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THE

LADIES' CABINET

of

Fashion Music & Romance.

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THE LADIES' CABINET

OF
FASHION, MUSIC, AND ROMANCE.

THE SHY GENTLEMAN.

O MORTAL man that livest here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard estate ;
That like an emmet thou must ever moli,
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date ;
And certes there is reason for it great ;
For though sometimes it makes thee weep and wall,
And curse thy stars, and early drudge and late,
Withouten that would come an heavier bale,
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

Castle of Indolence.

THIS is a busy world, and repose was not made for man, except in his old age. Let philosophers, who know less of themselves than they do of the world, complain of the folly of mankind, in never being satisfied with the situation in which Providence hath placed them, and thus losing the present in the anticipation of the future. Let them sneer at their baffled hopes, when arriving at the summit they have been toiling for years to gain, they find it a barren waste, dreary and desolate, unlike the peaceful vale below. Why is it that philosophers study to become wiser than they are, since the acquisition of knowledge no more leads to the happiness of themselves or others, than does the acquisition of wealth and honours? It is, that they may become wiser than the rest of mankind, just as a man labours for wealth that he may become richer and more powerful. In short, it is that they may be happier than they are; happier than the rest of their fellow creatures. What a dead sea of a world would this be, if we all knew to a certainty that we were quite as happy as our neighbours! All would then be at ease, and all equally miserable. But let my story exemplify my meaning.

I was born and brought up in the Castle of Indolence. My father was a philosopher in his way, for he hated the world, and despised his fellow creatures, for no other reason that I could ever learn, but having toiled the best part of his life to get rich, and finding that his wealth added nothing to his hap-

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pinness, he took it in dudgeon, and quarrelled outright with this "Mundane Terrene." I have heard that his first impulse towards money-making, was the hope of gaining a young lady who had long been the object of his affections, but who disliked his poverty more than she liked his person. He married her at last, but they had waited too long. My father was forty-five, and my mother only ten years younger. At these years it requires a good deal of rubbing to smooth the asperities of old habits. The first disappointment of my father, was in finding that he had been labouring fifteen years to get a wife, who actually sometimes contradicted him, as he verily believed, without reason. What is the use of money, said he, if it don't make a man always right? But though he was not exactly satisfied with his bargain, he loved my mother, and when she died, he was still more disappointed than at his marriage. He shut himself up in an old garret, where he continued to exist, and his money to accumulate, till I grew almost an old man myself, when he died, leaving me a fortune I knew not what to do with, any more than a child.

I was about twelve years old at the death of my mother, and more than thirty when my father died almost at the period of four score and ten. From the time he shut himself up in his garret, I became in some degree my own master in all things, except spending money, which, though my father despised, he yet hoarded with the devotion of a miser. He let me do just as I pleased, provided my bills did not amount to more than was absolutely necessary. I went to school, but only when and where I pleased; I floated about with the wind and tide like a lazy ship at anchor; I learned no profession; I knew nothing of the business of this world, and I did nothing, except just what I pleased. I hated study—I hated exercise—I hated noise—I hated company—and above all, I hated trouble. I read, it is true, a piece of a book here, and a piece there, and not unfrequently I had half a dozen works in hand at once, none of which I ever finished. So variable and fastidious was my appetite for books, that I sometimes spent whole mornings at a public library, without being able to select one to my satisfaction.

If I had any decided taste, it was for drawing; but this, like all my other propensities, was under the dominion of a busy idleness, that would not permit of anything like a constant attention to one object, but led me by a sort of irresistible influence, from doing nothing in one place to doing nothing in another. Sometimes after sitting for hours, in a becalmed state

in my room, I would suddenly seize my hat with an effort, and sally forth in a quick step, resolutely determined to do something, I knew not what; but before I got to the next corner my impulse evaporated; I became again perfectly becalmed, and after stopping for a while to consider where under heaven I should go, quietly returned to my room again—again to meditate another sally. It can hardly be conceived, except by a kindred spirit, what delight it was for me to have anything to do, that did not involve either labour or trouble, both which I received with a horror unsurpassable. Nay, I could not bear to see any person hard at work; and my bones imbibed the same sympathy with his labours, that those of Sancho Panza did with the sore bruises his sage master received in his misadventure with the Yanguesian carriers. It was a relief to me when my pencil wanted cutting—the honing of my razor was a perfect luxury—and helping my landlady to shell peas, the delight of my soul. But these could not last for ever: my principal resources were to consider what I should do, to do nothing, and to whistle quick tunes to make myself believe I was in a great hurry. I formed a close intimacy with a middle-aged person who had left off business, and had much ado to live without it, for the sole purpose of having an antagonist at backgammon; and we used to spend whole days in playing and disputing whether chance or skill had most to do in winning the game, taking different sides just as luck happened to be in favour of one or the other. This was a great relief to me while it lasted, but one day my antagonist gammoned me six times in succession. This was the most serious misfortune that had ever yet befallen me; I fell into a great passion, and made so many bitter reflections on my antagonist for his confounded luck, that he put on his hat, left the room, and never played with me afterwards. He was an irreparable loss to me, being almost the only philosophically idle man of my acquaintance. After this I took to playing by myself, and was for a long time tolerably happy in always taking the winning hand against my old antagonist, who had the cruelty to gammon me six times running. But use wears off the keen edge of pleasure, as it does of a knife, and I grew tired at last, even of being always on the winning side.

Just at this time Providence threw a furious chess-player in my way, which I look upon as the greatest blessing I ever received. He undertook to teach me, and I accepted his offer with gratitude. The game seemed made on purpose for me, producing, at first, exactly that gentle interest and excitement

so congenial to my soul. It was delightful to have something to do. I sometimes passed hours in studying a move, while my antagonist sat with the patience of a hundred Jobs waiting for my decision, and cogitating his own. In process of time I had a perfect chess board delineated on my sensorium, and completely lost the tedium of too much leisure in playing games as I walked the streets, or sat smoking a cigar in my easy chair. Nay, I sometimes played games in my sleep, which, if I could only remember them, would shame a Philidor. While I considered myself a mere scholar, I suffered myself to be beaten with perfect docility; but in process of time, as I began to fancy myself a proficient, and my whole soul was absorbed in the game, I did not bear a beating with so much philosophy. I began to be testy, and to revive my old doctrine of chances, insisting upon it, that chance governed this as well as every other game. My master bore all this good humouredly, and even when I grew at length so irritable, as not to bear a defeat, he would slyly get up, open the door, and retire on the outside, before he cried check-mate, for fear I should throw the chess board at his head. It is inconceivable what trifles will overcome a man who has no serious business in this world. It happened one hot summer day, we got warmly engaged at a game, and had locked ourselves up, that we might remain undisturbed. It lasted eight mortal hours, at the end of which my antagonist treacherously drew me into a stale mate, when I actually had the game in my power. Unfortunately his retreat was cut off by the door being locked; the consequence was, that I discharged the chess board, men, castles, elephants and all, at his head, with so unlucky an aim, that it checkmated him flat on the floor. The result of this great move was a duel, which I honestly confess was one of the pleasantest events of my life. I had something to do and something to fear, and the excitement roused me into something akin to actual enjoyment. We exchanged shots without effect, I apologized, and so the affair ended. I invited him to renew our game, but he shook his head, and good-humouredly observed, that much as he loved chess, he feared broken heads and bullets more. The story took wind, nobody would venture to play chess with me after this, and thus I lost my main chance for killing time.

“Too much care will turn a young man grey,” as the old song says, and too little is as bad as too much. For want of something else to think about, I began to think wholly of myself. I grew to be exceedingly tenacious of my health, my accommodations, my raiment, and my food. I ate much,

walked little, slept enormously, and got the dyspepsia. Having nothing extraneous to love, or to call forth my affections, or excite my ardent hopes and fears, I concentrated them all upon myself. The object of our exclusive love is ever the focus of all our solitudes, and never fails to call up fears, whether real or imaginary. I had now reached the high hill of life, and was beginning to descend. The little changes of feeling, the slight stiffnesses of the joints, the impaired activity of the limbs, and the wandering vivacity of the whole system, which mark this epoch in the life of man, struck me with dismay. I had nothing else for my mind to prey upon, and it fed upon that with the avidity of a diseased appetite. I consulted a doctor, and that did my business. A dose will convince a man he is sick, if he only imagined it before. No physician, who knows his business, will take a fee without giving a prescription in exchange; for a good workman knows how to make business. However, mine turned out a pretty honest fellow. Finding, after a twelvemonth, that I complained worse than ever, he advised me to take exercise, eat sparingly, and ride a hard trotting horse. "A hard trotting horse!" exclaimed I in inexpressible horror, "I'd as soon ride a race through the city of Gotham." "Very well, then get married; there is nothing like real evils to banish imaginary ones, and matrimony is a sovereign cure." "The remedy is worse than the disease," replied I, and left him in condign despair.

The horrors of a life of perfect ease now crowded thickly upon me, and I became the most miserable of all miserable men, that have nothing to trouble them. I grew fat, lethargic, and was teased with a perpetual desire to eat. I ate till eating became a burden; and slept till sleep was little better than a nightmare, bringing all the horrors of indigestion in her train. I rolled from side to side, I tried to find a soft place in the bed, I rubbed my feet and hands together to restore the circulation of my blood, and tried to think about something to relieve my mind from vague and undefinable horrors. But what can a man think about, who has nothing to trouble him but himself? I became at last unwilling, or more truly, afraid, to go to bed, lest I should be hag-ridden, and quarrelled with a fellow boarder, who, having something to do by day, could not afford to set up with me all night. The consequence of this loss of rest was, that when I sat still a few minutes during the day, I was sure to fall asleep in my chair. It was one warm summer day, the crisis of my fate, when having taken a huge walk of half a mile to see a picture of Wilkie's, I returned

overwhelmed with lassitude, and fell asleep in my chair. When I awoke, I found a piece of paper pinned to my sleeve, on which I read the following lines :—

“ They say Tom is dead, but the truth I deny,
So cease all his friends to be grieved ;
How can it be said that a man can quite die,
Who ne'er in his life has quite lived ?”

I never knew who played me this trick, but I shall ever feel grateful for the lesson, severe as it was.

“ What Diomed, nor Thetis' greater son,
“ A thousand ships, nor ten years' siege had done,”

this well-timed sarcasm achieved. It mortified my pride : it roused my anger ; it inflamed my vanity ; in short, it created a turmoil, a complete bouleversement in my system ; the atoms were set in motion, the waters had broken loose, nature was convulsed, and subsided into a newly-constituted world. I started up with a degree of energy, unknown for many a year ; I paced the room with unnatural activity, and asked myself if it were possible, that I had passed forty years of my life without quite living ; that I had been thus far a burden to myself, useless to the world, and an object of laughter to my companions. The struggle was a painful one, and put me into a fine perspiration—but I felt all the better for it. That night I had something to think of besides my aches and infirmities, and the nightmare eschewed my couch. I made up my mind to begin the world anew, and falling fast asleep, did not awake till the broad beams of morning darted into my windows. I made an unheard of effort, and getting up, dressed myself, and was actually down stairs before breakfast was over—whereupon they predicted an earthquake.

From this day I resolved to do something, and be useful. “ I'll let them see,” quoth I, “ I can quite live as well as other people. I will qualify myself to defend my country ; there is a speck of war in the horizon, and every good subject ought to be prepared.” I enrolled myself in a volunteer corps, the captain of which having a mistress in a distant part of the town, always marched us home that way after every turn out, which was every day. The reader may possibly form some remote conception of what I underwent in the service of my country, though he can never realize the extent of my sufferings. Conceive the idea of a man of my habits, carrying a musket of fourteen pounds three hours before breakfast, and marching through thick and thin, mud, dirt, and glory, three miles to pass muster before Dulcinea's windows. I felt inclined to mutiny, and

certainly broke the articles of war ten times a day, by privately wishing my captain and his mistress as well married as any couple could possibly be. But the recollection of the man that never in his life had quite lived, caused me to swear on the altar of patriotism, that I would carry arms till the speck of war was removed, though I plunged up to the middle in mud, before the windows of the beautiful damsel. I continued, therefore, to trudge right gallantly up one street and down another, with my musket that seemed like the world on the shoulders of Atlas, solacing myself, by privately cursing the captain for leading us every day such a dance. Fatigue and vexation combined, however, worked a surprising effect upon me; I could sleep comfortably at night, I felt no inclination to sleep in the day, I enjoyed my dinner with wonderful gusto, and began to hold the nightmare, the blue devils, and the dyspepsia, in defiance. In process of time war disappeared from the horizon. Our company laid down its arms, and I was in great danger of backsliding, having declined an invitation to become an officer of artillery; but whenever I found myself relapsing into my old habits, I unlocked my secretary, took out the mischievous epigram, and felt myself inspired to mind my own business, ride a hard-trotting horse, get married, or any other deed of daring.

I determined to take the management of my property into my own hands, and attend to my own affairs, which I had hitherto intrusted to the management of a man who had, I believe, been pretty reasonable in not cheating me out of more than was sufficient to provide for himself and his family. I went to him, and desired a statement of my accounts, with a degree of trepidation that gave me the heart-burn. The man looked at me with equal dismay. Never were two people more frightened; I at the thought of gaining trouble, and he of losing profit. Finding me, however, peremptory, he in a few days presented me with a statement of his accounts, which exhibited a balance against me of a couple of thousands. It puzzled me how this could be; but it would have puzzled me ten thousand times more to find it out. I thought of applying to some experienced friend to examine into the affair; but I had no such friend, and to trust to a stranger, was to incur the risk of still greater impositions. Accordingly, I paid the money, glad to get off so well, and resolved hereafter to trust only to myself, even though I should be cheated every day.

No one knows the trouble I had from misunderstanding my affairs, or the losses I sustained in consequence of my utter

ignorance of the most common transactions of business, and the inevitable suspicions consequent upon it. I did not know what to do with my money, or how to invest it securely, and began seriously to contemplate buying an iron chest, and hoarding in imitation of my father. However, I blundered on, daily diminishing my property by mismanagement, and fretting over my losses. All this time, I was consoled, however, by the gradual improvement of my health and spirits. My thoughts ceased, by degrees, to prey upon myself, and were drawn off to my affairs. I became busy, brisk, and lively. I defied the nightmare and all her works. I began to relish ease at proper intervals, and in spite of all the troubles and vexations of business, I was ten times better off than when I had nothing on the face of the earth to trouble me—but myself. I began to comprehend the possibility of a man, without anything to vex him, being the most miserable being upon earth.

Cheered by this unexpected result of a little salutary worldly vexation, I went on with renewed zeal, and took courage to add to a little troubling of the spirit, a little shaking of the body. I actually purchased a horse, and trotted valiantly among the dandy equestrians, very little at first to the recreation of mind or body, for nothing could equal the aching of my bones, but the mortification of my spirit, in seeing, as I fancied, every body laughing at my riding. I should have observed that it was this natural shyness, which formed a part of my character, that always stood in the way of my exertions. It kept me from going into company, from the never-to-be-forgotten night, when being seduced into a tea-party, I got well nigh roasted alive, for want of sufficient intrepidity to change my position by crossing the room. It prevented my taking refuge in the excitement of dress; for I never put on a new coat that I did not feel as if I had got into a strait waistcoat, and keep clear of all my acquaintance, lest they should think I wanted to exhibit my finery. In short, I was too bashful for a beau, too timid for a gambler, too proud for a politician, and thus I escaped the temptations of the town, more from a peculiarity of disposition than from precept or example.

I think I have somewhere read—or perhaps only dreamed—that the pride of man waxed exceeding great, from the moment he had subjected the horse to his dominion. It certainly is a triumph to sit on such a noble animal, tamed perfectly to our will, and to govern his gigantic strength and fiery mettle with silken rein, or a whispered aspiration. It strengthens the nerves and emboldens the spirits, at least it did mine. By degrees,

as I began to be accustomed to the saddle, the pains in my bones subsided, and feeling myself easy, I no longer suspected people of laughing at my awkwardness. In the warm season I was out into the country to see the sun rise, and in the winter I galloped in the very teeth of the north-west wind, till I defied Jack Frost, and snap my fingers at the freezing point. My health daily improved—my spirits expanded their wings, and fluttered like birds released from their iron cages—and my nerves were actually braced up to the trial of looking a woman full in the face, an enormity I was never capable of before. Between my vexations in managing my business, and my rides on horseback, I was a new man, and had an idea of proposing my horse as a member of the College of Physicians, had I not apprehended they might think I was joking.

Still there were intervals in which my old infirmity, of sitting becalmed at home doing nothing, and nursing blue devils, would come over me like a spider's web, and condemn me to my chair as if by enchantment. These relapses were terrible, and discouraged me beyond measure, for I began to fear that I never should be radically cured. Sitting thus stultified, one summer evening, I was startled by a smart slap on my shoulder, and a heavy exclamation of, "what Tom, at your old tricks—hey!—giving audience to the blues." This was spoken by a merry, careless fellow, who was always full of what the world calls troubles, and who, every body said, was to be pitied, because he had a wife and twelve children, and was not worth a groat. But he belied the world, and his destiny to boot, was always as busy as a bee by day, and as merry as a lark in the evening, and the more children he had the blither was he. Nature had decreed he should be a happy man; and fortune had coöperated with her in making him poor.

"Come," said he, "what are you sitting here for, biting your lips, and eating up your own soul—for want of something else. Why don't you sally out somewhere, and do something?" "What can I do—and where shall I go—I know nobody abroad—and have no ties at home—no fire-side to cheer me of evenings." "Why, become either a beau bachelor, or get married at once, which is better."

"Married! pshaw."

"Aye married—if your wife turns out a scold, that is all you want. You will have a motive for going abroad. If she is amiable, that is still better—then you will have a motive for staying at home."

"Faith, there is something in that."

“ Something !—It is wisdom in a nut-shell. There’s more philosophy in it than in three hundred folios.”

“ Well, if I thought—”

“ Thought ! never think of it at all—you have been all your life thinking to no purpose—it is time for you to act now. Hav’n’t I proved that you must be a gainer either way ?”

“ Well—well—I believe—I think—I’ll think of it.”

“ Think of a fiddlestick. Do you think a man is the better prepared for a cold bath, by standing half an hour shivering on the brink ? No—no—fall in love extempore ; you have no time to study characters—and if you had, do you think a man is the wiser for studying a riddle he is destined never to find out ? Mark what the poet says.”

“ What poet ?”

“ Hang me, if I know, or care, but he sings directly to my purpose, and is therefore a sensible fellow. ‘ List—list—O list,’ as the tailor said.

Love is no child of time, unless it be
The offspring of a moment—O, true love
Requires no blowing of the lingering spark
To light it to a wild consuming flame.
To linger on through years of sighing dolours,
To write, to reason to persuade, to worry,
Some cold heart into something like an ague—
An icy shivering fit—this is not love ;
’Tis habit, friendship, such as that we feel
For some old tree because we’ve known it long—
No, Tom—all this is but to put the heart at nurse,
Or send it like a lazy school-boy forth
Unwillingly to learn his A B C,
Under some graybeard, flogging pedagogue.
Time’s office is to throw cold water on,
Not feed the flame with oil.”

“ And you have been married thirteen years ?”

“ Yes, and have twelve children, yet I can talk of love—aye, and feel it to. Come, I have a little party at home this evening ; come—see—and be conquered.”

“ Well,” said I, starting up, “ wait till I make myself a little amiable.”

“ No—no—I know you of old. If you once have time to consider you’ll get becalmed as sure as a gun. Now or never—this is the crisis of thy fate.”

Riding on horseback had made me bold, and I suffered myself to be carried off to the party by my merry friend ; who predicted fifty times by the way, that I would be married in less than three weeks.

It was fortunate the distance was small, or my courage would

have served me as it did Bob Acres, and "oozed out of the palms of my hands," before we arrived. My friend hurried me on, talking all the way, without giving me time to think, so that I was in the middle of his little drawing room before I could collect sufficient courage to run away. I made my bow to the lady, sat down as far as I could from all the females in the room, and felt—nobody can describe what a bashful man feels in such a situation. I fancied every laugh levelled directly at me, and because I felt strange myself, believed that every body considered me a stranger. Luckily there was no fire in the room, or I should have undergone a second roasting, for I am of opinion, if an earthquake had happened, I could not have found the use of my legs sufficiently to run out of the room, unless it had previously been deserted by the awful assemblage. The recollection of this horrible probation, even at this distance of time, makes me shudder. Had I an enemy in the world, which I hope I have not, all the harm I wish him would be to be cursed with that sensitive bashfulness, the offspring of pride and timidity, which, while it makes one think himself an object of universal attention, conveys an irresistible impression that he is some way or other ridiculous. How often have I envied those impudent fellows whom I saw sailing about the ladies, and laughing, chatting, or flirting, with as little apprehension as a moth flutters round a candle. I would have pawned every grain of sense I had in the world for just as much brass as would have emboldened me to pick up a lady's fan, or sweeten her tea.

I had remained in this situation just long enough to get into an agony of perspiration, when my good friend came over to me, with a request to introduce me to a lady, who sat on the opposite side of the room. I made fifty excuses, but all would not do; he had told her of his intention, and it would look rude for me to decline. Despair, for I verily believe it was nothing else, gave me sufficient strength to rise from my chair; my friend led me up to the lady, introduced me, pointed to a chair next her, and left me to my fate. My hands shook, my forehead became wet with cold dew, my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, and a roaring in my ears announced that commotion of the nervous system which always foretells the approach of a nightmare. I attempted to speak, with as little success as I had often had in trying to call for help in my sleep, when under the dominion of that foul fiend. Our eyes at length happened to meet, and there was something in a little mischievous smile that sparkled in her eye, and played in the

corner of her lip, that called to mind a vision I thought I remembered to have seen before. "I believe you don't recollect me Mr. Roebuck," said a voice that almost made me jump from my chair, though it was as low, and as sweet, as a distinct wood dove. I have heard men extolled for marching up to the mouth of a loaded cannon without flinching; but no well authenticated instance of heroism, in my opinion, ever came up to that I exhibited on this memorable occasion, when I answered, in a voice that I almost think was audible, looking her almost in the face the while, "Indeed I have not that honour, madam." The effort was decisive, my hands became steady, my forehead resumed its natural warmth, the roaring in my ears gradually subsided, my pulse beat healthfully, and my nerves settled down into something like self-possession. My neighbour followed up my reply, by reminding me that we had been at a dancing academy together a long while ago—though I recollected she was much younger than myself—spoke of many little kindnesses I had done her at that time, and how vain she was of being the pet, of not only the biggest, but handsomest boy in the institution. "You are much altered," said she, "and so am I—but I recollected you, as soon as you came into the room. I was determined to renew our acquaintance, and to make the first advances—for I remember you used to be a shy boy." "Yes," said I, "and I am a shy man to my sorrow; but I can still feel delighted at meeting my little favourite again, in the shape of a fine woman"—and I believe the very deuse got into me, for I seized her hand, and squeezed it so emphatically that she blushed, and smiled mischievously, as I continued begging her pardon for not recollecting her, and apologizing for being such a shy fellow. The recollection of past times, and youthful days, the meeting of old friends, and the recalling of early scenes and attachments, come over the heart of man, as the spring comes over the face of nature—waking the early songsters, touching the little birds and blades of grass with her magic wand into sensation, and putting the whole vivifying principle of expansion, growth, life, love, and beauty, into sprightly and exulting activity. As the ice-bound brook signalizes its release from the cold, rigid, inflexible chain of winter by its eternal murmurs, so did I my enfranchisement from the tongue-tied demon of silent stupidity, by an overflow of eloquence, such as alarmed my very self. I revelled in the recollections of the past; a dawning intimation of the future danced before my wakened fancy, distant, obscure, and beautiful. I talked like a parliamentary Cicero, whose

whole year's stock of eloquence has been frozen up by a Lapland winter, and suddenly set going by a spring thaw—lamented my shyness—and again shook her hand most emphatically, to corroborate my assertion, that I was the shyest man in the world. I think I may truly affirm, that I enjoyed more of actual existence in one hour after this recognition, than I had for the last fifteen years, and was swimming in the very bosom of Elysium, when, happening to look towards my merry friend, I caught him in the very act of laughing at me most inordinately. O reader, if thou art peradventure a bashful man, or, what is still more rare, a bashful woman, thou canst tell what it is to have the cold water of a mischievous laugh thrown upon the warm embers of a newly-awakened sentiment just lighting into a blaze. Like the traveller of the Swiss valleys, thou wilt find thyself, in one single moment, at one single step, transported from the region of flowers, fruits, and herbage, to the region of eternal ice—from the glowing embraces of laughing spring, to the withering grasp of frowning winter.

I was struck dumb, “and word spake never more” that night. My little play-mate, finding she could get nothing more out of me, changed her seat, and left me alone, howling—no, not howling—but lost in the silent wilderness of stupefaction, where I remained, to see, as I thought, my host and the lady making themselves right merry at my expense. I thought I could tell by the motion of their lips that they were talking of me; every word was a dagger, and every look a winged arrow tipped with poison. People may talk of the rack, the knout, the stake, the bed of Procrustes, and the vulture of Prometheus, but all these are nothing compared to the agonies of a sensitive, bashful man, when he thinks himself an object of laughter.

With a mortal effort, such as I never made before, and never shall again, I got up from my chair, made my bow, and rushed out of the room, in a paroxysm of wounded sensibility and unappeasable wrath. The next day my merry, pleasant friend came to see me, and inquire how I liked his party, and what I thought of my little school-mate. I was grim—horribly grim, mysterious, and incomprehensible; I was too proud to acknowledge my wounds, or to do any thing more than hint at her being a giggling thing; I could not bear to see a woman always laughing, nor old friends that took such liberties with people as some people did. In short, I was as crusty as Will Waddle, after his half year's baking.

“Hey-day!” cried my merry friend, “which way does that

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perverse weathercock of thine point now? What is the matter with the 'Shy gentleman'—hey?"

"There, there! By heaven I knew it, I knew how it was—I'm not quite so blind as some people think me—I'm not deaf—"

"No, nor dumb either, faith—I'll say that for you friend Tom; you talked last night for the next hundred years. But how do you like my cousin? she has done nothing but talk of you this morning—"

"Yes—and she did nothing but laugh at me last night." Out it came; I could hold no longer.

"Laugh at you; with you, you mean; why, you were the merriest couple in the room."

"Except yourselves, after she left me—"

"Well, what if we did laugh—you can't expect to have all the laughing to yourself."

"O no—by no means—not I; you may laugh till doomsday; only I wish you would find somebody else to laugh at."

"Somebody else!—Why, what do you mean, Tom?"

"Why, sir—I mean that you were laughing at me, from the moment she left my side," cried I, stalking about the room in great wrath.

"No such thing upon my serious honour; we should both scorn such ill manners, and particularly towards you. She was describing the airs and affectation of a party of fashionable upstarts she met in the steam-boat, returning from a tour down the Rhine."

"What did you keep looking at me every now and then for?"

"She was comparing you with what you were at school, and saying how little you were altered, except for the better."

"Now Harry, upon your honour, remember—"

"Upon my honour then, this is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—except, indeed—"

"Except what?"

"Except that she expressed her pleasure at again meeting you, and her hope that she should see you often. What say you to paying her a morning visit—hey?"

"With all my heart—for she's a fine woman."

I repeated my visits day after day, till I began to feel quite easy in the society of my little dancing partner, who gained vastly in my good graces ever since I heard she thought me so much altered for the better. I remembered, at our first interview, she told me how proud she was in being the favourite of the

biggest and handsomest boy in the Institution; and if I was handsomer now than then, I concluded, much to my satisfaction, I must be a tolerably good looking fellow. A woman who can make a shy, awkward man once feel easy in her company, can do any thing with him. But if she can add to this, the miracle of making him satisfied with himself, his happiness and devotion will be complete. From feeling perfectly easy in her society, I soon began to be very uneasy. I began to be in love, and a shy man in love is as great a torment to a woman as he is to himself, if she cares any thing about him. I certainly was something of an original in my amour; for while I used as much pains to hide, as others do to display their love, I took it into my head that the lady ought to behave as if I were an accepted lover, and eschew all the rest of mankind. I was affronted with her three times a week, for some imaginary display of indifference; became inordinately jealous; and I confess honestly, played such capricious pranks, that, had she not been the best tempered creature in the world, she would have forbidden me her presence. Yet she treated me with a charming indulgence, humoured my follies, and forgave my insolent irritability sooner than I could forgive myself. Three several times I swore to myself I would confess my love, and ask her hand, and as often did the fates interpose to prevent me—once in the shape of a rainy day, which I thought a good excuse for delay; once in the likeness of a hole in my silk stocking, which I observed just as I was on the point of knocking at the door, and which so damped my spirits that I turned about and went home disconsolate; and a third time in the semblance of one of those worthy persons, who lend their wits to such as have money, and let them into the secret of turning it to the best advantage. He propounded to me a speculation, by which a fortune would be made, as certain as fate, in three months at farthest.

To tell my readers a secret, the management of my property, although of great advantage to my health, had redounded very little to the credit of my sagacity, or the benefit of my purse. Knowing nothing of business myself, I took the advice of as many people as I could, remembering that in a multitude of counselors there is safety. Some how or other it happened, however, that though the advice was always good when it was given, it turned out always bad in the end, owing to those unexpected revolutions with which Providence so often shames human sagacity, as if in scorn of the puny prophets, who pretend to say what will happen to-morrow. By degrees these repeated

losses impaired my fortune not a little ; but I did not mind it, indeed I was rather rejoiced, as these occasional rubs roused me into a wholesome vexation, that kept me from that stagnant state of mind, which I dreaded above all things. It was not until I fell in love, and felt the want of that delightful confidence, which a full purse gives to the animal man in time of sore tribulation, that I found reason to regret the diminution of my fortune. But now, when I fancied it stood in the way of my becoming worthy of my lady love, I often pondered on the means of retrieving my losses, and this hint of a speculation effectually arrested my attention. Without being too particular, suffice it to say, that I yielded to the gentleman's infallible prognostics ; I laid out nearly the whole of my fortune in the speculation, and my friendly adviser declined taking a share in the profits, being content with a certain defined allowance.

I had now ample employment between the perplexities of love and the anticipations of money, and settled in my own mind, that the realizing of the latter should put an end to the fears and hopes of the former. I continued my visits to the lady, but made no actual demonstrations, except by looks and actions, until the news arrived of the failure of my speculation, and the consequent downfall of all my towering hopes. I had now lost the best part of what remained of my property ; and a fit of shyness came over me, that effectually prevented me from making my purposed declaration, even if I had been ever so anxious. But I had lost both the intrepidity and the inclination, and considered I had now so little fortune remaining, that it would not only be imprudent, but presumptuous, to expect a favourable reception to a proposal of this nature. I shut myself up in my room, and was miserable ; but strange to say, not half so miserable as when I had nothing to trouble me. I neither thought of myself, nor my infirmities, real or imaginary ; but I thought of my lady love so intently that I forgot myself, and what is very remarkable, never had the nightmare during the whole period of my seclusion. Neither did my time hang dead about my neck like a millstone, as it did when I was so perfectly free from all care and all employment. In short, I had something to think of, and that is the next best thing to having something to do.

One day my merry old friend came to see me. "What has become of you this age," said he, "and what is the matter, that we have not seen you lately? My cousin has inquired about you several times ; so I came to see if you were becalmed, according to custom—or sick—or sulky—or—but what

the deuse ails you?" looking steadfastly at my wo-begone countenance.

"I am as poor as a rat."

"So much the better; you have all your life been suffering the penalty of riches, and now you will be good for something. But how?"

"A speculation!" said I, shrugging my shoulders.

"Is all gone?"

"Not quite—I have a few hundreds left."

"So much the better; you shall marry my cousin, and we will join stocks together as merchants. You shall furnish the capital, and I'll manage it."

"I marry your cousin! When I was rich I had some hopes—now I have none. I mean to go to South Australia."

"Go to the —, but I say you shall marry my cousin—that is to say, if you love her?"

"Perdition catch my soul, but—"

"Pshaw! none of your heroics—do you or do you not?"

"I do, most truly—with all the ardour of youth, and all the steadiness of an old bachelor. And yet I will not marry her, even if she is willing."

"No—why?"

"She has twice the merit—twice the fortune—and a hundred times the beauty I have; the balance would be all on one side."

"Very well, we shall see," answered he, and away he went, leaving me in a flutter of timidity and hope. This is not intended for a love tale, I shall therefore hurry over this part of my story. It is sufficient to say, that my little school-mate behaved nobly. I went to see her. "You would have bestowed your fortune upon me when you were rich—I will bestow mine upon you now you are poor. True, it is but little—but I will make it up in prudence and affection." We married, and I entered into trade with my active merry friend. For some years we toiled through the vexatious routine of bargain and sale, buying and selling, and not making much for our pains. In the meantime a little flock of boys and girls sprung up about me, and like the fresh brooks and fountains, which attract the roots of the old trees that lack refreshing moisture, called off my gnawing anxieties, and carking cares, towards objects that excited a more wholesome, gentle, nay, delightful solicitude. Toil, exertion, and economy, became pleasures, because I had somebody to strive for; and I felt myself every day gaining courage, confidence, strength, and hilarity, in the

busy scuffle I was engaged in. I can safely say, that during the whole of this period of delightful anxieties, I never once imagined myself sick ; I had no more heart-beatings and heart-burnings—no tremblings, trepidations, and cold perspirations—nor was I once ridden by my old enemy, the nightmare. When the cares of the day were past, I could sit down and enjoy the refreshment of ease ; and it was delightful, after the keen encounters of skill, sagacity, and bargaining, which occupied the day, to open my heart among those I could trust with my soul, and rely upon with the faith of a martyr.

By degrees, owing to the good management of my merry partner, and something to my own care and attention, fortune began to smile upon us, and our acquisitions gradually grew to exceed all our wants. Every year now adds to the means of educating my children well, and leaving them a competence when I shall be no more. In short, my tale is at an end, and its moral completed. I am now happy in my wife—happy in my children ; who, I am determined, shall never pine, if I can help it, in the enjoyment of perfect ease. I have excellent health ; am almost as gay as my merry partner and friend ; and have no fear except that of getting so rich that I shall be tempted to retire from business, before I am old enough to enjoy a life of ease.

THE LOOSE FEATHER.

'Tis wandering down through pathless air,
A lonely thing in a boundless space,
That has lost its way, and knows not where
To find a home or a resting place.

The fearless breast, where late 'twas worn,
Has met the arrow the foeman hurl'd,
The venturous wing, by which 'twas borne
Through clouds, must soon in death be furl'd !

Poor timorous thing ! when it felt the dart
Where it peaceful lay, it trembled and fled ;
Nor staid till the blood of the eagle's heart,
To moisten and sully its down, was shed.

And now, as in careless sport 'tis tost
Above the stream by the whiffing wind,
In the next swift wave 'twill be curl'd and lost,
Nor leave one trace of itself behind.

So fly the joys that warm the breast
Were they, in their downy lightness, grew ;
When their only home, and their native rest,
The shaft of sorrow is passing through.

And naught shall again the wounded heart
And its vanish'd peace e'er bring together ;
But sunder'd once, they must sink apart,
Like the stricken bird and her falling feather.

THE INCENDIARIES.

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A SURGEON.

I WAS aroused from my sleep one morning about three o'clock, by the alarm of fire. A bright light was shining into my room, and casting its tinted rays in flashes over the wall, pallid by the beams of a December moon, like the flickering glances of hectic over the consumptive cheek of beauty. On going to the window, I discovered that the fire was but a short distance from the hospital, and in broad view. A brilliant fire so near me, overcame my natural apathy, and packing on some extra habiliments, I sallied out to see what havoc this mighty element was making among the time-worn and thickly-tenanted buildings of the purlieu of L— street.

The engines were already at work, when I reached the spot. A dwelling-house was on fire, and the flames were shooting merrily up from the roof and windows, tinged or obscured for a brief moment by the occasional flood of water which the bounteous hose lavished upon the most flagrant portions of the enkindled domicile—a powerful and efficient *antiphlogistic*, as it struck me at the time. I made my way, with others, into an alley which led to the rear of the house, with some faint hope that I might be of service in arresting the flames, or at any rate, enjoy a fair and near view of the fire, without the danger of being trodden under foot. The whole back part of one wooden building was in a blaze, and the persons in the yard were pointing to it with evident marks of interest and agitation. I did not have long to wait to be informed of the subject of their solicitude. Presently, a figure shot through the second-story window, sash and all, and bounded to the ground. He rolled and plunged about, and endeavoured to tear off his burning garments; for, singularly enough, he was dressed in pantaloons, boots, and vest, as if he had not been in bed; his hair was entirely singed off, and his shirt was fast consuming from his arms. In a moment, another one similarly dressed, but without shoes, rushed down stairs, and tumbled into the middle of the yard, uttering most pitiable cries. Astonished at such a sudden apparition, the spectators scarcely knew what to do; and I was equally at a loss for an instant; but running up to the one who lay prostrate on the ground, where he had just pitched from the door, with the aid of some of the more wakeful beholders, I extinguished the fire about his neck and shoulders, as effectually as was practicable. He would hardly permit any

one to touch him, but kept thrusting his burning arms up to his face, and thus adding unconsciously to the mischief. Having smothered the flames, and put him in charge of some of the by-standers, who had now generously volunteered their assistance, I went to take a view of the other. I found him lying in the dirt, without any fire on his person, (it had been put out by others,) and rolling ceaselessly from side to side. When spoken to, he answered in a hurried and impatient manner.

Having made a rude litter out of boards, we had them laid on it and carried to the hospital. As we emerged from the rear gate, the crowd, who had learned the nature of the occurrence, made way, and we were soon at the corner, around which the shop was situated, from whence these unfortunate individuals had issued in the rear. Here their mother joined us. She made no violent manifestations of grief, as the litter went along, but walked by its side, occasionally coming nearer, and addressing a word to her sons, as they seemed to be more sharply tortured.

Having deposited them in one of the wards of the hospital, reserved for the reception of such cases, the first dressings were put on, and a slight anodyne and cordial were administered to them both, as they were greatly prostrated, especially the one who seemed to be the younger. Bottles of hot water, and bags filled with heated sand, were applied around their extremities. It was not long before one of them was restored to his natural warmth, and to a full sense of his wretchedness. But the other never recovered from the shock given to his nervous system, and rapidly sunk, as will be seen. His senses were in full activity, until near the last, and with a little agitation, attributable to the severity of his bodily injury, and to the prospect of the near approach of death, there was a degree of emotion, which was not to be assigned to so obvious a cause, and which led to the belief that something lay heavily on his mind, which he wished, yet hesitated to declare. His father appeared but once, and going to his bed, whispered a few words in his ear, and left him. He seemed not less distressed after this visit.

His mother came frequently, but was unable to remain constantly, or even a considerable part of the time, by his bed-side, from the distress which the view of his calamitous situation, and his terrible writhing under the agony of his burns, produced in her mind. She said very few words to him; and those only in the way of soothing and comforting his momentary distresses; but sat by the side of his low bed, and at every half unconscious toss that tore off strips of skin from his body, and

exposed patches of the bleeding surface to the view of the mother, she raised up her arms and face, in the most pitiable excess of grief that the mind is capable of imagining. She might have been a study to the unhallowed gaze of an ambitious devotee of sculpture.

The patient (the younger, who is here alluded to, the other being comparatively out of danger,) tossed and turned so incessantly in bed, that it was almost impossible to keep any dressings on the excoriated parts. At the approach of night, his agitation increased. He continually complained of *rigor*, or chilliness, and inquired for some warm drink, which, when presented to him, he rejected, with appearances of disgust. I determined to set up with him a part of the night, in the hope of being able to relieve his sufferings, if not by bodily remedies, at least by such anodynes to the mind as might be administered in words. I was not without some expectations that he might be induced to make me the participator of the secret uneasiness, which various circumstances had led me to believe he was labouring under.

One of the junior assistants was sent down to see if he could contribute to the comfort of the patient, by changing his dressings, and came back with the report, that the patient would not allow of his ministrations, but desired my presence.

"Did you not take off any of the coverings from his arms, face, and neck?" I asked.

"No; when I went in he was discussing some grave subject with himself, about murders foul and dire, coughs and cords; and when I touched my hand to his neck, he repulsed my arm, and I thought he meant '*nec sinit esse feros*;' that he would not permit me to lay rough hands on his neck."

"You should not be rough, Mr. Aster."

"Oh, I was quite otherwise. So, I removed to a little distance, and listened to his oracular mutterings, He made me the recipient of some dubious matters—rather unutterable secrets."

"What did he say?"

"Why, he first broke into violent denunciations of certain persons, and accused them, particularly his brother, of urging him on to the commission of some desperate deed; then he called on his mother and sisters, and poured out entreaties to some unknown accuser. From all of which I inferred, that he had a hand in the fire; in other words, '*Fieri fecit*.'"

"I have had some suspicions of that kind; but we must be silent touching such involuntary communications."

“ Then, suddenly coming to himself, he began to stare around, and seeing us standing about, he collapsed into dead silence, and pulling the bed-clothes over him, remained invisible. Shortly, I drew near his bed, and asked him if he would have anything. ‘ Please send Mr. F—— here,’ he replied, and I left him.”

It was late in the evening before I could arrange to be with the patient. I found him with less appearance of delirium than might have been expected from the augmented severity of his sufferings. He remained restless and agitated, until about one in the morning, speaking very little, but occasionally murmuring inarticulately in his slumbers. On becoming more calm, he manifested much solicitude for his fellow sufferer.

“ Doctor, how does my brother do? Do you think he will get over it?”

He had been removed to a different ward, that he might not be affected by the situation of the other, and was doing well. I stated as much.

“ I feel cold, very cold,” he continued. “ Wouldn’t some of that warm drink give me a little heat? No! I’ve tried that; it burns my throat. Yet, I’m all dried up inside.”

“ Here is some cool water with wine.”

“ Cool! The sound is enough to make me shiver. But I will take some, for the sake of the experiment.”

He touched a little of it to his lips, and then drank the whole of the potion. It agreed with him better than warm drinks, which were more suitable to his condition. Then sinking into quietude, he seemed about to be falling asleep. All at once, he burst out into exclamations of horror and alarm, and cries for assistance; vehemently declared his innocence; and in the course of his ramblings made a complete exposure of his secret. He terminated by springing up in bed, and attempting to jump on to the floor. His eyes fell upon me, and he seemed to recover his mental faculties as speedily as he had lost them. He reclined back on his pillow, and said, with much earnestness:—

“ Doctor, what have I been uttering? Have I revealed any thing?”

“ You have disclosed some things which I should not hear, except in the confidence of a physician,” I replied.

“ What!—anything that would criminate me?”

“ Yes, you and others.”

“ I see that I have unwittingly taught you my secret. Curse this wild delirium! But on whom should the curse fall? I

will trust you. I know that until I am dead, you will not be able to betray anything; and after that, it will be at your option, at any rate, to make that public which will endanger the life of another."

"Have no fears of me, if there is a possibility that any one may receive injury from my information."

The patient, whose name was Ludovico, being satisfied with my assurance of secrecy, proceeded to give a short narration of the facts.

"My brother was of a very impetuous temper, and always exercised a kind of authority over me, to which in fact I willingly acceded, from a consciousness of his superior knowledge. He had conceived some splendid project for sudden aggrandizement, which, to be carried into effect, required the aid and countenance of my father. One dark and stormy night in October, about one year since, he took me to a house in the northern part of the city, and introduced me into a room, where, by the light of a dimly-burning lamp, a half dozen men were busily engaged around a table in looking over some rude sketches and diagrams. Pieces of paper were marked over with Arabic numerical characters, and letters of the alphabet, arranged in squares, and perched upon pen-marked fabrics, which looked like houses or castles, churches, and prisons. Flags which resembled the signals of barbarian nations, were floating from the pinnacle of some lofty edifice, or planted on the summit of hills whose ranges extended off in parallel lines, or in angular courses far into the boldly-etched and pointed features of the landscape. These delineations were in correct perspective, and were evidently drawn up and embellished by a master hand, with some remote and magnificent intent, which was not perceptible to my uninitiated sense.

"Principal among those around the table, was a stout grey-headed man, whose heavy frame and badly-jointed limbs, which were freely exercised, apparently with a view of setting off their ungracefulness, and the general shabbiness of his attire, showed him to be the chief spirit of the adventurers. His lean fingers, at the end of so ill-managed an arm, hardly warranted the supposition that he was the draughtsman of the elegant sketch, over whose surface he was passing his pencil, and indenting the denominative syllables on the bosom of some winding river, which cut its way between the prominent and ornamented insignia that formed a part of the file of look-outs—for such I decided them to be, after having ascertained the subject of their deliberations. The other members of the conclave were

of a like description ; all were of shabby exterior, but the fire of an unnatural enthusiasm shone in their eyes, and spoke out in their gestures. They were evidently expecting my brother, who had them seemingly in control, and was only of them inasmuch as he joined in their views and projects. They all erected themselves in various attitudes on his entrance, and the speaker of the company broke out in these words :—

“ ‘ Ha, Petro ! we have been looking over this drawing, and there is nothing wrong about it, unless it is this hill. I think some one nearer should have been chosen.’ ”

“ ‘ Wrong ?—there is not a particle wrong. The main points of observation have been carefully selected. Here is Liverpool, there is Ludgate church ; here is a hill ; on the summit of that hill is a very tall pine, which I have sketched ; this dwelling-house (of friend Soper’s) is the last post before you reach Manchester ; and here is Manchester.’ ”

“ ‘ But I think that hill is at too great a distance from Liverpool, to see distinctly. Don’t you think so ? ’ continued the speaker.

“ ‘ Why, you owl ! it is but fifteen miles ; and a good telescope will discern a man’s features at ten or twelve miles.’ ”

“ ‘ Well, if we have the countenance of Providence, we shall succeed,’ he meekly replied.

“ They were engaged in a scheme for transmitting intelligence from one city to another, by means of telegraphs, for the purpose of taking advantage of the rise or fall in stocks, and of speculating in lottery tickets. I have introduced this little scene, in order to show you the influences by which my brother was wrought upon. They spent the greater part of the night in discussing the measures, and Petro in enforcing the details of his arrangements. Those who were present, beside my brother Petro, could not have handed over a crown at the solicitation of a surcharged pistol, held horizontally at their vest button, and backed by the imperious proclamation, ‘ Stand and deliver, or die ! ’ He was the only one who could move the enterprise so heavily constructed, and he was not equal to the whole effort. Though moneyless adventurers, his coadjutors were cunning enough to place upon his shoulders the burden of the undertaking, in the faith of their absolute necessity as a part of the machinery.

“ Petro was engaged with his whole soul in the success of the experiment, and nothing could deter him from prosecuting it. Hard were his struggles to devise some means for raising the requisite funds. Everything, I believe, passed through his

mind, short of actual robbery, and it was not long before this entered into his calculations. The frequent meetings held with his associates, at which I was sometimes present, and the artful but seemingly innocent protestations of their honest leader, served to keep up his ambition, and to nourish his ardent and chimerical aspirations. We were at that time clerks in a shop, which was filled with the most precious commodities; but the warehouse itself was of wood, and of quite inferior appearance. We lodged on the second floor. My brother formed the design of removing the most valuable part of the goods, and setting fire to the house. The plan was not unfolded to me until after it had been completed, and everything had been prepared. My opposition was useless. The gang were made acquainted with it, and agreed to assist on a certain night.

“A considerable quantity of the stock had been abstracted by degrees, for a number of weeks previous; and on that evening (the one you well know) after the principals had left, we began to transport the boxes and packages, assisted by the others, to the house of the prime accomplice, where they were secure from search. The avails were to enable us to realize our glittering dreams of wealth.

