his side. His countenance grew calmer and graver; and, after having received absolution and the sacrament, he looked for a brief space up towards the sky, then knelt down before the scaffold, and prayed for some time, while a dead silence was maintained around—you might have heard a feather fall. As he still knelt, the sun broke out, and shone calmly and sweetly over the whole array of death, while a bird in the neighbouring garden, wakened by the sunshine and the deep stillness, broke into a clear, shrill, joyful song, with the most painful music that ever struck the ear.

The prisoner started on his feet, and, after looking round for an instant, mounted the scaffold with the same bold step wherewith he had approached it. His eyes, however, still had in them that sort of wild, ferocious gleam, which they had exhibited ever since his arrest; and,

though he seemed to strive for calmness, and displayed not a touch of fear, yet there was an angry spirit in his tone, as he addressed those around him. "I have wronged the King," he said, sharply, "I have wronged the King. 'Tis better to acknowledge it. But that I ever sought his life, is a lie and perjury. Had I listened to evil counsel, he would have been dead ten years ago. Ah! my old friends and fellow-soldiers," he added, turning to the guards, "why will none of you fire your piece into my heart, instead of leaving me to the vile hands of this common butcher." And he pointed to the executioner. "Touch me not," he continued, seeing the other approach him with a handkerchief to bind his eyes—"Touch me not with those hellish fingers, or, by heavens, I will tear you limb from limb! Give me the handkerchief."

He then cast his hat away from him, and bound his own eyes;—knelt—prayed again for a moment—rose suddenly up as the executioner was about to draw the sword—withdrew the covering from his sight—gazed wildly round him for an instant, and beckoned one of the officers to tie up his long hair under the handkerchief. This was immediately done, and his eyes being covered, he called out, "Haste! haste!" "Repeat the *In manus*, my lord," said the executioner, taking the heavy sword which had been hitherto concealed by the attendants.

Biron began to repeat the psalm of the dying—the blade glittered in the air—swayed round the head of the executioner; and, before the eye could trace the blow which ended the earthly career of the unfortunate but guilty soldier, his head was severed at once from his body, and Biron was no more.

A feeling of intense and painful interest had kept St. Maurice at the window till the moment that the unhappy soldier covered his own eyes with the handkerchief; but then a sensation of giddy sickness forced him away, and he cast himself down once more, with bitter feelings than ever at his heart. The world seemed all a hell of cares and sorrows, and he could have died that moment with hardly a regret. After he had lain there for near two hours, he once more rose and approached the window. The crowd were all gone, but the dark scaffold still remained, and the young soldier drew back again, saying to himself, "Who next? who next?" He lay down and tried to sleep, but his throbbing temples and his heated blood, rendered the effort vain. Strange wild images rose up before his eyes. Fiends and foul shapes were grinning at him in the air. Fire seemed circling through his veins, and burning his heart; he talked with no one to hear—he raved—he struggled—and then came a long term of perfect forgetfulness, at the end of which he woke as from a profound sleep.

He was weak as a child, and his ideas of the past were but faint and confused. The first thing, however, that returned to memory was the image of his cell, and he cast his heavy eyes around, in search of the bolts and bars, and grated windows; but no such things were near. He

was in a small but handsome room, with the open lattice admitting the breath of many flowers, and by his side sat an old and reverend dame, whom he had never seen before. A few faint but coherent words, and the light of intelligence re-awakened in his eye, showed the nurse, for such she was, that the fever had left him, and going out of the chamber, she returned with a soldier-like man, whom St. Maurice at once remembered as the old Count de Belin, who had arrested him at Bourg. Many words of comfort and solace were spoken by the old soldier, but St. Maurice was forbidden to utter a word, or ask a question for several days. A physician, too, with a grave and solemn face, visited him twice each day, and gave manifold cautions and warnings as to his treatment, which the young gentleman began soon to think unnecessary, as the firm calm pulse of health grew fuller and fuller in his frame. At length one day, as he lay somewhat weary of restraint, the door opened, and Henry IV. himself stood by his bed-side. "Now, faith, my good young Count," said the monarch, "I had a hearty mind to keep you to silence and thin bouillon for some days longer, to punish certain rash words spoken in the Bastille, casting a stigma upon royal gratitude, for leaving faithful friends, who had lost all in our behalf, to poverty and want. But I have lately heard all your story, and more of it than you thought I ever would hear; and therefore, though I shall take care that there be no more reproaches against my gratitude, as a punishment for your crimes, I shall sell you as a slave for ever. Come hither, sweet taskmaster," he added, raising his voice, "and be sure you do all that woman can—and that is no small power—to tease this youth through all his life to come."

As the King spoke, the flutter of a woman's robe—the bright, dear eyes—the sweet, all-graceful form—the bland, glad smile of her he loved, burst upon the young soldier's sight; and she, forgetting fear, timidity, the presence of royalty—all, all but love, sprung forward at once, and bedewed his bosom with her happy tears.

ACTIVE BENEVOLENCE.

No man existing, be his station what it may, is exempted from the duty of inquiring what good he can do to others. That man must have seen little of mankind who is ignorant of human misery; yet such knowledge is not to be acquired by those who converse merely with persons of their own rank; they must enter into the cottages and garrets of the poor; they must see them naked, hungry, and thirsty, exposed to the inclemencies of the weather, to the sudden attacks or slow wasting of disease; they must see the effects of their unruly passions, and their groveling vices; they must be acquainted with all the consequences of ignorance and poverty. Evils like these must be known before they can be remedied; yet the generality of the upper ranks know little what their inferiors suffer.

HE PASSED.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, ESQ.

He pass'd as if he knew me not!
 Unconscious I was near!
 And can he then so soon forget
 A being once so dear!
 No—through composure ill assum'd
 I mark'd the blush of shame—
 I saw him tremble when he heard
 Another breathe my name.

I ask not now a lover's smile,
 Those eyes are sunk and dim,
 But in their ruin they possess
 An eloquence for him.
 Though *others* pass me, from *his* heart
 More sympathy I claim:
 When I am gone—perchance he'll weep
 Whene'er he hears my name.

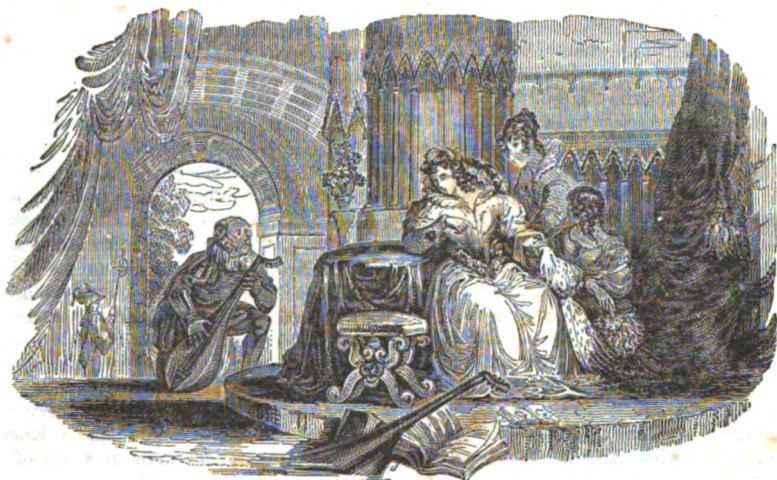
THE POLE'S ADIEU.

STAR of my soul, farewell!
 I go to death and danger,
 I haste to meet in conflict fell
 The proud invading stranger.

I leave thee, love, to save
 The land we dearly cherish,
 To break the yoke that binds the brave,
 To rescue or to perish.

Star of my soul! thy light
 No more will shine before me;
 No flame of war glares redly bright,
 Destruction hovers o'er me.

Yet mourn not, love, for me;
 Remember, tho' we sever,
 The patriot brave who falls will be
 With glory crown'd for ever.



OUTLINE OF MUSIC,

FROM THE BEGINNING OF THE WORLD TO THE PRESENT TIME.

THAT we should entertain a desire to become acquainted with the origin of any art, or science, which contributes to us either in *utility* or *ornament*, *comfort* or *enjoyment*, is the natural consequence of that spirit of inquiry, which is for the wisest of purposes, infused into the composition of the human mind. The child that destroys the toy purchased for him by some indulgent relation or friend, is prompted by the restless curiosity inseparable from our frame of ideas; he is anxious to know "*how it is made*," and he seeks the attainment of his end by the demolition of the object. The *same* impulse operating in a higher degree upon the philosopher, the astronomer, the geologist, the chemist, and the botanist, produces the noblest speculations, and the most interesting discoveries; the analysis of the imperishable mind, the theory of

the heavens, the investigation of "the great globe itself," its qualities, capacities, and productions, with the origin and growth of the arts and sciences, in fact, of every thing conducive to the information of man, may be included among the *effects* of this commanding *cause*. The vast discoveries of Newton emanated from this focus; and while the illiterate and obtuse were content to gaze stupidly upon the colours of the rainbow, the master-spirit dived into the source, and produced that clear and beautiful theory, which alone would immortalize his name. The fortuitous development of the principles of gravitation may be adduced as an evidence, if such be wanting, that to chance we are indebted for some of our most important and undisputed theories; and perhaps it is not a visionary idea to presume, that the *material* of science is coeval

with the creation of the world, and that the ingenuity and research of man, aided by favourable accident, alone are required to call it forth into systematic arrangement. Until the chord is touched the harp is silent, and the fire lies dormant in the flint till elicited by the collision of the steel. Invention has but a minor theatre for action, while discovery may command the universe. No science has yielded more largely to the enjoyment of man than the one which we are about to trace, briefly, from the cradle of its infancy, and born in the earliest ages of the world, none has been more assiduously cultivated, or more deservedly admired. In our rapid survey all technical disquisition will be laid aside, as inconsistent with our intention to *sketch* the progress of this enchanting science, without touching upon the abstract features or philosophical detail.

Whoever has listened to the flowing of a gentle stream, the roaring of a cascade, the murmuring of the wind among the trees, and the sighing of the breeze as it passes over a corn-field, or rustles amidst reeds and bulrushes, must have been struck with the *natural melody of the sound*; and it may be allowed, that the ancients do not assume an improbable position, when they infer that the plaintive dirge-like cadence, full of melancholy tenderness, produced by the action of the water and the wind, suggested the idea of Music. Imitation, the parent of so many arts, set to work, and a reed pulled from the sedgy banks of a stream, is the first musical instrument upon record. The assertion of Pythagoras, that the birth of music may be ascribed to the noise occasioned by the revolutionary motion of the celestial bodies, is too airy to be received, although backed by the venerable authority of that great teacher of the philosophy of sounds; and the humbler opinions of Lucretius and Varro, both of whom ascribe it to *terrestrial causes*, appear worthier of deference.

Vocal music is, unquestionably, of higher antiquity than instrumental; and they, to whom the must of centuries is an object of surpassing veneration, will, by analogy, place additional value upon the former. Athenagoras and Lucretius coincide in a statement that the wild-wood notes of birds created a rivalry in the breast of man, and that the feathered bipeds were emulated in their mellifluous art. Pope's elegant fable of the nightingale and the shepherd, is thus supplied with more than a fanciful foundation, and rendered of still greater interest; but how *truly* successfully the contest for superiority has been maintained, the brilliant vocalists of the present day may determine. Songs were in existence long prior to the introduction of letters by Cadmus, and it is affirmed that not only the prayers, but the laws and oracular dispensations of the ancients were, originally, sung or chanted. Miriam's thanksgiving after the passages of the Red Sea, is the earliest which we are enabled to trace; the effect of this was considerably increased by the addition of the timbrel. Under David and Solomon, the He-

brews are said to have excelled in music; and it is known that the Levitical service consisted principally of vocal performances. A reference to the Bible will show that the harp, the organ, and the silver-drum were in use; and that wind instruments as well as others strung with hair, were known anterior to the deluge.

Plato asserts that the Egyptian divinities, Osiris, Isis, and Hermes, were the joint inventors of musical instruments, and that with them the sciences originated: the Indians, also, ascribe it to the Gods, and to this day their priests maintain that it was derived from Brahma himself.

The invention of the lyre is attributed to the Egyptians by Apollodorus; and from vestiges found in the sepulchral ruins of ancient Thebes, particularly in the tomb of Ismandes, it is evident that these people were in possession of musical instruments two thousand years previous to the introduction of Christianity.

By the Greeks this most beautiful of the sciences was held in the highest esteem, and even considered an important feature in their code of education. Eloquently termed, "*the Science of the Muses*," it found a home in every heart, and few of the Grecian Provinces were not undistinguished by public games, in which the poets and musicians of the age contended for pre-eminence. In referring to the earliest records of the science, we find them so closely interwoven with the fabulous dreams of mythology, as to render the history perplexing and unsatisfactory to the minute enquirer, and far from interesting to the general reader. It will, therefore, be sufficient to state, that in passing from the mists and gloom of extreme antiquity—the dust and cobwebs of ages long buried in uncertainty, we find music cultivated with that passionate enthusiasm displayed by the Greeks for every thing connected with the finer arts and sciences; and a country that gave birth to some of the most celebrated painters and sculptors, was no less remarkable for the number and excellence of its musicians.

The first era of Greek music may be dated from the time of Cadmus, and the second, commencing with the Trojan war, may be carried down to the revival of the Pythian games. Thaletas, Timæus, Sappho, Simonides, Corinna, Timotheus, Antigenides, Dorion, Lamia, &c. &c., may be enumerated in the list of the principal musicians of the country, while among the many eminent theorists of the age, Plato and Pythagoras occupied a distinguished rank. The discovery of the mathematical division of sounds by the latter, and the consequent construction of the musical chord, are too well known to need repetition.

Vocal music acquired its greatest celebrity in Greece during the existence of the monarchy; but the rapid decline of the science followed upon the subjugation of the country by the Romans, and it appears never afterwards to have been thoroughly regenerated.

In common with the other arts and sciences, which, as the most splendid trophies of their con-

quests, were carried by the Romans into Italy, music was transplanted, like a costly and delicate exotic, and treated with proportionate care; but until after the overthrow of Antiochus, king of Syria, it attained no degree of eminence in Rome. Nero's admiration of it requires little comment to be recollected; the musical exercises which he instituted in the sixtieth year after the birth of our Saviour; his public display, as a vocalist at Naples, and his contests with the ordinary musical candidates at the Olympic games, sufficiently prove his desire to encourage and patronize the science, while at the same time they almost shake the assertion of the poet—

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."

Commodus, in imitation of Nero, entertained a predilection for appearing on the stage as a singer; but even with the illustrious patronage bestowed upon music, both vocal and instrumental, the Romans never equalled the modern Italians.

In the early days of Christianity, music was introduced with the hymns and devotional songs made use of in religious assemblies, and Lucian states the fact of psalms having been sung by the primitive Christians. Ambrosius, Bishop of Milan, and Ephram Syrus, who flourished in the fourth century, raised the character of sacred music to an important height. The Ambrosian chant was established in the Milanese church in the year 384, and St. Augustine dwells upon its rapturous effects upon the congregation. Indeed, according to the records of the period, so powerful was the influence of the church music, that many of the unconverted being attracted by its charms, entered the sanctuaries of God, and, filled with divine enthusiasm, knelt at the baptismal font, and exchanged the cloak of infidelity for the pure raiment of Christianity. The first compilation from the psalms was made by Gregory the Great, to whom is ascribed the honour of being the inventor of *choral music*, and of having instituted an academy for singing. Pope John Damascenus, who died in the year 760, displayed a deep interest in the promotion of the science as applied to ecclesiastical purposes; he composed the intervals by which the rising and falling of the voice were influenced, and more thoroughly reduced its exercise to musical restrictions.

Quartetto music is by some stated to be the composition of St. Dunstan, while other writers maintain that it is the more modern invention of Guido Aretinus, who flourished in the eleventh century. Guido included his new system in his "*Micrologus*:" his six notes, *Ut-re-mi-fa-sol-la*, were represented to be the initial letters of the words of a hymn of St. John's. In the middle ages a school for sacred music was founded at Canterbury, and William of Malmesbury records that the Saxons possessed organs in their churches prior to the conquest, one of which was a present from Dunstan to the Abbot of Malmesbury. In the year 666, the organ was first admitted into the church at Rome by Pope Vitellian; and Bede relates that in 1680 Pope Aga-

tho commissioned John, the Prosector of St. Peter's, to instruct the Monks of Wearmouth, and to teach music in other parts of the kingdom of Northumberland.

The invention of musical notes by Jean de Muria is well known to have taken place towards the end of the eleventh century. Music met with general encouragement in France, where the national war-songs may be traced back to the most remote periods. The *Troubadours*, originally from Provence, with their attendant minstrels, every where disseminated and kept up a feeling for the science, while their romantic adventures, the strange habits of their lives, and their chivalrous spirit, contributed to throw an additional charm over their profession; and too often formed an apology for that notorious profligacy which ultimately led to their exile and disgrace. To wean himself from an ardent but unfortunate passion for the fair *Blanch of Navarre*, the celebrated Thibaut applied himself to the fascinations of poetry and music; and in the course of his pursuits the royal bard is said to have produced many exquisite songs and melodies, some of which have escaped the ravages of time. The lyre that breathes of hopeless love, could not have been otherwise than sweet and impassioned, although full of plaintive, and despairing tenderness; and it cannot, therefore, create a feeling of surprise upon discovering that no military effusion emanated from the inspiration of the kingly poet. Many musical instruments were in possession of the French, which have descended to us in name alone; and more than thirty were enumerated in the time of Philip of Valois. A high feeling for music stimulating to that excellence, upon which a decided character only can be established, appears, however, to have been foreign to the French; and, notwithstanding the munificent patronage of Louis XIV., who founded a royal academy of music in Paris, that country has produced few professors of distinguished fame. Varilla's assertion, that the airs applied to the French version of the Psalms, were those of the best songs of the time, contrasts curiously with the statement of Menestrier, which says, that psalms and hymns were the opera songs of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. What would our devotees at the King's Theatre say to a revival of this taste? Music progressed but feebly in France in the sixteenth century, at which period the lute was the favourite instrument, not only with our Gallic neighbours, but with the other continental states of Europe. Under Catherine de Medicis, the French began to adopt the Italian style, both vocal and instrumental, and an evident improvement was the consequence.

The Germans are presumed to have acquired the science from Bardus I., the fifth king of the ancient Gauls. Metrical psalmody originated in Germany, and Roger Ascham, in a letter from Augsburg, states, that "three or four thousand persons singing at a time in church in this city is but a trifle." "Mysteries," accompanied with

music, were known in this country in 1322; and chimes common in Bavaria at a very early period, were from thence carried into the low countries. Encouraged by their princes and nobility, many of whom had musical dramas or operas performed for their entertainment in the beginning of the seventeenth century, the German professors gradually rose to a degree of eminence which even equalled that attained by their rivals in Italy; that they have not forfeited their fame, is borne out by the fact that they are now considered the first performers in Europe; and how far the taste of the country has gone, may be inferred from the circumstance that at present there is scarcely an inn, or common public-house, in Germany, which is not in possession of a piano-forte.

In the annals of Italian music, much confusion is occasioned by the destruction of the records of the Pontifical Chapel at the burning of Rome, in the year 1527, by the army of Charles V.; but that Italy constituted a school for the instruction of surrounding nations, that music was there carried to the most exquisite pitch of perfection, and that she produced some of the most brilliant composers, cannot for a moment be questioned. The oldest melodies, to Italian words, are preserved at Florence, and comprise a collection of sacred songs, for the performance of which a society was established in 1310, which existed so late as the year 1789. Lorenzo, the Magnificent, was a distinguished patron of the science; and some historians relate, that he died in the act of playing upon the flute, A. D. 1494. At Naples, music was cultivated with singular fervour in the sixteenth century, and the school of Lombardy was fertile in eminent professors. About the same period, the Italians gave instruction in counter-point to the rest of Europe, while the musical theorists employed themselves in subtle divisions of the scale. Deservedly acquiring the name of "the land of music," the fame of its composers passed like a wildfire over the continent, and kindled the generous flame of emulation in other countries. A rivalry of talent produces excellence, and from the time that this mistress of the arts and sciences shone forth conspicuous in the cultivation of music, France, Spain, Germany, Switzerland, Poland, Denmark, and Russia, with Britain in the van, entered the arena of trial.

That the English are not a very musical nation, may be presumed from the fact that the number of volumes upon music contained in the British Museum, bears no proportion to that on the other sciences; but as painting and sculpture were unfortunately proscribed and driven into exile by the religious intolerance of the times, so music suffered in public estimation, and was reduced to the situation of a malefactor and an outcast. Alfred is known to have been a performer on the harp, and Cœur-de-Lion was not ignorant of its use. Henry VIII. is recorded as an eminent musician, and is said to have composed two masses, which were always sung in the Royal Chapel. Metrical psalmody, as now

sung in parochial churches, was introduced in the reign of Edward VI.; and choral music became as eminent in England, under Elizabeth, as in any other part of Europe. James I., by letters patent, incorporated the musicians of London, but, nevertheless, gave little encouragement to their exertions.

Learned and pedantic, he had no feeling for music, and it consequently languished beneath his indifference, for the taste of the monarch is, invariably, assumed by his courtiers, and naturally, in some degree, influences the people. In Ireland the minstrels, or harpers, were long the favourites of the people, and in Wales they were no less honourably regarded. In Scotland psalmody was very early practised by the Reformers; and we find that James I. (king of Scotland) was the inventor of a novel species of plaintive melody different to all others: he is also commemorated as having been, like our eighth Harry, a composer of sacred music. A patron of all the liberal arts, Charles I., whose fine taste was, perhaps, improved on the continent, evinced an ardent desire to promote the interests of musical science; and, in the sixteenth century, music was deemed the highest gratification that could be afforded to a distinguished visitor from foreign courts. England was, however, exceedingly deficient in instrumental performances; and until the dawning of the eighteenth century, vocal ability was but poorly cultivated. In the violent religious animosities which distracted England for so many years, and almost banished the Fine Arts from the soil; music suffered an alarming depression, while in the rigid times of the Protector, when the fierce and gloomy spirit of fanaticism extended its iron rod over the productions of fancy, and threatened the destruction of all that throws light and ornament over the circle of society, it was regarded as a vehicle of *Satan*—a lure of the arch deceiver of mankind, and a stumbling block in the paths of the righteous. The total suppression of the cathedral service followed this opinion; organs were taken out of the churches, and organists and choristers turned adrift to perish, like rats, amidst the prejudices of the times. The restoration of Charles II., proved the signal for the revival of music; its unfortunate professors stole forth from their retirement and secrecy, and once more indulged in the bright beams of patronage and royalty. A court band was established, upon the French model, and organs were replaced in ecclesiastical buildings. A professed lover of music, Charles lent himself eagerly to its advancement; the *tenor* and *violoncello* brought from Italy into France, were from the latter carried into England, and the guitar became the fashionable instrument of the day. The first Italian opera was performed in this country under the auspices of Sir William Davenant, in May, 1656; and a taste for the Italian style sprung up and rapidly matured. Nicolo Matteis, the Italian violin player, introduced engraved music in this reign, by publishing his *Duos*, which were executed on oblong

octavo copper-plates. James II. paid but slight regard to the science, and the troubles of his brief reign left him but little leisure for the culture of the arts. Under his successor they experienced no favourable reverse; and to the military education of William III., his neglect of these ornaments of the state may, perhaps, be partially attributed. Nevertheless, in 1706, operas became objects of attraction in the *beau-monde*; and under the countenance of George I., a "Royal Academy of Music," was established in 1728, to which that monarch made a liberal donation of £1000.

New principles of music were disseminated on the continent by Huygens and Sauveur in the year 1701; and in 1722, *harmony* was, by Rameau, reduced to systematic precision, although clogged with many extravagances. In the year 1739, Euler fixed the science of *tone* upon mathematical rule, and in this task he was considerably aided by his taste and judgment as a performer on the improved wind instruments. Progressive refinements took place in every part of Europe where a taste for the science was fostered; and the march to excellence was carried on with unabated enthusiasm.

George III., celebrated for his munificent protection of the arts and sciences, proved a liberal patron of music. Prompted by the charms of the science, and, doubtless, stimulated by that sentiment which induces an adoption of the peculiar tastes and feelings of royalty, the nobility were not slow in imitating the example set by his Majesty. They patronized professors both British and continental, held concerts at their

houses, and introducing the performers to favour and fortune, lavished upon them every mark of deference for the talent they displayed. The exquisite taste and judgment of his late Majesty, upon every thing connected with literature and art, and the brilliant encouragement which he yielded to painting, poetry, and music, are engraved upon every breast. Under his august patronage a Royal Academy of Music has sprung into existence; and making reasonable deductions from the promise of its infancy, the most perfect maturity may be anticipated. That a science whose triumphs have not only been celebrated by the fervid powers of Dryden, Pope, and Collins, but whose breathings find a sympathetic chord in every bosom, shall be permitted to fall into neglect, cannot for an instant be presumed; the root has struck deep, and it requires but *common care* to ensure the vigorous duration of the plant. In an era which has been justly designated "the Augustan Age of Literature," and which has renewed the remembrance of the golden days of Italy, beneath the princely auspices of Leo X., Lorenzo *the magnificent*; and in a country where, under a brilliant administration, the arts of war and peace have been carried to the highest pitch of excellence, where, in common with its necessaries, the luxuries of life have received the most assiduous cultivation, and where, banished by oppression from the attic soils of Greece and Rome, painting, poetry, and sculpture, have found an asylum and a home, *music* cannot fail to be received and cherished with enthusiasm.—*Extracted from the MS. of an English writer.*

"ALL'S WELL."

WRITTEN ON GUARD.

"All's well!"—I'd give the world that I
Could echo back that sound;—
'Twould soothe me more than melody,
From harp or viol—that lone cry
Of vigilance profound.

"All's well!"—It may be so with thee,
Thou watchful sentinel!
But 'till my mind from sorrow free,
Or steep'd in Lethe's waters be,
I dare not say—"All's well!"

"All's well!"—To him whose breast is clear
As yon moon-lighted sky,
Those words may meet his willing ear
As gently soft, as free from fear,
As infant's slumb'ring sigh.

"All's well!"—Oh! that thy voice would hush
And not afflict me more;
I feel my very life's blood gush,
With feelings, swift as lightning's rush,
From my heart's inmost core.

"All's well!"—I'd give the world that I
Could echo back that sound;
'Twould soothe me more than melody,
From harp or viol—that lone cry
Of vigilance profound.

THE FORSAKEN.

"ONE Spirit we worship—one Chief we obey,
One bright sun gives lustre and warmth in our day,
One mate has the eagle, the turtle one love—
I am proud as the eagle, and true as the dove.

"Oh! think not to tread in your pride o'er my grave!
I will sleep with my babes buried deep in the wave,
Where thou canst not follow—unworthy to be
A husband, a father, to them or to me.

"If stung with remorse, thou shalt seek for my tomb,
To mock at my weakness or mourn o'er my doom,
Thy voice shall be drowned in the cataract's roar,
And my spirit be vexed with thy false vows no more!"

As she sung, the sad strain came prolonged o'er the cliff—
Every cave, as in sympathy, echoed her grief,
So deep each response, as it murmured along,
No mortal e'er heard so terrific a song.

And onward the barque swiftly glides o'er the spray,
No hand gave the motion, or guided the way,
But heading through breakers, it swept as the wind,
No pathway before it, no trace left behind.

A moment it paused on the cataract's brow,
Then sunk into fathomless caverns below,
And the barque, and the song, and the singer no more,
Were seen on the wild wave or heard on the shore!

A STORY OF GOOD QUEEN BESS.

BY THE ETRICK SHEPHERD.

It is a fact, well known to those versed in the annals of illustrious British families, that, after the death of Mary, Queen of Scots, there was still another accomplished young lady, who was an only child, and so nearly related to both the English and Scottish crowns that Elizabeth became restlessly jealous of her, and consulted with the timid James, by what means the young lady might be prevented from having a legitimate offspring. James, entering keenly into the same feelings, urged Elizabeth to claim her as a royal ward, and then, having her under her own eye, she might readily find means, on some plausible pretence or other, to prevent her from marrying. Elizabeth acquiesced, and forthwith sent a message to that effect. The young lady, little knowing with whom she had to do, would willingly have gone to the court of her cousin, the English queen; but neither her mother, step-father, nor guardian, would permit it. And though the answer they returned to the Queen was humble and subservient, there was one intimation in it which cut Elizabeth to the heart, and prompted her to the most consummate means of revenge: it was, that the young lady was placed by her father's will under noble guardians in Scotland, who would not suffer the sole owner of two earldoms, and the *presumptive heir of two crowns*, to be removed from under their charge. This roused the jealousy of the old vixen into perfect delirium, and from that moment she resolved on having the young lady cut off privately.

These being known and established facts, the following story will easily be traced by a few to the real actors and sufferers; but, at the same time, I judge it incumbent on me to change the designation of the family and of the castle in some degree, that the existing relatives, numerous and noble, may not be apparent to every reader.

Shortly after this message, there came into Scotland, by King James's permission, a party of Englishmen, with a stud of fine horses for sale. They lingered in the vicinity of Acremoor castle (as we shall denominate it) for a good while, showing their fine horses here and there; and one of them, on pretence of exhibiting a fine Spanish jennet to the young lady, got admittance to the castle, and had several conversations with the mother and daughter, both together and separately.

At the same period, there came to a farmhouse on the Acremoor estate, late one evening, a singular old woman, who pretended to be subject to fits, to be able to tell fortunes, and predict future events. Her demeanour and language had a taint of mystical sublimity about them, which interested the simple folks greatly; and they kept her telling fortunes and prophesying great part of the night. Among other things,

after a grand fit, she exclaimed, "Ah! is it so? Is it so? How came I to this place to-night to be the herald of treachery and misfortune! The topmost bough of the noble tree must be lopped off, and the parent stem fall in the dust! Woe is me! The noble and beautiful! Curses on the head of the insatiable wretch!" And with such ravings she continued, till suddenly she disappeared.

There lived in the castle a very pretty girl, named Lucy Lumsdaine. She was the young lady's foster-sister, her chief waiting-maid and confidant, and there subsisted a strong attachment between them. That very night, about midnight, or, as some alledged, considerably after it, Lucy raised such an alarm in the castle as roused the terrified sleepers with a vengeance. She ran from one room to another, screaming out Murder! and after the menials were aroused and assembled together, the poor girl was so dreadfully affected that she could scarce make herself intelligible. But then she had such a story to deliver! She heard some strange sounds in the castle, and could not sleep, but durst not for her life leave her chamber in the darkness. She kept constantly listening at her key-hole, or looking from her lattice. She at one time heard her young lady sobbing, as she thought, till her heart was like to burst; and then the door of the catacomb beside the dungeon open and shut, then heavy footsteps moving stealthily to and fro; and finally, long after, she saw a man leap out at a window on the ground-floor, and take the dead body of her young mistress on his back in a sack, and retreat with hasty steps towards the churchyard. She saw one arm and the head outside the sack, and the beautiful long hair hanging down; and she was convinced and certain that her young lady was ravished and murdered by an English horse-jockey.

The ladies were both amissing. They had never been in their beds, and what to do the terrified inmates knew not; but, in the plentitude of their wisdom, they judged it best to proceed in a body to the churchyard, and seize the murderer before he got the body buried, and wreak ample vengeance on him. When they arrived at the burial-ground, there was nobody there, nor any thing uncommon to be seen, save an open grave newly made, into which not one of them dared to look, pretending that they knew for whom it was made. They then returned home, contented after this great exertion. Indeed, what could they do, as no trace of the ladies was heard of?

There was little cognizance taken of such matters in that reign; but on this occasion there was none. King James, perhaps, either knew of or suspected the plot, and kept quiet; and the only person who made a great outcry about it

was poor Lucy, who tried all that she could to rouse the vassals to enquiry and revenge; and so far prevailed, that proclamation was made at the pier of Leith and the cross of Edinburgh, and rewards offered for the apprehension of these who had carried the ladies off, and kept them in concealment. Murder was not mentioned, as it was a thing not to be suspected.

But behold, in a few days, Lucy also disappeared, the great mover of all this; and her sweetheart, Alexander Graham, and her only brother Lowry, with many other relations among the peasantry, were left quite inconsolable, and knew not what course to take. They had resolved to take vengeance in their own hands, could they have discovered whither to have directed it; but the plot had been laid beyond their depth.

The old witch-wife about this time returned, and having obtained universal confidence from her prophetic ravings about the topmost bough being lopped off, and the parent stem, and the noble and the beautiful, &c. &c. so, at the farmer's request, she was placed by David Dallas, the steward on the estate, in a little furnished cottage, a sort of winter resting-place for the noble family, near a lin in the depth of the wood; and there she lived, feared and admired, and seldom approached, unless perchance by a young girl who wished to consult her about a doubtful sweetheart.

After sundry consultations, however, between Alexander Graham, Lucy's betrothed sweetheart, and Lowry Lumsdaine, her only brother, it was resolved that the latter should go and consult the sibyl concerning the fate of Lucy. One evening, near the sun-setting, Lowry, taking a present of a deer's ham below his plaid, went fearfully and rapidly away to the cot in the lin. That his courage might not eventually fail him, he whistled one while and sung another, "Turn the blue bonnet wha can;" but in spite of all he could do, heavy qualms of conscience sometimes came over him, and he would say to himself, "'Od, after a', gin I thought it was the deil or ony o' his awgents that she dealt wi', shame fa' me gin I wadna turn again yet!"

Lowry, however, reached the brink of the bank opposite the cottage, and peeping through the brambles, beheld this strange being sitting in a little green arbour beside the cottage, dressed in an antique and fantastic mode, and, as it appeared to him, employed in plucking leaves and flowers in pieces. She sometimes cast her eyes up to heaven, and then wiped them, as if she had been weeping. "Alas! poor creature!" said Lowry to himself, "wha kens what she may hae suffered i' this wicked warld! She may hae lost an only daughter, or an only son, as I hae' dune an only sister, and her losses may hae injured her reason. Aye, I hae little doubt, now when I see her, but that has been the case; an' that's the way how she sees intil hidden mysteries an' events. For it is weel kend that when God bereaves o' ae sense, he always supplies another, and that aften of a deeper and mair incomprehensible nature. I'll venture down the

brae, and hear what she says.—How's a' wi' ye, auld lucky o' the lin?—Gude'e'en't'ye. What's this you are studying sae seriously the night?"

"I'm studying whether a she fox or a wild boar is the more preferable game, and whether it would be greater glory to run down the one with my noble blood-hounds, or wile the other into a gin. Do you take me, Mr. Lumsdaine?"

"Lord sauf us! she kens my name even, an' that without ever seeing me afore. I thought aye that we twa might be auld acquaintances, lucky, an' see what I hae brought ye in a present. It will be ill for making you dry, but ye're no far frae the burn here."

"You have been a simple, good-natured fool all your life, Lowry; I can perceive that, though I never saw your face before. But I take no gifts or rewards. Leave your venison, for it is what I much wanted, and here are two merks for it. Do as I bid you, else you will rue it."

"Aih! gudeness, d'ye say sae? Gie me a haud o' the siller then. It will sune turn into sklait-stanes at ony rate; sae it will make sma' odds to ony o' us. But, gude forgie us, lucky, what war ye saying about hunting? Ye may hunt lang ere ye start a wild boar here, or a she fox either, as I wad trow; sae an ye wad tell me ony thing, it maunna be in parables."

"Aye, but there's a she fox that sees us when we dinna see her, and whose cruel eye can pick out the top chickens of the covey, and yet they cannot all suffice her insatiable thirsting after blood. She reminds me of the old song, to which I request your attention. It will tell you much:—

1.

"The bear he would a-wooing go
To a mistress of command,
And he's gone away to the lady fox,
And proffer'd her his hand.
'You're welcome here, Lord Bruin,' she says,
'You're welcome here to me;
But ere I lie into your den,
You must grant me favours three.'

2.

"'Yes—favours three I will grant to thee,
Be these whate'er they may,
For there is not a beast in the fair forest
That dares with me to play.
Then bid me bring the red deer's heart,
Or nombles of the hind,
To be a bridal supper meet,
'Fitting my true love's mind.'

3.

"'O no, O no,' said the lady fox,
'These are no gifts for me;
But there are three birds in fair Scotland,
All sitting on one tree;
And I must have the heart of one,
And the heads of the other two,
And then I will go, for weal or woe,
To be a bride to you.'

4.

"Now woe be to that vile she-fox,
The worst of this world's breed,
For the bonny, bonny birds were reaved away,
And doom'd by her to bleed;
And she tied the bear up by the neck,
And he hung till he was dead."

As she sung these verses with wild vehemence, Lowry looked on and listened with mingled terror and admiration, trying to make something out of them relating to the subject nearest his heart, but he could not, although convinced that they bore some allusion to the subject. "I am convinced, lucky, that ye hae a swatch o' a' things, past, present, an' to come," said he; "for ye hae foretold some wonderfu' things already. But I can mak naething o' sic wild rants as this, an' unless ye spake to me in plain, braid Scots, I'll never be a bawbee's worth the wiser."

"Because, Lowry, that head of yours is as opaque as a millstone. Kneel down there, and I'll throw a little glamour over you, which will make you see a thousand things which are invisible to you now."

"Na, na, lucky! Nane o' your cantrips wi' me. I'm as feared for you as ye war a judge o' death and life afore me. I just came to ask you a few rational questions. Will you answer them?"

"Perhaps I may, when I get a rational being to converse with. But did it ever strike that goblet head of yours, that it formed any part or portion of the frame of such a being?"

"But then, lucky, I hae nature at my heart, an' that should be respectit by the maist gifted body that exists. Now, as I am fully convinced that ye hae a kind o' dim view o' a' that's gaun on *aneath* the heaven—as for ony farrer, that's rather a dirdum—we maunna say ought about that.—But, aince for a', can ye tell me aught about my dear sister Lucy?"

"Alas, poor fellow! There, indeed, my feelings correspond with yours. Can it be that the rudest part of the creation is the most affectionate? Yes, yes, it must be so. From the shaggy polar bear to the queen upon the throne, there is one uniform and regular gradation of natural affection. In that most intense and delightful quality of the human heart, the lowest are the highest, and the highest the lowest; and henceforth will I rather ensconce myself among nature's garbage than snuffle the hateful atmosphere of heartless indifference and corruption. Why did it behove poor Lucy to suffer with her betters? Her rank glittered not in the fox's eye. But the day of retribution may come, and the turtle-dove return to her mate. There is small hope, but there *is* hope; such a villain can never sit secure. Mark what I say, hind—

'When the griffin shall gape from the top of Goat-Fell,
And the falcon and eagle o'er Scorbeck shall yell,
When the dead shall arise, and be seen by the river,
And the gift, with disdain, be return'd to the giver,
Then you shall meet Lucy more lovely than ever.'

Now leave me, good hind, leave me; for a hand will come and lead me in, which it is not meet you should see. But ponder on what I have told you."

Lowry was not slow in obeying the injunction, not knowing what might appear to lead her in; and as he trudged homeward, he conversed thus with himself:—"She's a terrible auld wife that! an' has something about her far aboon the common run o' women, wha are, for the maist part,

great gouks, for as bonny and as glib-tongued as they are. But here is an auld grim wrinkled lucky, wha, forby good sense an' right feeling, has a tint o' sublimity about her that's perfectly grand. May they no as weel be good spirits as evil ones that she converses wi'? If ane could but trow that, what a venerable creature she wad be! She bids me ponder on her rhymes, but I can make naething o' them. That last ane refers to something they ca' coats wi' arms, that the gentles hae, an' sounded like a thing where there was some hope, save ae bit o't, 'when the dead shall arise.' When she came to that, oh! that's rather a dirdum, thinks I, and lost hope, and I'm now fairly convinced that my young lady an' sister are baith murdered; for I dreamed ae night that the spirit o' my dead mother came to me an' tauld me that they were baith murdered by this new lord, and sunk wi' sackfu's o' stanes in the Acremoor Loch. Now, O what heart can stand sic a thought as that!"

All the three females being thus lost without the least trace of any of them having been discovered, shortly thereafter an heir appeared, with a patent from King James for the estates, but not the titles; and he took forthwith uninterrupted possession. He was a sullen and gloomy person; and though at first he tried to ingratiate himself with his people, by giving to the poor and employing many day-labourers, yet every one who could shunned his presence, which seemed to shed a damp and chilliness over the human heart. At his approach the school-boys left the play-green, retiring in detached and listless groups, till the awe-inspiring look scowled no more upon them. The laugh along the hay-field ceased at his approach, and the song of the reaper was hushed. He was styled Sir Herbert; but Sir Herbert soon found that his reign was likely to become an uneasy one. For word coming to Acremoor that he had been expressly sent for by Queen Elizabeth, and having waited on her, left her on some private commission for Scotland, shortly before the disappearance of the young heiress and her mother, then it was that an indefinite sensation of horror began to inspire all ranks in that district. Their young lady's claim to both crowns was well known, and often boasted of among her vassals, and they dreaded that some dark and infamous deed had been committed, yet they wist not by what means to implicate their new and detested master, whom they thenceforward regarded as either a murderer, or an accomplice of murderers, and disclaimed allegiance to him.

The government of Scotland was at that time very inefficient, the aristocracy having quite the ascendant; and between the chief and his vassals there was no interference, his will being the supreme law among them, from which there was rarely any appeal. But with regard to who was the rightful chief, to whom they were bound to yield this obedience, that power the vassals kept in their own hands, and it was a right that was well looked into. Of course, at this very time, there was a meeting among the retainers and

chief tackmen on these extensive domains, to consult whether or not it was consistent with honour and propriety to pay their rents to this upstart chief, while their late lord and master's only daughter was probably still in life, and might require double payment from every one of them; and it was decided unanimously, that, unless a full explanation of his rights was laid before them, they would neither pay him rent nor obedience in future; so that at this time Sir Herbert found his vassals in open and avowed rebellion. It was in vain that he showed them his titles of recognition by the king; the men answered that the young lady's rights and titles never had been forfeited; and, without a charter from her, they denied his rights of inheritance. They said farther, that they would take no single man's word or oath that their lady was dead, and they were determined to preserve her rights till they had sufficient proof *where* she died, *how* she died, and *where* she was buried.

While the chief vassals were thus interesting themselves more and more about the fate of their young lady, Lowry and Graham were no less perplexed about that of their beloved Lucy. The former had again and again waited on the sibyl, with whose wandering and visionary aspirations he was mightily taken; and having attended her by appointment early one morning, the following dialogue concluded their conversation:—

"But I hae been thinkin', dear lucky, what's to come o' you, gin ye tak your death here—for ye ken that maun come some time; an' there's naebody to tak care o' ye, to gie ye a drink, or haud your head, or to close your een, whan ye gang away."

"Fear not for me, honest lad, for I am resolved to die beneath the open eye of heaven, with my eyes open upon it, that I may feel the odours of paradise descending from it, and breathing their sweet influence over my soul; for there is a living animating spirit breathes over the open face of nature, of which mine forms an item; and when I breathe it away at the last, it shall be into the pure elastic element."

Lowry was so struck with this, that he stepped aside, and exclaimed to himself, "Now, wha could suspect sic a woman as that for a witch? The thing's impossible? There's something heavenly about her! Breathe her soul into an element! I wonder what an element is! Aha, there's the dirdum! Dear lucky, gin it be your will, what is an element?"

"Now, what do you think it is, honest Lumpy?"

"I'm rather in a dirdum; but I think it is a great muckle beast, without joints." Then aside, "Hout, that cauna be it neither, for how could she breathe her soul into a great unfarrant beast?"

"What is that you are muttering to yourself, fool? It is an elephant you are wrestling with. The elements are the constituent parts of nature. Fire is the primeval and governing one.

"Aih! gudeness preserve us! that's ten times waur than a muckle beast? Then she is a witch after a'; an' when she dies, she's gaun to breathe

her soul into fire. That gars a' the hairs o' my head creep; I wish I were away. But dear, dear lucky, ye haena tauld me ought about Lucy as yet, or whether she be dead or living?"

"I have never seen her spirit. But death's safest to hide the crimes of a villain.

There's villany at the heart, young man;
There's blood upon the head;
But the worms that he would tread upon,
Shall lay him with the dead!"

Lowry was little or nothing the wiser of this wild rhapsody, and went away to his work with a heavy heart. But that day one of the most singular incidents befel him that ever happened to mortal man. Lowry was draining a meadow on the side of Acremoor Loch, and often wishing in his heart that Lucy's fate might be revealed to him one way or another, when, all at once, he felt a strange overpowering heat come over him, and, on looking about to see from whence it proceeded, there was his mother standing close by his side. "Gudeness preserve us mother!" cried Lowry; whereaway are ye gaun? or what has brought you here?"

"O fie, Lowry! whaten questions are these to ask at your mother? Where can a mother gang, or where should a mother gang, but to her only son? Ye maybe thought I was dead, Lowry, but ye see I'm no dead."

"I see sae, indeed, mother, an' glad am I to see you lookin' sae weel and sae bien. But stand a wee bit farrer aff, an it be your will, for there's a heat about ye that's like to skomfish me."

"Na, na, Lowry, lad, ye're no sae easily skomfished; ye'll hae to stand a hantle mair heat than this yet. But tell me now, son, are you just gaun to delve and howk away a' your days there, an' never think o' revenging the death o' your dear sister?"

"Why, the truth is, mother, that's rather a dirdum; for we canna discover, neither by witchery nor warlockry, what has come ower her, or wha to revenge her death on; or, my certy! but they wad get their dickens!"

"Dear Lowry, didna I tell ye lang syne, that she was murdered an' sunk in the Acremoor Loch in a sackfu' o' stanes, an' that exactly opposite to the place where we stand."

"Weel, mother, in the first place, I think I *do* mind o' you telling me this afore; but in the next place, as to where I am to find her, that's rather a dirdum, for ye ken twa things or twa places are always right opposite ane anither. Sae unless ye can gie me a third mark, I may fish in that great braid loch for my sister an' her sackfu' o' stanes for a towmont."

"Then, Lowry, do you see yon willow-tree on the ither side o' the loch? yon lang sma' tree that stands by itself, bent i' the tap, and wantin' branches?"

"Aye, weel aneugh, mither."

"Then, exactly in a line between this spot and yon willow tree, will you find the corpse o' your sister an' her lady, my other dear bairn, sunk in that loch wi' sackfu's o' stanes tied to their necks. Didna I tell you a' this afore, Lowry?"

"Aha, lucky, but I didna believe ye, for, d'ye ken, I never had muckle to lippen to your word a' my life—for as for telling ane the even down truth, that never aince cam into your head. I winna say that ye didna sometimes tell the truth, but then it was merely by chance; an' for that very reason, I'm a wee doubtfu' o' the story still, it is sae unnatural for a man to murder twa bonny young creatures, an' sink them into a loch, wi' a sackfu' o' stanes tied to their necks. Now, be sure o' what ye say, mother, for life and death depend upon it. Did ye see them murdered and sunk into that loch, wi' your ain bodily een?"

"Baith, baith, by your new laird's ain hands! He is the villain and the murderer!"

"Then, mother, off goes his head, an' on the clay dumpling—that's settled. Or how wad it do to rack his neck to him? But for mercy's sake stand a wee bit farrer off, an it be your will—for I declare there's a heat about you like a fiery furnace. Odsake, stand back, or I'll be baith suffocat an' roasted in five minutes."

"O Lowry, Lowry! my dear son Lowry!" exclaimed the old wife, clasping him round the neck, and smothering him with kisses of the most devouring heat. Lowry bellowed out most lustily, laying on both with feet and hands, and then added, "Od, I declare she has downed me, the auld roodess, and smothered me, an' roasted me into the bargain! I'll never do mair good! Mither where are you? Mither, what's become o' you? Hilloa, mither! where away are ye gane? Gude forgie me, gin this disna ding a' things that ever happened in this world! This is beyond the comprehension o' man!"

Gentle reader, honest Lowry had all this time been sound asleep, with a burning sun beating on him. He had sat down on the edge of his drain to rest himself, and ponder on the loss of his sister, and, laying his broad shoulders back upon the flowery meadow, had fallen asleep, while in the mean time, the heat of the day had increased to such a pitch, that when he awoke from the struggle with his mother, his face and breast were all blistered, and the perspiration pouring from his ample sides like water. But the identity of his mother, and the reality of her personal presence, were so strongly impressed on his mind, and every thing having been so particularly related to him, he believed all as a real vision. He could work no more that day, but there he sat panting and conversing with himself in something like the following style:—

"Was there ever aught like my stupidity, no to remember a' the time that my mother was dead; an' yet that never ance cam into my head, although she gae me a hint about it. I saw her dee wi' my ain ee, saw her nailed in the coffin—aye, an' laid her head mysell in a deep grave, an' saw the mools heap it on her, an' the green sods aboon a'; an' yet never to remember that the grave separated her an' me—that the great valley o' the shadow o' death lay between us! Wow me, but there be mony strange things in nature! things that a body's comprehension canna fathom, if it should rax out its arms till they crack. It

was my mother's spirit that spak to me, there can be nae doubts about that, an' it maun hae been my spirit, when I was in a dead sleep, that spak to her again; for spirits hae nae comprehension o' death. Let me now consider what's to be done, for I can work nae mair at my handiwork. She has tauld me that our new laird is a villain and a murderer. May I take this for gospel? Can I seriously believe this to be true? It is rather a dirdum that. Not that I think my mither's spirit wad come frae the ither world to tell me an e'ndown lee; but then it may hae been mista'en. It strikes me that the spirit o' nae mortal erring creature can be infallible. They may see wrang wi' their mental een as easily as I may do wi' my mortal anes. They may hear wrang, an' they may judge wrang, for they canna be present every where, an' maun often see an' hear at a distance. An' whether ane is warrantit in taking justice into his ain hands on sic information, is mair than I can compass.—I have it! I'll drag for the bodies, and if I find them, I'll take the rest for grantit."

Lowry now began to settle his land-marks, by setting up a coil of sods on the place where he slept, but the willow-tree on the other side he could not discover. He then went and communicated the whole to Graham, who agreed at once that they ought to drag for the bodies, but not let any one know what they were about, or on what grounds they had proceeded.

The next morning they were out early with a boat and grappling irons; but the loch being broad and deep, they found, that without discovering the willow-tree it was a hopeless and endless task. But, as soon as Sir Herbert rose and discovered it, he sent express orders for them to come instantly ashore, which, when they did, he was exceedingly wroth with them, ordering all the boats to be chained up and secured with padlocks, and even threatened to fire on the first vagabonds he saw out on the lake disturbing his fisheries.

But this injunction proved only a new incentive to the young men to persevere; for they were now assured that all was not right, for the loch had hitherto been free to all the parish, and over it they had been accustomed to ferry their fuel, and all other necessaries. The two friends spent the remainder of that day searching for the willow-tree among all the hedges and ditches on the south side of the lake; but willow-tree they could find none. Towards the evening, they came to a single willow stem on the verge of the loch, a mere twig, not exceeding four feet in length, and as they passed it, Graham chanced to say carelessly, "There is a willow, but oh! it will be lang afore it be a tree!" Lowry turned round and looked eagerly at it. "That's it, that's it! That's the verra tree!" cried he. "How that should be the tree is rather a dirdum; but things are a' gane ayont my comprehension now. Wow me, but a spirit's ee does magnify a thing terribly, for that willow was ten times as big when I saw it in my vision. Nae the less, it is the same, the very same, I ken it by its lang stalk without

branches, an' its bend at the tap." There the two set up their landmark, and, the night being a summer night, and moonlight, they soon procured a boat, and began a-dragging in a line between the marks. They had not dragged ten minutes ere the grapple fixed in some moveable body, which they began a-heaving upward, with strange looks in each other's faces. Lowry at last stopped the windlass, and addressing his friend in a tremulous voice, said, "Wad it no be better to stop till we hae daylight, an' mae een to see this sight? I'm feared my heart canna stand it i' the moonlight. The thoughts o' seeing my dear sister's corpse a' riddled wi' the eels, an' disfigured, an' a sackfu' o' stanes tied to her neck, are like to put me beside mysel'."

"I hae something o' the same sort o' feeling," said Graham. "But I wadna like to bring out a' the folks in the morning, merely on suspicion that this is a corpse, whereas it is maybe only a log o' wood."

"Weel, weel, if ye will bring it aboon, I shall reel the windlass," said Lowry; "only ye're to allow me to turn my face the tither gate." On this arrangement they proceeded, until Graham was assured, by sensible demonstration, that it was a human carcass tied in a sack, and sunk with a weight! They then let it go, and tying the boat-bunker to the end of the rope for a buoy, went ashore to consult what was next best to be done.

Early in the morning they had a number of their friends assembled at the side of the lake. But the late offence taken by the lord of the manor at the two friends, and his threat of firing upon any who should venture out on his fishing-ground, induced all the friends present to counsel the asking of his liberty. A deputation accordingly waited on Sir Herbert, who requested permission to drag the lake for some bodies which were suspected to have been sunk there. But without deigning any answer to the men, he, to their astonishment, that moment ordered out a body of his people, and at their head, hasted down to the side of the loch, driving the assembled friends off with blows and threats, and then left a guard of seven men with fire-arms, to guard the boats and the loch in general.

The two young men were now assured of the truth of the vision, but said nothing of it to their friends, who were all astonished at their laird's unreasonable conduct. Lowry and his friend were convinced of his heinous guilt, and determined not to give it up; but they knew not how to proceed, for there was no sheriff in the county, that office having been hereditary in their chief's family; so that if Sir Herbert was the real heir, he was likewise sheriff. But it so happened, that John, Earl of Montrose, the king's viceroy for Scotland, was at that time in the vicinity, taking infestment of some new grants of land, and he had likewise some of the principal official people of the country along with him. To him, therefore, the young men went, and told him all the story from the beginning, including Lucy's tale of the murder of their young lady. The Lord

Viceroy was a good as well as great man. He had been a Lord of Session, Lord Chancellor of Scotland, and was now raised as high as a subject could be raised, being his sovereign's Viceroy, and acting by his authority. He was greatly taken with the young men's candour and simplicity, perceived that they were serious, and had too much discernment not to see that there was something wrong with this upstart; knowing, as he well did, the powerful and relentless enemy the late heiress had in Queen Elizabeth, and that the present possessor was her tool. It was probably on some previous knowledge of these events, that, at the very first, he entered strenuously into the enquiry; but when he asked the two friends who it was that told them where the bodies were deposited, they refused to tell, saying they were not at liberty to mention that.

Without pressing them farther, he accompanied the young men to Acremoor Castle, taking his official friends along with him. It may well be supposed that Sir Herbert was a little surprised by this unceremonious visit from the Lord Viceroy; he, however, put on a bold and hardy look, welcoming the party to his castle, and inviting them to alight, and enter it, which they declined, till they saw the issue of the affair on which they had come. Montrose then asked him sternly his reasons for preventing the young man from searching for the body of his only sister, and the vassals for that of their lady? He answered that it was all a pretence, in order to get opportunities to destroy the salmon; that he heard the scoundrels had been out by night, and he determined to check them in time. The Viceroy answered, that, by virtue of his authority, he not only granted warrant for the search, but had come with his friends to witness the issue, and examine the evidences. Sir Herbert bowed assent, and said, as long as his Highness was present, no depredation on his preserved fishing ground could take place, only he requested him not to leave any such warrant behind him. He then furnished them with boats, but refused to accompany them himself on what he called such a frivolous expedition.

The Viceroy and his friends, however, went all out in several barges—for he had been too long a judge not to perceive the truth, though told to him in simple guise. Of course they at once brought up the one body, to which the buoy was attached, and found it to be that of a female, wrapped in a fine winding-sheet, and then put into a sack, with her head towards the bottom, and sunk with a large stone, and an iron ring in it. The stone was at once recognised by all the old vassals as one that had belonged to the castle dairy, but the identity of the body was uncertain. It was not greatly decayed, having been sunk among the mud in the bottom of the lake; and all the stranger gentlemen thought it might have been recognised by intimate acquaintances. But it was manifest that a great uncertainty prevailed, as some thought it the body of their young lady, some that of Lucy, and more thought it neither. Even Lowry and Graham both hesi-

tated, notwithstanding of the extraordinary information they had received, and its no less extraordinary accuracy.

The party continued to drag on, and at length actually fished up another female corpse, similarly disposed of in every respect, save that it was sunk by a leaden weight, which was likewise known to have been appended to the castle gate. The bodies were conveyed to a barn in the village, and all the inhabitants of the castle and its vicinity were summoned to attend on the instant, before the bodies were corroded by the action of the atmosphere, and the suspected murderer was obliged to attend, like a culprit, among the rest.

Strange as it may appear, though all the people suspected that the two bodies were those of their young lady and Lucy, not one of them would swear to the special identity of either. The Viceroy was fully convinced in his own mind that they were the bodies of the two young females. He made it clear that these two had been murdered at the castle about the time these ladies disappeared, and if no other person in the neighbourhood was missing, the presumption was strong that the bodies were either those of the mother and daughter, or those of the latter and her foster-sister. Nevertheless, for all this clear and explicit statement, not one would swear to the identity of either. The Viceroy then stated, that as no criminality attached to any one from all that he was able to elicit, nothing more remained to be done, but to give the bodies decent interment, and leave the murderers to the judgment of the Almighty. When he had proceeded thus far, Lowry stepped up and addressed him as follows:—

“My Lord, the maist part o’ the fo’ks here *think* that these bodies are the bodies of my sister and her young mistress; an’ if ye wad swear us a’, we wad swear to that purpose. But ye see, my Lord, death makes an awfu’ change on the human face and frame, and waste and decay mair. But as ye hae gi’en up the murderer to the judgment o’ Heaven, to the judgment o’ Heaven I make appeal. There is an auld law o’ nature, or rather o’ Divine Providence, which I can depend on; and I humbly request that it may be tried: if these are the bodies o’ my sister and young mistress, the murderer is among us. [At this word, Lowry lifted his eyes to one which he had no right to do.] Now, wad ye just order every ane present to touch these bodies, it wad gie a great satisfaction to my heart, an’ the hearts o’ mony mae than me.”

The Viceroy smiled at the seriousness of the demand, but added, “If such a direct appeal to the justice of God can give satisfaction to the minds of friends and relatives, the process is an easy one.” He then lifted up his hands and prayed the Almighty to give a just judgment, and straight ordered that all present should pass between his friends and himself, arranged on each side, as witnesses that every one touched the bodies. Sir Herbert also ranked himself up among the gentlemen as one of the witnesses.

The people passed, one by one, and touched the bodies; but they bled not. Lowry and Graham, who had touched first, stood looking with apathy until the close, when the Viceroy, ordering them forward as witnesses, first touched the bodies himself, then his friends, one by one, touched them, and last of all, Sir Herbert approached. Lowry’s eyes then gleamed with an unearthly ardour, from an internal assurance of Divine justice and retribution being instantly manifested, and clasping his hands together, he exclaimed, “Now, now, now!” Sir Herbert fixed on him a look of rage and indignation—went forward and touched both bodies—No—neither of them gushed out a bleeding, nor was there any supernatural appearance whatever.

Lowry’s elated eye sunk, and his heart was humbled, but it was to the will of Providence, for he lifted both his hands, and said, “Well, it is past, and no more can be said! The will of the Lord be done! But as sure as there is a God in heaven, the murderer of these virgins shall not go down to his grave in peace, for their blood shall cry to their Creator from the ground, and his curse shall be upon the guilty heart for ever! They hae met wi’ a cruel and untimely death; but be who they may, I’ll lay them baith in my ain burial place.”

Every heart bled for Lowry and his friend, and every tongue was muttering curses, not loud, but deep, on their new laird, whom all the old vassals both suspected and detested. And no sooner had Montrose left that quarter to reside in the Parliament at Perth, than Sir Herbert’s people began to show symptoms, not only of dissatisfaction, but of open rebellion. Resolved to make an example of those most obnoxious to him, in order to strike others with terror, he warned seven tenants and seuars off the estate, against Friday next, Lowry and Alexander Graham’s father being among the number.

The community were amazed at these tyrannical proceedings, so different from the kind treatment they had been accustomed to receive. Accordingly, they seemed, by some mutual assent, to regard the mandate with disdain, and made no motions of removal, either previous to, or on the appointed day. As if glad of such an opportunity of revenge, and of manifesting his power, down came Sir Herbert with his proper officers, and ordered all the furniture of the devoted families to be thrown to the door, and if not removed before night, to be burnt. The men did as they were ordered; and this work of devastation went on from morning till towards the evening, the women crying, beseeching, and uttering anathemas on the usurper, as they called him. He regarded them not otherwise than to mock them, and superintended the work the whole day, encouraging the tardy and relenting officers.

But while the women and children were thus bewailing their hard lot, there appeared a dogged resignation among the men, who sauntered about in pairs, regarding the aggressor often with grim smiles, as of satisfaction, which inflamed him still the more. They probably knew what he little

dreamed of, that there was then in preparation for him a catastrophe, which, if it had not been kept on record in the family annals, would not gain credit at this distance of time. It was the effect of one of those bursts of popular indignation against oppression, which is most apt to break out when they have no other redress; and in this case, the provocation was double, for they regarded their oppressor as likewise the murderer of their rightful heiress.

But the term of lording it over the trusty vassals of an ancient and noble stock was concluded. About seven o'clock in the evening of the 23d of July, 1602, a body of armed men rushed from a barn, which, it appeared, they had entered by a back door. Some of them had their visors down, others their faces blackened, and concerning their numbers, there were many differences of opinion. But the main facts were well authenticated. They instantly surrounded Sir Herbert, seized him, and ordered him to prepare for instant death. At that fearful injunction, the nature of the villain and craven became manifest. He fell on his knees, and cried out, "Mercy, mercy!" He prayed, he tore his hair, and wept, braying out like a maniac. He proffered free remission of all debts—all offences. He even proffered to leave Scotland, and renounce all claim on the estate. "We'll make shorter wark wi' such a cursed claim as yours," said they, and instantly put a running cord about his neck, and bore him on their arms into the barn, with ferocious alacrity, while he continued roaring out, "Murder, murder!" and "O mercy, mercy!" time about; but none pitied him, or came to the rescue. "Mercy!" cried they in derision; "such as you gave, so shall you have." With that, they threw the end of the rope over a high joist of the barn. A gigantic fellow, who seemed the leader of the gang, seized it; and wrapping it around both his hands, tightened it, and then asked his victim if he had no prayer to pray, and no confession to make?

"O yes, yes! I have, I have!" I have a prayer to pray, and a confession to make," cried the wretch, glad to gain a little respite by any means, in hopes of some motion in his favour. "Grant me a reprieve, and I will confess all."

"Then in this world there is only one chance of a respite," said the gigantic chief, "which is, by confessing all that you know regarding the deaths of our young lady and her friend Lucy Lumadaine."

"I will, I will!" cried he—"Only let me be heard before a tribunal of justice, and not be tried by masked assassins. This, however, I will confess, that my hands are guiltless of their blood."

"It is a lie!" said his accuser fiercely; "and it is meet that such a ruffian go to hell with a lie on his tongue. Pull him up!"

"O no, no!" cried he in agony—"I tell you the truth. The hands of another assassin shed their blood. These hands are clean of it, as I shall answer at the tribunal above!" And so saying, he spread forth his hands towards heaven.

"It is a lie, I tell you, and a blasphemous one!" said the chief. "So either confess the whole truth, or here you go; for we know you for the Queen of England's agent, and guilty of their murder." So saying, he tightened the rope, and began to leave the guilty wretch from the ground.

"Stop, stop, master!" cried one; "perhaps he will yet confess the whole truth and live."

"Yes, yes! Hold, hold!" cried the culprit in the utmost desperation, seizing the rope with both hands, and dragging it down to slacken it; "I will, I will! I will confess all and live. Did you not say live, friend? I long only to live until brought to a fair trial, and I will confess all. I swear then, by all that is sacred, that I did not murder the maidens. But to save my own life, and at the express command of my sovereign, whom I dared not disobey, I connived at it. They were murdered, and I saw them sunk in the place from whence they were taken."

"Then the corpses could not bleed," observed one, "since he was not the actual murderer. This is wonderful! The judgment of Heaven still is just!"

"So is that of Eachan M'Farlane!" cried the gigantic chief, who held the farther end of the rope, and in a moment he had the victim dangling round and round in the air, five feet from the ground. Then there was a great hubbub, some crying one thing and some another, and some madly trying to pull him down again, which finished his existence almost instantaneously. They then fastened the end of the cord, and leaving him hanging, they marched away in a body, going over the Burrow Swire in the evening, as if men from another district.

This singular violence was very little looked into. There was little intermeddling between chief and vassal in these days; and, moreover, it was probably shrewdly guessed from what high and dangerous source the removing of the heiress proceeded. Lowry and Graham were seized next day, but shortly released, it having been proven at once that they were not present, having been both engaged in loading a cart with furniture at the time the outrage took place, and totally ignorant of what was going on; and it is a curious fact, that there never was one of the perpetrators discovered, nor was any one of that district particularly suspected. A M'Farlane there was not in it; and it has, therefore, been often hinted that the vassals had bargained with that wild clan for a body of men to come down and rid them of their upstart tyrant.

That very evening, as a number of the retainers were going to remove the body from the barn, who should they see but the Countess Dowager, their late young lady's mother, who had disappeared on the same night with her daughter, and whom they believed to have been murdered along with her; yet there she was standing at the door of the barn. True, there had been no confession made of her death, neither had it been revealed to Lowry in his vision. But she was missing with the rest, and the horror

of the group may well be conceived when they beheld her standing watching the corpse of the murderer. She was recognised at once, and though she beckoned them onward, and moved forward slowly and majestically to meet them, this was a visitation they had not courage to abide, but retreated in a body to the castle. Still she advanced. It was the dusk of the evening, and as she approached the great front door that looked towards the lake, there were visages of dismay peeping from every window; and as the spectre entered the gate, there was a rush from the castle by the other entrance, which created a noise like thunder.

Great was the consternation that ensued; for from that moment no one durst enter the castle either by day or night, for there were wailings heard within it, and lights seen passing to and fro in the darkness of midnight. At length the old witch issued from her cot in the lin, and summoned Lowry and Graham, and several of the head families, to attend at the castle, and receive their Lady Dowager's commands, who was actually returned to her daughter's castle and estate, living, and in good health. But the warning, coming as it did from such an equivocal source, remained unattended to for a time, the people believing it was the Countess's spirit, not herself, till she showed herself walking about publicly, and then the servants and retainers gathered to her, and obeyed her as in former times.

As she did not reveal to any one where she had been, so no one took it on him to enquire. But she told them that her grief and perplexity had never till then reached its height, for until the dying confession of the wretch whom she knew to be the accredited agent of a tigress, she had strong hopes that her daughter was alive. But that confession had changed her fondest hopes to the deepest sorrow; and she durst not set a foot in England while Queen Elizabeth lived, nor yet remain in Scotland, save in concealment, therefore she thought of proceeding to Flanders.

While things were in this confusion at the castle, who should make his appearance in the vicinity, but the identical horse-jockey who was known to have been the murderer of the young lady their mistress, and suspected likewise to have made away with poor Lucy, the only witness of his atrocities. The fellow now came in grand style, having livery servants attending him; and he was dispatching messengers backwards and forwards to England every day. He had even the effrontery to ride openly about, and make many enquiries of the state of affairs about the castle, supposing, as the vassals judged, that in his new and grand capacity he was not recognised. But his features had left among them an impression of horror not to be obliterated. Every one who had seen him on the former occasion, knew him, and none better than Alexander Graham.

A consultation was called of all the principal retainers, on which it appeared that every one

suspected another English plot, but neither knew what it was, nor how to frustrate it. No one who has not heard the traditional story, or consulted the annals of that family, will guess what was resolved on at that meeting. Simply this, that they would go in a body and hang the English villain. The late event had been so much talked about, so much applauded, and so well kept, that hanging had become rather popular among these sturdy vassals. It was the order of the day; and accordingly that very night a party was made up, accoutred much as the former one, who proceeded to the stranger's hostel, which was not in the village at the castle, but in the larger one at the west end of the loch. There they made a simultaneous attack, demanding the English scoundrels to be delivered into their hands. But they had to do with better men in these English scoundrels than the other party had, and in all probability the attacking party was greatly inferior to the former one, for the Englishman at once, with many tremendous oaths and curses, prepared to defend himself against the whole mob, with no one to support him but his two livery servants. A stout battle ensued at the door, and ten times did the English hero drive them back almost single-handed, cursing them, meanwhile, for all the lousy cowardly assassins of their country gathered together, and swearing, moreover, to extirpate every soul of them; but at length rushing too far forward, he was surrounded, wounded, and taken. For all that, he never ceased laying about him and struggling to the last; and it was questioned if all the men there would have been able to have put the rope about his neck. They never would, without binding both his feet and hands, and neither of the pairs were very easily restrained.

They were dragging him away to a tree, when Habby Simpson, the landlord, arrived to the rescue, with a strong band of villagers, who drew up in front and opposed the assailants; and Habby told them that he would be security for the gentleman's appearance at any tribunal in the kingdom; but that before a stranger should be butchered in such a cowardly way, within his premises, he and his assistants would fight till the last drop of their blood. And, moreover, he requested them to remember, that men who appeared in masks were held as vagabonds, and that he and his friends were at liberty to shoot them all with perfect impunity.

"Why, but, honest Habby," said one, "ye perhaps dinna ken that this is the ruffian who murdered our young lady and Lucy Lumsdaine?"

"It is a lie, ye scoundrel," cried the horse-dealer, with great indignation; "mine are the hands that never injured a woman, though I have risked my life often to save them. But mine is a tale that will not tell here. I appeal to your lady, and backed by this mine host and his friends, I defy you."

The conspirators then insisted on taking him to the castle, but Habby Simpson would not trust him in their hands, but kept him, and be-

came bound for him. The next day, David Dallas, the steward on the estate, came down to take the deposition; but the Englishman lost all patience at the accusation, and would do little else save curse and swear. He denied the murder of the virgins, with many horrid oaths, and proffered to produce them both alive if suffered to depart on his parole.

David replied, "That as for producing the virgins alive, after their murder had been confessed by his companion, with the rope about his neck—after their bodies had both been found and buried, was what no Scottish judge would swallow; he doubted if even an English one would; and that it was natural for such a culprit to wish to be set at liberty; but for his part, he certainly knew of no man living who better deserved the gallows."

The Englishman then began an explanation, as well as his rage would let him; but his dialect was not quite intelligible to David Dallas, who could only smile at such a strange defence, the tenor of which was, that "he undertook the murder of the two young ladies to save them alive."

The steward had no farther patience; so he ordered him to be manacled, conveyed to the castle, and chained in the dungeon. The Countess, after consulting with the steward and several others, entertained no doubt that this man was the murderer of her only daughter and Lucy. Indeed, as the evidence stood, it was impossible to believe otherwise. And it is therefore probable, that, before she left her country, she had resolved to give up the detested agent of a detested woman to popular vengeance, for shortly after he was brought to the castle, at least in a few days, a great mob assembled and peremptorily demanded his life. So he was, as if by compulsion, given up to them, placed on a platform in front of the castle, the rope put about his neck, and a certain time allowed him to make a full confession. He began the same confused story about the Earl of Northumberland, and of his undertaking the murder of the two young ladies to save their lives; but his voice was often drowned by repeated *hurra's* of derision.

At length, as if driven to desperation, he began a hurraing louder than any of them, jumping on the platform as if gone mad, and shouting louder and louder, till, on looking around, they beheld a party coming up at full canter, their own young lady in front, and the young Lord Piercy on her right hand, and Lucy on her left, who were now shouting out to save the brave fellow. The order was instantly obeyed; he was set at liberty, and, ere he left the platform, was invited to be the principal guest of the noble party in the castle.

So ends my tale; and it would perhaps be better to let it end here, without any explanation, as there is one circumstance, and one only, which I cannot explain. This brave Englishman's name was Henry Wilson. He had been for a number of years house-steward to the Earl

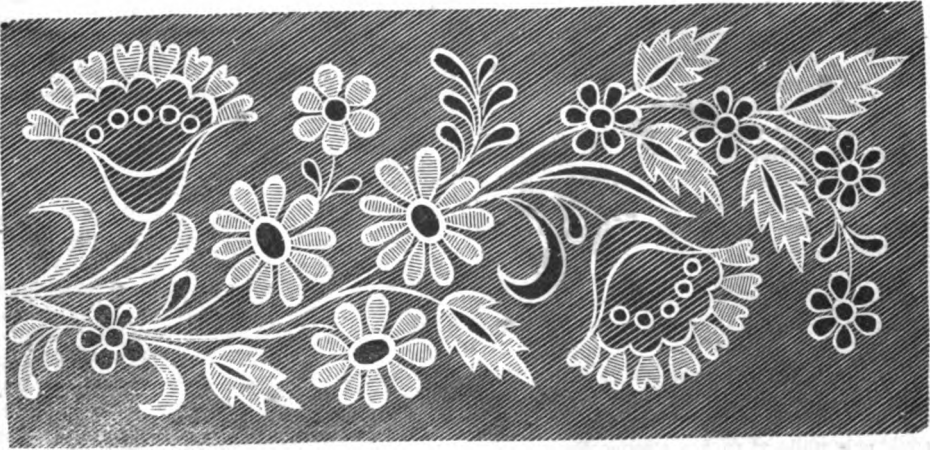
of Northumberland, and heard daily that this great and royal heiress's name was a favourite theme with that ambitious family. On his lord's going up to court at London, Wilson was dismissed for some irregularities, which he took greatly to heart. And he being a man out of place, and probably a dissipated character, was applied to, among others, to make away with this dangerous heiress to two crowns. He agreed to it at once, promising, for a high reward, to be the principal agent, but determined, by some means or other, to save the young lady's life, as the sure means of ingratiating himself with his beloved and indulgent master. Fortune favoured him particularly on his gracious intent in the first instance; for on the night when he had promised to bring the young lady, dead or alive, to his associates, there chanced to be the corpse of a French girl in the castle, newly dead and screwed in her coffin, and it was for her the new grave was made in the churchyard. That body he took to his associates, filling the coffin with rubbish; and the young lady he conveyed safe to Alnwick Castle. She being most anxious to have her foster-sister, Lucy, with her, and the latter proving a great stumbling-block to the new claimant, he undertook, on the promise of another reward, to make away with her also, and sink her in the loch beside her mistress. He so managed matters, that he received the reward, and deceived the villain a second time, conveying Lucy safe to her beloved mistress; but where he procured the second body that was sunk in the sack, is the only circumstance which I never heard explained. The presumptive heiress of two crowns was joyfully received, and most honourably treated by the Piercys, while young Lord Piercy and she were privately betrothed to each other, while the indefatigable Henry Wilson was raised higher in his chief's favour than ever.

I must now add a suggestion of my own, of the certainty of which I have no doubt. It is, that the witchwife was the Countess Dowager in deep disguise, remaining on the estate to watch and assist the progress of events. And I think, that in order to keep her people free of all blame or suspicion, that it was she who had engaged a sept of the M'Farlanes to come down and cut off the intruding incendiary.

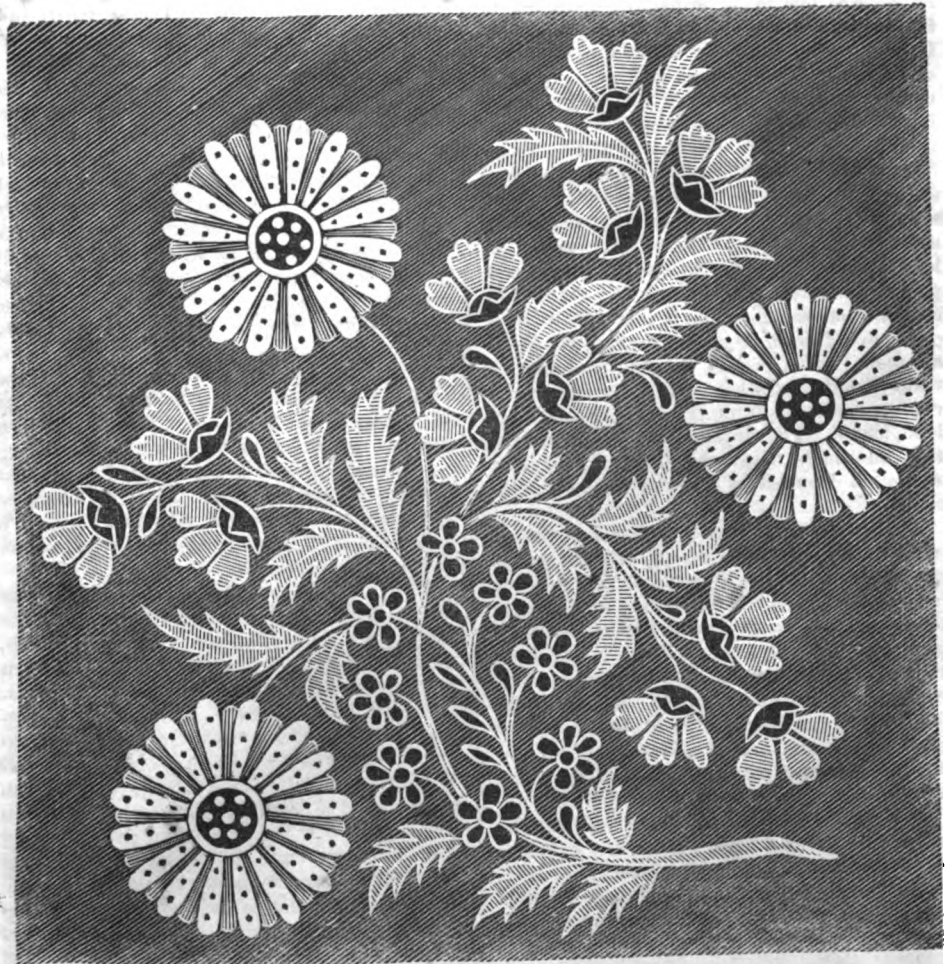
Now, although a small share of these incidents are traditionary, if any one suspects that the story is forged out of malice to Queen Elizabeth, the greatest and vilest of her sex, let such turn to Lodge's Illustrations of British History, vol. ii. p. 123; ditto, vol. iii. p. 178; Pennant's London, p. 259; and see, also, Grainger's Biographical History, and the Peerage of Scotland, vol. ii. p. 98, and State Trials, vol. i. p. 174, and such will be satisfied, that, had Elizabeth never been guilty of another act of cruelty during her long and illustrious reign, the treatment which that beautiful and accomplished lady received, was more than sufficient to have made the name of this sovereign to stink in the nostrils of all her sex, and every free subject of this empire.

EMBROIDERY FOR HEAD DRESSES.

SIDE PATTERN.



CROWN PATTERN.



SHE HATH PASSED FROM THE EARTH.

She hath passed from the earth but we may not lament her,
Nor mourn her return to a holier clime;
She but lingered below until he who had sent her
Recalled her to Eden in morning's sweet prime.

Could the beauty and freshness of youth have retained her,
We had not been called o'er her slumber to weep;
Yet mourn not, since death in his power hath but gained her
A joyful awaking from earth's transient sleep.

Ere the sorrows of earth or its passions had moved her;
Ere darkened the light of her innocent brow;
She bade a farewell unto those who had so loved her,
And whispered—My father, I come to thee now.

The terrors of death had no power to alarm her—
She felt not his darkness and feared not his sting.—
The thought of her Saviour's kind mercy could calm her.
And the spirit went upward on Faith's ardent wing.

SEEK NOT WITH GOLD OR GLITTERING GEM.

WRITTEN BY T. H. BAILLY.

Seek not with gold or glitt'ring gem,
My simple heart to move;
To share a kingly diadem
Would never gain my love.
The heart that's formed in virtue's mould,
For heart should be exchanged;
The love that once is bought with gold,
May be by gold estranged.

Can wealth relieve the lab'ring mind?
Or calm the soul to rest?
What healing balm can riches find
To soothe the bleeding breast?
'Tis love, and love alone, has power
To bless without alloy;
To cheer affliction's darkest hour,
And heighten every joy.

MIRROR OF THE GRACES:

PRELIMINARY OBSERVATIONS ON THE SUBJECT.

"Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd;
For contemplation he, and valour form'd;
For softness she, and sweet attractive grace;
He for God only, she for God in him."—MILTON.

In discoursing on the degree of consequence, in the scale of creation, that may be allowed to the human body, two extremes are generally adopted. Epicureans, for obvious reasons, exalt our corporeal part to the first rank; and Stoics, by opposite deductions, degrade it to the last. But to neither of these opinions can the writer of these pages concede.

The body is as much a part of the human creature as the mind; by its outward expression, we convey to others a sense of our opinions, hopes, fears, and affections—we communicate love, and we excite it. We enjoy, not only the pleasures of the senses, but the delights which shoot from mind to mind, in the pressure of a hand, the glance of an eye, and the whisper of the heart. Shall we then despise this ready and obedient vehicle of all that passes within the invisible soul? Shall we condemn it as a lump of encumbering clay—as a piece of corruption, fitter for the charnal-house than the bosom of affection?

These ascetic ideas may be consistent with the thankless superstition of the ancient Zenos, or the modern fanatics, who see neither beauty nor joyfulness in the works of the bounteous Lord of Nature; but the rational and fair-judging mind, which acknowledges "use and decency" in all the Creator's works, while it turns from the pagan devotion which the libertine pays to his own body, regards that inferior part of himself with the respect which is due to it in consideration of its Maker and its purpose.

"Reverence thyself!" says the philosopher, "not only with relation to the mind which directs,

but to the body which executes. God created the body, not only for usefulness, but adorned it with loveliness; and what he has made so pleasing, shall we disesteem, and refuse to apply to its admirable destination?—The very approving and innocent complacency we all feel in the contemplation of beauty, whether it be that of a landscape or of a flower, is a sufficient witness that the pleasure which pervades our hearts at the sight of human charms, was planted there by the Divine Främer of all things, as a principle of delight and social attraction." To this end, then, I seek to turn your attention, my fair countrywomen, upon YOURSELVES!—not only to the cultivation of your minds, but to maintain in its intended station that inferior part of yourselves, which mistaken gravity would, on the one hand, lead you to neglect as altogether worthless; and vanity, on the other, incline you too much to cherish, and egregiously to overvalue.

From this you will gather, that the PERSON of a woman is the primary subject of this discourse.

Mothers, perhaps, (those estimable mothers who value the souls as the better parts of their daughters,) may start at such a text. But I call them to recollect, that it is "good all things should be in order!" This is a period when absurdity, bad taste, shamelessness, and self-interest, in the shapes of tire-men and tire-women, have arranged themselves in close siege around the beauty, and even chastity, of your daughters; and to preserve these graces in their original purity, I. a woman of virtue and a Chris-

tian, do not think it beneath my dignity to lift my pen.

Dr. Knox will not refuse to be my auxiliary, as a grave auxiliary may be necessary to give consequence to a subject usually deemed so trivial. "Taste requires a congruity between the internal character and the external appearance," says he; "and the imagination will involuntarily form to itself an idea of such a correspondence. First ideas are in general of considerable consequence; and I should, therefore, think it wise in the female world to take care that their *appearance* should not convey a forbidding idea to the most superficial observer."

Another author shall speak for me besides this respected moralist. The very High Priest of the Graces, the discriminating Chesterfield, declared, that "a prepossessing exterior is a perpetual letter of recommendation." To show how different such an exterior is from affectation and extravagance, is one object of these pages; and I hope that my fair and candid readers will, after perusal, lay them down with a conviction that beauty is a blessing, and is to be used with maidenly discretion; that modesty is grace; simplicity elegance; and consistency the charm which rivets the attracted heart of well-judging men.

That you have sought my sentiments on these subjects makes it easier to me to enter into the minute detail I meditate. Indeed, I have ever blamed, as impolitic, the austerity which condemns, without distinction, any attention to personal appearance. It is surely more reasonable to direct the youthful mind to that medium between negligence and nicety which will preserve the person in health and elegance, than, by leaving a young woman ignorant of the real and supposed advantages of these graces, render her liable to learn the truth in the worst way from strangers, who will either insult her aggravated deformity, or teach her to set off her before-obscured charms with, perhaps, meretricious assistance.

It is unjust and dangerous to hold out false lights to young persons; for, finding that their guides have, in one respect, designedly led them astray, they may be led likewise to reject as untrue all else they have been taught; and so nothing but disappointment, error, and rebellion can be the consequence.

Let girls advancing to womanhood be told the true state of the world with which they are to mingle. Let them know its real opinions on the subjects connected with themselves as women, companions, friends, relatives. Hide not from them what society thinks and expects on all these matters; but fail not to show them, at the same time, where the fashions of the day would lead them wrong—where the laws of heaven and man's approving (though not always submitting) reason, would keep them right.

Let religion and morality be the foundation of the female character. The artist may then adorn the structure without any danger to its safety. When a girl is instructed on the great purposes

of her existence—that she is an immortal being, as well as a mortal woman—you may, without fearing ill impressions, show her, that as we admire the beauty of the rose, as well as esteem its medicinal power, so her personal charms will be dear in the eyes of him whose heart is occupied by the graces of her yet more estimable mind. We may safely teach a well-educated girl, that virtue ought to wear an inviting aspect—that it is due to her excellence to decorate her comely apparel. But we must never cease to remember that it is *VIRTUE* we seek to adorn. It must not be a merely beautiful form; for that, if it possess not the charm of intelligence, the bond of rational tenderness, is a frame without a soul—a statue which we look on and admire, pass away and forget. We must impress upon the yet ingenuous maid, that while beauty attracts, its influence is transient, unless it presents itself as the harbinger of that good sense and principle which can alone secure the affection of a husband, the esteem of friends, and the respect of the world. Show her that regularity of features and symmetry of form are not essentials in the composition of the woman whom the wise man would select as the partner of his life. Seek, as an example, some one of your less fair acquaintance, whose sweet disposition, gentle manners, and winning deportment, render her the delight of her kindred, the dear solace of her husband. Show your young and lovely pupil what use this amiable woman has made of her few talents; and then call on her to cultivate her more extraordinary endowments to the glory of her Creator, the honour of her parents, and to the maintenance of her own happiness in both worlds. To do this, requires that her aims should be virtuous, and the means she employs to reach them of the same nature.

We know, from every record under heaven, from the sacred page to that of the heathen world, that woman was made to be the helpmate of man—that, by rendering herself pleasing in his sight, she is the assuager of his pains, the solacer of his woe, the sharer of his joys, the chief agent in the communication of his sublunary bliss. This is beautifully alluded to in the Book of Genesis, where the work of Creation is represented as incomplete, and the felicity of Paradise itself imperfect, till woman was bestowed to consummate its delights:—

"The world was sad! the garden was a wild;
And man, the hermit, sigh'd—till woman smiled."

We have all read in the sacred oracles, that "a woman's desire is unto her husband!" and for that tender relation, the first on earth, (for, before the bonds of relationship, man and woman became a wedded pair,) woman must leave father and mother, and cleave unto him alone. Hence, I shall no longer beg the question, whether it be not right that a chaste maid should adorn herself with the graces of youth and modesty, and, with a sober reference to the duties of her sex, present herself a candidate for the love and protection of manliness and virtue in the most agreeable manner possible.

By making the fairness of the body the sign of the mind's purity, man is imperceptibly attracted to the object designed for him by heaven as the partner of his life, the future mother of his children, and the angel which is to accompany him into eternity. Hence, insignificant as the means may seem, the end is great; and poor as we may choose to consider them, we all feel their effects, and enjoy their sweetness.

Having thus explained my subject, my fair friends will readily perceive, that there cannot be any thing hostile to female delicacy in the prosecution of my scheme. I give to woman all her privileges; I allow her the empire of all her personal charms; I will assist her to increase their force: but it must be with a constant reference to their being the ensign of her more estimable mental attractions. She must never suppose that when I insist on attention to person and manners, I forget the mind and heart; or when I commend external grace, that I pass unregarded the internal beauty of the virgin soul.

In order to give a regular and perspicuous elucidation of the several branches of my subject, I shall arrange them under separate heads. Sometimes I may illustrate by observations drawn from abroad, at other times by remarks collected at home. Having been a traveller in my youth, whilst visiting foreign courts with my husband, on an errand connected with the general welfare of nations, I could not overlook the influence which the women of every country hold over the morals and happiness of the opposite sex in every rank and degree.

Fine taste in apparel I have ever seen the companion of pure morals, whilst a licentious style of dress was as certainly the token of the like laxity in manners and conduct. To correct this dangerous fashion, ought to be the study and attempt of every mother—of every daughter—of every woman.

NIGHTINGALES.

It is amazing how much superfluous poetry and enthusiasm have been lavished on the nightingale. From Ovid to Milton—from Milton to Anacreon Moore, every bard who can cry Ay me!—and "couple but love and dove," has wasted a stanza or so, in honour of that

"Sole voice, the poet's and the lover's bird,"

which charmed the ear of silence in Eden, and formed the time-piece of Romeo and Juliet in Verona. Wordsworth, the lover of nature, and Horace Walpole—the lover of point ruffles and old Dresden—have shown themselves unanimous in this predilection, and, not content with uttering, in praise of Philomel, as much fulsome adulation as might serve to propitiate a queen, or puff a prima-donna, the scribblers of every time and every country have falsified the records of ornithology, and taught this quavering minstrel to sing with her breast against a thorn!

But hark how these doctors disagree in their judgment on the patient and her characteristics!

While one defines the nightingale as a bird which

"Turns its sad soul to music,"

and Byron asserts of his transmigrated Zuleika's feathered representative, that

"It were the bulbul, but her throat,
Though mournful, pours not such a note,"

Milton defines it as

"The wakeful nightingale,
Who all night long her amorous descant sung."

Now, in point of fact, there is nothing either sad or sentimental in the song of the nightingale. It is an incessant tinkling, trilling, monotonous, yet laboured effort of execution; and with the exception of the "jug, jug, jug," which occasionally interrupts the thin and Rossinian character of its strains, there is not a poetical note in its whole gamut. Philomel is the Henrietta Sontag of the woods—unimpassioned, artificial, but miraculous in point of delicacy of execution; and the fact of her being a *night* vocalist, instead of establishing her claims to sentimentality as

"Most musical, most melancholy,"

proves only the self-conviction of the bird that its strains are incompetent to vie with those of its fellow choristers—or perhaps an envious and invidious desire of distinction. The ancient apologue of the nightingale expiring in the successful effort of rivalry with the poet's lute, proves that it has ever been suspected of a paltry and narrow jealousy of competition.

Who, that has ever listened to the mellow vesper hymn of the blackbird, or the thrush-notes gushing in bursts of gladness from the heart of a hawthorn bush, but must acknowledge that there dwells more poetry in their music than in all the demi-semi-quavers of the "plaintive Philomel?" What lover of poetical justice but longs to transpose the line of Petrarch,

"E garrir Prôgne—e pianger Filomele,"

and distribute the *garritura* to the tinkling nightingale?—But we forbear!—We are conscious that the theme is importunate to our civic readers, and rustic in the ears of the clubs. But we are also aware that this midnight minstrel, whose variety is mistaken for vexation of spirit, has been heard, during the present week, to great advantage in the fashionable latitudes of Knightsbridge Barracks, and Buckingham Gardens; and whereas many of the subscribers to the Court Journal, in addition to our unlucky selves, may be at this moment plunged into the desolation of sylvan exile, in order to canvass an ungrateful county, it is probable that other ears, besides our own, may be vexed by the untimely and importunate quavering, which at this very hour of the night is bursting from the lilac trees beneath our window. With such parliamentary pilgrims we claim some sympathy; and appeal from Strawberry Hill to all the rational ears in Christendom against the monopoly of praise which has been partially bestowed on the daughter of Pandion.—*London Court Journal.*

TOO SOON.

Too soon!—too soon!—how oft that word
Comes o'er the spirit like a spell;
Awakening every mournful chord
That in the human heart may dwell;
Of hopes that perish'd in their noon—
Of youth decay'd—too soon—too soon!

Too soon!—too soon!—it is a sound
To dim the sight with many a tear;
As bitterly we gaze around,
And find how few we loved are here!
Ah!—when shall we again commune
With those we lost—too soon!—too soon!

Too soon!—too soon!—how wild that tone
Bursts on our dearest hours of bliss,
And leaves us silent and alone,
To muse on such a theme as this:
To frown upon the quiet moon,
Whose parting light comes all too soon!

Too soon!—too soon!—if e'er were thine
The joys, the fears, the hopes of love;
If thou hast knelt before the shrine
Of beauty in some starlight grove:
Whose lips, young roses breathed of June,
Thou'st wept these words—too soon!—too soon!

Too soon is stamp'd on every leaf,
In characters of dim decay!
Too soon is writ in tears of grief,
On all things fading fast away!
Oh! is there one terrestrial boon,
Our hearts lose not—too soon!—too soon!

LIFE'S MAZY COURSE.

We walk in mystery, from the careless morning
When young existence finds its hopes begun;
When to a goal whence there is no returning,
Our frolic feet the race of childhood run;
In the soft breeze of eve—the sky—the ground,
A dream like mystery hovers all around.

We mark the mountains rise, their summits peering
In independence through the azure air—
Where fearless eagles in their pride careering,
Fan the gay notes in streaming sunbeams there;
We hear the cataacts mingle with their scream;
'Tis like the mystery of a lofty dream.

By the wild sea we stray, when day descending
Pours its rich colours on the painted tide;
Occiduous light with the blue surges blending,
That brightly onward, uttering music, glide;
Till sweetly melting on the golden sand,
Their solemn anthem stirs the haunted land.

Then come the whispers of some parted spirit
That blessed our pilgrimage in days gone by;
Who, some fair crown of victory to inherit,
Left earth's low phantom's for a rest on high;
Mysterious voices seem to reach the ear
As if the rush of seraph wings were near!

In the deep hours of winter's starry even,
When the pale hills are robed in statelike snow;
In the rich calm of summer's twilight heaven,
When balm and music on their journeys go;
High mysteries, like clouds, are cast abroad—
Their depths are awful—and their source is God!

THE LETTER-BELL,

BY THE LATE WILLIAM HAZLITT.

COMPLAINTS are frequently made of the vanity and shortness of human life, when, if we examine its smallest details, they present a world by themselves. The most trifling objects, retraced with the eye of memory, assume the vividness, the delicacy, and importance of insects seen through a magnifying glass. There is no end of the brilliancy or the variety. The habitual feeling of the love of life may be compared to "one entire and perfect chrysolite," which, if analyzed, breaks into a thousand shining fragments. Ask the sum-total of the value of human life, and we are puzzled with the length of the account, and the multiplicity of items in it; take any of them apart, and it is wonderful what matter for reflection will be found in it! As I write this, the *Letter-Bell* passes: it has a lively, pleasant sound with it, and not only fills the street with its importunate clamour, but rings clear through the length of many half-forgotten years. It strikes upon the ear, it vibrates to the brain, it wakes me from the dream of time, it flings me back upon my first entrance into life, the period of my first coming up to town, when all around was strange, uncertain, adverse—a hubbub of confused noises, a chaos of shifting objects—and

when this sound alone, startling me with the recollection of a letter I had to send to the friends I had lately left, brought me as it were to myself, made me feel that I had links still connecting me with the universe, and gave me hope and patience to persevere. At that loud tinkling, interrupted sound (now and then), the long line of blue hills near the place where I was brought up waves in the horizon, a golden sunset hovers over them, the dwarf-oaks rustle their red leaves in the evening breeze, and the road from — to —, by which I first set out on my journey through life, stares me in the face as plain, but from time and change not less visionary and mysterious than the pictures in the *Pilgrim's Progress*. I should notice, that at this time the light of the French Revolution circled my head like a glory, though dabbled with drops of crimson gore: I walked confident and cheerful by its side—

"And by the vision splendid
Was on my way attended."

It rose then in the east: it has again risen in the west. Two suns in one day, two triumphs of liberty in one age, is a miracle which I hope the Laureate will hail in appropriate verse. Or may

not Mr. Wordsworth give a different turn to the fine passage, beginning—

“What, though the radiance which was once so bright,
Be now for ever vanished from my sight;
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of glory in the grass, of splendour in the flower?”

For is it not brought back, “like morn risen on mid-night;” and may he not yet greet the yellow light shining on the evening bank with eyes of youth, of genius, and freedom, as of yore? No, never! But what would not these persons give for the unbroken integrity of their early opinions—for one unshackled, uncontaminated strain—one *lo pœan* to Liberty—one burst of indignation against tyrants and sycophants, who subject other countries to slavery by force, and prepare their own for it by servile sophistry, as we see the huge serpent lick over its trembling, helpless victim with its slime and poison, before it devours it! On every stanza so penned would be written the word *RECREANT!* Every taunt, every reproach, every note of exultation at restored light and freedom, would recall to them how their hearts failed them in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. And what shall we say to *him*—the sleep-walker, the dreamer, the sophist, the word-hunter, the craver after sympathy, but still vulnerable to truth, accessible to opinion, because not sordid or mechanical? The Bourbons being no longer tied about his neck, he may perhaps recover his original liberty of speculating; so that we may apply to him the lines about his own *Ancient Mariner*—

“And from his neck a free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.”

This is the reason I can write an article on the *Letter-Bell*, and other such subjects; I have never given the lie to my own soul. If I have felt any impression once, I feel it more strongly a second time; and I have no wish to revile and discard my best thoughts. There is at least a thorough *keeping* in what I write—not a line that betrays a principle or disguises a feeling. If my wealth is small, it all goes to enrich the same heap; and trifles in this way accumulate to a tolerable sum.—Or if the *Letter-Bell* does not lead me a dance into the country, it fixes me in the thick of my town recollections, I know not how long ago. It was a kind of alarm to break off from my work when there happened to be company to dinner or when I was going to the play. That was going to the play, indeed, when I went twice a-year, and had not been more than half a dozen times in my life. Even the idea that any one else in the house was going, was a sort of reflected enjoyment, and conjured up a lively anticipation of the scene. I remember a Miss D——, a maiden lady from Wales (who in her youth was to have been married to an earl), tantalized me greatly in this way, by talking all day of going to see Mrs. Siddons’ “airs and graces” at night in some favourite part; and when the *Letter-Bell* announced that the time was approaching, and its last receding sound lingered on the ear, or was lost in silence, how

anxious and uneasy I became, lest she and her companion should not be in time to get good places—lest the curtain should draw up before they arrived—and lest I should lose one line or look in the intelligent report which I should hear the next morning! The punctuating of time at that early period—every thing that gives it an articulate voice—seems of the utmost consequence; for we do not know what scenes in the *ideal* world may run out of them: a world of interest may hang upon every instant, and we can hardly sustain the weight of future years which are contained in embryo in the most minute and inconsiderable passing events. How often have I put off writing a letter till it was too late! How often had to run after the postman with it—now missing, now recovering, the sound of his bell—breathless, angry with myself—then hearing the welcome sound come full round a corner—and seeing the scarlet costume which set all my fears and self-reproaches at rest! I do not recollect having ever repented giving a letter to the postman, or wishing to retrieve it after he had once deposited it in his bag. What I have once set my hand to, I take the consequences of, and have been always pretty much of the same humour in this respect. I am not like the person who, having sent off a letter to his mistress, who resided a hundred and twenty miles in the country, and disapproving, on second thoughts, of some expressions contained in it, took a post-chaise and four to follow and intercept it the next morning. At other times, I have sat and watched the decaying embers in a little *back* painting-room (just as the wintry day declined), and brooded over the half-finished copy of a Rembrandt, or a landscape by Van-goyen, placing it where it might catch a dim gleam of light from the fire, while the *Letter-Bell* was the only sound that drew my thoughts to the world without, and reminded me that I had a task to perform in it. As to that landscape, methinks I see it now—

“The slow canal, the yellow blossomed vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail.”

There was a windmill, too, with a poor low clay-built cottage beside it:—how delighted I was when I had made the tremulous, undulating reflection in the water, and saw the dull canvass become a lucid mirror of the commonest features of nature! Certainly, painting gives one a strong interest in nature and humanity (it is not the *dandy-school* of morals or sentiment)—

“While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony and the deep power of Joy,
We see into the life of things.”

Perhaps there is no part of a painter’s life (if we must tell the “secrets of the prison-house”) in which he has more enjoyment of himself and his art, than that in which after his work is over, and with furtive sidelong glances at what he has done, he is employed in washing his brushes and cleaning his pallet for the day. Afterwards, when he gets a servant in livery to do this for him, he may have other and more ostensible

sources of satisfaction—greater splendour, wealth, or fame; but he will not be so wholly in his art, nor will his art have such a hold on him as when he was too poor to transfer its meanest drudgery to others—too humble to despise aught that had to do with the object of his glory and his pride, with that on which all his projects of ambition or pleasure were founded. "Entire affection scorneth nicer hands." When the professor is above this mechanical part of his business, it may have become a *stalking-horse* to other worldly schemes, but is no longer his *hobby-horse* and the delight of his inmost thoughts—

"His shame in crowds, his solitary pride!"

I used sometimes to hurry through this part of my occupation, while the Letter-Bell (which was my dinner-bell) summoned me to the fraternal board, where youth and hope

"Made good digestion wait on appetite
And health on both;"

or oftener I put it off till after dinner, that I might loiter longer and with more luxurious indolence over it, and connect it with the thoughts of my next day's labours.

The dustman's-bell, with its heavy monotonous noise, and the brisk, lively tinkle of the muffin-bell, have something in them, but not much. They will bear dilating upon with the utmost license of inventive prose. All things are not alike *conductors* to the imagination. A learned Scotch professor found fault with an ingenious friend and arch-critic for cultivating a rookery on his grounds: the professor declared "he would as soon think of encouraging a *frog-gery*." This was barbarous as it was senseless. Strange, that a country that has produced the Scotch Novels and Gertrude of Wyoming should want sentiment!

The postman's double knock at the door the next morning is "more german to the matter." How that knock often goes to the heart! We distinguish to a nicety the arrival of the Two-penny or the General Post. The summons of the latter is louder and heavier, as bringing news from a greater distance, and as, the longer it has been delayed, fraught with a deeper interest. We catch the sound of what is to be paid—eight-pence, nine-pence, a shilling—and our hopes generally rise with the postage. How we are provoked at the delay in getting change—at the servant who does not hear the door! Then if the postman passes, and we do not hear the expected knock, what a pang is there! It is like the silence of death—of hope! We think he does it on purpose, and enjoys all the misery of our suspense. I have sometimes walked out to see the Mail-Coach pass, by which I had sent a letter, or to meet it when I expected one. I never see a Mail-Coach, for this reason, but I look at it as the bearer of glad tidings—the messenger of fate. I have reason to say so.—The finest sight in the metropolis is that of the Mail-Coaches setting off from Piccadilly. The horses paw the ground, and are impatient to be gone, as if conscious of the precious burden they con-

vey. There is a peculiar secrecy and despatch, significant and full of meaning, in all the proceedings concerning them. Even the outside passengers have an erect and supercilious air, as if proof against the accidents of the journey. In fact, it seems indifferent whether they are to encounter the summer's heat or winter's cold, since they are borne through the air in a winged chariot. The Mail-Carts drive up; the transfer of packages is made; and, at a signal given, they start off, bearing the irrevocable scrolls that give wings to thought, and that bind or sever hearts for ever. How we hate the Putney and Brentford stages that draw up in a line after they are gone! Some persons think the sublimest object in nature is a ship launched on the bosom of the ocean: but give me, for my private satisfaction, the Mail-Coaches that pour down Piccadilly of an evening, tear up the pavement, and devour the way before them to the Land's-End!

In Cowper's time, Mail-Coaches were hardly set up; but he has beautifully described the coming in of the Post-Boy:—

"Hark! 'tis the twanging horn o'er yonder bridge,
That with its wearisome but needful length
Besrides the wintry flood, in which the moon
Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright:—
He comes the herald of a noisy world,
With spattered boots, strapped waist, and frozen locks;
News from all nations lumbering at his back.
True to his charge, the close packed load behind,
Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
Is to conduct it to the destined inn;
And having dropped the expected bag, pass on.
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch!
Cold and yet cheerful; messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some;
To him indifferent whether grief or joy.
Houses in ashes and the fall of stocks,
Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet
With tears that trickled down the writer's cheeks
Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,
Or charged with amorous sighs of absent swains
Or nymphs responsive, equally affect
His horse and him, unconscious of them all."

And yet, notwithstanding this, and so many other passages that seem like the very marrow of our being, Lord Byron denies that Cowper was a poet!—The Mail-Coach is an improvement on the Post-Boy; but I fear it will hardly bear so poetical a description. The picturesque and dramatic do not keep pace with the useful and mechanical. The telegraphs that lately communicated the intelligence of the new revolution to all France within a few hours, are a wonderful contrivance; but they are less striking and appalling than the beacon-fires (mentioned by Æschylus), which, lighted from hill-top to hill-top, announced the taking of Troy and the return of Agamemnon.

WOMAN.

How continually, in retirement and in the world, is the lesson of submission forced upon woman. To suffer and be silent under suffering, seems the great command she has to obey; while man is allowed to wrestle with calamity, and to conquer or die in the struggle.

THE HYPOCHONDRIAC.

"HERE is a day! an English day in February!—rain, snow, wind—sleet, snow, rain—snow, rain, sleet—reciprocated *ad nauseam*, and all in the course of three little hours of sixty minutes each—Horrible climate!—Wretched beings who are heirs to it!—Lapland is a perpetual Paradise to it—Siberia an eternal summer! . . . Why should I stay here and die? for die I must—Who can live in such a country? and how can people, respectable people, be guilty of such a lie as to say that they do *live* in such a country? They don't; and they know they don't. It is not life, nor is it death—it is some intermediate state which they cannot understand, and have no term to express. But I see the horrid distinction too palpably, and sink, sink hourly under the knowledge!

"I'll go out:—I cannot catch more than fifty entirely English complaints, which no man attached to the institutions of his country can wish to be without. Yes, I'll go out; for I shall have that simpering Simpson calling again, who pretends to cheerfulness—the impostor!—Cheerfulness in the city!—Preposterous lie!—and comes here grinning, chuckling, and crowing out his good-humour, as he thinks it—his melancholy, the unhappy man!—That Johnson, too, threatened *he* would call—Heaven avert such an infliction! I hate that fellow; and I hate his fat French poodle, waddling and wheezing about the place, like a hearth-rug with an asthma!—And that Mr. Montmidden, the poet—poet, pah!—That's a puppy—one of the sore-throat-catching school—fellows who think a sonnet and a neck-cloth incompatible! He'll be coming here with his collar down on his shoulders, like a greyhound's ears, and his eyes turned up to the attic windows, as if he was apostrophising the nursery-maid over the way. Thank heaven, I hate every affectation most heartily!

"I must go out; for, only listen a moment to those Miss Thompsons, next door, beating Rossini to death with wires!—and he deserves the martyrdom;—that intolerable Italian has done more to break the peace of this country than all the radicals and riotists in the last quarter of a century. And there's that Betty, below, buzzing about like a bee, with that eternal Barcarole! I begin to be of opinion with Mrs. Rundell (*Domestic Cookery*, p. 18), that "Maids should be hung up for one day at least." If I stay at home, I shall be bored again with that rhubarb-headed Doctor counting my pulse and the fractional parts of his fee at the same time—one, two, three, four, five pulsations—shillings, he means, in fewer seconds; and looking at my tongue—What's my tongue to him, the quack!—as Figaro sings, "Let him look to his own."

"Yes, I'll go out; for it is as safe out of doors as in. More wind!—There's a gust! A Trinidad tornado is a trumpet-solo to it!—More sleet—now snow—and that's rain! What a country! what a clime!—Good heavens! there's a gust!—

Ha! ha! ha! the chimney-pots at No. 10 are off on a visit to those at No. 11!—and the fox which surmounted the chimney at No. 9, is at his old tricks with the pigeons at No. 8!—Whew!—well-flown pigeon!—well-run fox!—Down they go over the parapet, with a running accompaniment of tiles and coping-stones!—That slow gentleman with the umbrella!—the whole is about his head!—down he goes!—he is killed!—Murder!—no, up he gets again!—away goes his umbrella!—and now his hat!—a steeple-chase is sedentary to his pursuit!—they have turned the corner, hat, umbrella, and gentleman!—two to one on the hat!—no taker's?—Oh lachrymose laughter! melancholy mirth! . . .

"Mrs. Fondleman, if anything should happen to me in my absence—why do you smile, Madam?—my affairs are arranged—you will find my will in the writing-desk; and the cash in the drawer will disburse your account for the last quarter."

"La, sir! are you out of your senses?"

"Suppose I am, Madam, have not I, as an Englishman, the birth-right to be so, if I choose?—Not a word more, but give me my parabolous, cloak, and umbrella, and let me go, for go I will. . . . It is a sullen, and savage satisfaction, in a day like this, when nature plays the churl, and makes one dark and damp at the heart as herself, to look abroad at her in her own wretched woods, and swampy fields, and to see that she is as melancholy and miserable as she has rendered us. . . . Pish! pah! pho! rain, sleet, and snow. Merry England!—but no matter—out I will go. No, I will not have a coach—a hearse would be more german to the weather. It is of no use your dissuading me, Madam, I am determined. . . .

* * * * *

"Well, here I am, I care not how many miles from town, that charnel-house of cheerfulness!—What a walk I have had! Walk? wade, I should have said. And what a frightful series of faces I have met all along the road!—and all, I am happy to say, to all appearance as miserable and unhappy as myself—all climate-struck, winter-wretched, English-happy! But I am wet, weary, and hungry—where shall I dry myself?—where dine myself? Psha! what is the use of drying or dining, either? *Tedet me vitæ*. . . .

"What have we here? 'The Marlborough Head.' Another glorious cut-throat's fighting face, making five in ten miles; two land, and three amphibious!—I wonder when the men of peace may hope to have their heads hung out for signs? Well, the men of war are welcome to the preference, and may divide their out-of-door honours with the Blue Boars and Red Lions of less naval and military publicans. 'Horses taken in to bait'—aye, and asses too—I'll enter. . . . Curse the bell-rope!—woven of cobweb, I suppose, that it may be added as another item to the bill. Waiter!

[Enter Boots.]—"Zur."

"What a brute! in a smock-frock tucked up—one hand in his pocket fumbling his half-pence—a head like a hedgehog—a mere mandrake in top-boots and corduroys—with a Salisbury-plain of cheek; the entire being a personification of that elegant compound word *chaw-bacon*. What is man, if this Cyclops is one!—Have you any thing to eat?"

"Zur?"

"Why do you stand there rubbing your hair down? It's flat enough, you sleek roughness! Send your master."

"Ize noa measter, Zur."

"What have you then? who is your keeper?"

"Missuz."

"Well, send in the Sycorax. What a horrible dungeon of a room they have put me into!—fit only for treasons, stratagems, and spoils!—dark, dismal, black-wainscoted, and ringing to the tread like a vaulted tomb! But what matter!—can it be more dreary than my mind? No. Then here will I take 'mine ease in mine inn.' Curses on that peg in the wall! It was put up to hang a hat upon; but it seems by its look to hint that it could sustain the weight of the wearer. And that imp there, perched on the point of it; how busy it is adjusting an unsubstantial rope, with a supernatural Jack Ketch-like sort of solemnity!—Shadows seem to flicker along the wall, and hideous faces mop and mow at me! That knot in the oaken wainscot glares at me like the eye of an Ogre! The worm-eaten floor cracks and squeaks under my tread; and the cricket shrills under the hearth-stone!—And that hideous half-length of a publican of Queen Anne's Augustan age!—how the plush-coated monster stares at me, like an owl from an ivy-bush metamorphosed into a wig!—I cannot bear this!—Waiter! waiter!—[Enter the Landlady.]—What, in the name of all that is monumental, have we here? The Whole Duty of Man, in one volume, *tall copy—neat*.—I never beheld such a woman till now!—six feet two, I should think, in her slippers! Respected be the memory of the late landlord of the Marlborough Head! If he subdued such an Eve as this, he was a greater conqueror than him whose sign he once lived under."

"What is your pleasure, sir?" curtsying respectfully.

(I stand up—and my eyes are on a line with the keys at her waist.) "Mrs. — Mrs. —"

"Furlong, sir, at your command."

"Furlong!—mile, exactly—not a foot less. Be good enough, Mrs. Furlong, to let me have a couple of chops, cooked in your most capable manner; and, pray, do show me into a more cheerful room!"

"Certainly, sir." (I follow, like a minnow in the wake of a leviathan!)

"Aye, this will do better. Here I can see what is going on in the world, though it is not worth looking at. [Exit Landlady.] I have an antipathy to tall women, but really there is something sublime in this Mrs. Furlong; and as a

lover of the picturesque, I shall patronise her. Now, if I was not sick of this working-day world, and all the parts and parcels of it, I should be tempted to propose for about one half of Mrs. Furlong, twenty *poles* or so. She has blue eyes—fair hair—a complexion like a May morning, and really looks handsome, and somewhat of the lady in her widow's weeds: Fore heaven! I've seen worse women!—Then her voice is soft and low—"an excellent thing in woman." And this is a snug inn too;—a comfortable room this—carpeted, clean, and cosey—a view of watery Venice, in oil, over the fire-place, and Before Marriage and After Marriage, in Bowles and Carver's best manner, on opposite sides, as they should be. . . . Ha! the chops already!—and very nice they look!—a shalot too!—Really, Mrs. Furlong, the outworks of my heart, no very impregnable fortress—are taken already. Now let me have just a pint of your particular sherry. . . . Ha, this looks well—pale and sparkling too, like a sickly wit. I insist upon your taking a glass with me, Madam."

"Sir, you are very good."

"Quite the contrary.—A good-sized husband to you!" (Mrs. Furlong smiles, shows a very good set of teeth and curtsseys.)

"Ah, sir, you gentlemen will have your joke. Your better health, sir—for you do not look very well."

"She has spoken this with such a pitying tenderness of tone that it has gone through my heart, and would, had it been iron!—What makes my lips quiver, my tongue falter, my voice thicken, and an unusual moisture come into my eyes? One touching word of sympathy?—Am I then again accessible to those blessed influences upon the heart and affections—pity and human kindness? Yes—then I live again!—Oh! honey in the mouth, music to the ear, a cordial to the heart, is the voice of woman in the melancholy hours of man! Mrs. Furlong is called away, and I am spared from making a fool of myself in her presence. Ah, Mary, I will not accuse thee with all the changes which time and disappointment have made in my heart and feelings; but for some of these thou *must* answer!—Thou wert my first hope and earliest disappointment! What I am thy little faith has made me;—what I should have been—but no matter—I feel how desolate a wretch I am, how changed from all I was and ought to be—it is thy work, it is thy deed, and I forgive thee! Behold me here, a broken-spirited man with furrowing cheeks and whitening hair, tears in my eyes and agony at my heart! Behold me an unsocial man, suspected by the world and suspecting the world—I, who trusted in it, loved it, and would have benefited it! But I have done with it now—I loathe it and avoid it! And why? Why am I now harsh of nature—uncharitable in thought, if not in speech—unforgetful of slight offences—revengeful of deep ones—jealous of looks—watchful of words?—I that was gentle, tender of others, to myself severe; forgiving, incapable of anger, open-minded, suspicious!—But why should I anatomise myself?"

I give my heart to the vultures among men—let them glut on it; and good digestion wait upon their appetite?"

"Did you call, sir?"

"No, Madam; but I am glad you are here, for your coming in has interrupted a melancholy thought."

"A melancholy thought!—Lud, sir, do you surrender yourself to such a weakness as melancholy? Life, to be sure, is a serious thing to the most cheerful of us; but to the over-anxious, and those who groan under its cares, death were happier than such life!—The really heavy obligations of existence are worthy of our gravest thoughts; but the lighter evils, the cares and anxieties of the day—sir, I never allow them to make a deeper impression on my mind than my pencil does on my slate: when I have satisfied myself as to the amount, I rub the lines off, and begin again."

"And am I to be taught philosophy by a Plato in petticoats, and the economy of life by a Doddsley in dimity?—*Nunc dimittis*, then, be my ditty! Pardon my expressions, Madam—the insolence of humbled pride. I sit rebuked. You are a sensible woman, Mrs. Furlong—have, apparently, right views of life; now tell me—what is the end of it?"

"Death, I should think, sir."

"A pertinent answer, Madam; but you are on the wrong premises."

"I am on my own."

"Indeed—I am happy to hear it; and if I was a widow-watcher, I should make a note of that fact. I meant, Madam—what is the design, the intention, the moving motive of life?"

"Happiness here and in another and a better world."

"Yes, Madam; but our happiness here—what an uncertain good it is—a hope never in our own hands, but always in those of others! And what do they merit, who, entrusted with so precious a trust for our benefit, deny it to us, and withhold it from us?"

"The same unhappiness at the hands of others?"

"What if you would not, if you might, whiten one hair of their head with sorrow who have silvered the whole of yours—what do they merit?"

"They do not merit so much mercy."—(She leaves the room.)

"A negro has a soul, your honour!" said Corporal Trim, putting the right foot of his postulate forward, but in an undecided attitude, as if he doubted whether his position were tenable. "My uncle Toby ran through in his memory all the regimental orders from the siege of Troy to that of Namur, and remembering nothing therein to the contrary, came to the Christian conclusion—that a negro had a soul." And why not an inn-keeper—especially if a woman? My prejudice is to let against that abused class of hosts and hostesses: to be sure, it was formed on an acquaintance with those only of the Bath road: they may not require souls, as their guests are chiefly fashionable people. Here is a woman "with a tall man's height," humbly stationed be-

side one of the highways of life—and stunned and distracted with the stir and bustle of the goers to and comers from the shrine of the great Baal, who has yet contrived to keep her heart from hardening, and her soul in whiter simplicity, in a common inn, than the shrinking and secluded nun, shut up from the world in a convent! There is indeed a soul of goodness in things evil!—an in-born grace, which the world cannot give and cannot take away! Else how should this poor woman have that which so many minds, so much safer placed to preserve their freshness and native worth, have altogether lost and live without? One half the vices of the world are only acts of conformity with the prejudices of the world. Give a man an ill name, and he wears it as if it were a virtue and proper to him, and keeps up the tone of his depravity with a due sense of its decorum—its keeping, and colour and costume. When will the world learn better? Oh thou worst and vilest weed in the beautiful fields of human thought.—Prejudice—grow not in any path of mine, for I will trample thee down to the earth which thou disgracest and must defile!—But "Thinking is an idle waste of thought."

"Waiter."

"Zur."

"What, Cyclops again! But that's a prejudice too. Have you an entertaining book in the house?"

"Missuz have, I daur to zay, Zur."

"Bring it then, my good fellow. A change of thought to the mind, like a change of air to the body, refreshes, invigorates, and cheers."

"Here be onc. Zur."

"Aye, this will do—nothing so well. Joseph Andrews! Good! good! Blessings be on thee, inimitable Fielding!—for many a lingering hour hast thou shortened, and many a heavy heart hast thou lightened. See the book opens of itself at a page which a man must be fathoms five in the Slough of Despond if he read it with a grave face and a lack-lustre eye!—World, I bid you good den!—for here will I forget you as you are, and re-peruse you as you were. . . Ah! I remember well my first acquaintance with Joseph Andrews. I was then a very serious, yet very happy boy—any book was a treasure, but a stolen perusal of one like this was a pleasure beyond all price and worth all risks; for works like this were among the profanities from which I was carefully debarred:—mistaken zeal! If discovered in my hands, it was snatched away; and if it escaped the fiery ordeal it was well. But who shall control the strong desires of youth!—I remember, too, the candle secretly purchased out of my limited penny of pocket-money; the early stealing to bed; the stealthy lighting of the "flaming minister" to my midnight vigil; the unseen and undisturbed reading of this very book deep into the hours of night; and the late waking and pallid look, the effects of my untimely watching. I remember, too, how nearly my secret was discovered; for laughing too loudly over the merry miseries of poor Parson Adams, the thin wainscot betrayed me: I remember, ere

I had breathed thrice, the sound of a stealing foot heard approaching my bed-room door—the light out in an instant—the book thrust deep down under the bed-clothes, and how I was heard snoring so somnolently, that I should have deceived Somnus himself."

"Ecod, you did'um capital!"

"Eh? what!—what have you been eaves-dropping at my elbow all this time, you Titus Oates of a traitor?"

"Yeez, Zur—you didn't tell I to go."

"Go, bring in candles and a pint of sherry—let down the blinds—heap the fire—and don't disturb me till I disturb you."

"Yeez, Zur. . . ."

"Vanish, then, good bottle imp!—And now for Joseph Andrews."

"Capital! excellent! inimitable and immortal Fielding!—And thy bones lie unhonoured in an alien's grave, and not a stone in thy native land records the name of the instructor and delighter of mankind!—Well there is no accounting for the negligence of nations. * * * Who knocks? Come in."

"Do you mean to sleep here to-night, sir?"

"Sleep here, Mrs. Furlong! No—quite the reverse."

"I thought you did, as it is so late."

"So late! how late?"

"Eleven, sir."

"Impossible! Have I been reading so long?"

"It is very true, sir."

"And what kind of night is it?"

"Starry and frosty, and the moon is rising."

"What in England? Then let me have my bill, for I shall be glad to witness such a phenomenon."

"La, sir, it is ten miles to town, and a gentleman was stopped on this road only last week!"

"How long did they stop him, Mrs. Furlong?"

"Long enough to rob him of his watch and ten pounds, I assure you."

"Well, as I have no watch, and only five, they need not detain me half the time. And if I should come back, bare and barbarously beaten, like poor Joseph Andrews, you are no Mrs. Townhouse, Madam—I could not be in better hands."

"I am glad to see you so merry, sir."

"Merry, Madam! I never mean to be serious again, except at my own funeral, and then it will be expected of me that I should look grave. I have learnt, since that I have been here, that melancholy is to be medicined by mile-stones; that a slight attack of it is to be subdued by four of those communicative monuments taken in the morning before breakfast, and four at night, following supper; a severe one, by twenty ditto, in two portions or potions, washed down by three pints of sherry, and kept down by two mutton chops and shalots, and two volumes of Joseph Andrews—a prescription of more virtue than all which have been written from old Paracelsus's days to Dr. Paris's."

"Well, sir, you certainly are not the gentleman you came in, and I am glad to see it. Here is your bill, and if you will run the risks of the road at this late hour, I can only wish you safe home, and a long continuance of your present good spirits."

"Thank you Mrs. Furlong, thank you! And if I come this way again, I shall certainly, as the poet says,

'Stop at the widow's to drink.'

So good night, Madam. Once more, good night.
* * * Blessings be on every foot of Mrs. Furlong—that best of physicians; for SHE HAS CURED ME OF MYSELF!"

THE LAND OF THE LEAL.

In aliquo abdite et longinquo ruro.

THERE'S a land that we dream of, when fancy is free,
Distant and dim though the vision may be—
Where the faithful and true, after sorrowful years,
Shall meet in delight, though they parted in tears.

Here love, when 'tis brightest, is shaded with care,
But distrust and despondence can never come there—
And 'tis sweet to believe of the absent we love,
If we miss them below, we shall meet them above.

Alas! there is sorrow and doubt on the way—
The kind and the careless in danger may stray,
And so dark be their maze, and so dismal their fall,
That Mercy in vain may entreat their recall.

Can you sail, with a land of such promise in view?
Will you leave, for the evil, the good and the true?
To reach that far country, O, will you not strive,
Where never the feet of the slothful arrive?

O for that region, that home of the blest,
Where the wretched are glad, and the weary at rest;
Where sorrow finds balm, and innocence bliss—
O for that world—I am weary of this.

OUR FLAG.

Lift, lift the eagle banner high,
Our guide to fame—
On ocean's breezes bid it fly,
Like meteors wafting through the sky
Their pomp of flame,
Till wide on every sea unfurl'd
It tells to an admiring world
Our name.

Oh! proudly burns its beacon light
On victory's path—
Thro' Freedom's dawn, thro' danger's night,
Onward, still onward, rolling bright,
It sweeps in wrath—
Still lightning-like, to him who dares
Confront the terror of our stars,
Its scath.

Still heavenward mounts the generous flame,
And never tires—
Does Envy dare insult our name,
Or lurking falsehood brand with shame
Our buried sires?
The armed Colossus thunders by,
Wide wave our stripes—the dastard lie
Expires.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

THIS is one of those things of accident, resting with nature. No man or woman can form their own persons, and none should be praised or blamed on this head. The disposition for looking well, is ruining half the young people in the world—causing them to study their glasses, and paint or patch, instead of pursuing that which is lasting and solid—the cultivation of the mind. It is always a mark of a weak mind, if not a bad heart, to hear a person praise or blame another on the ground alone that they are handsome or homely. Actions should be the test—and a liberal source of conduct pursued to all. It matters little whether a man is tall or short—whether the blood stains the cheek or runs in another channel. Fashion makes the difference as to beauty. The lily is as sweet if not so gay as the rose, and it bears no thorn about it. As to appearance, fashion should not be allowed to bear upon that which cannot be changed, except by deception, and what indeed, in reality, is not worth the trouble of being so, even if it could.

The sight of a white man in Africa is much more homely than that of an African here—and in Scotland, at one time according to Walter Scott, the fashion to judge of a handsome man was in a broad face and a red nose.

MORALITY OF SUMMER.

THE season of flowers, is not necessarily that of animation and lightheartedness. It has its tone of sentiment and grave reproach, and every fruit and bud of its creation is at once an emblem and a commentary. The four seasons, united, have been made to image forth, a grand division, into corresponding parts, of the life of man; and each, in turn, embodies a series of reflections, promoting at the same time, the knowledge of the vanities of their own as well as of his existence.

Summer among these, has been made to do her share. She is one of the largest contributors to the store of homily and reproof, and all the flowers of her kingdom, and all the odours of her breath, have been converted by an oriental indulgence, into stern and warning lessons of a rigid morality. The sights with which she would gladden, the scents with which she would refresh, the colours with which she would give cheer, and give variety to the subjects of our contemplation, are coupled with thoughts, and associations of gloom and rebuke. The wild vine, which, left to itself, would gad at will, in fantastic mazes through the copse, is bent studiously into a shelter for some new made grave. The tree to which she has imparted greenness and luxuriance, forms its head stone; and the destruction of the sweetest flowers of her store, to cast upon decay and corruption, is made by the morbid imagination of man himself, to minister to his own gloom—to feed his misanthropy, and to contribute to that feeble and childish me-

lancholy, which springs, not from that which it merely cannot controul, but from that, which is unavoidably an incident of its own existence.

Why should this be so? Why should that season, with which all is loveliness and fragrance—of which life and animation are the chief ingredients, and about, and with which, Nature seems studiously to have sought the connexion of all that is sweet and innocent and lovely—why should this season be made to minister to depression and gloom. It is peculiarly fitting, that as life and death form, in our contemplation, but parts of the same existence and destiny, they should be perpetually coupled in all our surveys of objects common to either? Must we be always reminded of the certainties which belong to life; and, must it be the peculiar charge of the very element of vitality to hold the lamp for decay—to facilitate and contribute to the triumphs of its antagonistic principle of death! It would seem so, from the inviolable union, and unintermitted communication which man himself has assigned them.

The morals of summer should be of a more gentle and generous description. In our view, she is the hand maid of nature, the thoughtless, the blooming, the perpetually glad, gay girl, embodying forth a new and renovated creation. She is the minister of hope and teaches lessons of consolation. To the mourner she brings the sweets of her wilds and her gardens, laden on the fresh and odoriferous breathings of the south, her own especial province. To her courts, she calls the desolate. In her palaces she feasts the gentle and the young. Her voice is the very spirit of music, and every sound she utters, is fragrance. Whether upon the hills, or among the valleys, in the depths of the forest, or in the more cultured, but less luxuriant gardens of man, she flings her flowers lavishly about us, takes no task in return. She calls us to no labour, but as if, rather to enforce the knowledge of her bounties, she throws about us that profusion of silence and that "languor of repose" which enables us to hear the very breathings of the flowers—to detect the gentle heavings of each folded leaf, and almost to believe, that like our own, their powers of contemplation are susceptible of the graces of that noiseless influence, which is so attractive to ourselves. Where, in this, are the germs of that morbidity, from which the misanthrope has gathered so many emblems of mortality. With him, the German has rightly conjectured, that the colour of the flower, and its scent alike, is in the sense that receives them—and not in themselves. To such, all nature carries a similar aspect, and all the phases of her glory, are dim and lustreless alike. Like the bee of Trebizond, they extract poison from the innocent flowers, yet complain of that doom which they gather of themselves.

— " Now summer weaves
Her gentle chains around us—"
" Go forth into her kingdom, and be glad."

THE BETTER LAND.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

" I HEAR thee speak of a better land,
Thou call'st its children a happy band;
Mother! oh where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire flies dance 'mid the myrtle boughs?"
" Not there, not there, my child."

" Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange bright birds on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"
" Not there, not there, my child."

" Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold,
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand,
Is it there, sweet mother! that better land?"
" Not there, not there, my child."

" Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep sound of joy:
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,
Sorrow and death may not enter there:
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom;
Beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb,
It is there, it is there, my child."

HE IS GONE! HE IS GONE!

He is gone! he is gone!
Like the leaf from the tree,
Or the down that is blown
By the wind o'er the sea,
He is fled, the light-hearted!
Yet a tear must have started
To his eye when he parted
From love-stricken me!
He is fled! he is fled!
Like a gallant so free,
Plumed cap on his head,
And sharp sword by his knee;
While his gay feathers flutter'd,
Surely something he mutter'd,
He at least must have utter'd
A farewell to me!
He's away! he's away!
To far lands o'er the sea—
And many's the day
Ere home he can be;
But where'er his steed prances
Amid thronging lances,
Sure he'll think of the glances
That love stole from me!
He is gone! he is gone!
Like the leaf from the tree;
But his heart is of stone
If it ne'er dream of me!
For I dream of him ever!—
His buff coat and beaver,
And long sword, O! never
Are absent from me!

DEATH.

DEATH can never be indifferent till man is assured, which none was ever yet, that with his breath, his being passes into nothing.—Whether his hopes and fears steer by the chart and compass of a formal creed, or drift along the shoreless sea of a faithless conjecture, a possible eternity of bliss or bale can never be indifferent. The idea of extinction is not terrible, simply because man cannot form such an idea at all. Let him try as long as he will—let him negative every conceived and conceivable form of existence! he is as far as ever from having exhausted the infinitude of possibility. Imagination will continually produce the line of conscientiousness through limitless darkness. Many are the devices of fancy to relieve the soul from the dead weight of unideal nothing. Some do crave a senseless duration in dry bones or sepulchral ashes, or ghastly mummies; or rather than not to be, would dwell in the cold obstruction of the grave, or the damp, hollow solitude of the charnal house. Some choose a life in other's breath, an everlasting fame, and listen delighted to the imaginary voice of unborn ages. Some secure a permanence from their works, their country, their posterity; and yet, neither the protracted dissolution of the carcass, nor the ceaseless tradition of renown, nor a line of progeny stretched to the crack of doom, can add an instant to the brief existence of a conscious being. Our fathers held a more palpable phantom—a dream of grosser substance—that the soul, the self, personal identity, only shifted its tenement, and subsisted by perpetual change.

THE ACROPOLIS.

THE Acropolis of Athens is a hill 250 feet high, situated near the centre of the ancient city. It was strongly fortified and ornamented with temples, the chief of which was the splendid temple of Minerva, the glory of Grecian art. The Persians, under Xerxes, took the citadel, put the garrison to the sword, and set fire to the fortress, and the temple of Minerva. The temple was rebuilt by Pericles with great additional splendour. Within was the statue to Minerva by Phidias the master-piece of the art of statuary. It was of ivory, 39 feet in height, and covered with pure gold to the value of \$530,000. In the year 1687, the Venetians attempted to make themselves masters of Athens; in the siege, the Turks having converted the temple of Minerva into a powder magazine, a bomb fell into it, and blew up the whole roof of that famous edifice. The Turks afterwards converted the inside into a mosque. This edifice, mutilated as it is, retains still an air of inexpressive grandeur and excites the admiration of every beholder.—“For these forty years,” said the French Consul to Poqueville, “do I behold this matchless structure, and every day do I discover new beauties in it.” The Turks fortified the Acropolis and built a large irregular wall around it. In the year 1821, soon after the commencement of the Revolution in Greece, this fortress was unsuccessfully besieged by the Greeks. The Turks, who had with them about 50 of the principal Greeks, daily cut off the heads of several, and rolled them down the walls of the citadel. The next year it surrendered to Ulysses.

INFANCY.

INFANCY can never be overburdened with too many languages, and it thinks the utmost care should be taken to teach these to children; there is no condition in life in which these are not useful to them, and lead them equally to depths of learning, or the easier and more agreeable parts of knowledge. If this kind of study, so painful and so laborious, is put off till men are somewhat older, and come to that age styled by the name of youth, either they cannot make it the object of their choice, or, if they do, they find it impossible to persevere in it, it is to consume that time in quest of languages, which is set apart for the use which ought to be made of them; it is confining to the knowledge of words an age which wants already to go further and seek for things; it is, at the best, losing the finest and most valuable years of a man's life. So great and so necessary a foundation can never rightly be laid, unless it be when the soul naturally receives every thing, and is capable of deep impressions; when the memory is fresh, quick and steady; and when the mind and heart are void of passions, cares, and desires; and when those who have a right to dispose of us, design us for long and painful labours. I am persuaded the small number of true scholars, and the great number of superficial ones, comes from the neglect of this practice.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

THIS knowledge of oneself (a thing very difficult to be attained) is never to be acquired by the help of others; nor can we, indeed, depend upon our own word or opinion in the case—for this oftentimes is short-sighted; it discovers not all that is to be seen; and makes a false report of what it discovers, like a bribed or treacherous witness, that shuffles in his evidence, and is afraid to speak out. Nor can we form a judgment from any single action; for this may come from a man without being intended, or so much as thought of: it may be a sudden push upon an unusual, pressing occasion—the work of necessity or chance—a lucky hit or sudden sally—and, owing to heat or passion—to one, to all of these, rather than to the man himself, and, therefore, we can fix no character from a thing which is not of our own growth. One courageous action no more proves a man brave, nor one act of justice just, than the breadth and depth of a river, and the strength of its current are to be taken from a sudden accidental flood, when all the neighbouring brooks empty themselves into it, and swell it above its banks. Vice itself has sometimes put men upon doing very good things—so extremely nice a thing it is to know men truly. We can learn nothing to the purpose by all the outward appendages of the man, his employments, preferments, honours, riches, birth, good acceptance, and general applause, nor yet by his deportment when he appears abroad; for there the man plays in check, stands upon his guard, and every motion is with reserve and

constraint. Fear, and shame, and ambition, and a thousand other passions, put him upon playing the part you see then acted. To know him thoroughly, you must follow him into his closet, see him in his dressing-room, and in his every-day garb. He is oftentimes quite another thing at home than what he appears in the street, at court, or on the exchange—one sort of man to strangers, and another to his own family. When he goes out of his house, he dresses for the stage, and the farce begins; you can lay no stress upon what you see of him there; this is not the man, but the character he sets upon himself to maintain; and you will never know any thing of him till you make a difference between the person of the comedian that plays, and the person represented by him. The only way to arrive at self-knowledge, is by a true, long, constant study of oneself. No motion of a man's mind must escape his notice; he must view himself near; must be eternally prying, handling, pressing, probing, nay pinching himself to the quick: for there are many vices in us that lurk close and lie deep; and we know nothing of them, because we do not take the pains to search far enough and ferret them out.—*Charron.*

JAMES FERGUSON.

This celebrated writer on astronomy, is one of the most remarkable instances of self-education which the literary world has seen. His father was in the humble condition of a day labourer.

At the age of seven or eight, young Ferguson discovered two of the most important elementary truths in mechanics, the lever and the wheel and axle. He afterwards hit upon others, without a teacher or book, and with no tool but a simple turning lathe, and a little knife. While he was feeding his flock, in the employment of a neighbouring farmer, he used to busy himself in making models of mills, spinning wheels, &c. during the day, and in studying the stars at night.

Before his death, he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society; the usual fees being remitted, as had been done in the cases of Newton and Thomas Simpson. George III. who, when a boy, was occasionally among the auditors of his public lectures, soon after his accession to the throne, gave him a pension of fifty pounds per annum from the private purse.

GOOD HUMOUR.

Good humour is the fair weather of the soul, which calms the turbulent gust of passion, and diffuses a perpetual gladness and serenity over the heart; and he who finds his temper naturally inclined to break out into sudden bursts of fretfulness and ill humour, should be as much upon his guard to repress the storm, that is for ever beating in his mind, as to fence against the inclemencies of the season. We are naturally attached even to animals that betray a softness of disposition. We are pleased with the awkward fondness and fidelity of a dog.—*Anon.*

For the Lady's Book.

THE DYING POLE.

I stood, and I gaz'd on the dying man,
As he struggled hard for life—
Of his country's host he had led the van,
Till the close of that noble strife.

He lay on his back in a pool of gore
That had well'd from his wounded side—
But his eye was bright as it gleam'd before,
Mid the surge of the battle's tide.

The current of war had swept a-wing,
But the wind as it whistled by,
Bore on its pinion the shout of the strong,
And the voice of victory.

It came on the breeze, that thrilling sound,
And he knew that the field was won—
He sprang like a fawn from the gory ground,
And was darting wildly on—

But he gasp'd as he sank on the gory sod,
And his voice was faint and low ;
"Beloved Poland"—"my soul to God"—
"My curse to my country's foe"—

"Tis done!—and no more those lightning rays
Illumine the eye of the dead—
"Tis o'er!—and the curse of the dying weighs
Like lead on the foeman's blade.

S.

THE GROWTH OF LOVE

BY MISS JEWELL

Give to the garden rose her praise,
A queen among the flowers !
But—staring skill, and many days,
Of sunshine and of showers,
She claims alike of man and heaven ;
And blooms not, if they are not given.

The patriarch monarch of the glade,
The oak—to him praise render !
But many a human life must fade,
And many a scene of splendour—
Cities themselves grow old with time
Before he reach and pass his prime.

Then say, why in that wondrous thing,
The soul, such power should be,
In bloom, and joy, and strength to spring,
Sooner than flower or tree ?
Why needs there not a length of years
To fashion all its hopes and fears ?

I know not—'tis enough I ween
For simple hearts to know,
That seven bright days of summer sheen
Can oft-times make Love grow—
That Love than roses quicker thrives,
Yet longer than the oak survives.

THE GATHERER.

"A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."

Shakespeare.

It is related of Michael Angelo that he exclaimed on seeing the statue of St. Mark, at Florence, "If that statue really resembles St. Mark, I would believe every word of his writings on the credit of his physiognomy."

The first fine edge of the feelings, fortunately for mankind, both in pleasure and pain, is worn off by the first enjoyment and the first suffering.

If men of genius were to express their own opinions of their works, they would prove the severest critics. Boileau once said, "Of all criticisms, those which hurt me the most, are such as my own judgment makes on my own works."

The depth of the ocean is a point, says M. Brun, which has puzzled alike philosophers and practical men, and is, after all, left in a wild field of conjecture. The most probable guide is analogy; and the wisest men, judging by this criterion, have presumed that the depth of the sea may be measured by the height of the mountains, the highest of which are 20,000 and 30,000 feet. The greatest depth that has been tried to be measured, is that found in the northern oceans by Lord Mulgrave; he heaved a very heavy sounding lead, and gave out along with it a cable rope of the length of 4,980 feet without finding the bottom.

Generals are prone to magnify the enemy they have vanquished, and to exaggerate the discipline and courage of their own troops; but bull-tins are not peculiar to warfare, nor yet to performers in legerdemain, or wire and slack rope dancers. They are the proper instruments of quacks, charlatans, and mountebanks, of every sort and description, puffing being the aliment upon which they feed and fatten. Even the best characters are but compounds of good and evil, so saith Holy Writ. What a lesson of charity and humility!

I know a man who has a mortal dread of seeing his name put before the public. It is a weakness truly, but amiable, and less deserves blame than its extreme opposite.

It is not abundance and riches that can render us happy, but the use we make of them. Horace, therefore, is not contented by wishing wealth from the gods, he begs also that they would teach him the art of enjoying it—*opes, artemque fruendi*.

It is good when the week is ended, to look back upon its business and its toils, and mark wherein we have failed of our duties or come short of what we should have done. The close of the week should be to each one of us like the

close of our lives. Every thing should be adjusted, with the world and with our God, as if we were about to leave the one and appear before the other. The week is, indeed, one of the regular divisions of life, and when it closes it should not be without its moral. From the end of one week to the end of another, the mind can easily stretch onward, to the close of existence. It can sweep down the stream of time to the distant period when it will be entirely beyond human power to regulate human affairs. Saturday is the time for moral reflection.—When for the mercies of the week we are thankful, and when our past months, and years come up in succession before us—we see the vanity of our youthful days, and the vexations of manhood, and tremble at the approaching winter of age. It is then we should withdraw from the business and the cares of the world, and give a thought to our end, and to what we are to be hereafter.

The statesman, lawyer, merchant, man of trade,
 Pants for the refuge of some rural shade,
 Where, all his long anxieties forgot,
 Amid the charms of a sequester'd spot,
 Or recollected only to gild o'er,
 And add a smile to what was sweet before;
 He may possess the joys he thinks he sees,
 Lay his old age upon the lap of ease,
 Improve the remnant of his wasted span,
 And having lived a trifler, die a man.—*Cowper.*

A man, who had fretted himself into ill health by his anxiety for a cardinal's hat, once asked his friend how he managed to enjoy such excellent health, while he himself was always a valetudinarian? "The reason is," replied the other, "that you have your hat always in your head, and I have my head always in my hat."

Love may exist without jealousy, although this is rare; but jealousy may exist without love, and this is common: for jealousy can feed on that which is bitter, no less than on that which is sweet, and is sustained by pride as often as by affection.

Little minds endeavour to support a consequence by distance and hauteur. But this is a mistake. True dignity arises from condescension, and is supported by noble actions. Superciliousness is almost a certain mark of low birth and ill-breeding.—People who have just emerged into greatness, think it necessary to maintain their superiority by a proud look and a high stomach. The consequence is generally hatred and contempt. In fact, this proud, high bearing reserve is a great crime.—Every person who bears the image of his Maker is entitled to our attention, and indeed our benevolence. Inferiority is of itself a sufficient burden, without being aggravated by ill nature or neglect.

A habit of procrastinating is to the mind what a palsy is to the body.

An apparatus has lately been invented in England, by means of which the action of galvanism on patients can be so graduated as to allow it to be applied daily either in the same degree or with a gradual increase of intensity. The

inventor attributes the small advantages hitherto derived from the application of galvanism in medicine, to the fact of the apparatus not having been so disposed as to allow of comparative results being obtained.

Two things are necessary to make any person prudent: the power to judge, and the habit of acting in consequence of his conviction.

Augustus Cæsar was born with his body spotted with moles. Those on his breast were so disposed as exactly to represent the constellation of the great bear.

Those who maintain their disciples, will never want converts.

There were no less than three hundred different opinions among the ancient philosophers respecting what constituted the *summum bonum*, or chief good.

Macrobius has recorded a good jest of Cicero on Caninius Belvilius, who was consul only for one day. "We have had," says he, "a consul of such extraordinary vigilance, that he has not slept one single night during the term of his consulship."

The Pacha of Egypt, when visiting one of his military schools, exhorting the young officers to zeal and perseverance, the first difficulties being already overcome, said:—"If I had any influence in Heaven, I should work miracles in your behalf; but I am nothing more than a man, and can only give you salaries."

We are imposed upon by the affectation of grace and gentility only till we see the reality; and then we laugh at the counterfeit, and are surprised that we did not see through it before.

Women, when women truly, are much more
 Than women only—to the enthusiast lover,
 They are inspiring night gems, and their lore,
 Is of unearthly images, that hover,
 Like living stars upon a spell bound shore,
 That spirits of the dead are watching over—
 Their love is the fixed planet that has shone,
 And lit the heart, when all its other lights are gone.

Oppression makes wise men mad; but the distemper is still the madness of the wise, which is better than the sobriety of fools.

To a people who have once been proud and great, and great because they were proud, a change in the national spirit is the most terrible of all revolutions.

Power which destroys astonishes mankind more than power which perpetuates.

The virtues flourish best in the form of a commonwealth where each is required to fill its proper place, and is expected to do no more.

It is said that every virtue has its counterpart, and so every vice. Take care that they do not change places.

It is as certain that, as in the body when no labour or manual exercise is used, the spirits which want their due employment, turn against the constitution, and find work for themselves in

a destructive way; so in the soul or mind unexercised, and which for want of action or employment, the thoughts and affections being obstructed in their due course, and deprived of their natural energy, raise disquiet, and foment a rancorous eagerness and tormenting irritation. The temper from hence becomes more impotent in passion, more incapable of real moderation, and, like prepared fuel, readily takes fire by the least spark.

If vanity does not overturn the virtues, it certainly makes them totter.

The Parisian *trip* (say what they will) is not grace. It is the motion of a puppet, and may be mimicked, which grace *cannot*. It may be different from the high, heavy-heeled walk of the Englishwoman. It is not equally remote from the step, (if step it may be called) of an Andalusian girl?

She moves in beauty through the rich parterre
As though the bright and breathing blossoms there
Were emanations of her loveliness.