“In the back room, on the second floor, we had made a collection of the most combustible substances, and had so placed them, that they would in a moment after the application of the torch be ignited, and communicate the fire to the partitions, bed, etc. A stove-pipe which passed out of the back window had been disconnected with the stove, in order to allow the smoke to escape readily; so that it might not, by issuing through the crevices of the windows, particularly in the front of the building, betray our attempt before the fire had got fairly under way.

“We usually slept in the bed in the back part of this room, and had planned to go to the theatre, and returning about twelve o'clock, throw ourselves on to the bed in our clothes, and lie till one or two in the morning, when we were to arise and set fire to the apartment. If our plans succeeded, we were to make it appear that we had laid down rather in liquor, had set the candle by the side of the bed, and that it had caught the drapery.

“Accordingly, to the theatre we went; actually got somewhat tipsy, as we reflected on the hazardous nature of our enterprise, and coming back about midnight, proceeded directly

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to our chamber. We soon managed to procure a light. I pulled off my shoes and coat, and threw myself on to the bed, for I felt unwilling to contemplate the deed which we were on the point of committing. I had worked myself up to the task, and feared that my nerves might be unstrung by a survey of the preparatives for our mischief-doing. My brother, however, felt too deep an interest in the progress and result of the plan, to think of repose; and commissioning me to 'tumble up' his side of the bed, he took his position by the table, with a book before him, which had one advantage over vacancy, that it shut out the view of external objects, and opened the way to reflection.

"I soon fell into a disturbed sleep, and dreamed that the whole upper part of the house was in flames, and that my brother, in endeavouring to escape out of the front door with some valuable article about him, was seized by six or eight men, and carried away to prison, in spite of his entreaties. I dreamed also that I was standing in the door, and the whole building suddenly gave way, and was about to fall upon my head. At this I awoke in terror, but soon became sensible of my situation, when I found my brother standing over me, and shaking me by the shoulder.

"It was now about a quarter to three. Petro had prepared everything, even to a match, to insure speedy conflagration.

"'Now then,' said he, 'nerve yourself for the consummation. Take this match, and set fire to the bed-clothes, while I touch this other pile with my candle.'

"He did so, and at the same moment my trembling hands applied the torch to the light drapery of the bed. In an instant, curtains, sheets, and all, were in a blaze, while at the other end of the room the fire spread with astonishing rapidity among the dry and flimsy stuffs which had been thrown together in a heap. Seeing all things in such fine progress, we turned our steps toward the door, which was about midway of the room, when I recollected that we had left a small box of jewelry and money at the foot of the bed.

"'Stop, one moment, till I get the box,' said I, and directed my steps to the bed.

"'Make haste!' said my brother, as he stood with his hand on the latch.

"I threw up the clothes at the foot of the bed.

"'Where is it? I cannot touch it?' I asked.

“ ‘Under the right corner, between the sack and the——’

“ ‘It has been stolen! Who has been in here? Haven’t you put it somewhere else?’

“ ‘Look under the head; it is surely there. Hurry!’

“ ‘Impossible!’ The fire had become scorching hot, so that I could endure it no longer. Not only the whole bed, but the wainscot and window sashes had begun to burn. I was obliged to make my way to the door.

“ ‘It was left there, I tell you; it must be got; it is all our dependence for immediate funds. Ludovico, seek it once more!’ exclaimed my brother.

“ ‘Will you have me burn myself to death! My shirt-sleeves are burnt off now. I here some one coming.’

“ ‘It is your ears—try again!’ returned Petro.

“ ‘I go—but you see!’ I replied, as I turned back, holding up my arms, which were already severely scorched.

“ ‘Here, take this stick,’ cried Petro, wrenching off a strip from the wall, and heaving it to me; ‘that will save your hands.’

“ ‘I thrust it into every part of the bed, which was now little else than a mass of ashes, without striking the object of my search. My arms suffered severely from the hot air of the room, and the flames were almost licking my face.

“ ‘I can’t endure it! I would not try any longer, for the universe!’ I exclaimed.

“ ‘Must we lose the most valuable part of the goods? What shall we do?’ said Petro, who now began to feel the warmth more pressingly, from which he had been before but little disturbed, there being a space in the middle of the room free from the flames.

“ ‘The house,’ said I, ‘will soon fall over our heads, if we don’t escape; we shall be discovered; it can’t be long before the fire will be observed without.’

“ ‘Well, let the cursed thing go; it is not worth our lives. Come, and let us get out, as quick as the devil will let us.’

“ ‘Ha! the door is locked!’ he continued, in an alarmed voice, and working at the latch violently, with both hands. ‘Run to the other door!’

“ ‘I ran and tried it; but it yielded no more than if it had been barricaded with triple bolts.

“ ‘What was done with the key?’ demanded Petro searching hastily in his pockets.

“ ‘It is on the outside. No one can have turned it since we went to bed; nobody has been in.’

“ ‘Locked!—locked! No, it cannot be!’ repeated my brother; ‘it is the heated air of the room. We must exert our whole strength together.’

“ ‘We did so, and without effect. We were now in a truly desperate situation, with no opportunity to escape, and the fire already enveloping us.

“ ‘Madmen! fools! why did we delay! By heavens! we must not perish here. Where are our friends!’

“ ‘At this time, the cry of ‘fire!’ was raised in the street, and we heard the engines rattling along the pavements. We also thought we distinguished the sound of persons ascending the stairs, and called to them, but could not make them hear, in consequence of the roaring of the flames, and the shouts of the firemen in the street.

“ ‘Down with the door! round to the rear!’ we understood distinctly, and echoed back the unavailing cry, while the heavy shock of a ladder, as it struck against the wooden walls, one story above us, showed the advance of the preparations for effecting an entrance in that quarter, and for quenching the fire.

“ ‘My brother shouted for assistance, but the noise of the engines and the cry of ‘fire!’ without, drowned his voice.

“ ‘It is useless,’ said I; ‘that bellowing rabble will split their sides to out-bawl us.’

“ ‘Still more alarmed, and smarting with our burns, we now attempted to raise the window. But, as if the fates conspired against us, it refused to move!

“ ‘We shouted for help; we shrieked, till our voices were hoarse. The floor under our feet had now kindled to flame, and it was with difficulty we could prevent our clothes being entirely consumed.

“ ‘Come, Ludovico,’ said Petro, ‘we can live here but a few minutes longer; let us make one more trial.’

“ ‘I can do no more; I shall die!’ exclaimed I, sinking to the floor, in the apathy of despair. I was suffering the most exquisite torture from my burns; and to relieve me of my insupportable agony, I attempted to hasten my death by strangulation. My brother, who was less burnt, still struggled at the door. He turned and saw me stretched out in this situation.

“ ‘Fool, fool!’ he exclaimed, with angry energy; ‘are you so willing to die? Up! up! and assist me!’

“ ‘I arose. The room was now filled with flame. I could not for a moment endure it. I flung myself again against the

door in desperation, and sank down breathless and exhausted. It was now my brother's turn to be desperate; and for a moment, I forgot my pain in witnessing his agonies. He shrieked for aid, and cursed his hapless fate; and falling upon his knees, he invoked alternately the powers of heaven and hell, weeping and sobbing like a child.

" 'We must die, Petro!' I exclaimed, in hopeless resignation; 'yet it is hard to die, while there may still be a possibility of escape.'

" But my brother's courage revived, and we made one more concentrated effort upon the door, and shook it a little. We strained harder; it seemed to yield; yet harder; it was illusion! The door was firmer than ever.

" 'Hell-fire!' exclaimed Petro, in frenzy, 'I will balk these flames yet!'

" Saying this, he darted to the front window, but as rapidly rushed back, scorched and miserably burned on his face and hands, and with his hair and clothes on fire.

" 'Save yourself, and follow me!' he muttered through his closed teeth, and running with all speed to the back window, without stopping to open the blinds, or raise the sash, he plunged head-foremost into the yard.

" My flesh was wretchedly burnt; each pore of my skin seemed penetrated by a red-hot needle. Every fibre of my body was a chain of fire; yet a chill ran through my frame; my limbs were paralyzed with horror; the weight of a hundred tons seemed pressing upon my breast.

" Before following my brother's example, I tremulously applied my hand to the door, and on using a little strength forced it open. Joyfully I hailed the passage, and rushed precipitately down stairs. You know the rest."

Here the patient ended. The admission of air by the window was probably the cause of the door giving way to his touch. The unfortunate young man died early in the morning, in a state of savage delirium. It should be observed, that his narration was frequently interrupted by paroxysms of madness; but it was not necessary to preserve anything more than the bare details. His brother went through a tedious period of recovery, during which time his infamous partners made a way with the secreted property. No suspicion got abroad of the actors in this drama. Petro retired to some distant place, with what feelings, intents, or fate, I shall not attempt to describe.



THE CRYSTAL GEM.

THIS mystic gem thou gavest to me—
 I took it, prized it ; could I deem,
 'Twould falsehood e'er detect in thee,
 Or change so soon my heart's fond dream.
 So pure, so bright at first it shone,
 It might have graced love's diadem ;
 A cloud has gather'd o'er the stone,
 Then take again the worthless gem.
 No longer now its radiant beams
 Shine bright as night-lamps o'er the sea ;
 No longer now to me it seems
 Love's beacon glittering beautifully.
 O no ! it tells of falsehood's chill,
 Of fickle heart and broken vow ;
 Truth's light is past—hope's glowing thrill—
 Love's smile—nay, all have faded now !
 And give me back the ardent kiss,
 Which seal'd this heart so truly thine ;
 For other lips have shared that bliss,
 Which I believed was wholly mine.
 I will not blame thy falsehood now,
 I will not chide thy vows forgot ;
 Yet look on this pale wither'd brow,
 And read the grief which dieth not.

TO MYRA.

MINE, O be mine, the love which steals,
 In its first warm breath from the maiden's heart ;
 Like the purest scent, which the rose conceals,
 Till its opening petals in beauty part.
 Mine, O be mine, to catch the glance
 Which unguarded flashes from Myra's eye,
 Like the tell-tale beam, which, when hosts advance,
 Reveals where the spears of the ambush lie.
 Mine, O be mine, to hear the tale,
 That in whispers tells of affection won,
 Like the murmuring sound in the lonely vale,
 That betrays where the flower-hid waters run.
 Mine, O be mine, to see thee smile,
 And take my tone from thine hour of mirth,
 As the flower in the far-off Indian isle
 Awakes, when the sun beams light the earth.
 Mine, O be mine, to see thee weep,
 And catch thy tears as they precious fall,
 As crowds in the blood of martyrs steep
 A token, to make it more blest than all.
 Mine, O be mine, for e'er to guard
 Each lightsome step of that perfect form,
 Till death shall release the watch and ward,
 Which has borne the sun, and withstood the storm.

MR. AND MRS. TOMPKINS.

A SIMPLE TALE.

IN a certain village—pleasant enough to behold, as you ride or walk through it, but abominably unpleasant to remain in, on account of the unconquerable propensity of its inhabitants for scandal and tittle-tattle, which prevails to a degree infectious even among decent people—in this village, about ten years ago, a man and his wife, of plain appearance, both in person and dress, came to reside, having the fear of God before their eyes; and in that fear, I trust, they died. But they were the subjects of much speculation; and no political question has ever, to my certain knowledge, called forth so much original argumentation among the people of that village, as did the arrival of this couple; unpretending, unquaint, and inoffensive as they were.

They came in a stage, with but small incumbrance of luggage for persons who meant to remain in one place for any long time; and according to an arrangement previously made, took up their quarters in the house of a respectable widow, whose modest mansion afforded to them the only room they wanted, and whose modest circumstances made their coming to board with her, in that single room, a decided convenience.

The fact being ascertained, in an hour's time, throughout the village, that the widow Wilkins had got two boarders who were to occupy her spare room, it became a subject of conversation at the post-office, the tavern, the grocery, the prayer-meeting, and in every domestic circle. But nobody was able, that evening, to throw light upon the question of who the new comers were; and conjecture was left free to range through the mazes of its own world of imagination.

Three ladies, a widow, a widow bewitched, and a middle-aged woman, namely, Mrs. Steele, Mrs. Hawkins, and Miss Cross, had gone immediately, on observing that the stage had dropped two passengers with the widow, to ascertain who they were, where they came from, what they had in view, and whither they were going next. All the information, however, that Mrs. Steele, Mrs. Hawkins, and Miss Cross had been enabled to obtain, (albeit they would have wormed the one secret which a man ought to keep from his wife out of him, after the Holy Inquisition had given him up in despair,) was, that Mrs. Wilkins had taken a man and his wife to board at her house; and that their name was Tompkins. They had

retired to their own apartment, and had not been seen by the respectable triad; yet Miss Cross said, she thought from the looks of an old pair of boots, which were tied to one of Mr. Tompkins's trunks, which was standing in the porch, that "they were no great shakes." As to this point she had a right also to speak her opinion, seeing that her father had been a respectable retail shoemaker. So, therefore, the report of Mrs. Steele, Mrs. Hawkins, and Miss Cross, did but whet the curiosity of the congregation as to the private history, present estate, and future prospects of poor Mr. Tompkins and his wife. Many supposed that his name was assumed for the occasion. So many, they urged, were indicted or sued, who had such an alias, that he must have broken out of the city prison, or run away and left his bail in the lurch. An inveterate reader of all the newspapers observed, that a Mr. Tompkins was advertised as having left his wife without any means of subsistence, and would pay no debts contracted by him. It was probable that he had a female partner in his flight; and the circumstance of his coming in such a clandestine way to the house of the widow Wilkins, was certainly a singular coincidence. It would be endless, and scarcely amusing, to mention all the suppositions broached on the subject. One, which was quite popular, was, that this Mr. Tompkins must be the man who had been hanged in Yorkshire some months before, and who, it was rumoured, had been resuscitated.

The most speculatively benevolent hoped that these people would be able to pay their board to the widow, as she was a good sort of woman, though none of the wisest, and could not afford to lose it. The most scrupulously decorous hoped this couple were actually married, and had not come to bring disgrace into Mrs. Wilkins's house, as she had always passed for an honest woman, as had her mother before her.

The next morning, after breakfast, Mr. Tompkins came forth from the widow's house, and walked through the village to the barber's shop. His gait was that of a grave gentleman who has passed the meridian of life, and has nothing to excite him immediately to unnecessary action. There was nothing in his manner that was at all singular, nor was there even the inquisitive expression in his countenance, which would be natural in that of an entire stranger in the place. He walked as a man walks who is going over ground he has trodden all his life, in the usual routine of his occupations. His clothes were plain black, cut after no particular fashion or fancy, but such as old gentlemen generally wear. His walking-stick was plain, with

a horn handle. He wore apparently no ornaments, not even a watch. Those whom he met in the streets, or passed as they stood at their doors, looked hard and sharply at him; but he neither evaded nor responded to their glances of interrogation.

The barber who shaved him, extracted from him the facts that he had come last week from York city, where there was no news; and that he meant to stay for some time in the village. After leaving him in possession of this valuable information, Mr. Tompkins sallied forth, and strayed, at the same leisurely pace, up a hill, the summit of which commanded a picturesque view of the village, and of the adjacent country. The barber observed something like a cicatrix, in a rather suspicious part of his neck, but he did not feel justified in pronouncing an opinion as to whether he had ever been actually hanged or not.

In the mean time, or not long after, Mrs. Steele, Mrs. Hawkins, and Miss Cross, paid a visit to the widow, to tell her not to forget to come to a charitable sewing society that afternoon, and to make another effort to relieve their minds about the case of poor Mrs. Tompkins. They found the lady sitting with her hostess. She was knitting cotton stockings. She was a plain middle-aged woman, forty years old or upward, attired in a dark-coloured silk dress, with a cambric ruff and cap, not exactly like those worn by the strictest sects of Methodists and Quakers, but without any ornament. An introduction having been effected, the ingenuity of the three ladies was immediately exercised in framing interrogatories to the stranger. She was civil, amiable, and apparently devoid of art or mystery; but never was there a more unsuccessful examination, conducted with so much ability on the part of the catechists, and so much seeming simplicity in the witness. Without resorting to downright impertinence, these ladies could extract no more from Mrs. Tompkins, than that she had come with her husband last from Liverpool, where they had left no family nor connexions, and that they meant to spend some time in the village.

“Had she always lived in Liverpool?”

“No—she had travelled a great deal.”

“Was it her native place?”

“No—she was born at sea.”

“Had her husband been long settled in Liverpool.”

“No—he had lived there some time,” etc., etc., etc.

With this highly unsatisfactory result, the fair inquisitors were compelled to return from their mission. Something,

however, in the placid manner of Mrs. Tompkins had produced an influence upon them which counteracted the natural effects of the irritability arising from ungrateful curiosity. Their hypotheses in relation to her were by no means so uncharitable as might have been expected. Mrs. Hawkins had no doubt it was Dorothy Ripley, a woman who had a call to straggle through the country, vending her religious experience; and that her escort was no less a personage than Johnny Edwards, a lay enthusiast of great notoriety. Miss Cross, the least complimentary in her conjectures, supposed it was Mrs. Royal, a traveling authoress, and bugbear to booksellers and editors.

After a walk of two hours or more, Mr. Tompkins returned from his perambulations, and stepped in at the tavern or stage-house, where he seated himself in an unobtrusive place, and began to read the newspapers. He perused these budgets of literature systematically and thoroughly; and the anxious expectant of the reversion of any particular journal he had in hand, waited in vain for him to lay it down. When he had finished one broad-side, and the fidgetty seeker after the latest news had half thrust forth his hand to grasp the prize, Mr. Tompkins, gently heaving a complacent sigh, turned over the folio, and began to read the next page with the same quiet fixedness of attention, and unequivocally expressed purpose of suffering nothing it contained to escape his attention. It thus took him about two hours to finish his prelection of one of the issues of that great moral engine, as it is called, by whose emanations the people of this country are made so wise and happy. Advertisements and all he read, except poetry, which he seemed to skip conscientiously, generally uttering an interjection, not of admiration. Notwithstanding he thus tried the patience of those who wanted a share of periodical light, he was so quiet and respectable a looking man, that not even a highwayman, or a highwayman's horse (supposing that respectable beast to be entitled to its proverbial character for assurance,) would have attempted to take the paper away from him by violence. His person was in nobody's way. His elbows and knees were kept in; and there was no quarrelling with his shoe or his shoe-tie. There was a *simplex munditiis*—a neat-but-not gaudiness about him, which every body understood without understanding Latin.

When he had apparently exhausted the contents of all the periodicals that lay on the bar-room table, just as the village clock struck one, Mr. Tompkins asked for a glass of cider, which he drank and departed. I need make no apology to an

intelligent reader for a detail of these minute particulars ; because they engrossed the attention of many at the time, and were severally the subjects of conflicting hypotheses. And beside, the history of his first day's residence was so exactly that of every other which followed, that it is expedient to be particular in recording it.

He returned then to his lodgings, and after dinner was seen sitting in the porch of the widow's house, smoking a cigar, and reading in an ancient-looking volume. Toward sundown he again walked forth, with his wife (if wife she was) under his arm ; and they strolled to some distance through the lanes and among the fields adjacent to the village. Thence they returned at tea-time, and at an early hour retired to their apartment.

Mrs. Wilkins had not for a long time received so many visitors as called upon her that evening, to inquire after her health, and the " names, ages, usual places of residence, and occupations" of her boarders. For the best of all possible reasons, she was unable to satisfy them on many of these points. The appearance of Mr. Tompkins at the tavern, however, had produced a reaction in the opinions of the men, as that of his wife had in those of the ladies ; and he was supposed to be some greater character than a runaway husband, a fraudulent insolvent, or a half-hanged malefactor. They were determined to make an *Æneas* under a cloud out of him. One was convinced that he was Sir Gregor McGregor ; another that he was Baron Von Hoffman, (a wandering High-Dutch adventurer, much in vogue at that time,) and a third ventured the bold conjecture that he was NAPOLEON himself. A rumour, then rife, that the most illustrious *détenus* had effected his escape, gave greater accuracy to the last surmise than to any other. Napoleon was then in—— !

The post-master advised the speculative crowd, whose imaginations were perturbed and overwrought by this suggestion, to keep themselves quiet and say nothing about it for the present. Letters and packages must necessarily come to the mysterious visiter, which would be subject to his inspection ; and from the post-marks, directions, and other indices, which long experience had taught him to understand, he assured them that he should be able to read the riddle. By this promise, the adult population were controlled into forbearance from any public manifestation of astonishment. The little boys, however, whose discretion was not so great, kept hurraing for Bonyparte to a late hour, around the widow's house ; for which the biggest of them suffered severely next morning at school ; their master being what was called an old tory.

“Days, weeks, and months, and generations (in the chronology of curiosity) passed;” but the postmaster was unable to fulfil his promise. Nothing came to his department directed to our Mr. Tompkins; nor did that gentleman ever inquire for any letters. During this period, which was about half a year, the daily occupations of Mr. T. were almost uniformly the same with those mentioned in the diary I have given. So punctual was he, that a sick lady, having marked the precise minute at which he passed before her house, on his return to dinner, set her watch regularly thereafter by his appearance, and was persuaded that it kept better time than those of her neighbours. One would have thought that she ought to have felt grateful to the isolated stranger who thus saved her the trouble of a solar observation; but whether it arose from the influence of the genius of the place, the irritability of sickness, or her association of Mr. Tompkins with ipecacuanha, certain it is, that her guesses about his identity, and his motives for coming to that town, were of all others the most unamiable.

I must mention, however, some of the other habits of Mr. Tompkins, and some of the peculiarities of his character. For, though the former were systematic, and the latter monotonous, he was yet not a mere animated automaton; and was distinguished from other male bipeds by certain traits, which his acutely observant neighbours of course did not fail to note.

Neither he nor his wife ever bought anything for which they did not pay cash. Their purchases were few in number, and small in amount; and they generally seemed to have exactly the requisite sum about them, rarely requiring change, and never exhibiting any large surplus of the circulating medium. On Sunday, unless the weather was very bad, they attended at the chapel regularly, sitting in Mrs. Wilkins's pew; and regularly did Mr. Tompkins deposite a sixpenny-piece in the plate which was handed round. They did not, however, partake of the communion in that church; why, I know not. It was in vain that Mrs. Tompkins was urged by the ladies with whom she became acquainted, to attend religious meetings of different kinds, held in the evening. It was also in vain that either her husband or she was solicited to subscribe to any charity of whatever description. They severally answered, “I cannot afford it,” so naturally, that the ladies and gentlemen on the several committees appointed by the several charitable meetings, gave them up in despair. They rarely accepted invitations to tea-drinkings; and yet there was nothing unsocial in their manner or conversation. They could converse very agreeably, according to the opinions of many

of the people ; and what was strange was, that they neither talked about scandal, religion, or politics. Sometimes they spoke of other countries so familiarly, that the question, "Have you ever been there?" was naturally asked ; and the answer was generally, "Yes." Avoiding, however, any communion other than what was inevitable, with those who were decidedly gross and vulgar in intellect and feeling, and forming no intimacies in the small social circle into which they were thrown, the barrier was never passed by their acquaintances, which precluded familiarity. The amusements of Mr. Tompkins, other than those I have stated—to wit, walking and reading the newspapers—were extremely limited in kind or degree, so far as they were observed. Books of his own he had none. The widow's collection was small : but he availed himself of it occasionally, when smoking, or when the weather was bad. As it was more than a quarter of a century since any of the volumes had been purchased, and they were mostly odd ones, his studies could neither have been profound nor extensive. He also very frequently played backgammon with an old Danish gentleman, Mr. Hons Felburgh, who had brought his wife from the West Indies, to reside in this village for the benefit of her health, and had buried her there. It had been a subject of much dispute why he remained ; whether from regard to her memory, want of funds, or because he was afraid or too lazy to go back. My readers, I trust, are troubled with no such impertinent curiosity. No human being can long move and live in the same society, without contracting a preference for somebody or other ; but the intercourse between these two gentlemen arose very naturally, as they were near neighbours and both strangers, and as the Dane was without kith or kin in the country.

Thus, as I have said, six months passed away, and the mystery which enshrouded Mr. Tompkins yet hung about him "as a garment." Curiosity, "like the self-burning tree of Africa," had almost consumed itself in its own ardour ; but the vital fire yet grewed under the embers. The people had worn threadbare all the arguments on the question who Mr. Tompkins was, and why he did not publish to them his autobiography. The all-absorbing topic of conversation now was, "How did he live ? what were his resources ?" He ran in debt to no one, borrowed from no one, and kept no account in either of the four city banks ; he paid his board regularly, as was regularly ascertained from the widow, who became indignant, however, at the frequent recurrence of the question.

JAN. 1839.

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The tax-gatherer in his rounds called upon him, and found him only liable to be assessed at the same rate as those were who had neither realty nor personalty subject to taxation.

It was now suggested, and became the current report, that Mr. Tompkins and his wife were secretly connected with a gang of counterfeiterers, for whom they filled up bank notes, and with whom they had means of holding clandestine intercourse. Often were they both dogged, on their rambles, by gratuitous enthusiasts in the cause of justice. Mrs. Tompkins was seen to stoop for some time, removing a stone that lay under a hedge. The observer in his eagerness, approached too incautiously, and trampled among the dry leaves. She turned her head and saw him, and went onward, making a pretext of pulling up a handful of violets. Nothing was to be found under the stone, or near it; but there could have been but little doubt, it was supposed, that she had intended to deposit counterfeit bank notes, where her accomplices knew how to find them. Mr. Tompkins was observed in his morning walks to stop occasionally to talk to some very poor people, who lived in the outskirts of the village, and even occasionally to enter their ricketty and tumble-down habitations. Many inquiries were of course made of them, both in an insinuating and a fulminating tone, as to the object of Mr. Tompkins's visits, and the purport of his communications. But these virtuous, though impecunious democrats, made no other reply, than that Mr. Tompkins was a good man, and a better man than those who came to examine them; and, when threatened, they stood upon their integrity as individuals and their rights as freemen, and contrived to empty their tubs and kettles "convenient," as the Irish say, to the ankles of the questioners.

But now an event occurred—or rather seemed likely to occur. One afternoon, a horseman, dusty with travel, rode up to the tavern, and having alighted, inquired if a Mr. Tompkins lived in that village. Now there was also a shoemaker of that name who had long dwelt there. But when the stranger added, that the person he sought for could not long have been a resident, all doubts vanished. Between their impatience, however, to assure him he had come to the right place, and uneasiness to get out of him the facts which were to explain the mystery, the dusty traveller had much difficulty in obtaining answers to his first question, and to his second, "where Tompkins lived?" All the information he gave, in exchange for that which he received, was, that he had business with the gentleman. He also asked,

where he could find the nearest justice of the peace? A bandy-legged individual, with a hump-back, and a strange obliquity in both his eyes, who was drinking beer, came forward immediately, and said *he* was the squire. The traveller looked as if he thought his lordship had a strange taste in selecting the magistrates; but, telling the crooked functionary that he might have occasion to call on him in a short time, set forth in the direction indicated to him, to find the person he was in search of.

He marched at a round pace; but not so fast that others were not on the ground before him. Several persons who had heard what had passed, scudded off in different ways for the same point, announcing as they ran, in half-breathless accents, to every one they met, that a sheriff had come for Mr. Tompkins. A party kept at no great distance behind the stranger, among whom was the justice himself, who seemed disposed not to be out of the way, should his services be demanded.

As Mr. Tompkins, who was sitting in the porch of the widow's house, reading a volume of the Gentleman's Magazine for 1749, and had just exhaled a cloud of many-coloured smoke, was watching the delicate spiral curve of sapphire hue, which did not intermingle with the other vapour, but wound through it like the Jordan through the Dead Sea, (to give the *coup de grace* to a figure worn to tatters, and beggarly tatters too,) I say, as Mr. Tompkins lifted up his eyes and beheld the prospect before him, he was aware of a man in riding trim, lifting the latch of the widow's little court-yard; behind whom a small crowd, headed by the cross-eyed and cross-legged Coke of the parish, advanced in a huddle, all earnestly gazing upon himself. And, glancing around, through the rose-bushes, lilac-trees, and pales which surrounded the modest enclosure in which he was ensconced, he beheld, peeping and chuckling, the quaint and dirty faces of divers boys and girls, with dishevelled hair and goblin expressions; and he marvelled what in the world was the matter.

The stranger entered the cottage-yard, and touching his hat respectfully, asked if Mr. Tompkins was at home?

"That is my name, Sir," said the gentleman.

"I beg your pardon, Sir," said the stranger. "I have been mistaken. I was looking for another gentleman."

So saying, he again touched his hat and retired, looking rather surlily upon the people who gathered around him, and followed in a cluster his retiring footsteps. My tale does not lead me to tell how he got along with them, nor do I know more than what I have heard, which was, that having proceeded

a little distance, and feeling them treading upon his heels, he got upon a stump, and looking around him, asked if the place was a Sodom or Gomorrah, that a Christian man, dressed like themselves, could not come into it without being mobbed in that manner? Upon which he marched on at a quicker step, some of the men shouting, and a few of the little boys following and throwing stones after him, till he remounted his horse; and mingling with the clatter of the charger's retiring hoofs was heard the rider's hoarse and coarse malison upon the town, and all the people that lived in it!

———"But with Mr. Tompkins
Abides the minstrel tale."

"Time rolled his ceaseless course," as he does now while I write; and I shall record but one more anecdote, being an incident which happened several months after that last mentioned.

A fondness for getting up charitable societies had always prevailed, to a greater or less extent, in this village. But at this particular time it became a *rage*, in consequence of the organization in larger towns of associations on a grand scale; the notices of whose meetings, with the names of the several official dignitaries, as published in the newspapers, inflamed the ambition of the country folks. A society for the Suppression of Pauperism was immediately formed. Under its auspices, at the same time, was organized a society for the relief of the poor and destitute; and, subsidiary to the latter, an auxiliary branch was instituted, for the purpose of seeking out and examining the condition of such poor and destitute people, with a view of reporting their cases to the parent society. The executive committee of the auxiliary branch consisted of four ladies and three gentlemen; who met twice a week regularly, with the power of calling extra meetings, for the purpose of reporting and consulting.

It was certainly most unfortunate that a system so complicated and so admirable should be framed, without any subjects being found to try it upon. It was like a fine new mill, with a double run of stones, without any grist to be ground in it. The executive committee were not inactive; but, strange to relate, unless they patronised some of the members of one or all of the three societies, thus compacted like Chinese boxes, there was never a soul in the place upon the causes and actual extent of whose poverty and destitution they could report, without going to the gentiles whom I have mentioned before,

who lived in the crazy and deciduous tenements in the outskirts.

To them, however, the three gentlemen, urged partly by their zeal in the cause, and partly by some sly intimations from the four ladies, that they were afraid of receiving injury to their clothes or to their persons, were induced to repair. Their mission was fruitless enough. While they were talking to some of the members of this small Alsatia below, others from above contrived accidentally to administer libations of ancient soap-suds and dish-water to the philanthropists, which sent them back in no amiable mood, and in a pickle by no means prepossessing, to report to the executive committee of the auxiliary branch.

What was to be done? It was necessary that some report should be made, which, having been approved by the branch and the parent institution, and laid by them before the Pauperism Society of the village, might be transmitted to the great Metropolitan Branch of the General State Association. The grand anniversary was approaching; and what a contemptible figure their returns would make. Under these circumstances Miss Cross called an extra meeting of the executive committee.

I do not intend to report the proceedings of this illustrious delegation, but merely the upshot of them. They actually appointed a sub-committee, consisting of Miss Cross, who was about six feet high, and a pot-bellied tinman who was only four feet eleven, to wait upon Mr. and Mrs. Tompkins; and to inform them, in a delicate way, that the auxiliary branch had viewed with satisfaction their efforts to maintain a decent appearance, and had taken into very particular consideration the causes of their poverty, and the mode of applying suitable relief. It was well known, the committee were instructed to say, that they were destitute people, because nobody wrote to them, and it was a universal subject of wonder how they lived. They were growing paler and thinner under the influence of hope deferred, or more probably of no hope at all; and if they would quit Mrs. Wilkins's, whose charge for board was too high, they might yet have bright and pleasant days before them, under the patronage of the society. They might lodge with the aunt of Miss Cross, who had a nice room in her garret, and took as boarders half a dozen of the cabinet-maker's apprentices. Mrs. Tompkins could improve her time by washing and ironing; and something might be done for her husband, in the way of getting him accounts to cast up for grocers, running about to collect them, dunning, etc.

So Miss Cross and the tinman went the next afternoon ; and, I believe, that with all the importance they assumed or felt, as members of the auxiliary, there was a little hesitation in their entrance into the demesne of Mrs. Wilkins. At any rate, I know, that in mounting the three steps before the door, Miss Cross, by a twitch of her foot, either nervous or accidental, kicked her colleague, who was behind her, on his back, or some other part ; and set him a rolling with such emphasis, that he found it troublesome to stand up again fairly ; or, indeed, to know the four points of the compass.

Mr. Tompkins was playing backgammon with his Danish friend, when his wife opened the door suddenly, with her face flushed, and said “ My dear, here are a lady and gentleman, who wish to inquire into the causes of our poverty, and the means of relieving it.” She laughed as she spoke, but as she turned away and went up stairs, cried hysterically.

Mr. Tompkins, who had a man taken up, as the phrase is, and had just thrown doublets of the very point in which he could not enter, rose, and issued forth to talk to the sub-committee. I believe, most devoutly, that he was an amiable man ; and as to the vulgar practice of profane swearing, I do not think he ever had indulged in it before in his life. But when he discharged this sub-committee, I am credibly informed, that he availed himself of as round and overwhelming a volley of blasphemy as ever was heard on board a man-of-war. I hope it has been pardoned him, among his other transgressions.

Time rolled on, and five years had passed away since the arrival of Mr. Tompkins and his wife at——. Curiosity as to them had become superstition ; though the vulgar imaginations of the mechanical *bourgeois* of the village had not enabled them to conjure up any spirit or demon, by whose assistance this in-offensive couple were enabled to exist without getting into debt. No letters had come, during all this period, through the hands of the conscientious and intelligent post-master. No deposits had been made by Mr. Tompkins in any one of the four banks ; nor, to the best of my knowledge and belief, had he ever seen the inside of either of them ; for he never went to a place where he had no business to transact, or was not required by courtesy to go.

Death !—which we must all expect, and meet as we can—Death came, and makes tragical the end of a narrative which I have written, perhaps, in a strain of too much levity. A fever, occasioned probably by local influence, seized Mrs. Tompkins, and after a few days' illness, unexpectedly even to the doctor,

she died. Such was the fact ; and if I had all the particulars, I know not why they should be given. It is hard, however, to realize that any body is dead, with whom we have long associated ; still harder, if we have dearly loved the friend who has gone before us. I suppose this was the case with Mr. Tompkins, who did not long wear his widower's weeds. He died too, only eight weeks afterward.

He followed his wife to the grave, leaning on the arm of his friend, the Dane—for I may be allowed to call him his friend, as he had no other—and shed no tears that any body saw. His habits of life were ostensibly the same as before. He took his morning's walk, and his afternoon's walk, although he had no wife to accompany him then. He caused a plain white marble tomb-stone to be erected at the head of her grave, on which was simply inscribed, "SUSAN TOMPKINS: Died in the 49th year of her age." A fever of the same type with that which carried off his wife, seized him, and he died as I have already mentioned.

There is no difficulty in getting up a funeral procession in such country places. Those who would have cheerfully consigned their own blood connexions to Don Pedro or the Dey of Algiers, while living, will make it a matter of business to follow any body's corpse to its last home ; and there is no religion, sentimentality, or poetical superstition, in their so doing. It is a mere way they have.

Therefore there was no lack of people to make up a procession, either at the funeral of Mrs. Tompkins or of her husband. There was a group of rather ragged-looking people, men, women, and children, who remained after the crowd had gone away, near the graves on both occasions. They had reason to cry, as they honestly did, for the loss of those who had been kind to them.

It was a strange circumstance, but it was actually true, that when Mrs. Wilkins, under Mr. Felburgh's inspection, came to settle up what was due for the funeral expenses of Mr. Tompkins, and to herself, they found exactly the amount required, and neither a penny more nor less. What papers he might have burned after his wife's death I know not ; but the lady and gentleman above-mentioned, who acted as his legatees, did not find the smallest memorandum or scrap of paper left by him. The wardrobe of both husband and wife was not extensive, and the trunks containing their wearing apparel were preserved inviolate by the respectable Mrs. Wilkins. She has since died. Mr. Felburgh went shortly after Mr. Tompkins's death to Den-

mark. If any private revelations were made to him, he has never divulged them, and I know he never will. When I saw him in Copenhagen, in the summer of 1826, I did not think he looked like a man who was to stay much longer in this world of care. He had not anything to trouble him particularly, that I know of; except that he had nobody to inherit his property, and that was not much.

There was another strange circumstance, which I must not pass over. A few weeks after Mr. Tompkins was buried, a plain tombstone, shaped exactly like that which had been erected by his order over his wife, appeared at the head of his grave; and on it was inscribed, "HUGH TOMPKINS: Died in the 58th year of his age." Who put it up no one could tell, nor is it known to this day.

The burying ground is as forlorn a place as can well be imagined. There is only a ragged fence around it, and nothing but rank common grass, dandelions, and white-weed grow in it. There is nothing picturesque in or about it; and a Paris belle would rather never die at all, than be stowed into such vile sepulchral accommodations.

These are all the facts in my knowledge relating to the hero and heroine, as to whom and whose resources curiosity is yet so lively in the village which I have referred to, but not named, in order to avoid scandal.

"The annals of the human race,
Its records since the world began,
Of them afford no other trace
Than this—there lived a man,"

and his wife, whose name was Tompkins.

I superscribe my story "A Simple Tale," and "simply," as Sir Andrew Aguecheek has it, I believe it is such. It can possess no interest save from the mystery which hangs over its subjects; no pathos, except from their loneliness on the earth, into whose common bosom they have been consigned, leaving only such frail memorials behind them as their laconic epitaphs and this evanescent legend.

MY BOY'S MINIATURE.

JUST—as when we parted!
When I, broken hearted,
Wander'd from a home of sorrow and from thee!
Just the same expression,
From the lip's depression,
As when in the twilight thou wert on my knee
When the air is lightest,
And the sky is brightest,

Art thou in the garden talking to a flower ?
 If the room be shaded,
 And the day-spring faded,
 Dost thou mock the chiming of the evening hour ?
 Thoughtful, blue-eyed beauty,
 Dost thou know thy duty.
 When thy mother prays thou'lt prove a honey-bee ?
 Do thy wild caressings
 Mingle with her blessings,
 Dost thou smile and whisper, ' mother I love thee ?'
 I am often dreaming
 Of a taper, beaming
 Near my babe's siesta, shaded by my hand :
 Through thy fingers wreathing,
 Comes such gentle breathing,
 As might bear a hymn of praise from the seraph band.
 Lord of life and kindness,
 Let this veil of blindness —
 Veil of parent sorrow be thy dew o'er him ;
 May his lake of thinking,
 Have no tide of sinking :
 May his deeds be rainbows never to grow dim !
 May thy book of glory,
 Teach him to write the story,
 On the mental tablet, with a golden pen !
 How the earth is swelling,
 How the heavens are telling
 Of thy love and goodness to the sons of men !
 May it, 'mid his playing,
 Bring those lips to praying ;
 May it, in his manhood, make a shield of thee ;
 May it in his dying,
 Through the spirit's sighing,
 Cause a cry for mercy—mercy, God, for me !
 Oh ! my boy, this fooling
 Is not like the schooling
 Earthly parents utter to the thing they love ;
 But my health is failing ;
 And I've long been wailing—
 Wailing near the willows as a widow'd dove !

THE MERCHANT'S CLERK.

A TALE OF THE SEA.

EIGHT bells rang merrily out along the decks of a noble corvette, as she dashed gracefully on her way through the long seas and sparkling waves, in her course toward the Virgin Islands, whither she was bound on a cruise. A bright sky and a glorious moon were above her ; while her white canvass, as it rose pile upon pile, and bellied to the soft, but constant breeze, looked like wreaths of untrodden snow on a mountain's side, in the pale and mellow light.

"My watch on deck!" exclaimed the master's mate of the fore-castle—a tall, raw-boned Scotchman, of the old school of midshipman—as he arose, when the first warning stroke of the bell fell on his ear, from three camp-stools, along which he had been stretching himself: "it's my watch on deck. Hand me my pea-coat, Collins, and pass the tobacco; none of your purser's allowance, 'ither. I must relieve the 'old soldier' who has been on post all the dog-watch." The master's mate adjusted carefully his pea-coat, and his quid, cast a wistful eye on the pile of hammocks which lay at the foot of the steerage-ladder, waiting to be slung for the night, and, raising a foot, was about to mount to the deck, when the form of the captain's clerk, who sat quietly in a corner, perusing the last page of a French novel, caught his eye.

"Come, Mr. Quills," said he, "come on deck, and spend an hour or two with me. You, who get half as much sleep again as one of our ground-tier berths, can easily afford the loss, this glorious night, without any very great sacrifice 'ither. By-the-by, you promised to relate to me some strange adventure you met with in a merchant-man, and I am now ready to listen to it. I should not be surprised, however, if it contains no more serious incident than the capsizing of the coffee-pot, some morning, and the loss of a breakfast thereby; for I never knew a person who had crossed the Atlantic in a packet-ship, but had seen in a watch all the 'wonders of the deep,' the Psalmist tells us about—such as mountain waves, and the like, with an agreeable sprinkling of mermaids, water-spouts, and sea-serpents; while we poor devils, who spend most of our lives at sea, are perfectly content to think a wave as high as my old grandmother's brick barn, quite a wonder in its way. Come along, though, any how; you'll find me ——"

"At your old post, caulking it under the long-bow-chaser," squeaked out a sucking mid., of some three month's standing, from the inner edge of the mess-table, where he was engaged in scrawling what he termed "a letter" to his mother, which, although but half completed, was already graced with sundry and divers charts of the Black Sea, done in ink.

"Clap a stopper on your red rope, youngster," retorted the first speaker, "or I'll flatten in your head-sheets for you. Uncle Sam must be troubled with his surplus revenue, to waste it upon such hard bargains as you are—who, though you have a finger in every one's mess, muster in nobody's watch. Ah! I see you are writing to your mamma: mind and tell her, while you think of it, that the cook of the larboard mess has used for

pudding-bags all the night-caps she stowed away so carefully in her dear boy's trunk, to keep its head from the cold; and that the reefers have docked the tail of the flannel night-gown she made to keep it warm in the West Indies, to make a new suit of rigging for the captain's monkey."

"I *am* in a watch," pouted the youngster; "I'm in Mr. Brace's watch; and mother thought it would be cold here, in winter."

"Then blessings on the dear old lady's geographical acquirements. Come, Quills."

"I'll follow in a moment," said the clerk: "where shall I find you?"

"On the top-gallant fore-castle, by the fore-mast." So saying, he mounted the ladder, and disappeared on deck. The clerk soon stowed away the book in his locker, and followed the midshipman.

The night was indeed a lovely one. The seas were sparkling gloriously in the beams of a tropical moon, whose bright rays, streaming through the rigging and spars, chequered the deck in a thousand fantastic forms of light and shade, and glancing upward from the black and polished guns, made her iron battery appear as if cast in molten silver. The constant and fresh breeze had lulled every sail to sleep, and they towered aloft against the deep blue sky, till they looked scarcely the size of a pocket-handkerchief, and heaved and struggled, like the bosom of some fair girl, as though they would burst the envious bonds that restrained their freer play. A few soft and fleecy clouds, such as are only seen in those bright regions, were chasing each other along the fields of ether, and while they had nothing threatening in their aspect, assumed a thousand ever-varying shapes, which delighted the eye, and rendered the scene less monotonous. Ever and anon, clouds of flying fish, startled by the passing ship, would rise from the bosom of the deep, and flutter away far over the waves, with all the gaiety of land-birds. And at intervals, a dolphin might be marked, tracing his way through the liquid element, with the speed of an arrow, by the long rocket-like train of phosphorescent light which followed in his wake.

"You are sentimental to night, Mr. Tackle," said the clerk to the master's mate, who had not perceived his approach, and was leaning against the forward-swifter of the fore-rigging, gazing ahead, apparently wrapped in deep thought.

"Very little sentiment in me, Mr. Quills; though my subject was tasty enough for that matter: I was thinking if that

monkey, sitting out there on the sprit-sail yard, which played such a trick with my best jacket t'other day, was only a roast goose, well stuffed with potatoes and onions, he and I would soon be on better terms than we are at present."

"Why, Tackle, in case such a metamorphose should befall the poor monkey, I myself would not object to join your mess, as I don't relish pea-soup, and made but a slight dinner on it. But I think I heard you give the girls at P—— a touch of sentiment when we lay there."

"Ay, ay, one's forced to that now and then. Why, they expect it, as a matter of course; and after a cruise in the Tropics, if one could not tell them of spicy breezes, and orange groves, they'd set him down for a greenhorn. Now, for my part, though I spun them a yarn, as long as a main-top bow-line, about orange groves, full of lovely nymphs, and such balderdash, I never saw but one grove of the kind, during all my cruising in the West Indies; and the fair damsel it contained was none other than a nigger, baking cassaba bread on an old rusty griddle. She, too, was such a fright, that the first luff's dog, which I had along with me, barked himself into a fit of the croup, at the mere sight of her. I have always thought, however, that the little blue-eyed girl we both admired so much, was quizzing me; for when I found myself hove short, and so tailed on a quotation, she set up a giggle at it."

"What was it, pray?"

"Why," said I, "as the poet says of the arrival of Columbus in the New World,

—“when woods of palm,
And orange groves, and fields of balm,
Blew o'er the Haytien seas.”

“The deuce you did! How could the groves and trees blow over the seas?”

“So thought I, unless it might be in a hurricane; so I corrected myself, and said, ‘I mean the leaves from the trees, of course, Miss;’ but she smiled at that, too; and as there was nought else to give her but the roots, I stopped at that, and hauled up for the supper table.”

“My dear fellow, the words are:—

“When the land wind from the woods of palm,
And orange groves, and fields of balm,
Blew o'er the Haytien seas.”

“Well, well, ‘land wind,’ or ‘sea breeze,’ if you ever catch me prating sentiment or poetry to a girl again, slacken up all my lanyards in a gale of wind, and clap a rocky lee shore close

aboard of me. I've no notion of being laughed at every time I foul my hawse, or shiver a little in the wind. But now for the yarn. Who has the look-out?—ah! I see it is you, Smith. Run down, my good fellow, into the steerage, and bring up a couple of camp-stools. We can sit here, Quills, in the wake of the fore-mast, out of sight of the officer of the deck. Keep a bright look-out, Smith," said the mate, when the stools were brought, and the companions seated, "and if you see the officer coming forward, let me know it."

"Ay, ay, Sir," was the rejoinder; "I'll keep an eye on him, and a bright look-out ahead, too."

"Now, Quills, commence your yarn."

"I had been," began the clerk, "for some three or four years in a counting-house, in London, when, one morning, I was called into my employer's private office, by the senior partner of the house, and informed that they were about loading a vessel with arms and munitions of war for South America; and as the service required a trustworthy and experienced manager, they had concluded to appoint me supercargo, in case I was willing to accept the berth. I had often listened, with the greatest attention and delight, to romantic stories of the sea, which the masters and mates in my employer's service were in the habit of recounting, and had long anxiously looked forward to the period when my lucky stars would present such an opportunity for gratifying my ardent desire to see the world. As you may imagine, I embraced the offer without hesitation, and set about preparing myself for the voyage.

"The vessel destined for the business was a brig, that had been built during the war, for a privateer, and pierced originally for eighteen guns. With great length and breadth of beam, she was remarkably sharp; had long raking masts, and a low hull; and sailed so fast, that, to use an expression of her captain, 'it was necessary to heave her to, now and then, to cool the rudder irons.' In those days, the West Indies swarmed with pirates; and as our cargo was valuable, we were armed with six guns, and carried a crew of eighteen men, to meet any attack those desperate marauders might make upon us. Our destination was the island of Curacoa, where the patriot privateers were in the habit of rendezvousing, to replenish their stores and sell their prizes. In the course of a week, we were loaded, and had sailed. Although miserably sea-sick, for the first two or three days, I shall never forget the emotions of awe and delight with which I was filled by the tumbling, boundless, and lonely sea. 'Here,' thought I, 'man is indeed free. Here

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are no bounds, no walls, no enclosures, to restrain him. No lords of the soil are here, to claim territory and to exclude his neighbours—no roads, no paths, to mark the route. No one is in the way of another; there is ample room and space for all.'

"We were running rapidly on our course, and had entered far into the latitude of the West India islands, when early one morning, the cry of '*Wreck, ho!*' from a man who had been sent aloft, on the top-gallant yard, to overhaul some of the steering sail gear, attracted the attention of every one, fore and aft, even to the old black cook, who issued from the galley with a pan of ham and eggs in his hand, and became so absorbed in the interest of the scene, that some of the tars, possessed of more appetite than curiosity, lightened the dish of its savory contents, and afforded us a hearty laugh at poor Cuffee's expense, who had not perceived the act, and expressed the most unfeigned astonishment at the unaccountable disappearance of the skipper's breakfast.

"My interest became painfully wrought up, as we drew nearer the shorn hulk, which lay helpless, and apparently tenantless, in the trough of the sea; for of all objects of desolation and distress, none can present a more forlorn spectacle to my eye, or induce so sad a train of reflection, as a wreck at sea—unguided, and alone. She was a large ship, her masts gone by the board, and remnants of rigging hanging over the side, here and there, in such a careless manner, as seemed to indicate that no attempt had been made to repair the damages done her. The bulwark planking was torn off in several places from the staunchions; and her stern-boat, staved, hung from the davits by but one fall.

"'The pirates have been here at work,' said the captain, who had been for some minutes intently reconnoitering her. 'Man the boat,' he added, turning to the chief mate; 'perhaps some poor fellow still survives on board. I have known men to escape, by concealing themselves until the incarnate devils had left their prey.'

"The jolly boat was instantly lowered, and I, with the chief mate, jumped into her, while the brig was hove to, a little to windward. In a few moments we were alongside the ship, and by the aid of the remnants of rigging, clambered easily upon deck, which was hardly reached, when a dog rushed out of the hurricane-house, with a fierce bark at first, and then with a piteous whine came circling and wagging his tail up to me. Butho, Tackle! what a dreadful spectacle that deck presented!

Gouts and dried puddles of blood almost covered it, and lay festering and putrefying in the sun and wind, sending forth a most intolerable odour. A death-like chill came over me, as I gazed around with horror; and I thought the very fountains of life would have curdled within me, as my mind glanced hastily at the retrospect. Hair, matted in gore, were sticking to many places, and fragments of torn garments, some of them female, fluttered here and there. The hatches were all off, while broken boxes, torn and opened letters, and pieces of rich goods, thickly scattered around, certified, that the vessel had been thoroughly ransacked, and plundered of everything valuable.

“As the dog, by his motions, seemed to beckon us toward the hurricane-house, we entered together, while some of the boat’s crew descended into the hold, to see if any one was concealed there. As I stepped in, I perceived a man seated in a chair, with his face partially turned from me, leaning over a cot which swung from the beams over head, and which appeared to contain a human form. Before advancing farther in, I called to him, but received no answer. I called again, yet louder; still no reply, nor was any motion of any kind elicited. Thinking that he might be dead, although his position did not warrant the conclusion, I advanced to the opposite side of the cot, and faced him. As I approached, he raised his head, and gazing wildly in my face, cried:

“‘Ay! ay! murder me now, and I will thank you for the blow!’

“‘I come not to murder, but to save you, my friend,’ said I: ‘but who have you here?’

“I glanced my eye toward the figure in the cot. It was the form of a fair and delicate girl, apparently scarce out of her teens; but the eyes were sealed in death, and gleamed from the unclosed lids with a glazed and waxy glare. The face was not strikingly handsome, for the lower lip pouted, and would have given a cross expression to the countenance, had not the defect been redeemed by a milder turn in the rest of the features, which wore that earnest, endearing look, which alone renders some women attractive. Her chestnut tresses were tangled, about her face, and fell in loose ringlets over her snowy shoulders and bosom, and stains of blood were on the pillow. She seemed wasted, like one far gone in a consumption; and when I became cooler, and my senses more acute, I perceived that “decay’s effacing fingers” were already at work upon her.

“‘My friend,’ said I, addressing her companion, who had

assumed his former besotted expression, 'who are you?—what ship is this?—and how came you in this sad plight?'

"To these questions he made no reply, but buried his face in his hands, and groaned deeply.

"'Come, come,' said the mate—who, though a rough, was a kind-hearted man—laying a hand on his shoulder, 'troubles that can't be cured must be endured; and we who go to sea, God knows, have our share of 'em. Our skipper has got some prime old French aboard; 't will raise your spirits. You shall have some of it.'

"The mate's rough attempt at consolation failed in its effect, however; and I thereupon proposed calling some of the crew into the cabin, to sew up the deceased in her cot, and bury her, before removing the survivor to our brig. The mate called two of the sailors, and set them at work to lash her up. So soon as they commenced, the stranger threw himself upon the body, and with tears streaming down his wan cheeks, cried out, in a voice of agony;—

"'Oh do n't take her away from me!—do n't hurt her!—she can be of no use to you now—she's dead!—her parents are dead!—she said she'd be mine!' And then suddenly raising himself, he added, with a furious look: 'Hands off, villain!' and aimed a blow at the mate, which weak as he was, would inevitably have felled him to the deck had not one of the sailors observed the intention, and arrested his arm in time to avert the stroke.

"'Take him out,' said the mate; 'there is no use in keeping him here any longer. The man's mad.'

"'No, no! do n't take me out! I will *not* go hence! Dearest Ann—— stop!' he said, passing his hand across his forehead, and seeming to collect his faculties; 'let me give her but one kiss, and then take me where you will.'

"He approached the corpse, bent down, and impressed one long impassioned kiss on the shrivelled lips, and turning wildly around, left the cabin.

"The preparations were soon completed; and having taken the precaution to cut off a lock of her hair, we were about passing her out of the cabin, to launch her overboard, when one of the sailors suggested that it might be as well to leave her where she was, and to set the hull on fire; for some vessel might be injured, or sunk by running into her in the night, and she could not be got into port without the greatest trouble; while, if the corpse were thrown into the sea, the sharks would get it before ten minutes had elapsed.

“ The advice appeared judicious ; and after hailing the brig, to obtain the captain’s permission, we hastily collected a few articles, and having fired the hulk in two or three places, returned on board with the dog, and the unfortunate survivor, who allowed himself to be placed in the boat without saying a word, or making the slightest resistance. Heavy columns of smoke rising, for the greater part of the day, far astern of us, indicated the position of the burning ship ; and painfully sad and acute were my feelings, when my mind reverted to the deserted girl, and her gleaming, ocean-rocked funeral pile.

“ The remainder of our voyage was prosperous, and marked by the occurrence of no new adventure. The captain, mate, and myself endeavoured, by all the means in our power, and by every show of kindness, to restore the spirits of our new passenger ; and we were at last successful enough to remove in a great degree the abstraction of mind in which he was at first wrapped ; though a deep melancholy still hung over him, which all our efforts were in vain exerted to dispel. He spoke but seldom, and then only in reply to questions put to him by one or other of us ; and as he never adverted to his former history, delicacy forbade our hinting at the subject, although our curiosity was wound up to the highest pitch.

“ We were delayed for some weeks in Curaçoa, in disposing of our cargo, and obtaining a new one, during which time, by unremitting attention and constant association, I had in a great measure won the stranger’s confidence. As he became more communicative, he displayed in mind and manners all the polish of the gentleman. We were again at sea, and nearly in the same place where a few weeks before we had fallen in with the plundered ship, when the stranger suddenly broke the thread of some desultory discourse which he had been maintaining with me, as we sat together on the sky-light, by remarking :

“ ‘ It was hereabout, my kind friend, that we first met. Here you found me in an awful situation indeed ;’ and his brow darkened as he spoke ; ‘ you saved my life ; but I now set so little value upon it, that I know not whether to thank you or not for the deed.’

“ ‘ I deserve not your thanks,’ said I, ‘ for I risked nothing in your behalf.’

“ ‘ That may be true,’ he interposed, ‘ that may be true ; but few however, would have borne with my wayward humours, and exerted themselves to restore me to myself, as you have done, and I only regret that it does not lie in my power to make

you a suitable return.' 'I have observed,' he continued, 'your curiosity to learn my adventures, and would have gratified it long since, but my mind shrank from the mere contemplation; and I felt how hard a task it would prove to relate them.'

"'In case you had done it,' said I, 'you should, at any rate, have had my sympathies in your misfortunes, and such consolation as I was able to offer.'

"'Some minds,' he replied, 'derive more pleasure from the play of their own sympathies, than from those of their friends, which are apt to be mingled with too great a spice of idle curiosity; and perhaps such is the case with my own. You shall hear my misfortunes, however, and then you will be better able to judge, whether, as they arose in part from my own indiscretions, they do or do not merit your sympathy.'"

(To be concluded in our next.)

HISTORICAL AND DRAMATIC FICTIONS.

"Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
Quàm quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus."—HOR. A. P. 180.

It would be difficult, in the catalogue of human instincts, to put the finger upon one of stronger power or more universal prevalence, than the love of fiction; or, more correctly expressed, perhaps, the love of *narrative*. Not an exotic, the seedling of a cultivated nursery, the product of a luxurious hot-bed, nor the peculiar growth of this country, or of that zone, or of either hemisphere, can this hardy instinct be considered; but a plant that springs up alike beside the lichen of Lapland, or under the bread-fruit of Tonga, indigenous in every climate, a native of the world.

When was the age, what the nation, that might claim exemption from its power? How far back must we trace man's history, to find the time when national and domestic traditions ceased to exist, or failed to interest? Whither must we travel in search of that nation, degraded even below curiosity, where the rude legend kindles not the eye, arrests not the breath, of the listener? We must forget the fables and tragedies of Greece, the parables of Judea, the romances of chivalry, the mysteries and pageants of the dark ages, no less than the fashionable tales and modern novels of our own time, if we deny, that it always has been, as still it is, natural for mankind to desire and delight in that which presents to their senses suc-

cessive images of events, be they true or false, faithfully related, or fancifully imagined.

And Fancy wins the day against Truth. While her severer sister is besieging, by gradual approaches, the reason, Fancy has already enlisted the feelings, and subdued the soul. "Give me but the writing of the national ballads"—so exclaimed the shrewdest statesman England ever saw—"give me but the writing of the national ballads, and I care not who has the framing of the laws."

Let us allow something for the point of the apothegm, and in substance it is not without truth. His power who legislates for the fancy, is greater than his who enacts statutes for the conduct; as much greater as the warm impulses of the heart are stronger than the cold dictates of the understanding.

"These things ought not so to be," will some one say. They *are* so. More—in our day and generation at the least, they will be so. No man, not even he who so long regulated the lever that now-a-days decides the march of armies and the motions of the political world—not Rothschild himself exerted, during the last twenty years, as home-felt an influence over civilized Europe as did Walter Scott.

In the propensity, then, which lies at the root of the Great Novelist's sway, we recognise an instinct, powerful beyond law or statute, universal without limit of race or clime. It is injurious, illegitimate. Is it? The proof. It may be perverted. And what human instinct cannot? It *has been* notoriously perverted. True. A parent may as innocently permit his child to swallow an intoxicating draught of ardent spirits, as suffer its mind to be poisoned, and its nerves unstrung, by drinking in the panic terrors that breathe from Mrs. Radcliffe's foolishly-horrible pages.

But it is peculiarly liable to perversion. Perhaps it is. The sharpest tool inflicts the deepest wound; yet that is a poor argument in favour of using a dull one.

All this is aside from what, in this utilitarian age of ours, will be admitted as the main question. Is the medium of imaginative narration a legitimate, as it is a powerful, instrument in the formation of character?

Of the influence of Moral Fictions, it is not within my present purpose to speak. If it were, might I not safely challenge the production of a homily, or a code of maxims, or a set of moral precepts, to match, in influence, the noble lessons taught in "Helen?" But I leave to others the task of inquiring whether Seneca or Maria Edgeworth has the more

effectually acted on the morals of our age ; and restrict myself at present to the inquiry, as it regards the historical branch of imaginative narration.

No one can, for a moment, so far misconceive what has been said, as to imagine that I purpose the absurd inquiry, whether authentic history can be beneficially superseded by apocryphal romance. All will perceive that the only debatable question is, whether fanciful narration may be safely and usefully admitted *in aid* of historical research.

What is the chief advantage to be derived from the study of history ? Assuredly, not a dry recollection of mere names and dates. We study, or ought to study history, as we study living man in the world around us. In history exists the whole by-gone world. By history, we live among our ancestors. By history, we travel among ancient nations, visit tribes long since extinct, and are introduced to manners that have yielded, centuries ago, to the innovating influence of time. Travel, society, show us men and things as they are ; history shows us men and things as they have been. The one opens to us the past, as the other the present, world.

Grant, as methinks we must, that here is justly defined the province of history, and it follows directly, that that history is the most valuable, which the best supplies, for the past, what contact with society affords, for the present.

And what does contact with society afford us ? A living, vivid picture of men and women, their sayings, their doings, their appearance, their manners ; an intimate acquaintance with their thoughts, wishes, peculiarities, plans, objects of desire, modes of conduct. In a word, it places man before us, and we learn what he is.

Does Hume, does Gibbon, thus teach us, what men and women have been ? Are we, even in their luminous pages, introduced, in verity, to the society of days that are past ? They narrate to us many and valuable truths. They exhibit the great features of human progress. They expound to us difficult and important lessons. But do they tell us all ? Do we enter the chamber, penetrate to the closet ? Or are we not, rather, stopped in the ante-chamber, nay, on the very threshold of the entrance-door ? They have faithfully and with infinite labour conducted us—they only could have done it—to the vestibule. But if we are to enter the ancient edifice, if we are to be introduced to its inhabitants, to watch their doings, to learn their manners, to read their hearts, to feel with them and for them, we must have a guide other than the scrupulous historiographer.

Fancy, unaided, could never have found her way thither; but, once there, she alone is privileged to enter; and, once beyond the threshold, she is at home.

Whence have we derived our most lively and lasting impressions of chivalry and the feudal rule? From HALLAM or from WALTER SCOTT? Who that recollects his impressions, as he first turned over the pages of "Ivanhoe," and sat down in imagination, among the stalworth barons of the twelfth century, to witness the "Gentle and Free Passage of Arms of Ashby-de-la-Zouche"—who, with such recollections fresh upon him, will hesitate a moment for the answer?

But the author of the "Middle Ages," is more trustworthy than the author of "Ivanhoe." Is he so? It follows not, as a matter of course, merely because the one is called a historian and the other a novelist. Both may be accurate, or both may be inaccurate. Which has the most thoroughly imbibed the genuine spirit of the olden time? That is the first question. And the second is, which has succeeded in conveying to us the more correct, ay, and the more vivid and attractive picture, of that which both seek to place before us?

The more attractive! There are those who will put in a demurrer here. The more correct, that is well; but the more *attractive!* Ought not everything that is true and useful to be attractive—is it not always attractive—to a justly-balanced mind? Even if it be, how many justly-balanced minds does this motley world contain? And is it certain that the most faithfully cultivated intellect will find the same interest in a cold and abstract dissertation, or a severe narrative of general facts, as in a picture that starts from the canvass, and speaks direct to the heart, glowing with the brightest colours of fanciful reality? Is it natural that it should?

Be this as it may, the world may be led, it cannot be driven. While it is a prostitution of talent to pander to men's prejudices, it is a waste of talent to disregard them. When the Grecian orator declared that manner was the first, the last, the sole requisite of his art, he uttered, with exaggerated extravagance indeed, a wholesome truth. To what purpose shall we speak, to those who will not listen; or write, for those who refuse to read? A book unread is but a bundle of waste paper; and he who publishes useful truths, or conveys moral lessons, in a form that shall attract thousands, justly merits the praise of tenfold success, compared to him who puts forth the same in a form that shall command the attention of hundreds only. If, through the attractive pages of "Jacqueline of Hol-

land," ten persons have acquired a just idea of the feuds, so characteristic of these rude times, which, originating in a frivolous argument over a cup of wine, continued for more than a century to nourish the bitterest enmity, and kindle the deadliest wars, throughout the Low Countries—if ten persons are now acquainted with this, for one who would have learnt, from more sober history, even the names of the Hoëks and the Kabblejaws, has not Grattan rendered, in aid of history, a valuable service? And to those whom, as the world now is, the novelist only can reach.

The value of the service, it will be replied, depends upon the accuracy of the portraiture. Most true. And it is no easy task, and no small merit, to attain to this species of accuracy. The historian, often doubtless at expense of much labour and perplexity, must make himself master of facts. The Historical Novelist must do more. He must search the records of former times for something beyond mere narrative details; for the unrecorded spirit of the age. He must train his imagination to sojourn in the past, gradually to drink in the impressions that made men what we read that, centuries ago, they were; until the fancy becomes imbued—saturated—with the influences of other times and climes. Then only may the novelist or the dramatist proceed, safely and successfully, to summon before us, in attractive succession, images of the past. Without such preparation the literary Glendowers of the age may "call spirits from the vasty deep" of the olden time for ever, and they will come not; or, if they come, it will be a dwarfish, a spurious, and a short-lived race. Such failures indicate the difficulty, not the inutility, of the attempt.

That which has been said applies, in one sense, with even greater force to the historical drama than to the romance. The one speaks to the ear, the other to the eye; the one is but the text to the painting, the other is the painting itself. The drama, then, with all the drawbacks incidental to its peculiar structure, is yet one step nearer to reality, than the novel.

And when the dramatist is fortunate enough to obtain the aid of some of the master-spirits of the stage, how important is that one step nearer! Nearer, shall we say? Who, when SIDDONS stood before him, the living type—more than Imagination's type—of the regal Catherine—what charmed spectator, when her searching tones startled the very depths of the soul, ever paused to remember, that it was not the Queen of England, but only the daughter of Roger Kemble who spoke? If the boards of old Drury had actually been Blackfriars Hall; if

she who thus embodied every thing we ever dreamed of majesty, had, in truth, been the unfortunate consort of the fickle Henry ; if the chariot wheels of Old Time had, in very deed, been rolled back some three centuries, and the whole pageant, in its sad reality, been re-enacted before our eyes—even then, should we have felt it more, in the actual review, than in the scenic representation? No. More than of any reality of common life, was, for the time, the effect, when Shakspeare and Siddens combined to enchain and enchant us.

Had the same prolific talents, which, in modern days, have enriched the sister department of literature, reached the dramatic branch—had we Scotts and Edgeworths of the stage—the benefit, as well as the power, of the histrionic art would to-day have been unquestioned. Its influences would have been confessed as important as they are fascinating. Invidious as commonplace is it, for him who enters the arena to speak slightly of his competitors : yet is the decline of the modern theatre, and the paucity of dramatic talent among us, a matter of complaint so notorious, that it were affectation to overlook the facts.

Now that the tale, the novel, the romance, have been elevated to a rank which, in former days, belonged to graver efforts only, and that distinction in that line is a hopeless reward, except for talents of the highest order, may we not hope for a corresponding improvement in a department nobler and worthier still? When that improvement comes, small need will there be to challenge, for the dramatic art, a rank which even Shakspeare's powers of enchantment have proved insufficient with many fully to secure for it ; a rank as an art not fascinating only but useful ; an art, that shall improve the affections as well as gratify the imagination ; a Promethean art, that shall breathe life into the unimpassioned marble of history, and upon the cold beauty of the moral code ; an art practically philosophical, that shall exhibit what it desires to explain ; that shall place the past before our eyes, and cause us to know it ; that shall embody virtue to our senses, and cause us to love it ; an art, that, like a pure soul in a fair form, shall win while it teaches, and convince the understanding by first mastering the heart : an art, in fine, in accordance with the genius of the times—with that mild spirit of modern reform, which strives not, as our headstrong ancestors used, to dam up the passions and propensities of youth, until, like the arrested torrent of some Alpine valley, the gathering stream outburst its ruptured barrier, carrying devastation in its path ; but rather seeks gently

to guide the mountain torrent through field and meadow, so that it shall scatter verdure and freshness over the very scenes it once covered with desolating inundation. D.

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THE GARDEN.

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PHENICIA'S gardens have enough been sung,
 Enough the praise of proud Versailles has rung ;
 Where stiff in rows the walks and groups are made,
 And Nature's corpse at Euclid's feet is laid.
 Rise, rustic Muse, and sing, in simple strain
 ———'s little garden, small in vain ;
 Where Art in Nature's wildest pathway treads,
 And boldly follows wheresoe'er she leads,
 Where rivers flow, where rocks stupendous rise,
 And where th' expanded lake reflects the skies.

First, from the house o'er level walks we pass,
 With flowers bordered, and with verdant grass ;
 Here roses and diosmas freely grow,
 Here heaths and beauteous myrtles deign to blow ;
 Here clove carnations catch the dazzled sight,
 And helianthus pours a blaze of light.

A rural trelliage gate we now pass through,
 Shaded and arched o'erhead by lilac blue :
 The sumach with the dahlia here combines,
 And coreopsis, bright in beauty, joins.
 Thence to the left we turn, ascending high,
 A rising hill salutes the gazing eye ;
 Far on the right extends a verdant mead ;
 Rocks on the other side to rocks succeed ;
 Pomona's offerings overhang the road,
 Scarce can the branches bear the luscious load ;
 Geraniums smile beneath the solar ray,
 And antirrhinum courts the eye of day :
 Thine arms, convolvulus, each tree embrace,
 And gentianella beautifies the place.

A length of pleasant walk we now must tread,
 To reach a bridge across a river spread ;
 Here, pleased to rest, a rustic bower we view,
 Where our exhausted strength we can renew.
 Such varied charms this lovely seat can boast,
 We know not which to like or praise the most.
 Within, all neatness, Flora for her own
 Has fix'd this spot, and here has placed her throne ;
 Without, th' acacia waves her graceful head,
 The glowing cistus all around is spread,
 The holyoak its varied beauty shews,
 And ivy gives the scene its due repose.

Recruited now, we leave the sylvan seat,
 And view the precincts of the sweet retreat ;
 Far on the left old Bacchus' plant appears,
 Each lengthen'd branch the luscious fruitage bears ;
 No trees are near, and here, in pomp display'd,
 Are all those flowerets which avoid the shade.

Border'd with grass the winding path proceeds,
 Thro' numerous groups of flowers it homeward leads ;
 Again the flower garden paths we tread,
 And to the house by Friendship's hand are led.]



Drawn & Engraved by W. H. Stod.

THE GARDEN.

London: E. H. Smeaton, 2, Old Bailey.

JOHN JENKINS ;

A SKETCH, FROM AN UNPUBLISHED VOLUME.

JOHN JENKINS was near forty, and consequently an old bachelor ; a lawyer, and a very clever fellow. Some men are gray-haired with wisdom, some grow gray-headed in the service of the state, but Mr. Jenkins was gray because of over-much thought. He worshipped the sex with an intense devotion, and had thought about matrimony in the abstract, until the auburn shades of his hair gradually faded into the hue of twilight. Every brown study increased the very respectable minority of silvery streaks, and by the time he had attained the complement of five-and-thirty years, the auburn hairs were out-numbered on a division, and gray was the hair apparent to the crown. Every one knows how unfortunate is the predicament of a gentleman, who finds himself gray-headed and unmarried. He is shy and suspicious of the girls, and they have so much veneration for his age, that no room is left in their minds for the idea of love.

Mr. Jenkins had signalized himself by numerous gallantries. When quite a youth, he had the misfortune to get that crotchet in his head, which has played the mischief with the happiness of many a fine fellow—that is, he fancied that Mrs. Jenkins that was to be, would be in all respects just such as Mrs. Jenkins should be—that is, a specimen of a perfect woman, with a touch of heaven in her composition. This crotchet had so refined his perceptions of what was truly lovely, that he had grown to be most outrageously particular—in other words, he had lost the faculty of discriminating qualities which were genuine and good. At length, he concluded that there was but one perfect woman on earth ; that her being was mysteriously approximating to his own, and that the dictate of destiny to him was, to find her out. He forthwith commenced the search ; but to his horror he found that every one of his female acquaintances was deformed by some imperfection, and a blemish was his utter abhorrence. It is very silly in a man to suppose that while the sun and every other luminary that twinkles in the universe is spotted, there should be one “ bright particular star” in the depths of space dwelling apart, which is an exception, without spot or blemish.

The ardency of Mr. Jenkins’ passion kept the hue fresh on his cheek ; and at thirty he would have passed for twenty-five, but for some impudent scattering gray hairs, which were everlastingly sticking themselves up, as if there were nothing in the

JAN. 1839.

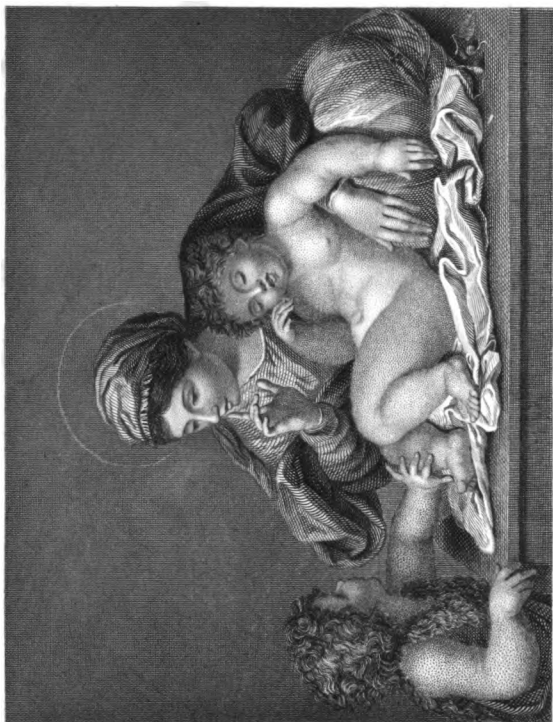
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person of their owner worthy of being looked at but themselves.

A lady at length loomed splendidly before the vision of Mr. Jenkins, and he concluded the period of his probation was over. He looked at Miss Rosemay again and again, until he was satisfied that she was the heaven-sent messenger of love to his heart. Now then the dream that had followed him for years was to be verified—for he had met the prettiest, loveliest, and exquisitest being, who had ever been reflected on the retina of a lover's eye—one who was only kept out of heaven because of the jealousy she would have occasioned among the angels. Against this lady, he commenced a regular siege. He stormed her breast-works with a whole battery of sighs, moonbeams, and smiles; he opened a brisk cannonade of sonnets, albums, and notes; until the enemy of his heart's peace, being unable to stand the fire longer, held out a flag of truce from the besieged citadel, in the shape of a celestial smile. A treaty was entered into, the leading stipulation of which was, that the lady should be a prisoner at the discretion of the besieger for ever, after two months, *in futuro*, had thrown their drops into the swelling ocean of past ages.

John Jenkins was overjoyed: indeed, his heart was so full of bliss, that if he had not suffered it to leak out, it certainly would have rendered him most uncomfortable. He therefore communicated the secret of his success to a score of his dear friends, under cover of the strictest injunctions of confidence. The consequence was, that before three days had passed, half the town was aware that he was about to become the "happiest fellow in the world." Its propriety was the town's talk; the ladies started at it, and the gentlemen wondered at it, just as if nothing strange had ever taken place in that line before.

A groomsman is a *sine qua non* on such occasions as that momentous one which was about to happen to Mr. Jenkins. He pitched on Will Landsmore, as the most suitable person to be his right-hand man. Will was much better looking than Jenkins, but he had not a tithe of his wit. He was introduced to the bride that was to be, when just two weeks were wanting to the consummation of her happiness. They were all three forthwith got together—sprightly and romantic, although their aggregate years would have outnumbered a century. But love makes old age forget his crutches, and causes decrepitude, like some peach-trees, to resume its bloom when the sere of autumn is on its foliage. From their conversation, you would not have supposed them capable of their wisdom and experience; it was so light, so joyous, and so full of promised happiness.



, VIRGIN & CHILD.

Will was quite charmed with the romance of Miss Rosemay, and she sighed as she counted over his thousand personal fascinations. The unsuspecting Jenkins never dreamed of any mistake, until there was trouble in the house. Landsmore, who was somewhat famous for his tricks, had very slyly been passing off some of his trickery on his friend Jenkins. The lady and himself, who made a majority of the triad, concluded that the happiness of all three would be much enhanced by a new arrangement; and Mr. Jenkins was informed, by a vote from his friend Will, that a new distribution of offices had been agreed on, and that he, Mr. John Jenkins, had been appointed groomsman, instead of groom, for the approaching nuptials. An old bachelor can stand almost anything in the shape of disappointment; but this proposition, so unexpected too, was utterly insufferable. B.

ANNABALE CARACCI.

IN any notice of Annabale Caracci, it is impossible to avoid reference to the other two eminent painters with the same surname, the three together having established a high celebrity in the Lombard school.

Louis, Augustine, and Annabale were all natives of Bologna. Louis was born in 1555, and was cousin german to the other two, who were brothers, the sons of a tailor, who was yet careful to give them a liberal education. The brothers were the disciples of their cousin. Augustine gained a knowledge of mathematics, natural philosophy, music, and most of the liberal arts; but though painting was his principle pursuit, he learned the art of engraving, and surpassed all the masters of his time. Annabale, again, never deviated from his pencil. These three painters at length having reaped all the advantages they could by contemplation and practice, formed a plan of association, continued for the most part together, and laid the foundation of that celebrated school which has ever since been known by the name of *Caracci's Academy*. Thither all the young students who had a view of becoming masters resorted, and there the Caracci taught freely and without reserve, all that came. Louis' charge was to make a collection of antique statues and bas reliefs. They had the designs of the best masters, and a collection of curious books on all subjects relating to their art.

The fame of the Caracci reaching Rome, Cardinal Farnese sent for Annabale thither, to paint the gallery of his palace. Annabale was the more willing to go, because he had a great

desire to become acquainted with Raphael's works. The taste which he now formed, made him change his Bolognian manner for one more learned, but less natural in the design and in the colouring. Augustine followed his brother to assist him in his undertaking of the Farnese gallery; but the brothers not rightly agreeing, the Cardinal sent Augustine to the court of the Duke of Parma, where he died in the year 1602, being only forty-five years of age. His most celebrated piece is that of the communion of St. Jerome, in Bologna.

In the meanwhile Annabale continued working in the gallery at Rome; and, after inconceivable labour and care, finished the paintings in a style altogether unparalleled. He hoped that the Cardinal would have rewarded him in some proportion to the excellence of his work, and the time it occupied, which was eight years: but he was disappointed. His employer influenced by an ignorant Spaniard, a domestic, gave him little more than *two hundred pounds*, though it is certain he deserved more than twice as many thousands. When the money was brought him he was so surprised, that he could not speak a word to the person who brought it. The injustice confirmed him in a melancholy to which his temper naturally inclined, and made him resolve never more to touch his pencil; which resolution he undoubtedly would have kept, had his necessities not interfered. It is said that his depression at times was so great as to deprive him of his senses. He died in 1609, when he was only forty-nine years of age. His veneration for Raphael was so great, that his death-bed request was to be buried in the same tomb with him; which was accordingly done in the Pantheon or Rotunda at Rome. There are several prints extant of the Blessed Virgin, by this incomparable artist; an engraving from one of his best, we have herewith given to our readers. He is said to have been a friendly, plain, honest, and open-hearted man; very communicative to his scholars, and so extremely kind to them, that he generally kept his money in the same box with his colours, where they might have recourse to either as they had occasion.

LONDON FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH.

WE are now fairly entered upon the fashionable winter, and a very brilliant one it is likely to prove. Promenade dress is more remarkable for comfort than novelty, cloaks are in general request, and muffs and fur tippets of the shawl form are almost universally adopted. The majority of bonnets are velvet, and of dark colours, but black ones are not as yet very

numerous; rich brown, purple, and green are most in vogue. The trimmings are almost invariably shaded ribbons, sometimes accompanied with winter berries or flowers; feathers are rarely adopted in walking dress, but if they are worn, they are of moderate length, and of one colour only: we should be glad to see them excluded altogether, as they are in our opinion at least, much too dressy.

In carriage dress pelisses are becoming very much in fashion, that is to say pelisses worn over robes, and not as they have hitherto been worn as robes. They are composed either of satin or velvet, and ornamented with fur, or fancy silk trimming, where the latter is employed it is always disposed *en tablier*, and the *corsage* and sleeves are ornamented *en suite*. Shawls of shaded silk plush are also in great favour in carriage dress, they are shaded in stripes with small places between, and are trimmed with rich bullion or chenille fringe. We observe also that cloaks of figured silks and satins, the grounds light, and the patterns such as some of our very matronly readers may remember to have seen their grandmamas wear in dresses, have been adopted by a few *élégantes*; these cloaks are usually made with long loose sleeves, and a square collar composed of velvet, which must be either black, or else of one of the colours in the pattern of the silk; sometimes instead of a collar there is a pelerine which wraps across; the lining is always either rose or blue *gros de Naples*.

Satin spotted with velvet is coming a good deal into favour for hats, we have also seen a few of plain silk plush; this last material is, we must observe, now made uncommonly well, in fact the improvement in its texture is greater than we could have supposed possible. We observe that several of the new bonnets are made with a small rosette of ribbon under the curtain, the ends of which fall upon the neck; a twisted ribbon is also frequently employed to decorate the bottom of the crown. We think that upon the whole there is less ribbon employed to trim bonnets than there was last season, but it is disposed in a lighter and more elegant style.

We may cite among the most elegant carriage hats, those of pearl grey Terry velvet lined with rose colour. There are also several of shot velvet, black and orange; those of black velvet trimmed with the same material, and a bird of Paradise dyed black, are very fashionable, and have if we may so express it, a rich plainness that renders them exceedingly distinguished. We may cite as a contrast, the most simply elegant hats of the season, those of white Terry velvet, trimmed with white ribbons, and a bouquet of short marabouts shaded with rose, blue, or lilac.

Several evening and dinner dresses composed either of satin or velvet are trimmed with black lace. We observe that the *corsages* of those dresses are generally tight to the shape, and for the most part made in the *corset* style, that is to say seamed down the centre of the front, and at each side. Plain mantillas of lace and particularly of point lace, are frequently employed to decorate these *corsages*; some of these mantillas form points on the bosom and shoulders. If the sleeve is long the most fashionable form is that *à la Ninon de l'Emelos*; it has a small puffed *mancheron*, the sleeve from thence to the wrist is large, but is partially confined by a deep cuff of a novel and pretty form. If the sleeve is short it is tight at the top, and the lower part is either disposed in *bouillons*, or terminated by a *manchette*.

The hair continues to be dressed very low behind, and ringlets in front are in a decided majority. Wreaths of small flowers composed of either gold or fancy jewellery are employed to encircle the bows or knots in which the hind hair is arranged. Artificial flowers are employed for the front. Fashionable colours are orange, dark blue, various shades of green, and red, and some rich shades of brown; light hues are in favour in evening dress.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH.

PARIS once more looks like itself, our own *beau monde* and a crowd of illustrious foreigners have given even more than usual splendour to our capital, the consequence is that the toilettes of our *élégantes* afford us a more than common field for observation and description.

Shawls of the kind we have already described retain, considerable vogue in public promenade dress, but not quite so much as mantles; the most admired of the latter are now composed of velvet, and lined with satin, a narrow rouleau formed of the lining borders the whole of the cloak, or else a rouleau of sable fur; we can hardly say which is most fashionable, for the one style of trimming simple as it is, appears to be as much in favour with our *élégantes* as the other notwithstanding its costliness. These mantles we must observe are always made somewhat shorter than the dress, and so excessively ample, that the folds have really an ungraceful effect; we had reason to hope in the beginning of the autumn that there would be a considerable reduction in the width of mantles, but we find on the contrary, that they have actually increased; we are sorry for it, as the effect is very disadvantageous to the figure.

The size and the forms of hats and bonnets have not altered, and probably will not now before the spring: they are now indeed in that happy medium in which we should wish them to remain, but as the very essence of fashion is change, an alteration one way or other will assuredly take place as the spring approaches. Black velvet and satin are now more decidedly in favour both for hats and bonnets than last month, and lace in the trimmings has, if possible, increased in estimation. Wadded bonnets have again come into favour, but in undress only. We have seen some that had the front finished with a double *bouillonnée* at the edge, the effect is novel but extremely heavy; a curtain veil of lace is infinitely preferable. A sprig of velvet flowers and ribbon to correspond, or else shaded, is the style of trimming generally adopted for these bonnets. Those of shot silk are very little worn, if we except a few drawn ones that are lined with either white or coloured satin; blue, rose, and green are the colours most in use for linings; the latter hue indeed enjoys a decided vogue, and one that we cannot think it merits, for we know not a hue that is more generally unbecoming.

We have observed a good many hats in half dress trimmed with sprigs of velvet flowers in a style that struck us as novel, the sprig was placed on one side of the crown, and inserted in a knot of rich ribbon, the ends of which finished with a light floize silk fringe fell upon the brim, the long and slender stalk of the sprig drooped so as to bring the flowers very forward. Shaded feathers have lost none of their attractions, we perceive the bouquets are all what are called *étagées*, that is there are three feathers, the longest of moderate length, the second somewhat shorter, and the third shorter still. A matronly but very lady-like style of half dress hat, is composed of either black or dark-coloured velvet, the interior of the brim is decorated with a *cordon* of roses without leaves; they may be either of one or of various shades of red, but each is encircled with blond lace of the lightest texture and pattern. A broad rich satin ribbon corresponding in colour with the hat, and edged with black real lace, is disposed in a kind of *fichu* drapery on the crown, and a single long ostrich feather either plain or shaded is placed far back and winds round in a spiral direction; there is something at once simple and *distingué* in this style of *chapeau*.

Plain silks and satins are beginning to be much more in vogue than shaded ones, both for dinner and evening robes; a good many black satin ones have been seen in the former. Some are trimmed with black lace flounces, headed.

various shapes composed of coloured velvet; a mixture of black in dinner and evening dress is indeed becoming very general, and likely to continue so. Fashionable colours are Pomona green, and emerald, and apple green, ruby, beet red, and rose, various shades of brown, drab, and yellow; a mixture of black with full colours is much in request both for ribbons and silks.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATES.

Public Promenade Dress.

APPLE green satin robe; the border is trimmed with a single flounce. Claret-coloured velvet shawl, it is rounded at the corners, and made with a heart pelerine which descends in a long lappel; it is wadded, lined with green satin, and bordered with a rouleau of sable. Dove-coloured satin hat, a small brim, the interior of which is trimmed with sprigs of scarlet geranium; a round low crown ornamented with satin ribbons to correspond, and a pink and white shaded ostrich feather.

Evening Dress.

ROSE coloured satin robe; the skirt trimmed with two flounces, a single knot of ribbon to correspond is placed on the upper one on one side. The *corsage* is draped across the front, it descends a little in the centre, and the drapery is sustained by a breast knot; it is moderately pointed at the bottom. Short tight sleeves, the bottom rendered full by a triple *manchette*, of the material of the dress, and a full knot of ribbon. The hair is parted on the forehead, disposed in very full curls round the neck, and ornamented with superb Brussels lace lappets which float upon the neck, and a wreath of red and white flowers encircling the summit of the head.

Opera Dress.

CRIMSON velvet robe, trimmed with a flounce of Brussels lace, the mantle is a *burnous* of white satin, lined with crimson satin, and trimmed with very rich white silk fringe. *Groseille* velvet turban, the foundation is much higher than usual, and the front composed of two rouleaus, the lower one wreathed with gold cord.

Ball Dress.

ROBE of *gros de Constantin* blue and white striped; the skirt is trimmed with five bias falls disposed in *dents de loup*, they encircle the back and sides, leaving the front free, and are finished at the sides in a very novel style with ribbon; the *corsage* is cut very low, and tight to the shape, displaying the *chemisette*, it is finished by a flat round pelerine of antique point lace. Short tight sleeves terminated by *bouillonnes en biais*.

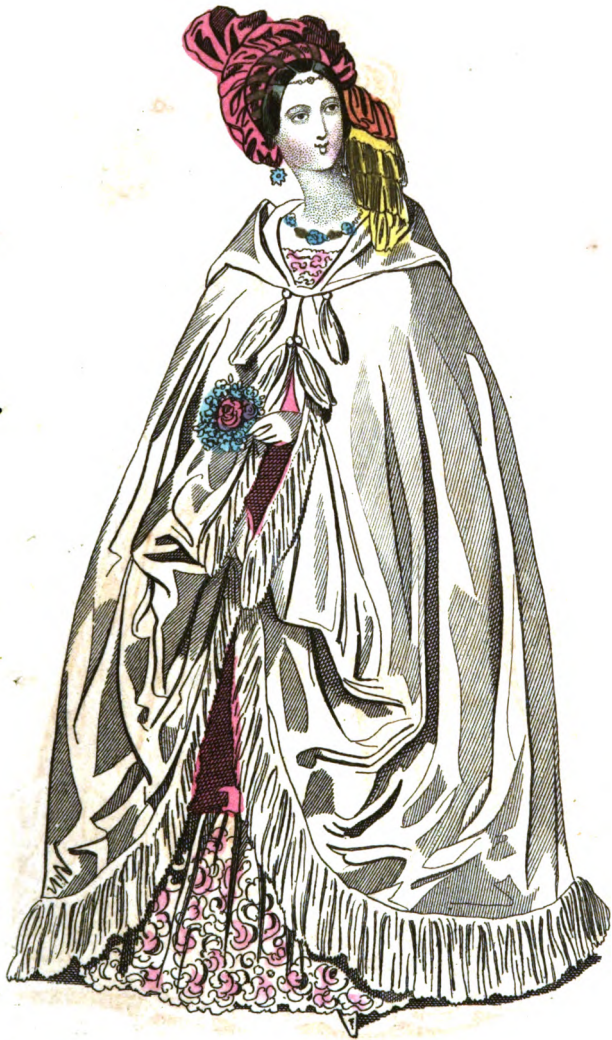


PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.





EVENING DRESS.



OPERA DRESS.





BALL DRESS.

THE LADIES' CABINET

OF

FASHION, MUSIC, AND ROMANCE.

THE VILLAGE VIOLIST.

THE reader who has ever been in the pleasant village of Hookam in Yorkshire, may know something of Johnny Anson, a neat, stout built lad, who was a great favourite among the ladies of that place, a few years back. The reason of his popularity with the fair, I could never exactly learn; for he was the most uncomely youth that a traveller could meet in a day's journey. Perhaps it might have been in consequence of his expectations; for his father, who was a baker, was said to have several hundreds of guineas locked up in an oaken chest which stood by his bedside; and as he had always permitted John to roam about the village, without paying the least attention to his education or conduct, it seemed very evident that he intended to make him his heir. Perhaps it might have been owing to his good nature; for to tell the truth, there was not a better tempered lad in the whole county. Whatever else might be said in disparagement of John, all admitted that he was a well conditioned boy, and had not the least harm in him. He would lie for hours, under the shade of a great elm which stood before his father's door, looking at the sky, or play about on the grass; and no change in the weather, nor other cross accident, was ever known to disturb his serenity.

After all, he might owe his favour with the village belles to his musical abilities, which were certainly remarkable. When quite small he was an adept at playing on the Jews-harp, and the boys and girls would crowd around him to listen to his melody, as if he had been another Orpheus. As he grew older, he took to the violin, and his services began to be in request. A man may always fiddle his way through this world; no matter whether he play for love or money, whether he is a hired musician, or an amateur, fiddling is a genteel, popular, and profitable employment. Johnny was now a regular and an acceptable visiter at all the tea parties, rural dances, and harvest-home's, in and around the village, and never did any human

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being fill a station with more propriety, than he did the responsible post of fiddler. By nature he was taciturn, a lover of sleep, a healthy eater, and fond of an inspiring beverage; qualifications, which if they be not proofs of musical genius, may at least be set down as the appropriate accomplishments of a connoisseur in the science of sweet sounds. Seated in an easy chair, for he loved a comfortable position, he would throw back his head, close his eyes, open his huge mouth, and fiddle away for a whole night, without exhibiting the least sign of vitality, except in his elbow and his fingers. Often when a dance was ended, he would continue to play on until admonished that his labours were unnecessary; but when a new set took the floor, it was only requisite to give Johnny a smart jog, and off he went again like a machine set in motion. When refreshments were brought him, he poured into the vast crater which performed the functions of a mouth, whatever was offered, and more than once has he swallowed the contents of an ink-stand, smacked his lips over a dose of Peruvian bark, or pronounced a glass of sharp vinegar "delicious stuff."

Thus passed the halcyon days of Johnny Anson, until the completion of his twenty-first year, when an event occurred which entirely changed the tenor of his life. This was no other than the decease of his worthy parent the baker, who was suddenly gathered to his fathers, on a cold winter evening while Johnny was fiddling at a neighbouring feast. The news startled our hero like the snapping of a fiddle-string. He returned with a heavy heart to his paternal mansion, and retired to rest somewhat consoled by the reflection, that although he had lost a parent, he had become *master of the rolls*. He laid aside his amusements to follow the remains of the honest baker to their last receptacle. For a wonder, he remained wide awake the whole day, and slept quietly in his bed the whole of the ensuing night. On the following morning he unlocked the oaken chest, emptied the contents of several greasy bags on the floor, counted them over eagerly, and then determined—to buy a new violin.

In his new situation, many cares pressed upon the attention of our hero. Letters of administration had to be taken out, the stock in trade and the implements of his ancestor to be sold, debts to be collected, and debts to be paid; and before a week elapsed the heir-at-law acknowledged, that the gifts of fortune are not worth the trouble they bring. His new suit of black imposed an unwonted constraint upon him. He could no longer roll upon the grass, for fear of soiling his clothes, and

he was told that it would be wrong to fiddle at the dances while he was in mourning.

When an old man gets into trouble, he is apt to betake himself to the bottle; when a young one becomes perplexed, he generally turns his attention to matrimony. Thus it was with Johnny, who, in those golden and joyous days when he had nothing to do but to sleep and eat and play the fiddle, never dreamt of the silken fetter. But when care and trouble, and leather bags, and golden guineas, and black broad-cloth, came upon him, he thought it high time to shift a portion of the burthen of his existence upon some other shoulders.

I must now apprise the reader, that although my hero had never thought of marriage, it was only because he was too single-minded to think of two things at once. He had not reached the mature age of one and twenty, untouched by the arrows of the gentle god. In love he had been, and at the precise point of time to which we have brought this veracious history, the tender passion was blazing in his bosom, as kindly and as cheerfully as a christmas fire. Its object was a beautiful girl of nineteen, who really did great credit to the taste of the enamoured musician. She was the daughter of a widow lady of respectable connexions, but decayed fortune—the damaged relic of a fashionable spendthrift. Lucy Atherton, the young lady in question, had beauty enough to compensate for the absence of wealth, and a sufficient portion of the family inheritance of pride, to enable her to hold her head quite as high as any belle in the village. Indeed she made it a point to take precedence wherever she went, and as she did this without the least appearance of ill nature, and without displaying any self-important airs, but rather as a matter of course, it seemed to be universally conceded to her. She was the reigning beauty of the village—the prettiest, the gayest, and the most graceful of the maiden train who danced to the music of Johnny Anson's violin. In the dance she was grace personified. It was a treat to behold her laughing face, her lovely form, and her light step, as she flew with joyous heart and noiseless foot through the mazes of the contra-dance. Now it happened to Johnny occasionally, to shut his mouth and open his eyes, just at the dangerous moment when Miss Atherton was engaged in these captivating performances, and he must have been the most churlish of all Yorkshiremen, not to have been fascinated. She was in the habit too of leading off the sets, and the choice of the air was generally dictated by her taste. On such occasions she would address our hero with the most winning grace,

and in tones of the sweetest euphony, ask *Mr. Anson* for "that delightful tune which he played so charmingly." Accustomed to the appellation of plain "Johnny" from every other tongue, the title of *Mister*, conveyed in such honeyed accents, fell pleasantly upon his ear, and whether the fair lady was actuated by self-respect or by a respect for Johnny, the effect was to make him her fast friend. The fact was, that Miss Atherton had an art, which some ladies exercise as skilfully as some gentlemen, and which is found among distinguished belles as often as among ambitious men;—I mean that universal courtesy which gains for its possessor the good will of all ranks—that ready smile, and pleasant phrase, and convenient bow, which, like a panacea, suits all occasions. In statesmen this desirable accomplishment is the result of judicious training; in handsome women it is an instinct, connected with that love of applause, which is almost inseparable from beauty.