Now, like a queen, she graces yonder bower,
Now, from its cool retreat, behold her glide,
Put forth her hand to raise some drooping flower,
Seeming to plant a lily by its side—
Her eye glanced up, and, ere he caught its beam,
She vanish'd.

Never talk of your parentage: for if it is *honourable*, you virtually acknowledge your claims to rest on the merit of *others*; or, if it is *mean*, you wish to show that something good has at length come out of *Nazareth*; or if it is *neither*, your conversation can be interesting only to *yourself*.

It is no inconsiderable part of wisdom to know how much of an evil ought to be tolerated; lest, by attempting a degree of purity impracticable in degenerate times and manners, instead of cutting off the subsisting ill practices, new corruptions might be produced for the concealment and security of the old.—*Burke*.

The major part of mankind so far forget they have a soul, and launch out into such actions and exercises, where it seems to be of no use, that it is thought we speak advantageously of any man when we say he thinks; this is become a common *eulogium*, and yet it raises a man only above a dog or a horse.

Self-blame is equally to be distrusted with self-praise. I no more believe a man when he speaks ill than when he speaks well of himself. In the former case he only does it to be contradicted.

The employments of our particular calling, the social ties and endearments of life, the improvement of the mind by liberal enquiry, and the cultivation of science and of art, form, it is true, no part of the Christian system, for they flourished before it was known, but they are intimately connected with the happiness and dignity of the human race. A Christian should ever act consistently with his profession, but he need not always be attending to the peculiar duties of it. The profession of religion does not oblige us to

relinquish any undertaking on account of its being worldly, for we must then go out of the world; it is sufficient, that every thing in which we engage is of such a nature, as will not violate the principles of virtue, or occupy so much of our attention, as may interfere with more sacred and important duties.

In the progress of society, all great and real improvements are perpetuated; the same corn which, four thousand years ago, was raised from an improved grass, by an inventor worshipped for two thousand years in the ancient world under the name of Ceres, still forms the principal food of mankind; and the potatoe, perhaps the greatest benefit that the old has derived from the new world, has spread over Europe, and will continue to nourish an extensive population, when the name of the race by whom it was first cultivated in South America is forgotten.

RECIPES.

BRUNSWICK JELLY CAKE.

STIR together half a pound of powdered white sugar, and half a pound of fresh butter, till perfectly light. Beat three eggs till very thick and smooth, omitting the whites. Sift three quarters of a pound of flour and pour it into the beaten eggs and butter and sugar. Add a tea-spoonful of mixed spice (nutmeg, mace, and cinnamon) and half a glass of rose-water. Stir the whole very well, and then lay it on your paste-board, which must first be sprinkled with flour. It will be a soft dough; but if you find it so moist as to be unmanageable, throw on a little more flour. Spread the dough into a sheet about half an inch thick, and cut it out in round cakes with the edge of a tumbler. Lay them in buttered pans and bake them about five or six minutes. When they are cold spread over the surface of each cake a liquor of fruit-jelly or marmelade.

Beat the white of three or four eggs till it stands alone. Then beat into it by degrees a sufficiency of powdered loaf-sugar to make it as thick as icing. Flavour it with a few drops of strong essence of lemon, and with a spoon heap it up on each cake, making it high in the centre. Put the cakes into a coal oven, and as soon as the tops are coloured of a pale brown, take them out. These cakes are delicious.

PUMPKIN PIE.

CUT up the half of a small dark coloured pumpkin, and stew it till dry. Then rub it through a cullender and set it away to cool, adding to it sugar and salt to your taste, and a large spoonful of ginger or beaten cinnamon. Having boiled a quart of rich milk, set that also away to get cold. Beat four-eggs till very light, and mix them with the milk and stewed pumpkin, a little at a time. This quantity of the mixture is sufficient for two pies which must be without lids. Cream, if you can procure it, is for this purpose preferable to milk.

THE SUNSHINE AND ROSES.

CHILDREN of Summer, the glowing
 And beautiful roses of June,
 In the light of the morning growing,
 Or turned from the hot breath of noon.
 In the sigh of the south wind they circle the bowers
 With bosoms all beauty, and breath all perfume,
 Oh, were it not for the sunshine and flowers,
 What were this world but a desert and tomb!

To garland young brows with a splendour
 That nothing but roses can give,
 Or still on young bosoms in tender
 And beautiful slumber to live—
 By the azure of morn and the crimson of even
 For the lip they have smiles, for the fair cheek a bloom—
 With the sunshine and roses this world is a heaven,
 Without them, it were but a desert and tomb.

FIRST LOVE.

I LOVED thee, yet thou didst not know
 The tears my eyelids poured ;
 I loved thee, yet thou didst not know
 How my young heart adored ;
 That deep-felt love to me was pain—
 I dared not tell it thee ;
 I strove—alas ! the strife was vain !
 My aching breast to free.

Thus time flew on—the waveless wind
 Unmurmuring died away ;
 Regret came saddened to my mind
 I had not pressed thy stay ;
 I saw thee with slow steps depart—
 Alas ! thou could'st not tell
 What anguish wrung my breaking heart,
 When I pronounced farewell !

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF DANCING.



A SLIGHT sketch of the history of this agreeable art, will, we doubt not, prove acceptable to our readers: some of whom may be surprised at its antiquity and feel considerable pleasure at being informed, that this recreation, which, in modern times, is the delight of the youthful, was deemed worthy of notice, as an amusing and beneficial exercise, by many of the sages of old times, several of whom were at once fine philosophers and good dancers, and a few of them, even when far advanced in life, became pupils in the art. Timocrates first beheld an entertainment of dancing in his old age, and was so pleased with what he saw, that he is said to have exclaimed against himself for having so long sacrificed such an exquisite enjoyment to the vain pride of philosophy.

Among the Jews dancing was practised at their religious ceremonies:—

Soon as the men their holy dance had done,
 The Hebrew matrons the same rites begun:
 Miriam, presiding o'er the female throng,
 Begins and suits the movement to the song.

The Jews probably derived this custom from their ancient oppressors, the Egyptians; for we find that they indulged in it during their passage through the wilderness, shortly after their departure from the land of Pharaoh. David danced before the ark, Jephtha's daughter is described as meeting her father with a dance; and one of the joys enumerated by the Prophet, when foretelling the return of the Jews from captivity, is that of the virgins rejoicing in the dance.

For the advancement of the art towards some degree of perfection, we must look to Greece, where we find that music and dancing were cultivated in the earliest ages, and where the latter still seems to flourish, notwithstanding the thralldom in which the land has for ages been held; for, according to De Guys, among the modern Greeks the passion for dancing is common to both sexes, who suffer nothing to deter them, when an opportunity offers of indulging in its delights. The origin of this art is thus

accounted for:—The Curetes, a people of Sicily, who were entrusted with the care of the infant Jupiter, in order to prevent his being discovered by his father, Saturn, invented a kind of dance, and drowned his cries by accompanying their movements with the sounds of their shields and cymbals. The Athenians had a slow movement, which they danced at funeral processions, accompanied with solemn music. The old Spartans had a dance in honour of Saturn: they had another kind of dancing, termed the Pyrgian, which was the step, or movement, they adopted when advancing to attack their enemies; and, according to Athenæus, they had a law, by which their children were compelled to exercise themselves at the Pyrrhic dance, from the time they attained the age of five. Lycurgus instituted festivals of dancing in honour of Apollo; and it is even stated of the philosopher, Socrates, whom the Delphic oracle had proclaimed the wisest of mankind, and who, as it is related, was a pupil of Damon, in the art of music—that in his old age he actually received instructions in dancing from the accomplished Aspasia. Charmidas, who caught him dancing one morning at his own house, upon the circumstance being mentioned by Socrates himself to his disciples, observed, that he was so astonished at first, that he thought the philosopher's brain was turned; but that afterwards, when he heard the reasons given by Socrates for indulging in the exercise, he was so satisfied, that the first thing he did on his return home, was to follow his example.

The ancient Romans undoubtedly performed dances at their religious ceremonies, in the earliest age. Numa Pompilius, in honour of Mars, ordained twelve dancing priests, called Sali, which number was doubled by Tullus Hostilius, in the war against Fidenæ, a town of the Sabines, so that the whole college contained twenty-four priests; who, habited in parti-coloured coats, with swords by their sides and javelins in their hands, occasionally danced about the city.

Perhaps in the earliest ages, but certainly in after-

times, individuals availed themselves of the benefits which the practice of dancing confers on the person and spirits. We find, that the guests of Scipio Africanus were entertained by the hero with dancing; and the younger Cato, the friend of Pompey, a man remarkable for gravity and austerity of manners, when above sixty years of age, practised this art, which he had learned in his younger days, as a graceful accomplishment. The name of Marc Antony is also enrolled among the votaries of this art at Rome; for it is recorded, that he was censured for taking an improper part in the dances performed at some religious ceremony. That dancing was practised at marriages, we know, from the fact, that in the days of Tiberius, a decree was not only made by the senate against it, but the dancers by profession were actually banished from Rome.

In the time of Nero, a dancer represented the labours of Hercules with such admirable truth and expression, that a king of Pontus, to whom such an exhibition was perfectly novel, followed the action of the artist so closely, as to comprehend, with facility, every circumstance intended to be represented; and, impressed with admiration at such a display of talent, he entreated of the emperor to be allowed to take the dancer home with him, as he had barbarous neighbours, whose language none of his subjects understood, and who had never been able to learn his own; and he thought, by gesticulation and dancing, such as he had seen exhibited by the performer in question, that his wishes and ideas might be conveyed to them with certainty.

As, among the ancients, dancing constituted one of the principal ceremonies in their religious festivals, it could not be suddenly abolished, on similar occasions, in those nations which were converted, at an early period, to Christianity. According to Menestrier and Scaliger, the solemn dances of the Romans and Hebrews were performed by the dignitaries of the church, in the time of Constantine.

In France, at so early a period as the year 1581, during the reign of Henry the Third, a splendid ballet was produced, under the auspices of the court; and the king having united his favourite, Le Duc de Joyeuse, to the queen's sister, almost ruined the nation, it is said, in similar entertainments of the most costly description. The queen, also, gave a superb fete, at the Louvre, in honour of her sister's nuptials, in which a ballet was exhibited, called *Ceres and her nymphs*, the music of which was afterwards published by the celebrated Piedmontese, performer on the violin, Balthazar de Beaujoyeue, then *valet-de-chambre* to the king. From that time, which may be considered the age of its revival in Europe, dancing made a gradual progress towards its present state of refinement in France and the neighbouring nations.

A very ancient holiday amusement of the people of England, was a species of ballet, called Mumping; which name was derived from the old vulgar phrase, "Mum!" signifying "be silent." The performers in this pastime, represented by gestures, accompanied with dancing, comic incidents, and droll adventures; and, in these rustic exhibitions, Mr. Doddsley is of opinion, that comedy, in England, had its rise.

Among the recreations of the English court, during the reign of Henry the Eighth, dancing is frequently mentioned. The king himself was, doubtless, an admirer of this art. Lloyd says that "Sir W. Molyneux got in with King Henry the Eighth, by a discourse out of Aquinas in the morning, and a dance at night." In the age of Elizabeth, dancing seems to have been held in considerable esteem: the queen took great pleasure in it; and many of her favourites were indebted as much to their elegant accomplishments, as to their valour or wisdom, for the sunshine of her favour. In that reign, to use the words of Gray,

Full oft within the spacious walk,

When he had fifty winters o'er him,

My grave Lord Keeper led the brides;

The seals and maces danc'd before him.

From the death of Elizabeth, until after the restoration of Charles the Second, the turbulence of the times, and the peculiar character of the age, prevented this art, which flourishes only in "the bowers of peace and joy," from making much progress; but in the days of the merry monarch it began to revive, and advanced, more or less, in all the succeeding reigns. The celebrated Beau Nash, who was, for a long time, M. C. at Bath, may be considered the founder of modern ball-room dancing; which, however, has been divested of much of its cold formality, and improved, in various other respects, since the time of

that singular person. It is, nevertheless, a matter of regret, that the graceful and stately Minuet has been entirely abandoned in favour of the more recently invented dances.

The French Country Dances, or *Contre-Dances* (from the parties being placed opposite to each other), since called *Quadrilles* (from their having four sides), which approximate nearly to the *Cotillon*, were first introduced in France about the middle of Louis the Fifteenth's reign. Previously to this period, the dances most in vogue were *La Perigourdine*, *La Matelotte*, *La Pavane*, *Les Forlanes*, *Minuets*, &c. *Quadrilles*, when first introduced, were danced by four persons only: four more were soon added, and thus the complete square was formed; but the figures were materially different from those of the present period. The gentlemen advanced with the opposite ladies, menaced each other with the fore-finger, and retired clapping their hands three times; they then turned hands of four, turned their own partners, and a grand round of all concluded the figure. The *Vauxhall d'Hiver* was, at that time, the most fashionable place of resort: the pupils of the Royal Academy were engaged to execute new dances; a full and effective band performed the most fashionable airs, and new figures were at length introduced and announced as a source of attraction; but this place was soon pulled down, and re-built on the ground now occupied by the Theatre du Vaudeville. The establishment failed, and the proprietor became a bankrupt. A short time after it was re-opened by another speculator; but on such a scale, as merely to attract the working classes of the community. The band was now composed of a set of miserable scrapers, who played in unison, and continually in the key of G. sharp; amid the sounds which emanated from their instruments, the jangling of a tambourin and the shrill notes of a fife were occasionally heard. Thus did things continue until the French Revolution; when, about the time the Executive Directory was formed, the splendid apartments of the Hotel de Richelieu were opened for the reception of the higher classes, who had then but few opportunities of meeting to "trip it on the light fantastic toe." Monsieur Hullin, then of the Opera, was selected to form a band of twenty-four musicians, from among those of the highest talent in the various theatres: he found no difficulty in this, as they were paid in paper money, then of little or no value; whereas, the administrators of the Richelieu establishment paid in specie.—The tunes were composed in different keys, with full orchestral accompaniments, by Monsieur Hullin; and the contrast thus produced to the abominable style which had so long existed, commenced a new era in dancing: the old figures were abolished, and stage-steps were adopted;—*Pas de Zephyrs*, *Pas de Bourres*, *Ballottes*, *Jetes Battus*, &c., were among the most popular. *Minuets* and *Forlanes* were still continued; but Monsieur Vestris displaced the latter by the *Gavotte* which he taught to Monsieur Trenis and Madame de Choiseul, who first danced it at a fete given by a lady of celebrity, at the Hotel de Valentino, Rue St. Lazar, on the 16th of August, 1797: at this fete, Monsieur Hullin introduced an entirely new set of figures of his own composition. These elicited general approbation: they were danced at all parties, and still retain pre-eminence. The names of *Pantalon*, *L'Ete*, *La Poule*, *La Treuis*, &c. which were given to the tunes, have been applied to the figures. The figures of *La Trenis* was introduced by Monsieur Trenis's desire, it being part of the figure from a *Gavotte*, danced in the then favourite ballet of *Nina*.

To the French we are indebted for rather an ingenious, but in the opinion of many professional dancers, an useless invention, by which it was proposed, that as the steps in dancing are not very numerous, although they may be infinitely combined, that characters might be made use of to express the various steps and figures of a dance, in the same manner as words and sentences are expressed by letters; or what is more closely analogous, as the musical characters are employed, to represent to the eye the sounds of an air. The well known Monsieur Beauchamp, and a French dancing-master, each laid claim to be the original inventor of this art; and the consequence was a law-suit, in which, however, judgment was pronounced in favour of the former. The art has been introduced in Great Britain, but without success. An English dancing-master has also, we believe, with considerable labour and ingenuity, devised a plan somewhat similar to that of the French author: diagrams being proposed to represent the figures, or steps, instead of characters.

There are a variety of dances to which the term Na-

tional may, with some propriety, be applied. Among the most celebrated of these are—the Italian Tarantula, the German Waltz, and the Spanish Bolero. To dwell on their peculiarities would, however, as it appears to us, be useless: the first is rarely exhibited, even on the stage; the second, although it still retains much of its original character, has, in England, been modified into the Waltz Country Dance, and all the objections which it encountered, on its first introduction, seems to have been gradually overcome, since it assumed its present popular form; and the graceful Bolero is restricted to the theatre only, being never introduced to the English ball-room.



OF THE ARMS AND HANDS.—The proper carriage of the arms is certainly one of the greatest difficulties in dancing, it therefore demands the utmost attention on the part of the pupil. Of all the movements made in dancing, the opposition or contrast of the arms with the feet is the most natural to us: to this, however, but little attention is in general paid. If any person be observed, when in the act of walking, it will be found, that when the right foot is put forward, the left arm follows, and *vice versa*; this is at once natural and graceful; and a similar rule should, in all cases, be followed in dancing. As much depends on placing the arms properly, and in moving them with grace, as in the execution of steps—for dancing consists not in the motion of the feet alone—it requires the appropriate accompaniment of the arms and body: without which, the art degenerates into a mere fantastic mode of stepping. The arms should be kept in an easy semi-oval position, so that the bend of the elbows be scarcely perceptible; otherwise, they would present right angles, which would so offend the eye, as to destroy all appearance of ease or elegance. Care must be taken, neither to raise the shoulders nor spread the arms too far out. The proper situation of the arms, in dancing, is a little in front of the body; they should advance or recede in a natural series of oppositions to the direction of the feet in the execution of the various steps; their movements, in performing these contrasts, must not be sudden or exaggerated, but so easy as to be almost imperceptible. The dress should be held between the fore-finger and thumb of each hand: it is a matter of importance to overcome both tremor and rigidity of the fingers, which should be gracefully grouped, so that the palm be partially seen in front.

In dancing Quadrilles, when the lady advances with her partner, and in all the figures where the hands join, the arms should be kept of such a moderate height as is consistent with grace (Fig. 1). It is also necessary that the arms should be properly supported, and not suffered to weigh or drag upon those of the persons with whom it may be proper to join hands in the course of the dance. To say nothing of the positive impropriety of falling into such an error, the mere act, during its continuation, is quite destructive to grace, which cannot exist where ease is not apparent. Elegance, without affectation, may be shown in presenting the hand to a partner: rustic abruptness, and childish timidity, are equally to be avoided; a modest confidence is the golden mean to be observed in this, as in every other department of ball-room dancing. To grasp the hand of a person with whom it is necessary to join hands—to detain it when it should be relinquished—are faults which, we trust, our reader's good sense would prevent her from committing, even when dancing with one of her own sex; but even these offences, in the consider-

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

ation of propriety and taste, are not more grave than that of display.

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

OF THE FEET, &c.—The principal study, with regard to the feet, in dancing, consists in acquiring a power of turning them properly outward; in bending the instep, without effort, immediately as the foot quits the ground; and in alternately practising with each foot so that both may attain an equal degree of execution; it being decidedly inelegant and awkward for one foot to be constantly active and correct in its movements, while the other remains comparatively unemployed.

To dance with the instep concave, instead of convex, and the toes turned upwards, instead of the contrary, is termed dancing flat-footed, and is ungraceful to the last degree. The toes should be well pointed downward, and the knees outward, to correspond with them; but it is impossible to produce an union of grace in these particulars, unless the action of the instep and the knee be supported and accompanied by that of the hip. In the ball-room, all the steps should be performed in an easy, graceful manner; no noise of stamping should, on any account be made; the steps should be performed with minute neatness, and in as small a compass as possible; the feet should never be violently tossed about, or lifted high from the ground: the young lady should rather seem to glide, with easy elegance, than strive to astonish by agility: or, by violent action, make it appear, that, to her, dancing is a boisterous and difficult exercise. But while we thus caution our reader against adopting those styles—one of which may be deemed operative, and better adapted to a Ballet than a Quadrille, and the other, rustic, and more applicable to the village-green than the ball-room—it is necessary for us to warn her against falling into the opposite error of listlessness and inaccuracy; with these, elegance can never be obtained: the former makes her appear to be condescending to join in an amusement she despises, and the latter induces a supposition in the minds of those who may not be supposed to know aught to the contrary, that



she is either unusually dull, or has never had an opportunity of obtaining the benefit of instruction from a proper master.

The positions constitute the alphabet of dancing, and, although generally treated lightly of by the majority of dancing-masters, are of the highest importance. They form the basis of every step; and if each of them be thoroughly understood, and an accurate mode of performing it acquired, the subsequent progress of the pupil will be materially facilitated.

POSITION, BATTÉMENTS, AND OTHER EXERCISES.—The Battéments, &c. in the positions, form a series of very graceful domestic morning exercises, and we strongly recommend their frequent practice, even by those who have acquired some proficiency in the art; as they tend to correct many errors which are acquired by carelessness, during or after tuition, as well as to impart brilliancy and correctness of execution—to facilitate the bending of the ankle—to improve the balance, the carriage of the arms, and the development of the bust—and to produce that general harmony of motion in which the chief beauty of dancing and general elegance of deportment consists.

The first position is formed by placing the two heels together and throwing the toes back; so that the feet form a parallel line. The body should be kept perfectly erect: the shoulders should be thrown back, and the waist ad-

vanced; the arms rounded, and the forefinger and thumb occupied in holding out the dress; the other fingers being gracefully grouped (Fig. 3). During the first attempts, the toes should not be more turned back than will admit of the body maintaining its proper balance; they must be brought to assume the correct position by degrees, until the pupil can place the feet, heel to heel, in a parallel line with each other, without affecting the steadiness of the body or arms.

The second position is formed by moving the right foot from the first position, sideways, to about the distance of its own length from the heel of the left (Fig. 4.) When the foot is thus placed, the heel must be raised so that the toes alone rest on the ground; the instep being bent as much as possible, and the foot turned so as to retain its primitive direction outward: as in the case of the first position, the foot should be brought to perform the action of the second, in a perfectly correct manner, by degrees; and the toes should be gradually thrown back as far as the pupil's power to preserve her balance will permit.

The third position is formed by drawing the right foot from the second position, to about the middle of the front of the left: the feet are to be kept close to each other (Fig. 5). In drawing the right foot into this position, the heel must be put to the ground as it approaches the left, and kept forward during its progress, so that the toe may retain its proper direction outward.



The fourth position is formed by moving the foot about its own length forward from the third position, directing the heel outward, and turning back the toe during the progress of the foot (Fig. 6.) it may also be slightly raised, and should be so placed as to be exactly opposite to the centre of the left foot, which, in this, as well as in all the preceding positions, and also in the next, is to retain its primitive situation.

The fifth position is formed by drawing the right foot back from the fourth position, so that the heel is brought close to the toes of the left foot, the feet being completely crossed (Fig. 7). The right heel, in this position, is gradually brought to the ground as it approaches the left foot as in drawing the left foot from the second to the third.

Battéments en avant are performed by raising the right leg from the third position into the fourth in front, as high as the knee, with a quick jerk; keeping the knee straight and the toe well pointed—the heel maintaining the same position as if on the ground; and letting the leg fall back into the fifth position in front. The left leg, during this exercise, remains steady, the knee straight, with the whole

weight of the body upon it, so that the right leg may act with perfect ease and freedom, (Fig. 8.)

Bending the knees outward and rather backward, without raising the heels, and still keeping the body perfectly erect, is an exercise which should be performed in all the positions; it will impart flexibility to the instep, and tend to improve the balance. The pupil in her early essays in this exercise, should support herself, alternately with each hand, against some fixed object. She must by no means attempt to raise herself by swinging one arm in the air; it should rather be occupied in holding out the dress, in the manner previously directed. The knees should be only slightly bent at first; and the difficulties, of the exercise may be overcome by degrees, until she can perform it perfectly well without any support, or decomposing the proper position of the body and arms.

It has been very judiciously remarked, by a contemporary writer on this subject, that the pupils of a great *artiste* will display his merit in the graceful movement of the figures, as much as in the neat execution of the steps.

The body should never be suffered to sink into idle attitudes: as rounding the back, forcing the shoulders up to the ears, projecting the back part of the waist, or stooping forward; such careless habits, if long permitted, eventually produce local deformities. Affectation of primness is as much to be avoided as indolence; the admirable union of ease and grace; which constitutes elegance of deportment, can never be obtained by those who indulge in either of these faults. The body should always be kept in an easy

and unaffected erect position, except in the execution of certain steps which require the bust to be thrown a little forward; but, even in these cases, care must be taken that the body does not lose its perfect balance. The chest should be advanced, the waist retiring, and the shoulders depressed: by these means, the bust will be naturally and elegantly developed: and the shoulders, by being brought to range evenly with the back, appear of their proper breadth, and form a graceful contrast to the waist.



BATTEMENS en arriere (Fig. 9) are performed by throwing the right foot up behind in the fourth position, with the same rules as for the *Battemens en avant*: great attention must be paid to prevent the body inclining forward in this portion of the exercises; it should be kept perfectly straight, but without any appearance of stiffness. The *Battemens en avant* and *en arriere*, are performed, among professional dancers, by raising the foot much higher; but it is unnecessary to do so as a domestic exercise for ball-room dancing.

Battemens on the second position, may be made in the following manner:—The pupil must support herself in the same manner as in the practice of bending, before described; she should then pass the foot into the second position—the knee being kept perfectly straight—draw it back into the fifth position before; pass it again into the second position, and draw it into the fifth behind; and so on, until by repetition of the exercise, she can perform these *Battemens* with rapidity, ease and correctness (Fig. 10.)

When the bends in the various positions have been practised some time, the pupil should endeavour, after each bend, to raise herself on the toes (see fig. 11), being careful that the knees are kept straight, and that the feet do not change their positions. This is an excellent practice, as it imparts to the feet the point so much admired, and, at the same time, considerably increases the power of the instep and ankle.

The head should be kept centrally between the shoulders by the erectness of the neck: the face may, of course, be occasionally turned to the right or left, not merely for convenience, or to avoid an appearance of constraint, but because the opposition which may be produced by a judicious change of the direction in which the countenance is turned, to the posture of the body or limbs, materially enhances the grace of the whole figure. The turn of the head should be so managed as to perfect the real and apparent balance of the figure. If the greatest weight be thrown on one side, the head may, generally speaking, be very advantageously turned, in a trifling degree, in an opposite direction. The reader may convince herself of the benefit to be derived by a graceful inclination of the countenance, so as to produce an easy opposition, by performing the positions before a glass, and turning her face alternately to each side, or keeping it in the same direction, and practising, in turns, with each foot. The head should be thrown considerably backward, and the forehead brought to project in a slight degree, by drawing the chin towards the neck. The countenance, during a dance, should be illumined by a smile: it is perfectly absurd for a young lady to exhibit a melancholy aspect amid the gaieties of a ball-room, and painful to see her assume an aspect of care, when going through a Quadrille; as it induces the spectators to imagine, that the performance of the steps or figure, so entirely engross her faculties, that she is incapable of partaking in the pleasures of the dance.



PETITS Battemens sur le coude-pied (Fig. 12) are very difficult of execution: they are practised by accomplished dancers, for the purpose of giving ease in elevation, and what is termed *Apdomb*; they also impart, in certain steps, that vivacity, which no other practice will give: we here, of course, allude to professional, and not private dancing. The reader may, however, attempt them; and if she can succeed in executing them, they certainly form a graceful and beneficial exercise. They are first performed with one foot entirely on the ground; but after

some practice, the pupil lifts the heel from the ground, so as to rest entirely on the toes, and executes the *battemens* in that position with great rapidity. If the knee and hip be free from stiffness, the difficulty of the exercise is partially overcome; and it is, in the first instance, to produce an easy pliability in those parts, that they are principally practised. These *Battemens* consist of a rapid movement of the right foot, from the instep to the hinder part of the leg, by a mere movement of the knee.

Having gone through the position and *Battemens* with

the right foot, it is absolutely necessary to do them with the left; observing, at the same time, that when the positions are practised with the right foot, the left must, of course, in its turn, remain stationary, and the whole of the weight be thrown upon it. The Battemens should be practised until the pupil can make them with some degree of what a professional dancer would call, brilliance, with either foot, unassisted by the support which is necessary when they are commenced.

Before concluding our article, we deem it expedient to describe the approved mode of performing the Curtsey, and as our aim is to improve the general deportment in society, as well as in dancing for the ball-room, we shall offer a few observations on walking.

The performance of the curtsey in a proper manner, proves a matter of difficulty to some young ladies; but it will be found very easy, after a little practice, to curtsey with grace, if proper directions be given and attended to. The following is the usual mode:—The front foot is first brought into the second position; the other is then drawn into the third behind, and passed immediately into the fourth behind—the whole weight of the body being thrown on the front foot; the front knee is then bent, the body gently sinks, the whole weight is transferred to the foot behind while rising, and the front foot is gradually brought into the fourth position. The arms should be gracefully bent, and the hands occupied in lightly holding out the dress. The first step in walking, after the curtsey, is

made with the foot which happens to be forward at its completion. The perfect curtsey is rarely performed in society, as the general salutation is between a curtsey and a bow (Fig. 13).

The manner of walking well is an object which all young ladies should be anxious to acquire; but, unfortunately, it is a point too much neglected. In the drawing-room, the ball-room, or during the promenade, an elegant deportment—a “poetry of motion,”—is, and ever will be, appreciated. The step ought not to exceed the length of the foot; the leg should be put forward, without stiffness, in about the fourth position; but without any effort to turn the foot out, as it will tend to throw the body awry, and give the person an appearance of being a professional dancer, as exemplified in fig. 14, which is tolerably correct in other respects, except in the position of the feet. The head should be kept up and the chest open; the body will then attain an advantageous position, and that steadiness so much required in good walking. The arms should fall in their natural position, and all their movements and oppositions to the feet be easy and unconstrained. The employment of a systematized method to teach young ladies how to walk, a practice adopted by many parents and heads of seminaries, is much to be deprecated. The stiffness acquired under regimental tuition, is adverse to all the principles of grace, and annihilates that buoyant lightness which is so conducive to ease and elegance in the young.

VILLAGE BELLS.

I was induced to ascend into the belfrey, where I found ropes for eight bells—those musical tones which extend the sphere of the church's influence by associations of pleasure, devotion, or melancholy, through the surrounding country. What an effective means of increasing the sympathies of religion, and exciting them by the fire-sides, and on the very pillows of the people! Who that, as a bride or bridegroom, has heard them in conjunction with the first joys of wedded love, does not feel the pleasurable associations of their lively peal on other similar events? Who, that through a series of years has obeyed their calling chime on the sabbath morning, as the signal of placid feelings towards his God, and his assembled neighbours, does not hear their weekly monotony with devotion? And who is there that has performed the last rights of friendship, or the melancholy duties of son, daughter, husband, wife, father, mother, sister, under the recurring tones of the awful tenor, or more awful dumb peal, and does not feel at every repetition of the same ceremony a revival of his keen but unavailing regrets for the mouldering dead.

THE VINE.

HUMBOLDT tells us that it grows wild in Armenia and Caramania, as well as along the coasts of the Caspian. Thence it travelled into Greece, and from that classic sky was introduced into Sicily. The Phœnicians carried it to the south of France, and the Romans domesticated it on the banks of the Rhine. In both of these countries the vine is attached to poles; but in Spain these are not used—and the plant is kept short in its growth, in order that it may possess a stout stem. In Greece and Italy it clings to trees, walls, and trellis work, or verandas. It attains to a good old age; even Pliny speaks of a vine

that had survived six centuries; and it is matter of notoriety that there are vineyards in France and Italy, which are not only precisely in the same condition as they were three hundred years ago, but continue to yield abundant crops. The wood of the vine becomes uncommonly solid when of old standing, and, in warm climates, the stem grows to such a size, that boards are sawed out of it, and converted to the manufacture of furniture and other articles. Strabo even mentions a vine-tree the girth of which required the arms of two men to compass.

RATIONAL DEVOTION.

WHEN engaged in devout admiration of the Supreme Being, every other object will be lost in the comparison; but this, though the noblest employment of the mind, was never intended to shut out all other concerns. The affections which unite us to the world have a large demand upon us, and must succeed in their turn. If every thing is to be deemed criminal that does not interest the attention in the moment of worship, political concerns are not the only ones to be abandoned, but every undertaking of a temporal nature, labour and ingenuity, must cease. Science herself must shroud her light. These are notions rather to be laughed at than confuted, for their extravagance will correct itself. Every attempt that has been made to rear religion on the ruins of nature, or to render it subversive of the economy of life, has hitherto proved unsuccessful, whilst the institutions that have flowed from it, are now scarcely regarded in any other light than as humiliating monuments of human weakness and folly. The natural vigour of the mind, when it has once been opened by knowledge and turned towards great and interesting objects, will always overpower the illusions of fanaticism.

THE MIND.

WHATEVER act decomposes the moral machinery of mind, is more injurious to the welfare of the agent than most disasters from without can be; for the latter are commonly limited and temporary: the evil of the former spreads through the whole of life. Health of mind as well as of body, is not only productive in itself of a greater sum of enjoyment than arises from other sources, but is the only condition of our frame in which we are capable of receiving pleasure from without. Hence it appears how incredibly absurd it is to prefer, on grounds of calculation, a present interest to the preservation of those mental habits on which our well being depends. When they are most moral they may often prevent us from obtaining advantages. It would be as absurd to lower them for that reason, as it would be to weaken the body, lest its strength should render it more liable to contagious disorders of rare occurrence.—*Sir James McIntosh.*

THE FATHERS.

SOME who never read the Fathers, are frightened at their very names. How dull, how rough, how insipid, how pedantic do they fancy them in their discourses, in their expressions and arguments! But how would these men wonder at the strangeness of such a notion, if they perused their writings, and found in them a more exact eloquence, a smoother style, a more ingenious, more expressive, and more convincing way of arguing, adorned with greater vigour of expression, and more natural graces than most of those modern books which are read with applause, and give the greatest reputation to their authors? With what satisfaction, if they had any love for religion, would they see it explained, and its truth believed and asserted by men who were masters of so much wit and judgment? Especially since any one who will but observe the vastness of their knowledge, the depth of their penetration, the solid principles of their philosophy, their unwearied diligence, their capacity in unfolding holy mysteries, the reasonableness of their inferences, the nobleness of their expressions, the beauty of their sentiments and morals, cannot compare for example any author to St. Austin, but Plato or Cicero.

RAIL ROADS AND CANALS.

IT is well remarked in the Boston Courier, that it is distance, and the impediments to intercourse, which have formed the world into distinct nations. No moral agents are so effectual for giving a common feeling to the distant portions of a large empire, as the mechanical means of roads and canals, or rather, the latter afford the former the medium for acting. It is no wonder the scientific journals have hailed the introduction of locomotive engines on rail roads as a new era in the moral and political history of nations. The results to trade and wealth will

not exceed those arising to manners, habits of life, and modes of thought. The very derivation of the word *Rustic* shows what an influence a secluded life was supposed to exert on the habits. The roads through the highlands of Scotland mentioned by the journal just quoted, effected for the pacification and good order of that country what whole regiments of dragoons could never do. In the United States, the effects of certain improvements in navigation have been magical, and they are only leading the way to other yet greater. The *wheels* of empire, as they are called, are to be sought it would seem, in SPINNING JENNIES, STEAM ENGINES, and LOCOMOTIVES.

GENIUS.

GENIUS of every kind belongs to some innate temperament; it does not necessarily imply a particular bent, because that may possibly be the effect of circumstances; but, without question, the peculiar quality is inborn, and particular to the individual. All hear and see much alike; but there is an indefinable though wide difference between the ear of a musician, or the eye of a painter, compared with the hearing and seeing organs of ordinary men; and it is in something like that difference in which genius consists. Genius is, however, an ingredient of mind, more easily described by its effect than by its qualities. It is as the fragrance, independent of the freshness and complexion of the rose; as the light on the cloud; as the bloom on the cheek of beauty, of which the possessor is unconscious until this charm has been seen by its influence on others; it is the eternal golden flame of the opal; a something that may be extracted from the thing in which it appears, without changing the quality of its substance, its form, or its affinities.—*Gall's Byrons.*

AN EXTRACT.

AT what time of life a human being—man or woman—looks best, it might be hard to say. A girl of eighteen, straight and tall, bright, blooming, and balmy, seems, to our old eyes, a very beautiful and delightful sight. Inwardly we bless her, and pray that she may be as happy as she is innocent. So, too, is an oak tree, about the same age, standing by itself, without a twig on its straight, smooth, round, glossy silver stem, for some few feet from the ground, and then branching out into a stately flutter of dark-green leaves; the shape being indistinct in its regular but not formal over-fallings, and over-foldings, and over-hangings of light and shade. Such an oak tree is indeed truly beautiful, with all its tenderness, gracefulness and delicacy—ay, a delicacy almost seeming to be fragile, as if the cushat whirring from its concealment, would crush the new spring-shoots, sensitive almost as the gossamer, with which every twig is intertwined. Leaning on our staff, we bless it, and call it even by that very virgin's name; and ever thenceforth, behold Marian lying in its shade.

THE PRIDE OF THE VALLEY,

An Admired Ballad.

FROM THE MUSICAL GEM FOR 1831.

THE POETRY WRITTEN BY G. J. SEYMOUR,

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY HEMMEL.

ANDANTINO



Ah tell me in kindness, ye spirits that rove these



groves, these bowers, dear haunts of my love! where is she now;



Ah! tell me, where? ah! tell me, where? for...bear, for... ..bear, I hear thee



sad echo, my dark fate I see, and the pride of the



valley returns not to me.

2.

No answer but thine to my lorn heart reply,
No more thy sweet music responds to my cry,
I had her song, alas! no more.

Echo—Alas! no more—The charm is o'er!

Mourn with me, sweet Echo! to this lovely shore
The Pride of the Valley returns never more.



RECONCILIATION.

Published for the LADY'S BOOK by L. GODEY & CO. Philad. Sept. 1831.

THE LADY'S BOOK.

SEPTEMBER, 1881.

action—at this moment,
dear to you, Morley?"
"Try with it my destruc-

tion—I implore you to
!"
as if doubting his sense

ous—are you," he might
uses?" but she interrupt-

not mad, Morley; no, nor
she added, reading the
sing on Morley's counte-
and in that love am inca-
st, Morley, insult me by
ok. But O, if you love
u have sworn you do, as a
e you to take me back to

xclaimed Morley, almost
said.

oy gray headed, my doat-
: take me to him before
he child he loves. I have
ied in wild agony, "even
arms, spell bound in my
age rolled on to my per-
ove—I could not speak;
us, and whither I was hur-
vas I with my father," she
ok of supernatural solem-
eath-bed; his eye turned
d glaring eye, it rested on
; he cursed me and died!
ags in my ears—his eye is
y, for the love of heaven,

my beloved—my own El-

e," she cried; "would you
soul with words? Your
man, your Ellen! What
usband who could aban-
power may transform the
o the faithful wife! Mor-
u hope for mercy, do not,
sing who loves you—who
er soul!"



THE LADY'S BOOK.

SEPTEMBER, 1881.

THE RECONCILIATION.

ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ENGRAVING.

—“FASTER, faster! your horses creep like snails! drive for your life!” cried the impatient Morley, as the noble animals he so slandered dashed along the pebbly turnpike road, while the sparkles flew from their iron-shod hoofs like a flight of fire flies.

The postillion, with voice and whip, put them to the top of their speed; and the chaise, in its rapid course, left behind it a trail of light, as though its wheels had been ignited.

A high and steep hill in front, at length, enforced a more moderate gait, when Morley, as if struck by a sudden recollection, turned his head anxiously towards his companion, a lovely young woman, who, pale, silent, and motionless, reclined on his shoulder.

“Ellen, my love,” said Morley, tenderly, “I fear this will prove too much for your delicate frame.”

There was no reply.

Morley leaned his face nearer to hers, and, by the moonbeams, saw that her features were fixed, her open eyes gazing on vacancy, while the tears which had recently streamed from them, seemed congealed upon her bloodless cheeks.

“God of Heaven!” exclaimed Morley, “what means this? Ellen, beloved, adored! do you not hear me? will you not speak to me—to Morley, your Morley?” and he gently pressed her in his arms.

The name he uttered, like a charm, dissolved the spell that bound her. A long drawn sigh, as if struggling from a breaking heart, escaped her cold, quivering lips; a fresh mountain of tears burst forth; and with an hysterical sob she fell upon the bosom of her lover.

The alarmed, but enraptured Morley folded her in his arms, and bent to kiss away her tears—when, with a sudden start, she disengaged herself from his embrace, and drawing back, looked wildly and earnestly in his face.

“Morley,” she said, in a voice of thrilling tone, “do you love me?”

“Dearest, best Ellen,” he replied, “do you, can you doubt it?”

“Do you love me, Morley!” she repeated with increased earnestness.

“Truly—devotedly—madly,” cried Morley, on his knees. “By the heaven that is shining over us—”

“No more oaths—enough of protestations.—

Are you willing, by one action—at this moment, to prove that I am truly dear to you, Morley?”

“I am, though it carry with it my destruction!”

“I ask not your destruction—I implore you to prevent mine. Return!”

Morley gazed at her, as if doubting his sense of hearing.

“Return!”

“Return, instantly!”

“Ellen, are you serious—are you,” he might have added, “in your senses?” but she interrupted him.

“I am serious—I am not mad, Morley; no, nor inconstant, nor fickle,” she added, reading the expression that was arising on Morley’s countenance. “That I love, and in that love am incapable of change, do not, Morley, insult me by doubting, even by a look. But O, if you love me as you ought, as you have sworn you do, as a man of honor, I implore you to take me back to my father—”

“To your father!” exclaimed Morley, almost unconscious of what he said.

“Ay, to my father, my gray headed, my dotting, my confiding father: take me to him before his heart is broken by the child he loves. I have been with him,” she cried in wild agony, “even now, as I lay in your arms, spell bound in my trance, while the carriage rolled on to my perdition. I could not move—I could not speak; but I knew where I was, and whither I was hurrying: yet even then was I with my father,” she said, with a voice and look of supernatural solemnity: “he lay on his death-bed; his eye turned upon me—his fixed and glaring eye, it rested on me as I lay in your arms; he cursed me and died! His malediction yet rings in my ears—his eye is now upon me. Morley, for the love of heaven, ere it is too late—”

“Compose yourself, my beloved—my own Ellen.”

“Do you still hesitate,” she cried; “would you still soothe my frantic soul with words? Your Ellen! short sighted man, your Ellen! What shall bind her to a husband who could abandon a father—what power may transform the renegade daughter into the faithful wife! Morley, listen to me: as you hope for mercy, do not, do not destroy the being who loves you—who asks you to preserve her soul!”

Morley caught her as she sank at his feet; and she remained in his arms in a state of insensibility.

He was confounded—subdued.

The fatigued horses had laboured about midway up the acclivity, when Morley called to the postillion.

"Turn your horses' heads," he said, "we shall return."

The steeds seemed to acquire renewed vigour from the alteration in their course, and were proceeding at a brisk pace on their return, when Ellen again revived.

"Where am I—whither am I carried?" she wildly exclaimed.

"To your father, my beloved," whispered Morley.

"To my father, Morley, to my father!—can it be?—but no, I will not doubt; you never deceived me—you cannot. God bless you, Morley; God bless you, my brother, my dear brother," and with her pure arms around his neck she imprinted a sister's holy kiss upon his lips, and, dissolved in delicious tears, sank with the confidence of conscious innocence upon his bosom. The ethereal influence of virtue fell like a balm upon the tumultuous feelings of the lovers; and never in the wildest moment of passion, not even when he first heard the avowal of love from his heart's selected, had Morley felt so triumphantly happy.

* * * * *

"Where is he—let me see him—is he alive—is he well?" shrieked Ellen, as she rushed into the house of her father.

"For whom do you inquire, madam," coldly asked the female she addressed, the maiden sister of Ellen's father.

"Aunt, dear aunt, do not speak to me thus. I am not what you think me. But my father—my father, is he—is he alive, is he well? O beloved aunt, have pity on me, I am repentant, I am innocent—"

"In one word, Ellen, are you not married?"

"I am not."

"Heaven be praised! follow me—your father is not well—"

"For the love of heaven—before it is too late;" and the distracted girl rushed into the room and knelt at her father's side.

"Father! do not avert your face—father, I am your own Ellen. I am restored to you as I left you. By the years of love that have passed between us, forgive the folly—the offence—the crime of a moment. By the memory of my mother—"

"Cease"—said the old man, endeavoring, through the weakness of age and infirmity, and the workings of agonized feelings, to be firm; "forbear, and answer me—is this gentleman your husband?"

Ellen was about to reply, but Morley stepped forward. "I am not," said Morley, "blessed with that lady's hand; she has refused it, unless it is given with your sanction; and without that sanction, dearly as I love her, and hopeless as I may be of your consent, I will never hereafter ask it."

"Do you pledge your word to this, young man?"

"My sacred word as a man of honour—I may have inherited your hate, but I will never deserve it."

"Children, you have subdued me!" exclaimed the father. "Morley, my daughter is yours!"

Morley seized the old man's hand, scarcely believing the scene before him to be real.

"My father!" said the weeping Ellen on her knees, her arm around his neck, her innocent cheek pressed to his.

The good aunt partook of the general joy, and even Ellen's favourite dog seemed to thank her father for his kindness to his dear mistress.

The happy father sat with an arm around his daughter's waist, and as he pressed her lover's hand, he said,

"Behold, in all this, the goodness of God: behold the blessings that follow the performance of our duties. Your father, young gentleman, before you saw the light, had entailed my hate on his offspring. I had nourished this bitter feeling even against you, who had never offended me, and whom every one else loved. This very day the cherished hostility of years had given way before my desire to secure my daughter's happiness. I felt that age was creeping on me—and but the morning of this blessed day I had resolved, over this holy book, to prove my contrition for my sinful harboring of hatred towards my fellow creatures, by uniting you, my children, in marriage. The tidings of my daughter's elopement scattered to the winds all my better thoughts, and revived my worst in tenfold strength. I did not order a pursuit: I did more. I felt, at least I thought so, the approach of my malady to a region where it would soon prove fatal. No time was to be lost: my will was hastily drawn out, bequeathing my beggared daughter but her father's curse; it would have been signed this night; for over this book I had taken an oath never to forgive her who could abandon her father."

"O my father!" interrupted Ellen, to whom the horrible images of her trance returned, "in pity, my dear father—"

"Bless you, for ever bless you, my ever excellent Ellen. Your filial obedience has prolonged your father's life."—*Atlantic Souvenir*.

ELASTICITY OF FEATHERS.

THE elasticity of feathers was well illustrated by an experiment lately performed in the library of the Royal Institution, London, of immersing feathers, rumpled and bent in almost every direction, in boiling water, and on withdrawing them they were seen to have resumed their regular and natural form. This was accidentally discovered by a specimen of a foreign bird, the plumage of which had been very much rumpled, falling into some hot water, which restored it; and the process appears to be one that may prove of much advantage to the preservers of those beautiful animals.

THE GHOST OF KILSHEELAN.

Now hear me relate
My story, which perhaps thou hast not heard.

MILTON.

It is not more than three years since, when I was present at one of those assizes for Tipperary; so little distinguished in the annals of that country, and so infamous in the records of Ireland for the horrible but accustomed detail of atrocity, assassination, and recklessness of human life. I had been listening for some days, with horror and disgust, to the crimes of the murderers who were brought to the bar of justice, and to the shameless and bare-faced perjuries of those who sought to shelter them from the consequences of their guilt;—I had listened until my senses recoiled with affright at the villainies that were detailed to me; and I had marked with equal abhorrence and contempt, the stolid countenances of the *alibi* witnesses for the prisoners, while their native perjuries were translating into the English language, with which they pretended to be unacquainted. From the midst of this scene of misery, vice, and sin, I gladly received an order to return immediately to Dublin.

Upon inquiring at the coach-office, I was informed that all the inside places to the metropolis were engaged for a "particular company;" but the clerk could not tell me who or what they were, nor even satisfy my inquiries so far as to inform me to which sex the "particular company" belonged. My curiosity was, I confess, excited by the circumstance; and it was with little of the listlessness of a stage-coach passenger that I took my place beside the driver the next morning. Before I mounted the box, I took care to look into the coach: it was empty. There were not upon the roof any one of those innumerable and nameless depositories of stowage, that indicate the profusion or attention to personal comfort of a female traveller. The coach had no outside passenger but myself; and the blank countenance of the hostler, as he pocketed his solitary shilling, sufficiently manifested that there was for his advantage but one departure that morning from Clonmel.

We had travelled for about two miles when we came to a place where the road turns in directly upon the river's bank. Here about ten or twelve persons could be observed collected together. The low whistle of a mounted policeman, whom we had once or twice encountered on the road, was responded to by them. I could distinguish the military step and bearing of some amongst the group; and the protrusions in the dark frieze coats with which they were enveloped, showed that they carried the short muskets with which every one of the Irish police are armed. The coachman was directed to pull up—in a few seconds afterwards a movement took place in the distant body, and five persons walk-

ed towards us. Two of them were dressed like the peasants of Tipperary, in their best apparel, or as they themselves term it, "their Sunday clothes." There were two immediately behind, and as if watching with a practised glance every attitude of the countrymen—these I at once recognised as two of the Dublin peace-officers, while, in front of the four walked a gentleman, who, either for the purpose of concealment or more probably to protect himself from the cold, had his face covered up nearly to the eyes with a silk handkerchief, while his person was enveloped with a rug coat, over which was thrown a large camlet cloak. He appeared to be conversing with one of the countrymen, whose pale, but still handsome features, his dark and heavy eye-brows, his steady manner, his crouching demeanour, and the quick glances of his lively black eyes at once betrayed him to me as the notorious and intelligent approver Fitzgerald—the man who had first conspired to murder the unfortunate Mora, who afterwards betrayed his associates in guilt, and brought to justice a majority of them. While Fitzgerald was speaking to the gentleman, his associate in guilt, and fellow-approver, Ned Ryan, was walking carelessly along, kicking at the stones on the road, and watching apparently with the most intense interest the distance he would be able to drive them. It could not be known that he was taking any part in the conversation that was going on, except that whenever the gentleman turned towards him, he raised his hand to his hat, and seemed to give a brief reply to the question put to him. The only words I could hear were these—they proceeded from Fitzgerald—"Know Kerby, is't? I'd know him, your honour, in a pattrern—I only saw him while we were settlin' Mora's business, and by —, he has a curl o' the eye, that I'd never forget, barrin' I lost the recollection I have of my own mother, rest her soul! Know him? by —, he has a twist wid the forefinger o' the right hand, that maybe yourself 'd never forget, supposin' you saw it once, counsellor."

I could see a large full gray eye turn upon Fitzgerald as he made use of this dubious expression. In a few seconds the entire party was at the coach-door, and the gentleman, who was still muffled up, exclaimed, "Peace-officers, you will look carefully to these two men—not a word is to be spoken by either of them *on business*—detachments of the police and military will protect you to Kilkenny, from thence to Dublin there can be no apprehension of violence." Fitzgerald, Ryan, and the two peace-officers entered the coach, and it proceeded at a rapid rate on its journey. On my looking round, I observed that

the mysterious gentleman had joined the police, and that they were turning through a bye-road to Clonmel.

"Musha, sweet, bad luck go with you, *long Jack*," said the coachman; "but it's a pair of informin', murderin' villains you're after puttin' into the dacent coach this mornin'."

"Who do you call *long Jack*?" said I.

"Who do I call *long Jack*? who but the counsellor?"

"What counsellor?"

"The counsellor? Oh! the counsellor for the crown—the villain o' the world, that's hangin' all the boys in Tipperary—*long Jack D*—, that has a tongue that 'd twist a rope round a man's neck in a pair of minutes—that's the *long Jack I* mane—him, that's after puttin' two blackguards, and two *dealers*, that's greater blackguards again, into my coach—barrin' that my own neck 'd be broke by it, I wished it was knocked to smithereens this minute."

"I am certain you must be mistaken," I observed; "the tones of that gentleman's voice are much hoarser than Mr. D—'s."

"Hoarser! Why then if they are, it's with roguery they're hoarser—it's the fellow's voice that frets me, for he's as pleasant at hangin' as another man is at a christenin' or a berrin', and he cracks a joke at the very minute he's crackin' a man's neck. Old Taler was bad enough; but *long Jack* is ten times worse entirely. So it's poor Ned Kerby they're now lookin' after? Oh! then one way or another somebody will hear who they want most before I'm a day oulder—an' for me to be drivin' in a coach them that brought him into a scrape, and now wants to swear his life away. Oh! but wasn't it hard fortune that I should ever know a cow from a garron, when it's four o' them that I'm drivin' this blessed day to please the murderin' rapsCALLIONS, Fitzgerald an' Ryan."

"Assuredly," said I, "you are not vexed with those two wretched men, if they now are instruments in bringing to justice the murderers of an innocent, an unoffending, and an industrious man. It is true, that they were wicked enough to combine with other miscreants to deprive a human being of life; but that is a crime of which they have repented, and they are now endeavouring to make every reparation for it, by the prosecution and conviction of the assassins of Mora."

"It's 'asy seein', that it's little you know o' them, or the counthry. I'll tell you what, Sir, that you have in the coach two boys, that if they were out, an' free, would be afther doin' the same thing only for the askin'. Sure, all they did was only for a *wornin'*, that neither kith nor kin of any informer should dare show his nose in the bounds o' the county. And as to ripintin'—what would they ripint of? Is it that there was put out o' the way a man that was doin' as all the tyrants in the land are doin'—takin' the places over their heads—raisin' the rints on them, and lavin' them as they are this day, with two of the bloody *lubers* beside them. Ripint! the devil

a ripint they ripint. I be bail you, they never tould *long Jack*—convarsible, an' full o' discourse as they are for him—where they hid their arms last. No—and now mind my words, that, except the poor lads they're afther gibbetin', the never a man more will ever be got by them. The rest o' the sufferers are safe any way.*"

"Then you have not, I perceive," said I, "any great respect for an informer."

"Respect!" cried the coachman, "no, the devil a respect—but as this is a long stage I will tell you a story about what we call an *informer*, and which I know to be a real truth in a manner."

"It's something more nor forty, or five-and-forty years ago, that there lived in Kilsheelan, in this very county of Tipperary, a real old gentleman—he was one Major Blennerhasset—one of the real old Protestants. None o' your upstarts that come in with Cromwell or Ludlow, or any o' the blackguard biblemen o' them days—for the only difference between a bibleman now, Sir, and the biblemen o' former times was just this—that Cromwell's biblemen used to burn us out of house an' home, while the bibleman now only tells us that we are goin' to *blaze*—so, your honour, you see they were determined to *fire* us one way or another. Well, as I was telling you, Major Blennerhasset was a real old Protestant, and though he'd curse an' swear, an' d—n the Papists when he'd be in a passion, the devil a of him would be ever after turnin' us out of our little holdings, supposin' we were two, or three, or may be five gales in arrear."

"Now you may be sure that all the boys were distracted one morning, to hear that the Major was found with his throat cut from ear to ear, in a most unhandsome manner. There wasn't a Papist in the parish but knew that he hadn't a hand in it—for the Major was as dead as a door nail, or Queen Elizabeth. There wasn't a neighbour's child in the entire barony that wasn't up at the Major's big house in no time, to hear 'how the poor master's throat was cut,' and when they saw him it was plain to be seen that the Major didn't do it himself—for there was the poor right hand cut in two nearly, and such a gash as he had in his throat, they all said, couldn't be given by himself, because the Major, it was well known, wasn't *kithogued* (left handed). Besides that, there was the old gold watch gone, an' his bonds, an' what money he had in the house, along with a £500 note."

"To be sure the magistrates had an inquest,

*The coachman was correct both in his opinion and his prophecy. It appeared at a subsequent assizes, on the cross-examination of Ryan, that he had informed the government of every matter connected with himself but one—the place where he had his gun concealed. This was a secret which he said he never would disclose to them, and he also declared, on his oath, that he hoped to live to be able again to use it! None of the murderers of Mora, except those first apprehended, have yet been taken. One of them, Edward Kirby, defied for several months all the plans and stratagems of the police to arrest him. He was, at length, shot accidentally by one of his own pistols, as he was leaping across a hedge, and at a time when the police were not in pursuit of him.

an' pretty work they made about it—an' may be the newspapers didn't make fine talk about it—they never stopped for three months sayin' 'all the Protestants in Tipperary were murdered by the Papists,' and so on, till this peaceable county was under the Insurrection Act, an' then to be sure they never stopped transportin' us—an' all this was by raison of a decent gentleman's throat bein' cut by some blackguard or another. At all events there was no makin' head nor tail o' the Major's murder till comin' on the assizes, when two young innocents—one Jack Carey, and one Bill Dorney were taken up for it. My father knew the two chaps well, and except that they didn't care what they did to come round a girl, he often tould me, that milder, nor innocent, nor modest, nor partier behaved boys he never seen. The people, in fact, were sure they would be acquitted till they heard that Lord Norbury was comin' the circuit, an' then they gave it up as a bad job.

"At last the day o' the trial came, an' to the surprise and wonderment of every body, who should get up on the table, an' take the book in his hand, to swear away the lives of poor Jack Carey and Bill Dorney, but one Kit Cooney! Now, Kit, you must know, was the only creature that lived with the Major—for the Major was an ould batchelor—and Cooney fled the country after the Major was murdered, an', in troth, every one thought it was he who did the Major's *business*—for he wasn't the best o' character at any time, an' every one was wonderin' why the Major let him live with him, at all, at all. Up Kit got on the table, as bould as a lion, an' he swore hard an' fast, as a trooper, that Dorney and Carey murdered the Major in his bed, and that he himself, Kit Cooney, the vagabond, agreed to join them in doin' so; but that he ripinted of it, and wouldn't lay a hand on the ould man, but ran away to Dublin, when it was all over, and tould the *Polis* there all about it. He was, you see, Sir, a king's evidence, an informer, and, in short, he hung the two men. The truth was, Cooney had the Dublin *Polis* magistrates to back him out, an' the two poor boys wouldn't prove an *alibi* at all—but this indeed I often heard their friends say, that if the two gassoons liked it they could have proved *alibis* for them in twenty different places, all at the same time, an' each o' them forty miles away from the murder; besides that the two boys themselves could show, as clear as day-light, where they really were the night the Major was murdered. The fact is, it was said, that Carey and Dorney were doing something that night they didn't want the priest to know anything about. At all events they might have let such evidence alone, for they'd have been hung on Kit Cooney's *affilary* at any rate. They, to be sure, said they were innocent, and the people believed them—the judge said they were guilty, and the jury believed him, and the two young men were hung accordingly. This, Sir, I was tellin' you, happened five an' forty years ago, and just like the present times, Cooney knew the country too well to stop in it—at best he was but

an *informer*, an' Tipperary is a spot that was always 'counted too hot for them kind o' rascalions. It wasn't for many years afther that he was heard of, an' the way that mention was made of him was just thus.

"It was, you see, about six and twenty years next Holy-Eve night, that my aunt Biddy—an' it's from her own son I have the story, which is next to knowin' it myself—it was on that very night—an' it's a night that's mighty remarkable entirely for quare stories of the *good people*—that she was standin' at the door of poor ould Major Blennerhassett's house that was, and lookin' out to see what in the world was keepin' Paddy (that was her husband's name) so long at the market of Golden—for it was market-day in Golden) when she seen a well-dressed, farmer-like man with clothes on him that looked as if they were made in Dublin—you see, they hadn't the Tipperary cut upon them, at all.—And there was this decentish ould man standin' right opposite her on the road, an' lookin' terrible narrow at the house. Well, she thought nothin' at all o' that; for it's few people could pass the road without stoppin' to look at the Major's house, it was such an out o' the way big one to be so near the high road. 'God save you, ma'am,' says he.—'God save you kindly, sir,' says she. 'It's a cold night,' says he. 'Tis,' says she, 'will you come in, an' take an air of the fire?' 'I will,' says he. So she brought him down to the kitchen, an' the first thing she remarked was, that she forgot to tell him of an ugly step, that lay in his way, an' that every body tripped over, if they wern't tould of it, or didn't know it well before. And yet, without a trip or jostle, but smooth, and smack clean like herself, the stranger walked down stairs before her. 'By my sowkins,' said she to herself, 'you were here before, my good mon, whoever you are, and I must keep my eye upon you'—an' then she talks out to him, 'are you dry or hungry?' says she. 'No, but I'd like a drink of buttermilk,' says he. 'Why then, I'll get that same for you,' says she; 'what *countryman* are you?' 'Then to tell you the truth,' says he, 'I'm a Connoughtman.' 'Why then you hav'n't a bit o' the brogue,' says she, 'but talk English almost entirely, as well as myself.'—'Oh!' says he, 'I was in Dublin polishin' off the brogue.' 'That accounts,' says she, 'for the fine accent you have—were you ever in these parts before?' 'Never,' says he. 'That's a lie,' says she to herself; 'but I'll go an' fetch you a noggin o' the buttermilk.' 'Thank 'ee,' says he. You see, she left him sitting in the kitchen, and while she went for the buttermilk, which was to a pantry like, off the kitchen, an' while she was there, she saw the stranger put his hand to the second brick, in the hob, take out some little parcel, and run it into his breeches pocket. While he was doin' this, she saw his little black ferret-eyes, that were not longer in appearance nor a hawk's, but were bright and glisenin' and dazzlin' like them, wheelin' all round the kitchen, to see if any one was watching him. In a minute, she knew the gallows-look of him—it was Kit

Cooney that had hung her own flesh an' blood, till they were high an' dry as a side o' bacon. To be sure, the poor woman was frightened enough, but she was very stout, and didn't *let on*, an' accordingly, she came out with the noggin, an' when he drank it off, she sat down opposite him, an' asked him would he stop the night, as her husband would be home in a few minutes, an' would be glad to see any one that could tell him about the castle, an' the parliament house, an' the bridges, an' the lord-mayor, an' all the fine sights of Dublin. 'No, thank 'ee,' says he, 'I must be in Golden to-night—I've got all I wanted from you.' 'Faith you have,' says she to herself again, 'but whatever it is, it's more nor a drink of buttermilk.'

"Well, Sir, the man left her, an' she sat down waitin' for her husband, quite melancholly like, an' wondrin' what in the world it was that Cooney had taken from behind the hob; she sarched it mighty cutely, but if she was lookin' from that day to this, not a ha'p'orth she could find, but an empty hole, an' nothin' in it.

"Ten o'clock struck—eleven o'clock struck, an' no Paddy was yet come home—so to comfort herself, she sat down to make a cup of *tay*, an' to make it strong she determined to put a *stick* (a glass of whiskey) in it. She had the bread an' the butter, an' the whiskey bottle, and the taylor laid comfortably on the settle-bed, an' there she was sittin' on a *creepen* (little stool) beside it, when the clock struck twelve—the very instant it did, she heard the drawing-room door open—an'—tramp—tramp—tramp, she heard two feet comin' down stairs—an'—whack—whack—whack went a stick against the bannisters, as if somebody, who was lame, was hobbling down to her, as well as his two legs an' a stick would carry him. To be sure the poor woman was frightened enough—she knew it could not be Paddy; for if he had a stick in his fist, he would be more likely to knock it against a man's head than an ould wooden bannister. 'The Lord save us!' says she to herself, 'is this Kit Cooney's comin' back to massacree me?' 'Hilloa!' She then called 'out, 'You vagabone, whoever you are, don't be afraid to show your face to an honest woman than ever your mother was.'—Devil an answer she got. 'Oh,' says she, 'may be it's nobody at all—I'll take another cup o' tay 't any rate.' She had just filled it out, an' put the second stick in it, an' was maixen it with a spoon, when she turned up her eyes, an' who in the world should she see leaning over the settle-bed, an' lookin' quite *cantankerous*, an' doleful at the same time at her, but—the *Major himself!!!* There he was with the very same dress that she had seen on him the very last day he was out with the Tipperary Militia.

"He had on him a cocked hat that was, at least, three feet broad, an' two gold bands on it, that were glistenin' as grandly as if they had only that minute come out o' the shop, an' had never got a drop a rain on them—then he had a large black leather stock on his neck, an' a grand red officer's coat, that between the green

that it was turned up with, an' the gold that was shinin' all over it, you could hardly tell what colour it was—his shirt was as fine as silk, an' fringed with beautiful tuckers—an' then, the leather-breeches on his thin ould legs were as white as the driven snow, an' his boots that came up to his knee were as black an' polished as a crow's neck. The Major in fact was dressed out in the very *shute* that he went up to Dublin to get made for himself, an' that he never wore, *barrin'* it was on the King's birth-day, or the like. To be sure poor Biddy, who knew that the Major was buried many a long day ago, an' knowin' too right well that she got drunk—with grief—at his wake, was *spifficated*, an' in fact, Sir, completely *nonplushed* with admiration, when she saw him standin' before her in his best clothes. She hadn't time to say 'God save you kindly' to him, when he said to her,

"So, Biddy, a man can't walk down his own stairs, that was, without your abusin' like a pick-pocket, an' callin' him names. I little thought I'd ever hear your mother's daughter call poor ould Major Blennerhassett, that was a friend to you an' yours, a vagabone. It's 'asy knowin' it's in my grave I am, an' not here, or you'd cut the tongue out o' your ugly head, before you'd dare to say such a word to me, you drunken black-guard.'

"O! then, Major,' says Biddy, 'sure enough, if I knew that it was you, that was in it, I'd be the biggest o' vagabones to call you names; but how in the world was I to think, that you'd be walkin' like a *whiteboy* at this unseasonable hour o' the night?'

"Oh! then, Biddy, if you knew how glad I am to get a walk, you wouldn't wonder at my walkin' whenever I'd be let—may be you'd be glad to stretch your limbs yourself, if they were after being cramped twenty-five years in a cold grave. But how is Paddy?'

"He is mighty well, thank 'ee, Major.'

"How many childer have you, betwixt you?'

"Only ten, Major.'

"What's become of them?'

"Why then, it's mighty good o' you to ask after them, Major. Then to tell you the truth, my four girls are married, and have three childer each—two o' my boys were hanged in the *risin'* in '98—three more were transported because their brothers were hung for that same, an' my youngest son is in hospital from an accident he met with at the last fair o' Golden, when one o' the Kinnealies broke his leg, with a blow or a stone, because he was fightin' as well as his shillelagh would let him, for the Hogans, who you know yourself are our cousin-germans or his own. But, Major, I'm sorry to see you look so *delicate*. Is there any thing the matter with you?'

"Any thing the matter with me! why then, Biddy, you're enough to drive a man mad. It's no wonder Paddy often gives you a *molloo-roguing* (beating); any thing the matter with me? Blur-an-ouny-fish, am n't I dead and buried? What worse could be the matter with

a man nor that? Besides I'm cruel dry—my mouth is filled with the saw-dust that was put in my coffin, an' I did not taste a drop o' wine, malt, or spirits this mony a long day.'

" 'Why then, Major,' says she, 'may be, you'd take a cup o' tay with me—I've some *green* in the house.'

" 'Oh! hould your tongue, Biddy, or you'll drive me ragin' mad entirely, an' then I might disremember what brought me here. You couldn't take much tay yourself, ma'am, if you met with such an accident as that in your gullet. Look at me,' says the Major, taking off his leather stock, 'am n't I like an ould turkey cock on a Friday, that you were goin' to dress for my dinner on a Sunday. Wouldn't this be a purty throat to go to a tay-party with?' And as he said this, the Major loosed his stock, an' then sure enough, upon the sight of that, Biddy didn't wonder, that he held his head steady with one of his hands, for fear it might fall off his shoulders entirely.

" 'Oh! Major,' says she, 'it's plain to be seen that they were takin' the head off you. Bad luck to their hands that did that same for you!'

" 'Amen!' says the Major, 'an' high hangin' on a windy day to them too—but the dirty rascal, you see, Biddy, that did it is still walkin' the face o' the earth—he hung your innocent nephews for it too—but I won't have my walk for nothin', Biddy, if you remember what I'm goin' to say to you. Do you know who was here to-night? It was Kit Cooney. Now, mind my words. You seen him take somethin' out o' the hob to-night—that was a purse o' mine as full o' guineas as the Cat'lic church is full o' saints; an' it was Cooney put it there, afther killing me, an' my blood is on the purse still—an' you recollect, he swore on my trial that he got none o' my money. Now, the lying scoundrel, at this very minute he has my gold watch in his fob, with my own name on it, and that five hunder' pound note, that my cousin was more sorry for the loss of than he was o' myself—that is this very minute in the inside o' my gold watch, an' my name's on it—the villain was afraid by reason o' that to change the note ever since. Let you an' Paddy follow him now to Golden—you will find him in a *shebeen* house there—charge him with this murder, an' tell him what I say to you, an' let him take my word for it, that I'll never stop walkin' till I see him walk to the gallows—an', Biddy, now that you mayn't be thinkin' this is a drame you have, here's a guinea that I saved out of the fire, an' I'll make you a present of it.'

" 'Thank'ee Major,' says she, 'you were always good to me.' So she held out her hand to him for the golden guinea he was goin' to give her—her heart leaped up to her mouth when she saw it, for it was as shinin' and as yellow as a buttercup in a green field on a May morning.

" 'There it's for you,' says he, 'hold it fast, an' don't forget I was with you. With that, she shut her hand on the guinea, an' the minute she closed her fingers on it, she thought the hand was burn't off her.

" 'Oh! Major, Major,' says she, 'you've murdered me entirely.'

" 'Ah! what Major are you talkin' of?' called out Paddy, who was that moment come home, and found Biddy jumpin' an' skippin' round the kitchen like a mad dog, or a young kitten.

" 'What Major?' answered Biddy, 'why the ould Major, that was here this minute.' 'It's drunk you are, or dramin', said Paddy. 'Why then, if I am,' said Biddy, 'look in the tay-cup, an' you'll find the Major's guinea, that I threw there to cool it—by the powers it has burnt the finger an' thumb off me.'

" 'With that, Paddy went to the cup, an' instead of a guinea, he found nothin' but a smokin' cinder. If Biddy took her oath of it, nothin' would persuade Paddy but that she was dramin', till she tould him o' Kit Cooney bein' there, an' all the Major said to her.

" 'Well, the upshot of it was, that Paddy an' Biddy went to the priest an' tould him all that happened, an' the priest went to a magistrate—Mr. Fitzgibbon, that he knew had a spite to the father o' the magistrate, that took Kit Cooney's swearin' against Carey an' Dorney.

" 'But as I'm near the end o' my stage, I must be short with my story: Cooney was arrested by Mr. Fitzgibbon, an' the purse, an' the watch, an' the £500 note were found exactly as the ghost tould Biddy; and Mr. Fitzgibbon an' the priest never let Cooney alone till he owned to the murder, and that the two poor boys, who by this time should be the father of fourteen, or fifteen children apiece, were completely innocent.—Cooney was accordingly hung at the next assizes, an' there wasn't a Carey, nor a Dorney, in Tipperary, that wasn't at the hangin' in Clonmel. As to that, we have revenged ourselves well on them Cooneys; for at the last fair o' Thurles, the Careys gave three Cooneys such a thrashin', that it will be mighty quare thing entirely, if one o' the three live to see next Christmas day. Take my word for it that the worst kind o' cattle in Ireland are the informers; but this, your honour, is the town of Callen: I don't go any farther—I hope you won't forget myself, that's both guard and driver.'

NATURE.

Every thing is great and wonderful in nature—there is nothing which does not bear the mark of the workman, in some corner; the very irregular and imperfect things which we sometimes observe, imply regularity and perfection. Vain and presumptuous man! make a worm, which you trample under foot and despise: you are afraid of a toad; make a toad if you can. How excellent a master of his art is he, who fabricates those things which men not only admire, but fear! I don't require you to show your skill in making a man of sense, a handsome man, or a beautiful woman; the undertaking is too hard and unequal: try only to make a deformed creature, an idiot, a monster, and I'm content.

EMBROIDERY FOR HEAD DRESSES.

SIDE PATTERN.



CROWN PATTERN.



I WANDER, LOVE.

A SONG.

I WANDER, love, in the stilly night,
When the idle world is dreaming;
When the woods and the waves shine in silv'ry light,
And the stars from high heaven are gleaming;
All my hopes, they have sunk in the dreary night,
The night of the endless tomb;
They have fallen 'neath the canker of fate's blighting breath,
And despair is my only doom!

I wander, love, in the gay sun-beams,
Where the butterfly loves to dwell;
Amid the radiance of joy's best dream,
'Neath the magic of beauty's spell;
But no ray of light ever reaches to me,
No warmth ever glows in my breast;
A pilgrim forsaken, for e'er doom'd to be
A wanderer, ne'er finding his rest!

I yield,—I must yield to the power,
That crushes my heart in its bloom:
Like the death-wind that withers the flower,
The graves that the fairest entomb;
For one star directed my life's thorny way,
One beacon beam'd o'er life's rough sea;
That beacon and star have both sunk in decay,
That beacon and star, love, were *these!*

STANZAS.

BY WILLIAM KENNEDY.

Would that the hour you called me thine,
Deserted girl had been our last,
Before the star had ceased to shine,
Whose influence mild was o'er us cast:
Would that we had not linger'd here,
But, in the rapture of that dream,
Floated to some less troubled sphere,
Like rose-leaves down a summer-stream;

Then thou to loneliness and grief
Hadst not become an early prey;
Nor had I felt my fond belief
In life's illusion fade away.
O more—I had not lived to mourn
The choice I in my madness made,
Of toys, by folly won and worn,
Which left for banished Peace, a shade.

The world—my uncomplaining love!
The world I braved—avenged thee well.
The golden shower, I prized above
Thy young affection, on me fell;
The hand of power—the voice of fame—
In later days have both been mine;
But never have I felt the same
In heart, as when you called me thine!

FRANCES BURKE.

It is only once in a century that a lady blossoms into life so eminently beautiful that all the world agree to style her *the belle*. Such an one, however, was Frances Burke. She was neither too tall nor too short, and, without forfeiting the graceful epithet of slender, had a becoming degree of *embonpoint*.—The colour of her eyes was often a subject of dispute. They had the melting softness of the blue with the quick and animated expression of the black; and then they were so beautifully shaded by the long dark eye lashes that they had a Madonna expression which charmed the grave, while their vivacity fascinated the gay. It was around her mouth, however, that Cupid with his train resided. The old loved to watch her dimpling smiles—they brought with them the sunny recollections of youth, and in her varying complexion there was an expression of sensibility that spoke of *inward gifts*.

Had Frances been born in humble life, she would have been compared to the lily of the valley, or the rose of Sharon, or a gem in the caverns of the ocean. But it must be confessed that she enjoyed every advantage which education could bestow, and glittered in the circle of fashion, not only the most beautiful, but the *best dressed* lady. Fortune too, as if to prove that she could occasionally raise her bandage, had showered her gifts upon Frances. Many a calculation was made of what would be the income of the heiress when her father should be called to surrender what he could not carry with him. She had lovers of all nations, all complexions,

and all tempers; and they were probably less disinterested than the suitors of modern days, for it was strongly suspected that a few were attracted by the prospect of Miss Burke's future possessions. But there was one among them whose situation in life exempted him from all suspicion of mercenary views. He possessed an ample fortune, and had sustained the favours which fashion heaped upon him with becoming modesty. It was confidently asserted that there was an *engagement* between Carlton and Miss Burke, and this report was authorized by symptoms of mutual interest. He was more tenacious, however, of the lady's smiles than she herself was, and complained that they were often wasted upon the unworthy and undeserving, while Frances contended that she had neither the power nor the wish to become the judge of others; that affability was a coin of light value, and ought to be exchanged with all. Carlton became more and more irritable on the subject, and, at length, with an impression on both sides sufficiently powerful to have ripened into a strong and lasting affection, they concluded to separate—he to travel, and she to feel at liberty to form any new engagement. Had the countenance of Frances been as demure and her smiles as rare previous to his departure, as they were immediately after, the lover would have had no reason to be dissatisfied; but youth is the season of transient impressions and good humour:—again her smiles returned, and apparently no disappointment clouded her mind.

Mr Burke doted on his daughter as it was natural he should;—her mother was a descendant of a respectable Dutch family, and had died soon after the birth of her child. The little Frances had then been the engrossing object of his thoughts, and, as she grew older, he was not elated with the admiration she received, for he considered it only her due, yet he sometimes discovered an anxiety about her *settlement in life* that seemed inconsistent with his conviction of her deserts. Though it has been agreed ever since Shakspeare's time, that "there is a tide in the affairs of men," Frances seemed to have no idea of taking it at its flood. In the most thoughtless manner she refused many offers, some because the lovers were too old, others *merely* because they were disagreeable, till it was positively asserted that she had gone through the four and twenty letters of the alphabet. But she was too disinterested and too happy to make any calculation for herself. It is true that when Prince Edward arrived in Boston, and was to grace a splendid public ball, at which Frances was expected to be the brightest star, it did occur to her mind that it would be no ordinary affair to become a princess of England; and as the hair-dresser threw the last puff of powder among her locks, (for belles then wore powder,) she could not but be conscious as she gazed upon her taper waist, brought almost to a point, her sleeves, fitted to show off the admirable symmetry of her arm, and her white satin shoes with heels so high that they permitted only her toe to touch the ground, that she was a figure upon which even royalty might gaze with delight. Let not our modern fair ones, with their glossy curls, their Grecian waists and gigot sleeves, despise the belles of former times, but let them remember that *our* loveliest portraits will one day look as grotesque as those of our grandmothers now appear. When Frances took her station at the head of the ball-room, by the side of a fashionable beau, and began the *minuet de la cour* with a low courtesy, a murmur of applause ran through the room, and Prince Edward was said to have enquired who she was. But those days are over, and many a revolution in dancing has succeeded the slow graceful step of the minuet, from pigeon's wing to the pirouettes of Monsieur La-basse.

It was in the midst of this career of fashion and splendour that Mr. Burke was suddenly seized with an apoplexy, which terminated his existence in a few hours. His death excited much of what the world calls sympathy, but many calculations were hazarded as to the amount of the thousands he would leave. A few weeks put an end to conjecture. After a minute investigation the fate of the heiress was decided, and the estate declared insolvent!

Frances at first met this accumulation of distress with the anguish of a mind undisciplined by sorrow. There can hardly be a greater shock to a generous heart than to feel the sources of its liberality suddenly cut off. She had ever been ready to impart of her abundance to all who

wanted, and had never for a moment felt that there was any merit in giving; for she justly considered that the excellence of virtue is in the sacrifices it is willing to make, and her situation had been such that none were required. But when she was obliged to withdraw her subscriptions and individual bounties, she felt the first sting of poverty. For a short time her grief was excessive—but that mind must be perverted that can cherish gloom and despair in a world abounding with objects to interest and call forth its energies and affections. If nature be permitted to exercise its sway no grief can be incurable. Frances every day felt some new alleviation. The kindness of friendship soothed her heart, and many a house was open for her reception. There were still admirers who were willing to take her portionless, but she shrunk from a match of convenience. At this crisis she received a letter from a cousin, an early friend of her mother's, residing not far from the Hudson, in which a home was cordially offered to the orphan, the writer promising to send her husband to accompany Frances to Dutchess County. It was an unexpected pleasure to the young lady to find an asylum among her mother's relations. She knew that they were High Dutch, but there had been so little intercourse with them that such a prospect had not occurred to her mind. There was a feeling of human nature that made this arrangement pleasant. She was glad to avoid appearing as a dependant in that circle where she had once presided. She made every preliminary arrangement for her departure, disposed of all superfluous articles of jewelry and dress, and waited with impatience the arrival of her relative, Mr. Vanderhoof. It was late in the day when the good gentleman drove into the yard in an ordinary one horse chaise. Frances received him with grateful cordiality, and felt that it was no common degree of kindness which could induce him to make a journey of nearly two hundred miles with such an equipage. She had still remained in her father's house, but she knew that it was no longer her's and was eager to quit it. Mr. Vanderhoof did not appear dazzled with the splendour of the apartments, or the beauty and elegance of the young lady, probably preferring the Dutch rotundity of his own *frau*. They left Boston in the last week of November.

There is no more agreeable way of travelling than in a one horse chaise with a companion of congenial taste, but scarcely two beings could have been found more uncongenial than Miss Burke and Mr. Vanderhoof. There are many long and tedious hills between Boston and Hartford, as every traveller knows. The horse, accustomed to no other pace than that of the plough, ascended them with slow and weary steps, and Frances often quitted the chaise and gained the summit long before the vehicle arrived. When they entered Hartford they found the Court in session and the town crowded. Frances had often pursued this road with her father, in his Phaeton, on their way to New York. There

were several public houses at which they were accustomed to lodge, but a Phaeton with two noble bays and an outrider, can gain admittance where there is no room for an ordinary looking one horse chaise. They jugged from house to house receiving the short answer, "we are full," and finally one of the innkeepers advised them to seek accommodations a few miles out of town. Frances felt more amused than mortified at their reception, and slept quietly at a neat little tavern beyond Hartford. In the morning she arose refreshed—but as the horse resumed his task with little alacrity they made no very rapid progress. On the fourth morning the day was dark and drizzling. At any other season of the year, Frances would have found much to interest her mind, but the trees were bare and leafless, and though the river which is called Mad Tom, still wound its eccentric course by the road side, sometimes foaming over beds of rocks, and sometimes leaping from precipices, still it wanted the picturesque beauty of an earlier season; the luxuriant green of summer, or the variegated hues of Autumn.

Frances tried in vain to extract something like conversation from her companion, but to her question she usually answered, "Well, I don't know," and to her observations, "I make no objection." She merely learnt that he was a German and blessed with a numerous offspring.

As they advanced into the interior of the country, a considerable portion of the road was formed by trunks of trees. The horse dragged the shattered vehicle over the huge logs, the stumps of which were standing by the road side among black and charred wood and stunted grass. Frances could not but compare their dreary way with the fertile country and smooth shaven roads around Boston, interspersed with villas, cottages and ornamented farms. As night approached, the clouds, which had been lowering, condensed into one heavy mass and the rain poured down in torrents. Cold, comfortless, and weary, the fortitude of the young traveller seemed wholly to forsake her; she contrasted her present with her past situation, and gave herself up to a violent burst of grief. "Well," exclaimed her companion when her sobs became less audible, "we must all die, and I don't know but them are the best off, that die first."

Frances took her handkerchief from her eyes, roused to attend on by a remark so nearly approaching to conversation.

"Did you see that man that just passed us?" continued Mr. Vanderhoof. She replied in the negative.

"It was parricide Bob," said he, "I hope we shan't fall in with him to-night." Frances enquired why he gave him such an appellation.

"Why," said the man, "some people think him the very devil."

"What crime has he committed," asked Frances. To this enquiry he went on in a less laconic manner with his observations.

"I was a thinking," said he, "when I first spoke, that it was a pity he had not died at his

mother's breast—there might have been a good many tears shed then, but there have been a good many more since." By degrees and in his own language he related to her that parricide Bob had always been a wild and lawless boy, that his father had put him to school but that he would never study, and, when only eleven years old, quarrelled with one of his companions and stabbed him on the spot; that he was confined in the state prison several years, and came out apparently reformed; that some time after he went to his father and demanded a sum of money, which being refused, he sprung upon the old man and would have throttled him had no one been near. "Since that time," continued Vanderhoof, "he has been heard to say that he would be the death of his father. He has been bound over to the peace, and though he is continually committing some outrageous action, there is no officer that dares to seize him, for they know it would be certain death. He always goes armed, and sleeps with his doors and windows fastened and with loaded pistols by his side."

When they arrived at the tavern where they were to pass the night, Vanderhoof said he must take the horse to the blacksmith, and Frances gladly made her way to the house. She was conducted to a large low apartment where brush and underwood were blazing upon the hearth. Two men were seated by the fire; one was the landlord and the other an athletic well-made young man with the demeanour of a gentleman. He arose as Frances entered, offered her his chair and left the room.

The next day brought them to the banks of the Hudson. They were rowed across and in a few hours arrived at the village. The countenance of Vanderhoof brightened as he approached his home. They rode up to a long low house, with a stoop running the whole length. Innumerable children seemed to issue from the doors and windows, shouting in joyful accents to their father.

He drove into the enclosure, and, telling Frances that she would find his wife in the house, went with true German phlegm, to fodder his horse before he embraced his family. In the mean time Frances ran up the steps and was met by her cousin, a short and thick woman with a fresh complexion, white teeth, and a good humoured smile. She welcomed Frances with the most frank and cordial familiarity, and presented her sons and daughters by their different names—then a troop of little black children came forward and the same introduction was demanded for them. When she entered the house she found a blazing fire and the table set out with all the dainties of Dutch cookery, crullers, rulleges, head-cheese and preserves, to all of which the numerous family, partly assembled, did ample justice, while the little black children performed their antics in a remote part of the room. Frau Vanderhoof's family was the true picture of a Dutch residence. The parents of the black children had once been slaves, but now they did not even retain the name and were treated as pets by the family.

Frances found, in the honest simplicity of her cousin, much to love. For the first few weeks she was amused with the novelty of her mode of life, and the children, good tempered though unmanageable, interested her affections. She tried to keep a regular school for them, but this she found quite impossible, they had so many out-of-door amusements and avocations, and she contented herself with giving them such incidental instruction as opportunity afforded.

When the long tedious winter came on and the roads were blocked up with snow, poor Frances sighed in the weariness of her heart; her little store of books was exhausted and the house afforded none to supply their places. Even the *Dominie* of the village preached in German, and she had drawn on the resources of her own mind till every thought had lost its freshness. It is not wonderful that, under such circumstances, she sometimes thought of Carlton.

Frances became a great favourite among her cousin's friends;—they loved her for her beauty and good nature, and she delighted to give them her assistance. It was a relief to her to perform any active duty, and when one of the neighbours fell sick and Frances assisted his wife in attending upon him, she felt the weariness of her life relieved. When he died, Frances attended the funeral ceremonies. The simple, artless expressions of grief fell with kindred sympathy on her own heart. The mourners assembled, and in soft and plaintive strains, sang one of the hymns of the Lutheran Church.

"Alle menschen müssen sterben,
Alles fleisch vergeht wie heu;"*

The simple, solemn music struck on the chords of her heart, and she wept her own sorrows anew.

As the winter passed away and the spring came on, the elasticity of hope again returned. She explored the environs in search of natural beauty. The aspect of the country, so wholly different from the regular cultivation to which she had been accustomed, excited her imagination. She often gained the summit of a hill, that in Massachusetts might have been as much a resort for prospect as the Blue hills, and spent hours in gazing on the country around. She could trace the course of the Hudson, sometimes spreading out into lakes and then imprisoned between mountains of rock;—now bearing on its bosom green islands like emerald gems, and now contrasting its snowy sails with the groves of oaks and pines through which they passed. There were then no lumbering steam-boats sending out volumes of smoke to dim the atmosphere, but all was in harmony. The Catskill mountains, too, could be seen, rising one above another, bounding the prospect on one side and expressing their own sublimity in silent grandeur. There was one resort to which Frances delighted to repair;—it was a water-fall several miles dis-

* All men must die,
All flesh wither like grass.

tant from her residence. There were seasons of the year when it was remarkable only for its high and woody banks and shelving rocks—but in the spring it poured over two immense bodies of rock, clearing the one and the other like a cataract, falling many feet into the abyss below and winding its way to the Hudson. It now rushed forth from a quiet little lake above, as if the flood-gates of Heaven were opened. Here Frances frequently wandered and spent whole days.

In one of her solitary rambles a gunner started from behind a thicket with two large dogs, who rushed towards her. She sprang up in evident terror—but he whistled to his dogs and then approaching her, said, "They wont hurt you—they are the best creatures in the world." As he spoke, a faint recollection came over her mind of having seen him before, but she could not remember when. He seemed to feel no curiosity, but passed on. It was not long after that she prevailed on her cousin, who was timid and seldom went from home, to take a ride with her to this beautiful spot. The horse was the same which had been used in the family for years, and Frances was in the habit of driving him. Just as they turned into the road that led to the falls, the report of a gun with the dashing of the water seemed to awaken the last spark of eccentricity that existed in the animal. Giving a violent spring, he darted forwards towards the precipice and all efforts to arrest his progress, by Frances, were useless, while the screams of her companion only served to accelerate his speed. At that moment the gunner, who had occasioned the mischief, sprang over the wall, and, by heading the horse and clinging to his neck, so arrested his velocity as to enable the females to leap from the chaise, but finding himself on the edge of the fall, he suddenly loosed his hold and darted on one side. The horse rushed over the precipice. A frightful crash of the vehicle was heard—its scattered remnants, and the mangled body of the horse were at once before them. With Mrs. Vanderhoof the consciousness of safety was predominant;—Frances gazed for a moment and fell senseless on the ground. When she recovered, she found herself alone with the stranger and supported by him. She eagerly enquired for her cousin—he told her that she had gone for a wagon to convey her home. "You have saved our lives," said Frances with emotion—"O, how can we be thankful enough? What a dreadful death you have saved us from!" said she, shuddering. At that moment a man was seen crossing the lake above, in a little boat. He landed and, approaching Frances, offered to convey her to the other side, where there was a house. But she declined, saying she would wait for Mrs. Vanderhoof, who would expect to find her there, and she was yet too faint to move.

"I hope you know your company," said the man, casting a glance of defiance and distrust at her companion.

"What do you mean by that?" exclaimed the young man, starting forward.

"Mean!" said the other, with a scornful laugh, "why, that I hope she knows you are Bob Wilkinson."

It appeared as if the youth made a strong effort to suppress his rage, for though he clenched his fist, he said, "you had better begone."

"What!" replied the man, "and leave her with you?—with parricide Bob?"

The young man threw down his gun and sprang upon his antagonist. In vain Frances shrieked and implored—they were both athletic, and the most horrible conflict took place. They writhed in each other's arms and both were dashed to the ground.—The sight was too dreadful to witness. Frances had hid her face in her hands, but the power of motion was taken from her. The conflict was short. All was now stilled, except the hard breathing of some one near. She ventured to look up. Wilkinson stood alone on the edge of the precipice, gazing intently below. His eyes were like balls of fire, his nostrils distended and swollen, and he frothed at the mouth. At that moment Mrs. Vanderhoof appeared in sight accompanied by two men. Wilkinson seemed to recollect himself;—he turned to Frances and said emphatically, "*Remember!* I have saved your life!" and seizing his gun, disappeared among the woods. The men conveyed Frances to the wagon. She was unable to answer the enquiries or remarks of her cousin, but begged that she might go immediately to bed and be left alone. Mrs. Vanderhoof, after exulting a little in her own firmness and representing that the danger was over, left her to her reflections. It was hours before she could cease to think of the horrible scene she had witnessed, and of the certainty of murder. Perhaps she might be arraigned as an accessory, if the body was discovered, at any rate as a witness. It was not till towards morning that she lost the vivid recollection of the scene in broken slumbers, and it was beyond the usual breakfast hour when Mrs. Vanderhoof burst into the chamber. "O, Frances!" said she, "what a dreadful day was yesterday! O, such news!"

"What? what?" exclaimed the poor girl, covering her face.

"You know John Snider, who ground our corn? he was missing all last night, and this morning he was found crushed in his own mill. It is a dreadful thing, for he was as honest a man as ever lived; he had but one fault—he would drink now and then, and they suppose that that was the way the accident happened. O, it is a dreadful warning. I am going right away to see poor Mrs. Snider, for she has seven little children, and they say she is almost distracted. Vanderhoof is gone for a wagon, but I am sure we shall miss our poor horse."

Frances faintly asked where the mill was.

"Why, on that *beautiful* stream that you talk so much about, and that like to have been the death of us yesterday." The good woman hastened away on her benevolent errand and left Frances once more alone. A day or two passed and Frances found that no suspicions of the actual

cause of Snider's death were excited. Probably Wilkinson was experienced in deception and had taken his measures so promptly and securely as to avert all suspicion. The dreadful secret rested alone with her, and she shared it with the murderer! She was fully resolved that nothing should induce her ever to accuse him, either in public or private, yet the thought could not but arise to her mind that, if she were out of the way, the secret was Wilkinson's own. To him it would be an easy task to silence her forever. He might consider it his only safety. The most nervous apprehensions seized upon her: the sudden opening of a door, a quick or unusual step brought on alarming tremors. One circumstance however occurred that served to divert her mind from its distressing apprehensions. She received a letter, from a former agent of her Father's, stating that, by the recovery of property supposed to be lost and the unexpected arrival of shipments, the estate would fully answer the demands of the creditors and that the declaration of insolvency had been retracted. Her heart beat with pleasure at this information; it was happiness to feel that no one had a right to reproach her father's memory; for a few hours her usual cheerfulness returned, and she once more enlivened the little circle with her smiles and gaiety. As night came on there was every appearance of a thunder-shower. Mrs. Vanderhoof on similar occasions was always extremely alarmed, and her children partook of her terrors. They clung round their mother, and at length all the family retired to the protection of a *feather-bed*, leaving Mr. Vanderhoof smoking his pipe, and Frances to dispose of herself as she pleased. For some time she remained with him, preferring him and his pipe, (one as companionable as the other,) to the solitude of her room, but as it grew late she felt it necessary to retire. The room which she occupied opened into a little garden and looked towards the Catskill range. The thunder storms in this part of the country are extremely severe, and the deep and prolonged reverberation is appalling to the heart and ear. The rain now poured in torrents, and the frequent flashes disclosed the dark outline of the distant woods, and occasionally a tremendous peal, followed by the vivid glare of the lightning, seemed to burst from the mountains themselves. Frances seated herself at a little distance from the window, and was rapt in contemplating the awful grandeur of the scene. Her lamp was shaded in a corner—the other parts of the room were entirely dark. As she sat, watching the heavens, she plainly discerned the figure of a man, with his head stretched forward, gazing intently upon her. For a moment horror took from her the power of motion. But there are many who meet certain evils with more resolution than those of the imagination. The mind of Frances had been unusually elevated; she felt the power of *Him* "who guides the whirlwind and directs the storm," and human beings at that moment seemed but the agents of his will.—Collecting all her firmness, she approached the

window to close it—as she laid her hand on the bar, a head was suddenly thrust in—it was Wilkinson's! She gave a piercing shriek and sank upon the floor. Mr. Vanderhoof slept in an adjoining room: fortunately, his wife had been unable to close her eyes, but hearing the cry of distress she started up and awoke her husband, telling him that Frances was struck by lightning. Both hastened to the room of their fair cousin, and found her lying on the floor immediately under the window. Not a doubt rested on their minds as to the cause of her situation. When Frances was sufficiently recovered to speak, she assured them that she had received no injury—but that terror had deprived her of her senses. Mrs. Vanderhoof required no other explanation, and kindly offered to remain with her, but Frances said she could not stay in that room, and would rather go and lie down with the children. As soon as she was able to reflect, her dread of Wilkinson was rather diminished than increased by this visit. She was convinced that he meant her no personal evil, or he would not have waited as if to catch her attention:—indeed upon recollection she had no doubt that he had called her name more than once, though the sounds had mingled with the storm so as to be hardly distinguishable. "He has come," said she, "to require my oath that I will not betray him." She now determined to give him an opportunity to speak to her; "it is better thought she," "to die at once, than to live in perpetual terror." She walked out as usual, carefully however, avoiding all solitary or remote places; but Wilkinson was never seen. She ventured to enquire after him, and learnt that he had quitted that part of the country. So much time had elapsed since the horrible event took place, that Frances ceased to fear that a suspicion of the circumstances attending Snider's death might be excited: her nerves recovered their usual firmness, and she walked and rode without apprehension.

At this time she received a second letter that evidently completed the restoration of her cheerfulness. Its contents were as follows:—

MY DEAR FRANCES—You must allow me to address you as formerly, for, though I have travelled half over the globe, I have seen and felt nothing that could obliterate my recollections of home. I was a fool to quarrel with you about your smiles, for when I was in Italy I would have given the Venus de Medicis herself, for only half an one. I am truly glad to get back to my native land, and hope when I travel again, that it may be with a companion. I was disappointed when I arrived at not finding you, and as I am about making an excursion to New York, I think I shall jump on board a North River packet. I hope you will not receive me coldly if I should pay my respects to Mynheer Vanderhoof. If I behaved like a froward child, I have been punished like one, by being deprived for two whole years of what I loved best; don't therefore, put me on my new probation, or if it is necessary, let it be a probation *for life*, and immediately under your own eye."

The letter did not require the signature of Carlton to convince Frances from whom it came. As it had the New York post mark upon it, she was not surprised that it only preceded him a few hours. Carlton had no reason to complain of any redundancy of smiles, when Frances met him; for after a few moments of internal struggle she burst into a shower of tears—and he actually began to be quite in despair, lest the sun would never shine again. If there is any foretaste here of the happiness of Heaven, it is in the exercise of the affections—it matters not under what head they are classed—love, friendship, or parental tenderness; it is the ever springing fountain of these emotions that gives freshness even to the winter of life. There was but one inn at the village and that a miserable habitation, but Carlton was so much pleased with its accommodations, that he concluded to pass a week or two there. It is true, he spent not much time under its roof, for he was engaged in attending Frances on her frequent excursions. It was scarcely possible that the danger which the two ladies had so lately escaped should not be related by Mrs. Vanderhoof in all its minuteness. Carlton listened with breathless attention and eagerly enquired where the young man who had risked his own life for their's, was to be found. Frances replied with quickness that he had left that part of the country.

"Let us go to the spot," said Carlton; "why have you never carried me there?"

"It brings back too many painful recollections," replied she, her whole countenance expressing the horror of her mind—and rising she left the room.

"We all think that Frances is nervous about this accident," said Mrs. Vanderhoof, "for she can't bear to hear the place, nor Wilkinson's name mentioned, and though she used to tire us to death with talking about its beauties, since the accident, I have never heard her name it."

Carlton took an accurate direction and found the place. He was no less charmed with it than Frances had first been—and he determined to persuade her to make an effort and come once, and then the struggle would be over. But he found to his surprise that when he urged the excursion she discovered an irritability wholly new. He dropped the subject, but with the painful impression that her temper might not be *entirely perfect*. It was not long after, that he took a letter from his pocket as he entered the house and said to Frances, my landlord asked me to give you this—it was left at the tavern. It was directed "To Miss Burke." Frances opened it and glanced her eye over the page. Instantly a deathly paleness overspread her countenance.

"My dear Frances," said Carlton tenderly, "what has distressed you?" She made no reply. "I wish I had thrown the letter into the fire, instead of giving it to you," added he.

"Carlton," said she, recollecting herself, "this letter *does* distress me, but the communication of its contents to you would not alleviate my dis-

trass. I have no right to disclose the secret it contains, for it concerns another person."

"Don't you wish me to convey your answer back to the inn?" asked he pettishly, "a lover may surely serve as valuable a purpose as a well trained spaniel." The tear-swollen eyes of Frances struck reproach to his heart, and, recovering his good humour, he gaily added, "you shall tell me what you please;—I will make no inquiries, and be thankful that you are willing to tell such an unreasonable being any thing." Yet when he took leave and Frances said, "don't come here this evening, I shall be engaged and can't see any one,"—he found it difficult to abide by his good resolutions.

The letter was from Wilkinson; he intreated for an interview. "I swear by all that is sacred," wrote he, "that no evil shall come to you. It is important to my life that I see you, perhaps even to your own. For God's sake come this evening to the little thicket on the right—if you refuse, you may drive me to desperation.—I shall be there at eight."

Frances determined to go, perhaps it might be as a victim. There is, in a generous heart, a confidence in our fellow beings, that even crime cannot wholly destroy. With tottering steps, when the clock struck eight, she repaired to the spot: it was near the house—and the moon shone clear and bright. "It is not such an evening as this," said she, trying to gain courage, "that they choose for deeds of darkness." When she reached the edge of the little wood, she perceived Wilkinson waiting. She stopped and leaned against a tree. He approached her, but she said in a resolute voice,

"No nearer! All you have to say, say there, and quickly."

"Do you know," said he, in a deep hollow voice, "that there have been discoveries?"

"I know nothing," said she—"speak—while I have power to hear."

"First tell me," exclaimed he with vehemence, "what you saw in that last struggle?"

"I saw nothing," said Frances, "for the scene was too savage to look upon.—My eyes were covered."

"Did I give the first provocation?"

"You did not," said Frances, "you warned him to begone. I know nothing further," said she, "nothing."

"Were you to be summoned before a court of justice, is this all you would swear to?"

"Were I to be summoned before my God," said she, solemnly, "it is all I could say, except that when I looked up, you were alone, and gazing, on the—fall below. You have saved my life, and nothing," continued she, "shall ever lead me to mention even these circumstances voluntarily. If I am summoned before a court of justice, which God forbid, these are the only facts to which I can swear. I must now intreat of you to seek no more interviews with me; they may destroy my peace forever, and I would not hurt a hair of your head. Would to God that my prayers"—she was interrupted by the sound

of steps—and quickly added, "if my testimony can be of use to you on such an emergency as you dread, I will not hesitate to give it." She turned away and in a few moments perceived Carlton.

"To whom were you talking?" said he. She made no reply, but took hold of his arm.

"I will see for myself!" exclaimed he, pressing forward.

"Carlton!" said she, "advance but one step, and we part forever!" He stood irresolute.

"Why, this is queening it indeed!" said he, "it may be best we *should* part if you desire it."

"Desire it!" she exclaimed, "O Carlton, you are the only earthly good I possess, there is nothing I would withhold from you, except that confidence which I have no right to impart, and which were I to betray, would cause you to despise me."

"I find I must submit," said he "but it is your own fault that I came here to-night. I understood that your engagement was alone—you said you could see *no one*, and I naturally concluded you were going to devote the evening to answering the letter I brought you. I therefore strolled here from mere idleness and was perfectly astonished when I heard your voice as if parting from some one. But I hope," continued he half seriously, "when our vows are plighted in the Church you will have none of these secrets."

"I hope not," said she, "at any rate no new one."

"For what then are we waiting?" exclaimed he.

"No one can tie the knot faster than a German Dominie." The proposition that was started in jest every moment became more practicable. And before they parted, Frances had consented that in a few days they should part no more. They were both singularly independent in situation. Mrs. Vanderhoof was the nearest relation Frances possessed, and she smilingly gave her consent when it was dutifully asked.

If the marriage of Carlton and Miss Burke had taken place during her Father's life time, it would have excited no little stir. The world would have heard of bridal dresses, bride-men and bride-maids, wedding-cake and "setting up for company," but there was nothing of the kind on the occasion to which we are about to allude. First Mr. and Mrs. Vanderhoof walked to Church—then followed Carlton and Frances, arm in arm—then innumerable little Vanderhoofs. Half a dozen barefooted black children brought up the rear. When they arrived at the Church, they found a number of broad-faced honest Dutch people already assembled to witness the ceremony, and though it was performed in German, neither of the parties made any mistake.

It was now the beginning of September, and a most propitious season for travelling. This, rather than fashion, induced the bridal couple to set off on a journey. The choice of the vehicle was left to Frances, and she decided for a one horse chaise. After a short stay at Albany, they concluded to cross the lakes and visit Canada.

Six weeks had passed pleasantly by, when Frances one day taking up an Albany paper was attracted by the words, "HORRID DISCOVERY!"

In the article beneath this caption, which was printed in large capitals, was related a melancholy account of Snider's death—of his being found, crushed and mangled in his own mill—of the heart-breaking distress of the widow and the blighted prospects of the children. "Great sympathy," continued the relation, "was shown by every body for this unfortunate family, and it was not till several weeks afterwards that any suspicion was entertained of the real circumstances." It was then stated that the first suspicions were excited by the discovery of portions of his dress suspended to a precipice on the opposite side, and of one of his shoes that had been missing; that every investigation was then made, and that after much difficulty, the circumstances of his death, were collected, forming a regular chain of discovery; but that, as a trial of the young man implicated was to take place the next week, it was proper to suppress all further statement and leave the public to form an unprejudiced opinion.

She had no sooner read the article than she thought how important her testimony might be to Wilkinson. It could now only operate in his favour, for he was already in the hands of justice, yet she doubted her right to communicate the circumstances even to her husband. She had given Wilkinson her solemn promise that she would only reveal them before a court of justice, and nothing had absolved her from the promise.

"My dear Carlton," said she to her husband as he entered, "I have one more demand to make upon your forbearance and kindness—will you accompany me *immediately* to Albany?—convey me there in the most expeditious way possible?"

Carlton looked astonished:—"It is impossible," said he, "what shall we do with our engagements?"

"They are all those of fashion and ceremony," said Frances with energy, "but *mine* is an affair of *life and death!*"

"My dear Frances," said Carlton, "ask me to give you up any thing but my reason and I will do it for you, but to go blindly about a step so apparently capricious—indeed you will think better of it after a night's sleep. Your business cannot be so very important as you represent it, and if it is, it ought not to be concealed from me."

"On that subject," replied she, "I can say nothing new. But Carlton," continued she, solemnly, "you have chosen me for your friend and companion through life; you have taken me destitute and an orphan; you have entrusted to me your honour and your happiness, and can you hesitate to confide in me for one short week and be guided by my wishes? Had you told me that it was *your* duty to depart this afternoon for Siberia, do you think *I* should have made an objection? and have not women the same moral

responsibilities as men? Trust me but this once, and if I abuse your confidence withdraw it forever."

"If you are really so serious on this subject," said Carlton, "we will go immediately." And he went to prepare for their expedition. There was no time to be lost, as the paper was dated several days before Frances had seen it.

The husband certainly behaved remarkably well on this occasion, though there was now and then a little gloom on his brow and a little reserve in his manner. Once he expatiated in a more sentimental tone than was common to him, "on the alienation produced by want of confidence." Though the eyes of the young bride were filled with tears, she preserved her secret with a resolution that might have entitled her to the honour of becoming a free-mason.

When they arrived at Albany the town was crowded. Frances informed her husband that she wished to be subpoenaed as a witness in the trial of Wilkinson. He was horror-struck at the idea of his delicate, sensitive and beautiful wife's appearing at a criminal court as a witness for a murderer. Again poor Frances was obliged to go over her stock of arguments and persuasions, and finally—conquered.

It would be exaggeration to say that, when she appeared at court supported by her husband, the judges, lawyers, and students, were struck dumb at her beauty, for certainly they pleaded most eloquently, but her appearance excited the utmost admiration. She listened, with the deepest attention, to the statement of the case, and observed closely what were the facts that criminated him. It was stated that Snider was seen crossing in his boat; that afterwards Wilkinson was seen in the same boat; that he landed near the mill, took the dead body of a man in his arms and disappeared. Another witness said that he was at work on the roof of a barn, a quarter of a mile distant, from whence he saw two men fighting—and one he was ready to take oath was Wilkinson, because he always wore a short jacket of a peculiar shape; that he hastened to the spot as quick as possible; that when he arrived there, they were both gone, and he thought no more about the affair, till suspicion came up of Snider's being thrown over the precipice. There were others who saw Wilkinson gunning near the place where he had been arrested, and so many circumstances united to prove that he and Snider had met and fought, that that part of the story was put beyond doubt. It now remained to be proved which was the aggressor, and whether the man had been thrown over, or had stood so near the brink as to have accidentally fallen over. On this part of the story all was dark, and conclusions could be drawn only from presumptive evidence. The atrocious character of Wilkinson—the enmity that had been known to exist, between him and Snider—the pains and methods he took to secrete the body in the mill, and to make it appear like accidental death, besides many other minute circumstances all weighed heavy against him. It was evident that

but one opinion prevailed. Wilkinson's counsel now requested Frances to give her testimony. In a clear, but at first tremulous voice she began her narrative; described the dangerous situation of herself and cousin; the brave and prompt assistance of Wilkinson at the risk of his own life, and then went on to detail, with perfect truth and simplicity, the insulting language of Snider, and the warning to "begone" of Wilkinson; that she knew but little after they closed in, except that she saw them dash each other against the ground and then spring up; but she believed they were equally near the precipice and both on the brink of it.

It would be tedious to go further into detail.—The case was submitted to the Jury, who retired for a short time and brought in their verdict of *not guilty*.

Usually, when a man is acquitted of murder, there is a sort of exultation prevails among the multitude: but the character of Wilkinson had repelled human sympathy. Though young and with the prospect of many years before him, none approached him to offer their congratulations.

He walked slowly and somewhat sadly into the large hall, where Frances stood surrounded by the gentlemen of the court;—he approached respectfully towards her and then said in a low voice, "If there is one spark of virtue in my heart, you have kindled it," and passed on. As he has never been heard of since, and no deed of darkness has been recorded of him, it is charity to suppose that a reformation has taken place.

"Henceforth," said Frances gaily, as she put her arm under her husband's, "no secrets!"

After an affectionate leave-taking of the Vanderhoofs, Carlton returned to his native state, where he has since resided with his still lovely wife, who has relinquished the honours of youth and beauty to two promising girls who are just coming into life. The Misses Vanderhoof occasionally make a visit to the metropolis; but their mother could never be persuaded to venture on such an enterprise. Mr. and Mrs. Carlton make an annual excursion to Dutchess County, and never fail to visit the little Dutch Church where they first plighted their vows.

LINES TO AN INFANT CHILD.

UNKNOWN—unseen—yet cherish'd in my breast,
Child of my love—my happiness and woe!
I leave thee, lingering with a soul oppress;
To climes afar—to other worlds to go:

Yet ere I lose the mountains of my land—
The last blue glimpses of thy maternal shore—
Hopes of my heart recorded by my hand,
Shall be my child's when life and grief are o'er.

Whilst on thine infant innocence I gaze,
'Tis but the fondness of a father's mind,
And cast a glance of prophecy on days
With bliss—perchance with wretchedness—combined;

'Twere wise to wish thee—pure and faultless—dead,
Ere passion, and incentive gifts of time
Around thy heart delusive feelings shed,
And stain thy spotless innocence with crime.

Yes—wise it were; but from this ruined heart,
Where every year hath triumph'd in decay,
From thee, sweet solace of my soul, to part,
Were e'en to chase the blood of life away.

I'd have thee live some few bright summers yet,
Till toil and sufferance have bleach'd my brow;
Then thy pure tears, at least, my tomb may wet,
Tho' o'er my grave no other sorrows flow.

And when, as haply, thou in autumn's eve,
May'st at steel from boisterous joys a pensive hour,
O'er the cold ashes of thy sire to grieve,
And gild with filial drops his grave-sprung flower.

As the last tints of wan effulgence shed
A sad complexion o'er the solemn scene;
Since little thy conception of the dead
May tell, like whom, thine unseen sire hath been.

Go!—lean thou o'er unruffled waters deep;
There trace the features o'er the mirror thrown.
And, haply, those that rest in endless sleep
May greet thy sire—developed in thine own!

T

THE THREE HOMES.

"WHERE is thy home?" I asked a child,
Who, in the morning air,
Was twining flowers most sweet and wild
In garlands for her hair.

"My home," the happy heart replied,
And smiled in childish glee,
"Is on the sunny mountain side
Where soft winds wander free."

O! blessings fall on artless youth,
And all its rosy hours,
When every world is joy and truth,
And treasures live in flowers!

"Where is thy home?" I asked of one
Who bent, with flushing face,
To hear a warrior's tender tone
In the wild wood's secret place;

She spoke not, but her varying cheek,
The tale might well impart;
The home of her young spirit meek
Was in a kindred heart.

Ah! souls that well might soar above,
To earth will fondly cling,
And build their hopes on human love,
That light and fragile thing!

"Where is thy home, thou lonely man?"
I asked a pilgrim grey,
Who came, with furrowed brow, and wand
Slow musing on his way.

He paused, and with a solemn mien
Upturned his holy eyes,
"The land I seek thou ne'er hast seen,
My home is in the skies!"

O! blest—thrice blest! the heart must be
To whom such thoughts are given,
That walks from worldly fetters free,—
Its only home in Heaven!

CROAKINGS OF A DOWAGER BEAUTY.

"My May of life is fallen into the scar and yellow leaf."

"So," said the Dowager Countess of Matton to her toady, Mrs. Gelatine, as her ancient bays and antediluvian coach waddled and jolted round the ring in Hyde-park, between dinner and tea, a few mornings ago—"So I find that my grand-daughter Lady Warcister's picture has been engraved, and that she is called in the print-shops 'the beauty of the house of Matton!'"

"A very lovely young creature, indeed, my lady; quite the belle of the day."

"Humph!—all nonsense! mere stuff! I remember that was what they used to say of me fifty years ago."

"No one has forgotten it, my lady; all the world is struck by the resemblance between Lady Warcister at five-and-twenty and your ladyship at eighteen. The same eye-brows to a hair!—just what our friend, the Reverend Dr. Fuzbos, called the 'twin reflection of Diana's bow.'"

"That was very prettily said of the Doctor;—almost equal to the sonnet penned by Jerningham on my first appearance at court."

"And Merry, if I recollect, struck out some very elegant stanzas on the same interesting subject."

"Ah, Gelatine! few of the Della Cruscans but said something about me. They used to call me Alcibella in their verses. But, Heaven knows, I thought very little of their praises in those days! for, after all, it was only the twittering of sparrows after the song of the nightingale. Fitzpatrick had already penned in my honour those charming lines—

'Were she but fair as Hours when they wait,
Dark-eyed and soft, at the immortal gate!'

Bless my soul! nobody writes in that style now-a-days."

"And your ladyship forgets Sheridan's epigram!"

"And Hare's bon-mot."

"Ah, my dear Lady Matton! nobody *talks* in that style now-a-days. Nothing but political squibs and lampoons are the order of the day!"

"In fact, my dear Gelatine, there is so much of every thing in these times, that nothing makes so much sensation as it formerly did;—beauty, wit, talent, luxury, taste—on every side the million press so closely upon us—the little world has forced its pretensions so strangely upon the acceptance of the great world—that it is very difficult for any person to become really distinguished."

"Very true, my lady."

"Whereas, in my day, half-a-dozen beauties, half-a-dozen *beaux esprits*, and half-a-dozen givers of fetes, regulated the ton of London."

"The influence of the court was then so considerable, that, like Gulliver in Lilliput, it imparted a character of pigmyism to the rest of

society. Among such minnows, it was less difficult to be a Triton."

"After all—to what amounts my grand-daughter Warcister's fame as a belle? What fashion, what carriage, what whim of the day was ever called a Warcister? The utmost praise she receives consists of 'Lady Warcister looked very well at the last drawing-room;' or, 'Lady Warcister is one of the prettiest women in the circle at the Opera—only she dresses too much in the extreme of the French fashion;' or, 'Lady W. did not look amiss at Almacks—but she should not waltz in a hat and feathers.' Now, in my time, my dear Gelatine, in those madcap days when the Prince took off my white satin slipper, filled it with Burgundy, and drank it off in my honour—there were Matton phaetons, and Matton fly-caps—Matton ponies and Matton negliges—Matton footstools and Matton hammercloths. Books, songs, operas, sermons, sonnets, were dedicated to the divine Lady Matton. Whenever Lady Matton's equipage appeared in the ring, there was as great a crush as on the occasion of the Don Cossack's first gallop round Hyde-Park;—Townsend always considered it his duty to allow me a runner for my sedan to the drawing-room;—and Taylor of the Opera was obliged to take precautions for the dispersion of the crowd that used to assemble in Fop's Alley under my box. One never hears of so many as two or three gathered together in honour of any fashionable beauty now-a-days."

"No Lady Coventry—nothing to compare with Isabella Duchess of Rutland, Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire, or Lady William Gordon, or —"

"Pardon me, my good Gelatine, pardon me!—For the Duchess of Rutland, we have her lovely grand-daughters, Lady Chesterfield and Mrs. Anson; and my friend the Duchess of Devonshire, whose fascinations depended very little on the beauty of her face, is fully rivalled by Lady Gower and Lady Georgiana. I admit that there may be as many handsome faces in the days of William IV. as in those of George III., but they do not produce half the sensation—

'Where none admire, 'tis useless to excel:
Where none are beaux, 'tis vain to be a belle.'

"The utmost tribute bestowed on these said belles of the new century is to name a horse, a dog, or a yacht in their honour. When Count St. Antonio first visited Yorkshire, he found a horse entered for the St. Leger as "La San Catalda,"—the name of his own beautiful sister—and was about to resent the affront, when the Sicilian noble was informed that such a mark of favouritism was intended as a signal proof of homage by the English noble to whose stud the racer belonged."

"Ah! Gelatine, Gelatine!—how different were the proofs of devotion tendered to myself!—If I had but a cold, Arlington Street was crowded with inquirers to the imminent danger of every pannel of every fashionable equipage in London; and once, when my *vis-a-vis* was overturned in coming from Pacchierotti's concert, for full ten days I was obliged to have bulletins issued by old Warren and Sir Walter Farquhar."

"There is not a beauty of the year 1831, but might break every bone in her skin without any such necessity."

"And again, when I accidentally burnt off my side curls on one temple, and appeared at St. James's with a bouquet of pearls to supply their place, Constable, the jeweller, was employed to make two hundred and ninety-three ornaments exactly similar, in the course of the following week; and before the close of the season every woman in London had cut short the ringlets over her left eye-brow! Ah! *ces beaux jours de fête sont passés!*"

"Your ladyship does not consider that your ladyship's influence—"

"Would not suffice to introduce a new collar for puppy-dogs! Ah! Gelatine! It was a hard trial when the first symptom of the crow's-foot revealed by one of those clear bright mornings in June, which no blemish can escape, told me the frightful tale that my kingdom was taken from me! I was going to the drawing-room; no friendly bonnet—no kindly frill, was there to overshadow the fatal fact; it defied Gowland—pearl powder was mere powder of post in its removal! For many nights I was kept sleepless by the excruciating discovery; and want of rest, and fretting, and fruitless repining over the past, only tended to accelerate the progress of premature old age. I tried Bath;—I attempted the Harrogate, Boston, Cheltenham, Malvern, Spa, Pyrmont, Barge, Bagneres, Plombieres, Emms, and Carlsbad waters, in hopes of experiencing some renovating magic, but all without success! Not a cosmetic was advertised, but I put it to the proof; not a fashionable quack assisted the depopulation of the west end, but I gave a fair trial to his nostrums. Every year was signalized by some further misfortune; by an increase of hoary hairs, or a decrease of pearly teeth;—my locks grew white—my enamels black! I tried succedaneum—I attempted vegetable dye—wore plumpers, or semi-billiard balls, in my hollow cheeks—slept with plantain leaves on my nose to keep it white, and a balsamic poultice to my face to render it fresh and blooming. At the opera I turned my white shoulders to the audience, and my withering visage towards the shadowy side of the box; and no longer ventured to encounter the stare of the ring, unless through the qualifying medium of a blonde veil! Ah! Gelatine! I soon discovered that had my *vis-a-vis* been shipwrecked a second time, and my neck broken, a bulletin would have been wholly superfluous!"

"Your ladyship's salts! My dear Lady Matton, pray compose yourself!"

"Year after year I changed my mantua-maker—season after season threw myself on the mercy of some new milliner. I thickened the substance of the holland blinds of my drawing-room—varied the tint of my carriage-linings, and deepened the shade of my rouge. I migrated from the pit-circle to the third tier at the opera—chose a box in discreet equidistance between the chandeliers; but all in vain!—Ugliness pursued me like a shadow—old age croaked after me like an echo. Draughts of air and open doors drove my rheumatic joints from the ball-room,—an indigestive red nose from the dinner table—wrinkles and white lead from daylight—somniaolency and decrepitude from candle-light! And lo! I am here! I, the once-worshipped beauty of the park, am humdrumming my afternoon, airing with a companion and a lap-dog—"

"Your ladyship's pocket handkerchief! My dearest Lady Matton, pray compose yourself!"

"Look at Lady Wycombe!" muttered the weeping dowager from behind the folds of cambric ministered to her use by Mrs. Gelatine;—"Look at Lady Wycombe; that was her chariot which just rolled by! What has she to render her discontented with the progress of time? She was a fright from her birth;—her minuet never gave rise to an ode—her marriage to a *felo-de-se*. Nobody ever cared whether she was sick or sorry; and she is just as much an object of interest now, in her old grey bonnet and mode cloak, as during the riots of eighty; while I—oh! Gelatine! Gelatine;—why was I ever born a beauty?"

"Coachman!—drive home! Her ladyship is in a swoon!"

ORIGIN OF NEWSPAPERS.

AFTER the defeat of the Spanish Armada intended by Philip II. of Spain for the invasion of England, great interest being excited in every class, which gave rise to a very important invention—that of Newspapers.—Previous to this period, all articles of intelligence had been circulated in manuscript, and all political remarks which the government found itself interested in addressing the people, had issued in the shape of pamphlets. But the peculiar convenience at such a juncture, of uniting these two objects, in a periodical publication, becoming obvious to the ministry, there appeared sometime in the month of April, 1588, the first number of the English Mercury, a paper resembling the present English Gazette, which must have come out almost daily, since No. 50, the earliest specimen of the work now extant, is dated July 23d of the same year. This interesting article is preserved in the British Museum.

By this statement it appears that it is now 243 years since the first newspaper was published in England. This was in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.



PAINTING.

This is an art akin to Nature's self,
 So mighty in its means, we stand prepared
 "To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever
 Still sleep mock'd death."

Of all those attainments, which contribute as well to the gratification of the senses, as to the refinement of the taste, and the enlargement of the intellectual powers, the art of Painting is, perhaps, the best adapted to the female mind. The satisfaction derivable from the contemplation of a beautiful work of art, possesses a peculiar advantage: it is renewable at pleasure, without any continuance of the exertion by which it was produced. But a rare combination of talent with industry, or, at least, great industry, can alone lead to productions which may claim admiration beyond the circle of our own partial relatives and friends. Experience has proved the impracticability of conveying a knowledge of the elementary principles of this art, in any manner, so as to supercede the useful labours of the drawing-master; yet, there is much to be learned before the pupil can go alone, with confidence, after the period when his attentions cease, and which the limited duration of his lessons cannot include; to this we must attribute the fact, that so many, who make a fair progress under the master's eye, either never attempt any performance with the pencil, after he has ceased to superintend and direct their studies, or finding themselves embarrassed at the outset, abandon the pursuit, and fancy "their genius does not lie that way." We will presume that our readers have gone through the usual elementary course of instruction; that they are able to copy, with accuracy, the outline, at least, of any object which may be set before them: this, and much more, may be obtained by any person of moderate abilities, by industry, without an iota of that much-misunderstood quality, genius, which has

proved an ignis fatuus to thousands. One of the greatest artists England has produced, was right when he said—"Nothing is denied to well-directed industry;—nothing is to be obtained without it." Depend, then, wholly upon your own exertions; and listen rather to the criticisms of the judicious, than to the praises of those who will flatter you with assurances, that you possess intuitive excellencies, which may render application unnecessary. To recommend a proper course of study, will be the most useful purpose to which these few pages can be devoted; for it cannot be dispensed with.

Before any attempt be made beyond copying, the student is enjoined to acquire a clear view of the leading principles of perspective, on pain of committing absurdities, for which no beauty of colour can atone: it will be found less difficult than is generally imagined. Although it would be impossible to compress into our limits all the explanations and diagrams necessary to an illustration of its theory, we shall subsequently offer a few observations, which, we trust, will prove beneficial to the student.

The minor considerations of materials and preparations for study are not unimportant. An easy position of the body is not only conducive to health, but leaves the mind disengaged for the occupation, which, for the time, should wholly engross it. The subject to be copied must be placed directly before you, and the pencil held with freedom. Never omit straining your paper on a flat board, framed together so as not to warp: this may be done by damping with a clean sponge, which expands the paper, then pasting or gluing down the edges, and suffering it to dry

gradually : but a neater method is to use a drawing-board, with a separate frame, which, as it may be had at any of the shops which supply artists with materials, it is unnecessary to describe.

The first point to be determined, either in copying from a picture, or from nature, is the horizontal line, or that height in the picture with which the eye of the painter is supposed to be exactly level. In the representation of a flat country, this is placed at one-third of the height of the picture.

The extent of the subject to be included in a drawing from nature, will require the next consideration ; and this is found to be as much as can be contained in an angle of about fifty degrees, or as much as can be conveniently seen by an eye in a fixed position, without turning the head: nevertheless, objects may often be introduced from a greater distance, as trees, &c. to improve a composition, especially when no importance is attached to the identity of the scene.

There are two points, to which we would particularly wish to call attention, because they are errors that greatly retard the progress: one is a want of command of hand; the other, an impatience to produce a finished effect, without the systematic and gradual process necessary to the production of a good picture. To remedy the first will require great attention and practice, if the uncertainty of hand, or timidity of touch, exist in a great degree. It is never found among the artists of necessity, with whom quantity of production is an object of importance; as decorative painters, and designers for furniture and manufactures: with these, freedom and precision of hand are seldom wanting. We advise the pupil to study well every line before it is begun; to determine its exact course and bearing; in short, to look from the object to be represented, to the surface on which it is to be drawn, again and again, until the mind's eye transfers it, and the imagination sees it in the place it is to occupy: that is the moment to be seized; and then the quicker the line is drawn the better. Large objects should be copied on common sheets of paper; it is a great check to the freedom of the hand, to have the materials so delicate, or costly, as to produce any degree of fear about spoiling them. This advice, however, must not lead you into an opposite extreme. Remember, always, that correctness is the first principle of the art. An occasional hour or two would not be misspent, if occupied in drawing straight lines, perpendicularly; diagonals, parallel to each other; and circles without the compasses. This observation is applicable to many who would be ashamed of being seen so employed; who have, in fact, begun to make pictures, without sufficient practice in the rudiments of the art. The second error is even still more common, from the infant who lisp his petition for "a box of colours to paint with," to the "children of a larger growth," who waste their time in shadowing, or colouring, upon an outline which might mean anything. There is no time, in the progress of a picture, when the forms of

objects can be so conveniently improved, as when they are in a faint outline: a thorough conviction of this, and experience of the pleasure of modelling, as it were, into substance, by shadows, and adding the charms of colour to well-studied forms, will render patient labour less irksome, by anticipation of certain ultimate success.

In your early practice of drawing from solid objects, it would be well to make several studies from a white globe, placing it in different lights, and having only one window in the room. You will find, that there is but a single spot upon it which can be represented by perfect whiteness; and that all the other rays falling obliquely upon a receding surface, a weakened light is received, diminishing, at last, into absolute shadow, until again relieved by reflection from surrounding objects on the opposite side. For a globe, a billiard-ball may be used; a cylinder may be made of a roll of writing-paper; an egg will serve as an oval; and a cone may be obtained by rolling up a sheet of paper in the shape of an extinguisher. Thus the models are easily obtained; and the pupil has but to study them well, and she will imbibe all the principles of light, shadow, and reflection. She may then proceed to the plaster bust, which must be kept perfectly clean and free from dust, as discolorations greatly embarrass an inexperienced practitioner. The outline should be sketched faintly, at first, with soft charcoal—that made from the willow is best—the superfluity of which may readily be removed from the paper, by a light whisk of the handkerchief, or even a feather, leaving a faint, but sufficiently distinct representation: this should be repeated till the pupil is satisfied with the form and proportions, when chalk may be used. The paper selected for this style of drawing is of various tints—some persons preferring brown; others, blue; a grey is, however, our favourite colour, as it forms the most natural medium between the black and white chalk, and must always appear between them. The soft French chalk is the best for general purposes; and the Italian chalk, which is harder, for finishing, or where great neatness is required.

As the general proportions of the human figure may be found in all books upon drawing, we shall not here detail them elaborately; but merely give those which must be constantly borne in mind, or referred to in designing.

The human figure is measured by a scale formed from the length of the head: in a full-grown person, the whole height is generally eight heads, or ten faces. The head is subdivided into four parts, each of which is the length of the nose; and the arms, when extended, will cover a space equal to the whole length of the figure. The breadth varies according to the age, strength, and other characteristics, of the person. The hand is the length of the face; and the length of the foot is generally one-seventh part of the whole height. These proportions must not be understood to apply strictly to every human figure; but are deduced from the measurement of several antique statues, the acknowledged stand-

ards of ideal beauty. Although these general proportions must be known, they are only useful, as the rules of grammar are in language, for reference in cases of doubt: it would be impossible to draw a figure solely by the application of them; in almost every position, some of the limbs come under the influence of fore-shortening, and measurement is impracticable. The technical term, *fore-shortening*, expresses the greatest difficulty a student in drawing has to encounter; because, although dependant upon geometrical principles, no practical rules can be laid down for its execution: it is the art of representing, in perspective, an infinite series of curved lines, occasioned by the development of the bones and muscles. There is but one mode of acquiring skill in this, which is the grand characteristic of a master in the art of design; namely—practice; long and patient practice from the same figure. We will suppose a statue—as the Apollo Belvidere, in which, one arm is extended:—it should be first drawn in either of the side views, in which there is no fore-shortening, until the student is well acquainted with the length, substance, and anatomical development of the arm; it should then be so placed, that the arm advances towards the eye of the spectator, and be drawn in that position. These exercises should be varied and continued, until the student can, by means of her pencil, give a clear idea of a part advancing or receding without the assistance of shadow.

In the study of the human figure, heads, hands, and feet being the parts most frequently developed, and possessing the greatest expression, should be studied, as large as in life, from good prints, which may be had, at the principal shops, very cheap, since the fertility of lithography has enabled artists to multiply their own works without the intervention of the engraver. Too much care cannot be taken in the choice of the figures, or busts, which are used as subjects for study; in general, the casts from original antiques, or good copies of them upon a reduced scale, are far more useful in forming the taste, than the fanciful, or affected creations of modern talent. There is nothing to fear, in point of style, from the cold severity of the ancients: a thorough knowledge of the abstract principles of beauty, can only be derived from them; individuality of character is an after-consideration, and must be acquired by studying the expression of the passions in the looks and attitudes of those about us.

In copying prints, as a study of light and shadow, it will be well to select such as have been taken from sculpture; as in these alone the engraver confines himself to their imitation. In prints, which are taken from paintings, there is always a degree of strength given to the engraving, in exact proportion to the local tints in the picture: this is termed colour; and, when skilfully executed, it contributes greatly to give an idea of the effect of the picture imitated. It would by no means be a waste of time to copy, in Indian ink, or sepia, a good print or two in each style—which you will have no difficulty in distinguishing, by attending to the

above observations—one from marble; say, for instance, an antique statue, or bas-relief; and one from a fine painting.

Although it would be wrong in us to encourage the smallest expectation of producing a good original picture, unless the student be acquainted with geometry, perspective, anatomy, &c.—we by no means intend to restrain her from practising, until a perfect knowledge of these sciences is acquired: practice and theory should go hand-in-hand; the sketch-book cannot be too much in use; a happy thought should never be suffered to escape, even before the manual skill is acquired, which is requisite to transfer it to paper with correctness: indeed, sketches of ideas, recollections, and hasty observations, will always form a class in the portfolio, separate from the more careful studies of form, colour, light and shadow.

It is an excellent practice, after studying any subject, to put the drawing aside, and endeavour to make another from recollection: this is the first step towards composition; and a comparison of the two studies will show how much of the original you have made your own, by impressing it on the memory.

The next step towards rising above the character of a mere copyist, is to choose an example, similar in style and general effect to one you wish to take from nature; and placing it before you, after a critical examination of the principles upon which it has been executed, to endeavour to produce a similar picture;—an imitation—not a copy;—an exercise of the same process, upon a composition of objects altogether different from those of the original.

The principles of light and shadow, as applied to landscapes, should be studied in sepia, or Indian ink, as the combination of their effects with colour only tends to perplex the student in a preliminary course of study.

In drawing from nature, the principal object, or that which formed the inducement in choosing the subject, must be carefully distinguished; and it is the more necessary to mention this, as it is a point frequently neglected by masters, who endeavour to make all parts of the picture equally interesting: the result is, that the subordinate divisions attack and destroy the effect of the principal. Simplicity is one of the leading characteristics of beauty. Whatever the principal object may be—for instance, a building, a tree, a mountain, an animal, or a river—place it so as to receive the strongest light and shadow. If the subject have been selected for the sake of the beauty of its distance, the foreground should not detract from the attention due to it, by the introduction of figures; for it must be particularly noticed, that the actions of human nature are so much more interesting than inanimate objects in general, that even a peasant reposing, will sometimes balance, in point of attraction, an object many times larger, and which is intended by the artist to be much more important, on the other side of the picture. Every thing introduced, which is not subservient to some definite and

well-understood purpose, is prejudicial to the general effect of the whole. The spectator should never be suffered to doubt, for a moment, the intention of the artist in the choice of his subject.

We often hear young practitioners complain of the difficulty of drawing trees: they should be made the subject of separate studies: and the character of each species ought to be carefully distinguished. There is quite as much difference between two sorts of trees, as of animals: a tree in the foreground of a picture, should never be so drawn, as to leave the spectator in the dark, as to whether it is intended to represent oak, ash, beech, or elm. Excellent prints, as examples, are to be had; and they should be taken out into the fields by the student, and compared with nature. The next lesson is to draw the tree from nature, without the assistance of the print, and to compare the drawing and print together afterwards. To those who spend much of their time in the country, (and who else may hope to succeed in landscape?) we will point out an opportunity which they possess of acquainting themselves with the characters of trees:—There are many fine days, early in the year, when the weather is mild enough to admit of sketching from nature, before the groves are clad with their summer verdure; and if accurate drawings be made at this season, and kept till summer, they will greatly assist in studies from the same trees; indeed, it will be found a most pleasing, as well as an instructive, practice, to compare the sketches so made, in spring, with the trees them-

selves, in summer; and to account for the large masses of foliage, by tracing, with the assistance of the previous sketch, the branches, now hidden from the sight, from which they spring and still derive support.

Many good sketches are lost, or produce unsatisfactory pictures, by effects being chosen unsuitable to the character of the scenery. It may happen, that a castle, or massive building, has been drawn in the morning, and it may have a dull, heavy effect; when the same structure, indistinctly seen in the repose of evening, or the solemnity of twilight, would convey to the mind an impression of grandeur and gloomy majesty. It is right to sketch at all times and in all seasons; but it is the province of an artist, when he selects from the sketch-book a subject for painting, to determine under what aspect it would appear to the greatest advantage; and not to be influenced by the accidental circumstance of having seen it in one effect only. Painting a scene from nature, is something more than copying. A morning effect is suitable to a composition of pleasing forms: busy scenes are consistent with the bright, open light of mid-day: and repose is in harmony with the softness of evening. In the representation of a low, flat country, with a single object standing unsupported, as the subject of the picture, a great interest is required in the sky; while a scene full of detail or attraction in itself, should not exhibit any atmospheric phenomena calculated to withdraw the attention from the principal object.

MY NEW LODGINGS.

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar!
BEATTIE.

It is superfluous to expatiate on the advantages of a quiet, unmolested study to a reading or writing man. Splendid works of genius have been conceived and born in the silence of the dungeon; monuments of learning have been reared in the still seclusion of the cloister; Cervantes, Raleigh, with a host of monks and fathers, are famed for the literary wonders which they wrought in gloom and solitude; but what age, or what country can produce an instance of talent developing itself in a mill, or intellect attaining its full stature in a seminary for young ladies? While Tasso lay in the bedlam of Ferrara, he never added a stanza or threw a single new beauty over his "Gerusalemme." Demosthenes studied his godlike art in a cell under ground; he never forged so much as a single thunderbolt in his father's smithy; and the Oracle would never have pronounced Socrates "wisest of men," had he not had "the olive-grove of Academe" for a retreat from the din of Xan-

tippe's tongue. There are undoubtedly sounds, and even noises, which seem to harmonize with the pursuits of learning. Is the collegian disturbed by his college-bell? Quite the reverse. So long have the reading and ringing, the thinking and tolling gone on together, that, were the steeple suddenly struck dumb, the most melancholy confusion might be the consequence: a right line might be mistaken for a curve—a logical proposition for its direct converse, or—which were infinitely worse—his moral speculations might be so disordered that wrong might appear right, and a bottle in his chambers be preferred to a lecture in the hall. Then there are babbling brooks, dashing surges, whispering winds and whistling blackbirds—a respectable family of noises. But what shall we say of squalling children, braying donkeys, scolding wives, creaking doors, snoring nurses, and rattling windows? In no department of learning are these of the slightest service. Students protest against them with

one accord; and doctors—who never agreed on any other point—agree in denouncing the squeaking of a pig under a gate—

“Poor swine! as if its pretty heart would break!”

as glorious John Dryden expresses it. In short, it has become a principle in the republic of letters, that nothing great was ever said or sung with a continual dinning in the immediate precincts of the author's sanctum-sanctorum. It has been my misfortune to have had this truth illustrated so remarkably in my own individual case, that painful as the recollections are, I am tempted to lay the circumstances before the public in the present article. If they answer no other purpose, they will serve as valuable hints to literary men in the selection of their places of abode.

About six weeks or two months back, I took up my residence, as lodger, in the house of a respectable tailor. The street is immaterial; but it was in that debateable region, east of Clinton place, and north of Oxford street. This tailor, not having the fear of Malthus before his eyes, had, with the co-operation of a buxom wife, augmented the population of the country by seven male and female “innocents,” who, I verily believe, had escaped small-pox, measles, chincough, and all the other maladies of infancy, for the sole purpose of murdering my repose, and defrauding society of the fruits of my studies and lucubrations. Seven devils incarnate could not have plagued me more efficiently. Their fond parents called them “their little angels;” and such certainly they were, according to the literal acceptance of that passage in the Liturgy—“cherubim and seraphim continually do cry;” for a perpetual concert it truly was of mewling, piping, sobbing, bawling, and all the melodies of the nursery, with more variations than Beethoven and Rossini between them ever composed. They managed never to be asleep all at the same time; two or three were always on duty; and most effectively did the pretty little ones perform it. In the course of a short month, the literary world sustained damage, in consequence of the life I led at the tailor's, to the amount of ten sonnets, fifteen epigrams, seven serious, six comic, and five serio-comic prose essays, with three political articles, some of which I never trusted out of my desk; while those which were “cast upon the waters” returned invariably to their author, after having obtained for themselves and him such flattering notices as the following:—

“Fortunatus is not fortunate enough to please us.” “The writer who subscribes himself * * *, is not sufficiently starry for our pages.” “The author of the paper against Taxes upon Knowledge is unreasonable; it will be some time before the collector calls upon him.”

That I was indebted for these editorial urbanities to the tailor's progeny, I am prepared to verify by affidavit; nay, I could actually apportion to each of the “little dears” the share he or she had in occasioning my disasters. All the time I was composing the verses signed “Fortunatus,”

one of the young gentlemen was blowing a penny trumpet, and his charming sister trying a new skipping-rope, in the room immediately over mine. I only wonder the verses were not attributed to Mr. R. M—y. Another pair was struggling and screaming under the operation of the comb and towel, just at the precise moment the unfortunate article with the three stars was on the anvil: it was an ill-starred production, as a matter of course. The failure of my political speculations is to be divided equally amongst the remaining trio, whose never-ceasing contests about the property of an unlucky kitten led to the cat-astrophe of my “Taxes upon Knowledge.” In fact, the only composition of any merit that came from my pen during this unhappy period, was an Essay on Infanticide, in which I think I have rested the defence of that practice upon grounds that it will not be easy to impugn. But the time is not yet come for promulgating so bold a doctrine to the world.

There is nothing I hate so much as the trouble of changing my domicile; but the dread of having my swan again mistaken for a goose, prevailed over my inhabitive propensity; so, having given the man of the shears due notice, I struck my camp in the midst of a full chorus, which the infant Stentors seemed to have set up on purpose for the occasion—I suppose to send me on my way rejoicing; and a few hours saw me regularly installed in *My New Lodgings*, where I had previously assured myself by the most rigorous investigation, that there was not a child, either in *esse*, or in *posse*, upon the premises—my landlady being a maidenly dame of threescore and ten years, and no other lodger in the house, except “a respectable, quiet gentleman,” who occupied, in the golden estate of a bachelor, the apartment immediately adjoining mine upon the same floor. “No children?” was the sole interrogatory I put. I put it with the air of a plenipotentiary propounding his ultimatum. The answer was in the negative, and the bargain was concluded.

When the door was shut, and my chair drawn close to a comfortable fire, the sensations I experienced were of the most enviable nature. After one retrospective glance at my late miserable situation, my present felicitous circumstances passed in review before me; I fancied myself in Paradise; and formed a hundred literary projects to retrieve my reputation and recruit my purse. I would run no risk in future of having my verses ascribed to the poet of Milford, or any other bardling of the day; I would be a constant and brilliant contributor to the “Monthly Magazine;” my random rays and scintillations I would throw to other periodicals; perhaps I would even produce a novel, the appearance of which would be an epoch in English literature, like the publication of *Waverley*.—It is a question, I continued, whether I should give my name at once to the world or become another “Great Unknown.” Another difficulty suggested itself. My portrait will be solicited for some gallery of living literary characters;

perhaps I had better sit to Rothwell at once—or, quere, would it not be more *eclectant* to refuse—refuse them my countenance! They will press me, of course—I will be peremptory, fierce, inflexible. But suppose a hundred pounds offered to overcome my scruples—how should I act? Would it look mercenary to take the money? A hundred pence would be a great matter at present—my malison on the tailor's lady! I'll agree—they shall have it for the hundred. Oh! but I forget my novel—I shall not want a paltry hundred pounds. If I consent to be engraved, it will therefore be out of pure magnanimity—to encourage literature and the arts.—But this is wandering; let me think of an article for next month. Thank Heaven! here is no wilderness of squalling brats to distract me. This is just the place—just the place for an author. Gibbon! I do not envy you your bower by Lake Leman. Simeon the Stylite! I do not grudge you the summit of your famous pillar in the solitudes of Syria! Hero I have all the solitude, quiet repose, silence—What noise was that?

The sound which broke my soliloquy, and occasioned this abrupt interrogatory, was a note of a flute from the "respectable quiet gentleman" in the adjoining apartment. "A flute-player!" I ejaculated in a tone very different from that of my former musings—"my next-room neighbour is a flute-player!" It was not until that moment that I particularly noticed a door which actually communicated between our quarters. The door to be sure, was locked; but Bramah himself cannot lock out sounds. My first impressions, therefore, on hearing the note of the flute, were like those of one who, couching on roses, discovers an adder preparing to sting him. The thought, however, soon occurred, that it would be only a tune or two—three at the utmost; and it was fortunate to have a "respectable, quiet gentleman" for a neighbour on no harder terms than three airs on the flute, even were the performance to be daily repeated. With this reflection I laid down my pen, threw myself serenely back on my chair, and resolved to wait *en philosophe* until my melodious neighbour had taken his innocent recreation. "The day," said I, parodying a speech of Uncle Toby, "is long enough, both for him and me." I listened. It is possible, as my friends know, to be more of a musician than I am, without endangering the supremacy of Handel or Mozart. I pretend not to the mysteries of the flat ninth, or diminished seventh—but I know a crotchet from a quaver; and a few seconds informed me that the unseen instrumentalist had yet to reach that measure of proficiency. Now the vicinity of a flute-player was bad enough in all conscience; but a flute-learner—If it were polite to swear in a magazine, I would let you know my sentiments of a flute-learner! Still I determined to "bide my time." A quarter of an hour's practice, methought, will content him; and the deuce is in it if the residue of the twenty-four hours is not enough for me. A quarter of an hour is often but a brief space. To me—condemned to hear harmony murdered in the

next room, with nothing but a pannel half an inch thick between me and the murderer; and my situation aggravated by the remembrance that my pen was idle the while, and all the bright thoughts which I had just collected into a focus to dazzle the world, in imminent danger of dispersion—to me it appeared a quarter of a century. You have heard, perhaps, a beginner on the flute or some other instrument? Time and tune set at defiance; flats, sharps, and naturals in as beautiful confusion as chairs in a fashionable drawing-room; the performer as ignorant of the gamut as a peer of political economy; tones and semi-tones, quavers and semi-quavers all alike; no standing upon such trifles. Altogether, I believe it is comparable to nothing but to Discord herself executing a solo at a musical festival in Pandemonium. When the fifteen minutes were elapsed, I dipped my pen in the ink-stand. The ink dried, and the practising still went on. Vexation muttered, "unconscionable!" Patience whispered, "give him another quarter of an hour!" I agreed in hopes of getting *quarter* myself in return. But no! I was at the mercy of a ruthless enemy. The second half-hour commenced its course; but no intermission, except while the leaves of the music-book were turning. Once there was a little delay in performing this operation: two leaves, I suppose, were turned instead of one. My pen was once more in the ink-stand; but, before it could reach the paper, the mistake was corrected, and the indefatigable practiser was on his way again in full career after luckless music, whom he worried like a true sportsman, thinking as little (to borrow a pun from Geoffrey Crayon) of clearing five or six *bars* at a leap, as a fox-hunter in the heat of the chase. I was now wrought to a pitch of frenzy, and resolved to leave the house instantly; but, alas! how often

"the native hue of resolution

Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought!"

I had taken the apartment by the month; and, in my horror of children, I had never dreamed of making a proviso against musicians. Of course, there was no alternative but to submit to be practised to death, or pay a month's rent for a day's lodging—a course which the editorial civilities above mentioned dissuaded me from taking, by that powerful mode of reasoning called an *argumentum ad crumenam*.

At length it ceased!—but the spirit of composition had evaporated; my neighbour's flute had produced the effect of Gideon's pitcher and trumpets on my cogitations; and, on reviewing the ideal host, with whose aid I had meditated the gathering of so many laurels, so many of my thoughts were on the missing-list—not to speak of those which had actually perished in the din—that it was impossible to proceed a step until I had raised new recruits, or given the stragglers time to return to their ranks. This was not the work of a few minutes. It required much walking up and down the room, much scratching of the head, much thumping of the table, and much mending of the pen. At length

they began to rally: one leading idea came so near within my reach that I laid hold of and secured it. "Aha!" I exclaimed, "I have got you at last; and to make sure of you, down you go on paper this very instant; down you go; the world shall have you—all the flutes in the kingdom to the contrary, notwithstanding." A single sentence from the next room defeated my purpose and defrauded the world.—"It is just Signor Ritornelli's time; I think I am almost perfect in that sonata." Signor Ritornelli's time! blissful announcement! What heinous sin had I perpetrated to incur such a visitation? I went through the decalogue.