Often would Johnny surprise the company, by keeping his eyes open for whole minutes together, as the lovely vision of Lucy Atherton flitted before him. The fire would flash from his eye, and the blood rush from his heart to his elbow, as he gazed in ecstasy at the loveliest dancer in the village—his fingers fell with renewed vivacity upon the tuneful strings, and the very violin itself, seemed to melt in sympathy, and gave forth softer, and mellower, and gayer tones. Then would he close his eyes, and having laid in an agreeable idea, feed upon it in secrecy, as a stingy boy devours a dainty morsel in some hidden corner. With his stringed instrument rattling away like a locomotive engine, apparently unconscious of any animal propulsion; his mouth wide open, his visage devoid of expression, and the whole outward man reposing in death-like torpidity, he was dreaming of Lucy Atherton—his heart was beating time to the imaginary motion of her feet, as her form floated and whirled, up the sides and down the middle, cross over and right and left, through every nook and corner of his bosom. But either because this image was too dearly cherished to be shared with another, or too faintly shadowed out to be altogether intelligible to himself, he kept his own counsel so closely, that none could have suspected the object of his thoughts, or have pronounced with the slightest shadow of reason, that he had any thoughts at all—except upon one occasion, when Miss Lucy Atherton having gone through a dance with uncommon spirit, he exclaimed with great emotion, that she was "a very nice dancer."

Yet with all this devotion of heart, and with feelings that

vibrated to every echo of Lucy's feet, there was not a single chord of association in the mind of Johnny Anson, which connected the image of Miss Atherton with the idea of wedlock. On the contrary, having seldom seen her except on high days and holidays, when she shone as a bright peculiar star in the constellation of village beauty, her name was engraven on the same tablet on which was recorded his agreeable recollections of village fairs, fiddle-strings, minced pies, egg-flip, and hot spiced ginger-bread. All these good things came together, and with them always came—Lucy Atherton. When therefore the notion of a wife came into his head, it was like the intrusion of a comet into the solar system, disturbing the regular economy of nature, and eclipsing the other orbs by its brilliancy. It entirely unsettled the well ordered succession of his thoughts, which commonly moved on from point to point as regularly as the hands of a watch. "A wife!"—quoth he, casting a look of silly bashfulness all around, as if afraid of detection—"A wife!"—exclaimed he a second time, laughing aloud as at the absurdity of such a proposition—"A wife!"—muttered he again,—and then the image of Lucy Atherton came dancing before him. The greatest discoveries have been the result of accident, the happiest invention is but the felicitous application of a known power to a novel purpose; and equally fortuitous was that train of thought in the mind of our hero, which united his own destiny with that of the fashionable and admired Lucy Atherton. The thought was ecstatic; it brought a glow to the heart of Johnny, and he resolved to become, forthwith, a candidate for the hand of the village belle.

Great designs give unwonted energy to the character. Idle and timid as our hero usually was, the idea of marrying Lucy Atherton awakened him to a new being. His conceptions were enlarged, his resolution quickened, and all his senses strung anew, and he was as different a man from what he was an hour before, as a stringless violin is from the same instrument properly attired and screwed into tune. He felt his importance increased, his notions of happiness expanded, and his whole sphere of existence extended and beautified. He considered the matter settled. "Me and Lucy will just suit," said he to himself. "She dances *prime*, and I can outfiddle the world." It never occurred to him that the lady would make any objection to the arrangement.

How could she? for Johnny was possessed of the only two things which he considered absolutely necessary to enjoyment; music and money. What more could a lady want? "And then,"

hought he, "I'm not the worst-looking fellow in the world, and this is not such a bad house neither, and three hundred pounds, and the bake-house, is no trifle." Johnny capered round the room in great glee, and one of his companions coming in at this moment, he embraced him, and said, "Don't you wish me joy?"

"For what?" inquired his friend.

"O I'm so happy!"

"Is it your father's death that pleases you so much?"

"O no! I'm going to be married."

"Indeed! Who to!"

"Ah, that's a secret; I han't told *her* about it yet, but I know she'll have no objection."

The next morning found our hero at a neighbouring shop, purchasing a variety of trinkets and clothing, for the decoration of his person. A purple watch-ribbon, a pink silk neck-cloth, and a huge breast-pin which struck him as peculiarly tasty and appropriate, were borne off in triumph; and these, together with a scarlet velvet waistcoat, of the proper goods and chat-tels of the late Andrew Anson deceased, which came to the hands of the said John to be administered, were severally arranged in their respective stations; and the worthy amateur, adorned with a dazzling elegance, to which he had until that time been a stranger, placed his fiddle triumphantly under his arm, and marched boldly to the dwelling of the widow Ather-ton.

It is necessary to explain in this place, that in calling our hero a *fiddler*, we have never meant to insinuate that he played for money. He was as much above such mercenary considerations, as any other lover of the fine arts. He was an amateur. That delicate discrimination of sound, which enables its happy possessor to arrange the vibrations of coarse strings and fine ones into harmony, and that love of melodious tones and skilful combinations, which distinguish the musician, and of which the writer of this history has not the faintest conception, all belonged to Johnny. He was a welcome visiter at all the parties in the village, because he played cotillions and contra-dances with "accuracy and despatch," and moreover not only rendered such services gratuitously, but with the utmost good humour. Whoever else was omitted, on any such occasion, Mr. Anson was sure to receive a formal card, or a hearty invitation, as the case might require. Of course he was received as an equal in every circle, and had access to the best society in the village; a privilege which he seldom used, but

which permitted him on the present occasion to tap at the door of Mrs. Atherton with the air of a familiar friend.

"Good morning, Mrs. Atherton," said our hero, as he entered the widow's parlour; "Good morning. How's Lucy?"

The lady, surprised at this unwonted familiarity in the son of the village baker, raised her spectacles, and having gazed at him for a moment in mute astonishment, haughtily replied that Miss Atherton was well. Johnny was glad to hear it; but before he could express his joy, the offended parent stalked out, and the young lady herself glided in. "She don't know what I came for, or she'd be more civil," thought Johnny as he looked after the proud widow—but the entrance of the daughter changed the current of his reflections.

"How d'ye do, Lucy?" said the amateur.

Lucy was thunderstruck. The young man had never before addressed her in such a strain; but she had too much self-possession to betray the least embarrassment. She returned his salutation, therefore, with the utmost sweetness and ease of manner, and took her seat, inwardly resolving to penetrate into the cause of the strange revolution which a few hours had made in the dress and address of her visiter. Arrayed in the simple elegance of a morning dress, and adorned with youth, health, and beauty, she bent gracefully over her work, and never looked prettier than at this moment, when an inquisitive archness was added to the usually intelligent expression of her countenance. For the present, however, her curiosity was balked; for Johnny, who really meant only to show his tenderness, and had already advanced to the utmost bounds of his assurance, began to falter. The courage, which had sustained him thus far, and which some have insinuated was borrowed from a source that temperance societies would hardly approve of, was fast evaporating; and after sitting some time in silence, playing with his purple watch-ribbon, he drew his violin from its green bag, and inquired whether Miss Atherton would "fancy a tune."

The young lady declared that it always afforded her infinite pleasure to listen to Mr. Anson's delightful music; and in an instant the musical machine started into action—the head fell back, the mouth yawned, the eye-lids closed, and Johnny, the best and drowsiest of fiddlers, added a new proof, that even the tender passion is not sufficiently powerful to overcome inveterate habit. But love did not entirely quit the field, or abandon his votary, who opened his eyes at intervals, and bowed and smirked upon his fair audities in a manner not to

be mistaken, while between the different airs he would inquire if the last tune was not "*very pretty*," or "*exceedingly fine*," or "*more beautiful than all the rest*."

Music, which has charms to "soothe the savage breast," seems to have operated differently on that of the young lady, on this occasion; for the antique velvet vest, the pink neck-cloth, the smirking, the bowing, and above all, the short naps which her visiter seemed to enjoy with such complacency, were altogether so irresistibly ludicrous, that in spite of her endeavours to suppress it, she was compelled to burst into a fit of laughter. Johnny, who very properly considered this as an unequivocal expression of delight, was overjoyed at his success, and adding his own *bass* to the melodious *tenor* of his fair companion, shook the room with peals of obstreperous mirth.

Thus ended the first act of this comedy. The second commences with a sprightly dialogue. Johnny, who had now found his tongue, opened the conversation by asking "Lucy" if she did not think he ought to be married?

"Undoubtedly, Mr. Anson," was the reply; "nothing could be more proper; provided you believe that marriage would conduce to your happiness."

"I don't know as I should be any happier, but somehow I think I should be better contented."

"Then you ought certainly to marry, for contentment is the chief ingredient in the cup of happiness."

"I shall quit drinking entirely," continued the lover, who misunderstood the last position of the lady.

"I am glad to hear it. Sobriety is becoming; particularly in married men."

"And who do you think I ought to have?"

"O dear! I cannot tell, indeed. That is a delicate question; and perhaps it might be necessary to determine first who would *have you*."

"I think, a'most any of 'em would be glad to catch at me," replied the swain; "for father's left me a snug house, and three hundred pounds, besides the baking business."

"Quite a fortune, I declare!" exclaimed Lucy.

"To be sure there's some that's richer than me, and some better looking," continued Johnny, glancing at the mirror which hung opposite to him; "but then you know Miss Lucy —"

—"Tha thalf a loaf is better than no bread," added the young lady, ironically.

"Yes—just so—that's it to a notch, a half bread, as you

say, is better than no loaf, and so—three hundred pounds and a house and lot—”

“And gentle Mr. Anson into the bargain, would be a comfortable *lot* for any lady. Surely the girls in Hookam ought not to hesitate, for the temptation is very great!”

“An’t it?” exclaimed Johnny, in a tone of exultation. “I think it is!” he added, answering his own question. “It is n’t every gal that gets such a chance. Now I’ll tell you a secret,” continued he, lowering his voice—“if *you’ll* have me, it’s all your own, me and the fiddle, the three hundred pound, the bake-shop, and all!”

“The impudent fellow!” thought Lucy; but she had the politeness and good sense to suppress that thought. A lady is never seriously offended with the swain who offers to marry her; for however humble may be the source from which the proposition emanates, it is still a compliment. Lucy’s list of conquests was tolerably long for blooming nineteen, and the name of Johnny would add but little dignity to the train; yet truth obliges me to record that a slight blush, and a very slight toss of the head, with a glance at the mirror, showed that the tribute of admiration was not unwelcome even from our hero. She civilly, but peremptorily declined the honour which he had intended for her, and adding “You must excuse me now, sir, I have other engagements,” left the room.

““Other engagements!”” thought Johnny, “that means that she is going to be married to somebody else. What a dunce was I not to speak first!” And he retired, deeply chagrined, and not a little puzzled, that a young lady of marriageable age and sound discretion, who was not worth a penny, should refuse a neat cottage, a bake-shop, and three hundred pounds, with the slight incumbrance of himself and a violin, for no better reason than that she had made a previous engagement with another gentleman!

Had there been a mill-pond at Mrs. Atherton’s front door, our hero would undoubtedly have drowned himself; and it is altogether probable that he would even have gone out of his way to seek the means of self-destruction, had he not prudently reflected that the estate of Andrew Anson, deceased, was not yet fully administered, nor the leather bags emptied. To leave this treasure vacant, and the bake-shop unoccupied, would have been rashness. But he felt unhappy. His heart, which had been as *light* as a hot roll, was now as *heavy* as dough; and being little disposed to mingle in company, he determined to mount his horse, and take a short ride. How far he went,

or what he thought of, I am unable to say, as I dined that day with Mrs. Atherton, and spent the afternoon in assisting her lovely daughter to draw patterns, a fact which will account for my intimate knowledge of the events of the morning.

It was nearly night, when Johnny, who was trotting briskly homewards, overtook a stranger within a mile or two of the village. He was a tall, slim man, mounted on a high, strong, bony horse; but he was so muffled up, from top to toe, that our hero could not tell whether he was old or young, gentle or simple. His horse was covered with mud, and evidently tired. His own appearance was way-worn, and weather-beaten. He seemed to have travelled far, and faced many a storm. Before him were a pair of large holster pistols; behind him, a roll containing his surtout and umbrella; and across the saddle, a pair of immense saddle-bags, fastened with a brass padlock.

Johnny, who had all the fiddler's wonted love of company, and was particularly averse to riding alone in the dark, trotted up alongside of the stranger, and accosted him with a cheerful "Good evening."

The traveller nodded stiffly, without deigning to turn his head.

Johnny gazed wistfully at the jaded rider, and the tired nag, and wondered who this could be, that was so strangely accoutred, and was too proud to return a civil salutation. Determined to satisfy his curiosity, he tried to commence a conversation, by making some commonplace remark about the weather; but, as this elicited no other reply than a cold monosyllable, he resolved to make a bold push, and come to the point at once.

"You seem to be travelling, mister," said he.

"You have guessed right," replied the traveller.

"Have you travelled far, if it's a fair question?"

"Tolerably."

Now this reply seemed to our hero most perplexingly inexplicit. "Tolerably" might comprise ten miles, or twenty, or a hundred, but it could not apply to a long journey. He took another look at the pistols, and, edging up to the stranger, thought he would try it again.

"Well, mister," said he, "if I *mought* make so bold, where did you come from?"

"From London," was the laconic reply.

"Well, I'm glad on't. I am almost out of breath in finding it out. I don't know how you stood it to travel so far. How far is it, sir, if it's a fair question?"

"Something over two hundred miles. And now," said the

stranger, "as I have answered all your inquiries, I hope you will allow me to put a few questions to you."

"O certainly." "Do you live in this village?" "Yes—I was born here." "What's your business?" "I'm a gentleman." "What does your father do for a living?" "Nothing." "What is he?" "He is a dead man." "Do you know Mrs. Atherton?" "Yes—do you?" "Is her daughter married?" "No indeed, far from it." "Why 'far from it?'" "She refused an excellent offer this morning." "From whom?" "That's a secret."

"How do you know this, if it is a secret?"

"I had it from herself. But here is the Inn, I'll bid you a good evening,"

"Stay. Have you any objection to carry a note to Miss Atherton?"

"I can't say I have."

"Well, then, as she seems to have made you her confidant, I will entrust you with one." So saying, he stepped into the Ale-house, and in a few minutes returned with a neat billet, which he put into the hands of Johnny, requesting him to be particularly careful to deliver it to Lucy herself.

Proud of an office which would introduce him into the presence of her who had occupied so large a share of his thoughts, he departed with alacrity, but meeting with some of his companions, who detained him, sorely against his will, more than an hour elapsed before he reached the dwelling of Mrs. Atherton. That lady and her fair daughter were seated, *tête à tête*, at their work-stand, when a modest knock was heard at the door, and in a few moments the crest-fallen Johnny Anson stood before them. Bowing reverently to both ladies, he advanced in silence, and laid the note before Lucy, who at first took it up with hesitation, supposing that it contained an effusion of the bearer's own hopeless passion; but no sooner had the superscription caught her eye, than she tore it open, and exclaimed, "He is come, he is come! Mother, mother! he is come!"

"Who is come?" inquired Johnny, whose feelings were too much excited to permit him to remain silent. But Lucy's head had fallen upon her mother's shoulder, and the tears were rolling down her cheeks, while the good lady's eyes were also filled.

"Never mind," said Johnny, in a soothing tone; "do n't be scared, ladies. If he *does* carry horse-pistols, he is not a going to do as he pleases in Hookam. Do n't, do n't cry,

Miss Lucy—I'll fight for you as long as I can stand." At this juncture, the door again opened, and the stranger stood before them. The cloak fell from his shoulders, and Lucy Atherton rushed into his arms. "Dear Lucy!" "Dear Charles!" was all they could utter. Mrs. Atherton glided out of the room. "The old lady does not like you either," thought Johnny; "she served me just so."

"Three are poor company," continued Johnny to himself, and he too retired; but he had the consolation of believing that he had found a complete solution of the mystery of the young lady's conduct in the morning. "She would never," he argued, "have refused me, and three hundred pounds, and the bake-shop, if she had n't been engaged already. She was sorry about it, no doubt, though she did pretend not to mind it. Dear me, what a pity! the poor thing laughed so, and was so overjoyed when I went there a-courting to-day, and now this mysterious stranger has come from nobody knows where, to carry her off. Well, she knows her own business best. Three hundred pounds won't go a begging long in Hookam. So good-by to Lucy Atherton."

But manfully as our hero strove against his disappointment, it preyed upon him, and for two days he remained in his own house quite disconsolate, moping about like a hypochondriac, and poking the fire with the petulance of a bachelor who is past hope, or—past forty. At the end of that time he received an unexpected visit from the stranger. Stripped of his cloak, and disarmed of those ferocious weapons which had excited our hero's curiosity so strongly, he seemed another person. Although somewhat above the ordinary stature, his person was slender and genteel; his face, which was browned by exposure to the weather, was remarkably handsome, and his address frank and easy. His age might have been two or three and twenty, but having already mixed with the world, and felt the touch of care, he had the manners of an older man. "Mr. Anson," said he, "you guided me into the village the other evening, when I was tired and perhaps less sociable than I ought to have been, and I have called to thank you for your civility, and to request the pleasure of your company on to-morrow evening at Mrs. Atherton's." Johnny pleaded his black coat, and tried to beg off; for he had heard it whispered that Lucy was to give her hand to the handsome stranger, and felt but little inclination to be present at the wedding. His visiter, however, pressed him, adding, "Miss Atherton esteems you as one of her earliest friends, and will have it so." "I will go,

then," said Johnny, greatly soothed by this compliment. "And now, Mr. Wilkinson," for such he had learned was the stranger's name, "will you be kind enough to tell me how you managed to court one of our Hookam belles, without ever setting your foot in the village—our belle, too, that has had so many good offers at home?" Mr. Wilkinson smiled, and replied, "Lucy and myself met at Harrowgate, when we were both at school, and were well enough pleased with each other to agree to unite our destinies. Her father was but recently deceased, and she was supposed to have inherited a fortune, while my own circumstances were such that it was with difficulty I completed my education. Mrs. Atherton might possibly have taken these things into consideration; at all events, her views differed from ours, and she no sooner heard of our attachment than she took Lucy home, and, rather haughtily as I thought, forbade my visiting at her house. Poor Lucy! her fortune turned out to be illusory. Her father had died a bankrupt, and left his family so destitute, that Mrs. Atherton had to struggle with many difficulties. Though they have kept up a genteel appearance, I fear they have sometimes wanted even the necessaries of life. But Lucy lived through it all with a gay heart, and a noble spirit, and refused, as you remark, many a good offer. As for me, I went to London, mortified at having been spurned from the door of a proud woman, and determined to earn that wealth and distinction, which I saw could alone procure my admittance into the bosom of Lucy's family. I went, friendless and penniless, to the great metropolis, where not a heart beat responsive to my own, and where I was exposed to many hardships and dangers. But I was so eminently successful in business, that I am already independent, and able to claim the fulfilment of our promise. There is no objection now on the part of either mother or daughter, and, on to-morrow evening, I shall become the happy possessor of Lucy's hand."

"You deserve it," said Johnny, sobbing, "indeed you do—for, simple as I seem, and simple as I be, I'm not the lad to envy a true lover and a generous-hearted girl their happiness. But do you intend to take her to London?"

"Yes, that is my home now."

"Good luck to you both, then. I will certainly attend the wedding; and if father had been dead a little longer, I would play the fiddle, that I might see Miss Lucy dance for the last time. Yes, it would be the *last time*. Never *will* I see such another figure on the floor. And never shall any other woman

dance to music of mine. I have hung up my violin. There will be nobody in the village fit to play for when she is gone. I have played my last tune, and I shall now do as my father did—bake bread, and lock up my savings in the old oak chest."

Johnny kept his word. Several years have passed, and he may now be seen any summer's day, seated at the door of his cottage, with a night cap on his head, and a pipe in his mouth, chuckling over the idea that he has more sovereigns under lock and key than any man in the village. He bakes excellent bread, gives good weight, and drinks nothing but his own beer, while the sound of a violin, or the smile of a woman, never gladdens his roof, and

" The harp that once in Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if that soul were fled !"



A TALE OF TIGHT BOOTS.

—

" WHAT! How 's this! I told you to make one of my boots *larger* than t' other; 'stead o' that, I 'm blow'd if you have n't made one *smaller* than t' other! What a hass you must be, to be sure!"

THE INCENSED COCKNEY.

—

THE great Homer did not think it unworthy his muse to sing of boots; why then should not I write of them?—especially as I have a tale to tell, which, if carefully perused, will ("though I say it, who ought not to say it, still I *do* say it,") tend to the edification of the reader. I have called my story "A Tale of Tight Boots," hoping that when he should see that it concerned his understanding, he would understand the necessity of regarding it attentively.

The scene of my story is the goodly city of London; the time, May, 1836, "being bisextile, or leap-year." Business and pleasure had led me to town—alas! I made it a "bad business," and my pleasure ended in pain. I established myself at the Russell, and began to look around for adventures.

Rap — tap — tap!

"Come in!"

"A note, Sir."

"Mr. H— requests the pleasure of Mr. —'s company at dinner to-day, at five o'clock, precisely."

Mr. H — was an old and much-loved friend ; of course I accepted it. I learned that there was to be a large company, and what was of more consequence to me, that Miss L —, whom I had addressed for the last six months, was to be there. No one will think it strange, then, if I devoted more than usual attention to my toilet. Finding that the style of my boots was a little *passée*, I resolved to treat myself to new ones. The shop of the artisan was not far off, and thither I betook myself. Having selected a pair which came near the *beau idéal* of a boot, in my mind's eye, I proceeded to try them on.

“ A little too tight on the instep,” said I, after I had fairly succeeded in drawing them on.

“ 'Bout right, Sir,” said the man of boots, rubbing his hand over the place indicated ; “ they 'll give a little ; fashionable cut, Sir ; make 'em all so, now ; fine foot, Sir, yours, to fit a boot to ; high in the instep—hollow here. They look well, Sir.”

The last part of the man's argument had the desired effect. He had assailed me in a tender point—almost the only one, I believe, in which it was possible for him or any other person to flatter me. My better judgment and understanding were overcome. I kept the boots.

Having made my toilet, and put on my future tormentors, I set out for the residence of my friend. The arrival, salutations, announcement of dinner, etc., are matters of course—so I let them pass. In due time, I found myself walking into the *salon de manger*, with Miss L — on my arm. A moment more, and I was seated at the table beside her. I did the duties that fell to me ; said to my companion every pretty thing I could think off ; sent her plate for some turkey ; carved a chicken that stood before me, and offered the wing to the lady opposite ; drank wine with my hostess, and procured some tongue for a lady on my left, who had no gentleman to take care of her. By the way, I wish she had eaten her own, considering the use she afterward made of it. In fine, my mind was so completely occupied by the pleasures of my situation, the few good things I said to my companion, and the many she said to me, that I was unconscious of the curse that from the first had been developing itself.

Soon, however, I became aware that something prevented my being perfectly happy. A few moments more, and I was fully aroused. I found the instep of my right foot in a state of open rebellion against the strictures that had been laid upon it, and particularly against the act of close confinement. In truth,

there was good reason ; for the instep was the seat of intense pain. I drew it under my chair ; but no rest for it was there. I thrust it back to its first place ; still its anguish was unabated. In spite of myself, I became silent, and a shade passed over my face. The quick eye of my companion detected it, and fearing she had said something that had wounded me, began, with a kindness peculiar to herself, to apply a healing balsam. She had been speaking of an essay in a late number of the "Ladies' Cabinet," and, in fact, commenting upon it with much severity. The thought seemed to flash on her mind that I was in some way interested—the author, perhaps, or a friend to the author. She passed to commendation. "There were, notwithstanding, fine traits in the piece ; redeeming qualities in spite of its imperfections. There was evidence of much talent—talent not all put forth," etc. Dear girl ! she mistook my disease. It was not my vanity that was wounded. My vanity was wounding me.* To gratify it, I had put on the tight boots ; and now, like an undisciplined urchin, it had become the tormentor of its too indulgent parent.

At this moment, my dog, which, it seems, had followed my steps, and waited patiently at the door, amusing himself by calculating, from the doctrine of chances, the probability of his being admitted, took advantage of an opening made by the egress of one of the servants, and walked into the room. Remembering that he had not been regularly invited, and a little doubtful as to his reception, he came slowly forward, with his tail rather under the horizontal, his nose thrust forward to catch the first intimation of my presence, and eyes upturned, glancing from one to another of the company, to see how he was to be received. He made a slight smelling halt at each guest, until he came to my chair. Finding that he had reached the object of his search, he without farther ceremony seated himself on his haunches beside me, wagged his tail back and forward on the carpet, and looked up in my face with an expression of much dignity, mingled with a slight twinkle of self-congratulation, which seemed to say : "So, then, I have got here in the right time ?"

I was so much occupied with my own sufferings, that I could scarcely be civil to the fair creature at my side ; it is not sur-

* "APOPLEXY.—TIGHT BOOTS.—A celebrated physician says, that he has recently attended four cases of apoplexy, caused by wearing tight boots. Many a grown-up man is now grieving over the effects of this folly of his dandyism, in earlier years. Corns, toes cramped in a heap, and tenderness of the whole foot, are the penalty which manhood has to pay for this sin of youth."

prising, therefore, that I gave little heed to the dumb beast at my feet, however expressively he might invite me with his eyes. Poor Rover! had he known my situation, he would never have "done the deed" he did. I knew the kindness of his disposition—but the truth must be told. After waiting several minutes, and eliciting no glance from his master, he raised his heavy foot, and placed it impressively on mine. It rested on *the* very spot! It was not in human nature to bear this unmoved. I withdrew the distressed member, with a convulsive twitch, which brought my knee in contact with the table, with so much violence, that the attention of the whole company was drawn on me, just in time to see the contents of my wine-glass emptied into my plate, and that of my companion into her lap. Kind girl! She exhibited no emotion, but slightly and unseen by the company, shook off the wine, and continued her conversation, as if nothing unpleasant had taken place.

Overwhelmed with mortification, I found it impossible, with all the efforts I could make, to recover my self-possession. I could only reply in monosyllables to her remarks; and, save when she addressed me, I was silent in spite of myself. She touched on various subjects which had usually interested me, in the hope of withdrawing me from the remembrance of the accident; but finding her efforts vain, she adopted another course, and asked me, in a counterfeited tone of censure, when she was to have the lap-dog I had promised to procure for her several days before. The word "dog" was all that traversed the passage to my mind, so thickly was that passage crowded with keen remembrances. Thinking of my own Newfoundland, I replied, fiercely: "He dies to-morrow!" Startled at the unusual tone, my fairest companion cast on me a glance of surprise, almost of fear. A tear shone in her eye, and she was silent.

At last the time of leaving the table came—oh, moment to me most welcome! It seemed to me that we had sat an age at the board; but at the last, my corporeal had been forgotten in my mental pain.

If the reader has any bowels of compassion, he is now hoping that my troubles are over! that I shall go quietly home, take off the offending boot, enclose my foot in an easy slipper, and then, in the evening, with an old boot well-polished, pay my respects to my mistress—explain all—receive her forgiveness, and be again happy. Would it were so! But let me not anticipate.

Before we sat down to dinner, it had been arranged, that we—that is, my friend, wife, and sister, myself and Miss L——, should go to the theatre in the evening to hear a celebrated French actress, whose star was then in the ascendant. I had no time to make new arrangements; for when we rose from the table, it was even then time to set forth. The fresh air and the lively conversation of my friends nearly restored me to myself; so that when we took possession of our box, I was comfortable both in body and mind. But for my foot there was no permanent peace. There was but a temporary truce with pain. I had not been seated ten minutes, before the enemy returned, reinforced. I soon felt that to endure until the play was over, would be utterly beyond my power. There was but one course to pursue. I silently slipped my foot from the boot, and sitting close to my companion, succeeded—thanks to the ample folds of her cloak!—in securing my white stocking from observation. The acting was superb—my foot was at ease—my companion agreeable—and I quite forgot that I was bootless.

The last act was closed, and the curtain fell. My friends immediately left the box. Mr. H—— offered an arm each to his wife and sister, and — you would not expect a lady to wait for her beau!—Miss L—— walked with them, but not without “a lingering look behind.” The instant they were out of the box, I seized my boot, and attempted to thrust my foot into it; but it had swollen, and the first effort cost me excruciating pain; yet this I did not regard. But all my efforts were vain. I could as easily have thrust an alderman through a key-hole. I seized my pen-knife, and split the offending boot nearly from top to toe. Then planting my foot on the sole, I tied my handkerchief tightly around the leg, and rushed through the crowd. In my haste, I well nigh overturned a fat old lady, who was leaning on her son’s arm. The old woman cried, “Oh Lord!” and the youth, in ire, muttered an oath, and raised his cane; but I was too quick for him. I reached the door, amid the screams of the ladies, the deep, though for the most part unspoken, curses of the men, and the cry of “Seize him!” from the police officers. But my friends and my betrothed, where were they? Lost in the crowd, or shut up in some of the carriages that were pressing around the door? I saw at once that all search was useless. I waited until nearly all had left the house, and then slowly and sadly took my way to my hotel. I went to bed; but the visions of the day were present to my waking thoughts, or haunted my short and troubled slumbers.

When I rang in the morning, the waiter brought a note. The address "pleasingly familiar" to me. I broke the seal, and read :—

"Miss L—— will be excused from her engagement to ride with Mr. D—— to-day. Mr. D—— may spare himself the trouble of calling to inquire the reason."

And he did !

Q.

AN APPEAL.

"Oh! could ye taste the mirth ye mar,
Ye conquerors!"

Ye worshippers of glory !
Who bathe the earth in blood,
And launch proud names for an after age
Upon the crimson flood,
Pause, in your march of terror!
Woe hovers o'er your path ;
Madness, despair, and death await
The conflict's gathering wrath !
Think ye a throne will prosper,
A nation's glory rise,
When your bark is borne by a people's tears,
And wafted by their sighs !
Look to the peaceful dwelling
Of the peasant and his race ;
There's joy around that lowly hearth,
There's rapture on each face.
That brow with snow is whiten'd,
Those eyes with age are dim ;
But his face is bright at the twilight hour
As he joins the evening hymn.
For his children there are smiling.
What a blessed sight it is
To sit in the shades of a pleasant eve,
And gaze on a scene like this !
Two manly youths are standing
Beside their father's chair,
And a maiden's face, all loveliness,
Shines like a sun-beam there.
A mother's placid features
Are in that circle found,
And her bosom warms with a thrill of joy
As she fondly looks around.
On! through the paths to glory,
Ye mighty conquerors !
The trumpet's voice has summon'd forth
Your legions to the wars !
Rush on, through fields of carnage,
And tread to earth the foe !
Where'er your banners float above,
Let your sabres flash below !

Yet stay your march to greatness,
 Your breath has been a fate !
 Where is the peaceful cottage now ?
 Its hearth is desolate !
 Upon that door no longer
 The twilight shadows fall ;
 In a shroudless grave the old man sleeps
 Beneath the ruin'd wall.
 Ye tore away his strong ones—
 On the battle field they lie :
 The mother pined in her grief away,
 And laid her down to die.
 That form of seraph sweetness,
 Where the eye enraptured gazed,
 Is a piteous wreck in its loveliness,
 For the lost one's brain is crazed.
 'Twere better she were sleeping
 Within the silent tomb ;
 For never more to her frenzied eye,
 The flowers of life shall bloom !
 And these are 'mong the trophies,
 That build ye up a name—
 With blood and tears, ye conquerors !
 Ye purchase empty fame !

MY SCHOOLMATES.

EVERY reflecting person who has received his schooling at a large academical establishment, such as that of B—— in Yorkshire, where it was my lot to be placed for four successive years, will, by the time that twenty or thirty more have sped, find ample materials for the exercise of his mind, and the marvel which the unravelling of individual lives excites, if he but take cognizance of the histories of his schoolmates. Not a small proportion, most probably, will have dropped into the grave, some of whom gave excellent promise of future eminence for worth or talent ; and the inscrutable ways of Providence will thence become the theme of meditation, the sadness of which exercise can alone be alleviated by a full perception of the truth that here man hath no abiding place, no assured lease. Others of his early associates may be contemplated, who have made shipwreck of their prospects, and squandered away their opportunities, till at length, they have become a bye-word, for some of this infatuated class are mere sots, encumbrances on the earth, offering a woful contrast to the sprightliness of their youth, the activity of their original nature. But to turn to a brighter side, there will be within the circle of school-room association, or boarding-house com-

panionship, some beautiful examples; and among such, by the time that middle-age has scattered grey hairs in their locks, a few, there may be, who fill the world's ear, and are prominent in a nation's eye: nor will the speculation to which these eminent and brilliant examples give rise, be the less curious and anxious that, perhaps, duller, and more unpromising characters did not exist than these were universally considered to be by tutors and fellow pupils, so long as they were subject to academical discipline and exertion. "Ah, such a one was a lucky fellow,—fortune smiled upon him, in spite of himself!" is a species of solution, however, that will never satisfy the inquiring or the reflecting mind. But I am not about to lay down rules "How to Observe;" my vocation at present is merely to note certain general facts,—facts which are the subject of trite remark.

It may not occur at first to every one, however, that it is in the very nature of first rate scholastic institutions of academies and of colleges, which are richly endowed both in regard to privileges and teachers, to beget all the wide distinctions in manhood as well as during boyhood and youth, that have been alluded to. Anxious and prolonged education of the better sort is essentially an artificial process,—a controuler, perhaps often the master or tyrant over nature,—a perfect remodeller of many individuals. While it makes the student a new creature, so to speak, it opens up to him such undefined scope for future action, and plants him amid such a number of stimulating influences,—competing and emulating elements, that the wonder perhaps ought to be, so few sanguine, sensitive, and highly cultured beings are not sacrificed in the after tumult, and solitudes, and temptations of life. The peasant, the mere tiller of ground, and such like, who mechanically follow the footsteps of ancestors, may well preserve an undeviating path, if the ordinary comforts of animal existence be not denied them. They are comparatively in a state of nature. But the schooled and the scholar-like are far differently situated; and the more contemplative and intellectual these are, the more critical it is to be feared is the adventure of life,—the more mysterious its destinies.

In the retrospective and prospective classification of my numerous schoolmates, the distinctions between early talent or worth, and later fortune, have been broad. But there were among the number of my associates some whose character and promise demanded closer inspection,—their capacities and tastes were naturally and by training more subtle. This held true

particularly of the twin-brothers, Edward and Oliphant Dangerfield, who were beyond all question the most interesting boys in our academy.

Well do I remember the speculation which they excited on the day when they were brought to B——. I had at this time been for about three months a fixed scholar, and had completed my thirteenth year. The twin-brothers were of a similar age; and so perfectly alike not only in dress and learning, but in regard to figure and complexion, that days elapsed before the other boys could readily distinguish the one from the other. Their exterior resemblances, as it was afterwards discovered, were not the only things common to them. They seemed to possess equal mental parts, there was a perfect twinship in their tempers, their pursuits and acquirements were the same, and never did they appear to be so happy as when enjoying each other's society. They were sentimentalists or speculative enthusiasts, rather than robust, or riotous boys. Yet they regarded the sports and pastimes of others with favour; but were exceedingly moderate as playmates themselves.

There was at first a good deal of conjecture indulged on the part of the older boys, or those who were of a like age to that of the Dangerfields, with regard to the merits of such remarkable twins. These conjectures, in spite of their inoffensive and even lovely lives, had for some time been gathering a virulence of jealousy, which, it was clear, would some day lead to a break-out. "Are they better than others?" one would ask. "Shall they both (for if the one does, the other is sure to imitate him,) look and laugh at me, because I am not the philosopher?" another would threateningly demand. "Are they not both cowards?" a third would asseverate in the affirmative; which was bringing parties to something like close quarters.

One day while a number of us were upon a common, not far from the academy, and which was frequently a general playground, foot-ball was the proposed game. The Dangerfields were upon the spot, and were like two fine saplings moving stately amongst us, their arms linked together as was their wont, and their discourse, perchance, that of oracular youth discerning in the vista of coming years bright and glorious paths, or such gentle chequerings as lend to hopeful visions, nothing but what is picturesque, and rather to be courted than avoided. Enmity, or, at least, jealousy was ripe amongst us; and both of these are fertile sources in regard to expedients for self-satisfaction. Said Henry Sandilands, a pugnacious, but not an ungenerous youth, "come, let us enlist the peripatetic philo-

sophers there ; they must labour as well as laugh at fun,—or (I suspect, Henry here violated the Third Commandment,) they shall leave the ground ;” and he instantly proposed to the twin-brothers the alternative, which was answered with an alacrity that showed they were prepared for coming to a decision of some importance. “ Nothing, Henry Sandilands, can be more agreeable to me,” first rejoined the one and then the other. “ But you must be divided,” insisted “ Pugnacity’s self,” as Sandilands was nicknamed ; “ fair play demands such an equalization.” The twins threw significant glances towards one another, and simultaneously said, “ be it so.” “ Well,” continued the provoker, “ but you two must be pitched each immediately against each ; “ we are all anxious to learn who is the best, who is master.” The fair brow of Edward Dangerfield for a moment was moved ; so was that of Oliphant. The former then firmly addressed the latter thus :—“ It is said that we once struggled as Esau and Jacob are reported to have done at their birth. The tradition has stirred us up to a fraternal, loving rivalry ever since, in all that has been recommended to us as worthy and noble. Why not, my brother Oliphant, for once please our friends, and show them that we can strive in grosser contests ?” “ To be sure, why not, Edward,” quoth the other ; but mark me, whoever of us two is vanquished at foot-ball, shall, before any one present quits the ground, fight Henry Sandilands.”

It was by this time evident to all around, to me, at least, most touchingly, that the scene to be witnessed would be one of no ordinary description. It was conducted as follows :—

The game was begun, and for some time proceeded without anything remarkable characterizing the play. Indeed, unusual apathy, or rather abstraction, occupied the usual hands ; for while the twin-brothers stripped and girded themselves for the contest, the ball was nearly forgotten. At length the Dangerfields strode arm in arm to the centre, between the goals where the play had been freely conducted. They separated ; they engaged in the same ; they met, every one else withdrawing to a respectful distance. Judiciously and strenuously they exerted themselves ; similar agility had never been witnessed by any of the bystanders. But then it was impossible to predict who would conquer, so equally matched they seemed. It was an imposing sight : graceful and lithe youths putting every stratagem and muscle to the test ; and each by turns foiling the other, as if fame and fortune were in the scales. At times the rivalry seemed more than a contest, it resembled a conflict,

deadly and stern; for our grosser parts cannot be godlike. I know I held my breath at times, and almost expected that the brothers would drop down lifeless at once; and Henry Sandilands himself, the instigator of the whole, proposed separating them; and yet he knew by this time it would be a measure fraught with danger.

At length the Dangerfields came to the ground so entwined together, their limbs encircling the lightsome ball, for the possession of which each struggled, that for some time they lay panting like coiled creatures, and almost bereft of breath. We gathered around them, and looked on next to awe-struck.

When they began to recover their strength, and were able to give utterance to their intentions, they in broken sentences mutually proposed and agreed to separate once more, twelve paces distant; to have the foot-ball placed in the very centre of the interval, and at Henry Sandilands' word to start for a renewal of the trial. All was done as indicated. Like two roes the rivals bounded to the critical spot. Each had so precisely calculated the distance, the scope of his stride, and the most advantageous application of the right foot, that when they met the opposing blows, like those of two hammers of equal weight, wielded with equal strength, and striking at the same instant of time upon an inferior angle of some intervening body, made the ball whirl perpendicularly in the air, the players upon something like the same resisting principle once more falling together upon the ground, from which they were unable to rise before the foot-ball had been cut to pieces, and the doctrine of brother twinship pronounced perfect,—the equality miraculous.

But the day's work was not finished: who was to call Henry Sandilands to an account? In truth, it began to appear that the fiat of the foot-ball would have again to be appealed to. However, this reference was avoided by "Pugnacity's self" admitting that there were none such as the Dangerfields, and that though he owned himself to have been wrong, in past times with regard to them, he would now fight any one who might dare to say they were not the champions of the school.

It was not long after the occurrence of the events now described, when the Dangerfields were visited by their parents. Their father had been in the army, had a patrimonial estate, consisting of two considerable farms, and on retiring, after doffing the soldier's uniform, had married his first love. They were, at the time I speak of, a handsome and exceedingly inte-

resting couple ; and proud, proud were they of their sons. On the visit in question they brought with them their only other child Benjamin, who was about two years younger than the twins ; and so taken was he with the establishment at which his seniors were placed, having seen it under every sort of sunshine, that he fain would have been left with us. But his parents would not part with the whole at once, even for a definite period, and took home with them their youngest treasure. Alas ! little Benjamin was not long blessed with such inestimable guardians ; for six weeks after the above-mentioned visit, he and his brothers were parentless, a virulent fever speedily snatching the captain and his lady from this uncertain sphere.

Benjamin now became a fellow-scholar at our academy ; everything, from the day of the foot-ball contest, seeming to serve to render the Dangerfields objects of greater respect and observance ; but this was not all,—everything appeared to have cemented the twins more closely, and to be wrapping them up in a deeper devotion to their gentle abstractions the longer they were known. Benjamin might be said to afford them their principal diversion, partly on account of the care which he engrossed, and the vivacity he possessed. The boy had been a good deal spoiled ; he was, besides, a bit of a " Pickle," and as remarkably different in temperament and taste from the twins as they were alike.

Benjamin was a boy for active sports, restless and clever. There was no keeping him from strolling among plantations, from climbing trees, from adventurous swimming in the formidable river close to our school. These propensities cost him dear ; the interesting and really promising youth was drowned when none were near to give the alarm or lend assistance.

If ever circumstances seemed to conspire to bind brother and brother in one indissoluble bond, to extend over life and throughout every ramification of life's concerns, these had been experienced by Edward and Oliphant Dangerfield. In regard to thoughtfulness, too, they exhibited extraordinary examples, if one might judge from their solitary twinship-habits and the books they began assiduously to study, or at least to read. A person who had not the closest means of observing them, would have pronounced the pair, men before their time. To others, however, subtle influences might be detected which threatened to have a most baneful effect upon their feelings, principles, and lives. I first discovered (for to me they were not always shy)

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the morbid state of their feelings, (and it was in their case a most exclusive and unsympathizing species of morbidity,) in regard to the deaths of their parents and their brother. No levity passed their lips or marked their behaviour in relation to these sad events; but they had reasoned themselves into acquiescence. Was it the acquiescence of religious hope and faith? No: it was the dull intoxication, the diseased imaginings of scepticism. The twin-brothers declared there was no future state of rewards and punishments,—that the present was all to them, that they were perfectly happy, and hoped not, wished not, for more than they enjoyed. Yet each declared that he would not survive the other one hour. That they should never be separated in life, in death, or in the grave.

Spotless and inoffensive was the conduct of the twin-brothers to all around them; yet I began to dread their presence, and conjure up frightful images of the future relative to them. I set about speculating, too, concerning what the results might have been had they been separated and planted under distinct and different influences, when they were thrown forcibly, so to speak, upon one another and into each other's arms, on first coming to our academy, or when first the reasoning faculties as well as the most subtle influences began to operate strongly upon their peculiar temperaments. But now it appeared to me that their destinies were completely fashioned, and that these destinies should some day become the theme of astonishment and appalling forebodings. I sometimes fancied that I was doomed to be particularly cognizant of their daily history and fate, and like other persons, subject to periods of strong, nervous alarm, I almost wished that my career might be closed before theirs.

I left the academy of B——, and for several years lost sight of the Dangerfields. Afterwards, however, I understood that they had spent a good deal of their youth in foreign parts, and that they did not return to take up their permanent abode on their patrimonial property till by law they were entitled to be the uncontroled masters of themselves and of all which their father had bequeathed them. By an arrangement which was certainly the most fair, lands, goods, chattels, and privileges were equally divided by the parental settlement between the brothers. Indeed, had a different distribution taken place, there is every reason to believe it would have been inoperative.

The Dangerfields lived exclusives upon their estates as they had done, especially at the latter period, at school; that is to say,

seldom or never being met with singly,—seldom or never in public, but when peremptory business demanded or invited. Still they were good neighbours, quiet, accommodating, and liberal in their ways; interfering with none, none interfering with them. Indeed the respect extended to them partook of a sort of feeling allied to fear, and that undue freedom would be dangerous. Besides, the neighbourhood contained a population that was so old-fashioned as to pay external respect at least to the ordinances of religion, and therefore they invested the despising Dangerfields with ominous attributes which it would be unsafe to penetrate or examine.

Such was the state of provincial feeling in the immediate vicinity of the twin-brothers' home, when it was my lot to be engaged as curate to the vicar of their parish; an event which I could not help at first regarding as helping to work out some strange drama in real life.

My foreboding impressions were not in the least moderated when I discovered that Julia Beaumont, the bedridden Vicar's only daughter, a young lady of singular accomplishments and charms, had taken a deep interest in the fates of the twin-brothers. She was not even averse to announce to me that she had frequently received their mute but courteous greeting in the course of her frequent visitations to her father's humble and simple flock. They were great equestrians she said; but their jet black steeds, as well as they themselves, were so perfectly alike that she never had been able to distinguish between them, and this was the first thing which had excited her peculiar curiosity. I observed, that should either of them pay her his addresses, no doubt she would then be more lynx-eyed; but added, "it would indeed be most strange if both should adopt the same gallant conduct, and woo her separately and alternately, supposing the same incertitude as to their identity to remain?" "Oh!" she exclaimed, "they are said to be confirmed infidels; and between me and an unbeliever there shall ever be an impassable barrier; I pity, but never could love any such." "Pity and love are nearly allied," I interjected; to which the fair one subjoined, "I am romantic enough to think, could I find myself the instrument of winning a man from the dark and deadening snares of scepticism, and behold him devoting the long-stemmed fountains of his soul to the advancement of the everlasting interests of his neighbours, and to the zealous service of his Maker and his Judge, I believe it would be impossible for me to withhold from him the homage of my heart." Upon

this I merely observed, "it would not be an unprecedented occurrence, did the priestess first proselytize and then reward with her hand;" and the subject of our singular dialogue, which had been conducted half in badinage and half in earnest, was dropped.

The calibre of Miss Beaumont's mind was of a superior order to that of most women; and her fond father had not failed to charge it with all that he could impart. That she had hardly ever been contradicted, and that she deemed it unworthy of her or any one else to disguise a sentiment, had sometimes exposed her to ridicule and scandal, as well as on other occasions procured for her the high approbation of the wise and the good. In perfect consistence with her character, therefore, my concealment, on the occasion I have been describing, of my early intimacy with the Dangerfields, as soon as she detected it, reduced me very considerably in her estimation; so that during the greater portion of the remainder of the time over which my narrative will extend, I neither had an opportunity, nor a desire to obtrude myself as a party; and yet I never got disentangled from the intricacies of what I have already taken upon myself to honour with the title of a strange drama in real life.