My next step was to settle my account, low as my finances were, and sally forth in quest of a new lodging. "Well!" said I to myself, "*experientia docet*. Musicians are as much to be dreaded by a literary man as children. I shall insert clauses against both in my next agreement." It cost me a good deal of perambulation to combine the two conditions. In the first house I entered, a young lady in the parlour was practising the "Battle of Prague;" she had just arrived at "the cries of the wounded!" That, you know, would never answer; so I crossed the street to another house with "Lodgings for Single Gentlemen" upon the windows. A dame opened the door, surrounded with as numerous a litter as Virgil's "sow of imperial augury," or the wife of a country curate. The apartments, of course, were not *exactly* to my mind. The drawing-room window of the third was open; and a voice as sonorous as that of the Hermit of Copmanhuret, thundering his *De profundis*, was roaring, "Oh! no, we never mention her," to a guitar which seemed to be cracking its strings to maintain its rightful place in the performance. Several more attempts were equally unsuccessful. But—to be brief—by dint of perseverance, I ultimately lighted upon "exactly the thing I wanted." There was no child, male or female; neither flute, fiddle, nor so much as a jew's-harp from kitchen to attic; and, to crown all, my landlord was not only a bachelor but a man of the pen like myself, and of course personally concerned to have a studious silence preserved upon his premises. I had it from his own lips—"Dabble a little in ink now and then—the '*cacoethes loquendi*,' you know—take for granted, sir, if I may take the liberty, you are a literary man as well as myself?" I nodded assent, though I should rather have been fraternized by a better classical scholar. But was this a time to be hypercritical? Here was every thing I wanted—a residence fit for Silence herself; the street was a *cul-de-sac*; and so deep was the repose of my new apartments, that "the tiniest mouse that creeps on floor" could not journey across them unperceived.

My first day in *My New Lodgings* I neither read nor wrote a syllable—not that my library took a long time to arrange, or my wardrobe either—the former is any thing but a *dubia cæna*; and the latter might vie with that of Curran, when he wrote to his mother for a supply of

eleven shirts, assuring her that in college every gentleman had a dozen. But it was business enough for one day to contemplate the various *agremens* of the quiet little creek where I had at length cast anchor, and refit my shattered bark for a more prosperous voyage. It was not, therefore, until after breakfast on the second day (I never could compose before breakfast) that, ordering myself to be denied *to all the world*, (a pulpit would hold the entire circle of my acquaintance in town!) I sat me down, in all the dignity of authorship, to my literary labours. The influence of an able writer over his species pressed itself irresistibly on my mind. I mused upon the famous aphorism, "knowledge is power," and was quoting the lines of Byron—

"But words are things; and a small drop of ink,

Falling like dew upon a thought, produces

That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think—"

when a tap at the door caught my ear. I instinctively said, "Come in!"—and my landlord entered, smiling and scraping, with an immense bundle of papers under his left arm.

All my visions of glory vanished into thin air! Against flutes and families I had taken every precaution; but the peril of a politico-literary landlord had never once entered my head!

His face, in which self-complacency made a comical effort to look like diffidence, was sufficient to inform me that there subsisted between him and the said papers some very near and dear relationship. But he left no doubt upon the subject. "An humble attempt, sir!" said he, laying on the table as he spoke, a manuscript of at least a hundred pages of closely-written letter-paper; "an humble attempt, sir, to which I humbly beg to solicit your favourable attention. We literary men, sir—if I may presume to make so bold—must assist each other. It is entitled, you will observe, 'A Political Panorama of the British Empire'—most important at the present crisis. Perhaps, if I may make so bold, you will do me the honour to give it one or two careful perusals—any time in the course of the day; your candid opinion will oblige me. I flatter myself it will meet your approbation, as it has, I assure you, met that of Mr. —, a member of the Imperial Parliament, my most particular friend. Perhaps you know Mr. —?"

Peruse a hundred pages of solid pamphlet! It was well for my landlord my organs of combativeness and his of self-esteem, were not equally developed. But great provocations have frequently a tranquillizing effect: ladies who storm when a single cup falls, are serene when a whole service is dashed to pieces. So it was with me. I replied composedly that I was at present occupied with indispensable business; but, if he would leave his MS. I would look over it when I was at leisure. It would not do; I was obliged to listen to the Table of Contents. That was not enough—there were two chapters to which he wished to call my attention—he would just run over them for me, if I had no objection. I had every objection in the world; but I was happy to compound for a preface of a dozen pages. The text was

bad enough, but the oral comment was still worse; and even this was not so trying to my patience as the apologies that accompanied it. He begged my pardon for digressing; hoped he had not interrupted the thread of the argument; and kindly offered to go back again, if it were necessary! I now rose from my chair. He appeared to take the hint, and moved a step or two towards the door. I occupied the ground thus abandoned, and kept it. It was impossible, however, to prevent him from laying hold of one of my coat-buttons. Men of business ought either to wear no buttons, or take care to have their edges sharp and serrated, as a security against bores of all descriptions, but particularly politicians. While in this "durance vile," I was solicited to give "my candid opinion on the affairs of Poland." As you may conjecture, the request was only *pro forma*, and intended not to extract my sentiments, but to introduce his own. "If I may presume to offer the opinion of so humble an individual as myself," he proceeded, lowering his voice almost to a whisper, and looking oracular, "the Poles would never have taken up arms against Russia, if they had not had *some hopes of success!*" In his triumph at being delivered of so sagacious a remark, he forgot himself so far as to let go my unfortunate button. The advantage was not to be lost; I gained two steps more upon my political persecutor and this brought him within a few inches of the door; I then opened it myself, and growling a good morning, left him no alternative but to evacuate the apartment. My ferocity, however, seemed only to excite his good-nature. As he withdrew—a movement he performed as reluctantly as a hunted wolf retires from his prey—he expressed his determination to avail himself often of the pleasure of my conversation; dropped something about *kindred* spirits; and intimated he had several *other* literary works on which he would take leave to solicit my opinion—not, however, (he was considerate enough to add,) until I had read and *digested* the "Political Panorama!"

I had endured the tailor's family, and even the flute-player, without ever once thinking of deliv-
 ering myself from my troubles by suicide. Now, however, that dreadful idea rushed into my mind; and I tremble to confess how long it occupied it. A literary landlord is certainly the climax of human miseries. The next thought was a country curacy, and this was succeeded by a determination to take my passage for America in the course of the evening. In the silent and pathless forests of the new world, I would be in no danger from bores—at least of the *human* species. How many more wild projects chased each other through my agonized brain, I cannot recollect—for I was in a state of desperation, pacing the room with the gait of a maniac, cursing the day I was born, and the folly of my friends, who had induced me to come to London, assuring me it was the only place for an author.— Yet who could have supposed that there is no such thing as a quiet lodging in all this vast metropolis?

FAIRY RINGS.

In August, fairy rings in the grass are most conspicuous, of which Mr. Howitt gives by far the most plausible account we have any where seen—more than plausible, indeed, for it is built upon incontestible facts, and such as seem adequate to explain the effects. Fungi and insects always abound in them; but the insects are a consequence of the fungi, and not a cause of the circle, for where there are fungi there will be insects to devour them. The commencement of these circles, too, favour the fungi theory. That commencement is, indisputably, nothing but a small mushroom bed, made by the offals of cattle lying undisturbed, where first deposited, till it becomes incorporated with the soil. Where this occurs a tuft of rank grass springs, and in the centre a crop of fungi appears and perishes. This is the nucleus of the fairy ring. The next year the tuft is found to have left a green spot, of perhaps a foot and a half diameter, which has already parted in the centre. This expansion goes on from year to year—the area of the circle is occupied by common grass, and successive crops of fungi give a vivid greenness to the ring which bounds it. That only a few tufts are converted into fairy rings may be owing to their not being sufficiently enriched to become mushroom beds; but that all fairy rings have this origin, will be found to admit of little doubt. This, though true, is nevertheless an humiliating expose of the charmed fairy-rings; but

Do not all charms fly

At the mere touch of cold philosophy?

As a naturalist, and given to prowling, Mr. H. exclaims, and not without reason, against the shutting up of footpaths upon estates in the country. The exclusive spirit of country gentlemen would gladly keep the world to the high roads. They look with jealousy upon one who crosses a field. Trespass formerly meant mischief, an actual injury, by breaking, destroying; but now to be seen in an enclosure is enough to constitute a crime—a violation of the statute. The country squires have had influence to get such an appearance denounced as a crime, and as a body are armed with authority to carry their own paltry wishes into execution. The unlucky botanist cannot now venture, in the country, out of the lanes with any safety.

HOW TO LIVE.

A MAN should live in the world like a true citizen; he may be allowed to have a preference to the particular quarter, or square, or even alley in which he lives; but he should have a generous sympathy for the welfare of the whole; and if, in his rambles through this great city, the world, he chances to meet a man of a different habit, language, or complexion, from his own, still he is his fellow creature, a short sojourner, in common with himself; subject to the same wants, infirmities, and necessities; and one who has a brother's claim on him for his charity, comfort and relief.

STANZAS.

BY LORD BYRON.

Oh, talk not to me of a name great in story,
The days of our youth are the days of our glory;
And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-twenty
Are worth all your laurels, though ever so plenty.

What are garlands and crowns to the brow that is wrinkled?
'Tis but as a dead-flower with May dew besprinkled.
Then away with all such from the head that is hoary!
What care I for the wreaths that can *only* give glory?

Oh, Fame! if I e'er took delight in thy praises,
'Twas less for the sake of thy high-sounding phrases,
Than to see the bright eyes of the dear one discover
She thought that I was not unworthy to love her.

There chiefly I sought thee, *there* only I found thee;
Her glance was the beat of the rays that surround thee;
When it sparkled o'er aught that was bright in my story,
I knew it was love, and I felt it was glory.

VILLAGE BELLS.

BY N. MITCHELL.

The lute may melt to love—to war
The trumpet rouse the soul—
The organ waft the spirit far
Above earth's dull control,
But oh! what sound hath magic spells,
To charm and soothe, like village bells?

They wake remembrance in the heart,
Of all that once was dear;
They prompt the sigh, bid tear drops start,
And yet we love to hear—
They open all the close shut cells,
Where Contemplation darkly dwells.

Their sounds which charmed youth's happy day,
For me, I ne'er forget,
And oft I dream, though far away,
I hear their music yet,
And home returns, and streams and dells,
With those remember'd village bells.

THE ORNAMENTAL ARTIST.

TRANSPARENT SCREENS.

Draw on rather a thin piece of drawing-paper, any kind of figure, animal, or small composition; for instance—a boy holding a mouse in a trap, with a dog jumping up towards it. The design should be sketched very lightly, without any dark shadows. Trace it exactly on another piece of paper, line for line; then, by adding a frock, bonnet, curls, bracelets, &c. the boy may be changed to a girl; particular care being taken to keep the entire outline of the boy on the folds, &c. of the girl's frock: or the mouse-trap may be converted into a cage, by lengthening the bottom; the mouse into a bird, by the addition of plumage; and the dog into a cat, by putting a longer tail, rounder head, &c. Again, should the first drawing be a boy blowing bubbles, by the addition of an old hat, longer skirts to the coat, a little beard and a few wrinkles, and blending the bubbles into a little cloud, an old man, smoking his pipe, may be produced. When the second drawing is finished, cut it out neatly, and paste it at the back of the first, with great care, so that the lines of the original, and the copy which has received the additions, may be exactly opposite each other. At the back of these, paper is to be pasted on, and the production may then be used as the interior, or centre ornament of a screen. When it lies flat on the table, or if placed against the wall over the chimney-piece, with the front exhibited, the first picture only is seen: when held against the light, or fire, it changes into the second. The taste and ingenuity of the artist will, doubtless, suggest a variety of designs, which will be more elegant in the original, and more amusing in the change, than those we have mentioned. In accordance with our plan of leaving as much as possible beyond the general mode of

operation to our readers, we refrain from suggesting any other subject. Handles may be added, similar to those of the screens we have before mentioned, and they may be ornamented in the same way. To strengthen the paper part of the screen, a thin piece of wire, covered with gold paper, should be fixed round its edges.

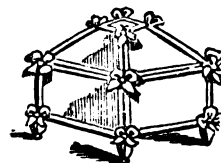
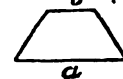
GLASS BOXES WITH RAISED COVERS.

A box, very superior in appearance to the foregoing one (which we have described rather on account of its simplicity than for any beauty in its shape,) may be made, with a very little additional trouble. Let the bottom be cut square: the front, back and sides of equal lengths, but rather less in depth than the breadth of the bottom. The pieces are to be bound, fastened together, mounted on pedestals, and ornamented as the box before described. The top consists

9. of five pieces of glass; four of them cut as fig. 9.—being as broad at *a* as the lower part of the box—and the fifth a square, having all its sides equal to the breadth of the other four at *b*. The five

sides are to be bound and fastened together at the corners; each of the large pieces forming one side of the cover, and the little

9. square one, being fixed to them by their upper edges, constituting its top. All the corners are to be ornamented with bows or rosettes, and the cover fastened on with a ribbon to raise it, and others to prevent it



falling back, in the manner before described (Fig. 9.)

THE EFFECTS OF CLANSHIP.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

It was during the time of Cromwell's usurpation that the chiefs and chieftainships of the Highlands were most disputed, and held in the highest estimation. The efficiency of the clans had then been fairly proved: and every proprietor was valued according to the number of the vassals that called him lord, and rose at his command; and in proportion with these was his interest with the rulers of the realm.

It was at that time, however, that the following extraordinary circumstance occurred in a great northern family, now decayed; and therefore, for the sake of its numerous descendants and relatives, to whom the story is well known, I must alter the names in a small degree, but shall describe the scene so that it cannot be mistaken.

Castle-Garnet, as we shall call the ancient residence of the chief to whom I allude, stands near to the junction of two notable rivers in the north of Scotland, having tremendous mountains behind it towards the west, and a fine river and estuary towards the east. The castle overhangs the principal branch of the river, which appears here and there, through the ancient trees, foaming and toiling far below. It is a terrible but grand situation, and an emblem of the stormy age in which it was reared. Below it, at a short distance, a wooden bridge crossed the river at its narrowest roughest part; the precipitate banks on each side were at least twenty fathoms deep, so that a more tremendous passage cannot be conceived. This bridge was standing in my own remembrance: and, though in a very dilapidated state, I have crossed by it little more than thirty years ago. It was reared of oak, unhewn as it came from the forest; but some of the planks were of prodigious dimensions. They rested on the rocks at each side, and on a strange sort of scaffolding in the middle, that branched out from one row of beams. It had neither buttress nor balustrade, and yet troops of horse were wont to pass it.

But the ancient glory of Castle-Garnet had sunk to decay during the turbulent reigns of the Stuarts, whose policy it was to break the strength of the too powerful noblemen, chiefs, and barons, by the arms of one another. The ancient and head title of the family had passed away; but a stem of nobility still remained to the present chief in the more modern title of Lord Edirdale. He was, moreover, the sole remaining branch of the house; and, on his demise, the estate and remaining title, as well as a chieftainship of a powerful clan, descended to the man whom of all others he hated in this world—to the man who had deprived him of wealth and of honours; and who at this very time, was endeavouring to undermine and ruin him.

This being a hard pill to swallow, Edirdale, by the advice of his chieftains and duniwhastles, married Julia, the flower of all the M'Kenzies,

while both were yet very young. She was lovely as an angel, kind, virtuous, and compliant—the darling of her husband and his whole clan: but, alas, years came and passed by, and no child appeared to heir the estate of Glen-Garnet and lordship of Edirdale! What was to be done? The clan was all in commotion; and the chieftains held meeting after meeting, in all of which it was unanimously agreed, that it were better that ten of the chief ladies of the clan should perish, than that the whole clan itself should fall under the control of the hated Nagarre.

When the seventh year of the marriage had elapsed, a deputation of the chief men, headed by the veteran laird of Carnach, the next in power to the chief, waited upon Lord Edirdale, and boldly represented to him the absolute necessity of parting with his lady, either by divorce or death. He answered them with fury and disdain; and dared them ever to mention such a thing to him again. But old Carnach told him flatly, that without them he was nothing; and they were determined that not only his lady, but all the chief ladies of the clan should rather perish, than that the clan should become bond slaves to the hateful tyrant Nagarre. Edirdale hearing them assume this high and decisive tone, was obliged to succumb. He said it was a hard case; but if the Governor of the world saw meet that their ancient line should end in him, the decree could not be averted; and to endeavour to do so by a crime of such magnitude, would only bring a tenfold curse upon them. He said, moreover, that his lady and he were both very young, scarcely yet at the prime of life; and there was every probability that she might yet be the mother of many children. But that, at all events, she was the jewel of his heart, and that he was determined much rather to part with life than part with her.

Carnach, shook his dark grey locks, and said the last part of his speech was a very imprudent and cruel answer, and one which they did not deserve. But for that part of it regarding his lady's youth, it bore some show of reason: and on that score alone they would postpone compulsion for three years more to come, and then, for the sake of thousands who looked up to him as their earthly father and only hope, it behoved him to part with her and take another; for on this the very existence of the clan and the name depended.

Three years present a long vista of existence to any one; and who knows what events may intervene to avert a dreaded catastrophe? Lord Edirdale accepted the conditions; and the cadets of the family returned to their homes in peace. The third year came, being the tenth from the chief's marriage; and still there was no appearance of family! Julia remained courteous and beautiful as ever: and quite unconscious of any

discontent or combination against her. But, alas, her doom was sealed! for the dissatisfaction of the clan now raged like a hurricane. Every voice both male and female, denounced her removal; and several of the old women had entered into combinations to take her off by poison, for they had tried enchantment, and that would not do. The day arrived; and the chieftains of the clan once more came as a deputation, with the old Carnach at their head. The chief knew not what to do: he had given his word to his clan; their part had been fulfilled; his behaved to be so. He had not a word to say! A splendid dinner was spread; such a dinner as never graced the halls of Castle-Garnet; and Lady Julia took her seat at the head of the table, shining in her silken tartan of the clan, and covered with gold and jewels. She was never so lovely, never so gay, never so perfectly bewitching. The young men were struck with admiration; and the old men were often seen to wipe the salt tear from their faded eyes. When she rose from the table and left them, there was not a dry eye in the company, nor had one a word to say; all sat silent, and gazed at one another. The chief seized that moment of feeling and deep impression, to implore his kinsmen for a farther reprieve. He said that he felt that to part with that jewel of his heart, and of all hearts, was out of his power; death and oblivion were nothing to it. Consent to her death he never would; and to divorce and banish her from his side, and from her country, would be to her still a worse death than the other; for that she lived but in his affections; and a great deal more he said of her courtesy, virtue, and beauty. The chieftains wept; but they made no reply; they entered into no stipulations; but parted from their lord as they met with him, in a state of reckless despair, resolved to be ruled by circumstances, and to take their own way.

Shortly after this, the perturbation of Lord Edirdale's mind threw him into a violent fever, which placed the whole clan in the last degree of consternation. They thought not then of shedding their lady's blood; for, in the event of their chief's demise, she was their only rallying point, and as all the cadets of the family now showed only anxiety about him, he became impressed with the idea, that his Julia's beauty and virtue had subdued all hearts, as well as his own, and that his kinsmen were incapable of doing her any injury. This fond conceit working upon his fancy was the great mean of restoring him to health even after his life had been despaired of, so that, in the course of five months, he was almost quite well.

But strange news arrived from the south, and events were manifestly approaching that would again call out the clan to show its influence in the balance of the power of the north. What was to be done? Something—any thing but subjection to Nagarre. Prophets, sibyls, and second sighters were consulted, and a fearful doom read, but, never thoroughly comprehended. A deputation once more waited upon the chief; but it

was not to crave the dismissal of his lady, but only a solemn pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Bothan on Christmas day, for that they had learned from a combination of predictions, that from such a pilgrimage alone, and the offering bequeathed, an heir was to arise to the house of Edirdale and Glen-Garnet, and that from the same predictions, they had ascertained that the chieftainship was never to be held by the cursed Nagarre.

Lord Edirdale was delighted. His beloved, his darling Julia, was now to be his own for ever. He invited all the cadets of the family and all their ladies to assist in the grand procession. But Christmas brought such a storm with it that scarcely a human being could peep out of doors. Though the weather at that season throughout the Highlands is generally of the most boisterous description, this winter exceeded them all. The snow fell to a great depth, and on Christmas Eve such a tempest of wind and rain commenced as the oldest inhabitant of that clime had never witnessed. The country became waist-deep of lopper, or half-melted snow, impassable torrents poured from every steep, and the rivers were flooded to an enormous degree, so that, in place of the whole gentlemen of the clan and their ladies, only four chieftains appeared at the castle, and these at the risk of their lives, all of whom declared that the procession must of necessity take place that very day, for that no other subsequent one to the end of the world would answer. A part of the way was perilous, but the distance to the shrine was short; so Julia, who was prepared for the event, with her usual sweet complaisance, wrapped herself up, and away they went on their gloomy pilgrimage. At their very first outset, they had to cross the river by Drochaid-maide (the Wooden Bridge, I suppose.) Never was such a scene witnessed in Scotland! The river was half-way up the linn, while the frail fabric tottered like a cradle. Lady Julia's resolution failed her—a terror came over her heart; but on seeing the resolute looks of all the rest, she surmounted it, and closing her eyes, she laid fast hold of her husband's arm, and they two led the way. Carnach and Barvoolin were next to them, and Auchinsheen and Nathair-nimhe last—the four nearest kinsmen of the chief—and just when at the crown of the bridge, Carnach and Barvoolin seized Lady Julia, and in one moment plunged her into the abyss below! The act was so sudden, that she had not time to utter a scream—nay, it was supposed even to open her eyes—but descending like a swan in placid silence, she alighted on the middle of the surface of the fleet torrent. Such was its density and velocity, that iron, wood, or a feather, bore all the same weight there. The lady fell on her back in a half-sitting posture. She did not dip an inch, but went down top-water swifter than an arrow out of a bow, and still in majestic silence; and at the turn of the rock, they lost sight of her for ever.

The moment that the lady was tossed from the Drochaid-maide, the two chieftains seized on her

husband, and bore him back to the castle in their arms. He was raving mad; but he only knew that he had lost his lady, by what means he could not comprehend. At first he cursed Barvoolin, and swore that he saw his hand touching her—"Alas! I was only endeavouring to prevent the dizzy and distracted leap," said he; and before night they had persuaded him that the terror of the scene had produced a momentary madness, and that the Lady Julia, in such a fit, had flung herself over.

Men on horseback were despatched on the instant, some to the meeting of the waters, others towards the estuary, where all the boats were put in requisition; but in that unparalleled flood both of tide and fresh, the body of Lady Julia could not be found. This was a second grievous distress to her lord, but so anxious were the clansmen for his own preservation, that they would not suffer him to assist in the search. He had loved his lady with the deepest and purest affection of which the heart of man is capable; for his pathetic lamentations over her loss often affected the old devotees of clanship to the heart, and they began to repent them of the atrocious deed they had committed—particularly when, after representing to him that he lived and acted not for himself but for his clan, and that it now had pleased the Almighty to take home unto himself his own amiable and lamented lady, they proceeded to argue, that it therefore behoved him to take another wife without delay, in order to preserve the houses of their fathers from utter oblivion, and themselves, their sons, and daughters, from becoming the vassals and slaves of an abhorred house.

"These are indeed strong, and powerful motives, my friends," said he; "I have always acknowledged it with deep regret, that Heaven should so have decreed it. But man has not these things in his power, and though there are some hearts that are so much swayed by self-interest that it becomes the motive of all their actions, and modulates all their feelings, such heart is not mine, and there are certain lengths it can go, and no farther. As soon as it forgets my Julia, I will then take to myself another wife; but when that may be, I have no mode of calculation. How can I woo another bride? I could only woo her as Julia—I could only exchange love or marriage vows and tokens with her as Julia—and when I awoke in the morning, and found that another than Julia had slept in my bosom, I should go distracted, and murder both her and myself. Believe me, my dear and brave kinsmen, when I assure you that the impression of my lost Julia is so deeply engraven on my heart, that it can take no other. Whenever I feel that possible, I will yield to your entreaties, but not till then."

This was a cutting speech to the old proud cadets of the chief, and made them scowl and shake the head with indignation. They had brought innocent blood on their heads, and made matters only worse. While Lady Julia was alive, there was some chance remaining for family

heirs—for, alas, she had been cut off before her twenty-ninth year; but now there was none. They now began to repent them heartily of what they had done.

While matters were in this taking, while the fate of Lady Julia was the sole topic of conversation upstairs at the castle, it was no less so down stairs; but there conviction appeared arrayed in different habiliments. The secrets and combinations of a clan are generally known through all its ramifications, except to the person combined against. It is a curious trait of this patriarchal race, that they only see, hear, feel, and act, in conformity with their chiefs; and in the present instance, Lady Julia, perhaps, was the only individual of the whole clan who did not know of the dissatisfaction that prevailed, and the danger she was in. The menials strongly suspected that their lady's death had been effected by force or stratagem; they were almost convinced of it, but their lord spoke otherwise, and so did they. But there was one maid, named Ecky M'Kenzie, who had come with her lady from her own district, who was loud and vituperative against the chieftains, and Carnach in particular, as the leader of them; asserting boldly, that he had blinded her lord, and murdered her lady, because he himself was next of kin, and would succeed to be chief. The rest of the servants threatened her, and said she was lying; but they gathered round her, and gaped and stared upon one another, at her asseverations. "I know it all!" she would add; "I know all how that angelic creature has been hated, combined against, and murdered by your vile, servile race; and particularly by that old serpent Carnach, who has all this while acted as huntsman to a pack of blood-hounds. But vengeance will overtake him!—There will a witness appear at the castle in a few days, that shall convict him to the satisfaction of the whole world, and I shall yet see him hanged from the castle wall, and lying a mangled corpse at the foot of it."

These asseverations were so unreserved and violent, that Angus Scan Riaghlear went direct and told his lord every thing that Ecky had said; adding, that unless she was made to hold her tongue, she would bring disgrace on the whole clan. The chief judged for himself in that instance; happy had it been for him had he done so always! but nothing in the world was now of interest to him, save what related to his lost lady. So after dinner, while seven of the subordinate chieftains of the clan were present, he sent for Ecky M'Kenzie up stairs, saying to his friends—"There is a little pestilence of a maid here, who was kinswoman to my late lady, and who is spreading reports so injurious to me and to you, that I must call her to account for it.—Ecky M'Kenzie, come up here—stand before me, and look me in the face. What wicked and malicious reports are these that you have been spreading so broadly, and asserting so confidently before my domestics?"

"I have asserted nothing but the truth, my lord, and nothing that I will not stand to before

all your friends, and before the very man whom I have accused."

"Ecky, you cannot assert any thing for truth of which you were not a witness; therefore, think before you speak. Say, then, how or by whose hands my late lady died?"

"By the hands of these two men who now sit on your right and left. In particular, by that old fiend Carnach, who has for years been hatching a plot against my dear lady's life, and who at last executed it in one moment of terror and confusion. Ay, and not unassisted by his truculent nephew, the redoubted Barvoolin. You may scowl! I care not! I know the foundation of your devilish plot. My lord does not. You knew that you *would* be chosen as the leaders of the clan, and they never would nor could be transferred to the house of Nagarre. Ay, well may you start, and well may the tears drop from your aged and remorseless eyes! You know I have told you the truth, and you are welcome to chew the cud upon it!"

"What is this that I see? Why do you weep, cousin?" said the chief to Carnach.

"It is, my lord, that in my researches into futurity, I discovered, that the death of Lady Julia was to bring about my own. I had forgot the prediction, unconscious how the one life could hang upon the other, until this wicked minx's bold and false assertion reminded me of it, and convinced me that she herself would be the cause of it. My lord, shall such falsehood and audacity pass unpunished under your own roof?"

"No, they shall not. But punishment must follow conviction, not antecede it.—Now, Ecky, they are all present who witnessed my lady's death. You did not. Whence, then, have you your information, that you have the audacity to accuse these my kinsmen to their face?"

"I have my information from another country; and my testimony is true, and theirs is false.—They know well that I am telling the truth, and that they have blinded your too confiding heart by a farrago of lies."

"Hold, hold!" cried Carnach, springing to his feet, and laying his hand on his sword. "My lord, this is not to be borne. That insatuated girl must die!—must die this very night."

"No, Carnach!" cried the elf, laughing and shaking her little white fist in his face—"No, Carnach! I must *not* die to-night, nor will I for your pleasure. I know that your proud and relentless heart will seek my life this night; but I will sleep far beyond the power of thy feeble arm, and have intelligence, too, with her whom that arm put down. And hear and note well what I say: If a witness from another country does not appear at this castle within three days from this date, who will bring full conviction to the consciences, and vengeance on the heads of these guilty men, I give you liberty to cut me all in pieces, and feed the crows and the eagles with me! No, Carnach, I must *not* die to-night, for I must live to see you hanged, and lying a mangled corpse at the foot of the castle-wall,

next to the river.—Good-night, sir: and remember I *won't* die to-night, but will live out of spite to you!"

"What does the baggage mean?" said the guilty compeers, staring at one another. "She will give us liberty to cut her all in pieces, if a witness from another country does not arrive? What does the infernal little witch mean?"

"Her meaning is far beyond my comprehension," said Edirdale—not so her assertion. Would to God, that I did not suspect it as bearing upon the truth! But it is easy for us to wait for three days, and see the issue of this strange witness's intelligence. After that, we shall bring the minx to judgment."

"She may have escaped beyond our power before that time," said Carnach. "The reptile that would sting should be crushed at once. My advice is, that she be put down this very night, or confined in the dungeon. I myself shall take in hand to be her jailor."

"I stand her security that she shall be forthcoming at the end of three days, dead or alive," said the chief.

There was no more to be said—not a word on that head; but on the girl's asseverations many words passed; and though the guiltiest of the associates pretended to hold the prediction light, it was manifest that it had annoyed them in no ordinary degree—Carnach in particular, whose countenance was quite changed; for, with all his cruelty and pride of clanship, he was the most superstitious of mortals; and the idea of an unearthly witness appearing against him almost put him beside himself. He had no intention of staying out the three days; and, after a sleepless night, which he groaned out beside his nephew Barvoolin, he prepared for his departure next morning. But his chief shamed him out of his resolution, conjuring, and even ordering him to remain and await the issue of the extraordinary accusation.

That evening, it being the first after Ecky's examination, the chief perceiving the depression of his kinsmen's spirits, and of old Carnach's in particular, who appeared quite nervous, plied his guests well with wine, which wrought variously on the various characters. Carnach was excited in an extraordinary manner: his looks were wild and unstable; his voice loud and intermittent; and whenever the late lady of the mansion was named, the tears rushed into his eyes. It was presumed that he meant to have made a full confession that night; and, if he had, his kinsmen would have saved him from destruction. But while the glass was running the ninth hour, they were interrupted by the arrival of an extraordinary guest.

It was, as I said, between the eighth and ninth hours of a dark January night. The storm, which raged for many days, had died away, and a still and awful calm succeeded. The sky was overspread with a pall of blackness. It was like a house of death after the last convulsion of nature; and the arrival of any guest at the castle, on such a night, and by such paths, was enough

to strike the whole party with consternation. The din of conversation in the chief's dining apartment had reached its acme for the evening, when a gentle rap came to the grand entrance door, at which none but people of the highest quality presumed to enter. Sure there was something equivocal in that rap, for never was there another that made such an impression on the hearts and looks of so many bold and warlike men. The din of approaching ebriety was hushed in a moment. A blank and drumly dismay was imprinted on every countenance; and every eye, afraid of meeting with the gleams of terror from another, was fixed on the door. Light steps were heard approaching by the great staircase; they came close to the back of the door of the apartment, where they lingered for a space, and an awful pause it was for those within! The door was at length opened slowly and hesitatingly by Ecky M'Kenzie, wrapped in her winding sheet, and a white napkin about her head, who fixed one death-like look on Carnach, raising her fore-finger at him, and then retired, introducing Lady Julia.

This is no falsehood—no illusion of the brain. It is a fact as well authenticated as any event in the annals of any family in Great Britain. Yes, at that moment Lady Julia entered, in the very robes in which she had been precipitated from the bridge. Her face was pale, and her looks severe—still she was the Lady Julia in every lineament. A shudder, and a smothered expression of horror, issued from the circle. Carnach in one moment rushed to the casement. It opened like a door on hinges. He pulled it open, and threw himself from it. Barvoolin followed his example; and so terror-smitten were the remainder, that no one perceived the desperate exit of the two chieftains, save the apparition itself, which uttered a piercing shriek at the disappearance of each. These yells astounded the amazed kinsmen still the more, laying all their faculties asleep in a torpid numbness. But their souls were soon aroused by new excitations: for the incidents, as they came rushing one on another, were all beyond human comprehension. The apparition fixed its eyes, as if glistening with tears, on one only of those present; then, spreading forth its arms, and throwing its face towards heaven, as if in agony, it exclaimed, "Is there no one here to receive me, or welcome me back to my own house?" The chief assumed the same posture, but had not power to move, till the apparition flying to him with the swiftness of lightning, clasped him in her arms, laid her head upon his bosom, and wept. "God of my fathers! It is my Julia!—my own Julia, as I live and breathe!" It was the Lady Julia herself.

Sir, does not this require some explanation? It does.

On the side of the river opposite to the castle, and, consequently, in another country, according to the constant phrase in those parts, there lived a bold yeoman, called Mungo M'Craw, miller of Clach-mhuilian (I cannot help the alliteration, it is none of my making.) But, in those days, mill-

ponds and mill-leads, with their sluices and burns, (to say nothing of mill-stones and mill-wheels,) were in a very rude and ineffective state. The great Christmas flood levelled Mungo M'Craw's wears and sluices, as if no such things had existed; and, what was worse, as the dam came off at the acute angle of the river, the flood followed on in that straight-forward direction, threatening instant destruction to the whole mill-town. Mungo, with his son Quinten, his daughter Diana, and his old wife, yclept Mustress M'Craw, were all busily engaged rearing a rampart of defence with wood, stones, divots, and loads of manure from the barn-yard.

"Ply, ply, you deil's buckies, or we shall all be overwhelmed and swept away from the world, with that roaring ocean of destruction that is coming down from the hills. Fie, Mustress M'Craw, ply your fingers; fill all the sacks of the mill with dirt, and plunge them into the breach! Diana, you jade! You are not carrying above ten stone weight at a time. Quinten, you dog, you cur, you great lazy puppy of a cueannich, do you not see that we shall all be carried away, unless you ply as never man plied before?"

"Father, is Montrose charged?"

"Malluchid! If I don't break your head for you! What want you with the gun just now?"

"Because here is a swan coming full sail upon us."

"Kem damh fealmar! run and bring Montrose. Him always charged and dry, and let us have a pluff at the swan, come of the mill what may. Life of my soul, if she be not a drowned lady, instead of a swan! Mustress M'Craw, and you young witch, Diana, where be your hearts and your souls now? Och, now, there will be such splashing and squalling, and crying, for women's hearts are all made of oladh-leighis; while I have lost my grand shot, and shall lose my mill, and all my goods and chattels! Alas, dear soul, a warmer couch would have fitted thee better to-day! Come, help me to carry her, you jades; what will howling and wringing your hands do? See, give me hold of all your four arms, and let her face hang down, that the muddy water may pour from her stomach like a mill-spout!"

"No, no, Mungo, keep my face upward. I am little the worse. My head has never yet been below the water."

"As I shall be sworn before the day of shudgegment, it is the great and good lady of the Castle! God be with us, my dear and blessed madam! How did you come here?"

"Even as you see, Mungo. Put me in your warm bed, and I will tell you all; for I have had a dreadful voyage to your habitation, although the space of its duration could scarcely be extracted from the column of time. It is scarcely a moment since I lost hold of my husband's arms."

With many acclamations, and prayers and tears, the Lady Julia was put into the miller's bed, and nursed with all the care and affection

of which the honest and kind-hearted miller and his family were capable. But her recovery was not so sudden as might be expected; an undefinable terror oppressed her spirits, which, at first, it appeared impossible to remove, a terror of that which was past. And besides, there was one feeling of horror which was quite unbrookable, a worm that gnawed at her heart, and almost drank up the fountains of existence within her; it was a painful thrilling consciousness that her husband had pushed her over. She had not the heart, nor the capability of mentioning this to any one, although it continued more and more to prey on her spirits and health; but she bound all the miller's family to secrecy, and resolved to remain in concealment with them, till the mystery of her intended death was cleared up.

She contrived at length to obtain a private interview with her humble confidant and god-child, Ecky M'Kenzie. The meeting was affecting, and full of the deepest interest; but I may not dwell on the subsidiary matters. At that meeting, and by the conversation that occurred between Ecky and the old miller, Lady Julia's eyes were first opened to the horrid combination to take her off, and it brought such ease and comfort to her heart, that she recovered daily. She was now convinced of her husband's innocence, and that all the love he had ever expressed towards her was sincere; and, as she lived but in his affections, all other earthly concerns appeared to her as nothing. And so, to have further proof against those immediately guilty, the time, manner, and mode of her return to the castle were all settled and arranged by the miller and maid, and the above narrated catastrophe was the result.

On going out with torches, the foremost of which was borne by Ecky M'Kenzie, they found old Carnach lying at the bottom of the wall next to the river, with his neck broken, and his body otherwise grievously mangled; while Barvoolin was so much crushed and bruised by his fall, that he proved a lamiter for life.

When these two cruel and determined men threw the lady from the top of Drochaid-maide, she went down like a feather on the surface of the dense current, until hid from their sight by the acute angle at the mouth of the linn. From the angle on the other side, the miller's dam was drawn nearly in a straight line with the current, and his sluices having been all demolished, the lady was naturally borne right onward in that direction, straight into the old miller's arms; so that, from the time she quitted her lord's arm, and found herself in those of Mungo M'Craw, the miller of Clachmhuilian, was not perhaps above the space of half a minute. But far the best of the story is yet to come.

Whether it was in consequence of sleeping for a fortnight on a hard heather-bed, or the subsisting for that fortnight on black brochen, and brose and butter; or whether the ducking and corresponding fright wrought a happy change on Julia's constitution—which of these causes it was, or if all of them combined, I know not; but of this I am certain, that, within a twelvemonth from the date of her return to the castle, she gave birth to a comely daughter, and subsequently to two sons; and the descendants of that affectionate couple occupy a portion of their once extensive patrimonial possessions to this day.

LINES.

BY S. K. HERVEY, ESQ.

“ They wove bright fables in the days of old!
When reason borrow'd fancy's painted wings;
When truth's clear river flow'd o'er sands of gold,
And told, in song, its high and mystic things!
And such the sweet and solemn tale of her,
The pilgrim-heart, to whom a dream was given
That led her through the world—Love's worshipper—
To seek, on earth, for him whose home was heav'n!
As some lone angel, through night's scattered host,
Might seek a star which she had loved—and lost!
In the full city—by the haunted fount—
Through the dim grotto's tracery of spare—
Mid the pine temples on the moonlit mount,
Where silence sits to listen to the stars—
In the deep glade, where dwells the brooding dove—
The painted valley—and the scented air—
She heard far echoes of the voice of Love,
And found his footsteps' traces every where!
But never more they met!—since doubts and fears,
Those phantom shapes that haunt and blight the earth,
Had come 'twixt her, a child of sin and tears,
And that bright spirit of immortal birth;—
Until her pining soul and weeping eyes
Had learnt to seek him only in the skies—
Till wings unto the weary heart were given,
And she became Love's angel-bride—in heaven!”

FIRST INQUIRIES.

FROM SWAIN'S "BEAUTIES OF THE MIND."

FATHER, who made all the beautiful flowers,
And the bright green shades of the summer bowers?
Is it the warm beaming sun that brings
The emerald leaves and the blossomings—
Flowers to the field, and fruits to the tree?
—Not the sun, my dear child, but one greater than he!

Father, whose hand formed the blue tinted sky,
Its coloured clouds and its radiancy?
What are those stars we view shining in air?
What power ever keeps them suspended there?
Was it man formed the skies and the glories we see?
—Not man, my dear child, but one greater than he!

Father, from whence came our own lovely land,
With its rivers and seas, and its mountains so grand;
Its tall frowning rocks, and its shell-spangled shore?
Were these not the works of some people of yore?
Owe these not their birth to man's own good decree?
—Not to man, my dear child, but one greater than he!

From God came the trees, and the flower, and the earth,
To God do the mountains and seas owe their birth:
His glory alone, love, created on high
The sun, moon, and stars, and the beautiful sky—
It was he formed the land, and no people of yore:
Bend thy knee, my sweet child, and that God now adore.

GITANOS OF THE SIERRA MORENA.

THERE exists in Spain a race of beings whose lineage may be much more clearly traced by both moral and physical distinction, than that of the lofty and effeminate nobility. In the gitanos or gipseys of the Peninsula, may be yet seen the nervous and flexible limb, the fiery eye, and coal black hair, the courage, and love of adventure of their Arab ancestry. They are the same wild free-booting race, unused to the bonds of law, and impatient of the restraints imposed by the conventions of society—denizens of the mountain and the glen, living beneath the free and boundless canopy of heaven; a mode of life in perfect unison with their temper and dispositions. The mysterious influence of this wandering and original tribe, though often derided, is, notwithstanding, both felt and dreaded by most classes. The traveller who refuses to listen to their advice, and to pay for it too, when given, may find himself involved in inextricable difficulties, and learn too late the folly or heedlessness of despising the gipsey's warning.

That part of the Sierra Morena which divides La Mancha from New Castile, and particularly the environs of the pass of the Despenaperros, has, from time immemorial, been the abode of numerous bands of these gitanos. The wild romantic beauty of the mountains, their thousand hues and shapes, the foaming cataracts which rush impetuously down their sides, the alternate luxury of herbage, or sterility of brown, rocky soil, the snow-capped peaks reflecting their silvery light into the depths of some of the hollow caverns, mark it the peculiar habitation of these roaming, uncontrolled spirits, and lead us at once to identify the tenantry with their mountain home.

In one of these fastnesses, in a strangely-insulated position, accessible only on one side, and that by a bridge traversing an abrupt and immeasurably-deep cleft in the mountain (the effect of some volcanic revolution,) resided a gipsey band, whose chief had formerly headed a party of *contrabandistas*. Report had ascribed to this man various delinquencies which called for the long dormant interposition of the law; but the apathy of justice, or the dangers and difficulties attendant on any interference, had left him in a species of independent sovereignty, so that the band remained unmolested in their mountains, or encamped peaceably upon the plains, and even enjoyed, in some measure, the protection of persons who possessed estates in the vicinity.

Amongst those who extended to the gipseys a more than ordinary share of favour, and whose visits amongst them were more frequent than mere accident seemed to warrant, was the young Count Alphonso de Floresca, whose father, the Marquess, possessed a vast domain and summer palace called the Retiro, situated in a part of the province of New Castile, closely adjoining the Sierra, where the gipsey retreat is described.

The young Count was, indeed, a constant sharer in the gipsey revels and adventures, a fact but ill concealed. He had, it was said, appeared in a distant province, beneath the gipsey garb, and had collected money by his happy prophecies, which won the generosity of the credulous. On one of these occasions he effected the gipsey king's release from the prison of Malaga, in which he had been confined upon the accusation of a friar, who deposed to his having been robbed by him, when formerly on his route to his monastery, of a collection which he had made for his convent. The young Count's gold on this occasion bribed the judge, the friar, and the gaoler; for on the following morning the gipsey had broken his prison, and the accuser had departed from the town.

Count Alphonso had, at the period of this history, nearly attained his *mayorazgo*, or twenty-first year, an event which was about to be celebrated at the Retiro on a scale of magnificence which suited the rank and wealth of the family to which he belonged. The preparations exceeded any thing which had been heard of for a long time previous. Numbers of the Spanish nobility were invited to the *fete*, and a series of amusements was devised for their pleasure, which was to last a month; after which, the Marquess had determined to take up his residence in the capital, and to introduce his son to court. The programme of the entertainments contained tournaments, bull-fights, theatricals, and chariot races; indeed, whatever ingenuity could devise, or money command.

The Retiro formed a scene of splendour and brilliancy seldom witnessed at such a distance from the metropolis. Pride and contentment sat on every brow; if a cloud could have been discovered, it was on that of Alphonso himself, to whose bosom this feasting brought less of joy than regret, for he foresaw in its termination the opening of a new era in his life, on which he was little disposed to venture. This young nobleman's skill and address in all the sports of the period, and his no less accomplished manners and elegant deportment, gained him the admiration of all, and had silently secured the hearts of many proud *doncellas*, whom more courtly cavaliers had failed to engage.

Amongst the guests of the Retiro were the Count and Countess de Mariolana, whose estates lay contiguous to the Marquess's domain, and whose family was once to have been united with that of De Floresco, by the marriage of an only daughter with Count Alphonso, but circumstances which caused no breach of friendship, had long since dissolved this tie. Nor was the interest of Count de Moriolana in Alphonso at all diminished thereby, for being now without issue, he had devised his estates and title, at his death, to his once-intended son-in-law, whom he considered as his own child.

The *fete*, which it would be tedious to describe, was drawing towards a conclusion, and invention of new pleasures seemed to be on the wane, when Alphonso, to whose lot it had fallen in his turn to suggest something new for the amusement of the party, did so, by sending to the Sierra for the gipsy band, with whose songs and dances he proposed to divert the company. The idea was joyously seconded; in a short time the gipsies were within the ground of the Retiro, telling the fortunes, and contributing to the delight of the noble guests. The plan succeeded to admiration. All found something to flatter their hopes or wishes, in the predictions of the gipsies, among whom was a young girl, who, by her vivacity and intelligence, and almost inspired answers, had rendered herself an universal favourite: this was Adelma, the daughter of the gipsy chief. Her grace of person and gentleness of manner, the even classical beauty of her features, the softness of her large black melting eyes, and glossy streaming jet hair, had excited an interest which could not be dispelled. The coarse costume in which she was clad, scarce detracted from a certain elegance distinguishable in spite of her mean garb. Her interesting voice, which she accompanied on the guitar, drew all hearts towards her. Wherever Adelma appeared, she excited the sympathy of all who saw her. Her parents were solicited to part with her, and none were so forward in their offers of service as the Count and Countess de Mariolana, who took great pains to persuade the gipsy's mother to place the girl under their care; but the woman was inflexible, and spurned their offers with indignation.

An event however occurred in the course of the gipsies' visit to the Retiro, which threatened a separation on less agreeable terms than those just proffered. The Count de Mariolana had during the noon-tide heat retired to one of the pavilions of the garden to indulge in the *siesta*. On awaking, he missed from around his neck a gold chain of some value. It was a loss not to be borne without a murmur; it in fact caused so much concern, that every one became interested in the discovery of the lost treasure, for which the most scrupulous search was immediately instituted.

The wanderers of "the sandal shoon and scallop shell" were about to return to the mountains—the materials which formed their equipage were slung across their shoulders—the wild strain of their departure—the tramping of their march broke upon the ear, while the noise of the Count's loss caused them to be detained. The servants of the Retiro particularly busied themselves in inspecting the baggage of the gipsies. They soon came forward, dragging after them Adelma, and holding up the lost chain, found curiously concealed amongst her effects.

"I always said what would become of letting these gipsy thieves into the grounds," said one of the officious menials; "notwithstanding our superior vigilance the vagabonds have contrived to steal a gold chain!"

"Insolent slave!" exclaimed Alphonso, "free the gipsy girl from your grasp instantly."

The affrighted domestic loosed his hold, and skulking away, muttered to himself, that "he would go count the silver plates and spoons immediately."

All looked with astonishment at Alphonso: his earnestness in the gipsy's cause excited some surprise.—"Why," said he, "should you accuse so gentle a creature of such a crime?"

"Circumstances!" cried one and all.

"Even so: they are deceitful, though irrefutable at first sight. But use the girl tenderly, and my life on't she will satisfactorily account for the possession of the chain."

But the artless Adelma was totally confounded. "I am innocent!" exclaimed she, "and pray your noble natures to condemn me not, though appearances are against me. Believe me, I spurn the thought of a theft."

"But where got ye the chain? On thy answer, gipsy depends thy fate!" said the Marquess de Floresca.

"That chain has been in my possession many years; 'twas a gift of my mother's; she gave it me with injunctions I cannot reveal!"

"Artful girl," said the Marquess, "that ready coined falsehood shall not excuse ye. Away with her to prison."

"Hold!" said Alphonso, "would you condemn that look of innocence—that tear which undeserved suspicion wrings from her beauteous eye? Hard must be the heart and bold the tongue, which dares suspect her truth. Let the gipsy's mother appear, and this mystery will be unravelled."

But the gipsy's parents had fled.—They had profited by the confusion which turned all eyes on their daughter, and had stolen away unperceived. Adelma was left alone to support her innocence. She turned a look towards Alphonso—a look which craved pity and protection—it spoke to his heart; 'twas a language not to be misunderstood! And at this moment the gipsy girl held up her hand, displaying a ring to Alphonso, who alone understood the signal.

"Whence this interest, my son," said the Marquess, "for this obscure gipsy, and these efforts to repel an accusation which confirms itself by every circumstance with which it is connected? I do perceive a something here which explains suspicions already vaguely hinted, to which I've yet lent unwilling credence. Depend on't justice shall not be warped. What can you have in common with the gipsy girl thus to intercept its course?"

"Listen," said Alphonso, "and you shall judge. You may recollect the time when, during my studies at Seville, by your command I was ordered to make a tour to visit the Moorish cities of Cordova and Grenada. In my route my carriage was beset by banditti, and my life with difficulty saved from the ferocity of the robbers. My tutor, who accompanied me, unfortunately recognized one of them as being an old servant of his, and thinking to excite his pity called upon

him by name. The consequence of which imprudence was his immediate assassination. I should have shared the same fate, but had the good fortune to loose myself from the tree to which I was fastened, ere the robbers came to execute their purpose. 'Twas dark;—I fled to a hut in a mountain of the Sierra Nevada, to which I was guided by the glimmering of a fire. This I found to be the residence of some gipsies. I entered, and supplicated their hospitality and protection. I was regarded with an eye of suspicion, and after some indistinct murmuring, was told to depart. In this extremity I knew not which way to turn, when, by the intercession of this young girl, my request of a little food and a night's lodging was granted. During my slumbers I was awoke by the tramping of horse. Some men who had arrived spoke of an escape which would ruin them, and demanded of the gipsy chief the immediate aid of his scouts to scour the country in search of the fugitive. I needed little to convince me these were the robbers in search of their lost prisoner, and collected from the answers of the gipsy chief that he was but a reluctant instrument in their service; and from the imprecations heaped on him, that his own life depended on his obedience to their will.

"The gipsy scouts were dispatched in different directions. Scarcely had the noise subsided, ere this same girl, who had interceded for my protection and shelter came to inform me of my present danger. She brought me a disguise, in which I might escape suspicion, and a guide to conduct me on my way, bidding me, if I at all valued my life, instantly to be gone. I clasped the beautiful and trembling creature to my arms, and with a heart nigh to bursting, for this spontaneous and unlooked-for generosity, I mingled my tears with hers! I knew not how to thank or reward her. In my foolish zeal I drew forth my purse, of which the robbers had not yet despoiled me, and offered her gold. Her look of sorrow told me how woefully I had mistaken her motives. I felt renewed reluctance to withdraw from a spot to which I stood rivetted, notwithstanding the dangers which beset me. Withdrawing from my embrace, she reminded me of my delay, and pointed to the grey streaks of the morning's dawn; she whispered the guide, and waving her hand disappeared.

"I was conducted down the steep descent through a narrow and broken ravine, which had been the bed of a mountain torrent, and, after passing through some subterranean windings, came to an outlet which disclosed the open country and the high route. Here I paused, for this angel again stood in my path.

"'I would fain,' said she, 'ere you depart, have something in remembrance of you, and therefore have I intercepted your passage.' I begged her to name what she wished. She removed a small gold ring from my finger, asked my name, and said—'If ever your poor gipsy girl should be in danger, will you promise, if you have the power, to protect her?' I vowed, reli-

giously, to stake my life for her if it was necessary—to bear her away from the wretched associates with whom she was linked—to place her beyond the rude contact of the desperate beings in whose company I had found her. She spoke of feelings paramount to her dislike of her mode of life, and allowing me again to press her to my bosom, and kiss her gentle cheek, once more bade me farewell.

"Now, Marquess," continued Alphonso, "tell me, have I not a right to proclaim this girl innocent? She who saved my life, who refused my gold, who spurned affluence and comfort to the miserable life of a wandering beggar—can such a being be guilty of a crime? or can I, in violation of my word refuse to protect her now?"

The tale made a deep and affecting impression on all the hearers, and formed a striking contrast to the situation in which the gipsy girl now stood. It caused, however, a greater effect on the Marquess de Floresca than on any other person, who, in the energetic defence of the delinquent thought he read the feelings of the advocate. His patrician blood was roused to indignation at the thought of his son's love for a vagrant. He was confirmed by this new light which broke on his mind, in his suspicions regarding his son's frequent absences, and now accounted in his own mind for the rumours he had heard of Alphonso's connection with the gipsy band. He saw the solution now of all his solitary rambles, and the reason of the degree of favour he had always laboured to obtain for these children of the mountain, and determined inwardly on a course which should ensure the extinction of such a misplaced passion.

Adelma was put into confinement, from which no efforts or stratagem of the young Count could free her. The warmer he became in his endeavours to extenuate her offence, the more resolved were her accusers to sacrifice her to their offended pride. She was brought to trial. With such a weight of influence, and such damning testimony of guilt, it was not difficult to obtain a speedy sentence against her. The Count de Mariolana deposed to the identity of the chain, which, with the unsatisfactory account of its possession, was considered overwhelming proof of her crime. The gipsy girl was condemned to die!

During the short interval between sentence and execution, Alphonso threw himself at his father's feet, and implored him to use his influence to cause the harsh doom of Adelma to be remitted. Finding entreaties useless, he assumed another tone, and boldly declared his irrevocable attachment for the gipsy girl, telling his father that if she perished, his son was also lost! His altered and resolute manner convinced the Marquess that some violent emotion agitated his son's mind. He would willingly have restored it to peace at any less price than that at which it was to be purchased. Alphonso retired to his chamber, absorbed in grief. In the evening the Marquess sought his son, to try the effect of reasoning and persuasion, but he had quitted the Retiro,

nor could the servants give any account of his disappearance.

It was a dark and miserable night. The rain fell in torrents. The heavens were of one dense blackness, save when at intervals the fitful gleam of the lightnings illuminated the sky. In the fury of this pelting storm, a person closely muffled in a gipsy garb, presented himself at the bridge of the ravine, leading to the gipsy cave.

"*Quien vive?*" exclaimed the guard.

"*Un hijo del penon!*" was the answer.

"*Pase Adelante!*" and the bridge was lowered, over which the stranger quickly passed.

"What brings you here, Signor, at this late hour of the night?" said the sentry.

"No time for questions now! Tell me quickly, where is the gipsy chief?"

"We have no tidings. Since the troop escaped the fangs of the lowlanders we are without a master. Biorenka returned last night, but we have no intelligence of our chief."

"Rouse instantly the gipsy crew!" said the stranger, flinging back his mantle, "quick! both man, woman and child; there is work on hand to-night which brooks no delay; ere the morrow dawn, innocent blood may be shed!"

The guard passed on to the mouth of the cavern in which the gipsies slept. The red embers of a wood fire shed a crimson light on the fretted roof and sides of the cave, a work which nature had carved in mockery of art. Numerous rude masses of stone, which had caught the fiery hues, presented fantastical images to the sight, resembling giants, dwarfs, and beasts. Some of the gipsies had spread their mats around the fire, on which they were locked in deep sleep, whilst the flapping of the bat's wing above the flame seemed to hush them in fearful music to their rest.

The long shrill whistle of the gipsy guard, called the whole tribe into motion. Yawning, and shaking their matted locks, they crowded round the stranger to ask his purpose.

"*Despierta muchachos!*" They knew the word, and eagerly waited his commands.

"Arm, arm, and follow me! Bring fire-brands, and every combustible ye can find; you, alone, Torrero, keep watch here. Let the rest follow to where I shall conduct them."

The troop was ready and eager for a fray. Their leader, in whom Alphonso may be easily recognised, led them down the craggy precipice, over which they scrambled with all the celerity which custom and long acquaintance with the spot enabled them to do. In a short time the gipsy gang, under the command of their sometime leader, were drawn up before the prison where Adelma was confined.

This prison was situated on an eminence, at no great distance from the Retiro. It was the remains of an old Moorish castle, covered with arabesques, and constructed of those durable materials which distinguish the Moorish architecture. But an outwork of less permanent and modern materials had been thrown up around it, in order, as was imagined, to complete its security; this once demolished, the entrance to the

keep, which was the ruins of the Arab fortress, became of easy access. Firebrands were immediately applied to the exterior building, which contained much wood, whilst a battering of the gates and barricades was at the same time carried on.

The women and children sought, in every direction fuel to nourish the flames, which had already taken such fast hold, that the pouring rain did not in the least serve to quench them. The men ran wildly round the fire, brandishing their swords and knives, the blades of which were glittering in its light, and with shouts and screams seemed like demons protecting and defending the devouring element.

During this work of destruction, Alphonso animated the gipsies with their own wild piercing cheers. He moved through every danger with a fearless and giant stride, urging and encouraging the completion of their task. At last a loud crash told the fall of a part of the defences, the gipsies entered the breach, disarmed the guard, and depriving the gaoler of his key, released Adelma from her cell.

The crackling of the burning timbers, the heat of the flames, and the noise of the onset, had nearly deprived her of her senses. She, however, recognised Alphonso, and sunk into his arms. A retreat was now sounded, and the young Count bore off the liberated captive to the mountain hold.

The light of the flames of the prison had been observed at the Retiro, and the guards who had fled communicated the full news of the disaster. The Marquess immediately ordered all his retainers to arm and to pursue the fugitives, without mercy, to their den.

But all that the Marquess's force could accomplish was a partial engagement. The gipsies had gained the mountain, and had greatly the advantage of their pursuers. They kept on an orderly retreat, covering their leader, whose charge impeded the rapidity of his movements; but several of the gipsies, amongst whom was Biorenka, were wounded and taken prisoners. Alphonso himself, who, in his disguise was not known, although the dawn had already broken, was so hard pressed, that he only gained the bridge of the ravine by felling two of his opponents to the ground; a third, who hurried forward, had already planted himself on the bridge just as Alphonso had gained the other side, and was beckoning on his companions, when, by an unexpected movement, the end of the bridge on which he stood was lowered into the ravine, and the unfortunate man was hurled into the fathomless chasm beneath.

The Marquess de Floresca was brooding over the inexplicable departure of his son, when the defeat of his retainers was communicated to him. He could scarce credit the information, nor believe the daring that had animated the gipsy leader. His sorrow, however, now gave way to exasperation; he vowed to annihilate the whole gang of gipsy outlaws, and immediately sought the Count de Mariolana, who was Captain

General of the province, to concert measures for this object. It was agreed that means commensurate with the undertaking should be employed, and to this end an order was dispatched to the nearest town for a reinforcement of soldiery.

During the interval the vigilance of the Marquess's scouts had detected the gipsy chief; he was discovered nearly famished with hunger, from the concealment he had been obliged to undergo, in order to effect his escape, and was brought in bound and a prisoner. He reluctantly confessed the guilt of having robbed the Count de Mariolana of his chain during his sleep in the pavilion, but protested he had given it to his wife Biorenka, in whose possession he said it yet was, and that she, on learning what he had done, advised him to fly. He had resolved on going to a distant part of the country to take up an abode where he was not known, and where he intended his wife and daughter should have joined him.

The story of the gipsy chief's having stolen the chain would have exculpated Adelma, but the impossibility of its being still in Biorenka's possession, whilst it had been found on the daughter, and was now restored to its owner, threw such a colour of improbability over the whole affair, that the gipsy was treated as an impostor, and handed over to the *corregidor*.

The troops for which the Captain General had dispatched orders, had now arrived, and left no farther cause of delay in storming the gipsy hold. Preparations were made for the attack on the following morning. The Count de Mariolana, who was an experienced officer, undertook to conduct it himself, and was occupied at midnight in his apartment meditating the plan of his operations, when the wounded Biorenka was announced, as wishing to speak with him on most urgent business.

A wretched-looking female, writhing with pain, was ushered in. She looked wildly round, and said—"Count, are we alone?"

The servants were ordered to retire. "What mystery," said the Count, "have ye to unfold at this lone hour of the night?"

"Count, my business is pressing. That paper before you, the glittering of piled arms, and the bivouack fire I just now passed, tells me Death has mounted the pale steed, whose hoofs ere long shall plough the mountain soil. Would ye destroy the lovely and the innocent? Have ye no child to judge of a mother's pangs for the destruction of her's?"

"What babbling hag art thou, that at the dead of night, with words of mysterious meaning on thy lips, thinkest to turn aside the sword of justice by thy doleful ravings?"

"Count, despise me not, though I am of the wretched Gitano race! Oh, think for once that truth and sincerity may dwell where tattered weeds appear! The gipsy girl is innocent! I implore ye abandon the attack on the mountain hold, or never shall ye sleep in comfort more."

"Justice," said the Count, "shall speedily be done on their outlawed heads!"

"Justice! didst thou say? Since when has

she had such claims for Mariolana, that he invokes her name? Since when has conscience stifled remorse, that that word does not choke your utterance?"

The Count was agitated; long-drawn reflection seemed at this moment to rush across his mind.—"Gipsy," said he, "if you value your safety begone! If by your damned art you should possess a secret—But, no! it cannot be, I'll not believe it. I say, recollect my power; your safety's in your absence!"

"Never! Count, till ye have yielded to my prayers, and restore to me my husband and my child." Saying which, she threw herself at his feet, and clung to his knees. The Count could scarcely disengage himself from her grasp, and was about to call his attendants.

"Hold! Count," cried Biorenka, "if prayers and tears are useless, refuse this evidence if ye can!" So saying, she drew the lost chain from her bosom.

"Sorceress, avaunt! I know not by what spell thou hast conjured up that chain, so like the one I wear, but never shall thy evil juggle stir me from my fixed purpose. I owe thy wretched race a long arrear of deep revenge, and I will discharge it now! Some robber vagrant like thyself once dashed the cup of happiness from my lips, and left me a draught of bitter disappointment in its stead!"

"I see thy motive now," replied Biorenka; "revenge is ranking at thy heart, and to gratify thy hatred thou wouldst overlook that which may exculpate an innocent individual; but never shall that be! If my waning strength permit, with trumpet tongue I will unburthen my soul to the winds—a tale of terror shall be borne on every blast! My child *shall* be saved! Know ye these features?" cried Biorenka, throwing back the thick hair which had hitherto veiled her face.

"Were it not for that sunken eye, the time-ploughed furrows of thy cheek, that haggard, shrivelled form, I could liken thee to one I would fain forget."

"Behold in me the wronged Amelia! Now, Count, you shall hear and judge my story. Twenty years have elapsed since you first beheld me! I was then in the bloom and pride of youth and beauty. My confiding disposition, and the seeming sincerity of your addresses, gained you possession of a heart too full of love and sensibility, alas! to resist attractions like your own. The control you possessed over me, made a doating woman the blind victim of the love that usurped her soul. But soon were you satiated with the happiness for which you thirsted, and when victorious grew cool, and wooed one who set a higher price upon her charms. Your ingratitude stung my soul to madness; with the coming claims of a mother and child to your affection, you laughed at my complaints; but oh! worse than all, you sought an unsuspecting moment to administer a poisonous potion to cancel the bond!"

"Your design but too well succeeded; you also succeeded in turning the guilt on me—on

me who would have dared all sooner than such a crime! An outcast and a murderer, I was spurned and shunned by all. Friends, fortune, happiness, all vanished from my sight! With broken heart and faltering step I hastened to bury my shame and woes in the deep lake that bounds the wood on my father's domain, whilst the wretch who triumphed in my ruin, possessed fortune and an unsullied name!

"But Providence was watching over me, and reserved me for other trials. Some gipsies in the neighbouring forest heard the plashing of the water as I precipitated myself into it, and came to my rescue. The same gipsy chief who is now your prisoner drew me to the shore, and with accents of pity lamented that so much beauty should seek so rash an end. Restored to life, I reluctantly consented to accept of their cares, and was at last persuaded to marry my preserver and join the gipsy band.

"The rambling life I led diverted my mind from my misfortunes, and in time restored my health. I became accustomed to wend the mountain path, and to repose beneath the open sky; but the villany of my seducer was not forgotten—it sank deep into my heart.

"Now, Count, my story is drawing to a close; and the gipsy cares not, if she must resign all she loves, how soon her life closes too! The world for her is now one wide-spread desolation! The gipsy would sink to her rest on the heather, far from the pity or ridicule of man!"

Biorenka's voice grew faint—her trembling knees scarcely supported her frame—the hues of death were passing in quick succession over her face—the emotions of her soul were overpowering her fast—her wound was mortal!

After a pause, she continued—"A few years subsequent to my initiation into my new mode of life, chance brought our band to a Quinta on the banks of the Guadalquivir, in the province of Andalusia. It fell to my lot to go forward and offer to tell the fortunes of its inmates, when I learnt (oh, God! the recollection alone overpowers me now!) that the Quinta was the residence of the Count de Mariolana, and that the lady to whom he had been married was living there at that moment.

"I entered the plantations. Revenge fired my bosom. I dashed on, I knew not why or wherefore. In my path I met a lovely child; her features, her voice, all told me she was the offspring of the Count. Now! now, cried I, is the hour of retribution come! This shall be the substitute for my murdered infant! The father shall now feel the pangs that once tore my heart asunder!

"With savage joy I counted up the miseries you would endure, I revelled in the anguish that would afflict your breast, and rejoiced in the thought that you should drink deep of the cup of misery with myself! I snatched the child with Amazonian strength, and with the speed of the bounding antelope bore it, heedless of its cries, to the gipsy tent. Its beauty, its gracefulness, the jewels with which it was decked, rendered it

a greedy prize. We hastily decamped, leaving no trace of our footsteps behind.

"I had reserved the child for a signal retribution of my own wrongs, but I mistook my feelings; the germ of a mother's love was in my bosom; I hung over it with the tenderness of Cain's wife over her infant child when she quitted Eden, and heeded not the father's guilt. Its guileless caresses subdued my soul, and as I kissed its ruby lips, I blessed the chance that gave the infant to my arms.

"The girl grew in strength and beauty. We came to reside in the Sierra, hard by; here the young Count Alphonso, who already owed his life to my daughter, sought by his kindness to repay the deep debt of gratitude he owed her—a pure and irreproachable passion arose in their bosoms!

"Count, you will have guessed, ere now, who is the gipsy girl. You may recollect when you missed your child she wore your household chain: this alone of all her jewels did I preserve. I gave it her with injunctions of secrecy that she should never disclose whence it came, save misfortune or distress should overtake her, after my death. In such a case I bade her seek out that mansion in Madrid, where the same chain should form part of the armorial bearings of the house—to show it there—to tell her story, and then all her wants should be relieved!

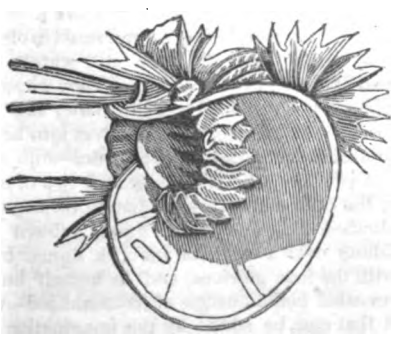
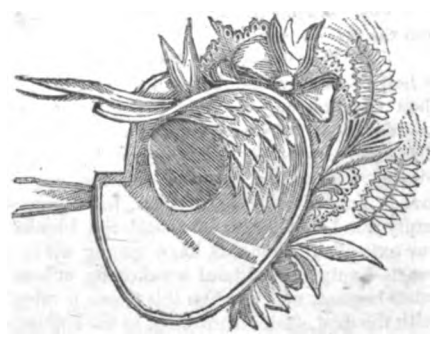
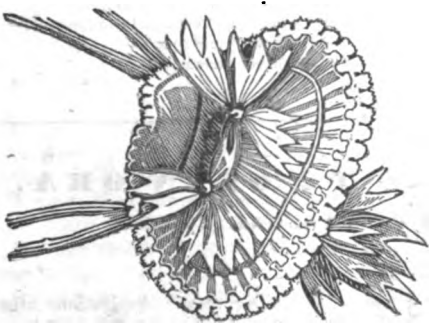
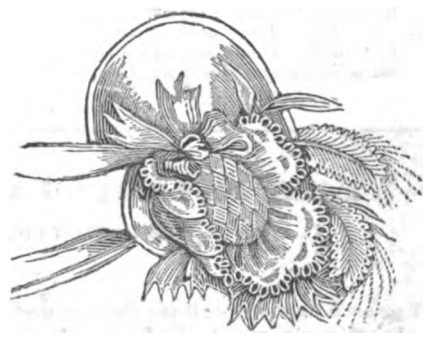
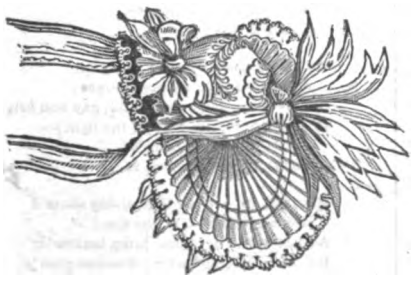
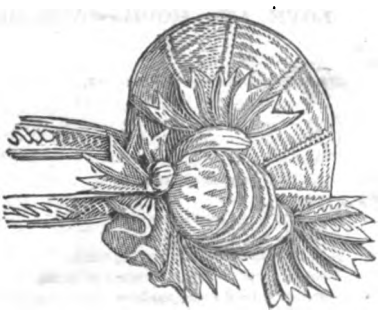
"But, oh! do not tear her from me yet! she still thinks herself my daughter. Ere the film which gathers in my eye shall close it quite, let me gaze upon her once more, and receive her forgiveness and farewell. Let the dying gipsy's last sigh be breathed in the arms of her child, and her last prayer to heaven shall be to dispense that forgiveness to you which she now does. . . ."

The shaft of death had smitten the wronged gipsy's bosom, ere a horseman's utmost speed could convey her last request. Adelpa, afterwards the young Countess de Floresca, arrived too late. The gipsy's soul had fled to that abode where sorrow and complaining cease.

PRIDE.

THE proud heart is the first to sink beneath contempt—it feels the wound more keenly than others can. Oh, there is nothing in language can express the deep humiliation of being received with coldness when kindness is expected—of seeing the look, but half concealed, of strong disapprobation from such as we have cause to think beneath us, not alone in vigour of mind and spirit, but even in virtue and truth. The weak, the base, the hypocrite, are the first to turn with indignation from their fellow mortals in disgrace; and whilst the really chaste and pure suspect with caution, and censure with mildness, these traffickers in petty sins, who plume themselves upon their immaculate conduct, sound the alarm bell at the approach of guilt, and clamour their anathemas upon their unwary and cowering prey.

LATEST LONDON FASHIONS.—BONNETS.



Published by L. A. Godey & Co., No. 119, Chestnut Street, for the Lady's Book for September, 1881.

FAREWELL.

FAREWELL! that fond and love-fraught word,
Whose talismanic power
Awakens many a thrilling chord
Which has slumber'd till that hour—
When, like a rich Æolian strain,
Affection gashes forth again.

'Tis heard above the wild hurrah,
When charging squadrons meet,
And those who fall amid the fray
Are trodden under feet;
From many a bosom gash'd and gored
Is moan'd that one love-breathing word.

In prayer the warrior utters it
Before the battle fray;
In tears the sailor mutters it,
When wings his barque away—
Upon the whitening surge's swell,
He flings to home his fond farewell.

When o'er the ship with wrathful roar
The blackening waters boom,
Shrouding the fated seamen o'er—
Their winding sheet and tomb;
Then, high above the tempest's yell,
Is heard their anguish-shriek'd farewell.

By the believer's bed of death
If thou hast ever stood,
And mark'd how calmly firm his faith,
How tranquil was his mood;
His spirit longs with God to dwell,
Yet lingers till they say farewell.

The exile weeping on the deck,
While gazing on his home—
Now slowly lessening to a speck,
Now lost amid the foam—
Still thinks he hears his own adored
Maria breathe that mournful word.

LOVE AND HOPE.—SWISS AIR.

At morn, beside yon summer sea,
Young Hope and Love reclined;
But scarce had noon-tide come when he
Into his barque leap'd smilingly,
And left poor Hope behind—
And left poor Hope behind.

I go, said Love, to sail awhile
Across this sunny main;
And then so sweet his parting smile,
That Hope who never dream'd of guile,
Believ'd he'd come again—
Believ'd he'd come again.

She linger'd there till evening's beam
Along the waters lay;
And o'er the sands, in thoughtful dream,
Oft traced his name, which still the stream
As often wash'd away—
As often wash'd away.

At length a sail appears in sight,
And tow'rd the maiden moves:
'Tis Wealth that comes, and gay and bright,
His golden barque reflects the light;—
But ah! it is not Love's—
But ah! it is not Love's.

Another sail—'twas Friendship show'd
Her night-lamp o'er the sea;
And calm the light that lamp bestow'd,
But Love had lights that warmer glow'd,
And where, alas! was he?
And where, alas! was he?

Now fast, around the sea and shore,
Night threw her darkling chain;
The sunny sails were seen no more;
Hope's morning dreams of Love were o'er—
Love never came again—
Love never came again.

THE PILGRIMAGE TO GLEN ORA.

OR RECOLLECTIONS OF BY-GONE YEARS.

YET once more we shall see thee—sainted to our heart's recollection by the friends who made thee dear to us—yet once more shall we see thee, O Cottage of the Glen! White-walled, with thy porch thick clustered over with woodbine, thy windows glowing in the light of the setting sun, and the river spreading

“Its tiny thread of golden hue,”

a belt of beauty round thy close shaven lawn, thou risest on our spirit in the stillness of this midnight hour, clear as when of old we gazed on thee from the small “planting” at thy side, and blessed thee as the home of our first, our only love! Years, many long years, have passed—haply not hereafter to be considered blanks in our existence; thoughts have sprung up in the heart—haply not without awakening echoes in other bosoms, which, when this frame is mingled with the dust, shall retain them as the voicings of an Immortal Spirit, which disdained not to mingle itself in the hopes and fears, the joys and sor-

rows, of lowlier men. Aspirations after fame have thrilled through our being—haply not altogether without their consummation; but years, thoughts, and aspirations have floated at this moment from our mind, like morning mists from thine own romantic lake, and leave thee, in thy pastoral and simple beauty, mirrored in clearness and serenity, on the calm still waters of our heart. Lo! in that modest parlour, whose small window is diminished to still smaller size by the roses which have thrust themselves into beautiful profusion over half the lower panes—dim lighted, and yet how bright!—are seated two creatures, in the deep embrasure of that picturesque case-ment—a Boy and Girl! Long auburn tresses falling over a neck of snow, a figure buoyant with the first glorious, and to herself but half-revealed consciousness of Womanhood—what is it that can be added by the imagination of the Painter or the Poet to improve one noble feature, one splendid lineament of Marion Scott! There

they sit—the two—in that hour the sole inhabitants of the world—motionless as the statues of Nymph and Hero, moulded by a Grecian sculptor in his mood of loftiest inspiration, till his soul quailed, awe-struck, before the unearthly radiance of its own dream-born creations—motionless, save where that snow-white bosom heaves timidly beneath its silken vest, like a pure water-lily moved gently to and fro by the ripple of some mountain tarn, when the Spirit of the Wind breathes out his softest sigh upon its waters. They speak not. Mute are that joyous pair—one word uttered by human lips is useless now—they have spoken it with their eyes, they have heard it with their hearts—they love!

Their love, how it prospered! How often they wandered together in that blissful state of youth and innocence, when the present comprehends an eternity, it boots not how to tell. Three summers passed on, and found them loving and beloved; the fourth came, and never, O! never, were those hands clasped again!—never were those eyes gazed on in the mutual rapture of uncalculating affection!—and now, when fifty years have rolled their dark shadows over that picture of glory and enchantment, a gray-headed, infirm old man is setting out to visit the scenes of his youth's delights.

Carefully is our crutch deposited in our easy-going vehicle—our feet are assiduously arranged in many a roll of cloth and flannel, and at last we commence our long intended pilgrimage on a fine bright morning in April, prepared equally for its smiles and tears.

Can there be a more gentlemanly object in the compass of creation than a fine, tall, graceful looking Poplar, a more noble, independent sort of a fellow than an Oak! And see where that delicate frail being hangs mournfully over the deep winding of the stream, all her locks dishevelled, and her form bending as if beneath a load of premature and unendurable sorrows—a Willow; called well and truly, and with a feeling of the gratefulness and poetry of grief—a Weeping Willow. That cherry tree to be sure is a little too gaudy in her attire, considering it is yet so early in the morning, but still she retains her loveliness even beneath such a load of untimely ornament, and drops us a courtesy as we pass with the air of a juvenile Duchess. Now do we feel ourselves every inch a king! Spring, after a few yawnings and rubbings of her eyes, has at last fairly awakened—nay, in her morning dishabille, lovelier a thousand times than in her dress of ceremony, she has come out, with a bodice still unlaced, her hair only decked with the blossoms she gathers on her way, and trips through by-lanes and hedge-rows, unseen by the eyes of the irreverent and profane, but revealed in the enchantment of her budding loveliness to the hearts and spirits of worshippers so true and so zealous as ourselves. There! just where yonder thorn begins to give symptoms of its

“ Shower of pearl,”

we caught a glimpse of the bright smile of the

Youthful Season—her blue eye fixed upon us with a fond regard—but away, and away! as if playfully hiding herself from our glances, she fleets over the green tops of yonder hedge, and shelters herself in security behind the withered Elm. Her steps have been everywhere, on earth,

“ In heaven, and o'er the sea.”

Above, below, around us, the spirit of her growing beauty has spread itself. Ethereal mildness is diffused over all the face of nature, and even Glenlivet becomes more ineffably soft and fascinating beneath this bright April sky.

Yonder flows the Daisy Burn; yon roofless cottage is the subject of our pilgrimage, and this, with its blighted firs, its lawn overgrown with thistles, this—this is all that is left of Glen Ora!

Up, dark curtain of the past! And as we rest ourselves on this broken lintel, let us meditate on the days of old—a Tale of other Years. The Reverend Gideon Scott, when we first became his pupil, was a widower with an only child. That child was a girl—a few years younger than ourselves—the last of four. One after another he had seen his roof-tree stript of its blossoms, and when at last, worn out with watching and sorrow, his wife was laid beside them in their peaceful sleep, that heart-broken father seemed to have no farther tie that bound him to the world. He left his small lowland parish; the scene of so many bereavements—and with his one remaining child settled in this beautiful and secluded Glen. Here for a time he lived, bowed down by the magnitude of his griefs. As if fearing to commit the precious freightage of his love to so frail a bark as his infant seemed to be, he kept her as much as possible from his thoughts—or if he thought of her at all, he taught himself to consider her as one dedicated to the grave. But when year passed on after year, and she had outlived the period which had uniformly been fatal to the rest, hope began to revive in his bosom, and he thought “ Surely this one also shall not be taken away.” Buoyed up with these expectations, he became more cheerful than he had ever been since her birth, and lavished upon this last—and as he fondly thought, this loveliest—of his flock, the affection which had been shut up in his heart for so many years. His intercourse with the rest of the world was now, at distant intervals, renewed. And as on these occasions, when he returned to his ancient parish, he took an especial interest in our studies, it was not difficult to persuade him to take on himself the duties of our preceptor. At fourteen years of age the fancy for solitude is not so strong as when we become tired and sated by a long intercourse with the world. We confess that for the first year, our time hung heavy on our hands. Though Marion in all excursions was our constant companion—though, with an activity nearly equal to our own, she climbed the mountain or threaded the ravine—still we longed for some bolder competitor, with whom in proud rivalry to climb the eyrie for the eagle's nest, or

dash over the loch when our pinnacle was dancing in the

“ Joy of storms.”

But soon these regrets and longings gave way to tenderer and more delightful feelings. We were never so happy now, as when, after our tasks were over, we wandered into the deepest recesses of these mountainous defiles, with our Highland lassie by our side, and ere sixteen summers had stamp'd us man, we lived and breathed only for our Marion.—Gentle and imperceptible to young hearts is ever the approach of love. We talked, we laughed, we wandered as before; but twilight deepened oftener into eve before our steps were turned homeward. We watched till the bright Star of Venus rose high over the ridge of Ben Erient, and then we knew that it was time to bend down the Glen, so as to reach the Cottage before the hour of our simple supper. Then, after a blessing from the gray haired father—for both of us he called his children—we went off with the light spirit of youth to our beds, to dream of the same walk to-morrow, and to sigh for the hour of gloamin. Winter in the midst of this happiness came on—the third winter of our residence at Glen Ora. Still, although we—that girl and ourself—were bound to each other by the deepest passion that ever spread its ennobling and purifying influences over the human heart—little did we think that the feeling we experienced—so warm, so tender, was the same wild and peace destroying, which, in our old romances, we read of under the name of Love. Too soon were we to be awakened from our ignorance.

We had been up the Glen upon some business of the farm, and were warned to hurry homeward as fast as possible, as the clouds, which had been lowering and gathering all day seemed to foretell a blast. At length, when about three miles from the cottage, the heavens let forth their wrath. We struggled against the tempest as well as we were able, and slowly—in spite of hail and snow—we made our way along the valley. Glad were we that our Marion was safe under the shelter of a roof; we thought of her as we pressed onward—how kindly she would hasten out to welcome us, and how her eyes would glisten with delight as she congratulated us on our safety. In the midst of these thoughts, the storm grew fiercer and fiercer every moment—the snow was lifted up into enormous wreaths, and the wind dashed the snow into our faces till we were nearly blind. Still—as we perfectly knew every inch of our way—we pressed forward undaunted. The cottage appeared in view; inspired with fresh vigour we darted forward on our path, and with a joyous shout we rushed into the parlour. There sat no one but Mr. Scott. “ Thank God!” he said, when he saw us. “ I began to be somewhat alarmed; the storm came on very suddenly, and Marion must be cold and wet; I have ordered a fire in her room, so that Jenny will soon put her all to rights.” “ Marion,” we exclaimed, gasping with horror, “ is Marion out in an hour like this? Which way? Where has she gone?”

“ She went over the loch this morning, to see Donald Stewart's bairn, and I thought you were to go round that way, and bring her home.”

“ Over the loch, and this tempest blowing from the East! Oh! God, and only Neil Angus to manage the boat!”

We rushed with the speed of madness once more into the Storm—we dashed our way amid the snow drifts and made directly for the lake. We reached the creek where the boat was generally moored—she was away—we knocked at Angus's cottage—it was deserted. We strained our eyes if we could discover any moving object amid the strife of elements—we saw nothing but the sleet and snow driving furiously over the loch. We listened—we shouted—but our own shout was lost to us in the now redoubled howlings of the Storm. Though the sun was yet in heaven, darkness fell in a bodily shape upon the earth, and it seemed as if the shadow of the wrath of God were stretched across that black impenetrable sky. At length we fancied that something at a great distance was moving upon the waters. But the loch was now trembling with unnumbered waves, and even if the object were the girl, how was she to come to land through all the Storm. We saw her!—at last we saw her—making slowly for the creek. In an agony of hope and doubt, and thanksgiving and fear, we watched her every motion. She was lost occasionally for a moment and then became visible on the ridge of some vast billow. Nearer and nearer she came in her perilous course, and when about twenty yards from where we stood, she grounded on the rock. The water sprung high above her into the air, and a death-shriek of agony and despair made itself distinctly audible through the roaring of the wind. We saw but one flutter of the turban plaid that Marion always wore, and with a spring that carried us far into the loch we dashed through the breakers. By the exertion of all our strength we reached the boat. Joy, joy! we have that blessed one in our arms, and the timbers of the shattered pinnacle are floating in broken pieces over the lake. With our precious burden, insensible from fear and cold, we fought our way once more to shore. We landed, but no help was near. We therefore, still keeping her close to our bosom, attempted to carry her to the Cottage. We toiled, we strove—and what will not young limbs accomplish when love strengthens their sinews?—we reached the house at last. Hope, fear, and joy, joined to the fatigue, now overcame us, and laying our dripping and still fainting burden gently before the parlour fire, we sank at Marion's side as insensible as herself. But not long is youth in recovering its energies. That very night we saw our Marion, pale, indeed, but beautiful as ever, presiding at the frugal but contented board. Yet did that widowed father seem to take no share in our rejoicing, no gladness seemed to mingle in his thanksgivings for her escape, and as he kissed her that night his eyes filled to the brim with tears, and he bent over her long and passionately in prayer, and said, “ God who

has stricken me and afflicted me aforesaid hath seen meet to chasten me still further. It hath been revealed to me, when solitude and fear gathered themselves around my spirit—even this night it hath been revealed to me that I prepare for yet greater sorrow."

But these forebodings were lost upon hearts so joyous, so buoyant, so devoted as ours. Again we wandered—

"From morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve:"

no longer as mere boy and girl, for that hour of peril and deliverance had given to our love the maturity of many years; and we felt that there was now a tie between us which no earthly power could break.—Months passed away, and now the fourth spring of our residence at Glen Ora was deepening into summer, when a letter came to inform us that we must prepare to leave it.—Never till this communication had either of us known how absorbing was our affection. Still more together than before, we felt how love is hallowed by the prospect of separation, and vows—how truly and how fondly pledged!—were interchanged, that no distance, no time should ever divide our hearts.

It was the parlour, whose decaying floor we now tread—that embrasure of the window now damp and clammy with the rain and snow, that witnessed our parting hour. In the little back-room—the scene of our former studies—we had received the adieus of her father. With solemn earnestness he had thanked us for the preservation of his child, and he had said—"When you leave these walls and mingle in the race of life with men, look back on these days, as on a dream. Forget us. Above all, forget my Marion as one who is sealed unto a higher doom. She is spared to me yet a little longer, but her day of fate draws near. Suffer us then, the father and his child, to go down into the grave without adding to the sorrow of their only friend. Forget us—forget us. It will save you much grief in after time." Subdued into tears by the misery of our kind and indulgent father, we came into this very parlour; how different then! All our wretchedness, as we entered, rushed into our hearts—our love, our happiness!—and grief was too powerful for words.

Pressing that pale and trembling girl to our bosom, we kissed her but once, as tearful and voiceless she lay within our arms, and rushed into the open day!

Removed to new scenes, engaged in the active pursuits of men, did our heart for one moment wander from thee Glen Ora? Never, oh! never! Still amidst all our thoughts rose that one surpassing dream of youth and happiness; still glowed that pure and holy flame in the sanctity of our inmost soul. Other skies were over our head—we were far in another land, holding commune with the great minds of antiquity, beneath the shadow of academic towers, and in the silence of old umbrageous groves, when, startled from our dream of ancient days, we were called back to the dearest interests of Marion and Glen Ora, by a letter which reached us three months

after our separation. And was she—so young, so loved, so beautiful—indeed to die? Had the destroyer, who had withered all beside, at last laid his hand on this last blossom of the tree?—Fast, fast as space could be traversed, we journeyed by day and by night to Glen Ora. Nowhere did we stop in our headlong course, till we reached the well-known scenes. Wildly, as we came near, we sped along the heather, and rushed, careworn and breathless, into the well-remembered cottage. All within was silent. A dread of some undefined, yet unending calamity oppressed our spirit, and we entered the parlour half sinking with the thought; and there—pale, emaciated, so changed from what she was when last we saw her!—our Marion was supported on the arm of her father, and gazing on us with a long last look of deep cherished and devoted love. "Did I not tell you," she said with sudden joy—"did I not tell you he would come—that I should see him yet before I died? come near me—nearer—nearer yet. Let me but lay my head upon your shoulder, as it used to lie long; long ago, when we looked not to such an ending of all our hopes as this. You love me still—I see you do—oh! what a happy life has mine been—a long bright dream of joy—and now, while I nestle thus—thus—into your bosom—how happily, how contentedly I die!"

Back, back into thy cell, O Memory! Away! and disappear from our vision, thou time-shattered, life-forsaken cottage, seen dimly glistening through our tears! for lo! even as we form the wish, there rises to our retina the presentment of another home. Half hid amongst a grove of sheltering oaks—above which curls in many coloured wreaths into a sky of spotless blue, the smoke from the white-walled cottages of a happy and secluded village, it presents to our imagination the image of that

"Blest retirement, friend to life's decline,"

which forms the charm and value of English country life. The Church, a short way down the valley, just shows itself through the young leaved trees, with a flood of light poured on its venerable gray tower. And hark! as we drop off into a sleep beneath the Sycamore, we are wafted into Elysium by the sound of its musical and heaven seeking bells!

RELIGION.

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

MATRIMONY.

"Oh Matrimony!—thou art like
To Jeremiah's figs,
The good, are very good indeed,
The bad, too sour to give the figs."

Dr. Wolcott.

"Is she engaged?"—"Is he paying attention to any one?"—"When will they be married?" Such are the questions, which are invariably heard wherever there is a gathering together of "grown up children" of the present day. Matrimony, love and courtship, form the standing subjects of conversation. The very unfrocked urchins catch the cant words of their elders, and talk of "beaus" and "wives," and act over their mimic courtships and marriages. Mothers talk to their daughters of their chances of matrimony; and fathers reckon up in the presence of their children, the amount of Bank Stock, or the acres of landed property, which are respectively held by their different visitors, neighbours or acquaintances; and having ascertained to a mathematical certainty, the wealthiest of the number, invariably recommend him or her as a prize worth seeking after. The first—we had almost said—the only, definite idea which a young woman just entering upon her teens can boast of, is that she *must* be married—some time or other—to somebody or other—married well, if she can—poorly if she must—but at all events married she must be. The bare idea of an old maid jars upon her sensitive nerves, and acts as a spell to call up associations of disgust and horror. To her—the barren and blasted tree—blossomless and leafless—and rocking to every breeze that sweeps coldly around it, is an emblem of the state of single-blessedness. She knows not—dreams not, that woman in the exercise of the holy charities and sympathies of her nature, may live on in lonely and unappropriated loveliness—like some beautiful wild-flower smiling apart from its clustered sisterhood,—

"Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky."

And, wherefore all this *talk* of matrimony?—Why should the young and beautiful so soon learn to fix her thoughts with an all-engrossing interest upon this subject—to speculate and devise plans for what is usually termed "marrying well,"—which, being interpreted, signifies marrying a large estate—a handsome house—without much regard to the person or the intellect necessarily appended to these desirable commodities? And what is marriage after all!—A leap in the dark—a launching out upon an untried ocean. It may indeed be happy—hearts may unite in all the felicity of kindred feeling and sympathy, melting like two clouds of a summer sunset into one another. But this cannot always be. The mysterious chords of human

sympathy, are each, in a measure, distinct and peculiar—they have no general character—no definite and irreversible affinity.

"Few are the hearts whence one same touch
Bids the same fountain flow."

Marriage too often takes place before the parties have been able fully to understand each other—before the guarded reserve—the dissimulation of courtship have passed away and given place to the frank impulses of nature and feeling, and disappointment falls keenly and heavily upon the votaries of wedlock, when once the irrevocable vow is spoken. In the caustic language of M. de Argens in his "Philosopher turned Hermit"—"A man who would please, carefully conceals his faults,—and this is woman's peculiar talent. For six long months two persons study to cheat one another; at last they are joined in wedlock, and their dissimulation proves a mutual punishment during life."

We cannot say with Edward Fitzgerald, that, "we never saw a bridal but our eyelids have been wet"—but we have seen some—one at least, when we could have wept had not the fever of the world long before dried up the fountain of our childish tears. It was a marriage for money—you might read *that* in the miserly and decrepid form which drew up its bended proportions before the altar at the side of a young, beautiful and simple hearted girl.—She was pale—and her delicate little hand trembled as it adjusted the folds of her rich garments, and there was a quiver about her fine mouth which told of repressed agony:—and, when the ceremony began, she turned one hasty glance upon her ill-suited bridegroom, and I could see her shrink from him, with a slight but evident feeling of disgust and abhorrence. I looked upon the bridegroom. He was regarding her with as much fondness as his cold and selfish heart was capable of—a miserly chuckle, as if he had just counted over his gold—the smile of an Ourang Outang. And was *this* the man to whom that beautiful creature was to be bound—a living and lovely being upon a lifeless corpse—beauty and greenness upon barrenness and decay? And her friends, and her relatives—they stood clustering around her with their eyes fixed, not upon the agonized countenance of their victim, but upon the jewelry and gauds which adorned her. Fools—fools—knew they not that the victim of a pagan immolation is as gaudily decked when she is placed upon *her* pile of consuming; and that *her* sacrifice is far less terrible than that of a young and lovely

creature, made in the perfect similitude of angels, and glowing with rich and ardent affections, upon the polluted shrine of Mammon.—Alas—what could ever atone for this chaining of the human affections—this binding of loveliness and innocence to age, disease and avarice!—Sick at heart we turned away from the melancholy spectacle, while these words of the immortal William Penn, rushed strongly upon our memory. “Oh—how sordid has man grown!—man, the noblest creature of the universe, as a God upon Earth and the image of Him who made it, thus to mistake Earth for Heaven and worship gold for God!”

If not for money, marry for love. Aye—and starve for it too—starve like the bride of Jaffier. Love is a very good thing in its proper place.—It will do very well—to talk of, especially in the dalliance hour of a moonlight evening, when the perfect stars are looking down from above, and the flowers of Spring time are glowing like rival stars beneath. Love sounds well in theory—it is beautiful in practice—it reads well in romance—it is the soul of poetry. Love is a blessed thing in the halls of affluence—or even of competence—but it is the mortal enemy of poverty. Its home is in the romance of our young years, and when that home is violated as it too frequently is, by the gnawing wants of existence, think ye the beautiful idol will survive the utter desolation of its temple? Believe it not. There are, connected with the marriage state of the loving and the poor, a thousand difficulties—a thousand evils, unknown and unheeded in the delirium of young affection.—For a time the unfortunate lover may bear up against evils which increase with the dawning of every morrow,—he may sacrifice ease and personal convenience—he may toil on in unceasing but hopeless energy, and still hide from the beautiful young creature who has given herself up to a dream of love, the doubts and fears which darken and distract his own bosom. A few months—or years more, and this dream is broken in upon—the painful truth is made manifest. Then comes the bitterness of poverty—the increasing wants—the decreasing means.—Children are around them—young, innocent children—and these must also suffer. Sorrow must greet them prematurely—they must learn from the hollow cheek and the mournful eye of their parents the awful lesson of their own destiny. Then come the coldness—the estrangement, which want and care are so well calculated to produce. There is something terrible in such a change. It is like “a cypress breath—a funeral odour exhaled from the expanding rose bud.”

Call money if you please the “root of all evil.” In the present state of society, it is the very mainspring of existence,—the philosopher’s lever whereby this great matter of fact world is moved. Love, without it, is but a beautiful delusion. It can neither boil the pot, nor pay for its savory contents. It cannot look unconcerned in the face of a dun, or escape the

visitation of the Sheriff. It cannot shorten the long phiz of the doctor by the prompt payment of his longer bill. It cannot move the sympathy of the landlord, or reconcile the lawyer to the loss of his fee. It is an old, but we fear a true saying, “When Poverty comes in at the door Loves goes out at the window.”—*N. E. Weekly Review.*

MISS LONDON.

Miss London, better known as L. E. L., the initial poetess, is a young lady whose age, at a glance, you might estimate at some twenty four or twenty five; short of stature; a figure light and elegant, with “the twinkling feet so sylph-like.” If you do not consider her pretty, why, you have no taste; though, if you analyse the features it would be difficult to say where the beauty is situated; but it is the mind that flings its charms over all, and the intelligence that beams upon her face is the true secret of its attraction. She dresses somewhat singularly; the hair is tied back so as completely to display the forehead, which, however, is not a high one, though remarkably broad, intimating a great degree of animation combined with interior reasoning powers. A bright pair of grey eyes occasionally betray the spirit of song that dwells within, notwithstanding the laborious efforts to conceal it. A remarkably small nose, pretty mouth, rather cherry cheeks, and dimpled chin complete the inventory of her features. If a stranger were to converse with her, ignorant of her poetical powers, he would scarcely believe that the “Improvisatrice” and “Golden Violet” were the productions of the gay being with whom he had been quadrilling. Her poetry breathes of disappointed love and broken hearts; nature is its frequent theme, yet the writer never felt the one nor liked the other. Her volumes are the very excess of the sentimental; she is the very reverse of it. The dance and the crowded assembly are the elements in which she lives, and beyond which she has not a wish or a hope. She prefers the atmosphere of a square or crescent to the sweet and fresh breezes of spring, and the odours of eau de Cologne to the delicate fragrance of the May flowers. Pity it is that a mind of so high an order as Miss London’s should be chilled into very heartlessness by over much contact with the world, in which feeling is accounted folly, the heart voted a bore, and the head only valued as the medium of uttering soft nonsense, and ridiculing all that is good and great in human nature.—*English Journal.*

LORD CHESTERFIELD in the latter part of his life, called upon Mrs. Ann Pitt, the sister of the great Minister of that name, and complained very much of his bad health and his incapacity of exerting his mind.—I fear, said he, that I am growing an old woman—I am glad of it, my Lord, replied the lady; I was afraid that you were growing an old man, which you know is a much worse thing.

GRECIAN FEMALES.

THE degradation of women in Greece is owing, principally, to a faulty education, and an early seclusion from that society which they are intended to ameliorate and adorn: but, indeed, if the first of these evils were removed, the second would soon vanish—for when good principles and a sense of moral duties are early instilled into the mind, there is no need of seclusion or confinement. Women, who know their duties, are as apt to practise them as men, and, possessing a greater share of sensibility, are more easily led to cultivate the mild and social virtues. Of all the countries which we visited, I saw none where this false system of treatment was more to be regretted than in Greece. To judge from the countenances of the Grecian females, they exhibit a vivacity and brilliancy of expression that denote a high degree of sentiment and genius: they appear also naturally to possess affectionate and kind dispositions, without any tendency to that spirit of profligacy which characterises the sex in many countries of the South; but what can be expected from the system that is pursued? As soon as a girl approaches the age of twelve, she is as studiously shut up from the public sight as a Catholic nun: in the interior of the *gynekaios* she is confined, but taught nothing beyond the art of embroidery, or a few other such frivolous accomplishments; and, if her nurse or mother should be able to read, is instructed in the science of relics, the history of miracle-mongers, and other absurdities which superstition has engrafted upon religion: as soon as she arrives at a marriageable age, she is affianced by her family, as a matter of convenience or sordid interest, and may be reckoned lucky if she find a parity of age in her partner for life. Rarely, indeed, is the hymeneal torch lighted here at the altar of love; all preliminaries are carried on by the intervention of a third party; no opportunity is given to a young couple of acquiring that knowledge of each other's character which is so essential to connubial happiness; there is nothing to excite those tender anxieties and delicate attentions, which interest and refine the soul: the wishes of the parties most concerned are not thought of; the suitor expects nothing from his bride but a silent acquiescence in the will of others; and the girl herself, anxious for liberty, gives her consent, without consulting or even knowing the inclinations of her heart. Very curious surprises sometimes take place, when the bridegroom goes to fetch his affianced spouse. The beautiful infant turns out a piece of deformity; or the plain child is transformed into an angelic woman. Nothing can exceed the anxiety of parents and friends in this country to contract a marriage for their girls. The brothers in a family make it an invariable rule not to marry until their sisters are disposed of; the truth of which was confirmed to me by the most respectable authority. The strongest instance I met with of this zeal, was in a poor decayed tradesman of Ioannina, whom the exactions of the *Vizier*, and failures in commercial speculations,

had reduced to the last stage of poverty: his still venerable, though melancholy appearance, so excited our compassion, that we contributed a sum of money for his relief, which might possibly, with good management and fortune, have enabled him to regain a tolerable livelihood; but he chose rather to give it all as a dowry with a beautiful daughter to a young Greek, who, according to custom, refused to marry her without one.—*Hughes's Travels in Greece.*

AMUSEMENT FOR LADIES.

THAT division of the fair portion of our community, who, as Cowley wittily says of the excourtier, "are condemned to do what they please all the morning," will take an interest in a method Mr. Ackerman has discovered of transferring prints, both plain and coloured, upon fire screens, work boxes, &c. so as to wear the appearance of being original drawings, made upon the implements themselves. The print after being cut close to the margin, is placed for about half a minute in a shallow vessel of water, the printed side uppermost, which must be kept carefully dry. When properly soaked the back must be well sponged. The printed surface is then completely covered with caustic varnish and immediately placed under the wood, rubbing it down with a piece of fine cambric, that it may adhere uniformly. This done, the back is still to be kept moist, while it is rubbed carefully with the finger until half the thickness of the paper be fretted away, when it must be left to dry; after which the finger only should be wetted, rubbing it upon the paper until the whole is removed. The white dust which will remain may be taken off with the aid of a little oil, after which a coat of caustic varnish is applied; and when dry the ornament is ready for the polisher. Previously to the transferring, the wood itself is covered with varnish, and left twenty-four hours to dry. Coloured prints are dipped in a composition of two thirds vinegar and one of water, in order to destroy the size in all paper of coloured prints. When they have been dried between blotting paper, the process already detailed may be commenced.

INJURIES.

NOTHING helps a man more to bear quietly the injuries he receives from kindred and friends, than the reflection, they are done by the vices of humanity; and how painful it is for men to be constant, generous and faithful, or to love any thing better than their own interests; as he knows the extent of their power, he does not require them to penetrate solid bodies, fly in the air, or be equitable. He may hate mankind in general, for having no respect for virtue, but he excuses it in particulars, he is engaged by higher motives to love them; and studies as much as possible never to deserve the same indulgence.

THE RECALL.

For the Lady's Book.

Back, back to your home from the rural retreats,
Where pass'd the hot hours of summer away—
Leave moss-cover'd grottoes and vine-shaded seats,
With a favourite tome through the long sultry day.

Back, back! to your home—leave the torrent to roar,
As shoots its green wave from Niagara's steep—
Leave the billows of ocean to break on the shore,
When the voice of the tempest awakes on the deep.

Leave the forest, where the waters of health springing
brightly

Give lustre to Beauty, and strength to the Fair—
Where the foot of the dancer to music bounds lightly,
And the song of the wild bird is loud on the air.

Return to the home and the dwellings of men—
To the cares, the employments, the troubles of life;
To your lovers, your husbands, your children again—
Ye wandering fair ones, maid, widow, or wife. S.

YOUTHFUL ASPIRATIONS.

" PRESUMPTUOUS man! ere boyhood's loom is o'er
How high thine ardent aspirations soar!
How fast thy hopes, that spurn their humbler source,
Spring to the skies beyond the eagle's course!
Bright with earth's rapture, free from earth's alloy,
They seek a purer atmosphere of joy
And claim that sphere to grosser sense ungiven—
Their fond, their fair, their native home in Heaven.
Enjoy that vision of thy dawning day,
Too soon its extacies shall pass away,
And thou, at length, awaken to repine
Because the common lot of earth is thine.
To feel, despite thy pride, predestined here
Thou too must mingle with this baser sphere;
Speed to the goal where others blindly run,
Share each wild act, thy heart would wish undone;
Sigh with the throng for life's contracted aim,
Debase thy thought and pant for meaner fame;
Indulge, though pleasure sicken on the zest,
And woo, though passion lacerate the breast;
Join each pursuit whence loathing feelings shrink,
And drain the bowl 'tis agony to drink!"

THE UNWEDDED.

" And so I pledged another troth;
My former vows seemed light as air:
Why was it so!—for I have given
My life to pitiless despair."

A GAY day it was in Falaise: all the French nobles were flocking to witness the signing of the treaty between Henry II. of England, and William the Lion of Scotland; and, moreover, the beauty of kingdoms had wended its way thither. The sun shed its most brilliant beams on the court-jewels and plumes, and the eyes that vied with them in brilliancy were rife with smiles.

William looked around him with a pleased eye, but his gaze became fixed when it encountered the form of Ermengarde La Belle, or, in other words, the far-sought Ermengarde de Beaumont. There were many, very many bright eyes, but none so soft and sweet as her's—there were more blooming cheeks, but her's wore the pure hue of that child of spring, the snowdrop—yet they became at once the richest damask when she perceived the earnest gaze of King William. Other eyes noted it too—the jealous ones of rival beauty—the Prince Cœur de Lion's, and, above all, the bright sunny orbs of a young page, in attendance on William, were fixed on her with eager scrutiny.

After the business which had drawn them thither was completed, the hours were beguiled with various sports—feats of strength and skill—combats for honour, love, or beauty, while the laugh and gibe were circled freely. William and the prince Richard of England, in heart and temper one, joined in the sports with unshackled spirits: for William, though yet a prisoner, was detained only till he should render homage at

York to fulfil the treaty, which would take place ere many days should elapse.

" Didst note the beauteous Ermengarde, Richard?" said William, as they at length sought together the solitude of the apartment in which the latter was attended by King Henry's soldiers.

" We will speak of her anon, Will," said Richard, motioning the guards to leave them alone; then, as they left, he resumed, " I must first tell thee, ay, and swear it, Will, by all the saints in the calendar, that if ever I sit on England's throne, I will repay thee all thou hast lost in my cause."

" Nay, nay, Richard. We have had enough of treaties, and castles, and kingdoms for this day. I will rely on thy generous heart: but, now, what thinkest thou of the beautiful Ermengarde?"

" Why, truly, she is the Norman lily; but I prefer the roses of our own kingdoms. By my knighthood, Will, but I think thou art verily smitten. Thy hand hath set sign and seal to one treaty of homage and thy heart hath given witness to another. It hath been whispered in my ear, William, that there is a sweet wild flower blooming in thy court; and 'twas thought thou mightest plant it in thy bosom. And, moreover, since thou camest hither, I have heard that thou hast transplanted it, to bear it whithersoever thou goest."

At this moment William's page entered.—

Richard gazed curiously on him: he seemed to measure with his eye the tiny foot, and to scan narrowly each graceful turn in the boy's rounded figure; but, be his thoughts what they might, he gave them not utterance; but rose, and wishing William a good rest, took his leave.

For a minute not a word passed. The boy stood a few yards from William, with a fixed and sorrowing look. At length the monarch held forth his hand, and said, softly, "Isola!"

In an instant the head was raised—the eyes flashed, and the mouth curved in a bright smile. "Isola," he continued, "what wouldst thou?"

"What would I, William! Bid me not so coolly tell thee what I would, because I seek thee. What should I want, William, but to read love in thine eye? Oh, I would rather hear thee in words of hot anger chide me for interrupting thee and the Prince Richard: but sit not there with that pitying smile on thy lip. My brain, my brain, William. I have been sitting in my solitude, and imagining thee with yon beauty on thy throne."

"Isola," he uttered, almost unconsciously, "thou knowest I loved thee."

"Loved! Why should it not be love? Tell me, William, am I so changed since I became—alas! alas! not a wife; and what other word can my lips utter—not that which crawls in my brain and chokes in my throat. William! would I might say I *loved* thee; but see—" and she stepped nervously to his side, then dropping her head on his shoulder, she took his hand gently and placed it beneath her bosom. He started, for he thought her heart was bursting from her side; but tears came to her relief, and she became calm, for she felt that his were mingled with them, and that his arms were round her, as they were wont to be.

In a few moments she raised her head. Every trace of tear and sorrow had disappeared, as had also William's thoughts of the young and noble Ermengarde; or if he gave her a momentary consideration, it was by wondering how he could ever think of any, save the bright and child-like being at his side, who had knelt and was now twining one of her long bright ringlets around his finger, while she hummed playfully one of her old border ballads. Suddenly she paused, and gazed earnestly as though embodying on her mind's eye some shadow of her imagination, and she murmured—"She is very, very beautiful; if I might bear to look on Scotland's Queen, it would surely be her;—but she shuddered convulsively as she concluded.

"Isola, rise!" exclaimed William, as he took the beautiful hand which had now forgotten its task. "Come, love, there is none in my heart, save thee."

"Ermengarde de Beaumont!" she rather shrieked than uttered; "doth not the name thrill thy bosom? Doth it not bring to thy mind all that is beautiful—doth not thy fancy place her on a throne?"

"No, no, my own Isola!" again spoke William, as he regarded with surprise her wild look; "put

thy arms softly around my neck, love, and tell me in the tones of old thou canst forgive me." He needed not to speak again—her arms were folded around him—her eyes were living in the rays of his—her lips were pressed on those she loved too well.—"Our child, too, William," she said smiling—"tell me thou lovest him. Thou hast oftimes told me his eyes were very like to mine"—and she blushed.

"Ay, Isola, I love him and thee: not a jot too well for thy sake, but all too well for Scotland's," he murmured. But at that moment he knew not his own heart.

"When, thinkest thou, William, this King Henry will let thee depart? I am weary of this mumming habit; it suits me not. I doubt my own seeming—and I oftimes fancy thou wilt forget the Isola of Holyrood in the masculine figure before thee. And our child—'tis true, I see him in dreams by night and day—but I cannot see by his smile that he inheriteth his father's love. I cannot trace the lines of thy brow as his grows in beauty;" but, had she spoken all the truth she might have added—"I like not our neighbourhood with Ermengarde de Beaumont."

"Why wouldst thou come with me?" said William; "it is more than conjectured that thou art not as thy seeming. The Cœur de Lion hath openly avowed his belief that thou art—"

"Ah! say it not, William. That word haunts me by day and night. If I kneel to pray, that only will rise to my lips. If I would kiss my child, it rests between his eyes and mine—there is but one time it comes not—I think not of it—with thee, with thee William. If thy smile is bent on me, heaven is in my heart and on my soul. When with thee I am not the guilty wretch of other times—I am then only thine, proudly thine. But shield me from the eye of Richard—I should sink 'neath his keen gaze;" and she sank on his bosom.

With the next morning's dawn, Isola was tending as a page the King William's bridle, as the royal cavalcade was wending its way to the sea-side, whence they were to embark on their way to York.

Richard was constantly by William's side, beguiling his way with his ever ready wit and laugh; and even Isola could smile, for she saw that though her sex was no secret to him, he was not one to scorn her condition, or make it matter for the gibes of a rude court. Thus they reached York, where William did homage to Henry for all Scotland, which history tells us will ever remain a foul blot on his noble fame, though the pledge was redeemed on the accession of Richard to his father's throne, whose generous heart would not hold his friend bound in any bond of subjection, especially recollecting that William's imprisonment was incurred by aiding him in his rebellious conduct. But homage he did, and the blood mounted to the temples of Isola as she heard her heart's idol acknowledge himself the vassal of one, whom, in her woman's pride she called not his equal.

So soon as the ceremony was completed, Wil-

William was declared free, and received the congratulations of his friends; amongst whom was Prince Richard. After clasping the hand of William, he approached the page.—“Thou art a seemly youth,” he said, kindly; and, taking the trembling hand, “wilt thou wear this as a token Richard thought thee so?” and he slipped a beautiful ring on the taper finger.

Isola looked on the face of William for approval, and then, bending her knee, kissed the bestowing hand. “Rise, rise, young Sir,” added Richard, “we have noted thy attention to thy master, and could almost find it in our nature to deprive him of such a page, but that he seems to value thee much.”

Again Isola looked in the face she had been so accustomed to read—and where she had been wont to see the kindling fire of jealousy when the nobles of the court made gallant speeches. She looked, and her heart misgave her, for she saw it not there now—she would have given worlds had he frowned on her—had he spoken harshly to her; but her soul shrunk within itself as she noted the indifference of the bow with which he acknowledged Richard’s compliment.

Words may not describe the joy with which this wild, guilty, and yet innocent child of affection greeted the walls of Holyrood. Her heart bounded, for it seemed to her as though the world had been lost and gained—and that its better security depended on her reaching this home of many happy months; and so, indeed, her world had been lost and regained—for a woman’s world, ay, and I fear me oftimes Heaven, lies in the little she may call her own—’tis but very little she may—the heart of him she hath chosen whereon to rest her hopes, and centre her deep mine of affections.

Weeks rolled quickly by with Isola, now that she was once again, as she imagined, unrivalled in the affections of King William, and could smile on his child and her’s. A buoyant and a sunny spirit was Isola’s: true, her face had sometimes clouds, as the April day, and lasting, like them, only till the sun should chase away their brief being; and her sun was the bright beam of love from the smile of him she loved, or the laughing lips of her child.

William’s affairs had become now somewhat more settled. Richard of England had succeeded to the English throne, and a still closer friendship was cemented between these kindred spirits; consequently he of Scotland, felt secure from any harassing quarrel in that quarter, and was thus enabled to enjoy many happy undisturbed hours. It was during such, in the apartment assigned Isola, that she had been assaying all her wit and her infant’s gambols, to draw a smile, or an approving look from William, till at length, wearied out with the useless labour, and sick in heart and soul, (for, though he seemed to look on them, she saw that the gaze was vacant, and the thoughts in the society of another,) she sat herself down on a rich cushion, and with the large tears on her long lashes, she proceeded to hush, with a low murmuring sound her child to sleep.

“Isola!” at length spoke William. In an instant the sleeping child was laid on her soft seat, and she was kneeling at William’s side. The tears were no longer on the lash, but were trickling on the hand she was passionately caressing, and when she raised her face, there was a bright smile, and, despite the tears, a joyous eye.

“Isola!” he continued, and his calm tone chilled the warm blood that was rushing to her heart, “I would speak with thee on a subject nearly concerning thee and me. Have done with thy childish tears: rise and listen. Thou knowest that our brave Lord of Roxburgh hath thought much of thy beauty, nay, hath even asserted its worth in tournaments almost numberless.”

“Speak not of it, Sire. What should Isola care though the Lord Roxburgh should be pleased to worship her as a saint?” said Isola, still kneeling, with her lips on the almost withdrawn hand.

“Why, Isola,” he returned, “thou mightest become our lady of Roxburgh—might be held up as the bright paragon of excellence; and now—”

“I am kneeling where I would rather die, than stand at the altar with another. { I am, oh God! an unwedded mother—the murderess of my parents—the scorned minion of him for whom I have done all this. Hear me, William! I will go far from thee—thou shalt not even hear me—but do not ask me to become the wife of another. Will the child of my guilt be the better if his mother becomes a titled wife?—will my heart be less withered when it beats in another’s bosom?—will my soul be less weighed down with guilt that the velvet robes of much cost grace my limbs? No, no, William; tell me thou wilt give me a drug shall make me and my child sleep a long untroubled sleep, and I will bless the hand that gives it, but never, never believe woman’s love so lightly given.”

For minutes William sat motionless. He had not expected such a torrent of passion to lie in that meek and loving bosom—he had tried others, and found it different; but that was where the love borne him was in honour conferred, in the presents given, or in the power derived; but Isola’s was a virtuous mind though an erring heart. She had loved but once, and her love was drawn from her soul’s depths, and never might rest there again. She now rose with a proud and tearless eye, and a pale cheek, and was about to rejoin her child, but William passed his arm yet once again around her, and pressed his lips on her’s. The scalding tears came to her relief, and her head rested on his bosom. At that moment he looked as though he wished she had not fallen—for then might he have proudly placed her on his throne—but now it could not be; and the bright imagination which had filled his soul since he left Falaise, came to fill up the picture his heart could not have finished without it.

And now a servant entered, and having delivered some despatches retired. William took one of the papers. Isola seated herself, statue-like, at a distance, but her eyes were on his countenance—her soul in deep communion with

his. He perused and re-perused the vellum, his eye brightening as it scanned anew the lines. This escaped not Isola; she rose, and taking her sleeping child, once more stood beside William.

"Thou art paining thy fancy," she said, "to find out a speech meet to tell me from whom come those papers—but it needs not. William, I know they come from Normandy—the Lady Ermengarde de Beaumont hath been woed and won—the beautiful and happy hath consented to share thy throne: and surely 'tis well that such a one should be thy wife! Yes! the word hath been uttered, and it hath not burst my heart. Isola, will it please thee to kiss the child of Isola's shame, and breathe a benediction on his lips."

"Isola Montclairn," replied the monarch, "sit thee down, and listen to one whose love thou knowest thou hast, and the fair child of that love. Thou hast wisdom, and must have expected the time when I must seek from some one of the sister kingdoms a queen; to increase our power and please our subjects."

"Stay, stay," she exclaimed, frantically, "thou art reasoning. I have not the power to listen to the cold wire-drawn arguments of policy. I have no reason—my soul is dead within me—my brain is on fire—and my heart is in the grave. Will it please thee bless our child?" and she knelt, holding up the child, which William kissed fondly, and blessed; then pressing his lips on the burning brow of the sweet suppliant, he held forth his hand for her salute, but she touched it not, and murmured—"William, wouldst thou have me now rest my lips on that hand—will it not soon be leading another to the altar."

"Tush! tush! thou art a fond and silly child," he returned; "I will send one anon shall comfort thee;" and he was about to leave her—but she flew towards him, seized the but now rejected hand, and pressed it madly to her lips and heart. She felt but that a long farewell was printed on her lips, and she fell fainting on the couch.

William despatched to her the Lord of Roxburgh, of whom he had made mention. In a few minutes she began to revive, and raised her eyes to the face bent tenderly over her, to discover if indeed her head rested where her hopes were centered—but she closed them again, and relapsed into the swoon when they met the pitying gaze of him whom William had sent to tend her recovery.

"I see! I see!" said the brave knight, "I see, William, the woful wreck thou hast made. Oh! Isola, why didst thou reject my suit when I sought thee in thy father's ancient hall? Thou wert then a pure, bright, and beautiful flower, and William would perchance never have looked on thee but for me. I have done all this, and it shall be my effort now to win thee from thy degraded state. Alas! how thou wouldst laugh when I painted such a scene as this to thy young imagination; and thou wouldst tell me I knew how to plead for myself; but that I should think thee much more graceful with a throne for thy seat, and a crown on thy brow, and that amongst the

court beauties I should soon find one to love better than thee. Isola! Isola! the throne I could have wished for thee would have been of a husband's love, and thy crown purity; and my heart tells me none of the court hath power to call forth its affections like thee, all fallen as thou art. Can Ermengarde love him better than thou? No; but her wondrous beauty hath enslaved him. Isola," and his breath fanned her colourless cheek; "look thee up, love, the world's scorn shall not touch thee—say thou wilt become my bride."

"Thy bride!" she said faintly—"whose? I am any thing, every thing. I was Isola Montclairn—the loving—the loved—the duteous—but that thing of vanity called beautiful; now I am, alas! alas! still Isola Montclairn—but how changed—the undutiful—the mother of a nameless boy—the unloved—the loving still. Roxburgh, dost thou now ask me to be thine? Look on me; are not my eyes dimmed by anxiously watching *his* looks—my lips, are they not seared with kisses of guilt—my hair, which it was once thy pride to fashion to thy liking by turning it in ringlets around thy fingers, doth not its touch now pollute thee? And see yonder, thou knowest whose is that child?"

"Ay, Isola, it is thine. I loved thee—how well, thou knowest in thy father's hall; I loved thee when I first knew thou hadst been false to me—I love thee now—I will with pride yet make thee mine. I will lavish a father's care on yonder playful cherub."

But Roxburgh pressed her not farther now, for she besought him to leave her. For minutes after his departure, a stranger to past events would have fancied her a beautiful statue. Her eyes were fixed on the setting sun, which threw its bright rays on the rosy cheek of her child, and her hands braced her dishevelled hair tight across her brow: but at length the tears started, and gushed in streams of passion down her cheeks, and she flung herself madly on her knees, with her head bowed almost to the earth. This relieved her burthened spirit: for though tears were ever and anon upon her cheek, they were only the bright drops of momentary depression, which a look of love would kindle into a smile; but these were the overflowings of a bowed spirit seeking communion with things not of earth. "I will call on thy name," she said, softly; "is it possible that years have passed, in which I have thought lightly of the spirits hovering around in my career of guilt? Father! mother! speak to me. Father! I am thy fondling Isola—a child, a very child; put thy hand on my head, as thou wert wont to do, and tell me I am like my mother.—Mother, let me hide my face in thy bosom; I am thy child: what child, thou askest—oh, I heard thee. Mother, I will whisper thee the words—I am the child of wickedness and shame. But look on me now. I dare not pray, mother, thy voice will be heard for me at the throne of mercy. Thou wert used to tell me thy ambition looked not beyond seeing me the wife of Roxburgh. Pray, oh pray, that I may be worthy to become his wife."

Thus she laid bare her heart to her God, praying to become the child of truth; but yet passion would have its sway sometimes, and then she would ask of Him, who alone can give it power and strength, to overcome her sinful love. Roxburgh sought her again, and with joy did he hear the calm words from her lips when she consented to become his. But had he known thoroughly that heart in its depths, he would have left her to sink calmly, and with the love of God in her heart to the grave, without seeking to draw that heart into fellowship with the world. But he did not know it, neither did Isola. She fancied that when she should be called upon to acknowledge her queen, that she could now do so without cherishing a feeling unworthy of Roxburgh's wife, or William's liege subject.—But woman may not be allowed to judge on such occasions. She had communed with the spirits of those with whom her childhood, and first year of womanhood, had passed so beautifully, and she felt calm and purified by the communing—she had also prayed with her God—and she fancied she had released her spirit from its guilty thralldom, because she was more inclined to place that spirit under his guidance; but no, she was too strong in her own strength. Perhaps had the event been deferred she might have attained that serenity which she now only fancied she possessed.

The Lady Ermengarde was arrived—every

face wore a joyous smile—Holyrood was begirt with hearts and tongues ready to welcome their new queen. The chapel was gaily decorated, and the court displayed an unusual blaze of beauty, for many were the arts used to outshine the famed Norman beauty. On that morning Isola knelt in vain—not a prayer rose to her lips—many supplications were in her heart: but, alas! they took not the form of prayer. There was but one form before her—but one name would tremble on her lips.

William led Ermengarde proudly through the admiring galaxy of wealth and beauty. The ceremony commenced—and he was about to pass the ring on her finger, when a wild voice rang through the chapel—"Ermengarde, wear it not! I once thought it would be a glorious thing to see around my finger—but it eats into my very heart—presses tight round my brain. But I remember me, thou wilt be a queen, and I—," the voice ceased, for the mad speaker was hurried out. There were many there who knew whence the voice came; and many more, amongst whom may be classed the queen, who conjectured it to proceed from the lips of some misused wife. King William knew whence it came, and felt whither it went; but, above all, Lord Roxburgh was wounded in his soul's depths, for he bore from that chapel his maddened Isola, and soon after he followed her to the grave.

THE MOON *quæritur*, "what part of you should be liable to so very minute a pain, unless it be your *soul*."

When men of sense approve, the million are sure to follow: to be pleased, is to pay a compliment to their own taste.

Women generally consider consequences in love, seldom in resentment.

Most of our misfortunes are more supportable than the comments of our friends upon them.

To delicate minds the unfortunate are always objects of respect: as the ancients held sacred those places which had been blasted by lightning, so the feeling heart considers the afflicted as touched by the hand of God himself.

Religion ought to be left in her native simplicity, rather than hang her ears with counterfeit pearls.

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

Charpentier has the following eloquent passage. "Whenever," says he, "I cast my eyes on ostentatious epitaphs, I feel a wish to write under them, 'As man is composed of pride and infirmities, passenger, you here behold them fully exemplified. This tomb indicates the feebleness, and this epitaph the pride of his nature.' How just a picture is this of the character of the de-

termined *caerone*. This goes to all men in all situations, to whom education can be denied.

The happiness of every man depends more upon the state of his own mind, than upon any one external circumstance; nay, more than upon all external things put together.

Common conversation is the best mirror of a man's heart; and he that can be deceived by a person with whom he has been intimate, discovers a want of discernment, that would, were it possible, excuse the imposition.

Attempts at reform, when they fail, strengthen despotism; as he that struggles, tightens those cords he does not succeed in breaking.

Reproaches and injuries have no power to afflict either the man of unblemished integrity or the abandoned profligate. It is the middle compound character which alone is vulnerable; the man who, without firmness enough to avoid a dishonourable action, has feeling enough to be ashamed of it.

It is, it seems, a great inconveniency, that those of the meanest capacities will pretend to make visits, though indeed they are qualified rather to add to the furniture of the house by filling an empty chair than to the conversation they come into when they visit.

Many men have been capable of doing a wise thing, more a cunning thing, but very few a generous thing.

THE ENGLISH MOTHER.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

Yes, high-born lady, well may England claim,
As a proud gift, the glory of thy name!
With life's best blessings crowded round thy way,
Gladdening the summer of thine early day;
With girlhood's graces lingering even now,
Young mother! on thy fair, majestic brow!
And, amid all its loftiness, revealing
Thy soul's rich tenderness and depth of feeling;
Thy gaiety, thy purity of thought;
The all which Nature's cunning hand hath wrought;
Changing that feeling which for thee we prove,
From almost awe, to something more than love;
And giving sweet assurance silently,
To the young eager rose-bud on thy knee,
That she may claim her privilege of birth,
And wake the fountain of thy graceful mirth;
Echo thy low, light laughter, in a tone
Almost as full of music as thine own;
Nor, as that lofty brow to her's doth bend,
Bead aught but smiles—half playmate and half friend.

Haply that fairy child, in after years,
A thing of shadowy smiles, of hopes, and fears,
With brow unstained by grief, untouched by pain,
Shall bring thy gentle image back again.
Oh, then, do thou direct those laughing eyes
To the bright portrait where thy spring-time lies:
Nor let it be without a sigh for him
Whose soul decayed not—gradually dim—
But sank at once all gloriously bright
In the full splendour of its sunset light,
And left us on such forms as these to gaze
Where genius hath concentrated its rays,
And lead the saddened looker-on, like me,
Thou to remember him—and reverence thee!
Dot, and murmur—

have me now rest my lips on that hand—will it not soon be leading another to the altar."

"Tush! tush! thou art a fond and silly child," he returned; "I will send one anon shall comfort thee;" and he was about to leave her—but she flew towards him, seized the but now rejected hand, and pressed it madly to her lips and heart. She felt but that a long farewell was printed on her lips, and she fell fainting on the couch.

William despatched to her the Lord of Roxburgh, of whom he had made mention. In a few minutes she began to revive, and raised her eyes to the face bent tenderly over her, to discover if indeed her head rested where her hopes were centered—but she closed them again, and relapsed into the swoon when they met the pitying gaze of him whom William had sent to tend her recovery.

"I see! I see!" said the brave knight, "I see, William, the woful wreck thou hast made. Oh! Isola, why didst thou reject my suit when I sought thee in thy father's ancient hall? Thou wert then a pure, bright, and beautiful flower, and William would perchance never have looked on thee but for me. I have done all this, and it shall be my effort now to win thee from thy degraded state. Alas! how thou wouldst laugh when I painted such a scene as this to thy young imagination; and thou wouldst tell me I knew how to plead for myself; but that I should think thee much more graceful with a throne for thy seat, and a crown on thy brow, and that amongst the

SONG.

'I KNOW THAT HE LOVES ME.' *Q. 1112*

I know that he loves me—I could not live on,
Though loved by a thousand, if his love were gone;
But my soul with the thought bounds in rapture no more
For alas! though he loves me, 'tis not as of yore!

No wonder the shadow oft steals o'er my brow,
When I think what he was, and see what he is now!
Tho' they say he is true as heart e'er was before,
I feel that he loves me—ah! not as of yore!

Time was when he watch'd every glance, every tone,
And made my emotions the guide of his own;
When he looked fond alarm if I heaved but a sigh,
And his cheek lost its rose when a tear dimmed my eye!

But now, if I weep, he just asks, why so sad?
And says when I sorrow he cannot be glad;
Oh! so calmly he speaks of the gloom of my mind,
His voice never falters—it only is kind.

Yet I know that he loves me—I feel there is none
That he loves half as well, or could love, were I gone;
But in solitude often my tears will run o'er,
To think, tho' he loves me, 'tis not as of yore!

Oh! why does the rainbow so soon fleet away,
And affection's fresh beauty so quickly decay?
Why must time from the spirit its summer glow steal,
Why, as once we have felt, can we not ever feel?

Though lovely the fall of mild evening may be,
Oh! the light and the glory of morning for me!
'Twas a vision of bliss, but its brightness is o'er,
And I weep that he loves me—ah! not as of yore!

his departure, a stranger to past scenes—
have fancied her a beautiful statue. Her eyes were fixed on the setting sun, which threw its bright rays on the rosy cheek of her child, and her hands braced her dishevelled hair tight across her brow: but at length the tears started, and gushed in streams of passion down her cheeks, and she flung herself madly on her knees, with her head bowed almost to the earth. This relieved her burthened spirit: for though tears were ever and anon upon her cheek, they were only the bright drops of momentary depression, which a look of love would kindle into a smile; but these were the overflowings of a bowed spirit seeking communion with things not of earth. "I will call on thy name," she said, softly; "is it possible that years have passed, in which I have thought lightly of the spirits hovering around me in my career of guilt? Father! mother! speak to me. Father! I am thy fondling Isola—a child, a very child; put thy hand on my head, as thou wert wont to do, and tell me I am like my mother.—Mother, let me hide my face in thy bosom; I am thy child: what child, thou askest—oh, I heard thee. Mother, I will whisper thee the words—I am the child of wickedness and shame. But look on me now. I dare not pray, mother, thy voice will be heard for me at the throne of mercy. Thou wert used to tell me thy ambition looked not beyond seeing me the wife of Roxburgh. Pray, oh pray, that I may be worthy to become his wife."

The *First* vessel built in New England, was in 1622, at Plymouth, and was a large boat or *shallop*.—The *Second*, was the "Blessing of the Bay," a vessel of forty or fifty tons, built by Gov. Winthrop, in 1631, at *Mistick*, now *Medford*, and launched on the fourth of July.—The *Third* was built in 1631, at Marble Harbour, (Marblehead) by the "Salem people." This vessel was one hundred and twenty tons burthen, and called the "Desire."—In 1641, the "Plymouth people" built another of fifty tons.

In every situation of life there are comforts. Find them out, and enjoy them.

Philosophers sport with the follies of mankind; tradesmen make money by them. Which is the wiser of the two?

A contented mind and a good conscience will make a man happy in all conditions.

The tree of knowledge is grafted upon the tree of Life, and that fruit which brought the fear of death into the world, budding on an immortal stock, becomes the fruit of the promise of immortality.

A man of business may talk of philosophy; a man who has none may practise it.

A man of exceedingly contracted mind, was one day complaining to an acquaintance, that he had a very acute pain not bigger seemingly than the point of a pin. "It's amazing strange," he continued, "don't you think it is? what do you suppose is the cause of it?" "Why really I don't know," replied the other, "what part of you should be liable to so very minute a pain, unless it be your *soul*."

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ceased person when alive! Under robes of silk and embroidery he concealed from the eyes of the world the weakness and diseases of his decaying body. A wounded conscience, a feeble understanding, and eternal toil of solicitude and sorrows, were hidden beneath the mask of a tranquil countenance, a steady and penetrating eye."

The mind is but a barren soil; a soil which is soon exhausted, and will produce no crop, or only one, unless it be continually fertilized and enriched with foreign matter.

The flights of genius are sometimes like those of a paper kite. While we are admiring its vast elevation, and gazing with boyish wonder at its graceful soarings, it plunges into the mud, an object of derision and contempt.

The prosperous man has every thing to fear, and the poor man every thing to hope. To the former every chance threatens loss, to the latter it promises benefit. He little fears the turning of the wheel who is already at the bottom.

If we cannot be accounted to live but at such times as we enjoy ourselves, life will be found to be very short; since were we only to reckon the hours we pass agreeably, a great number of years would not make up a life of a few months.

I have ever thought the prohibition of improving our rational nature, to be the worse species of tyranny that the insolence and perverseness of mankind ever dared to exercise. This goes to all men in all situations, to whom education can be denied.

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Many men have been capable of doing a wise thing, more a cunning thing, but very few a generous thing.

The only way for a rich man to be healthy, is by exercise and abstinence, to live as if he was poor; which are esteemed the worst parts of poverty.

I am satisfied that a mind which has no restraint from a sense of its own weakness, of its subordinate rank in creation, and of the extreme danger of letting loose the imagination upon some subjects, may very plausibly attack every thing the most excellent and venerable; that it would not be difficult to criticise the creation itself, and that if we were to examine the divine fabrics by our ideas of reason and fitness, and to use the same method of attack by which some men have assaulted revealed religion, we might, with as good colour, and with the same success, make the wisdom and the power of God, in his creation, appear to many no better than foolishness.—*Burke.*

Wit in conversation is only readiness of thought and a facility of expression.

It is quite a mistaken idea, that a woman cannot keep a secret—nobody so well.—Trust her but with half, or try to keep it from her altogether, and she is sure to beat you, because her pride prompts her to find out what the man thinks it right to conceal, and then her vanity induces her to tell what she found out; and this in order to show her power of discovery.—Trust all to her, and she will never betray you; but half a confidence is not worth having.

The best rules to form a young man, are, to talk little, to hear much, to reflect alone upon what has passed in company, to distrust one's own opinions, and value others that deserve it.

Political lying can conquer kingdoms without fighting and sometimes without the loss of a battle. It gives and resumes employment, can suit a mountain to a molehill, and raise a molehill to a mountain; hath presided for many years at committees and elections; can wash a black-moor white; can make a saint of an atheist, and a patriot of a profligate; can furnish foreign ministers with intelligence; and raise or let fall the credit of the nation.—*Swift.*

There is nothing wanting to make all rational and disinterested people of one religion, but that they should talk together every day.

It may not be generally known, that the tadpole acts the same part with fish, that ants do with birds; and that through the agency of this little reptile, perfect skeletons, even of the smallest fishes, may be obtained. To produce this, it is but necessary to suspend the fish by threads attached to the head and tail, in an horizontal position, in a jar of water, such as is found in a pond, and change it often till the tad-poles have finished their work. Two or three tad-poles will perfectly dissect a fish in twenty-four hours.

No man has ever been more assailed by calumny than Napoleon, which is not to be wondered at, but he would never permit any one to reply to the attacks that were made upon him.

“Whatever pains, (he said) might have been bestowed on such answers, they would only have given additional weight to the accusations they were intended to refute. Facts were the most convincing answer. A fine monument, another good law, or a new victory, were sufficient to defeat a thousand such falsehoods. Declamation passes away, but deeds remain.”

What a vast advantage has a discourse spoken over a piece that is written! Men are the bubbles of tone and action. If there be ever so little pre-engagement in favour of the person who speaks, they admire him, and set themselves to comprehend him; they commend his performance before he has begun, sleep the sermon time, and only wake to applaud him. There are few who so warmly engage in behalf of an author; his works are either read in the leisure of retirement, or in the silence of a closet; there are no public meetings to cry him up; no party zealots to prefer him to all his rivals, and advance him to the prelacy; his book, however excellent so ever it may be, is read with an intention to find it indifferent.

A MODIST of Vienna recommends her fair clients to adopt certain ornaments for the head, of coloured stones, and undertakes to provide *crescents* for the bashful, *doves* for the tender-hearted, *parrouquets* for the babblers, *butterflies* for the lightsome, *stars* for the intellectual, *violets* for the modest, *forget-me-nots* for the susceptible, *pensees* for the thoughtful, *glow-worms* for the ephemeral, *anchors* for the bride, *nests for nestlings* for mamma in petto, and *ears of corn* for mammas with sons and daughters.

RECIPES.

QUINCE PUDDING.

Pare and core three large quinces, and boil them till soft, but not till they break. Drain off the water, and mash the quinces with the back of a spoon. Stir into them a quarter of a pound of sugar, and the juice of an orange or small lemon, and set them away to cool. When quite cold, mix with them about two ounces of butter, and seven eggs, (which have been well beaten,) and bake the mixture in shells of puff-paste. Before they go to table, grate white sugar over the top. Apple puddings may be made in the same manner, and also puddings of stewed gooseberries.

TO EXTRACT LAMP OIL FROM LINEN OR COTTON.

As soon as the oil has been spilt, take the article on which it fell, and immerse it in clean cold water. Let it soak a while, and change the water when the oil begins to float on the surface. Renew the water frequently during several hours, and by this simple process the oil will be gradually and totally discharged without any rubbing or washing.

Then dry the article and iron it, and no vestige of the oil will remain; neither will the colour be disturbed.

MEMOIRS OF A BUTTERFLY.

" 'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours."

THE approach of autumn, and the conviction that I shall not survive the first sharp frost, would fill me with dismay did I not belong to the educated class of butterflies. I can submit to the laws of nature, and die; I cannot submit to die and leave no record of my existence: but I am not called to this trial; my friend, the gadfly, promises to take charge of these memoirs when completed, and to trumpet their praises throughout the insect world. That world is hastening to its end; but, doubtless, the next generation, and especially that of butterflies, will hold my name in estimation; I shall certainly be regarded as their standard author. Unquestionably I should like to live to hear my own praises; but one cannot have every thing, so I must be satisfied with deserving them, and commence my history.

Of my infancy I remember nothing, except, indeed, that it was said, I was a remarkably fine caterpillar; but my own recollections begin at the moment when I burst from my cone, and found myself a butterfly! I belong to that splendid tribe called the Atalanta, and, when in my prime, I was one of its chief ornaments, my wings being glossy black, edged with the richest carmine. How well do I remember the morning of my first flight! From being shut up in a dusky prison, I suddenly found myself at large, fluttering among flowers that I continually mistook for brother butterflies—the glorious sun shining in the heavens without a cloud—and thousands of insects sporting, like myself, in his golden beams! How many friendships did I form on that happy day! How sweet were my slumbers, when at night I folded my wings in a rose that was sheltered from the dew by a laurel branch that hung over it! From that day it was evident that nature designed me for the poet of my tribe; doubtless, circumstances were highly favorable, but I think that I must, even in my caterpillar state, have possessed the organs of fancy and imagination.

I will now describe my way of life. In a few days, my rose-tree became the resort of a selection from the most approved species of butterfly. The swallow-tailed, the peacock, the buck-thorn, and the atalanta kind, took the lead, on account of the splendour of their attire: the inferior orders were only bowed to at a distance, and of course every insect that was not a butterfly was regarded with the utmost horror. The gadfly, the wasp, and the bee, were exceptions; the first was necessary as a newsmonger, and as all three carried stings, if was not safe to despise them.—Every day the coterie on the rose-tree formed a party of pleasure to visit a different spot of the garden, which, as it belonged to a nobleman, and being extremely retired, was a most fitting resi-

dence for butterflies of fashion. Sometimes we danced quadrilles in the air, then rested on a woodbine, and returned home in the cool of the evening. Sometimes we formed a party for conversation beneath the shade of a myrtle-tree, at which times I was expected to furnish a song or a tale, invariably in honor of some one belonging to our own body. Occasionally, for the sake of the honey he contributed, we invited an old bee to join our pic-nics; but so much did we fear that he might presume upon the honor, and join us when it might be unpleasant to recognize him, that I do not think we invited him more than twice. This delightful kind of life lasted for about a month; towards the close of that period something like weariness stole over us; pleasure was the sole object of our search, and, having exhausted all we knew, the inquiry was, what should be done next? Labor was out of the question; our high birth and refined habits equally forbade us to enjoy vulgar excitements; we had, therefore, no resource but to quarrel amongst ourselves. We did so. Jealousies, rivalries, and bickerings, now disturbed the tranquil rose-tree. A swallow-tailed beau challenged a peacock dandy: they met; one got his beautiful coat (yellow, laced with black) covered with dust, and the other received a wound in one foot, which occasioned him to limp ever afterwards. The ladies of the respective combatants, of course, took part in the quarrel, and scandalized each other without mercy. For myself, I made satirical verses on all parties; but I was so really vexed at the disturbed state of our politics, that I contrived to make myself the head of a party, whom I drew off and established on the myrtle-tree before alluded to. Unalloyed felicity is not, however, destined to be the fate of butterflies. Soon after our removal, two of the party met with an untimely death; one was crushed by a little ruffian of a school-boy, and the other, a particular friend of my own, took cold from incautiously venturing into a damp lily. I honored each with an elegy; and the occupation somewhat soothed my grief.

For the last fortnight my troubles have been of a personal nature. I feel the approaches of old age: I do not enjoy company as I once did, neither can I fly so briskly; grave thoughts will intrude upon my mind; and on reviewing my past life, I almost suspect that the despised ant and bee have been more honorable insects than myself, because more useful. To be sure, I have enjoyed much pleasure; but then it is over, and the recollection of it is but cold comfort; and if I have been greatly admired, I am not sure that I was ever loved. I cannot help wishing I had a few good actions to remember—a few benevolent sentiments; but I cannot call any to mind.

I certainly once felt ashamed of my party for scoffing at a poor black beetle—(it could not help its ugliness) but then I did not use my influence to protect it. I did certainly once wish to relieve the anguish of a dying moth, by lifting it from the gravel-walk to a rose leaf; but then I

abstained for fear of soiling my wings. Well, if I might again emerge from my chrysalis, I would live a very different life; but as I cannot, I must hope that the posterity of butterflies, to whom I dedicate these memoirs, will profit by my experience and my regrets!

INSECT TRANSFORMATIONS.

THE natural process by which one insect is transformed into the other, or rather by which the one ceases and the other begins to exist, for the word transformation is almost as objectionable as transmutation, well deserves the attention of the student. A sailor would find it no easy process to cut for himself a suit of clothes out of a set sail, holding, the while, only by the portion he was cutting. This is an operation which is performed every day by the tent-making caterpillars. Difficult, however, as this may be considered to be, it appears as nothing when compared with another problem performed by a different family of caterpillars. "Country fellows, for a prize," says Kirkby, "sometimes amuse the assembled inhabitants of a village by running races in sacks. Take one of the most active and adroit of these, bind him hand and foot, suspend him by the bottom of his sack, head downwards, to the branch of a lofty tree; make an opening in one side of the sack, and set him to extricate himself from it, to detach it from its hold, and suspend himself by his feet in its place. Though endowed with the suppleness of an Indian juggler, and promised his sack full of gold for a reward, you would set him an absolute impossibility; yet this is what our caterpillars, instructed by a beneficent Creator, easily perform." The manner in which this is effected we shall now describe. A caterpillar, when about to change into a chrysalis, usually steals away from the plant on which it has been feeding, to find some secluded corner where it may undergo its transformation unmolested; as if it were previously aware, that it would no longer be able to escape from its enemies. Having thus selected a safe spot, the caterpillar begins, in order to attach itself securely, to weave a mooring of silk, the structure of which is well worthy of notice. The threads of which this is composed are so fine that they are not easily distinguished; and we recollect being not a little astonished at seeing a chrysalis of the admirable butterfly (*Vanessa Atalanta*) hanging within an inverted glass tumbler, where we had confined it, the silk being transparent, and all but visible. It is necessary, therefore, in order to see it distinctly, to confine the caterpillars within a black box or other vessel. The silk threads are not drawn tight along, so as to be parallel with the surface, but are formed into a sort of projecting button, the caterpillar, for this purpose, alternately raising and depressing its head over the spot so

as to draw out the threads, in the same way as a tambouring needle is worked in making a dot upon muslin: the base is accordingly made the broadest part, and the centre the most projecting, for a reason which will immediately appear. When it has finished this little button of silk, which is thickly interlaced and strong, it turns round to examine it with its hinder pair of prolegs; and, if it judges it to be sufficiently firm, it thrusts these among the meshes, taking secure hold with the numerous hooks with which these are fringed, and swings itself fearlessly into the air, hanging with its head downwards. All this seems easy enough of performance, but it is only preliminary; for it has still to throw off its skin, together with the hooks by which it is suspended, and this without losing its hold. The old skin is rent by the forcible bending round of the upper part of the body, which pushes through some of the angular projections of the chrysalis; a tedious and probably a painful operation, in which it is often engaged the greater part of a day, and sometimes two, according to its strength. When the first rent is made, however, the included chrysalis soon wedges itself through the breach, the lower portion swelling out greatly more than the upper, so as to form an inverted but somewhat irregular cone. The included insect continuing its laborious exertions, by successively contracting and dilating the rings of its body, pushes off the now rent skin by degrees from the head towards the tail. There are two circumstances worthy of notice in this process: the position of the insect, in hanging with its head downwards, throws a greater portion of the fluids of the body towards the head, by means of their weight, which swell out the part that splits, and also pushes back the old skin, while the sloughing skin is prevented from resiliating by a series of pegs, which act like the toothed rack of a sluice-gate. The old skin, being by these means pushed towards the tail, is of course compressed into several folds, which in some degree prevent the extension of the rent, and serve to keep the chrysalis from falling; for, being now detached from the skin, it has no hold upon the meshes of the silk button, and is, in fact, at some distance from it. This, then, is the part of the process where the nicety of the mechanism is most worthy of admiration; for the hooks by which the insect is in the first instance suspended from the meshes of the silk are sloughed off, together with the skin, the grasp of whose folds becomes then the only sup-

port of the chrysalis. But this chrysalis, now deprived of feet, and some distance from the suspensory cordage of silk, has still to reach this, fix itself there, and cast off the sloughed skin altogether. This operation causes, says Bonnet, a spectator to tremble for the consequences, for every movement seems to render its fall almost certain. It is, however, provided with means which answer the same purpose as hands, to enable it to climb; it can elongate and contract at pleasure the rings of its body. It accordingly, with two contiguous rings, lays hold as with a pair of pincers, of the portion of the sloughed skin nearest the head; and, elongating the rings beyond this, seizes upon a more distant portion, while it lets go the first. Repeating this process several times, it at length arrives at the silk button.