(To be continued.)



THE PORTRAIT; OR, A PARENT'S CURSE.

"But while my guilt's to thee unknown,
Come, let me press thee to my breast,
Thou treasure without crime my own;
Thou only wealth I e'er possessed!
Thou pledge of pure and faithful loves;
Image of one I still deplore—
Yet now her death a blessing proves;
She lives not to behold this hour."

"I should like to know the history of this," said I, raising a long glossy ring of hair, which lay in a small jewel-box in the nearest corner of my aunt's well arranged drawers. A shade passed over her placid face, and her voice trembled as she said—

"It is the dearest relic I possess of a valued friend. Not a day passes that I do not look on it, and call to mind the last hour it shaded her lovely brow. If you wish to hear her his-

tory, my dear, I will this evening read you a sketch of her life. Her picture hangs in my private sitting room."

I thanked her, and immediately called to mind a portrait covered with green cloth, which my aunt never allowed any one to raise. Years had intervened since she had looked on it herself.

"My dear girl," added my aunt, "you have frequently wished to see that portrait: go now and satisfy your curiosity. Go and look on the image of one who, in beauty and goodness, was little inferior to angels, and prepare yourself to listen to her story."

I required no second permission, and in a few moments I was standing before the mysterious picture—the curtain drawn back, and my eyes rivetted on the loveliest face I have ever beheld. The portrait represented a girl in the first flush and brightness of youth, and the countenance was radiant with life, hope and joy. It seemed to me to demand something more than the mere epithet of beautiful. A proud, impassioned spirit beamed from the dark eyes, and a smile, with more of tenderness than mirth in it, slightly curled the deep red lips. I gazed on this glorious creature with delight, until the approach of night concealed her from my view, and my thoughts recurred to the promised narrative.

On entering my aunt's room, I was surprised at her appearance. A bright fire burned on the hearth, and her work-stand was drawn before it, on which her head rested in an attitude of deep dejection. Several sheets of closely written paper lay on a chair beside her. On hearing the noise I made at my entrance, she raised her head and said, "Is it you already? I did not think it so late." Her face was deathly pale, and her lips quivered with suppressed emotion. She pointed to a seat near the fire, which I took in silence, for I was too much surprised to speak, at such evident tokens of suffering from one I had deemed incapable of feeling violent passions of any description. My aunt belonged to that class yclept old maids, and I had adopted the idea, that because she had never married, she must be cold-hearted; for I knew she had once been very handsome, and possessed a large fortune at her own disposal. I, of all creatures, had the least right to suppose this, for she was my friend, my benefactress, and from my early childhood had bestowed on me the care of an affectionate mother.

After a few moments spent in endeavouring to compose herself, she took up the papers, and carefully arranging them,

said, "I did not suppose the sight of these could have agitated me thus. I thought time had stilled the pulses which throbbed almost to madness when the events here recorded took place." She then proceeded to read the following story :

It was late on a cold evening in November, in the year 18—, that the mistress of one of the first boarding schools in Canterbury, was informed that a gentleman wished to speak with her. On entering the parlour, Mrs. Bentham found a tall, elegant looking, man, in the prime of life, who immediately addressed her with the ease of one who had been familiar with the most polished society. He held a girl of twelve years of age by the hand, and he informed Mrs. Bentham that he wished to place the child under her care.

"You will find her wild and untutored," he remarked, "for she has had no mother to watch over her infancy, and I fear she has been sadly neglected, as my avocations have been such that I could not keep her with me."

There was a slight tremor in his voice as he uttered these words, which insensibly interested Mrs. Bentham, and she assured him, that, with proper management, any evil habits the little girl had formed would be easily counteracted.

"I leave her entirely to you, madam," replied the stranger. "My habits are so desultory, that it is impossible for me to say when I can have her with me. Indeed, it is probable I shall not be able to see you again for some years. I will pay you the expenses of the first three years in advance, and at the end of that time, if I should not be here, I will send you an order on Messrs. — for any additional expense that may be incurred during that period, and after it has expired. It is my wish, madam, that my daughter shall have every advantage your seminary affords."

Preliminaries were speedily settled, and the daughter of the stranger (who called himself Mr. Floyd) was received as a pupil in the school.

Helen Floyd was a sprightly child, and improved rapidly in every branch of education. She remained with Mrs. Bentham five years, and in that time her father had never visited her, though she continued to hear constantly from him, and Mrs. Bentham's bills were regularly discharged. At the age of seventeen, she was as beautiful a fairy as ever tripped over a moon-lit lawn. She was spirited and intelligent, with a most affectionate and ingenuous disposition. She was a general favourite among her young companions, but there was one among them who claimed her most devoted friendship.

Mary Adams was an orphan, and a wealthy heiress. She had no pretensions to the surpassing beauty of Helen, or the sprightliness of her mind; but she was a gentle, pretty creature, with much deeper feelings than she was generally thought to possess. The two girls were of the same age, and Helen, having no home of her own to go to, had been in the habit of spending her vacations with her friend. She now began to look forward to the time when her father would take her home, as her education was nearly completed, and she could not help wondering at his silence on the subject.

The close of the last year came, and Helen had not heard from him for some months. She accompanied Miss Adams to the residence of her guardian, hoping, while there, that she should receive a summons from her mysterious parent to his own abode. Mary Adams was to return to school no more, and she was anticipating, with eager delight, her introduction into society.

"You have never seen my cousin Charles," said Miss Adams to her young companion, a few mornings after their arrival in Lewes. "During all your former visits, he was absent at college."

"No, replied Helen, "I have never seen him, and am glad that he is coming. From your description, I expect to see quite a *preux chevalier*."

"Do not anticipate too much; you may be disappointed. He is in the army, and his regiment is stationed at Brighton; so we shall see him often. I think Charles Melton handsome, and interesting; but he is my cousin, you know, and it is so natural to be partial to the only relative I have ever known!"

"It is indeed," said Helen, sighing deeply. "I wonder if father ever thinks of me! I have the most perfect recollection of him, though so long a time has passed since I last saw him, and I do not think that I resided with him more than a month altogether before that time. I remember the last kiss he gave me. When he turned away there was a tear on my forehead. That tear comforts me now, amid all his neglect. It tells me that he had for me a parent's feelings: and often I dream he is again clasping me to his heart, and that hot tear falling on my brow. Mary, you cannot know how desolate I sometimes feel!"

Mary threw her arms around her friend's neck, and kissed away the tear that slowly rolled over her cheek, as she said, "Dear Helen! while I live, you can never feel the want of a friend."

“ Never, I hope. Were your friendship to fail me, Mary, I should be a wretch indeed.”

At that moment Mary was summoned to the drawing-room to see her cousin, who had just arrived. As soon as Helen could compose herself, and drive the cloud from her brow, she joined the party below. When she entered the room she saw a gentleman standing before Miss Adams, with both her hands clasped in his own, and his strikingly intelligent face lighted up with the most brilliant animation. Mary’s cheek wore the flush of excitement, and her eyes sparkled with more than usual pleasure, as she presented the two beings most dear to her on earth to each other.

“ I am sure you will love Helen,” she said to her cousin the next morning. “ And I am so glad she was not disappointed in you.”

“ Love her !” exclaimed Melton, “ such an angel should be adored. I have never before seen any creature so transcendently beautiful.”

“ Always in raptures, Charles,” said Mary with a smile, but it was a faint one, and she knew not why it pained her to hear Melton bestow such enthusiastic praise on one she herself so truly loved. She had not yet become familiar with that most mysterious of all things—the human heart. She knew not that she had to feel that bitterness of all convictions to a proud woman : that the heart, with all its green unwithered affections, may be given to one who would cast it from him as the most valueless of all possessions. Her cousin had unconsciously become to her an object of deeper interest than all the world beside, but it was long before Mary discovered the real nature of her feelings. It was not until she saw him devoted to another, that she knew she loved him. When she was convinced of this, and felt that she had been jealous of her dearest friend, the whole world appeared to her a hideous desert, and she would gladly, in that hour of deep suffering, have for ever closed her eyes on it. She saw that Melton loved Helen, and she unconscious of Mary’s attachment, gave her young heart, with its intense feelings and treasured tenderness, into his keeping without reserve. The cloud that had so frequently shadowed her bright brow, was now never seen ; for in the new feelings that filled her heart, she found such unalloyed happiness, that her thoughts now seldom reverted to her situation, and the idea, that perhaps her father might not be disposed to sanction the engagement she had conditionally formed with her lover, was sedulously driven from her mind when it did in-

trude, and darken for an instant the bright prospect before her. She was awakened from her dream of bliss by a letter from her father, and after reading it, Helen wondered how she could ever have anticipated happiness, or if her heart could ever again thrill with pleasure. The letter was as follows:—

“ My dear child, for so I may call you for the last time. Helen, you will say, after reading this letter, that I have never loved you, for if I *feel* what I *express*, why do I abandon you? The hand of fate separates us for ever, but the God who rules over us all, and now reads the agony of my heart, knows how dear you are to me. Child of my adored and sainted Helen, could I now press you to my heart, and say *never* leave me, I should be happy—happier than I can ever hope to be. You have not seen me for years, but think not I could forbear to look on the image of her who was the realization of my earliest and my fondest dream: her, whose memory is consecrated in the heart of him she blessed with her love. I have seen you when you knew not that a father was near—that his heart was keeping the unceasing watch of love over you. I have looked on your sweet young face, and said, “ She is all I can wish,” and I felt proud that you were mine; then the bitter conviction would come that I dared not claim you—that you, gentle and lovely as you appeared, could never soothe my aching heart by the soft accents of tenderness—tones that sound to my ear like remembered music, and carry my thoughts far, far back in the dreary past, when she, whose pillow is now the cold sod, sat beside me, and gave me the assurance of unchanged love. Helen, you are even painfully like your mother. Attend while I give you a sketch of her history. She was an orphan niece of my father’s, entirely dependent on his bounty. She was all the fondest adorer could wish, and I loved her wildly—madly. She returned my passion, but my father, a cruel, vindictive man, swore that we should never be united. He turned her from his house, and she sought a home with a distant relative. I set out to make a tour in Wales. I had been absent but a few weeks, when hearing that she was ill, I listened to the dictates of passion alone, and hurried to her abode. ’Tis useless to repeat the arguments I used to convince her that we could not live apart. We were married. My father never forgave me, and on his dying bed he left me his bitterest malediction. I fled from him in his last moments, and sought a refuge from my wretchedness in the society of her whose smile could make me forget all things else. It was there—there where I had garnered all my hopes of happiness,

that the first blow was to be struck. In one little week she was borne to her grave, and I frantically grasped the sods that covered her beautiful form, and called on her to answer to my agonized prayers. When this first paroxysm was over, for hours I watched in the stupor of insanity beside her grave, vainly expecting some token from the dust beneath to whisper that my affliction was seen, and my love still returned, by the spirit of my angel wife. None came; and after weeks of such madness, I returned to the home in which I had last seen her. I felt as an alien to my species—henceforth the world could be as nothing to me. I had lost all sympathy with its petty cares and ambition. The first feeling of softness that came to my stony heart, was caused by your infantile cry. I remembered that I had *one* tie. The child of Helen was a precious bequest, and for the first time since her death, I wept as I held it to my heart. For months I watched beside your cradle, and scarcely suffered you to be taken from my sight. Your health declined, and I thought of the dreadful words of my father's curse: '*May all you desire be withheld: may those you love be blasted in your sight, and every hope of happiness withered by that God who is about to judge my soul.*' These were the harrowing words of a parent, and as they were uttered, I felt as if a serpent had coiled itself in tight folds around my heart, and was distilling its deadly venom into its inmost core. His curse had partly fallen, and I was blasted by its effects. I *feared* to love you, and I left you to the care of servants, and became a wanderer. My father had left me without fortune, and those who had extended the hand of friendship to me in the days of my prosperity, now looked coldly on me. I cared not for this. I turned from them with loathing, and I took a savage joy in freeing myself from the restraints of society. The only pleasure I possessed was occasionally seeing you, and rejoicing in your restored health and improved appearance. How I have lived and supported you since I became an outcast from society, I cannot reveal. I had amassed wealth, but recent reverses have deprived me of all I possessed. Enclosed is a twenty pound note—all your school expences are paid. This is all I can do for you, and alas! it must for your welfare be the last time I address you. My advice to you is, to enter the school in which you have been educated, as an assistant teacher. You will not hear from me, but I shall continue to watch over your fate. Do you remember last evening when you promenaded with your friend in the shaded walk? You heard a footstep behind you, and turned. Helen, it was

your unhappy parent, who sought to obtain a view of that beloved face without being himself seen. I can *never* claim you. I am unworthy to call you my child, and I could not bear that your innocent heart should know what a wretch you call father."

With a sickening heart Helen read the well known characters, and in the agony of the moment she thought that happiness was henceforth to be a stranger to her. She remembered Charles Melton, and she shuddered, as she felt they were, in all probability, for ever separated. Would Melton marry one over whose parentage so dreadful a mystery hung? or if he loved her well enough to overlook that, would his proud relatives consent to the union? In truth there was sufficient cause for her to dread a separation from the object of her affections. Melton was entirely dependant on a wealthy uncle who centered all his ambition in him, and it was the first wish of his heart to see him united to Miss Adams.

"I will tell him all," she exclaimed, "and then bid him leave me for ever. I must teach my heart to forget how happy I once dreamed I might be in the possession of his love."

She wrote to him, and gave him her history from her earliest recollection: she told him that had she known as much as she then did, she would never have dared to love him, and all that now remained for them both to do, was to erase every recollection of past hopes and wishes from their minds, as under existing circumstances it was impossible for them ever to be realized. She confided her letter to the care of her friend, and returned to Canterbury. She revealed to Mrs. Bentham all it was necessary for her to know respecting her situation, and followed the advice of her father in seeking employment in her school. The benevolent lady wept over her altered prospects, but she was pleased to keep her with her: for the affection she felt for the unprotected girl was like that of a mother.

Helen, in the exercise of her duties, sought to recover tranquility; but alas! the wounded heart is not so easily schooled into forgetfulness. She was no longer the joyous creature, whose blithe laugh and gay song thrilled the pulses of the listener with a feeling akin to their own bouyancy. Her step was languid, and her eyes had lost all their brilliancy.

In the meantime Miss Adams had seen her cousin, and given him the letter, and Mary bitterly upbraided her own heart when she felt that it rejoiced in the blow that awaited him. Helen had refused to marry him, and now he might love

her: and she glossed over the selfishness of her feelings by trying to convince herself, that situated as things were, it was impossible for them to be happy, even if they were united. Melton, she knew, was not in circumstances to marry without the consent of his uncle, and that consent she well knew would never be given to his union with Helen Floyd. Mary's affection for him was too devoted to be entirely disinterested. She wished, and prayed for his happiness, but then it must emanate from herself; and for the first time she suffered a feeling of bitterness to mingle with her affection for her friend. "Had he never seen her, he would have loved me," she exclaimed, "and Helen would have been saved from an unfortunate attachment." She was not convinced of the futility of her hopes until she witnessed the anguish Helen's letter inflicted on her cousin. He made no attempt to conceal it, but consulted with her on the possibility of overcoming Helen's too scrupulous delicacy, and prevailing on her to become his wife, even without the consent of his relatives.

"But your situation, dear Charles," said Mary. "Your pay will not support yourself—how then can you encumber yourself with a wife?"

"True—true," replied Melton, "I wonder what my uncle placed me in the army for, if not to render me more entirely dependant on his bounty. Mary, I must marry this girl—my happiness depends on it. If ruin and Helen Floyd were on one hand, and the most splendid destiny the world can bestow on the other, I would turn from it, and clasping her to my heart, endure, without shrinking, all the bitterness of penury. I will see her at all events, and be guided by her in the course I shall pursue."

He did see her, and moved by his anguish, and blinded by passion, she listened to his entreaties for a private marriage. He offered her a heart that adored her, and a home hallowed by love; and when she thought of her lonely and desolate situation, without the ties of kindred affection, is it wonderful that her resolution wavered?

(To be continued).

GROVE HALL;
OR, "LIVING LIKE OTHER PEOPLE."

MR. BOARDMAN was originally from the country. There he married. With no other capital than industry, frugality, and enterprise, he commenced business in one of our largest cities. His trade gradually expanded, through a series of years, till he was ranked as one of the first importers of the city. He was noted for his industrious habits, while prudence and coolness marked his mercantile career. His lady, with the frugal notions brought from her parental home, rendered her dwelling the abode of comfort without ostentation, and plenty without luxury.

Years rolled on, and they reared a large family—four daughters and six sons. The children, as they grew up, mingled in the routes and round of city life. The circumstances of the family naturally introduced them into the gay circles of the élite; and, of course, Helen and Josephine were at the great fêtes of the season, giving by the Churchills. It was nearly twelve, on the following morning, when they arranged their toilet, and appeared at the breakfast table.

"Good morning, my dears," said the doting and indulgent mother: "how did you enjoy yourselves last evening?"

"Delightfully, ma!" said Josephine; "I wish you had been there. The mansion at the Oaklands is *so* elegant! Everything is superb, and they have room for a *jam*. The great hall overlooks the romantic lake, where there are two beautiful swans; and the Sylvan Bower sent forth the sweetest strains, making the spirits dance in all the delights of a fairy scene. Oh, *pa!* *we* must have a country-house. I am determined to coax *pa*. *We must live like other people.*"

"Yes, dearest mother," added Helen, "we must retire to the country. Your health requires a pure atmosphere. *Pa* shall build a country-seat—just like the Churchills. They are honoured by every body."

The good father left his counting-house, and came home to dine. The daughters, full of their determination, talked of nothing but "a country-house." And from that time, until "Grove Hall" was commenced, the indulgent parent heard little else save the delights, healthfulness, and elegance of a "country-seat." The city residence was entirely re-modelled, to keep pace with the elegance of "Grove Hall," and the Boardsmans were honoured with the presence of *the ton*, at the

magnificent retreat in the summer, and at the "town-mansion" in the winter.

The sons, meantime, had been disposed of as became the inheritors of fortunes made to their hands. William was for "the ministry," notwithstanding his drawing largely upon the preparatory funds, and his being now and then put in the *minus* list as the leader of "*sprees*." There was room to hope for reformation before he "received a call." Thomas would "read law;" John was "inclined to physic;" while Harry was to be of the "life mercantile." They all went to college, as a matter of course; but, like thousands of others, they went *through*, received their diplomas, and the college-fund, at the counting-house, showed a *suffering* of over three thousand pounds, including the "wild oats" paid for by the indulgent father. All save Harry were sent on a continental tour, to *finish* their education. Harry was received into the house of his father, as a partner, at one third the profits. Few young men ever started life with such brilliant prospects: and beside, he was considered what the world terms a "*smart*" young man; held his head high, talked largely of stocks, and had a finger in the prevalent speculations. But for all these, a dissolution took place in about a year, Harry averring that he must remove to a larger theatre for enterprise and business. He accordingly planted himself in the great metropolis, where he could unfold the giant powers of his mercantile mind, and, by a few Herculean strides, leave the old standards far in his wake, in his onward career of mercantile glory. Harry was a bold adventurer. He dipped into the mania for speculation, was made a chief director in one of the largest institutions, and in about four years from the time he started in "a great business," he was confidently written down, in the price-current of estimates, a "millionaire."

The other sons returned home, having expended immense sums in their "Continental tour;" but they had imbibed the notions of gentlemen abroad, and had no inclination for the dry details of a profession. For several years afterward, they pursued the genteel life of idleness. Thomas finally married Annette Anderson, an heiress, with a West India plantation, and slaves accordingly. John, too, took to wife a lineal descendant of the Stuarts, and they both occupied splendid mansions in the most fashionable quarter of the town, given them by their kind father. Their establishments were kept up with a splendour worthy the distinguished brides of their household. The lady of John brought not wealth, but greatness, in her

royal descent : and to live in a style worthy of her great ancestry, the coffers of the elder Boardman (John still being a gentleman, without profession,) were subject to constant and enormous drafts. The "West India plantation and the negroes to match," turned out, like many other great fortunes, of a mortgaged estate, which the broken fortunes of her father had secretly involved, previous to his demise, for nearly as much as it was worth ; and Thomas, too, forsooth, must draw upon "the counting-house" for supplies to support himself and heiress.

It was the wonted practice of the Boardmans to visit the metropolis during the fashionable season. While there, amid the gay scenes of the following winter, Josephine became acquainted with a nobleman, who cognominated' himself, the Duke de Rouen, the reputed descendant of a family of high pedigree in France. "Jose" was delighted with the duke, and the duke was enamoured of "Jose," and the wedding took place with great pomp and parade, at the elegant mansion in "Crescent-place," which Mr. Boardman had taken pains to furnish in a style of magnificence worthy the royal rank of its future occupant.

It was about this time, that "the pressure in the money market" commenced. Harry, "the merchant and millionaire," was deep in the exporting line of British manufactures. He had sent off great amounts of goods—there was no sale—and what was worse, the American merchant, who had been giving him acceptances, could not pay them, and his drafts came back protested. He had been largely concerned in cotton, and the article was down in the market. His "India Rubber Stock," though very elastic, was "no bite;" and in this state of things, it seemed quite natural that Harry Boardman, "the millionaire," should prove the extent of his operations, by failing for four hundred thousand pounds, bringing in his father, as the endorser of his bills, for nearly half the amount.

When the news reached "Grove Hall," the Boardmans gave, the next night after, a fête of extra magnificence, probably on the principle of the banker, who had always gone on foot, until his credit was doubted, when he added a splendid carriage and servants in livery to his establishment. All the world were at this superb flare-up ; and among the number was a rich and very respectable French family. They were invited, out of especial respect to the Duke, and were presented with the ceremony becoming his high rank and royal extraction. But their astonishment can alone be imagined by the reader, when they recognised in the pretended Duke the eloped son

of a small hair-dresser, of the Palais Royal, who had no other claims to noble blood than the manners he had caught in his shop acquaintance," in clipping the mustaches of the royal customers of his father.

Josephine—the proud, uplifted Josephine, who had all her life repudiated the very name of a mechanic, and the odour of "the shop"—was horrified. "He no Duke, but the son of a hair-dresser! Was ever woman so treated!" she feelingly exclaimed, with the scandalized Pauline. "How the world will talk! The wife of a mechanic—a low-born, vulgar barber! How it will ring at the great party of the Worthingtons: "Josephine Boardman married to a hair-dresser! I'm no Duchess' after all!" and she swooned in the arms of her mother, and refused to see "the Duke" ever after.

Well did she say, "The world will talk." The explosion, although the pride of the family sought its secrecy, went upon the wings of gossips. "The Duke and the Duchess were upon all tongues, and a theme of sarcastic merriment to all parties. The Duke was forbidden "Grove Hall," and warned to flee, as a vile impostor. It soon appeared, however, that he had made the most of his borrowed honours, having, like other great dignitaries, "lived like a gentleman while in." Now that he was only "a barber's son," a swarm of tradesmen, of almost every description, became clamorous for their dues; and the splendid mansion, and the superb furniture, given Josephine as a bridal present, went under the hammer to satisfy the Duke's debts of honour, (gambling liabilities,) and small matters in proportion.

That man was a philosopher, who said, "Misfortunes never come singly." So happened it to the Boardmans.

The shock given to the established house of the elder Boardman, by the failures of Harry, began to be whispered on 'Change. It was known that the establishment was under heavy responsibilities, and that its "factory business" had brought losses upon the concern. The discount houses began to be wary. They finally refused his paper; and for the first time during his mercantile career, the head of the firm was driven into the market to buy money at a premium. He passed restless nights and anxious days, determined as he was, at every hazard, to support the credit of his establishment, and maintain the position in which the labour of nearly half a century had placed him. And he would have done so, had not a new calamity burst like a thunder-bolt upon him. His son John, whom we have seen for several years pursuing the life of a gentleman at ease, had contracted habits of vice which

almost invariably follow indolence and a want of regular employment. For the last two years, he had been a constant visitant at "Crockford's," the great gambling establishment for private gentlemen; and as though fate had hovered over this awful crisis in the affairs of the Boardmans, in the midst of the father's embarrassments, he was called upon to pay notes amounting to nearly twenty thousand pounds, or follow his son to prison. In hopes of concealment, the notes were paid: but the affair soon got abroad; the house could not sustain this additional shock to its credit: and in a short time, the old firm of Boardman failed for upwards of six hundred thousand pounds, and with it were crushed the hopes and the fortunes of the Boardmans of "Grove Hall."

This sad reverse was too much for the old merchant. Cut off from the busy scenes of active life; his family degraded, shattered and ruined; himself neglected, or passed by with cold recognition, he sought a temporary retreat in an obscure town; but the wandering ejaculation and the vacant stare denoted too soon that intellect had left vacant the temple of reason; and, in less than two years afterward, he died, broken-hearted and forlorn, in the retreat for lunatics in the heart of the metropolis. John, the gentleman of leisure, and the private gambler, had, by the last descending step, become a professional gamester; and perhaps the reader may recollect the "Confessions of a Gambler," whose painful narrative alluded to the mis-spent time and wasted opportunities of his youth. It was he whose first public crime was forgery, and whose deeds hastened to ruin the father who had yielded him a fatal lenity. Thomas, the other son of indolence, became a wasted, wretched, miserable, and debauched drunkard, and died a cast-off in a parish alms-house. Harry, the "millionaire," exhibited the benefit of having been employed, although he had made some fatal mistakes in business. He ultimately became a navigator, and is now a respectable sea-captain to a foreign port. But Edward, the youngest brother, coming on the theatre of life after the sad reverse of his family, had no factitious aid to help him onward; but he was determined to procure an education; and teaching in the intervals between his regular studies, he is now one of the most popular preachers of the time, and has gathered his mother and her daughters to a neat little cottage, where they feel it their duty to teach by the melancholy illustration of their own history, the great error of the present day—*seeking to live like other people.*

SONG OF THE BIRDS.

THE year was young, and from the balmy air,
 Mild spring her genial influence lent, to tear
 Winter's cold robe away. The streams released
 From icy bands, by mountain brooks increased,
 Sang their wild song, as o'er, the mossy stones
 They dash'd in pleased luxuriance. The moans
 Of winter's winds were o'er and the calm breath
 Of zephyrs lived, where vegetation's death
 So lately reign'd. Each to its native tree
 Return'd of birds the various kinds, and glee
 And song and minstrelsy were heard, where'er
 Was spray or bush or grove. The balmy air
 Rang with loud triumph and sweet vernal songs ;
 And thus the chorus still the strain prolongs.

Brightly the stream
 The sun is adorning,
 Wake, wake from your dream,
 Ye birds of the morning !
 The spring's fairest flowers
 Are opening their buds,
 To feel the first showers
 And drink the first floods.
 Raise the loud song,
 The spring gale is coming ;
 And the balm banks along,
 The wild bee is humming.
 The moist showery cloud
 Flies over the mountain ;
 Let the stork cry aloud
 By the salt water fountain.
 Brightly the stream
 The sun is adorning,
 Wake, wake from your dream
 Ye birds of the morning !
 The first blush of dawn,
 Let the redbreast be hailing ;
 While over the lawn
 The morn's dews are sailing.
 Let the lark strike his note,
 As the loved sun advances ;
 While the insect tribe float
 In their wild airy dances.
 The earth's smell is soft,
 And over the meadow,
 While he soars up aloft,
 The crow flings his shadow.
 Let the duck in the lake
 Her white breast be dashing,
 While far in her wake,
 The gay foam is splashing.
 In the sun's brightest blaze,
 Let the eagle be screaming,
 As in its warm rays,
 His bright eyes are beaming ;
 As ye hear his loud scream
 The hunter's aim scorning ;
 Wake, wake, from your dream,
 Ye birds of the morning !

THE MERCHANT'S CLERK.

A TALE OF THE SEA.

(Concluded from p. 54.)

“ ‘I was born,’ said the unhappy man whom we had taken from the wreck, “ in a small village, on the banks of the Clyde, and being an only child, received from infancy more indulgence than would otherwise have fallen to my lot. My parents were in middling circumstances only, but well educated, and genteel, and enabled, in a place where none were rich, and all the necessaries of life were cheap and abundant, to maintain a very respectable establishment. I grew up under my mother’s eye, a wild, reckless, and spoiled child. I was fond of books notwithstanding, and being a youth of some genius, advanced rapidly in my studies, with but little exertion; and it often astonished my teacher, that one whose time appeared wholly devoted to mischief and play, should maintain the head of his class, despite the exertions for superiority on the part of his more plodding and studious, though less talented associates. As I grew up, unchecked by my parents, my passion for mischief increased, and the sober villagers, who were frequent sufferers from my pranks, remarked, with a prophetic shrug, that young Reynolds would certainly come to the gallows at last, in case the penitentiary did not prevent the sad catastrophe. My heart was not naturally a bad one, and my faults arose rather from the too great licence yielded them by over-indulgent parents, than from any innate disposition to crime. Constant intercourse with a couple of medical students, whom our village practitioner was educating, gave me a taste for that calling; and when urged by my father to embrace the study of one of the learned professions, I selected that of medicine, being not a little inclined thereto by the idle life my associates appeared to lead, and the prospect of passing a winter in London. I had been upward of two years a student, and had already drank deeply from the cup of sensual pleasure, while attending a winter’s course of lectures in the city; and had returned home deeply skilled in vice and dissipation, when a change suddenly came over my spirit, and a total alteration was wrought in my habits and morals.

“ ‘The father of the girl whom you saw on board the ship, a wealthy merchant in the city, was unexpectedly much reduced in circumstances by the villany of a pretended friend, for whom he had largely endorsed; and becoming disgusted with the

world, and wounded deeply by the perfidy of one in whom he had placed most implicit confidence, and who owed all he possessed to his friendship and countenance, he determined to retire from business, with the wreck of his fortune, and to settle himself in our quiet village, in the neighbourhood of my father, who had been his school-mate in youth. His daughter, like myself an only child, was the agent in effecting this reform; and from the first moment we met, I felt myself a different being. To mild and gentle manners, a sprightly and amiable disposition, which had been highly improved by the tuition of a judicious mother, she added the fashionable accomplishments of the day; and although surpassing all our village belles in loveliness, she seemed wholly unconscious of her superiority. The affectionate regard she entertained for her parents, and her heavenly smile, first won my attention; and day after day the sight of her added fuel to the flame she had so unconsciously kindled in my bosom. I perceived, soon after our first acquaintance, that my constant visits were anything but agreeable to her parents, who had received the most exaggerated picture of my follies and vices from the neighbours, by whom I was looked upon as a perfect outlaw. From the intimacy existing between the two families, however, they tolerated my presence; and although my advances were met with timidity on the part of the young lady, it was not long before I flattered myself that I could discover strong proofs of reciprocity of feeling in her disturbed and anxious glances. Matters continued in this state for some time—uncertainty as to the lady's attachment, and want of opportunity, preventing me from declaring my passion—when my father suddenly died, from a stroke of apoplexy, and my mother, who had long been in delicate health, quickly followed him to the grave, having never recovered the shock she received at his loss.

“The merchant no longer thought it worth his while to keep up any show of terms; but plainly told me, that he could not admit a person of my character into his house; that it was only from the respect he had borne my parents, that he had refrained from excluding me hitherto. Burning with shame and indignation, I left the house, determined no longer to remain in a place so full of gloomy associations, but to sell my property, and to depart for London as soon as possible. I was led, furthermore, to this conclusion, by the circumstance that there was then a young merchant of some fortune, and a cousin of the dear girl who was now but a part of myself, passing a few weeks at her father's, with the obvious intent,

seconded by her parents, of demanding her hand in marriage. I left the village soon after, with a heart torn with anguish, and with many a sigh for a loss which nothing could repay. 'She is gone now,' continued the happy man with a groan, 'and I possess not the slightest memento to recall her image.'

"'Oh, by the by,' said I, 'I cut off a lock of her hair, and have it still with me. I thought that at some future day you might be glad to receive such a treasure.'

"'God bless you!' he cried—'give it to me!' And as I drew it from my purse, and handed it to him, he grasped it convulsively, and pressed it again and again to his lips, while a tear glistened in his eye, and his bosom heaved as if it would have burst. A silence of a few minutes ensued.

"'To continue my narrative,' said he, again addressing me. 'I soon arrived in London, and sought out my old haunts and companions. Here I plunged headlong into the wildest scenes of dissipation; and in the midnight revel, and at the gaming-table, endeavoured to efface all remembrance of the past, and to forget the gentle being who had enchained my heart. In this wild course of life, my money soon melted away, and before six months had passed, I was penniless. In vain I sought aid from those who had feasted at my expense, and who had made me a thousand protestations of friendship. Every purse was closed, and I myself was shunned as one whose touch was contamination. Hungry and weary, I one day strolled down to the docks, and while listlessly gazing at a brig then about to sail, I heard her captain regretting the loss of one of his crew, who had met with an accident, and whom he would be forced to leave behind, while he had not time to procure another to fill the vacancy.'

"'I'll go with you,' said I, starting forward.

"'Jump aboard, then, my man,' cried he, mistaking me for a sailor, as I wore a jacket, in the place of my coat, which I had pawned, two days before, for food.

"'We sailed immediately, and were soon on our way to Havanna, whither the brig was bound. The captain, quickly discovering that I was a perfect novice at sea, would have sent me back in the pilot boat, had he not been short-handed, and thought my presence necessary to work the ship. As it was, he treated me most brutally during the passage, and I was too inexperienced in nautical discipline not to resent it as far as I dared. Finding my obstinacy but little inferior to his own, and looking on me as a desperado, on our arrival in port he permitted me to leave the vessel. With feelings of utter loneliness,

I wandered about, until night had closed around me, when, on turning the corner of a street I saw a person raising a poniard, and about to plunge it into the back of a tall man who had stooped, immediately in front of him, to raise something from the earth. I darted forward as quick as lightning, and dashed the weapon from his hand, while the other, hearing the noise, and turning in time to observe what had passed, struck the assassin a furious blow with a sheathed sword which he carried in his hand, and laid him breathless on the pavement, muttering at the same time some words through his teeth, which I took for Spanish curses. He next addressed me in the same language, but finding my replies were made in English, drawled out, with a twang :—

“ ‘ You’ve done me a friendly turn, young man, and I thank you for it. The deuce take that lubberly scoundrel!—he promised me as much; but I thought him too great a coward to attempt it. I’ve settled him though, and it won’t cost much hereafter for *his* messing.’ ”

“ ‘ While he was running on in this style, I had an opportunity of observing his person more closely. He was full six feet in height, with great breadth and depth of chest, and long sinewy arms, that looked disproportioned to his legs, which were rather small, than otherwise. His face was almost hid by a redundancy of whisker and moustache, and his sunken eyes glared out like meteors from beneath a pair of dark and heavy brows. ‘ But who are you? and which way are you going?’ said he, looking me full in the face, when he had finished his malediction. I frankly explained my desperate circumstances; and when my narrative, to which he had listened attentively, was concluded, he said :—

“ ‘ I can serve you. You are just the man I want. You say you have studied medicine. My craft lacks a doctor. I command a schooner, which you may have seen lying off the market-wharf, just under the Moro Castle. Will you go with me?’ ”

“ ‘ In what trade are you?’ enquired I.

“ ‘ Why,’ said he, hesitating a moment, ‘ may be I’m a smuggler; may be a slaver.’ ”

“ ‘ Be it either,’ I added, ‘ I will go with you. Necessity has no law; and if I remain here, I shall starve.’ ”

“ ‘ Come along then,’ said he; ‘ if we stay alongside this carrion much longer, the guard will catch us, and clap us in limbo.’ ”

“ ‘ Starting off at a rapid pace, we quickly approached the

water side. Drawing a boatswain's call from his bosom, he blew a long, low note, when a small boat, pulled by one man, in obedience to the signal, shot from the schooner, and ran alongside the wharf.

"Is all ready, Diego?" interrogated my companion of the boatman.

"Ay, ay, Sir," was the reply.

"Jump in, then, shipmate," said he to me; and stepping in together, we were quickly on board the schooner. She was a large pilot-boat-built craft, and sat on the water like a duck; but otherwise, she possessed nothing remarkable in her appearance. A few men were lolling about, or lying listlessly on deck, when we arrived, who sprang up at an order from my companion, and commenced getting the vessel under weigh. We were soon under all sail, and ran rapidly out past the castle, which, to my great surprise, did not even offer to hail us, although I had heard it asserted that it was a standing order, enforced there, never to permit a ship to pass after sun-down. When we had gained some distance from the land, I observed a number of persons coming up from below, by the fore-hatch, who swelled our crew from ten to at least fifty men. Orders were next given by the captain to get the gun up from below; and all hands busied themselves, for some time, in hoisting a long eighteen-pounder out of the hold, and mounting it on a pivot, which had been before concealed by a tarpaulin. The suspicion that she was a pirate now for the first time flashed across my mind, and must have displayed itself in my countenance; as the captain, who had been closely watching my motions while these occurrences were passing, said to me with a chuckling laugh:

"We're a free trader, you see, my boy, and are forced to go well armed, to look down all resistance. We pay for our goods in iron, most times; and generally seal the bargain with blood. You look pale, though. Do my words frighten you? Come, cheer up. You saved my life just now, and I owe you something for that: so, if you fear the sight of blood, you may stay below, and dress the wounded. That's the doctor's place, too, on board a man-of-war."

"We cruised for some days off Cape Antonio, and made several rich captures, putting, as I afterward learned, the crews of all to death, without an exception. Some of them made a stout resistance, but all were eventually overcome, and treated alike, without mercy. Neither age nor sex was respected. Many of the pirates were wounded in these rencontres, and I

had soon gained their good will by the skill and kindness I displayed in the treatment of the sick when under my charge. I saw none of the murders that were perpetrated, for I kept below; but often have I felt my blood boil within me, when the shrieks for mercy of the unfortunate females, who fell into their hands, reached my ears. I dared not, however, interfere in their behalf, for I well knew that by so doing I should only risk my own life, while I could not be of the slightest benefit to them. We would at times run into some creek, where the pirates had hiding-places, for the purpose of secreting the booty, where the time was spent in the wildest feasting and carousing. Having received information, from their agents at Havanna, that the men-of-war had got wind of us, and would soon be in pursuit, we left the neighbourhood of the Cape, and cast farther out to sea; still, however, keeping in the track of the West India traders.

“One day a large bright-sided ship hove in sight; and as we neared her, I, as usual, went below, and prepared myself for dressing the wounds of such of my companions as might be hurt in the affray. I remained there until the noise incident to the attack and slaughter had ceased. When all was comparatively quiet, I went upon deck, where the pirates were engaged in throwing overboard the bodies of the murdered crew, and lashing the schooner fast to the captured ship. Turning my eyes aft, I saw the slender form of a girl, with her back turned toward me, sitting on the trunk, crouched down, trembling with fear. To divert my attention, as I found my feelings becoming strongly enlisted in her behalf, I placed myself against the mainmast, and stood gazing at the different operations of the pirates, and watching the captain, who was directing their movements by a continual volley of mingled orders and curses. When he had finished his directions, he strode hastily back to the schooner, and, without noticing me, walked directly up to where the girl was seated, and raising her by the shoulder, in his powerful grasp, said, with a savage leer: ‘Let’s look at your bright eyes, fair one, and taste the sweetness of those ruby lips.’ The poor creature shrank from his touch, with a piteous cry, and gazing wildly around, with an imploring look for assistance, her eyes alighted on mine, which were turned toward her, full of pity and indignation. With all the quick perception of a woman, she recognised me instantly, and darting away from the captain, fell at my feet, and embracing me closely by the knees, looked up earnestly in my face, while the big tears coursed rapidly down her cheeks, and cried: ‘Oh

save me! save me! They have murdered my father—they will murder me! You *will* save me!’ and she pressed her pale cheek fondly against my knees, while the wildest affright was depicted in her countenance, and her bosom heaved violently with deep and convulsive sobs.

“ ‘I WILL save you, dearest,’ I replied, ‘and woe be to him who shall dare to lay a rude finger upon you!’

“ ‘You will, Sir?’ said the captain, who had been eyeing the scene, with a smile of scorn and derision. ‘Do you presume to threaten me?’

“ ‘Ay, villain!’ I retorted, fiercely, ‘you, or any one else, who shall venture to soil a hair of her head:’ and I shook my clenched hand in his face. Transported with rage at my threat, he seized a boarding-pike which lay on the trunk, and with its staff struck me a violent blow on the head. So sudden was the attack, that I had not time to arrest or shun the stroke. My senses wandered—thick darkness came over my sight—and I fell, insensible, on deck.

“ When recollection returned, I found myself swinging in a hammock, my head throbbing with pain, and my pulse bounding as if ready to burst. ‘Where am I?—what has happened?’—said I, as a shadowy and indistinct remembrance of the past fitted across my mind.

“ ‘Where should you be, honey, but in my bunk?’ said a kind-hearted Irishman, from beneath me, where he was sitting, mending a jacket; ‘and little thanks to the captain, that ye’ve a head upon ye, to ax the question. By Saint Patrick! I thought, when I seed the blow he give ye, ye’d have lost the number of your miss; and ’ud be making a straight wake for Abraham’s bosom. Sowl of me! but the tatoo the divil beat on the impty whiskey-barrel was a thrife to it, any how.’

“ ‘But how came I here?’ I interrupted.

“ ‘How should you, but in my arms? Faith, I picked ye off the deck when ye’d no more sinse or motion in ye nor a dead pig; for ye see I’d a kindness toward ye, for the small mather of setting me shoulther, which ye did so gintly off the Cape, when I unshipped it in a drunken frolic.’

“ ‘But where is my unfortunate girl?—What have they done with *her*?’

“ ‘Where,’ he replied, ‘but in the cabin with the captain.’

“ ‘Good God!’ said I! ‘Heaven have mercy on the poor child! Help me up!’

“ ‘Lay still, honey, where ye are,’ said he, endeavouring to prevent my rising, ‘and keep out of sight of the captain, or it may be worse for ya.’

" But I would brook no restraint; and leaping out of the hammock, drank a deep draught of water from a can which he offered me, and staggered on deck.

" As I walked aft, the captain came up from the cabin, and turning round, reached down his hand, and drew up from below the almost lifeless form of my unfortunate girl. ' Here,' said he to the mate, thrusting her forward, ' throw this half-dead-and-alive fool overboard. Let's see if her whining will melt the souls of the sharks.'

" ' Stop, monster!' I cried, and was about to rush upon him, when I was seized, and prevented by some of the men, who stood near, and who held me fast, notwithstanding all my struggles to get free.

" ' Ah, ha!' said the captain: ' so you're there again. I thought I had fixed your flint yesterday. But ' better late than never;' and since you love the trull so dearly, you shall have her all to yourself. Lash them together, men, and tumble them overboard. It would be a pity to separate such a tender couple.'

" ' No, no!' said a voice from among the crew, who had assembled at the noise, which I recognised as belonging to my Irish friend. ' He has got enough, intirely; and seeing that the woman is his sister, or his grand-mother, or some of his kin, it's but nathural that he does not like to see her mis-listed.'

" ' Who disputes my orders?' said the captain, foaming with rage.

" ' I'—' I'—' I'—said a number of voices from the crowd; for, as I have mentioned before, my attention to the wounded had made me a general favourite with the men. ' All dispute them,' rejoined the first speaker; for, if he has done wrong, he received punishment enough last night, in all conscience.'

" ' Then you mutiny, and won't obey my orders,' said the captain.

" Here the mate interposed, and for the purpose of quelling the difficulty, which seemed likely to terminate in open mutiny, advised that the girl should be put on board the ship, and left to her fate.

" ' Then I will accompany her,' said I.

" ' That you may do and welcome,' said the captain; ' and very glad am I to get rid of you: but if we ever meet again —' and he shook his warning finger fiercely at me, while his eyes glared like a tiger's.

" ' God send that we *may* meet!' I replied, as I followed the mate who had carried her on board the ship, in a swoon,

into which she had fallen during the discussion, and laid her upon deck. The pirates immediately set themselves at work to cut the lanyards of the ship's rigging, and having effected it, cast off the fasts that bound the two vessels together, made sail, and were soon out of sight.

“ ‘ With a bosom torn by a thousand contending emotions, I raised the loved form from her prostrate position, and carrying her into the cabin, placed her upon the cot you saw swinging there. By the aid of a little cold water, she at length revived, and opening her eyes timidly, and staring wildly around for a moment, she hastily closed them again, as if to shut out some object of fear, moaning out at the same time, ‘ Oh ! spare me !—have mercy upon me !’ Her lips then became dyed with blood, and I perceived, with anguish, that she had burst a blood-vessel in the lungs. ‘ They have gone, dearest,’ said I, seizing her hand, and covering her cheeks with kisses, as I spoke. ‘ They are all gone. There is no one with you but myself. Open those dear eyes once more. Look at me—speak to me yet once again.’

“ ‘ Soothed and encouraged by my words, she opened her eyes, and turning them full upon me, while her countenance beamed with affection, she said :

“ ‘ I knew *you* would not desert me : but they have murdered my father—my poor dear father !’—and streams of tears rolled down her cheeks, as her mind dwelt upon the scene.

“ ‘ Be calm,’ said I, for my sake—for your own, pray be calm. See ! there is blood issuing from your mouth ; and you but increase its flow by your emotion.’

“ ‘ I feel that I shall not long survive,’ she replied, in a melancholy voice. ‘ I do not desire to live. Oh ! the horrors I have passed through !’

“ ‘ You will live long, yet,’ said I, endeavouring to comfort her : ‘ I will love you, watch over you, be always near you. Some vessel will fall in with us, and take us on board. We shall once more be happy—you will yet be the wife of one who——’

“ ‘ Never !’ she cried, earnestly—‘ never ! Would you marry the polluted being you now see before you ? Would it be a proof of affection in me to attach disgrace to you, by accepting so generous a sacrifice ? No—it can never be !’

“ ‘ In a voice gradually weakening, she found words to express her undiminished affection for me, and to inform me that broken in spirit by the opposition of her parents to a union with me, and their endeavours to effect a ‘ match of interest’ with her cousin, her health had gradually declined, until a

change of air and scene was deemed essential by her physician. To this her affrighted father—having lost his wife a short time before by consumption—readily consented, and with his daughter, took passage for the West Indies, a few days afterward, in the vessel which met the disastrous fate I have already described.

“ ‘ While the dying girl was yet speaking, in broken sentences, the masts, which were no longer supported by the rigging, at a deeper roll of the vessel suddenly went by the board, with a tremendous crash. Startled by the noise, she sprang violently up in the cot, while streams of blood gushed from her mouth at the exertion. I used all the remedies that were at hand to stop it, but without effect. She grew weaker every minute, and though at length the discharges became less frequent, her last moment was evidently approaching. ‘ I am dying!’ said she, in a languid voice: ‘ my eyes are becoming darkened. I shall see you no more! Press my hand—there, there—may heaven bless and preserve you, dear Charles. Oh, my Saviour! receive my spirit!’ And having uttered these words she sunk back—a corpse.

“ ‘ I cannot describe my feelings at this dreadful bereavement. I tore my hair in agony, and, I believe, raved and blasphemed like a madman. I know little of what passed, from that time until you discovered me; for a settled feeling of despair was brooding over my soul; and I neither sought to preserve my life, nor regarded anything around me.’

“ ‘ I was about to offer him some words of sympathy,’ continued the clerk, “ when our attention was arrested by the cry of ‘ Sail ho!’ ‘ Where away?’ cried the captain. ‘ Broad off the lee-beam,’ was the reply; and all eyes were turned in that direction. The wind being light, she rapidly neared us; and when her hull became distinctly visible, my friend, who was gazing intently at her through the spy-glass, suddenly exclaimed, as he dropped it from his eye:—

“ ‘ It’s the villanous pirate; I know her by the new cloths in her fore-sail.’