THE EYE.

THE following beautiful description of the eye, forms a part of the chapter upon light, in Arnett's *Physics*, a work of great interest and learning:—

"But this miracle of light, would have been totally useless, and the lovely paradise of earth would have been to man, still a dark and dreary desert, had there not been the twin miracle of an organ of commensurate delicacy, to perceive the light, viz. of the *eye*; in which there is a round cornea of such perfect transparency, placed exactly in the anterior centre of the ball, (and elsewhere it had been useless,) then exactly behind this, the beautiful curtain, the iris, with its pupil dilating and contracting to suit the intensity of the light—and exactly behind this again, the chrysaline lens, having many qualities which complex structure only, in human art can attain, and by the entering light forming on the retina beautiful pictures and images of the objects in front, the most sensible part of the retina being where the images fall. Of these parts and conditions, had any one been otherwise than as it is, the whole eye had been useless, and the light useless, and the great universe useless to man, for he could not have existed in it. Then, further, we find that the precious organ the eye, is placed, not as if by accident, somewhere near the centre of the person, but aloft on a proud eminence, where it becomes the glorious watch-tower of the soul; and again, not so that to alter its direction, the whole person must turn, but in the head, which on a pivot of admirable structure, moves while the whole body is at rest; the ball of the eye, moreover, being furnished, with muscles, which as well direct, as turn it with the rapidity of lightning to sweep round the horizon, or take in the whole heavenly concave; then is the delicate orb secured in a strong socket of bone, and there is over this the arched eyebrow as a cushion to destroy the shock of blows, and with its inclined hairs to turn aside the descending perspiration which might incommode; then there is the soft pliant eyelid, with its beautiful fringes, incessantly wiping the polished surface, and spreading over it the pure moisture poured

out by the lachrymal glands above, of which moisture the superfluity, by a fine mechanism, is sent into the nose, there to be evaporated by the current of the breath: still further, instead of there being only one so precious organ, there are two, lest one by accident should be destroyed, but which two have so entire a sympathy, that they act together only as one more perfect; then the sense of sight continues perfect during the period of growth, from birth to maturity, although the distance from the lens to the retina is constantly varying, the pure liquid which fills the eye, if rendered turbid by disease or accident, is, by the action of life, although its source be the thick, red blood, gradually restored to transparency. The mind which can suppose or admit, that within any limits of time, even a single such organ of vision could have been produced by accident, or without design—and still more, that the millions which now exist on earth—all equally perfect, can have sprung from accident, or that the millions of millions in the past ages were all accidents, and that the endless millions throughout the animate creation, where each requires a most peculiar fitness to the nature and circumstances of the animal, can be accident, must surely be of extraordinary character, or must have received unhappy bias in its education."

LONDON FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

MORNING DRESS.—A white jaconet muslin dress; the corsage square, and gathered round the top into a band, which is lightly embroidered at each edge; the fulness disposed in small plaits, arranged en cœur. The sleeve is an improvement on the imbecile form, very large at top, and wide, but not extravagantly so at the wrist. Two deep flounces of rich embroidery, placed one immediately above the other, go round the border, and reach rather above the knee. The apron is of changeable gros des Naples, lilac shot with white; it is arranged in bands, disposed en cœur before and behind; and ornamented on each shoulder, and at the back of the ceinture, with *nœuds* of ribands to correspond. English lace cap; the caul of moderate height; the trimming of the front light, short at the ears, and partially drooping over the left side of the forehead. It is trimmed with knots of cut riband to correspond with the apron; the brides fasten in bows and ends on the right side.

EVENING DRESS.—A dress of mousseline de soie, white figured in gold colour: the corsage cut plain and square behind, and in crossed drapery and very low in front. A *guimpe*—that is a plain standing-up tucker of blond lace, is seen in the centre of the bosom only. Beret sleeves, of the usual form. The hair is turned back in a low soft bow on each side of the forehead, which is ornamented with a gold *ferroniere*, and disposed in full bows on the summit of the head. A blond lace scarf is arranged in the lappet style round the bows; it is attached by a bouquet of roses placed in front, and another behind. Neck chain, bracelets, &c., gold, of rich, but light, workmanship.—*La Belle Assemblée*.

EMBROIDERY.

NUMEROUS as are the subjects treated on in this work, there are few which furnish a more pleasing occupation than Embroidery. To this art our readers are indebted for some of the most elegant articles of dress. It may, also, afford them opportunities of displaying their taste and ingenuity; and offers a graceful occupation, and an inexhaustible source of laudable and innocent amusement.

This art may be traced to the most distant periods of antiquity. Coloured Embroidery and Tapestry were, according to Pliny, known, in very remote ages, among the Jews and Babylonians.

The manufacture of Tapestry in France, was introduced under the auspices of Henry the Fourth; and that kingdom may boast of having once possessed the most magnificent establishment of the kind that ever existed: we allude to the Hotel Royal des Gobelins, which a French dyer, of the name of Giles Gobelin, early in the sixteenth century, erected for the purpose of carrying on his business, near a rivulet, which ran through the suburbs of St. Marcel, in Paris. In the water of this rivulet he discovered certain qualities, which he supposed would be beneficial in the prosecution of his improvement on the mode of dyeing red. His undertaking appeared to be so absurd, that the building was called Gobelins's Folly; but, eventually, he produced so splendid a scarlet, that he grew into high repute as a dyer; and he and his family continued to carry on the business in the same place, until about the year 1687; when the building was purchased by the French government, and Tapestry, on an immense scale, was manufactured there for a considerable period. The establishment is still kept up, but has long been a mere shadow of its former greatness.

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

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

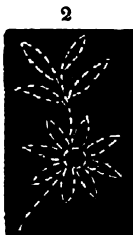
White Embroidery comprises the art of working flowers, and other ornamental designs, on muslin, for dresses, or their trimmings; capes, collars, handkerchiefs, &c.

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

ready worked, if of a thick, rich description, may be obtained by laying the muslin on a table, placing a piece of white paper over it, and rubbing the paper with a nutmeg, partly grated: this outline may, afterwards, be perfected with a pen.



The paper pattern for a running design of flowers, foliage, &c. should be from twelve to eighteen inches long, in proportion to its breadth, and shifted along the muslin as the work proceeds. As this sort of pattern is liable to be soon damaged, it is advisable to strengthen it by a lining of cambric muslin. The pattern for a cape of a dress is usually of the size of the intended cape; but a sketch of one-half of the pattern (Fig. 1) may be made to answer the purpose equally well, by retracing the design on the other side of the paper, against a window, and when half the cape is worked, turning the pattern over to the other side; in this case the half-pattern must terminate exactly at the middle, or half of the work. The muslin, cambric-muslin, or French cambric, intended to be worked, must be smoothly and evenly tacked on the pattern, so as to prevent its getting out of place; the stems, and external edges of leaves, flowers, or ornaments, must then be traced, by running them round with cotton (Fig. 2); great care should be taken to preserve their shape and form accurately, as a fault in this stage of the work is not easily remedied afterwards. In working the bottom of a dress, sounce, cape, or collar, the edge of the pattern, which is usually a running scallop, a series of scallops, forming larger ones, a vandyke, or a chain, should be done first. The best and strongest way of working this



part, is in the stitch used for button-hole work.

Lace-making, though formerly practised by ladies, having now become so important a branch of European manufacture as to furnish employment for many thousands of females, to give proper practical instructions would be useless; we have, therefore, only aimed at conveying such information as would afford our young friends a general idea of the process.

The stalks, leading to leaves, or flowers having been run round as directed, must next be sewn over tolerably thick. Where it appears desirable to thicken a stem, or any other part of the outline, a piece of the cotton should be laid along the running thread, and both be sewn over together. Leaves, or flowers, are worked in what is called satin-stitch (from the length of the stitches resembling the threads in satin); but great care should be taken that the stitches do not lie over each other, but are evenly ranged side by side. Flowers, or stars, worked in fine worsted, or crewel, of various colours, may be used, with very good effect, in satin-stitch. The work should be slightly press-

ed with the finger, now and then, to assist in keeping it in shape.

Round eyelet holes, or oval ones, in a circle, like a star, or the head of a flower, are sometimes introduced. These are first run round; then a very little bit of the muslin is cut out in the shape of the intended hole, but much smaller, and sewn thickly round;



the needle being run through the centre, and passed under the running thread (Fig. 3.) A leaf, or the head of a flower, is formed, occasionally, by placing a piece of thread-net on the muslin, then running it round in the pattern required, and covering the running thread in button-hole stitch, or thick sewing: the outer part of the thread net is then cut off with fine-pointed scissors; and the muslin, under the net, cut out in the same way, when removed from the paper pattern.

The middle of a flower is sometimes ornamented by the introduction of very beautiful open work, in imitation of antique Lace; but the various kinds of such requisite, and the mode of using them, are so complex and intricate, that a practical description is scarcely possible; and nothing but personal instruction can properly convey a perfect knowledge of their application. We shall, however, endeavour to illustrate the subject, by an engraving of a fancy sprig of leaves and flowers, in the style of rich Antique Lace Embroidery, and attempt to convey a general idea of a few of the stitches used; of which, sixteen distinct kinds are comprised in this pattern (Fig. 4.) Several portions of the leaves and flowers are shown on a larger scale, with references to the various stitches of which they are composed.



The stalk is composed of rows of eyelet holes, which are an agreeable variation from the usual mode of sewing stems. The running-thread, which first formed the outline, is withdrawn; and the slight marks left in the muslin, serve as a guide for further operations. Four threads of the muslin are taken on the needle; and sewn over three times; the needle being passed through the same places each time, and the four threads drawn tightly together.—The next four threads, higher on the line, are then taken up and sewn over, as the last, thus, a series of bars is formed—the thread passing, alternately, on the right side, and on the left, from one bar to another: care must be taken to keep it at the side, and not to let it run across the apertures. Having proceeded the intended length of the stalk, the sides of the holes must be sewn down; the needle being passed through each aperture three times, including, within the sewing, the alternate threads before mentioned as running between the bars.

The outline of the leaves, in feather-stitch (Fig. 5), being run round, each separate leaf is done with fine glazed cotton, in an elongated button-hole stitch, from the centre vein to its outer edge, the stitch being gradually shortened towards the points; the threads of muslin will thus be divided in a line up the middle, which must be filled up in glover's-stitch; this resembles the button-hole stitch, except that each stitch is taken a little higher up than the preceding one.



The outer edge, and the outline of the separate parts of the leaf, (Fig. 6.) comprising a variety of stitches, are run round: the right hand edge of the leaf is composed, alternately, of feather-stitch, and a pattern worked, with glazed cotton, in double button hole stitch, when two stitches are taken, side by side: then an equal space is left, and two more are taken; and thus to the end. The next row is formed by placing similar stitches under the alternate spaces left above, taking in, each time, the threads which run between each pair of stitches. The parts (opposite a) are done in half herring-bone stitch, the cross way of the muslin; four threads being taken on the needle at a time. In forming the second, and the succeeding rows, the needle passes through the lower side of the first row of apertures.—The ground (b) is composed of a series of lines, each formed by drawing together, and sewing over very closely with fine thread, six threads of the muslin. Square spots are formed in the spaces, by sewing, in glazed cotton, over eight of the cross threads; passing the needle, alternately, over the first four, and under the second four. The large rosette (c) is worked in feather-stitch. All the other stitches used in this leaf are described in the succeeding flowers.



The cup (a) of the fancy flowers, (Fig. 7,) is done in feather-stitch.—The centre is a series of eyelet holes, formed by passing the needle twice through the same hole; then repeating the same process at the distance of four threads; and so, in succession, to the end of the row. The second row is formed at the spaces between the holes of the first row, with four threads between each, as before, so that the holes of each row are perfected in the following row.—The part (b) is done in half-herring-bone stitch, leaving four threads of the muslin between each row; (c) is formed by drawing together and sewing over tightly, four threads of the muslin between each row; (d) is worked in double-button-hole stitch; (e) is the same as the centre, with spots in satin-stitch.

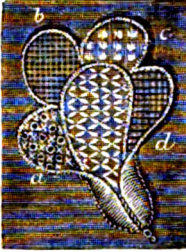


Pictorial, or Coloured Embroidery, is similar in some respects, to the ancient Tapestry, although it is generally worked on a smaller scale, and is rather different in practice. It comprehends the admired productions of the needle in coloured Embroidery, with worsteds and silks of various hues, and is applied to the imitation of paintings; comprising all the varieties of landscape, groups of animals, historical subjects, fruits, flowers, birds, shells, &c. Its effect is very brilliant if it be well executed, and judgment and taste be displayed in the selection of the various shades of colour; it is, in fact, "the soul and sentiment of the art."

The fine twisted worsted, called crewel, and both twisted and flos silks, are employed in coloured Embroidery.

Silk is principally used for flowers, birds and butterflies, and is worked on a silk or satin ground. The latter is by far the richest in appearance; and nothing, in this art, can have a more splendid effect than a well-arranged group of flowers, embroidered in twisted silks on black satin. A talent for painting is of material advantage in this delightful pursuit; the variety and delicacy of the tints giving ample scope to the genius of the embroideress.

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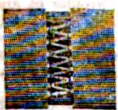
The centre of the fancy flower (Fig. 8), is in half-herring-bone stitch, worked in glazed cotton. The small eyelet holes (a) are formed by taking up two threads of muslin all round; by the sides of them is a stitch like the cross-stitch in marking, and a short stitch passes over each end of the thread, forming the cross; then follows another eyelet hole and a cross, and the subsequent rows are done in a similar manner: the eyelet holes in each line being invariably placed under the crosses of the line above. The series of holes (b) is formed by sewing over four threads in a cross direction of the muslin, then passing to the next four, and thus till the line is finished; the following rows are done in the same manner, until all the space is filled; the holes are then sewn over in a similar way, but in the contrary direction. At (c) six cross-threads of the muslin are drawn together by passing the needle underneath, from one side to the other, and then in contrary directions, thus forming a little spot. The part (d) is formed by sewing over four threads of the straight way of the muslin, and leaving four threads between each stitch; the same line is sewn back again, so as to form a cross over the top.

These stitches are susceptible of an endless variety of changes, by introducing spots, bars, or cross lines, in satin-stitch; and in the half herring-bone stitch, by changing the direction of the threads, or leaving spaces, as fancy may dictate. The use of glazed cotton, instead of fine thread, will also give a very different effect to the same stitch. The edge of each flower, and of each compartment of a flower, is to be sewn closely over with glazed cotton. It is not expected that these imitations of Antique Lace-work should be practised on the extended scale here described: the separate stitches may, however, be introduced, as taste may direct, to fill up the centres of modern flowers, or fancy leaves.

Muslin, worked with glazed cotton, was formerly called Dresden-work, but is now known by the name of Moravian, from its production having formed the principal employment of a religious sect, called the Moravian Sisters, which originated in Germany, and some of whose establishments exist in this country; the shops, in London, called Moravian-warehouses, were, originally, opened for the sale of their work; though they are now become ordinary depots for the various kinds of Fancy Embroidery, produced by the immense numbers of young females, who, in that country, derive their maintenance from this art.

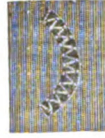
Strips of work intended for insertion in plain muslin, or lace, should have a row of hem-stitch on each side, which is thus produced:—A margin of the muslin is left on the sides of the pattern, sufficiently broad to wrap over the finger; at a few threads distant from the work, on each side, threads are drawn out to the width of a narrow hem; and three or four threads, which cross the space thus formed, are taken upon the needle (beginning at one side of the space), and sewn over, with very fine cotton, about three times, when the thread will have reached the other side; at which point three or four more of the cross-threads are to be added, and the whole sewn twice over, so as to tie the six or eight together at that side: the last number taken up must be then sewn over three times, as the first; by this time the thread will have reached the side from which it first proceeded; fresh threads are then

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added, and tied, each time, at the sides, as before; and so on, from side to side, to the end. Three or four threads are to be taken at a time, according to the width of the space formed by drawing the threads out. The whole hem-stitch, when completed, forms a sort of zig-zag (Fig. 9). The muslin is joined, by its outer margin, to whatever article of dress

Another species of hem-stitch is called Veining, and is introduced to give the same appearance as the regular hem-stitch, in curved, or other positions, which would not admit of drawing the threads out (Fig. 10). It is done on the angular direction,



or bias of the muslin, by sewing over two threads of the muslin one way, then taking up two threads of the contrary way, tying them together at one side, as directed in the straight hem-stitch; then sewing over the latter two threads twice; after crossing to the opposite side, two more are sewn over; and so in continuity, according to the direction required.

Embroidery in Chenille is usually done on white Gros de Naples, or white luteating, for producing representations of groups of flowers in their natural colours, principally for pictures. Chenille is a fine silk poil, or nap, twisted spirally round a thread, for purposes such as we are now describing, and round a fine wire when used in making artificial flowers; and has derived its name from its slightly caterpillar-like appearance. The silk, on which it is to be worked, must be strained in the middle of a frame, similar to that used in Worsted-work. A coloured copy is requisite, from which a light outline sketch should be made in pencil on the silk. Chenille of all the requisite shades having been provided, it is attached to the silk, not by passing through, after the manner of Worsted Embroidery, but by sewing, or tacking down, as the nap would be much injured by being drawn through the silk. A fine needle, and silk of the same shade as the Chenille to be attached, having been provided, the stalk of the flower is to be commenced by confining to the silk ground the end of the Chenille, with a small stitch of similarly coloured silk, and which will be concealed in the poil. The Chenille is then to be carried along the stalk, according to the sketch, tacking it in a similar way at intervals; the stalk may be of one, two, or three rows, according to the thickness required. A leaf, if large, is formed by passing the Chenille from the centre vein towards one edge, in a bias direction, backwards and forwards, laying the rows closely together, and confining them at the turnings and at the centre; the other side is done in a similar manner. For a small leaf, or bud, the Chenille may be passed across the whole breadth of it, and may be turned over itself where necessary. The flowers are to be formed of Chenille in the tints of the coloured pattern, and attached in the various directions which may seem most accordant to their shape.

When it is desired to quit any colour, the end of the Chenille is secured by passing a fine silk loop over it, threaded in a needle, and drawing the end of the Chenille through the silk with the loop; it is then cut off, and the poil will prevent its slipping back. To produce the effect of shading, or blending one tint into another, the Chenille must be set wide, the ends must terminate by being drawn through, as before described, instead of turning again, and the next colour is to be introduced between.

Cambric pocket-handkerchiefs are generally ornamented with a row of hem-stitch, bordered by a broad hem, or with the outer edges scalloped, and a small pattern embroidered in each scallop. It is fashionable to have the

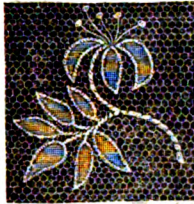


corners embellished with a fancy sprig, and, frequently, with a different pattern in each. Embroidered initials and crests, in one corner, have a very beautiful effect. They are usually surrounded by a wreath of laurel, or some fancy device, in which the leaves and stem are worked in satin-stitch, relieved by a row of eyelet holes. In working the letters, which are also in satin-stitch, great care and delicacy are required to preserve their proper shape, by lengthening or shortening the stitches, so as to correspond with the varying breadth of the written characters in the pattern. A coronet, or crest, may be worked in satin-stitch, varied with eyelet holes, or any other appropriate stitch, according to the subject. [Fig. 11.]

The making of lace is not now among the pursuits of ladies; it will, therefore, be unnecessary to enter into its details. In a previous part of this article, however, we have given such general information on the subject, as will, probably, have proved interesting. The only branch of lace-

work which seems to come within our plan, is embroidery on net, in imitation of Brussels point-lace, which, for veils, dresses, or their trimmings, is very beautiful in its effect, and perhaps, exceeds in delicacy every other branch of white embroidery.

Embroidery on net is performed by placing a piece of French cambric, of a size proportioned to the subject, over the net, and the paper pattern under both.



Then the design (of which each particular leaf, or sprig, ought to be very small, though the clusters should be large) must be run twice round with cotton, the running thread sewn over pretty closely with rather finer cotton, and the external edges of the cambric cut neatly and closely off.— [Fig. 12.] In designing a veil, a small running pattern, worked quite at the edge, is proper; and, when completed, a pearing, which is a species of lace edging, to be had at the lace-shops, should be sewn round the outside, to give it a finish. On the lower part of the veil, within the running border, there should be a handsome pattern worked across. This style is very easy of execution, and is an excellent imitation of what it is intended to represent.

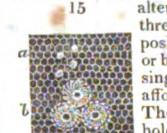
LACE WORK.—Net is worked by running the outline of leaves and flowers with glazed cotton, darning inside the running with fine cotton, doubled, and filling up the centre of the flower with half herringbone stitch, from one side to the other. [Fig. 13.] Instead of darning within the flower, chain-stitch is sometimes introduced; and is thus performed:— Having secured the cotton, one thread of the net is taken up, and the cotton being held down by the left thumb, the first stitch is taken, as in button-



hole work, leaving a loop, through which the needle is passed, to form a second stitch or loop, and so on, after the manner of a chain; until, having arrived at the extremity of a leaf or



flower, the cotton is turned round and worked back, until the whole space is covered. [Fig. 14.] An agreeable variety may be introduced among the flowers, by filling up their centres in a stitch formed by sewing over two threads across the space; then leaving one row of threads, and taking up the next two, until the interior is completely occupied. This kind of stitch may be varied by crossing it with the same stitch. Small clusters of spots, or net, are very pretty; each is formed by passing the needle backwards and forwards through one mesh, and



alternately, over and under two of the threads, forming that mesh, which are opposite to each other. [Fig. 15, a.] Sprigs, or branches, formed by eyelet holes, either singly along a stem, or in clusters of three, afford a pleasing variation. [Fig. 15, b.] The eyelet holes are worked in button-hole stitch; one mesh of the net being

left open for the centre. Book-muslin is sometimes worked into net, by placing it under the net, and both over a paper pattern; the outline is then run round: the running is either sewn over, or worked in button-hole stitch, and the external edge of the muslin cut off. This mode is not confined to small patterns, as the cambric net which is intended to resemble Brussels point-lace.

In Spitzbergen, says professor Willdenow, there are 30 plants; in Lapland 534; in Iceland 553; in Sweden 1299; in the marquisate of Bradesburg 2060; in Piedmont 2800; on the coast of Coromandel 4000; as many on the island of Jamaica; in Madagascar above 5000.

THE MIND.

THE most compendious, the most noble, and the most effectual remedy which can be opposed to the uncertain and irregular motions of the human mind, agitated by various passions, allured by various temptations, inclining sometimes towards a state of moral perfection, and oftener, even the best, towards a state of moral deprivation, is this. We must choose betimes such virtuous objects as are proportioned to the means we have of pursuing, and as belong particularly to the stations we are in, and to the duties of those stations. We must determine and fix our minds in such a manner upon them, that the pursuit of them may become the business, and the attainment of them the end, of our whole lives. Thus we shall imitate the great operations of nature, and not the feeble, slow, and imperfect operations of art. We must not proceed in forming the moral character, as a statuary proceeds in forming a statue, who works sometimes on one part, and sometimes on another: but we must proceed, as nature does in forming a flower, an animal, or any other of her productions;— “rudimenta partium omnium simul parit et producit.” “She throws out altogether, and at once, the whole system of every being, and the rudiments of all the parts.” The vegetable or the animal grows in bulk and increases in strength, but is the same from the first.—*Bolingbroke.*

INDESTRUCTIBILITY OF MATTER.

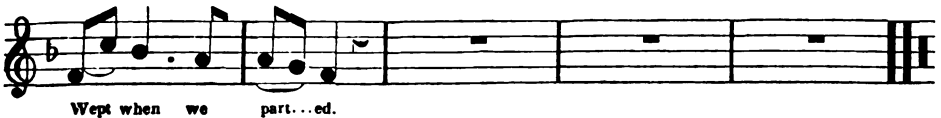
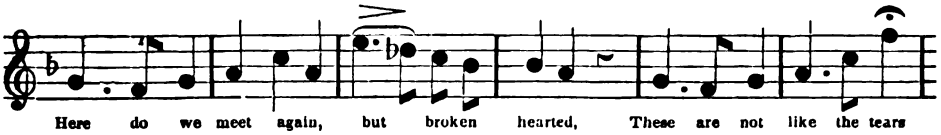
THE destruction produced by fire is most striking. In many cases, as in the burning of a piece of charcoal or a taper, there is no smoke, nothing visible dissipated and carried away; the burning body wastes and disappears, while nothing seems to be produced but warmth and light, which we are not in the habit of considering as substances; and when all has disappeared, except, perhaps, some trifling ashes, we naturally suppose it is gone, lost, destroyed. But, when the question is examined more exactly, we detect in the invisible stream of heated air which ascends from the glowing coal or flaming wax, the whole ponderable matter, only united in a new combination with the heated air, and dissolved in it. So far from being thereby destroyed, it is only become again what it was before it existed in the form of charcoal or wax, an active agent in the business of the world, and the main support of vegetable and animal life, and is still susceptible of running again the same round, as circumstances may determine; so that, for aught we can see to the contrary, the same identical atom may be concealed for thousands of centuries in a limestone rock, may at length be quarried, set free in the limekiln, mix with the air, be absorbed from it by plants, and, in succession, become a part of the frames of myriads of living beings, till some concurrence of events consigns it once more to long repose, which, however, no way unfits it from again resuming its former activity.

HERE DO WE MEET,

A BALLAD,

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY J. A. WADE, Esq.

Sadly.



2.

Here do we meet again, but oh! how faded,
All the sweet flowers that Youth and Love braided!
Not one dear link of those garlands around us,
In which the Hope-dream of our Fancy had bound us!
Here do we meet again, but broken hearted,
These are not like the tears wept when we parted.

3.

Yet thus to meet again, though 'tis in tears, love!
Something of joy, even rapture appears, love!
Oh! the cold grave, how much dearer we'd find it
Than that living death our Farewell left behind it!
Here do we meet again, but broken hearted,
These are not like the tears wept when we parted.

PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS.



WALKING DRESS.

EVENING DRESS.

Published for the LADY'S BOOK for October, 1831, by L. A. GODEY & Co. 112 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

THE LADY'S BOOK.

OCTOBER, 1831.

PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR THE PRESENT MONTH.

MORNING DRESS.—A pelisse of lavender gray *gros de Naples*, *corsage en guimpe*, and sleeves *a la Medicis*. A *ruche* of the same material trims the *corsage en cœur* and descends in a perpendicular direction down the front of the skirt. The *collerette* is of white *tulle*, *capote de paque-bot*—it is of Leghorn straw, with a square brim lined with green satin. The crown is trimmed with three bands of green riband and a full cockade in the centre. The neck-knot is also of green riband. Black *gros de Naples brodequins*.

EVENING DRESS.—A dress of Chinese green *gros de Naples*; *corsage a revers*; the *revers* is formed of dark green velvet. Sleeves *a la Medicis* with velvet cuffs. The trimming of the skirt consists of a velvet band, from which depend large leaves. The head dress is a white *gros de Naples* hat trimmed with rose coloured riband, and birds of Paradise plumes. The hair is dressed in full curls on the forehead, and in bows of moderate height on the summit of the head. A *chaperon* of roses and blue-bells surrounds the base of the bows.

FASHIONS OF THE PAST AND PRESENT TIMES.

"Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times."

FORG.

WHEN Innocence left the world, astonished man blushed at his own and his partner's nakedness, and coverings were soon invented. For many an age the twisted foliage of trees, and the skins of beasts, were the only garments which clothed our ancestors. Decoration was unknown, excepting the wild flower, plucked from the luxuriant shrub, the shell from the beach, or the berry off the tree. Nature was then unsophisticated; and the lover looked for no other attraction in his bride, than the peach-bloom on her cheek—the downcast softness of her consenting eye.

In after times, when Avarice ploughed the earth, and Ambition bestrode it, the gem and the silken fleece, the various product of the loom, and the Tyrian mystery of dyes, all united to give embellishment to beauty, and splendour to majesty of mien. But even at that period, when the east and south laid their decorating riches at the feet of woman, we see, by the sculpture yet remaining to us, that the dames of Greece (the then exemplars of the world) were true to the simple laws of just taste. The amply-folding robe, cast round the harmonious form; the modest clasp and zone on the bosom; the braided hair, or the veiled head; these were the fashions alike of the wife of a Phocion, and the mistress of an Alcibiades. A chastened taste ruled at their toilets; and from that hour to this, the forms and

modes of Greece have been those of the poet, the sculptor, and the painter.

Rome, queen of the world! the proud dictatrix to Athenian and Spartan dames, disdained not to array herself in their dignified attire; and the statues of her virgins, her matrons, and her empresses, show, in every portico of her ancient streets, the graceful fashions of her Grecian province.

The irruption of the Goths and Vandals made it needful for women to assume a more repulsive garb. The flowing robe, the easy shape, the soft, unfettered hair, gave place to skirts, shortened for flight or contest—to the hardened vest, and head buckled in gold or silver.

Thence, by a natural descent, have we the iron boddice, stiff farthingale, and spiral coiffure, of the middle ages. The courts of Charlemagne, of the Edwards, Henries, and Elizabeth, all exhibit the figures of women as if in a state of siege. Such lines of circumvallation and outworks; such impregnable bulwarks of whalebone, wood and steel; such impassable mazes of gold, silver, silk, and furbelows, met a man's view, that, before he had time to guess it was a woman that he saw, she had passed from his sight; and he only formed a vague wish on the subject, by hearing, from an interested father or brother, that the moving castle was one of the softer sex.

These preposterous fashions disappeared, in

England, a short time after the Restoration; they had been a little on the wane during the more classic, though distressful reign of Charles I.; and what the beautiful pencil of Vandyke shows us, in the graceful dress of Lady Carlisle and Sacharissa, was rendered yet more correspondent to the soft undulations of nature, in the garments of the lovely, but frail beauties of the Second Charles's court. But as change too often is carried to extremes, in this case the unzoned tastes of the English ladies thought no freedom too free; their vestments were gradually unloosened of the brace, until another touch would have exposed the wearer to no thicker covering than the ambient air.

The matron reign of Anne, in some measure, corrected this indecency. But it was not till the accession of the house of Brunswick, that it was finally exploded, and gave way by degrees to the ancient mode of female fortification, by introducing the hideous Parisian fashion of hoops, buckram stays, waists to the hips, screwed to the circumference of a wasp, brocaded silks stiff with gold, shoes with heels so high as to set the wearer on her toes; and heads, encumbered with quantities of false hair, either horse or human, in height to outweigh, and perhaps outreach, the Tower of Babel! These were the figures which our grandmothers exhibited; nay, such was the appearance of many not half a century since; and something like it may yet be seen in England, at a drawing-room, on court-days.

When the arts of Sculpture and Painting, in their fine specimens from the chisels of Greece and the pencils of Italy, were brought into Great Britain, taste began to mould the dress of the female youth after their more graceful fashion. The health-destroying boddice was laid aside; brocades and whalebone disappeared; and the easy shape and flowing drapery again resumed the rights of nature and of grace. The bright hues of auburn, raven, or golden tresses, adorned the head in its native simplicity, putting to shame the few powdered *loupees*, which yet lingered on the brow of prejudice and deformity.

Thus, for a short time, did the Graces indeed preside at the toilet of the British beauty; but a strange caprice seems now to have dislodged these gentle handmaids. Here stands affectation distorting the form into a thousand unnatural shapes; and there, ill-taste, loading it with grotesque ornaments, gathered (and mingled confusedly) from Grecian and Roman models, from Egypt, China, Turkey, and Hindostan. All nations are ransacked to equip a modern fine lady; and, after all, she may perhaps strike a contemporary *beau* as a *fine lady*, but no son of nature could, at a glance, possibly find out that she meant to represent an *elegent woman*.

To impress upon the minds of our fair readers, that symmetry of figure ought ever to be accompanied by harmony of dress, and that there is a certain propriety in habiliment adapted to form, age, and degree, is the purport of these observations.

ZOOLOGICAL WEATHER GLASS.

At Schwitzengen, in the post-house, two frogs, of the species *rana arborea*, are kept in a glass jar, about eighteen inches in height, and six inches in diameter, with the depth of three or four inches of water at the bottom, and a small ladder reaching to the top of the jar. On the approach of dry weather the frogs mount the ladder, but when wet weather is expected they descend into the water. These animals are of a bright green, and in their wild state, climb trees in search of insects, and make a peculiar singing noise before rain. In the jar they get no other food than now and then a fly, one of which, we were assured, would serve a frog for a week, though it will eat from six to twelve in a day if it can get them. In catching the flies put alive into the jars the frogs display adroitness.—*Ann. des Sciences d'Observations.*

SPIRE AT STRASBURG.

THE principal curiosity at Strasburg, is the spire of its far famed cathedral. It is the highest steeple in Europe; indeed the great pyramid of Egypt, exceeds it in altitude but about three feet. It is formed of a red sand-stone, brought from quarries near the Rhine, and is built in *open work*, each block of stone being pierced through and through, with large holes of different shapes. Many of these openings are so large, that iron bars are placed across them, in order to secure those who ascend the spire from falling out. I do not recollect ever to have had my nerves more excited, than when climbing the 635 steps which lead to the top of this tower. Gusts of wind rushed and howled with such fury through the open work, in the upper part of this pinnacle, that I was fearful of being blown out through the openings, or that the whole fabric would be dashed to the earth; though I knew it had stood, "unhurt, amidst the war of elements," for more than six hundred years. The gothic open work is so finely carved, that it is difficult to realize that it should have lasted so long, or how the various parts support each other. The tower is erected on one side of a quadrangular base, of beautiful architecture, about three hundred feet high, the top of which is called the *platform*. It seems to have been the original design of the architect to build another spire, corresponding with the one which now exists, on the opposite side of the platform; but it required one hundred and sixty-two years to construct as much as is now completed. On the platform there is a large cistern, kept always filled with water, to be used in cases of fire. The view of the city below, and of the surrounding country, from this elevation, is magnificent indeed. The prospect is bounded on one side by the dark mountains of the black forest; nearer, the mighty river Rhine stretches as far as the eye can trace it, through richly cultivated fields, now dressed out in all the rich array of summer; and on the opposite side, meadows, and castles, and villages exhibit a picture equally beautiful.

SONG.

AIR—"All the Blue Bonnets are over the Border."

BY JOHN GRAHAM.

O FAIR yon green bank where the bright stream is kissing it,
 Summer trips o'er it so light and so airy,
 Sweet with her loveliest robe she is dressing it,
 Come dearest Helen cross over the ferry.
 Come to yon sylvan scene, waving its plume of green,
 Gilded with bowers where the lover may tarry,
 Gay birds are singing there, soft echoes ringing there,
 Come dearest Helen cross over the ferry.

Swift is the bark, and the boatman is ready, love,
 Soon to yon green flowery bank it will carry,
 Smooth flows the stream and the breeze light and steady,
 Love,
 Come dearest Helen cross over the ferry.
 All is delighting, love, all is inviting, love,
 Sweet as thy smile that forbids us to tarry;
 O 'tis a scene of bliss, fair as thy loveliness,
 Come dearest Helen cross over the ferry.

SONG.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

WHAT woke the harped sound that lay
 In Memnon's burial of yore?
 What spirit on its viewless way
 Along the Nile's green shore?
 —Oh! not the night, and not the storm,
 And not the lightning's fire—
 But sunlight's touch—the kind—the warm—
This woke the mystic lyre!
 This, this, awoke the lyre!

What wins the heart's deep chords to pour
 Their music forth on life,
 Like a sweet voice, prevailing o'er
 The sounds of torrent strife?
 —Oh! not the conflict midst the throng,
 Not e'en the triumph's hour;
 Love is the gifted and the strong
 To wake that music's power!
His breath awakes that power!

RECOLLECTIONS OF SCENES AND CITIES:

THE TYROL, BAVARIA, THE VOSGES.

It is an old saying that reality seldom equals expectation; and I have heard some experienced travellers assert, that the planning of a journey, its arrangements, and the many pleasing anticipations connected with it, afford greater enjoyment than the journey itself. From my own experience, I would say that there is much truth in this; but I am strongly inclined to think, that recollections are productive of more real enjoyment than either the anticipation or the reality, there is no limit to *them*; they live as long as life endures, and we can renew them as often as we have a mind. They possess this advantage besides, that nothing can wrest them from us; expectation may never ripen into reality, and reality may be clouded by disappointment; but the recollection of the past is ours for ever; beyond the reach of vicissitude, or the malevolence of fate. All recollections are not, indeed, reminiscences of pleasure; scenes may have been chequered by difficulty, or darkened by danger; but difficulty that is past, and danger that exists no more, are seldom remembered with much uneasiness, but rather give rise to a pleasurable consciousness that we have vanquished the one and escaped the other.

Let me wander for awhile among the scenes I have visited, and through the cities where I have dwelt.

To me, the *Tyrol* is full of interesting recollections; and if the limits of this paper would permit the details of a personal narrative, I would conduct the reader into many as sweet valleys as lie among the mountains of more travelled Switzerland; I would lead him by the margin of lakes, as beautiful and as tranquil as any that sleep in Alpine solitudes; I would introduce him

to many lively, and many quiet, but interesting companions—mountain streams, prattling of a hundred things—grave and gay, never weary, discoursing ever, talking and running on; companies of summer flowers, enjoying sweet fellowship—nodding to each other—all silent, but all smiling. I must content myself, however, with selecting a few portraits and recollections, from the many that crowd upon me.

I remember, with peculiar distinctness, that charming morning—I think one of the first days of July—upon which I left *Meran*, to journey to *Glorus*. One travels for more than a league under an arcade of vines, which are trained over head, from one trellis to another; but then the vines and cultivation are left behind, and give place to pastoral scenes; and it is among these, that I would sketch a portrait. The river Adige presents here, one of the most extraordinary spectacles that are to be met with in Europe—a rapid—almost a cataract—extending at least a mile in length. It is one continued sheet of foam, rushing with a deafening noise, and resistless force, between quiet green banks, that resemble more the shores of a gentle lake, than the skirts of a cataract. I leapt over the wall that bounds the high road, to cross the slope and reach the margin of the river—and never shall I forget the picture that offered itself to my contemplation; it was a woman sitting upon a little knoll, six or eight yards from the margin, with bare head and braided hair; there she sat, knitting, and singing to herself snatches of a wild but monotonous mountain air; a cow and five goats were feeding around her—and there she sat, with her little flock—a beautiful and perfect image of placidity; how strangely contrasted with the angry,

impetuous, and roaring torrent that rushed by. I wish Wordsworth had seen this picture—he could have made it immortal.

Most people have heard of Mount Brenner. It was a few weeks earlier when I walked into the very small village that bears its name, and which is situated at the summit of the pass. "Spring comes slowly up that way"—for although in the low grounds the woods were leafy, and summer had spread around her garb of beauty, its only indication at Brenner was the bright green of the fir-tree's tender shoots. Nowhere in Europe is simplicity of manners so untainted as in the Tyrol. At six o'clock in the evening, a small treble chime from the village church called the villagers to prayer, and they all obeyed the summons; the two or three little shops were shut up, the cottages were locked, even the inn-doors were closed, and some seventy or eighty people, old and young, the whole inhabitants of the village, repaired to church. I did not remain alone in the inn, but went with the flock. There was little of the pomp and majesty of the Catholic church to be seen there; it was as lowly a house, and as unadorned as any of our protestant temples; but for the single image of the Redeemer, it might have been a meeting-house. I saw much apparent, and I have no doubt, genuine devotion, among these simple-minded villagers.

Of all the towns in the Tyrol, I like Botzen the best; I like it for its situation, I like its cleanliness, I like its excellent inn, and civil landlord; and as for its inhabitants, their manners are nearly as primitive as they are at Brenner. I have seen ladies returning from mass at five in the morning; dinner is generally served by half-past eleven, and at eight o'clock the streets of Botzen are almost as quiet as they are in other towns at midnight. It chanced to be the annual fair when I was there, and I shall not easily forget the picturesque dresses of the peasantry. A noble peasantry are the Tyroleans; and well are their tall, slight, but firmly knit figures set off by their dress; the tight breeches and white stockings, show well the lower part of the figure, and there is a peculiar smartness in the high hat, tapering to the crown, with its green silk tassels. But what shall we say of the women, who conceal the form within as many folds as might serve for the wrappings of a mummy? At first, one supposes they are decorated with hoops, but the rotundity is occasioned by *ten* petticoats, without which number no woman can be considered respectably or modestly attired.

Riva, beautiful Riva! let me add thee to my recollections of the Tyrol. It is a charming journey from Roveredo to Riva; mulberry trees line the road, and vines are trained from tree to tree—and at every door, maidens are seen sitting, winding silk. It was a lonely evening when I descended the steep mountain of Riva, and saw below me the *Lago di Garda*, stretching down almost to Verona; the windows of the inn look down upon the lake, and one or two pomegranates—then with their bright crimson blossoms—and a crooked fig-tree, hung over the water.

But I have yet one other portrait to offer; it is the house of Hoffer, in the retired valley of the Passauer. I walked thither from Meran, and passed the night in it—for it is now indeed "liberty hall," having been converted into a little inn. The brawling Passauer runs past the door—and on either side are seen high mountains, their lower acclivities spotted with patches of corn, and a small church with a tapering spire, crowning a neighbouring height. I passed part of the evening on the balcony over the door, sharing, with two peasants, a bottle or two of pleasant wine; and although we could see the Austrian soldiers sitting smoking at the gate of the Castle of St. Leonhard, whose time-worn walls reposed upon the side of the mountain, we ventured to toast the memory of Hoffer—and to drink to "liberty without licentiousness."

From the Tyrol, 'tis but a step to Bavaria—'tis but ascending the Bavarian Alps, and we drop at once into the plain. The charm of the Tyrol lies in its natural beauty; the attraction of Bavaria is found in its cities. But let me pause at a country village, where there chanced to be a children's feast. About two hundred boys and girls, all the girls attired in white, and headed by a band of music, walked in procession to a neighbouring hill—and first, having formed two circles, the girls inside and the boys without, a grave but good humoured elderly gentleman made a speech to the little people—he praised their proficiency at school, and told them that they had assembled to enjoy themselves; that they might eat as much bun as they pleased, and play till sunset; and he concluded by exhorting the little boys to behave with gentleness and politeness to their female companions. The next moment all were at play—boys and girls mingling promiscuously. One beautiful little girl, about twelve years of age, appeared to be queen of the games; she wore a chaplet of flowers, and seemed to be invested with the authority which was yielded alike to her superior age and charming countenance. It was a beautiful and a pleasing scene. New fangled notions of education and propriety, had evidently made no progress in Bavaria; there was no torturing of nature; children were children, not ridiculous caricatures of men and women; and the buoyancy of youth was not curbed by the silly and prosaic maxims of modern philosophers. As for the sensible and kind-hearted old gentleman who lent his countenance to the children's feast, I could not resist the temptation of introducing myself to him; I found he was a magistrate of the town; and we spent a pleasant hour over a bottle of Rhine wine, and in talking of the supposed improvements of modern times. They know little in Bavaria of the march of mind. The old gentleman had never heard of the Mechanics' Institutes, or libraries for the people. " 'Tis a great discovery," said he; "but tell me one thing: are crime and vice diminished in your country, and are the people happier?" but, as my *Voiturier* was impatient, the reins already in his hand, and the pipe in his mouth—I had an excuse to rise suddenly, and take leave of my kind entertainer.

I remember, with great pleasure, the ten days I spent in Munich. There is no city of Europe, three times the size of Munich, that contains so much that is worthy of observation; and if it were for nothing else than to see the dress of the women, I would advise the traveller to include Munich in his way. Take the following portrait of the washer-woman who came to receive my commands at the "Black Eagle." A silver head dress, confining all the back hair, and forming a tiara in front; a blue satin brocaded waist, and shirt of flowered muslin; a worked muslin apron; blue gloves; in one hand, a blue satin bag depending from a silver chain, and a handsome parasol in the other. I need scarcely say, after this, that the women of Bavaria are extravagantly fond of dress; the girl who waited at the *table d'hôte* in the hotel, wore a gown, the waist of which was entirely of silver. Customs like these give great life and beauty to the picture of a population; nor is it easy to forget the brilliant effect of these silver tiaras and silver-waisted gowns, when on Sunday evening, a Munich holiday is held in the royal gardens.

I was in Munich when the King returned from Italy, where he had been for some months on account of his health. If the King of Bavaria owns a smaller dominion than some other kings, he can boast of a larger measure of his people's affection. It was an universal holiday—the town seemed mad with joy—and his *entree* was like a triumph; one might almost have envied even a crown. The same evening, his majesty honoured the theatre with his presence, and there his reception was equally enthusiastic; he deserves his popularity; he lives as moderately as any gentleman about court, and the large surplus which he has been enabled to save from his private revenue, enables him to beautify his capital, and to be the munificent patron of literature and the arts. That most splendid edifice in Europe, the Glyptothek, before which the Louvre sinks into insignificance, has been erected at his own expense; and the magnificent palace, now in progress, is also the offspring of his moderation and public spiritedness. His majesty is a slight, gentleman-like person, with a pleasing, but not a handsome countenance—and may be seen any day among the ancient statues in the Glyptothek, or walking over the new palace.

From Bavaria, my recollections carry me across the lake of Constance into Switzerland.

When I think of the Swiss towns, one, not the most celebrated, rises to my memory; it is not Lucern, nor Berne, nor Zurich, nor any of the towns best known to fame; it is Zoug—the quiet, secluded, catholic Zoug, passed over by some travellers, and cried down by others: but commend me to a long summer's day at Zoug—a day of musing, with no interruption but that of an excellent dinner at the *Hotel de Cerf*. Zoug has nothing of the bustle and money-getting air of Zurich; neither is it like Berne, full of vanities and distinctions—nor like Lucern, full of filth, beggars, and idleness—nor, like all the smaller towns—such as Thun, and Unterseen, and Ne-

vay, and Altorf, full of travelling English, who make the inns dear, and the people idle. 'Tis the perfect picture of a country town in an out-of-the-way place; only a few children are to be seen in the streets, and matrons sitting at their doors—the men and the maidens are all in the fields at work, or with the cows or the goats; and in the evening, long processions of these tame creatures are seen returning, straggling along the streets, and every one stopping at its own door. I was nearly concluding a bargain with the inn-keeper at Zoug to spend the summer with him—he asked the moderate sum of four francs per day.

I was the spectator, and indeed partly a participator, in a curious scene, in the country of the Grisons, which is now the only district of Switzerland where the primitive manners of the people are preserved. I walked into Fettam, a small town of the lower Engadine, about ten in the morning; it seemed to be a holiday; it was not Sunday, and yet all the men were clad in their best blue homespun—and the women also in their best printed calicoes. In the inn, I found all was preparation for something unusual; and naturally on inquiring the cause of what I saw, I was told that Felix Zerner had returned. It is the custom in the Engadine for youths to go from their native valleys in quest of fortune, and to return when they have found it—and Felix Zerner was one of those sons of adventure who had returned rich to his native town; it was only the evening before that he had arrived at Fettam, and that day an entertainment was to be given at his expense to many of the villagers. The houses of the Engadine are of extraordinary size, and in a large upper room the table was laid out: the feast was fixed for mid-day, and I was invited by Felix Zerner himself to partake of it. The table was laid with a cloth that would have done credit to a nobleman's feast, and forms were set round, upon which upwards of forty Grisons took their places—Felix Zerner at the head, and myself on his right hand. Perhaps the reader would like to know what were the dishes at this Grison feast—there were capons without end, enormous pieces of pork, several preparations of chamois, cheese scattered here and there, and pastry in extraordinary abundance; and as for drink, a bottle of pale coloured wine was placed at the side of each guest.

The entertainer, who spoke French well, and English a little, told me that he left his native town when he was seventeen; and that he carried with him twenty crowns. He went first to Lyons, where by paying eight crowns to the master of a *café*, he got the place of under-waiter; here he picked up a little money and more knowledge, and at the end of a year he left Lyons for Paris, with forty crowns in his pocket. There he hired himself to a *restaurateur* in the *Rue de St. Denis*, paying twenty crowns for his place; and after remaining there till he was twenty-two, he found himself in possession of fifteen hundred francs. With these he left Paris, and set up a *restaurant* at Orleans, in which he continued twelve years,

having in that time amassed no less a sum than forty thousand francs; he was then thirty-three, and during the seven years that had elapsed since that time, he had travelled to Russia, Germany and England, in the capacity of a valet and interpreter, and he had now returned to Fetzam with a hundred thousand francs (£4000 sterling.) This sketch may serve for the outline of the career of almost all those sons of the Grison valleys who leave their homes in quest of fortune, and return after having found it.

After a while, the company became uproarious; political liberty was the theme of discourse and congratulation; for the Grisons suppose they are the only free people upon earth;—but the conversation being carried on in the old *Provençale*, it was unintelligible to me, and I retired below, where I was introduced to the grisette whom Felix Zerner had already made choice of for a bride. He must have been a true Grison at heart, to have chosen any thing so homely, after having spent half a life time among the *piquantes Orleanoises*.

The primitive scenes which I have witnessed among the Grisons, recal to my mind the simplicity of life among a race of mountaineers, who inhabit that range which divides Alsace from *Franche Comte*, and is called the *Vosges* mountains. Europe is ransacked for the picturesque:—but the department of the *Vosges* is passed by; and yet I do not know of any place in Europe, where it is to be found in so much perfection. In one feature of the picturesque it is peculiarly rich—the ruins with which it every where abounds. Scarcely is there an isolated eminence that is not crowned by the ivied walls of one of those strong holds, that in former times were the baronial castles of the German nobles; nor in any spot that I have yet visited, have I found more primitive manners than in the *Vosges*; and this will create little surprise when I add that I could not learn that any foreigner had visited these mountains for many years. One evening in the *Vosges* deserves a more minute record.

It was on the second day after leaving Strasbourg, and when I had penetrated into the heart of the mountains, that on a delicious August evening, I looked down upon the village of *Rannes*, one straggling street, suspended over the brawling stream that watered the little valley, and overtopped by the ruins of two, once, no doubt, rival castles. I inquired for an albergo; but there are no inns in the *Vosges*, for there are no travellers; and uncertain how the night was to be spent, my pace had gradually waxed slower, till it came to a dead halt, when an old respectable looking man, coming from the vine-covered porch of a house opposite, asked me if I were a stranger; and learning my difficulty he offered me the hospitalities of his house. It was a patriarchal establishment, and there might be seen all the domestic virtues—reverence for age, indulgence for youth, motherly love, sisterly and brotherly affection. I was received as strangers were received of old, before the inhabitants of cities had carried their refinements—perhaps their

corruptions—into the lands of simplicity and hospitality. How equally flowed the stream of life in this seclusion!—what a picture of peace and serenity! and yet to one whose scenes of life are varied every day, and who is accustomed to men and cities, it is rather a painful, at all events a regretful sensation, that is awakened by the contemplation of life without variety, and, as it would seem, almost without enjoyment. The old man, whose head was frosted over with eighty winters, and his spouse seemingly as aged, sat during the evening at the door, upon two seats formed of plaited vine-twigs, watching silently the labour of their progeny. Their son, a healthy man of, perhaps, forty years, was digging little troughs at the roots of his vines; while two boys of about ten and twelve years old, were carrying pitchers of water from a neighbouring well; the old man's daughter-in-law was within the house preparing supper, and pleasing a little pet of three or four years old, that sat upon a stool, eating a pear; but the gem, the chief figure in the group, was the grand-daughter, who stood upon the threshold with her arms crossed, having just returned from the neighbouring cottage of a married sister. She was somewhat above the middle height; slender, but with that beautiful roundness of form which is so captivating in woman, but so rare among her country-women: her eyes were dark and expressive, but mild; and two rows of pearly teeth were seen betwixt two parted lips of roses. Her straw-bonnet was slung over her arm; and abundance of beautiful tresses, gently agitated by the air, showed a forehead and neck of ivory; her age might be eighteen; but whatever it was, she seemed to bear the preserver impress of the hand of divinity. She was the first and only French girl I ever saw of whom one might say, "she is interesting." Many are *piquantes*, many *gentils*, some even *jolies comme des Anges*—but interesting! how seldom.

I have somehow got into France, without intending it. I have many recollections of France; but few of them either vivid or pleasing; but as I have no intention of returning to France after having crossed the Pyrenees, I may as well sketch one scene, which, although hackneyed both in its locality and subject, I would not willingly let slip from my memory.

Something—I forget what—had depressed me, and by way of excitement, I strolled up the Boulevard Italienne, turned into the Rue de Richelieu, and then into the Court of Frescatius. It was about ten o'clock, a rainy night, and the court was only lighted by the lamps placed under the arcade. The plashing of the rain prevented my footsteps from being heard; and just as I was about to enter the arcade, I saw a young man, with whose countenance and name I was not unacquainted, come down the stair and pausing under the porch, he emptied his pockets and counted his money. He stood for a few moments irresolute; he had evidently been a gainer; and was debating with himself, whether he ought to be contented, or might not, by following up his good fortune, perhaps double his gains. The

love of excitement prevailed (for I believe it is seldom that the gambler is incited by love of money) and he retraced his steps up stairs; I followed, and entered the room after him. A gambling table is a strange picture of human character, and it is a curious fact that the real anxiety of players is in inverse ratio to the apparent interest they show in the game. He who sits still, and keeps his eyes upon the dealer, to see the fate of his stake, is less agitated, less anxious than him who affects to have his attention otherwise occupied while the cards are dealing, and seems only to have his attention called by the final announcement. He again is calm in mind, compared with the player who cannot remain upon his seat, but who, throwing down his stake with seeming unconcern, leaves the room, and only returns to see whether it be doubled, or swept away. But to return—my young friend, for such I may call him, again played eagerly with various success—but at length lost his last piece. He asked a loan from the man, who, with powdered hair and hands behind his back, stands at the window ready to advance money to those whom he knows, but, being unacquainted with this young man the loan was refused—and he walked into the garden. I followed him down the dark walk to the lamp at the farther end. I saw him lean for a moment against the wall, and he then drew a pen-knife from his pocket, and was about to open it, when I started forward. "Mr. L." I said.

"Ah!" said he, suddenly putting the knife in his pocket, "I did not see you in the room." "Upon one condition," said I, "I will lend you five hundred francs." He sat down at the foot of the wall and burst into tears. "R—" said he, after a few moments, "you have saved me from self-murder; ten days ago my father gave me a hundred pounds to come here to pay my medical classes, and to maintain me for four months. I have gambled it all away in two nights—I have not a sous left, and I had resolved—"

"No matter what you resolved," said I, "here

are five hundred francs—upon condition, that whether you win or lose them, I shall be your banker while you remain in Paris." I knew that to have endeavoured to exact a promise, without giving myself a title to exact it, would have been useless; for the gambler, however he may curse fortune or upbraid himself, never fails to imagine that one stake more would have retrieved his losses. L— gave me the promise I required, and we returned to the room. He threw down his bill upon the red, saying "*la moitié*;" the black came up, and L— was now worth only twelve louis and a half. We passed into the other room, the ball on the roulette-table had just rested in No. 36. "*Messieurs faites vos jeux*," said the man; the ball was whirled round, and L— clapped down his money upon No. 36—and the next moment the ball fell a second time into that number, and L— put into his pocket nearly nine thousand francs.

"Let's go sup at *Riche's*," said he, putting my arm within his; and we did sup at *Riche's*, and there he gave me his gainings, of which I, every week during his residence in Paris, gave him a hundred francs. Upon what trifling circumstances hang the greatest events—even the choice of life and death. If I had not felt depressed that evening, or if I had gone to the opera, as I at one time intended, an excellent father would certainly have lost an amiable son; and society a useful member: for L— now practises medicine with success in his native town.

'Tis an easy matter to traverse France from north to south. 'Tis only stepping into the steam-boat at Chalons, and so to Lyons; and in another day the Rhone carries one to Avignon, and almost in sight of the Pyrenees.

Gigantic barrier! with thy deep ravines, and sunny slopes and valleys—the Edens of the world; and rocks and snows, and huts, and simple people, and portraits of a pastoral life—how many and vivid are my recollections! But for the present, let them sleep.

"HE STRIKES THE MINSTREL'S LYRE AGAIN."

ANSWER TO ALICE GRAY.

He strikes the minstrel's lyre again,
And happy is his song;
For brightly beams his laughing eye,
And rapture's on his tongue;
The clouds that darkened all his hopes,
Have floated far away,
Her heart, her heart is now his own,
He's loved by Alice Gray.

He quits the dark and sorrowing scene,
His cares are hushed to rest,
His pilgrimage is past and gone,
His faithful love is blest:
And now for him and him alone,
Her eye shines bright and gay;
Her heart, her heart is now his own,
His bride is Alice Gray.

MOONLIGHT.

VENETIAN BARCAROL.

O, speed thee, Ninetta,
The night is so fair,
In our boat let us hasten
To quaff the cool air;
For oh! it is soothing
Along the bright sea
All silvered with moonbeams
To float silently.

How blissful the soft hour!
The moonbeams how bright!
Oh! smiling Laguna,
I'm mad with delight!
Come, come, my sweet Nina,
I' the boat let us glide,
And meet the cool breezes,
That sigh over the tide.

MAN.

It has been often made a subject of dispute—What is the distinguishing characteristic of man? And the answer may, perhaps, be given, that *he is the only animal that dresses*. He is the only being who is cockcomb enough not to go out of the world naked as he came into it; that is ashamed of what he really is, and proud of what he is not; and that tries to pass off an artificial disguise as himself. We may safely extend the old maxim, and say that it is the tailor that makes both the gentleman and the man. *Fine feathers make fine birds*—this lie is the motto of the human mind. Dress a fellow in sheepskin, and he is a clown—dress him in scarlet, and he is a gentleman. It is then the clothes that make all the difference; and the moral agent is simply the lay-figure to hang them on. Man, in short, is the only creature in the known world, with whom appearances pass for realities, words for things; or that has the wit to find out his own defects, and the impudence and hypocrisy, by merely concealing them, to persuade himself and others that he has them not. Tenier's monkeys, habituated like monks, may be thought a satire on human nature—alas! it is a piece of natural history. The monks are the larger and more solemn species, to be sure. Swift has taken a good bird's-eye view of man's nature, by abstracting the habitual notions of size, and looking at it in *great* or in *little*: would that some one had the boldness and the art to do a similar service, by stripping off the coat from his back, the vizard from his thoughts, or by dressing up some other creature in similar mummery! It is not his body alone that he tampers with, and metamorphoses so successfully; he tricks out his mind and soul in borrowed finery, and in the admired costume of gravity and imposture. If he has a desire to commit a base or cruel action without remorse and with the applause of the spectators, he has only to throw the cloak of religion over it, and invoke Heaven to set its seal on a massacre or a robbery. At one time dirt, at another indecency, at another rapine, at a fourth rancorous malignity, is decked out and accredited in the garb of sanctity. The instant there is a flaw, a "damned spot" to be concealed, it is glossed over with a doubtful name. Again, we dress up our enemies in nicknames, and they march to the stake as assuredly as in *san Benitos*. The words Heretic or Papist, Jew or Infidel, labelled on those who differ from us, stand us in lieu of sense or decency. If a man be mean, he sets up for economy; if selfish, he pretends to be prudent; if harsh, firm; and so on. What enormities, what follies are not undertaken for the love of glory?—and the worst of all, are said to be for the glory of God! Strange, that a reptile should wish to be thought an angel; or that he should not be content to writhe and grovel in his native earth, without aspiring to the skies! It is from the love of dress and finery. He is the chimney-sweeper on May-day all the year round: the soot peeps through the rags and tinsel, and all the flowers of sentiment!

The meaning of all which is, that man is the only hypocrite in the creation; or that he is composed of two natures, the *ideal* and the *physical*, the one of which he is always trying to keep a secret from the other. He is the *Centaur* not *fabulous*.

THE FINER AFFECTIONS.

DELICACY and modesty may be thought chiefly worthy of cultivation, because they guard purity; but they must be loved for their own sake, without which they cannot flourish. Purity is the sole school for domestic fidelity, and domestic fidelity is the only nursery of the affections between parents and children, from children towards each other, and through these affections, of all the kindness which renders the world habitable. At each step in the progress, the appropriate end must be loved for its own sake; and it is easy to see how the only means of sowing the seeds of benevolence in all its forms, may become of far greater importance than many of the modifications and exertions even of benevolence itself. To those who will consider this subject, it will not long seem strange, that the sweetest and most gentle affections grow up only under the apparently cold and dark shadow of stern duty. The obligation is strengthened, not weakened, by the consideration, that it arises from human imperfection, which only proves it to be founded on the nature of man. It is enough that the pursuit of all these separate ends leads to general well-being, the promotion of which is the final purpose of the creation.

FEMALE CONSTANCY.

If we are to trust to the silence of satirists, we must believe that there is no reverse of the picture, and that women never die of bad husbands. May not this account for the enhanced rate of policy lately demanded on the insurance of female lives? Especially as only one woman is recorded by the same class of writers as having died of pure constancy:—

"She who lies beneath this stone
Died of constancy alone.
Stranger, approach with step courageous,
For this disease is not contagious."

The point of the epigram, however, is general, and both sexes must bear the sting. Men may, indeed, *writhe* on constancy, but how truly can women *act* it! "During the course of her illness (speaking of a woman who died of the plague,) she uniformly refused all succour from her husband, nor would suffer him to approach her: and, carrying her cares for his safety even beyond the term of her life; when she found her last hour approach, she desired him to throw her the end of a cord, which she fastened round her body, enjoining him, with her expiring breath, not to touch her corpse, but to drag her by means of this cord to her grave."—*Dates and Distances*.

THE ALBANIAN GIRL.

It was Sunday, and one of the finest days of May; and the sound of the turret clock, as it vibrated through the valley, was the signal for a village *fete*. The maidens ran hastily with their white bonnets in hand; the game-keeper walked soberly, with his bright-barrelled gun resting on his arm; the youngsters carried between them baskets of flowers, and some of them were engaged in tying up garlands to the porch of the parish church, composed of perriwinkles and daisies, which floated beneath the ponderous ornaments of its frontage; the swallows, too, described their large circles in the clear blue sky, as if they joyously partook of human pleasure, and scented the perfumes which exhaled around.

But at the manor house another picture was exhibited! The view of this ancient edifice presented to the traveller the assurance of an opulent resident, with family pictures and their large courts open to all comers; from the grandly painted quarterings on the coach of the neighbouring noble, to the simple landau of the industrious merchant—to the beggar carrying his wallet; and to the poor artist who, travelling on foot, is glad to repose himself beneath the skies of this beautiful and smiling country.

The mistress of this domain was as hospitable in her capacity, as the habitation of which she did the honours was beautiful. She was still handsome, and possessed a degree of *enbonpoint* which ensures the continuance of good looks: her gray hair was tastefully arranged underneath a lace cap; it was pleasing to see, amongst those silvery curls, a few artificial roses, which set ridicule at defiance. In fact, satire would have disgraced the lips of any man who encountered the benevolent and affectionate smile of Madame de Robert, and when he had pressed her plump white hand, it was impossible to refrain from that sympathy with virtue, which existed in the atmosphere surrounding this exemplary woman.

With those splendid talents and high character which is required in a civil magistrate, Aurelian de Robert had all his mother's personal charms and goodness of heart. A firm resolve, or, in other words, a strong attachment determined him to espouse a young person, neither distinguished by name or fortune, but one whom the rich and powerful family *de Robert* could not reject, without entailing on themselves the charge of injustice.

There she shone in all her native grace, unaided by diamonds or *paint*, wearing only the orange blossom in her hair (the bridal flower), and a transparent gauze veil—the picture of grace, of poetry, and of youth. Laura was no longer a child, she had a knowledge of the world; nevertheless, in the midst of the solemn circle of relatives that were assembled, she felt an awkwardness of restraint that betrayed her love of liberty, and which in *her* appeared as a new

grace. If she fancied she was neglected, or treated slightly in company, she could assume a different appearance; her thoughtful aspect became imposing, and the sweet seriousness of her countenance partook of the modest consciousness of intellectual superiority.

It was an affecting scene to witness the love and respect with which Madame de Robert and her son treated Laura—the poor deserted orphan whose claims on them were cemented by the heart, ere the ritual of the *law* gave it a sanction.

Aurelian was mayor of the district; and not being able to perform the *civil* ceremony *himself*, had summoned his assistant, an honest farmer, who was totally out of his place in such society, and sighed grievously for the moment when he should be released of his starched cravat and his dignity. But that there might be no pause between the acts of the civil and religious minister, the agonies of the good civilian were prolonged, because the curate was not returned from visiting a dying person who resided at some distance. This necessitous absence incommoded more than the poor magistrate, for the company who were fully prepared to play their parts in the amusements of the day, were disconcerted to see their plans so subverted.

Laura could not resist feeling this inconvenience, although she had learnt to submit to circumstances. She walked out upon a terrace beautifully ornamented with flowers, where, leaning upon the balustrade, she cast a pensive glance over the surrounding country. From henceforward it was to be *hers*, within whose boundaries all her affections, aspirations and hopes were to be centered! To her noble and free spirit, the dominion of the world would scarcely afford breathing space, how should she then ever be able to limit her thoughts to this simple spot of earth; her steps to paths which would always lead to the same point!—A low chamber to shelter every night a head full of ardent imaginings—panting for travel and associates of *genius*!—A climate, bringing in regular succession both heat and cold, without her having power to hasten or retard the effects of either! In one single hour all would be concluded! and a mortal shiver came over her heart.

Then she thought of Aurelian. Love is like magic: it renders the most improbable things quite easy and natural. The artist became again *woman*, and the anticipations of another species of felicity effaced the futile regrets for that which had passed away.

Where shall we seek to find a mind sufficiently sceptical to doubt the promises of love, to repulse those flattering vows poured into the *ear*, and and which sink so quietly into the *heart*! If *there does* such a mind exist, at least it is not *WOMAN'S*! Laura's reflections, being once turned to love and happiness, was absorbed in the contemplation, when the hasty steps of some

one, grated harshly on the gravel. She turned and beheld a traveller covered with dust: his disordered hair fell over his sallow forehead, his beard was thick and black, and his large eyes shone bright and luminous as the stars of heaven.—"Oh, my God! it is you?" cried Laura, as she threw herself into his arms: "It is you—who have come to make this the most delightful day of my life!"—"My sister, my child!" said the stranger, as he caressed her, and her beautiful ringlets fell over his face, "I am not come too late then?"

"No, no; you will assist at my wedding; you will see the church and the altar, and you will make a splendid picture of the ceremony, will you not? Oh! how well you must paint by this time!"

"And you, dear Laura, have you abandoned the art?"

"Oh, no! he loves to see me employed at my easel!"

"*The Cit!*" murmured the stranger in a low tone of voice, "are we alone here?"

Laura turned pale, and threw an uneasy glance across the park; then, after a moment's hesitation, she led her brother into the apartment she inhabited, and, having shut the door, sunk in affright into a chair, faintly requiring an explanation.

"My child," said her brother, "twenty years seniority gives me the right to call you so, and to consider you as my daughter; have you reflected sufficiently on the step you are about to take?"

"Reflected? yes, Carlos! I do love him."

"Ah, woman!" cried he, and stamped his foot, "to love a mere cit! You, my sister, to love an expositor of the written law; a man of business, one who measures out his life by the compass, and who will condemn that man to the scaffold whose span is an inch more or less than his!—Listen to me. You are free, and I love you; you may marry, and I will not quarrel with you; what I wrote you from Rome, I now repeat; choose for yourself. But I am arrived, a little too late I perceive; and it is not when your brow is adorned with the bridal coronet that I can hope to restore you to liberty. You shall hear my parting words, and then I will sign my name to your marriage contract. I will submit to circumstances, and love you better than ever, because you will need it then, my poor child!"

Laura was overcome by his expostulation, and covering her pure white forehead with her delicate hand, a tear which she vainly endeavoured to restrain, fell upon her bouquet of jasmine and orange blossom.

Carlos, who paced the room in silence, stopped suddenly to look at his sister. "Beautiful as the Virgin of Correggio!" said he, "and with such poetry of motion, such vigour of soul, such genius in the fingers, to think of vegetating amongst lawyers and calculators, who know nothing but how to get fortunes; and you, my sister, are to be the upper servant to one of these men! Oh, Laura, Laura, without doubt they have taken

pains to prove to thee, that woman was not born a free agent, and that the love of distinction was dishonourable to her; they must have sprinkled water and ashes over the sacred fire which burnt in your veins! My sister, my child, my pupil is lost, for ever lost!"

"No, Carlos; such as God made me, they have caressed and loved; far from sacrificing to them my tastes, my independence, and my love of the arts, it is he and his mother who have sacrificed for my sake their prejudices, to draw me into the bosom of their family; to make me a partaker of their pleasures without debarring me of my own."

"They have deigned then, to pardon thy excellent genius? Tell me, does thy husband pardon thee, also, for having the beauty that Vanddyke was in search of? Has he not commanded thee to put those rebel curls under the hand of a *friseur*? to brace thy Andalusian waist with irons? to subdue the lustre of thine eye, and to use cosmetics to change the oriental tint of thy skin? Oh! calm thy anguish, dear one—thy spouse is charming! thy mother-in-law all perfect! They resign their tastes to yours; they admit you to their honours without reproach. Do you know, however, what duties your condition imposes on you? Do you know what slavery is? Have you spent an entire hour in a prison; and do you not know that life is of a long date? Dost thou see those dry ditches, those broken bastions, that bridge which they no longer draw up? it was by those restraints they formerly guarded their wives. In the court-yard were men at arms, and preparations for battle; outside the wall existed war, dangers, murders, ravishers, crimes and infamy. These were but trifling troubles after all, if there was a handsome page in the castle, and a husband in Palestine! Now-a-days there are stronger trammels for woman's bondage than mailed soldiers and fortified walls—prejudices, customs! These are your ties, and woe to the person who breaks through them? The women despise him, and the men neglect him! Farewell, then, to liberty!—the failing crops, or the minister's friendship—or, thy mother-in-law's gout; or, the care of a rich uncle's heritage—or, perhaps, when thou art on the point of giving a son to thy happy spouse, and fearing that he may be disappointed of that dearest hope (for a woman in your station must not be treated like a *common person*), rigid prudence will condemn thee to a tiresome confinement of six months, and they will sacrifice, without pity, that lovely youthful face, to the birth or uncertain hope of a little Viscount.

"Farewell my hopes of the future! Farewell the laurels of victory! Farewell Italy!"

"Aurelian wishes to visit Italy as much as I do. Did I not write to you that I would meet you there?"

"Yes; posting it with an escort of soldiers to protect your movements in the Appennines, and your places at the theatre, in the ambassador's box. Adieu to our intellectual repasts, where the painter's imagination revels in the charms of

the opera dancer's graces, as she skips like a bacchante to the frenzied song of the inebriated! The inebriation of the artist! It is the fiery exaltation of a sublime delirium, the burning sensation of intellectual delight! An irruption of celestial fire, which showed itself on the palette of Salvator, and under the bow of Tartini.* Go! where, in the circles which await thee, enthusiasm is the cause of scandal; and cold and vapid of mind, you must renounce all the pleasures of imagination, and those nocturnal walks we used to delight in amongst the relics of antiquity; and the silent extacies which enshrined us under the gothic arches of the temples of the middle ages. Piety is the duty of a mother of a family; thou wilt go to church to pray to God, and may be experience such transport as I have seen thee express, when thou wast living by the inspiration of thy pencil. Call to mind our residence together in Paris, our house on the deserted quay, the old city, the renowned of history. Call to mind those two towers, rival sisters, raising their luminous points in the air, while the moon coyly played among the branches of the trees, forming silvery festoons in their aerial galleries! and now thou wilt live, Laura, in the *Chaussee d'Antin*, amidst newly-raised streets, strait as classic verse, white as the hand of idleness. And what wilt thou do, Laura? thou a wandering sultana, in the midst of a vulgar herd, whose scent will overpower the odour of thy perfumes, and whose young men will shout aloud the praises of thy beauty, in spite of the shining broad-sword hanging to the belt of thy footman."

"Stop, Carlos! stop, I beseech thee! your observations disquiet me," said Laura, the rapid palpitations of whose heart were scarcely bearable; "for pity's sake do not compel me to look back upon a period past beyond recall; lovely as youth, and like it too, irrecoverable!"

"And thou dost think so," said the artist, as he seized his sister in his arms, and his eyes emitted sparks of fire, "thou dost think that we can never be happy again! Who then has broken the cup, and hidden the fragments? What fetters bind thee? These alone—" and he hastily snatched the *bouquet* of orange-flowers from her brow, and crushed it to pieces!"

"Carlos, I have sworn—"

"Man has no right to take an oath, since he is not master of the means to keep it. Madman, to bind himself to the morrow! as well might he expect that every day should be equally fair."

"But I am a woman, dear brother, and want something to love. I was alone in the world, and I have found a family; I dreamed of love, and I have been so happy as to inspire it."

"Genius, Laura, is of *no sex*. The woman born to perpetuate the species, and the artist who creates a species of our own, are distinct beings. The world has claims upon the artist; the details of common life were not created for

her. Soon must disgust and weariness—a weariness the most painful and tortuous, terminate the futile promises of happiness she looks forward to. Ah! how often have you promised me never to be any thing but an artist. You were so proud of your freedom, of your pure and unconstrained manners, tranquil in the consciousness of innocence! It was not worth while to refuse Manriquez, who adored thee, and would have placed thy image in all the inventions of his rising talent. But you abandoned him for your mutual benefit; and now that he has obtained renown under the sky of his native land, he blesses thy decree; he dreams still of thee beneath the walls of the Alhambra; he weeps, while he blesses thee for having saved him! Dost thou remember the day when his pale face expressed the agony of his soul at thy refusal; and how his enthusiasm lit up those features like a shining lamp, at the dazzling picture of a painter's life, which thou openedst to his view! 'She is right!' said he to his companions, 'Alvarez, Guetan, Bragos, to Spain!' 'To Spain, to Spain,' cried some of them; 'To Rome,' exclaimed others. And a poor plaster-cast, which represented Cupid with his arrows and his bandeau, was broken in shivers as a holocaust to liberty. Ah! how much my pupils loved you! what respect they felt for your candour! At the sound of your footsteps the models were all laid aside, and the benches upset! and when by chance you sat down on the fragment of a column, your black hair flowing on the Mantilla, in less than a minute you were represented on twenty easels, as if the studio had held twenty mirrors to reflect your figure.

"Ah! how their hearts palpitated, and their imaginations became heated, when they saw thee! what a spirit thou infusedst into their pencils! what a vigour was diffused through their works! And that passion with which you were surrounded was pure and holy in all those young minds captivated by my Laura.

"Now, alas! you are going to be the object of a peaceful quiet affection—an affection devoid of jealousy or reverence, devoid of enthusiasm or devotion! Then it will be said of you, she was celebrated, but she has fallen into obscurity; she had a grand destiny in perspective, but she has obliterated it by *household duties*; she has abandoned GLORY to obtain RESPECT! O misery! it is as much as to say, she turned our brains, and we cried out when we saw her—on your knees, O people! She was, as a star in the heavens, and we have stolen her brilliancy to ornament our diadem; the world would have claimed her, but we have stolen her from thence! Let her be grateful, then, that we have deprived her of the renown of history, and have nestled her in our humble station. And if they should suspect that one passing regret reigns in your heart—if they should surprise an unbidden tear stealing down your cheek—the barbarians will make it a crime. For, my sister, the melancholy of a wife dishonours her spouse; to be virtuous to the letter, she must renounce tears."

* This is the inspiration which produces the extraordinary effects of Paganini's genius—electrifying and delighting to madness.

Carlos wept as he thus spake to his sister, who threw herself into his arms, and was embraced with an ardour that seemed to fear she would instantly be snatched from him.

"Rest thee here," said the painter, pressing her to his bosom, the tears falling on the head of the bride. "Child," added he, "thou who wouldst have a family, say, hast thou not the world? Thou who adoptest it for thy country, dost thou find it too vast? Of what consequence to the Bohemian is the land which his errant steps tread over, or the sky under which he reposes his independent spirit? The earth—is it not his? does not the sun shine in all places of the globe? Thus it is with the artist; the universe is his family—his country is the climate which inspires him. And canst thou complain of being alone in the world?—alone! ungrateful girl! and Carlos, thy brother, still alive!"

"My brother," uttered the young girl, as she threw her white arms round the painter's neck.

"Weep," said he, "weep, my Laura. I saw thy birth, I cradled thee on my knees, I have sung thee to sleep, and thou hast forgotten it all! Thou increasedst in stature by my side—I nourished thee by my tender care—I brought forth thy youthful talent, and thou leavest me! I fashioned thee for freedom, and behold thou art a slave! Supported by each other, we set futurity at defiance!—each of us had a heart for the other; yet thou sayest, thou wast alone."

Again Laura embraced her brother.

"Curse on it!" cried he, "why didst thou not tell me thy wishes sooner? I would have formed thy mind for the world in which thou desiredest to live; I would have abridged the bands of fellowship, and speedily naturalized thee into the society which is so attractive; thou wouldst not then have lived amongst them as a stranger, awkward and timid, in the centre of a circle where thou must not speak thy own tongue. But it is useless to talk now, the branches are obedient to the hands that bend them—the tree bends not, but breaks! Go, then, and be consumed with misery and disgust; go and vegetate on this unworthy soil, where space will be wanting for thy footing, air for thy lungs, and independence for thy attractions. And I!—I who have only thee, my sister, I will toil my weary days away, far from thee, who *could* have rendered them so happy!"

"Ah!" cried Laura, as she tore the bridal bouquet from her bosom.

"See how clear the sky is, the balmy air is intoxicating, the horizon is expansive," said Carlos, his countenance dazzling with joyous hope; see how beautiful the country appears! It is all our own—the universe is ours!"

Again they embraced each other with fervour.

"Freedom!" said Carlos, enthusiastically.

"Freedom!" repeated Laura, drawing a long breath.

She instantly sat down, and wrote a few words, and enclosed the white wreath which she took from her brow, and placing it on the table, she

cast a last look round that room she was about to quit forever—"Let us go!" said she, as she caught her brother's arm.

The curate was returned, the tapers were lit upon the altar, the books of registry were opened, and the company were ready to repair to the church, when Aurelian, having vainly sought his bride in the park and the gardens, repaired to her chamber; when he shuddered at the sight of the crushed flowers, which lay upon the floor. With a trembling hand he caught at the note, and coronet which lay beside it—"I restore this bridal wreath," said Laura, "I never shall be yours—I never will be another's!"

"Laura! where is she?" asked Aurelian, in the voice of a maniac, of the guests, who were already waiting on the terrace.

"My daughter?" said Madame de Robert, in alarm.

The party looked at each other in astonishment. Meanwhile, at the extremity of a long and dusty road, a travelling carriage was observed to post rapidly along; the smack of the postillion's whip, and his loud verbiage was yet to be heard, and the heavy rolling of the carriage wheels threw up clouds of dust behind it.

Aurelian became seriously ill; a brain fever had nearly robbed the country of one of its brightest ornaments.

In the following year he regained his mental powers by means of a *mercurial* dose, which seldom fails. His friends considered it a duty to rouse him by proportioning the eulogy of his merits, to the extent of his misfortune and his talents. It was the first consolatory tribute he received, and he enjoyed it in spite of himself.

In the succeeding year Madame de Robert was ill, and Aurelian nursed his mother with devotion and anxiety. When she had recovered, Aurelian understood the value of the blessing that was left to him, by the agonies of grief he experienced when he thought he was about to lose his parent for ever. His powers of feeling had not all been exhausted by the flight of Laura, but his powers of loving had ceased; he lived that year solely for his *mother*.

In the next year, he married a young lady of good family, whose portion was 30,000 livres; and by the power of continual repetition, "that Fortune has a direct influence in the constitution of happiness," he was brought to believe so.

The following year he became a father, and attached himself to the mother of his child.

And in the *next* year he took his family to Paris. One day he set out to see those *chef d'œuvres* of art, which Horace Vernet had just sent to Paris. The crowd was extreme in the gallery of the Luxemburgh, for the portrait of a young Albanian girl attracted every eye. Her robe was of a pale rose colour, the lace with which it was ornamented was white as the May-blossom, thus assimilating in a novel manner, the deep tone of his warm colouring with the shadows of his foreground. "What delicacy of skin!" said the beholders; "what modesty in the brow! what a cast of face! what thoughts are buried under

that devout look! what passions hidden beneath that calm, meditative aspect! no Frenchwoman ever inspired the idea of that tender but ardent subject."

Aurelian walked nearer to the picture of the beautiful Albanian. It was the portrait of Laura he beheld. Surprise and admiration overcame his feelings, and he fainted!

Aurelian is a worthy man; he will be a peer of France if the country becomes elective; or Minister—and the ministry will become more constitutional.

MORALITY.

As in the arts, so in morals, the best security against counterfeits is simplicity and modesty in the design, and skill and industry in the workmanship.

Men are prone to make a single perfection the standard of excellence in morals, for the same reason that they prefer their own pursuit in science or the arts to the first rank of respect. It flatters self-complacency because they always choose a standard which best suits themselves.

As we have sins that beset us most easily, so we have besetting virtues. To subdue the first is a higher grade of excellence than to practice the last. The one teaches humility, and requires watchfulness and moral courage. The other is easy, often begets pride and self-sufficiency, and indifference to all graces but that one with which the individual plumes himself.

To insist too vehemently or exclusively on one virtue, however exalted, is as if a general should prefer an army altogether of artillery. Light troops and cavalry will, under some circumstances, do better than great guns. A good army is composed of all in due proportion.

He who is satisfied with having reached his true standard in morals, is in danger of falling by false security, as the soldier who guards a single post so well that he leaves the rest open to assault.

To inveigh against a single vice, as the mother of all poverty and crime, the hive which swarms in our poor-houses and penitentiaries, tends to make resistance to other vices more feeble. Take inebriety for an example; yet there are sober rogues and sober paupers; and covetousness, avarice, ambition, lying, vanity, arrogance, gluttony, sensuality, and all uncleanness are found not unfrequently in those who pride themselves on drinking nothing stronger than cold water. The argument is, I am a sober man, and therefore secure.

It sometimes may happen that a particular virtue requires to be positively and directly countenanced, or a particular prevailing vice to be repressed by extraordinary means, such as societies, associations, and so forth. Beware, however, lest like the heathen, we make an idol of the former, or grant an apotheosis to the latter.

In regard to these societies, there is need of caution, lest they "o'erstep the modesty of nature," and affect that which is not consistent

with the conscience and rights of others. For modesty is the true garment of charity, and of every virtue.

As regards men acting collectively, there is less danger of such excess. But as some pray to be forgiven the sins of their holy things, and very properly, too, so we may deprecate the pride, vanity, and uncharitableness, which are too often found in the conduct of individuals who take the lead, like the alloy in base coin, which may nevertheless have a good outside, and ring well to the ear. An invincible passion for ostentation and parade, an insatiable thirst for notoriety, a perversion of good designs to the purpose of self-aggrandizement and glorification, the trading as it were upon reputation, like the merchant, who having little capital goes upon credit; all these tend to repress the exertions of sterling merit, and at last to inspire distrust and disgust. "Take heed, lest your good be evil spoken of," saith the scripture.

There are some who, like the actor of all work, excite surprise at their versatility, but that is all. The gallery may applaud, but not the critic's row.

I see Monsieur Artignave, a great French actor, pre-eminent alike in tragedy, comedy, tragi-comedy, and farce, promises the public *changez ses habits, deux fois, oui ma foi, sept, dix fois*, in one evening's entertainment. Is it not surprising if he has any clothes fit for a gentleman?

"Let not him that eateth not judge him that eateth." It is hard to reconcile the text to the conduct of men who presume to take inquisition upon the moral and spiritual condition of their neighbours, pry into their domestic privacy, and accordingly award the promise or the penalties of omniscience. Or with this, "judge not that ye be not judged."

The best and purest treatise on morals, worthy of Deity, is the sermon on the Mount. It places crimes, in one respect, on the same footing in the eye of omnipotent Justice. "Whoever, therefore, shall break one of these commandments, shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven." And the Scriptures prefer no virtue but charity, and that because it contains all the rest.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

In what is styled the "*schone capelle*," or chapel of the palace at Munich, there exists a most interesting relict of the unfortunate Mary, which the Scottish nuntery at Vienna spent much precious time, without avail, in claiming as its property, both before the ancient Diet of Ratisbon, as well as subsequently before the council of religious foundations at Vienna. It consists of a diminutive altar of molten gold, four inches in height, and was a present from the French Jesuits and the Scotch refugees, who were their allies, to the Jesuits of Munich. The following inscription was attached to it by order of Maximilian the First, Elector of Bavaria:—

Ex illi comes et carceris imago
Mar. Stuardæ Scot. Reg.
Fuit, frisset, cadis, si vizisset.

EVENING.

How beautiful the summer sun goes down
 Beyond the mountains, while in the blue east
 The stars are lifting their unveiled heads
 In solitary glory: not a cloud
 Floats now between the green earth and the orbs
 That gaze upon her beauty; while the vault
 Looks like a passage for the airy feet
 Of souls that wish at times to visit earth.
 Silence is dreaming o'er the universe,
 Lulling the pulse of nature! Such a night,
 Methinks descended on the infant world,
 When twilight first prepared the starry bed
 To rest the young son on his journey—nights
 So calm and beautiful—when God and man
 Walked side by side upon the flowery slope
 Of the green hills of Paradise. The moon
 Now rolls in glory o'er the highest heaven;
 The mountains shine beneath the vestal fire,
 Eternal towers of adamant, which seem
 Lost in the moonshine, and whose heads are white
 With the first snow blown from the lips of time.
 Oh, I could wish for wings to flee away
 To yon calm, shining orbs, and be at rest;
 They look so like the bowers our God has made,
 To shield the lonely and the broken heart.

INCONSTANCY.

I MAY not sigh, I will not weep, I dare not talk of grief—
 The pleasure was a moment's space, the pain shall be as
 brief.

I scorn myself, that I should think on all I hoped from thee—
 The world hath brilliant promise yet, but no more friends
 for me.

'Tis true, my life is like the stream that wanders slowly on,
 Above the broken monuments of peace and beauty gone;
 Another fragment in the waves, thy fair light hand, hath
 cast;

'Tis not the *first* that moulders there, but it shall be the
last.

Away! I do not wish to cloud that clear and lofty brow
 With e'en a passing trace of aught that I remember now:
 Still be to those, who know thee not, what *thou* canst
 brightly seem,
 I've gained a bitter certainty, and lost a pleasant dream.

But fare-thee-well—the world is wide—our paths diverging
 far,

And yet, I turn to gaze on thee, as on a setting star,
 That coldly, calmly, silently, in radiance lone, will shine
 On other lands, to other eyes, but—never more to mine.

MARIA.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

"I saw her in her morn of hope, in life's delicious spring,
 A radiant creature of the earth just bursting on the wing;
 Elate and joyous as the lark, when first it soars on high,
 Without a shadow in its path—a cloud upon its sky.

"Years came and went—we met again, but what a change was there!
 The glassy calmness of the eye, that whisper'd of despair:
 The fitful flushing of the cheek—the lips compress'd and thin—
 The clench of the attenuate hands—proclaimed the strife within!"

MARIA was in the possession of all that birth and fortune could confer; she was the only daughter of affectionate parents, by whom her every wish was anticipated, and every delight bestowed: through the first eighteen years of her existence she had passed without a single care, without experiencing a single regret. Amiable as she was good, every one loved her; and Maria loved all that partook of that divine essence of virtue, from whose fountain her own heart had been supplied. Then she was happy—*then she was innocent*—but, alas! the scene changed; a serpent nestled among the flowers of her path, and its poison vitiated all that was so lovely—destroyed for ever the happiness of poor Maria!

I was present the very first night Maria saw Captain Sydenham; he had returned from the Peninsula full of glory and honour; his name rendered him welcome to every society, and his bland and courteous demeanour soon established him a favourite with all men. He was the fellow-soldier, too, of Maria's brother; had experienced with him the perils of warfare, and with him returned to his native land to enjoy the reward of his dangers and his toils. I saw him on

that eventful night, when he first entered the family circle at —; that family whose happiness he was destined to destroy—whose fairest object was to be the victim of his artifices, and to sink from her exaltation down to the very lowest scale of misery. Never looked Maria so eminently beautiful as upon that night;—she listened to the perils of the warrior, and the tear-pearls, starting from her eye-lids, evinced the interest she felt in the narration, and more forcibly set off the natural pensive cast of her complexion. What breast could have harboured feelings of evil towards her?—what being could have cherished thoughts deadly to the purity and holiness of that spirit which pervaded her fragile frame? *Sydenham was that man.*

I marked the attention which was paid her—the gallantries which Sydenham exerted; they were respectful, and the half-blushing girl, well coming even while rejecting the incense that was offered at her shrine, evinced that her young heart was not indifferent to her admirer. On that night I parted with Maria; the next morning I quitted —, and returned to the metropolis.

Still the recollection of what had transpired the preceding night haunted me as I proceeded on my journey; the innocence of the blushing girl, and, what to me appeared, the honourable admiration of Sydenham, served to excite a train of the most pleasurable reflections. I beheld, in anticipation, Maria enjoying the love of her affectionate husband, and imparting that pure felicity to her *own* circle in after years, of which she was now a principal instrument in her father's. In this manner I passed away the time; but other thoughts soon erased the incident from my memory, and Maria and her lover were thought of no more.

Three years had elapsed since that period, when one winter's evening, as I was sitting alone in my drawing-room, my servant announced that a strange-looking female desired particularly to see me; she was represented as being in a state of complete destitution, and so feeble as scarce able to raise her foot upon the threshold of the door. Unable to conceive who the stranger could be, I descended to the hall, but in what terms can I express my feelings, when I discovered in the person of the wretched wanderer—*Maria!* Maria, she whom I had once beheld enjoying all the happiness of life—Maria, the innocent, the beautiful Maria, knowing no guile herself, and dreaming not of guile in others; unacquainted with aught but good, believing no evil could exist in the feelings or imaginations of those with whom she was connected. Poor, mistaken girl, she learned the bitter truth by sad experience; her pure spirit became vitiated by the contact of a fiend in human shape—too truly she believed—too early was a victim!

The tale of Maria is soon told. Sydenham, the gallant Sydenham, was a villain; he won the heart of the guileless girl—he bore her away from her home of innocence—of happiness; and for a time she enjoyed the dream of felicity, but that dream soon vanished, and the dreadful reality of her situation became apparent. Too late she awakened to the delusion—too late she found her error; that she had been betrayed when she thought her happiness most secure; that her hopes had been placed upon a fragile reed, which, now that the storm and tempest of suffering burst upon it, broke, and all her joys were dispersed, and scattered away to the winds of heaven—perished, as though they had never been!

"Thus, thus too oft the traitor, man, repays fond woman's truth;—

Thus blighting, in his wild caprice, the blossoms of her youth:

And sad it is, in griefs like these, o'er visions loved and lost,
That the truest and the tenderest heart must always suffer most!"

Sydenham was a gamester, and he experienced the gamester's luck—he was ruined, lost his commission, and became a beggar, and *Maria was forsaken*;—she who had once drunk only of the bright cup of life, was now destined to pay the forfeit of her error, and to drag on her weary existence in shame, in penury! The home of

her father would even then have received her—a drooping mother even then would have welcomed back the wanderer—and her penitence have partially redeemed her crime. But the distracted girl dared not revisit the scenes of her *innocence*—she could not meet her father's eye—she could not bear the gentle tones of her mother's voice; no, no, her heart was breaking, she was perishing—she could not *now* bear the meeting of her parents!

What had Maria left then—but to die! She was abandoned—was forlorn; "she could not work—to beg she was ashamed." In this state, she sought my house; in this state of wretchedness she wandered through the sleet and snow of a winter's night, chilly, homeless, without a friend in the wide world to whom she dared apply for succour. It is impossible to describe her appearance—it was evident that her spirit was fast progressing to its last home, and that ere long she would be mingled only with those that had once been. "*Maria!*" exclaimed I, in astonishment. The afflicted girl shrieked at the mention of her name, and fell, in an agony of grief, upon the ground; tears prevented her utterance; she pressed my hand with fevered emotion—strove to express her sorrow—but her words were absorbed in her agony—her aspirations buried in her shame! She was immediately conveyed to a chamber, and every assistance procured that was conceived she needed. Imagining the fearful truth, I sent an express to her parents; they arrived but to receive the last words of the dying girl—to award to her their forgiveness—to press her once more in their aged arms—to kiss once more that pale cheek which had *once* bloomed so brightly—to soothe her, comfort her, *pray for her!* If the penitence of the guilty is of avail—if the prayers of the righteous can absolve the errors of their suffering child—the spirit of poor Maria has been received to that blessed sphere, where neither care nor sorrow is known—where the spirit of innocence, purified from its earthly taint, rejoices again in all its brightness—where the beautiful and the good commune together—where the wicked troubleth not, and the wanderer is at rest. *Maria is in Heaven!*

THE SUPERIOR MAN.

THE superior man looks at his situation and acts accordingly. He concerns not himself with what is above his station. If he possess riches, he acts as a rich man ought to act. If poor, he acts as a poor man ought to act. To a stranger he acts the part of a stranger. If a sufferer, he acts as a sufferer ought to do. The superior man enters into no situation where he is not himself. If he occupy an inferior station, he does not court the favour of his superiors. He feels no dissatisfaction. Above, he grumbles not with Heaven—below, he feels no resentment towards man. Hence the superior man walks at ease, waiting the will of Heaven. But the mean man walks in dangerous paths, and covets what he has no right to obtain.—*Confucius.*



ROSE MALCOLM.

BY MRS. BALMANNO.

Through lonely valleys deep and wild,
With summer herbage thickly piled,
Rose Malcolm walks alone:
Attempting oft with silvery sound,
To lure again her wandering hound,
Deep in the greenwood gone.

In vain she calls: her thrilling words
Are answer'd but by warbling birds,
Or echoes from the rock;
Till on a sudden, from her cheek
The colour fades—for voices speak
As though her tones they mock.

List'ning she stands, as pale and mute
As when she fear'd Sir Evan's suit
Should with her sire prevail:
And now her terror who may tell?
For that same knight, known but too well,
Rides swift o'er down and dale.

And by his side his henchman bold,
Gaunt as a night-wolf of the wold,
And dreaded as his lord;
Whose fiery courser, strong and proud,
With arched neck and neighing loud
Comes trampling o'er the sward.

Nigh as they come, the maiden's form,
Like flower that folds before the storm,
With terror sinks—when lo!
From a dark thicket springs her hound,
With crouch, and whine, and joyous bound,
Disporting to and fro.

Meanwhile the horsemen hovering near,
Hold parle awhile, with eyes that rear
The modest maiden's gaze—
Who scarce their flushing looks has scann'd,
Ere from her locks a silken band
She to her hound displays.

Then with a wild and thrilling cry,
Of "Home!" she flings the pledge on high,
One moment views his speed—
The next, is to Sir Evan press'd;
And o'er a scorched mountain's breast,
He spurs his flying steed.

Onward they rush o'er mount and moor,
O'er hill and heath, till noon is o'er,
When from a death-like trance,
The maid awakes with piercing scream,
Beholding, though as in a dream,
A chieftain swift advance.

On! on! He comes! 'Tis he—her sire,
His teeth close-clench'd, his soul on fire,
His sheathless blade in hand;
Beneath whose first resistless blow,
The savage henchman falling low,
Expires upon the sand.

And whilst the recreant's charger flies,
With falcon swoop he wrests the prize
From fell Sir Evan's grasp;
Holding at bay the furious knight,
Who, wild with rage, puts forth his might
To win her from his clasp.

Fruitless his toll: ne'er shall he set
That pearl upon his coronet;
For now o'er hill and plain,
The Malcolm's Gathering proudly swells,
And loud and high, at intervals
Is heard the clansmen's strain.

Near as they come, the blaze of strife
Less fiercely glows; Sir Evan's life
Sinks fast beneath the sword;
And his last grim and baleful glance,
Beholds the chieftain's clan advance
To hail their victor Lord.

POPULAR JUDGMENT.

MEN of learning are very apt to undervalue the taste and judgment of the vulgar, as they are called, especially in the fine arts. Yet no persons are more familiar with nature than people of this class. The best pictures and statues are those which are the most natural. Apelles was accustomed to expose his paintings in public that he might hear the criticisms of the passers by, of which he often availed himself. Malherbe consulted his servant, an old woman, on the music of his verses; and Moliere, his housekeeper, on the propriety of his characters. It is related of Annibal Caracci that he formed his opinion of two pictures of the martyrdom of St. Andrew, by Dominichino and Francisco Albani, from seeing an aged female and her daughter standing a long time surveying the picture of Dominichino, and passing that of Albani without notice. One thing is certain, the common people are not led astray by fashion, which is as often the parent of a bad taste as of a good one.

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EFFECT OF COLD ON CHILDREN.

DR. TREVISAN has been making researches in Italy, principally at Castle Franco, analogous to those of Messrs. Villerme and Milne Edwards, in France. The conclusions at which he arrives are:—In Italy, of one hundred infants born in December, January, and February, sixty-six die in the first month, fifteen more in the course of the year, and nineteen survive; of one hundred born in spring, forty-eight survive the first year; of one hundred born in summer, eighty-three survive the first year; of one hundred born in autumn, fifty-eight survive the same period. He attributes this mortality of infants solely to the practice of exposing them to the cold air a few days after their birth, for the purpose of having them baptised at the church. Dr. Trevisan, as well as MM. Milne Edwards and Villerme, calls the attention of ecclesiastical authority to measures suited to put a stop to such disasters, without, however, violating the precepts or practice of religion.

For the Lady's Book.

THE WARD.

A PETITE COMEDY—IN ONE ACT.

DRAMATIC PERSONÆ.

LORD ELMWOOD.
LORD FREDERICK.
DR. SANDFORD.SERVANT.
MISS COURTNEY.

SCENE I.—A rich saloon—large door at the bottom—two smaller ones on each side of it. In front, on the right, a table covered with a handsome cloth.

DR. SANDFORD AND LORD ELMWOOD DISCOVERED.

Dr. Sandford. Yes, I repeat again—you did wrong.

Lord Elmwood. But, my dear Sandford—

Dr. Sandford. In two instances—first in consenting to become a guardian, and in the second by taking for your ward a female of eighteen.

Lord Elmwood. How could I do otherwise?—the daughter of an old friend.

Dr. Sandford. No matter, you could—you ought to have refused—you might have alleged twenty reasons. At thirty, one is yet a young man.—In short, sir, the celibacy to which you are devoted, the vows you have pronounced, your character and station, all demanded that you should have declined.

Lord Elmwood. Recollect that—

Dr. Sandford. Yes, I do recollect that the order of Malta counts you among its first masters. This title alone, imposes on you duties and obligations—a severity of principles and conduct, from which you have derogated by this conduct.

Lord Elmwood. But—

Dr. Sandford. Strive not to exculpate yourself—I will not listen to you. Perhaps, you think, because you are a wealthy and powerful lord, that he who was only your tutor at Oxford, uses a liberty of speech which neither his poverty nor situation allows. Well, let us part, and you will no longer be troubled with the officiousness of an old man, who will not restrain his language even before a Lord.

Lord Elmwood. Be assured, my dear professor, I have too nice a sense of the dignity of the human character, ever to endeavour to control any one's independence, or to regard him as less than a sycophant, who tamely coincides with me in every thing; but I would wish to discuss this subject coolly and dispassionately.

Dr. Sandford. Oh, yes, certainly—the question and answer as in our theological and other disquisitions.—(with irony.)

Lord Elmwood. There it is now—those subjects on which you exercised such talent at college, have—

Dr. Sandford. (Scornfully) You are very good.

Lord Elmwood. Have given you the habit of controversy and discussion—You are rarely of the general opinion, and, if I were not fearful of making you angry, I should add—

Dr. Sandford. Proceed I pray you—I shall be enchanted to hear the truth.

Lord Elmwood. That while you are goodness itself, you appear oftentimes as if you scorned not only me, but my ward, Miss Courtney—You always contradict her—you are never of her opinion.

Dr. Sandford. That is, because she is never of mine; but you, her guardian, are blind to all that is not to be commended in her—you see only her perfections.

Lord Elmwood. And you, Sandford, see only her defects—She has them, I acknowledge; for where is the person who is faultless; but they pertain to youth and inexperience—to her fortune and beauty which have attracted around a crowd of young men and passionate adorers, who flatter and caress her; but at the side of these light imperfections which strike your eyes, what excellent qualities do you not perceive?

Dr. Sandford. Now the very warmth with which you defend her, is what I blame more than all—you who were formerly so calm, nay, even grave to a fault. Not less do I censure the liberty you leave to a young person of her age.

Lord Elmwood. Liberty! do not our usages authorise it. Heavens! what is it you would make of me!

Dr. Sandford. It is the custom of London, I know; but not the better for that. In France, for example, it is not thus a young girl is brought up—she never quits her mother.

Lord Elmwood. And what is the consequence—their happiness is often sacrificed at the shrine of a parent's avarice—nourished in solitude they become victims of splendid misery.

Dr. Sandford. Well, well—but how will you justify the assiduities of Lord Frederick, so well known for his gallantries and duels, and who having been at Paris for three months, believes himself a model of taste and fashion to all London—this coxcomical officer who has made all his campaigns in the boudoirs of the ladies, or in the boxes of the Opera. Well, this butterfly is the declared lover of Miss Courtney—all the world says so; and no one can doubt of her preference for him over all her admirers.

Lord Elmwood. I thank you for this information. You well know for some time I have sought a husband for her—already she has refused twenty—and although Lord Frederick is

not the person I would have selected, as he is of noble family and illustrious birth—and, as you say, beloved by her, I have only to give my consent, and make her happy.

Dr. Sandford. You'll make her miserable—he is unworthy the consideration of a woman of sense.—But, here she comes—

Miss Courtney. (Without) Carry those vases and porcelains into my boudoir, and take care you passed the night? Here, Thomas, bring along this picture with me.

ENTER MISS COURTNEY, FOLLOWED BY A SERVANT CARRYING A PICTURE.

Miss Courtney. There, lay it on the table. Good day, my Lord, good day. How have you passed the night? [Exit servant.]

Lord Elmwood. Well, very well, I thank you; but have you just returned?

Miss Courtney. Yes. I have been to the auction with Lady Sydenham—it was charming—it was delightful—we were three quarters of an hour in getting from the carriage—such a crowd—the whole world was there—nothing but noise and confusion. Miss Arabella whom you know, and for whom you have a particular admiration—

Lord Elmwood. Miss Arabella!—you say this in *badinage*, surely—

Miss Courtney. Don't interrupt me, guardy—Poor Miss Arabella suddenly fainted, overcome with the delightful racket, without changing colour! he! he! he!

Dr. Sandford. What levity and folly!

Miss Courtney. Hey? who's that—You there, Mr. Sandford—Oh! I ask your pardon, sir, (turning towards him and curtsying profoundly.) Positively, Doctor, if I hadn't seen, I could have wagered it was you who uttered those words, from the ordinary good-nature of your observations. Permit me to express my thanks. (ironically.)

Dr. Sandford. I would rather see you profit by them.

Miss Courtney. Well now, I declare that's very kind of you; but you sha'n't make me angry this morning—I am too happy to be in ill-humour with any body. You can't imagine what handsome things I have purchased at auction. My Lord, among others, I bought this picture, of which I have heard you say so much—the portrait of the Grand Master of the Order of Malta.

Lord Elmwood. How?

Miss Courtney. The Grand Master of the Order—see—(going to the table.)

Lord Elmwood. This is indeed an unexpected surprise—(examining the picture.)

Dr. Sandford. A piece of flattery! as if the desire of creating in you this surprise, was the only motive that took her to the auction—She went, because she knew all London would be there—to captivate by her presence, and court attention by her airs—she went, because she knew Lord Frederick would be present.

Miss Courtney. And pray, why not? of all our beaux and gallants he is the wittiest and most

diverting; he has the most taste—the pride of ladies and the envy of his sex. I know he flatters—but then I don't believe half that he says—but he is such an amusing creature.—We're going to a race, to-day, Doctor, and if it will not offend your dignity, to accompany us, you may see him in all his attractions, and judge for yourself.

Lord Elmwood. A race!

Miss Courtney. Yes, for a wager of ten thousand guineas—nothing else has been talked of, for this month past—but, you must excuse me, gentlemen, for I have but little time to devote to my toilette—(going.)

Lord Elmwood. Remain an instant, Miss Courtney.—As your guardian—as your friend—it is necessary that I speak to you on a subject very important.

Dr. Sandford. I will retire—(going.)

Lord Elmwood. On the contrary, I desire you to be present at our conversation. I may wish you to aid me with your counsel.

Dr. Sandford. I will remain then; for the least desires of Lord Elmwood are orders for me.

Lord Elmwood. (Handing chairs) Miss Courtney be seated—(they sit.) From the time you have been under my care, which is now two years, while I have remarked in you much levity and lightness of conduct, I have been pleased to observe your extreme frankness. It is that I now invoke; it is that alone which should dictate your answer to the question I am about to propose to you—Tell me, is it true, as I am told, that you love Lord Frederick?

Miss Courtney. Truly, my Lord, I am as much astonished at so singular a question, as I am surprised at the tone in which it is asked. I have never before seen you assume an air so cold and severe.

Dr. Sandford. The tone is nothing—your reply—yes, or no.

Miss Courtney. (With dignity) Is it you, or my guardian I am to answer?

Lord Elmwood. It is I—I alone—Well, why do you hesitate?

Dr. Sandford. Why? why? It is very plain: it is because she loves him.

Lord Elmwood. Pray, reply! Do you love Lord Frederick?

Miss Courtney. (Coldly) No, sir.

Dr. Sandford. How! you do not love him?

Miss Courtney. (In a firm and resolute tone) No, sir, I do not love him.

Dr. Sandford. I do not believe a word of it.

Lord Elmwood. And from what reason?

Dr. Sandford. I cannot say; but I am sure she deceives us.

Lord Elmwood. For myself, Miss Courtney, I have no pleasure in doubting your sincerity—I believe you; but I also ask, why you have, for so long a time, encouraged the addresses of this young man.

Miss Courtney. I know not.—I could not, perhaps, explain the motive myself.

Lord Elmwood. It is, however, necessary, that you should immediately decide on naming

him as your future husband, or forbidding his visits.

Miss Courtney. I would much rather that he should continue them.

Dr. Sandford. And for what?

Miss Courtney. Because he amuses me with his agreeable tattle.

Dr. Sandford. (Rising) O! shame! Such coquetry is despicable.

Lord Elmwood. (Rising, as also Miss Courtney) Well, Miss Courtney, I require that you will forbid Lord Frederick the house.

Miss Courtney. I promise it, my Lord.

Lord Elmwood. From to-day.—

Miss Courtney. From to-day—(then suddenly)—Yes, I would promise; but this race, from the sight of which I have anticipated so much pleasure, will not let me—I have dreamed of it at night—I have promised Lord Frederick, and his aunt Lady Seymour, to accompany them to the course to-day.—I dare not break my word; for you know, sir, that an anterior engagement—

Lord Elmwood. And, to those you make with me, I suppose, you attach no importance?

Miss Courtney. Much—very much, if you do yourself; but the present merits it so little, that I cannot believe, my Lord, that you who are so good and indulgent—

Lord Elmwood. Indulgence is oftentimes weakness—Miss Courtney I have made known to you my desires.

Miss Courtney. Your desires—

Dr. Sandford. Yes; and it follows, that you must obey them—if you were my ward—

Miss Courtney. (With dignity) If I were your ward, sir,—1—

Dr. Sandford. Well, what would you do?—

Miss Courtney. I should certainly go to this race.

Lord Elmwood. And I positively forbid your going to it to-day. Miss Courtney—I prohibit it—mark me.—(exit by the right door.)

Miss Courtney. What is it I have heard—such language—it is the first time—angry with me!

Dr. Sandford. It pains you, no doubt—but you know his will, and you have only to obey.

Miss Courtney. (With dignity) If I obey, sir, 'tis not from fear of his resentment, but from fear of afflicting him by my disobedience.

Dr. Sandford. Excellent!

ENTER SERVANT.

Servant. A gentleman below desires to know if you are at home.

Miss Courtney. Who is it?

Servant. Lord Frederick, ma'am.

Miss Courtney. Lord Frederick! O! admit him by all means.

Dr. Sandford. Miss Courtney, you have been told to forbid his visits; but you can inform Lord Elmwood—where is he now?

Servant. Shut up in his library, sir, busily engaged in reading some important documents he has just received. He cannot see anybody.

Dr. Sandford. Then say to Lord Frederick, Miss Courtney is not at home.—(servant going.)

Miss Courtney. Stay, George—Dr. Sandford, I should be pleased to know, by what authority you give orders in this house.

Dr. Sandford. In the absence of Lord Elmwood, Miss—

Miss Courtney. It is I alone who command. I have the right, and I will use it. (To servant) Say to Lord Frederick, I shall be charmed to see him. Go—and do as I order you.—(exit servant.)

Dr. Sandford. What audacity! Is it thus you brave the commands of your guardian?

Miss Courtney. It is to him alone, sir, that I will account for my conduct.

Dr. Sandford. Follow your own inclination, ma'am—I leave you to yourself. [Exit.]

Miss Courtney. Excellent! he! he! he!—I have put him to flight, and the field is my own.

ENTER LORD FREDERICK, WHO SALUTES HER RESPECTFULLY.

Miss Courtney. Lord Frederick! I did not expect the pleasure of this visit.

Lord Frederick. I should not, my dear Miss Courtney, have taken this liberty, but by superior orders.—An important message which my aunt, Lady Seymour, has charged me to transmit to you—I am bound to obey; for the commands of the ladies, you know—

Miss Courtney. Oh, I know, Lord Frederick is gallantry itself.

Lord Frederick. Yes, yes, I owe it all to my three months' stay in Paris. Our grave and formal ladies seeing all at once in me a gentleman, whose manners were mingled with Parisian taste and address, were struck and captivated by my air. It is true, it has cost me several quarrels with some jealous husbands, to support my character with *eclat*; but at length, I have perfectly succeeded in acquiring the title of a *fât*.

Miss Courtney. A *Fât*!

Lord Frederick. Yes, a *fât*—it is a French word, which signifies a man loved of the ladies—the mirror of fashion—the model of exquisite taste and refined manners. The expression is original with us, and I glory in being the first who has introduced it. Since I have run three men through the body, and received two thrusts of the small sword in my arm, there is no one who dares dispute my title to it.

Miss Courtney. I dare say not.

Lord Frederick. O, yes—there is one—I had forgot—Lord Clarendon, my uncle, as starch and stiff an old curmudgeon as is to be found in the three kingdoms—English—true English, “from top to toe, from head to foot;” who has no taste for French manners—besides we are at variance: would you believe it, the testy old rascal has refused to discharge my debts.

Miss Courtney. (Laughing) Have you many then?

Lord Frederick. Yes; since my return from Paris; because, you see, in order to outrival plebeian imitators, my expenses are enormous. A *fât* always expends double his income; but as

soon as I am married, I will become reasonable.

Miss Courtney. Hadn't you better commence a little earlier—but, you forget Lady Seymour's message.

Lord Frederick. Egad, so I have—a *la bonne heure*—It is your fault; before you I forget every thing.

Miss Courtney. But that you are a *fût*.

Lord Frederick. Exactly. Lady Seymour, then, will call in an hour hence, and take you up for the race.

Miss Courtney. Impossible! Return, and tell her I am unable to accompany her.

Lord Frederick. What is it you say—and for what reason?

Miss Courtney. For a very grave one—I have a headache which tortures me horribly.

Lord Frederick. Headache!—*ma foi!* Since my return from France, I swear I have never seen you look so divinely beautiful.

Miss Courtney. Well, then, to satisfy you, I am not permitted.

Lord Frederick. Not permitted! Who then shall hinder you? O! I know, Lord Elmwood—who is as austere as an Italian guardian.

Miss Courtney. Speak not disrespectfully of him, sir. Since my infancy he has watched over me with the tenderness of a father—the solicitude of a friend. In the midst of circumstances the most difficult, his prudence has preserved and augmented my patrimony. To his cares I owe my life. He is, sir, perfection itself—but your pardon, I speak in a strain you do not understand, and, I only beg that you will respect, without comprehending him.

Lord Frederick. I perceive that you speak of him as if his merit was incomprehensible; and I firmly believe the reports of him.

Miss Courtney. Of him! and what does the world say?

Lord Frederick. What! haven't you heard?—They say that this grave guardian of yours, whose perfection is of so exalted a character, is as prone to love as a simple mortal.

Miss Courtney. Of whom, pray?

Lord Frederick. It is said—I know not how justly—that Miss Arabella, that cold and severe prude, is the object of his daily thoughts and midnight dreams.

Miss Courtney. Miss Arabella, it is not possible. You forget that Lord Elmwood is a member of the Order of Malta, and that the vows he has taken prevent him from ever marrying.

Lord Frederick. True, but they do not prevent him from being in love, for all that. In Paris, now, it makes no difference. A prude has always attractions for a sage. I see how it is. He knows she will be at the race to-day, he will follow her thither, and for fear that you should perceive his attentions to his dulcinea, has commanded you to remain at home.

Miss Courtney. Do you really believe it.

Lord Frederick. Religiously—as truly as I believe myself to be a *fût*. But you shall go in spite of him; and we'll enjoy a hearty laugh at his

expense. It will be the most brilliant—seen—the rich landeaus—splendid the grand cavalcades—the magnificent thousands of females, vying each other of person and dress—the sounds of the instruments—the waving of feathers—all, will make it the most seducing spectacle ever seen—grace it by your appearance, and every eye will be riveted on you—every one will proclaim you the belle of the day.

Miss Courtney. Your description charms me, and, if I thought Miss Arabella would be there—

Lord Frederick. She will—I know she will—she promised Lady Seymour to be there.

Miss Courtney. Then I will go—and I will force my guardian to permit me to accompany you.

Lord Frederick. You have made me the happiest of men. I run to tell Lady Seymour, and will return immediately with her. Adieu—adieu—I will be back in an instant. *[Exit.]*

Miss Courtney. He is right. Lord Elmwood is my guardian, but he is not my master; I am not his slave. What, if he dare refuse me—I will go without his permission—why should I ask it? He is in his library, and will not know of my absence. I will run to my toilette. The new dress I ordered for to-day is the handsomest thing in the world. My hat perfectly *unique*. I shall be charming, and destroy the happiness of Miss Arabella.—Now, now to prepare.—Ha! Lord Elmwood.

ENTER LORD ELMWOOD.

Lord Elmwood. Heaven be praised, I still see you here.

Miss Courtney. Why, sir? (Aside) Offended pride support me now.

Lord Elmwood. I heard the noise of a carriage, and feared it was yours. Pardon me for having suspected you. I see by your dress that you have no idea of disobeying me. I thank you Miss Courtney; for your disobedience would have been an offence I should not have pardoned—if you knew how unhappy it makes me to appear angry with you, how much it costs me to treat you with severity—

Miss Courtney. You treat me with severity—no! never.

Lord Elmwood. I have already reproached myself with what has happened to-day. In regarding the contentment and submission depicted on your countenance, it seems to me that we have changed parts, and that it is I alone who am culpable.

Miss Courtney. My Lord!

Lord Elmwood. I must have appeared to you this morning in the light of a tyrant, who, without recollecting your tastes and your youth, imposed privations, and interdicted you from enjoying amusements so natural to your age; but deign to listen now, and permit me to justify myself in your eyes.

Miss Courtney. What you, you my Lord, justify yourself before me!

Lord Elmwood. Yes; your reputation has been confided to me, and for which I am respon-

sible—it is the richest dowry I can offer to him who becomes the happy object of your choice.—I would give it to his hands whole and exact as your patrimony. It seems to me, my dear Miss Courtney, that the assiduities of Lord Frederick—

Miss Courtney. Lord Frederick! I thought my Lord, I had said I did not think of him.

Lord Elmwood. But did you say so from the bottom of your heart? Perhaps you were withheld, by the presence of Dr. Sandford, from speaking plainly. Fearful, perhaps, that with his usual bluntness, he would ridicule your choice; but you are alone with me;—with your friend—before whom you need have no reserve—with one who would willingly yield up his life for you, and who, unasked, assures you of his consent. Come, speak—why do you not answer me, my child—fear nothing—I shall always be happy in the knowledge that you are so.

Miss Courtney. I am so now; for never have I felt so sweet a sensation, as the friendship you have testified for me has excited in my bosom.

Lord Elmwood. Well, then, answer me, shall Lord Frederick be the husband of your choice? Has he received from you any hope?

Miss Courtney. Lord Frederick is not the person I would choose. I have never encouraged his addresses; my only desire is, to remain with you as I am, and of obeying you in every thing.

Lord Elmwood. Obeying me! Well, then I immediately require a proof of your submission—of your esteem. Make your toilette and go with me to this race. I will attend you.

Miss Courtney. Oh! I am not worthy of so much kindness, I do not merit it, indeed I do not—This fete will now be odious to me. Permit me to remain, and pass the day with you at home.

Lord Elmwood. You will accuse me of being an enemy to your pleasures.

Miss Courtney. Yes, if you insist upon my going.

Lord Elmwood. If such is really your wish.

Miss Courtney. Yes, my wish—my desire—I have no other.

Lord Elmwood. You enchant me. We will remain, and to you and Sandford, I will communicate a very important affair for me—of a change in my fortune.

Miss Courtney. Speak quickly! What happiness for me to know, that you think me worthy of your confidence.

ENTER SERVANT.

Servant. Lord Frederick.

Miss Courtney. Lord Frederick. O, heavens! I had forgotten.

ENTER LORD FREDERICK.

Lord Frederick. (Bowing to Lord Elmwood) Your lordship's most obedient. (To Miss Courtney) How, Miss Courtney, not yet ready? The ladies, below, are waiting impatiently for you. I claim the honour of giving you my hand. (To Lord Elmwood) All arranged, my Lord, I suppose. Do you go with us?

Lord Elmwood. Whither?

Lord Frederick. To the race to be sure. Miss Courtney has promised to take me for her chaperon.

Lord Elmwood. You her chaperon?

Miss Courtney. Yes, my Lord, but that was—

Lord Frederick. O, I'll accept of no excuse, positively none—I have your word—even here, not thirty minutes back.

Lord Elmwood. To-day! here! Have you paid her a visit before, this morning.

Lord Frederick. Yes, here, in this very place.

Lord Elmwood. (In a low voice to Miss Courtney) You receive his visits after having promised—Ah! Miss Courtney.

Miss Courtney. Allow me to explain.

Lord Elmwood. It is useless now. Heretofore a single word would have sufficed; but, now I have lost all confidence in you.—Go—depart with Lady Seymour and your chaperon.

Lord Frederick. Ah, you are the model of guardians. Come, Miss Courtney, let us be gone.

Miss Courtney. No, Sir. (Looking at Lord Elmwood) I hope soon that you will deign to listen to me. Lord Frederick, pray make my excuses to Lady Seymour and the ladies; for, decidedly, here will I remain. I will not leave the house to-day. [Curtseys and exit.

Lord Frederick. A moment Miss Courtney—she's gone—refuse to attend a race, which but a minute past seemed to possess such charms for her. What does this mean?

Lord Elmwood. That she has changed her mind—nothing more.

Lord Frederick. 'Sdeath! it is not natural, neither I, nor the ladies shall be dupes of such conduct—her answer was dictated by you. And the consent which you gave apparently so freely, was only an artful pretext.

Lord Elmwood. A pretext! I would have you to understand my Lord, that I am master here, and when I command, every one obeys; but, supposing, as you say, that I wanted a pretext, it seems to me that I have no occasion to resort to one; for, as the guardian of Miss Courtney, I have the right of prohibiting the visits and assiduities of a young man, of whose intentions and motives, I am, as yet, totally ignorant.

Lord Frederick. If, sir, I have hesitated to declare myself, it is because circumstances have forbidden it. I am soliciting a regiment, which I have not yet obtained, and am at variance with my uncle, Lord Clarendon, who, I fear, at present, would refuse his consent; but, since you require it, my Lord, I formally demand the hand of Miss Courtney in marriage. I declare to you, that I love her—that I adore her—that I am loved in return.

Lord Elmwood. What reasons have you to believe that she loves you?

Lord Frederick. Because I am irresistible—No lady, I fancy, can view my figure and address with indifference. That she loves me, I have read in her eyes—in her expressions; but if after

this avowal you refuse a match as brilliant as honourable—modesty a part, because in such affairs truth should be above all—I shall begin to believe a report, which, to your honour, I have refused to credit—

Lord Elmwood. And pray what is it, sir?

Lord Frederick. That you are in love, not with Miss Arabella, but of your ward.

Lord Elmwood. Know, sir, that in my situation such a doubt is an offence.

Lord Frederick. As you will, my Lord; but if I am deceived, it is necessary that you should prove it to me; for notwithstanding the severity of your principles, I avow I have no confidence in the protestations of a hypocritical guardian.

Lord Elmwood. And I, sir, happily for you, attach no importance to the language of a—*fât*.

Lord Frederick. A *fât*—allow me to ask how you use that expression. No matter.—Yes, sir, I am a *fât*; for it is my pleasure, and I can not see why, in England, which is a land of liberty, one should not be what one pleases. I am a *fât*, because I like the title, and I should be happy to know what there is in it that displeases you.

Lord Elmwood. You will have much to do, my Lord, if you quarrel with all those who are of my opinion. If you please, my Lord, inform me of your desires.

Lord Frederick. Then, my Lord, let me this day, nay immediately, have your consent to marry your ward.

Lord Elmwood. Even now, sir, you acknowledged that your uncle, Lord Clarendon, refuses his consent.

Lord Frederick. It's immaterial, we can do without it; for I declare to you that notwithstanding your tyranny, Miss Courtney shall be mine; and sooner than she shall submit to your oppression, I—I will carry her off from this place.—(putting on his hat.)

Lord Elmwood. (Putting on his hat also;—Carry her off!—Carry off Miss Courtney!—This is too much. Sir, if I did not respect the sanctity of my own house, I should have ordered you turned into the street by my servants; but you stand in need of a lesson, and I will take care to reserve to myself the teaching of it. There's the door—quit my house, sir.

ENTER DR. SANDFORD.

Dr. Sandford. How now! what's the matter?

Lord Frederick. Only a little affair concerning Miss Courtney, with my Lord here.

Lord Elmwood. Leave us, my worthy friend—we will soon settle our difference—

Dr. Sandford. If there is any dispute, 'tis better I should remain. My Lord, (to Frederick) there are some ladies at the door, who seem impatient at your stay.

Lord Frederick. I had forgotten—'tis Lady Seymour, my honoured aunt. I will make my excuses, my Lord, and in a quarter of an hour, will be in your garden with a friend. [*Bows and exits.*]

Dr. Sandford. What does he mean? Is it with you he would fight?

Lord Elmwood. (Coolly) Yes—it is with me.

Dr. Sandford. Can it be possible, that you are so weak.

Lord Elmwood. Hold, Sandford. There are no means of preventing it—my honour—that of Miss Courtney demands it.

Dr. Sandford. Miss Courtney! Yes, I could have sworn that she was the cause of all.

Lord Elmwood. You are deceived. I have angered the young man—I threatened to turn him out of doors, and between gentlemen, such language cannot be borne.

ENTER MISS COURTNEY.

Miss Courtney. What, what is the cause of this disturbance?

Dr. Sandford. It is you, Miss Courtney, that—

Lord Elmwood. (Interrupting Dr. Sandford) Sandford—I conjure you.

Dr. Sandford. Nay, my Lord, I will speak—your honour demands it. I will not see you quietly risking your life, without endeavouring to prevent the consequences that may occur by your exchanging shots with a professed duellist.

Miss Courtney. Heavens! what is't you say?

Dr. Sandford. That he is about to fight with Lord Frederick, in your defence.

Miss Courtney. For me! O—support me—

Lord Elmwood. (Supporting her) She faints.

Miss Courtney. No, it is over now. But tell me, I implore you, is it on my account that you are going to meet Lord Frederick?

Dr. Sandford. Yes, for you. To risk his life for a woman—but he is deaf to my prayers. (To Lord Elmwood) I have a plan—I will place myself in your stead—I am old, troublesome, and good for nothing; if I am killed, I shall not be missed, and, after I am gone, perhaps you will sometimes think of your old preceptor, and the last lesson he gave you.

Miss Courtney. (Taking him by the hand)—Dr. Sandford—Dr. Sandford, I ask your pardon if ever I have offended you.

Dr. Sandford. Offended me! No, child, no. What say you to my proposition, my Lord.—(Looking from the window) Your antagonist is in the garden—your answer (Lord Elmwood is about to go) Surely, my Lord, you will not go!

Lord Elmwood. My friends, my dear friends, an instant of reflection must convince you that this combat will not take place; but, if it should, this alarm is useless; consider how few duels are really fatal.

Miss Courtney. But this may be. Do not—do not, my Lord, meet him, or I shall never again know a moment's happiness; and should you become his victim—my death will follow yours.—Renounce, I implore you, your cruel design, if you value my peace of mind.

Lord Elmwood. My honour, as well as yours, Miss Courtney, demands an explanation.

Miss Courtney. (Aside) There is but one way then left. (Aloud) I blush with shame, but danger renders the avowal necessary. I love Lord Frederick.

Lord Elmwood. Whom?

Miss Courtney. Lord Frederick.

Lord Elmwood. I cannot conceal, Miss Court-

ney, that I am profoundly affected with so many contradictions and apparent untruths.

Miss Courtney. Spurn me—disown me—I am not worthy of your esteem—from this moment abandon me.

Lord Elmwood. No. Happily, this confession will enable me to secure to you that settlement, which it has been my constant study to procure you. Yes, Miss Courtney, I promise not to deceive you, though you have so often deceived me. From this moment, Lord Frederick runs no danger. At the price of the world entire, I would not now harm a hair of his head. Sandford, I presume you will permit me to retire.—Adieu. [Exit.]

Dr. Sandford. Miss Courtney, without wishing to pain you, I, who for a long time have made the human heart my study, (particularly that of females,) would ask, only for my information, why you, who refused Lord Frederick for a husband, when offered to you unconditionally, have now expressed your attachment to him.

Miss Courtney. Ask me nothing, Dr. Sandford, I am so troubled and afflicted that I have not confidence to reply. What an opinion must the noble and generous Lord Elmwood have of me. (A pistol fired without) Ha! has he then fought? (Sandford runs to the window) Quick! quick! tell me, is he wounded?

Dr. Sandford. Who? Lord Frederick?

Miss Courtney. No, no, Lord Elmwood!

Dr. Sandford. They embrace—they separate—Lord Elmwood comes this way.

Miss Courtney. Heaven be praised; but are you very sure that nothing has happened to my guardian—to him, to whom I owe every thing.

Dr. Sandford. He is here to answer for himself.

ENTER LORD ELMWOOD.

Miss Courtney. Ah! is it you, my Lord, what has happened?

Lord Elmwood. Assure yourself that your lover has run no danger.

Dr. Sandford. But the report we heard?

Lord Elmwood. In receiving the fire of Lord Frederick, I gave him the satisfaction which he demanded.

Dr. Sandford. And forfeited your word.

Lord Elmwood. No, for in refusing to fire at him, I kept the promise I made to Miss Courtney, not to expose his life.

Dr. Sandford. And does not yours belong to us.

Lord Elmwood. (Taking his hand) Your pardon, I forgot I had a friend remaining. Miss Courtney, I have informed Lord Frederick, that you accept him for your husband.

Miss Courtney. O Heavens! he knows it then.

Lord Elmwood. I also added, that this marriage had my free concurrence. You should have seen with what transport he threw himself into my arms and craved my pardon.—Well, Miss Courtney, what do you say?

Miss Courtney. Nothing, my Lord. I am

satisfied—I am happy. I have spared the days of him who was precious to me.

Lord Elmwood. Yet, you tremble still for him, and your eyes are moist with tears. Be consoled—this day makes you a wife.

Miss Courtney. So soon!—Did he require it?

Lord Elmwood. No, it was I, who demanded it.

Miss Courtney. And I supplicate you to defer it, for at least some weeks.

Lord Elmwood. Not a day—not an instant should your happiness be deferred; besides tomorrow, early, I quit England.

Miss Courtney. My Lord!

Lord Elmwood. Yes. Particular affairs call me to Italy. The Pope has absolved me from my vows. I am no longer Master of the Order of Malta. This is the news, Miss Courtney, I intended to communicate to you. It now only rests with me to obtain the consent of Lord Clarendon, the uncle of Lord Frederick, to the union of his nephew with you.

Miss Courtney. My Lord—

Lord Elmwood. Well, have you any command to prescribe, any thing to ask of me?

Miss Courtney. No—none—I only meant to say I was ready to obey you in every thing.—(Aside) I am miserable.

Lord Elmwood. Farewell, then—I'll soon return. [Exit.]

Dr. Sandford. Heaven be praised all is at length satisfactorily arranged, and now I hope, Miss, your heart is at rest.

Miss Courtney. Oh! I am so unhappy!

Dr. Sandford. How's this! in tears—you that are betrothed.—You who are about to wed the man whom you love.

Miss Courtney. What if I love him not?

Dr. Sandford. What does this mean—more contradictions.

Miss Courtney. Dr. Sandford—Dr. Sandford, deign to listen to me.

Dr. Sandford. No, Miss Courtney—I have already heard enough.

Miss Courtney. Hear me only this once—I cannot wed Lord Frederick—I love another.

Dr. Sandford. Another! Can it be possible? Am I to doubt the truth of my own eyes? Have I not witnessed your tenderness for Lord Frederick? Your alarm and consternation at the time of the duel?

Miss Courtney. It was because his life was menaced, whom I only value. Are you so blind, Dr. Sandford—do you think I took no interest in Lord Elmwood!

Dr. Sandford. Lord Elmwood?

Miss Courtney. Yes, yes, I revere him—it is he only I ever loved.

Dr. Sandford. What is it I hear—at such a time too—after this duel.—After having given your word. Why did you not declare your passion before?

Miss Courtney. How could I, when my guardian was not free to listen to it—it would have been an offence. The idea itself was a crime, and far from avowing my love, I sought to con-

ceal it from myself. Hence my inconsistent and contradictory conduct. The admiration that I courted—the dissipation and extravagance in which I indulged, were means used to dispel his image from my mind—but far from forgetting him, I found just in proportion to my efforts to banish him from my thoughts, my passion augmented, and my unhappiness increased.

Dr. Sandford. Truly your behaviour appears very paradoxical.

Miss Courtney. I am doubtless very culpable; but I suffer exquisite agony. I have no friends—none in whose bosom I can confide my afflictions and ask for consolation. You—you, Dr. Sandford—my good Dr. Sandford, be my guide—my counsellor—what ought I to do?

Dr. Sandford. Poor young girl, you are come to me in the hour of affliction, and I will not betray your confidence. Since you love Lord Elmwood, avow it to him. No longer a Knight of Malta, he is now free to marry.

Miss Courtney. Him! to him! I should die with shame. After what has passed, he would believe that I trifled with him, and listen to me with deserved scorn.

Dr. Sandford. Permit me then—

Miss Courtney. No, no—bury what I have communicated in oblivion, as I shall endeavour to banish him from my recollection. The wife of another—absent from him—time or death soon will ease my aching heart.

Dr. Sandford. (Aside wiping away a tear)—Poor child! poor child!

Miss Courtney. Ah! I hear a carriage.

Dr. Sandford. 'Tis Lord Elmwood's without doubt. Take courage and open your heart to him—

Miss Courtney. Never—never—

Dr. Sandford. Well, well, as you will. [Exit.

ENTER LORD FREDERICK, BY THE LEFT.

Miss Courtney. Lord Frederick!

Lord Frederick. Yes; I have flown hither on the wings of love, to claim my prize. I have just quitted my uncle, Lord Clarendon: as I, trembling, presented myself before him, whom do you suppose I saw there?—by my veracity, no less a personage than your guardian, Lord Elmwood, who was pleading my cause. My uncle has pardoned me—he consents to our union, and what's better than all—to pay my debts. In consequence of which, there is to be a general jollification among all my tailors and creditors; and, furthermore, to express their felicity, I am credibly informed, they intend to have a grand illumination to-night.

Miss Courtney. Lord Elmwood did not return with you then?

Lord Frederick. No, he is gone to the Minister to solicit a post for me. Positively he is the best of guardians, and the most generous of men; and there is nothing that I would not do for him now, except renouncing you. O! here he comes, I fear by his melancholy appearance, he has been unsuccessful. Well, my Lord?

ENTER LORD ELMWOOD.

Lord Elmwood. I have succeeded to your wishes.

Lord Frederick. The Minister has appointed me? I am then a Colonel?

Lord Elmwood. Yes, see. (Giving him a paper) There is nothing now to prevent your happiness. All is ready—let us go.

Miss Courtney. A moment sir. Are you still determined to leave us to-morrow.

Lord Frederick. I hope, sir, you will be influenced by our prayers.

Lord Elmwood. I must not, sir. As guardian of Miss Courtney it is my duty to conduct her to the altar. That done I must leave you. (Rings—enter Servant) Ask Dr. Sandford to come hither. (To Miss Courtney) I have chosen him as the witness—if you disapprove of him—if your hate to him—

Miss Courtney. I hate nobody—I have no cause to hate any one.

Lord Elmwood. You appear troubled—you are in tears.

Miss Courtney. How can I restrain them at the idea that we soon shall be separated, perhaps, forever.

Lord Elmwood. But you will always be remembered. Before we part, for the last time listen to the counsels of a friend. Be virtuous, love thy husband—faithfully perform the duties of a wife, and in thy household never give way to violence of feeling. Let reason govern you in all things; for its power can triumph over every difficulty. Come, embrace me for the last time. (Miss Courtney bursting into tears throws herself into his arms.)

ENTER DR. SANDFORD, PERCEIVING THEM.

Dr. Sandford. What do I see? Miss Courtney in his arms! (To Lord Frederick) All is arranged then.

Lord Frederick. Yes; to be sure it is.

Dr. Sandford. How came she to declare her passion for her guardian?

Lord Elmwood. } (Together) What is it I

Lord Frederick. } hear?

Miss Courtney. How could you?—they are still ignorant of the truth. (To Dr. Sandford.)

Lord Frederick. The mystery is at length explained.

Lord Elmwood. Can you suppose sir, that I

Lord Frederick. My Lord, I know you to be the noblest of men. You and Miss Courtney have secretly cherished a passion for each other, and you have not hesitated to sacrifice your peace of mind in bestowing her upon me. You have loaded me with benefits and obligations. You have spared my life—reconciled me with my uncle and advanced my fortune—and I a rival. Do not suppose me unequal to the task of acquitting myself. I will surpass you. (Tenderly regarding Miss Courtney) I love her—I adore her—I would die for her—she is mine, you have given her to me. (Joining the hands of Miss Courtney and Lord Elmwood) Take her—she is yours. (Lord Elmwood rushes into the arms of Miss Courtney—Picture—Curtain falls.)

THE SEASON.

The insect world, now sunbeams higher climb,
 Oft dream of spring, and wake before their time.
 Bees stroke their little legs across their wings,
 A d venture short flights where the snow drop hangs
 Its silver bell, and winter acornite
 Its butter-cup-like flowers, that shut at night,
 With green leaf furling round its cup of gold,
 Like tender maiden muffled from the cold:
 They sip and find their honey dreams are vain,
 Then feebly hasten to their hives again.
 The butterflies by eager hopes undone,
 Glad as a child come out to greet the sun,
 Beneath the shadow of a sudden shower
 Are lost—nor see to-morrow's April flower.

FRAILTY OF FEMALE BEAUTY.

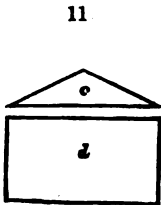
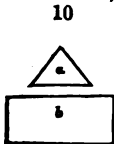
FROM THE POEMS OF CAREW.

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

THE ORNAMENTAL ARTIST.

TEMPLE, OR COTTAGE BOXES.

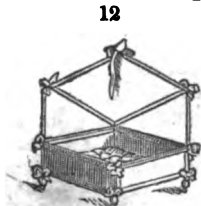
The covers of these may be made to resemble in shape the roof of a cottage, or temple. In the former case, the lower part of the box must be longer and rather narrower, and the cover be made of four pieces only;—two in a triangular shape, as fig. 10, *a*, for the ends, of the same breadth at the bottom as the ends of the lower part of the box; and two others, as *b*, for the sides, equal in length to the sides of the box, and in depth, to that of the sides of the triangular pieces. If it be intended to make the box in the form of a temple, the lower part may be cut in a square or an oblong shape, either in front or at the sides. The top is made nearly as the preceding one, except that triangular pieces of less depth must form the front and back, as fig. 11, *c*, and broader pieces for the sides of the box, as *d*.



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DIAMOND BOXES.

Another variety of shape is the diamond. For a box in this form, the front and back must each consist of two oblong pieces, cut exactly alike.



They are first to be joined together at the edges, and then fastened by their lower binding to the sides of the bottom, which should be diamond-shaped, and having each of its sides equal to the length of each of the oblong

pieces for the front and back. The cover may be either flat, and cut in a diamond shape, or it may be made of four triangular pieces, of equal size, and corresponding in breadth with the pieces at the front and back: it should be tacked

to the corner, in the centre of the back, and the two stays fastened to each end (Fig. 12.) It is, however, better to make it moveable.

LANDSCAPES, &C. ON TRANSPARENT SCREENS.

Landscapes, that will appear like beautiful sepia drawings, for the embellishment of screens, may be made in the following manner:—Draw, and then cut in paper, any kind of building, taking care to keep it in good perspective. On the parts where the shadows fall, paste pieces of paper, varying in thickness according to the depth of the shadows, from coarse brown paper to thin post. Round the mouldings of the windows, &c. paste narrow slips; and, if the requisite depth of shade should not be produced, paste other slips of equal or less thickness, until the part is deepened to the proper tone. Foliage, water, and clouds, may be very effectively indicated by the same means; the shape of their shadows being cut out and pasted on as above directed; and where these shadows become deeper, other pieces of paper of a less size are to be cut out and pasted on as before; thus, not only the mere masses, but all the variations of light and shade may be produced; as, also, the nice gradations and soft blending of one into another, as well as the abrupt projections. A moonlight view produces the best effect when the shadows are sufficiently strong, which may be ascertained by holding the work opposite a good light. Paste it between thin paper, and at the corner from whence the light proceeds, put a round spot of oil or varnish, to imitate the moon. The landscape may also be improved by putting a little varnish round the edges of the lightest parts with a camel's-hair pencil. It may be formed into screens, and decorated and strengthened in the manner described under the head of Transparent Screens. It is scarcely necessary to observe, that the landscape can only be seen when the screen is held up between a light and the spectator; nothing, however, must be drawn or fixed to its surface; but the edges may be elegantly embellished.

MIRANDA D'ARAGON;

A TALE OF THE INQUISITION.

"COME, some more wine," said Miranda. "Let us drink to-night—to-morrow we may sleep the long sleep."

"Let us rather to rest," said Henrico St. Lorent, "and gather strength for to-morrow's work. Have you no accounts to settle with conscience, Miranda?"

"Accounts?—yes; and that is precisely the reason why I would drink and forget."

'Twas the eve of the battle of Blenheim: the mind of Miranda was overwhelmed by an extraordinary incident. For some days previous, a gipsy woman had pitched her tent amongst the troops, and, in her double capacity of sutler and fortune-teller, had conveyed something to Miranda's ear which depressed him more than the circumstance of an approaching battle was in itself likely to do. A friendship had been cultivated between Miranda and St. Lorent of no ordinary growth. The former, therefore, after some hesitation, consented to unburthen his mind to his comrade.

"I am not your countryman, St. Lorent, nor has my name always been Miranda d'Aragon. I am by birth a Spaniard. I will say little of my will, passionate youth, but come at once to the subject on which I would unburthen my heart, and claim of your friendship the last request I have to make. To fulfil a mother's wishes I was about to adopt a monastic life, when I accidentally became acquainted with a young lady who was also to take the veil. The similarity of our fate, the repugnance we both felt at our destined mode of life, drew our hearts together by ties to which persecution but gave strength. By the assistance of a female companion, who beheld with sacred sympathy her mistress's affection, I contrived to effect her escape, though the poor and faithful girl was left behind. We fled to a solitary valley in the mountains of the Lower Pyrenees. I had carefully guarded against any trace of discovery, and heard nothing of pursuit. We lived in this retreat in a happiness known only to those who love, to the forgetfulness of an exterior world.

"But my restless mind was not to be satisfied for ever in seclusion. By degrees I ventured from our asylum to partake of the pleasures of the chase. My imprudence showed my pursuers the way to our abode. I was watched and discovered. Returning one day across the mountains I looked down from the heights, and beheld with horror our little hut surrounded by soldiers. Isabella was carried off by an escort of troops, whilst others guarded the passes of the valley to secure me. My courage failed. The knowledge of the punishment that awaited the crime of having carried off a novice from a convent, rendered it impossible for me to advance. Like a recreant

I fled, leaving my poor Isabella to her fate. I proceeded to a frontier town of France, where I met a recruiting party, and enlisted as a common soldier. My knowledge of the French language and numerous acquirements, gained me favour and distinction. I was rapidly promoted, and, after ten years service, obtained the rank of captain; and should have, perhaps, continued to advance, had not an extraordinary circumstance happened, which overthrew my schemes of ambition, by holding out to me again the phantasm of love—a feeling to which my heart still clung.

"In a skirmish with a squadron of the enemy I was dangerously wounded, and left behind at an obscure village till I recovered. As I lay helpless in inexpressible torments on my bed, I prayed heaven to give me relief, or instant death. A gipsy woman named Zagurina—the lame hag who sells provisions in our camp—inhabited a shed of the house in which I lived. She had with her a remarkably fine, half-grown girl, who to me appeared an angel. She seemed to attach herself to me, and I felt such an interest in her, that her presence alone contributed to my convalescence. An indescribable sensation of delight took possession of my soul whenever she was near me. The old woman appeared to regard my attachment towards my young nurse with pleasure, though she always kept at a distance herself. Scarcely, however, was I restored to health, when she came one morning into my room, and said she was obliged to take her leave of me! I heard these words with grief and dismay; for I could no longer live without the child, and, entreating her to leave her with me, I threw down a purse of gold.

"No, Sir," said she, looking kindly at me, "I do not sell my child; but, on condition you will behave to her like a father, she may remain with you. In the course of time, I will return to claim her."

"Ashamed of my offer I put away my gold, gladly promised every thing that the old woman required, who then left us. At first, the girl was in great distress at finding herself thus forsaken by her mother; but my caresses tranquillized her, and she became glad of my affection. She filled up the dreadful chasm in my heart, left by Isabella, whom I sometimes thought of with the utmost anguish. I had no other idea than that of always keeping the girl with me, and contemplated with trembling the moment of the gipsy's return. This made me form the resolution to make her irrevocably mine, and to hide her from the world till a fit period should arrive. In a retired spot I have brought her up, where the heart I have moulded is now being cultivated, and in which I yet hope to find that peace and happiness which is the principal object of my life."

"And yet you have a second time left all that

is dear to you," said Henrico, "to follow the tumults of a noisy camp!"

"The love of glory, I confess, has again roused my dormant passion for a soldier's life. I cannot lose the opportunity of acquiring fame. She whom I adore will not regret to see me return covered with honours. I will then make her mine for ever, and to peace and tranquillity consecrate the remainder of my days. Could I but destroy the recollection of the past, my happiness would be without alloy; but the gipsy who infects our camp has got possession of a secret of mine. She comes from Spain to be a spy upon my actions, and she will cause my ruin; but the spectre shall be driven away before my nuptials."

Henrico promised to see the gipsy, and to endeavour to make her give an account of herself.

"Good," said Miranda, "but to my purpose, and I shall go into battle with a lighter heart. You are rich and independent, and will most likely when the war is over, retire from the service; promise me then, by the friendship you bear me, at the conclusion of the campaign, to endeavour to find out Isabella, and to make my peace with her. I can never return to Spain more!—promise me this, and you will restore peace to my mind. Take this ring the gipsy gave me—it was once Isabella's; wear it on your finger, 'twill remind you of your promise. And now touch cups, comrade; here's to a happy meeting, after the victory!"

Henrico slowly placed Isabella's ring on his finger. At this moment the gipsy peeped through the curtains of the tent.

"Welcome! hag," cried Miranda, "you come in right time! The tent was quickly opened, and the gipsy dragged in.

"Now," cried Miranda, "I will penetrate the inmost recesses of your heart, or tear your secret from your bosom!"

"That would help you little," replied the old woman, "but what do you wish to know from me?"

"Where got you the ring you slipped on my finger, yesterday, and wherefore pronounced ye a certain name so earnestly?"

"Sir!" replied she, "I stole neither; they were, however, lost, and I think that I have brought both jewels back to the right master."

"I want not your presents," said Miranda, "but do not drive me to extremities; tell me who you are, and what you know of me?"

"We will exchange inquiries," said Zagurina, "confess to me, and I will then answer you. What have you done with my daughter?"

"Juggler, she is nothing more to you—she is mine! nor shall you ever initiate her into your scandalous profession!"

"That is no business of yours," said the old woman, "I earnestly request you will deliver to me my daughter.—I, her mother, reclaim her from you."

Miranda laughed with bitterness. "No! we will not push matters so far; the girl is mine, and no power on earth shall take her from me!"

"Give her to me!" said the gipsy, "and I will permit you once more to contemplate this

eye," drawing a morocco case from her bosom, and presenting it to him open.

Miranda snatched the picture from her hand, stared wildly at it, and the name of Isabella escaped his lips; but he threw the miniature from him with horror, and seizing Zagurina, he exclaimed, "Confess, sorceress, where didst thou learn my fatal history?"

"Sir, you are mortal," said she, with great earnestness, "your lips may to-morrow be closed by the seal of death, I therefore here first require of you intelligence of my child; if you refuse it I will go hence, and seek other interference. The whole camp shall know who the fugitive Miranda d'Aragon is."

"No! I will free myself from your clutches!" Upon this, Miranda drew his sword, and in his rage would have pierced the gipsy to the heart, had not his arm been withheld by Henrico.

At this moment an orderly entered the tent, to summon all the officers to head quarters, to receive their final instructions for the battle. Zagurina recovered herself, and said to Henrico, "I thank you, sir; he would not have killed me! He only thinks I wish to deprive him of my daughter, but he does not deserve the child, and is a stranger either to love or fidelity. I have, besides, a sacred right to inquire what is become of her. You are the friend of this arrogant, haughty man; I entreat you to procure me news of my child; the peace of many hearts depends upon it, and I do fear a something dreadful to think of!"

Henrico somewhat revolted at the violent conduct of Miranda, but the orders to assemble at head quarters caused the party to separate.

The battle commenced on the following morning, along the whole line. It proved a most destructive day; victory deserted the French banner, and many a gallant Frenchman's breast was trodden on by the mettlesome hoof of the war-horse. As Henrico rode hastily across the field, he observed at a distance a woman kneeling beside a wounded man, and recognised him to be his friend Miranda bathed in blood: near him was the gipsy tearing her hair. On discovering Henrico she stretched out her hands and called to him, imploring his assistance, but he durst not remain—he was obliged to push forward, and was denied the satisfaction of closing the eyes of his dying friend.

The obstinacy of the battle had cost the French many lives, the army required recruiting; officers were consequently despatched into the interior of France to procure recruits. Henrico was amongst the number. In this pursuit he entered a small town, situated on a chain of wooded mountains near Bagnères. Here a fine young man he had enlisted made his escape. He employed every means to discover the deserter, and went himself, with a party of his men, into the mountains in search of him. Every spot, every ravine, every hut was examined, and on perceiving a neat little cottage in a distant valley, he proceeded towards it with the same intention. Two females dressed in mourning sat under the shade

of a large chesnut tree before the door; they appeared much perplexed as Henrico approached, and whilst the elder seemed to be remonstrating with the younger, the latter advanced to the officer and asked him with an air of inquietude what his wishes were?

"Do not be uneasy, young lady," said Henrico, "we will not be very troublesome to you, our visit is but short; we are only in quest of a deserter, and must beg permission to search your house."

"That is what I suspected," said the young lady, "and precisely on that account I wish to speak a few words to you alone!—I will spare you the trouble of search," said she, tremblingly, "and frankly confess to you the young man is concealed in this house, but you will not easily discover his place of concealment!"

Henrico misunderstood the girl, and answered quickly, "he did not wish to withhold the reward!"—

The young girl looked at him earnestly, her cheeks reddened with a deep blush; then, after a pause, she continued, "I hold you to your word, and though you have misunderstood me, I require a high price."

"Well, and what is it?"

"The freedom of the youth!"

"Oh!" said Henrico, smiling, "that is going too far, my lovely girl! Your lover must come forth, otherwise I shall begin the search, and may probably in the end carry off his sweetheart too!"

The girl stepped proudly back, and said, with warmth, "I have no connection with the fugitive; if I have built too rashly on your generosity, 'tis owing to what he related of your humanity."

"That is well! but in this affair, I may not act according to the dictates of my heart, but for the good of my country!"

"Good," said the girl; "if you have that in view, I will soon convince you that the country is as much in want of good citizens as of good soldiers!" She then related how the young man had brought upon himself the hatred of one of the magistrates whose oppression he had endeavoured to resist: how he and his family had, in consequence, been reduced to poverty: how two brothers had been already sent to the army, and he, the last and only support of his aged parents, just on the point of presenting them a daughter-in-law, was almost torn from the altar to be given up as a recruit, merely to gratify the spirit of revenge. She described with tears in her eyes the wretchedness of the parents, and the forsaken bride; and concluded with the assurance that had he not accidentally come to the cottage she would have sought him to implore the freedom of the youth.

Henrico listened with attention, then walked hastily up and down. "You may be in the right, dear girl," at last said he, "but the man has been publicly delivered to me, and I cannot be privy to his escape."

"I know how to manage that also," said the girl; "suppose he could find two substitutes; he

has assured me he knows many who would willingly be soldiers, if they could get a good bounty."

"Yes, if he can substitute two fine young men for himself I will discharge him. But, as he is poor, how will he procure the bounty?—I suppose from his lovely mediator!"

"No," said the girl, and her eyes filled with tears, "I cannot help him! I am even poorer than he, yet I once conceived the idea that he might procure it from you."

"From me?" cried Henrico, astonished. "The money I have with me belongs to the king, I cannot dispose of it according to my own fancy."

"It was not on that fund I depended!" she timidly replied; "I was told you were rich and benevolent; to those who have heart and means, I think we may apply with confidence."

Henrico looked at her, surprised, and asked, with earnestness, "Who will guarantee, should I give the money, that the man will not run off with it, and then laugh at me?"

"I!" answered the girl; "I have confided in you, do I require too much that you should confide in me? Agree!" said she, holding out her beautiful hand.

Henrico took it in token of consent, looked long with emotion at her dark eyes, and said, "I trust in you! Here is my purse, give it the young man, and conduct him to me—but I will not hear a word from him about it."

Henrico took leave, and begged to be allowed permission to revisit the tranquil abode of this lovely girl, whose eyes were filled with tears of gratitude. She held out her hand to him in silence.

St. Lorent did not long absent himself, he hastened again to the solitary cottage, and was kindly received. The day was sultry, and feeling fatigued by his long ride, he begged a draught of wine. The young girl looked with embarrassment at the old woman, who shrugged up her shoulders, and went covered with blushes into the house. "When she was gone, the old woman began to speak: "The poor child," says she, "feels herself much perplexed that she has no wine to offer you, as we gave our last bottles to your soldiers the other day. You doubtless, sir, find every thing here elegantly arranged, but we have lost our benefactor from whom all this proceeds, and I must confess to you that we are now living in a degree of poverty, to which we have not been accustomed."

At this moment the girl returned, bringing a glass of milk. "This is our wine!" said she, smiling as she offered it; "this will also refresh you!"

Henrico drank the milk with avidity, assuring her it was more delicious than wine! She now related that the young man had kept his word, and had sent the two recruits. The whole occurrence was again talked over, and thus the hours passed lightly away till evening came, like an unwelcome guest. Mira, which was the name of the young girl, went in to fetch some fruits for supper, at which time the old woman took the

opportunity to repeat her distressed situation; upon which Henrico had the courage to force her acceptance of a purse of money. She took it, but as she said, only as a loan, and invited the donor to dine with them the next day, promising to prepare him a more comfortable repast. When Mira returned, the old woman told her of having invited Henrico for the next day. She gently shook her head; "we ought in truth not to invite you unless you can be content with very frugal entertainment?" Henrico declared there was a sufficiency of every thing. "Leave me alone, child," said the old woman, triumphantly, "I will take care that nothing is wanting."

Henrico often repeated his visits, and soon found out he was only happy when hastening over the mountain path to the abode of Mira. The beautiful garden which surrounded it, and the appropriate arrangements of the interior, rendered it a most delightful residence, and showed the taste of the possessor. The present indigence of the two females appeared to be only of recent date. Henrico, in his intercourse with the inhabitants of the cottage, became astonished at the strength and polish of Mira's mind. United to a purity and simplicity of manner, she possessed an extensive knowledge of the different branches of the sciences. He expressed his surprise, upon which Mira began to speak with enthusiasm of her benefactor, "Alas!" said she, "no one is rendered so poor as I by this frightful war, for it has thrown me at once forlorn and helpless upon this wide world!"

But Henrico swore secretly she should not be forsaken, for in this solitary valley he first felt the sensation of love! The time of his stay had nearly expired, he daily expected orders for his return; pecuniary assistance he could not leave behind, for even the old woman would not accept of any more, and the timid Henrico yet dared scarcely to confess to himself, much more to the girl, the attachment he had conceived for her.

Thus glided away two golden months, during which he saw Mira every day. His recal to the army at length arrived, he had long expected it, yet it came upon him like a thunderbolt! After making the necessary preparations for his departure, he went early on the following morning to Mira. "Oh, you are very good to come so early!" said she, running to meet him; "you are come to stay the whole day with us, are you not?"

"Yes," answered Henrico, "but it is also the last!" he then told her of his recal to the army. Mira burst into tears, confessed with candour that she was forced to weep, as she felt it was her fate to be separated from every one that was dear to her. Henrico extended his arm towards the girl; drew her to his bosom, and confessed a mutual affection. He explained his independent situation, promised soon to resign his rank in the army, and painted a happy future in glowing colours. Mira said, "I willingly believe you; I am not insensible that you love me for myself, for you have never asked me who or what I am? Oh! that I were a child of this valley! but I know not to what country I belong, and the dark mys-

tery of my birth stands like a spectre by my side!" Henrico tranquillized her, and said; "I hold thee in my arms, thou precious pearl, and ask not what sea produced thee!"

"Well," said Mira, "you must at least see the features of the person who protected me when a poor child, educated me, and formed me to be worthy of your affection." She took him by the hand, led him into a room he had not yet seen, and showed him a full length picture.

"My God!" said Henrico, shuddering, and covering his eyes with his hands, "That is Miranda d'Aragon!" It was now clear to him he was standing in the sanctuary of his friend, and that he had won a heart which could scarcely yet have forgotten the lost lover; in the agony of his feelings, it appeared to him an artful, deep-laid plan, that Mira, in speaking of this man who had expressed so much love for her, had never spoken of him as a father, and had never betrayed the slightest hint of any warmer feeling. She was just rejoicing that he knew her benefactor, when she saw him rush from her as though horror-struck! She entreated him to explain the reason of his grief! When he looked at her lovely ingenuous countenance, every suspicion vanished. He related, without reserve, his connection with Miranda, and what the latter had confessed to him concerning his sentiments for Mira! "No!" cried she, after some silence, "I have only loved him as a grateful child! I could never have become his wife, and perhaps it is well that such delusive hopes should end."

Mira now cast her thoughts sorrowfully backward; the image of her benefactor, which had hitherto held a place in her grateful heart, like that of a father in the affections of his family, now appeared strange to her, his features repulsive. While Henrico contemplated her, the sweet thought again took possession of his soul, that this girl had no earlier illusion to forget. The old woman indulged herself in invectives against Miranda; she said "he had observed a deep silence in all his affairs, and though he had in his life-time provided them with every luxury and comfort, he had now left them solely helpless in the world."

Mira begged her to be silent, saying he was a worthy man, and that his memory would always be dear to her. "You may be in the right," said the old woman, "you owe him your education, but you must not forget that he stole you from your mother!"

"No!" cried Mira, "I was confided to his care, and often has he assured me he has vainly employed every means to obtain intelligence of my parent."

"He has deceived you!" said the old woman. "I know that he has taken care to remain untraced, and purchased this cottage to conceal himself from the world till you became his wife!"

"Oh! my poor mother!" said Mira, sorrowfully.—"Where will you not have sought your child?" Henrico no longer doubted that he had seen in the gipsy Mira's mother, and related what he knew of her, but without touching on

Miranda's former history. Mira was delighted, for she now hoped she should behold her mother again, and related her own life. Her native country, she thought, was most probably Spain. She remembered having been brought up in a great city, and to have gone often with her mother to a convent, where she was always most affectionately received by one of the nuns. The convent was still so fresh in her memory, that she was convinced she should know it again. When she was about six years of age, her mother began to travel with her; it was then she first saw her in the dress of a gipsy; she was also then dressed in a similar manner. After a restless wandering of many years, they had remained longer than usual at a small town in France. Here, in the house in which they last lodged, Miranda lay ill of his wound; and as he appeared lonely and forsaken, her mother had, possibly out of pity, undertaken to nurse him, in which occupation she had assisted: and when her mother, from some inexplicable cause secretly forsook her, she clung to him as her only protector."

As Mira finished the relation, the increasing shadows of the mountain reminded Henrico that he must depart. He promised to quit the service the first opportunity; to live only for her; and took his leave, with the assurance of being beloved.

St. Lorent returned to the army, and begged his dismissal; it was given to him with regret. He immediately flew from the tumults of war, to the solitary valley, the abode of Mira.

At the time of his return, the old woman, the companion of Mira, laid on her death-bed. What delight thrilled through the girl's brain, when she beheld her lover so unexpectedly soon before her, saying he was come to make her his forever!

The first pleasures of meeting over, the lovers resolved to celebrate their marriage without delay, to quit this solitude, and repair immediately to Henrico's estate. During the preparation for the nuptials, Henrico took up his abode in a neighbouring village, in the cabin of the young man, by whose means he had become acquainted with Mira, and who was now a happy husband and a father. The old woman died. Mira shed tears of sorrow over her grave. A few days after, a priest pronounced the marriage rites, which bound the two lovers; and Mira presented the cottage, and all that belonged to it, to the poor, but happy couple, whose hut had afforded a temporary shelter to Henrico. They then left the valley, taking with them Miranda's picture alone.

While Henrico lived with his young wife in tranquillity and happiness, in a beautiful retirement, and forgot the world around him in the felicity he enjoyed, peace dawned over Europe. Amongst those who hastened to the friends and homes they so long pined after, was Miranda d'Aragnon. He had been left severely wounded on the field of battle, and had fallen into the hands of the enemy, who, considering him a distinguished officer, had removed him to a very remote place of security. Full of ardent passion for the lovely being he had himself nurtured, he now

hastened in joyful expectation to the valley where he had left her. But who can describe his feelings when he saw strange people come out to meet him from that dwelling to which he had hoped to have been welcomed by a friendly eye; and when he heard that the eldest of the late inhabitants was dead, and that the youngest was married to Henrico de St. Lorent, and gone with him, no one knew where! Pale and horror-stricken, Miranda slunk away like a repulsed beggar, and threw himself down under a tree on the mountain, from whence he could overlook the valley beneath. Here, feeling himself irredeemably lost in wretchedness, he seized his dagger to end at once all further illusions. But the thirst of vengeance quickly arose in his wild and fiery soul, and inspired him with a wish to live.

"No!" cried he, "perfidious wretch, thou shalt not carry away, like flimsy booty, the happiness I had amassed with so much pain; thou shalt not, with impunity, violate the sanctuary of my home, and trample on my best hopes! I will find thee out, and, like the angel of vengeance, hold judgment upon thee!" He raised himself up, and took the road to a neighbouring town, where he had placed his property in the hands of a commercial house. He there purchased arms, and hastened back to the valley with the determination to get possession of his estranged property, either by money or by force! He represented himself to the present inhabitants of the cottage as a stranger so enchanted with the solitude and beauty of the spot, as to be extremely anxious to purchase it, and offered a sum so much beyond its real worth, that he found force unnecessary to obtain it. The money was paid down, on condition the house should be immediately vacated, leaving every thing within which formerly belonged to it.

He walked from room to room in the deserted mansion, and entered the chamber, where once, now no longer, hung his portrait; here the anguish of his feelings overpowered his mind, and he sank down, sobbing loudly, on the spot where his Mira had bloomed in all the delusion of innocence. Roused at last, by despair and revenge, he started up quickly, seized a sharp axe, and rushed out to commence the work of destruction. With violent rage he levelled every thing to the earth; the fine fruit-trees fell, the flowers were crushed, the bowers torn down, and having raged about the whole day like a maniac, he found himself, at eve, at the solitary spot where Mira's aged companion lay buried. Here he exclaimed, in a sepulchral voice, "Old woman, arise, and tell me where I shall find the traitor! Open once more thy putrid and corrupted lips—and then may'st thou forever be silent!" He tore up the green sod of the grave, and raved anew—but no one heard his lamentations. A flight of rooks alone gave answer, as they croaked above his head, hastening, at the approach of night, to their wooded home. Miranda now shuddered, as struck by some dark presentiment, and hastened back to the house. He here piled up every combustible, and set it in flames. "Here shall no swal-

low more build her nest!" cried he, "henceforth accursed be this spot!" The thick dense smoke rolled through the apartments, and the flames bursting through the falling roof, spread a fearful gleam over the still darkness of night; the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages were roused, and came to render assistance. But, like a fiend, Miranda ran round the burning building, driving every one back with his naked sword, thus protecting the flames in their frightful ravages. Day at length dawned on the smoking pile of ashes, when he quitted the spot, and set out in the disguise of a peasant, his mind bent on revenge, to the paternal estate of St. Lorent, which was well known to him, and where he expected with certainty to meet the young couple. But the present possessor could give no information where they were. Revenge drove the unhappy Miranda from place to place, till the thought struck him, that they had possibly gone to Spain. He determined, therefore, to bend his steps that way, and thus once more entered his native land, after an absence of twenty years; he passed the threshold of his birth-place, but, alas, no one knew him; new buildings were erected on the spot where once stood his father's house; strange and unknown faces passed by him in the old and familiar streets. Exhausted he sat down on a stone in the market-place, and big, heavy, tear-drops rolled down his cheeks. The church-door of the Dominican convent, where he was first educated, was open; he entered it, and compared the days he had passed here, with those spent in the wide world; he felt also the influence of the heavenly peace which reigned around, and which seemed to beckon and invite him to adore it. His rage gave place to a deep sentiment of melancholy: he knelt down before the altar, laid his burning forehead on the step, and wept bitterly.

In this state the sacristan reminded him that it was time to quit the church. Alas! the prayer hung on Miranda's lips rather to show him a quiet cell in this peaceful cloister! but he had not power to utter it, and went away. The more forcibly did the remembrance of the wild career of his youth take possession of his mind, the more rapidly did the frightful storm of passion subside, which had driven him above the world and kept his mind in constant agitation. The next day he walked back to the convent church, he entered just as they were reading masses for the dead, and heard the priest utter the names of his parents. He saw their menacing spirits pass by him. He thought their curses pursued him, and he determined on leading a life of penitence. He hastened to the abbot of the convent, made known who he was, and gave himself up as a criminal and a repentant child to punishment. He obtained pardon, and, after a short novitiate, at his own request, was admitted into the order and received the tonsure. The example of a sinner voluntarily quitting the world, to return to the bosom of the church, and bestow on it his property, was too flattering not to be welcomed with exultation instead of punishment.

Scarce a year had elapsed ere the monotony of

a convent life palled upon Miranda, and he secretly wished himself in some active employ. It chanced that the convent had business of importance to transact in the capital. The choice fell on Miranda; they were aware of his experience and talent—he therefore set out for Madrid, furnished with the necessary commission. Every eye was fixed on the prudent and energetic monk, and the convent was congratulated on having so discreet and useful a member amongst their number. In the mean time Miranda formed an acquaintance with the Grand Inquisitor, who soon conceived such a high opinion of him, that he offered him a situation at the tribunal of the Inquisition. Since love had vanished from Miranda's breast, he appeared as though created for a cold-hearted cruel judge, who could weigh and condemn, not according to the actions of man, but from the innermost thoughts of the soul. The immense power over the lives and happiness of his fellow-creatures, now placed in his hands, excited his haughty spirit. He obtained the consent of his convent, and became a member of the dreadful tribunal. The work of horror and misery he was now engaged in, shed a kind of savage joy over his heart, which was filled with hatred against all mankind—so that the inquisitor had rarely to boast of so stern and heartless a coadjutor.

Henrico de St. Lorent had now lived several years in tranquillity with his Mira. They were little aware of the evil spirit which wandered about to seek them out and effect their ruin. They thought Miranda long since mouldered in the dust, or they would not have given way to the irresistible desire which possessed them of visiting Spain, to which Mira was prompted by the desire of finding out her mother; and Henrico by his promise of seeking out Isabella, and delivering the ring of one who was now laid low in the grave. They arrived at Madrid, determined to remain there some time to prosecute their mutual researches. One day as they were passing by the convent of the Sisters of Mercy, Mira stood as though rooted to the portal, and assured her husband that this, and no other, must be the convent to which she had been so often conducted, when a child. They entered the church, and had not been there long, ere Henrico felt some one touch his hand. On looking round he observed it was a lay-sister of the convent, he looked at her first with astonishment, but when she called him familiarly by his name, he recognized by her voice, Mira's mother. Mira remembered her the moment she spoke, flew into her arms, and called her by the tender name of mother! But Zagurina led her hastily out of the church, where she, in her turn, gave way to the delight which overcame her. "I praise God that I see you again," said she, "but leave me my children! I have sacred duties to perform, on which depends your future felicity. Tell me where you live, early to-morrow I will be with you." She dismissed them hastily, entreating them to remain tranquil till she saw them again.

The woof of fate was now being fast spun out:

it so happened that a few minutes after they separated, Miranda came out of the Palace of the Inquisition, and recognized the well-known forms before him. The terrific man stood pale and trembling, fixing his basilisk eyes upon them both; Mira's excessive beauty, and the cheerful countenance of her husband, showed him what he had lost; his newly awakened passion roused him to the most dreadful resolution. "There they are!" fell from his pale lips, "but they are now in my power!"

Miranda made a sign which his people understood; ere they could regain their dwelling they were seized on by the minions of the inquisition, and before they had time to conceive what was required of them, the iron doors of separate dungeons had closed behind them.

In the full sense of his tremendous power, Miranda swore their perdition! The love he had felt was not to be rendered an illusion to him with impunity—no one should rob him of his happiness unrevenged! The two innocent beings were given up to the judgment of the inquisition. Miranda himself urged the accusation against them. The principal crime of which Mira was accused, was her being the daughter of an infamous gipsy, and of her having induced Henrico to marry her, and his initiation into her blasphemous ways. As they could not deny they had seen Zagurina principally under the disguise of a gipsy, little other proof was wanting. They were pronounced guilty, and placed amongst the number of those condemned to death.

Miranda feasted on the despair of his victims. The unfortunate pair were doomed to know by whose hand they died; they were to know the avenger who had risen, like a spectre from the grave, to destroy their bliss.

As Henrico and Mira were conducted, after their last examination, to their dungeons, Miranda ordered them to be first led to his apartment. They entered at separate doors, and, on seeing each other, rushed forward with open arms; but he sprang furiously between them, exclaiming, "Do you know me?"

They recognized Miranda, but felt no fear, as in their innocence, they rather hoped their newly-found friend would be their deliverer. They cried out, in an imploring tone, "father, save your children?" The name of father, formerly so delightful to his ear, now only fanned his rage afresh; he dashed Mira from him, loaded her with curses and reproaches, and assured her, that it was his powerful hand alone that had devoted her to death! He then quitted the unhappy victims, who were conducted back to their gloomy dungeons. As Henrico sat on his damp straw in deep thought, and vainly endeavoured to console himself, the jailor entered with a light and some provisions. As he set them down before Henrico, he recognized the son of his old master, who had protected him under circumstances of deep suspicion against his character, and had subsequently saved him from being executed as a spy. "Sir," said he, "I will now discharge part of the debt of gratitude I owe you, in aiding your flight

from the dreadful hands into which you have fallen. The road from this prison leads but to death!" Henrico rejoiced to find a friend in his distress, but how could he leave Mira behind? The grateful gaoler convinced him they could only be saved one at a time, and solemnly promised to venture every thing for Mira's liberty, if he would but comply with his plan for enforcing the belief that he had committed suicide, which, after a great many struggles was acceded to. The plot succeeded; and St. Lorent was enabled to gain the frontiers, where it was promised his wife should join him.

In the mean time, Henrico and Mira were condemned to death; the auto-de-fe was fixed when their lives were to become a prey to the flames. Miranda was impatient for the day of execution. Since the sentence of death had been pronounced, and that it was supposed Henrico had destroyed himself, sleep had forsaken his pillow; he desired the arrival of that moment when he could fully glut his revenge! Miranda had arisen very early the morning of this last day, when a lay-sister of a nunnery requested to speak with him, and, upon being admitted, delivered a verbal request from the abbess, begging him to repair to her immediately, as she had something of great consequence to impart to him. Miranda instantly followed her. She conducted him to the convent of the Sisters of Mercy, and showed him into the parlour, saying she would go fetch the abbess. Finding himself alone, he cast his eyes on a portrait on the wall, representing a beautiful woman in the habit of a nun. As he continued observing it, his heart beat quickly, for he recognized the features; and it appeared to him as though the lovely lips would open, and call him by his name. As he stood doubting, not knowing to decide whether he saw Mira's picture, or whether he saw a form out of past time before him, some one touched him on the shoulder, saying "how does this picture please you?" Miranda started, for behind him stood the gipsy Zagurina.

"Stand off, sorceress!" cried he, in a rage; "I have nothing more to do with thee. I came here to speak to the abbess of the convent; how darest thou penetrate this sanctuary?"

"Sir," said Zagurina, "the abbess has just sent me to you, for you have much to explain to me ere she can see you! Sir," continued she, "by all that is sacred tell me the truth; do you know aught of Mira and her husband? I found her like an apparition, but lost her again, and, after having sought her every where with inexpressible anxiety, the idea at last struck me, and I fear it is not without foundation, that they have fallen into the hands of your dreadful tribunal."

Miranda looked at her with an infernal smile, and said—"Yes! to you they are now lost! my powerful hand has at last reached the infamous wretches, and will also annihilate you!"

"Sir," said Zagurina, in a supplicating tone, "by the remembrance of yonder picture, I implore you to tell me what crime my poor children have committed?"

"And canst thou still ask me that, thou gipsy hag?" cried Miranda. "They have robbed me of all my happiness, I will therefore crush them. Listen! thy daughter was once dearer to me than aught on earth: she was the angel I worshipped; but the perfidious St. Lorent (the only one to whom I was weak enough to entrust my secret) broke, like a robber into my house, during my unfortunate imprisonment, and stole the affections of my destined bride; she followed him, and left me in beggary to hunt her up and down the world, and bury the best affections of my heart beneath a monkish cowl."

"And is this her only crime?" asked Zagurina.

"It is a crime which calls for vengeance!" said Miranda: "but the tribunal of the Inquisition has condemned them to death, because they are thy children, thou heretical sinner!—The cowardly St. Lorent has already destroyed himself, and to-morrow thy daughter shall meet her doom!"

"Merciful God!" cried a voice behind the grating, and Miranda beheld the abbess, who had sunk on her knees, extending her arms to him in a posture of entreaty. Zagurina drew him towards the grating, saying, dost thou know that woman?" He looked, and saw the original of the picture; the veil of time gone by was lifted up. Striking his forehead, he exclaimed, "Isabella!"

"Do you know me again?" said she, mildly; "have you not forgotten the faithful forsaken Isabella?—she who now throws herself at thy feet to implore thee to spare the life of our child?"

"All gracious God of Heaven!—be silent!" cried Miranda, as he started back; shuddering; "be silent!—what hath thy lips uttered?"

"The dearest—the most sacred secret of my life!—Mira is our child!"

Miranda, at these words, sunk on the ground, as if annihilated.

"When they forced me away," continued Isabella, "from our retreat in the mountains I was conveyed as a punishment to this convent. Here your daughter was born in secret, and here I was forced to take the veil. I confided our child to my faithful Clarita. She brought it up with a mother's care. In a gipsy's disguise she took it with her, and endeavoured to find you out, to learn if you were worthy of your daughter, and to resign it to your care. After many years' long and fruitless search, you were discovered in a miserable hut in France, where Mira became your nurse. Your heart clung with a fatherly affection to the girl, who was imprudently left in your hands till I was consulted on what further steps should be pursued. During that time, your frightful passions turned to madness—you stole away your own daughter!"

"Oh! heavens! why did you conceal from me she was my daughter!" exclaimed Miranda, in an agony of grief.

The gipsy during this time had thrown off her disguise: she now entered in the dress of a lay-sister. "Do you remember," said she, to Miranda, "how I placed Isabella's ring upon your

finger? do you remember how I implored you, when I conceived you were in your last moments, to confess to me the abode of my child, and how I endeavoured to awaken in you old recollections?—But you dashed Isabella's picture to the earth—you wanted to murder me! I then prayed to God he might terminate your existence on the field of battle! Heaven seemed to have heard me; I saw you fall!—No danger withheld me from seeking you amidst the ranks of death, and to request from you the avowal of her residence. But you were already senseless, and the enemy tore you from me. I myself remained a prisoner until the peace; I then hastened back to Spain, and to my astonishment found you here beneath the habit of a monk. All might have been happily explained, as fate had also conducted your child hither: Alas! at the very moment I thought of bringing you together, you were sitting in judgment on your children!"

"Oh! my poor innocent children!" cried Miranda in despair: "yes, I loved the child to distraction, though I did not understand the source of the affection—I see it now; I beheld in her the youthful image of Isabella!"

Isabella implored of Miranda the life of her child, but he sat with clenched hands; his head sunk on his breast:—he sobbed bitterly. Isabella begged him even to hazard his own life to save their child. His faculties at last seemed to resume their energy; he exclaimed, "I will save her, or perish with her!" Without another word he hastened from the convent to the palace of the Inquisition.

Pale and haggard, he entered the chamber of the grand inquisitor, to which he had always free access, and begged a private audience. The inquisitor complied with his request, astonished to see him, so uniformly cold-hearted and taciturn, in such violent agitation of mind. Since the feelings of a father had taken possession of his breast, and that he laboured to save the life of a child, he was animated amidst his despair with the purest feeling. He related to the grand inquisitor the principal circumstances of his life, without the least disguise; and accused himself with a soul-barrowing frankness, of being the only criminal. When he had finished his story, the old inquisitor held out his hand to him and said, "Unhappy father! thy child is nevertheless lost!"

Miranda clasped his knees and implored him in deep groans to save his child!—but the judge remained inexorable. "The sentence once pronounced by our tribunal, cannot be revoked!" said he, loosing himself from the grasp of Miranda. "You have yourself accused your daughter to us: acknowledge therein the wise dispensation of Heaven. Her death must be the atonement for your and Isabella's sins."

"Venerable father!" cried Miranda distracted, "if a victim must be sacrificed, let me die."

"No! thy trials are not yet at an end. The more pure and innocent thy child is, the more

tranquilly shouldst thou view her career finish. I once myself considered death a punishment, but now see that it is only the road out of darkness into light—only the sun's ray, in which the ripe fruit falls."

Miranda saw that it was impossible to save his child. The grief which had overwhelmed him gave place to the most furious rage. He drew a dagger from beneath his cloak, and swore he would deal death and destruction around, ere his child should perish by the hand of the executioner. The grand inquisitor left him with severe threats, and desired his people to keep an eye upon him, and not to permit his entrance to the palace of the inquisition till the auto-de-fe of the morrow was over.

In the agony of Miranda's grief at not being able to save his daughter, nor make himself known to her, he went to the confessor appointed to attend her, intrusted him with the secret of her history, implored him to relate it to his daughter, and reconcile her to her unhappy father. The priest promised, and kept his word.

At length the morning dawned which was to witness the appalling scene of death. The Spanish court in full state, and the greater part of the population of Madrid, were assembled in the Plaza de la Inquisicione, to witness the tragedy. The stern judges of the Inquisition were in their places, and even Miranda did not fail to be present. The old grand inquisitor fancied that the

father had, by a severe struggle with himself, at last conquered his feelings, and smiled graciously upon him; but he could not help shuddering at the dreadful look Miranda returned. At last the procession approached under a strong military escort; in the centre were the condemned, who advanced in mournful silence; quite the last was a female, too weak to support herself, conducted by the officers of justice. It was Mira. But scarcely had she reached Miranda ere he rushed among the guards, like a lion determined to defend his young; dashed the officers aside, seized his child in his arms, pressed forwards with her towards the crowd, calling out to them to save her from the hands of the executioner! But the timid populace remained quiet. In the mean time, prompted by the grand inquisitor, the guards sprang forward and attempted to separate the father and daughter. But her tender hands were riveted round his neck. In a fainting voice she cried—"Kill me! ah! kill me, my father!" Miranda imprinted on her pale forehead, his first—his last paternal kiss, and drawing forth his dagger pierced the trembling victim to the heart! She sank on the ground!—From her bleeding corse was torn another victim, who, despairing of her release, had, on resolving to perish with her, arrived but in time to witness the sad catastrophe of a daughter imploring death as a boon from the hand of him who gave her life.

"WHEN MAGGY GANGS AWAY."

"O WHAT will a' the lads do
When Maggy gangs away?
O what will a' the lads do
When Maggy gangs away?
There's not a heart in a' the glen
That disna dread the day,
O what will a' the lads do
When Maggy gangs away?"

Your Jock has ta'en the hill for't—
A waefu' wight is he:
Poor Harry's ta'en the bed for't,
And laid him down to dee:
And Sandy's gane into the kirk,
And learning fast to pray:
And, O, what will the lads do
When Maggy gangs away?"

The young laird o' the Lang-Snaw
Has drunk her health in wine:
The priest has said—in confidence—
The lassie was divine—
And that is mair in maiden's praise
Than ony priest should say:
But, O, what will the lads do
When Maggy gangs away?"

The wailing in our green glen
That day will quaver high,
'Twill draw the redbreast frae the wood,
The laverock frae the sky;
The fairies frae their bed o' dew
Will rise and join the lay;
An' oh! what a day there'll be
When Maggy gangs away?"

SUMMER.

She comes, she comes, with her flashing eyes,
And her cheek of passion's hue,
'Mid a train of aerial symphonies,
In her garment of cloudless blue:
She comes with her spell upon earth and skies,
Over land and over sea,
In her warm maturity,
She comes! she comes!

Dark is her brow from the hot sunbeam
Swarth child of a southern clime;
Her march deepening radiance on valley and stream,
Like glory enlightening by time:
She comes, earth exults, the hills leap at her name,
A thousand hearts spring,
A thousand vales ring—
She comes! she comes!

At her day-spring all breathes of that Eden bright
For the Dead Sea apple given;
She strews amber and pearl with fingers of light
From the portals of eastern heaven,
And in chariot of purple and dew meets the night
The pride of the year
In her golden career—
She comes! she comes!

In her sunlit eyes let me bask again!
O, kind is her presence to me,
Since the east-wind blight made the blossom vain,
And the flower that feeds the bee;
While nature is smiling over mountain and plain,
Over brook and over sea,
In her beauty joyously,
She comes! she comes!

MY WIFE!

A WHISPER!

"Mr Wife"—she is gone out of town, and I seize the lucky moment to paint her portrait, and to tell my story. They shall not be full-lengths.

Wives!—what a word. There is "the creaking of shoes and the rustling of silks" in the sound; the rattling of keys, and—no, not the clink of money; but there is the sly, subtle, single knock of a dun in it, the scolding of servants, and the squeaking of children. Wife!—it sounds like the requiem of liberty, the knell of genius, the sad, sullen adieu to all the rhapsodies and ramblings of youth—the *ipse dixit* of destiny, pronouncing sentence of imprisonment for life, upon the unfettered and untameable spirit. It is a dictionary of itself—it means every thing, good and evil. It is the *open cesame!* of mischief—the sound of the creaking hinges of Pandora's box—the riveting of chains—the cabalistic word that is to call spirits from the deep, seraphs or satyrs, as it may happen—the flapping of the sails of the departing vessel, that is leaving us on an island, peopled probably with hyenas that hate laughing, and bears too sulky to dance. But then, on the other hand, there is a certain sweetness—not a sweetness exactly, but a something or other, in the sound, that certainly does—but all this is not what I was going to say.

Wives in general—for I have a word for those of other people before I come to my own—are as varied as the weather. There are hot and cold ones, fair and foggy, damp and dry. Your "damp" wife will be barely civil to you when you ask for her husband, and will perhaps say something about "people calling to take him out." If you open the door suddenly, you will perhaps see her putting the decanters away. The "dry" wife works by hints; she will quiz you, if single, upon your dissipated habits, and intimate that she considers you the cause of all her husband's wickedness before marriage, and some of it since. But your "foggy" wife is more disagreeable than all—one with whom it is impossible to see an inch before you, where you don't know whether you are to go or stay, who seems to entertain you with entire indifference, or regards you as a part of the live-stock upon her husband's estate, who neither invites you nor declines your visits, forgets your name twice a week, and if asked who you are, says—"Oh! it is *only* a friend of Mr. M.'s;" who, in short, just endures you, because there was a sort of understanding in the marriage contract, that the husband was to have his friends and dogs as often as he pleased. This is a sad clog to friendship, but it is a common one. I have a dozen friends whom I never think of visiting for this reason, because I know I should be placing myself in the situation of that person who apologised to Dr. Johnson for his long stay, and was answered, "Not at all, sir: I had forgotten you were present."

When a man makes you stay to dinner whether you will or no, you may understand what he means; and when, on the other hand, he kicks you down stairs, you may, in general, pretty accurately guess what his intentions are. But an indifferent or an indefinite sort of reception is what I never, under any circumstances, run the risk of encountering twice.

How provoking is it, when you have made a call upon a friend who is delighted to see you, and with whom you have made up your mind to stop the evening, to be mercilessly interrupted by his wife, with—"well, when will you come and take a cup of tea with us?" as if she had detected the lurking intention as soon as it was formed. Really, I cannot understand how it is that human nature is still willing to submit to such inconveniences; and that in spite of Doctor's Commons, people are constantly found, not only perpetrating marriage, but persisting to their last breath in justifying their conduct, gilding their miseries till they look like transports to all but themselves, and preaching up their independence till, like patriots, they half delude themselves with a notion that they are in earnest. I do not go quite so far as the philosopher, who wished that the human race could be continued like trees; so that when a man wanted an heir he might only have to plant himself in his garden—set his housekeeper to water him—and wait for the shoot sprouting forth. This is a philosophy that is beyond me; but I do wish that there were some modification in the article of marriage; that the practice of widows throwing themselves on the funeral-pile of their husbands, were not confined to the Hindoos, but that something of the kind could be adopted here—as, instead of worrying us to death, it would then become the grand aim of their existence to keep us alive as long as possible.

Or perhaps if the husband were to incur the penalty, it would be as well; it would certainly tend to a diminution of the number of marriages—a result which, besides setting the Malthusians at rest for ever, no slight advantage—would have a sensible effect in the marriage-market, by humbling the coquetish and taming the termagants. It is the natural prejudice of the human mind in favour of marriage, and a proneness to commit it when about nineteen, that creates the mischief. If men were less ready to fall into the snare, women would be less disposed to make them sensible that they were in it. The more is not the merrier, in this case. There are instances, I know, where marriage is indispensable; such as, when a man has made up his mind to take to drinking. Nothing is more uncomfortable, after spending an evening in the society of a few glasses of brandy and water, than to return home late, knock at the wrong door for half an hour, repeat the operation at the right one for three

quarters, then recollect that you have got the key in your pocket after all, open it, grope about in the dark, find your way into any room, careless whether it be the landlady's or not, and fall fast asleep before you have got one boot off. All this is unpleasant, and any person so intending to indulge should certainly matrimonize his condition, in order that he may have somebody to take care of him. In cases like this it would be excusable; but we are every hour seeing marriages committed upon the most frivolous pretences, when there is really no earthly occasion for it. One would think it was considered quite a pleasure to repeat the responses and to pay parsons their fees—to eat fifteen shillings' worth of cake, and go travelling in a shabby chaise.

I make not these observations about wives with any desire to depreciate my own. Luckless and ill-fated is the wight who hath a partner prone to cards or paint, to throwing teacups, or dancing with first cousins not absolutely ill-looking. I pity him from the very depths of my spirit—yet I envy him. Yes, his is an enviable state of existence to mine. What is a simple fracture or two, or a slight scar on the temple—or a dinner-service demolished—or the loss of the money which you had put by for your summer expenses at somewhere, to an old card-player that you hate; or even the elopement with the not-ill-looking first cousin, which is the consequence of your remonstrance? All these are nothing to my sufferings, but they spring from a different cause. I am not tormented with a *bad* wife; but I am tortured—that is not the word, it does not express what I mean—with a *good* one. All my calamities arise from my good-fortune; my indescribable misery lies at the door of my unspeakable happiness. I am like a man who having unfortunately drawn a prize of ten thousand pounds, is immediately thrown by his creditors into prison for twenty thousand; or I resemble the unhappy winner of the prize-ox lately raffled for, whose appetite reduced the envied possessor of the beast to the verge of bankruptcy. I am ruined, I repeat, by my good fortune. Had "my wife" been less amiable, I had been less afflicted; but she is perfection—and I am undone. Oh! ye, who love—but have the incalculable advantage of not being beloved in return; ye, whose wives reward your devoted attentions with the most profound and unmitigated hatred; ye, who never knew what it was to be doated on to a degree of inconvenience, which, as novels and newspapers remark, "may be more easily conceived than described"—how little able are ye to sympathise with me! I am the very victim of "my wife's" idolatry, the martyr to my own felicity. Her affection for me is of that microscopic kind that she is perpetually detecting some horrible omen in what I had foolishly looked upon as a prospect of pleasure. She finds blots upon my sun when I fancy it all brightness. She sees poison in every thing that I happen, by any chance, to have a partiality for. She is such a faithful guardian to my happiness, and takes such extra-

ordinary care of my comforts, that she never lets me have any for use. Every disaster that has happened to me for these ten years may be clearly traced to her precautions for avoiding it. Lest I should get into any danger, or rather lest her affectionate spirit should miss the delight of sharing it with me, she never trusts me out of her sight. There she is always at my elbow, taking care, as she says, that I want for nothing—

———— "a form of life and light,
That seen became a part of sight!
And rose where'er I turned mine eye —"

In fact, I can't turn it, upon the most trivial object, without undergoing a cross-examination as to my motive for looking at it. If my eye happen to fall upon the window or be turned towards the sky, I am salute I with—"What is the matter? Are you going out?"—if my glance wanders round the room she remarks it, and says—"Can I get you anything?" or if it be fixed for a moment on the fire—"You are cold. Shall I ring for some coals?"—nay, if I glance, though ever so carelessly, at the girl who brings them—the same question is ready;—"What do you want? any thing that I can get you?" Her tender regard for my health takes place of every other feeling; I have been a most pitiable invalid for many years—not that I feel ill—quite the contrary; you would think me remarkably strong and healthy; but "my wife" knows better—she is aware that I am of a most delicate and sickly constitution, and she accordingly abridges my beef-steak, and locks up my cigars, with a firmness that amounts to something philosophic. She sees the water come into my eyes—or mouth—but without relenting. In short, she is the most sensitive of women. She detects a fever in the very opening of a door, and discovers a rheumatism in every keyhole. She never uses an umbrella until she is sure it is thoroughly aired; is seized with an ague at the sight of the damp newspaper regularly every morning; and once experienced inflammation, which she attributed to her having incautiously drank some water out of a *wet* glass.

I said that I would paint her portrait and then tell my story; I have finished my pen-and-ink sketch; and my story will bring me to the end of my paper. The adventure rose out of that incessant and amiable anxiety for my health which I cannot too much admire—or lament.

"People cannot be too careful of themselves, particularly at this trying season. Now do take it, dear L ***."

"Oh! no, it would be quite unnecessary."

"You are so careless. Who is to nurse you if you catch cold? Now, oblige me by taking it—you had better."

"Ridiculous! How can you press it upon me when I say so positively that I don't want it. I never heard of such a thing, and it would be really absurd."

"Not so absurd as your refusal. I can't conceive why you should make so many scruples—when it's all for your own good. I'm sure you'll catch cold. You know your cough is very bad

already—there, it's coming on now; it will spoil all the folds of your cravat before dinner. Pray oblige me; be reasonable and put it in your pocket. Well, it's very teasing of you—I'm sure you might as well."

The article which was so assiduously and tenderly pressed upon my attention, but which I perseveringly declined accepting, was by no means a romantic one. It was not one of those infallible and heaven-invented restoratives for which all females—but elderly ones especially—are so deservedly celebrated. It was neither charm nor cordial: no, it was nothing more or less than—a nightcap! The dialogue took place just as I was on the point of going out to dinner, *alone*, for the evening was wet, and "my wife" for once hesitated to share the horrors which she saw accumulating round my head. It was too late to send an excuse; I was obliged to go—"my wife" insisting that I should not think, under any circumstances, of returning home through the night-air, but that I should make up my mind to take a bed at my friend's. Having without much difficulty gained this point, she pertinaciously petitioned for another; and ever watchful for an opportunity of exercising the privileges of a guardian-angel, insisted on my taking with me my nightcap. Vainly did I assure her that it was unnecessary; that where I found a pillow I should find a cap; or in the event of the worst, that I should still be able to hit upon some means of protecting my temples from cold, and my curls from disorder. I was set down for a visionary, a rash, thoughtless enthusiast. "Besides," said my amiable torturer, "even if you *should* find a cap upon the pillow, which, considering the uncertainty of this life, does not appear more than probable; but even if you should, it may not be aired as it ought to be. As for trusting to chance, I own I am surprised at your imprudence. A dependence upon providential interference is a becoming feeling in some cases, but not in this, when the means of averting calamity are already in your power. Now take it without another word—here it is, as white —"

"As your arm."

"Nonsense! But besides all the reasons I have stated, I must confess that I should not like you to wear any but your own natural nightcap. You would look like somebody else in another, and I should have unpleasant dreams. I should see you approach in an odious caricature of a cap; not in a nice, neat, becoming ornament like this. I'm sure I never saw a more graceful head-dress, considering its shape. Oh, I can't bear the thought of your wearing another.—If you love me, if you wish to dream of me, you'll take this—unless you expect to find Fortunate's."

I reasoned and romanced—smiled, scolded, and humoured: but I persisted in adhering to my principles, and rejected the nightcap in disdain. At last the point was given up; my wife threw her arms round me, and assured me that her anxiety was only for my good—I repeated the usual affectionate phrases in such cases made

and provided—and we separated with a world of protestation on my part, and a universe of advice upon hers.

When I arrived at my place of appointment I found a pleasant party. Every body was in high spirits. The ladies listened to our compliments as if they had never heard them before, and we all laughed at each other's jokes as if we had never told them ourselves. We sat down to dinner.

Among the company was one of that class of females who may be designated languishing ladies. She was young, handsome, possessed extreme sensibility, an ardent fancy, and refined nerves. A whisper affected her like an earthquake, and a hint threw her into hysterics. It was necessary, in addressing her, to speak with profound caution, in case of giving alarm to her sensibilities, or treading upon a spring-gun. It was impossible to keep out of danger, unless every sentence had been a safety-lamp. I felt, in offering a compliment, as if I were presenting a spark to a barrel of gunpowder; and was obliged to extinguish its meaning before it was fit for use.

We were seated in a circle of elegant enjoyment, not dreaming of disaster, when the genius of this sensitive plant—she wrote poetry, just by way of escaping the imputation of singularity—was served up as a subject for discussion. Unlucky theme for me! I was sitting opposite to her, and was appealed to, in a manner that rendered it impossible to escape, for my opinion upon the merits of an unpublished poem, which she had a little time before sent me to read, and which I had returned, (having read three lines of the three thousand,) with the usual flourish about an "admiring world," and "Mr. Murray's good fortune" in obtaining so extraordinary a production. Of course, nothing is so easy as to give an opinion—*mine* was, that the poem could not fail of becoming a dangerous rival to the "statue that enchants the world," and that it was, in short, nothing less than a miracle in manuscript. I hate your bit-and-bit eulogists, and like to do the thing handsomely when I do begin. This was all very satisfactory; but when I was asked to describe the poem—the stanza, the scene, the subject—I was puzzled. All I knew was, that it was written with a light hand and a new pen, and stitched in a pink wrapper. But to describe it!—I was confident, of course, that the heroine died broken-hearted, because that's a rule without a single modern exception—but that was not enough. My hesitation already, I perceived, began to affect the aspen nerves of the fair author. She was beginning to suspect—while those who had barbarously driven me into the dilemma, were beginning to titter. Something must be done—and so I determined upon venturing on the last resource in these cases, and on trusting to candour to help me out. I confessed that I could not satisfactorily describe the poem, as I had not been able to read it quite through. At about the two hundred and fifty-third page an accident, which I could not particularly describe,

had prevented my reading farther, and I had never after been able to complete it. The nature of this mysterious accident, was then inexorably demanded, by my persecutors—and to relieve my embarrassment, and to gain time, I had recourse to my handkerchief. A very good effect is sometimes produced, by taking a neatly folded one by the corner, and giving it a graceful jerk, so as to scatter the perfume as you raise it to your lips. I took it from my pocket for this purpose—it was folded up. I held it by the corner accordingly, and elevated it to a becoming height, in order that it might fall with proper elegance and effect. Imagine my astonishment, my agony, my shame. It was—not my handkerchief, but my—nightcap! Alas! my too-fond, too careful wife, had, without my knowledge, slipped it into my pocket, when she embraced me at my departure.

No culprit at the fatal tree—no young lover of money, with an old bride—no monarch when the emblem of liberty, or revolution, is borne through his palace halls—ever saw a cap with such utter consternation: I held it up between my finger and thumb—not by the corner, for it had none—but by the white tassel that adorned it. I was deprived of the power of motion, my eyes fixed upon it; and I could neither drop it, nor the hand to which it seemed to grow. There it hung, like Mahomet's coffin. It looked pale with horror. It was suspended before me, like a winding-sheet. It seemed like a concentrated snow-storm ready to burst on my head. I at length cast a glance round the table. The female portion of the spectators were endeavouring to look grave and angry, amidst their laughter. The rest did not attempt to conceal the nature of the emotions my inadvertence had produced. The laughter was undisguised, and I felt that I must fight a duel with every man in the room. I ventured one half-averted look at the fair poet, who had thus unintentionally conspired with "my wife" to bring this disgrace upon my head. I read my history in her eyes—the truth was too clear to be a moment questioned. I had been praising her poem—I had dwelt with delight upon its beauties—I had confessed that an *accident* had interrupted the perusal; and when asked what that accident was, I had in the most pointed, public, and deliberate manner elevated a nightcap! Could any declaration tell more plainly, that I fell asleep over the production I had so satirically admired. What!—to display a nightcap to a young and innocent creature, who had probably never seen her grandfather's!—not even her little brother's, after the border was taken off? The offence was beyond the hope of pardon, and apology was useless.

The lady spoke first—what I know not. I only heard her stammer out something, like an *Æolian harp* afflicted with the palsy, or a piano-forte with an impediment in its speech. I could not reply. I had borne the laughter, but it was impossible to encounter the condolence of the whole room. Retreat was my only refuge, and I determined at once to decamp. I feigned a fish-

bone in my throat, or something equally inconvenient, pulled the cap furiously upon my head—nay, over my eyes—and without uttering a word, or stopping to answer one, rushed hatless into a hackney-coach.

"My wife" watched over the progress of my fever for three months, with the truest and most tender affection. How thankful the kind-hearted creature was that the incident had taken so serious an effect upon me!—it afforded her such an admirable opportunity of evincing her devotion. How grateful was she for my sufferings!—she had the exquisite enjoyment of alleviating them. I sometimes think that she almost wishes me dead—for the pleasure of being utterly inconsolable.

ORIENTAL APOLOGUE.

ONCE on a time, there were in the city of Balkh, four persons wealthy and possessed of property, who were intimate, and had a great friendship for one another. By chance, the whole of them became poor; and all the four went before a philosopher, and stated to him the circumstances of their poverty. The philosopher took pity on them, gave each one of them a miraculous ball, and said to them, "Put one of these balls upon each of your heads, and keep walking along; at whatever place your balls shall fall down, dig in that same place, and then whatever, by fortune, shall come to you out of the ground, you shall take." Each of these four friends, conformable to the philosopher's directions, kept going along.—When they had proceeded several *cass*, the ball of one of them fell from his head. He digged there, and copper made its appearance. He said to his other friends, "I esteem this copper in hand better than gold in expectancy; if you choose, you may remain here." They did not accept of this offer, but continued advancing farther on. When they had gone a little way, the second person's ball fell from his head, and a silver mine came there in view. He said, "If you choose, you may remain here; this silver is yours." They did not consent to this. When they had advanced farther, another person's ball fell from his head; he digged there, and a mine of gold was discovered. He said to the fourth friend, "There is no treasure finer than gold; I am of opinion that I and you should remain here." He replied, "Farther on there will be precious stones; why should I remain here?" When he had advanced one *cass* on his way, his ball fell from his head; and, when he dug up the ground, he saw an iron mine. Repentant, he exclaimed, "Why did I quit the mine of gold, and not harken to the advice of my friend!" In short, he returned back from that place, but he neither saw his friend nor found the gold mine. He said to himself, "No one can find more than what is his destiny." He set out again in the direction of the iron mine, but, with all his search, he could not find it again. Helpless, he went for the philosopher, but he was not to be found. Being extremely destitute, he repented very much.—*Orientalist.*

**THE FLOWER IS NOT WITHERED—
IT IS ONLY TRANSPLANTED.**

Sorrow is the genuine effusion of nature—joy may be assumed. Smiles may be on the lips and sweet music on the tongue, yet have no acquaintance with the heart; but who will copy the expression of grief; wear the mask of a dreaded foe, or affect the pangs that remind us of the insecurity of happiness?

Education may refine, may renew, or efface original impressions, and silence some of the strongest emotions—but acute distress is the torrent that art cannot suppress; the voice that will be heard, whether in cries aloud in the excess of anguish, or complaints of the pains of memory in solitude.

When nature speaks in the powerful language of affliction, and tells of delicate affections suddenly broken, few will turn away, and refuse to condole with the sufferer.—Levity is serious and respectful; the rude courteous and compassionate towards *real sorrow*, for it indicates the most amiable traits of human character—tears from such a source leave no stain on the cheek of manhood—on the pale face of woman, when she mourns in the character of a wife or a mother, they claim our admiration no less than our sympathies.

A mother's grief is the most sincere of passions—the hand that takes away her child extracts blood from her heart, and rends the tenderest ties—the very helplessness of infancy, its little cares and joys, the gradual development of its beauty and intelligence, tend to assist the growth of a mother's affections. Many have forgotten in age the companions of their youth—relations and false friends will often drive from their doors the wretch, who, in prosperity, had been received; but a mother, through the vicissitudes of time, fortune, and reputation, will know her child, and clasp it to her bosom.—What love is comparable to hers?

The grief of a mother is of no ordinary kind, and admits of no ordinary remedy—who will interrupt her with the offer of consolation? Neither the tongue of the sophist, nor the methodical truths of the philosopher have charms in the house of mourning. Language may not soothe, but it may partially describe (and from a recent example) the picture we lament to behold.

Death has torn an infant, *an only son*, from the caress of its parents.—No lingering sickness preceded the sad event—Suddenly, and without a threat, the blow was struck!—The fond parents had anticipated the future worth and celebrity of their child—In the mirror of imagination they had beheld the efforts of a noble ambition in manhood: and more remotely the wreath of honour on an aged head—but they saw not the cloud that hung over the scene!—While they calculated the things of futurity: while they gazed on the fair brow of their little son, and raised the structure of hope, the hand of death was extended.

The child sleeps, and the dream of bliss is with it in the tomb—Exempt alike from vices and vir-

tues, it has left no example to shun or to imitate;—no epitaph except on the hearts of its parents.—Had the tree grown to a lofty height ere it fell—had the spring increased to a mighty river ere it terminated in ocean, the point of affection might have lost its barb in the recollection that early promises had been justly fulfilled in maturity:—a glorious reputation might have divided with sorrow the memory of affection.

Poor human nature!—how are you sported with in the very halls of thy inheritance! Descended from a God, yet the jest of shadows, and the victim of petty realities!—The puncture of a pin, the sting of the vile insect that lives only a few hours, can destroy the life of lordly man, who, in the likeness of his Creator, is as much the slave of insignificant circumstances as the reptile that crawls at his feet.—Let us not, however, complain, for God is just—rather let us believe that the present condition of our being is necessary to prepare us for the Paradise that will ultimately ensue.

To smile when our feelings are wounded; to spurn the little evils of life, and endure what is unavoidable with firmness, denotes a strong and well regulated mind—To assert our principles in the presence of death, and look calmly and proudly on the executioner, sustains the hope that the soul can never die.

A virtuous and enlightened mind cannot be the permanent abode of sorrow—it has aids to lean on besides the condolence of friends—There are duties to perform, rewards to enjoy, and hopes to indulge on earth.—If these do not glitter in the gloom of present affliction, imagination may present beyond the dark curtain of Mortality, an image at which the mourner might look and forget to weep.

THE GRAVE.

“WHY,” says Ossian, “should’st thou build thy hall, son of the winged days? thou lookest from the towers to-day, yet a few years, and the blast of the desert comes—it howls in the empty court, and whistles around thy half worn shield!” Then why should man look forth as he fondly hopes upon the sunny future with the eye of fancy, and lay up the golden visions, which have passed like sunbeams in his pilgrimage, in the hope of brighter ones yet to come, when to-morrow the clouds may be heaped on his coffin, and above his quiet rest the sepulchral views tremble in the wind! Alas! if there is aught on earth which should subdue pride—which should make men feel that “the rich and the poor meet together, and that the Lord is maker of them all!”—it is the *Grave!* It is there resentment dies—revenge and ambition are satiated: it is there above the urn of sorrow, man must learn that

“Life is a torrid day;
Parch’d by the wind and sun—
And death, the calm, cool night,
When the weary day is done!”

EMBROIDERY FOR HEAD DRESSES.

CROWN PATTERN.



SIDE PATTERN.



A BIRTH-DAY BALLAD.

BY MISS JEWSBURY.

"Thou art plucking spring roses, Genie,
And a little red rose art thou,
Thou hast unfolded to-day, Genie,
Another bright leaf, I trow;
But the roses will live and die, Genie,
Many and many a time,
Ere thou hast unfolded quite, Genie—
Grown into maiden prime.

Thou art looking now at the birds, Genie,
But O do not wish their wing!
That would only tempt the fowler, Genie,
Stay thou on earth and sing;
Stay in the nursing nest, Genie,
Be not soon thence beguiled,
Thou wilt ne'er find a second, Genie,
Never be twice a child.

Thou art building towers of pebbles, Genie—
Pile them up brave and high;
And leave them to follow a bee, Genie,
As he wandereth singing by:
But if thy towers fall down, Genie,
And if the brown bee is lost,
Never weep, for thou must learn, Genie,
That soon life's schemes are crost.

Thy hand is in a bright boy's, Genie,
He calls thee his sweet wee wife,
But let not thy little heart think, Genie,
Childhood the prophet of life:
It may be life's minstrel, Genie,
And sing sweet songs and clear;
But minstrel and prophet now, Genie,
Are not united here.

What will thy future fate be, Genie?
Alas! shall I live to see!
For thou art scarcely a sapling, Genie,
And I am a moss-grown tree!
I am shedding life's leaves fast, Genie—
Thou art in blossom sweet;
But think betimes of the grave, Genie,
Where young and old oft meet."

THE DISINTERRED WARRIOR.

BY C. W. BRYANT.

GATHER him to his grave again,
And solemnly and softly lay,
Beneath the verdure of the plain,
The warrior's scatter'd bones away.
Pay the deep reverence taught of old,
The homage of man's heart to death,
Nor trifle even with the mould
Once quickened by the Almighty's breath.

The soul hath hallowed every part:—
That remnant of a martial brow,
Those ribs that held the mighty heart,
That strong arm—ah! 'tis strengthless now,
Spare then, each mouldering fragment spare,
Of God's own image—let them rest,
Till not a trace shall speak of where
The awful likeness was impressed.

For he was fresher from the hand
That formed of earth the human face,
And to the elements did stand,
In nearer kindred than our race.
In many a flood of madness tost,
In many a storm has been his path,
He hid him not from heat or frost,
But met them and defied their wrath.

Then were they kind—the forest here
Rivers and stiller waters, paid
A tribute to the net and spear
Of the red ruler of the shade.
Fruits on the woodland branches lay,
Roots in the shaded mould below;
The stars looked forth to teach his way,
The sullen earth warned him of the foe.

A noble race! but they are gone,
With their bold forests wide and deep,
And we have built our homes upon
Fields where their generations sleep.
Their fountains slake our thirst at noon,
Upon their hills our harvest waves,
Our lovers woo beneath their moon,
Ah! let us spare at least their graves.

THE LADY EMMELINE.

"Her form, her slight and fairy form, was full of early grace,
And proud and pensive beauty reigned upon her gentle face."

Unpublished MS.

A SILVER lamp, richly fretted and suspended from the ceiling, shed a sort of *Rembrandt* light upon the chamber, while the brief flashes occasionally emitted by the wood consuming on the spacious hearth heightened the picturesque effect of the scene. Every object in the apartment betokened the wealth of the possessor, and shewed that it was the destined retreat of some high-born maiden. The floor was thickly strewn with rushes, sprinkled with scented waters, and the walls were decorated with tapestry of golden cloth; an ebony table, inlaid with ivory, was placed in the centre, and a sculptured desk, fur-

nished with a breviary and missal, gorgeously emblazoned, occupied one corner of the room, while a tripod of marble, containing holy water, stood in another. A canopied bed, with curtains of silk, curiously wrought with silver and gold, and a velvet coverlet, guarded with miniver, filled a distant recess; and, close to this, a half-opened door discovered an oratory, dimly illumined by the beams of the moon, which, struggling through the branches of a vine that nearly obscured the lattice, cast a visionary light into the apartment.

Seated by the table, with her head resting

upon her hand, the fair inmate of this chamber appeared buried in profound meditation, heedless of the respectful attendance of her bower-woman, who stood silently gazing upon her mistress.

The countenance of the maiden was partially concealed by the position of her hand, and the long ringlets, of golden brown, which fell luxuriantly upon her brow and reposed upon her neck; but sufficient was displayed to show that it was pale and spiritual, and that a lip of exquisite enchantment gave beauty and sweetness to the lower part of her face. Her slight and graceful figure was arrayed in a robe of azure silk, confined at the waist by an embroidered zone; a band of pearls was wreathed fancifully in the loose tresses of her hair, and a carcanet, set with jewels of price, glittered upon her neck; but neither the pearls upon her brow, nor the jewels upon her breast, seemed to give happiness to their possessor. A deep sigh forced its way from her bosom, when, raising her head and shaking back the clustering locks that lay like shadowy gold upon her temples, she unveiled a forehead fair and lofty, a brow calm and youthful, but at once strangely sweet and haughty; an eye full of sublime thought and melancholy and feeling, and a cheek whose marble purity shamed the living damask of her lip.

"My good Bridget," said the maiden, addressing her attendant, while a smile of faint, but of radiant loveliness hovered around her mouth, "my kind Bridget, I have too long detained you from repose; the night wanes apace, hasten to your couch, and may St. Mary be your guard."

"But, my lady, would you not that I prepare you for your rest? the moon is waxing dim, and—"

The damsel would have proceeded, but a slightly impatient gesture on the part of her mistress caused her to desist; making her obeisance, she glided into an adjoining chamber, and after offering up her usual devotions, soon sank into a quiet slumber.

While the waiting-woman was thus buried in the arms of sleep, her mistress was yielding to the wild emotions of grief; tears stole rapidly down her cheeks; and the changing hues of her countenance betrayed the agitation of her spirit.

"And shall it be thus?" she exclaimed; "shall the heiress of *De Wilton* shrink like the supple reed before the blast, and wed with one who possesses not her heart? No, no;" and she clasped her hands upon her brow—"sooner shall this head lie low in the tomb of her ancestors, this hand moulder into dust, and this form pass away as a vision from the earth. Alas! alas! that the meanest peasant maiden should be free to give her hand where her heart hath made its choice, while the proud and the high-born, the dowered heiress of wood and castle, must plight her troth for gleaming gold and an empty state."

With a troubled step the lady passed into the oratory, and, throwing herself upon her knees, remained for some moments absorbed in devo-

tion before an ivory crucifix; and as the pale light of the moon partially beamed on her slender figure, and, tinging her whole countenance with a visionary lustre, rested serenely upon her upraised head, she seemed like a sainted spirit kneeling at the shrine of its Creator. While thus engaged, a strain of sweet and pensive melody stole upon the breeze; but when the Lady Emmeline arose and approached the lattice the music had ceased.

It was a fair and lovely night, well fitted to inspire the heart with melancholy tenderness, and unseal the springs of the imagination. The sky was calm and cloudless, and the moon floated proudly through the deep azure like a fair bark careering in the blue waters of the Levant.—Grove, and bower, and garden lay quietly beneath, while the dreamy spells of silence and of shade hung upon every object; sweet was the solemn stillness of the hour of rest, and the soft mysterious shadowing of the summer night; every leaf and flower diffused fragrance upon the breeze as it stole murmuring along; and the whispering of the zephyr, the rustling of the forest trees, and the tinkling of a fountain that fell lightly into a sculptured basin of marble, were the only sounds that, breaking upon the ear, shed a delicious sadness upon the soul. But other sounds quickly disturbed the silence; the thick branches beneath the casement were shaken, and, emerging from concealment, the musician stood before the lady, habited in a page's attire: he bore a harp in his hand; his slender figure was displayed to advantage by his dress; dark hair clustered upon his brow; and the character of his head was noble and poetical, while, as he raised his eager eye to the window, the light of the moon fell broadly upon a face that Guido might have chosen for the model of those divine countenances which beam in celestial glory upon his canvas.

"Emmeline! my own—my adored Emmeline!" exclaimed he, in a low, deep, and impassioned tone—"I have tarried long at the bower; and methought the moon was less bright, the stream less musical, the jessamine less fragrant than was wont. Alas! they wanted the fair presence of my lady-love. But how is this?" inquired he, quickly and earnestly, perceiving the traces of sorrow and inquietude upon the features of his Emmeline. "How is this, my beloved? Whence is thy grief? Shall it not be shared by thy Edmund?"

"My Edmund! Alas! never," passionately responded the maiden; "hast thou not heard that the Baron Fitzwalter has sent to demand me in marriage of my father, and that ere tomorrow's eve he will arrive at the castle to press his suit in person? Alas! dazzled by his wealth, and blinded by his renown, Sir Hubert hath signified to me his commands that I receive him as my betrothed; but sooner shall the grave be my portion, and the worm my companion, than Reginald Fitzwalter shall claim me as his bride."

The reply of the lover-page was wild and im-

petuous, as, flinging himself upon the earth, he solemnly swore to rescue his mistress or perish in the attempt.

The blushing hues of the morning were stealing upon the sky ere the lady waved a farewell; the myrtle trembled in the breeze; the rose bared its damask bosom to the bee; and the sweet violet rearing its modest head, with the lily of the vale, breathed deep perfume upon the air. Sweet was the incense of the summer flowers, but far sweeter was the vow of fidelity unto death that sealed the parting moment.

And now to change the scene. The expected arrival of the Baron Fitzwalter took place ere the vesper bell had rung; the shrill blast of the warder's horn announced his reproach, as, followed by an armed and gallant retinue, he rode over the draw-bridge and entered the portecullis. The Baron was apparently in his fortieth year; tall and dignified in person, and of a dark and martial aspect; but although nature had gifted him with faultless features, a brow of majesty, and an eye of deep intelligence, with a lip that wore well the smile of blandishment, still there was a peculiarity of expression—a glance of that eye, and a quick curving of that lip, which repelled familiarity and confidence.

His forehead was shaded by a plumed barret-cap, and his superb figure was cased in a suit of Milan harness, over which was thrown a cloak of the richest Genoa velvet, fastened at the throat by a clasp of pure gold, while a thickly-studded belt sustained a straight two-edged sword, and with the chain depending from his neck, and the golden spur upon his heel, completed his attire.

The beauty and trappings of the noble animal which he bestrode were worthy of its rider; and the gay and glittering appearance of his suite bore full evidence to the wealth of their lord.—Descending from his steed he saluted Sir Hubert De Wilton, who, with courtly greetings, welcomed his guest, and led the way into the castle, where refreshments were prepared with the nicest skill, and displayed in pompous profusion. Of these the Baron partook but slightly, although eagerly entreated by his host, who beheld his dreams of ambition on the point of becoming realized by the union of his daughter, then in her sixteenth year with the pride of chivalry and the terror of the Paynim. A man far advanced in the vale of years, of a narrow heart and a designing head, he had retired from the court of the fickle-minded and contemptible Prince John, in order to avoid sharing in the reputed danger of his disgrace; and while anxious to shield himself from the displeasure of the lion-hearted Richard by an alliance with one of the powerful followers of the martial monarch, Fitzwalter beheld the fair Emmeline as he was hunting in her father's forest glades. Although the glance was momentary, the impression was immediate and ardent; seduced by the grace and beauty of the noble maiden he overlooked the great disparity of years, impetuously resolving to make an offer of his hand; and as his eye roved

over the extensive stretch of wood and water, field and plain, which lay beneath his sway, his bosom throbbed at the idea of bearing off the peerless Emmeline, and making her the mistress of his wide domain. But the heart of the fair girl was neither to be captured by his gallant train nor his proud estate; and while the Baron revelled in the delirium of his new-born hopes, the stripling page, the gentle and youthful Edmund, was the favorite but unknown rival with whose influence he had fruitlessly to contend.

The silent grove and glade, the shadowy sequestered dell, where the little brook made pleasant music as it ran bubbling from the roots of the knotted oak; and the deep blue of the sky peered through the gnarled branches of the trees, whose bright verdure cast a sweet shade upon the earth, while a glimpse of the inner woodland, or a snatch of the open country, wild and romantic, broke in here and there, giving depth and animation to the scene: these were the favorite haunts where the love-lorn youth mused away his absent hours, and passed the time in golden reveries of future happiness; and not unfrequently did he there pour out his impassioned soul at the feet of his mistress, and woo her with all the fervid tenderness of truth. A glance, a fond sweet smile, a slight suffusion of the brow, or a timid sigh—breathed as she wandered by his side, and ever and anon turned away blushing from his gaze—on these occasions betrayed the state of her affection.

But these dreams of bliss were destined to be broken; and while the youthful pair insensibly yielded up their whole hearts to the fervency of a first attachment, a father's frown was unthought of, and they glanced but slightly upon the dark perspective, or endeavored to believe that there were fairy gleams of brightness beyond. But the overtures of the Baron destroyed the illusion; and an interview with her father, who was a stranger to the sentiment existing between his daughter and his page, sent the Lady Emmeline with an aching brow and a bursting heart to the solitude of her apartment, there to give way to the transport of emotion with which she was assailed.

We will now return to the hall, where it may be remembered we left the Baron with his intended father. That the former urged his suit with all the impetuosity of a lover, and that the latter expressed the gratification of his pride in the projected match, may be imagined. But as yet the fair object of their debate had been invisible.

"How now, damsels!" suddenly cried out De Wilton, "where is the lady Emmeline?—Hasten and inform her that we desire her presence. In faith, my noble friend," continued he, addressing himself to Fitzwalter, who sat impatiently twisting the massy links of the gold chain around his neck—"in faith these women are dainty and fantastic creatures, loving much their own wayward will, and unreasonably loth to part with its indulgence; and, of a truth, vanity is their soul, and the looking-glass their idol."

His speech was apparently well relished by his guest; nevertheless, handing his goblet to the cellarer, who filled it to the brim with the choicest wine of Candy, he rose from his seat, and, pledging "the Lady Emmeline," quaffed it to the bottom.

"Now, by my holiday," observed the Baron, replacing the empty goblet, "if all women resemble thy fair daughter, they were the meet company of angels, not of rough mortals: but few can compare with the Lady Emmeline, and I speak of experience, for these eyes have rested on the dark-browed beauties of the East, whose glances are brighter than the diamonds in their hair, and whose lips are sweeter than the rose blooming upon their simarres. By heaven! my good host, a thousand falchions might well gleam in their defence; and yet, queen-like in their looks, and faultless in their form, I would resign them all for one glimpse of the fair brow—one smile from the peerless lip of the Lady Emmeline."

A bustle at the upper end of the hall interrupted his speech and awakened his attention; the folding-doors were thrown open, and the object of his eulogium appeared, followed by her maidens.

To fulfil the commands of her father, the Lady Emmeline had caused herself to be attired becoming her high birth and station; but the usual graces of her countenance were partially diminished by an air of reserve, added to that natural shade of haughtiness which was so intimately blended with the sweetness of her expression. Her tunic and skirt of pale green silk were fastened round her slender waist by a glittering zone, studded with costly gems, while her fair arms were decorated by bracelets of gold inlaid with emeralds and pearls; a twisted chain of the latter encircled her throat, and gleamed like snow-drops through the wild ringlets that lay upon her bosom; but a veil of silk, interwoven with threads of gold, nearly concealed those luxuriant tresses, and partially shaded the lustre of her brow.

With an air in which native pride and girlish timidity struggled for pre-eminence, she received the greetings of the Baron, as, with gallant courtesy, he handed her to a seat and placed himself beside her. His ardent gaze of admiration was oppressive, and the colour rose and deepened upon her cheek beneath the intense scrutiny of his eye. Her father viewed her in stern silence; it was evident that her coldness of manner displeased him; but, bridling his resentment, he ordered the minstrels to tune their harps, and while the song resounded through the hall, the wine bounded in the goblet, and the heart warmed beneath its influence, the pleadings of the Baron became frequent and importunate; and while he related the scenes of wild and fearful enterprise in which he had been engaged, and dwelt upon the marvellous beauty of the women of other climes, he skilfully threw in many a wily and insinuating compliment to the fair-haired maidens of the West. He had laid aside

his barret cap, and the noble grandeur of his head, covered with short thick curls of ebon hair, was fully displayed, while his brow, softened into tenderness, corresponded with the persuasion of his lip. But on Emmeline his attentions, as well as personal attractions, were entirely lost; and as her timid glance rested for a moment upon the graceful figure and glowing countenance of her youthful and nobly descended suitor, who stood at the end of the hall, the anxious spectator of his proud rival's assiduities, she felt that to share *his* destiny, however humble, she could willingly resign the dignity of birth, and the allurements of wealth.

The evening had far advanced when the retreat of the Lady Emmeline and her waiting-woman was the signal for the commencement of the loud and unrestrained revelry of the banqueters. Fitzwalter, intoxicated with the charms of his mistress, drank her health in repeated libations; his example was followed by the guests of De Wilton; and before the party had broken up for the night, the marriage ceremony was appointed to take place in the castle chapel on the fourth day from thence.

All noise had long ceased in the castle, when Fitzwalter, pacing his chamber with feverish inquietude, at length approached the casement to cool his burning brows in the soft breezes of the night; the chapel, wrapt in silence and shade, attracted his attention, and as the moon beams played upon the Gothic tracery of the windows, marking them with lines of silver, or, darting between the cypress trees, shed a fitful light upon its walls, he could not resist a desire to pay a nocturnal visit to the spot. Throwing his cloak around him, and girding his sword to his side, he silently descended the stairs, and passing through a low wicket that opened into the chapel grounds, entered the sacred building; a lamp burned upon the altar, and the venerable figure of a monk bent in devotion before it, arrested his attention. The holy man seemed too intent on his orisons to heed the approach of the Baron, who, presuming that he was engaged in the performance of some vow, was about to retire, when the echo of light and cautious footsteps upon the pavement awoke his surprise, and caused him to retreat into the shade. The steps approached, and three figures appeared: the first of whom Fitzwalter recognized as Bridget, the favorite waiting-woman of the Lady Emmeline; hastening to the monk, she whispered in his ear; he immediately rose from his knees, and, taking his place at the altar, opened his missal, while the two others advanced to the steps; the light of the lamp fell full upon their faces, and, with rage and wonder indescribable, the Baron beheld the idol of his imagination—his promised bride—the high-born Emmeline De Wilton—she who to him was cold as monumental marble, about to plight her troth to the stripling page—the unfriended and presumptuous Edmund! For an instant he paused as if doubting the evidence of his senses; but when he saw the daring youth tenderly supporting her on his shoulder, and imploring her to become his

with all the deep impassioned eloquence of looks and words, he sprang from his concealment; a curse wild and bitter, followed by a blow, struck with the fury of a maniac, announced his desperate intent. The Lady Emmeline shrieked, and fainted in the arms of her affrighted attendant; but the youthful bridegroom, who was armed, unsheathed his sword with the rapidity of lightning; the fierce clashing of steel in an instant broke the hallowed stillness of the place, and it was plain that the blood of man, shed in the black wrath of passion, would sprinkle the sanctuary of his God. With a fearful cry of agony the monk raised the cross between the combatants, but too late—well tried in many a sanguinary field, the blade of Fitzwalter drank the heart's blood of the gallant youth, who, bathed in the crimson torrent sank lifeless upon the ground.—The clamour alarmed the inmates of the castle, and in a few moments De Wilton and his friends and followers were on the spot. Horror and consternation filled every bosom; the Lady Emmeline was borne in a state of insensibility to her apartment, and the body of the unfortunate Edmund consigned to the care of the holy father, who had witnessed the sacrilegious murder.—The reverend man prepared it for its holy bier, and, assisted by the brothers of his monastery, laid it, with many a prayer and benediction, in its cold and narrow bed. And from "*the night of blood*," as it was termed, the spirit of the Lady Emmeline darkened; and her fair head never rose from the pillow which it pressed. In vain did the despairing father enrich the sainted shrines with jewelled vestures and ornaments of price, while offering half his treasures for her re-

covery, and calling in the aid of the most cunning leeches of the time. Her complaint was beyond the power of medicine and the art of man; the gloss faded away from her bright tresses; the light died within her eye, and the rose withered upon her lip. Alas! alas! her malady was a breaking heart: and, to all eyes, she was rapidly passing to that hallowed place where "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." And ere the month had waned away, the fair and graceful, the young, the noble, and the high-born Emmeline De Wilton slept in the vaulted tomb of her ancestors. Her obsequies were celebrated with all the pomp to which rank entitled her remains; and amidst the nodding of plumes, and the gleaming of torches, the tossing of censers and the floating of incense, the loud pealing of the organ, and the echo of the choral dirge, with blazoned pall and escutcheon, and all the gorgeous ceremonials of state, the pride and the idol of many was laid in an untimely grave.

Of Fitzwalter little was afterwards heard; a vague rumour was circulated, that when he hastily quitted the castle, he proceeded to court, and from thence to Palestine, where he died beneath the sword; but from that hour De Wilton became a blighted man: he withdrew from all society, practised the austerities of religion with unceasing vigor, and, finally, retired into a neighboring monastery, where he wore away the remnant of his days in prayers and penance. His castle fell into decay, and the broad estates, which had once owned him as their lord, passed into the possession of a stranger, when his decease proved the extinction of his name.

A FRAGMENT.

— BUT the dangers of the storm were unheeded, or lost in the horror that now grappled and convulsed the iron hearts of men, accustomed to sport with ordinary perils, and to look upon the ocean in his wrath, with unimpaired energies or sullen indifference. The ship drove furiously before the blast; the canvass below and aloft was all in; every order had been issued and obeyed, which courage and seamanship could devise, and nothing stirred to interrupt the deathless silence in which suspense had wrapped all on board; a silence at one moment fearfully contrasted with the vindictive roar of the tempest and the stunning crash of the heavy seas as they thundered against our bulwarks, and now increased to painful intensity by an ominous pause, when the winds and the water ceased their clamour, and the giant spirits who swayed their terrors, baffled in mischief, seemed whispering together, and devising new efforts against our distressed, but enduring and gallant ship.

Lightning, in sheets of flame, careered along

the horizon, flashing over heaving volumes of concentrated darkness; or in arrows of fire, shot from the zenith into the abyss, throwing athwart the waste a lurid gleam, lighting up the terrors of its deep valleys, or springing along its mountains, and wreathing their lofty crests, fretted to a snow-like foam.

The ship went on like a creature of destiny; despair had closed the lips and glazed the eye of every passenger, and, as the lightning afforded opportunity, they might be seen, with clenched hands, standing like statues, or rather spectres, glaring, pale and ghastly.

The black mass of clouds now ascended, billowing and rolling with endless involutions, and, as a vast serpent, gathering up his dark folds for combat, came in majestic gloom and fearful energy directly upon us. A report louder than artillery, and an appalling crash of timber, succeeded by a scream of terror, too surely announced that the vessel had been struck with lightning.

Two seamen were employed in the top at the moment, and they were cast down headlong!—one into the sea: I shall never forget the expression of his livid face and bloodshot eye, seen by that dreadful light, as he passed by me into the deep. The other, on the deck, close at my feet—and the expiring wretch clutched my ankle, in his agony, with a grasp from which I struggled in vain to escape. My own powers were inadequate, and assistance was not to be hoped for.

The fluid followed the mast, and, attracted by a chain-cable, passed out by the bows, but not harmlessly. There were many combustibles on board, such as turpentine, tar and cordage. Former perils were therefore regarded as nought to these we felt were upon us, when the maddening cry of "Fire in the cable tier!" burst wildly from the crew.—Exertions, stimulated by considerations of life and death, were used to extinguish the conflagration, but they were vain. It could not be "got under." The flame was rapidly coming aft, and the smoke drove in heavy, suffocating masses, along the deck. The ship, with her head wrapped in fire, pressed on through the sea, and, as if impelled by a sense of danger, plunged her bows madly into the waves, rushing on, mountain high, to meet her; and as the fire eat into her vitals, consuming one strength after another, in her mighty frame, she groaned heavily, like some huge existence, in mortal agony.

We were a hundred leagues from land, and beyond the reach of all human aid. The discovery of a sail would only mock our misery since succour was impracticable, in such a sea, lashed into fury by such a tempest.

We still went forward! On, on, like the wind! as if we had been lost and condemned spirits, coursing the ocean on a steed of flame, girt about with a strange cloud of piercing brine, and fiery smoke; at the same moment scorched and frozen!

As a last, though desperate resort, it was determined to lower away the boats, and encounter the hazard of drowning, rather than await the assured alternative of death by burning. The confusion was indescribable. Order and discipline were contemned, and their warnings met by ferocious scorn, and the independence of despair.

Amidst the cries of the drowning, and the shrieks, prayers, and imprecations of those struggling toward the boats, the object was however attained.

My situation may be better imagined than described. I had fruitlessly implored the assistance of several hurrying past me to the gangway. I craved but one moment of their time, to release me from my horrible bondage! Mercy may as well be asked of the royal tiger, bathed in warm blood to the eyes, as sympathy from man to his fellow man, in the extremity of woe. They crowded on, and my entreaties went away to the winds! I again essayed my own strength, and in a violent exertion was thrown backward, over a riven spar, powerless. My fall extended the arm of the dead man, but failed to break his hold.

I could feel the reaction of the muscles, as the limb assumed the position it had taken, when growing cold. It seemed a jerk, given in anger by the corpse, to suppress my struggles, or to strengthen and confirm his grasp! I had hoped that death would relax the fingers; but the frosty air contracted them, and I felt their grip tighter and tighter closing around, and sinking into my warm flesh like bands of ice! I called, I begged, prayed, cursed, and wept, in the very bitterness and desolation of my spirit. I might as well have invoked the storm; the brutes pushed off, and I was left a prisoner of the dead!

My mind now reverted to home—my quiet, peaceful home; to my cherubs playing and exulting about the hearth; to my anxious, pious mother, my beloved sisters, kindred and friends! There were a thousand deaths in the reflection. As the flames spread, the ship seemed invested with the wild energies of a maniac; and went careering over the deep, as if urged to destruction by some indwelling, remorseless, and impatient fiend!

My only hope now was, that the fire would speedily reach the magazine, and spare me the agony of protracted torture, and painful death! This I was not destined to realize; the magazine did indeed explode, but I yet lived! and the flames rolling onward, now enveloped me in their folds! I screamed with agony, and in a last, desperate effort, to cast myself and the dead man into the sea, I AWOKE!

I had induced my siesta, after a solid meal, with the story of "THE FLYING DUTCHMAN," and the volume still remained in my hand. A noble coal fire was roaring in the grate, and my chums were sitting by it, slyly enjoying their villany. The dogs had fastened a heavy quarto of Johnson to my toe, fired squibs, and serpents, about the chamber, and various crackers of every device, in my ears; they finished their abominations by the application of a plate, almost red hot, to my body, and raised such an infernal din, that it would have disturbed the repose of the "SEVEN SLEEPERS."—Had I been inclined to vengeance, I never would have told them my adventures!—but I had not the heart to deny them this gratification, and so, having the strictest regard to truth, I have detailed, for their edification, one of the mischievous gambols of that wicked spirit, ycleped the NIGHT MARE, conjured up by their unhallowed incantations.

OBSCURITY OF LANGUAGE.

THE three great causes of that obscurity which so frequently occurs in expressing our ideas, are indistinctness in the object, imperfection in the organ of perception, and the inadequateness of language to paint the precise shade of meaning we wish to convey. Either we do not clearly distinguish the object, or it is in itself dim and confused in its dimensions; or lastly, no language is copious enough to express exactly what we think and feel without addition or diminution.

THE TORNADO.

BY THOMAS FRINGLE.

Dost thou love to hear the rushing
Of the tempest in its might?
Dost thou love to see the gushing
Of the torrent at its height?
Come then forth before the gloaming
Deepens into darkest night,
While the troubled sea is foaming
In its wild phosphoric light.

Lo! the long-unopened fountains
Of the clouds have burst at last,
And the echoes of the mountains
Lift their sounding voices fast.
Now, a thousand rills are pouring
Down their clamorous waterfalls,
And the wrathful stream is roaring
High above its rocky walls.

A DEATH BED.

" We watch'd her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro!

" So silently we seemed to speak—
So slowly moved about—
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out!

" Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died!

" For when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours!"

POOR BOBBY.

A YARN FROM THE MID-WATCH.

WHEN I was a bit o' a younker, messmates, I sarved aboard of the Washington, a reg'lar Virgince-built, and as lively a thing for a trader as a seaman would wish to have seen on the run, in a brisk breeze with her rags out. The Capt'n, or master, as our Lieutenant says, when he overhauls, was a good sort of a man enough, though I couldn't say as much for the first mate—and so when the vessels course was kept, and duty done, he would run out his chaffing tackle for'ard among us, the same as one-eyed Tom the topman there might, on board of his blessed Majesty's sloop F—y here, if he but knowed how. We were bound, d'ye see, there a-way to Van Dieman's Land, and with a closely stowed cargo, we had among our live lumber a lot of passengers—lubbers that couldn't tell the fore-yard-arm from the main-to-gall'nt mast. Well, blue water was a reg'lar sight for'em, and then they used to swab it about the quarter in yer marine fash'n, like sartain people in this here ship, that shall be nameless, as though commanding under his Majesty's broad pennant. Ye see they were mostly sodger off'sirs, and saving one or two on'em, the most ignorantest chaps aboard. From one watch to another they did nothing but marines' duty, smoking, drinking, and strutting about; it was all they were good for! and for'ard we had a constant quiz at these swabs aft. Lord love ye! it was sitch a sight to see 'em in their dandy rig 'long side the petticoats, with their queer lingo of "*permeet me*," "*du me the fever*," "*most bootifool saight*," I never hard or seed sitch a set afore, and as soon as there sprung up a bit o' a wind, as sure we had a squall aboard of us presently. Among the passengers we carried was "Poor Bobby," he was nigh the only favourite among the lads; it was all the same to him, the quarter as the forecastle—messing with the

Capt'n or men, all was one to Bob, the honest cretur. Poor Bobby, you must know, my mates, was a four-footed passenger—a New'fun'land dog, as fine a thing o' the sort as ye ever seed, and belonged to a young off'sir—a likely youngster he would been in blue, 'stead o' red;—he was indeed for matter o' that an open-hearted young genelman enough, and in a hard watch could send aloft a can of grog, with right good will; there was none o' yer "skipping" and "make fast" bout him.

Now this might be, d'ye see, because all on us for'ard loved the dog, as though he were our own, nor was there a soul from the swab o' a stew'rd to the Capt'n aboard, but would have shared his ration with Bob. There was something so brave and noble about the cretur, and then he gave such fun to all on us, with his rum sky-larking, jumping overboard in a calm, diving and fetching, and all that sort of thing: the cretur swum like a Otahee. Then at other times may be we'd cast a bit o' a rag in the ratlins, when Bobby would try to go aloft and fetch it—that ere he could never do, and it quite distressed the poor thing, when he seed you take up a piece o' cloth and call him—for Bob knowed, as well as I might, you were going to give him a teaser. Now there was a wee bit of a piccaniny—a half and half—aboard, along with his mother—the lad was but a little hop o' my thumb, but a merry little soul, and was very fond o' Bob, as Bob was on him, and they use to kick up a rare "*filliluh*" in their rum rigs of play, rolling sometimes over and over each other, like a couple of young porpoises; and though young smutty would be a little rough now and then, heaving away at his figure head or starn, yet the gentle cretur was always like a lamb to him. Well, all had gone fair enough, till within three days' sail o' the Cape.

It was just getting duskish, and the second watch had just turned out, the wind had set in N.N.W., and might be whispering a capful in our top-s'ls, and the ship taking an easy run of about four knots the hour. I was on deck, I well remember, and there, in the waist, was the wee half negar lad, and the dog playing and skylarking about as usual. While we were laughing at the two tugging and hauling away, all o' a sudden, afore you could say "done Sir," the lad, running back'ards, fell through a port overboard. There was a sing out of "a hand over," from those who seed the sarcumstance, and two or three ran aft in a twinkling, heaving lines, and a stray coop that was lying nigh the capst'n, while the off'sir of the watch sang out to bring the ship too. The word was scarcely given for taking all in, and putting the helm hard down, when Bobby, now for the first time, missed the child, and seeming to know what had happened, gave a loud bark, and cleared the taffrail like a shot, and capt'n and passengers, who had all come aloft at the sudden cry, seed him swimming from astarn like a mad cretur: all at once they seed him make a snatch at some'at in the water, but it was too dusky to tell 'xactly, and the next minute left him out o' sight altogether. Had the ship been but a man-o'-war's man her yards had been manned, and the ship brought snugly too, in the twinkling o' a handspike; but ye see them ere merchantmen are scarce o' hands, so that it took a matter of ten minutes in hauling and manning and lowering the jolly boat. Well, though we pulled long and strong astarn, and kept as sharp look out a head as we could well do in the dusk, we'd just gave 'em up for clean gone, when the bow oar's-man said he seed some'at splashing at our larboard; a pull, with a turn o' the tiller, brought us a-long-side—my eyes, it was Bobby with little smutty in his mouth. Poor cretur, he was just spent as we hauled him in, for down he sunk in the starn sheets quite groggy, like the piccanniny, with swallowing too much o' Davy Jones's flip. Well, I sha'nt spin ye a twist of the cheer we had from the ship on our return or the joy of the nigh distracted mother, and all a-board when the doctor brought the piccanniny too; and as for Bobby, they couldn't no more move him from the child's side than one-eyed Tom from blue ruin, when the rag's struck and ship paid. There he stood licking one o' his little hands 'till he came about. Arter that there sarcumstance, there wasn't a man but loved that dog, as a father might his child, he'd so 'deared himself as 'twere to all aboard. Well, "all's well as ends well," as the player man said a-port. We had to land our sodger marines at the Cape, and 'mong the rest the young off'sir what owned poor Bob, so that, though he was only a dumby, all were sad enough at thoughts o' parting. On the morning the ship stood in for the bay, and anchored within a good stone's cast o' the shore. I well remember, d'ye see, messmates, it was a fine morning in June, with the sun hotly out, and all hands were about in getting the boats out, and the windlass in trim, while the leave's taking was

going on aft among the passengers; some on 'em were going on to Hobart's Town, you must know, and there was the poor dog, too, skipping about the deck, and frisking with little smutty.—And those that kindly patted the poor cretur that morning, little thought where he was to take up his birth for the night, I guess. The boat had got the passengers' cargoes, and all were aboard but the dog; we had all took a leave, as it might be, of him, and he'd got from the hands who were patting him for the last time, and was about to leap into the gig to his master, when the young man stood up in the starn, and told us to hold him taut by the collar, till they'd got just in shore. "When I hold this handkerchief aloft, then let him go," says he. "Ay! ay! sir," said we, and a brace o' hands presently seized Bobby. How the poor cretur did haul and tug to be sure, to get to the boats when they put off, all the while kicking up a deuce of a squall, while they in the boat did nothing but snigger at Bob's yells, as he tried to jump over and follow.

Now for it, my lads, lend your ears this way! Ned watched the boats, and they were but just a few strokes o' the shore, when up went the signal. Yeo! ho! slap went Bob over, bawling like an Indee, as he splashed into the water, and swam away for the shore. It was for the last time we looked upon him, as we stood together, some five or six on us, talking o' the cretur, and fancying his quick swim. At the same time all on 'em were eyeing him from the boats, and he had just reached, as it might be, mid-way between, when the cretur, all at once, set up a loud shrill howl, and threw himself half out o' the water, that made us think at first he got the cramp. But the flash o' white that glanced like lightning close about him the next minute, told the truth, and "a shirk! a shirk!" sounded from ship to shore, and from shore to ship, and all stood trembling, with their eyes fixed on poor Bob, as he kept swimming away, larboard and starboard, and diving in a turn or so, as though he know'd his danger; while every now and then he gave a short fierce look, and showed his grinders; niver giving the shirk time for a turn—for, as you know, its the natur o' the thing, that it must turn on its belly to bite. Well, a boat put off from shore, and as the poor dog swam so fast, and every now and then gave the shirk a double, whose black back and fins we seed ev'ry minute 'bove water-work, slewing about to grip the dog, some began to think that he would 'scape the chase, as he swam away, like a mad cretur, for the boat coming to'ards him. Howsoever his time was come—it was no use—the boat and he were within a matter of ten oars of each other, and a lad with a boat-spike stood in the fore sheets, ready to grapple him and have him aboard. He was, I say, within ten strokes o' the boat, when, giving a loud, fierce yell, down he went—the d—d shirk had got him at last. The after' minute, d'ye see, his head and shoulders 'rose in the red of the waters around, and then again were dashed under in the maw of the shirk. Poor cretur! his wanderings were done! the curse o' the waves had got him.

For the Lady's Book.

THE FLOWER-GIRL'S SONG.

I HAVE pinks and roses too,
Gather'd at the dawn of day,
Flowrets, with the early dew
Sparkling on their petals gay.

I have buds encas'd in green,
Not yet opened to the light,
Half reluctant to be seen,
Till a warmer ray invite.

I have lilies, spotless fair,
Pure as beauty's snowy brow,
Shedding on the balmy air
Nature's sweetest odours now.

Come and buy my summer flow'rs,
Brightest of the floral train,
And in morning's early hours,
I will trill my lay again.

S.

STANZAS.

When stars forsake the sullen sea,
When rains descend and winds arise,
Some rock a sunny bower may be,
If Hope but lend us eyes.

It tracks our steps in every stage,
And wakes a fountain in the wild;
It mingles with the thoughts of age,
The rapture of a child.

It sheds on Joy a richer glow;
It flings to *W*ant its gifts of gold;
But ah! its hand—as pure as snow—
Will sometimes prove as cold!

Yet when the graces fall from Youth,
And *P*assion's fervid cheek grows pale,
Then Hope becomes a thing of truth—
A faith too deep to fail.

A BROKEN HEART.

It is said that women can make much allowance for the indiscretions, nay, the crimes of those they love; and the more the world frowns on the object of their choice, the closer do they cling to the fallen idol. But when they have reason to believe that the deceiver has only tampered with their hearts, to triumph over their weakness, the shock may eventually sunder the ties which their affection makes a part of their existence. In the popular tale of the Mussulman, by Dr. Madden, just published, there is a striking exemplification of this, and one of the most beautiful scenes in the work is the picture of the death of Zuleika, by that insidious malady which imperceptibly consumes the sufferer, without leaving on the features the rude impression of the destroyer's hand.

The affections of Zuleika had been unworthily bestowed; the deceiver had been the idol of her heart, and was still the object of her solicitude. She sought not to tear his image from her heart, it was too firmly fixed there; but she endeavoured "to conceal the attachment in the ruins of a broken heart, though she found it more difficult to combat a fatal passion, than to struggle with her grief, and to mingle with the gay when her bosom was completely wretched." She declined gradually, and no one around her apprehended any danger. Sorrow and disappointment had taken possession of her heart; but sorrow of itself hath never, perhaps, destroyed life. That grief was hers which leaves every organ susceptible of disease, and determines it to the weakest, where the seeds of the treacherous malady are sown, which mental excitement is only required to develop. We have space to give only the last thrilling scene, wherein her gentle spirit takes its flight to the realms of purity and peace, where the wronged are no longer wretched, and the broken hearted are at rest:—

"The last moments of the poor girl were free from suffering; their tranquillity accorded with the gentleness of her bosom; no violent struggle convulsed her sweet features; no agonizing throes troubled the serenity of her countenance; the liquid softness of her eye remained unchanged, even when the death film had dimmed its lustre, and the cold white marble of her cheek retained all its purity long after the hectic flush had ceased to animate it. The attendants still saw no symptoms of approaching dissolution; it was only the aged woman, who had been at many a parting scene, and who watched every alteration in the fading countenance of her child, and who noticed every change in the clammy coldness of her hand, who knew that the last breath was fluttering on her lips.

"The ill-judged solicitude of the domestics only aggravated the affliction of the mourner. If the lamp flickered in the draft, it was not the wing of the gloomy angel which dimmed the light; if a sound during the night startled the drowsy ear of the attendants, it was the shriek of no goul, nor the scream of the ill-omened bird, which flutters over the house of a departing spirit. If the eyes of their mistress were fixed on the death-struck features of the slumbering girl, the half closed eyelids, with the pearly white alone in view, however appalling the appearance was not always a certain sign of death. If the icy fingers played with the bed-clothes, it was only a momentary motion of the hand—if the cold dew-drops of dissolution glittered on her brow, it was only a gentle perspiration that would do her good; and now and then, if the breathing became hard, and respiration rattled in the throat, it was nothing, it would go off when she awoke. She awoke, but it did not go off; she looked around her, with the wild stare of one awakening from a confused dream; but the symptoms of death did not disap-

pear. To the last, the settled calm on her lovely features was unruffled; long before she ceased to exist, not a fibre of the heart appeared to move; not a moan escaped her breast; and once only her pale lips quivered, her sweet mouth stirred, and the mourners listened, but they heard no sound. As she awoke from the slumber of insensibility which generally precedes dissolution, the wildness of her regard gradually disappeared, and all the wonted meekness of her look returned: she gazed around her till her eye fell on the dejected features of her kinswoman; she laid her cold hand on the trembling fingers of the old woman; she pressed them between hers; the servant thought she smiled, but the last cold tear of life trickled over her cheek, when she withdrew her heavy eyes from the face of her kind friend. The lute she had spoken of was the last object her dying glance encountered. She gazed on the broken instrument till the fading lustre of her eye grew dim and dimmer every moment, and the moisture, which had hardly time to become a tear, suffused the ball, and spread into a film, and shut out the last earthly object on which she looked.—Her attenuated hands sunk on her bosom, and when the last breath of life was mingled with universal air, the cold fingers were found firmly clasped over her heart, as if the feeble effort were made to prevent its bursting."

THE DEATH-BEDS OF GREAT MEN.

If there are any remarks which deserve to be recorded for the benefit of mankind, they are those which have been expressed on a dying bed, when unfettered by prejudice or passion, Truth shines forth in her real colours.

Sir John Hawkins has recorded of Dr. Johnson, that when suffering under that disease which ended in his dissolution, he addressed his friends in the following words:—"You see the state I am in, conflicting with bodily pain and mental distraction. While you are in health and strength, labour to do good, and avoid evil, if ever you wish to escape the distress that oppresses me."

When Lord Lyttleton was on his death-bed, his daughter, Lady Valentia, and her husband, came to see him. He gave them his solemn benediction, adding—"Be good, be virtuous, my lord; you must come to this."

The triumphant death of Addison will be remembered with feelings of pleasure by all. Having sent for the young Earl of Warwick, he affectionately pressed his hand, saying—"See in what peace a Christian can die!"

The father of William Penn was opposed to his son's religious principles; but finding that he acted with sincerity, was at last reconciled. When dying, he adjured him to do nothing contrary to his conscience—"So," said he, "you will keep peace within, which will be a comfort in the day of trouble."

Locke, the day before his death, addressed Lady Masham, who was sitting by his bed-side, exhorting her to regard this world only as a state of preparation for a better. He added, that he

had lived long enough, and expressed his gratitude to God for the happiness that had fallen to his lot.

Tillotson, when dying, thanked his Maker that he felt his conscience at ease, and that he had nothing further to do but to await the will of Heaven.

Sir Walter Raleigh behaved on the scaffold with the greatest composure. Having vindicated his conduct in an eloquent speech, he felt the edge of the axe, observing with a smile—"It is a sharp medicine, but a sure remedy for all woes." Being asked which way he would lay himself on the block, he replied—"So the heart be right, it is no matter which way the head lies."

Latimer, when he beheld a fagot ready kindled laid at Ridley's feet, exclaimed—"Be of good cheer, Master Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day light such a candle in England, as I hope, by God's grace, shall never be put out."

The last words which the eminent physician Haller addressed to his medical attendant expressed the calm serenity of his mind. "My friend," said he, laying his hand on his pulse—"The artery no longer beats."

M. De La Harpe, one of the first literary characters of the last century, who for many years laboured to spread the principles of the French philosophy, but afterwards became a most strenuous defender of Christianity, on the evening preceding his death was visited by a friend. He was listening to the Prayers for the Sick; as soon as they were concluded, he stretched forth his hand and said—"I am grateful to Divine mercy, for having left me sufficient recollection to feel how consoling these prayers are to the dying."

Cardinal Woolsey, when dying, by slow progress and short journeys, reached Leicester Abbey. He was received with the greatest respect. His only observation was, "Father Abbot, I am come to lay my bones among you." He died three days after, with great composure and fortitude. He said, shortly before his death—"Had I but served my God as diligently as I have served the king, he would not have forsaken me in my gray hairs; but this is the just reward I must receive for my pains and study in not regarding my service to God, but only to my prince."

Melancthon, a few days before his death, although extremely debilitated, delivered his usual lecture. At the termination of it, he said, impressively—"I am a dying man, and these are the three subjects for intercession with God, which I leave to my children and their little ones—that they may form part of his church, and worship him aright—that they may be one in him, and live in harmony with each other—and that they may be fellow-heirs of eternal life." The day before his death, he addressed some present—"God bestows talents on our youth, do you see that they use them aright."—While dying, his friends discerned a slight motion of the countenance, which was peculiar to him when deeply affected by religious joy.



ANNOT LYLE,

From the Fourth London Edition.

WRITTEN BY T. O'DONOGHUE, Esq. COMPOSED BY G. A. HODSON.

For the Piano Forte.

ANDANTE
E CON
REPRESSION.

The snow white plume her bonnet bore, Way'd

not more pure and fair, Her spar-king eye a floating gem, Like gold her an-burn hair; The

rose bud slumbering on its bed Ne'er wak'd a sweet - of smile, But now she's gone, and lost to me, My

p cres *p dol colla voce* *p espress*

love - ly An - not Lyle.

p *f* *p*

The musical score consists of two systems. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'rose bud slumbering on its bed Ne'er wak'd a sweet - of smile, But now she's gone, and lost to me, My'. The piano accompaniment features a flowing sixteenth-note pattern in the right hand and a more rhythmic bass line in the left hand. The second system continues the vocal line with the lyrics 'love - ly An - not Lyle.' and includes dynamic markings *p*, *f*, and *p* for the piano accompaniment.

SECOND VERSE.

Thy fairy form I oft have seen,
 On ev'ry passing breeze,
 Have heard the melody of song,
 But ah! no strains like these;
 The thrilling tones that from thy harp,
 The feelings oft beguile,
 But now thou'rt gone and lost to me,
 My lovely Annot Lyle!

THIRD VERSE.

Although thy heart's another's now,
 And beats no more for me,
 Yet I will teach my soul to pray,
 That it may pray for thee;
 This bursting heart alone can feel
 The absence of thy smiles,
 Since thou art gone and lost to me,
 My lovely Annot Lyle!

TRUE happiness is of a retired nature, and an enemy to pomp and noise; it arises in the first place from an enjoyment of one's self; and in the next from the friendship and conversation of a few select companions: it loves shade and solitude, and naturally haunts groves and fountains, fields and meadows; in short, it feels every thing it wants within itself, and receives no addition from multitudes of witnesses and spectators. On the contrary, false happiness loves to be in a crowd, and to draw the eyes of the world upon her. She does not receive any satisfaction from the applause which she gives herself, but from the admiration which she raises in others. She flourishes in courts and palaces, theatres and assemblies, and feels the realities of existence but when she is looked upon.—*Addison*.

The author of Hervey's Meditations, when on his sick bed, observed that his time had been too much occupied in reading the historians, orators, and poets of ancient and modern times, and that were he to renew his studies, he would devote his attention to the Scriptures.

WHEN the Grecian sculptor carved his deities in marble, and left us wondrous and godlike shapes, impersonations of ideal grace unapproachable by modern skill, was it through mere mechanical superiority? No, it was the spirit of faith within, which shadowed to his imagination what he would represent. In the same manner, no woman has ever been truly, lastingly deified in poetry, but in the spirit of truth and love.—*Loves of the Poets*.

PHILOSOPHY can add to our happiness in no other manner than by diminishing our misery: it should not pretend to increase our present stock, but make us economists of what we are possessed of. The great source of calamity lies in regret or anticipation: he therefore is most wise who thinks of the present alone, regardless of the past or future. This is impossible to a man of pleasure; it is difficult to the man of business; and is in some degree attainable by the philosopher. Happy were we all born philosophers, all born with a talent of thus dissipating our own cares by spreading them upon all mankind.

THE FIVE DREAMS.

1. The first was a vision with flaxen hair,
And such an ethereal eye and smile
As told of the genius that harbour'd there,
And the wit that in ambush lay the while.
And I knelt, and I offered—'twas much for me—
A heart, but she laughed at the gift, and said
It was kindly meant, but indeed 'twould be
Not worth her acceptance without a head.
2. And the next was the very nymph of dreams,
Transparently, beautifully pale,
Like the moon when she sheds her mildest beams
Through a summer cloud's fleeciest faintless veil;
And I knelt again, and she left me kneeling,
And with queen-like step, and averted eyes,
She was gone, ere the power of devoted feeling
Could shape into words what it uttered in sighs.
3. And the third was a perfect Hebe, glowing
With all that life's loveliest morning brings;
And, radiant with happy spirits flowing
From living, and pure, and shelter'd springs:
And I knelt with a sigh that she would not hear—
But she heard my petition, and answer'd, no!
And she laugh'd at my sorrow, and starting tear,
And she vanished before it had time to flow.
4. The fourth—Oh! I know that large dark eye;
Those curls of the glossiest raven jet;
I have worshipp'd their beauty in hours gone by,
And my spirit remembers its slavery yet.
Shall the secret thoughts of my heart at length
Not find to my lips their timid way?
Too late, and in vain!—their collected strength,
Trembles, and dies in a faint essay.
5. But the last of the train is passing now;
How she sweeps majestically by;
There is moonlight upon her lofty brow,
And romance in her visionary eye.
Her thoughts in a far away country roam
All peopled with fancies divinely fair,
And thither her image is floating home,
To be welcomed, I ween, as the fairest fair.

SHE WEEPS IN HER BOWER.

SHE weeps in her bower—she weeps,
O'er the glittering gems which he gave;
Which she prized, dearly prized, in the days,
When she thought him as faithful as brave:
But that dream has gone—it has fled,
Like a vision of fairy delight,
A wild flash of joy, a deep gush,
That is followed by dark clouds of night.

SHE weeps in her bower—she weeps,
For there once his hands struck the lute,
Now the lute on the trellis-work hangs,
And all its rich music is mute.
She weeps, aye she weeps—there is nought
That the world to her torn heart endears;
With sighs her fond bosom is fraught,
And the only response is her tears.

For he that once plighted his faith
At the shrine of her beauty and worth,
Falls a traitor to love, at the feet
Of a beauty of nobler birth;
And all that the lone one has left,
To cheer the dull moments that creep—
Is to count them as tedious they pass,
And to sit in her bower and weep.

Can the false one be happy?—Oh no!
There's a thrill in the midst of delight!
A wild throeb of anguish will flow,
And his best dreams of ecstasy blight;
For while by the happy surrounded,
The lovely, the young, and the gay;
A still quiet voice shall be sounded,
To chase all his pleasures away.

Sadden'd thoughts of the past will recur—
On his eye-lid a tear often creeps,
'Tis for her, the poor lorn one—for her,
Who sits in her bower and weeps!
But soon the fond heart thus forsaken,
That care's chilly bosom has prest,
From the cold heartless world shall be taken,
On the wings of the dove, to her rest!

THE GATHERER.

"A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."

Shakespeare.

SUPERFICIAL writers, like the mole, often fancy themselves deep, when they are exceedingly near the surface.

Rome derived the civilized arts from Etruria, the Etruvians from Greece, the Greeks from Egypt, the Egyptians from Ethiopia, the Ethiopians from Babylon, the Babylonians from India. (Though this is uncertain, it may give us some idea of the comparative antiquity of those nations.)

The Duchess of Marlborough, at her evening conversations, occasionally covered her head with her handkerchief, and was then supposed to be asleep. She was in that state one evening, at a time at which she was much displeas'd with

her grandson, then Mr. John Spencer, for acting, as she conceived, under the influence of Mr. Fox, whose name being mentioned, she exclaimed, "Is that the Fox that stole my goose?"

The condescensions of an elevated mind, when it stoops to the apprehension of others, will always be received with gratitude: the mild instructions of wisdom, like the rays of an evening sun, retain their magnitude while they remit their splendour; and please the more by dazzling less.

She's beautiful, amiable, witty, refined; full of music, poetry, and feeling; but she's married. Talking to such a being is like owning a ticket in a lottery already drawn.

Novel reading vitiates and palls the appetite for literary food of a nutritious kind; it leads the youthful mind to muse on improbabilities; and it excites the passions, by administering a sweet but subtle poison.

It is computed that one million of millions, three hundred and sixty thousand, eight hundred and fifty millions, four hundred and seven thousand, one hundred and sixty-eight gallons of water are evaporated from the surface of the globe in one year. Consequently that quantity of rain, &c. must fall.

When forced to part from those we love,
Though sure to meet to-morrow,
We yet a kind of anguish prove
And feel a touch of sorrow.
But oh! what words can paint the fears
When from those friends we sever,
Perhaps to part for months—for years—
Perhaps to part forever.

The safe and general antidote against sorrows, is employment. It is commonly observed, that among soldiers and seamen, though there is much kindness, there is little grief; they see their friends fall without any of that lamentation which is indulged in security and idleness, because they have no leisure to spare from the care of themselves; and whoever shall keep his thoughts equally busy, will find himself equally unaffected with irretrievable losses.

To those who strive to climb the heights of excellence, the approbation and commendation of the good is as refreshing as the zephyrs are to the flowers.

The late Philip Thickneffe, who travelled through Portugal and Spain in a one horse chair, with a monkey for his postillion, used to remark, that these nations, as well as France, and indeed, every other, had their peculiar absurdities.—“The Spaniards keep the keys of many of their city gates in a lodge on the outside of their walls. Their eggs are brought to market in sacks, and their walnuts in baskets. A Frenchman, when he travels in a warm post-chaise, has a white beaver laced cap which covers his ears, and buttons under his chin; but when he walks the streets, though the weather is ever so cold, or whatever be his age, he wears his hat under his arm.”

There is nothing that a vain man will not do to appear virtuous! He loves nothing so much as his mask. I have known persons who in four weeks scarcely changed their shirts, but who nevertheless put on a clean collar daily, that they might appear clean.

The empire of woman is an empire of softness, of address and complacency—her commands are caresses, her menaces are tears.

In the common enjoyments of life, we cannot very liberally indulge the present hour, but by anticipating part of the pleasure which might have relieved the tediousness of another day; and any uncommon exertion of strength or perseverance in labour, is succeeded by a long in-

terval of languor and weariness. Whatever advantage we snatch beyond the certain portion allotted us by nature, is like money spent before it is due, which at the time of regular payment, will be missed and regretted. Fame, like all other things which are supposed to give or to increase happiness, is dispensed with the same equality of distribution. He that is loudly praised will be clamorously censured; he that rises hastily into fame will be in danger of sinking suddenly into oblivion.—*Johnson*.

Beglerbeg, though it sounds scurvily in English, is the title of a high officer among the Turks, and means *prince of princes*, or *lord of lords*.

Whatever disgusts us at first in vice is not so disagreeable as it seems to be; but, like the most nauseous medicines, goes down glibly at last, though we make wry faces over it. Let us hear or see the thing that disgusts us, twice or thrice, or oftener, and we shall find that there is a closer affinity in our antipathy to it than we wot of; and that the most coarse and ugly vice becomes—“Fine by degrees and beautifully less.”

The wives of Madagascar will say, that those children that are born in the months of March and April, in the last week of every month, and on all the Wednesdays and Fridays of every week, ought to be exposed to perish with hunger and cold, or be devoured by wild beasts.

The power to give creates us all our foes:
Where many seek for favour, few can find it:
Each thinks he merits all that he can ask;
And disappointed, wonders at repulse;
Wonders awhile, and then sits down to hate.

Sir Isaac Newton lost the use of his intellect before his animal frame was arrested by the hand of death. So it is said of a Mr. Swisset, that he often wept because he was not able to understand the books which he had written in his younger days. Cornivus, an excellent orator in the Augustine age, became so forgetful as not even to know his own. Simeon Tourney, in 1201, after he had outdone all at Oxford for learning, at last grew such an idiot as not to know one letter from another, or one thing he had ever done.

If a man get a fever or a pain in the head with over drinking, we are subject to curse the wine, when we should rather impute it to ourselves for the excess.

Alfred the Great was one of the richest princes of the age, but he bequeathed by his will £500 only to each of his sons, and £100 to each of his three daughters. As the Saxon pound weight of silver, the money here spoken of, was 5,400 grs. it may be valued at two pounds sixteen shillings of our present money; thus making the legacies to the sons fourteen hundred pounds, and those to the daughters two hundred and eighty pounds.

“The folly of fools,” that is, the most egregious piece of folly that any man can be guilty of, is to play the knave. The vulgar translation renders this clause a little otherwise, the fool turns aside to tricks; to make use of them is a sign that the man sees not the direct way to his end.

The *happy* marriage is, where two persons meet and voluntarily make choice of each other, without principally regarding or neglecting the circumstances of fortune or beauty. These may still love in spite of adversity or sickness: the former we may in some measure defend ourselves from, the other is the portion of our very make.

Truth is the object of our understanding, as good is of our will; and the understanding can no more be delighted with a lie, than the will can choose an apparent evil.

It is a maxim with me (and I would recommend it to others also, upon the score of prudence,) whenever I lose a person's friendship, who generally commences enemy, to engage a fresh friend in his place; and this may be best effected by bringing over some of one's enemies; by which means one is a gainer, having the same number of friends at least, if not an enemy the less. Such a method of proceeding should, I think, be as regularly observed, as the distribution of vacant riband, upon the death of the knights of the garter.

Locke says, every sect as far as reason will help them, gladly use it; when it fails them, they cry out it is a matter of faith, and above reason.

There is no vice more insupportable and more universally hated than pride—it is a kind of poison, which corrupts all good qualities of a man, and whatever merit he may otherwise possess, this single fault is sufficient to render him odious and contemptible—so that by pleasing himself too much, he displeases every one else. Pride is the first vice that takes possession of a man's heart, because it derives its source from self-love, and it is the last that remains, whatever efforts may be made to expel it.

We never love heartily but once, and that is our first love; the inclinations that succeed, are less involuntary.

Religion is a cheerful thing; so far from being always at cuffs with good humour, that it is inseparably united to it. Nothing unpleasant belongs to it, though the spiritual cooks have done their unskilful part to give an ill relish to it. A wise epicure would be religious for the sake of pleasure; good sense is the foundation of both, and he is a bungler who aimeth at true luxury but where they are joined.

He who has had the experience of a great and violent love, neglects friendship; and he who has consumed all his passion upon friendship, is nothing advanced towards love.

That part of life which we ordinarily understand by the word conversation, is an indulgence to the sociable part of our make; and should incline us to bring our proportion of good will or good humour among the friends we meet with, and not to trouble them with relations which must of necessity oblige them to a real or feigned affliction. Cares, distresses, diseases, uneasiness, and dislikes of our own, are by no means to be

obtruded upon our friends. If we would consider how little of this vicissitude of motion and rest, which we call life, is spent with satisfaction, we should be more tender of our friends, than to bring them little sorrows, which do not belong to them. There is no real life but cheerful life; therefore valetudinarians should be sworn, before they enter into company, not to say a word of themselves until the meeting breaks up.

Friendship stands in need of all help, care, confidence and complaisance; if not supplied with these it expires.

People know very little of the world and talk nonsense, when they talk of plainness and solidity unadorned: they will do nothing; mankind has been long out of a state of nature, and the golden age of native simplicity will never return. Whether for the better or worse, no matter: but we are refined! and plain manners, plain dress, and plain diction, would as little do in life, as acorns, herbage, and the water of the neighbouring spring, would do at table.

People that change their religion from reading books of controversy, are not so much converted as outwitted.

True delicacy, as true generosity, is more wounded by an offence *from* itself, if the expression may be allowed, than to itself.

RECIPES.

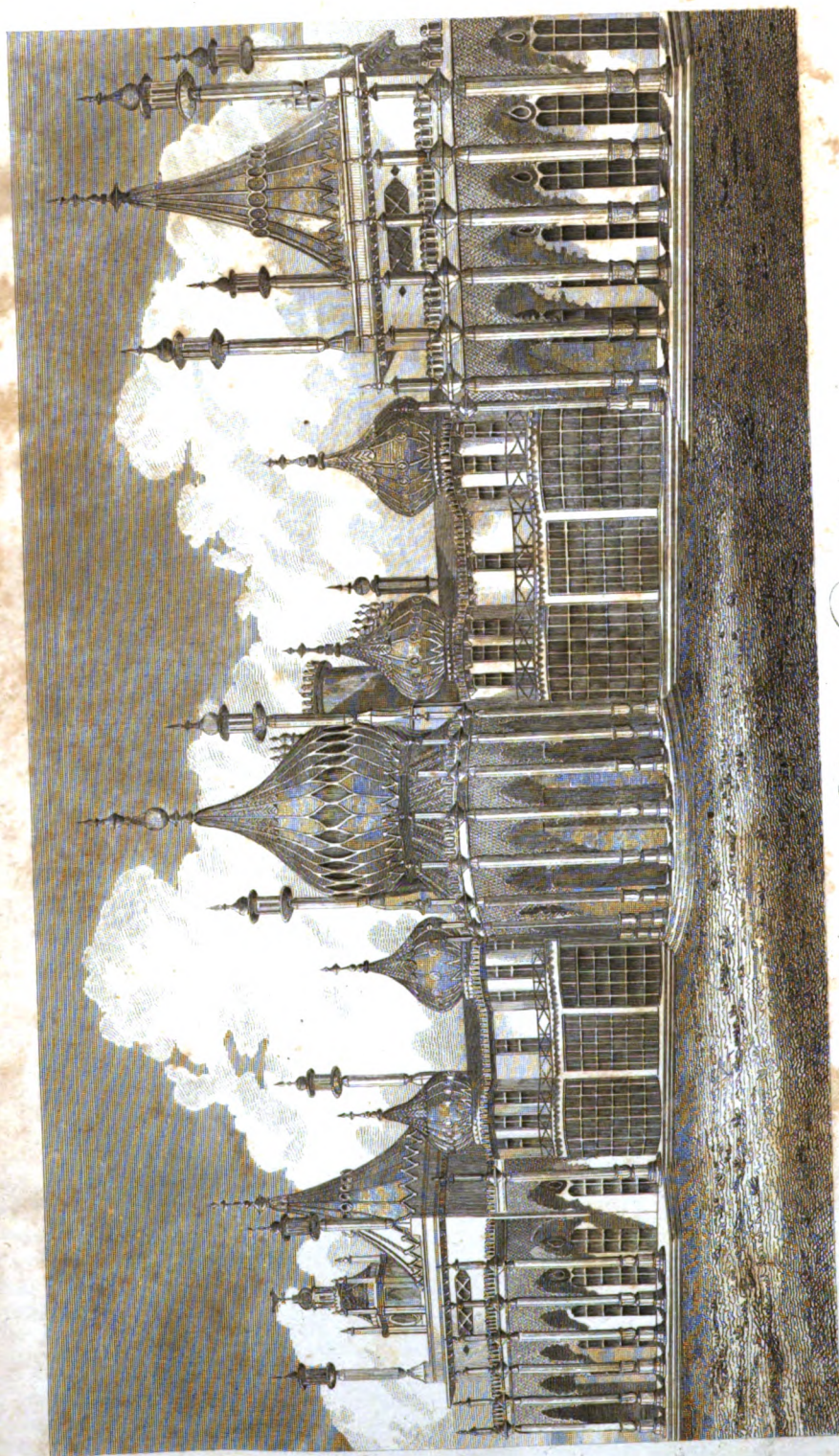
IMITATION CHINA INK.

Dissolve six parts of isinglass in twice their weight of boiling water, and one part of Spanish liquorice in two parts of water. Mix the two solutions while warm, and incorporate them, by a little at a time, with one part of the finest ivory black, using a spatula for the purpose. When the mixture has been perfectly made, heat it in a water bath till the water is nearly evaporated; it will then form a paste, to which any desired form may be given, by moulding it as usual. The colour and goodness of this ink will bear a comparison with the best China or Indian ink.

METHOD OF TAKING OUT THE SPOTS OF PAINT, OR OTHER SOLID SUBSTANCES, FROM CLOTH, SILKS, &c.

Supposing a small quantity of paint had dropped on a coat, a pen should be dipped in spirit of turpentine, and its contents should be dropped on the paint spot, in a quantity sufficient to discharge the oil and gluten that is mixed with the paint. Then let it rest several hours, that it may penetrate and suck up the oil; and when it has done this, take the cloth between your hands, and rub it; the paint spot will then crumble away like dried earth. The turpentine will by no means injure either the cloth or colour.

If however the spots be numerous, the best way is to apply the spirit of turpentine over the silk, &c. with a sponge, as soon as possible after the oil or paint, &c. has been spilt upon, and *before it is become dry*: by these means it may in general be completely washed out.



Crystal Palace, at Brighton.

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THE LADY'S BOOK.

NOVEMBER, 1831.

THE PAVILION, AT BRIGHTON, NEAR LONDON.

THE Pavilion, the residence of his late Majesty, George IV., on the west side of the Steyne, at Brighton, was originally built by *Holland*, in 1784, and an enlargement of the plan of the edifice by the addition of two spacious wings, took place about the year 1802; but the present building, presenting the appearance of an Oriental palace, was commenced by *Nash*, in 1818: the dimensions were at this time considerably extended, several houses having been removed for that purpose. It is said that the design is, in some degree, founded upon that of the Kremlin at Moscow; its numerous cupolas, spires, and minarets, admired for their tasteful structure, are unique, and are proofs of the diversity of talent possessed by the architect. On the southern extremity, of the front, is a magnificent banquetting room, sixty feet by forty-two feet in

dimension, and on the north is a superb music-room of the same size; between them, in the centre of the front, is the Rotunda, fifty-five feet in diameter, connected with the music and banquetting rooms by galleries, fifty-six feet in length by twenty feet in width. The grand entrance, by the Vestibule and Hall, is upon the west front, and leads to the Chinese Gallery, one hundred and sixty-two feet in length, being in five compartments. The walls of this room contain illustrations, by groups of figures, of the manners and customs of the Chinese people, being domestic episodes in the most brilliant colours.

The bronze statue of His Majesty, in the front view, by Chantry, is universally allowed to be one of the artist's best productions; it was placed on an elevated pedestal of granite, in the north enclosure of the old Steyne, in 1827.

THE MYSTERIES OF LIFE.

BY ORVILLE DEWEY.

To the reflecting mind, especially if it is touched with any influences of religious contemplation or poetic sensibility, there is nothing more extraordinary than to observe with what obtuse, dull, and common-place impressions most men pass through this wonderful life, which Heaven has ordained for us. Life, which, to such a mind, means every thing momentous, mysterious, prophetic, monitory, trying to the reflections, and touching to the heart, to the many is but a round of cares and toils, of familiar pursuits and formal actions. Their fathers have lived; their children will live after them; the way is plain; the boundaries are definite; the business is obvious; and this to them is life. They look upon this world as a vast domicile, as an extensive pleasure-ground; the objects are familiar; the implements are worn; the very skies are old; the earth is a pathway for those that come and go, on earthly errands; the world is a working field, a warehouse, a market-place—and this is life!

But life indeed—the intellectual life, struggling with its earthly load, coming, it knows not whence, going it knows not whither, with an eternity unimaginable behind it, with an eternity to be experienced before it, with all its strange and mystic remembrances, now exploring its

past years as if they were periods before the flood, and then gathering them within a space as brief and unsubstantial as if they were the dream of a day—with all its dark and its bright visions of mortal fear and hope; life, such a life, is full of mysteries. In the simplest actions, indeed, as well as in the loftiest contemplations in the most ordinary feelings, as well as in the most abstruse speculations, mysteries meet us every where, mingle with all our employments, terminate all our views.

The bare act of walking has enough in it to fill us with astonishment. If we were brought into existence in the full maturity of our faculties, if experience had not made us dull, as well as confident, we should feel a strange and thrilling doubt, when we took one step whether another would follow. We should pause at every step, with awe at the wonders of that familiar action. For who knows any thing of the mysterious connection and process, by which the invisible will governs the visible frame? Who has seen the swift and silent messengers which the mind sends out to the subject members of the body? Philosophers have reasoned upon this, and have talked of nerves, and have talked of delicate fluids, as transmitting the mandates of the will; but they

have known nothing. No eye of man, nor penetrating glance of his understanding, has searched out those hidden channels, those secret agencies of the soul in its mortal tenement. Man, indeed, can construct machinery, curious, complicated and delicate, though far less so than that of the human frame, and with the aid of certain other contrivances and powers he can cause it to be moved; but to cause it to move *itself*, to impart to it an intelligent power, to direct its motions whithersoever it will, this is the mysterious work of God.

Nay, the bare connection of mind with matter, is itself a mystery. The extremes of the creation are here brought together, its most opposite and incongruous elements are blended, not only in perfect harmony, but in the most intimate sympathy. Celestial life and light mingle, nay, and sympathise, with dark, dull and senseless matter. The boundless thought hath bodily organs. That which in a moment glances through the immeasurable hosts of heaven, hath its abode within the narrow bounds of nerves and limbs and senses. The clay beneath our feet is built up into the palace of the soul. The sordid dust we tread upon, forms, in the mystic frame of our humanity, the dwelling-place of high reasoning thoughts, fashions the chambers of imagery, and moulds the heart that beats with every lofty and generous affection. Yes, the feelings that soar to heaven, the virtue that is to win the heavenly crown, flows in the life blood, that in itself is as senseless as the soil from which it derives its nourishment. Who shall explain to us this mysterious union—tell us where sensation ends, and thought begins, or where organization passes into life? There have been philosophers who have reasoned about this, materialists and immaterialists; and under their direction, the powers of matter and spirit have been marshalled in the contest, for ascendancy in this human microcosm; but the war has been fruitless; the argument futile; philosophers have settled nothing, proved nothing, for they knew nothing.

Turn to what pursuit of science, or point of observation we will, it is still the same. In every department and study, we sooner or later come to a region into which our inquiries cannot penetrate.—Every where our thoughts run out into the vast, the indefinite, the incomprehensible; time stretches to eternity, place to immensity, calculation to “numbers without number,” being to Infinite Greatness. Every path of our reflections brings us at length to the shrine of the unknown and the unfathomable, where we must sit down, and receive with devout and childlike meekness, if we receive at all, the voice of the oracle within.

Even the purest demonstrations in philosophy and the mathematics, often result in mysteries and paradoxes. Matter that is finite, is infinitely divisible. A drop of water may be balanced against the universe. That, gentle reader, if thou hast ever chanced to hear of it, is the hydrostatic paradox. But there are pneumatic paradoxes too, and metallic wonders wrought in

the dark and silent mine, and geologic marvels, every where disclosed in the capacious bosom of the earth, in which flood and fire seem so mysteriously to have struggled together. Nor is there a plant so humble, no hyssop by the wall, nor flower nor weed in the garden that springeth from the bosom of the earth, but it is an organized and living mystery. The secrets of the abyss are not more inscrutable, than the work that is wrought in its hidden germ. The goings on of the heavens are not more incomprehensible than its growth as it waves in the breeze. Its life, that which constitutes its life, who can tell us what it is? The functions that contribute to its growth, flowering and fruit, the processes of secretion, the organs or the affinities by which every part receives the material that answers its purpose, who can unfold or explain them? Yes, the simplest spire of grass has wonders in it, in which the wisest philosopher may find a reason for humility, and the proudest skeptic an argument for faith.

Life, I repeat—and I say, let the dull in thought; let the children of sense be aroused by the reflection—life is full of mysteries. If we were wandering through the purlieus of a vast palace, and found here and there a closed door, or an inaccessible entrance, over which the word MYSTERY was written, how would our curiosity be awakened by the inscription! Life is such a wandering; the world is such a structure; and over many a door forbidding all entrance—and over many a mazy labyrinth, is written the startling inscription that tells us of our ignorance, and announces to us unseen and unimaginable wonders. The ground we tread upon is not dull, cold soil, not the mere paved way on which the footsteps of the weary and busy are hastening, not the mere arena on which the war of mercantile competition is waged; but “we tread upon enchanted ground.”

The means of communication with the outward scene, are all mysteries. Anatomists may explain the structure of the eye and ear, but they leave inexplicable things behind;—seeing and hearing are still mysteries. The organ that collects within it the agitated waves of the air, the chambers of sound that lie beyond it, after all dissection and analysis, are still labyrinths and regions of mystery. And that little orb, the eye, which gathers in the boundless landscape at a glance, which in an instant measures the near and the distant, the vast and the minute, which brings knowledge from ten thousand objects in one commanding act of vision—what a mystery is that!

And then, if the soul communicates with the outward world, through mysterious processes, what power has that world—its objects, its events, its changes, its varying hues, its many toned voices, what mysterious power have they to strike the secret springs of the soul within!

“It may be a sound—
A tone of music—summer’s eve—or spring—
A flower—the wind—the ocean—which shall wound
Striking the electric chain, wherewith we are darkly bound;
And how and why we know not, nor can trace
Home to its cloud, this lightning of the mind.”

But if nature is bound with almost magic spells of association to our maturer years, what a pure and fresh mystery is it to our childhood! Ah! childhood—beautiful mystery!—how does nature lie all around thee, as a treasure-house of wonders. Sweet and gentle season of being! whose flowers bring on the period of ripening, or bloom but to wither and fade in their loveliness—time of “thick coming” joys and tears! of tears that pass quickly away, as if they did not belong to thee, of joys that linger and abide long, and yet make the long day short—time of weakness! yet of power to charm the eye of sages from their lore;—Childhood! what a mystery art thou, and what mysteries dost thou deal with! What mystery is there in thy unfolding faculties, that call forth wonder from those that gaze upon thee, and seem to thyself at times, almost as if they were strange reminiscences of an earlier being! What mystery is there in thy thoughts, when thou art first struggling to grasp the infinite and eternal! when thou art told of immortal regions where thou shalt wander onward and onward for ever, and sayest, even to the teaching voice of authority, “It cannot, father, it *cannot* be!”

And there are mysteries, too, thickly strewed all along the moral path of this wonderful being. There are “mysteries of our holy religion.” Miracles of power, giving attestation to its truth, ushered it into the world. Wonders of heavenly mercy are displayed in its successive triumphs over the human soul. Gracious interpositions, too, of the teaching Spirit, and a succouring Providence, help the infirmities and struggles of the faithful.

And the results, moreover of this great and solemn trial of human nature, that is passing on earth, are as mysterious as the process—the heavenly interposition and the human effort, and these too, alike mysterious—the heavenly interposition—certain but undefinable; the human will strangely balanced somewhere, but nobody can tell where, between necessity and freedom.

Goodness, in the heart, is a mystery. No language can define it, which does not equally need definition. No man can tell what it is. No man can know but by an inward experience, and an experience in reality inexpressible. Goodness is a breath in the soul, we know not from whence; it cometh and it goeth, like “the wind that bloweth where it listeth;” it is the inspiration of the Almighty.

And sin!—how great and tremendous is that mystery! That beneath these serene and pure heavens, which beam with the benignity of their Maker; that amidst the fair earth, amidst ten thousand forms of perfection—that, where all else is perfect, the spoiler should have gone forth to mar and to crush the noblest and fairest—this is the “mystery of iniquity that hath been hidden from ages” and is not yet fully unfolded.

* * * * *

The mysteries of our present being, though met with in daily experience, though recognized by the severest philosophy, are never perhaps more sensibly, or so to speak, consciously shadowed

forth to us, than in that scene of strangely mingled experience and illusion, that world veiled from the eyes of philosophy—the world of our dreams. Mr. Hogg somewhere remarks, and it seems to be more than a poetical fancy, that our dreams are emphatically mysteries, hitherto sacred from metaphysical analysis. The writer hopes he may be excused; therefore, if he introduces as appropriate to the meditations of this paper, a dream of his own:—

An excursion for health carried me, some years ago, through the beautiful villages of Concord and Lancaster, to the brow of the noble Wachusett. It was in the month of our summer's glory—June. I know not how it may appear to others; but that enjoyment, leading to surfeit and oppression, which is often described as attending upon one class of our pleasures, seems to me as more than realized in the overpowering, the almost oppressive, the mysterious delight with which we gaze upon the ever-renewed and brightened vision of nature. Such it was to me; and when the evening came, its calmness was as grateful to me, as the rest which hospitality offered.

Yet it brought its own fascination. The moon shed down from her calm and lofty sphere, a more sacred beam than that of day. Her light seemed like an emanation, an element for holy thought, in which there was something like consciousness and witnessing to the thoughts of mortals. The breeze, as it went up the mountain's side, and touched the forest boughs, seemed like a living spirit. The summit, rising towards heaven and resting in a solemn and serene light, appeared like a mount of meditation, wheresome holy sufferer had retired from the world to pray, and where angels were ascending and descending.

Fatigued and exhausted, I sought repose at an early hour, and soon fell into that half sleeping and half waking state, with which the diseased and troubled, at least, are so well acquainted. It is the well known and frequent effect of this state of partial consciousness, to give a mysterious and preternatural importance to every thing that attracts the notice of the wandering senses. Now and then, an evening traveller passed by; but that was not the simple character with which my imagination invested him. He was a fierce rider from the battle field—and as he rushed by upon the sounding mountain pavement, he seemed to bear upon his tread the fate of empires. Then a sound of laughter and shout of revelry reached me from a neighbouring ale-house, and it appeared like the discordant mockery of fiends over the wreck of kingdoms. And ever and anon, the passing breeze shook the casement of my window, and the sound in my ear, seemed stern as the voice of destiny, and struck me with that inexplicable awe that attends the slightest jar of an earthquake.

At length, I sunk into a deeper sleep; but still the confused images of my half conscious state, mingled with the deeper reveries of my dream. I dreamed, as I often do when awake, of men, and life, and the crowded world. The procession of

human generations passed before me. The wandering Tartar flew by me in his sledge over the frozen solitudes of the North. The turbaned Turk moved slowly on, by the many shores of his rich and glorious domains. The politic bustling busy European passed over the theatre of my vision, and it was a theatre of merchandise. And then, again, the wilds of the New World were opened to me, and I saw the stealthy Indian retiring from thicket to thicket, and the white man pressed hard upon his retreating steps. Then the palaces and courts of royalty rose before me, and I saw the gay and gorgeous train that thronged them, and heard from many a recess and by-path, the sighs of disappointed ambition. Anon, the camp, with its mingled order and confusion, came upon the wayward fancies of my dream; and the fearful tread of a host drew near, and music from unnumbered instruments burst forth, and swelled gloriously up to heaven. And then suddenly the scene changed, and I thought it was music for the gay assembly and the dance; and a multitude innumerable wandered through boundless plains in pursuit of pleasure. But immediately—either in the strange vagaries of my dreams or according to the broken memory of it—it appeared to be no longer a multitude, but a mighty city of immeasurable extent;—and then the countless habitations of far distant countries came within the range of my vision, and the scenes of domestic abode and all the mazy struggle of human life, were beneath my eye. I saw the embrace of love; I heard the song of gladness; and then the wailings of infancy were in my ears, and stern voices seemed to hush them. In another quarter the throng of pleasure and the pall of death passed on, and went different ways, as it seemed but in a shocking vicinity to each other, and in strangely mingled and mournful confusion: and I thought of human weal and wo, and of this world's great fortunes, and of the mystery of this life, and of God's wisdom, till it seemed to me that my heart would break with its longing for further knowledge, and my pillow was wet with the tears of my dream.

As my head was bowed down in meditation and in sorrow, it suddenly appeared to me that an unusual and unearthly light was breaking around me. I instantly lifted my eyes, for a thrilling and awful expectation came upon me. I thought of the judgment, and almost expected to behold the Son of Man in the clouds of heaven. I immediately perceived that the vision was to me alone; for the light did not spread far, and proceeded from only one luminous cloud. As I gazed upon it, features of more than mortal loveliness became visible, though the form was partly veiled from me in the glorious brightness that surrounded it. I imagined that I perceived a resemblance to the countenance of one that I had known and loved on earth; and I girded up the powers of my mind, as I have often thought I should do, in my waking hours, to meet a spirit from the other world. But the first words that fell upon my ear, instead of inspiring me with the expected terror, spread a sacred tranquillity through all my facul-

ties. "Mortal!"—the voice said—"once a fellow-mortal!"—and no earthly tongue can express the soothing sweetness and tenderness that flowed into those words—"be patient," it said, "be strong; fear not; be not troubled. If thou couldst know!—but I may not tell thee—else would not thy faith be perfected:—'be yet patient; trust in God; trust in him and be happy!'" The bright cloud was borne as by the gentlest breath of air away from me; the features slowly faded, but with such a smile of ineffable benignity and love lingering upon the countenance, that in the ecstasy of my emotions I awoke.

I awoke; the songs of the morning were around me; the sun was high in heaven; the earth seemed to me clothed with new beauty. I went forth with a firmer step, and a more cheerful brow, resolving to be patient and happy till I also "should see as I am seen, and know even as I am known."

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

"WHEN Bonaparte was paying his court to Madame de Beauharnais," says De Bourrienne, "neither of them kept a carriage, and he, being passionately in love, and a most assiduous suitor, escorted his intended about the town, and especially on her visits to the agent. They went one day together to the office of the notary Raguideau, who, by-the-bye, was one of the smallest men I have ever seen. Madame de Beauharnais, who placed great confidence in Raguideau, had come to him that day expressly for the purpose of communicating her intention of accepting the hand of the young general of artillery, the protegee of Barras. Josephine was accordingly closetted along with the notary, while Bonaparte walked in the outer office, occupied by the clerks. The door of Raguideau's cabinet, however, not being shut close, the general overheard the lawyer dissuading Beauharnais from the marriage she was about to contract. 'You are very imprudent,' said the notary; 'you may have to repent this step as long as you live; it is madness to go and marry a man who has nothing but his sword to depend on.' 'Bonaparte,' said Josephine, when she told me these prior circumstances, 'had never alluded to this, and I had no idea that he heard what Raguideau had said. Imagine my astonishment, then, Bourrienne, when on the day of the coronation, as soon as he had put on the imperial robes, he said, 'Go and find Raguideau, and bring him here immediately.' Raguideau soon made his appearance, and the emperor said to him, 'Well, and have I nothing now but my sword to depend on?' Eight years had elapsed since the scene at the office of the notary; and Bonaparte, though he had borne in mind the discourse of M. Raguideau, had never mentioned that he was privy to it to a single soul, not even to De Bourrienne at the time when he was in the habit of making his secretary the confidant and depository of all his projects and secrets."—*De Bourrienne's Memoirs.*

A DREAM.

"Sleep hath its own world
And a wide realm of wild reality.—BYRON.

I FELT that my death hour was come;
I strove to pray—I strove to weep—
But the words stuck in my parched throat,
And the lean flesh did coldly creep—
So horrible it was to die,
At midnight in my lonely sleep.

I heard the rattle in my throat,
And then I surely knew
That I should die; and then the dark
Death angel o'er me flew
Oh, God! how cold I felt that shade
As it broad and broader grew.

Like a drowning man, I downward sank
Within that horrid sea;
The cold waves, gurgling in mine ear,
Did rush all fearfully;
Then o'er my heart the death-spasm fell,
And I shrieked convulsively.

And now I knew that I had died:
For, lighter than the wind,
I passed the sun—yea all the stars
Did glimmer far behind—
A lone and bodiless thing I swept
The universe unconfined.

Oh, many a happy thing I saw
Floating on their glittering wings—
Flinging their fleshless fingers o'er
Their harps of golden strings—
All unawares I lingered there,
To drink their murmurings.

All unawares, I prayed to God,
Charmed by that starry spell,
Amid that land of happy things
Whose tones so wildly fell—
All unawares, I prayed that there
I evermore might dwell.

But darkness gathered o'er me then,
And I shuddered fearfully,
For the great judgment throne was set,
Far on the flaming sky,
And earthly crimes my fears awoke,
And I prayed that I might die.

Like the sear leaf borne on the storm,
So was I whirled on,
Where tens of thousands burning ones
Begirt that great bright throne:
A diadem of stars, far o'er,
The universe, they shone.

I turned me to the judgment throne—
But blasted grew my sight,
Like him who gazes on the sun
Unsuferably blight—
I shrunk in darkness, and in fear,
From that great throne of light.

I saw the skeletons of men
Float past the darkening sun;
And the blue stars looked ghostly wan—
Their race of light was run,
The moon swept by, like a ball of blood,
And sunk in that burning solitude.

Then rose so wild a wall—
So horrible and nigh—
Like a thousand thunders, breaking
And rolling in the sky:
That wall was Nature's funeral dirge,
The damned spirits' cry.

That cry so wild my blood so chilled,
It lay like ice upon a stream;
And thus I woke, and blessed God
That all was but—a *midnight dream*.
But from that moment I began
To be an altered and a holy man.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

I seem like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed.

MOORE.

SEEST thou yon gray gleaming hall,
Where the deep elm-shadows fall?
Voices that have left the earth
Long ago
Still are murmuring round its hearth
Soft and low;
Ever there:—yet one alone
Hath the gift to hear their tone.

Guests come thither and depart,
Free of step and light of heart;
Children, with sweet visions bless'd,
In the haunted chambers rest;
One alone unslumbering lies,
When the night hath sealed all eyes,
One quick heart and watchful ear,
Listening for those whispers clear.

SEEST thou where the woodbine flowers
O'er yon low porch hang in show'ers?
Startling faces of the dead,
Pale, yet sweet,
One lone woman's entering tread
There still meet!
Some with young smooth foreheads fair,
Faintly shining through bright hair;
Some with reverend locks of snow—
All, all buried long ago!
All, from under deep sea-waves,
Or the flowers of foreign graves,
Or the old and bannered aisle,
Where their high tombs gleam the while,
Rising, wandering, floating by,
Suddenly and silently,
Through their earthly home and place,
But amidst another race.

Wherefore unto one alone
Are those sounds and visions known?
Wherefore hath that spell of power,
Dark and dread,
On *Aer* soul, a baleful dower,
Thus been shed?

Oh! in those deep-seeing eyes
No strange gift of mystery lies!
She is lone where once she moved
Fair, and happy, and beloved!
Sunny smiles were glancing round her,
Tendrils of kind hearts had bound her;
Now those silver chords are broken,
Those bright looks have left no token,
Not one trace on all the earth,
Save the memory of her mirth.
She is lone and lingering now,
Dreams have gather'd o'er her brow,
Midst gay song and children's play,
She is dwelling far away;
Seeing what none else may see—
Haunted still her place must be!

THE VENDEAN'S STORY.

THE royalists had retired from the siege of Nantes, a city which was held by the representatives of the French convention. Although the people of this devoted city, had remained quiet during the siege, although they had taken no part in the horrible war of the Vendee—yet it was decreed that it should suffer the tortures of a revolutionary tribunal,—that its wealthy and quiet citizens should be massacred by hundreds, because, in the significant language of the day, they were “rich and aristocratic.” Carrier, a man whose name should be associated with those of Marat and Robespierre, was commissioned by the legislators of Republican France to pour out upon the devoted cities of the Vendee, the full vials of republican wrath. Nantes suffered most severely. Its very streets ran with blood—and the tranquil bosom of the Loire bore witness of “many a foul and midnight murder.”