“ ‘ She looks suspicious enough,’ said the captain; ‘ and if she attacks us, we must only defend ourselves to the last grasp; for, by everything holy! I shall never yield myself up alive to the murderous wretches. Muster the crew aft, Mr. Tompkins,’ he continued, addressing the mate.

“ The crew were soon assembled on the quarter-deck, when the captain, pointing to the schooner, said:—

“ ‘ Do you see that craft to leeward, my boys? She’s a pirate. If we are captured, we shall assuredly be murdered,

and if we fight, it's true, we may be killed; but then there exists a strong hope of our being successful in beating her off. Which do you choose? To fight or strike?

“ ‘To fight,’ they cried out, with one accord.

“ ‘I thought so, my boys,’ said he, rubbing his hands with pleasure; ‘and depend upon it, I’ll stand by you to the last. Give them all a glass of grog, steward; and then to your guns, my hearties. It’s my intention to run the villain down, if possible; and there’s a squall rising to windward that may second the attempt. So keep your ears open, and listen to orders.’

“ Our crew went briskly to the guns, and all was ready for action in a short time. Not many minutes had elapsed, when the schooner ranged up under our lee, at some little distance off, and brailed up her fore-sail, as she was ahead too rapidly. ‘Lay your main-topsail to the mast, and send a boat with your skipper aboard of us!’ hailed a tall figure, from her quarter deck.

“ ‘See you d—d first!’ was the polite retort. ‘Blaze away, men!’ and at the word, an iron shower burst forth from our lee guns, and swept, hurtling and hissing, over the deck of the pirate, dealing death and destruction in every direction; for the men had oaded the guns nearly to their muzzles with every missile they could lay their hands upon. It was manifest that the reception they had received was wholly unexpected on the part of the pirates; and that our volley had thrown them into complete confusion, as the discharge from their long gun did us no injury, and their fire of musketry was irregularly maintained, and badly aimed. ‘Now is your time, my boys!’ exclaimed the captain; ‘our smoke has blinded their eyes; and here comes the squall. Jump over to windward, some of you, and round in the weather-braces. Hurry, men—hurry! Hard a-weather the helm—for life, hard a-weather! Belay the braces! Forward, men—all of you—and cut down every soul who attempts to board! Show the dogs no mercy!’

“ My friend had been leaning, cutlass in hand, against the main rigging, while these scenes were transpiring, eyeing the schooner with a frowning brow, and apparently husbanding his forces for a more favourable opportunity. The squall came rattling down upon us, and the brig, falling off from the wind, in obedience to the helm, and impelled by the increasing blast, darted forward with redoubled speed, like a courser from the spur. The pirate, perceiving our intention, endeavoured to haul his fore-sheet aft, but it was too late. Onward we came, with the speed of light—the waters flashing and foaming under our bows, and the masts bending like reeds. With a startling shock, the brig struck the schooner just abaft the fore-shrouds,

and cut her down instantly to the water's edge, while she heeled so far over at the blow, that the sea rushed in torrents down her hatches. Sinking rapidly, and still pressed forward by the brig, her foremast gave way, and her stern swinging round, she lay for a moment side and side with us. Her horror-stricken crew now endeavoured to board, but were all cut down in the attempt, in spite of their craven cries for quarter.

"At this moment, my eyes were turned in search of my friend. He had mounted the rail, and was in the act of springing on board the schooner. I rushed forward to prevent the deed, but arrived, only in time to see him alight full on the shoulders of the pirate-captain, whom he bore down before him to the deck. With looks of the most deadly hate and revenge, they grappled each other. Just then the schooner swung clear of us, and with a heavy plunge went down head foremost, carrying with her both the avenger and his victim, who, till the waters closed over them, continued their fierce struggles, and sunk at length, locked in each other's arms."

"Mr. Tackle!" said the officer of the deck, popping his head above the break of the fore-castle, "what!—sitting down in your watch? I am ashamed of you, Sir. I have hailed the fore-castle three several times, and yet could get no answer. I really thought all hands forward had tumbled overboard. If this should occur again, I will send you below."

"Smith," said Tackle to the look-out, when the officer had gone, "I thought I told you to keep an eye aft?"

"That's true, Sir," replied he, touching his hat, respectfully; "but I got so taken up by the story of the poor young lady, that I forgot all about it, Sir." D.

CELIA.

Oh, smile not so! those looks of thine
 Fall on my heart as bright and chill
 As sunbeams upon snows that shine,
 And warm not, though they dazzle still;
 While with the false deceitful ray,
 The melting snows consume away.

Oh, smile not so!—or still smile on,
 Like sunbeams on young flowers that spring
 At their warm touch, when snows are gone,
 Hope's golden harvest promising,
 With fruit and fragrance to repay
 The glances of each sunny ray.

Smile on me thus!—that look will wake
 Thoughts of the heart that long have slept,
 And bid all Eden's freshness break
 Where sorrow's wintry storms have swept;
 Smile ever thus!—and from thine eyes
 Let earth draw gleams of paradise!

A DISSERTATION ON CATS;
CONTRASTING THE OLD THEORY WITH A NEW.

BY MISS. TABITHA VALERIAN.

LADIES,—Allow me to enquire if your correspondent, Mr. Jeremiah Oldbuck, is any relation to the Guy Mannering Jonathan? He must be so, I think, and can have consequently no sympathy with us “womankind.” Had he been playing at *High Jinks*, and was he labouring under the nausea and spleen occasioned by the over-night’s indulgence when he indited that deadly attack upon the favourite companion of our lonely hours, which appeared in your December number?

Oh, Mr. Jeremiah Oldbuck, how could you descend to traduce the character of one of the most useful and amiable animals in the creation. You have poisoned your obliquy, too, by denying her ancient lineage, and vaunting her insignificance in the eyes of the patriarchs of old, sacred and profane. Sir, her geneology is beyond all time, and therefore she is doubly worthy of our respect and confidence. Look into the Talmud, and there will be found into what high estimation she ingratiated herself with Father Noah. He had more confidence in her than in all the other tenants of the Ark. Nebuchadnezzar certainly prized her above all quadrupeds, and adopted her as a model in his retirement from kingly cares; in witness whereof, like her, he went upon all fours, encouraged the growth of his smellers, and translated the nails of his fingers and toes into talons. I am assured by a learned traveller, who, in zealous admiration of the animal, has wandered over the whole globe for the express purpose of classifying the species, that grimalkin is unknown in the celestial empire—simply because the perspective-eyed inhabitants thereof devours their own rats and mice. If this proves their TASTE, it likewise accounts for the slow progress of civilization amongst them. She is, undobtedly, a clever animal, ay, and a learned one too, as shall be proved; and her introduction into that incomprehensible country would do more in my humble estimation towards abolishing their barbarous usages than a whole spring-fleet load of dancing masters.

Who that has read the renowned and emulating history of “Whittington and his Cat,” can for a moment doubt of (what our friend disputes) her character, friendship, or goodness? Is not this history true? Has it not been held up as a model for all incipient Lord Mayors, from Whittington, its

hero, downwards; and has it not been a soul-inspiring theme to all godly apprentices ever since, even unto the present day? The erudite and veritable histories of "Thomas Thumb," and "Little Jacky Horner," are as nothing to it. Ha, ha! Mr. Oldbuck, could I not, upon this one undeniable historical fact, upset all your false notions, unreal phantasies, and foul aspersions? Nay, I will go further; I will assert that all those dark suspicions and innuendoes which have been handed down to us, and disseminated amongst the vulgar with so much uncharitable industry, were originally the pure fabrications of an ancestor of the Old —. But I will say no more, although I could relate a capital story which an ancient friend of mine, holding an appointment in the Herald's Office, has told me relative to a certain family having forfeited their crest, a cat d'or, by some act of an unchivalrous character. *Query*: Will not this fact account for Jonathan Oldbuck's testy and fretful humour towards his sister and Miss M'Intyre?

If the barbarian, man, holds in higher estimation the canine species than the feline, I am well assured it is not an attribute of my own sex. The dog, though I by no means wish to traduce the character of the brute, is far inferior to the cat in every quality which makes companionship desirable. The long catalogue of his services and virtues which Mr. Oldbuck has so zealously detailed as appertaining to him, proves him at once to be a fool and a whining slave. Why did not Mr. O. add that he may be taught, with ease, to fetch and carry; to dance on two legs, like a monkey; to fight with his own species until he die; and withal, to attack, without remorse, aged and helpless men, delicate women, and young and tender children. Call you this a desirable companion? The gods forefend that we should be ever doomed to his acquaintance—except at a distance.

Now contrast all this with the virtue and solid qualities of the cat. She is no vile sycophant; she administers to no one's capricious pleasures, unless her own and her honour be identified with them. She adopts the doctrine of free will for her guide, and unflinchingly practises her theory. Does the dog do this? Does he dare? No: and so abject does he know his condition, and so utterly incapable is he of following her dignified conduct, that he entertains eternal enmity against her, and seeks every opportunity of evincing his deadly hatred towards her. Calmly, however, does she sit upon the wall, and view with the utmost indifference the imbecile ravings of her mortal foe.

To be sure the dog has but instinct alone to guide him. The

cat, on the contrary, exhibits mental qualities of far greater power; indeed it is hardly questionable that she possesses reasoning powers of the very highest order. Assuredly she must be a geomitrician. She enters cellars and pokes amongst old lumber, and sits upon barrels in the darkness of night to make calculations. What on earth else can she be doing there? She must be designed to solve some gigantic problem, and Nature herself has bountifully assisted her in the operation by enabling her to see in the dark. Philosophers! trouble yourselves no more with the quadrature of the circle; she will ultimately teach you to expound the riddle.

Can you venture to vouch, upon your word of honour, and solemnly declare—swearing is out of fashion—according to the terms of the Act of Parliament in that case made and provided, that her wise communings had nothing to do with the construction of the Ecliptic of Dendara? Undoubtedly she must be an astronomer, deeply skilled in the signs and wonders of the heavens. Wherefore else should she nightly seek the house-tops to indulge in solemn and lonely musings, and pour forth pious ejaculations to the stars above her? Does the dastardly dog desert his perpendicularity with such fearless activity? No: curlike and crouching, he adheres with cowardly tenacity to the sure and firm set earth beneath him, and, tail askew, irreverently howls unutterable things to the pale and gentle moon, whose bright and bland influences prevent his midnight maraudings. Art thou sure Galileo was not deeply indebted to her? He must be an ignoramus, indeed, who does not know that the cat it was—fulfilling a mysterious and predestined agency for scientific investigation—who shook down the apple upon the pate of Newton, and occasioned to the wondering world the immortal Principia. How did the vile dog evince his attachment to science and love to this great philosopher? “Ah, Diamond, Diamond,” sighed this meek and learned man to the wretch which had in sheer wantonness destroyed one of his most valuable manuscripts, “little thinkest thou the mischief thou has done: thus are gone the labours of twenty years of my life!” The whole hated race ought to have had tin cannisters tied to their tails, and then hunted to death by cats for the sacrilege. Did our cat destroy Mr. Oldbuck’s written page, though it was an obliquy, of the deepest die, upon herself! With self-denying generosity she permitted it to be ushered into the world, to find the fate it deserved.

Compare again the vocal expressions of the two animals.

Our cat utters her wants in terms the most affectionately intelligible of all dumb creatures ; and when they have been attended to, how full of melodious gentleness are the purring expressions of her thankfulness and gratitude ! The dog, on the contrary, makes known his desires by servile, rude, and harsh nasal whines, or more ungracious snorts ; and his thanks are delivered in startling and repulsive bow-wows ! Oh, for a Weber to reduce the two to a composition ! The one would be all music, the other harsh dissonance.

And, then, how opposite are the behaviour and manners of the two creatures. How unassuming, elegant, and debonaire does our cat perambulate around the family circle ; and with what anxiety does she attend to her personal appearance and cleanliness. Does she gape and stare about, and heedlessly wade through mud and dirty water, and then, without ceremony, intrude herself *en deshabelle* and covered with filth, to your fireside, and lounge before it with unabashed impudence and familiarity, as if she had the greater right to your Oriental ? Oh, no ! Need I say what the rude dog does in these matters ? Pshaw ! “ Comparisons are odious,” and so, for the present, I will here end them.

I am firmly persuaded, ladies, that Mr. Oldbuck and his day are both alarmists, or they would never represent the industrious cat as a sinecurist. It is the common cry of the day raised against every worthy and upright creature, biped and quadruped that will not associate with and pander to the appetites of the vulgar. I feel assured, both the man and his animal, are aiming at a massacre of the innocents throughout the city, from *Cateaton-street* to *Kitten-lane*. Pray, ladies, do your best to prevent the execution of these blood-thirsty designs. Tell Mr. Jeremiah that I have nine lovely specimens of my favourite race, all full of intelligence and gentle as lambs, which, if he were to look at, would, I am quite sure, turn his heart in their favour if made of stone. They have formed themselves into a union for their common protection ; and woe to the physiognomies of the dogs which will form the forlorn-hope of the intended hostile movement !

I am, your obedient servant.

TABITHA VALERIAN.

P. S.—As I have not passed the rubicon of life, I may as well observe, that if Mr. Oldbuck is not too old, and if he be passable in person and gentle in manners, I shall have no objection to submit my specimens to his inspection.



Drawn & Engraved by J. Gray.

THE CASTLE OF ALAMOOT.

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THE CASTLE OF ALAMOOT.

THE death of Mahomet was the signal of discord even amongst those devotees who embraced his doctrine. Several persons were preferred to Ali, Mahomet's cousin, and husband of his daughter Fatima, two great factions dividing the prophet's disciples at first; these afterwards having split, into various subdivisions. A chief subject of controversy and contest was, to whom did the dignity of *imam* belong? a term which comprises the idea of all temporal and spiritual power, or that is nearly coequal with the attributes and authority of the Deity. A descendant of Sabah, son of Ali, named Hassan-ben-Sabah, became one of these claimants, and established himself in the fortress of Alamoot, situated in ancient Parthia, a short distance from Kaswin in the year 483 after the flight of Mahomet, or 1090 after the birth of our Saviour. By force and a variety of stratagems he subjected several places in the immediate neighbourhood, and erected himself an independent sovereign; pretending only, at first, however, to be the minister of *imam*, but in reality identifying himself with the imaginary essence of power and authority.

The fundamental doctrine of the order instituted by Hassan was, that *Nothing is true, and all is allowed*; which however was imparted but to a few, and concealed under the veil of the most austere piety and religionism. Study and experience had taught the founder of this order, that while an atheistical and immoral system might accomplish the ruin of states, it could not establish the reign of dynasties, and that therefore lawlessness may be the canon of the ruler, but ought never to be the code of the subject; that the many are only held together by the few by the bridle of the law, and that a severe and strictly defined religious creed is the best engine to enforce and test obedience, as well as to guarantee the security of princes. But how was the want of treasures and troops to be compensated with sufficient rapidity to support and defend the usurper? He had amongst his followers and disciples Masters and Fellows, who were initiated in as far as doctrine was concerned; but a third class became necessary, who never being admitted to the mystery of atheism and crime, would be blind tools in the hands of the superiors. This new party were called the *self-devoted*, the name signifying the nature of their office, though afterwards, in Syria, they obtained that of the Assassins; while, on account of the position of Alamoot being in a mountainous

region, their prince obtained the title of the *Old Man of the Mountain*.

Thus arose that barbarous horde, known by the name *Assassins*, who established and maintained dominion of an unprecedented nature for several centuries, not only in Syria and Persia but throughout Asia, and far and near in every direction. It was that union of impostors and dupes which, under the mask of a more austere creed and severer morals than any other Mahomedan sect professed, undermined all religion and morals; that order of systematic murderers, beneath whose daggers the lords of nations fell. Victims were selected from all classes, but the great and the powerful, rulers and sovereigns, were the grand objects of assassination. The Society had adherents and servants where none suspected, and who would act the hypocrite for years for a single opportunity of perpetrating the mandates of their chief. They even courted death in the fulfilment of his commands, believing that thereby they secured eternal felicity, and that the most laudable and meritorious deeds were those that were done in unquestioning obedience of the minister of *imam*. Thus a convenient and far-spreading method was devised, for ridding the order of all enemies and making it to be so much feared that princes trembled at opposing the pretensions and demands of its founder as well as of several of his successors. The following recorded statement which is referable to Hassan, proves how speedy had been the increase of his sway, how extended was the consideration which he commanded from independent princes, and how blind was the submission to him of the *devoted*, "Jelaleddin Melekshah, Sultan of the Seljuks, having sent an ambassador to Hassan, to require his obedience and fealty, the ruler of Alamoot called into his presence several of his followers. Beckoning to one of them, he said, 'Throw thyself down from the rampart!' and the next moment he lay a mutilated corpse in the moat. On this Hassan turning to the envoy, who was unnerved by terror, said, 'In this way am I served by seventy thousand faithful subjects. Be that my answer to thy master.'"

There is no limit to infatuation and enthusiasm if false religion be the promoter. Yet one may well marvel how any number or large association of devotees could ever become under its cloak systematic murderers. Some of this wonder will vanish when the nature of the novice and the discipline of the assassin-catechumens is described.

Both at Alamoot and Massiat, that is to say, in the centre of Persia as well as of the Assyrian territory of the *Assassins*,

were situated in a space surrounded by walls, true eastern paradises. There were flower-beds, and thickets of fruit trees, intersected by canals; shady walks and verdant glades, where the sparkling stream bubbled at every step; bowers of roses, and vineyards; luxurious halls, and porcelain kiosks, adorned with Persian carpets and Grecian stuffs. Drinking vessels of gold, silver, and crystal, glittered on trays of the same costly materials. Charming maidens were also here, black-eyed and seductive as the houries and boys of Mahomet's paradise, soft as the cushions on which they reposed, and intoxicating as the wine which they presented; for one of the Old Man of the Mountain's most enticing devices was that no bar was erected by his creed to the indulgence of the appetite. The music of the harp was mingled, in the paradises described, with the songs of the birds, and the melodious tones of the songstress harmonized with the murmur of the brooks.

A youth, who being deemed worthy, by his strength and resolution, to be initiated into the Assassin service, was invited to the table and conversation of the grand-master. He was then intoxicated with henbane (*hashishe*, hence the initiated was named *Hashishin*, and hence our term *Assassin*), and carried into the garden, which, on awakening, he believed to be paradise; everything around him contributing to confirm the delusion. After he had experienced as much of the pleasures of Paradise, which the prophet has promised to the blessed, [as his strength would admit; after quaffing enervating delight from the eyes of the houries, and intoxicating wine from the glittering goblets, he sunk into a lethargy again, and while in this state was re-conveyed to the side of the superior. The latter endeavoured to convince him, that corporeally he had not left him, nor been removed, but that spiritually he had been wrapped into Paradise, and had there enjoyed a foretaste of the bliss which awaits the faithful, who devote their lives to the service of the faith, and the obedience of their chiefs. Thus did these infatuated youths blindly dedicate themselves as the tools of murder, and eagerly seek an opportunity to sacrifice their terrestrial, in order to become the partakers of celestial life. What Mahomet had promised, but which to many might appear a fine dream, but nothing more or better, had been enjoyed in reality; and the joys of heaven thus were made to animate them to deeds worthy of hell.

The initiated were clothed in white, like the followers of *Mc-kannaa*, three hundred years before, in *Transoxana*, and, still earlier, the Christian *Neophytes*, and, in our days, the pages

of the sultan. They also wore red turbans, and girdles, as in our day do the warriors of the prince of Lebanon, and as at Constantinople did the Janissaries and Bostangis as body guard of the seraglio. Habited in the hues of innocence and blood, of pure devotion and bloodshed, and armed with daggers which were constantly snatched forth at the service of the Grand-master, they formed his guard, the executioners of his deadly orders, the sanguinary tools of the ambition and revenge of the order.

Ismail Alaeddin was one of the most devoted and adventurous of this blood-dyed fraternity.

(To be continued).

—o—
OLD TIMES.

SCENES of the good old time—the past !
How fast ye lighten on mine eye ;
As twilight stars come out at last
To one who gazes on the sky.
Touch but the light and secret spring
That guards those treasures of the soul,
And back, like breezes on the wing,
The earliest years of memory roll ;
They sweep the spirit's inmost chords,
Perhaps for weary years unstrung,
They wake the thoughts too deep for tears,
That make the sad and aged young.
And thus life's best and brightest hours,
When spring her sweetest smile restores,
When summer's gayest wealth of flowers
Is sprinkled on her emerald floors,
When night most radiantly descends,
And nature's purest incense burns,
While the small floweret meekly bends
With dew-drops in its golden urns ;
All, all the hours of past delight
Upon the memory flow,
And cheer me with the welcome sight,
Of long—long years ago.

In youth's serene and holy hour,
Our barks lay sleeping in the bay ;
We dream'd what joy it is to tower
Along our free and glorious way.
The morning sunbeam gilt the waves,
The breath of heaven was pure and warm,
We thought not of the weltering graves,
Nor fear'd the slumbers of the storm ;
But soon we met the angry gale,
And slow and sad was our return,
With trembling mast and shatter'd sail—
We saw the homeward beacon burn ;
And then what rapture fill'd the breast,
Within the harbour's shelter'd plain,
To fold the weary limbs to rest,
And never leave its bounds again.
But still a backward glance we cast,
Though all is alter'd now ;

Though sorrow o'er the soul hath pass'd,
 And years are on the brow.
 Oft as the waves of life grow calm,
 Our hearts return to former years,
 And ponder o'er their fleeting charm,
 With smiles that tremble into tears.
 For never can that charm forsake
 The hearts that once its image bear;
 Though worn and wasted till they break,
 The early passion still is there!
 No wonder—for a strange delight
 In youth was found in every scene,
 And all came alter'd to the sight
 Through fancy's magic glass between.
 The lonely hill; the shining glade
 That sloped to meet the whispering streams;
 The solemn wood, whose cavern'd shade
 Was peopled with romantic dreams;
 The fearful hour of night's midnoon,
 When howling storms are passing by;
 The brightness of the harvest moon,
 And autumn's deep and dreary sigh;
 The friends, whose bosoms, warm and true,
 Were bright reflections of our own,
 Now, dwindled to a mournful few,
 Each wandering to the grave alone;
 Return sometimes in all their power
 Of pleasure and of pain;
 The shadows of that radiant hour
 That never comes again.
 The new year's day! how clear and bright
 It used to draw upon our eye!
 Soon as the earliest gleam of light
 Was blushing in the eastern sky,
 Forth from repose we gaily sprang
 To shout into the sleeper's ear;
 And all the merry mansion rang
 With wishes of a glad new year.
 His gift the aged servant took
 With gladness in his faded eye;
 The teacher smooth'd his weekday look
 And laid his birchen sceptre by;
 The old unbent their brow the while
 To join in childhood's play;
 And all things wore their brightest smile
 Upon the new year's day.
 The Christmas fire! I seem to gaze
 Upon its deep and radiant red!
 And round the trumpet sounding blaze
 I see the evening circle spread.
 Though storms are rushing through the heaven,
 They cannot chill the joyous flow
 Of young affections warmly given
 To hearts that answer all their glow.
 But soon the voice of mirth subsides;
 They talk of darkness and its powers,
 Of some mysterious form that glides
 In silence through the haunted towers.
 And thus with many a fearful tale
 They while away the night,
 Till every youthful cheek grows pale,
 With terror and delight.

Scenes of the good old time—the past,
 How bless'd the feelings ye inspire !
 Around the dreary heart ye cast
 The radiance of a winter fire.
 I know the coming years will bring
 New scenes and sorrows as they roll,
 And each will scatter from its wing
 A deeper sadness o'er the soul.
 But though the present, cold and stern,
 May fill the weary eye with tears,
 This never failing fire shall burn,
 And light us down the steep of years,
 Till life's dark path is travel'd through,
 And other scenes begin,
 More pure and fervent, warm and true,
 Than all that once have been.

LONDON FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH.

WALKING dress at present offers little in the way of observation ; it is too early in the season for the public promenades, and such of our fair pedestrians as venture out despite of the general inclemency of the weather, consult comfort rather than variety in their costume ; thus the mantles and shawls which we have already described in our preceding numbers still keep their ground. We observe, however, some change in the materials of dresses—merinos, both plain and printed, seem to be quite out of favour ; they have been partially but very partially replaced by Saxony clothes, but these latter cannot be said to be decidedly fashionable, indeed their price is too moderate for them to become so. Silk robes are by far the most numerous, and we observe a more than usual number of black ones.

A few Leghorn bonnets, handsomely trimmed with velvet, have appeared in walking dress ; but satin or velvet bonnets trimmed with black lace, are the most numerous. The interior of the brim is always trimmed in the cap style with *tulle*, or blond lace and flowers ; in some instances also flowers are employed as well as ribbon to decorate the crown. The ribbons are always satin, very rich, and generally shaded. We have seen a few walking bonnets which pleased us exceedingly, because we thought them neat and appropriate ; they were composed of black or dark-coloured velvet, and trimmed under the brim with blond lace, with which a very few small flowers were intermixed. The crowns were decorated with knots of the material of the bonnet intermixed with black lace disposed in the drapery style. This is a very gentlewomanly style of bonnet, and in our opinion perfectly calculated for plain walking dress.

Cloaks and shawl-cloaks retain all their vogue in carriage costume; the latter are more generally adopted than even last month, particularly those of black velvet trimmed with sable. We have seen a few black velvet shawls bound with black galoon shot with gold, and finished at each of the four corners with an acorn composed of black sable and gold thread: these shawls have a rich and elegant appearance.

Hats and bonnets retain what we may fairly style their *juste milieu* size; we do not find that the forms have altered in the slightest degree since last month. There is, however, some variation in the trimmings. Shaded ribbons are giving place to those that have a coloured stripe at the edge, and the centre of the hue of the hat or bonnet; a good many also are trimmed with plain but very rich ribbon, corresponding with the head-dress; the ribbon is twisted round the bottom of the crown or folded, but the former style is most prevalent. Feathers, or rather a single feather is the only ornament employed for a hat; it is inserted in the band: a simple knot at the side completes the trimming. Feathers are occasionally, but rarely, used for bonnets; flowers of various kinds being employed, and rather profusely, to trim them.

Silks are upon the whole most in favour for robes in morning dress, though we see a few cashmere ones made *en peignoir*; but they are not near so numerous as those of *gros de Naples*, or *pou de soie*, made either in the pelisse style, or with plain high *corsages* and bishop's sleeves. These robes may be rendered plain or dressy by the collar and cuffs worn with them. A small *collet broché* of fine cambric, trimmed with Valenciennes edging, and cuffs to match forms a plain but very lady-like *negligé*; but a handsome lace or worked collar and cuffs renders this robe an elegant morning dress.

Plain velvets and satins have lost nothing of their vogue in evening dress; there are, however, two new rich figured silks, likely, we think, to become very fashionable; they are the *satin-igola*, and the *satin-saria*; both are flowered in brilliant and beautiful colours upon plain grounds. Flounces are universally adopted for trimming evening robes; in many instances they are of lace only; and when that is the case, they are frequently disposed *en tunique* down the fronts and round the border; this style of trimming is always headed by a *boullion*. Dresses trimmed with the same material have seldom more than one very deep flounce. *Corsages* and sleeves remain as they were last month. We have no change to announce in fashionable colours.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH.

THE fashionable winter may now be said to be at its height, and certainly it is one of the most brilliant we have witnessed. Out-door dress is however more distinguished for its richness than its novelty; one alteration however, and that a very important one, we must notice. Shot materials of every kind are beginning to be laid aside, and this is more particularly the case with shawls which are now composed of plain velvets, satins, and levantines only. The only trimmings adopted for them, are broad bands or rouleaus of sable or ermine, but the former is most in request.

Velvet, and particularly black velvet, is still the material par excellence for hats; an alteration, but a very slight one, has taken place in their form, the brim is rather more of a long oval shape, but we observe that in general it does not descend so low at the sides. Shaded ribbons retain their vogue, but though the most in favour they are not the only ones adopted, as we see several black velvet hats trimmed with green and blue satin ribbons, and a good many of those of coloured velvet have ribbons to correspond; a single long curled ostrich feather is the ornament most in request: it is plain if the ribbons are plain, but if they are shaded it corresponds with them. Beaver bonnets may now be said to be decidedly adopted in *negligés*, and will probably continue so during the winter. Bonnets of silver grey rep velvet, trimmed with velvet flowers of rich full hues, are very fashionable in half dress; the material of the bonnet is arranged in a drapery edged with black lace, which being disposed on one side, and in front of the crown, passes over it; the bottom of the crown is encircled by a wreath of the flowers above-mentioned, which terminates in a *gerbe* drooping on one side of the brim. A few *coques* of ribbon tightly placed decorate the interior of the brim, and a small knot which raises the curtain behind, and *brides*, complete the trimming.

Although some new materials composed of Cashmere wool and silk have appeared for the promenade, they are but little adopted. Silks or satins either plain or figured being the only materials in request. Fur is very much in favour for trimming half-dress robes. We have seen several with the skirt finished round the border by a broad band of ermine; the *corsage*, half high and tight to the shape, was partially covered by a pelerine terminating in a point before, and trimmed with a narrow band

of ermine. The sleeve tight on the shoulder, and forming a *bouffant* in the centre of the arm, descended from thence full to the wrist, where the fulness was confined by an ermine cuff. We cannot say that we altogether approve of fur for trimming in-door dresses, but as it is becoming very much the vogue, we have given what we consider the most elegant specimen that has fallen under our observation.

We may cite among the most elegant evening dresses those of blue or pale pink *velours épinglé*; the *corsage* cut very low, and draped on the bosom with satin to correspond; it descends in the form of a scallop at the bottom of the waist in front. The sleeve, very short and moderately full, is confined to the arm by a satin rouleau which heads a *volon* of Brussels lace. The trimming of the skirt consists of two deep *volans* of Brussels lace headed to correspond.

Velvet is in very great request for head-dresses in evening dress—the most elegant is the *coiffure à l'Anna Bolena*; it forms a double rouleau on the crown of the head, each being encircled with narrow gold cord. Ruby, groseille, green, and a full rich shade of blue are the favourite hues for these *coiffures*. Velvet turbans ornamented with *chefs d'or* are also in great vogue. We do not remember a season in which the *coiffures* were so profusely ornamented with gold and gems as the present.

Ball-dress is in excellent taste; light materials, as *tulle*, crape, and gauze over satin, are the only ones adopted. These robes are also trimmed with flounces, which are variously disposed, either in the drapery or tunic style; they are headed or looped by flowers: a very great variety of these children of Flora are employed, but, with the exception of roses, they are generally of a small kind. Ball *coiffures* are mostly *en cheveux*, ornamented in the antique style with gold circlets, or massive gold pins enriched with jewels, these are placed very backward, and a *gerbe* or sprig of flowers ornaments the front hair. Fashionable colours have not varied this month.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATES.

Ball Dress.

Tulle robe over white satin; the *corsage* is draped *à la Tyrolienne*, and deeply pointed. Short sleeve trimmed with rouleaus and flowers. Five satin rouleaus encircle the skirt; they are divided, and two are raised very high on one side under a flower, and a knot of ribbon; a similar ornament confines the remainder. The hind hair is twisted in a knot almost as low

as the neck, and the front disposed in thick masses of curls. A wreath of roses with their foliage encircles the head, a *gerbe* formed of roses and marabouts droops from it in one side, and a tuft composed of feathers and flowers adorns the knot at the back of the head.

Fashionable Millinery.

Fig. 1.—*Dinner Cap*, of blond illusion; a round shape, the caul ornamented with twisted rouleaus of shaded ribbon; the border is lightly turned up in front, but descends at the sides and round the back; flowers placed low at the sides, and blond lappets complete the trimming.

Fig. 2.—*Social Party Cap*, of tulle, fitting closely to the head, and decorated in a perfectly novel style with *ruches*, damask roses, and yellow ribbons.

Fig. 3.—*Evening Cap*, of blond lace, the caul ornamented with a double *fichu* drapery of the same; the front is covered with a wreath of flowers terminating in a tuft at each corner: rich blond lappets.

Fig. 4.—*Evening Head Dress of Hair*, decorated with flowers, and a gold and ruby ornament in the centre of the knot behind.

Fig. 5.—*Evening Head Dress of Hair*, disposed in bands, and ornamented with a wreath, terminating in *gerbes* on each side, of green velvet and gold foliage.

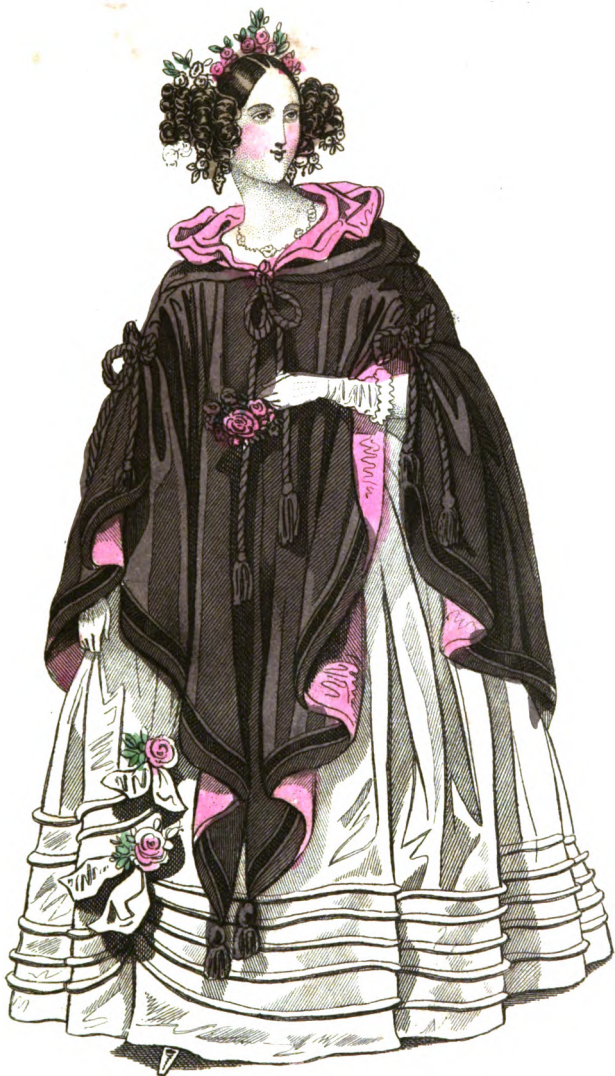
Fig. 6.—Gives a back view of the ball head-dress described above.

Dinner Dress.

CRIMSON velvet robe, the border is trimmed with a deep flounce of double grounded black lace. *Corsage* cut low, tight to the shape, and trimmed with a lappel bordered with black lace, and forming a *stomacher* before, but rounded behind. The sleeve is tight on the shoulder, bouffanted below it, and finished by two falls of velvet of a very novel form, and a black lace ruffle. The hair is disposed in ringlets at the sides, and a knot placed very low behind. It is ornamented with a short scarf of blond lace laid flat on the summit of the head, disposed in the cap stile at the sides, and terminating in floating lappets. *Gerbes* of gold flowers are placed upon the ringlets, and a wreath of blue flowers crowns the summit of the head, and encircles the back of it.

Evening Dress.

PALE pink satin robe, a low *corsage* forming in a slight degree the *demi cœur* at top, and ornamented with two folds of satin, knots of ribbon on the shoulders, and a fall of Brussels lace. Short tight sleeve trimmed with bands and knots of ribbon, and descending below the elbow *en manchette*. The skirt is trimmed with a Brussels lace flounce, with a heading of the most novel description, composed of the material of the dress, roman pearls and roses.



BALL DRESS
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DINNER DRESS :







FASHIONABLE MILLINERY

THE LADIES' CABINET

OF
FASHION, MUSIC, AND ROMANCE.

LUCK AND ILL LUCK.

THE damage of my fortune led to that of my reputation. Merit is only measured by prosperity.—THEOPHILUS.

TOWARDS the close of the year 1749, two carriages were rolling briskly along the road from Paris to Versailles. The first was a stage-coach, with but one inside passenger, Monsieur Pigafet, a respectable man enough; the second was a dashing equipage whirled along by two high-mettled horses, and conveyed the person of the Count de M * *—then celebrated throughout Europe for his talents, his wealth, and his adventures,—to the presence of his sovereign. The noble horses were in the act of sweeping by and leaving far behind them the miserable old hacks that drew the stage, when the two axles came in contact, and so violent was the shock that the stage-coach was upset. Monsieur Pigafet was taken up with his arm broken. The Count sprung from his carriage, poured forth his excuses and regrets, and had him placed in his carriage for the remainder of the journey. The coachman was indemnified for the accident, and on his arrival at Versailles, the Count procured a skilful surgeon to set Monsieur Pigafet's fractured limb. The latter, touched with the assiduous attentions of his new host, and with the pain which he seemed to feel at being the cause of the trivial accident which had befallen him, thought he might as well set his conscience at rest by telling him that the shock of the two carriages was neither to be attributed to the spirit of his horses, or to the awkwardness of his coachman, but to the waywardness of his own evil destiny, which was ever sure to place a dyke for him near the end of his path, and a rock at the entrance of his haven.

“My journey from Paris to Versailles,” continued he, “was to realize or to mar one of my greatest hopes. I was nearing the goal, when lo! I was precipitated into the swamp. I might have expected as much, everything is as it should be, and it is really something new and satisfactory to find a noble

MARCH, 1839.

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Count figuring among the numerous causes of my thousand and one catastrophes. On other occasions it has been a paltry spaniel, an insect, or a bon môt, which has been the instrument of fate in marring my fortunes."

The Count de M * * was amazed, and looked steadily at M. Pigafet. The latter, however, seemed to speak with calmness and self-possession, his look was composed, nor was there anything to betoken an aberration of intellect. The curiosity of the Count was awakened, and again expressing the lively interest he took in his lot, and bantering him upon the sinister auguries he drew from his late casualty, he begged to be made acquainted with the particulars of those curious adventures to which he had alluded.

Monsieur Pigafet, who, to judge from his preamble, was quite as willing to speak as the Count was to listen, did not wait for a second request.

"I was born in Paris," he began; "my father, an honest man but a plodder, fancying he discovered in me an aptitude for intellectual pursuits, believed he was providing for my future happiness, by giving me the opportunity of acquiring a smattering of a great number of arts and sciences, under the persuasion that these various acquirements would render me capable of choosing a line of life in harmony with the bent of my genius, and my qualifications.

"The progress of civilization amongst different nations, new communities springing up and consolidating themselves gradually amid the troubles and excesses of barbarism, the check which power voluntarily imposes upon itself, in fine all the benefits of legislation, made a strong impression upon my imagination. I studied law, and in due time I was admitted an advocate.

"I had already acquired some reputation among my brother gownsmen, when I was retained to plead a cause, of the justice of which I had the strongest conviction. My antagonist, a blockhead named Bernard, veiling his ignorance and stupidity under an assumption of modesty, drawled forth a most contemptible speech. His voice became so weak and spiritless as he proceeded, that it was soon lost in the hum of conversation. My turn came next: I was listened to with the greatest attention, but in the heat of my argument, a vehement gesture deranged the equilibrium of my wig, and gave me an air so singularly grotesque, that a general laugh burst from all quarters of the hall, while my awkward efforts to adjust my official head gear only served to increase the merriment: not

only did I lose my cause, but whenever I appeared at the bar, the suppressed merriment of the audience seemed only watching for an opportunity to burst forth the moment I stood up to speak. I lost my courage, and determined upon quitting a career in which an equivocal gesture was sufficient to compromise the rights of the widow and the orphan.

“The study of the physical and moral world had always possessed a peculiar charm for me. I had already made some progress in some branches of natural philosophy. The system of medicine practised at the time, struck me as being susceptible of important improvements. I turned my mind to it with the utmost ardour; I compared Hippocrates and Galen with the moderns, and believed I had made the notable discovery, that this sublime science, in losing its simplicity, had degenerated in the hands of the modern doctors into a system of quackery and wonderful cures. I undertook to cure inflammatory diseases by the simple remedies of water, regimen, and copious bleeding, nay, I ventured so far as to proscribe quinine, then in the ascendant. I raised up a host of enemies amongst the apothecaries, wine merchants, and my brother doctors; but proud of the unexpected success which seconded my system, I set them at defiance and boldly pursued my career.

“One day I was summoned to a consultation, to meet a young man who had just entered the profession. Judge of my surprise when I found it was Bernard, the ex-advocate and my successful antagonist. In his new character of physician he was again my opponent, he scouted my mode of treatment, and pronounced our patient a dead man if he submitted to it. But disregarding the prediction, he did submit to it, and was all the better for it too; in fact he was making a rapid progress towards a perfect recovery, when, having partaken of some grapes which I had ordered for him, one of the diminutive stones which stuck in his oesophagus, made him cough so violently to dislodge it, that he was struck with apoplexy, and died in an instant, to the great joy of Bernard, who went about publishing his prediction, and pointing out what he was pleased to call ‘the fatal effects of my system.’ My reputation fell at least seventy per cent., and my rival’s rose in proportion. Indignation waxed loud against me in the taverns and apothecaries’ shops. In vain I proved that to the unlucky grape stone alone was to be attributed the calamity which had occurred; nobody would listen to me. To add to my discomfiture, the novel of Gil Blas by Le Sage made its appearance at this juncture: I was universally recognised in the portrait of Sangrado,

and was nicknamed accordingly ; ridicule completed what chance had begun. I was *cut*. With me, I may affirm without vanity, fell the rising edifice of the true art of healing.

“ A nickname is frequently worse than a felony. The wound inflicted by the scalpel of ridicule must feel the action of a foreign atmosphere before it will close. I realized my little property, resolved upon making it available elsewhere, and sallied forth—a voluntary exile—from my sneering country.

“ To a man of mind, commerce, the connecting tie of nations, the father of civilization, the perennial source from which flow all the elegancies and luxuries of life, presents a subject worthy of deep meditation. How ridiculous, said I, is the contempt which little people with great airs or great names affect to affix to the prosecution of trade, when it is quite plain that it is either for its protection or extension that almost all wars are undertaken—that kings risk the security of their thrones and even the blood of their nobility—that diplomacy invents new refinements of cunning—that the mechanical arts are brought to perfection and keep up throughout the civilized world an uninterrupted correspondence of emulation and activity. I shall be a merchant.

“ I established myself at the Antilles, whither I transported the products of the French manufacturers, while I sent back in return the productions of the Antilles, with the exception indeed of quinine ; for, superior to Coriolanus, I did not wish to revenge myself upon my countrymen. My commercial speculations were successful beyond my most sanguine hopes. In the course of a few years my capital was increased tenfold, and I was enabled to re-appear, as the proprietor of an ample fortune, in the beloved haunts of my youth, and to brave the sarcasms and nicknames of my old rivals. With the view of still further increasing my wealth, I threw the greater portion of my capital into a speculation in stuffs, then in great demand at Paris, and I put to sea with my rich cargo, elated with the most flattering anticipations. I had a safe passage, but while disembarking my goods, I perceived that they had been eaten into, from one end of the packages to the other, by a small worm, which had insinuated itself into the bales. I was a ruined man. The next day another vessel laden with stuffs of the same description, and chartered by no less a person than my old antagonist Bernard, who seemed to pursue me everywhere, arrived in the harbour ; he had no competition to fear, and for the third time he profited by my disaster.

“ I was *au desespoir*. A Russian general who had been

my fellow passenger from the Antilles, advised me to travel in order to dissipate my melancholy, and proposed accompanying me to St. Petersburg, where he observed, considering your various acquirements and the favour there shown to intelligent Frenchmen, you cannot fail to meet with lucrative and honourable employment. I accepted the offer, set out for St. Petersburg, and in a short time I was on terms of personal intimacy with the most powerful men at court. I asked for a place in the department of public education, but nothing being talked of at the time but war with the Swedes, I received for answer—*We want soldiers* and not bookmen—I asked for a place connected with the administration of justice, and I was told—*we want soldiers and not judges.*—Again I asked for a place in the diplomatic department, and for the third time I was answered—*we want soldiers, not attachés.* I went in search of my friend the general, he made me his aide-de-camp, and the war broke out. I distinguished myself in several very hot affairs, and was lucky enough to save the life of Marshal Lascy in the action of Wilminstrand. From that moment he became my protector, and the prospect of a high military career began to dawn before my eyes. I commanded the corps which was the first to penetrate into the island of Aland, and the Empress Elizabeth, at the expiration of the war, rewarded the achievement with the government of Astrakan. Events succeeded each other under the happiest auspices, and my sole remaining ambition was to command in chief in some action of sufficient importance, to prove my capacity and to give me a rank amongst the illustrious warriors of the north. An opportunity soon occurred. The famous Thomas Kouli Khan, the usurper of the throne of Persia, covered the shores of the Caspian sea with his barbarian hordes. A considerable body of independant Tartars, at his instigation, menaced the banks of the Wolga. I marched against them at the head of a body of veterans who had been trained in the Swedish campaigns, aided by a strong auxiliary force of brave Circassians, who had thrown themselves upon the protection of Russia. I felt confident of success. Kouli Khan was still at a distance, and I was opposed to undisciplined plunderers, led on by inexperienced commanders. However, I did not allow myself to be intoxicated by these brilliant appearances, but carefully availed myself of all the resources of tactics, and all the stratagems of war. I harassed the enemy by forced marches—bewildered him with false intelligence—and I selected the most favourable position for making an attack, after having had the precaution to station

an ambuscade upon both their flanks, to serve for a reserve in the event of their being successful at first, as to annihilate him in their retreat.

“ Well, Monsieur Le Comte, would you believe it,—I was beaten—soundly beaten. In the midst of the action, when the enemies’ columns were wavering on the point of flight, a north east wind suddenly sprung up, bearing in our faces so thick and burning a cloud of sand, that my men were blinded and could no longer distinguish friend from foe. The Circassians and Russians charged and hacked away at each other most lustily. The enemy perceiving the advantage of their position rallied, and their onset was at once successful,—the ambuscade which I had so skilfully disposed upon their flanks disappearing, God only knows how. Thus, the hopes I had so fondly cherished of acquiring a great name, the confidence of an Empress, the fruits of years of toil and danger, were all swept away from me by the dust. It neutralized the advantages of the superiority of my troops, the excellence of my disposition, and the wise disposition of my calculating generalship. But the worst is to come. Can you form an idea of my astonishment and indignation, when I learned that these miserable vagabonds, my conquerors, had been commanded during the action by that eternal Bernard, whom I was sure to meet, wherever I happened to be, in the day of my tribulation. I shall not explain to you by what singular disposition of chance he was then in Asia, at the head of a band of freebooters, because I really do not know. I had little time to throw away upon such speculations at the time, all my thoughts running upon myself. The government of Astrakan was taken from me. Dreading something worse than disgrace, I lost no time in getting upon European ground on my way to France; but fate would have its way. A new cause of misfortune awaited me in Germany—I fell in love.

“ I need not tell you how a young, beautiful, and wealthy woman, at once coquettish and romantic, could possess the art of turning my head, by affecting now the sentimental, and now the cold reserve of a prude. By dint of attentions, protestations, and sacrifices of every kind, I at length succeeded in mitigating her haughtiness. One day, in a delicious *tête-à-tête*, she condescended to allow me to perceive that I was not absolutely detested. I had discovered her partiality to the pathetic. I was excited—the words rushed to my lips—I prayed—besought—wept—I beheld her gradually melting, when to crown the enchanting scene, I threw myself at her feet, and was

awkward enough to come thump down with my knee upon the paw of her favourite lap-dog, which yelled and bit me.