We had lain long in prison. The world seemed to have forgotten us. It was only when our surly keepers bestowed upon us their curses, with the miserable sustenance which we were compelled to partake of, that the horrible monotony of our confinement was broken. We indeed knew nothing of all that was going on around, and our fears could never have equalled the frightful reality. Separated from our families—alike ignorant of their fate and our own destiny, hope at length deserted us, and we were silent in despair.

We were, at last, roused by the entrance of a republican officer—one of the Guards of Carrier.—I had noticed him before my confinement and marked him as I would some dangerous serpent. The impress of the demon was upon his countenance. I had seen him once, when a group of pleasant farm-houses were bursting into flames, and the work of destruction going on, writhing his scarred visage into a smile. I had never seen such a smile before. It told of dark and hateful passions—of exultation like that which an infernal spirit might be supposed to feel when some new victim is consigned to the unquenchable fire of torment.

He told us, he had orders to conduct us from the prison. Eager questions were made as to the design of this command. He made no reply, but commanded the door of our dungeon to be thrown open. We passed out—many, with a joyful hope of speedy release, and the enjoyment of their home. A band of soldiers received us and conducted us into the open air.

It was a beautiful night of moonshine. The soft light rested on the hills around us, silvers the pointed roofs and old spires that stood up among them. The broad sheet of the Loire lay before us, like a vein of silver upon a ground of emerald. Nantes—the once rich and beautiful metropolis of the Vendee, was silent as a sepulchre.—Black smoke curled up at intervals into the moonlight, from the smouldering ashes of fallen

dwellings. The hand of the spoiler had been there, the tide of revolutionary madness had gone over the fair city in a mingled wave of fire and blood.

We reached the water's edge. A low, dark hulled vessel lay ready to receive us. “On board, traitors!” said the officer who had guarded us thither. “You are destined for Bellisle.” I marked his features as he spoke. The same infernal smile was playing upon them—but more fiendish—more revolting than ever. Bellisle lay at the mouth of the Loire. The outline of its fortress was just visible, grim and ragged, towering to the sky. The revolutionary banner was flapping above it, like a bird of evil, hovering over its destined prey.

We were hurried on board the vessel, which to our astonishment, was already crowded, with prisoners like ourselves. The young and beautiful and high-born of both sexes were there. There were many, very many familiar faces in that group, seen dimly in the lamplight—proud men and lovely women, whom I had known in happier hours—but there was no look of recognition given or received; every one felt the pressure of some unshared and peculiar anguish, and our meeting was in silence, broken only by the thick sob and passionate burst of tears.

A light hand fell upon my shoulder, and a voice, to whose tones my spirit would have responded from the very threshold of eternity, announced my name. I started at the sound. The next instant I was clasping to my bosom the fairest maid of Nantes—the last and brightest link in the broken chain of my affections. High souled and noble hearted girl! I see thee now through the dark medium of years, with a perception as clear as if thou wert a being of yesterday. That clear expanse of brow, so touched with intellectual paleness, and that eye so proud, and yet so full of tenderness, are living before me. The pencil of memory is an unerring one, when its powers are called forth by an affection, which but gathers a deeper intensity from despair.

There are moments in life, when the affectation of indifference, and the constrained coldness of ceremony are forgotten, and the deep and holier feelings of the heart itself, are poured out in all their freshness and original purity. Such moments cannot exist in the sun lit places of worldly prosperity. They are found in the shadowy path of adversity—or never. When the great and busy world around us has proved but a vain and gorgeous deception,—a mockery, rendered more terrible by its promise of beauty,—then it is that the fountains of deep sympathy are broken up, and hearts are mingled together in a love which belongs not to earth.

It was so at this moment. Agnes and myself had both tasted bitterness from the same fountain. The crimes—I should rather say the virtues of our parents—had been visited upon us,

in vengeance. We were thrown together at a moment when every whim and caprice of our enemies became unquestioned authority for deeds of abhorrent cruelty. We knew that we were in the hands of those who would exult in our destruction—fiends, who feasted upon human suffering, and trampled down the altar, and extinguished the household fire with a zeal surpassed only by the enormity of their crimes. We knew all this,—and yet that moment was the happiest one of our lives.

A shout rang from the deck above us, and a quick dashing of oars succeeded. Then, there was a crush, as if the planks beneath us were rent away by a strong hand. The horrible truth burst upon us. The vessel had been fitted up with a *sous pape*, or false bottom—the fatal bar had been withdrawn—we were in the middle of the Loire, and up-rushing of its waters was already felt.

Never shall I forget the awful shriek that went up at this moment. I had been on the red battle field, and heard in the pauses of the fight, the groans of intolerable anguish arise from a thousand writhing victims—but never, no never, had my ears been tortured by a cry like this. It was an unearthly embodying of terror, which can be compared to nothing but the shrieks of the doomed multitude, when the last curse shall have smitten them from the presence of the just made perfect. It rose wild and horrible for a moment,—then followed the dreadful sounds of strangulation, blended with the groanings of the vessel, as the water forced its way upwards.

I remember a suffocating sensation—a struggle—a sinking down—a convulsive shudder!

* * * * *

I rose again to the surface. The bosom of the river was ruffled and black. Boats were hurrying across it, filled with demons in human form. Wherever a victim struggled above the waves, a corse floated, or a garment caught the moonshine, pistol shots and sabre blows were directed.—I had passed many boats unnoticed, and hope began to invigorate my limbs, when suddenly a drowning person caught hold of me. My motion was retarded. I shook off and spurned away the wretched sufferer. The body sunk before me—I saw the death like countenance, and, Oh God! it was that of Agnes! I saw one imploring extension of the arms, one look of agonizing supplication,—and she went down—down to her cold sepulchre, and almost within my reach.

One moment of unutterable anguish followed, and my reason forsook me. How I escaped from the river I know not, but my returning consciousness found me in the dwelling of a peasant, who, I afterwards learned, had discovered me, insensible, upon the margin of the river. The horrid recollection of the past came over me, and I fled from my deliverer as if to escape the dreadful thought, which has, from that moment to the present, never ceased to haunt me. The images which it conjures up are distinct and living—fearful blendings of tenderness and terror. At one moment I behold my lost Agnes, mild and

beautiful as an angel, with the words of her affection melting upon a voice of music.

Then the scene changes,—the shriek—the engulfing waters, and all the horrors of that night of agony, are present in my mind. I feel the death-clasp upon my arm, and a strong shudder goes over me, as if I were again shaking the dying from my support. Then the outstretched arms—the pale and supplicating countenance—the mute appeal for succour, and the vain attempt to afford it, darken the cloud of memory which settles upon my soul.

My story is told. Those who have marvelled at dejection, who have mocked at grief which they could not fathom, may here learn the secret, which for years has lain upon my soul like the malison of a parent.

I have been a wanderer and an outcast in the land of my fathers. I have seen its populous places made desolate, and its orange groves sprinkled with the blood of those who had nursed them. I have seen the multitude shake off the chains of priestcraft, drag the cowed head in the dust, extinguish the sacred flame of the altar, and trample on the crucifix. They had set up a new idol—a new divinity which they knelt to under the sacred name of Liberty. It was that liberty which opens the floodgates of crime, and casts off from the arm of the assassin, the fetters of the law.

Yet a change came. I have seen one horde of assassins swept away by another. The wretch who conducted the fatal Noyade, himself perished by the hand of his fellows. I saw him on the stained scaffold, awaiting his inevitable doom, with a grim and terrible composure. He bent himself to the block, and died with a curse upon his lips!

I am a broken down and grey haired man—yet it is not with the weight of years, or the silvering of time. Sorrow has more than done their work; and I go out among the smiling faces of mankind, and the glorious creations of the divinity, with a spirit which takes no hue of gladness from the beauty and harmony around me. One thought from which there is no escape, rests like an evil shadow upon me, and lends to the glory and loveliness of earth, and its own sombre coloring.—But the light of my earthly existence is rapidly waning, and I look forward with a blessed hope to the moment, when, casting off the sorrows of humanity, the tired and weary spirit shall rejoice in that destiny which awaits the afflicted and truly penitent of earth.

DEATH.

It is doubtless hard to die; but it is agreeable to hope we shall not live here for ever, and that a better life will put an end to the troubles of this. If we were offered immortality on earth, who is there would accept so melancholy a gift? What resource, what hope, what consolation would then be left us against the rigour of fortune, and the injustice of man?

WHY IS MY SPIRIT SAD?

" Why is my spirit sad ?
 Because 'tis parting, each succeeding year,
 With something that it used to hold more dear
 Than aught that now remains;
 Because the past, like a receding sail,
 Fills into dimness, and the lonely gale
 O'er vacant waters reigns.

" Why is my spirit sad ?
 Because no more within my soul there dwell
 Thoughts fresh as flowers, that fill the mountain dell
 With innocent delight;
 Because I am aweary of the strife
 That with hot fever taints the springs of life,
 Making the day seem night.

" Why is my spirit sad ?
 Alas! ye did not know the lost—the dead,
 Who loved with me of yore green paths to tread—
 The paths of young romance:
 Ye never stood with us 'neath summer skies,
 Nor saw the rich light of their tender eyes—
 The Eden of their glance.

" Why is my spirit sad ?
 Have not the beautiful been ta'en away—
 Are not thy noble hearted turned to clay—
 Wither'd in root and stem ?
 I see that others, in whose looks are lit
 The radiant joys of youth, are round me yet—
 But not—but not like them !

" I would not be less sad !
 My days of mirth are past. Droops o'er my brow
 The sheaf of care in sickly paleness now—
 The present is around me :
 Would that the future were both come and gone,
 And that I lay, where 'neath a nameless stone,
 Crush'd feelings could not wound me !"

MARRIAGE OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.

No word! no sound! and yet a solemn rite
 Proceedeth 'mid the festive lighted hall,
 Hearts are in treaty—and the soul doth take
 That oath, which unabsolved must stand, till death,
 With icy seal, doth close the scroll of life.

No word! no sound! and still yon holy man,
 With strong and graceful gesture, hath imposed
 The irrevocable vow; and, with meek prayer,
 Hath sent it to be registered in Heaven.
 Methinks this silence heavily doth brood
 Upon the spirit. Say, thou flower-crowned bride,
 What means the sigh that from thy ruby lip
 Doth 'scape, as if to seek some element
 That angels breathe?

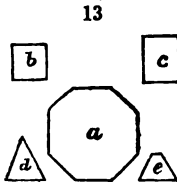
Mute!—mute!—'tis passing strange!
 Like necromancy all. And yet 'tis well:
 For the deep trust with which a maiden casts
 Her all of earth—perchance her all of heaven,
 Into a mortal hand—the confidence
 With which she turns in every thought to him,
 Her more than brother, and her next to God,
 Hath never yet been meted out in words,
 Or weighed with language.

So, ye voiceless pair,
 Pass on in hope. For ye may build as firm
 Your silent altar in each other's hearts,
 And catch the sunshine through the clouds of time,
 As cheerily as though the pomp of speech
 Did herald forth the deed. And when ye dwell
 Where flowers fade not, and death no treasured tie
 Hath power to sever more—ye need not mourn
 The ear sequester'd and the tuneless tongue;
 For there the eternal dialect of love
 Is the free breath of every happy soul.

THE ORNAMENTAL ARTIST.

OCTAGON BOXES.

The octagon is a very graceful form for a glass box: its bottom must be shaped as fig. 13, *a*, and its sides equal squares, as *b*, or oblong as *c*, to match the edges of the bottom. The cover may be flat, and made of a single piece resembling the bottom, or it may be raised, as the top of the temple, or cottage box; in this case, it must consist of eight triangles, the base of each of which should be equal to one of the sides of the bottom, as *d*. Instead of bringing them to a point, which is rather a difficult task, it is advisable to cut off the ends of the several pieces, as *e*, and fit in a small octagon at the top. The cover may be fastened at the corners of one of the sides, and the stays fixed where the artist discovers they will best keep it in equilibrium when opened.



MIRROR AND PINCUSHION BOXES.

Looking-glass may be employed for the sides, front, and corners of the box, instead of ground

glass, and the edges ornamented with strips of



embossed gold paper; or a piece of looking-glass, as large as the bottom of the box, may be bound and embellished in a similar manner, and fastened inside the top, by tacking the corners of its binding to that of the lower edge of the cover. The mirror box, if made in the latter way, should stand open, and the cushion may be made into a pincushion, by stuffing it with sufficient wool or wadding to raise the top of it to the edges of the box, and covering it with plain, instead of gathered silk (Fig. 14). The



centre of the cushion may be ornamented with a bow, or rosette; or if the binding be vandyked, and of two colours, with a star (Fig. 15), formed of the two ribands used for the binding, decreasing gradually in size, and pinned through their centres. The cover of the pincushion may also be made of triangular pieces of silk, of different colours, to match with the harlequin binding.

SPRING.

BY MISS ANNA MARIA PORTER.

WINTER'S young conqueror comes! the bannered earth
Awaits his car's approach, arrayed in green,
That mocks the emerald's smile: her tapestry rich,
With every hue enamelled, is hung out
From bush, and bank, and bower, and sloping mead,
Scenung the sparkling air. Yon high-plumed woods
Bow to the hov'ring god, while joyous sound
Of birds, and ice-freed waters, and man's voice,
The great deliverer hail!

WOMAN'S LOVE.

THERE is a feeling in the heart,
A thought within the bosom's swell,
Which woman's eyes alone impart;
Which woman's blush alone can tell!

Man may be cold in love's disguise,
And feel not half the flame he speaks;
But woman's love is in her eyes;
It glows upon her burning cheeks!

THE EAGLE PLUME.

A TALE OF GREECE.

IT was in the year 18—, that I set out to join the cause of liberty in Greece, and aid, by my feeble efforts, her noble struggle for independence. I was young, ardent, and enthusiastic. My fortune was large, my relations few and distant; if I fell, there would be none to regret me, and if I lived, it would not be in vain; but I might look back, in my old age with pleasure, on the remembrance that I, too, had been "a Grecian."

I lingered on my progress to the principal scene of action, and was induced to visit, for a short period, the beautiful island of Scio. Description would, indeed, fail to depict its loveliness, yet my heart is too full of its memories to remain quite silent. If the wild and lofty rocks seemed Freedom's throne, at their feet reposed a land, alas! so fair, as to tempt the luxurious inhabitant to repose in languid indolence, and the bold invader to appropriate its treasures.

Whilst they pressed the rich juice from the luscious grape, or trod nature's carpet in the graceful dances of their country, their soft skies forming a canopy kings might envy, while they gazed on the dark eyes of their noble maidens, and read love there in his own mirror; the modern Greeks might almost be forgiven, if, in this degenerate age, they forgot they were slaves, since in ruder climes even liberty herself cannot offer such seducing engagements.

And the blue sea, that sea whose waves as they sank and died softly on the golden sands, seemed to prate of glories gone by; perhaps the very blaze of past splendour, which spread from shore to shore like their gorgeous setting sun, blinded their senses to the dark night that was following. They reposed on the shield of their dead heroes, and forgot to start up and use it in that defence for which alone it was worthy.

Perhaps I am pleading my own cause whilst offering these excuses for the Greeks: certain it is; I lingered longer than I ought in this enchanting island of Scio; and yet my whole thoughts, soul, and words, were directed to the cause of freedom. But, gentle reader, these thoughts and words were often addressed to a lovely being who walked beside me, treading her native mountains

with the step of one of those nymphs of fable so appropriate to the scene. And if my zeal for liberty have proved a pure and enduring light, a sacred fire, instead of that meteor that leads thousands astray, to that being under heaven, I owe it. She was the grand-daughter of one of the most illustrious men of the island, and though his head was silvered with the frost of ninety years, his heart was as warm for his country as any of her youngest and bravest sons. The father of the beautiful Ianthe had been a victim to Turkish tyranny; and the story appeared one of peculiar agony, as, in protecting the beauty and fame of his wife, he had, alas! perished. The whole family lived since in the deepest retirement; the venerable Mantholoni seeking to shelter the two last fair scions of his noble race, Ianthe, and a young brother of about five years old, from the storms of fate in their quiet home. But a tempest was now about to burst, from which they fondly anticipated that their long-darkened atmosphere would clear, and the sun of hope irradiate once more its horizon. The old man was ready to spend his little remnant of life, his lessened fortune, and his extensive, though secret influence, to aid the last indignant rising of outraged Greece.

But the sweet Ianthe was the truest patriot! It was no revenge of her martyred parents (for her mother too was gone to peace) it was no youthful enthusiasm, far less indifference to the horrors of intestine war, which lent to her pure spirit its unquenched and unquenchable glow. She was, in truth, no ancient heroine, either in person or mind. Her slight form rather resembled the flexible palm, than the stately column. Her soft blue eyes thrilled the soul by their expression of mind and courage; but it was courage tempered by more than her sex's gentleness, and her sentiments were neither exaggerated nor stern. They had their rise in the only sources of true human greatness, religion and humanity: the first told her that the sacred worship of her fathers, the blessed cross, was being trampled by the infamous sign of an impostor; and, should the Christian look on for ever in tame and slavish indifference, nor wake to vindicate its honour?

The next pointed to the violation of every tie of nature by the Turks, the oppression of the weak, slaughter of the brave, the poor peasant reaping in tears the harvest that was sent for him; and thus urged, she held it the first duty of every reasoning Greek, howsoever little his power, or weak his arm, to lend it to this holy cause. When she marked some gleams of my enthusiasm for the tented field, the pomp and panoply of war, she rather sought to repress it. "O, my friend," would she say in that low, kindly voice, no heart could resist, "do not take to the dreadful field of battle, (where thousands are to dye their native soil in blood, thousands of immortal souls to be dismissed to eternity,) any thoughts but such as you would cherish in your last hour. Let no fierce passions, no imposing vanities, sully the lustre of his spirit, who goes to combat for the right, in the holy cause of just and rational liberty."

Who could wonder that I became a convert to her doctrines, had they beheld me in the still hour of evening, as it dyed the sky and the ocean in roses, standing beside the youthful patriot on some lofty promontory of her native Scios, musing, as it might be, of the past or the future, in a silence that was all "our own;" whilst her little brother clung fondly to her robe, looking up into her speaking face, whence he drew all the inspiration of his young day-dreams; for the boy was her inseparable companion, dear to her, ay, even as her country. It is easy to guess that I loved the fair Greek with the most reverent admiration; but whether my feelings were returned, was yet a problem to me of the deepest interest. Some circumstances led me to think her heart was already occupied, and yet so slight were my grounds of suspicion, that I was almost ashamed to adduce them to myself. The head and front of them, strange to say, consisted in an ornament, if it might be so called, that she invariably wore, in her picturesque Greek cap, or placed amid the waving gold of her hair. It was an eagle's plume; and on no occasion of festivity, nor in the most perfect retirement, did she lay it aside. I verily believed she wore it in her sleep. This partiality to so unusual a decoration, her never alluding to it, and a casual blush at the mention of one particular name, had excited fears I longed to disperse by inquiry, yet feared that a word might confirm. * * * *

We stood on a steep and almost dizzy rock; behind us was a deep defile—the day yet lingered gloriously on the spot we had gained, but the shades of evening fell darkly on the chasm.

"I do not love to stay here so late," said little Alexis, pulling his sister gently by her robe, as she stood on the height, apparently quite absorbed in reverie, gazing across the waters. "Come home, dear sister, it will soon be dark;" and the boy's voice slightly trembled.

"What, you turned coward, my little hero?" said I, playfully, and taking his hand, "you who are as agile and daring as the chamois? I should not be surprised to see you perched one day on yonder cliff;" and I pointed to a remarkable

peak towering above us, piercing, as it were, into the very heavens. The boy shuddered and hid his face. "Oh! not there!" he cried, "I have been there once."—"There! impossible; no human foot ever trod it."—"Ask Ianthe," replied the child, "I cannot tell you." His sister stood listening to us in some agitation, and her cheek was unusually pale.—"Yes," said she, "I will tell you, my Lord, to-morrow, the whole story; but now let us return with this little trembler, whose recollections of the spot might shake firmer nerves than his. It is time," added she, with a sigh and a look of mournful meaning, "it is time, my Lord, to place this confidence in your friendship for my family; and the same narrative will satisfy you that I have dear and sacred reasons for wearing this singular decoration." And she slightly touched the eagle plume.

Strange, it may seem, but this preparation for a simple narrative chilled my heart, and I felt persuaded that the story of this ill-omened plume would prove fatal to my love.

The following afternoon Ianthe led me to the same spot where we had lingered the evening before; but Alexis did not accompany us; and seating herself in a fissure of the rock, she allowed me to place myself beside her, and assuming an air of calmness, intended, as I feared, to silence any expression of my feelings, she began the promised tale.

"Since the death of my lamented parents, which happened in my childhood, I have lived perfectly retired in this beautiful island; and the only amusement I have tasted, or even wished, has been roaming freely amidst its sublime scenery, meditating on the faded glories of my country, and anticipating, in humble hope, the period when Heaven might restore to oppressed Greece her religion and her liberties.

"It is now about a year ago when her generous sons, as yet unassisted by any other nation, rose in a seemingly hopeless struggle to restore to their children that inheritance of freedom which was once the very charter of the air we breathe. Among their dauntless numbers was a near relation of our own—a young and amiable being in whose fate we took the deepest interest. He sometimes sent us tidings of his varying fortunes, till, alas! the most disastrous reached us. His immediate band had been intercepted, surrounded, and almost all massacred by the Turks. Their leader, whose gallant exploits recalled the brightest days of Grecian glory, and whom our relative had described as blest too with the gentlest virtues, fought with determined valour his way to the sea-shore, and, driven to the last extremity, plunged into its waves, and pierced by Turkish shots, sank beneath them. Our beloved cousin had perished in the outset of the attack, and left but the memory of honour and patriotism to crown his silent grave. These melancholy events occupied my thoughts, and it was only in solitude, and in prayer to that Being who is the best resource of the unhappy, the sole arbiter of nations, that I could find relief from the forebodings that oppressed me. More than ever did

I love to wander amid the rocks, whose grandeur raised my mind to God, to gaze on that tranquil ocean which reminded me of eternity, where the brave who had sunk in its waters were enjoying endless peace. My little brother was sometimes my only companion in these rambles, though my dear grandfather often insisted on a faithful domestic's attending to guard me from danger, the more as I occasionally wear in the folds of my dress jewels of considerable value, in which portable and easily concealed form the Greeks often place that wealth they fear openly to exhibit. For my part, fearless of insult, and beloved by my countrymen, I was too neglectful of caution, and loved to wander at sunset to this rock, to behold from the cliff the glorious sight. One evening, about eight months since, I directed my steps towards my usual haunt, accompanied only by Alexis, now by my side, now deviating to cull some plant, or try some wilder path. The sun was rapidly sinking, and I perceived would nearly withdraw its beams before I reached the summit. As I was ascending the defile, already wrapt in deep shadow, Alexis suddenly exclaimed, "See, sister! there is something dark and shining on your favourite cliff." And before I recollected to forbid him, he darted away; and though I still heard his light rapid steps, his form was lost to sight round an abrupt angle in the rocks. But, oh, how can I describe the horror that thrilled my heart when, in a few moments, a piercing scream from his little voice spoke the extreme of terror and suffering, and hurried me, with a speed my fainting spirits rendered unavailing, towards the spot. Ere I reached it, a dreadful object checked my fruitless career, and revealed all the fatal truth to my agonized senses.

"Rising slowly on its sable wings in majestic sublimity, from the very rock where my poor little brother had observed some unusual object, one of the largest species of black eagles that frequent our mountains was about to take its fearful flight into the regions of air; and in its horrible talons I perceived distinctly it bore a child! Oh! spare me the sickening recital—'twas my own Alexis!

"How my reason sustained the shock, I know not; but recovering instantly, I hastened on, my glazing eyes fixed, as if fascinated, on the dreadful arbiter of my brother's fate, still madly, though unconsciously, hoping it would pause with its helpless victim on some rock. And on yonder lofty cliff, whose pinnacle you pointed out the other evening to the child, there, the dreadful creature, at once fulfilling and destroying my last hope, drooped its flight for a moment, as if preparing for a loftier spring. It was then, just as I felt the boy's destruction sure, that an arrow from some unseen hand rapidly past me, and, aimed with an unerring skill, pierced the terrible bird with a mortal wound. I saw no more, but dropt lifeless on the ground.

"When I recovered, a stranger was kneeling beside me in the garb of a hunter; and, as if he felt conscious that my best restorative would be the sight of that dear object which I believed for

ever lost, he held in his arms, and reclining on his shoulder, the drooping but living form of my little brother. Heaven had been gracious—for there let me give the praise—which had indeed employed a human arm in aid, and perceived my Alexis on that awful summit, whence the daring and successful stranger snatched him at the imminent hazard of his own life, before the fainting boy had suffered further injury than some severe bruises from the eagle's talons, which providentially relaxed their hold, ere, in the agonies of death, the terrific bird fell from the rock.

"Nothing could exceed the tender and respectful attention of the stranger as he watched my recovery; and the tears stood on his manly cheek when he saw myself and my little brother exchange the fondest and most joyful embraces; a sight, that seemed to repay his courageous efforts more than even the heartfelt thanks with which I loaded him. When I was sufficiently composed to make any observations on the preserver of my dear Alexis, I was struck by the stranger's noble and warlike air. My spirits are unequal to speak worthily of one whom Nature herself had stamped with the aspect of a hero; but to her he owed all his superiority; for his form was clad in tattered garments, his features worn and exhausted, his cheek pale and haggard, and, but for the unconquerable spirit that blazed in his eye, the mild benignity of his brow, and his voice and manner, expressing at once the gentlest but loftiest mind, there was no outward distinction above a lowly hunter. His words, indeed, were few, his manner agitated, and he appeared faint and weary. It was in vain I prest him to return with me, and partake of my grandfather's hospitality. I avoided naming him, lest his well-known rank might increase the stranger's reluctance; for, though meet to sit at the board with princes, I discovered in his manner an evident wish for concealment.

"Come, Alexis," said I, playfully, to the boy; 'plead with your generous preserver that he will not refuse to hear the thanks and blessings of an old man, whose beloved grandchild he has saved from a dreadful death.'

"Alexis!" answered he, looking kindly at the boy, 'that name belonged to one I loved most dearly.'

"Yes," said the child, 'and to one I loved dearly too—my poor lost cousin, Alexis Montholoni.'

"Montholoni!" cried the stranger. 'Guardian Power of Greece, hast thou indeed conducted me to behold some of my dear friend's kindred ere I join him in better regions? Oh! blessed be the hour this arm for once did not fail my aim!—You behold in me, lady,' he continued, whilst I listened in breathless emotion—'you see in me Leonzi Romano, a hunted and persecuted man; and, were I known to be in existence, not the most savage recesses of this island could save me from Turkish vengeance. I was leader of that ill-fated band which had none braver than your lamented cousin amongst it. I was with him when his gallant spirit fled, and received this last

token of remembrance for his family. See, added he, 'this pledge of my mission!' and he drew from his vest a small gold hunting-horn that I myself had suspended around my lamented cousin's neck the day we parted, alas! for ever.

"Your heart, Sir," continued Ianthe, "can picture how much I was affected by a tale that involved the stranger's fate in the dearest interests of my race and country. Many times I saw him again, being the messenger of my dear grandfather, loaded with his blessings, and every assistance he could offer his beloved boy's preserver, and the friend of our lost relative. Romano's situation was one of extreme danger. On the sad day when his brave band fell under Turkish numbers, he was thought to have found a grave in the sea; but being an expert swimmer, by diving he eluded their search for his body, and had succeeded, by means of a fishing-boat, in reaching this island. Without food, money, or friends, he must have perished; but Providence blest our efforts for his escape. By means of some valuable jewels which I gladly devoted to his service, he bribed a vessel to carry him in safety to a point of re-union, where a few almost hopeless spirits yet struggle for liberty and Greece. Sometimes we hear of his welfare; and to him my dear grandfather looks with a confidence, I trust prophetic, as one of those bravest sons of our country, fated to rescue her from the degrading bonds of civil and religious slavery. "What you have heard," added Ianthe, deeply blushing, and fixing her eloquent eyes on the ground, "may explain the seemingly strange circumstance of my constantly wearing this plume, taken from the wing of that eagle which nearly robbed me of my little brother, in memory of his happy rescue."

The manner of the lovely narrator, as she concluded, spoke more than words; and though she made no allusion to her own sentiments of tenderness towards Romano, yet I felt despair succeed my hopes, as the tones of her soft voice, breathing secret affection, penetrated my heart. Every sound assured me her own was irrevocably given—nor could I wonder it were so—to the gallant preserver of her brother, the patriot of Greece, the hero of her young imagination. Yet when I observed the gentleness and delicacy with which she soothed my yet bleeding wound, and the pure and faithful devotedness that halloed her love for the absent; as I marked her in the calm of domestic life, ministering like a consoling angel by the couch of her aged and declining grandfather; as I viewed her pensive and heavenly countenance as, seated beside the young Alexis, she heard him read that volume which was at once the guide of her life, and the support of her anxious spirit, in contemplating that approaching struggle which must peril all dear to her;—as I beheld this, and much more, of piety and sweetness in this simple but high-minded Greek girl, my love assumed a deeper, holier character—it became more like friendship, but enlivened by a softer admiration, a tenderer solicitude than friendship ever knew.

But as days rolled on, they brought more

stormy events. Greece, like a wounded gladiator, assumed a desperate courage to make a last and desperate struggle, in the hope that Christian Europe, looking on the unequal contest, might turn a pitying eye on the victim, and raise her hand to check the exterminating glaive. But though she long vainly cherished *this* hope, a loftier, a truer trust, did not fail her—it was in the Rock of Ages! who saveth not by man's arm, and in whose might a thousand may be chased by one. Favoured by that aid, the Greek might truly exclaim—

"For Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won."

"And so shall it be with Greece!" exclaimed Ianthe, as the news of fresh successes reached us, and as she saw me preparing myself to lend my feeble arm to the good cause. "Generous Britons! who have come voluntarily to the aid of the oppressed, your virtuous enthusiasm shall be hallowed by success. The God of your fathers will look down graciously on all banded to redress, not ideal grievances, or to disturb a humane government, but to uproot a tyranny that reaches every hearth, from the lofty boyar's to the poor peasant's, and to support a religion that fosters all the best feelings of our nature against one that degrades man almost to the brutes that perish! Ah! happier far to die even in such a cause—to wing your flight to Heaven from some well-fought and glorious field, in defence of injured Greece—than to repose in all the wealth and power of your own happy country."

Her excited feelings flushed her lovely face with a brighter bloom—the bloom of the heart; and never had she appeared so dear to me as at that moment, whilst engaged in affixing some appropriate decoration to my sword—that sword which she honoured as well as its wearer, because she believed both were devoted to the cause of suffering humanity.

"Yes, lady," replied I, involuntarily, "when forbidden to live for dearer hopes, it were sweet, indeed, thus to die, and to be regretted by Ianthe!"

"You will live," said she, quickly, but with a paler cheek, "to bless, and be blest; but I must give you some memorial of one you have honoured by your friendship."

"One lock of those tresses," said I, ardently, "would be more precious to me than the treasures of the East; but I see I must not intreat so dear a gift. May I then implore you to entrust to me that hunting-horn which your brave cousin wore in death? The sight of it will rouse my spirit not to disgrace its former wearer's deeds; and either I will myself return it to you, the pledge of peace and freedom won, or some companion in arms will bring it as a memorial that I fell not unworthily."

"It is a melancholy token, surely," said Ianthe, "but it may, indeed, remind you of a noble spirit, gentle and pious, though inured to war." And she brought the small golden horn, and fastened it round my neck with a chain she unclasped from her own. How precious was this relic! But I had not time to express the feelings that

were painted too visibly in my looks, when the young Alexis rushed into the room, crying, "Come, sister, come and see the brave fleet in sight! They are friends—Greeks, we trust." Winged by his words, we flew to the oft-visited rock, which overlooked widely the sea, and beheld, indeed, the white sails of a small fleet studing the ocean; and from the Greek construction of the vessels, from the warlike attire of those on the deck, and from their shouts and joyous exclamations as they approached the shore, we knew them to be a Greek force sent for the investment and defence of the island. In the first ship that effected a landing, conspicuous for his lofty carriage and the noble expression of his features, and for his command of the armament, was one whom my heart told me was Leonzi Romano, even before the artless exclamations of the child he had saved, or the faint, half-represt, joyful cry of Ianthe, spoke that she beheld her lover.

Let me pass rapidly over scenes that, howsoever interesting to my feelings, were painful to me then, and are so now, to dwell on. The armament that Romano commanded easily mastered the feeble Turkish force then in the island. The Greeks flew to arms, universal joy prevailed, and freedom and hope breathed in every heart and every voice. At this propitious moment, Ianthe's venerable grandfather obtained her blushing consent that her union with the brave Leonzi should be immediately solemnized, to give her a protector in case of Montholoni's death; and I was entreated to witness the ceremony ere I departed. To this I most reluctantly consented.

It was on the steps of the altar I took leave of the loveliest of brides and of women—attired in snowy and flowing robes, the emblems of innocence, and adorned with splendid jewels. Yet the most touching ornament of her youth was the pure love expressed in her angelic countenance, ennobled as it was by devout and solemn feelings. My farewell scarcely admitted of words; yet, as I raised the golden horn to my lips, the dear remembrance she had given me, I said, "This shall never be parted from me in life. Should you receive it from other hands, it will be once more as a last memorial of a friend—one who would fain prove his friendship by deeds, not words. Promise me, dearest lady, that if you or yours should be in any danger or extremity human efforts can avert, you will send me some token; and my life, my whole powers, shall be devoted to you, or to this beloved boy." And I stooped to caress Alexis, and perhaps conceal a tear. "You will not refuse this trifle, to look upon and remember an absent friend?" And I ventured to fasten in her hair a diamond clasp beneath the eagle plume, which she wore as the proudest adornment of this solemn day. We all interchanged kindly adieus; and favourable breezes soon wafted me from an island where I had known for the first time love's regrets, which have for ever marked it as "the greenest spot in memory's waste." * * * * *

It was at a crisis most important to Greece, that I again heard of those who were identified with her name in my mind. After a sanguinary and successful attack on the Turkish camp, in the night, and in which the Greeks had penetrated to the tent of their commander, and sacrificed him, and too many of their enemies, to the fury of revenge—after having been fortunate enough to distinguish myself in this just cause; yet having the happiness to sheathe a sword sanctified, I trust, by mercy, it was in the dawn of a cold and cloudy morning, that I was seeking refreshment in my tent, and indulging those awe-inspiring thoughts, which, fresh from a battlefield, will press on the mind. I thought of Ianthe, too, and her loved Leonzi, and longed to hear of the welfare of their island, for whose safety many tears were entertained.

Suddenly a soldier entered, and having presented me with a packet withdrew. I started at the view of the silken covering, confined only by a long lock of auburn hair, which I recognized, by its peculiar colour and beauty, to be that of Ianthe. Hastily, and with trembling hands, I undid the fastening. It contained *one* token of her I loved with pure and hopeless tenderness. It was the eagle's plume, deeply stained and dabbled in blood!

Words and thoughts were almost denied me as I gazed on this dreadful memento; but a cry of anguish that escaped me brought one of my attendants, who inquired whether I would see the persons who were bearers of the packet; and at a sign I almost unconsciously made, he admitted into my presence those messengers. The one was a silver-haired and venerable old man, whom I remembered too well as the confidential domestic and foster-father of Ianthe. The other was the young Alexis, alas! bereft of all, who sprang with an exclamation of sorrow, that came from the very depths of his young heart, and found its full echo in mine, to my bosom; and there vented the torrent of his grief, while my tears, streaming at sight of his, left me almost powerless to ask all that that fearful token implied. Alas! I learnt too soon the tale of horror, which, now when time has almost healed the wound, yet can I scarcely find courage to record with the calmness of a narrator.

A short time before the decisive action I have mentioned, in which it was my fate to bear a part, the affairs of Greece had become nearly desperate; and in the fearful struggles for life which were taking place at the heart of her empire, she was forced to withdraw from the more remote extremities those armed supports she needed vitally at the centre. This necessity fell peculiarly hard on the island where Romano commanded. As he foresaw the dreadfully exposed state in which the helpless Greek population must be left by so total an abandonment, he remonstrated against it with an energy that was painfully strengthened by his own private anxieties. For the aged grandfather of his adored Ianthe lay nearly at the point of death: she could not quit him, and Leonzi was commanded to

leave her, dear to him even as the country he had fought for, at the mercy of Turkish barbarism.

His earnest and agonized entreaty to be allowed to retain even a small force as a resource against the enemy, should they attack the deserted island, urging the impolicy, too, of totally abandoning it, was peremptorily and harshly refused; and the authorities, from whom he asked it, being actuated by secret envy of Leonzi's reputation, added indignity to the refusal, by an insulting allusion to the young chief's selfish motives in desiring to stay with his bride, and escape a share in the central and final struggle for Greece.—Stung to the soul at such injustice from the country, he had bled for, hastily, and without consulting even Ianthé, or any counselors but love and indignation, the brave Romano resigned his command, and swore he would remain to perish singly in defending his own hearth, and the dear objects there enshrined. This fatal resolution he adhered to, and witnessed the departure of his loved and lamenting comrades, and then turned to gaze on the unprotected beauty of his wife, with feelings such as a patriot and a husband only can imagine.

The name of Ianthé's family, so often distinguished by efforts in favour of her country, would be a sure passport to immediate destruction should the Turks commence hostilities. It was therefore decided that the young Alexis should be sent, with the faithful domestic who now attended him, to the other side of the island, and remain disguised in a peasant's cottage, till it was seen how the crisis would terminate.

Alas! the darkest forebodings of Leonzi's soul were fulfilled. A Turkish fleet appeared off the island, and speedily landed to take possession of it. Though they seemed at first peaceably disposed, and no rising of the Turkish inhabitants had yet taken place, yet urged by terror for those he loved, Leonzi hastened to plan some temporary concealment for the dying man and the beautiful Ianthé. This offered itself in a cave not far distant from their lonely and mountainous abode. On the memorable occasion when Leonzi rescued Alexis from being the eagle's prey, in climbing the dangerous cliff to reach the boy, his preserver had observed a fissure on the outer side, large enough to admit a man, and which he doubted not led to some cavern. He was not long in exploring this, prompted by curiosity, and a wish to ascertain all the fastnesses and retreats of the island. The approach from the cliff was hazardous and nearly impracticable; but by ascending patiently a winding and most intricate path, the spot might safely be gained. The cavern it led to was spacious, and scarcely known to any of the inhabitants. To this shelter, by incredible exertions, and the aid of attached domestics, beneath the shades of night, the aged Montholoni was conveyed securely, with those comforts that were necessary to his state; and thither Leonzi, Ianthé, and the confessor of the family, with one female Greek attendant, followed. It was given

out in the mean time by their trusty household, that their venerable master had breathed his last; and from this report, and in this retreat, a faint hope was cherished by Leonzi, that those he loved might escape the Turkish blood-hounds, who, he was convinced, only crouched in seeming quiet the more securely to spring on their helpless prey, the Christians.

The next morning rose in peace—but set, alas, in blood! The merciless assassins, casting away all mercy, as disguise, unsheathed their swords for general carnage. The dreadful sounds of furious pursuit, and the piercing cries of the victims, reached the concealment of the noble family, and told the tale of horror. As for Ianthé, from the moment of the arrival of these pitiless enemies, she had cast away all hope, and derived a better courage from pity and resignation. She sought to cheer her dear Leonzi by smiles, such as angels may bestow on suffering mortality. She herself seemed above its fears and sorrows, intent only on that Heaven, to which the spirit of her revered relative was hastening, and where she trusted all she loved might be allowed to unite in blessed and undisturbed peace.

It was on the third night after the distressed family had sought this recess that the venerable Montholoni breathed his last. The confessor was still holding the crucifix to the yet warm lips, Leonzi was tenderly supporting his beloved Ianthé, who knelt to perform the last pious office in closing the aged eyes, and impressing a farewell kiss on the calm brow, when all were startled by a loud cry of terror from the female attendant, and at the moment a Turkish soldier forced his way through the narrow inlet. Romano, who was fully armed, started to his feet, but ere he could draw the pistol from his girdle, the carbine of the intruder would have reached his heart, had not Ianthé instantaneously sprung before him, and received the fatal charge in her bosom. She fell back on Leonzi's breast, who caught her in his arms with feelings that rendered him totally reckless of further danger. At that moment another strange voice was heard in authoritative tones, commanding the soldier to stop; and a Turkish officer rushed in. This man, though an infidel, knew some touch of pity. His men had discovered the secret path, and ascended it, in the hope of finding treasures or victims; and whether he had followed to check or promote their designs, certain it is, when he beheld the beautiful and bleeding Ianthé, the silent corpse lying near, and the white-haired priest, his hands raised in an agony of supplication to that Being who is alike the God of Christians and Turks, he said to the soldier—"Forbear, here is death enough already!" and inquired of Leonzi, who was visibly the husband of the murdered lady, whether he could give any assistance. Leonzi waved him away; for he read with a grief that knew not consolation's name, on those features dearest to him in this world, the stamp of death too legibly impressed; and he was insensible to all, even to the thought of retribution on her murderer, in the only wish he had left to

soothe her last moments on earth. The Turks disappeared, and Romano gently endeavoured to place his Ianthe in a more recumbent posture.

"No!" she faintly murmured, fixing her eyes with unutterable tenderness on his face; "let me remain still. It is sweet to die thus with you, and for you, and in the sure and certain hope of being united *there* in an immortality of perfected love!" The slender hand pointed above—the heavy eyes closed—a slight convulsion past over

the beautiful features, and then they settled into the most blessed and undisturbed repose.

Ianthe was no more!—the lovely and beloved. She was buried beneath the Eagle's Cliff. Leonzi, by a wonderful Providence, escaped his enemies once more, and returned to a world he loathed; but only to fight bravely, and fall gloriously at the siege of Missolonghi.

Peace to the ashes of the virtuous and the brave! They were lovely in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided.

For the Lady's Book.

THE VALE OF LAKE GEORGE.

THE winds are hushed—the tempest dark and wild
Has spent its fury—thick black clouds are piled,
Like mighty cliffs upon the mountain's brow,
Reflected faintly from the wave below.

The hollow thunders echo from the shore,
The lightnings flash, the short lived torrents roar,
The bow has shone and vanished, and the day,
On golden wings, is gliding fast away.

Here, from the toils of science freed awhile,
I come, where mountains rise from pile to pile,
On thy fair bosom, peaceful lake, once more
To breathe the gales of health, to range thy shore,
From hill to lawn, or in the o'erhanging wood
Commune with Nature in her happiest mood:
And watch the soul of beauty peerless bright
As from the darkling vale she steals her noiseless flight.

How sweet along this winding bank to rove,
Now o'er the mead, now thro' the scented grove;
The timid deer that bounds the lake along,
Affrighted leaps the thickest groves among;
The shining trout, that in the waters lave,
Start at my tread and hide beneath the wave;
The far off boatman lifts his tuneful song,
And soothes the wild swan, as she floats along.
From the smooth lake, the expiring rays ascend,
Shoot through the vale, and with the shadows blend,
In all the varied lines of light and shade—
Here melt the crimson, there the azure fade,
With tints as soft as those to beauty given,
When parting souls plume their light wings for Heaven.

Now on the waveless mirror, shadows rest,
Like sorrows stealing o'er the good man's breast,
Which darkening still, still brighter shows the star
Of hope reflected from the heaven afar.
All, all is hush'd—the thunder dies away
With the last flashes of expiring day.
Thron'd on the mountain, wrapped in misty shroud
The rising moon with silver tips the cloud,
The slight wind rises, and a dirge like sigh
Moans through the gloomy pines that wave on high;
The listener starts, while a quick trembling chill
Runs through his veins—then all again is still.
Now from the groves, where thickest foliage blends,
Thro' dew-wet flowers, my winding pathway bends,
Far where the distance hangs its mantle dim,
Where the lone night-bird wakes his vesper hymn.
There, sweetly murmuring thro' the valley wide,
A streamlet wanders by the mountain's side,
And winding downward, strikes the ravished sight,
A fairy pathway to the mountain's height;
There broken clouds, the relic of a storm,
Bright palaces, and glorious temples form:
The home of spirits of the viewless air:
And fancy paints the Muse's dwelling there,
Who oft the lyre in Eastern bowers have strung,
Oft in Arcadia and Britannia sung,
And hovering now away from Tempe's vale,
Are heard to whisper in the passing gale.

Close where the streamlet flows, and wild flowers bloom,

An humble ruin peeps amid the gloom.
A dwelling once rose here—no moss-grown walls,
No lofty arches tell of splendid halls,
Where dwelt of old, a race of noble blood;
Fame says not they were great, but they were good.
And tho' the world disdain their tale to bear,
And give to wealth alone the sordid tear,
The violet weeps, and humble woodbine sighs,
O'er her who now in yonder dingle lies;
And every cotter knows her story well,
And points the stranger where the maiden fell.

From foreign lands, with wife and daughter fair,
A peasant came, and raised his cottage here;
Before his axe quick sunk the forest wild,
And o'er his little farm rich harvests smiled;
From his lone cot the morning incense rose,
And o'er the lake was heard at evening's close,
When all was still around, the song of praise,
Sweet as the notes adoring angels raise.

Years peaceful passed—she was her parents' pride;
All loved the maid—one faithful bosom sighed,
Nor sighed in vain; the rose that bloomed alone,
The loved one came to gather as his own—
And happy hours stole on: 'till once at even,
By the still lake, that bright reflected heaven,
Cheerful they roved these flowery banks along,
While woodlands echoed to the small birds' song.
'Twas eve, and from the west, the last bright ray
Of golden light, had faded quite away,
When lo, with sudden flash, and deadly aim,
From the near cove the fatal bullet came,
And pierced her tender heart—she sunk to rest,
Upon her lover's agonizing breast.

The twilight trembled o'er her marble cheek,
The vale resounded with his frantic shriek;
At last she raised on him her fading eye,
While her fond spirit parted for the sky.
Nor words nor thought can paint the mother's grief,
Or lover's anguish, that forbade relief.
They laid her gently in yon silent grave,
Where the bright waters crystal pebbles lave;
And while they bowed to raise the last sad prayer,
The lurking savage came, and left them lifeless there.
Such is the mournful tale the peasants tell,
Of those who peeped once this lonely dell;
And oft the stripling as he treads the green
At twilight hour, the lovers' forms hath seen,
Beside the maiden's tomb, or by the shore,
Tracing the path, they oft had trod before.

Oh loved retreat, where Nature loveliest dwells,
And the full heart with unmixed rapture swells;
No more the savage roams thy hallowed ground,
No more fell war's alarms re-echo round;
Peaceful, the peasants in yon hamlet sleep,
Where guardian spirits constant vigils keep.
Here, as the night-bird breathes her plaintive note,
By the lone streams, from busy man remote,
Here would I rest, where strife and sorrow cease,
And woo eternal solitude and peace.

ANTONIO.

DREAMING.

"Dreams are but Interludes which fancy makes,
When monarch Reason sleeps—this mimic wakes.
Compounds a medley of disjointed things,
A court of Cobblers—and a mob of Kings."

Among the intelligent and well educated, we find many believers in dreams; and the ignorant and illiterate are almost universally the dupes of these nocturnal interludes. They are prejudices and superstitions instilled into their minds while young, by their nurses, or some no less credulous old women, and are not easily eradicated when they have arrived to maturer years. There is certainly nothing supernatural or unaccountable in these wanderings of imagination. It is only when our sleep is partial and the brain continues somewhat of its action, that we are sensible of its incoherent operations.

Our dreams are either pleasant or painful, agreeable or disagreeable, depending in a great measure upon the exertion and fatigue of the body or mind during the preceding day, as well as the operation of the involuntary functions at the time. Whatever the mind is most engaged in during the day, will still be revolved during our sleep. The lover will dream of his sweet-heart, the tradesman of his goods, in fact—

"Whatever in day, the mind intensely views,
In sleep, the timely fancy oft renews;
The wearied huntsman, though he seeks his bed,
Still to the field and chase is onward led;
To lawyers, suits; to soldiers, arms are dear;" &c.

Not unfrequently very disagreeable dreams prove the precursors of that sad fiend, incubus, or night-mare: with which most persons are more or less acquainted. The degree of consciousness attendant on this terrible disease, so far exceeds whatever happens in an ordinary dream, and approaches so near to reality, that it is almost impossible to undeceive the unhappy victim; and persuade him that he is the subject of a mere illusion.

To the imprudence in eating, &c. of those who suffer from this monster, may generally be attributed the cause; and consequently they have the means of avoiding it in themselves. But the ordinary and credulous dreamers to satisfy their morbid sensibilities, and to make reasonable the operations of their reasonless imaginations, and to account for all the unaccountables, resort to their dream book, which deciphers all. Many a one of the fairer part of creation, fancies she reads in her dreams her future prospects, and perchance sees her dear spouse, and a goodly number of little ones (*the poor man's blessing!*) smiling around her like cherubs; of the reality of these blessings I have nothing to say; possibly all with husbands and children are as happy as in their dreams they have anticipated; and many there are who dream with open eyes of connubial joys and blessings, that those who die unmarried never realize.

Various are the means our youth resort to, to ascertain their marriage prospects. They will distort or interpret almost any dream, be it death, famine, or earthquake, to something ominous of

a connubial life and happiness. If dreams were all golden, and could make us happy, surely we have the means at hand, and might easily partake of what we all so earnestly desire.

SKELETONS OF LEAVES, FLOWERS, &c.

We often see in museums and scientific collections, those beautiful and delicate preparations, which afford the reflective mind materials for contemplation, at the creative power of the Omnipotent Deity. The manner in which these specimens, or skeleton leaves, as they are denominated, are made, has been frequently kept a profound secret by those who are in the habit of making them; but the method is extremely simple, and performed as follows:—The leaves are to be placed in a small portion of water until it is perfectly putrid, and for this purpose hot water is to be preferred; it is then to be taken out and laid upon a marble slab, or flat surface; a delicate stream of clear water is then gently to be poured upon it, and thus the putrid particles are washed away, leaving nothing behind but a series of apparently woody fibres, or sap vessels, which constitute a beautiful network, particularly in the smaller leaves. This operation being performed, it is to be placed in its natural situation to dry, and when this is accomplished, it may be glued on a table of black velvet (as is usually done,) placed in a glazed frame, or glass case as fancy may direct. This being done, it may be put in a museum, and thus be preserved for years. Until the student is *au-fait* in these preparations, he should commence his experiments with the largest leaves, as he will be less likely to fail, than with the more delicate.—*Scientific Gazette.*

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble, cast up by the ocean of eternity, to float a moment upon its waves, and sink into nothingness. Else, why is it, the high and glorious aspirations, which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, are forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars which "hold their festival around the midnight throne," are set above the grasp of our limited faculties: forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and then taken from us; leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades—where the stars will be spread out before us like the islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful beings which here pass before us like shadows, will stay in our presence forever.

THE SUNBEAM.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Thou art no lingerer in monarch's hall:
A joy thou art, and a wealth to all:
A bearer of hope upon land and sea—
Sunbeam! what gift hath the world like thee?

Thou art walking the billows, and ocean smiles—
Thou hast touched with glory his thousand isles—
Thou hast lit up the ships and the feathery foam,
And gladdened the sailor like words from home.

To the solemn depths of the forest shades
Thou art steaming on through their green arcades;
And the quivering leaves that have caught thy glow,
Like fire flies glance to the pools below.

I looked on the mountains—a vapour lay,
Folding their heights in its dark array;
Thou brokest forth—and the mist became
A crown and a mantle of living flame.

I looked on the peasant's lowly cot—
Something of sadness had wrapped the spot;
But the gleam of THINE on its casement fell,
And it laughed into beauty at that bright spell.
To the earth's wild places a guest thou art,
Flushing the waste like the rose's heart;
And thou scornest not from thy pomp to shed
A tender light on the ruin's head.

Thou tak'st through the dim church aisles thy way,
And its pillars from twilight flash forth to day;
And its high pale tombs, with their trophies old,
Are bathed in a flood as of burning gold.

And thou turn'st not from the humblest grave,
Where a flower to the sighing winds may wave;
Thou scatterest its gloom like the dreams of rest,
Thou sleepest in love on its grassy breast.

Sunbeam of summer! O, what is like thee?
Hope of the wilderness, joy of the sea!
—ONE thing is like thee, to mortals given—
The FAITH, touching all things with hues of heaven.

VENETIAN SONG.

"We came close under a dreary looking wing of the building of the Lazaretto; so close, that we distinctly heard a young silvery-toned voice frequently repeating, '*Venite per me—Venite per me—cari amici?*' Directed by the sound, we perceived a pale face pressed against the bars of a sashless window in an elevated part of the building—a hand that looked like snow in the sunshine, had forced itself through the gratings, and accompanied by its impatient motion, the oft-repeated question of—'*Venite per me, cari amici?*'"

"ARE ye coming for me—are ye coming for me?"
Implored a voice plaintive and long:
"Are ye coming for me—are ye coming for me?"
Were the words of a crazed maiden's song.

Who was waving her hand from a lattice on high,
And had pressed her pale cheek through the rail,
Where she earnestly beckoned on us to draw nigh,
But changed not the words of her wail.

'Twas a fair tender maiden, whose lover had died
On the morn of the bridal fix'd day;
And often she wondered they called not the bride—
Or why did the bridegroom delay?

Oh! 'twas piteous to see, when they told her his fate,
She would not believe he was dead,
But incessant she moaned, like a dove for her mate,
And wept that he came not to wed.

To a convent of Venice they bore her away,
Where wild in her madness she raves;
To the stranger, who passes, in vain will she pray,
Till her sad plaint is lost on the waves.

At that dark iron grate she unweari'd appears,
And watches the barques leave the shore;
While she dismally moans the same cry, when she hears
The splash of the gondolier's oar!

REMINISCENCES OF WOLFGANG MOZART.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE ROUE.

THERE was scarcely ever an infancy more remarkable than that of Mozart. Before he had attained his eighth year he had exhibited his musical talents in the principal courts of Europe, to the great admiration of his royal and courtly auditors, exciting no small degree of envy among the most experienced professors.

Handel displayed an astonishing love of his science as early as his eighth year, but Mozart had scarcely attained his fourth birth-day before he astonished his father, no mean musician himself, by his proficiency at the piano.

It is true that every opposition was made by the parents of Handel to his inclination for music, while that of Mozart was encouraged and applauded by his father, who held the situation of vice kapell-meister and violinist in the chapel of the archbishop of Salzburg, and who was too happy to perceive in his son such early indication of excellence in his own science. Mozart was

scarcely three years old, when his father began to give lessons on the harpsichord to his sister, who was then seven. His astonishing disposition for music immediately manifested itself. His delight was to seek for thirds on the piano, and nothing could equal his joy when he found this harmonious chord.

At four years old, Mozart would learn a minuet in less than half an hour, and pieces of greater extent in less than twice that time; playing them immediately with the greatest clearness and perfectly in time. He was not, however, even at this early period, content with playing, but already exhibited the extraordinary precocity of his musical mind by the composition of minuets and other little movements, which displayed a consistency of thought and a symmetry of design that promised a maturity of the highest genius; a promise which all the world acknowledges to have been fully realized. Arithmetic was the

only pursuit that had the power to draw him even for a moment from music, and he made great progress in the science of figures: a science in which it is curious that there are many instances of infant precocity. During this period, so ardent was he in the pursuit, that the walls, chairs, and tables were covered with his figures. But he displayed the same ardour in every thing he undertook, and, before he confined himself exclusively to music, he was so fond of the usual amusements of his age, that he frequently sacrificed even his meals to them. From the moment, however, he became acquainted with music, his relish for these amusements vanished, or, to render them pleasing to him, it was necessary to introduce music into them. Sometimes they carried their playthings in procession, and the infant Mozart would sing a march, or some one would play it for him on the violin.

Music soon began, however, to engross him entirely, and he made such rapid advances that his parents could not help regarding him as a prodigy.

He was scarcely five years old, when, on his return from church, his father discovered him writing, and inquired what he was about.

"I am composing a concerto for the harpsichord, and have almost finished the first part of it," replied the infant Mozart.

"Let us see this fine scrawl," said his father, taking up the sheet full of notes, which could scarcely be deciphered for the blots of ink, and was at first inclined to laugh heartily at the labours of his son. But as he read, he became silent; the apparent confusion disappeared, and what had seemed a chaotic assemblage of blots, grew, upon perusal, into a systematic composition.

Tears swelled in the father's eyes, as turning to a professional friend, he exclaimed, in a tone of joy and wonder, "look, every thing is composed according to the strictest rules—it is a pity that the piece cannot be made use of, but it is too difficult; nobody would be able to play it."

"It is a concerto," replied the infant, "and must be well studied before it can be properly played." Then, sitting down to the piano, he continued, "this is the style in which it ought to be executed." He accordingly began to play, but succeeded only so far as to give them an idea of what he intended.

This anecdote is related by an eye witness, who says, that at that time the young Mozart firmly believed that to play a concerto was about as easy as to work a miracle, and, accordingly, the composition in question was a heap of notes, correctly placed, but presenting so many difficulties that the most skilful performer would have found it impossible to play it.

Every day now afforded fresh proofs of Mozart's exquisite organization for music. He could distinguish and point out the slightest difference of sound; and every false and rough note, not softened by a chord, was a torture to him. That such a gifted child should be considered a prodigy, and that the praises of all his friends should

be lavished upon him was natural—but this had no effect upon his vanity, or upon the sweetness of his disposition, which was remarkably affectionate. The affection and sweetness which characterize so many of his airs were inherent in his disposition, and seem to have been drawn from the deep fountains of his own warm feelings. He loved his parents, particularly his father, so tenderly, that every night, before going to bed, he used to sing a little air that he had composed on purpose, his father having placed him standing in a chair, and singing second to him. During this affectionate ceremony he often kissed his father, and as soon as the singing was over, he was laid in bed, perfectly contented and happy.

On every occasion he manifested a kind and feeling disposition. There seemed a vast fount of love in his heart ready to be bestowed upon his fellow-creatures, and this was naturally accompanied by a strong desire of being loved in return. He would therefore frequently say to those about him, "do you love me?" and whenever in jest they said no, the tears would roll down his cheeks. That this tenderness of his nature was a part of that organization which led to his excellence in his art there can be little doubt; and there is scarcely a melody which he has left us, from his earliest composition to the requiem which he died in composing, that does not, in a greater or less degree, partake of this characteristic of his nature.

The infant composer so astonished his father by his progress, that before his son had attained his sixth year, the Mozart family, consisting of the father, the mother, the sister, and our young hero, made a journey to Munich. Of this first expedition, which took place in January, 1762, little account is preserved. The two children performed before the elector, and astonished the royal family by their precision and execution.

At the court of Vienna the family was received with marked favour by the Emperor Francis the First, who playfully designated the young Mozart his "Little Magician." Compliments and praises now flowed from all quarters; the whole court were astonished, and the young Mozart became the wonder of all who heard him. The Emperor, in particular, was very partial to him. His majesty one morning lingering near the piano said to him jokingly, "there is nothing wonderful in playing with all the fingers, but to play with *one* finger and the keys covered, would indeed be surprising." Without manifesting any degree of surprise at this proposition, he immediately began to play with a single finger, with as much neatness and certainty as if he had long practised it. He afterwards desired them to cover the keys of the piano, and continued to play in the same manner with the greatest clearness and precision.

The father, in a letter to his friend at Salzburg, writes: "You will scarcely believe me when I tell you how graciously we have been received. The empress took Wolfgang on her lap, and kissed him heartily." With all this he was a complete child. One day on a visit to the

empress, little Mozart was led into her presence by the two princesses, one of whom was afterwards the unfortunate Marie Antoinette. Being unaccustomed to the smoothness of the floor, his foot slipped, and he fell. One of the princesses took no notice of the accident, but the other, Marie Antoinette, lifted him up and consoled him; upon which he said to her in his childish accent, "you are very good—I will marry you." On this being related to the empress, she asked him how he came to make this resolution. He answered, "from gratitude; she was so kind to me." Here was another instance of that tenderness of disposition, which was so prominent a part of his character.

From his earliest age Mozart seems to have been animated with the true feeling of his art, and was never vain of the compliments paid him by the great. He used, even at this early period of his infancy, a remarkable discrimination with regard to his auditors, and only performed insignificant trifles, when he had to play before people unacquainted with music, of whatever rank they might be. On the contrary, he played with all the fire and attention of which he was capable when in the presence of connoisseurs; and his father was often obliged to have recourse to artifice, and to make the great men before whom he was to exhibit pass for such with him.

Once, just before he commenced a concerto, seeing himself surrounded by only persons of the court, he asked the emperor, "is not M. Wagenseil here? He understands these things." The emperor sent for Wagenseil, and gave up his place to him by the side of the piano. "Sir," said the infant Mozart, "I am going to play one of your concertos—you must turn over the leaves for me." He was at this period only six years of age!

As yet, Mozart had only played on keyed instruments, but having been presented with a small violin during his residence in Vienna, he practised frequently upon it on his return to Salzburg. A short time afterwards Weuzl, a skilful violin player, who had then just begun to compose, came to Mozart, the father, to request his observations on some trios which he had written during the journey of the former to Vienna. Schachtner, the archbishop's trumpeter, to whom Mozart was particularly attached, happened to be at the house, and we give the following anecdote in his own words:—"The father," said Schachtner, "played the bass, Weuzl the first violin, and I was to play the second. Mozart requested to take this last part, but his father reproved him for this childish demand, observing that, as he had never received any regular lessons on the violin, he could not possibly play it properly. The son replied, that it did not appear to him necessary to receive lessons in order to play the second violin. His father, half angry at this reply, told him to go away and not interrupt us. Wolfgang was so hurt at this, that he began to cry bitterly. As he was going away with his little violin, I begged that he might be permitted to play with me, and the father, with

a good deal of difficulty, consented. 'Well,' said he, 'you may play with M. Schachtner, on condition that you play very softly, and do not let yourself be heard, otherwise I shall send you out directly.' We began the trio, little Mozart playing with me, but it was not long before I perceived, with the greatest astonishment, that I was perfectly useless. Without saying any thing, I laid down my violin, and looked at the father, who shed tears of affection at the sight. The child played all the trios in the same manner. The commendation we bestowed upon him made him pretend that he could play the first violin. To humour him we let him try, and could not forbear laughing on hearing him execute this part, very imperfectly, it is true, but still so as never to be set fast."

The peculiar delicacy of Mozart's organization is displayed in the fine sense of hearing which he evinced at a tender age. This same Schachtner had a violin that Wolfgang was very fond of playing upon, and which he used to praise exceedingly for its soft tone. On one occasion, as the boy was amusing himself with his own little violin, he said to Schachtner, "if you have left your violin tuned as it was when I last played upon it, it must be full half a quarter of a note flatter than mine." Those present laughed at a nicety of distinction upon which the most critical ear could hardly pronounce; but the father, who had many proofs of the extraordinary memory and exquisite feeling of his son, sent for the instrument, and it was found to be precisely as the boy had said.

It was most probable from this cause that, until he had attained his tenth year, he had an insurmountable horror of the sound of the trumpet, when it was used otherwise than as an accompaniment. The sight of this instrument produced upon him much the same impression as that of a loaded pistol does upon other children, when pointed at them in sport. His father thought he could cure him of this fear by causing the trumpet to be blown in his presence, notwithstanding his son's entreaties to be spared that torment; but at the first blast he turned pale, fell upon the floor, and would probably have been in convulsions if they had not immediately ceased.

Though the child every day beheld new proofs of the astonishment and admiration inspired by his talents, it neither rendered him proud nor self-willed; a man in talent—in every thing else he was an obedient and docile child. He understood and obeyed the slightest signs made by his parents, and carried his obedience so far as to refuse the sweetmeats which were offered him, when he had not their permission to accept them.

In 1763, the seventh year of Mozart's age, his family set out on their first expedition beyond the boundaries of Germany; and it was in this third tour that the fame of Mozart extended throughout Europe, and that the commencement of his celebrity is to be dated.

The tour commenced with Munich; and at Augsburg, Manheim, Frankfort, Coblenz, Brussels, and other places, the two children gave

public concerts, or played before the principal persons in the place, and received every where the greatest commendation. But as they were generally rewarded with costly presents, swords, snuff-boxes, trinkets, &c. instead of money, the father had much anxiety on that account.

He says, in a letter from Brussels, "at Aix we saw the Princess Amelia, sister to the king of Prussia, but she has no money. If the kisses which she gave my children, especially to Master Wolfgang, had been louis d'ors, we might have rejoiced."

In Paris little Mozart performed feats which would have done honour to the most experienced professors; transposing at sight into any key whatever, any airs that were placed before him, writing the melody to a bar, and the bar to a melody, with the utmost facility and without premeditation. His deep acquaintance with harmony and modulation surprised every body, and his organ playing was particularly admired.

When the family were at Versailles, Madame de Pompadour had young Mozart placed upon a table, but as he approached to salute her, she turned away from him; upon which he said very indignantly, "I wonder who she is that she will not kiss me—the Empress has kissed me." At this place the whole court was present to hear a little boy of eight years old play upon the organ, and he was treated with a great deal of distinction by the whole of the royal family, particularly by the queen. When she dined in public, young Mozart had the honour to stand near her, to converse with her constantly, and now and then to receive some delicacy from her hand.

It was at Paris, during this visit, that Mozart composed and published his first works, consisting of two sonatas for the harpsichord, with accompaniments for the violin; one of them was dedicated to Madame Victoire de France, the second daughter of Louis the Fifteenth, and the other to the Countess de Tess. In the midst of all these triumphs the tenderness of his disposition remained the same. One morning, on awaking from a deep sleep, and perhaps from a dream of his home, he began to cry. On his father asking him the reason, he expressed his sorrow at not being able to see his friends Hagenau, Wenzl, Spitzede, and Reibl, musicians in the chapel of Saltzburg. One can easily imagine his true remembrance at this moment of their kindness to him, and this is but one among a crowd of instances of the sensibility he evinced during the whole period of his childhood. In April, 1764, the family arrived in England, where the young artist excited quite as much attention and admiration as he had done on the continent. On their first arrival the father fell ill of a dangerous sore throat, and as during its continuance no practising could go on, his son employed himself in writing his first sinfonia. It was scored with all the instruments, not omitting drums and trumpets. His sister sat near him while he wrote, and he said to her, "remind me that I give the horns something good to do."

When playing before the English royal family,

the king placed before Wolfgang not only pieces of Wagenseil, but of Bach, Abel, and Handel, all of which he performed at sight. At last the king gave him the bass part of one of Handel's airs, to which he composed so beautiful a melody that all present were lost in astonishment. That the king was delighted with him one may judge by the elder Mozart's writing that "a week after, as we were walking in St. James's Park, the king and the queen came by in their carriage, and although we were differently dressed, they knew us, and not only that, but the king opened the window, and putting his head out and laughing, greeted us with lead and hands, particularly Master Wolfgang." Nothing can be more characteristic of George the Third. After dedicating a set of sonatas to the queen, and experiencing great patronage from the nobility, Mozart, with his father and sister, crossed over to the Netherlands in July 1765.

At the Hague a fever attacked both children, which at first endangered their lives; determined however, not to remain idle, the young Mozart composed six sonatas during his return to convalescence. At length, after an absence of three years, and having composed a quodlibet for all the instruments at the installation of the prince of Orange, the family returned to Saltzburg.

It is a remarkable trait that during this absence none of the younger Mozart's letters contain a word about his own extraordinary triumphs, nor any account of the applause he received, or the admiration he excited, but are filled with tender inquiries after those friends whom he had left behind him.

The young Mozart now enjoyed a year of quiet, and he spent it in uninterrupted study in the higher walks of composition. Besides applying to the old masters, he was indefatigable in perusing the works of Emanuel Bach, Hape, Handel, and Eberlin, and by the diligent performances of these authors, he acquired extraordinary brilliancy and power with the left hand. Here was a precociousness in the power of steady application as well as of talent; but it was all the effect of that fire of genius which was the very principle of his existence.

In 1767 the family again visited Venice, where Mozart, by command of the emperor, wrote his first opera, "La Finta Semplice," which was never performed, owing to the envy and cabal of the musicians and singers. In the presence of the father the performers lauded their parts to the skies, but their secret cabal against the work ultimately prevented its performance. Nothing can be a greater proof of the talent of young Mozart than this general rising of the established musicians to drive him out of the field of competition.

The Italian singers and composers, who were the established musicians in Vienna, did not like to find themselves surpassed by a boy of twelve years of age; and they therefore not only charged the composition with a want of dramatic effect, but they even went so far as to say that he had not scored it himself. To counteract such calum-

nies, Leopold Mozart afterwards obliged his son to put the orchestral parts to his compositions in the presence of spectators, which he did with wonderful celerity before Metastasio, Hape, the duke of Braganza and others. He had before, both in Paris and London, been driven to the same necessity by the same calumnious assertions of envious composers.

Writing upon the subject of this opera, for which Mozart did not receive a kreutzer, his father says, "The whole hell of music here has risen to prevent the talent of a child from being seen. The singers have sworn that if they are obliged to perform it, they will give it as miserably as they can, and do their best to spoil it."

He now again devoted himself to arithmetic, and made frequent requests for books in that science; and in this love for numbers may perhaps be discovered the foundation of that regularity and symmetry which distinguish his compositions; and had he not joined an exquisite imagination and acute sensibility to his faculty for numerical calculations, he might have fallen into the dryness of a pedantic contrapuntist.

Such is an outline sketch of the infancy of Mozart, which was passed in a series of precocious triumphs, unparalleled, we believe, in the history of any other man; and, though our sketch has brought us only to the twelfth year of his age, yet his future progress was so rapid, and displayed so much manliness of intellect, as well as the fire of original genius, that we dare no longer designate him a boy.

Young Mozart having now mastered the Italian language, he and his father made the tour of Italy, and before he had attained the age of fourteen, we find him delighting the famous contrapuntist, Martini, by the correctness of his answers in the *rigore modi* to any subject of fugue that might be laid before him—astonishing the cardinal, amateurs, and professors of Rome, by bringing away the famous Misereri of Allegri from the Sistine chapel, and writing and performing it from his memory—elected unanimously a member of the Philharmonic academy at Bologna—and producing his opera of "Mitridate, Re di Ponto," at Milan. During this period he was idolized in Italy, and received with honours in every city that he visited. Every poet was ready with his effusions in honour of the young composer. Anacreontics, extempore sonnets and verses of all sorts were literally showered upon him. "Al Signore Armadeo Mozart, Giovinetto ammirabile—dulcissimo Puero et elegantissimo Lyristæ," &c.

On his return to Rome he was surprised at being addressed by the Cardinal Pallaricini as "*Signore Cavalier*," and thought it was a jest, until the cardinal presented him from his holiness with the order of the cross, the same honour which had before been conferred on Gluck. He playfully communicated the honour to his sister by finishing his next letter to her by "*Mlle. J'ai l'honneur d'être votre très humble serviteur et frere Cavalier de Mozart*."

His opera of Mitridate was performed at Mi-

lan the twenty-sixth of December, 1770. It met with great success, many parts of it being encouraged, and scarcely an air played without being followed by loud applauses and cries of "*Evviva il Maestro—Evviva il Maestro*."

His works now so rapidly succeeded each other that they can only be enumerated in some more elaborate biographical notice than such a mere sketch as this. But, melancholy to relate, as boyhood passed away, his patrons ceased to wonder at, or feel the same interest in his genius; and Mozart, whose early years had been passed in familiar intercourse with the principal nobility of Europe, who had been caressed by royalty in almost every kingdom he had visited, and received distinctions and caresses unparalleled in the history of his art, had now to earn his bread, as well as his fame, in the midst of worldly cares and annoyances, deceived by pretended friendship, persecuted by open enmity, and with all his genius, all his industry, and all his exertions, never obtaining any situation worthy of his acceptance.

Can any one read this and not blush to think of the sums lavished on many ephemeral composers of the present day, whose works are forgotten almost before the publisher has time to give them to the world; and whose names would never have been heard of but for the caprice of fashion, or the assurance and quackery of the composer.

Disappointed in his attempt to obtain the humble situation of music master to the royal family at Manheim, by which his talents might have been retained in that city for about forty pounds a year, he accompanied Wendling to Paris.

His wish for such an humble situation arose from that affectionate disposition which led him to prefer the society and praises of his friends to his hopes of more extended fame.

In Paris his life was far from comfortable, through the cabal and envy of his competitors. In one of his own letters he writes, "If I were in a place where the people had ears to hear, hearts to feel, who only understood and possessed a little taste for music, I should laugh heartily at these things; but as far as regards music, I am living among mere beasts and cattle. How can it be otherwise? they are just the same in all their joys and sorrows, and in every thing else." He concludes by saying that he daily prays God he may bring honour to Germany, and become rich enough to help his father out of his straitened circumstances, that they may all live happily together. Here was a sentiment and a wish worthy of the tenderness of Mozart. But his life is full of these traits. From Paris he went to Vienna, which was a city much more congenial to his habits.

It is not to be supposed that, although occupied as Mozart was with his science, he could possess so much sensibility without experiencing the passion of love. The first person who seems to have inspired him with this feeling was Mademoiselle Aloysa Weber, a singer at Manheim. The sentiment was mutual, and they parted, depending upon each other's fidelity. The lady,

however, broke her plighted vows, and on his return to Mannheim would hardly recognize him. Mozart did not give himself up to despair, but transferred his regard to the younger sister Constance, whom he afterwards married. It was during the commencement of this new passion that he wrote his opera of *Idomeneo*, which, it is said, owes a great number of its beauties to the influence which his love had upon his mind. During the composition of this opera, the kindness of his disposition was shown by the alterations he made to please the performers. "I have still another alteration to make," he writes, "which is Raft's fault; he is, however, in the right, and if he were not, *still one must do something to give his gray hairs pleasure.*"

To give any history of his compositions, or of the instances of his readiness and invention would require a volume, but notwithstanding the variety and number of his compositions he found time for the enjoyment of his friends. He became the admiration of Haydn, who declared him the greatest composer that ever lived; and even Haydn's friend and admirer, the Baron Swieten, prophesied that he would surpass Haydn himself. Like Raphael, Mozart embraced his art in its whole extent: operas, sinfonias, songs, airs for dancing, sacred music—he was great in every thing. Of his piano-forte playing Haydn said, "I never can forget Mozart's playing, *it went to the heart.*"

Such was Mozart in music, proving an almost singular instance of a remarkable child becoming a great man.

Mozart possessed no advantages of person, though his parents were remarkable for their beauty. He never reached his natural growth, and used in his letters to designate himself playfully "*My Littleness.*" During his whole life his health was delicate. His hands were small and beautiful, and he used them so softly and naturally upon the piano, that the eye was no less delighted than the ear. It is said of him that he was vain of his hands and feet, but not of having written *Don Giovanni* and the *Requiem*.

This man who, from his earliest age, had shown the greatest of minds, in what related to his art, in other respects remained always a child. The management of domestic affairs, the proper use of money, the judicious selection of his pleasures, and temperance in the enjoyment of them, were not virtues much to his taste.

His exertions, added to that inextinguishable fire of genius which burnt within him, were too much for his frame. Yet, in the last four months of his life, when his life was fast declining, he wrote "*Die Zauberflöte,*" "*La Clemenza di Tito,*" two "*Cantatas,*" a "*Concerto for the Clarinet,*" and the "*Requiem*" which he died in composing. "*La Clemenza di Tito*" was begun in the coach, on the road to Prague, and was finished in a fortnight; Mozart had already fallen sick, and looked pale and melancholy, though sometimes, among his friends, his spirits would revive.

From the moment, however, that he commenc-

ed his *Requiem* he seemed to think that it would be his last work, and that his death was nigh at hand. One fine day in autumn, to distract him from his work, his wife drove out with him to the Prater; as they sat down in a solitary spot he began to speak of his death, and said that he was writing the *Requiem* for himself, and as he said this tears came into his eyes. This idea never left his mind, and perhaps it was impressed the more strongly from the mystery with which the commencement of this task was attended. A stranger, handsomely dressed, was one day introduced by his servant to Mozart; he was dignified and of impressive manners, and stated himself to have been commissioned by a man of considerable importance to call upon the composer.

"Who is he?" demanded Mozart.

"He does not wish to be known," replied the stranger; "he has just lost a person whom he tenderly loved, and whose memory will be eternally dear to him. He is desirous of annually commemorating this mournful event by a solemn service, for which he requests you to compose a *Requiem.*"

Mozart was forcibly struck by this discourse, by the grave manner in which it was uttered, and by the air of mystery in which the whole seemed to be involved.

He agreed to the proposition, and demanded a month for the completion of the work; he began rapidly, but as he proceeded his strength failed him, and his task proceeded but slowly. The month being expired, the stranger made his appearance, received the composer's apology, and gave him another month to finish the *Requiem*, but refused to tell his name, or by whom he was employed—he departed, saying, "in a month's time I shall return."

Mozart immediately called one of his servants and ordered him to follow this extraordinary personage, but the man returned without being able to trace him. Poor Mozart was then persuaded that he was no ordinary being; that he had a connection with the other world, and was sent to announce to him his approaching end.

This prophecy was unhappily accomplished; he died during the composition of the *Requiem*, labouring at it almost in the hour of death. Of this melancholy event his sister-in-law writes thus:—"As I approached his bed he called to me, 'I am glad to see you here—you must stay to-night, and see me die.' I tried to persuade him out of this, but he answered, 'I have already the taste of death upon my tongue, I can feel it, and who will be with Constance if you are not?' I only went away for a short time to give my mother some intelligence I had promised her, and when I came back to my disconsolate sister, Siissmaier was by Mozart's bed-side. Upon the counterpane lay the *Requiem*, and Mozart was explaining his meaning to him, that Siissmaier might complete the work after his death."

Thus, in the thirty-sixth year of his age, expired one of the greatest composers that ever lived, leaving his wife and two sons utterly unprovided for.

Mozart was the Shakspeare of music; and as long as the immortal bard is read, Mozart will live in the admiration of mankind. He has reached the passions through the ear, as Shakspeare did through the mind, and no works will live that do not touch the passions and the heart; they are the same in all ages, and will make Shakspeare and Mozart a poet and a composer

“For all time.”

Two great lessons may be learned from Mozart by his successors in his own art, as well as by every man of talent. The one, his modesty which never led him to depreciate the composition of others, or be vain of his own; and the other, the perseverance and industry with which his genius was cultivated. Great as he must

have felt this genius to be, he never depended upon its inspiration, but studied as hard as though his mind were as dense as those of so many of his contemporaries.

From his childhood to the last moment of his life Mozart was wholly a musician. The foregoing anecdotes speak his early precocity; and his voluminous productions are the best attestations of the unwearied diligence of his maturer years.

Ever striving after higher and higher degrees of excellence, he existed only for his art. During the last month of his life, though weak in body he was “full of the god;” and, a few hours before his death took place, he is reported to have said, “now I begin to see what might be done in music.”

CHEERFULNESS.

WE have frequently pointed out to our readers the potent influence which bodily infirmities exert over the disposition and intellect, and have drawn from this circumstance an additional argument for the preservation of health as the support and companion of cheerfulness. We shall now venture a few remarks on the necessity of encouraging a cheerful state of mind, the better to insure health, and to aid in the important purposes of education, and the pleasures of social intercourse. In many of its bearings, the subject has been beautifully treated in the 143d and 381st numbers of the Spectator: and if we venture in the same path, it may be well supposed that we do not mean to invite comparison, or assume any other merit than that of merely extending the examination, by some additional facts and illustrations. Our attention is more immediately directed to the charm which cheerfulness throws over all the acts of life, by our glancing over a “Discourse on Gaiety in Education,” being an address delivered before the Polytechnick Establishment of M. Lemoine d’Essoies, on the occasion of the distribution of prizes, in the year 1824.

Scarcely has the infant learned to distinguish the face of its mother, and recognised the being from whom it derives its nourishment, when it is soothed in its cries of pain by the smiles and songs of this fond parent. A little older, and in constant motion, inquiring, restless, fickle, the child still catches with delight the smile expressive of parental cheerfulness and sympathy with its sports. Its instinct to action, whether of good or evil, receives a favourable impulsion under the gentle guidance of those who, while restraining its excesses, devise new means of pleasing, and teach it to associate the perceptions of goodness and wisdom, with the display of innocent mirth, and a deep feeling of delight at the harmonies of creation. The follies and indiscretions of youthful age inspire us with less dread, when we see them the result of inexperience and of that ne-

cessity of nourishing the more animated and gayer emotions of human nature. Nor is the attempt to check this exuberance ever to be made in ignorance of, or in direct contradiction to, their instinctive want of pleasure. It is the duty of parents and instructors to clearly indicate the misapplication of the means of cheerfulness, and the speedy coming on of pain and distress, if these be persisted in: but the angry frown and menace are never to be brought in, to intimidate and depress the feelings of mistaken youth. A change is to be wrought; but it must consist, not in eradicating the innate feeling, but still an agreeable mode for its display. It is in our nature to shun present pain, even at future risk; and youth can seldom be persuaded to abandon the present course of foolish, or, indeed, criminal pleasure, by the arguments of abstract wisdom, enforced by threats, seclusion and violence.

They feel that what is painful is not a necessary part of their existence; and can they be blamed if they allow their eyes to run riot over a wild luxuriant landscape, when the only other alternative is to gaze at a dead wall? A benignant smile of blended pity and hope, from mature age, will, at such a moment, be the best prelude to withdrawing the veil from the cultivated beauties and harmonies of the world, and teaching impetuous youth, that the virtues there matured are alone worthy of their pursuit, and ailments of their happiness. They must be told, that the landscape which first charmed them, has often its beauties defaced by the fiery blasts of passion—that the air, now all fragrance, is at times pestilential—that the thicket in which the jessamine twines round the myrtle, affords a covert to the reptile which first fascinates and then destroys its prey; and that the fruit, brilliant in its colours and inviting to the eye, is, within, like the apple of Syria—ashes and bitterness. Variety of impressions on the senses subservient to intellect, as of sight and sound—successive appeals to the

innate feelings of our nature, as of benevolence, veneration and friendship—infinite modifications of intellectual effort, as in literature, arts and sciences, are all, in turn, demanded for the support of cheerfulness and tranquil pleasure. The calls of appetite, as instincts of our nature, must be gratified, but only so far as is compatible with their final end and object—a suitable support of the bodily frame. If, as in case of hunger and thirst, the indulgence be carried to the extent of exciting the feelings, and disturbing the balance of the intellectual faculties, it is not merely injurious to morals, but interferes with health and cheerfulness. The mind is to be pleased by appropriate objects, through its own channels. Human nature, regarded merely as such, without even reference to higher destinies, can ill afford to purchase moments of ecstatic feeling for long periods of depression and gloom. Moderate equable cheerfulness is what it requires. This state of mind must become a habit, not an occasional enjoyment: it must be made to depend on causes which are, to a certain extent, accessible to all; susceptible of being appropriated by all; and productive of nearly uniform effects on all.

We find, in later times, the more illustrious examples of Ambrose; Clement of Alexandria, Lactantius, Gregory of Nazantium, and Augustine, who introduced the arts and ornaments of Eloquence, Poetry, and Music itself, to embellish and illustrate the grand truths of which they were the teachers and expounders.

The ends of instruction are often best promoted by seasonable cheerfulness. The ancient philosophers of Greece were fully sensible of this truth, when they encouraged their pupils to walk abroad and discourse on the beauties of external nature, while investigating the attributes of the Great First Cause. Socrates, the plain speaker, an enemy to sophists, and regardless of the graces of eloquence, knew well the effect of irony and seasonable pleasantry, to give effect to his lessons of forbearance and self-denial. Even in Sparta itself, where ascetic manners were so strenuously recommended by Lycurgus—we are told that a statue was erected, by his orders to the god of Laughter, as if to invite the citizens to pass near it, and unrinkle the brow of care, before sitting down to their frugal repast.—*Journal of Health.*

A CHINESE BRIDE.

The greatest rarity, however, after this feast, was the sight of a Chinese bride. The son of our host having been married a few days before we were honoured (according to the usage of the country, during the honey-moon) with permission to look at his wife, as she stood at the door of her apartment, while we were passing out. The lady was surrounded by several old women, who held tapers and lamps above and about her, that we might have a more complete view of her figure and attire. She was a young person (perhaps seventeen years of age,) of middling stature, with very agreeable features and a light complexion,

though she seemed to us to have used paint. She wore a scarlet robe, superbly trimmed with gold, which completely covered her from the shoulders to the ground. The sleeves were very full, and along the bottom ran a beautiful fringe of small bells. Her head-dress sparkled with jewels, most elegantly beaded with rows of pearls, encircling it like a coronet: from the front of which a brilliant angular ornament hung over her forehead and between her eye-brows. She stood in a modest and graceful attitude, having her eyes fixed on the floor, though she occasionally raised them, with a glance of timid curiosity, towards the spectators. Her hands, joined together, but folded in her robe, she lifted several times towards her face, and then lowered them very slowly. Her attendants, presuming that the guests would be gratified with a peep at that consummation of Chinese beauty, the lady's feet, raised the hem of the mantle from hers, for a moment or two. They were of the most diminutive kind, and reduced to a mere point at the toe. Her shoes, like the rest of her bridal apparel, were scarlet, embroidered with gold. In justice to the poor creature, during this torturing exhibition, (as we imagine it must have been to her,) her demeanour was natural and becoming, and once or twice something like half a smile for an instant, showed that she was not entirely unconscious of the admiration which her appearance excited, nor much displeased by it.—*Tyerman and Bennett's Travels.*

THE TWO SEXES.

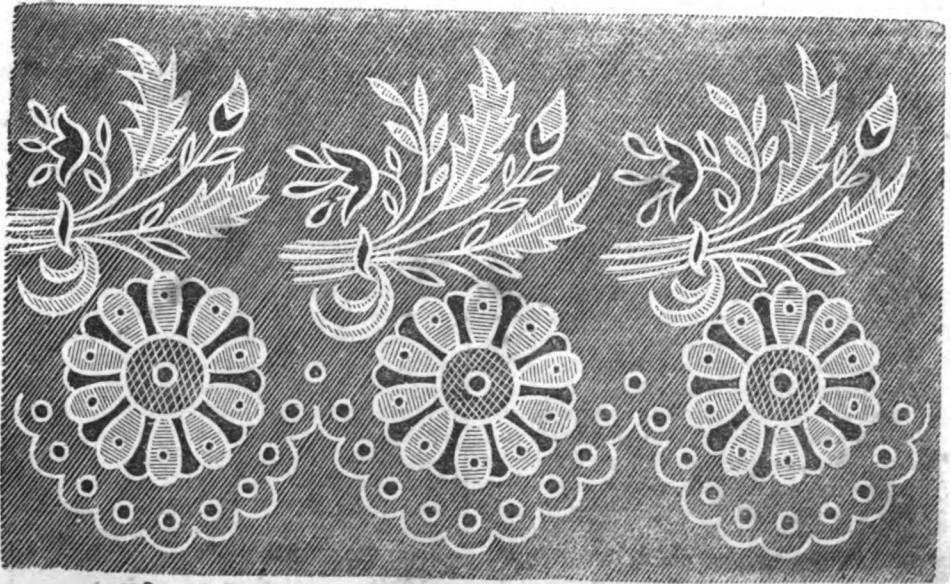
THE following true and elegant paragraph, is from the pen of Mrs. Sigourney. "Man might be initiated into the varieties and mysteries of needle-work; taught to have patience with the feebleness and waywardness of infancy, and to steal with noiseless steps around the chamber of the sick:—and the woman might be instructed to contend for the palm of science; to pour forth eloquence in senates, or to 'wade through fields of slaughter to a throne.' Yet revoltings of the soul would attend this violence to nature, this abuse of physical and intellectual energy; while the beauty of social order would be defaced, and the fountain of earth's felicity broke up. We arrive, then, at the conclusion—The sexes are intended for different spheres, and constructed in conformity to their respective destinations, by Him who bids the oak brave the fury of the tempest, and the Alpine flower lean its cheek on the bosom of eternal snows. But disparity does not necessarily imply inferiority. The high places of the earth, with all their pomp and glory, are indeed accessible only to the march of ambition or the grasp of power; yet those who pass with faithful and unapplauded zeal through their humble round of duty, are not unnoticed by the 'Great Taskmaster's eye'—and their endowments, though accounted poverty among men, may prove durable riches in the Kingdom of Heaven."

EMBROIDERY FOR HEAD DRESSES.

CROWN PATTERN.



SIDE PATTERN.



RUNIC RHYMES.

From meeting one she blushed to name,
With ruddy hand, the maiden came.

"Daughter," her widowed mother said,
"Daughter, why is thy hand so red?"

"I plucked a rose, unheeding, and
The angry thorns did wound my hand.
Again with glowing lips she came,
From meeting him she feared to name.

"What gave thy lips so deep a red,
Daughter?" the anxious mother said.

"My lips with berries' juice are dyed,"
The maiden bashfully replied.

Once more, with pallid cheek, she came
From him her heart refused to name.

"O why so lily pale thy cheek?
Speak, darling of my bosom, speak!"

"O, mother, get my winding-sheet,
And lay me at my father's feet;
A cross beside my head-stone place,
And on that cross these dark words trace:

"With ruddy hand she once returned
"By fingers pressed that fondly burned;
"Again, with glowing lips, she came,
"Crimsoned by passion's kiss of flame;—
"Her death-pale cheek revealed, at last,
"Hope and false love's illusion past!"

STANZAS.

THINK of me, dearest, when day is breaking
Away from the sable chains of night,
When the sun, his ocean-couch forsaking,
Like a giant first in his strength awaking,
Is flinging abroad his limbs of light;
As the breeze that first travels with morning forth,
Giving life to her steps o'er the quickening earth—
As the dream that has cheated thy soul thro' the night,
Let me come fresh in thy thoughts with the light.

Think of me, dearest, when day is sinking
In the soft embrace of twilight gray,
When the starry eyes of heaven are winking,
And the weary flowers their tears are drinking.
As they start like gems on the moon touched spray.
Let me come warm in thy thoughts at eve,
As the glowing track which the sunbeams leave,
When thy blushing tremble along the deep:
While stealing away to their place of sleep.

Think of me, dearest, when round thee smiling
Are eyes that melt while they gaze on thee;
When words are winning and looks are willing,
And those words and looks, of others, beguiling
Thy fluttering heart from love and me.
Let me come true in thy thoughts that hour,
As the fay that flies to his threatend flower,
When the pilfering bees around it hum,
Or a "dipper" where scrip's transferring will come.

THE RAVINE OF THE UNBURIED DEAD.

The following story is founded on an Indian tradition, though the scene of its singular events is somewhat removed from the spot that is said to have witnessed them.

AFTER the bloody plain of Cuzco had witnessed the victory obtained by the successful Spanish brothers over their unfortunate compatriot Diego Di Almagro, Ferdinand Pizarro (a noble born brother of the celebrated adventurer) aware of the policy of employing the active and insubordinate officers by whom he was surrounded in some fresh enterprize, despatched several powerful bodies to seek new wealth in farther conquests. One of these, leaving the plains of Peru, penetrated into the higher districts of that country, where the inhabitants, though not less advanced in civilization than their lowland compatriots, possessed more of the warlike spirit of their Chilese neighbours. Here the Spanish adventurers waged for some time dubious warfare with Alphula, the chief of a tribe which dwelt on the first region of the Andes, and possessed both the courage and the skill to defend their mountain country against its rapacious invaders. Alphula, although he had acknowledged the Incas of Peru as his sovereigns, and had even done cheerful homage to the wise and celebrated Huana Capac, yet exercised in some degree the dignity of an independent, cazique, and when civil war and foreign invasion seemed to have deprived Peru of its native rulers, he determined—not without a sentiment of contempt for the

tame submission of his peaceful countrymen of the plain—to hold out his mountain district to the last against these haughty intruders on its independence. Private motives were soon added to the public feelings which animated the patriot cazique. His beautiful young daughter had, in an early stage of the invasion, been surprised at one of her father's palaces, and carried off by the foreign conqueror.

Undismayed by the artificial thunder of their eastern enemies; undaunted by the centaur-like combination of steed and rider, the bold cazique and his followers rushed on the fires of the one, and dismounted the other with a bravery which astonished the Spanish chiefs: nay more, Alphula and some of his most venturous officers dared even to mount the chargers of their fallen foes, and, in one instance, even turned a few wrested carbines against the invader, who had first made their simple highland district roll in dismal echo to the thunders of European warfare. Alphula was no common cazique of a petty Indian tribe. He was a man of superior talents, as well as indomitable bravery; but neither talents nor bravery could long avail a primitive American warrior against the military skill and superior arms of his eastern adversary. Juan Di Alcantara, the Spanish General, received strong reinforcements from his powerful kinsman of the same name, and Alphula, after many desperate encounters with his foe, was at length totally defeated and made a prisoner. The fallen chief

had, during the action, sought for death in vain. It was no part of the policy of his enemies to bestow on him such a boon. A report had reached their ears that treasured hordes, the decoration of many a palace fitted for an Inca's residence, the ornament of many a profaned temple of the glorious god of day, had been concealed by Al-pahula in some mountain cave, deep amid the recesses of the Andes. Riches, which might more than satisfy the most rapacious adventurer, were, it was confidently believed, to be found in com-pendious abundance by once discovering the place where the vanquished cazique had hidden his treasures. Neither threats nor persuasions could, however, prevail on him to reveal this important secret, and he was left on the thirtieth day of his miserable confinement with an assurance that he would be visited by the torture early on the succeeding morning, if, ere that period, he failed in divulging the hiding-place of his vast wealth.

Cazique Al-pahula was confined in one of the meanest apartments of his own palace. Like most of the public edifices of the less heated regions of his country, it was a heavy, low building, constructed of stones taken just as they fell from the mountains, or were dug from the quarry, and only made to unite with each other by a tedious selection of correspondent angles and indentures, projections and hollows. Unacquainted, however, as they were with any cement, the tediousness of this process prevented not the persevering Indian from joining these huge masses with an introgressive nicety of union which might astonish a civilized eye. As windows did not enter into the luxuries of a western palace, and the conquerors of Al-pahula had supplied him with no substitute for that blessed light whence they had banished him, the cazique saw not the dismantled state in which lay the residence of his ancestors—its golden vessels and decorations removed, and its plates of precious metal torn from the walls they had so recently encrusted.

A soft footstep was heard, and a faint light streamed into his dismal apartment. The Indian chief deemed that his appointed hour of bodily endurance was arrived. The weight of his chains prevented his rising to an erectness of person which might have fitly corresponded with the determined attitude of his indomitable soul; but he spoke in a tone of stern composure.—“Morn hath broken,” he said, “and you come to execute your foul purpose. Do your worst pleasure. Here—your prisoner and your victim—I defy you.” The lamp was instantly set down. It shone on a tall and slender form. Al-pahula felt his knees clasped with fervent devotion, and beheld his daughter at his feet. Natural affection overcame for a moment every sterner feeling in the bosom of the Indian warrior, and clasping his child in his worn and fettered arms, he shed tears of parental tenderness on her head. For some time they remained in each other's arms without speaking, and as the lamp with gradual increase of light began to show objects more distinctly in the chamber, the father and daugh-

ter seemed, with mutual gaze, to be marking what changes time and affliction had made in their personal appearance. The cazique was the first to break silence. With a relapse into his sternness of tone, he demanded—“And what treatment hast thou received at the hands of yon robber-idolaters?”—“Gentle, and kind, and honourable treatment,” replied Ualla, meekly.—“Go to, daughter; this is no time to jest. I may hardly believe that the whole land of the Sun hath been pillaged of its treasures, drenched in the gore of its inhabitants, and trodden under foot by its lawless conquerors, while one feeble and defenceless damsel hath found solitary grace in their eyes. Answer me truly then, as in the presence of that orb whose rising I may no more behold, what treatment hast thou met at the hands of your cruel victors?”—“They are not all cruel,” answered Ualla, timidly. “The second chief who commands our foe hath a gentler and a kinder nature than his brethren. His protection hath procured Ualla life, fair treatment, and honourable respect. To him our fallen country oweth aught that hath softened the conqueror's fierceness; and, oh! my father, but for his guardian hand these loved and honoured limbs would, ere this, have been either stretched to torture on their demon-engine, or whitening in the mountain breeze.”

“Star of stars—I praise thee!” ejaculated Al-pahula.—“What though thou hast suffered the foe and the idolater to triumph in thine own land,—what though thou hast withdrawn thy beams from the hoar head of thy prostrate worshipper—yet hast thou not forsaken his child. Enlightener of darkness, I bless thee.”—“But, oh! my father,” said the daughter, sinking from the neck to the knees of her parent, “will you not avoid the dark hour that now awaits you?—To what purpose—with what hope can you now conceal your glittering hoards?—Shall they serve the cause of our country in yon dark caves where the blessed sun never calls to light their dazzling brightness, where the damp veil of night shrouds and tarnishes their lustre? The gentle, the noble Spanish cazique, Fernando di Valverde, hath sent me here to move your purpose. He throws himself at your feet in my person, and beseecheth you to think well on the fate that awaits you. He hath prevailed on his brother chief to delay his cruel fiat until your daughter could be summoned from the refuge her brave captor had assigned her, to supplicate you to show mercy on yourself. The young Fernando hath even delayed my coming, to give you yet time to change your stern decision. Ualla's voice may be powerless with you, but Fernando's you cannot resist. The sun, rising in his strength, and looking red and angry through the storm-clouds of heaven, that would hide his shining course, is not more terrible than the glorious young Spaniard to those who cross his path. The moon, shining softly on a dwelling of woe, is not more gentle than he to the feeble and vanquished, and the evening breeze of the south, sighing sadly over the flowers that close at sunset, is not softer

than his voice to woman in her hour of darkness and extremity. Let the beautiful Eastern cazique see you, beloved giver of my days, and your purpose shall be changed. I vaunt not idly the power of his words—I have myself known and felt their wondrous influence. Aye, strange to utter, even your words, my father (the reason I divine not,) come not on my ear with such sweet persuasion.—Shall he be summoned to save you from your own stern purpose?"

The cazique, while his child spoke, eyed her with an inquisitiveness of gaze which seemed to have no reference to his own situation, but solely to the state of her feelings. "Ah! guileless daughter of the mountains," he said to himself, with a mixture of sternness and sadness, "thy simple young heart hath, all unguessed by its owner, passed into the hands of another. To thy country's foe thou hast yielded feelings whose nature stands out in guileless revelation to others, while unsuspected by thyself." Aloud he said, with fierce sarcasm, "And this friend of miserable Peru—this enemy to blood and rapine—joins the tiger-gang which desolates our valleys, and now springs insatiate on our mountain recesses. So mild, so kind a nature might, perchance, find more genial companions and fitter occupation."—"He had quitted both," answered Ualla, with the fervour of simplicity, "but that his power, once withdrawn, would have left our tyrants without a check on their lawless violence. For me too, father," (she began to weep) "he prolongs his power, because he would not leave me defenceless in the hands of these invaders, nor yet force me from a country where, while my father lives, his daughter will remain, either to find an asylum or a grave."—"Alas! poor Ualla," said Alpahula, "I can recal the days when, ere Spanish treachery had taught me dark suspicion, I would myself have lent, like thee (aye, like the royal, yet fallen children of the sun on yonder vanquished plains,) an easy ear to the professions of our proud and guileful conquerors; but the treacherous sons of the East now spread their toils for me in vain. If thy Spanish protector were of such gentle mould as he would make thee credit, how would the haughty and un pitying chief of our captors brook, amid his band, this murrer of their plunder—this resistance of their cruelty?"—"Fernando is come of a powerful race, his blood ranks among the noblest in the land of our conquerors," replied Ualla, patiently, "and his soul is of such unquenchable bravery, that even the soldier he restrains both fears and loves the bold hand that would check his rapacity. The merciless chief himself has no mind to chase from his side the high-born and dauntless Fernando. Would that he had earlier consented to yield the task of protecting your child; would that he had been here to lighten the chains of your captivity!—Say, will you barken to the voice of your daughter's presser; or, can her tongue alone draw from you, my sire, the useless secret of your treasures, and rescue the venerable remainder of your days from shame and anguish? What answer shall I

take to him who sent me to save you?"—"Go tell the foul idolators, that when the deathless god I worship stoops from his golden height, and sinks beneath yon western waves to rise no more over the land, where his worshippers await him—tell them thou, then I will yield the treasures which once adorned his sacred fanes, to those who have profanely trampled them under foot. Go—go—I see by the faint light which streams from the outward opening of the palace, and makes its way even to this furthest cell, that the glorious god of my fathers is shedding his first morning smile on our land. I may not, as once, go forth to greet his rising, and rejoice in his presence. Guests will soon be here thou would'st not look on. Work that would make the blood hide itself in thy young cheek, will shortly be done in this chamber. Retire—go prostrate thyself before our god in his crimson glory, and pray that thy father may be constant. Embrace me, daughter! it may be we meet no more, until we tread the beamy palaces of our golden father.—Farewell!"

But the daughter clung to his knees in agony, and refused to leave him; and when his mandate was repeated, "Go prostrate thyself before our day-god, and pray not that thy father's pangs may be brief, but that his endurance may be unshaken"—she sprang to her feet, stood for a moment, as if bent on some desperate avowal, yet uncertain how to make it, and then said—"Father, revered giver of my days, I cannot prostrate myself before yon bright and beautiful star, because in my captivity I have learned to see in the shining orb you worship, the work of a greater than himself; I have learnt to believe that he shall one day be blotted from the face of the heaven he now gilds, and rise no more o'er the earth he now gladdens, while the Creator who kindles his beams shall remain unchanged in his brightness, and immutable in his glory."—"It is done," said the chief, sinking on his pallet with a violence which made his chains resound, and startled the sentinel without—"It is done—my child forsakes the god of her fathers! O hide thy face in clouds, glorious light of earth and heaven; shroud thyself for ever, and leave in darkness the land where even the race of its chiefs hath forgotten thee. Fallen daughter of the sun, depart! I have not yet the strength of soul to curse thee, but thou hast not my blessing."—The daughter, with bended head, and arms crossed on her bosom, moved not, but stood meekly before her grieved and indignant sire, as if prepared to endure whatever his displeasure might inflict; and, when his feelings had somewhat subsided, she began in humble and pensive tones to plead the cause of the creed she had adopted. The cazique heard her for some time with the patience of sheer astonishment, and then burst forth with that frequent, and too natural query of his Indian compatriots—"And what manner of God can he be, who hath such hell-hounds for his servants and children?"—"Alas! father," said the daughter, patiently, "I have learned that the *possessor* and not the *pro-*

essor, of a faith, must be looked to for the shining marks of its living power. It is because these Spanish caziques and their followers have *forgotten* the laws, and cast off the spirit of the God whose name they bear, that they trample on their fellow-men, and worship the golden ore for which they are willing to peril their soul and body.—Oh, father, the God of the children of the East is not the cruel God his false and apostate sons would show him. In my captivity I have learned the language of our conquerors. I have been taught by my generous captor to trace the strange mysterious characters which convey the message of the true God from generation to generation of his children. Yes, I have *read* (strange word, how shall I convey its meaning to my sire?) I have *read* his written law. O turn, gracious father," she exclaimed, warming with her subject, "turn from the bright vicegerent, whose golden eye the Creator hath kindled from nothing: look above him, to One who can, even in this dark hour, shine into your soul, with a peace and a joy which shall make you lightly hold, even the loss of a cazique's power, or the surrender of his glittering treasures."—"And shall I," exclaimed Alpuhula, scornfully, "renounce the radiant lord whom my fathers adored, and who poureth his eternal and unwasting beams on our land, to worship the God of the Spaniards, who is subject to death, and who hath not the power to restrain the mad cruelty of his followers? Was it for this that the blessed children of the sun left their beaming chambers on high, and descended to teach and reclaim our sires? Was it for this that the glorious Capac and his heaven born spouse brought peace and glad plenty and social union amongst us? Go to, daughter—I have seen the miserable record which our christian tyrants call the book of their God. It shone not; it beamed not. I held it to my ear; it spoke not. I looked within it. Strange characters which told me nothing were all I beheld. I threw it from me in disdain, and marvelled that they who beheld with open eyes the glorious beams of our god, and partook of the fruits his genial warmth calls forth, and walked and wrought in the light he sends, would prefer a miserable and incomprehensible record, of such petty size it might be hidden in the woollen folds of our priest's garments; to the *felt*, the *visible*, the resplendent cause of all things. Listen, idolatress; when the God of the eastern lands, to whom you bow, hath power to restrain, or justice to punish his merciless sons; then will your sire fall down before the Deity that can make even Spanish hearts prefer mercy to gold!"—"Alas!" exclaimed Ualla, clasping her hands, and perceiving the utter hopelessness of pleading for a religion, the chains of whose false professors galled her captive sire, "you believe that the light set in yon heaven is the glorious governor of earth and sky. With grateful homage you offer him a part of those productions his kindly warmth hath called to existence. To him you present the choicest works which his beams have guided your hand to perform. Even the timid

lama hath sometimes bled its sacrificial tribute to the being who supplies its gentle race with food. Yet, look around, my sire; tell me, have *all* in Peru who bowed before the golden orb, and confessed the sacred obligation of imitating his beneficence, *have all* shed on the little world around them the same kindly influence? No. Yet my sire saith not that the god of the *Western* world is a cruel god. Unhappy Ata Hualpa, the usurping Inca, still bowed before that sun whose temples he had robbed, and whose children he had destroyed; yet will not my father pronounce that the golden light Hualpa worshipped was a false and a merciless lord. O my father, the fallen Inca was not false to the character of his god, than these unworthy christians to the author of their pure faith.

Ere the unshaken cazique could reply, a sound of feet and voices startled his child, and made her heart throb with a sickening horror. It seemed as if some heavy weight were placed in the adjoining apartment. The father looked haughtily prepared. The daughter turned pale as the snow on her native An es. "God of mercy," she ejaculated, "stay thy cruel hands. Spare yet awhile—Look in mercy on the soul for which the sharer of thy throne expired."

The Spaniards entered. The answer of Alpuhula was demanded. He sternly folded his arms, and seemed scarce to heed their queries. They approached, and laid their hand on his person. "I have nothing to say," replied the chief—"I only pray that my child may depart. Farewell, Ualla, once the light of thy father's eye. I have not the heart to let thee behold what these walls must now witness. Farewell, go, and repent." Pierced to the heart by the kindness which made her doomed parent see in his sufferings only the pang they would inflict on an apostate child, the gentle, young Peruvian strove, in despairing energy, to release her sire with her own slender fingers from the grasp of his enemies. She was forced back. The cazique's garment was removed. He was lifted in the arms of his oppressors towards the fatal engine. Ualla saw his eye turned to the east, as if to implore the support of his rising deity. With a fullness of agony that could scarce find vent in utterance, she supplicated her inexorable parent to change his stern purpose, and yet save himself, in this last moment of hope, by divulging his precious secret. Finding her intreaties useless, and seeing her father about to be stretched on the fearful instrument of anguish, Ualla flew to the opening of the apartment, and shrieked with a violence which made the dark chambers of the Indian palace resound to her cries. "O Hernando! Hernando! I the name of our mutual God I charge thee come and save my parent."

Awed by the name of the famous chief on whom Ualla called, and aware of the tender eye with which he regarded the Peruvian beauty, the executioners paused for a moment, and seemed to suspend their work of anguish, as if to see whether the brave Spaniard were really near to answer the cries of his young protegee.

With breathless attention Ualla now listened at the entrance of the apartment, to catch the faintest sound of her lover's footstep. The morning breeze, sighing through the obscure dismantled chambers of the dwelling of her sires, was the only response to her listening ear. Yet there was a sound at length. It came nearer and nearer—and now it resembled the tread of an armed warrior. Hernando, himself, appeared, but he came not alone; Juan Di Alcantara, the chief of the Spanish foe, and the object of Ualla's terror and abhorrence accompanied her brave protector. They entered as men whom different motives had drawn to the same spot. The noble Castilian, Hernando Di Valverde, advanced with stern brow and authoritative mien. His look of surprise showed that the hour of the Indian's extremity had been accelerated by the impatient rapacity of his European conqueror. With a manly tenderness, which rendered him indifferent to the scornful smile of his compatriot, Hernando supported the terrified and half-fainting young Indian, and spoke words of comfort and encouragement in her ear. He then waved his hand authoritatively to the ministers of Juan's tyranny, who, receiving no countersign from their chief, withdrew. Hernando approached the fallen cazique. Struck with the unquenched fire of his eye, and respecting the courage and former exploits of his brave adversary, Hernando, not without somewhat of deference in his manners, raised the chained and fallen cazique from his appalling situation, and placed him beside his daughter. "You are brave, Don Juan," he said, unable longer to smother the indignation which policy and the desire of retaining power to protect the father and daughter had, hitherto, urged him to conceal; "you are brave, but, methinks, it asks small courage to wage warfare with women and captives. Had I not seasonably appeared (God knoweth, little guessing your diligence began so early,) you white-haired old man had, ere this, scarce owned a limb to stand on. *For shame, Juan Di Alcantara, for shame!* In blind and unacceptable zeal, you bid your servile priest to sprinkle these unbaptized subjects of your sword, with the healing wave of our pure sacrament, while you fearlessly and foully pollute its holy waters with the innocent blood of those-you pretend to convert. But you shall not thus trample on man's rights and God's mercy, without warning; I, for one, will dare to lift up my voice against you. What, ho! executioners, remove this foul engine, and bring it hither again at your peril."—"At your peril touch it," exclaimed Juan furiously. "Base patron of wretched idolaters, besotted lover of an Indian savage, know that Juan alone commands here. Know that I hold in my hand thy life and the life of thy western beauty, and the sinews and heart's blood of that stubborn old man. Aye, look tenderly on your terrified maiden. You hold her but at my pleasure, and I may, at a moment's warning, interpose between you and the smiles you feed on."—"Have a care, Juan," answered the noble Spaniard fearlessly;

"I know that thy military followers twice outnumber mine, but a loyal subject of Spain, the scion of a powerful stock, and the beloved leader of a chosen band, is not so lightly made the prey of vindictive cruelty. Remember my voice is not without power in my native land. Nay, smile not scornfully. I know I might in vain essay to make it heard athwart this wide-stretched continent and yon wider ocean; but there be Spaniards, even in Peru, who would lift the voice, aye, the sword, for Hernando, and carry the tale of his wrongs to the shores of his native land. Nay, turn not away, Juan Di Alcantara; thou know'st that thou and I had scarce kept doubtful peace so long, hadst thou not held *prudent credence* in what I now tell thee."

The two chiefs had now cast off the outward semblance of an alliance, which, from motives as widely different as their hearts and characters, had, hitherto, subsisted between them. Juan, who had till now endeavoured to conceal his most atrocious acts from a colleague whose power at his native court, and influence among his own soldiers, might enable him to demand a heavy retribution; now, peremptorily, and in his very teeth, demanded that instant torture should extract the secret of the fallen cazique's treasures: while Hernando, who had, hitherto, avoided any open rupture with his more powerful companion in arms, lest in the mutual struggle for supremacy, he should lose the means of protecting his young captive and her race; now vehemently protested that he would oppose by force, the cruel determination of his compatriot. To Ualla, who well understood the Spanish tongue, the fierce conflict was agony. It seemed that her father's inflexibility would prove the ruin, not only of himself, but of one, perhaps, still dearer to the heart of Ualla. The cazique, though only slenderly acquainted with a few Spanish phrases, seemed, from the occasional mention of his own name, and the frequent pointing of his foes towards the engine of torture, partly to divine the subject of dispute. At the moment, however, when Ualla deemed all lost, the Indian chief suddenly smote his dark brow, as if some thought had kindled there like a spark of fire: then, notwithstanding the ponderous and degrading weight of his irons, rising to his full height, he said, with a commanding air—"Christians, *my will is changed. I am ready to reveal to you the secret of my hidden treasure.*"

This sudden and unexpected concession, seemed to end the differences between the two chiefs. Juan's selfish and rapacious mind instantly wandered from Hernando and his late dispute, to the glittering hordes and golden treasures of his prostrate foe. Not, however, without secret purposes of future vengeance at a safer opportunity, did he extend his hand to the daring curtailer of his power. Perhaps, the gallant young Spaniard, of taller stature than his compeer, stood in too erect an attitude to *mark* the proffered hand: at any rate, he took it not, but made such inclination of his person as might exhibit a remaining sense of displeasure, without the in-

tion of farther exhibiting it by any hostile act.

Juan only saw in this sudden change of Alpahula's determination the act of a man terrified by the immediate prospect of physical suffering; Hernando believed that it might result from some generous wish to save his daughter's protector from the consequences of forcibly resisting Alcantara's cruelty; but Ualla saw by the keen, the undaunted, the almost exulting expression of her father's eye, that some deep and nameless reason had prompted his sudden compliance. Juan now eagerly leaned over the victim of his avarice, to catch from his lips that golden secret which would prove the clue to riches and splendour. The chief, however, protested that the cave which secured his treasures lay in some deep and lone recess of the Andes to which it was impossible to direct his conquerors, but he offered himself to be their guide to the precious deposit. Juan Di Alcantara hesitated for a moment—then eagerly closed with the cazique's offer, and fearful of allowing his prisoner time to change his resolution, named the morrow's earliest dawn for the commencement of the expedition. Ualla, scarce knowing what she demanded, what she feared, vehemently supplicated to be allowed to accompany her parent. Juan heard her request as he would that of a silly child; and the three rival chiefs agreed in peremptorily refusing her compliance; Juan, because, he deemed she would prove a hindrance to the expedition; Hernando, because he feared she might be exposed to danger; and the cazique for reasons of a similar nature, or for others which he did not choose to reveal.

Long before the sudden and glowing blush of a tropical sunrise had crimsoned the eastern sky, Ualla appeared, on the succeeding day, within the walls of her father's prison. "Thou comest to bid me farewell," he said, apparently unable to restrain the kindness of his parental feelings; "I could have wished that thou hadst this morn forgotten thy filial homage. But it matters not. Come hither, apostate child of the sun"—(he embraced her tenderly)—"God of my days and of the light that hath so long gilded them, forgive this embrace,—forgive the feelings of nature, which cannot close themselves against this forsaker of her shining creator. Farewell—Ualla, farewell! Yet once again"—(he bestowed another embrace);—"and now I charge thee begone. Yet hold—thy Spanish protector—he who hath seduced thee from thy god, hath dared yestern to ask, aye, to supplicate, thee of me for a bride. Ualla, I do confess that there is in the speech and bearing of that slightly youth what might, perhaps, feebly plead thy excuse for the abandonment of thy maker, and the misplacings of thy young affections: some difficulty have even I found in closing my bosom against him: but I charge thee, Ualla, by the soul of thy mother, now walking in light, and clothed with sunbeams, reward not the betrayer of thy soul by yielding him thy hand. He is the most wily, and therefore the most dangerous, of our power-

ful invaders. Source of light and life, I now behold the wisdom of thy ways! If all the children of the east resembled that brave and persuasive Spaniard, thou wouldst soon look in vain from thy shining throne to behold one suppliant knee in Peru. O close my bosom against him!—Daughter, thou may'st yet return to the truth. Thou may'st yet bow before the radiant cause of all things. Close not up for ever thy way to him by giving thyself to his enemy. Farewell!—Thou weepest as if thy very life were bound in this idolater. Hold!—Look me stedfastly in the face, Ualla. Thou hast seen that of late I am become a strange changer of my purpose. It is moved again. *If thy Hernando return in safety from this expedition, he is thine. I give him to thee.* Light of the Heavens! *I ask of thee a sign.* Not another word, Ualla. The god of thy father shine on thee in his mercy—and now farewell." He pressed her wildly to his bosom for one instant, and then thrust her violently from the apartment. Her foreign protector received her, and, struck by the quivering lip and bloodless cheek of his young captive, demanded, while he gently supported her trembling limbs, what in such brief parting had thus wrought on her feelings? Fearful of revealing her father's strangeness of manner, lest by deferring the proposed expedition she should expose him anew to the horrors of the torture, yet afraid to conceal her confused suspicions lest she should endanger the life of Hernando, Ualla could only answer, "There is some busy voice within my bosom which tells me that this shall be a day of wailing and woe; which whispers to me that I shall see my sire no more; which warns me of—I know not what—O, Hernando, go not with this expedition."—"And leave your sire, Ualla, the unprotected prey of Juan?"—"Alas, surely no."—"What do you dread, gentle Ualla? I will be the protector of your father; and for me—though I would not exchange that kind look of solicitude for the fair empire of the Incas—it were idle to entertain a thought of fear; your countrymen—" "It needs not to be told," interrupted Ualla, with something of Peruvian feeling, "my countrymen are fallen far too low to be dreaded. For two moons the bow hath lain powerless in my native mountains, nor shall it be strung again. You are masters of the land, nor do I dread that the hand of its servants shall ever rise more against you. No dweller in Peru need be reminded that you have known how to render your dominion sure and inevitable." Hernando smiled, half amused, and half admiring. "And is your father's patriotism so infectious, gentle Ualla?" he said. "But what then do you fear?" "I cannot tell—I know not," answered she anxiously. "Deride me not, noble Hernando, for my dark misgivings. Withdraw from me that soldier's smile—you are too brave to know fear yourself, but too generous to deride it in a feeble woman. My father's eye wore a keen and strange look this morning, but—no—I reckon not what I say—'twas nothing—'twas my own idle imagining. Tell it not to that fearful Juan.

Look! there stands the frightful instrument of anguish still! My soul is dark this morning. They come—they come to bear my father hence. O, Hernando, farewell—farewell. Let your generous arm protect my father's gray hairs, and look to your own dark locks. The God who made you my enlightener, the God who holdeth all hearts and all hands in his keeping, watch over you—farewell."

The western mountains were still sleeping in the alternate light and shadow of a sinking moon, when the impatient Spanish chief, accompanied by a body of military followers, reached the exterior of the jail-converted palace of Cazi que Al pahula. Dreading the escape of so important a prisoner, in any of the dark mountain-holds and recesses, with which he was so well acquainted, and where the necessary separation of the parties, from the narrowness of the passes, might render escape practicable and pursuit impossible, the Spanish general ordered six slaves to be chained to the fetters of the fallen chief. Hernando generously remonstrated against this indignity; but the ca: quē far from receiving this interference with gratitude, only answered—"Young man I have not asked for your protection." He positively, however, refused to move, until persons of distinction were substituted for the slaves. Juan peremptorily ordered the ca: zique to proceed, and pointed to the fearful engine. Al pahula resolutely folded his arms on his bosom, and assumed the calm, collected attitude and look of indifference of one who has made up his mind to remain at home, instead of taking a day's journey. The wealth in prospect was not to be lightly relinquished, and six of the most noble followers of the Spanish standard were therefore substituted for the slaves. Among them was Hernando Di Valverde, whose love for the daughter, and whose fear of exposing the father to worse cruelty made him generously offer himself, a volunteer to the Indian's pride or humour. He was placed nearest the person of the singular chief. Al pahula looked round for a moment with an air of triumph, almost amounting to rapturous exultation.

For some time the party proceeded amid the lower regions of the Andes in silence, which was only broken, as they reached every fresh turn in the passes, by the stern and authoritative call of the ca: zique, echoed by his interpreter.—"To the right,"—"to the left,"—"through the gorge,"—"up the pass," &c. By the augmenting difficulty of their march, and by the increasing keenness of the atmosphere, Hernando soon perceived that Cazi que Al pahula was conducting them to the upper region of his native mountains. A glow of crimson, which seemed kindled as in a moment, suddenly tinged the snowy tops of the highest elevations, and contrasted curiously with the wan moonlight in which the lower regions were still sleeping. Hernando thought he had never beheld a scene so stern, lone, and majestic. The white crests of the tallest mountains, the sombre gorges, dark ravines, and overhanging precipices assumed even a stranger and sterner

character from the dubious and mixed light in which they were beheld. At each step of the train the scene assumed a more desolate, wild, and solitary aspect. The cultivated district they had quitted seemed to sink to an immense distance beneath them, while that to which they were advancing gradually lost the trace of human occupation, and presented the appearance of a region whose lone and awful majesty had never before been profaned by foot of man. Hernando listened to the ceaseless gushing of mountain torrents, which, sometimes with the overpowering roar of a near cataract, sometimes with the booming thunder of a distant fall, rolled down the steep sides of the Andes, and bore their swelling tribute to the Western Ocean.

Here and there a red and baleful light, resting on the frozen summits of the highest range, showed where the dire volcano was sending forth its restless and unquenchable fires. As their way became more toilsome, Hernando despite the fallen Indian's repulsive returns to his proffered assistance, often grasped Al pahula's arm, in kind, and even respectful aid of his failing footsteps; and when the party stopped in fatigue, either to refresh themselves, or partake of the powerful and invigorating potations of their own country, the ca: zique was the first person to whom the young Spaniard tendered refreshment. It was evident, that Al pahula strove, but perhaps strove in vain, to remain insensible to these marks of respect and compassion.

The sun quickly succeeded the crimson rays, which—with the abrupt glow of a tropical harbinger of returning day—had announced his approach. It was, however, only by the dazzling flood of ruddy and golden light which bathed the east in liquid fire, and by the lengthening shadows westward, that the rising of the Peruvian deity was discovered; for the cloud-capped range of eastern giants still concealed the ascending god from the eager gaze of his captive and solitary worshipper. Yet, conscious that the star of his adoration had appeared on the earth, Al pahula bowed himself with a prostration of posture, which forced Hernando, attached nearest his body, to stoop his own person in accommodation to the adoring chief. "God of my life!" exclaimed the Indian, looking on Hernando with an expression that was perfectly indefinable, "shall I take even this prostration of an *unwilling knee*, before thy eastern throne, as a *favourable answer*?" Again he gazed hesitatingly, almost mournfully, on Hernando; then slaking his head, as if in refusal to some unlawful wish which had crossed his mind, he proceeded.

Morning now rapidly advanced, but the gorges of the mountains became so narrow, that the precipices, sometimes, almost met over the heads of the passers, and excluded the light of day. Al pahula looked repeatedly, and with anxious gaze, at the opening of every fresh pass, as if eager to behold the shining face of that orb whose unseen rising he had already worshipped—"I will behold his golden eye yet *once more*," he

said. They reached the opening of another gorge. A steep precipice, whose shelving sides offered a narrow and precarious footing to the party, arose to their left. Alphahula looked up in exultation. "Yonder," he exclaimed, "lies our path, Christians! your task is near ended. Mount this tall giant of the moon, and your way down its farther side shall be easy, and conduct you to Alphahula's richest treasure." No music ever sounded sweeter in the ear of Juan Di Alcantara. They prepared to ascend the dizzy elevation, but the cazique paused for a moment—hesitated, folded his arms cross-wise over his bosom, and seemed to be praying either for direction or forgiveness. Then speaking hastily and abruptly, like one who would not yield himself time to question his own purpose, he said with authority—"I make not the ascent while this youth impedes my steps, and insults my vigour by his unasked assistance. Juan, chief of the Spanish tribe, come thou and replace this eastern boy; chief yoked to chief, were fitter far, than that Cazique Alphahula's fetters should be secured by the nameless leader of a petty tribe. Thou wilt not? It matters not. Find then thine own way to the golden vessels and glittering gems thou wert not wont to hold so lightly. Nay, frown not. Remember thy foul engine is not here; and for me, 'twere full as suiting to my humour, to sit and breathe out my last amid these rocks and torrents, or be hurled, by Christian hands, down this mountain side, as to return and wear out a miserable existence—a prisoner in my native palace—a captive in the dwelling of my sires!"

The interpreter, perhaps, weary of a toilsome expedition, which, at this rate, seemed interminable, did what many travellers have since done without similar temptation to mis-statement, *i. e.* he made a general rule of a single instance, and assured Juan that it was a law among Indian caziques, never to climb mountains of a certain elevation, without being accompanied by some chief, of a rank which they deemed equal to their own. He gave, also, such a translation of Alphahula's speech, as might somewhat tend to conciliate the Spanish general, by rendering this piece of *Peruvian etiquette* gratifying to Juan's wish of assuming supreme authority among his compatriots. Di Alcantara's burning desire to consummate the enterprize, by the acquisition of his long-sought treasures, proved, however, a still stronger incentive to compliance; and, taking the place of Hernando, he consented to be attached to the fetters of his untameable captive.

Impatient of farther delay, the rapacious commander bestowed an accelerating push on the shoulders of Alphahula: but the proud Indian, far from resenting such an indignity as he would once have done, looked round and smiled superior to the petty affront. To souls susceptible of finer impressions than that of Juan Di Alcantara, there might have seemed something almost portentous in that calm and ironic smile.

In straining exertion the Indian and his guards continued to climb the frowning eminence, while

the now useless followers of Juan remained at its base. Hernando, little gratified either by the triumphant regards of his brother chief, or by the ungracious, and even ungrateful conduct of the cazique, followed the train at a little distance. Alphahula led them to one of those fearful Andean paths, where a false step might precipitate the traveller to the bottom of a chasm which even the noontide beams of a tropical sun have not the power of penetrating. Here the cazique paused, for from this eminence the horizon widened, and the source of light, which had till now been concealed by the meeting brows of the precipices, rode revealed to view in the noontide heaven. A mountain haze hung like a light cloud on the orb, and softened his rays, without hiding his disk. The Peruvian, unable from the narrowness of the path to kneel before his god, hid his face for a moment in the folds of his garment, and then looking upward, eyed with grateful devotion the bright globe whose lustre, softened by the cloudy veil which enveloped it, forbade not the gaze of his worshipper. "Again I behold thee, eye of heaven!" exclaimed the chief. "I had not dared to finish the work of this day without thy beamy face to look upon this sacrifice of thy servant, and bless it. Twice have the milder lights thou so oft createst anew to make them regents of the night, and leaders of the stars of heaven, wasted into nothing and darkness, since my hoar head hath been gladdened by thy beams. The queens of the night have twice left their place dark and void in the blue heaven, since the land of thy worshippers hath been trampled on by those who deny thy power, and pour contempt on thy golden honours. Yet oh! in mercy spare her—let that thought pass. Forgive the weakness which hath still loved an apostate child, and hath shown guilty pity on a generous, but idolatrous foe.—And now, god of prostrate Peru, if thou wilt favour this emprize, look forth from the clouds that would hide thy piercing eye, and give shining token that 'tis thy inspiration that stirs within me." He fixed a wrapt and intense eye on the passing cloud, as if waiting an answer to his mysterious petition. "I like not all this," said Juan, looking rather uneasily at the interpreter. "Old man," he added, "I am not come here to listen to thy idle rhapsodies. Time passes—move forward, or you may chance repent your tardiness. 'Tis true our mortal engine is not here, but it still awaits your limbs in yon dark prison. 'Twere as well to remember that you are still in our power, and even amid these rocky shelves and thundering cataracts we might still find ways to show you that our means of torture are not confined to the cells of your miserable palace. Forward—forward. Forget not that you are in our power."

"No you are in mine," exclaimed the cazique, triumphantly, as soon as the words of Juan were made intelligible to him. He turned for a moment from the clouded object of his inquiring gaze, and fixed an eye on Alcantara, which even startled that obtuse commander. "Juan, chief

of oppressors, man without mercy, conqueror stained with blood, hast thou counted over thy sins this morning?" he said sternly and awfully. "Hast thou thought aught on the innocent blood which calls out to heaven against thee? Hast thou remembered that a whole land is now sending up a cry of wailing which thou hast raised? Lift up thine heart for one moment, ory for mercy—aye, even to thy false God—for the hand of Heaven's judgment is upon thee."—"Drag him forward—force him up the mountain," exclaimed Juan. "Indian slave, pitiable idolater, move onward. I will see this expedition terminated, and terminated *instantly*, or thy aged limbs, old man, shall be torn from thy miserable body, and given to feed the fowls of the mountain." The Indian did not for a moment appear to hear the threats of his Spanish conqueror. His whole attention seemed fixed on the cloud whose last edge now began to brighten with the rays of the sun as it passed from the orb. The sun rode unveiled in the midst of heaven! Juan repeated his mandate. "I will know, and know without the delay of a fleeting moment, the hidden place of thy treasures—the golden offerings which adorned the fanes of thy false God." "Have thy wish," answered Caziue Alphula, loftily. "The best treasure of Peru is the heart of a patriot chief—the noblest offering to her god, the lives of those who have murdered his sons, and trampled down his temples. Adieu, native earth and covering sky! Farewell to all I have loved and looked on! Source of day, I come to tread thy beamy chambers. What, ho! for god and Peru!"

Hernando suddenly saw, as in the flash of a moment, the fatal purpose of the chief. He gave a shriek of warning: it came too late. Caziue Alphula, as he spoke, threw himself from the narrow and frightful path with such a sudden and effectual plunge, that he dragged, in clanging violence, after him, the tyrants to whom his chains were attached. Amid shelving rocks and frowning precipices, down—down descended the fettered victims into a dark and yawning chasm, whose dismal recesses had never, since the foundations of the earth, been visited by one beam of blessed day, or resounded to the tread of human foot. All was the work of a moment—of the twinkling of an eye. In the first plunge of the cazique, Hernando caught, with the suddenness of the lightning's gleam, a passing sight of those descending victims; and, brief as was that fearful view, death closed the eye of the young Spaniard ere it vanished from his sickening memory. He saw the momentary, the flashing glance, of the triumphant Indian; the pale countenance of unutterable despair of his ruined tyrant; and the clenched teeth and vain struggles of his followers, as they were dragged in shrieking resistance to their dread and untimely tomb.

As the unwilling companions in death bounded from shelf to shelf of the dizzy precipice, the rocks gave back in wild echo the clang of their fatal chains; while many a bird of prey, aroused for the first time in its solitary haunts, by human

voice, added its screaming dirge to the wild wail of despair which arose from those dying men. Days—ay, months and years rolled away ere those dismal shrieks ceased to haunt the ear of Hernando Di Valverde. With difficulty, as his giddy eye followed the victims in their dizzy and headlong descent, could he keep his own footing on the narrow shelf where he stood. Like one in a trance, he held his head with his hands, and closed his eye to that sight of horror. The shrieks died into a low wail; the wail sunk into silence; the sound of those clashing irons became fainter and fainter, until they seemed lost in the depths below. Hernando raised his head. No sight met his eye save the shaggy rocks, overhanging precipices, and dark ravines of that wild region; no sound saluted his ear save the low and restless murmur of some distant mountain torrent. A complete and deathlike stillness reigned over the solitary scene. Hernando cast one brief glance of horror into the dark abyss which entombed his former companions. His eye sought in vain to penetrate its obscure and invisible recesses, and, in speechless wonder at his own preservation, he lifted up his hands to God.

With steps still shaking from recent agitation, Hernando then began to descend the mountain by the path his fated companions had so recently trodden, when, all warm with life, and elated by hope, by avarice, by ambition, they had pursued, as they believed, the road to riches and worldly distinction: now, cold and shapeless masses, they tenanted the dark and unapproachable gulf beneath him. Often, as he proceeded on his downward path, he paused, and fancied that some stifled shriek, some dying moan, some cry for help, still arose from that dismal chasm.

The death of the cruel, rapacious Juan, and those next him in command, placed the brave and popular Hernando at the head of his compatriots in that quarter; and as such he was received by the consternated followers of Alcantara, who had been left, as we have seen, at the foot of the fatal precipice. With the instinct of military habit, rather than with any defined consciousness of the duty devolved on him, Hernando reduced the astounded soldiers to something like professional order, and proceeded in sombre silence to conduct them to the spot they had quitted in the morning.

Night closed on the party, and the fervour of a tropical sun had again given place to the refreshing radiance of the moon, ere the plain of — was within sight of the returning adventurers. Thought on thought came crowding thick and fast into the mind of the young Spaniard, while he pursued his doubtful path. Horror for the retributive fate of his wretched compeer; pity for the high-minded Indian who had fallen a victim to his patriotism, gave place, as he drew nearer his destination, to a feeling of anguish at the heavy tidings he must bear the hapless daughter. Yet, even here, sweeter and gentler sensations stole into the bosom of young Hernando. He now gratefully felt that the departed cazique had, by a voluntary act, sepa-

rated his fate from that of his doomed compatriots; and coupling this preservation with the words of the Indian to his daughter—words which we may suppose Ualla had, in some form or other, known how to communicate to her lover—he could not but augur that, when time had dried the filial tears of the young Peruvian, she would look on him as the authorised guardian of her happiness.

Meanwhile Ualla, surrounded by the maids and matrons whom Hernando's gentle care had placed about her person, sate with her dwelling to taste the faint breezes of a tropical evening, and to watch with unceasing gaze for the return of her sire and her lover. She gazed on Nature in the loneliness and majesty of the scene, until the calm of all around her insinuated itself, at length, into her own bosom. Busy feet, and busier voices, broke on her repose. Ualla inquires for her sire—for her generous protector. The restless tongue of female exaggeration—alike in all ages and countries, and ever loving better the importance attached to the bearer of evil tidings than the sober joy of communicating dull reality—reports to the young Peruvian that her sire and her lover are lying, side by side, cold and lifeless, in the "Ravine of the Unburied

Dead!" Ualla received the intelligence as an archer of her own country would have received the rival shaft which pierced his vitals. She stood for a moment erect, unmoved; then fell a helpless, prostrate, yet unmoaning victim. But a gentle hand soon raised her—a gentle arm supported her—a voice, which brought returning life in its tones, came on her ear. With a gratitude to Heaven which sought in vain for vulgar utterance, Ualla recognised her promised husband, and, clasping his knees, demanded of him her sire.—"O! Hernando, returned to bless my eyes, where is my father?"—"Before His throne, my Ualla, who shall judge between the oppressor and the oppressed. Look up, my love, look up; there is mercy mixed with bitterness. I come the legal, the authorised protector of your gentle existence. I return armed with power to heal the wounds of your oppressed race. I come to fulfil the wishes of your sire; to watch over the happiness of his loved child; to restore weal and peace to his injured tribe. I come to dry the filial tears of Ualla, by a life devoted to her happiness. I come to call, with her, these wailing mountaineers—to kneel before the Being whom they shall no more hate as the God of the *cruel* Spaniards!"

ON THE VIRTUES OF LYING IN BED LATE.

The lark is but a bumpkin fowl,
He sleeps in his nest till morn;
My blessings upon the bonny owl
Who all night blows her horn.

WALTER SCOTT.

I HAVE been long convinced that the virtue of early rising was never intended by Providence to be enforced upon the inhabitants of a cold climate, or a smoky city. It might be very well for Solomon, or any other tropical philosopher, to indicate the sinfulness of sluggishness, in a climate where fowls are roasted, and devils grilled under the meridian sunshine; but nothing will persuade me of the meritoriousness of rising from a downy four-poster of Gillow's or Banting's, to shiver towards an ungenial breakfast table; where a steaming flag of a newspaper, wet from the press, replaces the morning dew, and the howling of the matinal chimney-sweeps and old clothesmen represents the lowings of the herds. In truth, the atmosphere of England in general, and of London in particular, is never thoroughly aired before mid-day.

And yet, notwithstanding the manifest and repugnant error of early rising, there are few actions which so materially tend to inflate the vain-gloriousness and self-sufficiency of its practical votaries. I know at sight an habitual early riser;—not only from the pinched air and blue complexion induced by the pernicious quality of

twilight exhalations, but by the complacent composure of conscious excellence with which he luxuriates in his superiority over his lazier brethren of the earth:—I know him at sight!—even previous to his little pompous vaunt of "Yes, sir, I thank God! I have breakfasted every morning, for the last thirty years *before eight o'clock!*"

That persons engaged in professional business, or devoted to the active cares of life, may find it important to seize upon the day in its infancy, and mould it to their purpose, is probable enough; but that the happy majority who eat the bread of idleness, and yawn away full half-a-hundred of their three score years and ten, should outrage every feeling of nature, and molest themselves with the encounters of brooms, house-maids, and dust-pans—with the cry of those handmaidens of Aurora, the Welch milk-women—and with the rumble of market-carts, terrific as the "*tartarea tromba*" of Pandemonium—is indeed inexplicable! The more obstinate and bigoted and primitive of these virtuous martyrs affect to hold that candle-light is an invention of mankind in their fallen condition; and that the well-thinking

part of the community, like Adam and Eve, should rise with the sun, and go to bed with the going down thereof. But the philosophy of nature contains the best negative to so absurd a proposition—which would condemn the Laplanders, like dormice to a six month's snooze, while Providence, in populating their seas with the unctuous leviathans of the deep, manifestly contemplated the invention of argands for their especial use. On the other hand, the apiaries of less benighted zones, point out that vigils and wax-candles do but form a part of the great system of the universe!

Other learned moralists instance the birth of Esculapius, the son of Apollo, as offering an allegorical derivation of healthful impulses from the early beams of the God of day. Idle sophists! futile rhetoricians! Esculapius was not worshipped as the patron of health, but of medicine; and I doubt not that the first dose administered under his auspices was a draught of tincture of rhubarb to some votary of his father Phœbus—some preanimate purser or early-rising lieutenant of that first of seventy-fours, the *Argo*, to which Esculapius is recorded to have been naval surgeon. Moreover, the intimate connexion between the origin of pharmacy and early rising is further attested by the consecration of the domestic cock—that officious rouser of the drowzer to the aforesaid god of medicine;—and it may be observed that Somnus, the son of Nox, was always ranked among the infernal deities; while the three-fold goddess, Proserpina, Luna, Diana, the Isis, or moon of antiquity, was worshipped as a celestial divinity in all the nations and languages of heathenism.

Again, the Chaldean sages—who, in holy writ are repeatedly instanced as the privy counsellors of the kings of Israel—are erroneously supposed to have been revered for their skill in judicial astrology; the chronicle that they “outwatched the stars,” is simply intended to acknowledge, that they grew “healthy, wealthy and wise,” not according to the vulgar dictum, but by being *late* to bed, and *late* to rise; and that they burnt the midnight oil or the midnight gas over their studies, without the slightest predilection for perfecting their taste for natural history, in company with the restless

“Lark, new-wakened by the daisy's side.”

But to return from the dust of ages to that of Macadam!

There is no point upon which the advocates of early rising more plausibly found the excellence and orthodoxy of their creed, than the beauty and glory of the rising sun; not the sun *par complaisance* of Grosvenor-square, but the sun that shines on hills and vallies. Armed with quotations from the “Rambler,” from Beattie, Thomson, Cowper, Hayley, and all the classics of the plaintive school, they drive over one in their lengthy omnibus, with the triumphant ferocity of Tarquin's daughter; no Persian ever hailed the rising deity with more blind or exalted enthusiasm. “The dappled dawn—” “the rosy morn,” “the radiant east,” “the bright effulgence of the

streaky sky;”—how long must one nauseate such a rhapsody of common-places? Ye fools! do ye not perceive that the worship of Mithras was bestowed upon a land wherein the fierce beams of the meridian are death, only that its inhabitants, like the courtiers of Europe, might adore the rising sun, and fit themselves to snore away the noon-tide heat, without the aid of poppy or mandragora? Ye, on the contrary—ye yourselves, who associate your sensibilities, touching the dawn of day, with your familiar lustrations, and your subsequent hyson and muffins, are utterly unconscious and unworthy of its contemplation. It is the philosopher who has been occupied since midnight, in “smoothing the raven down of darkness,” who has “outwatched the Bear,” who has marked the mysterious Isis gradually involve herself in her ebon veil, he it is who is qualified to appreciate the unfolding of the clouds, the successive obliteration of the failing stars, and the substitution of a radiant phoenix for the bird of darkness. It is the force of contrast which renders morning beautiful, *ergo*, no early riser can be capacitated to appreciate the splendour of sunrise. “*Vedi Napoli*,” say the Italians, “*e poi mori*,” which may be parodied, “See the sun rise, and then go to bed!”

Talk of the carol of the early birds! is not the nightingale, that minion of darkness, the sweetest songster of the heavens? Are not the planets and their mysteries the most beautiful manifestations of the Creative Spirit?—Is not the human mind elevated above the importunate dross and paltry clamours of the earth, by communing with their bright intelligence? Now, I should like to know what human vicissitude of the slightest interest, either moral or physical, can possibly occur to persons ranging the world between seven in the morning and twelve of the clock? We except, of course, fox-hunting and fox-hunters from this sweeping inquiry, as belonging to the phenomena of the brute creation. What are the avocations of the early riser? his rapid breakfast is succeeded by the nervous perusal of some new work, incessantly interrupted by post-knocks, and a series of bell-ringing, announcing the diurnal catalogues of *Grove* and *Artis*;—of turbot, flounders, plaice, whiting, &c. &c.;—of turkeys, geese, teal, and widgeon, which puzzle the selection of the housekeeper; and if intruded before the eyes of the pre-active master of the house, oppress him for the remainder of the morning with a tedious presentiment of his dinner. The whole interest of the day is destroyed by this first or second sight of the bill of fare;—it is like beginning a novel by the third volume!

I recollect a country squire of the old school complaining, that he never knew what to do with his mornings in London. “Why, yes,” said his friend, “they are certainly dull enough to persons who are early risers; but I believe the clubs and public exhibitions are opened about ten or twelve o'clock.” “Ten o'clock!” cried Western. “I was speaking of the blank time between five and nine!” On the other hand, it

is recorded of a certain ex-officer of the 7th Hussars, that on first joining the regiment, and being desired to find himself in the riding school the next morning at ten o'clock, he enquired, "Corporal, will it be light?" and that having required his valet to look out of the window one morning at the hotel at Melton, and ascertain what sort of a day it was, the exquisite cockney put his head into the cupboard by mistake, exclaiming, "black as the devil, sir, and smells of cheese."

The earliest risers in Europe are the Germans, who are also the densest of its dunces. Every house is closed before midnight; and their public institutions being opened at day-light, and closed at noon for the dinner hour, or *mittag* of the modern Vandals, no traveller has any chance of admission to their cabinets and galleries but such as "love the moon," and visit them previous to retiring to rest.

It may be observed, in conclusion, that there cannot be better evidence of the example intended to be given by the Court of St. James's in this particular, than the fact that the royal levees, which are supposed to take place during the *lever* or getting up of the King, never begin before one o'clock, post meridian; being the toilet hour of all reasonable beings in the latitude of 51° 30'.

SUPERIORITY OF FEMALE AUTHORS.

THERE are some things which women do better than men; and of these, perhaps, novel-writing is one. Naturally endowed with greater delicacy of taste and feeling, with a moral sense not blunted and debased by those contaminations to which men are exposed, leading lives rather of observation than of action, with leisure to attend to the minutiae of conduct, and more subtle developments of character, they are peculiarly qualified for the task of exhibiting faithfully and pleasingly the various phases of domestic life, and those varieties which chequer the surface of society. Accordingly, their delineations, though perhaps less vigorous than those afforded by the other sex, are distinguished, for the most part, by greater fidelity and consistency—a more refined and happy discrimination, and, we must also add, a more correct estimate of right and wrong. In works which come from a female pen, we are seldom offended by those moral monstrosities, those fantastic perversions of principle, which are too often met with in the fictions which have been written by men. Women are also less stilted in their style; they are more content to describe naturally what they have observed, without attempting the introduction of those extraneous ornaments which are sometimes sought at the expense of truth. They are less ambitious, and are therefore more just; they are far more exempt from that prevailing literary vice of the present day—exaggeration—and have not taken their stand among the feverish followers of what may be called the *intense* style of writing; a style much praised by those who inquire only if a work is calculated to make a strong impression, and

omit entirely the more important question—whether that impression be founded on truth or delusion. Hence the agonies and convulsions, and dreamy rhapsodies, and heated exhibitions of stormy passions, in which several of our writers have lately indulged. Imagination has been flattered into a self-sufficient abandonment of its alliance with judgment—to which disunion it is ever least prone where it has most real power; and "fine creations" (well so called, as being unlike anything previously existing in nature) have been lauded, in spite of their internal falsity, as if they were of more value than the most accurate delineations of that world which we see around us. Those splendid perversions which the lurid brilliancy of Byron's poetry compelled us to admire, have been much emulated in poetry, and much, also, in prose. These writers, like the scene-painter, have one main object in view—*effect*; and, like that popular artist, are little solicitous about merits that are not to be comprehended at the first glance. Abrupt transitions, paradoxical contrasts, crimes of complicated enormity, and passions of demoniacal violence, are favourite ingredients in the literary cauldron of this class. What Demosthenes said of action, as conducive to oratory, they seem to apply to *effect*, in fictitious narratives. With them, it is the first, second, and third requisite, and truth and consistency are neglected and despised. Shakspeare, who (as Captain Bluff says of Hannibal,) was "a pretty fellow in his time," and no mean proficient in the art of producing an effect, attained this end by more legitimate means, and without sacrificing one iota of truth. So thoroughly did the great principle of truth pervade his writings, that, far from attempting to dazzle the world with glaring exhibitions of man as he is not, he even so described supernatural beings, that (as has been already well remarked) we feel a conviction, that if such beings had existed, they would have acted and spoken as he has represented. We are convinced that his fame has attained its present height and stability, not so much because we smile, and weep, and shudder, and are more powerfully affected by his works than by those of other men, but because we are ever more and more convinced, after the most careful attention, that his delineations of human nature are founded upon truth; and this it is which principally raises his writings above the vigorous productions of some of those of his contemporaries, whom it has lately been the fashion, among the Pancirolli of modern literature, to exalt almost to equality with him. It is by an attention to truth in their delineations, that the female novelists of this age are, for the most part, honourably distinguished. We know comparatively very few instances of decidedly false views of society or morals having been lately promulgated by women. They have done little to strengthen the heads of their readers, but they have applied themselves to that office for which woman is by nature best calculated—the improvement of their hearts.—*Edinburgh Review.*

A DAY AT THE HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE RUSSIAN ARMY IN POLAND.

I WAS at St. Petersburg when the first intelligence of the Polish insurrection reached the Russian capital. When the first movement of surprise caused by this unexpected political event had in some degree subsided, but one feeling appeared to pervade both the government and the Russian people—a mingled feeling of indignation and pity; violent indignation against the men who had madly precipitated their country into a contest so unequal—pity for the gallant but ill-fated Poles, on whom the unsparing wrath of the northern autocrat was about to fall with an iron hand. Indeed, the moment chosen for the development of the insurrectionary movement, appeared singularly ill-timed; for the Russian armies, for some time before, had been rapidly concentrating on the Polish frontiers. Orders were immediately sent off to put these troops in motion—and the campaign commenced.

The season was already far advanced; and, having no taste for the sublimity of a hyperborean winter, I turned my back on the Russian capital early in November, with the intention of reaching Vienna by the way of Poland. It was on a bitter cold night that I reached the town of Lomza, at that time the head-quarters of the Russian invading army of Poland. The north wind howled mournfully through the pine-wood which skirted the town; and as I descended at the Hotel de l'Empereur, I mentally resolved to make that posada my own head-quarters for a day or two, for the double purpose of recruiting from the fatigue of thirteen days and nights incessant travelling—and of renewing my acquaintance with an old travelling companion, the young Count D——, who I knew was attached to the staff of Field Marshal Count Diebitch.

Early the following morning, I despatched a note to my military friend, announcing my arrival, and had scarcely finished sipping my second cup of coffee, when in stalked to my apartment a tall cossack orderly, whom the count had sent to conduct me to his quarters. It was with some difficulty, under the escort of my cossack guide, that I succeeded in making the *place d'armes*; for a superb division of Russian light cavalry was at the moment defiling through the town. Traversing the square, we reached a large and ancient edifice, situated at the northern extremity, formerly the residence of a Polish starate, but now the quarter-general of Count Diebitch. Ascending a lofty flight of steps, we entered a wide and spacious hall. The scene which suddenly burst on my view was picturesque in the extreme.

The sides of the hall were decorated with rich and curious specimens of ancient armour, which contrasted singularly with the arms and accoutrements of the modern warriors who were assembled beneath its lofty roof. Standing in groups,

or lounging up and down with a listless air, their spurred heels clanging on the marble pavement, you beheld a steel-clad cuirassier of the guard, the graceful hulan, and the Cossack of the Don, picturesquely grouped with the sable-clad yager, or the more gorgeously attired hussar; while the stream of mellow light, reflected through the high-painted window, imparted to the whole a character of savage grandeur, which I shall not easily forget.

Passing onwards, we entered a large apartment, filled with general and staff officers. Among the latter I immediately recognised my young friend, who immediately introduced me to the group of officers with whom he had been conversing. One of these—a remarkably tall, handsome man, with his breast covered with a profusion of decorations—was General Count Geismar, the quarter-master-general of the army. The ceremony of introduction was scarcely finished, when a door opened, and an officer, dressed in a double-breasted green frock-coat, with scarlet cuffs and collar, the shoulders surmounted with rings, similar to those worn by the officers of our own household troops, entered the apartment. He wore an infantry sword, and a single riband decorated his button-hole. This was the celebrated conqueror of Turkey—General Count Diebitch. All present uncovered, and saluted him with profound respect. Advancing to the spot where we stood, he entered into conversation with General Geismar; and, during a pause, my friend seized the opportunity of introducing me to the marshal. He received me with the most distinguished urbanity of manners—spoke of the fatigue I must have undergone in travelling at that inclement season—and finished by inviting me, in the most condescending manner, to dine with him that day. As I gazed on the man who had played so distinguished a part on the theatre of events, I was struck with the absence of all those external indications of genius which we generally look for in great men. Diebitch appeared to be in his fifty-second year—of a short, thick-set figure—about five feet eight inches in height—with a rubicundity of complexion, which, to his more glorious title of Sabalskansky, had procured him, from the wags of the army, the less honourable one of the “punch-bowl.” The hour of dinner was so near, that I had scarcely time to reach my hotel to make the necessary changes which the occasion required.

On regaining the marshal's residence, I found my friend expatiating on the gaieties of Paris to a young cossack officer, from the wilds of Caucasus; dinner was almost immediately announced. Exclusive of the marshal's staff, about twenty officers, all of superior grade, sat down; the arrangements of the table were remarkably plain—the dishes were handed round in the

French style, and a bottle of wine was placed to each person—champagne was handed round with the desert. I was particularly struck with the absence of that easy flow of conversation, freedom of opinion, and, above all, that gentlemanly feeling of equality, so marked a feature of an English mess-table—there was no desultory conversation across the table. The marshal was listened to with marked attention. He questioned me, particularly, as to the composition and character of the South American troops, with whom he had heard that I had served, and remarked, that the habits of the Guachos of the Pampas resembled, in a remarkable degree, the wandering tribes of the Ukraine. The approaching military operations were never once discussed. There was, however, a *gene*, which all appeared to feel, and, I believe, no one felt sorry when the marshal rose from his chair, bowed to the company, and retired to his apartment—this was the signal for a general break up. I proposed, to my friend, to adjourn to my hotel to finish the evening, to which he assented—"Well, what think you of Sabalkansky?" said he, pledging me in a bumper of claret.—"Externally, nature has absolutely done nothing for him," was my reply.—"There you are most egregiously mistaken; she has on the contrary, done every thing for him; for it was his short, ungraceful figure which was the stepping-stone to his fortune."—"I have heard," I rejoined, "the anecdote to which you allude, but, like all such stories, deemed it the offspring of a malicious *jeu d'esprit*."—"There again," said the count, "you are mistaken, the anecdote is correct *a la lettre*, for you must know that it was a maternal uncle of mine, who, for his gigantic stature, was selected, by the Emperor Paul, to take the guard which it was little Sabalkansky's turn to mount, on the occasion of the King of Prussia's visit."—"But what think you of the Polish war?" said I, becoming, in my turn, the interlocutor.—"Think," he rejoined, with animation, "that it will be a mere hurrah and a horrid butchery, which humanity shudders at contemplating even in perspective—the Poles will fight like devils, but they will be crushed, and bloody indeed will be their day of retribution."—"If the Poles," I answered, "do but prove true to themselves, hopeless as I confess their cause appears, success may crown their efforts—the game of war has many vicissitudes, and accident often mars the most masterly combinations."—" *Detrombez vous mon cher!*—Can Polish patriotism burn with a brighter flame than when it was extinguished by the hand of Suwaroff? Believe me, there exists not the shadow of a chance for Poland; a single blow, and she is prostrate in the dust." My own opinion was too much in unison with that of my Russian friend, to admit of an argument. I merely, therefore, observed, that so short a campaign held out but little hopes of promotion.—"I should agree with you," said the count, "could I persuade myself that the possession of Warsaw will terminate our labours, but our forward movement will not stop there; the month

of May will see Sabalkansky on the Rhine, and then, but a short campaign, and the belles of Paris will, once more, behold the fires of the Russian bivouacs."—"So, then, according to your political horoscope, we may expect that the fierce struggle, which has so long devastated Europe, will be repeated over again. But, *mon cher Compte*, with what eye do you think that England, the *arbiter gentiarum*, will view these hostile movements."—"With the eye of neutrality, *mon ami*, while your aristocracy will view with complacency, our attempt to root up those noxious principles which have again bloomed on the soil of France.—But I am no politician," he continued; "and if I were, I have no time to discuss this matter at present. The post of aide-de-camp is, I assure you, no sinecure—in two days we break up our quarters;—take my advice, and break up yours also—get out of Poland as quick as possible; avoid the track of our army; for, believe me, a foreigner and idler, at our head-quarters, may excite suspicion. Your arrival has already given rise to a host of idle conjectures." I profited by his advice, left early the following morning, and reached Vienna in safety.

Near a year has rolled away since I left Lomza. Poland still shows an unconquered front—the cholera has dissipated the ambitious dreams of Diebitch Sabalkansky—while my friend, who, in the noon-tide of youth and military ardour, so confidently predicted a different result to the campaign, perished on the bloody field of Ostrolenka.

The Polish campaign has confirmed the truth of that profound observation of Napoleon's, that, in war, the moral is to the physical force, as three parts to one—still, it is not to the powerful development of this force that the Poles entirely owe their success—Fortune, which rules in war, has powerfully befriended them. Count Diebitch's plan of campaign was well conceived—every chance was nicely calculated, and due weight given to the fierce resistance which the Poles would offer; and yet it failed from accidents, too capricious to be guarded against, and which may baffle the finest combinations. The rapid and unexpected thaw, which destroyed the roads, not only impeded the advance of his columns, but prevented his supplies from coming up, and ruined his army. The elements proved as fatal to Diebitch as to Napoleon, while the wretched administration of the Russian commissariat consummated the evil.

If we measure the operations of Count Diebitch by the rules of the military art, we shall find that fortune, as Livy so finely remarked of Hannibal, took a malicious pleasure in confounding, at once, his good sense, his military skill, and his bravery.

The smallest coin in Venice was called a *gazette*, and as the first newspapers printed there were sold for that sum a-piece, they were thence called gazettes.

A POET'S DAUGHTER.

Written for Miss * * * *, at the request of her Father.

BY MR. HALLECK.

"A LADY asks the minstrel's rhyme."
A lady asks?—There was a time,
When, musical as play-bells chime
To wearied boy,
That sound would summon dreams sublime
Of pride and joy.

But now the spell hath lost its sway,
Life's first-born fancies first decay,
Gone are the plumes and pennons gay
Of young romance;
There linger but her ruins gray
And broken lance.

"This is no world," so Hotspur said,
For "tilting lips" and "mammets" made,
No longer in love's myrtle shade
My thoughts recline—
I'm busy in the cotton trade,
And sugar line.

"'Tis youth, 'tis beauty asks—the green
And growing leaves of seventeen
Are round her; and, half hid, half seen,
"A violet flower:
"Nursed by the virtues she hath been
"From childhood's hour."

Blind passion's picture—yet for this
We woo the life-long bridal kiss,
And blend our every hope of bliss
With her's we love;
Her's—who admired a serpent's hiss
In Eden's grove!

Beauty—the fading rainbow's pride,
Youth—'twas the charm of her who died
At dawn, and by her coffin's side,
A grandsire stands;
Age strengthened, like the oak, storm-tried,
Of mountain lands.

Youth's coffin—hush the tale it tells!
Be silent, memory's funeral bells!
Lone in my heart, her home, it dwells,
Untold till death,
And where the grave-mound greenly swells
O'er buried faith.

"But she who asks hath rank and power,
"And treasured gold, and banner'd tower,
"A kingdom for her marriage dower,
"Broad seas and lands;
"Armies her train, a throne her bower,
"A queen commands!"

A queen? Earth's regal suns have set.
Where perish'd Marie Antoinette?
Where's Bordeaux's mother? where the jet
Black Haytien dame?
And Lusitania's coronet?
And Angouleme?

Empires to-day are upside down,
The castle kneels before the town,
The monarch fears a printer's frown,
A brick-bat's range—
Give me in preference to a crown,
Five shillings change.

"Another asks—though first among
"The good, the beautiful, the young
"The birth-right of a spell more strong
"Than these hath brought her;
"She is your kinswoman in song.
"A poet's daughter!"

A poet's daughter? Could I claim
The consanguinity of fame,
Veins of my intellectual frame,
Your blood would glow
Proudly, to sing that gentlest name
Of aught below!

A poet's daughter! Dearer word
Lip hath not spoke, nor listener heard
Fit theme for song of bee and bird
From morn till even,
And wind-harp, by the breathing stirred
Of star-lit heaven.

My spirit's wings are weak—the fire
Poetic comes but to expire,
Her name needs not my humble lyre
To bid it live;
She hath already from her sire
All bard can give.

THE WORLD'S MASQUE.

BY MISS JEWELRY.

"I AM not old—I am not old"—
'Twas thus I heard one say,
"And there's a spirit in my heart
That keeps old age away;
'Tis Love—that like an Angel guards
Life's fountain from decay.

I muse upon my fellow-men—
To me they are a book,
And oft my fancy rightly spells
Their thoughts—by word and look;
Ay, many a proud and weary wight
That searching ill would brook.

For this, I seek the haunts of mirth,
And those that mirth haunts least;
None fear me—for they deem me one
With whom life's love hath ceased;
They slip their visors, and I see
The spectre at the feast!

When others praise the lute and song,
The singer and his spell,
I gaze upon each listener's face
That can deep histories tell,
Seeking the one, for whom, alas!
The singer sang so well.

I follow in the track of Fame,
The path her crowned ones tread,
Others behold their glittering eyes,
But I their brows instead—
And the momentary look that asks
For rest—if with the dead!

And when I see a placid face
That speaks the heart asleep,
While others on its beauty dwell,
I—turn aside and weep;
For all that, ere a year be past,
May there plough furrows deep.

The man—the man of guile and care,
Whose heart hath long been dry;
A fountain whence no waters flow,
But weeds instead wave high;
Others may hear his courtly wit,
I—but his smothered sigh!

Oh, fellow-men! how often grief
Is on me for your sakes!
And yet I would not love ye less—
For the sorrow that love wakes
Makes my heart prayerful for ye all.
And happy while it aches!"



DANCING.

DANCING claims its origin from the earliest ages of the world. Joy and pleasure were at first expressed by the natural motions of the body, by irregular jumps and springs, but, in process of time, these irregular movements were regulated by the sound of the voice and of musical instruments. Then, the motions of the body and arms and the features also began to express, after some acknowledged principles, the passions of man. According to the impulse of these, the feet moved either slowly or quickly.

It is to dancing that young people are indebted for that elasticity of their limbs, that ease in the motion of their bodies, those polite and agreeable manners, and prepossessing graces which are all so ornamental in society. The domain of dancing is immense. This art possesses unbounded advantages and well acknowledged attributes. It certainly enhances, embellishes, and perfects the work of nature. To enter an assembly and salute the company with unaffected ease; to approach a person with affection; to present or receive any thing; to sit down with an agreeable deportment; to do away awkward timidity and *mauvaise honte* which denote weakness of character; to display a frank and open countenance, sweet and agreeable manners; to banish a foppish and sometimes insipid appearance; such are the objects and benefits derived from this elegant art.

Every person may study the art of dancing without having any natural dispositions for it; because these may be acquired by steady exertions. However, such persons as are endowed with those dispositions, will always be found superior to those who are not favoured with them; provided they are properly taught. Taste must be considered as one of the principal natural dispositions for dancing, and is a sure guide to success: with a good taste we acquire perfection rapidly in that art; but, without any, every thing grows flat and insipid, and he who has no share of it is compelled to abandon the practice of an

accomplishment for which nature has not intended him.

It often happens, that, dazzled by the brilliancy and variety of steps, many pupils imagine that by performing the hardest and most difficult ones they will thus render their talent and happy dispositions the more conspicuous. They are mistaken: for it is not the quantity nor the difficulty, but the mode of executing the steps which commands the attention of connoisseurs. Sometimes it will require several months of continual practice and strenuous exertion to be able to perform, according to the principles of the art, a step, the acquisition of which has been neglected at first on account of its simplicity. Those who have thus erred will, hereafter, form a better judgment. He who wishes to learn dancing must study the first principles of the art, and his success will be in proportion to his attention and perseverance. If the principles are correct, a good taste will be created, and the pupil will know how to rid himself of those violent and ridiculous contortions which are frequently made by young dancers, who thus mutilate and disfigure the beauties of this elegant accomplishment.

It is by following right principles, it is by studying and practising them, that a handsome and neat mode of execution and a high degree of perfection may be attained. Whosoever wishes to improve must, as we have already said, study with attention and patience; and, above all, not interrupt the course of his studies with too long intervals. Perseverance insures improvement, and never fails to crown labour with success.

Dancing is to the body what reading is to the mind. Reading good books enriches the intellect, and causes it to shed a lustre, an eclat more brilliant than if it was left to the simple resources of nature. Thus a scientific mode of execution in dancing gives the body advantages, which nature alone does not impart.

ESCAPE OF GENERAL LAVALLETTE.

From his autobiography, just published. The General, it will be recollected, was sentenced to death by the Bourbon Government, for joining Bonaparte on his return from Elba.

THE following is the narrative of the escape. Let it be remembered that Madame Lavallette was hardly recovered from child-bed—that she was worn down with beseeching the Court, with lying in wait for the King, with sitting on the steps of the apartment of the Duchess d'Angouleme, with thrusting or insinuating herself into the bureaux of the ministers, added to all the misery of suspense. After all, she could coolly feel her husband's pulse to ascertain whether he was fit for the enterprise: her own was in a fever, and yet she seemed calm.

“At five o'clock, Emilie came, accompanied by Josephine, whom I saw again, with as much surprise as pleasure. ‘I believe,’ she said, ‘it is better to take our child with us. I shall make her do with more docility what I want.’ She was dressed in a pelisse of merino, richly lined with fur, which she was accustomed to put on over her light dress on leaving a ball-room. She had taken in her reticule a black silk petticoat. ‘This is quite sufficient,’ she said, ‘to disguise you completely.’ She then sent my daughter to the window, and added, in a low voice, ‘at seven o'clock precisely you must be ready; all is well prepared. In going out you will take hold of Josephine's arm. Take care to walk very slowly; and when you cross the large registering room, you will put on my gloves and cover your face with my handkerchief. I had some thoughts of putting on a veil, but unfortunately I have not been accustomed to wear one when I come here; it is therefore of no use to think about it. Take care when you pass under the doors, which are very low, not to break the feathers of your bonnet, for then all would be lost. I always find the turnkeys in the registering room, and the jailor generally hands me to my chair, which constantly stands near the entrance-door, but this time it will be in the yard, at the top of the grand staircase. There you will be met after a short time by M. Baudus, who will lead you to the cabriolet, and will acquaint you with the place where you are to remain concealed. Afterwards, let God's will be done, my dear. Do exactly all I tell you. Remain calm. Give me your hand, I wish to feel your pulse. Very well. Now feel mine. Does it denote the slightest emotion?’ I could perceive that she was in a high fever. ‘But, above all things,’ she added, ‘let us not give way to our feelings—that would be our ruin.’ I gave her, however, my marriage-ring, on the pretence that if I were stopped in my journey to the frontiers it would be advisable not to have any thing about me by which I might be known. She then called my daughter and said to her, ‘Listen attentively, child, to what I am going to say to you, for I shall make you repeat it. I shall go away this evening at seven o'clock, instead of

eight: you must walk behind me, because you know the doors are narrow; but when we enter the long registering room, take care to place yourself on my left hand. The jailor is accustomed to offer me his arm on that side, and I do not choose to take it. When we are out of the iron gate, and ready to go up the outside staircase, then pass to my right hand, that those impertinent gendarmes of the guard-house may not stare in my face as they always do. Have you understood me well?’ The child repeated the instructions with wonderful exactness. She had scarcely finished when St. Roses came to us. He had got introduced under the pretence of accompanying Madame Lavallette home; but his real aim was to see me once more, for he was not in our confidence. His presence would have been a great restraint upon us. I took him therefore aside, and said to him, ‘leave us now, my friend, Emilie has, as yet, no idea of her misfortune. We must let her continue in her ignorance. Come back at eight o'clock: but do not come in if the sedan chair is no longer there. In that case, go immediately to her house for she will be there.’

“I embraced him, and forced him out of the door. But there soon came another visitor; it was Colonel Briquerville, whose wounds had kept him at home for above two months. He had not expected to see my wife, and he soon perceived that his presence might be intrusive, though he was not yet acquainted with the whole extent of my horrible situation. So great was his emotion that I was afraid it would become contagious. ‘Leave us,’ I whispered to him; ‘this is the last time I see her. One moment's weakness may kill her.’ At last we remained alone. I looked at Emilie; I thought of all the obstacles I should find in my way, and which would overwhelm us. A fatal idea crossed my mind; ‘suppose,’ said I, ‘you were to go to the jailor and offer him one hundred thousand francs, if he will shut his eyes when I pass; he will perhaps consent, and we shall all be saved.’ She looked at me for a moment in silence, and then replied, ‘well, I will go.’ She went out and came back after a few minutes. I already repented the step I had made her take. I was sensible how useless, how imprudent it was. But when she returned, she said to me calmly, ‘it is of no use. I drew from the jailor but a few words, and these were sufficient to convince me of his honesty, therefore let us think no more of it.’

“Dinner was at last brought up. Just as we were going to sit down to table, an old nurse of ours, Madame Dutoit, who had accompanied Josephine, came in very ill. Madame de Lavallette had left her in the registering-room, intending to send her after me when I should be gone; but the heat of the German stove and her emotion had made her so ill, and she had so long insisted on seeing me once more, that the turnkey

let her in without the permission of the jailor. Far from being useful to us, the poor woman only added to our confusion. She might lose her presence of mind at the sight of my disguise; but what was to be done? The first object was to make her cease her moanings, and Emilie said to her in a low but firm voice, 'no childishness. Sit down to table, but do not eat: hold your tongue, and keep this smelling-bottle to your nose. In less than an hour you will be in the open air.'

"This meal, which to all appearance was to be the last of my life, was terrible. The bits stopped in our throats; not a word was uttered by any of us, and in that situation we were to pass almost an hour. Six and three-quarters struck at last. 'I only want five minutes, but I must speak to Bonneville,' said Madame de Lavallette. She pulled the bell, and the valet-de-chambre came in; she took him aside, whispered a few words to him, and added aloud, 'take care that the chairmen be at their posts, for I am coming; now,' she said to me, 'it is time to dress.'

"A part of my room was divided off by a screen, and, formed a sort of dressing-closet. We stepped behind the screen, and while she was dressing me with charming presence of mind and expedition, she said to me, 'do not forget to stoop when you go through the doors; walk slowly through the registering-room, like a person exhausted with fatigue.' In less than three minutes my toilet was complete. We went back to the room, and Emilie said to her daughter, 'what do you think of your father?' A smile of surprise and incredulity escaped the poor girl: 'I am serious, my dear—what do you think of him?' I then turned round, and advanced a few steps. 'He looks very well,' she answered; and her head fell again, oppressed on her bosom. We all advanced in silence towards the door. I said to Emilie, 'the jailor comes in every evening, after you are gone. Place yourself behind the screen, and make a little noise, as if you were moving some piece of furniture. He will think it is I, and will go out again. By that means I shall gain a few minutes, which are absolutely necessary for me to get away.' She understood me, and I pulled the bell. 'Adieu!' she said, raising her eyes to heaven. I pressed her arm with my trembling hand, and we exchanged a look. If we had embraced, we had been ruined. The turnkey was heard; Emilie flew behind the screen; the door opened; I passed first, then my daughter, and lastly Madame Dutoit. After having crossed the passage, I arrived at the door of the registering room. I was obliged, at the same time, to raise my foot and to stoop lest the feathers of my bonnet should catch at the top of the door. I succeeded: but, on raising myself again, I found myself in the large apartment, in the presence of five turnkeys, sitting, standing, and coming in my way. I put my handkerchief to my face, and was waiting for my daughter to place herself on my left hand. The child, however, took my right hand; and the jailor, coming down the stairs of his apartment, which was on the left

hand, came up to me without hindrance, and putting his hand on my arm, said to me, 'you are going away early, Madame.' He appeared much affected, and undoubtedly thought my wife had taken an everlasting leave of her husband. It has been said, that my daughter and I sobbed aloud: the fact is, we scarcely dared to sigh. I at last reached the end of the room. A turnkey sits there day and night in a large arm chair, and in a space so narrow, that he can keep his hands on the keys of two doors, one of iron bars, and the other towards the outer part, and which is called the first wicket. This man looked at me without opening his doors. I passed my right hand between the bars, to show him I wished to go out. He turned, at last, his two keys, and we got out. There my daughter did not mistake again, but took my right arm. We had a few steps to ascend to come to the yard; but, at the bottom of the staircase there is a guard-house of gendarmes. About twenty soldiers, headed by their officer, had placed themselves a few paces from me to see Madame de Lavallette pass. At last I slowly reached the last step, and went into the chair that stood a yard or two distant. But no chairman, no servant was there. My daughter and the old woman remained standing next to the vehicle, with a sentry at six paces from them, immovable, and his eyes fixed on me. A violent degree of agitation began to mingle with my astonishment. My looks were directed towards the sentry's musket, like those of a serpent towards its prey. It almost seemed to me that I held the musket in my grasp. At the first motion, at the first noise, I was resolved to seize it. I felt as if I possessed the strength of ten men; and I would most certainly have killed whoever had attempted to lay hands on me. This terrible situation lasted about two minutes, but they seemed to me as long as a whole night. At last I heard Bonneville's voice saying to me, 'one of the chairmen was not punctual, but I have found another.' At the same instant I felt myself raised. The chair passed through the great court, and, on getting out, turned to the right. We proceeded to the Quai des Orfèvres, facing the Rue de Harlay. There the chair stopped, and my friend Baudus, offering me his arm, said aloud, 'you know, Madame, you have a visit to pay to the President.' I got out, and he pointed to a cabriolet that stood at some distance in that dark street. I jumped into it, and the driver said to me, 'give me my whip.' I looked for it in vain;—he had dropped it. 'Never mind,' said my companion. A motion of the reins made the horse start off in a quick trot. In passing by I saw Josephine on the Quai, her hands clasped and fervently offering up prayers to God. We crossed the Pont St. Michel, the Rue de la Harpe, and we soon reached the Rue de Vaugirard, behind the Odeon theatre. It was not till then that I breathed at ease. In looking at the driver of the cabriolet, how great was my astonishment to recognise Count Chassenon, whom I was very far from expecting to find there. 'What!' I said, 'is it you?'—'Yes; and you have behind you

four double-barrelled pistols, well loaded; I hope you will make use of them.' 'No, indeed, I will not compromise you.' 'Then I shall set you the example, and wo to whoever shall attempt to stop your flight.'

"We entered the new Boulevard, at the corner of the Rue Plumet: there we stopped. I placed a white pocket-handkerchief in the front of the cabriolet. This was the signal agreed upon with M. Baudus. During the way, I had thrown off all the female attire with which I was disguised, and put on a dicky great-coat with a round silver-laced hat. M. Baudus soon joined us. I took leave of M. de Chassenon, and modestly followed my new master. It was eight o'clock in the evening; it poured torrents of rain; the night was extremely dark, and the solitude complete in that part of the Faubourg St. Germain. I walked with difficulty. M. Baudus went on more rapidly, and it was not without trouble that I could keep up with him. I soon left one of my shoes in the mire, but I was, nevertheless, obliged to get on. We saw gendarmes galloping along, who were undoubtedly in search of me, and never imagined that I was so near them. Finally, after one hour's walk, fatigued to death, with one shoe on, and one off, we arrived in the Rue Grenelle, near the Rue de Bac, where M. Baudus stopped for a moment. 'I am going,' he said 'to enter a nobleman's hotel. While I speak to the porter get into the court. You will find a staircase on your left hand. Go up to the highest story. Go through a dark passage you will meet with to the right, and at the bottom of which is a pile of wood. Stop there.' We then walked a few steps up the Rue de Bac, and I was seized with a sort of giddiness when I saw him knock at the door of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, the Duke de Richelieu. M. Baudus went in first; and while he was talking to the porter, who thrust his head out of his lodge; I passed rapidly by. 'Where is that man going?' cried the porter. 'It is my servant.' I quickly went up to the third floor, and reached the place that had been described to me. I was scarcely there when I heard the rustling of a silk gown. I felt myself gently taken by the arm and pushed into an apartment, the door of which was immediately shut upon me. I stepped on towards a lighted fire, which cast around the room a very faint glimmering. Having placed my hands upon the stove to warm myself, I found a candlestick and a bundle of matches. I guessed that I might light a candle. I did so; and I examined my new abode. It was a middle-sized room, on the garret-floor. The furniture consisted of a very clean bed, a chest of drawers, two chairs, and a small German stove of earthen-ware. On the chest of drawers I found a paper, on which the following words were written:—'Make no noise. Never open your window but in the night, wear slippers of list, and wait with patience.' Next to this paper was a bottle of excellent claret, several volumes of Moliere and Rabelais, and a basket containing sponges, perfumed soap, almond paste, and all the little utensils of a gentle-

man's dressing-box. The delicate attentions and the neat handwriting of the note, made me guess that my hosts combined with their most generous feelings, elegant and refined manners. But why was I in the Hotel of Foreign Affairs? I had never seen the Duke de Richelieu. M. Baudus was indeed attached to that department, but in a very indirect manner. I could not have inspired any interest in the King; besides, in that case, it would have been more natural to pardon me. If I was there by the connivance of the Minister, what reason could he have had to violate his sacred duties, belie the loyalty he owed his sovereign, associate himself with the party of Buonaparte, and protect a criminal sentenced for a conspiracy?"

After a confinement of some time in these apartments, Lavallette ultimately got out of Paris, by the assistance of two Englishmen, Sir Robert Wilson and Mr. Bruce. His wife was brutally treated in prison; and for twelve years after her enlargement, suffered under an aberration of intellect: melancholy and despondence were the sad effects of her heroic conduct: the instrument had been too highly strung. We believe she still survives, and has recovered from the effects of her malady.

HISTORY OF HATS.

At a recent meeting of the London Society of Antiquaries, Mr. Repton communicated a very curious and interesting paper on the history of hats, accompanied by eight sheets of drawings of hats and caps, in an infinity of shapes and fashions, from the time of Richard II. up to 1784. He observed, the name hat was derived from a Saxon word, meaning a covering for the head, in which general sense it had been used by early authors, and applied to the helmets of steel. Hats and caps were anciently made of felt, woollen, silk, straw, and various other materials, and were as diversified in their colours. In the time of Elizabeth the common people generally wore woollen caps, and some acts were passed in her reign to encourage the manufacture of them. The broad brims were introduced by the cardinals to their scarlet hats, and followed by the clergy. The inconvenience of the broad rims all round, caused the turning of one side, then two sides were turned up, and, at last, turning up three sides introduced the cocked hat. The high-crowned hat was first worn in the time of Elizabeth, and declined in the reign of Charles II. Mr. Repton then noticed the ornaments of hats, such as feathers, brooches, and bands. Henry VIII. is described on his entry into Calais, as wearing feathers from India four feet long; and men wore feathers in their hats as late as the reign of Queen Anne. Yew is mentioned as placed in the hat to denote mourning for a deceased relative and friend. The paper contained numerous curious and amusing quotations on the subject from a great variety of authors.

THE FAITHFUL.

Thou wert young, Love, ere we parted—a gay and graceful
flower,
With heart as light, and brow as bright as summer's sun-
niest hour;
With lips that shamed the forest tree, and whispers soft and
low
As living streams of paradise at morn were heard to flow.

Thou wert young, Love, ere we parted—thy gift of life was
blest
With hope that, like a spirit-bird, sang ever in thy breast;
Thy thoughts were like those fairy gems the good alone may
find,
Thy cares like twilight clouds that show the beaming stars
behind:

Thou wert young, Love, *when* we parted—pale sorrow
bathed thy cheek,
And sadder bodings chilled thy heart than sighs had skill to
speak;
But Love hath wordless melody, an eloquence no tongue
May e'er express in human speech, or breath in sweetest
song:

The ship lay rocking in the bay—the southern breeze sprang
fair;
I kissed thy cold and altered cheek, and wildly left thee
there;
I wept not *then*, my lips were steeped in tears, but not mine
own;
For grief had parched my heart's warm dew, and held it
scared and lone:

The moonlight rose upon the sea, but found nor ship nor
barque!
Like hills of silver shone the waves: but all the shore lay
dark!
As though thy maiden beauty graced and gladdened e'en the
sea;
But ah! the shore was dark, my Love, thy light had gone
from me!

To other lands away—away—thy loveliness was borne;
Oh! wherefore, ere we bade farewell, had I not died that
morn?
The dawn rose o'er the purple waves all beautiful and free,
Yet still the shore lay dark, my Love, there came no morn
for me!.

Oh! I remember well the hour, when months and months
were past,
Those blessed lines of love from thee—from *thee* arrived at
last!
I kissed each word thy hand had traced, each sign thy touch
had left,
And, trembling, hid it next my heart—I was not quite bereft!

Thou wert young, Love, ere we parted—thy step was fleet
and free,
And graceful as the dappled fawn that bounds o'er lawn
and lea;
Yet why regret the lost, the sweet, the early scenes we
ranged—
Through wave and storm, at length we meet—the same, but
ah! how changed!

The daring breath of Time has touched thy chesnut curls
with snow,
Thy form hath lost its fawn-like grace—thine eyes their
sunny glow;
Yet art thou still the same to me—ay, dear in thy decay,
As when a bright and beautiful girl, thou heard'st my first
fond lay.

Our passion was no sun-born flower a moment starts to
night,
That wastes its bloom in one brief day, and withers in a
night;

Ours was no transitory love, that li' e the rainbow plays,
And wreathes the memory just as long as it may charm the
gaze!

But like the tree that lifts its head amidst the northern
snows,
And steadfast weathers every breeze and every blast that
blows;
That, when the latest leaf hath past, remembers but the
spring;
For night which closes in so fast, a second morn may bring!

THE ACCEPTED.

BY THOMAS HAYNES DALY.

I THANK you for that downcast look,
And for that blushing cheek:
I would not have you raise your eyes,
I would not have you speak:
Though mute, I deem you eloquent,
I ask no other sign,
While thus your little hand remains
Confidingly in mine.

I know you fain would hide from me
The tell-tale tears that steal
Unbidden forth, and half betray
The anxious fears you feel.
From friends long-tried and dearly loved
The plighted bride must part:
Then freely weep—I could not love
A cold unfeeling heart.

I know you love your cottage home,
Where in the summer time,
Your hand has taught the clematis,
Around the porch to climb;
Yon casement with the wild rose screen,
Yon little garden too,
How many fond remembrances
Endear them all to you.

You sigh to leave your mother's roof,
Though on my suit she smiled,
And spurning ev'ry selfish thought,
Gave up her darling child;
Sigh not for *her*, she now may claim,
Kind deeds from more than *one*;
She'll gaze upon her daughter's smiles
Supported by her Son!

I thank you for that look—it speaks
Reliance on my truth;
And never shall unkindness wound
Your unsuspecting youth;
If fate should frown, and anxious thoughts
Oppress your husband's mind,
Oh! never fear to cling to me—
I could not be unkind.

Come, look upon this golden ring—
You have no cause to shrink,
Though oft 'tis galling as the slave's
Indissoluble link!
And look upon yon Church, the place
Of blessing and of prayer;
Before the altar hear my vows—
Who *could* dissemble *there*!

Come to my home; your bird shall have
As tranquil a retreat;
Your dog shall find a resting place,
And slumber at your feet:
And while you turn your spinning wheel,
Oh! let me hear you sing,
Or I shall think you cease to love
Your little golden ring.

ON THE FEMALE FORM.

" Who doth not feel, until his aching sight
Faints into dimness with its own delight,
His changing cheek, his sinking heart, confess
The might, the majesty of loveliness ?

BYRON.

To preserve the health of the human form, is the first object of consideration. This is of primary importance, for with its health we necessarily maintain its symmetry, and improve its beauty.

The foundation of a just proportion, in all its parts, must be laid in infancy; for, "as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined." A light dress, which gives freedom to the functions of life and action, is the best adapted to permit unobstructed growth; for thence the young fibres, uninterrupted by obstacles of art, will shoot harmoniously into the form which nature drew. The garb of childhood should in all respects be easy; not to impede its movements by ligatures on the chest, the loins, the legs, or the arms. By this liberty, we shall see the muscles of the limbs gradually assume the fine swell and insertion which only unstrained exercise can produce. The shape will sway gracefully on the firmly poised waist; the chest will rise in noble and healthy expanse; and the human figure will start forward at the blooming age of youth, maturing into the full perfection of unsophisticated nature.

The lovely form of woman in particular, thus educated, or rather thus left to its natural bias, assumes a variety of interesting characters. In one youthful figure, we see the lineaments of a wood nymph; a form slight and elastic in all its parts. The shape,

*" Small by degrees, and beautifully less,
From the soft bosom to the tender waist !"*

A foot light as that of her whose flying step scarcely brushed the "unbending corn;" and limbs, whose agile grace moved in gay harmony with the turns of her swan-like neck and sparkling eyes.

Another fair one appears with the chastened dignity of a vestal. Her proportions are of a less aerial outline. As she draws near, we perceive that the contour of her figure is on a broader and less flexible scale than that of her more ethereal sister. Euphrosyne speaks in the one, Melpomene in the other.

Between these two lies the whole range of female character in form; and, in proportion as the figure approaches the one extreme or the other, we call it grave or gay, majestic or graceful. Not but that the same person may, by a happy combination of charms, unite these qualities in different degrees, as we sometimes see graceful majesty and majestic grace. Unless the commanding figure softens the amplitude of its contour with a gentle elegance, it may possess

a sort of regal consequence, but it will be that of a heavy and harsh importance; and, on the other hand, unless the slight and airy form, full of youth and animal spirits, superadds to these attractions the grace of a restraining dignity, her vivacity will be deemed levity, and her activity the romping of a wild hoyden.

Young women, therefore, when they present themselves to the world, must not implicitly fashion their demeanours according to the leveling rules of the generality of school-governesses; but, considering the character of their own figures, allow their deportment, and select their dress, to follow and correct the bias of nature.

There is a class of female contour which bears such faint marks of any positive character, that the best advice I can give to them who have it, is to assume that of the sedate. Such an appearance is unobtrusive; it is amiable, and not only secure from animadversion, but very likely to awaken respect and love. Indeed, in all cases, a modest reserve is essential to the perfection of feminine attraction.

As it has been observed, that, during the period of youth, different women wear a variety of characters, such as the gay, the grave, &c. when it is found that even this loveliest season of life places its subjects in varying lights, how necessary does it seem that women should carry this idea yet farther by analogy, and recollect that she has a summer as well as a spring, an autumn, and a winter! As the aspect of the earth alters with the changes of the year, so does the appearance of a woman adapt itself to the time which passes over her. Like the rose, she buds, she blooms, she fades, she dies!

When the freshness of virgin youth vanishes — when Delia passes her teens, and approaches her thirtieth year, she may then consider her day as at the meridian; but the sun which shines so brightly on her beauties, declines while it displays them. A few short years, and the jocund step, the airy habit, the sportive manner, must all be exchanged for "faltering steps and slow." Before this happens, it would be well for her to remember that it is wiser to throw a shadow over her yet unimpaired charms, than to hold them in the light till they are seen to decay.

Each age has an appropriate style of figure and pleasing; and it is the business of discernment and taste to discover and maintain those advantages in their due seasons.

The general characteristics of youth, are meek dignity, chastened sportiveness, and gentle seriousness. Middle age has the privilege of pre-

servicing, unaltered, the graceful majesty and tender gravity which may have marked its earlier years. But the gay manners of the comic muse must, in the advance of life, be discreetly softened down into little more than cheerful amenity.

Time marches on, and another change takes place. Amiable as the former characteristics may be, they must give way to the sober, the venerable aspect with which age, experience, and "a soul commercing with the skies," ought to adorn the silver hairs of the Christian matron.

Nature having maintained a harmony between the figure of woman and her years, it is decorous that the consistency should extend to the materials and fashion of her apparel. For youth to dress like age, is an instance of bad taste seldom seen. But age, affecting the airy garments of youth, the transparent *drapery of Coë*, and the sportiveness of a girl, is an anachronism as frequent as it is ridiculous.

Virgin, bridal Beauty, when she arrays herself with taste, obeys an end of her creation—that of increasing her charms in the eyes of some virtuous lover, or the husband of her bosom. She is approved. But when the wrinkled fair, the hoary-headed matron, attempts to equip herself for conquest, to awaken sentiments which, when the bloom on her cheek has disappeared, her rouge can never recall; and, despite of all her efforts, we can perceive "*memento mori*" written on her face, then we cannot but deride her folly, or, in pity, counsel her rather to seek for charms the mental graces of Madame de Sevigne, than the meretricious arts of Ninon de l'Enclos.

But that, in some cases, wrinkles may be long ward off, and auburn looks preserve a lengthened freshness, is not to be denied; and, where nature prolongs the youth of a Helen or a Sarah, it is not for man to see her otherwise. These are rare instances; and, in the minds of rational women, ought rather to excite wonder than desire to emulate their extended reign. But what ought to be we know is not always adopted. St. Evremond has told us that "a woman's last sighs are for her beauty;" and what this wit has advanced the sex has ever been too ready to confirm. A strange kind of art, a sort of sorcery, is prescribed by tradition, and in books, in the form of cosmetics, &c., to preserve female charms in perpetual youth. But I fear that, until these composts can be concocted in Medea's caldron, they will never have any better effect than exercising the faith and patience of the credulous dupes, who expect to find the *elixir vite* in any mixture under heaven.

The rules which I would lay down for the preservation of the bloom of beauty, during its natural life, are few, and easy of access. And, besides having the advantage of speaking from my own wide and minute observation, I have the authorities of the most eminent physicians of every age, to support my argument.

The secret of preserving beauty lies in three things—temperance, exercise and cleanliness. From these few heads, I hope much good instruction may be deduced. *Temperance* includes moderation at table, and in the enjoyment of what the world calls pleasure. A young beauty, were she as fair as Hebe, and elegant as the Goddess of Love herself, would soon lose these charms by a course of inordinate eating, drinking, and late hours.

I guess that my delicate young readers will start at this last sentence, and wonder how it can be that any well-bred woman should think it possible that pretty ladies could be guilty of either of the two first-mentioned excesses. But, when I speak of *inordinate* eating, &c., I do not mean feasting like a glutton, or drinking to intoxication. My objection is not more against the quantity than the quality of the dishes which constitute the usual repasts of women of fashion. Their breakfasts not only set forth tea and coffee, but chocolate, and *hot* bread and butter. Both of these latter articles, when taken constantly, are hostile to health and female delicacy. The heated grease, which is their principal ingredient, deranges the stomach; and, by creating or increasing bilious disorders, gradually overspreads the fair skin with a wan or yellow hue. After this meal, a long and exhausting fast not unfrequently succeeds, from ten in the morning till six or seven in the evening, when dinner is served up; and the half-famished beauty sits down to sate a keen appetite with Cayenne soups, fish, French pates steaming with garlic, roast and boiled meat, game, tarts, sweet-meats, ices, fruits, &c. &c. &c. How must the constitution suffer under the digestion of this *melange*! How does the heated complexion bear witness to the combustion within! And, when we consider that the beverage she takes to dilute this mass of food, and assuage the consequent fever in her stomach, is not merely water from the spring, but champagne, madeira, and other wines, foreign and domestic, you cannot wonder that I should warn the inexperienced creature against intemperance. The superabundance of aliment which she takes in at this time, is not only destructive of beauty, but the period of such repletion is full of other dangers. Long fasting wastes the powers of digestion, and weakens the springs of life. In this enfeebled state, at the hour when nature intends we should prepare for general repose, we put our stomach and animal spirits to extraordinary exertion. Our vital functions are overtaken and overloaded;—we become hectic—for observation strongly declares that invalid and delicate persons should rarely eat solids after three o'clock in the day, as fever is generally the consequence; and thus, almost every complaint that distresses and destroys the human frame, may be engendered.

"When hunger calls, obey; nor often wait
Till hunger sharpen to corrosive pain;
For the keen appetite will feast beyond
What nature well can bear; and one extreme
Ne'er without danger meets its own reverse."

A TALE OF BORDEAUX.

WHEN the army of the Duke of Wellington was marching upon Toulouse, a deputation was sent to him from the Royalists of Bordeaux, promising, that if he would detach a small force in that direction, the town should be given up to him for the King.

Immediately rumour, with her thousand tongues, sent about the town all manner of reports; lying here, lying there, till she frightened all the peaceable inhabitants out of their wits. The commandant of the Chateau Trompette was resolved, they said, to defend it for Napoleon to the last; and there he lay, with a formidable force, keeping the tri-coloured flag flying continually, and threatening to turn his cannon on the town, if it submitted to the English. On the other hand, came the news that the British and Spanish forces were marching upon Bordeaux, and that their general threatened, if a shot was fired in its defence, to give the town up to the fury of the soldiery; and immediately murder and assassination got into all the old womens' heads in the place, and nothing was thought of but finding some hole to hide their children and their money till the storm had blown over.

There was at that time living in Bordeaux an old Welsh lady of the name of Jones, and like Jephtha, judge of Israel, she was blessed with one fair daughter, whom she loved passing well. She had continued to live on in France through peace and war, without minding any one, and, as she said, had never been frightened at any thing since her poor dear husband's death, till she heard that the English and Spaniards were going to take Bordeaux by 'sault. For the Spaniards, she understood, were most voracious savages; as to the English she did not mind them.

At the time of the French revolution, old monasteries were to be sold for an old song, and nunneries were to be had for the having. Thus it so happened, that in those days, Monsieur Emanuel Latouche (who had once been a Jew, and had become professionally a Christian, though he was strongly suspected of being no religion at all) had acquired under a revolutionary sale, the property of the convent which lay on the one side of the Rue de l'Intendance, and the monastery which lay on the other. Now, Monsieur Emanuel Latouche, for reasons best known to himself, espoused a certain French lady; his marriage with whom appeared to be the proximate cause of his christianization; and having imbibed her fortune, and bought the buildings aforesaid, he set up as a great dealer in marine stores. After a certain period of connubial felicity, the lady died, and left to the care and guidance of Emanuel Latouche, a certain remnant of herself, called a son, which she had had by a former marriage; and as Monsieur Latouche was reputed to have cheated all the world, he was by no means so inconsistent as not to cheat his own step-son, at least so it was generally supposed!

Finding that it would be a great deal better speculation to let the monastery aforesaid, he prevailed upon old Mrs. Jones, whom we have heretofore mentioned, to take a great part of it, assuring her, as a farther inducement, that in case she should in future have any thing to hide, he could show her a place in that very house which would never be discovered by the keenest eyes. It is not known whether Mrs. Jones was biassed by this information or not, but, however, she took up her abode in that part of the monastery which looks down upon the Marche Dominique on the one hand, and the theatre Francais on the other; and Monsieur Emanuel Latouche, with his step-son, continued to live in the old convent on the other side of the Rue de l'Intendance. It was by these means that an intimacy first took place between pretty Lucy Jones and Edward Fontange, the step-son of Monsieur Emanuel Latouche.

There can be no doubt, since Horace says it, that the best plan is to begin in *medias res*, but there is, notwithstanding, some trouble in working up one's lee-way. Being arrived at this point, however all the rest is simple. Having put a handsome young man and a pretty girl together, what in the name of heaven can they do but fall in love with each other? It is what they always do in novels, and poems, and plays, and, I am afraid, in real life too; for propinquity is a terrible thing, and, for my own part, I am a firm believer in animal magnetism, that is to say, as far as retraction and repulsion go. However that may be, Edward Fontange and Lucy Jones tried very hard to fall in love with each other, and, after a short time, succeeded to a miracle; so much so, indeed, that Mrs. Jones, perceiving what was going on, thought fit to speak to Mr. Latouche upon the subject, desiring to know if he intended to take his step-son into business with him, in which case she should not scruple, she said, to give him her daughter. But Mr. Latouche informed her that he should do no such thing; that his step-son was no better than a beggar, whom he had educated out of love for his dearly beloved wife deceased, and that, farther, he would not give him a farthing, or do any thing else for him in the world; whereupon Mrs. Jones quarrelled with Monsieur Emanuel Latouche, called him a miserly old curmudgeon, and going home turned young Fontange out of her house, and bade her daughter Lucy to think no more of the young vagabond. Now love, being no better than a pig, the best way of making him to go on is to pull him back by the hind leg; and consequently Lucy Jones, who was the most obedient creature in the world, thought more than ever of Edward Fontange, saw him on every occasion that she could contrive, and it is supposed let him now and then take a stray kiss without saying any thing but "don't," which, he being a Frenchman, did not at all understand.

It was at this time that the Duke of Wellington's army crossed the Pyrenees, and fear took possession of Mrs. Jones, who was not only terrified for her daughter Lucy, but also for certain sums of money which she had kept long under lock and key. What was to be done? She puzzled a long time; but in a moment the words of Monsieur Emanuel Latouche came to her remembrance. He could show her, (he had said) a place in that very house, which would never be discovered by the keenest eyes; and as she thought of it, her hope grew high; she seized a candle from the table, without saying a word, and rushed into the cellar. For where could it be, she asked herself, but in the cellar? Lucy, who beheld her mother so suddenly seized with the spirit of locomotion, naturally imagined she was mad, and followed her as fast as she could. Her first supposition appeared confirmed, when on entering the cellar, she found her mother gazing fixedly upon a small iron cross in the wall. "There it is, sure enough," cried Mrs. Jones; "there it is!"

"Are you out of your senses, Mamma?" demanded Lucy, respectfully; "are you mad? There's what?"

"Why, the terraqueous suppository, girl!" answered Mrs. Jones, who had forgotten a considerable portion of her English during her residence in France. "The terraqueous suppository that that old curmudgeon, Latouche, told me of when he atrapped me in taking this old conventicle."

"I do not see any repository at all," said Lucy. "I see nothing but the cellar wall and an iron stanchion to keep it up."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Jones; "I'll have a mason this minute, and get to the bottom of it;" so away she ran and brought a mason, but the first thing was to make him keep secrecy, and having conducted him in pomp to the cellar, she shut the door, and made her daughter Lucy give him the Bible. "Swear!" said Mrs. Jones, in a solemn tone, like the ghost in Hamlet, "swear!" The mason held up his hand, "I swear never to reveal," &c. "Je jure tout ce que vous voudrez." "I swear any thing you like," replied the mason; and Mrs. Jones finding this oath quite comprehensive enough, set him forthwith to work upon the wall just under the iron cross, when, to the triumph of Mrs. Jones, and the astonishment of Lucy and the mason, a strong plated door was soon discovered, which readily yielded them admission into a small chamber, only ventilated by a round hole, which seemed to pass through the walls of the building, and mount upwards to the outer air. Nothing else was to be found. The rubbish was then nicely cleared away, a chair and a table brought down, and the mason paid and sent about his business; when, after having looked in the dark, to see that there were no sparks, for the chamber was all of wood, Mrs. Jones and her daughter mounted to upper air, and retired to bed, not to sleep, but to meditate over the convent subterranean.

It was about the middle of the next day that an

official neighbour came in to tell Mrs. Jones that the British forces were approaching the town. There could be no danger, he said; but, nevertheless, the tri-coloured flag still flew on the walls of the Chateau Trompette, and Lord Wellington had sworn he would deliver the town to the soldiery if there was a shot fired. It was very foolish to be afraid, he said, trembling in every limb, but the people were flying in all directions, and he should leave the town too, for he had no idea of being bayoneted by the Spaniards.

"Let us shut the street-door," said Lucy, as soon as he was gone, "and all go down together to the hole in the wall, and when it is all over we can come out."

"No," replied Mrs. Jones, "you, Lucy, and the maid shall go down, but I will stop here and take care of my property; perhaps I may be able to modulate their barbarosity."

"Lord, Ma'am," cried the maid, "you'll be killed."

Mrs. Jones replied very coolly that they would never think of killing an old woman like her, who had but a few years to live.

The maid then vowed if her mistress remained she would stay with her, and the tears rolled down her cheeks at the idea of her self-devotion. Lucy said very quietly that she would stay with her mother. But Mrs. Jones would not hear of it; and finding her daughter very much resolved to do as she said, she had recourse to a violent passion, which was aided by the noise of a drum in the street, and seizing Lucy by the arm, she snatched up the box that held her money, carried them both down-stairs to the cellar, and, pushing them into the dark chamber, shut the door with a bang; after which she returned to the maid, for whose safety she had not the same maternal regard, and waited the event with indomitable fortitude.

In the mean time, Lucy remained in the dark. The first thing she did was to feel about for the chair, and sitting down, she had a good opportunity of crying to her heart's content. She was still engaged in this agreeable occupation, when she heard a knocking, as if somebody wished to come in. Lucy wiped her eyes and listened. It could not be her mother; she would have come in at once, without any such ceremony; besides it did not seem to come from that side. Lucy listened again; the knocking continued, but evidently came from the opposite part of the chamber, and did not seem so near as the cellar. Lucy now got upon her feet, trembling as if she had the palsy, and began to approach the sound. She knocked over the table, and almost fainted with the noise. She picked up the table, and knocked over the chair, and then again *vice versa*, stopping awhile between each to take breath: having arranged all that, she tumbled over her mother's money-box, broke her shins, and hopped about the room on one foot with the pain for full five minutes; then, not being able to find the chair, she leaned against the wainscot for support; but the wainscot gave way with a creak,

as if it moved on hinges, and she had almost fallen headlong into another room as dark as the first. Lucy now doubted whether she ought to be most surprised or frightened; but fright had decidedly the majority, when she heard something move in this same dark chamber, on the opposite side to where she herself had entered.— Now Lucy, though she had never studied modern tactics, was possessed of many of those principles which are supposed to constitute a good general; and in the present instance, not having had an opportunity of reconnoitering her ground, and finding her forces totally inadequate to meeting an adversary of any kind, she resolved upon making a retreat under cover of the darkness, but, unfortunately, she had neglected to observe which way she had advanced, and, for a moment, could not find the entrance into the other chamber. The noise which she had at first heard of something moving, increased; she became more and more bewildered, ran this way and that, till, Ugh! she ran against something soft and warm, which caught fast hold of her, and in this interesting position she fainted. What could she do else? Oh, ye bards and romancers, give me some delicate description of a young lady recovering from a fainting fit! But oh! when Lucy opened her eyes, she found herself sitting in the manner that European young ladies and gentlemen generally sit, with an engaging youth, no other than Edward Fontange, sitting beside her in mute despair, and from time to time fanning her face with the tails of his coat, while a lamp, with its accompanying phosphorus-box, stood by with its dim light, showing in more gloomy horrors the walls of a dark vault, which, to the terrified eyes of Lucy, seemed interminable.

Forgetting all the ho's and ha's of the two lovers, together with question and answer without end, be it briefly stated that Edward Fontange had never contrived to forget Lucy Jones, and always remembering that it was his want of fortune which had broken his love-dream, he incessantly meditated the means of remedying that wherein fate had wronged him. But all ordinary plans demanded years, long years, to perfect, and love would brook no delay. He had heard, however, of hidden treasures, and of monks who had concealed immense sums during the revolution, and he bethought him of searching the cellars of the old convent where he lived, without ever dreaming that he should there find a subterranean communication with the dwelling of his Lucy. Upon his first examination he was struck, like Mrs. Jones, by an iron cross in the wall, and resolved, like her, to come to the bottom of it the first opportunity.

The first opportunity arrived with the arrival of the British troops; for his good step-father, not having the most courageous disposition, flew instantly to the country with his wealth, and left Edward to take care of the house. No sooner was he gone, than poor Edward descended to the cellar, and with a good pick-axe and a strong arm set to work upon the cellar wall. He soon, like Mrs. Jones, discovered a door, and a small

chamber exactly similar to hers. Examining this more closely than she had done, he soon found his way to an extensive vault, and on narrowly viewing the walls with his lamp, he discovered another iron cross, smaller than the former. Here he set to work again with his pick-axe, when suddenly he thought he heard a noise as if something fell. He listened, and hearing it again, blew out his lamp for fear of an intruder. Two or three subsequent clatters succeeded, then a creak, as if of an opening door, and immediately after he clearly heard some one move and breathe in the vault. Whether it was curiosity, or one of those odd presentiments that sometimes come over us, or the Lord knows what, but his prudence left him; he advanced to find out what it was, got hold of a woman's gown, and in a minute after had his own fair Lucy fainting in his arms. As may be supposed, he lighted his lamp, and, on finding who it was, went through all the stages of surprise, consternation, and anxiety. He then tried several ways of bringing her to herself, amongst which was kissing her more than once, but that did not answer at all, for the more he kissed her the more dead she seemed to be; but at length, as I have said, after a reasonable time she opened her eyes, and then she had violent fits of astonishment, which were calmed and appeased by hearing an account very similar to that which has just been recited. Lucy had no curiosity at all, she cared for nobody's affairs but her own; nevertheless, simply out of affection for Edward, she insisted on his going on with his researches under the little iron cross in the wall while she was present; she would not have it delayed a moment, and looked on as eagerly as if she had been the most curious person in the world: Edward worked away. The wall was soon demolished, and behind it appeared no door, but a small cavity, and a small wooden chest. "Here it is! here it is!" exclaimed Edward, in a transport of joy, taking it out and setting it on the ground. "Lucy, dear Lucy, you are mine at last. I would give nothing for the treasure if my Lucy did not share it."

Lucy could do nothing but cry, for the generosity of her lover's sentiments left her no other answer. However, she took the lamp, and both knelt down to look what was on the top, when, oh, horror! the only word that met their view was "Reliques." Edward gazed on Lucy, and Lucy looked at Edward, without saying any thing. "Well, let us see, at all events," said Edward at last, and taking up the pick-axe, he very soon opened the case, when sure enough nothing presented itself but old bones and mouldering scraps of linen. "Sacre bleu!" cried Edward; Lucy said nothing, but she thought the same. "Hark!" cried her lover, "there is your mother!" But, no: they listened: there was nobody, and they again turned to gaze upon the box. "Lucy," said Edward, "I am very unfortunate to lose you again in this manner." "You do not love me, Edward," said Lucy. "Do you think it is money I care about?" Edward caught her to his breast, held her there a moment, then

starting back, much to Lucy's surprise—"It's all nonsense," cried he, "old bones could never be so heavy!" Then down he went upon his knees, and away with the relics. The first tier was bones, and the second tier was bones, but the third was of bright, shining Louis d'ors; and Edward starting up, caught Lucy in his arms, and kissed, and re-kissed her, till he had almost smothered the poor girl.

The next thing was, what was to be done with the money? for though Edward believed himself to be the legitimate owner thereof, yet he had some twinges as to its being found on the premises of his step-father. At length after many pros and cons—"Go you back, Lucy," said her lover, "to the room where you were, and be not afraid, for there is no danger to the town, or any one in it; for my part I'll take the money, and away to M. G——, who was a good friend to my poor mother; he is the soul of honour, and will tell me what I can do honourably; one more kiss, and then good-b'ye; but say nothing to any body of what has happened till you hear from me."

It was two days after this, that Monsieur Emanuel Latouche paid a visit to Mrs. Jones, for the apparent purpose of congratulating her upon the quiet and peaceable state of the town; but in reality to inform her that his scapegrace step-son had found a treasure in his cellar, and run away with the same. "But," said Emanuel, "I will make him refund every sous, or send him to the galleys for a robber."

"Surely," said Mrs. Jones, "you would never think of sending your wife's child to the galleys, Monsieur Latouche?"

"I would send my own father," replied Emanuel. As he spoke, the door opened, and in walked no other than Edward Fontange and his mother's friend, Monsieur G——. Now, Emanuel Latouche looked rather blank to see this accompaniment to the tune of his step-son; thinking it probably best to attack, rather than be attacked, he began upon poor Edward in most merciless terms, reproaching him with ingratitude, threatening him with the galleys, and asking him if the house where he found the treasure was not his.

"I think not," replied Monsieur G——, to this last question; "I think not, Monsieur Latouche. It certainly is not, if you bought that house with the money of this young man's mother, which was left to him at her death. Take my advice, be content with what you have; for I am not sure, that, if this business were investigated, you yourself might find your way to the galleys, instead of sending him there."

There was something in the tone of Monsieur G—— that wonderfully calmed Emanuel Latouche, who at first had been inclined to fight it out strongly; but, upon second thoughts, he swore he was ill-treated, very much ill-treated, but, as "suffrance was the badge of all his tribe," he walked out of the room, grumbling as he went; and as for the rest, why—"hey for the wedding!"

DRESS.

"As some fair female unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slighte every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress."

GOLDSMITH.

To appear well in dress is peculiarly desirable in women, and, as an excellent writer observes, "It is to be received as an unequivocal symbol of those qualities which we seek in a wife." It indicates cleanliness, sweetness—a love of order and universal propriety. What then is there to censure in a moderate consideration of dress?—Nothing. We may blame where we find extravagance, profusion, and misappropriation—subjection to the tyranny of fashion, slavery to vanity—in short, bad taste. Hence a due consideration and attention to dress, especially with females, becomes an object of no small concern. Modesty, as well as any other of the female graces, no less than vanity is displayed or indicated by dress.

The nature of dress is often subject to the influence of prevailing fashion; without either utility or propriety. Fashion gives absolute sway to certain notions, and abolishes every previous idea of beauty or elegance which is not in strict accordance with its immediate tenets.—That which at one time would have excited the blush of modesty, shall suddenly be considered becoming and elegant; and that which has been esteemed proper and useful shall in like manner suddenly be considered superfluous and vain. Indeed, fashion exerts an influence in changing expeditiously, and often absurdly, the opinions of society in these particulars, as well as the moral affections, according to the most extravagant fancy. But the real standard of beauty is not so changeable. When least subject to the folly and madness of fashion, and arrayed with neatness and taste, the female appears more interesting and lovely—

"Loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament;
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most."

A certain degree of attention to dress, but short of devotedness, is necessary and laudable; for, as Lavater observes, "Young women who neglect the toilet, and who manifest but very little concern about dress, indicate a general disregard for order—a mind ill adapted to the details of house-keeping—a deficiency of taste, and of the qualities that inspire love—they will be careless of every thing. On the contrary, devotedness to dress, pursuing all the frivolities and caprice of fashion, indicates a deficiency of those good and sound qualities, which we wish to see in mothers, and which are characteristic of women of intellectual worth, prudence, and discretion."

I LOVE THEE!

WORDS BY J. R. FLANCHE.

MUSIC COMPOSED BY MISS DANCE.

ALLEGRO.



Dim *p*



I love thee, I love thee, I've rush'd from thy

p *f*



bower, To mur-mur my se-cret be-side the lone Sea; No



mor-tal is near me, The waves on-ly hear me, I whis-per to

p

them what I dare not to thee, O rap-ture to roam the wild beach at this

hour, And pour forth a - lone all my deep love to thee.

I love thee!—I love thee!—But ne'er shalt thou dream it!
 'Twere folly—'twere madness!—Thou could'st not love me!
 Then why by revealing,
 My heart's treasur'd feeling,
 The torture incur of one cold glance from thee!—
 Ah no, let me doat on in silence and deem it
 Atone for my crime—if 'tis crime to love thee!

LINES ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY.

BY LORD BYRON.

'Tis done! and shivering in the gale
 The barque unfurls her snowy sail;
 And whistling o'er the bended mast,
 Loud sings on high the fresh'ning blast:
 And I must from this land be gone,
 Because I cannot love but one.

But could I be what I have been,
 And could I see what I have seen,
 Could I repose upon the breast
 Which once my warmest wishes blest,
 I should not seek another zone,
 Because I cannot love but one.

As some lone bird without a mate,
 My weary heart is desolate;
 I look around and cannot trace
 One friendly smile or welcome face,
 And even in crowds I'm still alone,
 Because I cannot love but one.

And I will cross the whitening foam,
 And I will seek a foreign home;
 Till I forget a false, fair face,
 I ne'er shall find a resting place;
 My own dark thoughts I cannot shun,
 But ever love, and love but one.

The poorest, varriest wretch on earth
 Still finds some hospitable hearth,
 Where friendship's or love's softer glow
 May smile in joy or sooth in woe:
 But friend or lover I have none,
 Because I cannot love but one.

I go! but wheresoe'er I see
 There's not an eye will weep for me,
 There's not a kind congenial heart
 Where I can claim the meanest part,
 Nor thou, who hast my hopes undone,
 With sigh, although I love but one.

To think of every early scene;
 Of what we are, of what we've been;
 Would overwhelm some softer hearts with woe:
 But mine, alas! has stood the blow,
 Yet still beats on as it began,
 And never truly loves but one.

And who that dear, loved one may be
 Is not for vulgar eyes to see;—
 And why that love was early cross,
 Thou knowest the best—I feel the most;
 But few that dwell beneath the sun
 Have loved so long, and loved but one.

I've tried another's fetters, too,
 With charms, perchance, as fair to view;
 And I would fain have loved as well;
 But some unconquerable spell
 Forbade my bleeding breast to own
 A kindred care for aught but one.

'Twould sooth to take one lingering view,
 And bless thee in my last adieu;
 Yet wish I not thine eye to weep
 For him who wanders o'er the deep;
 Though wheresoe'er my barque may run,
 I love but thee—I love but one.

RESPECT FOR THE DEAD.

THERE is no feeling in our nature stronger or more universal than that which insists upon respect for the dead. It is found in every age and nation.—The savage shows a kindness and reverence to the dead, which he never pays the living; and enlightened man ranks it among the most sacred of his duties, to offer the last sacrifice of affection at the grave. If the belief prevailed now, as in ancient days, that the spirits of the unburied suffered for the neglect of their friends, this feeling might be more easily accounted for; but it does not seem to partake of superstition; it is rather sentiment, enlightened, just, and manly sentiment, influencing not only the intelligent, but many beside, who in general seem to be strangers to strong and delicate feeling.

The light-hearted soldier, at the grave of his comrade, feels a heaviness which makes him a better man for the time; the rough seaman leans thoughtfully over the side of his vessel, till the waters which the plunge of the corpse has broken, are calm and unconscious again. At every village funeral, when the dead lies in the midst of the living, with a fixed and calm serenity on his brow—with an unsearchable depth of meaning in his features, which no mortal eye may read—if it be only a child perishing in the daybreak of its existence, whose loss will be as little felt in the world at large as the withering of a garden flower—still he is for the time invested with the commanding majesty of death; children join their hands and look timidly around them; old men lean upon their staves and ponder; though *among them*, he seems no longer of *them*; the air of gentle and firm reserve on his countenance gives the impression that he sees what we cannot see, hears what we cannot hear, and is already acquainted with those mysteries of the future, which the living desire and yet tremble to know.

Neither does this interest in the dead cease when they are hidden from our eyes. It follows them to the grave, and makes us regard as sacred the place where we have laid them. The burial-place is the retreat of the thoughtful; the shoes of care and passion are put off by those who enter the lonely ground. It has a good effect upon the feelings; it makes the unfortunate more reconciled to this world, and the gay more thoughtful of another.—The cold ghastliness of the sculptured marble—the gray stone sinking, as if weary of bearing its unregarded legends of the ancient dead, the various inscriptions showing, sometimes, what the dead were, but still oftener what they ought to have been, subdue the heart to sadness, though not to gloom.—And what a lion in the path is public feeling, to all who would disturb the repose of the tomb! It is easier to rifle the mansion of the living, than the narrow house of the dead; for the living can protect themselves, and therefore are less regarded, while the whole moral force of a wide region is at once in arms to resent an insult offered to the dead. This feeling may be ex-

cessive—perhaps it is—but no one can deny that it is energetic and strong.—We do not condemn nor defend it; but the thirsty vengeance with which it pursues offenders, shows how deep is the reverence of the living for the dead.

One reason why the home of the dead is thus sacred, is, that this is the place where we lose them. Up to this place we follow them through the changes of life and death: but at the gates of the tomb, they are taken and we are left. We are forcibly driven back, and the mind loses itself in earnest conjectures respecting their destiny—what it may be, now it is thus widely separated from ours.

The most striking and magnificent view we ever saw of the great cataract of our country, represented simply the waters above, and the long line where they lean to dash below; the rest was left to the imagination, which made out for itself a more profound impression of the grandeur of the scene, than representation or description by measure could possibly have given. Thus it is with the surface of the ground where the dead are laid: hitherto we come, but no further; we see not how nor where they are gone; this is the boundary, beyond which the living cannot go nor the dead return; and it arrests and chains the imagination, like the place in the ocean where some gallant wreck went down.

BLACKSTONE.

YOUNG writers may study with advantage the nervous and lucid style of this work—its entire freedom from all superfluous words and meretricious ornaments. Style is one's peculiar manner of relating his thoughts. That of some authors is striking and quite their own: of others, is less perceptibly different from ordinary narratives. The first is easily imitated; the latter is by far preferable and more difficult of attainment when its peculiarity does not consist in any unnatural disposition of sentences, or the selection of uncommon words, but in the plain, clear, and artless way in which the treasures of an observing and intelligent mind are displayed to the easy comprehension of the reader. This is the species which the erudite commentator has chosen. The style of Phillips, the orator, is of the former description. Full of broad and dazzling metaphors, sudden antitheses, broken exclamations and bursts of passion. You conceive the man to be always in a fury; and although many of his studied displays are calculated to arouse attention and animate the spirit of an assembly predisposed to think with him, yet they are often turgid when they should be serene, and frequently address the passions before they have convinced the reason.

Dr. Johnson affords another example of style; peculiar, studied, and pompous. But it conveys profound wisdom, pure morals, and a wonderful acquaintance with all the innermost recesses of the human character. It heaves and swells like the billows of the ocean; but, like the ocean, it is deep and powerful.

THE LAKE.

JUNE has charmed
 The winds to rest : the broad, blue waters sleep
 Profound from bank to bank ; or if an air
 Have leave a moment wantonly to bend
 The graceful lily sitting on her throne
 Of moist, lush leaves, the lovely shadow waves
 In tremulous response below, and then
 The lake is strangely still again. The eye
 Delights to look into those glossy depths,
 And glance refreshed from flower to flower that blooms
 Ancw, in shadowy glory, ere the breeze
 Destroy its brief, bright life. The very trees,
 Deliciously deceptive, fling abroad
 Aye, leaf for leaf, their greenness. E'en the bee
 That buzzes round the woodbine, has his dark
 But clear-seen image ; and, anon, floats near
 The gem-winged butterfly. The bird which skims
 The tides of air, seems in the impulsive flood
 Again to sport ; and every cloud that sails
 Slowly through heaven, has motion, colour, shape,
 In that clear, liquid world. Laburnum showers
 Profuse her golden blossoms ; and the vine
 Her full, frank clusters, that but wait the breath
 Of August to put on the glorious tint
 Of amethyst ; and proud the tulip shows
 His gorgeous dyes—scarlet, and gold, and black—
 The gayest flower the silver waters hold ;
 But not so dear, ah no ! not half so dear,
 To the fond eye as many that unfold
 Their simpler beauties there. The queen-rose reigns
 Supreme as ever—in that mirror still,
 As in the rich and breathing world above,
 Fairest among the fair.

THE SHIPWRECK.

Now the forest trees are shaking,
 Like bullrushes in the gale ;
 Now the folded flocks are quaking
 'Neath the battering of the hail,
 From a jungle-cumbered river
 Comes a growl along the ground,
 And the cattle start and shiver—
 For they know full well the sound.
 Now the sea-fowl, wildly screaming,
 Seeks the shelter of the land ;
 And a signal-light is gleaming
 Where yon vessel nears the strand :
 Just at sunset she was lying
 All becalmed upon the main ;
 Now, with sails in tatters flying,
 She to windward beats—in vain.
 I can hear the tempest flapping
 His exulting wings aloud,
 And their hands the demons clapping
 In the sulphurous thunder cloud.
 By the fire-flaucht's gleamy flashing,
 On the reef that ship I spy,
 With the billows o'er her dashing—
 Hark !—(Oh God !)—that fearful cry !
 Full five hundred human voices
 In that shriek came on the blast !
 Now the tempest fiend rejoices,
 For all earthly aid is past !
 Lo, the surf, like smoke is showering
 O'er the cliffs that seaward frown—
 Which the greedy gulf devouring,
 Like dark Hades sucks them down !

THE GATHERER.

" A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."

Shakespeare.

THE fountain of content must spring up in the mind ; and he who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing any thing but his own disposition, will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs which he purposes to remove.

It was the opinion of some of the ancient philosophers that the milky way was the road by which the inferior deities went to the councils of Jove. Others maintained it to be the path by which the souls of heroes winged their way to heaven, after the dissolution of their bodies.

" Who would not rather risque his shudd'ring form
 Within a fragile barque, and brave the storm,
 Than sink beneath the waves, and be no more ?
 Cold, cold and clammy is the hand of death,
 And dark the mansion that it leads us to !
 But is not death the omega of care ?
 Aye—but we die—and go, we know not where !"

Get not your friends by bare compliments, but by giving them sensible tokens of your love ; it is well worth while to learn to win the heart of a man the right way. Force is of no use to make or preserve a friend, who is an animal that

is never caught nor tamed but by kindness and pleasure. Excite them by your civilities, and show them that you desire nothing more than their satisfaction ; oblige with all your soul that friend who has made you a present of his own.

They mourn, but smile at length, and smiling mourn ;
 The tree will wither long before it fall ;
 The hull drives on, though mast and sail be torn ;
 The roof-tree sinks, but moulders on the hall
 In massy hoariness ; the ruin'd wall
 Stands when all wind-worn battlements are gone ;
 The bars survive the captive they enthrall ;
 The day drags through though storms keep out the sun ;
 And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly live on.

A map does not exhibit a more distinct view of the boundaries and situation of every country, than its news does a picture of the genius and morals of its inhabitants.

If you wish to give consequence to your inferiors, answer their attacks. Michael Angelo, advised to resent the insolence of some obscure upstart who was pushing forward to notice by declaring himself his rival, answered, " who contests with the base, loses all."

If you marry a woman for money, you may expect to have this unworthy motive cast into your teeth on the very first family skirmish. "I could never consent, (said a spirited youth,) to be maintained at the expense of my wife, as I should hate to be reproached for not having brought any thing into the house but my clothes."

Count Abensburg, who in Henry II.'s progress through Germany, while other courtiers came with their treasures, brought his thirty-two children, and presented them to his sovereign, as the most valuable offering he had to bestow.

"Low accents, plaintive whispers, groans profound,
Sighs of a people that in gladness grieves,
And melancholy murmurs float around,
Till the sad air a thrilling sound receives,
Like that which sobs amidst the dying leaves
When with autumnal winds the forest waves;
Or dash of an insurgent sea that heaves
On lonely rocks, or lock'd in winding caves.
Hoarse through their hollow aisles in wild low cadence
raves."

It is a very easy thing to devise good laws; the difficulty is to make them effective. The great mistake is that of looking upon men as virtuous, or thinking that they can be made so by laws: and consequently the greatest art of a politician is to render vices serviceable to the cause of virtue.

Dr. Johnson calls patriotism "the last refuge of a scoundrel!" Of course he did not mean the genuine love of country, but the flimsy mask which is assumed under the specious name of party spirit, actuated by base and selfish motives.

"Life," said Voltaire, "is thickly sown with thorns, and I know of no other remedy than to pass quickly through them. The longer we dwell on our misfortunes the greater is their power to harm us."

Speaking of the overbearing disposition of Maupeituis, in his quarrel with Koenig, he said, "He resembled the weasel in the fable, who did not care if he put both heaven and earth in confusion, for the sake of a rabbit's hole which he had usurped."

"I doubt," says Lord Chesterfield, in a letter to Crebillon, "whether it is allowable for any man to write against the worship and belief of his own country, even if he were in good faith convinced that they were not free from errors, on account of the disturbance and disorder it would occasion; but I am very certain that no man is at liberty to attack the foundations of morality, and to break those ties which are so necessary, and already too weak, to restrain mankind within the bounds of duty."

Men doat on this world as if it were never to have an end, and neglect the next as if it were never to have a beginning.

When the art of distilling spirits, generally attributed to Raymond Lully, was discovered, the secret of longevity was supposed to have been brought to light, the *mercurius volatilis* to be at length fixed, and the pernicious product

received the name of *aqua vitæ*—liquor of life; "A discovery concerning which," says a learned physician, "it would be difficult to determine, whether it has tended most to diminish the happiness, or shorten the duration of life. In one sense it may be considered the elixir of life, for it speedily introduces a man to immortality!"

In the country, a man's mind is free and easy, discharged, and at his own disposal: but in the city, the persons of friends and acquaintance, one's own and other people's business, foolish quarrels, ceremonies, visits, impertinent discourses, and a thousand other fopperies and diversions steal away the greater part of our time, and leave no leisure for better and more necessary employment. Great towns are but a larger sort of prison to the soul, like cages to birds, or ponds to beasts.

He who attempts to make others believe in means which he himself despises, is a puffer; he who makes use of more means than he knows to be necessary, is a quack; and he who ascribes to those means a greater efficacy than his own experience warrants, is an impostor.

The great task of him who conducts his life by the principles of religion, is to make the future predominate over the present.

RECIPES.

OF CLEANING BLACK SILK.

If this is a slip, unpick the seams; take one piece at a time and put it on a table, then take a pennyworth of bullock's gall, and boiling water sufficient to make it pretty warm, dip a clean sponge in the gall liquor, and, washing your sponge in a pan of warm water, after dipping it into the liquor, rub the silk well on both sides, squeeze it well out, and proceed as before. Then hang up this piece of silk, and clean the others in the like manner. When the whole are done, immerse them altogether in a pan of spring water, to wash off the dirt which the gall has brought upon the surface of the silk; change your rinsing waters till they are perfectly clean, and, after washing, dry your silks in the air, pin them out on a table, &c. first dipping a sponge in glue-water, and rubbing it on the wrong side of the silk. Dry it near the fire, and it will be as new.

THE MODE OF EXTRACTING GREASE-SPOTS FROM SILK, COLOURED MUSLIN, &c.

Take French chalk, finely scraped, and put it on the grease-spot, holding it near the fire, or over a warm iron reversed, or on a water-plate in which is boiling water.* This will cause the grease to melt, and the French chalk will absorb it, and it may then be brushed or rubbed off. If any grease remains, proceed as before until it is all extracted. The French chalk is a fine soluble powder and of a dry absorbent quality, acting upon silks as Fuller's earth does upon woollen.



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THE LADY'S BOOK.

DECEMBER, 1831.

THE WIFE, OR DOMESTIC HEROISM.

EMBELLISHED WITH AN ENGRAVING ON STEEL.

" Good health, and its associate in the most,
Good temper ;—spirits prompt to undertake,
And not soon spent, though in an arduous task."

COWPER.

In the summer of '14, my friend Henry Sommers returned from Massachusetts, where he had just finished his collegiate course, preparatory to entering on the profession of the law. He had spent nearly the whole of his small patrimony in procuring the advantages of education, and now entered the world, relying solely on the fruits of that education for the attainment of the ends men usually propose to themselves—fortune, and "space in the world's thought." He was a man of studious and recluse habits, of tastes entirely literary, and possessing a degree of refinement and sensibility, which in one of our sex, might be termed *morbid*. He should have lived in Utopia; for the world, as it now stands—with all its wranglings and jarrings, its coarseness and its sensuality—he was utterly unfit. I have seldom known a better mind than his; one capable of more profound thought, or accurate investigation; yet, in the ordinary transactions of life, he was a child—or, as many thought, a *fool*. He was of slender frame, and extreme delicacy of constitution; but a pallid complexion only gave a more interesting character to his fine features, and even absence of mind and painful diffidence had failed to destroy the natural grace and dignity of his manner. A temper more benignant, more gentle, or more affectionate, none ever possessed. I was strongly attached to him, and knowing him well, it was with anxiety that I marked the commencement of his career. He soon became unpopular; his diffidence was an insuperable obstacle to success as a public speaker, and his coldness and absence gave offence. The worldly wise shook their heads, and prophesied of him as "one who would never succeed in life." He became disgusted with his profession—its drudgery, its littleness, its injustice.—In short, he was, at three and twenty, a disappointed and blighted man; and this character might be traced, even by a careless eye, in the deep melancholy that overshadowed his countenance. Few knew all the cause of the gloom that hung over him.

While at college he had formed an attachment to a very charming girl, daughter of one of the

Professors, in whose house he boarded. Henry Sommers had lived for months in the same house with Lucy Grey; had sat day after day opposite to her at table, and every evening received his cup of tea from her; but he never observed any thing more than she was a *very pretty girl*, and possibly, his observations might never have extended farther, but for one of those accidental circumstances which Eugenia would call a *fatality*.—When he had resided in Cambridge about six months, my friend was afflicted with a severe illness. He was nursed by Mrs. Grey throughout the whole, with a care and kindness which sensibly affected him; and while his feelings were thus awakened towards the mother, he remarked a light step, that could be no other than Lucy's, frequently in the ante-room, and the whispered inquiry, "how is Mr. Sommers?" sometimes met his ear as Mrs. Grey left the chamber. The first day that he was sufficiently recovered to appear down stairs, he was struck, as he entered the parlor, with the pleasure that beamed in Lucy's countenance. She was not one of many words, but when she congratulated him on his amendment, there was a kindness in her look and voice, that said more than any language. It must not be supposed Lucy was in love; at this period, (as she has herself assured me,) she had no such thought or feeling. She was of a kindly nature; her heart opened to all, and she had been interested by the pensive air and gentle manner of the young stranger, who had become an inmate of her father's house; his dangerous illness awakened all her sympathies. "How dreadful to be ill so far from home," thought Lucy, "if he should die!—but he will not die;—my father is skillful, and my mother is so admirable a nurse! I wish I could do something for him."

For some weeks Sommers continued too weak to set up, and the greater part of this time he spent on the sofa in Mrs. Gray's sitting room.—Here, he would sometimes mingle in conversation, for his shyness was now worn off; at others, he would lay with a book in his hand, the leaves of which remained unturned, while his eyes unconsciously rested on Lucy. He followed, with

pleasure, every motion of her figure, as she tripped about the apartment, ever on some errand of love. She was the eldest of a large family, and accustomed from earliest youth to share her mother's cares, she had acquired a degree of activity and usefulness, of which a matron might have been proud. Like all the women of New England, her literary education had been carefully attended to. She possessed both classical and scientific knowledge enough to have branded her, in the unlettered south, as a *learned lady*; but in her own country, Lucy's literary attainments were merely ordinary, and from the period of leaving school, she had been taught to place her chief pride and pleasure in her excellence as a needle woman, and her skill in domestic economy.—I should have said her pleasure only, and not pride, for there was in Lucy's nature but little pride, and no vanity. Kindness and affection seemed to be the springs of all her actions. She loved her home, her parents and her young brothers and sisters; and in that little circle she seemed to find her whole happiness and pleasure. As her character daily unfolded itself, Sommers was aroused to a more lively interest and admiration. She was the first woman with whom he had ever made the least acquaintance; and now, thrown by circumstances into habits of familiar intercourse with such a being, he felt the charm of female society, diffuse "sweetness into his soul unfelt before." As he saw Lucy performing a thousand little offices of kindness for her brothers, he would sigh, and say internally, "why have not I too a sister!" But when her attentions were directed to himself; when, in various little ways, she showed her sympathy, and artlessly strove to solace the weariness of his confinement, other thoughts arose in his mind—thoughts that brought back the blood to his wan cheek, and sent it in hastier flow through his veins. Those who are gifted in any skill in such matters, will guess how all this ended. After a few perturbed months, of hope and fear, joy and sorrow, Sommers drew from the blushing Lucy a confession, that she was not indifferent to him. Her parents were duly consulted, and their approval obtained; but Lucy was portionless, and prudence dictated the necessity of deferring their union for some time. They parted mournfully, yet with hope:—hope, alas! that was soon to darken into fear, and at length into despair.

Knowing the circumstances in which my friend stood, I felt the deepest sympathy in his ill-fortune. He had sunk into a state of hopeless despondency, which alarmed me for his health. "This will not do, Sommers," said I to him one morning, as I called in, and found him with flushed cheek, and heavy eye, his head resting on his hand, and Lucy's last letter half open on the table. "This will not do, my dear friend; you are killing yourself—why what a lethargy you are in.—Cheer up, for God's sake! this is but a cloudy spot in your life; and if, instead of sitting down in the darkness, you will travel on steadily, you must soon come out of the shadow into broad sunshine. Nay, do not interrupt me—never talk

to me of destiny, man!—take the matter into your own hand, and the fates shall spin you another thread! I have been scheming for you this month past, and now listen to my plan. In the first place you must quit this country—what, you start? Well, my second clause will please you better—you must marry Lucy immediately!"

"Marry Lucy!" he exclaimed with sudden animation—"but no, it is impossible," he added, sinking back in despondency; "you must feel it is impossible!"

Sommers possessed a considerable tract of land far in the western country. The region in which this estate lay, though now well known, and justly estimated for its fertility, was in that day so far beyond the limits of civilization, that most persons would have considered estates in the moon as of nearly equal value; and Sommers, I believe, had forgotten that he held such property in possession. I had accidentally obtained from a traveller a good deal of information relative to this country; he spoke with rapture of its beauty and fertility, and prophesied great things of its future wealth. It was beginning to be settled, but chiefly by adventurers of the lowest class; and the settlements were thinly scattered, here and there separated by Indian villages, and sometimes thirty or forty miles distant from all human habitation. After making the most particular inquiries, I became convinced that the best possible course for Sommers would be to remove immediately, and settle on his land. I was assured that even with the most unskilful management he could not fail to make the necessaries of life; and, in time, all its elegancies and luxuries I doubted not would be at his command. I was romantic enough to believe Lucy would accompany him; and, too young and sanguine to look steadfastly on the difficulties and hardships they must inevitably encounter, I congratulated myself and my friend on a scheme which seemed to promise every good. Sommers was timid, and drew back in alarm when I first laid my plan before him; but I urged it upon him unceasingly, and after much hesitation, doubt and fear, he found in the hopelessness of his actual situation, courage for a step of such enterprise. I promised also to accompany him in his emigration, and remain until every thing should be established.—He acceded to all—Lucy was written to: I shall never forget her letter in reply, it was a faithful picture of the integrity and simplicity of her mind.

"When I read your letter," she said, "I will own to you I hesitated as to the part which duty would bid me take. I feared that in leaving my parents, I should be guilty of ingratitude; that I should occasion to those dear friends even more pain than they have felt in the uncertainty of my prospects, since our engagement. But I consulted with them—I laid open my heart without reserve, and they, seeking their happiness in mine, have bade me go with you!" She spoke not one word of the sacrifice she was making; expressed no regrets, no fears, there was a pure,

quiet affection breathing in every line of her letter; but no romance, no passionate display of the feelings which prompted her to "leave all and follow him." The exact time of their union, she left entirely to him. She was ready to be his any day and hour that should be most suitable and most convenient as regarded his arrangements. "I know," she added, "you will not, for any gratification to yourself, take me from home sooner than is necessary."

Sommers now became very busy, and I, if possible, still more so; for I had not only to put him in the right course at every turn, but to watch incessantly that he was not jostled out of it by those more knowing than himself in the world's ways. In about six weeks our arrangements were complete, and I accompanied my friend to the north. I was present at his marriage, and witnessed the parting scene between Lucy and her parents; a scene of such deep, though suppressed anguish, as I do not even now like to remember, and therefore will pass it over in silence. We returned immediately to Virginia, and in October commenced our outway journey. Oh, that journey! but I must give in detail our arrangements, or you will not understand all the discomforts of it.

Sommers had sent round by sea what little furniture he had been able to purchase for their future dwelling; but we provided a wagon to take such things as were necessary on the road—our tent, provisions, and the like. You will scarcely conceive the degree of thoughtlessness which made us overlook the necessity of taking out a female servant; but it was not until we were fairly embarked, that either Sommers or myself were struck with the omission. Sommers and his wife travelled in a small open carriage, and I attended them on horseback. The first part of the way we did well enough—the roads were good, and accommodations tolerable; but after travelling about two hundred miles, we could no longer obtain shelter at night-fall; we were compelled to have recourse to our tents, and I really trembled at the hardships Lucy now endured.—The weather became exceedingly cold. In crossing the prairies, over which the north-east winds sweep with such resistless violence, our sufferings were extreme. It was as though we had been pierced through with arrows of ice; and when the wind was at its height, we felt it difficult and painful to breathe. This was unusual weather for the season certainly, and such as we could not have calculated on; but so much the greater our ill fortune. Even I, inured as I had been from boyhood to hardships and fatigue, felt my hardihood tasked to its utmost; and poor Sommers was nearly overwhelmed with bodily and mental suffering. He thought not of himself, but his terror for Lucy's safety was really agonizing; though it sometimes showed itself in a way, that, to an uninterested person, might have appeared comic. He insisted on wrapping her in every thing he could lay his hands on. Her own thick cloak was soon lost in the multitude of capes, cloaks and shawls, he heaped upon her, and

I really began to think she was in at least as much danger of being suffocated as frozen to death.—Lucy resigned herself, with a quiet smile, to the mountain weight she was condemned to bear; but when at length she saw him preparing to crown his work, by drawing a huge bear skin from the top of the trunk, and placing it around her neck in fashion of a scarf, she remonstrated a little, and meeting my eye, we both burst into laughter.

I never saw a man so astonished as Sommers. He looked at me with almost indignant gravity—"I believe the last day could not make you serious, George! and you, my dear Lucy, how can you laugh at such a time?"

"My dear friend," said she, suppressing her laughter, "you are suffering more at this moment than I; be not uneasy on my account, pray! remember I am a northerner, and this keen wind is an old acquaintance."

Her cheerfulness somewhat re-assured him at the moment; but I observed, with deep sorrow, that, in every difficulty, his spirit flagged. I could not but feel a sort of responsibility for his success, and for Lucy's happiness. I had been the means of bringing about their union. It was my influence over him, that had led them both into the present circumstances, and I felt that if any wreck of health or of happiness should ensue, all the kindness of my intentions could not save me from self reproach. However, these thoughts had come too late, and all I could now do, was to bear an intrepid front, and keep as much cheerfulness as possible in our party. I found myself ably seconded by Lucy. Whatever she suffered, neither look, nor voice, nor manner, betrayed that she did; unruffled by hardships, in all our difficulties careful of her husband's little wants, and even of mine—anxious to save us trouble in every possible way. I never, throughout this dreadful journey, saw a cloud on her brow, or heard a word from her lips that did not express cheerful content. Lucy was blessed with a constitution, such as does not often fall to the lot of her sex, or her bodily strength would have failed, notwithstanding the support of a happy temper; but although small, fair, and delicate in appearance, her constitution was capable, in an extraordinary degree, of enduring and resisting; and when we reached the end of our journey, her health and activity were unimpaired, and the perpetual roses of her cheek had lost scarce a shade of their brilliancy. We had indeed reached our journey's end; but alas! there was no home to receive the toil worn travellers! The deep forests were around us, the cold blue sky above, and neither sight nor sound of human life, save in our little band, when we pitched our tents, on the spot that was henceforth to be an abiding place to my friends. I felt some sinkings of the heart as I looked around, and Sommers, sitting on a stone, with folded arms, and drooping head, was the very picture of despondency. "Was ever man," I thought, "so unfit for the circumstances in which he is placed! Energy and activity, a bold and buoyant spirit, are all requisite—and in

all be his absolutely wanting! Did I not know his character? and was it wise in me to urge him on to this? The way is clear enough for an enterprising man—but this helpless being! take him from his books and his quiet study, and a bold boy of twelve years old would show more manhood! You will observe my musings were not very complimentary to my friend, and I must acknowledge I felt some irritation. My anxiety and uneasiness were extreme, and acting upon a hasty temper, produced this most unseasonable state of feeling. Unseasonable it was, in the highest degree—for Sommers' defects were constitutional; and it would have been equally just, to impute his bodily weakness to him for blame, as the deficiency of mental energy, now so conspicuous. However, I will do myself the justice to say, that I suppressed, outwardly at least, all unkind or contemptuous emotion. I loved the man, such as he was, and had loved him from boyhood; and carefully abstained from adding to his sufferings by wounding his self esteem. Without noticing his downcast looks, I began to talk to him of the business we were entering on; and tried, by my cheerfulness, to lead his mind into a better mood. "In the first place," said I, "we must try and make Lucy a little comfortable."

"Comfortable," he answered in a reproachful accent; "poor Lucy!"

Lucy had been walking, and at this moment she came up with us. "I have found," she said, "a charming situation for our house! it is a beautiful hill, and a little spring runs gurgling from the foot of it. "Come! let us go and look at it together."

She took her husband's arm, and I walked beside them. I looked anxiously in Lucy's face; I feared to discover some traces of the sadness which, however, well disguised, I thought she *must* feel; but her countenance was unruffled in its serenity, her clear blue eye shone with content, and if there was rather more of excitement about her, than the usual quietness of her manner displayed, it seemed to be the pleasurable excitement of an active spirit called into the exercises of its full powers.

We soon reared our habitation on the spot Lucy designated—a cabin of rude logs, with one room, which was to serve as "parlor, kitchen, and hall," besides its more important destination as Lucy's bed room. Over this apartment of multifarious usefulness was a *loft*, where I inhabited at night. The furniture and supplies, which had been sent by water, owing to some unaccountable delay, did not reach us for many months; and when the provision we had brought with us failed, we were reduced to great distress. I remember once, that for three weeks we had no other food than could be made of Indian corn, without the help of a mill; and through the winter we had no bedding besides a few blankets and our cloaks. During this time, Sommers and I were closely occupied with our labors, in opening land and preparing for a crop. We left the house early every morning, and frequently did not return till night. Lucy with her own hands

prepared our coarse meals, and on these occasions would bring them to us. It may seem to you, perhaps, that there was an insupportable degree of misery, and even degradation, in this life of drudgery to a woman of refined tastes and habits; but it was far otherwise—the most menial offices seemed ennobled by the spirit she carried into them—a spirit of love and kindness—anxiety for the comfort of others, and forgetfulness for her own. She not only never complained, but she never seemed aware there was cause of complaint; and when her husband's spirits failed, as they often did, she it was who soothed, and cheered, and consoled him. She entered with eager interest into all our occupations and plans, and her strong good sense soon enabled her to take such just views of the subject, that I began to foresee a time when I might resign into her hands the office of *prompter*, which I had so long held with Sommers. I began now to look with confident hope on my friend's future prospects. Alone he could not have succeeded, but his wife was indeed a "help mate,"—the help, as it seemed, peculiarly designed by providence to supply his deficiencies. Sommers became every day more attached to this admirable wife.

—Her influence over him was unbounded, but Lucy had no ambition to rule, and never interposed but where the general good required it.—She loved and admired her husband above all earthly beings, and if she saw his faults she looked on them as faults of a refined and elegant mind, that could not force itself to mingle in the grosser business of life. At the end of a twelve months I left my friends, with what I considered very hopeful prospects, though doubtless there was yet much of hardship and difficulty to contend against. Lucy had become the mother of a fine boy, and maternal love seemed to be a new spring of happiness in her heart. Her health was still sound, her usefulness daily increasing, and she had gathered around our little habitation what seemed comparatively so large a share of comfort and convenience, that she often said laughingly, we should soon be left *without a want*. We parted with mutual regret. Sommers was my oldest friend, and for Lucy I had the love of a brother. She returned my affection, I believe with equal warmth, and had recently given a flattering proof of it, in calling her little boy by my name. None but those, who like us, have been united in hardship and suffering, and isolated from the rest of the world, have been thrown entirely on each other for society and sympathy, and all that man asks of man, can form an idea of the strength of the bond which united us, or the tender intimacy of a friendship thus formed. After my return home, I continued to hear regularly from my friends. They went gradually forward, every year bringing some increase of wealth and ease; and at the end of five years, Sommers possessed a larger share of the world's goods than either his own, or his wife's moderate wishes, had ever aspired to. Lucy at this period visited her parents. Oh, how delightful was this meeting!—she presented to them

three blooming children, herself scarcely touched by the hand of time—serene in matron beauty, strengthened in virtue, yet preserving all the simplicity and sweetness of girlhood!

My story is done, and perhaps you have found it insipidly deficient in incident; but domestic life must often be so; and what I chiefly wished, was to paint to you a character whose excellence early awakened my warmest admiration—a woman who living in the daily exercise of energies that might justly be termed heroic, and habitually sacrificing herself to others, could yet, when all was done, look for her sole reward in the in-

creased happiness of those around her—neither asking praise at home, or desiring the world's applause. A woman of whom, as of Lord Lytton's Lucy, it might be said, she

“Could, without regret or pain,
To virtue's lowest duties sacrifice,
Or interest, or ambition's highest prize.”

Or, as of the lamented Mrs. Cobett—

“Good without pretence,
Blessed with plain reason and with sober sense,
No conquest she but o'er herself desired,
No arts essayed, but not to be admired!”

DREAMS OF HEAVEN.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

DREAM'ST thou of Heaven?—What dreams are thine?

Fair child, fair gladsome child!
With eyes that like the dewdrop shine,
And bounding footsteps wild.

Tell me what hues th' immortal shore
Can wear, my Bird: to thee,
Ere yet one shadow hath passed o'er
Thy glance and spirit free?

“Oh! beautiful is Heaven, and bright
With long, long summer days!
I see its lilies gleam in light,
Where many a fountain plays.

“And there unchecked, methinks, I rove,
Seeking where young flowers lie,
In vale and golden-fruited grove—
Flowers that are not to die!”

Thou Poet of the lonely thought,
Sad heir of gifts divine!
Say, with what solemn glory fraught
Is Heaven in dream of thine?

Oh! where the living waters flow
Along that radiant shore,
My soul, a wanderer here, shall know
The exile-thirst no more!

“The burden of the stranger's heart
Which here unknown I bear,
Like the night-shadow shall depart,
With my first waking there.

“And borne on eagle-wings afar,
Free thought shall claim its dower
From every sphere, from every star,
Of glory and of power.”

O woman! with the soft sad eye
Of spiritual gleam!
Tell me of those bright realms on high,
How doth thy deep heart dream?

By thy mournful voice I know,
On thy pale brow I see,
That thou hast loved in silent woe,
Say, what is Heaven to thee?

“Oh! Heaven is where no secret dread
May haunt Love's meeting hour;
Where from the past, no gloom is shed
O'er the heart's chosen bower:

“Where every severed wreath is bound;
And none who heard the knell
That smites the soul in that wild word—
Farewell, Helen'd! Farewell!”

THE LAST LOOK.

BY L. E. L.

‘Tis the very lightness of childish impressions that makes them so dear and so lasting.

THE shade of the willow fell dark on the tide,
When the maid left her pillow, to stand by its side;
The wind, like a sweet voice, was heard in the tree,
And a soft lulling music swept in from the sea.

The land was in darkness, for mountain and tower
Flung before them the shadows of night's deepest hour;
The moonlight unbroken lay white on the wave,
Till the wide sea was clear as the shield of the brave.

She flung from her forehead its curls of bright hair—
Ere those ringlets fell round her, another was there;
Red flush'd her cheek's crimson, and dark drooped her eye
A stranger had known 'twas her lover stood by.

One note on his sea call, the signal he gave,
And a boat, like a plaything, danced light on the wave;
Her head on his shoulder, her hand in his hand,
Yet the maiden look'd back as they row'd from the strand.

She wept not for parents, she wept not for friends,
Yet fast the bright rain through her white hand descends;
The portionless orphan left nothing behind
But the green leaves—the wild flowers sown by the wind.

But how the heart clings to that earliest love,
Which haunts the lone garden, and hallows the grove;
Which makes the old oak tree and primrose bank fair,
With the memories of childhood whose playtime was there.

‘Tis our spirits which fling round the joy which they take,
The best of our pleasures are those which we make;
We look to the past, and remember the while,
Our own buoyant step, and our own sunny smile.

A pathway of silver was track'd on the wave,
The oars left behind them the light which they gave,
And the slight boat flew over the moon-lighted brine,
Till the coast in the distance was one shadowy line.

They reached the proud ship, and the silken sail spread,
And the gallant flag shone like a meteor blood red;
And forth from the scabbard flash'd out each bright sword,
In fealty to her the young bride of their lord.

From a cup of pale gold she sipp'd the clear wine,
And clasp'd on her arm the green emeralds shine,
The silver lamps swinging with perfume were fed,
And the rich fir beneath her light footsteps was spread.

From the small cabin window she look'd to the shore,
Lost in night she could see its dim outline no more:
She sigh'd as she thought of her earlier hours,
“Ah, who will now watch o'er my favourite flowers?”

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

DEEP was the consultation, and protracted, which Lady Mary had with her confidential adviser, Mrs. Spence. For more than three hours had the conference lasted, and, like many other councils of war, it broke up without coming to a decision.

"It really is provoking," said her Ladyship, "after all the pains I have taken with this headstrong girl,—all the sacrifices I have made,—all the toils I have gone through, she should now be such a source of uneasiness to me."

"It really is provoking," said Mrs. Spence, with a decided emphasis.

"And what can I do?—we have turned over in our minds, every plan that appears at all feasible, and yet how can we answer for it that Caroline will agree to any thing we recommend? I really do not know what to do. In short, then, what is your advice, my dear Mrs. Spence?"

"I think," said Mrs. Spence, "what your ladyship suggested is the very best plan, that, under all the circumstances, you can adopt."

"But which plan do you mean, my dear Mrs.——"

Here the sentence and the conversation was broken off together, by the sound of a cabriolet wheeling up to the door, and a flourishing rap, bestowed with all the grace and dignity of a footman.

"I declare," said Lady Mary, in some agitation, "I declare that must be Mr. Temple; this is his usual hour, and my anxiety about that unhappy daughter of mine has made me forget my toilet. Do, dear Mrs. Spence, go by all means, and meet him; tell him I shall be visible in a moment, and if you see Caroline any where, send her to me at once."

The obsequious lady departed, with more than usual haste, but was not successful in what she well knew to be the principal object of her mission, for, on reaching the drawing room, she found Mr. Temple strongly entrenched on a sofa, "giggling and making giggle" (as Cowper phrases it) with Miss Rawlins. Neither party seemed particularly delighted by the intrusion of the venerable lady. Temple gave her a stately welcome; but the curl on the lip of the fair Caroline, and the flashing of her eye, expressed, as plainly, as looks could express it, the concise, but most emphatic prayer, which the nations of the rest of the world have set down as peculiarly our own.—Heaven forbid that I should hint that any young lady could actually use, in so many words, our national melediction, but certainly she came as nearly as possible within the censure of George Colman the younger. The conversation between Mr. Temple and Mrs. Spence, having exhausted all the varieties of weather which had existed, or ought to have existed, for the last three weeks, suddenly ceased. Miss Rawlins had not deigned to take any part in it.

In due time, Lady Mary, resuscitated from the

toilet, made her appearance, and was received by Mr. Temple with all the devotion of a *preux chevalier*. Many gay upbraids by Lady Mary, half jest, half earnest, of his being so great a stranger, parried by protestations from Mr. Temple, that he had called seven mornings, and spent three evenings of the last week at her house,—rallying on a thousand little adventures,—plans for seeing, hearing, visiting all manner of persons and things,—kept the conversation busy for a while. Miss Rawlins scarcely said a word, being most intent in contemplating the pattern of the carpet. Mrs. Spence judiciously assented wherever her assent was necessary.

"But Caroline, my dear," said her mother, "you do not look well."

"I am quite well," replied the daughter.

"I sincerely hope so," said Lady Mary, "but last night's ball jaded you. I think a little fresh air would do you good. If you would just take a turn in the carriage, I am sure dear Mrs. Spence would be so kind as to accompany you; it would be of much service."

"I'll not go in the carriage," replied the young lady.

Lady Mary cast a glance upon her daughter, which, but for the presence of Mr. Temple, would have been somewhat furious; as it was, it softened into a look at Mrs. Spence, indicative of a claim to pity. Mrs. Spence answered the appeal by a mute declaration that no lady in Europe was so deservedly to be compassionated.

Lady Mary sighed accordingly, and turned her fine eyes upon Mr. Temple most bewitchingly. The gentleman seemed, however, rather amused at the scene.

"I think certainly, Cary," said he, "that your mother is right,—you do look fagged."

"I must have altered very rapidly, then," said Caroline. "for it was only the very moment before Mrs. Spence came into the room that you told me I never looked better in my life."

"Indeed," thought lady Mary.

"More charming, I meant, Cary; but still you have that delicate tint for which the fresh air is so seasonable an application. I certainly recommend a ride in the Park."

"I am not in the humor to figure in the custody of a groom," replied Miss Rawlins.

"Custody!" said Lady Mary, in a tone of astonishment.

"Custody!!" repeated Mrs. Spence, in accents of horror.

"There is no need of your alarming yourself, Cary," said Mr. Temple. "I can send back the man to bring my horse, and I will do myself the pleasure of riding with you."

Miss Rawlins appeared to have no objection whatever to this arrangement, but it was broken off by superior authority.

"No, no," said Lady Mary, "I have no idea of indulging wilful young ladies; Caroline did

not choose to take the carriage, and she may stay at home. Besides, Temple, I have need of your services to-day; as the carriage is now disengaged, I must take you with me to a concert which I am bound to patronize. Caroline, my dear, Mrs. Spence will have the goodness to stay with you."

"Certainly," said Mrs. Spence; but there were two parties to the arrangement, and Miss Rawlins broke it off at once by leaving the room without any further remark. Lady Mary appeared satisfied that she was gone, and proceeded to give orders for the carriage, in which act we shall leave her, to take the story a little higher up.

Lady Mary was the widow of a General who had distinguished himself in India, and left his widow an ample dowry, and a large fortune to his only daughter. When the scenes which I have above related were passing, her Ladyship had been about five years a widow, and admitted now and then that she was five-and-thirty. She might have been, in fact, about three years older. Her daughter had just passed nineteen, and was brought out this year with great reluctance. She had completed her seventeenth year before she was emancipated from nursery trammels; and, for more than a year afterwards, she was placed under strict surveillance of governesses, and never permitted to appear at any of her mother's parties.

In the meanwhile, her looking glass, and her maids told her she was very pretty, and she contrived to infer, from many circumstances, that she was to be very rich. For some time, therefore, she bore this maternal yoke with much reluctance; and when it was found impossible to consider her as a child any longer, the first use she made of her emancipation, was to fling herself into all the gaieties within her reach, with an ardor that quite astonished the mother, who had so many reasons for wishing still to consider her a girl. The young lady, however, became almost unmanageable, and mamma conceived herself *au désespoir*.

She was mistaken, nevertheless; for there was one thing still wanting. Miss Rawlins, though from the commencement of her career, she had started a decided flirt, shewed no symptoms, at first, of being touched by the tender passion.—The attraction of her purse and her person soon obtained her a sufficient number of admirers, but they sighed in vain. Her mother, therefore, considered herself safe on that point, and had no fears of that effectual destruction to all pretensions of juvenility—a married daughter. She had still marrying views of her own.

Mr. Temple, the subject of their mutual contests, was a handsome widower of two-and-forty, whose glossy locks—thanks to nitrate of silver and oil-skin night-caps—defied the blanching power of time, and whose figure, owing to unremitting attention bestowed upon it, retained its youthful proportions. His manners, were agreeable. His fortune large, and, on the whole, he was still a lady-killer of no small pretensions. His *penchant*

appeared to have decidedly settled towards Lady Mary Rawlins, and he was admitted to her house as a recognized *ami du maison*. Caroline Rawlins had ripened from pretty girlhood to the verge of beautiful womanhood under his eyes, and, as a child, had been a great favorite. In the first year of her escape from the nursery, a tour to the Rhine was decided on, and Mr. Temple attended the ladies as their cavalier.—His attention, his pleasant manners, his travelled information, made a great impression on the mind of Caroline. He was the very first gentleman with whom she had ever been thrown into juxtaposition; and, on her return she told her confidential maid, that so delightful a man as Mr. Temple did not exist. The confidential maid kept the secret as such ladies generally do—and it soon reached the ears of Lady Mary.

Here was a dilemma indeed—Caroline in love with Mr. Temple—and Mr. Temple?—It was dreadful even to ask the question. He shewed no alteration of manner to her Ladyship, but it was evident that he had no particular aversion to a-tete-a-tete with her daughter. What was to be done?

That was precisely the subject of the conversation with Mrs. Spence, and we leave the matter undecided. If we hear any further intelligence on the subject, we shall communicate it to our readers. In the mean time, lest they should think we break off too abruptly, we conclude with a moral. Ladies are strongly recommended not to keep their daughters in the nursery until they are nineteen; for if they do, the chances are, the young ladies will fall in love with the first gentleman who catches their ear in private.

N. B. Peculiar inconvenience will be felt if the said gentleman should happen to be the favorite beau of Mamma's own.

ENGLISH NATIONAL DEBT.

THE clear nett produce of the several branches of the British revenue, after all the charges of collecting and management paid, amounted in the time of Blackstone to about ten millions sterling. This immense sum is first and principally appropriated to the payment of the national debt. The American war cost the British nation one hundred and sixteen millions of pounds sterling. In 1777, the capital of the national debt amounted to about one hundred and thirty-six millions. How is this ever to be discharged?

A certain class of political economists have asserted that the discharge should never be desired, as the debt is advantageous to the nation. It may be so to a few capitalists, to whom it offers a safe method of investing their funds; but the interest of this stupendous debt *must* be paid annually. This at the period mentioned above amounted to upwards of four millions and three-quarters. Whence is this to come? From the poor classes; in taxes upon candles, soap, salt, and beer.

LADY ISABELLA'S WEDDING-DAY.

My sister Isabella is the youngest of our family. Her father, Lord Ashurst, and her four brothers—myself among the number—have always decided her to be the prettiest and most captivating of its female moiety, in defiance of the Juno-like magnificence of face and figure exhibited by her elder sisters, the Marchioness of Chesterton and Lady Droitwich. But this preference of our little Amoret to the stately Sacharissas of the house of Ashurst, may perhaps proceed from selfish partiality; for the Ladies Henrietta and Margaret, even previous to their dignified alliances, were at no pains to conceal their disgust towards younger brothers in general, without regard to the humiliation they inflicted on three among ourselves in particular; while Isabella has loved us from her childhood with equalizing tenderness, superior to all influence of peerage precedence.

Perhaps it may be considered strange that I place the opinion of her mother lowest in the scale;—but, in truth, the character of Lady Ashurst was one of such mechanical frigidity, that she was seldom at the trouble of examining or expressing her sentiments on such unimportant points. She was a woman of irreproachable moral conduct, faithfully attached to my father, and regarding her seven children rather as “Lord Ashurst’s family,” than as the beings nearest and dearest to herself; she was grateful to my elder sisters for having maintained his dignity by suitable connexions, and to my elder brother for his Oxford honours. Even in dismissing my paltry self to the remote curacy destined to prove a stepping stone to preferment, the good Countess did not lose sight of her paramount duty. “Conduct yourself, my dear Frank,” said she, at parting, “as becomes the name of Lockhart; and remember that our great object in the choice of your profession has been the maintenance of our family influence by the dignities of the Church. I shall be greatly disappointed if you do not give your father the gratification of seeing you a Dean!”

Lady Ashurst’s exhortation to Isabella on the final abdication of the governess were nearly of a similar character; pointing out, exclusively, to her imitation, the virtues of her sisters in the marriage choice, and their worldly eminence in supporting the dignity of their coronets-matrimonial. “Your sister Chesterton, my dear Lady Isabella,” said she, “is a Lady of the Bedchamber;—your sister Droitwich, a Patroness of Almack’s;—I trust I shall not find you derogate from the high character my daughters have acquired in society.”

Poor Isabella was for a time sorely puzzled by these precepts. She recognised with becoming humility the imperative duty of obedience to her parents; but, although educated by a superlative Parisian governess, had a notion of the existence of a still more urgent bond upon her moral con-

duct; and was perplexed in the extreme by what concessions to reconcile these anomalies. “Pray, dearest Frank,” she whispered to me, previous to my desolate departure for my Wiltshire parsonage, “pray persuade that stupid Lord Wrottesley to moderate his attentions to me. Should he ever gain courage for a proposal, Mamma will never forgive me!” “Not forgive you! Isabella; she would be enchanted: Wrottesley Castle is the finest place in the county, and commands an estate of thirty thousand a-year!” “But I cannot marry a quadrangle of granite and mortar; and as to polluting the marriage vow by promising to honour and love that still more dense and ponderous mass—its noble owner—such an act of submission, my dear Frank, is beyond the boundaries of my passive obedience.”

I kissed my pretty little sister for the honesty of her determination; and did my best to preadmonish poor Wrottesley of the hopelessness of his suit. But, unfortunately, his views on the subject were as obstinate as her own; and when I returned home to share the Christmas festivities of Ashurst Park, I found Isabella in sad disgrace with the elders of the family for having refused Wrottesley Castle. No allusion was made among them to its human incumbrance—his lordship was regarded as only part and parcel of the estate;—and Lady Chesterton observed with a curvature of lip worthy of the Virgin Queen herself, that, “Lady Isabella Lockhart was the first of the Ashurst family who had betrayed the indelicacy of consulting her personal feelings in the choice of an alliance!” Poor Amoret was covered with blushes at this imputation; and Harry and Horace, my Guardsman and Hussar brothers, united with me in consoling and encouraging our little favourite. But while Harry was too busy in the hunting-field, and Horace in the Ashurst preserves, to bestow much attention on her afflictions, I managed to discover, between the welcome pauses of reading for my degree, with my father’s Chaplain, that our efforts for her consolation were powerfully seconded in another quarter.

Among the guests assembled by the annual hospitalities of the Park, in aid of its private theatricals, balls, concerts, battues, and charades, were two old Eton friends of my brother’s, sons to the late Lord William Annesley, and nephews to the Duke of Guildford. It would be scarcely possible to point out two finer or more accomplished young men; yet, although they were the unportioned offspring of a younger brother, the Countess foresaw no peril from the propinquity. Her own notions of filial submission had been too powerfully seconded by the worldly wisdom of my elder sisters, to induce any apprehension that a daughter of Lord Ashurst’s could forget what was due to her father! Notwithstanding my clear-sightedness in this instance, I confess I entertained none myself; but then my estimation

of the debtor and creditor account between my father and his offspring, differed materially from that of his devoted consort; and although I distinctly observed that William Annesley's mode of sustaining Isabella's courage, and arming her disobedience, was tempered by unusual tenderness of tone and demeanour, I saw nothing in the attentions of the Duke of Guildford's nephew calculated to wither the susceptible foliage of our family tree. If any thing in the affair surprised me more than the blindness of my parents, it was the preference evidently accorded by my sister, for William was a wild and volatile creature, incapable of much consistency in his adoration; while Algernon, the younger brother, was a perfect hero of romance, full of sighs and sonnets—with azure eyes and auburn curls! But her attention was all for William; and while they were riding together in the Ashurst avenues, or singing together in the Ashurst music-room, Algernon would pass the morning with me and my Josephus, dreaming in a library chair, and interrupting his visions with murmurs against the severity of fortune, and the chances of the hazard table, which had left his father's children portionless to the compassion of their uncle. I saw that the poor fellow was in love, but being aware that the Duke of Guildford was supposed to regard his two handsome heirs with somewhat of jealousy, and to supply their maintenance with somewhat of niggardliness, I forbore to investigate his sentimental distresses. This agreeable interlude was of short duration. Lady Chesterton departed to her duties in the household; Lady Droitwich to her labours in King street; my brothers and Algernon Annesley grumbled back to their regiments; William to his office in Downing street; I to my curatizing drudgery; while Lady Isabella accompanied the Earl and Countess to Grosvenor Square, to pursue her studies in the science of fine ladyism. I consoled myself as well as I could under my reverses, by the hope of becoming a Dean; but by what hopes or expectations my friend Annesley's countenance was so irradiated on quitting Ashurst, I found it difficult to conjecture. Three hundred a-year, and the patronage of his Grace of Guildford, formed, methought, a poor foundation for future prosperity!

In the midst of the professional engagements which now peremptorily claimed my attention, I own I was not wholly without anxiety relative to my dear Isabella; nor was I ever summoned to the solemnization of the sacrament of marriage, without recalling to my mind the fervent tone in which I had heard her advocate its vows of love and obedience. I trusted, indeed, to her own purity of nature and rectitude of mind to counteract the lessons I knew her to be receiving from the narrow precepts of her mother, and the worldly examples of her sisters; but I could not divest myself of apprehensions from the demoralizing influence of the world of fashion. Whenever her letters to me contained allusions to the gaudy splendours of society, to the brilliancy of a drawing-room, or the beauty of a diamond zone,

I grew peevish and philosophical in my replies. I forgave her for dwelling on the enjoyment of "a delightful Almack's," for it was more than probable that William might have shared its Galoppe, or administered its confidential dose of tepid green tea; but when such allusions were accompanied by the accouplement of Lady Isabella Lockhart's name in the quadrille list of the *Court Journal* with those of the Marquis of this, or the Earl of that, I own that the admonitory tone of my Sunday's sermon might be somewhat too severely emulated in my answer.

With the remainder of my family, meanwhile, I maintained but little communication. My eldest brother was in official training for a statesman, and his epistles to me were intended, I conclude, as essays in the art of diplomatic mystery; for they rarely contained more syllables or more intelligence than the frank in which they were enveloped. Lady Ashurst was too busy in superintending the daily adjustment of my father's book-room, papers, invitations, breakfast, and mid-day Julienne, to find any leisure for her absent sons; and as to the Ladies Chesterton and Droitwich, I am satisfied they would as soon think of wasting their correspondence on their footmen, as on their younger brothers. My father, however, occasionally favours me with a letter of advice on pecuniary moderation, and excess of study and zeal; and to one of these arid specimens of paternal vigilance, Lord Ashurst chanced to append a codicil highly consolatory to my feelings: "Your mother and sister are well," was the tenor of the postscript, "and as happy as dissipation can make them. A *dejeuner dansant*, every morning, and a ball or two every night, do not seem to exhaust either their patience or their health. Those handsome lads of my old friend Lord William Annesley are always in Grosvenor Square; an intimacy which I encourage, because I am anxious to engage the Duke of Guildford's interest in Bedfordshire for Lockhart's next election." Without being peculiarly satisfied with the motive of my noble sire, the result re-assured my mind on Lady Isabella's account. Not that I was desirous of witnessing her immediate union with a man endowed only with as many hundreds per annum, as I knew thousands to be requisite to her comfort; but Annesley's official prospects were secured by his uncle's parliamentary interest, and I had witnessed my sister's unequivocal preference, and encouragement of his homage.

Meanwhile, the nature of my own avocations assumed a very engrossing interest. I had the satisfaction to add the qualification of M. A. to my patronymic in the course of the summer, by way of balance to its prefatory Honourable; and a family living, which fell vacant shortly afterwards, created such arbitrary claims upon my time, that it was only through the nebulous dreaminess of November, I contrived to find my way through the lodge-gates of Ashurst Park. Connecting his visit to my paternal hall with Lord Lockhart's ensuing election, it was no matter of surprise to me to find the Duke of Guildford

domesticated at our table; and, connecting his stately presence with his kindred to William Annesley, it was matter only for a smile to find dear Isabella assiduously stationed by his side. My mother, after expressing in a private interview her satisfaction that my professional diligence had not disappointed poor dear Lord Ashurst's expectations, condescended to notice a similar improvement on the part of her youngest daughter. "London had done wonders," she said, "for Lady Isabella. I should find her grown quite a rational being; and even Henrietta and Margaret were beginning to be satisfied that she would not discredit the family. As to the Duke of Guildford, he was already at her feet."

The first evening I passed at Ashurst, enabled me to decide that his Grace could not have chosen a less becoming position for himself. He was now full fifty years of age; or "by'r lady, inclining to three-score," and having figured in a divorce-bill previous to the attainment of his dukedom, had eschewed all thoughts of second wedlock, and turned a studiously unobservant eye on the efforts of divers dowagers and their daughters to achieve the distinction of Duchess of Guildford. He had even assumed the egotism of Epicurean *savoir vivre*, and a brown Adonis, in ostensible defiance to the approaches of the god of love! Yet, unabashed by his periwig, unawed by his dignity of half a century's endurance, Lady Isabella addressed herself to conquer his stubborn heart; and aware of the sympathy existing, in his Grace's conformation, between that organ and the palate, it was diverting to see with what art the little gipsy ingratiated herself into his favour, by daily pointing out to his notice the especial *entrees* affording to my father's *chef de cuisine*, his credentials of office, or the peculiar *hors d'œuvres* by which he had acquired his diploma as a *Cordon bleu*; and with what ecstatic admiration the Duke regarded her smiling countenance in return, as inferior only to her intelligence in the gastronomic art. I have seen him gaze on her as if he could eat her with as much satisfaction as though she had been dressed by Ude!

At first I was half inclined to remonstrate with my little coquette of a sister; for the Duke of Guildford really deserved a better fate than to become the dupe of her machinations. Without being a wit, or a philosopher, or even a man of generous sentiments, he possessed a fund of right and gentlemanly feeling; and having passed his life in the best school of good breeding, his address was tinctured with a degree of graciousness and consideration for other people, such as rendered him at all times an agreeable companion. It was only in remembering the claims of Annesley and his brother, that I reconciled myself to Lady Isabella's efforts to win upon his favour; and having discovered that a domestic of the Guildford suite had actually been despatched by his master, to London, and returned, two days afterwards, in a post-chaise, with a small mysterious-looking bandbox, which my evening observations proved to have contained an improved

edition of the brown Adonis, the millefleuréd curls of which were evidently addressed to Lady Isabella's captivation. I could not but reprove the levity of her approving smiles. I represented to her the respectability of the Duke of Guildford's age and character, as exempting him from the idle plots of a mere child, such as herself.

But she met my grave admonitions with her merriest laugh; and would not regard the affair in a serious point of view. "Do not distress yourself for the poor old beau, my dear Frank," said she; "I am only perfecting his education for the benefit of his family. The creature is so narrow-minded, and so apprehensive of encountering the rivals of his two nephews, that he will not allow them to accept an invitation in the same house with himself. He forbade William Annesley to visit Ashurst this Christmas; and as to poor Algernon, he has condemned him to expiate some imaginary offence, or the real one of putting his uncle's peruke to shame, by encountering the yellow fever in some West India colony. The Duke, indeed, protests he has sent him there for promotion; but I fancy if the nephew had emulated his uncle's ugliness, he would have obtained his majority without quitting the Guards."

My father now managed to occupy so much of my time with his auditors and my tithe-book, and with tedious consultations respecting the interests of family property, to which the sedateness of my black coat appeared to entitle me as ghostly and temporal counsellor to the junior branches, that my visit to Ashurst terminated without any further opportunity for an explanation with my giddy sister; and on my returning home, an eventful routine of parochial casualties suspended for a time all communication with Grosvenor Square. A farm adjoining my glebe was destroyed by fire; the incendiaries unluckily proved to be black sheep belonging to my own flock, and were imprisoned, tried, condemned, and executed. During the three months in which their fate remained undecided, I laboured fervently in their behalf, both with the tribunals of the land, and with their own impotence—but infructuously on all sides—they died, and made no sign! I own the whole business weighed heavily on my spirits. Inexperienced in my pastoral duties, I began to despond touching my own powers, and to wish that my parents had never been smitten with the ambition of seeing me a Dean!—when, in the very height of my depression, I received a letter of most elaborate pomposity from Lord Ashurst, announcing that *his daughter, Lady Isabella Lockhart, had accepted the hand of the Duke of Guildford!* It was well that he did not call her *my sister*; for I fear I could not have repressed my disavowal of all connexion with so heartless, so unprincipled a being! My father only added to this most unexpected and unwelcome intelligence, that the Archbishop of Canterbury had graciously promised to perform the ceremony; but that being desirous of seeing his whole family assembled on so gratifying an occasion, he trusted he might be

able to reconcile a visit to town with my professional duties.

And this was the result of all the bright promise of Isabella's youth!—this the end of all her plausible professions of faith!—this her first step over the threshold of fashionable life! I trembled to think of her hypocrisy—or to anticipate its consequences; but trusting I might still find a moment for exhortation and remonstrance, I set off for Grosvenor-square, and arrived there at so late an hour that my first encounter with Lady Isabella was at the dinner-table. Much as my feelings were chilled towards her, I was shocked on perceiving the change a few short months had wrought upon her person. It was not that her features were less regularly beautiful, or her complexion less brilliant. But its bloom appeared concentrated on her cheek into one burning spot, while her eyes had acquired a sort of bewildered restlessness, which struck me with dismay; and as she passed my chair on quitting the room after dinner, Lady Isabella wrung my hand with so fervent and convulsive a grasp, that already compassion and anxiety surpassed my indignation against her perfidy. To the family in general, meanwhile, I could perceive that she was grown an object of miraculous interest. Lord Lockhart had overcome all his natural apathy in her favour;—even Lady Chesterton treated her with the deference due to a being about to rise to a degree above herself in conventional dignity;—and no sooner did his Grace steal away from the claret to his devoirs in the drawing-room, than Harry and Horace drew their chairs towards mine, and whispered me that they had a promise of the Guildford interest for their immediate promotion, and that my father's next object was to secure a stall for myself.

"And William and Algernon Annesley?" I inquired. "What interest is to be exerted for them?"

"Oh! this marriage of the Duke's you know, will make a total change in *their* claims and prospects. He will now probably have heirs of his own; and the two Annesleys will only rank among the rest of his three hundred and sixty-five nephews and cousins. Algernon has already offended him past redemption, and is packed off to the West Indies; and sweet Willie is hiding away from his creditors in some corner or other."

On this latter point, I resolved to obtain better information; and the following morning dispatched a note to Isabella's dressing-room, requesting admission. Unfortunately Lady Ashurst chanced to be present at its perusal; and mistrusting my interference in her daughter's affairs, sent me a verbal reply, that her Ladyship would be engaged all the morning in sitting for her picture. The dinner-hour was destined to assemble some twenty of the high-mightinesses of the House of Annesley, for the inauguration of the Duchess elect; and the next day was so devoted to the business of the *trousseau*, and the importunities of half the French milliners in London, that I found it impossible to obtain an

interview of five minutes with my sister. It was evident that Lady Ashurst had concerted with Henrietta and Margaret that the poor girl should obtain no interval of leisure for consideration or remorse. The evening was appropriated to the signature of settlements, on the following one, Lady Isabella Lockhart was to suffer the degradation of becoming Duchess of Guildford!—and yet I had obtained no opportunity to whisper one word of admonition to my sister! Moments were becoming precious; and I now resolved to brave her resentment or agitation even in the midst of the assembled family.

When we entered the brilliantly illuminated saloon for the ceremony of the signature, I was struck by the solemn circle of solicitors, trustees, and witnesses assembled round the table on which the parchments were deposited. I had not beheld such an array of legal dignity since the condemnation of my unfortunate parishioners;—and the association of ideas thus created, only served to augment the chilly depression of my heart. Isabella was seated between her mother and Lady Droitwich, arrayed in all the splendour of her approaching dignities, and deriving a sort of unnatural paleness from their brilliancy—a statue attired in mockery by the fantastic hand of Fashion! But while Lord Richard Annesley, and one or two others of the Duke of Guildford's family, who were secretly inclined to project the massacre of mine, in retribution of this unexpected matrimonial encroachment on their expectations, surrounded Lady Ashurst with their hollow adulation, I managed to draw away Isabella to the embrasure of an adjoining window.

"Sister!" I whispered, in a voice of as much kindness as my perturbation would admit—"is this your own doing?—have you reflected on your own responsibility—on William Annesley's ruin?"

She seemed to labour for utterance; but not a word issued from her lips; and placing her hand in mine, as if to plead for forbearance, I found it cold and nerveless as death. "Dearest Isabella," I persisted, "have pity on yourself—on your youth—on your future penitence—and do not persist in this unhallowed marriage. You loved William Annesley—you love him still!"

"I abhor him!" faltered my sister, in a tone of such terrible intensity, that I could have wished her to remain still silent. "He has sacrificed my affection to his worldly interests;—he is engaged to Sophia Winterton."

"The banker's heiress?—Do not believe it!—Annesley passes for a ruined man;—some enemy has deceived you?"

"No! Frank, no!—my sisters acquainted me with his treachery;—and I spoke to — the Duke, and inquired whether it were true that he had resolved to accept the city heiress for his niece;—and he told me, that on learning his nephew's degrading engagement, he had forbidden him his presence. I was still patient, Frank—I still doubted; till I beheld with my

own eyes the devotion with which William attached himself to her side; and one night—one horrible night, at Almack's—when I had watched them whispering together for hours—Mamma acquainted me with the proposals of the Duke of Guildford for my hand. I accepted them;—I have avenged myself;—but my heart is broken."

I can never forget her look and tone of anguish in uttering this hurried explanation! But I was not permitted to breathe one word of comfort to my poor misguided Isabella:—Lord Lockhart and the bridegroom approached to lead her towards the table; and unable to endure the public recital of a contract which was to complete her ruin, I rushed from the room, satisfied that, by some villanous practice, Lady Isabella had been imposed upon. I knew Annesley's noble and honourable disposition; I was assured that my friend was incapable of betraying the woman of his affections from sordid motives; and determined to seek him out, and satisfy my mind by an ample explanation. But in vain did I visit his lodgings, his clubs, his accustomed haunts; he was not to be heard of! I even ventured to intrude, at that unseemly hour, upon the presence of one of his married sisters, who, I knew, had declined an invitation to Isabella's marriage; and from her I learned, with some difficulty, that William had been requested by his uncle to recruit his health at Brighton till after the solemnization of a marriage which was to prove the death-blow of all his hopes.

Without hesitation, I threw myself into a post-chaise; and arrived at the Steyne Hotel in the middle of the night. At day-break, I was admitted to William's room; nor was I surprised at the air of constraint, disgust, and astonishment, with which my untimely visit was received. But the explanation of a few minutes sufficed to place us on a better footing; and never did I witness a stronger burst of indignation than that with which he repelled the charge through which he had been deprived of Isabella's plighted faith! "Your family *must* have known," he exclaimed, "that it is Algernon from whom my uncle has withdrawn his favour on account of an engagement with his inferior in birth; and surely it was my business to devote some little attention to poor Soph Winterton, in return for her disinterested attachment to my exiled brother."

"You must come with me instantly to town," cried I; "for Heaven's sake, rise and dress, and let us not lose a moment in intercepting the arrangements for this odious marriage. Think of poor Isabella."

"Think of her!" said Annesley with a shudder, "how has she thought of me?"

"She was deceived;—she was hurried away by the petulance of a woman's resentment?"

"Of a woman's *ambition*! Lady Isabella only followed the immemorial customs of her sex, in preferring a dukedom in possession, to its uncertain reversion."

"You exaggerate her errors," said I; "I dare not proclaim Isabella guiltless of offence; but, at

least, her affection towards yourself remains unimpaired." And I recounted to him the affecting scene of the preceding evening, which, for a moment, appeared to soften his feelings, and pacify his indignation.

"We have both been wickedly misled," he exclaimed; "both wantonly sacrificed! But it is too late! I dare not drag her from the altar which assigns her the highest destiny of worldly prosperity, only that she may share my ruin. I am overwhelmed with debts; my uncle would throw us off for ever, and I should not have even bread to offer my precious Isabella."

"Nay! if that be your only objection," said I, seizing his hand, "my paltry roof will, at least, afford you food and shelter; and, I beseech you, dear Annesley, to make me the instrument of my sister's release—of her happiness!"

I will not repeat his grateful rejoinders. In less than two hours we were on the London road; and, in spite of the unlucky chance of Lewes Races to impede our progress, we traversed the London suburbs as the first postman's bell announced five o'clock. The marriage ceremony was not to be performed till *eight*—immediately after dinner—so that my mind was comparatively at ease; but, on reaching Grosvenor Square, my companion pointed out with horror, that the Duke of Guildford's travelling carriage and post-horses were already in waiting, as well as a very archiepiscopal-looking brown chariot, and the equipages of the Chesterton and Droitwich families. Was it possible that the hour of solemnization could have been anticipated. I implored poor Annesley to remain in the chaise till I had acquainted myself with the fact; and rushing into the house, after overturning a basket of white satin favours in the hall, I encountered on the stairs my father, with an angry spot upon his cheek.

"Where the deuce have you been at such a moment, Frank?" cried he, fractiously; "the family is all in disorder, and principally on account of your absence. Isabella has been in fainting fits all day; her mother is distracted; and as they are quite unfit to meet the observation of the dinner party, the Duke was anxious to have the ceremony over as soon as possible."

"It is *not* over?" cried I, scarcely able to articulate.

"Not yet! Isabella's perversity is beyond all control! She insists on a private interview with Guildford; will not even suffer Lady Ashurst, or myself, to be present; but having repeatedly asked for *you*, I was coming down to make further inquiries respecting your absence. The Duke is at this very moment waiting for her in my library, and the Archbishop and all the family are anxiously assembled for the ceremony. There never was so awkward a business."

Without losing an instant in reply, I hastened towards the library, and entered it just as the Duke of Guildford was receiving Isabella from Lady Ashurst's arm at the opposite door. My sister started on perceiving me, and whispered incoherently to her mother—"Now that Frank

is come to be present at our interview, surely you will trust me to make my explanations to his Grace?" Her Ladyship, with some signs of dissatisfaction on her countenance, immediately withdrew; while, having resolved to abstain from all interference in the affair, till I had acquainted myself with Isabella's designs, I suffered the Duke to lead her to a sofa, and assume a seat by her side, and remained at some little distance, regarding them. Never did I behold anything so touchingly beautiful as my sister's countenance at that trying moment! More dazzlingly white than the bridal draperies of satin in which it was enveloped, there was a degree of contrast between the brilliant and distinguished magnificence of her attire, and the humiliated depression of her spirits, enhancing, if possible, the charm of both.

For some minutes she sat, with clasped hands, striving to acquire the command of her utterance; till, at length, the Duke, impatient of, or commiserating her irresolution, bent towards her with a few words of inquiry, expressed in a sufficiently lover-like tone to arm her apprehensions. "No, no!" she faltered, extending her marble arm to repel his approach, "No nearer!"

"My dearest Isabella," he resumed, with the same air of tenderness.

"Not *your* Isabella!" replied my sister, wildly. "Oh no! not *yours*—forgive me—forgive all my deceit, all my misleading, for I can never become your wife."

"You are agitated by the approach of the solemn ceremony, dear Lady Isabella," said he. "Compose yourself—no one shall hurry you, no one molest you."

"Yes! my mother—my sisters—every one but Frank will molest and revile me; but not even the prospect of their anger can drive me to the completion of this ill-fated marriage. I love another—I love your nephew! and, although he has broken his faith with me, I find I cannot alienate my affections from him!" Again she wrung her hands, and finally concealed her tearful face amid the cushions of the sofa.

"It is time for me to bear my part in this explanation," said I, drawing near, and hanging over the distracted Isabella. "It is time for me to acquaint your Grace, that my sister has been deceived into a belief, that her plighted lover, William Annesley, has been tempted to desert her for the advantageous prospect of an union with Miss Winterton. Your Grace must be as well aware as myself, of the utter falsehood of such a charge."

In a moment, poor Isabella had sprung from the sofa, and twined her arms around my neck, with convulsive sobs of joy and gratitude.

"Excuse me, Sir, Lady Isabella Lockhart cannot but be fully aware, that it was my nephew Algernon who has disgraced himself by seeking such an alliance," observed the Duke, with an air of such haughty self-possession, that, in a moment, I exonerated him from all share in the plot. "But it appears, that I too, have a right to complain of deception; although I thank her ladyship for even this tardy show of candour.

That she has misled my feelings into an error which will cost them some pangs to subdue—that she has rendered me ridiculous in my own eyes, and those of the world—is an act of levity which I leave it to her own conscience to reprove."

"I know I have erred," cried Isabella, who had recovered all her spirits on learning the undiminished fidelity of her lover; "I know you have much to forgive, and yet I venture to confide my cause to your hands—for, unless you are generous—unless you become my friend—my advocate—how shall I dare encounter the resentment of my family!"

For a moment the Duke of Guildford seemed to struggle with his emotions; but I thought I could discern the tokens of a softened heart upon his countenance. I ventured, therefore, to draw him aside, and to enter into a hurried explanation of William Annesley's arrival. "Have you the courage, the self-denial, to allow this inauspicious ceremony to proceed?" said I. "The world will be led, by such a circumstance, to believe your Grace the author, rather than the dupe, of the whole scheme."

He wrung my hand heavily. "You have a strong reliance on my generosity, young man," was his only reply. "Bring my nephew hither; Isabella! you should have shown more confidence in a heart you knew to be your own."

In a minute, William was at his feet; in another, the Duke had joined his hand with that of my sister; and immediately drawing her arm under his own, and leading her into the midst of the crowded saloon, he announced her to the company as Lady Isabella Annesley. "I trust, dear Lord Ashurst," said he, with perfect dignity and composure, "you will accept the heir of my title and fortune for your daughter, in lieu of a bridegroom so miserably disproportioned to her age and excellence, as myself. The settlements are already made—Mr. Annesley's carriage waits to convey the young couple to their villa at Richmond;—my friend the archbishop is impatient;—do you empower me to give away the bride?"

The whole family was too completely paralysed by amazement to form any serious objection to so unexceptionable an alliance. My friend William's expressions of gratitude to his generous uncle were more fervent than coherent, when still bathed in tears, although radiant with smiles, my sister was bestowed upon him by the Duke of Guildford! "Do not thank me! do not thank me!" he exclaimed, as he hurried them away, immediately after the ceremony; "it may be some time before I have courage to look upon the happiness of your union."

Such was the result of my wild-geese journey to Brighton!—Such was Isabella's wedding-day!

INTEMPERANCE.

I do not allow the pretence of temperance to all such as are seldom or never drunk, or fall into surfeits; for men may lose their health, without losing their senses, and be intemperate every day, without being drunk perhaps once in their lives.—*Sir Wm. Temple.*

THE MANIAC.

TOWARDS the end of last October, when the weather first began to presage winter, and every body fled from the country to shut themselves up in their Parisian domiciles, I regularly quitted the city, to enjoy a solitude so much more to my taste beyond the barriers.

The ground was covered with its autumnal dressing; the dry and yellow leaves from the trees of the outer boulevards whirled around me in troublesome eddies, and the humid fog which began to extend itself over the whole scene, caused me a very disagreeable impression.

Leaving Belleville to the left, I walked on slowly and thoughtful, engaged in profound reflection on the variety and emptiness of this world's pleasures, and was soon transported in idea far from Paris, into the midst of more congenial scenery.

Suddenly the sounds of grief met my ear; it was the sharp cry of a despairing heart, and as melancholy as my own reflections.

I was just then close to the eastern burial-ground. A hearse was slowly bearing a corpse to its place of rest, and the conductor announced its arrival to the functionaries of the place.

The cemetery was deserted, except by a few couples who, partially hidden by the fog, glided in the perspective, like the shadows of the departed. They were lovers who had gone thither to seek for secrecy and silence amongst the tombs; and were toying and laughing, and speaking of *love* in a path paved with the bones of their fellow-mortals. They made a resting-place of a tomb stone; but why should we feel astonished that youth and frivolity seek every where for pleasure?

I pursued with slow steps the ascent to the chapel, and having reached the summit, I seated myself upon a tomb, and cast my eyes in every direction round, mournfully considering the objects with which I was associated.

A violent burst of laughter roused me from these contemplations, and my sympathy gave way to indignation, and caused me to bend my steps towards the spot whence the sound proceeded.

There, in one of the most retired alleys of this vast cemetery, I beheld a lonely female seated upon a tomb-stone; her cheeks were pale and wrinkled; her eyes red and swollen; her tears still trickling down her cheeks. Nevertheless, it was she whose laugh had electrified me; it was she who, in spite of her tears, *continued* to laugh. As soon as she saw me, she shook her head, and placed her finger mysteriously on her lips—"Hush! hush! be silent," said she, as if she was addressing some invisible being, "hush, there is some one coming."

I drew towards her, and she attempted to knit; her eyes still cast down, and her attitude became most rigid.

In the mean time, the fog considerably increas-

ed, and the poor unfortunate woman's habiliments imbibed its moisture. Her frozen limbs seemed to be void of feeling; a drop of water hung to each scattered lock of hair, and her hands, purple as the violet, could scarcely move her knitting needles. She was a personification of submissive despair!

"The weather is very cold, madam, to remain thus exposed to its influence. But perhaps you are waiting for the person whom I heard you conversing with just now."

"Till then, the poor creature had been perfectly silent; when she suddenly leaped from her seat, and, pointing towards a grave at her feet, replied: "*That person* lies there." On the head-stone I read these words: "To the memory of Julius Rainier, who died at the age of nineteen years—his mother dedicates this tablet." Alas! the unhappy woman believed she still heard the voice of her son issue from the depths of the grave; therefore she chafed and laughed as if really in company with the loved being who slept beneath. Such was the effect of her maternal grief and affection.

I made several efforts to draw her away from the cemetery, but she angrily repulsed me. "What! quit my poor Julius before night-fall?" said she. "Oh! no, sir, no; we are so comfortable together! If I was to leave him alone here, he would get tired."

One of the watchmen belonging to the place passed close to us; he hummed a tune in the most careless tone imaginable.

"That woman disquiets you, sir," said he carelessly. "Bah! let her alone, and go your ways; she has seen a hundred others since she came here."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Why her son died about a year ago, and she has regularly passed every day since that period beside his grave? She talks to him, and insists upon it that he answers her—it is enough to kill one with laughing to hear her. She always brings some victuals with her; and as for *mad people*, they never feel the cold." The unfortunate creature gave the lie to his words, for she shivered from suffering. The watchman withdrew, humming a fashionable air of the most fashionable vaudeville.

I had not courage to drag the poor maniac away from the tomb of her son. I could not reconcile it to myself to destroy an illusion which made her so happy; but I feared for her health; and I wished above all things to place some one in charge of her.

I ran after the watchman, and spoke of it to him. "Watch over her!" said he—"Bah! her family have already given her in charge to me. She is rich, and her relations"——

"How is it, then, that they permit her?"——

"They submit to what they cannot hinder. Six months ago they confined Madame Rainier

in a locked-up room, and she jumped out of the window! The fellow laughed as he uttered the words, and I turned away heart-sick at the painful spectacle.

After that, I continued, for several weeks, to visit the cemetery and Madame Raineir, whom I constantly found talking and knitting by the side of her son's grave.

Alas! one day I missed her "at the accustomed spot." I flew to the watchman, who began to sing, and gaze thoughtlessly at the sun.

"The poor mother is not at her post to-day," said I; "have her relatives thought proper to confine her in a mad-house? Is she likely to recover her reason?"

"No, sir," said he, rubbing his hands to promote the circulation. "She is no longer mad, thank God!—but it is all the same; she will come this morning to the burial-ground."

He turned his head, as he spake, towards the long avenue which led from the principal gate of the cemetery.

"Stop—there she is!" cried he, and he pointed to a hearse which was slowly toiling up the ascent.

CURIOUS CONCEITS.

WHILE the late Edmund Burke was making preparation for the indictment before the House of Lords, of Warren Hastings, Governor-general of India, he was told that a person who had long resided in the East Indies, but who was then an inmate of Bedlam, could supply him with much useful information. Burke went accordingly to Bedlam, was taken to the cell of the maniac, and received from him, in a long, rational, and well-conducted conversation, the results of much and various knowledge and experience in Indian affairs, and much instruction for the process then intended. On leaving the cell, Burke told the keeper who attended him, that the poor man whom he had just visited was most iniquitously practised upon; for that he was as much in his senses as man could be. The keeper assured him that there was sufficient warranty and very good cause for his confinement. Burke, with what a man in office once called "Irish impetuosity," known to be one of Burke's characteristics, insisted that it was an infamous affair, threatened to make the matter public, or even bring it before parliament. The keeper then said, "Sir, I should be sorry for you to leave this house under a false impression: before you do so, be pleased to step back to the poor gentleman's cell, and ask him what he had for breakfast." Burke could not refuse compliance with a request so reasonable and easily performed. "Pray, sir," says he to his Indian counsellor, "be so obliging as to tell me what you had for breakfast." The other, immediately putting on the wild stare of the maniac, cried out, "hob-nails, sir! It is shameful to think how they treat us! They give us nothing but hob-nails!" and went on with a "descant wild," on the horrors of

the cookery of Bethlehem Hospital. Burke staid no longer than that his departure might not seem abrupt; and, on the advantage of the first pause in the talk, was glad to make his escape. I was present when Paley was much interested and amused by an account given by one of the company, of a widow lady, who was of entirely sound mind, except that she believed herself made of glass. Given the vitrification, her conduct and discourse were consequent and rational, according to the particulars which Paley drew forth by numerous questions. Canes and parasols were deposited at the door of her drawing-room as at the Louvre or Florentine Gallery, and for the same reason. "You may be hurt by a blow, said she, to one of flesh and blood; "but I should be broken to pieces: and how could I be mended?"

WOMAN.