“The pathetic stopped there : my inamorata burst out into a laugh, which was equivalent to a formal dismissal ; for she had too much respect for herself to give her heart or her hand to a lover who forced her to laugh, to the great discredit of a life entirely devoted to serious meditation and gentle reverie. You may easily conceive that Bernard, the Promethean vulture, ever ready to devour his continually renovated prize, must have been at hand to profit by my new defeat ; and eventually I heard that he had married my vapourish beauty shortly after my dismissal.

“ But though my passion was ill judged, it was not the less sincere ; my taste for retirement, and my desire to return homewards, abandoned me altogether. I felt an ardent longing for new emotions, which might extinguish, or at least soften the regrets, which, spite of me, I felt for the loss of the object of my silly passion. I learned that a colonial company was being formed to explore the coast of Guinea, from the river Volta to the Jakkim, and I embarked on board the first vessel which sailed upon this expedition.

“ After sojourning for some time in the fertile kingdom of Ionydah, I perceived that my companions, whom, until that moment, I had looked upon as so many argonauts destined to carry the benefits of civilization among those barbarous nations, were entirely occupied with the slave trade. I wished to put in practice some of those honourable intentions which I had generously given them credit for. I traversed the territory of Ardra, and advanced far into the interior. The first Africans I met with in this excursion fled at my approach, as if terrified at the sight of me ; but they soon returned in greater numbers than before ; uttering sharp cries, they surrounded me, bound me, and conducted me before their chief. I found myself in the presence of king Dubomay, who had never before been visited by an European. The great prince seemed almost as terrified as his subjects, and seemed disposed to consider me more devil than man. In a few months, thanks to the simplicity of the jargon which forms the language of these savages, I was sufficiently qualified to converse with him. As I amused him with accounts of our European civilization, he took a great liking to me. The partiality was increased to the utmost by my successful treatment of a virulent disorder with which he was attacked. This I effected by an adherence to my system, water, starvation, and bleeding. I became his confidential ad-

viser, and began to conceive a hope of becoming renowned as the legislator of these unknown regions. The idea tickled my fancy amazingly, and I used every means in my power to put an end to the atrocious superstitions in which the good people of Duhomey indulged in common with all their African neighbours.

“The King was a man of strong natural parts, and seemed to coincide entirely in my projects; but his belief in the fetishes, that consecrating power conferred by time on things in themselves the most absurd, was perpetually throwing obstacles in the way of my philanthropic intentions. But I triumphed over them at last. I put a stop to the barbarous practice of immolating the servants and favourite women on the tomb of the deceased master. Human victims were no longer offered to monster gods of clay, and stone; punishments were proportioned to crimes, and the innocent ceased to be confounded with the guilty: the army was recruited without absorbing the whole effective force of the population, and agriculture, which had before been confided to languid and feeble females, who soon sunk beneath the toil, was thenceforth the employment of men, who were taught, that to cultivate the soil and to think were not degrading occupations, when they beheld plenty and pleasure everywhere succeeding to want and sullenness.

“My good advice being thus rapidly attended by such good effects, the King lavished upon me in return those marks of gratitude and love which his people testified to him in this change of habits. He offered to divide his power with me, and the proposal was hailed with acclamation by the council of elders, to whom it was submitted. All that was wanting was my installation. From time immemorial, the ceremony of crowning the kings of Duhomey consisted in their being led forth before the people and the army mounted on a superb white elephant, one of the fetishes of the country, whose movements were interpreted by the priests as indicative of the length and success of the new reign,—a good hint to legislators and reformers. I thought I might as well make a show of respecting some of the inveterate prejudices of the country. I was raising the edifice of my new laws upon the foundations of the old; and when I was on the verge of reaching the point towards which my hopes had aspired,—the end of all my toils—all my endurance,—the old foundation suddenly gave way, and the new edifice lay prostrate on the earth.

“An *insoudo*, a petty insect about the size of an ant, and the most formidable enemy of the elephant, had ensconced

itself in the trunk of the animal which bore me in triumph. Irritated by frequent stings, it first exhibited symptoms of impatience, which of course excited the astonishment of the people; but presently this impatience increased to absolute fury; he uttered most appalling cries, shook himself, and plunged with rage, and ended by dashing his broad forehead against the neighbouring rocks. I had been withdrawn in time from the danger which menaced me; but a peril as alarming met me on the other hand. The priests declared me unworthy of the throne and of life; the prosperity of the throne was compromised—my innovations had roused against me the shade of Trudo Andati, and the mortal gods of Duhomey.

“The King was attached to me. I had saved his life; but the death of his fetishe alarmed his superstition; he wavered for some time; at length his gratitude gaining the ascendant, he limited my punishment to exile, after the application of a good sharp bastinadoing, just to set his conscience at rest.

“An insect that multiplied its species in the piles placed in the bosom of the Adriatic, was the cause of more imminent peril to Venice than the combined fleets of Europe,—an insect hurled me from a throne and changed the destinies of a vast continent.

“I have since ascertained that the subjects of Duhomey regretted my departure. They sent messengers in search of me as far as the kingdom of Ionydah; but I had left the coast of Guinea. Fancying that any white man would serve their purposes equally well, they made a proposal to a European, whom they met with on the sea coast. He at once acceded to their wishes, and the services which I had rendered, were at once transferred to his account. He was loaded with riches and honours. It was Bernard!! Had I been vindictive, I would have rejoiced at an accident which placed my ungrateful subjects in the hands of a brainless intriguer.

“And now, what think you came next, Monsieur le Comte? I returned to France. I commenced author, with a view of finding in intellectual pursuits that repose and enjoyment which I had long sighed after. I wrapped myself in visions of fame and looked proudly forward to the homage of posterity, but my contemporaries soon convinced me that there were others to be consulted. A most interesting work which I composed on the manners, customs, and governments of the barbarian kings of Africa, was declared by the censors of the press to be a satire against the reigning sovereigns of Europe. The work was suppressed, and the author had a narrow escape from

the Bicêtre or the Bastille. Nevertheless, my thirst for glory of some sort or other was still unsatisfied, famous I must become, cost what it would. Having failed in becoming a great physician or a great general, I was desirous of seeing my name incised on the list of the forty immortals. I brought forth a tragedy. With great labour and perseverance, I proceeded in getting it *brought out*. A wit of the pit put an extinguisher on it, ere the representation had passed the third scene, by an explanation, no doubt, irresistibly comical and piquant, but very inconclusive as to the merits of the piece which it served to damn. In the mean time Bernard had returned to Paris, and was very meekly bearing the honours of a high reputation as a first-rate general, an experienced and wise legislator, and a philosophical traveller. With a view of repairing as far as was possible my theatrical discomfiture, I managed to collect in my drawing-room a circle composed of some men of fashion and several men of letters then in high repute, to be present at the reading of my tragedy. This was in fact a sort of court of appeal against the summary and unjust proceedings of the public. An opera dancer, who was the mistress of this eternal Bernard, gave a great supper on the same evening: my brother authors were all engaged to her, and the only auditors that remained were a few young dandies, and as many old roués of the Regency, who listened to my tragedy, grimacing, yawning, dozing, and then ratified the judgment of the public, by unanimously pronouncing it to be 'a poor thing.' I did not lose my courage, and an epic poem appeared to demonstrate the fact. No bookseller would print it; my reputation had preceded my application, and I learned on leaving one of the craft, that Bernard had been elected a member of the academy, with no other title to qualify him for the honour, than an epigram in honour of that high and lovely dame, whom Maria Theresa condescended to call her *friend and good cousin*.

"After having exercised every profession with some talent and a fair portion of honesty, I thought I had discovered that cunning mediocrity was alone sure to succeed. For had not a man of this stamp reaped the fruit of my talents, and my labours in the four quarters of the world? I was going down the hill of life fast, and I felt it imperative to provide for my rapidly advancing old age; it was not without a pang that I brought myself to follow the beaten track. However, I next became a hanger-on, a solicitor of favours. I frequented the anti-chambérs of the great; I wrote dedications for them,

and sonnets for their mistresses. I made friends amongst newspaper editors, public functionaries, placemen, and even the officers of the King's bed-chamber. I had taken all the steps necessary to secure the office I set my heart upon,—the road to court was smoothed before me. All that remained was to present my petition to the King; hence I saw nothing that was not quite natural in the occurrence that this hand which was to draw it up and sign it, should be suddenly rendered powerless. I anticipated my fate and was steeled against it. I do not indulge in any useless complaints. The shock of our carriages has doubtless upset with me, in the high road, all the results of my assiduous courtship of the great, and of my pretty verses to Chloris and Phyllis, but for once I feel in good humour with my spiteful destiny. It would be too painful for me to think that the only censurable action of my life should be the only one to ensure my success. There is no petty disappointment from which we cannot extract matter for congratulation, if we take a high ground to examine it. If my divers catastrophes have been injurious to my reputation and my fortune—frail and perishable treasures—at least they have developed and expanded the sphere of my intellectual activity, by forcing me to exercise my moral powers in various pursuits and amongst a variety of people. They have taught me not to be too ready in according my esteem and my contempt—to examine carefully the nature of things and men, and not to trust to appearances, for there must be many men of talent and merit in the world whom adverse circumstances and untoward events have detained, as they have done me, in the obscure ranks of the poor and unknown. The false glare of great titles and great reputation, can no longer deceive my eyes. Such mere trifles are sufficient to enhance or to destroy the thing called glory, and I have often experienced it in my own person. The shape of Cleopatra's nose, as Pascal most sagaciously remarks, was the success of Augustus, the ruin of Antony, and changed the face of the world. According to the Academician Duclos, the privations of the Roman conclaves, by forcing an immediate vote from the cardinals, have frequently triumphed over seductions and intrigues, and led to the election of popes, who, but for them, would never have filled the Papal chair. A child who was playing in the shop of a spectacle maker, led to the discovery of myriads of suns and new worlds, and unconsciously paved the way for the glorification of Simon Marius, Galeleo, and a host of celebrated astronomers. An apple discovered to Newton the laws of the universe, a grain of

sand caused the death of Cromwell, and changed the fate of England, by restoring the Stuarts to the throne. The blow of a horsewhip hurled down James II., and the absence of a fair wind decided the fate of the predecessor of Edward III.

“As for me, I seem to have been cast upon this earth, in order that I might afford a living proof of the influence which these inferior and continued causes may exercise over the destinies of man, who boasts himself the lord of creation. Have not an awkward gesture, a nickname, a grape stone, a worm, a cloud of dust, an insect, a bon môt, a censor, closed before me twenty different paths to glory and happiness. I might have become a fatalist, but I rejected the idea; I never shall entertain it for a moment. Fools—thrice confirmed fools, are they who refuse to believe that a mighty Intelligence presided at the creation of all these seemingly insignificant beings, the imperceptible, but important wheels of the great machine. The harmony of the universe is wrought out of apparent discords. I will not exclaim, all is well; but I will say, there is nothing useless, nothing contemptible. An atom becomes important from its position, like the zero in arithmetical calculations. Everything has its impulsive power; everything may, in its turn, become a lever; everything has been found to keep up that eternal re-action of good and evil which alone gives motion and life to creation.” M. Pigafet paused. The Count de M**, having listened in silence to this philosophical diatribe, said:—

“Your story has awakened my liveliest interest, and has surprised me more than you can imagine. But, M. Pigafet, your high intelligence does not seem to have made you understand that if a series of unmerited misfortunes may befall a man without crushing him, fortune sometimes smiles on men unworthy of her, perhaps, from their weakness, but incapable of seeking to fix her regard by meanness or intrigue. I am Bernard—that Bernard who profited by your disasters without causing them, who was sometimes your rival—never your enemy; who acquired a great reputation without seeking it, honours without loving them; and who has as little reason to be ashamed of his prosperity as you have of your adversity.”

Here Monsieur Pigafet made an effort to interrupt the Count de M**, or Bernard, but the latter made a gesture to implore his silence, and continued. “I shall in my turn give you an account of the principal events of my life. I shall be brief, my history being the nothing more than the complement of yours.

“It is well to follow one’s peculiar vocation in the choice of a state of life, but as I never had any particular inclination for

one more than another, I only consulted the taste of my father, and became a lawyer because he wished me to be one; but if I wanted eloquence I did not lack honesty, and I was not slow to perceive that nature had denied me the gift of eloquence. Hence sprung that timidity, that embarrassment, that feebleness of organs, which struck you so strongly in my first attempt at pleading. The accident of the wig caused me to join in the general laugh. I was wrong, but one is not always master of oneself, and, to tell the truth, you cut a most comical figure. My unexpected success did not blind me; for a few days after, one of my uncles, a very wealthy and very popular physician, having proposed to make me residuary legatee both of his property and patients, I became a physician to please my uncle, as I had become an advocate to please my father. I knew just enough of the science to qualify me to put on a gown. I knew what they had taught me, nothing more, and any innovation I looked upon as sacrilege. Fancy my indignation when I saw you tug at the sacred pillars that upheld the dome of the edifice of routine. I hurled my prediction of death like an apathema: the grape stone gave me the victory; neither did this chance dazzle me, for my uncle died shortly after. I inherited his fortune, resigned his practice, and resolved upon spending my life in that delicious, do-nothing kind of way which had always been the sole object of my lazy longings.

“ My agent, an honest man considering his calling, embarked my fortune in commercial speculations, and made it highly productive for both parties. I took my share of the profits and did not complain of the proceeding. Your corroding worm might have helped the sale of my commodities, but as priority on this point is not admissible, I shall advance nothing in my defence. Years glided on and repose became irksome, I resolved to see the world to chase away my ennui. The books of some most veracious travellers, and of some highly inspired poets, had enformed me that the east is a land of roses and beauty. I was always fond of flowers and pretty women, and I started for Persia, after a careful reperusal of my travellers, my poets, and the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, in order to be quite conversant with the manners and customs of the countries I was to pass through. I met with few roses and no women, but, in their stead, one wide scene of misery, terror in every countenance, unceasing massacres between the usbecks and the Persians. Kouli Khan, otherwise Nadir-Schah, was then in the meridian of his glory, and I was obliged to fly before his hordes, which spread desolation in their advance. I

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arrived amongst the independant Tartars, who were at first for cutting off my nose and ears, but luckily spying upon my left side a little insect which is looked upon by them as a certain presage of prosperity and success, they changed their minds, and made me commander-in-chief of the troops they were levying, to second the attack of Nadir-Schah upon the Russians.

“ You are already aware of the details of the action, but of this you are not aware of, that, being born with a most unwarlike disposition, from the very commencement of the action my thoughts ran entirely upon my personal security, and that I turned my horse’s head as soon as I could. A body of my troops full of confidence and success imitated my movements, and plunged after me into a little palmwood, where, by the most singular chance, we discovered your nicely disposed ambuscade. They were quite unprepared to receive us, and we disarmed them, before the terrific dust arose which compelled us to retrace our steps. We were then in the greatest disorder, but observing the check you sustained, we finished your business with ease, and I was reconducted back in triumph by my Tartars, whose enthusiasm at my courage and my ringworm knew no bounds.

“ I received my share of the plunder, but tired of glory as I had been tired of ease, I gave my Tartars the slip and moved forward to the north of Europe. In Germany I married a lady, who fell in love with me because I was a Frenchman. Your sudden breaking off with her had made a stir; scandal threatened to get hold of the affair; she became alarmed; she thought that by promptly giving her hand to one of your countrymen, the two affairs might pass for one, and your assiduities and attentions became mine by reversion. So that dispensed from the long trials which she obliged you to undergo, I stepped into the place you had vacated, and our marriage had the appearance of a reconciliation. She died, I was sorry for her, for in spite of her contradictions she had an excellent heart.

“ For some years I had been a purchaser to a large extent of shares in that Colonial Company whose objects had so dazzled and deceived you. I had now a new motive for spurning ease and rushing into action. This time, I did not go forth to explore those climes of flowers and beauty; I went to Africa, to put myself at the head of the vast enterprize of founding the colony of Guinea. Our affairs were prosperous, and might have been more so; for we had positive information of the existence of most productive gold mines in the interior. But how were we to penetrate amongst those barbarous negroes,

many of them cannibals? I was engaged in inventing an expedient, when I was suddenly accosted by the deputies of the great Duhomey, who, after examining the colour of my face, proposed to me to follow them. I did not let slip this brilliant opportunity. The descendant of Trudo Andati received me with the liveliest demonstrations of joy and friendship, offered to immolate a thousand slaves in honour of me, and to give me six hundred negresses as my seraglio. I thanked him for so many fine things, hinted that bloodshed never conferred honour on any body, that he had much too high an opinion of me if he thought that six hundred mistresses were necessary for my happiness. He very politely replied, that my humanity and my modesty were very agreeable to him, but that he had two thousand wives, and did not feel the slightest encumbrance. He asked me my name, and when I told it to him he almost prostrated himself before me, for Barnahr in the language of the Alghunis, which is very much used in Duhomey, signifies *very holy*. We became the best friends in the world. He spoke of you with affection, and commanded me to remodel your laws, which had become a little unpopular after the accident of the *insoudo*. I merely changed the wording. But I was called on for a proof of my capacity. I collected them together and gave them forth anew, under the title of the Barnardian Code, or Bar-Nahr, which exalted me very much in the estimation of the people. In fine, after profiting by my power in order to procure the working of the mines of Duhomey, loaded with riches and with honour, and escorted by the whole population, I bade adieu to Africa and returned to France.

“On my arrival in Paris, I became the object of general curiosity. I was called the modern Cicero, Hippocrates, the hero of the Wolga, the Lycurgus of Africa. It is true my fortune was immense; as you may easily conceive I had a great number of friends, whose never ending theme of conversation was my wit and my talents, and I yielded complacently enough to the delightful incense. Protectors appeared on all sides; they whispered that the ex-King of Duhomey should at the least be a Count in France, so I purchased the Countship of M * *. My friends next declared that bon-ton required that I should have a mistress from the opera. Bon-ton further compelled my danseuse to receive wits and literary lions at her supper, and they persuaded me that a great Lord like me should be a member of the Academy. By dint of hard hammering, I composed an epigram on Madame Pompadour, and I was an Academician.

"You see my aim, Monsieur Pigafet,—how without the slightest intrigue or cabal, led on by fortune and chance, borne upwards by those secondary causes which led to your misfortunes, furthermore aided by a fortune, my name, that of my country, my complexion, and the suppers of my danseuse, I fairly and honestly reached my present palmy state, continually in your track to gather up the fragments of your wreck; yet always ready to afford you assistance and succour, could I have been made acquainted with your existence and your misfortunes. You ran after fortune and glory, they ran after me: let us hope that hence forward they will dispose of their favours with more judgment; and so far from injuring you, I shall only find myself near the goal with you in order to save you from the dyke; near the harbour, to point out the rock."

They embraced, as if to reconcile their conflicting destinies. Monsieur Pigafet was ashamed of the opinion he had until then entertained of so straightforward and compassionate an individual.

"What business had you at Versailles?" said his new friend to him after a pause.

"I have the minister's promise," replied the latter, for the place of Councillor of State, just vacant.

The words seemed a shock to Count Bernard.

"The place of Councillor of State!" said he, "why the minister has this morning conferred it upon me."

Monsieur Pigafet calmly replied, "I might have expected as much, everything is as it should be."



BOYHOOD'S DAYS.

"And to look list'ning on the scatter'd leaves,
While autumn winds were at their evening song;
These were my pastimes —"

THEY spake of a bright and fairy land
Far off in the golden west;
Where the wild flowers bloom'd on the yellow sand,
And spirits of air had rest.

They spake of those who were dead and gone,
Who had pass'd to that sunny shore;
Who wander'd back when the moon grew wan,
To their own green woods once more,
And oft when the summer eve drew near,
And faint from the distant glen,
The gladsome shout fell sweet on the ear,
From the wearied harvest men;

At that hour of rest, when the busy hum
Of the world had pass'd to sleep;
Bright forms were said from their homes to come,
O'er their childhood's haunts to weep.

Those were life's young days, and the forest gloom
For me had a holy charm,
When the wither'd leaves sought their mossy tomb
In the autumn's twilight calm.

For the voice of the falling leaf to me,
Was the voice of the year by-gone;
And the deep-toned wind, the minstrelsy
That mournfully sped it on.

And as I gazed on the glorious light,
That slept on the distant hills,
And heard through the coming shades of night,
The laugh of the leaping rills;

The spirit sigh'd for the sun-bright land,
That legends had pictured there;
And oft-times touch'd by wild fancy's wand,
Would wing through the evening air,

To those far blue hills, and list to the sound
Of the joyous world below;
Where strange wild music was breathing round,
And the bells rung sweet and low.

Those were youthful days; they are pass'd and gone;
And the fairy land is no more;
For the dream of life hath sped quickly on,
And boyhood's visions are o'er.

O would that the gush of the youthful heart
Would linger in riper years!
That its playful spirit would not depart,
In the hours of grief and tears!

D.

CLAUDINE LE CLAIR.

A LEGEND OF CANADA.

ON the margin of Lake Erie, on the Canada side, stands a neat village, every way calculated to induce those who are perplexed with the turmoils of a city life, to believe that there is no paradise on earth to compare with such a place of retirement. The spire of the church, which is reflected on the glassy surface of the lake, seems to extend a protecting care over the humble cottages beneath, each of which stands in a neatly planned and fruitful garden. The surrounding country presents a number of well cultivated farms, some of which are tilled by the villagers, and others by French emigrants and their descendants, who inheriting a portion of the manners of their ancestors, combined with the primitive simplicity and rudeness of their native border, compose almost an anomaly in the human race.

Among the farms in the vicinity of the village was one culti-

vated by Jean Le Clair, a native, whose father had emigrated from Normandy, and being of a family once in affluence, he bequeathed to his son a proper sense of his importance; but, as is too frequently the case, neglected to bestow the means to support the dignity. This is an awkward predicament for a man to be in: to look upon himself and family through a prism, by which they are decorated in the gaudiest colours, while their associates view them with the naked eye, or through glasses that are far from placing their defects in a pleasing light, or magnifying their merits.

Le Clair was finally awakened to a proper sense of the worth of his inheritance. While beggary was starving him in the face, he found it impossible to obtain a single sous upon the credit of his dead ancestors, and that a man may think of himself as favourably as he pleases, but unless the world coincides in opinion with him, it all amounts to less than nothing. His pride could not support him, nor would it suffer him to support himself, so in good time they parted. Le Clair cast his eyes around him, and they fell upon the pretty daughter of an emigrant to whom the little farm then belonged, where our worthy subsequently resided.

Le Clair was the beau of the village; a ragged one we admit, but as he led a life of idleness, played well on the flute, and knew the name of his great-grandfather, no one ventured to dispute his claims to gentility and family. He lost no time in making the customary protestations of eternal love, and considered it as a matter of course, that the charming Louise would be highly flattered with the overtures of a personage of his distinction; but he was received with a degree of coolness calculated to chill even those hardened by a Canadian winter. Mortified at this discomfiture, he consoled himself with attributing it to her rustic ideas and want of discernment.

There was enough of the raw material about our lover to make, if properly worked up, a very clever and useful man; this the father of Louise soon discovered, and accordingly told Le Clair that the girl should be his on two conditions, which the impatient lover eagerly demanded, confident that in such a cause he could readily surpass the dangers encountered in days of old to obtain the Hesperian fruit.

“Louise shall be your wife,” said the father, “as soon as you have satisfied me that you can support a wife, and that she is willing to marry you.”

The latter difficulty, thought Le Clair, may be speedily surmounted, but the former was a stumbling-block, for she could

not feed on air, and there was nothing within his reach of a more substantial nature to offer her. If lovers could only dispense with that terrestrial practice of eating, no poet could present a more glowing picture of Mahomet's paradise than this world would be; but many a rapturous dream of connubial bliss has been put to flight by the obtrusive spectre of a chine of beef or a shoulder of mutton. Le Clair, like Othello, "was perplexed in the extreme," and his hopes were daily approaching despair, when at length the old farmer again spoke to him:—

"You say you love my daughter?"

"More than life, or even meat in Lent time," exclaimed the lover.

"What proof can you give me of your affection?"

"I will marry her to-morrow; if that is not conclusive, I will undergo the agony of waiting a month longer."

"Very fine; but what assurance have I of its continuance?"

"Oh, let her alone for that, she will keep me as true as the needle to the pole, I warrant you."

"Keep you! but how will you keep her?"

"Now that is a pretty question," exclaimed the single-minded lover; "look at me, and be satisfied."

"Right! she may feast her eyes upon you, but I am inclined to think that such a feast will not satisfy her hunger. When poverty stalks in at the door—you know the proverb."

"Eh!" ejaculated Le Clair, his lower jaw falling at least an inch from the other.

"Remember, she is no angel yet, though you fancy her such; she must have bread and meat, man."

"Oh, curse the realities of life! Bread and meat! There is nothing of the kind in Cupid's calendar from the title page to the last chapter."

"Still Cupid has no objection to a plentiful larder, and if you expect to marry my daughter, you must come over to my way of thinking."

"I am not prepared to argue against you, if that is your manner of reasoning," replied Baptiste. "You have made me a convert already."

"Then come to my farm to-morrow by sunrise," replied the other, "and the truth of your conversion shall be tested."

They parted; the old emigrant to pursue his daily labour, and Le Clair to dream of future happiness. Before sunrise the following morning he rose and dressed himself in his best apparel, which had descended like an heir-loom from the great-

grandfather already mentioned, and which, in our lover's opinion, would have done credit to the court of Louis le Debonnaire. The suit consisted of a yellow levantine coat, a sky-blue silk waistcoat, with enormous flaps at the pockets, and a pair of scarlet satin small-clothes, all of which bore conclusive testimony to the uncommon magnitude of the aforesaid great-grandfather, and the degeneracy of his present representative. They hung around the slender figure of Le Clair like a surplice on a broomstick; yet it would have been worse than sacrilege to have made the slightest alteration; such an act, in his imagination, would have disturbed the endless repose of his ancestors, for every thread of those scarlet breeches was more highly treasured, and possessed as much magic as that fatal handkerchief which was dyed with the "conserve of maiden's hearts." How wayward and inexplicable are the affections of the human heart! Here we see one entrusting his happiness upon the uncertain existence of another; there we behold the miser locking up his whole soul with his gold and jewels; that fashionable fair loves nothing on earth like a splendid equipage; this sportsman despises the human race, when compared with his horses and dogs; that primitive damsel dotes upon her tabby and lap-dog, and our hero views with feelings bordering on veneration, the old scarlet small-clothes worn by his progenitors. But enough of moralizing, and to resume our story,

Le Clair having made his toilet, and buckled a rusty rapier by his side, which had descended from the same distinguished personage, took his flute in his hand, and sallied forth to the place of appointment. He had ruminated for twelve hours on the foregoing conversation, and could not by any course of reasoning arrive at any other conclusion, than that the old man having discovered his merits, had determined to yield his daughter without further opposition. His heart beat wildly, and hope was on tiptoe, as he drew near the emigrant's romantic cottage. The neatness of all about the house did not escape his notice. Against the southern side of the cottage was an arbour overshadowed by the rose tree, jasmine, and honeysuckle. He drew near to it, and the fragrance of the flowers seemed to increase, as he reflected by what hand they had been planted. All was silent, for the family had not yet risen. He gazed with a wistful eye upon the small window, just above the arbour, and into which the vines were creeping, for well he knew who sanctified that chamber by her presence. He sighed as he gazed, and envied the jasmine flower that was slyly peeping through a broken pane of the window.

With throbbing heart he breathed a plaintive air on his flute, while the birds flitting among the trees and shrubbery, swelled their little throats to emulate the serenade. It was not long before the casement opened, and a smiling face peered among the green foliage, with lips that might have been mistaken for buds of the vine, and cheeks for full-blown flowers. It was too much for a lad of Le Clair's temperament. His flute was suddenly silenced, and without loss of time he called in the aid of words, as being more expressive than music. He poured forth his feeling, with ardour and eloquence, for love works miracles, and had made even Le Clair eloquent, and as he proceeded in his declaration, the smiling face among the foliage became brighter; the change did not escape the quick perception of the lover: "the victory is gained already," thought he, "she can never resist a personage of my family, parts, and figure"—on the instant the window closed, the smiling face disappeared, and Le Clair's ears were saluted with a sound that too nearly resembled laughter to be agreeable at that moment. He stood—not thunder-struck—for the morning was perfectly clear, and there was no thunder; but an electric shock would not have astonished him more than did the closing of the window, and the laughter that succeeded.

"What are you doing there, dressed off like a newfledged popinjay?" exclaimed a hoarse voice. He turned and beheld the old emigrant, who repeated his question.

"Serenading Louise," replied Le Clair.

"Serenading! very pretty, by Saint Anthony! Henceforward, as you value my opinion, never let me hear a tune from your lips, unless it is whistled between the ploughshafts. And what is the meaning of this tawdry dress? Silks and satins, and of all the colours in the rainbow! Very well for a clown in a playhouse, but not altogether the thing if you intend driving my cart, or digging in my garden."

"I came to make myself agreeable to Louise," replied Le Clair, "and therefore put on my best apparel."

"Agreeable to Louise indeed! Do you think it was for this I asked you to my cottage! No: it was to make yourself useful to me. But in doing the one you may possibly do the other! so begone, strip off your fool's dress, and come in homespun, and you will be welcome. Make haste back, or my breakfast will grow cold."

"Le Clair bowed in acquiescence, started off with unusual alacrity, and the farmer entered his barn-yard to attend to his stock. In the course of half an hour Le Clair returned dressed

in a more appropriate suit; the old man met him with a smiling countenance, and led him into the cottage, where Louise had already spread the plain but clean and inviting breakfast-table.

From that hour the prospects of Le Clair underwent an entire revolution. From being the most idle and worthless young fellow of the village, he became the most industrious and most respected. After undergoing a twelvemonth's probation, the farmer consented to his marriage with Louise, who by this time was nothing loath, and as Le Clair was a wag, the maddest charivari ever known in Canada, before or since, took place on this occasion. Le Clair was notorious for playing a conspicuous part in frolics of this kind, and accordingly many a rustic Benedict came far and near to retaliate. A mad scene ensued, compared to which, the sufferings of the redoubtable lieutenant Lismahago on his wedding night were as paradise to purgatory. Le Clair discountenanced charivaris from that day, and it is now looked upon as a custom "more honoured in the breach than the observance." We omitted to remark that on the wedding night the splendid family dress, which had lain perdu ever since Le Clair entered the cottage, was again displayed, and his rusty rapier suspended by his side. Thus equipped, he imagined the ancient glory of the Le Clairs regenerate. His flute was again brought forth, and was often listened to with delight by the little family circle when the labours of the day were over.

Human affairs are but transitory. In the course of time Le Clair buried his father-in-law, and his beloved wife, who had brought him a daughter and a son, of whom more will be learnt in the subsequent narrative.

There resided in the village a wealthy advocate, who valued himself not only upon his fortune, but that his father before him had lived by his wits, and not by the labour of his hands. Counsellor Martin, as the rustics called him, had a son about twenty years of age, who had early imbibed all the prejudices of his father, and entertained an exalted opinion of his own inherent importance. He made but little progress at school, for he was too lofty a personage to be under the control of one who had neither wealth nor pride of ancestry to boast of. The village schoolmaster was a preacher also, and verily Frank Martin called into practice, during six days of the week, the precepts of moderation and forbearance duly delivered from the pulpit on the sabbath. Frank, as he approached the state of manhood, was seldom seen abroad without his rifle on his

shoulder, or his angle in his hand. He was dexterous at hooking a trout, and seldom failed to put out the eye of a squirrel at the distance of fifty paces.

Frank had from his childhood watched the growing beauties of Claudine, the daughter of Le Clair, as they were gradually developed, and daily became more sensible of their influence; his pride, however, shrunk from the suggestion that the best feelings of his nature had been awakened by a rustic girl: he called to his aid what casuistry he could command to define his sentiments; he reasoned like another Locke to satisfy himself that he was not in love; he anatomised his mind; new-christened his feelings by the names of regard, respect, esteem, but even under their new titles they remained as irresistible as before, and still were as sensibly alive in the presence of Claudine, as though he had deigned to call them by the name of love.

Towards the close of a day in autumn, as Frank was returning home from a ramble through the hills, with his gun on his shoulder, he chanced to cross a meadow where Le Clair's little herd of cattle was at that time grazing. He had not proceeded far before he met a female approaching the meadow. It was Claudine. Frank's heart throbbed, and it flew to his lips as he accosted her—

“Good evening, pretty Claudine; which way do you go at this hour?”

“No farther than the meadow, sir.”

“And why to the meadow, child?”

“Victor has gone to the village, and I have come to drive the cattle to the cottage.”

“That must not be while I am with you.”

“You will not prevent me, Mr. Francis,” inquired Claudine, half jest, half earnest.

“Certainly; I will do it for you.”

“You, sir! That indeed would be a strange sight,” she exclaimed, laughing.

“Then we will do it together, Claudine, and the oddity will not appear so glaring.”

She rallied him on his gallantry, and as her lovely features became animated, Frank gazed with increased delight, and doubted whether esteem or regard was a term warm enough to describe his feelings. Claudine was possessed of much beauty, and archness mingled with simplicity, and Frank felt more forcibly their influence, as he walked by her side towards her father's cottage. The succeeding evening, as the sun was de-

clining, Frank unaccountably found himself lounging near Le Clair's meadow; the herd was still grazing there; he felt overjoyed at the sight, but was at a loss to tell why a few cows peaceably grazing occasioned such a throbbing at the heart. He remained quite restless for half an hour, with his eye constantly bent in the direction of the farm-house, the smoke from which was seen curling above a hill at a distance, when a shout was heard, and winding around the hill, little Victor appeared, running after a huge watch-dog in the direction of the meadow. One look was enough for Frank, for he felt little interest in the gambols of the boy and the dog. His heart beat twenty pulsations less in a minute, and as he slowly retraced his steps, he had time enough to investigate philosophically his feelings and motives.

Frank's intimacy with Le Clair increased from that day forward, and his visits at the cottage became so frequent, that it was a question with the curious whether he resided there or at his father's mansion. His field sports had given place to a love of agriculture, and few were more active than Frank in the hay-field or at harvest time, for on these occasions the females left their housewifery to assist, and it was remarked that Frank was always near Claudine, and preferred doing her share, to his own, of the labour.

Claudine had now completed her seventeenth year, and the day that ushered in the eighteenth, was a day of hilarity beneath her father's humble roof. The affectionate old man arose in the morning earlier than usual, and when Claudine descended, she beheld his face dressed with smiles, and his person in the pride of his wardrobe, the legacy of his great-grandfather. To have started any objection to the antiquated cut of this dress, would have been to Le Clair conclusive proof of barbarous taste, for it was the standard by which he tested every modern fashion, and he looked upon it with reverence, as the connecting link between the present humble state of the family and its former consequence. At times when Le Clair was riding his hobby of family distinction, in the presence of some incredulous rustic, the scarlet breeches and rusty rapier were produced, and invariably closed the contest triumphantly.

The countenance of Claudine as she entered the room was overshadowed with grief, which in vain she endeavoured to conceal as her father rose from his seat to greet her.

"How is this, my child, you look sad, but are not ill, I hope?"

"I did not rest well, and my head aches in consequence."

“The truth is you are pale, but cheer up, it will never do for the pride of the village to be ill on this day; your birthday, and that of your happy old father too, Claudine.”

Every nation has some peculiar custom, which is religiously upheld by the people as a birth-right, and looked upon as a spot of verdure in the waste of life. In Canada, from the earliest settlement, it has been the practice on the birth-day of any person, for his friends to assemble and present a bouquet to the individual whose birth-day is commemorated. If a man, the present is usually a pipe decorated with flowers; and if a female, a cake similarly adorned, if it is the season for flowers, otherwise artificial flowers are substituted.

At an early hour the villagers began to assemble on the lawn in front of Le Clair's cottage. Among them were grey heads and light hearts; dimpled faces and elastic feet, for the companions of Le Clair's early days were seen among the young and gay friends of his charming daughter. The farmer soon espied them from his window, and went out to meet them, leading Claudine by the hand. It appeared as if they had changed the time and condition of life, for as they approached the crowd, they were greeted with strains of enlivening music, to which Le Clair's heart beat time, and his feet indicated the same propensity, but Claudine looked as if she were in a place of mourning, rather than of festivity.

At no time of life had Le Clair felt prouder than on this occasion. As he approached, he frequently cast a glance of delight upon his child, and then raising his eyes to his old friends, gave them an inquisitive look, which seemed to ask, is she not indeed the pride of the village? Many a hearty greeting passed between the old man and the villagers, among whom were some who were conspicuous in the charivari, on the night of his marriage, thirty years before. Le Clair recalled that memorable event, and enjoyed the recollection much more than he had the circumstance.

A seat intended as a sylvan throne was speedily constructed, and Le Clair and his child was escorted to it with no little “pomp and circumstance.” Frank was officious on this occasion, and, though an hour of general joy, his countenance was evidently troubled. Little Victor was delighted, as also was his favourite watch-dog, and in the fulness of their joy, the one laughed and the other barked and turned somersets on the green together. During the ceremony a simple air was sung by the villagers. There was one voice distinguished from the rest by the richness and wildness of its melody. It proceeded

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from a young woman, who, in spite of both mental and bodily suffering, still possessed no ordinary share of beauty. Her tall and slender figure was covered by a shapeless, black gown, which descended so low that her feet were concealed, but still the perfect symmetry of her person was discernible. From her stately neck was suspended, by a string of large black beads, a little silver crucifix, with the image of our Saviour on it. Her dark hair hung in profuse curls around her neck, and rested in the hood of her dress, which at that time was thrown from her head. There was a nervous quickness in her motions; her eyes were wandering, the expression wild, and on her lips, which were still beautiful, an unmeaning smile seemed to be constantly playing.

The ceremony of presenting the pipe and cake being over, the assemblage was about to adjourn to the cottage, when Frank inquired of the female just alluded to, who was at the time in a state of mental abstraction,

“Ninon, have you not your usual offering to make to Claudine?” The sound of his voice recalled her wandering thoughts; she hastened to Claudine, and presented her with a small cake, and a rich bouquet, and said—

“If you have been an apt scholar, Claudine, you may read my regard in this bunch of flowers; it has been carefully culled. There is the amaranth, that crowns all, the emblem of virtue; the budding rose will stand for constancy, and the sprig of rosemary that peeps between, bids you remember me. Here is a cluster of heart’s ease ——” she was going on to illustrate the flowers, when Claudine interrupted her—

“But where is the yellow jonquil?”

“The emblem of sorrow?”

“Ninon, my bouquet should have been composed of the jonquil alone.”

She descended; Le Clair invited his friends to partake of an entertainment, and they moved towards the cottage.

Ninon Dumas was the only daughter of a wealthy merchant of Quebec, and, on arriving at marriageable state, her father destined her to become the wife of his partner in trade, who was at least three times her age, and whose ruling passion was avarice. Ninon was accomplished both in mind and person, consequently such an unequal match could not fail to be revolting to her feelings, even if her affections had not been pre-engaged. The object of her passion was well calculated to please a woman’s eye, but not to realize the golden dreams of her father, who soon discovered the bias her sentiments had

received. He now strenuously urged a speedy marriage, with his old friend and partner, which she as obstinately resisted, and words losing their effect, Ninon was finally consigned to the walls of a nunnery.

She bore her seclusion from the world with resignation, for she looked upon herself as a martyr in the cause of virtuous love, and was consoled with the hope that the day would arrive when her constancy would be rewarded. Her swain belonged to that numerous class, who care not at what shrine they bend, or in what creed they worship, and Ninon being out of sight, she was soon out of mind also, and he married a friend of the lovely creature he had forsaken. She bitterly mourned his faithlessness, and as afflictions usually crowd upon the stricken, her father died shortly after, without forgiving her disobedience. The bulk of his property was bequeathed to his partner, and a certain sum to his daughter, on condition she married him, otherwise she was left destitute. The old man made an offer of his hand, which was rejected with scorn, and he left the heart-broken novice to console himself with his legacy.

Ninon still continued in the nunnery, and as her earthly affections had been blighted, she devoted her whole heart to heaven, but doubts constantly arose whether the offering would be accepted, as she had not made it until this world had lost all charms for her. She dwelt upon the fearful trials undergone by the several saints in her calendar, and felt her own unworthiness when compared with their purity, fortitude, and resignation. Her doubts increased with study, and her distempered imagination clothed her God in terrors. He appeared a jealous God, who created but to punish, and weighed not the frailties that his own hand had implanted in the bosom of his creature. The stability of her mind was shaken, and as she had not taken the veil, she left the nunnery to lead the life of a mendicant, and encounter suffering, for she felt assured that our joys hereafter will be in proportion to the severity of our trials here. Since her arrival at the village, by her amiability, piety, and sorrow, she had acquired the respect and compassion of all, and to none was she dearer than to Claudine, who profited much by her instruction.

During the entertainment, which Le Clair had prepared for the villagers in his garden, Frank, who sat beside Claudine, urged her to taste of the present of her favourite, Ninon, as her feelings might be wounded by apparent neglect. She replied—

“Ninon knows that I too highly value the giver to slight the gift.”

Ninon bowed her head in acknowledgment. Claudine broke the cake, and added, in a tone which only reached Frank's ear—

“And as a proof of the value I set on it, I give one half to him whom most I value.”

Frank slightly recoiled as she presented it, and replied in a hurried low tone, accompanied with a forced smile—

“True, the evil and good we should share alike, Claudine, but the good be wholly thine.”

She sighed in a voice scarcely above her breath—

“The evil we have shared indeed, and it is right we also share this token of unmerited regard.”

Frank remained silent; received one half of the cake, and Claudine ate the other. Frank's countenance became distorted; his eyes were kindling with fierceness, and his mind was evidently racked with contending passions. Claudine perceived the change without surprise, for she had of late been accustomed to these sudden and violent transitions in his moody disposition, from one extreme to the other.

“What is it ails you?” she inquired tenderly.

“Nothing.”

“I fear you are ill.”

“Slightly; but what troubles me will speedily be removed.”

He smiled, and Claudine would have shuddered, had she not been accustomed to his smile. She again pressed him to partake of Ninon's present.

“No!” he replied, “it would but increase my illness. But farewell, Claudine.” He rose and left the table: she followed him.

“Do not leave me yet. Remember it is my birth-day, and it rests with you to say whether I should bless it or curse it.”

“Bless it, Claudine, bless it; though it has cursed my earthly prospects, bless it.”

“That thought is a curse heavy enough to outweigh every blessing this world could bestow,” she replied, and wept.

“Forgive me, Claudine, I am a selfish wretch, unworthy of your love. But the next time we meet your mind shall be at rest.”

“You have promised me that so often!”

“I now swear it: I will place it beyond your power ever to reproach me again.”

“And have I ever reproached you! If so, it was not intended,

and I ask your forgiveness. True, I have troubled you with my griefs, but if I may not unburthen my heart to you, in whom else on earth may I confide?"

"In none; for if our secret were divulged you would be cut off from all the world but me."

"I acknowledge the dreadful truth, but at times when you are kind to me, I feel, that great as my loss is, you are even more than all the world to me."

She fell on Frank's neck, and the plaintive tone of her voice touched a cord that had seldom been awakened. Tears stood in his eyes, which he hastily wiped off, and said in a hurried voice—

"Farewell, Claudine, for the present, and look forward to happier hours."

"I do, I do—in the grave."

The last words, though scarcely audible, did not escape Frank's ear, and he echoed them in the same tone; "Yes, in the grave." He pressed her to his bosom and hurried away. Claudine stood gazing after him until out of sight, then returned dejectedly to the company, and resumed her seat at the table. She had not been long seated before she became as pale as death, and trembled violently. Ninon observed the change in her countenance, and inquired—

"Are you ill, Claudine?"

"Deadly sick," she faintly replied, and supported herself on the shoulder of the other who sat beside her.

"What has occasioned it?"

"I know not: something I have eaten, I fear. I arose with a headache this morning, and now it feels as if it would burst. My sight fails me, and I tremble. Water, or I shall faint."

She drank, and Ninon bathed her temples.

"I feel revived," continued Claudine, "but still deadly sick. While I have strength, pray assist me to my chamber."

They retired from the table, and the company dispersed in consequence of Claudine's sudden illness. Joy was an inmate in Le Clair's cottage in the morning, but sorrow had driven her thence before the close of the day. Claudine's illness increased, and the fears of her doting father were wrought to the highest pitch. Medical assistance was resorted to. Days and weeks passed away, still she was confined to her bed and her recovery was doubtful. Ninon seldom left her bed-side, and by the most assiduous attentions proved the affection she entertained for the invalid. She read to her, and was the most tender and watchful nurse. Frank visited the cottage but twice during the

illness of Claudine. Finally, her constitution surmounted the ravages of disease, and she again rose from her bed, but was now little else than the shadow of the beautiful creature, once admitted to be the pride of the village. She had not smiled since the commencement of her illness, or in such sort as indicated more forcibly the utter hopelessness of her affliction. She became fond of solitary walks, and seclusion in some rustic bower.

(To be concluded in our next.)

—o—o—

THE BANDIT.

YOUNG Leon wore a glance of pride,
That made his rivals quail,
And won fair Lelia for his bride,
The violet of the vale.
She loved him—and when whispers rose
She deem'd her dearest friends his foes—
Fled with him, and her all of life
Centred in those fond words—his wife.

To her, whate'er his mood had been,
A smile of love he wore,
As summer skies are most serene,
When the dark storm is o'er;
And yet at times a trembling came
Upon her, when he breathed her name
Calling her wife—it seem'd like guilt,
The dark, mysterious awe she felt.

A shout upon the moaning wind!
The echoes of the dell awoke;
Again! it thrill'd his startled mind,
As though his victim spoke;
And all unveil'd his deeds arise,
Blood from the ground in thunder cries,
And the fierce bandit shrinks beneath
The voice of conscience whispering death.

The felon's death, the doom of scorn,
And worse, the thought to bear,
His Lelia and her babe unborn
The infamy must share.
Then, then crime's scorpion lash he felt,
Wild fear, remorse, and grief, and guilt;
For love's soft light, when turn'd within,
Reveals the soul's dark stains of sin.

He grasps his trusty knife—'One stroke
These terrors will allay'—
But what wild shrieks from Lelia broke!
His brand is torn away;
'Leon, dear Leon, help! they come!'
She deem'd it life—he felt it doom.
Thus shapes the heart from inward sense,
To guilt its fears—to hope its innocence.

—o—o—

THE GATHERING OF A HIGHLAND CLAN.

UP clansmen ! through the shadowy morn
 See ye not spear-heads gleam ?
 And hark ! upon the wind is borne
 The music of the bugle horn,
 And the stern war-pipe's scream.

On, on they come with startling shout,
 On, through the river's swollen tide—
 They can but fright the speckled trout,
 The bittern from her nest may out
 And ply her wing of pride.

Not so before their heavy tread
 Will flee the mountaineer—
 The slender bracken its frail head
 May bow, when winds rave loud and dread,
 Amid the foliage sere ;

But rudely doth the mountain pine
 Dash the wild blast aside :
 And rudely doth our kingly line
 Dash back its foe, when blood, like wine,
 Pours out its bubbling tide.

Stern children of the cliff and glade !
 Gray sire, and fearless son !
 Speed—with the target and the blade,
 Speed—in your simple garb array'd,
 Speed, ere the fight be won.

Start from the quiet forest's gloom,
 And from the breezy height !
 Leave, leave the dying to their doom,
 For here your deadliest foe hath come
 To dare ye to the fight !

Ah ! calmly shines the summer day
 On isle and lake and tree ;
 To-morrow it will look as gay,
 Though we from earth have pass'd away,
 Like bubbles on the sea.

And when the reaper binds his sheaves,
 And the wood blossoms die,
 And autumn, 'mid the crimson leaves,
 Is murmuring like one who grieves
 O'er happiness gone by ;

Then will the snooded highland girl,
 And the meek lowland maid,
 Look out upon the tempest's whirl,
 And weep that where the hill-clouds curl
 Their lovers' bones are laid.