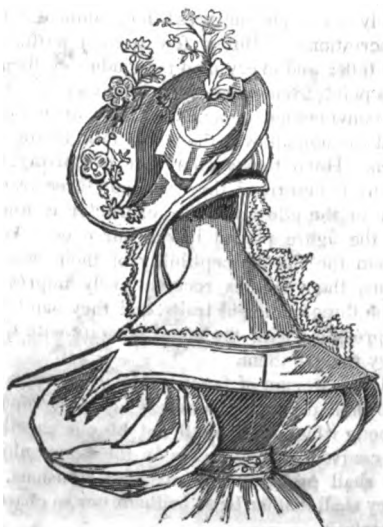
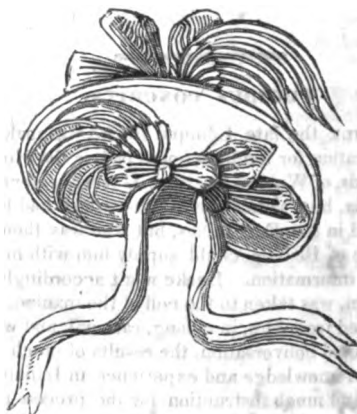
WOMAN is a very nice and a very complicated machine. Her springs are infinitely delicate; and differ from those of a man pretty nearly as the work of a repeating watch does from that of a town clock. Look at her body; how delicately formed. Examine her senses; how exquisite and nice! Observe her understanding; how subtle and acute! But look into her heart; there is the watch word, composed of parts so minute in themselves, and so wonderfully combined, that they must be seen by a microscopic eye to be clearly comprehended.

The perception of a woman is as quick as lightning.—Her penetration is intuition—I had almost said instinct.—By a glance of her eye she shall draw a deep and just conclusion. Ask her how she formed it—she cannot answer the question.

As the perception of woman is surprisingly quick, so their souls and imaginations are uncommonly susceptible. Few of them have culture enough to write; but when they do, how lively are their pictures! how animated their descriptions? But if few women write, they all talk; and every man may judge of them in this point, from every circle he goes into. Spirit in conversation depends entirely upon fancy; and women, all over the world talk better than men. Have they a character to portray, or a figure to describe? they give but three traits of one or the other, and the character is known, or the figure placed before our eyes? Why? From the fine susceptibility of their imaginations, their fancies receive lively impressions from those principal traits, and they paint those impressions with the same vivacity with which they receive them.

Get a woman of fancy warm in conversation, she shall produce a hundred charming images, among which there shall not be one indelicate or coarse. Warm a man on the same subject; he shall probably find stronger allusions, but they shall neither be so brilliant nor so chaste.—*Sherlock.*

LATEST LONDON FASHIONS.—BONNETS.



CAIN:—AN ANTEDILUVIAN TALE.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

Joy is but for a moment; happiness is like the electric flash, which lures our spirits to soar for an instant in other regions, and then all is midnight darkness: such is now the destiny of man—such it has ever been.

With the earliest events of which we are permitted a record, when this beautiful globe was fresh from the hands of its all-wise Creator; when he had arranged the heavens in order, and light had appeared at his command; when the waters took their stations, "and darkness no longer fluttered over the face of the great deep," then made he fishes, and birds, and beasts, and man, with his fair companion, to crown his work, and declared it "very good."

This last exalted work, bearing the image of the Most High, was not left to wander in the wide world, promiscuously with meaner animals.—There was separated for him a garden, more delightful than the islands. Here the eye was soothed with the softest verdure; sweet music regaled the ear; delicious fruits invited appetite, and the perfumes of paradise were wafted on every breeze. And here dwelt Innocence. Can eastern fancy describe the charms of that lovely spot, or poetic vision glance at its joys? Alas! how can it be told, that they were transient?—The spoiler came. Sin entered that blest abode, and shame, and misery, and death. No more the breath of zephyrs lulled to repose, and gently fanned the slumbers of the just; but the tempest's roar, the lightning's glare, the thunder's crash, raised in terrors this guilty pair from terrific dreams and unquiet rest, and proclaimed the dismal change that nature had sustained. They too were lost, undone, banished; the divine image effaced; their God offended; the world a desert. No words of kindness, but bitter upbraidings, fell from their lips. What could they do—where fly—how live? The docile animals which used to play around them, had now become ferocious; tore each other to pieces, and filled the air with angry howlings. The earth had lost its fertility; its beauty was changed to barrenness; mountains, rocks, and burning sands, prepared sorrow and toil for the descendants of unhappy man. Who can speak his anguish? what power assuage it? None but the power Almighty can pity those so fallen. He covered them warmly from the chilling blast; encouraged them to persevere in faith and patience, and promised them a Saviour. Then they ventured again to raise their eyes to God, and elevate their voices in prayer. Their labour supplied their wants, and they looked to the future with hope.

Eve had ceased to lament for the loss of her groves and flowers, and of that loved bower which she had twined with a careful hand, where she had trained the white blossomed clematis to

minge with the coral woodbine, the fragrant honeysuckle with the brilliant eglantine. There she retired during the noon-day heats, to recline on the verdant turf, and listen in wrapt attention to her honoured lord, whose voice was music, whose words instruction, and whose soft tones of love, pure as angels' thoughts, stole on her willing ear like sounds from heaven. Such holy colloquy was worthy of him who held communion with celestial intelligences; worthy of the first man, rich in primeval beauty, who moved majestically over the surface of this young earth, giving laws to all creatures.

Now a shade of sadness hung over their brightest moments. Uncertainty marked their pursuits; disappointment frustrated their hopes; pain and pleasure were mingled together; joy and sorrow attended their footsteps. Still the fair and frail one cherished in her bosom a secret source of consolation. Whilst Adam sunk under the weariness of toil, she had paid the penalty imposed on her, and clasped in her arms her first born son. Then she thought herself the mother of the Saviour, for she said, "I have gotten a man, Jehovah." How tenderly she watched his dawning beauties, and indulged herself in joyous prospects and glorious speculations. All that he had not of loveliness and perfection, her imagination was ready to supply; and when she proudly pressed him to her heart, she believed him "the desire of all nations," who was promised to her, to restore her ruined state. She considered him an eminent possession, and accordingly gave him the name of Cain. After this she received another gift, his brother. These two were the daily joy of their parents, and softened the rigors of banishment. The care of these gave a motive to industry, which it had wanted before, and to provide for them rendered even labour sweet. Thus their lives glided on tranquilly, and if they tasted not perfect happiness, it was something nearly allied to it.

Cain was trained to till the earth; his brother tended flocks. Their young ideas ranged through all the wild luxuriance of nature; lakes, woods, and waterfalls. One marked the growth of plants, the other the habits of animals; both watched the flight of birds, the sport of fishes, and the ever-varying tints and figures of the clouds.

The sun rose and set; days passed away; month succeeded month; and years began to be numbered. The pursuits of youth gave place to those of manhood. Each one guided himself according to his own reason, and took upon himself the responsibilities of his own actions.

They had been early initiated in the sublime mysteries of our holy religion. The washing away of sin by the blood of the atonement was

familiar to them. They had witnessed the slaughter of animals as typical of this magnificent sacrifice, and as a demonstration of faith in its efficacy, and they proceeded to invest themselves with the officiating dignity. "Cain brought of the fruits of the earth an offering to the Lord; and Abel his brother, he also brought of the firstlings of his flock, and the fat thereof." The latter was accepted; the former rejected. Cain was exceeding angry, and discontent settled on his countenance, where no ray of pleasure ever dawned again. He brooded in secret over dark designs and fearful projects, and shunned the cheerful light. But the Holy One, who is merciful in all trouble, appeared to him, saying, "Cain, wherefore art thou angry, and why is thy countenance cast down? If thou doest well, thou shalt surely receive favor; and if thou doest not well, an offering for sin croucheth at thy door, and earnestly desireth thee to exercise dominion over it." This gentle admonition was unheeded; the sweet words of love and pity were not heard with acquiescence. Cain refused to retrieve his error, although so kindly and divinely entreated.

It was probably something of professional pride, which has flourished in the world ever since, that induced him to offer the fruits of the earth, instead of a lamb slain, and thus withhold his testimony to the faith in the promised salvation. He is therefore considered the first Christian infidel. Then he was the first born; and in right of primogeniture, felt himself injured in yielding to his brother. His pride of birth and of condition were both offended. He spoke not to any living thing, but wandered alone in the dark forest, and in a frightful cavern matured his horrid design.

It was not long before a fit occasion offered for its execution, when he crept like a wolf into the field, came near his brother, and whilst uttering some faithless words, raised his impious hand and struck him to the heart. He fell.—Life's crimson current flowed around him. The earth for the first time was drenched in human gore. The silence of death was there; no sound, no sight, but death. The winds were hushed; the songsters of the grove were still; the animals were motionless. That voice, once so sweetly tuned to love and brotherly affection, mute forever; never, never to be heard again. The last faint traces of animation were fast receding; the pale rose had vanished from his cheek; his coral lip, just quivering in prayer for mercy, resigned its bloom. Those limbs, once so graceful and so agile, were touched by the icy finger of dissolution, and presented a beautiful wreck of the fairest work of creation.

There stood Cain, alone in his misery, cold, and fixed as marble; the hue of death was over him, as if reflected from the lifeless being at his feet, and if two had been slain, it would thus appear, the one erect, the other a prostrate corpse. In stupid agony he gave a last look at the desolation he had made, and went he knew not whither.

Then came to him a voice which roused him

from his torpor—a voice which he had heard before in sweet persuasive tones. Now it sounded in his ear, without articulation, reproaches and condemnation. But words also reached him—"Where is thy brother?" Could a thousand swords have entered his heart at the same instant it would not have been so terrible as that little demand. Could he have been annihilated, it would have been joy. Still no repentant emotion; but recovering his speech, in guilt—lying, scoffing guilt—he said, "I know not;" and added, "am I my brother's guardian?"

Then his Maker said to him, "What hast thou done? the voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground, and now art thou cursed; the earth shall no longer yield to thee her increase. A fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be." And Cain said "My punishment is greater than I can bear. Behold I am driven out this day from the face of the earth, and from thy face shall I be hid, and every one that findeth me shall slay me." And the Lord put a mark upon Cain to arrest the murderer's hand.

His returning thoughts fixed upon his family; those dear ones beloved in the days of innocence and happiness, but upon the face of his injured, tender, broken-hearted parents he could not look; and resolved to go into the land of Nod, without a farewell glance, without a parting word. To his own wretched tent he turned his steps. There where he once delighted to lay the earliest fruits at the feet of his beautiful spouse, to prepare for her delicate form a covering of the softest skins, and rest in her bosom his cares; where he always flew with alacrity to behold charms, ever attractive, and listen to a voice ever sweet and soothing; here the sweat of his brow was wiped away by a gentle hand, his slumbers lulled by the song of love. And here he forgot that man had ever reposed in the bowers of Eden.

Now he approached with a reluctant step, for his arrival was to plant desolation in that pure heart which owned no other sway. She lived but in his smile, and rejoiced to hail him as her lord.

Impatient at his protracted absence and anxious, she knew not why, this lovely, unconscious fair one left her tent, leading in one hand the little Enoch, fresh as the May-rose, and smiling as the morning sun; and, with the other, she pressed to her bosom her new-born babe, that with its first faint smile, for a moment attracted her attention and seemed to hide her sorrow.

Not long she wandered when the excited ear of the wretched man heard her footstep, and caught a glimpse of her airy form. At this instant his step was arrested, his limbs refused their office, he sunk upon a rock; she saw and flew to embrace him, and ask why he had left her so long. But what did she behold? her Cain? her eminent possession? and yet not him. He rejected her caresses, and thrust her from him. Tortured with agonizing feeling, she retired a short distance and gazed intensely upon him. His hair stood erect, his eye-balls of fire seemed starting from their sockets, his muscular limbs were swollen with conflicting passions, and he grasped

in his hand a dry tree, which he seized to support his sinking frame. Drenched in a torrent of tears, she threw herself on the ground before him, her flaxen curls waving over his feet, and in anguish of soul entreated to participate of his pain, and be restored to his favor.

The little Enoch clung around his ankles, and raised his cherub face in infantile inquiry.

Long was it before he could speak, and then it was to utter only woe,—banishment to the land of Nod. Fly my unhappy one; I must fly from the face of my kindred, and of man, in guilt and misery I am driven to the desert, a fugitive and vagabond must I be. The earth shall be arid although I water it with my tears, and still refuse her fruits to my toil. Brambles and briars shall spring up in my path, to lacerate my feet, and perpetuate the memory of my crime. I am an outcast from my fellows, and have made myself a companion for the beasts of prey. O, that some tiger would rend me, or some fierce lion devour me, that so this wretched being might have an end!

O my father! my mother! how have you planted your hopes on the sand! and clung to a withered branch for the support of your age! let me hasten away lest I see you die. And thou gentle one, who was't ever kind, even as the sunshine after the shower! I am not worthy of thee now; thou mayest remain, and these little ones, that I loved so dearly! they have not offended, and I must resign them. But this guilty conscience which I bear with me, who can relieve me of this? even now, my brain is on fire, and the dead stands before me! where am I? who art thou?

Quick as thought, the beauteous being at his feet sprung to embrace him, and rested his burning head upon her bosom. My husband, my beloved, there is no dead man here, it is thy wife that loves thee, and these thy little blessings, which used to comfort thee when the labor of the day was past. Look up and thou shalt see we are thine own, devoted to thee ever. We will not leave thee; where thou goest, there will we go also. We will attend thee over the desert, and share thy painful journey. When thou liest down, our arms shall be thy pillow, and we will watch the moment of thy awaking, to present our thank offering, that sleep has visited thine eye lids, and given thee some moments of sweet forgetfulness. Thinkest thou that I, thy wedded wife, who have been thy glory when the bright presence of our God shone around us, will desert thee now, when the dark hour is come? No, never will I forsake thee! I am ready to brave for thee the interminable sand; sand should the whirlwind overtake us, I am prepared to suffer and die with thee there. And though thou commandest me to stay, there is no country so remote, where my foot will not pursue thee.—From the burning regions, where the Ostrich only dwells, to the frozen top of Caucasus. And if there be other worlds embosomed in the mighty floods, I will fearlessly ascend some floating mass, and follow thee even there.

There, where the air has never been moved by the sound of human voice, we will teach it to bear our Maker's name to his own bright pavilion, and he will incline his gracious ear to his children in distress.

Despair not then my husband! none are so fallen as not to excite his compassion, none so low as not to be heard. Let us pour out our souls in humble prayer, and that shall cool thy burning brain. Thy children will console thee, and thy faithful wife shall yet have comfort in seeing thee forgiven.

Wherever we may wander, no spot is so dreary that love cannot cheer. The black abodes of evil spirits, as our kind parents have told us, is imbibited by hatred; if love could enter there, it would diffuse a sunbeam of joy throughout those horrid caverns, and convert them into something like regions of bliss.

Whilst she was yet speaking, Cain raised his swollen eye-balls, and a flood of tears calmed his delirious mind. Since the good angels have not all forsaken me, said he, I will yet praise God for his mercy to his guilty, fallen child. Thou shalt go with me in my banishment, and now let us depart.

They travelled over the cultivated spots, till the last traces of labor disappeared, and every vestige of vegetable life became extinct. The scorching sands afforded no resting place—their naked feet were blistered by its reflected heat. Hunger and thirst oppressed them—they sighed for water and for shade—but could see only the boundless desert and the lurid sky—the evening came at last—welcome was its coolness. The dews settled on their garments of skin, so as to afford some relief to their raging thirst—they said their evening prayers, and sleep kindly shrouded from them the knowledge of their pains.

No singing birds greeted their awaking—no whispering breeze played among the high branches of the green forest trees—sweetly inviting the thoughts to Heaven. No murmuring rivulet was near in which they might bathe their weary limbs, and revive their sinking spirits by its freshness. Nought but the dark red sky above, and the burning sands all around them.

There is only *One* that can help, said the lovely wife of Cain, and low in the dust I fall before *Him*. Holy Father in Heaven! ever merciful to thy suffering children—a mother in the desert ventures to raise her voice to Thee, and ask for food to save her famished children. The treasures of the deep are thine, and thou suppliest many hungry souls from thence. Thou teachest every winged fowl its course, and this desert is no impediment to Thee—all animals are at thy command, and thou canst direct them even here. The good things that earth produces are scattered from thy hand, and should it please Thee to will it so, this barren waste might be made prolific. I feel that thou art here, and I trust in thy compassion, that thou will feed us, and guide us, and bring us to our resting-place, and we shall yet thank Thee amid our kindred,

and render the strange land, whither we journey, vocal with thy praise.

She rose, and looking eagerly before her, beheld a small speck in the horizon, which hope promised her might prove to be something for their relief. They hastened onward, and the object appeared a little larger, and seemed to approach.

Their eyes were fixed on that spot, till they could discover the figure of a camel; it had strayed from its companions, and came on rapidly towards them. Their hearts overflowed with gratitude, for God had sent them a supply. Finally, they reached their destined abode—but the tender scenes of home and friends, would often rise like spectres to their nightly dreams, and haunt their waking visions. The love of country cannot be extinguished;—though they must never behold it more.

In the land of his exile, Cain sustained the curse;—bitter were his recollections, and painful his weary pilgrimage; he was a solitary man—and often sought the wildest spots of the woody desert to indulge his grief. Tradition informs us, that in one of these gloomy retreats, he was reclining at noon day, when Lamech, his fifth descendant, pursuing the chase with a young man, drew near the spot, and was told by him, who heard a sound of movement in the thicket, that a wild beast was there. Quickly he drew his bow, and the last sigh of Cain announced that his life and his misery were ended. Lamech, discovering what he had done, drew his bow a second time, and his attendant fell dead at his feet. "Then," said Lamech, to his two wives, Adah and Zillah, "I have slain a man to my wounding, and a young man to my hurt."

Thus perished Cain, and as all created things must have an end, so his suffering was terminated. Ye, who have never learned the control of passion, consider Cain, and be wise.

F. OF NEW YORK.

USES OF THE COMMON IVY.

WHY is it that every one is pleased with the common ivy? There is a charm about that plant which all feel, but none can tell why. Observe it hanging from the arch of some old bridge, and consider the degree of interest it gives to that object. The bridge may be beautifully situated, the stream passing through its arches clear and copious; but still it is the ivy which gives the finish and picturesque effect.—Mouldering towers and castles, and ruined cloisters, interest our feelings in a degree more or less by the circumstance of their being covered or not by the ivy. Precipices, which else would exhibit only their naked barren walls, are clothed by it in a rich and beautiful vesture. Old trees, whose trunks it surrounds, assume a great variety of aspect; and, indeed, it is a most important agent in forming the beauty and variety of rural landscape. It is also as useful as it is beautiful; and, among its uses, I would include the very thing of which I am now speaking, for I have no idea

that the forms and colours in nature please the eye by a sort of chance. If I admire the ivy clinging to, and surmounting some time-worn tower, and the various tints that diversify the parts of the ruin not hidden by it, I can only refer the pleasure I experience to the natural construction of the human mind, which the Almighty has formed to feel a pleasure in contemplating the external world around it. Who is insensible to the beauties of nature at the rising and setting of the summer sun? Who can behold the moon-beams reflected from some silent river, lake, or sea, and not feel happy in the sight? None, I believe, in early life.—When hardened in the ways of men—when the chief good pursued is the accumulation of wealth, the acquisition of power, or the pursuit of pleasure, so called, then mankind lose a sense of the beauties of nature; but never, perhaps, till then. A love for them is inherent in the mind, and almost always shows itself in youth; and if cherished at that period, by education, would seldom be destroyed or become dormant in after life as it now so generally is. The ivy is of vast advantage to the smaller birds, as it affords them shelter in winter, and a retreat for building their nests in spring and summer. It is in fructification in October and November, and the sweet juice which its flowers exude supports an infinity of insects in autumn, while its berries are a store of nutriment for many birds in the early spring.—

Letters to a young Naturalist.

MAY YOU DIE AMONG YOUR KINDRED.

BY GREENWOOD.

It is a sad thing to feel that we must die away from our home. Tell not the invalid who is yearning after his distant country, that the atmosphere around him is soft; that the gales are filled with balm, and the flowers are springing from the green earth;—he knows that the softest air to his heart would be the air which hangs over his native land; that more grateful than all the gales of the south, would breathe the low whispers of anxious affection; that the very icicles clinging to his own eaves, and the snow beating against his own windows, would be far more pleasant to his eyes, than the bloom and verdure which only more forcibly remind him how far he is from that one spot which is dearer to him than the world beside. He may, indeed, find estimable friends, who will do all in their power to promote his comfort and assuage his pains; but they cannot supply the place of the long known and the long loved; they cannot read, as in a book, the mute language of his face; they have not learned to wait upon his habits, and anticipate his wants, and he has not learned to communicate, without hesitation, all his wishes, impressions, and thoughts, to them. He feels that he is a stranger; and a more desolate feeling than that could not visit his soul.—How much is expressed by that form of oriental benediction—*May you die among your kindred.*

THE MINSTREL'S WARNING.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

- "HEAR her not! she plays her part
With a cold and loveless heart,
Skilled in every crafty charm
That can lure the soul to harm;
Wanton glance, and low-breathed sighs—
Caution's tongue that still denies.
Master, dear! oh! hear me now,
Rise and break thy sinful vow!
- "When the curled lashes rise
From those dark and laughing eyes,
Stealthily, as if to show
All the light that lurks below;
Like the sun from greenwood breaking
When the forest leaves are shaking—
Turn not then to gaze again,
Rise, and burst th' unholy chain!
- "When her cheek to thine is prest,
And those taper fingers rest
Lightly on thy arm, to know
Why such anger clouds thy brow;
When that voice whose simplest word
Thrills thy fond heart's inmost chord,
Tempts thee with a prayer to stay—
Rise and fling that hand away!
- "Man doth fear the coiled snake
Glittering in the leafy brake;
Yet in woman's serpent eyes,
More of death and danger lies;
More of poison and disgrace
In the coil of her embrace.
Master dear! the choice is thine,
Rise, and burst the serpent twine.
- "Rise ere yet thy honoured name
Is breathed with scorn, and heard with shame!
Rise, already in the fight
They have missed thee, laggard knight!"
Vainly loud the minstrel sang—
Vainly loud his wild harp rang—
Rosy lips were whispering near
Which almost touched the listener's ear,
And the battle day was past,
When the knight awoke at last.
- Where's the voice shall cheer him now
Or bid him raise his humbled brow,
While the past doth only seem
Like a wild and fevered dream?
Hath he given his all on earth
But to share a wanton's mirth?
Hath he bartered honour, fame,
For a hope without a name?
- From the topmost battlement
His eagle glance is downward sent,
Where his fellow warriors come,
Marching gladly to their home,
While their pennons all unfurled
By the welcome breeze are curled.
The fosse is deep—the wall is high—
He gazes, and resolves to die!
- To the hill and to the dell
He hath groaned a last farewell;
To the standard which may wave
O'er the conquering soldier's grave,
But o'er that of recreant knight
Flings no shadow 'thwart the light:
To all, with feeble voice and low,
He falters a farewell of woe!
- "Thou! whose bright blade never failed
When the foeman's hand prevailed—

Thou whose foot, though fleet it be,
Never yet hath learned to flee—
Thou whose mute and faithful eye
Watched when I slept wearily—
Hound, and steed, and trusty sword,
Ye must seek another Lord!"

From the battlement he sprang
And the winds his requiem sang.

MY WISH.

BY R. BADNALL.

WHEN Death its dreary garb shall spread
In dark oblivion round my head—
And every vital feeling close,
As low—as humble as it rose;
'Twould please me that a modest tomb
Should call to mind my vanished doom—
Yet let no gaudy work augment
The value of the monument;
I wish it not—the unpolished stone
Can tell far more than I have done.

Upon it I should much desire
To have, erect, a simple lyre—
And should the stranger, wandering by,
Behold it with a curious eye,
Thou who rememberest, let him know—
'Twas wished by one who sleeps below!

And round the lyre I've dared to name,
My country, if one wreath of fame
Be not too sacred for my lays,
Oh grant it, as thy meed of praise!
That meed which to this heart withlir,
Is more than worlds of wealth can win—
That meed, which tells that, ere I go
Forever from this scene below,
That inspiration which hath wrought
The power of sense—the power of thought—
Hath not from its high fount of Heaven
In vain been wrought—in vain been given;
Alive—I have not lived a drone—
And, dying, have not died unknown!

Yea, could this throbbing heart foretell
That round my last—cold—earthly cell,
The twilight of my vanished mind
Admired, might linger still behind—
My scene of happiest life had closed,
Like infant beauty when reposed,
Unconscious, on maternal breast,
Serenely—mercifully blest!

But such may never be—I've braved
The toils of life—I've madly slaved
For fortune, through its dangerous course,
And slaving, I have found remorse!
Fortune was never made for me,
Through bonds of toil and slavery;
My heart must throb, as it was born,
In freedom—or asunder torn,
Dissolve like vapour in the wind,
A victim to a headstrong mind.
My die is cast—I either live
To claim the honours Fame will give,
Or weak and impotent I die,
To lie, where other poltroons lie!

Thou hateful sepulchre of dust—
My heart!—thy feelings let me scan—
I must die with thee, if I must!—
I will survive thee, if I can!

DANTE ALIGHIERI.

Among other sketches of eminent men, contained in a contemporary publication, the following is not the least interesting:

DANTE ALIGHIERI was born in 1292, of a noble family of Florence, at a time when the rival factions of the Guelphs, and Ghibellines made that city the prey of carnage and civil war. He joined the party and shared the fate of the former; was driven from his native city, and lived for many years a life of exile, want and danger. Receiving no aid from those whose cause he had espoused so unhesitatingly, he went over at last, either from revenge or despair, to the opposite party. He never, however, revisited the city which his talents were to immortalize, but his sufferings to disgrace forever. He closed a life of trouble and sorrow in a foreign land, and yet sleeps,

"Like Scipio, buried by the upbraiding shore."

There was much in the events of his life, and the situation of his country, to stir up all the bitterness of his naturally gloomy spirit. He saw his beloved Florence the prey of foreign violence and domestic treachery; sold by her children and plundered by her friends. He was himself a victim, whose fortune and hopes had been blasted by the same pestilence which had destroyed her honour and happiness. He had lost a noble rank and independent fortune. He had been the victim of injustice and insult, the sport of hazard, the prey of misery. Reduced to seek shelter with the enemies he hated and despised, he had felt, as he says himself,

"How salt the savour is of others' bread,
How hard the passage to descend and climb
By others' stairs."

No wonder, then, that we see at every line the workings of just and implacable resentment, proud and honest sorrow, wounded yet faithful patriotism; no wonder that his wrongs and sufferings have given the same dark tinge to his writings which they shed over his life and temper.

His principal work, it is needless to say, is "La Divina Commedia;" called *divine*, not from a pardonable vanity in the author, but from the sacred nature of its subject. The word *comedy* does not indicate any thing dramatic in its form. He adopted it as denoting a lower grade of poetry than the epic, to which rank he supposed the *Æneid* to have exclusive claim; and as he most probably had never read, and certainly had never seen a comedy, he knew not that there was any impropriety in the title.—The plan of the work is grand, yet simple. It is the journey of the author through hell, purgatory, and paradise, and describes the punishments of one and the joys of the other. Entering at the surface of the earth he finds himself in a vast cavity, reaching to the centre by a series of circles, in each of which some crimes are visited with their appropriate torments. Lucifer sits at the centre, imprisoned in an ocean of ice. Beyond the fiend

lies purgatory, in the form of a cone, reaching to the surface of the opposite hemisphere, where he places the terrestrial paradise. The celestial paradise is beyond this, divided into seven heavens, and sprinkled with stars and planets, the abodes of happy spirits.

It is in the first division of the work that he puts forth all his strength. There are a few fine passages in the Purgatory, but as a whole this and the Paradise are tedious and disfigured by the perplexed metaphysics and polemics of the age. But the *Inferno*, to make amends, abounds with beauties; such, too, as few have imitated, and none have ever rivalled. In relating the punishments of the wicked he displays the greatest powers of thought and language; and nothing can be brought home to the mind with more horrible fidelity than their foul and fearful torments. He does not seek to dazzle or astonish; it is a man telling a story which he feels deeply himself, and whose only aim is to set the events he describes clearly before his hearers, no matter how rough the expressions or homely the images he employs. The great secret of the strong impression he makes is, that he avoids burying his subject under a load of extraneous circumstances, or surrounding it with bright but bewildering ornaments. He brings it before you, unadorned with pomp of language or beauty of illustration, but clear, natural, and forcible in its simplicity.

The measure of the poem is one invented by him, and since called *terza rima*, that is, two rhymes are repeated alternately three times each. This measure, singular as it seems, has been extensively and skilfully used in Italy, and Byron has employed it in "The Prophecy of Dante," with as much success as our language will allow.

His style in general is hard and rough; obscure sometimes from his abrupt energy; often from the metaphysical speculations into which he wanders, and oftener still from the local allusions with which his works are crowded. His are not the light touches of a pencil dipped in the rainbow; he is rather one who would write on marble, who strikes with rude strength, and whose blows sink deep. His works wear the gloomy colouring of his mind. He was of a grave, lofty, reflective spirit, hardened by adversity, and embittered by suffering, hence there is little glow of poetic fervor, little play of the imagination about him. But when the frown his face generally wears does relax, the smile that lights it up is doubly brilliant from the contrast; and when his genius does flash forth from the gloom in which it loves to shroud itself, it has the brightness of the lightning breaking the darkness of the storm. Hence when he interrupts his plain narrative for some episode of pathos or of power, the effect is inconceivably beautiful; in particular, we may instance the story of Francesca di Rimini, one of the most

affecting tales of guilty, yet delicate and tender love, that ever was clothed in verse; and the darker, yet still more masterly picture, of the death of Count Ugolino and his sons by famine. In this last episode there is no load of ornament, no exaggeration of superlatives. It is a plain tale of intense suffering and mortal agony; but all the horrors of the diseased imagination, all the night-mare dreams of German mysticism, never came up to its simple, appalling reality.

No man exercised so great, so honourable and so extensive a literary influence as Dante. Homer died without having instructed the ignorance or aroused the emulation of his countrymen; and Virgil shone but as a single star in a bright and thickly set constellation. But Dante found the Italians illiterate, and left them aroused and enlightened, and substituted strength and confidence for the helpless weakness of their minds; hence his popularity is one of the proudest that any poet ever enjoyed. The natural beauty of Shakspeare is unintelligible and unpleasing to the artificial taste of other countries; and Milton soars beyond the reach of their short-sighted gaze. The very names of many of our poets are unknown to the foreign critic. But the sweetness and melody of the Italian language, which makes it every where the chosen vehicle of music, introduces the knowledge of the riches of its literature as well as of the graces of its harmony; and Dante, like Homer, is appreciated and admired, where the noblest flights of the English muse would be pursued by the carpings of petty criticism. Abroad, even national prejudice does not deny him the highest honours; at home his popularity amounts almost to idolatry. His works are studied as a branch of education, and the explanation of them has risen almost to a science. The beauty of his style, the grandeur of his conceptions, the living accuracy of his pictures, these the Italians admire, repeat and consecrate as the richest legacy of one generation to another. These are only claims on their respect, but he is entitled to and receives the further tribute of their gratitude. Their loved and boasted language is his gift. His strong creative mind brought together its scattered atoms; and they united in that fabric of beautiful strength and harmonious proportion, of which he is at once architect and the noblest ornament. From his works, too, they draw the purest and noblest lessons of patriotism, and learn to cast off sectional jealousies, and glory in the name of that common country which he loved, forgave and lamented.

It is doing no injustice to the memory of Milton to compare him with Dante. Both arose in times of fierce dissensions, tumultuous anarchy, and riotous license; and the mind of each was borne along by the tide of popular feeling, which swayed their lives. Each arose also in the thickest of the struggle between prejudice and liberality, oppression and resistance; and to their credit, to the credit of genius, and the credit of human nature be it spoken, each was found on the side of truth and justice. Not like

the indolent philanthropists of the school of Rousscau,

"Nursing in some delicious solitude
Their slothful loves and daisy sympathies;"

but armed champions in the lists, periling themselves and all that belonged to them in support of the good cause. Each was the eloquent apostle, each was ready to become the martyr of freedom. Both laboured with the same benevolent zeal for the welfare of their countrymen. Milton employed his pen in the *Areopagitica*, the Tract on education, the *Defensio Populi Anglicani*. Dante's works were of the same honourable and useful character, the *Treatise de Vulgari Eloquio*, which led to the cultivation of the language, and *La Divina Commedia*, which formed and fixed it.

Such is the similarity of their characters—in their writings there are more points of difference than of resemblance. Milton's mind was high, excursive, and contemplative; Dante's quick, stern, decided. Milton's power of association was unbounded; it embraced and combined

"All thinking things, the object of all thought."

Dante, whether the object before him was gloomy or beautiful, mean or majestic, saw it and spoke of it only as it was. Milton is like Noah's dove, which wandered over earth and air before it returned to its resting-place; Dante, like the falcon which fastens its eye on its prey, and lights upon it at once. Milton is like the sun extending its rays throughout the universe; spreading undivided and operating unspent; Dante, like the lightning, flashing out from the midst of "thick clouds and dark," and descending in dazzling and blasting power on its victim.

The difference of their characters we can discover or at least fancy in their portraits. On the high calm forehead for Milton we can see enthroned the soaring spirit which rose in its meditations beyond this visible sphere into the distant glories of immensity, and went on its way in pride and triumph, where other minds paused, bewildered and trembling. His features speak of a soul regulated by rigid discipline, stored with all wholesome learning, purified by fervent piety, which bore as little of the stain of this world as ever did any of mortal mould. Dante's face is that of a man of sterner and more intense passions, quicker and more irritable feeling. His brow has not the calm expression of Milton's; it is contracted into a thousand wrinkles, the foot prints of the various emotions,

"Love, hatred, pride, hope, sorrow, all save fear,"

which chased each other through his brain. Dante lived in the world, and found nothing uncongenial to his taste in his contests and employments. Milton became Latin Secretary to Cromwell, and the champion of his party from a sense of duty; but, while he cheerfully performed his task he would rather have retired from the "busy hum of men." to lead the peaceful religious life of pensive but not gloomy melancholy, solemn, yet not sad musing, he describes so exquisitely. Dante was of the Roman temper of

Cæsar and Cato, Milton had more of the attic elegance of Plato and Xenophon. The one loved to be first in a crowd of combatants, the other

"Apart, sat on a hill retired,
In thought more elevate, and reasoned high
Of Providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate."

Dante we have always thought a greater master of the affections than Milton. He is more vivid and dramatic in his sketches; quicker, more fervent and impassioned in his tone of thought. Neither of them would have had much success in treating the other's subject. The Englishman wanted a fair field, untouched and unapproachable by man; the Italian could not "build the lofty rhyme," without the abundant material which the business and the passion of the world supplied. The gloomy caves of hell would not have furnished him with inspiration had he not peopled them with real beings, and filled them with the vindictive jealousies and sharp contests of his own stormy and eventful life.

Dante is often rough and homely in his narrative. Milton's faults are the contrary, metaphysical obscurity and over refinement. He never

forgets himself; though his wing after too high a flight may sometimes flag, he never entirely droops his pinion—to use his own happy expression, on him, wherever he moved

"A pomp of winning graces waited still."

He is a magician, whose art can cover every barren spot with flowers, and beguile the tedious way he leads us by the splendid scenery he scatters round it. Dante is rather a fellow traveller with us, who in a long journey is sometimes dull and tiresome, sometimes harsh and repulsive, but whom we always feel to be a man of no common order, and whose powers when passion gives them eloquence or energy, can startle, soothe, dazzle, or terrify us at will. We love the honest hatred of wrong, the quick sensitive pride, the constant though wounded patriotism of his character; we admire the intensity, sternness, and simple majesty of his genius, and only regret that he speaks a foreign tongue, and not our own. Had he been an Englishman he would have made a noble triumvir, to share with Shakspeare and Milton the empire of the literary world.

TO THE EVENING WIND.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

SPIRIT, that breathest thro' my lattice! Thou
That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day;
Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow:—
Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,
Riding all day the wild blue waves till now;
Roughening their crests, and scattering high their spray,
And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee
To the scorch'd land, thou wanderer of the sea!
Nor I alone—a thousand bosoms round,
Inhale thee in the fulness of delight;
And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound,
Livelier at coming from the Wind of night:—
And languishing to hear thy grateful sound
Lies the vast inland, stretched beyond the sight;
Go forth—into the gathering shade—go forth—
God's blessing, breath'd upon the fainting Earth!
Go—rock the little wood-bird in his nest—
Curl the still waters, bright with stars, and rouse
The wide old wood from his majestic rest,
Summoning, from the Innumerable boughs
The strange deep harmonies that haunt his breast,
Pleasant shall be thy way, where meekly bows
The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass—
And 'twixt the o'ershadowing branches and the grass.
The faint old man will lean his silver head
To feel thee; thou shalt fan the child in sleep
And dry the moistened curls that overspread
His temples, while his breathing grows more deep;
And they that stand about the sick man's bed
Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep;
And softly part his curtains to allow
Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.
Go—but the circle of eternal Change
Which is the life of Nature, shall restore
With sounds and scents, from all thy mighty range,
Thee to the birth place of the Deep once more:
Sweet odours to the sea air, sweet and strange,
Will tell the home-sick mariner of the shore;
And listening to thy murmur, he shall dream
He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.

I LOVED THEE.

FROM "SUMMER AND WINTER LOVES."

I LOVED thee till I knew
That thou hadst loved before,
Then love to coldness grew,
And passion's reign was o'er;
What care I for the lip,
Ruby although it be,
If another once might sip
Those sweets now given to me?
What care I for the glance of soft affection full
If for another it once beam'd as beautiful?
That ringlet of dark hair—
'Twas worth a miser's store;
It was a spell 'gainst care
That next my heart I wore:
But if another once
Could boast as fair a prize,
My ringlet I renounce,
'Tis worthless in my eyes;
I envy not the smiles in which a score may bask—
I value not the gift which all may have who ask.
A maiden heart give me,
That lock'd and sacred lay,
Though tried by many a key
That ne'er could find the way,
Till I, by gentler art,
Touch'd the long hidden spring,
And found that maiden heart
In beauty glittering—
Amidst its herbage buried like a flower,
Or like a bird that sings deep in its leafy bower.
No more shall sigh of mine
Be heaved for what is past;
Take back that gift of thine,
It was the first—the last.
Thou mayest not love him now
So fondly as thou didst,
But shall a broken vow
Be prized because thou bidst—
Be welcomed as the love for which my soul doth long!
No, Lady! love ne'er sprang out of deceit and wrong.

THE BIBLE.

This little book I'd rather own,
Than all the gold and gems
That e'er in monarch's coffers shone
Than all their diadems,
Nay were the seas one chrysolite,
The earth one golden ball,
And diamonds all the stars of night,
This book were worth them all.

Ah! no—the soul ne'er found relief
In glittering hoards of wealth;
Gems dazzle not the eye of grief,
Gold cannot purchase health.
But here a blessed balm appears
To heal the deepest wo,
And those who seek this book in tears,
Their tears shall cease to flow.

"I'VE SEEN HER SMILE."

I've seen her smile—and thought it bliss
To bask within such sunlight rays,
To catch the graceful features move
Upon the lovely face to gaze.
I've seen her smile, and all around
Confess'd the rapture smiles inspire,
Each tongue delighting in her praise,
Each look betraying inward fire.

I've seen her weep—the large bright tear
Stood sparkling in her eye of blue;
Her quiv'ring lips were cold and pale,
Her cheeks had lost their roseate hue,
But still so lovely did she seem,
So beautiful, e'en in sorrow's fears,
That let who will have Sylvia's smiles
I covet, only, Sylvia's tears!

DEATH PRODUCED BY THE FEAR OF DYING.

The importance of removing every cause of fear from the minds of those who are labouring under disease, and of inspiring them with hopes of recovery, is well understood by every experienced practitioner. A fearful and desponding state of mind, will often render unmanageable, or even fatal; a slight affection; while a serene and buoyant disposition has frequently carried a patient through a serious attack, during which his life was placed in the most imminent peril. In all dangerous diseases, the person in whom there is the least fear of dying, has invariably, other circumstances being the same, the fairest chance of surviving. Men of a desponding temperament are apt, in critical situations, to be overwhelmed by their very terrors; they are drowned by their too eager struggles to emerge—they would keep afloat, if they but remained quiescent.

One circumstance, which may tend to protract, year after year, the life of consumptive patients is, that they in general either do not expect a fatal event, or wait for it with an exemplary and enviable resignation. This interesting, and for the most part, amiable class of patients, excite the sympathy of others, in proportion as they appear to be divested of anxiety about themselves. They often seem to leave us most willingly, with whom we are least willing to part.

Predictions of death, whether supposed to be supernatural or originating from human authority, have often, in consequence of the depressing operation of fear, been punctually fulfilled. The anecdote is well attested of the licentious Lord Littleton, that he expired at the very stroke of the clock, which, in a dream or supposed vision, he had been forewarned would be the signal of his departure.

It is recorded of a person who had been sentenced to be led to death, that, instead of the punishment being actually inflicted, he was made

to believe that his veins had been opened, by causing water, when his eyes were blindfolded, to trickle down his arm. The mimicry of an operation, however, stopped as completely the movements of life, as if an entire exhaustion of the vivifying fluid had been effected. The individual lost his life, although not his blood, by this imaginary venesection. We read of another unfortunate being, who had been condemned to lose his head, that the moment after it had been laid upon the block, a reprieve arrived; but the victim was already sacrificed. His ear was now deaf to the dilatory mercy; the living principle having been as effectually extinguished by the fear of the axe, as it would have been by its fall.—Many of the deaths which take place upon a field of battle, without the individuals being wounded in the slightest degree, all of which were formerly attributed to the wind of a flying ball, are no doubt to be accounted for from the sedative effects of intense fear. In Lesinkey's voyages around the world, there is an account, the truth of which is attested by other navigators, of a religious sect in the Sandwich Islands, who arrogate to themselves the power of praying people to death. Whoever incurs their displeasure receives notice that the homicidal litanies are about to commence; and such are the effects of imagination, that the very notice is frequently sufficient, with these poor people, to produce the effect. Tell a timorous man, even though brought up amid all the light of civilization, that he will die, and if he has been in the habit of looking up with reverence to your opinion, in all probability he will sink into his grave—though otherwise his life might have been prolonged. Pronounce the sentence with sufficient decision and solemnity, and, under certain circumstances, it will execute itself.

We are not advocates for imposing wantonly or unnecessarily upon the hopes of an invalid, under the pretence of remedying his distemper.

Deception, however skilful, is liable to discovery, and when once detected, an individual forfeits his future right to credit and authority. By raising hopes where the speedy event shows that there existed no ground for them, we deprive ourselves of the power, for ever after, of inspiring confidence in those cases where we have not the least suspicion of danger. But by terrifying the imagination of the sick, to create danger, where none had previously existed; by some treacherous logic to reason an individual into illness, or when a trifling ailment is present to aggravate it into a serious malady, by representing it as already such, is what we would most strenuously urge all who are called upon to minister to those of feeble health, or to surround the bed of sickness, carefully to guard against.—Let the expression of gloom be banished from the face of the medical attendant. Let the language of cheerfulness and of comfort dwell upon his tongue—but above all, guard the sick from the melancholy foreboding and gloomy predictions of indiscreet friends and tattling neighbours.

If, during a serious illness, a patient hears accidentally of the death of some old acquaintance, especially if it be a person of nearly the same age as himself, or affected with the same, or a some-

what similar complaint, it will, not so much from sorrow for the loss as by exciting or aggravating his apprehensions for his own fate, be calculated to produce an unfavorable effect upon the termination of his malady. Even in ordinary health, the shock we feel at the final departure of a friend, still in the prime of life, may often arise, in part at least, from the unwelcome hint which it gives us of our own mortality. Another circumstance, which has often accelerated death, is the preparation which we make for it, when sickness has approached us, in the *post obit* disposal of our worldly property. Many a sick man has died of making his will.—After having fixed the signature to his last testament, viewing it as a kind of prelude to the funeral ceremonies, the spirits and strength of the invalid will often be found irretrievably to sink; no mental stimulus will subsequently arouse him, no medicine afford mitigation to his complaint. This fact constitutes a powerful argument in favor of performing this duty to survivors, whilst yet in a state of health and vigor, when the task will have a better chance of being judiciously executed, and at the same time, without any risk of disturbance or injury to the body or to the mind.

FLIRTATION.

Lady Arabella Starchley's dressing-room. She is seated in an antique high-backed elbow-chair, netting, with large silver-rimmed spectacles over her eyes; and vis-a-vis the Hon. Catherine Somerton, costume as for a morning visit.

Lady Arab. Speak plainly, child—speak plainly, I beg; an old fashioned body like me, cannot well understand your very fine modern mode of expressing the simplest things in the world.

Miss S. Well, Madam, I will endeavour to render myself as intelligible, to you, as possible. I was saying—

Lady Arab. Ay, true, Kitty, my dear, so you were; something about *Flirtation*, I believe.

Miss S. Yes, grandmamma, and—

Lady Arab. Of which, I think, that amongst the young people of the present day, there is a great deal too much.

Miss S. O dear, no! You mistake; we scarcely know what *real* flirtation is. I do assure you, that there is no term in the English language so misunderstood, and generally misapplied.

Lady Arab. Ay, *Miss*-understood, and *Miss*-applied I have little doubt, child. Eh! (raising her eyes from her work, and fixing them upon Miss Somerton, whilst a kind of grim half-smile plays about her lips.)

Miss S. Your ladyship is pleased to be facetious, but I am serious in my assertion.

Lady Arab. And I'm sure, so am I; for in my young days, girls never *flirted*. They were not so forward as they are now, and scarcely presumed to open their lips to gentlemen.

Miss S. Except at the opera, and behind their conveniently monstrous fans at church, and every other *public* place.

Lady Arab. Fye, fye, Kate! No insinuations against the moral and religious conduct of the young women of those days, I beg.

Miss S. And did they never *flirt* their fans, grandmamma, according to the Spectator's directions?

Lady Arab. Hey? what? I'm rather deaf this morning, Catherine, and you must speak louder if you wish to be heard.

Miss S. (In a rather louder tone.) And did the ladies of your young days, never patch, and paint, and languish, and swoon, at, and *for* the gentlemen.

Lady Arab. Child, now you stun me! Do speak more gently, or hold your tongue.

Miss S. And was there no transmission of—of—well, if I use a French word, you will say you do not *understand* me, so I must at once ask, was there no interchange of love-letters between—

Lady Arab. Also, Catherine, the young women of *my* day, were brought up never to look a gentleman full in the face.

Miss S. Indeed? This, then, was the reason, I presume, why Steele, Addison, and other wri-

ters of about that period, quiz and censure so mercilessly the *Oglers*, for their base under-eyed proceedings. And the stately, graceful, hour's-long minuet, I am to suppose, was paced by the male and female aristocracy of Great Britain, blindfolded, that they might not yield to the temptation of surveying each other's handsome figures and faces.

Lady Arab. Hush, babbler! hush! How durst you profane the memory of the courtly immaculate minuet!—Alas! (sighs) that its glories should have been superseded by the tricksey vanities of these galloping, whirling, and stamping days! How durst you, I say, profane the memory of that blessed decorous dance, by insinuations, to say the least of them, so senseless, and absurd? But, I repeat, Catherine Somerton, I repeat, the young girls of my time, *never flirted!*

Miss S. Perhaps not exactly as we do; or, rather, as *we do not*, for I also must repeat, that by the usages of modern society, the continual change of partners, the customs which *maammas now* maintain, of pinning their daughters to their very gowns during a ball; the music parties, in which to utter a syllable, is treason; and the formal dinners, to which young people are seldom invited, or, *if* asked, at which they find themselves pinioned down to a table filled with old married people who can give *return dinners*; these customs, I say, and a thousand others, not to mention those crying evils of the age—the *clubs*—absolutely prohibit *flirtation*.

Lady Arab. There is some truth, perhaps, in what you affirm, my dear; but as to being pinned during a ball to your mother's apron string, you very well know that nobody enjoys more dancing than yourself.

Miss S. I did not particularly allude to *myself*; I spoke generally of, and for, my sex, who I am endeavouring to prove to your ladyship, have fewer opportunities for what you are pleased to term *flirtation*, than even what were allowed by the strict decorum which regulated society in the young days of my revered great-grandmother. For instance, *we* are obliged to change our partners in the dance, upon an average, every fifteen minutes; *you*, I believe, kept the same during a whole evening's series of minuets and *contre dances*, whereby—

Lady Arab. Yes, my dear! and charming things too were those country-dances, as I remember them; your great-grandfather, poor Lord Starchley, and myself, in one, first became acquainted, and a *very little contrivance* afforded us opportunities of dancing many more together.

Miss S. And are you sure you did not *flirt*?

Lady Arab. (Stiffly) There were more *marriages*. Miss Somerton, in those days, and fewer foolish *flirtations*.

Miss S. Ay, Lady Arabella, now then I begin to understand *you*, and really fancy that some of our ideas on this subject may assimilate. "More *marriages* in the days of your youth, and fewer *flirtations!*" By this, I presume you mean to infer, that when a partiality existed between the

partners of a country-dance, instead of wasting their time in mere nonsensical parleying, they came to arrangements respecting more permanent engagements, in a regular, rational, sober, systematic, and scientific style; whilst between couples who were perfectly indifferent to each other, discourse was dragged on in the most *ennuyant* manner possible, upon desultory topics.

Lady Arab. Ah, Kate! Kate! *those* were the days for young people after all. Nobody now, especially in the court circles, knows what *love* is, or how to make it!

Miss S. But we were talking of *Flirtation*.

Lady Arab. So we were, Catherine, and my poor head begins sadly to fail me.

Miss S. If I understand your Ladyship, you merely receive flirtation in its *restricted*, and, as I think, its *real* sense; that is, a kind of light, and general love-making, acquired as a thing of course, a *habiti of conversation*—

Lady Arab. (A very shameful one, I'm sure.)

Miss S. By those whose extreme heartlessness, and mental vacillations, preclude them from forming any serious and sincere attachment.

Lady Arab. Yes, Catherine, my dear, you are right; I certainly *did* suppose that Flirtation meant, in these days, just what it did in mine—an immodest practice of universal love-making, which used to be exceedingly censured in young ladies *then*; and to call a girl a *flirt*, was a real stigma on her character; but I have understood the case is altered now.

Miss S. Yes, because the term is wont to be so *misapplied*, that if it retains its original meaning, no woman cares that it should be attached to her, since the very injustice of the accusation destroys its sting. I do not mean to assert that there are *no* such beings as *Flirts* in existence, but when a girl is termed a Flirt, because she dances more than one set of Quadrilles with the same partner; because she smiles, or frowns; because she laughs and converses with many gentlemen, or only with one; because she looks him in the face, or casts her eyes upon the ground; because, because—in short, dear grand-mamma, you have lived long enough in the world to know, that it is very, very fanciful and ill-natured.

Lady Arab. (Ill-natured indeed! Poor child! and has experience also taught *thee* this lesson?)

Miss S. I do assure you, were a young gentleman and lady to meet more than once in the same society, and happen to be partners in a Waltz and Mazourka, though a single syllable should not pass between them, it would be termed by the world, a *desperate Flirtation*, and their approaching nuptials most probably announced, to their own supreme astonishment, in the fashionable papers.

Lady Arab. (Lifting her hand in amazement.) The immorality and effrontery of this age, is really more than I could have credited.

Miss S. However, I had the pleasure of seeing and hearing a *real Flirtation*, at Mrs. L'Es-trange's Ball, last Wednesday.

Lady Arab. Don't trouble yourself to tell me

about it; I doubt, had the conversation of the parties concerned been at all *instructive*, Miss Somerton, it would neither have been listened to nor remembered.

Miss S. Do let me relate what I heard—it is so *curious*.

Lady Arab. (Rather sternly) Pray, Catherine, learn, in the first place, never to spread evil reports concerning your neighbours; and in the next, to restrain that inordinate curiosity which leads you, in the very heart of gaiety, to—

Miss S. Nothing evil in the world, Madam; and for *curiosity*, wedged in as I was by the most overwhelming throng, how could I avoid hearing the words of those who stood before me? Now

then, you are the lady, and suppose me the gentleman.

Lady Arab. Child, child, of what are you dreaming? In my young days, girls and boys did not learn folly of one another.

Miss S. Indeed, I dare affirm, boys and girls were then much like what they are now. However, as I was saying, (rising and advancing towards her) you are lady and, I gentleman—

Lady Arab. (Angrily.) Hold your tongue, Catherine. I insist upon your dropping this subject at once. For shame, my dear! I gave you credit for possessing a sense, delicacy, and discretion, which would have prevented your proposing to teach your great-grandmother how to FLIRT!!

THE LYRE'S LAMENT.

BY MRS. WEMANS.

A DEEP-TONED lyre hung murmuring
To the wild wind of the sea:
"O melancholy wind," it sigh'd,
"What would thy breath with me?"

Thou canst not wake the spirit
That in me slumbering lies,
Thou strik'st not forth the electric fire
Of buried melodies.

Wind of the dark sea waters!
Thou dost but sweep my strings
Into wild gusts of mournfulness,
With the rushing of thy wings.

But the spell, the gift, the lightning,
Within my frame conceal'd,
Must moulder on the rock away,
With their triumphs unrevealed?

I have power, high power, for freedom
To wake the burning soul!
I have sounds that through the ancient hills
Like a torrent's voice might roll.

I have pealing notes of victory
That might welcome kings from war;
I have rich deep tones to send the wail
For a hero's death afar.

I have chords to lift the psalm
From the temple to the sky.
Full as the forest-unsions
When sweeping winds are high.

And love—for love's lone sorrow
I have accents that might swell
Through the summer's air with the rose's breath,
Or the violet's faint farewell:

Soft, spiritual, mournful—
Sighs in each note enshrined;
But who shall call that sweetness forth?
Thou canst not, ocean-wind!

I pass without my glory—
Forgotten I decay:
Where is the touch to give me life?—
Wild, fitful wind, away!"

So sigh'd the broken music
That in gladness had no part;
How like art thou, neglected lyre,
To many a human heart!

THE VIOLET.

BY L. E. L.

"Why better than the lady rose
Love I this little flower?
Because its fragrant leaves are those
I loved in childhood's hour.

Though many a flower may win my praise,
The violet has my love;
I did not pass my childish days
In garden or in grove:

My garden was the window-seat,
Upon whose edge was set
A little vase—the fair, the sweet—
It was the violet.

It was my pleasure and my pride;—
How I did watch its growth!
For health and bloom, what plans I tried,
And often injured both.

I placed it in the summer shower,
I placed it in the sun;
And ever, at the evening hour,
My work seemed half undone.

The broad leaves spread, the small buds grew,
How slow they seemed to be!
At last there came a tinge of blue—
'Twas worth the world to me!

At length the perfume filled the room,
Shed from their purple wreath;
No flower has now so rich a bloom,
Has now so sweet a breath.

I gathered two or three—they seemed
Such rich gifts to bestow;
So precious in my sight, I deemed
That all must think them so.

Ah! who is there but would be fain
To be a child once more;
If future years could bring again
All that they brought before?

My heart's world has been long o'erthrown,
It is no more of flowers;
Their bloom is past, their breath is flown,
Yet I recall those hours.

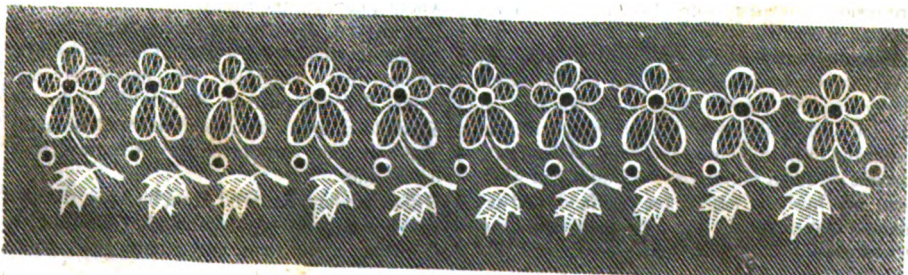
Let nature spread her loveliest,
By spring or summer nursed;
Yet still I love the violet best,
Because I loved it first."

EMBROIDERY FOR HEAD DRESSES.

CROWN PATTERN.



SIDE PATTERN.



COLONEL VERNON:—OR, THE WARNING VOICE.

A TALE OF THE CIVIL WARS.

"BRIEF is the date of human happiness, and they who boast that felicity is theirs, should evermore be prepared for an awful change."

It was the venerable Herbert who spoke, and it was while the bride, deeply impressed with the solemnity of the marriage vow, which she had but that moment pronounced, faintly replied to the kind speeches of congratulating friends, that these words were poured into the ears of Isabel. In the cloudless brow of the bridegroom, and in the beauteous eye of the bride, he saw, that, happy then, they looked for long years of uninterrupted bliss. The esteemed pastor wished to bring down their transports to the sober level of reason. He reminded them that when solemnizing marriage rites, the Jews, in memory of the destruction of their temple, break a goblet, to show how soon the brightest objects on earth are annihilated. He cautioned them against being too sanguine, that fortified by a just and salutary apprehension, should sorrow approach, they might endure without dismay. The kind spirit of him who spoke, beamed in his countenance, and the gentle tone of admonition falling

"Soft as the dew from heaven descends,"

from the revered lips which had just pronounced the nuptial benediction was as respectfully received as it was piously intended. Yet those on whom it was bestowed, felt that if ever it were permitted for mortal to calculate on happiness, they might indulge the hope without presumption.

Theirs was the union of affection, of affection founded on reason; as its basis was a long and intimate knowledge of each other's minds and virtues. High and powerful connections each could claim, and all approved of the union of the families of Vernon and Bolingbroke.

The civil war which eventually cost Charles the First his crown and life, was then raging; but even this circumstance, however sad for the nation, seemed fortunate for Colonel Vernon. His valor in the field had already gained him the fame of a loyal subject and a gallant soldier, nor did he doubt but the perfect triumph of the royal cause, would eventually yield him additional laurels and higher honours.

Days and months of domestic happiness and professional success, were his; and he would sometimes recall to Isabel the warning voice of the venerable churchman, by the exulting remark, "We have known happiness, but not the awful change." The growing fame of Vernon pointed him out as a fit person to be entrusted with the command of Bletchington House, then deemed a fortress of some importance. Isabel had often seen her husband depart for the field, and lamented that she could not accompany him; but it was possible for her to share the dangers and

the glory of his present duty, and she determined not to separate from him. The garrison was so well provided, that Vernon anticipated no catastrophe. He consented to her being his companion, and Isabel with her infant, just then beginning to walk, took up their abode in Bletchington House.

Nothing could exceed the ardor felt by Vernon and the men under his command. The knights in the olden times, panted not with more romantic eagerness, to gain the victor's prize from the presiding beauty of the tournament, than did he and his soldiers to prove their valour in the presence of Isabel. An attempt was made to carry the place by storm, but it was repulsed with such loss, as taught the soldiers of Cromwell, that they had to deal with no common foe. Every summons to surrender, was answered with stern defiance, and despairing of success by other means, the rebels at length turned the siege into a blockade.

Great was the exultation within the walls when this was known. Long before the ample stores provisionally collected, could be exhausted, Vernon was satisfied that the king would arrive. All were animated by the same resolution: all were determined to exist to the last extremity. We will not give in detail the incidents which occurred, and the conversations which passed, while exultation resolved itself into sober confidence, and while confidence became mingled with doubt, nor those which followed, when doubt gave way, not to fear for his personal safety, for that Colonel Vernon could not know, but to excruciating apprehension for the fate of his men and the cause of his monarch. Suffice it to say, that the relief expected, arrived not—that with all the care he could use, food became scarce and the garrison began to murmur that they were content to lay down their lives in the field, but not to submit to be starved to death.

One appeal he determined to make to the enemy. The royalists had on some occasions humanely allowed the females and children who were in besieged places to withdraw. This favor he now solicited. Before giving an answer, the puritans said it would be necessary to "seek the Lord's prayer," and a messenger of their own would announce the result.

With some satisfaction he learned on the following morning, that a Round-head messenger claimed to be admitted. He immediately gave orders that the puritan, should be conducted, blindfolded, to the apartment in which he sat.—This was done, and the soldier of Cromwell stood before him.

The bandage removed from his eyes, the man who was of godly repute, and who, according to the whim of the time, had a most godly name.

being called "Fight-for-the-faith-Fletcher," with little ceremony thus delivered himself:

"Forasmuch as thou, William Vernon, being a man of blood and a great backslider, has often in battle proved a slayer of God's people, "the Lord of Hosts shall stir up a scourge for thee, according to the slaughters of Midian, at the rock of Oreb, and none of the ungodly shall pass hence but as captives to the servants of the Lord."

"Enough," said Vernon haughtily; "return, and say to your commander that should our situation ever be reversed, I despise the example which he has thought fit to set, too much to follow it."

The puritan calmly replied,

"Let the high praise of God be in the mouths of his saints, and a two edged sword in their hands, to execute vengeance upon the heathen and punishment upon the people; to bind their kings with chains, and their nobles with fetters of iron, to execute upon them the judgments written: this honor have all his saints."

"Away, madman and blasphemer!" Vernon indignantly exclaimed, and Fight-for-the-faith-Fletcher was removed.

The distress within the walls became horrible, and the heart of Vernon seemed bursting in his bosom, when he saw Isabel, once so gay, so lovely and so bright, reduced to a pallid and emaciated spectre. Long silent, her eyes alone seemed to reproach his stern decision, but eventually duty as a mother, made her plead with nature's eloquence, not for herself, but for her child. She pointed to the famished soldiers, and called on her husband not vainly to sacrifice them. Thus to act, she argued, was not loyalty but fatuity, as it destroyed those who might otherwise become at a future day the defenders of their King. He lent a deaf ear to her touching representations; but at last her imploring voice, the clamours of his starving men, and perhaps the feelings of a parent, unconsciously moving him to save his offspring, vanquished resolution. He consented to capitulate, and obtained what, under the circumstances, seemed very favorable terms. On giving up the place, his soldiers were allowed to march out with the honors of war, and having grounded their arms, to go where they pleased. Bitter was the anguish, and regret of Vernon, when the true cause of this moderation became apparent, and when it was made known to him that a strong body of royalists, were on their way to relieve Bletchington House, who within the next four and twenty hours, would have compelled the Parliamentary force to retire.

Though Isabel shared the sorrow of her husband, at learning that the king's forces were so near, she still exulted in having saved his life.—From the extremity of suffering, previously endured, she doubted if he could have survived another day. The expediency of surrendering the place under such circumstances, was, to her mind, so indisputably established, that, even when a court martial had been called at Oxford, she looked forward to the result without dismay, and

confidently anticipated an honorable acquittal for Vernon.

The court did not close its proceedings till midnight. No messenger announced the result to Isabel. The absence of special intelligence was satisfactory. That Vernon should be exonerated, was a matter of course.

And when it was signified to her on the following morning, that the prisoner desired to see her, she still felt assured his detention was but a matter of form, and approached him with a smile.

"It is past," he sadly remarked; "your fond anxiety to save my life, has destroyed me."

"Destroyed you, Vernon! can the court doubt?"

"No, Isabel; they do not doubt. The decision is pronounced: it is recorded, and I am lost."

"How! Are you not restored? It is not possible that their decision can be unfavourable?"

"It is even so; and I am proclaimed a coward to the world!"

"And if the world be mean and miserable enough to credit the calumny, then, my Vernon, leave such a world."

"I must leave it."

"And do so without regret; for it merits not your care. Renounce it for ever—despise the phantom fame, and live but to love and Isabel."

"He who is bereft of fame and honor, can have no occasion for life. You, Isabel, must feel this. Start not, then, while I announce what I judged you must have previously learned:—I am sentenced to die!"

Isabel was little prepared for the awful intelligence, that the court had condemned Vernon to death.

"Can it—can it be possible!" she exclaimed, "that my Vernon is to die, and to die for having saved the brave men under his command?"

"Such is my fate—summon your fortitude in the last sad hour; and in the days which are coming, when this poor form shall rest beneath the peaceful sod, remember Vernon."

"Oh speak not thus! Tell me not that there is no hope of mercy."

"Nay, Isabel, court no vain delusion: before you sun declines, I shall be no more. Had it been my lot to fall in the field, my last moments would have been cheered by the thought that my death, even if not illustrated by triumph, was that of a soldier; but it is sad to suffer as a culprit: to know that my Isabel, will be pointed at as the widow of a recreant, and that my boy will succeed to an inheritance of shame."

"The thought is madness, and I, I am the wretched cause of all! But, for my voice—my fatal eloquence—it had been yours to live to hope, to happiness, and to glory! But will the monsters give no pause for further inquiry?"

"By my especial desire the preparations for the final scene have been expedited. Be firm—be yourself, my Isabel; and let it be some consolation to that bleeding heart, to reflect, that if Vernon has failed in his duty, he yet can prove that he fears not to die."

"But tell me not that we meet for the last time."

"Subdue agitation, nor let your emotion shake me in this important hour. When the fatal ball shall have done its part, if the enfranchised soul may seek what it loved on earth, mine shall still hover near you; when the evening star beams with lustre on that bright eye, let it represent my spirit ever waking to guard Isabel from harm; and when the gentle breeze of spring softly agitates those ébon ringlets, believe that it is Vernon thus signifies his presence."

"Oh! misery!"

"And when life's duties performed, my Isabel reclines on the bed of death, I, so faithful love dare hope, will still be near to sustain the fainting sufferer, to usher her into a new state of being, and to join her unsullied spirit as it journeys to heaven."

"Yet tell me not that we part so soon,—that yet a few moments and we must separate for ever."

"No: it shall not be for ever. In a happier state of being, above the sky, among the spirits of the perfect just, we yet shall meet. Our love was never earthly in its character, and it shall prove immortal."

It was at this moment that Herbert, who, as one of the king's chaplains, was then in attendance at Oxford, entered.

"Reverend Sir, you are welcome," said Vernon. "It was you who, in the most blissful moment of my existence, wisely admonished me, that I should hold myself prepared for an awful change, and much I thank you for coming now, to fit me for my passage."

Herbert turned aside to conceal the tears which he could not repress.

"My object," he at length said, "in coming hither, was to assist this fair one through the trying scene of the day. A holy man waits in another apartment to administer to you all the sacred consolation, which religion can yield to a weak mortal in his last hour."

"And must he go now?" Isabel wildly demanded. "If the murderous sentence is to be executed, let me perish by his side."

"This may not be," cried Vernon: "Were it even permitted by authority, the solemn duties which devolve on the only remaining parent of a fatherless child, would bind my Isabel to life, if she love the name of Vernon. Now, dearest, take my last embrace. Restrain your tears, and still that throbbing bosom. Be assured on you my thoughts will rest while life remains, and for you, my prayers will ascend, even in that moment, when my emancipated soul leaves its mortal home."

Scarcely conscious of what she did, Isabel clung to her husband in frantic agony.

"This is not well," he exclaimed, with sternness. The altered tone of his voice thrilled her.

"Take the dear one," he added, with relenting tenderness, gently putting her from him. Herbert received the interesting charge.

"Stay, Vernon," cried Isabel.

"It must not be," he replied, "or want of courage will be said to disgrace my last hour. Our adieux have been exchanged, the parting blessing has been breathed, and I have nothing now to do on earth—but to die, as becomes a soldier and a man."

"While speaking he withdrew; and when Isabel, who had for a moment raised her hand to her forehead, to conceal her tears, would have looked on him again, she saw him not.

"Is he gone!" she exclaimed. "Is that generous heart to be stilled for ever, and by command of that sovereign, for whom on the battle field, its best blood had cheerfully been shed?"

"Daughter, it is deemed necessary that the severe rules of military discipline should be upheld, even at the expense of human life."

"But shall he be the victim of relentless principle, who only acted on the suggestion of prudence, where valour could nothing avail. Oh, Sir! there has been base slander at work; the king is deceived. Yet why, feeling this, do I tarry here! I will to his majesty! No force shall bar me from him. I will prove that Vernon has been calumniated."

She advanced towards the door. Herbert opposed her progress.

"Nay, Madam, this may not be—you must not seek the king. Believe me all that you would say in Vernon's favour, has already been said."

"Sir! you are cruel, thus to bar my passage. Who could plead for the devoted soldier like his wife?"

"He might be heard with more attention whose representations would seem to flow from a love of truth, rather than from affection."

"Yet let me go! Oh, this is monstrous? not to permit a wretched wife to sue for mercy!"

"Were I not sure the effort must be vain, I would support your present resolution. But the king's mind, I say it not on light grounds, is made up, and he is not to be moved."

"My anguish will touch his heart, and Vernon may live."

"Believe me sincere when I say it—were I not certain, certain as that I stand here a breathing sinner, that your seeking the royal presence cannot, by possibility, benefit your husband, I would not restrain you."

"Sir, you forget that the wisest and holiest of men have erred, and your reason, in other matters most excellent, may here be defective.—Then never tell me that the king may not be induced by tears, by reason, and by startling facts, to change his purpose."

"Again, I say, the effort cannot serve Vernon. Therefore be calm."

"Calm! nay, speak not thus. Man of God! can musing on heaven have dissolved in thy heart all sympathy with earth. Shall a wife be serenely resigned, while it is possible that her tears and prayers may save him to whom her faith is pledged, from being murdered?"

"This language you must not hold. Vernon has been sentenced by a competent court, and even his death should not be named a murder."

"Nay, but it is murder—the foulest murder, and may avenging furies pursue those who have willed it! may a God of justice, hurl his red lightning on the blood-hounds; and may each wretched monster's dying prayer for mercy, be visibly rejected, that the sinner, even here, may see the world of torments in which the great actors in a world of crime, will find their eternal home. For the king ——"

"Hold!" exclaimed Herbert, who had previously attempted, but in vain, to interrupt the course of her despair." "Sin not against Heaven, by impiously arraigning its vicegerent on earth. Late repentance, were this persisted in, would overtake thee, and gnaw thy bosom's inmate with remorse. His majesty is all goodness."

"If it be so, then why am I, with coldly cruel admonition, and even by force, restrained from seeking to know and to acknowledge it?"

"For reasons good, which I now attend to unfold, if your impetuous sorrow will give them audience."

"I want not to know the reasons by which heartless men, can bring themselves to approve of shedding guiltless blood."

"Nor are such likely to gain utterance from my tongue. Yet will I vindicate the goodness of my king: he would not suffer the innocent to perish, and his ear is ever open to the voice of supplication."

"Yet but now you said, that with respect to my beloved Vernon, his mind was made up, and that naught could save his life."

"Daughter, I told you that to petition the king would be of no avail. This do I now repeat, and with fullest confidence—with irrevocable firmness; because—and now, poor mourner! let thy heart be prepared—for the words which linger on my tongue will thrill it to its core."

"Ha! is it so?—Because—so thou art about to say—Vernon, my brave husband has already met his cruel fate. Break, wretched heart!—my husband is no more!"

"It is not so—he still lives."

"But is now, even at this moment, to die!"

"He lives, and is—so I hope—destined long to survive?"

"Indeed! Blest sound! Welcome chains and dungeons, so his life be spared!"

"He will be restored free as he has ever been, enthralled only by those chains which love and Isabel, have twined around his heart."

"Thy voice is gentle, but still I tremble at thy words. Yet thou—*thou* who art, a holy man, would not mock a weak sufferer. But I fear my feelings delude me, and that I have imagined sounds to come from thy lips, which were not uttered."

"Be tranquil and be happy: Vernon is *not* to suffer."

"Oh, blissful tidings! Then let my heart swell with rapture! But say what meant your speech lately? Even now it tingles in my ears, as it burst on my startled sense, when, like the life-devouring *kamsin* of the desert, it seemed to burn

p 2

and blast me as it came, while you announced, that the king would not be moved."

"This did I tell, because he had already pardoned Vernon."

"Bless him, Heaven!"

"It became my duty, being in attendance on his majesty, to make him acquainted with all the sad incidents which had caused the loss of Bletchington House; and eventually I satisfied his royal mind that, faithful to his duty, Vernon had only capitulated, when that duty forbade him to sacrifice the lives of gallant men by useless resistance."

"I cannot thank you, Sir, with my tongue, for my bounding heart is striving to burst forth to do that office. Yet, tell me, if Vernon, be pardoned, why is he not here? and why—I shudder while I recall it—why was he taken hence?"

"As yet he knows not that he is to be spared. The king suspects that your beauty and distress, had some undue influence on his mind, and therefore, willed that, to make a salutary impression on the young soldier, all the preparations should go on for the execution. It is only at the last moment, that his pardon will be announced."

"Indeed! My poor Vernon! Then even now he thinks that we shall meet no more? O! what a storm of joy will he prove—!"

Here the sound of a drum was heard: it ceased abruptly.

"What means that sound?" inquired Isabel.

"That is the muffled drum. The sound is now repeated, and will be so at intervals; such being the custom at a military execution."

"I hear soft, but solemn music."

"That is the psalm tune, which makes part of the ceremonial, when the prisoner approaches the awful spot, destined to be his grave."

"The sounds are mournful, but yet soothing. Ah! what had they been, had I not learned that Vernon is not to die? Though ever intrepid, I know his fond heart is sad at leaving me. Yet I repine not that he is deceived, reflecting how vast, how pure, his joy will be anon, when he shall learn that he is not to be consigned to the gloom of the sepulchre; but that, restored to those he loves, he may still look on the green fields, the blue sky, and all the glories of nature."

"Objects still more dazzling and sublime," said Herbert, "I hope will occupy his mind—the goodness of that Deity, who ——"

"Who spares his being! O! yes, kind sir! reprove me not for dwelling on objects, glorious to the mortal sense; for to contemplate these will be devotion; as what can my Vernon see of the Creator's magnificence, which will not remind him of his mercy?"

"So would I hope."

"Sir, methinks it is past hoping. My breast glows with ineffable delight, and is overflowing with rapture. But hark! I hear a step. He comes! Now, my soul, give thyself up to bliss!"

"Yet still, my child, remember, that they who boast felicity ——"

"Not now, Sir—not now. Say not that I can be too happy, when Vernon, snatched from

death, returns to greet his Isabel. Surely, in this blissful moment, exultation is reason—is religion."

One entered.

"Colonel Sidney!" Isabel exclaimed, "I thought—I expected——"

"To see Vernon, Madam. That pleasure will be yours immediately. I came to announce it, in order to prepare you. Such at least is the excuse I make to myself for leaving him as I did. But, to confess the truth, the scene was too much for me, and I should have cried like an urchin under the whip at school, had I not beaten a retreat."

"And what is now doing?"

"You shall hear. The scene was made as terrible as possible. First, his coffin was carried before him, and placed on the edge of a grave, which had been prepared to receive it: so at least we wished Vernon to believe. Then the muskets were loaded with ball, and, by command of the general, it was my duty to see that this part of the arrangement, came under the prisoner's observation. Two pistols were prepared as for the provost—to despatch him if the muskets should fail."

"Poor Vernon! and he—how did he bear it?"

"Nobly. I did think, such a dismal array would have produced some effect—but no, he was true heart of oak. To him all these things seemed matter of course. The muffled drum beat, and the fifes struck up the hundred and fourth Psalm. On a former occasion, when the burial service was thus performed for the living, I saw him tremble, and a tear fell for the poor deserter, then about to die. But, in his own case, no emotion could be traced. His step was firm—his air serene."

The sound of muskets was heard.

"Heard ye that roar! Even now, fortified as I am, well knowing that my Vernon is safe, a shuddering thrill runs through my frame. Great God! what had my feelings been, if the sentence had really been carried into effect! had that awful sound announced the shedding of my husband's blood. But what has caused the firing?"

"Doubtless, Madam, it was the last experiment on the firmness of Vernon. I did not know the thing was to be carried quite so far. But all must be over now. I hear a confused murmur—footsteps come this way—I fly to meet my friend."

He left the room.

"This suspense, or rather this state of anxious expectation, has been much protracted, Sir," Isabel remarked. "Would that it were terminated! But now they are coming. How full of rapture is this moment!"

"Lady, remember!"

"You would say, that human happiness cannot be of long duration."

"And mortals should ever look for an awful change."

"Nay, this is a gloomy thought—bear with me, Sir; but I will not cherish it in this hour of transport."

Sidney reappeared, but he no longer seemed himself. Joy and satisfaction but a few moments before had heightened the healthful glow of his manly cheek. Now, pale and aghast, his countenance exhibited but the unequivocal expression of horror and ineffable dismay.

With a faltering voice, he at length broke silence:—

"To the mysterious decree of Heaven we all must bow."

"Spare this excruciating preparation, Sir.—Where—where is he? where is Vernon? Does he live, or— or —" and she paused without power to give utterance to the awful alternative which then, like the vivid lightning's sudden and partial illumination of the night troubled ocean, burst on her mind. "But no; this is a new device to try my love and fortitude."

"I know not how to answer—but the tidings cannot be withheld."

"Speak. Does he live?"

"He lived when I quitted his side, but I am forced to add, a fatal accident has unhappily occurred."

"Annihilate me! Tell me all. He lived, but was about to expire?"

"The men had fired, and my gallant friend—"

"Has fallen," exclaimed Isabel. "I know it. The dark presentiment came over me with funeral gloom. Oh, Sir," she added, while her streaming eyes turned to the sympathizing Herbert, who scarcely less a mourner than herself, was overwhelmed with amazement and anguish at the catastrophe—"was it well thus to sport with the affliction of a heart broken wife?"

"Trust me fair one," replied the minister, in a voice tremulous from age, but more so from emotion—"of such conduct I am incapable, and at this moment, even, I know not what has happened."

"Unfold it all," cried Isabel, addressing herself to Sidney; "but if he still live, let me go to him."

"With aching heart," said the colonel, "I obey. Arrived at the place of execution, the gallant old general shed tears of joy at remarking the intrepid bearing of Vernon. "Firmness like this," he whispered, "entitles him to immortal glory;" and his heart glowed with exultation at the thought, that instead of giving the signal of death, it would be his duty to produce the royal pardon."

"And then—and then—why was it not produced?"

"It had been ordered that the men should reserve their fire till a white handkerchief waved, a signal which they were not to behold at all.—The preparations were complete, the last word of command had been given, when the general drew from his bosom the pardon. The delight he experienced at displaying the paper, which was to save his young friend, caused him to produce it with a flourish of triumph. Unhappily this was mistaken for the signal, and—and——"

"My Vernon perished!" sighed Isabel.

Sidney described the anguish of the general,

at learning the fatal mistake, but Isabel heard him not. Her tears had ceased to flow—her eyes were fixed—for now they rested on Vernon himself, who, sustained by two of his friends, was borne into the apartment. His eyes were still bright but the ghastly hue of his countenance, told more than even the blood, which flowed from his breast and throat, that but a moment intervened between him and eternity.

Pale and breathless, Isabel approached him.—He faintly extended his hand, to receive her touch, but his eyes closed, as if the feeble effort had exhausted the last remains of life.

"Speak to me," she exclaimed, "let me hear thy voice once more."

"Beloved Isabel!" Vernon murmured, "I—I—" Here his voice failed. The wretched wife listened for the close of the sentence; he was silent. A dreadful doubt came over her—a more appalling certainty succeeded—a certainty that she was a widow.

"He is no more!" sobbed Isabel; "and I am the author of his death."

She clasped the mangled and bleeding remains of Vernon, and remained motionless. When the bystanders separated her from the corpse, she uttered no cry—she shed no tear—she made no sign of woe, but a composure was stamped upon her countenance more fearful than anguish, more terrible than despair. The cry of her infant, which was brought to her, produced a momentary convulsion. It indicated recognition, and told that the ear of the mother was still alive to the cry of her offspring, though reason had fled for ever.—The good Herbert essayed, but in vain, to administer the consolation of religion.

Looking on the hopeless desolation before him, he reverted to his former warning, and mournfully repeated—

"Brief is the date of human happiness; and they who boast that felicity is theirs, should evermore be prepared for an awful change!"

THE VILLAGE OF SCHEVENINGEN.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

A STARTLING sound by night was heard
From the Scheveningen coast,
Like vultures in their clamorous flight,
Or the trampling of a host.

It broke the sleepers' heavy rest,
With harsh and threat'ning cry:
Storm was upon the lonely sea!
Storm on the midnight sky!

The slumberers started up from sleep,
Like spectres from their graves;
Then—burst a hundred voices forth—
The waves! the waves! the waves!

The strong-built dykes lay overthrown;—
And on their deadly way,
Like lions, came the mighty seas,
Impatient for their prey!

Like lions, came the mighty seas—
Oh, vision of despair!—
'Mid ruins of their falling homes,
The blackness of the air.

Fathers beheld the hast'ning doom,
With stern, delirious eye:
Wildly they looked around for help—
No help, alas! was nigh.

Mothers stood trembling with their babes,
Uttering complaints, in vain;
No arm, but the Almighty arm,
Might stem that dreadful main!

Jesus! it was a fearful hour:
The elemental strife,
Howling above the shrieks of death—
The struggling groans for life!

No mercy—no relapse—no hope—
That night—the tempest tost
Saw their maternal homes engulfed;
Lost!—oh! for ever lost!

Again the blessed morning light,
In the far heavens shone;
But where the pleasant village stood,
Swept the dark floods alone!

THE ASPEN TREE.

BY L. E. L.

THE quiet of the evening hour
Was laid on every summer leaf;
That purple shade was on each flower,
At once so beautiful, so brief.

Only the aspen knew not rest,
But still, with an unquiet song,
Kept murmuring to the gentle west,
And cast a changeful shade along.

Not for its beauty—other trees
Had greener boughs, and statelier stem;
And those had fruit, and blossoms these,
Yet still I chose this tree from them.

'Tis a strange thing, this depth of love
Which dwells within the human heart;
From earth below to heaven above,
In each, and all, it fain has part.

It must find sympathy, or make;
And hence beliefs, the fond are vain,
The thousand shapes that fancies take,
To bind the fine connecting chain.

We plant pale flowers beside the tomb,
And love to see them droop and fade;
For every leaf that sheds its bloom
Seems like a natural tribute paid.

Thus Nature soothes the grief she shares:
What are the flowers we hold most dear?
The one whose haunted beauty wears
The sign of human thought or tear.

Why hold the violet and rose
A place within the heart, denied
To fairer foreign flowers, to those
To earlier memories allied?

Like those frail leaves, each restless thought
Fluctuates in my weary mind;
Uncertain tree! my fate was wrought
In the same loom where thine was twined.

And thus from other trees around,
Did I still watch the aspen tree,
Because in its unrest I found
Somewhat of sympathy with me.



THE SPOTTED WOODPECKER.

Its length is somewhat more than nine inches. The bill is of a dark horn colour, very strong at the base; the upper and under sides are formed by high-pointed ridges, which run along the middle of each; it is exceedingly sharp at the end; the eyes are reddish, encircled with a large white spot, which extends to the back part of the head, on which there is a spot of crimson; the forehead is buff colour; the top of the head black; on the back part of the neck there are two white spots, separated by a line of black; the scapulars and tips of the wing coverts are white; the rest of the plumage on the upper part of the body is black; the tail is black, the outer feathers marked with white spots; the throat, breast, and part of the belly are of a yellowish white; the vent and lower part of the belly crimson; the legs and feet of a lead colour. The female has not the red spot on the back of the head.



THE WOODLARK.

This bird is about six inches long. Its bill is slender; the plumage on the head, neck, and back is of a dark greenish brown, streaked with black; a white streak passes from the bill over each eye towards the nape, nearly surrounding the head like a bandage; the under parts are white, tinged with yellow on the throat, and red on the breast, and spotted with black. The tail is rather shorter than that of other Larks, which gives this bird a less tall and slender shape: the legs are of a dull yellow; the hinder claw very long, and somewhat curved.

THE STREETS OF MADRID.

THE stranger who walks for the first time through the streets of Madrid, is struck with the sombreness of the prospect that is presented to him: this, he speedily discovers, arises from the costume of the women. It is the varied and many-coloured attire of the female sex that gives to the streets of other great cities their gaiety and liveliness. No pink, and green, and yellow, and blue silk bonnets nod along the streets of Madrid; for the women wear no bonnets—no ribands of more than all the colours of the rainbow chequer the streets of Madrid; for the women of Madrid do not understand the use of ribands. Only conceive the sombreness of a population without a bonnet or a riband, and all, or nearly all, in black! yet such is the population of Madrid. Every woman in Spain wears a *mantilla*, which varies, in quality and expense, with the station of the wearer; and for the benefit of those who, though they may have heard of a *mantilla*, have an imperfect idea what it is, I will describe it. A *mantilla* is a scarf thrown over the head and shoulders; behind, and at the sides, it descends nearly to the waist, and falling, in front, over a very high comb, is gathered and fastened, generally by something ornamental, just above the forehead, at the low part of the hair. Of old, there was a veil attached to the fore part of the *mantilla*, which was used or thrown back, according to the fancy of the wearer; but veils are now rarely seen in Spain, excepting at mass. Of the rank and means of a Spanish woman, something may be gathered from the *mantilla*, though this cannot be considered a certain criterion, since Spanish women will make extraordinary sacrifices for the sake of dress. Yet there are three distinct grades of the *mantilla*: the lady in the upper ranks of life, and most of those in the middle ranks, wear the lace *mantilla*; some of blond—some of English net, worked in Spain, and these vary in price, from £4, or £5, to £20. The Bourgeois generally wear the *mantilla*, part lace and part silk, the lace in front and the silk behind, with lace trimmings; and the lower orders wear a *mantilla* wholly of silk, or of silk trimmed with velvet. Spain is the only country in Europe in which a national dress extends to the upper ranks; but, even in Spain, this distinction seems to give way. In the streets, no one yet ventures to appear without the *mantilla*; but French hats are frequently seen in carriages and in the theatre; and the black silk gown, once as indispensable as the *mantilla*, sometimes gives place to silks of other colours; and even a French or English printed muslin may occasionally be seen on the Prado. But although the sombre dress of the women, and the consequent absence of bright colours, seemed at first to give a gloomy cast to the exterior of the population of Madrid, a little closer observance of it disclosed a variety and picturesque not to be found in any other of the

European countries. The dress of the women, although sombre, bears, in the eye of a stranger, a character of both novelty and grace. The round, turn-up hat and crimson sash of the peasant; the short green jacket and bare legs and sandals of the innumerable water-carriers, who call *aqua fresca*; the sprinkling of the military costume; and, above all, the grotesque dresses of the multitudes of friars of different orders, gave to the scene a character of originality exclusively its own. No feature in the scene before me appeared more novel than the universality of the fan; a Spanish woman would be quite as likely to go out of doors without her shoes as without her fan. I saw not one female in the streets without this indispensable appendage. The portly dame and her stately daughter, the latter six paces in advance, as is the universal custom throughout Spain, walked fanning themselves; the child of six years old held mamma with one hand and fanned herself with the other; the woman sitting at her stall, selling figs, sat fanning herself; and the servant coming from market, carried her basket with one arm and fanned herself with the other. To me, who had never seen a fan but in the hands of a lady, this seemed ridiculous enough. The streets of Madrid presented a totally different aspect at different hours of the day. Before one o'clock, all is nearly as I have described it, bustling and busy, and thronged with people of all ranks, of whom the largest proportion are always females; for the women of Madrid spend much of their time in the streets, going and coming from mass, shopping, (a never-failing resource,) and going and coming from the Prado. But, from one o'clock till four, the aspect of every thing is changed: the shops are either shut or a curtain is drawn before the door; the shutters of every window are closed; scarcely a respectable person is seen in the street; the stall-keepers spread cloths over their wares and go to sleep; groups of the poor and idle are seen stretched in the shade, and the water-carriers, throwing their jackets over their faces, make pillows of their water-casks. But the siesta over, all is again life and bustle: the curtains are withdrawn, the balconies are filled with ladies, the sleepers shake off their drowsiness, and the water-carriers resume their vocation, and deafen us with the cry of *aqua fresca*. These water-carriers are a curious race, and are as necessary to the Spanish peasant as the vender of beer is to the English labourer. With a basket and glass in the right hand, and a water jar on the left shoulder, they make incessant appeals to the appetite for cold water, and, during the summer, drive a lucrative trade: and so habituated is the Spaniard to the use of cold water, that I have observed little diminution in the demand for it when the morning temperature of the air was such as would have made an Englishman shrink from so comfortless a beverage.

MY CHRISTMAS DINNER.

It was on the twentieth of December last that I received an invitation from my friend, Mr. Phiggins, to dine with him in Mark-lane, on Christmas day. I had several reasons for declining this proposition. The first was, that Mr. P. makes it a rule, at all these festivals, to empty the entire contents of his counting-house into his little dining parlour; and you consequently sit down to dinner with six white-waistcoated clerks, let loose upon a turkey. The second was, that I am not sufficiently well read in cotton and sugar, to enter with any spirit into the subject of conversation. And the third was, and is, that I never drink Cape wine. But by far the most prevailing reason remains to be told. I had been anticipating for some days, and was hourly in the hope of receiving, an invitation to spend my Christmas day in a most irresistible quarter. I was expecting, indeed, the felicity of eating plum-pudding with an angel; and, on the strength of my imaginary engagement, I returned a polite note to Mr. P., reducing him to the necessity of advertising for another candidate for cape and turkey.

The twenty-first came. Another invitation—to dine with a regiment of roast-beef eaters at Clapham. I declined this also, for the above reason, and for one other, *viz.* that, on dining there ten Christmas days ago, it was discovered, on sitting down, that one little accompaniment of the roast-beef had been entirely overlooked. Would it be believed?—but I will not stay to mystify—I merely mention the fact. They had forgotten the horse-radish!

The next day arrived, and with it a neat epistle, sealed with violet-coloured wax, from Upper Brook-street. "Dine with the ladies—at home on Christmas-day." Very tempting, it is true; but not exactly the letter I was longing for. I began, however, to debate within myself upon the policy of securing this bird in hand, instead of waiting for the two that were still hopping about the bush, when the consultation was suddenly brought to a close, by a prophetic view of the portfolio of drawings fresh from boarding-school—moths and roses on embossed paper;—to say nothing of the album, in which I stood engaged to write an elegy on a Java sparrow, that had been a favourite in the family for three days. I rung for gilt-edged, pleaded a world of polite regret, and again declined.

The twenty-third dawned; time was getting on rather rapidly; but no card came. I began to despair of any more invitations, and to repent of my refusals. Breakfast was hardly over, however, when the servant brought up—not a letter—but an aunt and a brace of cousins from Bayswater. They would listen to no excuse; consanguinity required me, and Christmas was not my own. Now my cousins keep no albums; they are really as pretty as consins can be; and when violent hands, with white kid gloves, are

laid on one, it is sometimes difficult to effect an escape with becoming elegance. I could not, however, give up my darling hope of a pleasanter prospect. They fought with me in fifty engagements—that I pretended to have made. I showed them the Court Guide, with ten names obliterated—being those of persons who had not asked me to mince-meat and mistle-toe; and I ultimately gained my cause by quartering the remains of an infectious fever on the sensitive fears of my aunt, and by dividing a rheumatism and a sprained ancle between my sympathetic cousins.

As soon as they were gone I walked out, sauntering involuntarily in the direction of the only house in which I felt I could spend a "happy" Christmas. As I approached, a porter brought a large hamper to the door. "A present from the country," thought I; "yes, they *do* dine at home; they must ask me; they know that I am in town." Immediately afterwards a servant issued with a letter: he took the nearest way to my lodgings, and I hurried back by another street to receive the so-much-wished-for invitation. I was in a state of delirious delight.

I arrived—but there was no letter. I sat down to wait, in a spirit of calmer enjoyment than I had experienced for some days; and in less than half an hour a note was brought to me. At length the desired dispatch had come: it seemed written on the leaf of a lily with a pen dipped in dew. I opened it—and had nearly fainted with disappointment. It was from a stock-broker, who begins an anecdote of Mr. Rothschild before dinner, and finishes it with the fourth bottle—and who makes his eight children stay up to supper and snap-dragon. In Mackadamizing a stray stone in one of his periodical puddings, I once lost a tooth, and with it an heiress of some reputation. I wrote a most irritable apology, and dispatched my warmest regards in a whirlwind.

December the twenty-fourth.—I began to count the hours, and uttered many poetical things about the wings of Time. Alack! no letter came;—yes, I received a note from a distinguished dramatist, requesting the honour, &c. But I was too cunning for this, and practised wisdom for once. I happened to reflect that his pantomime was to make its appearance on the night after, and that his object was to perpetrate the whole programme upon me. Regret that I could not have the pleasure of meeting Mr. Paulo, and the rest of the *littérati* to be then and there assembled, was of course immediately expressed.

My mind became restless and agitated. I felt, amidst all these invitations, cruelly neglected. They served, indeed, but to increase my uneasiness, as they opened prospects of happiness in which I could take no share. They discovered a most tempting dessert, composed of forbidden

fruit. I took down "Childe Harold," and read myself into a sublime contempt of mankind. I began to perceive that merriment is only malice in disguise, and that the chief cardinal virtue is misanthropy.

I sate "nursing my wrath" till it scorched me; when the arrival of another epistle suddenly charmed me from this state of delicious melancholy and delightful endurance of wrong. I sickened as I surveyed, and trembled as I opened it. It was dated from —, but no matter; it was not the letter. In such a frenzy as mine, raging to behold the object of my adoration condescend, not to eat a custard, but to render it invisible—to be invited perhaps to a tart fabricated by her own ethereal fingers; with such possibilities before me, how could I think of joining a "friendly party"—where I should inevitably sit next to a deaf lady, who had been, when a little girl, patted on the head by Wilks, or my Lord North, she could not recollect which—had taken tea with the author of "Junius," but had forgotten his name—and who once asked me "whether Mr. Munden's monument was in Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's?"—I seized a pen, and presented my compliments. I hesitated—for the peril and precariousness of my situation flashed on my mind; but hope had still left me a straw to catch at, and I at length succeeded in resisting this late and terrible temptation.

After the first burst of excitement I sunk into still deeper despondency. My spirit became a prey to anxiety and remorse. I could not eat; dinner was removed with unlifted covers. I went out. The world seemed to have acquired a new face; nothing was to be seen but raisins and rounds of beef. I wandered about like Lear—I had given up all! I felt myself grated against the world like a nutmeg. It grew dark—I sustained a still gloomier shock. Every chance seemed to have expired, and every body seemed to have a delightful engagement for the next day. I alone was disengaged—I felt like the Last Man! To-morrow appeared to have already commenced its career; mankind had anticipated the future; "and coming mince-pies cast their shadows before."

In this state of desolation and dismay I called—I could not help it—at the house to which I had so fondly anticipated an invitation and a welcome. My protest must here however be recorded, that though I called in the hope of being asked, it was my fixed determination not to avail myself of so protracted a piece of politeness. No: my triumph would have been to have annihilated them with an engagement made in September, payable three months after date. With these feelings I gave an agitated knock—they were stoning the plums, and did not immediately attend. I rung—how unlike a dinner bell it sounded! A girl at length made her appearance, and, with a mouthful of citron, informed me that the family had gone to spend their Christmas-eve in Portland-place. I rushed down the steps, I hardly knew whither. My first im-

pulse was to go to some wharf and inquire what vessels were starting for America. But it was a cold night—I went home and threw myself on my miserable couch. In other words I went to bed.

I dozed and dreamed away the hours till day-break. Sometimes I fancied myself seated in a roaring circle, roasting chesnuts at a blazing log; at others, that I had fallen into the Serpentine while skating, and that the Humane Societies were piling upon me a Pelion, or rather a Vesuvius of blankets. I awoke a little refreshed. Alas! it was the twenty-fifth of the month—it was Christmas-day! Let the reader, if he possess the imagination of Milton, conceive my sensations.

I swallowed an atom of dry toast—nothing could calm the fever of my soul. I stirred the fire and read Zimmerman alternately. Even reason—the last remedy one has recourse to in such cases—came at length to my relief: I argued myself into a philosophic fit. But, unluckily, just as the Lethæan tide within me was at its height, my landlady broke in upon my lethargy, and chased away by a single word all the little sprites and pleasures that were acting as my physicians, and prescribing balm for my wounds. She paid me the usual compliments, and then—"Do you dine at home to-day, Sir?" abruptly inquired she. Here was a question. No Spanish inquisitor ever inflicted such complete dismay in so short a sentence. Had she given me a Sphinx to expound, a Gordian tangle to untwist; had she set me a lesson in algebra, or asked me the way to Brobdignag; had she desired me to show her the North Pole, or the meaning of a melodrama;—any or all of these I might have accomplished. But to request me to define my dinner—to inquire into its latitude—to compel me to fathom that sea of appetite which I now felt rushing through my frame—to ask me to dive into futurity, and become the prophet of pies and preserves!—My heart died within me at the impossibility of a reply.

She had repeated the question before I could collect my senses around me. Then, for the first time, it occurred to me that, in the event of my having no engagement abroad, my landlady meant to invite me! "There will at least be the two daughters," I whispered to myself; "and after all, Lucy Matthews is a charming girl, and touches the harp divinely. She has a very small, pretty hand, I recollect; only her fingers are so punctured by the needle—and I rather think she bites her nails. No, I will not even now give up my hope. It was yesterday but a straw—to-day it is but the thistle-down; but I will cling to it to the last moment. There are still four hours left; they will not dine till six. One desperate struggle, and the peril is past; let me not be seduced by this last golden apple, and I may yet win my race." The struggle was made—"I should not dine at home." This was the only phrase left me; for I could not say that "I should dine out." Alas! that an event should be at the same time so doubtful and so desirable. I only begged that

if any letter arrived, it might be brought to me immediately.

The last plank, the last splinter, had now given way beneath me. I was floating about with no hope but the chance of something almost impossible. They had "left me alone," not with my glory, but with an appetite that resembled an avalanche seeking whom it might devour. I had passed one dinnerless day, and half of another; yet the promised land was as far from sight as ever. I recounted the chances I had missed. The dinners I might have enjoyed, passed in a dioramic view before my eyes. Mr. Phiggins and his six clerks—the Clapham beef-eaters—the charms of Upper Brook-street—my pretty cousins, and the pantomime writer—the stock-broker, whose stories one forgets, and the elderly lady who forgets her stories—they all marched by me, a procession of apparitions. Even my landlady's invitation, though unborn, was not forgotten in summing up my sacrifices. And for what?

Four o'clock. Hope was perfectly ridiculous. I had been walking upon the hair-bridge over a gulf, and could not get into Elysium after all. I had been catching moonbeams, and running after notes of music. Despair was my only convenient refuge; no chance remained, unless something should drop from the clouds. In this last particular I was not disappointed; for on looking up I perceived a heavy shower of snow. Yet I was obliged to venture forth; for being supposed to dine out, I could not of course re-

main at home. Where to go I knew not: I was like my first father—"the world was all before me." I flung my cloak round me, and hurried forth with the feelings of a bandit longing for a stiletto. At the foot of the stairs, I staggered against two or three smiling rascals, priding themselves upon their punctuality. They had just arrived—to make the tour of Turkey. How I hated them!—As I rushed by the parlour, a single glance disclosed to me a blazing fire, with Lucy and several lovely creatures in a semi-circle. Fancy, too, gave me a glimpse of a sprig of mistletoe—I vanished from the house, like a spectre at day-break.

How long I wandered about is doubtful. At last I happened to look through a kitchen window, with an area in front, and saw a villain with a fork in his hand, throwing himself back in his chair choked with ecstasy. Another was feasting with a graver air; he seemed to be swallowing a bit of Paradise, and criticising its flavour. This was too much for mortality—my appetite fastened upon me like an alligator. I darted from the spot; and only a few yards farther discerned a house, with rather an elegant exterior, and with some ham in the window that looked perfectly sublime. There was no time for consideration—to hesitate was to perish. I entered; it was indeed "a banquet-hall deserted." The very waiters had gone home to their friends. There, however, I found a fire; and there—to sum up all my folly and felicity in a single word—**I DINED.**

MARY A ROON.

My sweet apple blossom, dear Mary, beware,
Lest the Munster man's flattery your heart should ensnare;
His tongue is so oily, so roguish his eyes,
In one hour they would tell you whole hundreds of lies.

Much rather I'd see you for ever a maid,
A pale rose of the wilderness, languish and fade,
Than espoused to a rover, whose profligate arts
Seduce simple virgins and break their poor hearts.

How fondly I fancied that blooming in youth,
You'd be led by my voice, and inspired by my truth;
Each fair sunny morn, when all nature look'd gay,
You shone the clear gem that illumined my way.

With you the wild nut-groves delighted I'd range,
Immersed in soft raptures, and fearless of change;
Oh! treasure of treasures, were you my reward,
With the soft hand of love your fair bosom I'd guard.

Last feast of Saint Bridget, ah! can you forget,
When on Mullamore's summit transported we met;
But now you have plunged me in sorrowful gloom,
And hopeless of healing I sink to the tomb.

Sore, sore is my heart, it is rent to the core,
Beside Murneen Bawn I must never lean more;
Thou star of mild lustre, my prayer do not slight,
By day all my thoughts, all my visions by night.

Admiring, adoring, imploring thy ray,
My heart's blood grows congealed, and I wither away;
But, alas! you disdain me!—then break, O! my heart:
My treasure of treasures for ever to part.

FROST.

The Frost looked forth, one still clear night,
And he said, "New I shall be out of sight,
So through the valley and over the height
In silence I'll take my way;

I will not go on like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain—
But I'll be busy as they!"

Then he went to the mountain and powdered its trees,
He climbed up the trees and their boughs he dressed,
With diamonds and pearls, and over the breast
Of the quivering lake he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The downright point of many a spear
That he hung on its margin far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept
And over each pane like a fairy crept,
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
By the light of the moon, were seen
Most beautiful things! There were flowers and trees,
There were beves of birds, and swarms of bees,
There were cities, thrones, temples and towers! and these
All pictured in silver sheen!

But he did one thing that was hardly fair;
He went to the cupboard, and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare,
"Now just to set them a thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he;
"This bloated pitcher I'll break in three!
And the glass of water they've left for me
Shall 'tchick' to tell them I'm drinking."

THE FAMILY OF THE HIGHLANDS.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

Few places of like extent afford a greater instance of the grandeur and sublimity of the works of nature, than the highlands of Neversink, New Jersey. On the one side peaceably and quietly flows the North or Neversink river, bearing upon its clear waters the fragrance of a fine and fruitful country. On the other, Raritan Bay, at times smooth and placid, unruffled by the slightest breeze, and refulgent as a mirror; at others, torn and tost by violent tempests, to the peril of the hardy fisherman, and dread of the fearless mariner. In front, separated by the beach, (a mere strip,) rolls the majestic ocean in all its splendor, washing their base with its foam, and casting its spray to the clouds. 'Tis here that the eye of the returning sailor first rests and beams with delight, on beholding again his beloved country, bringing to his recollection the days of his youth and his home. Perhaps an aged parent or an affectionate wife is anxiously waiting his return, or may be some tender being, joyful as the spring, is hopefully looking to his arrival, as the time limited for the completion of her earthly happiness. With what transports, then, does the cry of Land! Land! oh, Neversink! fill his soul!—Days, months, and years, of toil and danger, are forgotten in the ecstasy of the moment, and he dreams of nought but coming happiness as the reward of his many sufferings. It appears to the weary passenger, when first discernible, but a small blue speck in the horizon, gradually growing upon the nearer approach, until being struck with the sublimity of the scene, he casts aside his languor and sea sickness, and views with admiration the grand and beautiful prospect. Government has here erected a telegraph, for the speedy conveyance of news from vessels lying below in the harbor to New York, and two light-houses—friendly beacons!—cheering the heart and directing the course of the bewildered mariner. A spectator, at the summit of this bold promontory, has great cause of admiration.—From the northern extremity may be seen the shady groves and fertile fields of Long Island; the Narrows guarded with impregnable forts; the town of Staten Island, situated upon the borders of the glassy lake, and the spires of that great city, the metropolis of the western world. From the southern, Sandy Hook, its light house, and an extent of coast further than the eye can reach, glittering in the rays of the sun, and white by continual washing of the surf. Towards the west the view is obstructed by ancient forests of pine and oak, stocked with deer and small game in abundance, where alike is heard the axe of the sturdy woodman, and the horn of the jovial huntsman. But from the eastern, the climax of all! that great expanse of waters! the seat of the fabled Neptune! (where sport the various monsters of the deep, in all their native majesty,)

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forming a great highway to the most distant climes, and bearing upon its bosom the commerce of half a world—objects present themselves, the beauty of which are indescribable—

"Procul, oh! procul, esto profani!"

Near such scenes, and during the year of 1778—a year so sacred to every true American, when the cause of freedom began to prevail over the power of tyrannical despotism, and taught the proud lords of England to treat their foemen with respect—lived the venerable Mark Clifford, a widower, and the father of three children. His was no boasted line of noble blood; no prided race of glorious ancestry; no dignified titles of wealth or honor. His parents were of English descent, and true and worthy subjects of Great Britain. They had in early life emigrated to the United Colonies, and subsisted by the culture of a small plantation, the produce of their industry and economy, and the very same which their son Mark now possessed. But now they were no more. They had long since obeyed the call of nature and age, and yielded their well spent lives in the hopes of future prospects and enjoyments, leaving their only son scarce other patrimony than the remembrance of their many benevolent and virtuous actions, causing them to be greatly esteemed and regretted, and rearing to their memories a great and lasting monument.

Clifford was now quite feeble. His head was whitened by the toils of a laborious and active life, and the changes of more than half a century, the former part of which was occupied in husbandry and the protection and solace of his aged parents. Then came the French and Indian war, a war replete with cruelty and barbarism, and greatly destructive to the then weak and badly protected colonists, when many a deed of blood and devastation was committed; nought remaining to tell the sad and frightful tale but the smouldering and scattered ashes of their demolished and burning habitations.

In the spring of 1758, he joined the army as a Lieutenant Provincial, under the command of General Abercrombie, destined for the reduction of Ticonderoga. After surmounting great difficulties in their march, they arrived at the fortress. During the attack, which was carried on with great bravery and vigor, the besieged, in making a sally operated principally upon the regiment to which he belonged. They charged with impetuosity and were sternly resisted, until great numbers falling on each side, they closed face to face and point to point,—there was then but one general convulsion, one dreadful sound of clashing arms and hideous shriek of the wounded and the dying—

As stalk'd foul hate in awful might,
Driving men on to deadly fight.

Clifford received a sword cut on his shoulder;

again the sanguine weapon glittered, poised in the sun; an instant more it fell, but he dexterously warded it, and turning upon his more expert but weaker adversary, exerted all the force which the rage and danger of the moment excited; long did the skill and experience of the one subvert the greater strength and power of the other, till becoming exhausted and beginning to relax, Mark with one desperate effort disarmed and thrust his sword deep in the throat of his antagonist. The dying Frenchman drew a pistol, which, during the rencontre had either been forgotten, or unheeded, and directed its contents, though ineffectually, at the breast of his opponent; then uttering an exulting cry, fell expiring to the earth. Shortly after there was a general retreat of the army, and Mark was carried along with the baggage and wounded.

About a year subsequent to his return his wife died, leaving him the care of three children, the issue of their short but happy alliance.

Mary, the eldest, married in early life a respectable farmer, by the name of Williams, and became distinguished for virtue and piety.—In her was centered the affectionate wife, the indulgent parent, and the kind and charitable neighbour. All things within her reach bespoke her industry and attention; the cares of the oppressed she soothed, and the needy she fed, and sent joyfully away.

"My husband," said she, "is blessed with plenty, and it shall not be said that my heart was shut, or my ear deaf, to the cry of the indigent and distressed. If," said she, "they misrepresent and impose upon me, their sin is great—but I have performed my duty." Hers was the well organized and obedient family, and her home was the abode of peace, the joy and pleasure of her husband. She was universally beloved, and there was none to cast aspersions upon her character; long after her benevolent form and cheering voice had ceased to exist, was the name of Mary Williams, spoken of with praise and veneration, and recommended as a pattern to the young and thoughtless.

Marshall, the next eldest, was with the immortal Washington, in the service of his country; where, by repeated proofs of valor and merit, he attained the rank of major.

"Go my son," said the venerable Mark Clifford, as he was about to return to the army, (the days of his parole being nearly exhausted) "go to the aid of thy suffering country—serve her with perseverance and honour; and if the chance of war and cruel death should rob me of my boy, (which gracious heaven forbid) may the thought console me that he died gloriously fighting, a martyr in her cause." He had joined the army in the spring of 1777, at Morristown, as it was about moving to Philadelphia to prevent, if possible, that city from falling into the hands of the British. He was in the sanguine battle which shortly followed upon the meeting of the two armies at Brandywine,—was wounded at Germantown, and at last encamped with the army at their winter quarters. Thus did he continue

throughout that and the subsequent campaigns, a true and faithful patriot in the cause of liberty, weeping in her calamities and rejoicing in each newly gained advantage, until that ever memorable day, the 28th of June, 1778,—when the two belligerent armies met upon the plains of Monmouth, a day the noble actions of which shall forever illumine the pages of American history; and the glory of whose deeds shall be borne upon the trump of fame to the latest ages of posterity;—causing the tear to start, and the heart to swell with gratitude—which faded the laurels and sullied the fame of British conquests,—and when many a proud son of ambition bit the dust in anguish, as rose those of liberty to eminence and distinction.

In the afternoon of that glorious day a body of the enemy's artillerists, stationed upon an eminence, rendered themselves greatly annoying to the American army; and in consequence of their severe and galling fire, it had become necessary to remove them. Marshall having the command of this bold and daring expedition, in attempting to dislodge them, had his leg severed from his body by a cannon ball; still he pressed on and clinging to his gallant steed, plunged fearlessly amidst the body of his enemies, and, as the last act of his life, succeeded in slaying a bombardier about to put match to his surcharged piece, which, if he had accomplished, must have proved of dreadful consequence to his advancing troops, who, seeing his great danger, and inspired afresh by his courage, were already mounting this destructive battery, truly volcanic by its smoke and flame, and which with magnanimous bravery they soon after carried at the point of the bayonet,—then charging his guns and directing their deadly effects to be poured upon the hosts of their late possessors, he turned to the setting sun, which like his life was fast fading into night, and sank expiring in the arms of his conquering soldiery.

On the morning of the following day, the head of this distinguished family, (who, although he was too far advanced to serve in the army of his country, nevertheless took every opportunity of aiding her, and disconcerting the subtle plans of her enemies,) despatched Mark, his youngest son, with very important news to Lawson's regiment, in Middletown. By the time the sun had reached his meridian, young Mark had delivered his message, and was about to return, when he received the news of the preceding day, accompanied with the death of his valiant brother. His grief was deep and poignant, and slow and mournful did he bend his pensive steps towards the dwelling of his father, late the scene of peace and happiness; but which on his return with the piercing news, must be rendered frightfully the reverse. "How," said he, as he was about re-crossing those scenes conspicuous in the former part of our narrative, "how shall my venerable parent sustain the shock so dreadful to myself, but to him doubly weighty, on account of his age and infirmities. Oh! how shall I acquaint him of a fact so ruinous to his peace,

and so doleful in its effects? Why was I destined to be the messenger of such agonizing intelligence?" Absorbed in such gloomy thoughts, he was suddenly aroused by the sound of approaching horsemen; he looked, and could not be deceived: it was a dismembered body of the enemy's retreating cavalry, flying to avoid capture. Mark, full of grief for the loss of his brother, and determined at revenge, threw away the only opportunity of escaping, and boldly advancing, discharged his musket at the foremost of the party. The sound of the falling body and the rushing of the liberated steed, told too well the effect of the whizzing ball. A blow so sudden, so unexpected, struck the whole party with consternation, and by the time they had arranged themselves, Mark had re-loaded. He fired! and again his unerring aim marked its victim. Some through fear retreated; whilst a few of the most hardy fired, and wounded him in turn. Ignorant of the pain and disregardful of his wound, Mark again loaded a third time, and fired, and sank another mortal to his eternal home; when, becoming exasperated at his boldness and his fixed purpose, they rushed to despatch him with their swords, yet stained with the disgrace of yesterday's defeat. Picture to yourself a single arm keeping at bay and striking terror into the heart of a multitude, until becoming exhausted and faint with the loss of blood, is hewn down by overpowering numbers; what deed of ancient or modern date can outvie such actions? Tell me of Leonidas and his gallant deeds at Thermopylæ; I answer, here you find its parallel—of Decatur before Tripoli; immortal youth! thy actions merit equal renown—thou hast gone to receive thy reward.

A few days subsequent to the interment of those two heroic youths, which was performed with appropriate honors, Mark Clifford, with his little grand son, was seen slowly ascending those neighbouring hills, which for many years had been his frequent haunt, but now with a heavy heart and for a far different purpose than formerly.—Having arrived at the spot late the scene of such tragic performance, and viewing with agonizing heart the ground yet stained with the blood of his affectionate offspring, he became overpowered with his excessive grief, and sinking under his painful reflections, slowly tottered to the trunk of a decayed tree, when raising his silvery head, "My son," said he, "haste to thy father, tell him I sink upon the hill!" The boy, swift as an arrow to obey this pressing command, was soon lost sight of. Then, finding himself quite alone, he cried with a full voice, "Father Omnipotent! it hath pleased thee to inflict upon me the severest of trials, to bereave me at once of both my loving children. The blow is too heavy for my weakened frame. Here in the midst of thy powerful works, and the beauties of thy creation, receive me! Oh, Father! take me to thyself!" The child, propelled by the love of his grand parent, and fearful lest he should never again experience his tender regard, soon returned with his anxious parent. The old man was

kneeling at the body of the oak, with his arms outstretched, and his face directed to Heaven. They called, but there was no answer, his spirit had gone to its fathers.

Freehold, Monmouth Co. N. J.

WOMEN OF BUSINESS.

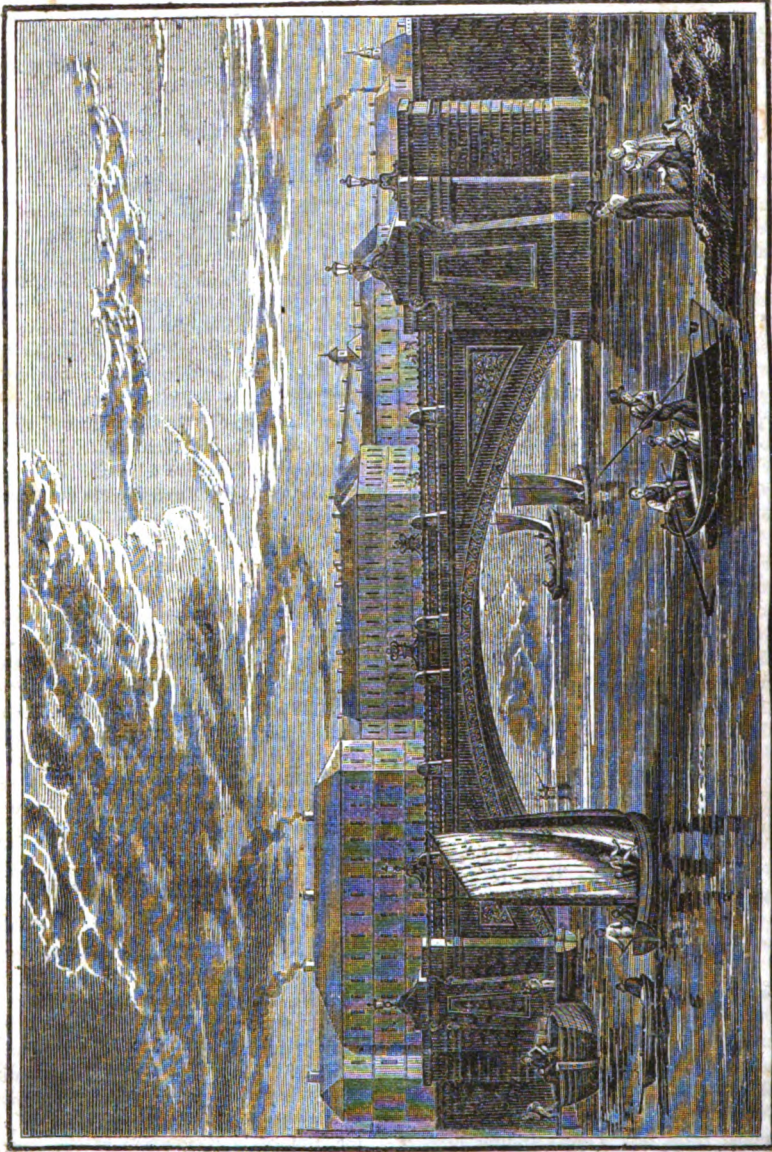
We have always agreed with Doctor Johnson in saying, "that a woman cannot know too much of arithmetic;" as we believe every one does, who has witnessed the utter helplessness of a young widow left with entangled accounts to settle. We copy the following from Mr. Sullivan's Political Class Book:—

"It is one of the most striking defects in our system of education, that females are so generally uninstructed in the substance and forms of business. Much precious time is devoted in early life to some accomplishments, which are forgotten amidst the cares of married life. It would be far more useful to devote that time to make women intelligent in those affairs which concern them deeply, as mothers, widows, and guardians, and in the character of executrix and administratrix, and frequently in other employments which require a familiarity with the forms of business. In Europe, it is not uncommon for females to have the chief management of important business establishments. They are sometimes members of mercantile houses. It is not to be desired that employments of this nature should be common among the American ladies—they can be much better employed. But considering the frequent and sudden changes in our country, I may perhaps be permitted to say, that to know well the nature of contracts, and the forms in which they should appear, and to be able to keep accounts accurately, may be as useful as to be able to speak Italian or French; to paint flowers and landscapes; or converse well on the comparative merits of poets and novelists."

EFFECTS OF SEA AIR.

Those who frequent the sea-coast are not long in discovering that their best dyed black hats become of a rusty brown; and similar effects are produced on some other colours. The brown is, in fact, *rust*. Most, if not all, the usual black colours have iron for a basis, the black oxide of which is developed by galls, logwood, or other substances containing gallic acid. Now the sea-air contains a proportion of the muriates over which it is wafted; and these coming in contact with any thing dyed black, part with their hydrochloric (*muriatic*) acid, and form brown hydrochlorate of iron, or contribute to form the brown or red oxide, called rust. The gallic acid, indeed, from its superior affinity, has the strongest hold of the iron; but the incessant action of the sea-air, loaded with muriates, partially overcomes this, in the same way as any acid, even of inferior affinity to the gallic, when put upon black stuff, will turn it brown.

THE KING'S BRIDGE AND ROYAL BARRACKS AT DUBLIN.



Built in commemoration of the visit of George IV. to Ireland, in the year 1831.

THE HERMIT'S GRAVE.

BY L. E. L.

The days are gone when pilgrims knelt
By sacred spot or shrine;
The cells where saints have lived or died
No more are held divine:

The bough of palm, the scallop-shell
Are signs of faith no more;
The common grave is holy held
As that on Salem's shore.

Yet, when I knew that human knee
Had worn the rock away,
And that here, even at my feet,
Earth hid the righteous clay;

I felt this was no common spot
For any common thought—
The place's own calm sanctity
Within my spirit wrought.

The cave was dark and damp—it spoke
Of penance and of prayer;
Remorse that scarcely dared to hope,
And heavy grief, were there.

But at the entrance was a scene,
Which seemed expressly given
To bring the heart again to earth.
And win it thence to heaven.

For so benign an influence
Was fully from the sky,
And like a blessing on the land
The sunshine seemed to lie.

The long green grass was full of life,
And so was every tree;
On every bough there was a bud,
In every bud a bee.

And life hath such a gladdening power,
Thus in its joy arrayed—
The God who made the world so fair
Must love what he has made.

Fed by the silver rains, a brook
Went murmuring along,
And to its music, from the leaves,
The birds repiled in song;

And, white as ever lily grew,
A wilding broom essayed
To fling upon the sunny wave
A transitory shade.

Misty and gray as morning skies,
Mid which their summits stood,
The ancient cliffs encompassed round
The lovely solitude.

It was a scene where faith would take
Lessons from all it saw,
And feel amidst its depths that hope
Was God's and Nature's law.

The past might here be wept away—
The future might renew
Its early confidence on high,
When years and sins were few.

Till, in the strength of penitence
To the worst sinner given,
The grave would seem a resting-place
Between this world and heaven.

'Tis but a pious memory
That lingers in this dell,
That human tears, and human prayers,
Have sanctified the cell.

Save for that memory, all we see
Were only some fair scene,
Not linked unto our present time
By nught that e'er had been.

But now a moral influence
Is on that small gray stone;
For who e'er watched another's grave
And thought not of his own,

And felt that all his trust in life
Was leaning on a reed?
And who can hear of prayer and faith
And not confess their need?

If he who sleeps beneath, thought years
Of prayer might scarce suffice
To reconcile his God, and win
A birth-right in the skies,

What may we hope who hurry on
Through life's tumultuous day,
And scarcely give one little hour
To Heaven upon our way?

Thou blessed grave! ah, not in vain
Has been thy presence here,
If it hath wrought in any heart
One higher hope or fear.

MAY MORN SONG.

BY W. MOTHERWELL.

The grass is wet with shining dews,
Their silver bells hang on each tree,
While opening flower, and bursting bud,
Breathe incense forth unceasingly.
The mavis pipes in greenwood shade,
The thrush glads the spreading thorn,
And cheerily the blithesome lark
Salutes the rosy face of morn.

'Tis early prime
And, hark! hark! hark!
His merry chime

Chirrup the lark!
Chirrup! chirrup! he heralds in
The jolly sun with matin hymn.

Come, come, my love, and May-dews shake
In pailfuls from each drooping bough;
They'll give fresh lustre to the bloom
That breaks upon thy young cheek now.
O'er hill and dale, o'er waste and wood,
Aurora's smiles are streaming free;
With earth it seems brave holiday,
In Heaven it looks high jubilee.
And it is right,
For mark, love, mark!
How, bathed in light,
Chirrup the lark!
Chirrup! chirrup! he upward flies,
Like holy thoughts to cloudless skies.

They lack all heart who cannot feel
The voice of Heaven within them thrill,
In summer morn, when mounting high
This merry minstrel sings his fill.
Now let us seek yon bosky dell,
Where brightest wildflowers choose to be,
And where its clear stream murmurs on,
Meet ye of our love's purity.
No witness there—
And o'er us, hark!
High in the air
Chirrup the lark!
Chirrup! chirrup! away soars he,
Bearing to heaven my vows to thee.

ON THE FEMALE FORM.

THE present mode of bracing the digestive part of the body, in what is called *long stays*, is an evil of great magnitude, and has a decided tendency to increase the baneful effects of a protracted and abundant repast? Indeed, I am fully persuaded that long fasting, late dining, and the excessive repletion then taken into the exhausted stomach, with the tight pressure of steel and whalebone on the most susceptible parts of the frame then called into action, and the midnight, nay, morning hours, of lingering pleasure, are the positive causes of colds taken, bilious fevers, consumptions, and atrophies. By the means enumerated, the firm texture of the constitution is broken, and the principles of health being in a manner decomposed, the finest parts fly off, and the dregs maintain the poor survivor of herself, in a sad kind of artificial existence. Delicate proportion gives place either to miserable leanness or shapeless fat. The once fair skin assumes a pallid rigidity, or a bloated redness, which the vain possessor would still regard as the roses of health and beauty.

To repair these ravages, comes the aid of padding, to give shape where there is none; long stays, to compress into form the chaos of flesh; and paints of all hues, to rectify the disorder of the complexion. But useless are these attempts. If dissipation, disease, and immoderation, have wrecked the fair vessel of female charms, it is not in the power of Esculapius himself to refit the shattered bark; or of the Syrens, with all their songs and wiles, to conjure its battered sides from the rocks, and make it ride the seas in gallant trim again.

It is with pleasure that I turn from this ruin of all that is beautiful and lovely, to the cheering hope of preserving every charm unimpaired; and by means which the most ingenious mind need not blush to acknowledge.

The rules, I repeat, are few. First, *Temperance*: a well-timed use of the table, and so moderate a pursuit of pleasure, that the midnight ball, assembly, and theatre, shall not too frequently recur.

My next specific is that of gentle and daily *Exercise* in the open air. Nature teaches us, in the gambols and sportiveness of the young of the lower animals, that bodily exertion is necessary for the growth, vigour, and symmetry of the animal frame; while the too studious scholar, and the indolent man of luxury, exhibit in themselves the pernicious consequences of the want of exercise.

This may be almost always obtained, either on horseback or on foot, in fine weather; and when that is denied, in a carriage. Country air in the fields, or in gardens, when breathed at proper hours, is an excellent bracer of the nerves, and a sure brightener of the complexion. But these hours are neither under the mid-day sun in summer, when its beams scorch the skin and ferment the blood; nor beneath the dews of evening,

when the imperceptible damps, saturating the thinly-clad body, send the wanderer home infected with the disease that is to lay her, ere a returning spring, in the silent tomb! Both these periods are pregnant with danger to delicacy and carelessness.

The morning, about two or three hours after sunrise, is the most salubrious time for a vigorous walk. But, as the day advances, if you choose to prolong the sweet enjoyment of the open air, then the thick wood or shady lane will afford refreshing shelter from the too-intense heat of the sun. In short, the morning and evening dew, and the unrepelled blaze of a summer noon, must alike be ever avoided as the enemies of health and beauty.

"Fly, if you can, these violent extremes
Of air; the wholesome is not moist nor dry,"

ARMSTRONG.

Cleanliness, my last recipe, (and which is, like the others, applicable to all ages,) is of most powerful efficacy. It maintains the limbs in their pliancy, the skin in its softness, the complexion in its lustre, the eyes in their brightness, the teeth in their purity, and the constitution in its fairest vigour. To promote cleanliness I can recommend nothing preferable to bathing.

The frequent use of tepid baths is not more grateful to the sense than it is salutary to the health, and to beauty. By such ablution, all accidental corporeal impurities are thrown off; cutaneous obstructions removed; and while the surface of the body is preserved in its original brightness, many threatening disorders are removed or prevented. Colds in the young, and rheumatic and paralytic affections in the old, are all dispersed by this simple and delightful antidote. By such means the women of the East render their skins softer than that of the tenderest babes in this climate, and preserve that health which sedentary confinement would otherwise destroy.

This delightful and delicate Oriental fashion is now, I am happy to say, prevalent almost all over the continent. From the Villas of Italy, to the Chateaux of France; from the Castles of Germany, to the Palaces of Muscovy; we may every where find the marble bath under the vaulted portico or the sheltering shade. Every house of every nobleman or gentleman, in every nation under the sun, excepting Britain, possesses one of those genial friends to cleanliness and comfort. The generality of English ladies seem to be ignorant of the use of any bath larger than a wash-hand basin. This is the more extraordinary to me, when I contemplate the changeable temperature of the climate, and consider the corresponding alterations in the bodily feelings of the people. By abruptly checking the secretions, it produces those chronic and cutaneous diseases so peculiar to this nation, and so heavy a cause of complaint.

This very circumstance renders baths more necessary in England than any where else; for as this is the climate most subject to sudden heats and colds, rains and fogs, tepid immersion is the only sovereign remedy against their usual morbid effects. Indeed, so impressed am I with the consequence of their regimen, that I strongly recommend to every lady to make a bath as indispensable an article in her house as a looking-glass:

"This is the purest exercise of health,
The kind refresher of the summer heats;
Even from the body's purity, the mind
Receives a secret sympathetic aid."

It may be remarked *en passant*, that rubbing of the skin in the bath is an excellent substitute for exercise, when that is impracticable out-of-doors.

I must not draw this chapter to a close without offering my fair readers a few remarks on the malignant influence exercised on the features by an ill-regulated temper. The face is the index of the mind. On its expressive page are recorded, in characters lasting as life itself, the gloom of sullenness, the arrogance of pride, the withering of envy, or the storm of anger; for, even after the fury of the tempest has subsided, its fearful devastations remain behind.

"From anger she may then be freed,
But peevishness and spleen succeed."

The first emotions of anger are apparent to the most superficial observer. Every indulgence in its paroxysms, both adds strength to its authority, and engraves its history in deeper relief on the forehead of its votaries. What a pity it is that antiquity provides us with no authentic portrait of the illustrious Xantippe! for I am sure the features of that lady would lend their ready testimony to the value of my admonitions.

When good-humour and vivacity reign within, the face is lighted up with benignant smiles; where peace and gentleness are the tenants of the bosom, the countenance beams with mildness and complacency. Evil temper has, with truth, been called a more terrible enemy to beauty than the small-pox. I beseech you, therefore, as you value the preservation of your charms, to resist the dominion of this rude spoiler, to foster and encourage the feelings of kindness and good-humour, and to repress every emotion of a contrary character.

I shall conclude this important subject by remarking with the Spectator, that "no woman can be handsome by the force of features alone, any more than she can be witty only by the gift of speech."

TYRANTS.

WHEN I look upon the political state of the world, the kings and rulers seem so many keepers and jailers, who have accidentally acquired the power of placing millions of the human race under confinement. The slaves are not, it is true, all actually enclosed within dungeon walls, but they have been kept down in the lower ca-

verns of society, in the dark and unhappy places where their spirits are chilled, and their prospects bounded; for, although happiness is said to dwell among the middling classes, it is in countries where freedom resides. The history of England presents a continual struggle between the people and their masters, from whom they have, at long and bloody intervals, wrenched reluctant admissions of rights, as broad and palpable as the meridian sun. First, by the *great charter* of liberties, which was obtained sword in hand from John; next by a multitude of subsequent corroborating statutes; then by the petition of right, which was a parliamentary declaration of the liberties of the people, assented to by King Charles the first, on the commencement of his reign; and the *habeas corpus* act, passed under Charles the second. To these succeeded the *bill of rights*, delivered to the prince and princess of Orange by the parliament, February 13th, 1688; and lastly, by the act of settlement, passed at the commencement of the 18th century. This tide of improvement is still flowing on.

AN OLD MAID.

WE trust that it is no offence to tender ears, to use this appellation, when speaking of a maiden who died in Poland last year, after attaining to her one hundred and twenty-fourth year. She came into the world and took her leave of it on the self same spot, the village of Brzezín. Her youth and advanced age were both endowed with a greater portion of health than falls to the common lot; so much so, indeed, that on the very Sunday before she died she walked three miles to attend divine service. Her memory was so tenacious, that she could recall the most trivial circumstance which had occurred to her during the last century of her life. Peace be to her maiden ashes!—*Athenæum*.

ROYAL INCOMES.

THE income of the King of England is somewhat more than £400,000, per annum; but its amount does not perhaps exceed, in a duplicate ratio, the receipts of some opulent subjects; and may be advantageously compared with the French King's revenue, a civil list of about one million sterling, free from diplomatic, judicial, and, we believe, from all other extraneous charges. Our late excellent king's regard for economy led him, in the early part of his reign, to approve a new arrangement of the civil list expenditure, by which he accepted of a fixed revenue, in lieu of those improvable funds which had formerly been appropriated to the crown. On the revision of the civil list in 1816, it appeared, that had George III. conducted the entire branch of expenditure with those funds which had been provided for his predecessors, there would at that period have remained to the crown a total surplus of £6,300,000, which sum the public had gained by the change of provision.—*London Quarterly Review*.

ELLEN YOU TOLD ME.

THE POETRY BY R. V. H. ESQ.

MUSIC COMPOSED BY JOHN RAY MERRIOTT.

El - len you told me t'o - ther day, That you still lov'd me dear - ly, And I have heard your

mo - ther say, The lip should speak sin - cere - ly: Then come with me and bless my cot, My cot with wood - bine

Ad - li - bi - tum. tempo.
shad - ed, We'll share a - like the pea - sant's lot, Till life and love are fa - ded; For
smorz. tempo.

Ellen you told me t'o - ther day, That you would love me dear - ly, And I have heard your mo - ther say The

Lip should speak sin - cere - ly.

Recall to memory, Ellen dear
My vow so often plighted,
The kiss that chac'd thy pensive tear,
And anxious hours required;
The laurel grove where first I woo'd,
The beach where once we parted,
When sail'd the ship mid billows rude,
And left thee sorrow hearted,
For Ellen you told me t'other day,
That you would love me dearly,
And I have heard your mother say,
The lip should speak sincerely.

SONG OF A GREEK ISLANDER IN EXILE.

POETRY BY FELICIA HEMANS.

Music Composed with an Accompaniment for the Piano Forte by L. Meignen.

Where is the Sea, I languish here; Where is my own blue Sea, With

pp

all its barks of fleet as - ruer, And flags and bree - zes free; I miss that voice of

f *p*

Con esp:

waves, the first which woke my child hood's glee; The measur'd chime, the thun'ring

f

dolce.

burst, Where is my own blue Sea; Where

ff *dim.* *pp*

is my own blue sea.

per - dondol.

Oh! rich your myrtle's breath may rise,
Soft, soft, your winds may be;
Yet my sick heart within me dies—
Where is my own blue sea?
I hear the shepherd's mountain flute,
I hear the whisp'ring tree,
The echos of my soul are mute—
Where is my own blue sea?
Where is my own blue sea?

From the World of Fashion.

London Ladies Fashions for October.

HATS AND BONNETS.—We still see a few hats of rice-straw, and, by a singular caprice of fashion, they are now ornamented with flowers in place of feathers. Bonnets are, for the most part, of rich silks, as *noire*, which is most in favour, or else *gros des Indes*, or the new material, *gros Polonais*; this last is an extremely rich silk.

OUT-DOOR COSTUME.—A mantle of pearl-grey *gros des Naples*, lined with white sarsnet, and embroidered round the border, in a Grecian pattern, of various shades of gray silk. Several pelisses, of dove-coloured *gros des Naples*, with pelerines of novel form, have already appeared. The pelerines are *dented* round the edge, and trimmed with *effile*. Others are of Clarence blue *gros des Indes*, the pelerine and fronts bordered with a rouleau of swansdown.

EVENING DRESS.—*Cornet-toques*, composed of blond lace, and ornamented with white ostrich feathers, are among the most elegant novelties. Head-dresses, *en cheveux*, trimmed with flowers, which, for the moment, seem to have displaced feathers, are also very generally adopted. The colours most in request are *scabieuse immortelle*, silver-gray, slate-colour, green, marshmallows, rose, and azure-blue; this last colour is particularly fashionable.

CLOAKS.—On the mantles and cloaks that will be worn this winter are designed various patterns of embroidery. A wadding, laid down on the inside, has the effect of raising the work, and giving it great richness.

From the Gentleman's Magazine of Fashion.

Novelties in Gentlemen's Dress for October.

The most fashionable colours for frocks are black, light blue, and rifle green; although single breasted frocks have been more worn of late, yet we must say, that the double-breast has the preponderance in the circle of fashion.

For Dress Coats, blue, black, and dark browns. If the figure be full and prominent about the hips, make the coat without flaps; but if not so, flaps should be added, as they much assist by their appearance.

Waistcoats.—For undress, silk, of a large pattern, a sort of sprig or flower of white, and on a brown or light blue ground; these are made double-breasted, with large lappets.

For Dress Waistcoats we have the most splendid things introduced, consisting of a dark purple silk and gold, in a variety of patterns; these must be seen to form an adequate idea of their beauty; they are much in request, and cost from two to two and a half guineas per yard.

For Trowsers—The plaids have almost disappeared, and have been superseded by a ribbed kerseymere; they are a mixture of brown and blue, and well calculated for this season of the year. Fawn colour and Cambridge mixture are also amongst the favoured colours.

WISDOM.

MANY people make a proper use of the light yet can any say but little more of the sun from which it proceeds, than that they know the times of its rising and setting. Such diligently employing themselves in the proper business of the day, sooner rise into affluence than many who calculate eclipses and explain the solar and planetary system.—*Dillwyn*.

THE TOMB OF A WOMAN.

AN EXTRACT.

FOR myself, I can pass by the tomb of a man with somewhat of indifference; but when I survey the grave of a female, a sigh involuntarily escapes me. With the holy name of woman I associate every soft, tender, and delicate affection. I think of her as the young and bashful virgin, with eyes sparkling, and cheeks crimsoned with each impassioned feeling of her heart as the kind affectionate wife, absorbed in the exercises of her domestic duties; as the chaste and virtuous matron, tired of the follies of the world, and preparing for that grave into which she must so soon descend. Oh! there is something in contemplating the character of a woman that raises the soul far above the vulgar level of society: She is formed to adorn and humanize mankind, to smooth his cares and strew his path with flowers. In the hour of distress she is the rock on which he leans for support, and when fate calls him from existence, her tears bedew his grave. Can I look down upon her tomb without emotion? Man has always justice done to his memory—woman never. The pages of history lie open to the one: but the meek and unobtrusive excellencies of the other sleep with her unnoticed in the grave. In her have shone the genius of the poet, with the virtue of the saints; the energy of the man, with the tender softness of the woman.—She, too, may have passed unheeded along the sterile pathway of her existence, and felt for others as I now feel for her.

DISTANCES OF THE PLANETS.

THE vast extent of the solar system is but vaguely to be conceived from the ordinary mode of stating it in millions of miles. To demonstrate it in a more striking and impressive manner, a continental astronomer has proposed, or rather renewed the proposal, that the computed distances of the planets be measured by comparison with the velocity of a cannon ball, rated at 1½ German mile per minute. With this velocity, a cannon ball fired from the sun, would reach the planet Mercury in 9 years and 6 months: Venus in 18 years; the earth in 25 years; Mars in 38; Jupiter in 130; Saturn in 238; and Uranus (Herschel) in 479 years. With the same velocity a shot would reach the moon from the earth in 23 days—little more than three weeks.

BRIDGET O'MALLEY.

BY FURLONG.

"DEAR maid, thou hast left me in anguish to smart,
And pangs worse than death, pierce my love-stricken heart;
Thou flower of Tirrere!, still, still must I pine,
Oh! where, my O'Malley, blooms beauty like thine?"

On a mild dewy morn in the autumn I rov'd,
I stray'd o'er the pathway where stray'd my belov'd.
Oh! why should I dwell on the bliss that is past?
But the kiss I had there I must prize to the last.

The sunbeams are beauteous when on flower-beds they play,
And sweet seem young roses as they bloom on the spray;
The white bosom'd lilies thrice lovely we call;
But my true love is brighter, far brighter than all.

I'm young, and a bridegroom soon destined to be,
But short is my course, love! if bless'd not with thee:
On Sunday, at Jusk, by Rath-leave shall I stray,
May I meet thee, my sweetest, by chance on the way?

In gloom and in sorrow my days must go by,
At night on my pillow in anguish I sigh;
Hope springs not, peace comes not, sleep flees from me there—
Oh! when comes my loved one, that pillow to share?"

SONG.

LEAVE thy cot and come with me—
I have flowers with diamond leaves;
And for humble woodbine tree
Creeping round its lowly eaves,

I will give thee sprigs of pearl,
Or of ruby's regal gleam—
Well my lovely cottage girl
Will become their orient beam—

Leave thy pail and rustic care,
And amid the lighted hall,
Deck'd with gems and young and fair,
View'd, admir'd, belov'd by all;

Array'd in robes of rarest hue,
(Pride of India's glowing loom)—
Bright with jewels rich to view,
Worthy of thy youthful bloom;

Thou shalt move my peerless bride,
The cynosure of ev'ry eye—
And viewing thee my joy, my pride,
I'll ask no nobler destiny.

8.

THE GATHERER.

"A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."

Shakspeare.

At Sparta, a man was liable to an action for not marrying at all; or marrying too late, and for marrying improperly.

Cleanliness is a mark of politeness, for no one unadorned with this virtue can go into company without giving a manifest offence. It may be said to be the foster-mother of affection. Beauty commonly produces love, but cleanliness preserves it. Age itself is not unamiable while it is preserved clean and unsullied. Cleanliness is intimately connected with purity of mind, and naturally inspires refined sentiments and passions.

Sleep has often been mentioned as the image of death: "So like it," says Sir Thomas Brown, "that I dare not trust it without prayer."—Their resemblance is, indeed, striking and apparent; they both when they seize the body leave the soul at liberty—and wise is he that remembers of both, that they can be made safe and happy only by a living faith in Jesus Christ.

It is a fact, which should operate as a check to human pride, that the ugliest and awkwardest of brute animals have the greatest resemblance to man—the monkey and the bear!

Anthony Purver, one of the people called Quakers, translated the whole Bible into English, illustrated with critical notes, which was published at the expense of Dr. J. Fothergill, in 1764, in 2 vols. folio. This work has never been highly valued; it is much less literal, and much

less simple, than the habits of the man and those of the religious community to which he belonged, might authorize one to expect.

Providence conceals from us the moment of our death, that we may employ all the others well.

Many grounds of calculation proceeded on by celebrated writers, are little better than those proceeded on by the Emperor Heliogabalus, who formed an estimate of the immense greatness of Rome, from ten thousand pounds weight of cobwebs which he had found in that city.

The common fluency of speech in many men, and most women, is owing to a scarcity of matter, and a scarcity of words; for whoever is master of language and has a mind full of ideas, will be apt in speaking to hesitate upon the choice of both, whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas, and one set of words to clothe them in; and these are always ready at the mouth: so people come faster out of a church door when it is almost empty, than when a crowd is at the door.

There is the same difference between Corneille and Racine, as there is between *un homme de genie*, and *un homme d'esprit*. Corneille has more fire than Racine, bolder strokes, and in some things is not unlike Shakspeare. Racine's tragedies are all good; and as to Corneille's, even his greatest enemies would allow six of these to be so

Though there were probably no Temperance Societies in the days of old Will Shakspeare, yet the immortal bard has left a picture—more valuable from its antiquity—of the effects of a temperate life, than which nothing more beautiful or striking can be found in the whole mass that has in our days been written on the subject:—

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty,
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors to my blood;
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly.

He who would strike out any thing novel in architecture, commits a folly in safety; his house and he may stand; but he who attempts it in politics, carries a torch, from which at the first narrow passage we may expect a conflagration.

To treat tri'es as matters of importance is to show our own unimportance.

The prosperous man has every thing to fear, and the poor man every thing to hope. To the former every change threatens loss, to the latter it promises benefit. He little fears the turning of the wheel who is already at the bottom.

France, in 200 years, constructed 900 miles of canal; England, in 70 years, 2752 miles; and the United States, in 14 years, 2500 miles, of which 900 are in Pennsylvania.

The power of fasting, or surviving without food, possessed by some animals, is astonishingly great; an eagle has been known to live without food five weeks, a badger a month, a dog thirty days, a toad fourteen months, and a beetle three years.

Let me see a man or woman without vanity, and I will let you see the Philosopher's Stone.

Nothing can be more infectious than a prejudice. It spreads with the rapidity of a plague; and the evil to the individual who is its victim is incalculable and incurable.

Great talent renders a man famous; great merit procures respect; great learning esteem; but good breeding alone ensures love and affection.

Genoa was overrun with idle poor, till a public spirited nobleman built a spacious hospital and work-house, to which all vagrants were sent and confined; and the better to clear all places of beggars, alms were prohibited under a penalty; every one, except the infirm, who were comfortably relieved, was sent to work according to his ability, and, if his earnings were found to exceed the charge of his maintenance and clothing, the surplus was faithfully delivered to him.

Love receives its death's wound from disgust, and is buried by oblivion.

The mind perceives, by occasion of outward objects as much more than is represented to it by sense as a learned man does in the best written book, than an illiterate person or brute. To the eyes of both the same characters will appear:

but the learned man in those characters will see heaven, earth, sun and stars; read profound theorems of philosophy or geometry; learn a great deal of new knowledge from them; and admire the wisdom of the composer; while to the other nothing appears but black strokes drawn on white paper.

All sects are different, because they come from men; morality is every where the same, because it comes from God.

Let the first action of manhood be to govern your passions, for he who knows how to govern himself always becomes a favourite with society.

The reason of things lies in a narrow compass, if the mind could at any time be so happy as to light upon it. Most of the writings and discourses in the world are but illustration and rhetoric, which signifies as much as nothing to a mind in pursuit after the philosophical truth of things.—*South.*

Avoid idleness; when the spirit is unemployed, the matter becomes like spirit.

RECIPES.

OF SILKS STAINED BY CORROSIVE OR SHARP LIQUORS.

We often find that lemon juice, vinegar, oil of vitriol, and other sharp corrosives, stain dyed garments. Sometimes by adding a little pearl-ash to a soap lather, and passing the silks through these, the faded colour will be restored. Pearl-ash and warm water will sometimes do alone, but it is the most efficacious method to use the soap lather and pearl-ash together.

A METHOD OF CLEANING CHINTZ, BED, AND WINDOW FURNITURE, SO AS TO PRESERVE THE GLOSS AND BEAUTY.

This will generally answer where the cloth is not in a very dirty state.—Take two pounds of rice, boil it in two gallons of water till soft; put the whole into a tub; and when your liquor is at a hand heat, put in your chintz, and use the rice as you would soap. Then take the same quantity of rice and water, but when boiled, strain the rice from the water. Wash the chintz in this till it is quite clean: afterwards rinse it in the water in which the rice was boiled, smooth it out with the hands, and hang it up to dry: then rub it with a sleeking stone, or glaze it, and it is finished.

The Method practised by Dyers, is as follows: Clean the chintz by washing it, or rather beating it with the doll in a tub of warm soap lather, at a hand heat: and, at last, either take flour or starch, and make it of the consistence of oil; the article is then beaten up in this; let it be opened well, that it may be smooth; dry it in the air, and glaze it. Should the colour fade in washing, (that is the red and green,) it will be necessary to give the goods a drop or two of oil of vitriol in cold water after rinsing: this stays the colours.

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