But oft, in after years, the tale
 Of this day's stormy strife
 Shall make the virgin's cheek grow pale,
 And kindle in the stripling Gael
 The thirst for martial life.



THE PORTRAIT;
OR, A PARENT'S CURSE.
(Concluded from. p. 104.)

THE first beams of the morning sun were reflected in the windows of one of the principal churches in Canterbury, and partially illuminated the altar, around which stood several persons even at that unusual hour. A clergyman, in his robes, stood at the altar, with an open book before him. His hands were clasped, and his eyes were raised to heaven—his lips moved, but no sound issued from them, as he invoked a blessing on the two he was about to unite through weal or woe. Before him stood a gentleman, supporting the form of a lady, who appeared ready to sink with agitation and terror.

“Helen, dearest, why this fear?” murmured Melton, leaning over her. “What causes you to tremble thus? Are you not with your protector—your chosen one?”

“My father—my father; what right have I to dispose of myself without his sanction? and thus secretly—clandestinely. Oh, Charles, have I acted right in abandoning the asylum he sought for me, and which has sheltered my childhood and early youth, even to follow you?”

“Nay, Helen, why suffer such thoughts to intrude? Your father has no right to withhold his consent—he has abandoned you to the kindness of strangers, and therefore has no claims on your obedience. I will be more to you than you could ever have hoped him to be.”

At that moment the clergyman signified his readiness to perform the ceremony, and in the presence of one witness, who was sworn to secrecy, Helen Lloyd, with a trembling heart, uttered the vows that bound her to Melton for ever. For a few moments after the benediction was given, all recollection of her mysterious parent, or the forebodings that had haunted her mind, were forgotten: she only knew that she was the wife of him to whom her heart had been given with all the fervour of woman's love. Melton clasped her to his bosom, and murmured in the sweet subdued accents of tenderness—“Helen you are my own in the sight of that God who is now looking on us, and who shall dare to say that we have erred in uniting our fates? When your happiness, dearest, ceases to be my first care, may Heaven forsake me.”

“Amen!” said a low deep voice near them. Melton started and looked around to see who had uttered this startling response

to his adjuration. A dark figure, muffled in a cloak, was gliding rapidly down one of the aisles. He would have followed him, but Helen laid her hand on his arm, and said—"No—do not pursue him. He wishes to escape notice. It must be my father, for he said he would watch over my fate. I am happy now, dear Charles; for he knows our union, and I am sure approves it. Respect his desire for concealment, for I am sure there is some powerful motive for it."

Melton acquiesced, and they left the church, and proceeded immediately to Lewes, from which place they went a few miles to take possession of a small cottage, where, under a feigned name, they intended residing. It was near enough to allow Melton to attend to his military duties, and occasionally see his uncle without being long absent from Helen. His measures had been so securely taken, that even Mary Adams was unsuspecting of the marriage. Helen had informed Mrs. Bentham, that her father had changed his mind respecting her continuance in the school, and shewed a letter (written for the purpose,) in which he named a particular day, on which he would send a carriage for her to join him in Lewes. On the appointed day a carriage arrived, with a letter of thanks to Mrs. Bentham for her care of Miss Floyd, and informed her that the writer had at length determined on taking her to his own home.

Helen shrunk from such a course of duplicity, but Melton reconciled her to it by representing its necessity, as it was of the utmost importance to him that their marriage should, for the present, be concealed from every one. Helen still continued her correspondence with Miss Adams, and she was pained by the tone of deep sadness that pervaded her letters. She spoke of her health as declining, and all her hopes of earthly happiness as blighted for ever. She frequently expressed a wish to see her friend, and this desire for a re-union Helen strongly felt herself. Desirous of gratifying every wish of hers as far as he could with prudence, Melton determined to take Helen to see Miss Adams. To obviate suspicion he first visited her himself, and hearing Mary again dwell on her wish to see Helen, he volunteered his services to prevail on her to visit her, as he acknowledged to Mary that he was acquainted with her abode, and frequently saw her.

Helen was shocked at the alteration in her appearance. Mary was but the shadow of her former self. She beheld a hopeless and desponding invalid, confined to her own chamber, and wasting the best years of her life in repining over a hope-

less attachment. It was not long before Helen's penetration discovered the cause of Mary's illness and depression. She had mentioned the name of Melton: the deathly paleness that overspread the face of the invalid, and the trembling tones of her voice, as she endeavoured to reply, laid bare a record of anguish and suffering that struck Helen to the heart. She gazed for a moment in speechless distress on Mary; then throwing herself on her bosom, she exclaimed, "Oh Mary! why did you conceal this from me? The knowledge of it would have given me strength to combat his passionate pleading, and your happiness would have been secured. 'Tis too late now! How could I have been so blind, as not to have seen that it would be impossible to be with him as you were, and not love him! Will you—can you forgive me?"

"What am I to understand from your mysterious words?" said Mary in deep agitation. "You are then married!"—and she leaned her head back, nearly gasping for breath; for, unknown to herself, a faint hope had still lingered in her breast, that Melton might yet be detached from Helen, and in time return her affection.

"We are," said Helen, solemnly, "and the pure faith of a devoted heart was pledged in putting my destiny in his care. But you will not betray us, dear Mary?"

"No—no—" said Mary, with difficulty uttering the words; "not for worlds! But how could you deceive me thus. The two beings I most love, to keep the knowledge of their marriage from me—as if I *could* betray you! Oh, Helen! this deeply wounds me!"

"Dear Mary! Charles acted for the best. You see his relatives frequently, and he was aware of their anxiety to see him united to you. He feared that, when enquiries were made of you, your manner might betray our secret. Believe me, it was not from distrusting your affection that we acted thus."

"Does he—does Charles suspect my unfortunate attachment?" enquired Mary in an agitated tone.

"No, dearest Mary; such a thought has never crossed his mind, and you may feel assured that I will never hint it to him."

"Thank you, Helen," said Mary, more calmly than she had yet spoken. "Perhaps I should not speak to Charles Melton's wife of my affection for him; but we have been reared together, dearest, and I would speak to you without reserve on this subject, for the first and last time. I have loved, and still love Charles Melton, and it would have saved me much suffer-

ing, had his marriage been before known to me. Now, I feel that we are for ever separated, and I can struggle more effectually against my unfortunate partiality. My guardian has urged me to travel. As the winter is approaching, I will visit the Continent, and probably spend some years from my native place. I will return with renovated health and spirits, or not at all."

Helen thought it the best thing she could do, and in a few weeks every arrangement was made, and the friends parted.

It was some months after this, that Melton entered the room in which his wife sat, and without regarding her smiling welcome, and the inquiries she made respecting his early return—as he had told her he should be absent some days—he threw himself on a seat, and buried his face in his hands. With a blanched cheek, Helen drew near him, and sought to draw from him the cause of his evident distress. He gazed on her wildly, as if he did not understand the meaning of her words: then starting up, he exclaimed—"Ruined! utterly ruined! My uncle has discarded me—But no, dearest of human creatures, I am not ruined, or desolate, while you remain to me!"

He presently became more calm, and informed her that his uncle had that morning insisted that he should no longer delay offering his hand to Miss Adams. He was well assured that she was suffering from the effects of a concealed passion for him, and there was no excuse for his not addressing a woman who was thus devoted. Incensed at his excuses, the elder Melton accused him of having formed an attachment to an obscure girl, of whose family nothing certain was known. Enraged at the terms in which he spoke of Helen, Melton avowed his marriage. His uncle bitterly upbraided him, and informed him that all hopes of further assistance from him might be given up from that hour.

"And now, Helen," said Melton in conclusion, "I have nothing on earth left, except your love."

"That, dear Charles, you are certain of possessing, so long as this heart continues to throb."

The situation of Melton was distressing to any individual; but to a proud, sensitive spirit like his, poverty was a curse. He was much in debt, and his pay, scanty as it was, could not all be appropriated to the support of his family. His creditors kindly consented to wait, and a portion of his yearly income was devoted to liquidating his debts. For the next two years, his life was spent in all the bitterness of poverty, struggling to

support a genteel appearance; but never for one moment did he repent his precipitate marriage. The love that had linked those two hearts, appeared to acquire a deeper and a more hallowed tenderness from the touch of misfortune. No murmur passed the lip, and no unkindness dwelt in the heart. Each acknowledged that it was far better thus, and *together*, than all the gifts of fortune, apart. His uncle had utterly cast him off, and she who would have assisted him, was far away, and knew nothing of his altered circumstances. Helen occasionally received small sums of money, enclosed with merely the words "From your father," and these were the only evidences she possessed that her father still lived.

It was towards the close of the second year of their marriage, that Melton one evening entered his small but neat apartment, and informed Helen that he was ordered on an expedition which would detain him until the following day.

"The civil authorities," said he, "have been informed that a desperate gang of smugglers, are concealed in the suburbs of the city. You know that the leader was lately taken, and escaped, and the officers has ever since been on the alert for him. It is generally supposed that he will make a desperate defence, and a guard of the military has been ordered to assist the revenue officers. The command is entrusted to me; and I snatched a moment to tell you not to expect me home before morning."

Helen listened in terror, and said, "I have felt a presentiment of evil darkening my mind during the day! 'Tis foolish, I know, to indulge such feelings, but I cannot shake them off. Be careful, for Heaven's sake!"

"For your sake I certainly will, replied Melton, smiling. "If your cheek blanches at the prospect of a slight skirmish, love, how could you bear to see me go forth to battle? Still the alarms of that too sensitive heart, and be assured that I shall return in safety."

A smile, bright as those of their first days of love and happiness, beamed on his face as he bade her adieu; and she stood at the window watching his graceful figure until it was lost to the view: then wiping the tears from her eyes, she murmured—"If any harm were to befall him, I should be lost indeed! Yet I fear my fond idolatry deserves some punishment."

Her presentiments were too painfully verified. The smugglers contended fiercely, and Melton was brought home severely wounded. Helen hung over him in speechless agony, and refused to listen to the consolation the surgeon endea-

voured to give her. For some weeks his life was held by a feeble thread; but the unremitting attentions of his devoted wife, and the prescriptions of a judicious medical attendant, finally restored him to something like health, though his constitution had received a shock from which he felt it would never recover. During his illness, his uncle visited him, and, softened by the extreme distress of Helen, he began by pitying their unfortunate situation, and ended in offering them an asylum in his own house. Melton rejoiced in the illness that opened to him a prospect of future fortune, and gave him the power of placing his admirable wife in the sphere she was so eminently fitted to adorn. The heart of Helen was beginning to recover something of its former lightness, and the smile that irradiated her lovely features, the delighted Melton saw, was the offspring of genuine happiness, when a letter was conveyed to her, informing her that if she wished to obtain information respecting her father, the writer had it in his power to gratify her. He directed where an answer might be deposited that would reach him; and Helen replied, that if it was the wish of her father that she should be informed of his situation, nothing could afford more gratification. The answer came the following day. It was brief. The writer directed her to go to the prison in which the smugglers were confined—to inquire for Johnstone, and desire an interview with him. She was commanded not to inform her husband of her intentions, as his knowledge of them would compromise the safety of her father. He adjured her by the love which that father had borne to her, not to fail in following his directions. “If you do,” the letter concluded, “you will repent it to the last moment of your existence, and the recollection of it will darken every hour of your future life!”

After this she could not hesitate, and with an indefinite feeling of dread, she prepared herself to obey the injunctions contained in the letter.

During Melton's illness and convalescence, the smugglers had been tried and condemned to death, and were now waiting their fate in the country jail. Disguising herself as well as she was able, she made some excuse for absenting herself from home for several hours, and proceeded to the prison. Her correspondent had informed her, that on shewing the superscription of his last letter, the jailor would readily admit her. She followed his directions, and with much less difficulty than she had anticipated, found herself in the cell of the condemned

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convict. A mist seemed to fall over her sight as the ponderous door closed on her, and she trembled so violently, that she was compelled to lean against the wall for support.

As she recovered her self-possession, she looked around the miserable place in which she stood. In one corner, on a heap of straw, sat a man with his wrists and ankles heavily ironed. His form was wasted almost to a skeleton: his features were thin and sallow, and his matted black hair hung in masses over his brow; but amid all the squalidness that surrounded him, it was evident that the person before her had known better days, and had once been eminently handsome. There were the marks of deep suffering, "such as the soul's war doth leave behind," but if she had not known it, she would never have said that she was in the presence of a man whose deeds had so often filled her heart with horror. There was none of that ferocity she had expected to see stamped on the face before her, but, on the contrary, his dark eyes seemed to rest on her with an expression of pity and tenderness. He appeared to be labouring under strong agitation, and rising with difficulty, he said, in a deep sad tone, which thrilled to her heart—"So you have come, and the fate of a parent is not indifferent to you, though you are now surrounded by all that makes life desirable to the young."

"Yes, I am here to learn the history of a father who has never ceased to be dear to my heart. In mercy, tell me what danger hangs over him, and if it is in my power to avert it."

"It is lady—but can you bear to know *who* and *what* your father is? Are you prepared to find him fallen—degraded, unworthy to look on you, much less to call you his child?"

"He is still my father," murmured Helen. "I can bear anything better than this horrible suspense. I am ready to do anything—everything for him that lies in my power. Speak—in mercy tell me all you know."

The man slipped one of his hands from the iron ring that confined it, and threw back the hair from his forehead. At the same moment he advanced, so that the light from the solitary window fell on his features. Helen uttered one wild, heart-piercing shriek, and sunk nearly insensible on his bosom. In that calm, haughty face, though altered by time, and wasted by intense suffering, she recognized her father! Years had intervened since she had last seen him, but she could not be mistaken in the features so indelibly engraven on her memory. When she recovered consciousness, she started from his sup-

porting arm, and exclaimed—"Misery—misery to find you at last, and thus!" and she covered her face with her hands, and wept bitterly.

"Helen," said her father, "you do indeed find me wretchedly situated. Had not necessity compelled me to unfold it, you should never have known that you are the smuggler's daughter."

"Can it be true?" said Helen. "The smuggler's daughter! yes—yes, it is so. Am I the child of that cruel man, of whose deeds of daring I have heard, while my blood congealed with horror? Father—father—oh what could so harden your once kind heart?"

"Desperation," replied he. "I found myself an outcast, with a curse resting on my head. I was deprived of the fortune legally mine, by the unjust will of a cruel father. I felt a savage joy in breaking every link that bound me to my species, and I took a dreadful revenge for their cruelty to me. I have seen the proud man kneel for mercy, and the coward shriek in his agony, and I laughed as I heard the death-rattle in their throats, and thought that I was avenged: but I did not wish you to be like myself. Your pure heart I resolved should never be contaminated by the guilt of mine. I knew it was death to be loved, or cherished by such a wretch as I am,—for had not a blight fallen on the only creature that ever truly loved me?—and I tore myself away from you, and tried to cease to love you. But I was not all lost—there were some lingerings of humanity still in my heart, and you alone, of all the world, were the only creature I did not hate. I have never lost sight of you, and in your poverty I would have lavished on you my ill-gotten wealth, had it not been wrested from me by the mutiny of my ungrateful companions. We have since rendered our names more notorious than ever, though little money was gained in our later achievements. I intended you to go down to the grave without knowing the history of your unfortunate parent, but the love of life is strong, and I knew it was only through your filial affection that I could obtain the means of escape. All I require of you is to visit me this evening, and bring a file concealed on your person, and if you can provide a place of concealment for me for a few days, until the first heat of pursuit is over, my escape is certain."

Helen listened in bewildered silence. She was too much overwhelmed by the recent discovery to have the power of thought. That father, over whose image she had wept in agonized sorrow, and whose sufferings had inflicted the first

severe pang on her heart, was now before her a condemned felon! and she shrunk, with a feeling of dread and horror, from the wretched conviction, that her worst apprehensions were more than realized. Her father did not understand the cause of her silence.

"Do you shrink from assisting me?" he inquired in a stern tone: then softening, he continued, "If so, I can but die."

"Die!" almost shrieked the distracted Helen. "Die!" when I can save you! No—no—if you do not wish to drive me quite mad, do not use such reproachful language. I would—indeed I would, give my life to wipe this stain from your name, or to rescue you from your impending fate."

The unfortunate man again approached her, and drawing her towards him, threw his arm around her form, and said, in a tone softened by emotion—

"And fallen as he is, you *do* love your father? Helen, my child, my beautiful, my innocent, this brief moment repays me for years of suffering. How I have loved you, the heart that has but one object on which to bestow its tenderness, and is as adamant to the rest of the world, can alone feel. You have been the passion of my life: amid all your future life, think of me as one whose best feelings were turned into a fountain of bitterness by the injustice of the world, and who recklessly sought to avenge on his whole species the injuries inflicted by a few individuals."

Helen's sobs rendered it almost impossible to distinguish her reply. So great was the agony of that moment, she felt the impossibility of her wrung heart ever again experiencing so severe a pang. She remembered the necessity of making some arrangements for her father's escape, and after a struggle she overcome her violent emotion sufficient to speak calmly on the measures to be pursued. There was a pavilion in the garden of Mr. Melton, surrounded by a quantity of thick shrubbery. Fortunately, the old gentleman was absent, and the key was in the possession of Helen. This was the most secure asylum she could think of for her father, and rapidly describing its situation, she promised to call in the evening with the file, and the next morning at early dawn to meet him in the garden, and admit him into his place of concealment.

"Remember, Helen," said her father, "that your husband must know nothing of this until I am safe from pursuit."

"No—it shall be confined to my own breast—but will not the jailor suspect?"

"No," replied Johnstone. "He has no suspicion of the

relation in which we stand to each other. *That shall never be known through my agency.* He is a friend of my better days, and once in boyhood I conferred an obligation on him which has never been forgotten. He would himself have provided the means of my escape, had he dared do so. Now leave me, Helen, and do not fail in your exertions; for on you alone I depend."

We pass over the wild anguish of Helen. That night she did not attempt to sleep: she walked the floor of her room during its long hours, and to all Melton's attempts to draw from her the cause of her wretchedness, she replied with such a burst of ungovernable feeling, that he at length desisted, in the belief that her mind was affected by illness. Her quick pulse and burning hand convinced him that his conjectures were right. When he insisted on sending for medical advice, she opposed it with such vehemence that he acquiesced, determined if she was not much better in the morning, to attend no longer to her remonstrances. Seeing her in such a state, he could not think of sleeping, and all her entreaties were vain to induce him to endeavour to obtain some rest. As morning approached she became calmer, and taking the hand of her husband, she said with touching solemnity, while tears streamed over her pallid face—"Charles have I ever deceived you?"

"No, dearest, never."

"Then grant the request I am about to make, without seeking to know its motives. It is dictated by a breaking heart, and *must* be complied with. Suffer me to leave you for one hour. I intended to have gone without your knowledge, but you have watched me so closely that I find it impossible. You think me delirious. I am not. I am as perfectly sane as ever I was in my life, but if you refuse my request it will drive me to madness. In two days I will explain all. You must promise not to follow me, and to make no effort to discover whither I am going."

Melton was convinced by her manner that she was, as she asserted, perfectly conscious of what she was saying, and though perplexed and distressed, he thought her request might have some reference to her father, and he reluctantly consented to comply with it. She arose, and thanking him, prepared to go out. Melton felt a thrill almost of horror run through his heart, as the door closed on her retiring form, and something like a conviction that she was hastening into some unknown danger, came to his mind. So strong was this impression, that he followed her with the intention of recalling his permis-

sion, but her movements were too rapid for him: she was already out of sight, and he returned with a heavy heart to count the tedious moments until the limited term of absence had expired. He looked at his watch more than once, and at length becoming impatient of her delay, he arose and threw up a window, hoping to see her returning. The window looked out on the garden, and the faint light of early dawn was beginning to disperse the gloom that enveloped every object. Suddenly he heard a voice directly under the window say—

“ We have him now safe enough. The old chap did not think we would so soon trace him to his hiding place. I saw him go in that 'ere house, and I'll nab him now, or my name is not Jack Dibden.”

He looked down and saw four men, well armed, stealing cautiously towards the pavilion.

In another moment the door of the building was thrown open, and he heard a scuffle and a scream. That wild shriek appeared to freeze every drop of blood in his veins, for he recognized the voice of his wife! He stood for an instant incapable of moving, but the report of a pistol roused him, and darting from the room, he ran wildly towards the scene of strife. A man passed him as he rushed into the pavilion, and he heard him jump over the wall. What a scene was there presented to the idolizing husband! His wife was supported in the arms of one of the officers of justice—her hair hanging loose over her person, dabbled with the blood that was streaming from her side, and her dress bore many of the same dreadful stains.

“ Has he escaped ?” she gasped, as Melton rushed towards her.

“ Who—who,” he frantically exclaimed, as he raised her in his arms, but she was past answering. She was borne to the house, and surgical assistance immediately procured. She lived some hours, and revived sufficiently to explain the late event to her husband. The officers gave the remaining explanation. The escape of Johnstone had been very soon discovered, and they traced him to the place of meeting with Helen. In the scuffle a pistol had been discharged at her father, and throwing herself before him, the ball pierced the bosom of the gentlest and most affectionate of human beings.

* * * * *

It was night, and Melton sat alone beside the corse of her who, through years of bitterness and poverty, had been an angel breathing peace and hope to his wounded spirit. The



From a Painting after Guido.

Engraved by S. Allen.

THE SIBYL.

London, G. Henderson 2, Old Bailey.

eyes, that had never before failed to reply to his, were closed forever, and the cold lips had a placid smile upon them, chiselled there by the icy touch of death. He kneeled beside her couch, and attempted to pray. A groan of anguish broke the stillness that reigned in the apartment, and a strange figure approached the bier, and looked on the young victim that lay there. The candles that illuminated the room cast their sickly radiance on a face, on which the spirit of desolation sat enthroned. Melton arose, and sternly said—

“What means this intrusion? who are you?”

“Peace—peace young man,” said the stranger. “I am one on whom the world has placed its ban, and on whom God has poured the vials of his wrath. Let me here breathe forth the anguish of my soul by the corse of my victim, and my child. Yes—the curse of a father has fallen. I thought its bitterness was past when her mother was taken from me, but now—Helen I deemed thy youth, beauty, and innocence, a sufficient exemption from the curse that has followed me. *‘May all you desire be withheld. May those you love be blasted in your sight, and every hope of happiness withered by that God who is about to judge my soul.’* These were a father’s words, and they are fulfilled. I have drained the bitter draught prepared for me to its very dregs.”

He seized one of the long dark ringlets that hung over her marbled forehead, and severing it from her head, he hastily left the room. Since that night the smuggler has never been heard of.

Miss Adams returned from the continent in time to follow the remains of her friend to their last resting place. The dying request of Helen was, that her infant daughter should be consigned to the care of her friend. Melton’s wound opened afresh, and a lingering disease closed his life within a few months after the death of Helen.

My aunt’s voice became nearly indistinct as she uttered the last words. I started up, and exclaimed,

“You are—you must be her, you have called Mary Adams, and I—what am I?”

“The daughter of my friend, and the solace of my declining years,” said she, clasping me to her heart. H.

THE SYBIL.

COME to my call, sweet spirits! I am sick
Of the poor, even pulses of the world,
And I would yield me to some stirring spell
Till my sad heart sits lightlier. Ye have been
Dew to my life, bright ones! I have no joy
In my remembrance chronicled, unstung;

Never a gentle sorrow, nor a tear
 Loosened from over-fulness, nor a prayer,
 Nor a meek lesson of humility
 Read in a violet's beauty, nor a sigh,
 Nor anything that hath a tie on love,
 That is not linked with poetry.

My life
 Hath had the seeming pleasantness of a child's,
 And I am bound up in the hearts of them
 Who part the hair upon my brow, and pray
 Daily for their fair girl; and I have drawn
 Holy affections round me, and should find
 Life but the gliding of a summer's dream—
 Yet I could sometimes die, its changeless pulse
 Beateth so wearily, and there doth come
 Over my brow a fever, and a thirst
 Upon my spirit, difficult to allay,
 And nature hath seemed dark to me, and eyes
 From the dim kingdom of the night looked out
 With a most troubled sadness; and when life
 Became to me a wretchedness beneath
 These sicknesses of spirit, I have found
 Forgetfulness in poetry, and known
 How like a blessed medicine it can steal
 The pang of an impatient heart away.

Come at my bidding, then, ye spirit dreams!
 And in my ears breathe music, and upon
 My fancy pencil images of things
 Holy and beautiful, and let me in,
 As if I were a presence, to your rare
 And unsubstantial world. I would put off
 The memory of my nature till my love
 Is from the earth estranged. I would forget
 The heaviness of these delaying hours
 Of waking, and go up with you awhile
 Into the walks of air, and, like a cloud,
 Give myself up unto the passing wind,
 To float away on its invisible wings.

MY SCHOOLMATES.

(Continued from p. 96.)

WHILE it did not appear to me proper to obtrude any of my youthful reminiscences regarding the twin-brothers upon Miss Beaumont, it was quite evident that they, in perfect keeping with their general reservedness, avoided every thing like a renewal of their former academical intimacy. Sometimes we crossed each other's paths, or the mounted squires would shoot a-head of the pedestrian curate. But it was as strangers do; or if there was a slight greeting interchanged, this amounted to nothing more direct than what ought to pass between people in rural parts and on little frequented roads, who never have

met before and who never think of meeting again. Indeed, their bearing, while polite, was yet so distant to me, as to prove there could not be an utter forgetfulness on the score; otherwise it was not possible that parties, circumstanced as we were, should continue for month after month in the same parish, and no closer approach be made than the slightest possible sign of uniform courtesy. One thing is certain, that neither party incurred the least risk of wasting the breath which the most common-place or conventional phraseology about the state of the weather, and so forth, would have implied and imposed.

But while the Dangerfields and the curate maintained these reserved and respectful manners, Miss Beaumont appeared to have become infected with a similar withdrawal of her much more recent familiarity; for, excepting in the course of my frequent visits to the vicar and the necessary routine of my duties at the vicarage, for months we hardly ever met; and if we did, each would pass on without more marked expressions of recognition than what characterized my encounters of the twins. This, in as far as the young lady was concerned, was unpleasant and would have been positively galling to the bachelor curate, had not the multiplicity and solemn nature of my duties left me little time to indulge melancholy, or to feel the stings of neglect and suspicion on the part of those whose good will I could not but desire. The oft-recurring impression, too, that Julia might soon be an orphan, and that her destinies were thrown within the scope of some undefined influence to be exercised by the Dangerfields, had its painful effects.

Two or three circumstances served to balance the disappointments or fancies which vexed me. The vicar appeared daily to repose more and more confidence in me; and with the parishioners my popularity was on the increase. I must not disguise either that my heart gratefully panted when I found, Sabbath after Sabbath, Julia Beaumont continue to be one of my most regular hearers, and that her visitations to her father's flock,—to the poor and the inquiring,—were unslackened. Of course it was my practice (though actuated in reality by something like an affected high-mindedness and delicacy) to avoid her rounds; or, at least, the days which she set apart for those rounds. How good and safe must such a one be, thought I, who seeks for instruction on the Sabbath, and habitually ministers as an angel of charity! And yet my self-complacency and gratulation were speedily shaken on these heads by a very slight intimation; and this was nothing more

than by a garrulous old woman, who was one of Julia's patients and recipients, one day declaiming most loudly in her praises, and, most simply at the same time mentioning, that since the "two squires on the black steeds have taken to pass her cabin daily, Miss Beaumont has been almost as punctual in her calls."

"And this is her charity—her love of good!" I was ready to utter with greater vehemence than had characterized the old lady's hearty eulogy. "She is throwing herself with open eyes upon ruin. What signifies her profession of religion? It is the best, the most easily assumed of all cloaks; and most conveniently at this epoch of time does it come to her aid. Why, I do believe she frequents the church with an extraordinary regularity for the twofold purpose of deceiving the world and of criticizing, ridiculing me and my sermons. I must lay aside my high-mindedness and overstrained delicacy. I shall extend and generalize the sphere of my daily ministrations; and shall not shun to encounter the fair proselytizer in her favourite domain." These magnanimous feelings and purposes were cherished with sufficient pertinacity to sustain throughout the campaign of the forenoon immediately succeeding the old woman's disclosure, an angry fit of jealousy.

It was on one of those lovely, mellow autumnal days when man's poverty of resources and irritability of temper are so wofully at variance with the richness and benignity of nature, that I started to make a circuit of an unusual compass, in order to cross Julia's paths of professed beneficence, in the hope of encountering her, and perhaps also the knights with the black steeds; and resolved especially to throw myself in the neighbourhood, at the most likely hour, of the cabin which, I was now persuaded, was the scene of assignations that ought not to be continued. But I was not particularly lucky in my reckoning; for after remaining a short time with the old gossip, she called my attention to a couple, who, while diverging from us, were apparently holding earnest conversation. It was Julia Beaumont, and but one of the mysterious brothers; he, stooping from his magnificent horse, as if to catch gentle utterings, one of which he would not for a world lose. The madness of jealousy must have mastered me; for, without having any defined intent, I rushed from the cabin and made straight after the pair. No doubt it was fortunate that before I had gained much upon them, and just as they struck off, in conformity with an acute turn in the road, the interview must have been with equal suddenness broken off; for in less than

a minute after they were out of sight, Julia again made her appearance, and was leisurely retracing her steps, so as to meet me directly, who was speeding it like one in full chase of fugitives. My appearance must have been remarkable, though I was still a considerable way off; for, on observing me, the fair one for a moment paused, then looked round as if to discover whether any one followed her; but in a moment renewed her onward progress. We met; "has Miss Beaumont ever yet made the requisite discovery between the gentlemen and their steeds?" was my abrupt and rude inquiry, as we halted. "Yes, I have," was Julia's prompt response; "that is Oliphant, from whom you must have seen me part a few minutes ago, and after whom you appear to be making vain chase, since he started from me at a gallop." There was some portion of intended sarcasm, I thought, in her speech; but her candour was always more than a match for the spirit of repartee, and she thus continued,—“the extraordinary likeness between the brothers, as I at first thought, does not at all puzzle me now. Neither their manners, nor their countenances, are anything like the same; because their dispositions, to be marked in the character of their intellectual powers and moral principles, are unlike.” “This is the discovery of the lynx-eye of love, with a witness,” was my more subdued reply, yet not unimbittered discovery; “I believe you are right, Sir,” was the heroine's answer; “though this be the first time that I ever saw Oliphant or conversed with him but in the presence of Edward.” I expressed surprise at this, if not doubt, which she seemed not to notice. “Yes, there is a great disparity between the brothers. Edward cherishes a gloomy mysteriousness, which I fear will issue in insanity. Oliphant is far more amiable, speaking merely of temper,—more pliable, more sensible to benign influences; at the same time, therefore, more easily brought under a controul, which, if I were satisfied would ever religiously rule, inspire and gladden him, he should not twice ask my hand in vain. But alas! I dread Edward's towering though perverted minds' mastery over him.” Then smiling in spite of stealing tears, she added, while she took my arm that we might proceed homewards,—“Do you know that our dialogue has been in part about yourself. They remember you well; Oliphant would fain have renewed his intimacy with you months ago. A stronger nature, though with uniform gentleness, restrained him. Oh, the harsh speech with which you accosted me to-day will be forgiven, seeing that I have just learned so much

as to satisfy me of your prudence in avoiding all particular reference to the early history of such remarkable persons."

By this time the eloquent girl had gained prodigiously upon me; the demon of jealousy was chased from my breast; and had it been within the reach of my authority at the moment, I could not have refused joining the hands of the enthusiasts for better and for worse.

"But now," she hastily inquired, "is there anything to forbid you entrusting me with the past history of Oliphant Dangerfield,—the twin-brothers, I meant to say,—since a considerable portion of that history has just been confided to me. I am authorized by him who has now left me to apply to you for all that you know on the subject?"

I need hardly state that the appeal was irresistible, or that I gave the account with an impartiality quite equal to what the early part of this narrative has laid before the reader. Julia remained silent for a few minutes after I ceased to speak. Her first words were,—“And you deemed them equal, alike, and the same in every point,—in every scene,—in the foot-ball contest for instance?” “Yes, and many besides me,” was my rejoinder. “Then I am of a different mind,” she hurriedly added. “Edward, upon your own showing, was the first to fall in with a proposal, though Oliphant followed him with loving, twin-like alacrity. Just so it is that the dozens of times I have scanned them together, Oliphant has uniformly taken the hue of a more original, more resolute character; his very countenance, be it for good or evil, receiving inspiration at another’s shrine. What if he should bend himself at the altar of our holy religion, and drink deep at the fountain of everlasting light and life? The vision is glorious and may not remain long unfulfilled;” and with wondrous emphasis, though the utterance was rather tense than loud, she said, “he has promised to be a hearer in our church on Sabbath, and if a hearer perhaps a worshipper.” I ventured to ask if his brother would accompany him. “I know not,” was her answer. “Will he dare to inform the other of the intended, and for many years, unprecedented step towards heaven?” “He said he would.” “Does Edward know of Oliphant’s interview with you to-day?” “No!” “No?” interrogatively escaped from me and fell upon Miss Beaumont’s ear with ominous effect. “See me to the vicarage,” was all she said, till we reached her father’s, when she added, “I shall be in my usual place on Sabbath, God willing.”

All this took place on Thursday; and I prepared as I

best could for the public services of the occasion to which I now looked forward with no ordinary solicitude. But I will not detain the reader with any particulars about the subject I chose, nor of the manner of its treatment, further than to state, that being convinced of the general inefficacy of argumentative discourses from the pulpit upon sceptics, I addressed myself to the most plain, practical, inviting, and winning views of revealed truth that I could employ, not forgetting to introduce, but entirely in the language of the Bible, some of its most awakening denunciations and predictions.

Was Julia Beaumont in her place and a sedate hearer on the Sabbath? Yes. Were the Dangerfields, or either of them, within the range of my voice? I saw them not; but they might, I thought, be esconced in an obscure corner. It seemed natural that they should not court the staring eyes of persons with vacant minds. The morning service is concluded. I am descending from the pulpit, when the cry of murder, self-murder, is borne to me upon the playful breeze. The next most unusual thing which my reeling vision comprehended, for something about Julia had smote upon my brain, was a black steed at the church-yard gate. A man madly pushed me towards the docile animal. "Mount," said he, "and ride at full speed. Oliphant Dangerfield calls for you. He still lives; Edward is dead."

I rode as if the saving of a soul depended upon my speed, and yet without clearly understanding what I was about. I found Oliphant alive; but sinking rapidly. Yet for a little while he was collected and enabled to be communicative; his disclosure, though in broken and short sentences being intelligible enough, and to the following effect:—"You know something of the twin-brothers. Edward has ever since we were first sent to school, and indeed from infancy, loved me as never brother did a brother. I returned the endearment and reciprocated the tie as best I could. His love was strong as death, it was sweeter and of more worth than life! Edward's nature was the most generous I ever knew or read of. He had long made up his mind that we should never live estranged unless I threw him off; and yet his opinions were so decided that he would not break faith with himself, his life would never give the lie to his principles. One of these opinions and principles was, that religion is a farce; another, that whosoever was so credulous as to repose faith in any religious doctrines or dogmas was distasteful to him. Another, that women and Christianity were equally enslaving! Like a sillier plant, per-

haps, and more flexible I trustfully and gratefully reclined myself upon Edward ; and thousands of times declared that nothing on earth or that I could contemplate was more enduring or grateful than the repose of an entire acquiescence. But lately I had begun to waver. Perhaps I was about to recant. This very day I thought of giving something like evidence of a change of mind. I communicated my purpose to Edward, and implored him to do as I did, or to forgive me. Oh, I felt that I had slain him. He became like one bereft of reason, alternately reviling me and more meltingly than eloquence ever before did, either imploring me to kill him outright or to die with him. 'Remember your promises and covenants,' he said, 'that we should live together as we came into the world, and, that we should together shut our eyes upon it.' His delirium carried me heart and soul captive with him, in all he said, proposed, and did! Edward is dead! It is not for me even now to judge harshly of Edward, though approaching death lays open to my intense vision things I never before saw, truths I never before felt." At this part of the communication there was a pause of considerable length, and but few distinct words followed. These were, "Pray—pray—for me a sinner!" But he appeared to address himself to heaven for some minutes, as he had continued to do silently before my arrival.

The double and twin-suicide had been perpetrated with a dreadful observance of method. The brothers had been observed as soon as the church-going people had disappeared to walk arm and arm to one of their fields, and to ascend a gentle knoll about its centre. After continuing a few seconds at that spot they parted as if taking a long leave of each other. They walked down the declivity in exactly opposite directions. In a minute the report of two pistols was heard so close together as to be thought at first a single discharge. The distant onlookers hurried to the place. The fire arms of each had done their office. Edward was dead ; Oliphant mortally wounded ;—and stop-watches proved that as they had till then been inseparables, they had resolved their death should be simultaneous.

It only remains to be told, that the consideration which my concern in the history of the Dangerfields begot, and at a critical period of Julia Beaumont's life, passed, in the course of time, into a deeper species of approval ; and that I was elevated to a pitch of happiness, which, had Oliphant lived, there is no probability would ever have been mine.

THE CASTLE OF ALAMOÛT.

(Continued from page 130.)

THE mother of Alaëddin was one of the sternest fanatics that ever proved a scourge to mankind. Not that she herself professionally dealt poniard blows to the enemies and execrators of the Ismailites ; opportunities forbidding. But she had trained up her son in the same desperate and infatuated faith ; and, not repulsively to his original disposition, he became a most adventurous and expert assassin, neither seas nor the boundaries of nations staying his fell purpose of shedding blood, the moment that the Grand-master entrusted him with a commission to perpetrate a perilous and atrocious murder.

It was under the rule of the second of the Grand-masters that Alaëddin became a devotee ; he and his precious mother continuing to be regarded during the sovereignty of the two succeeding princes as amongst the most illustrious disciples of the order. Indeed it was not until about the period that Alaëddin began to distinguish himself that the vengeance of the assassins could prove itself to be hereditary ; and until this period also, their attacks had been directed only against viziers and emirs. These subordinate instruments, especially of the Khalif of Bagdad's power, to be sure, suffered severely ; but the throne itself, which the Ismailites were undermining, had remained unstained by the blood of its possessors. The time, however, was now arrived, in which the order dared to seal their doctrine, with the blood of Khalifs, and to lead to the deprivation on the part of the successors of the prophet, not merely of their temporal power, but of their lives. The shadow of God on earth, as the Khalifs called themselves, was, indeed, but the shadow of earthly power ; and was, when some of them would have asserted more, sent, by the dagger of an assassin, to the shades below.

It was during the Grand-mastership of Kia Busurgouird that the first murderous outrage was committed upon the Khalifat, Ismail Alaëddin being the assassin. And what a show of earthly glory did "the Shadow of God" display ! A rapid sketch will in part illustrate the vain grandeur, at the very time that Alaëddin was servilely and insinuatingly obtaining a footing in the most magnificent of all the palaces of Bagdad, the "House of the Tree."

Bagdad, the city, valley, or house of peace, the citadel of the holy, the seat of the Khalifat, called also the oblique, from the

oblique position of its gates, was founded on the banks of the Tigris, in the 148th year of the Hegira. It stretched two miles along the eastern banks of the river, in the form of a bow with an arrow on the string, and was surrounded by a brick-wall, whose circumference of twelve thousand four hundred ells was intercepted by four gates and one hundred and sixty-three turrets. When Almansur, the second Khalif of the Abbas family, resolved upon building the city, he called his astronomers, at whose head was his vizier, to determine a fortunate hour for laying the foundations; and the latter chose a moment when the sun stood in the sign Sagittarius, by which the city was promised flourishing civilization, numerous population, and long endurance. At the same time the vizier assured the Khalif, that neither he, nor any of his successors, would die within the walls of this capital; and the confidence of the astronomer, in the truth of his prediction, is less surprising than its fulfilment by thirty-seven Khalifs, one of whom Alaeddin despatched.

As Bagdad, from the circumstance of no Khalif having died within its walls, merited the name of the house, valley, and city of peace; so also on account of the great number of holy men of Islam, who had been buried there, it gained the title of Bulwark of the Holy. Here were the mausolea of the greatest imams and the most pious sheikhs; and in the midst of these stood the monuments of the Khalifs and their spouses; splendid specimens of Saracenic architecture distinguishing the colleges and schools of Arabic literature, and immortalizing the names of their founders.

But, as already said, the most magnificent of all the palaces was that called the "House of the Tree," which was situated in a wide extent of gardens. In the middle of the vestibule, near two large basins of water, stood two trees of gold and silver, each having eighteen branches, and a great number of smaller boughs. One of these bore besides fruit, birds, whose variegated plumage was imitated with different precious stones, and which gave forth melodious sounds by means of the motion of the branches produced by a mechanical contrivance. On the other tree were cavaliers, dressed in pearls and gold, with drawn swords, which on a signal being given, moved in concert. In this palace, the Khalif Moktader gave audience to the ambassadors of the Greek emperor, Theophilus, and astonished them with the numbers of his army, and the splendour of his court. A hundred and sixty thousand men stood in their ranks before the palace; the pages glittered in golden

girdles ; seven thousand slaves, half of them white, surrounded the entrance ; while, immediately at the gate, were seven hundred chamberlains. On the Tigris floated gilded barks and gondolas, decorated with silken flags and streamers. The walls of the palace were hung with thirty-thousand carpets, twelve thousand five hundred of which were of gold tissue ; and twenty-five thousand pieces of rich stuff covered the floors. A hundred lions, held by their keepers with golden chains, roared in concert with the sound of fifes and drums, the clang of the trumpets, and the thundering of the tam tam.

The entrance to the audience chamber was concealed by a black silk curtain ; and no one could pass the threshold, without kissing the black stone of which it was formed, like the pilgrims at Mecca. Behind the black curtain, on a throne seven ells high, sat the Khalif, habited in the black mantle of the prophet, girded with his sword, and holding his staff in his hand as a sceptre. Ambassadors, and even princes, who received investiture, kissed the ground in front of the throne, and approached, conducted by the vizier and an interpreter, and were then honoured with a habit of ceremony and presents. So Togruel-bey, on receiving investiture, was dressed in seven caftans, one over the other, and presented with seven slaves.

It was in spite of all this or similar barbaric splendour, parade, and protection, that one of Moktader's successors was to receive a death-blow from Alaeddin's poniard. The Khalif had long taken the utmost precautions to guard himself against the daggers of the Ismailites, the Grand masters of whom, he was well aware, had, one after another, issued authority and promised extraordinary rewards on earth as well as in paradise to the devotee that should cut him off. He therefore surrounded himself with the most trust-worthy guards, by day and by night, within and without the palace, that he could command ; keeping next to his person, wherever he happened to be, or wherever he chanced to go, the relatives of those who had previously been the victims of the Ismailites ; or such as he believed bore the race the greatest hatred and hostility. But he did not surmise that one of the sentinels of the turret which surmounted the royal gate, through which the " Shadow of God on earth " was wont to pass, when he went forth, was the most persevering and unerring in his purpose of the murderous horde that infested the secret places even of the jealous and vigilant princes of Asia. This watchman, whose duty it was to apprise the Khalif, if the way was not clear before him, was, as already hinted, none other than Alaeddin, who had

procured this post by ridding Bagdad of several disguised Ismailites, each of whom, most likely, were eager to die in furtherance of the Grand-master's commands. The assassin at last found an opportunity to execute his dire design; for as the Khalif rode slowly and stately, considerably in advance of his officers and guards, through the portal, Alaeddin leapt with the agility and certitude of a blood-hound from his lofty station; and alighting behind the prophet's successor, dashed him to the ground with the very same thrust that reached the heart. The escort being for a moment confounded by such a sudden and direful visitant from above, enabled the murderer to escape beyond the reach of their missiles; after which the fleetest horse of which Bagdad could boast, soon carried him beyond all danger.

"What tidings, my brave and heaven-inspired son?" said the Assassin's mother when he reached the fastness in the mountain range where the demon dwelt. "I have won what is worth more than a crown of glory on earth,—I have done our Master's most urgent behests, by ridding our order of the Khalif. He has bit the dust!" "Then do the like thou groveller and mother's scorn," exclaimed she, "since, having consummated the Imam's purpose, thou hast chosen to appear before me alive rather than be translated to paradise to deal from on high more signal vengeance on our enemies than here below can ever be done by the devoted,"—at the same moment her dagger obeying her bitter and unappeasable fury; for such was the fanaticism of these devotees that death was invoked and sedulously sought for, if it could be met with at the moment when deepest treachery and most expert assassination slaked their revenge.

But the day came when the Mongols were to crush the murderous order; and not long after the glory of Bagdad, and the power of its Khalifs, were trodden in the dust by the same sweeping conquerors; teaching Asia that the empire of the dagger was broken, and that of the prophet's staff removed. A few passages in the course of those shocks may be noticed, which of themselves have bequeathed awful lessons to the world.

When the Castle of Alamoot was surrendered to the besieging Mongols, and the other strongholds, in the mountain ranges of the Assassins, they were given up to pillage, and the inhabitants to massacre. The command was issued to exterminate all the Ismailites, and not to spare even the infant at the mother's breast. At one place twelve thousand of these

wretched people, without any distinction of age were slaughtered. Wherever a disciple of the order was found, he was compelled to kneel down, and then his head was cut off. The whole race, in which the Grand-mastership had been hereditary, was exterminated. The "devoted to murder" were not now the victims of the order's vengeance, but that of outraged humanity. The sword was against the dagger, and the executioner destroyed the assassin.

At the conquest of Bagdad the Mongols, who were as numerous as ants and locusts, mined the fortification like an ant-hill, and then fell upon the city as destructive as a cloud of the latter. The Tigris was dyed with blood, and flowed as red as the Nile, when Moses changed its waves into blood; or, it was at least as red as the Egyptian river is to this day, when it is swollen by that annual miracle of nature, its overflow. The city was a prey to fire and the sword; the minarets and domes of the mosques glowed like fiery columns and cupolas. From the roofs of sacred or gorgeous places melted gold and lead flowed, setting on fire the cypress groves that surrounded them.

Four days pillage had continued when the death of the last of the Khalifs was determined on. His treasures the wages of avarice, were immense; and the conqueror with cruel mockery commanded plates filled with the most precious metals and gems to be set before him, instead of food. At length the Khalif was wrapt up in a thick cloth and beaten to death. After this the sack of Bagdad continued other forty days; till the barbarians dropped their swords from fatigue, and fuel was wanting for the flames; the horrors of humanity, outrage, and rapine having been carried to the highest pitch of enormity. Dreadful examples! far-sounding lessons!

AN INVOCATION TO CONTENT.

O source of every good, and every joy
 Meek resignation felt without alloy,
 Jehovah, from whose ever bounteous store,
 Mercy, and mirth, untainted blessings pour;
 Who bidst us ask, and asking not amiss,
 Convey'st an heavenly, in an earthly bliss;
 Whose hand protects us, and whose eye pervades,
 Whose promise cheers us, and whose grace persuades,
 Tho' thron'd on high, where blessed spirits bow,
 And blissful saints sublimest grace bestow;
 Yet stooping low, as earth, our prayer is heard,
 Our wants reliev'd, and all our sorrows cheer'd;
 Allke thy fondness to thy creatures shew'd
 In what's withholden, and in what's bestowed.
 Then let me pause—and if presumptuous thought
 My humble state bewails, or grieves at aught,
 O soothe with calm Content, such black despair,
 And sanctify thy gifts, whate'er they are.

S H.

THE WIDOW HARBOTTTEL.

THERE is hardly a more difficult exercise of fancy, than, while gazing at a figure of melancholy age, to re-create its youth, and, without entirely obliterating the identity of form and features, to restore those graces which time has snatched away. Some old people, so age-worn and woful are they, seem never to have been young and gay. It is easier to conceive that such gloomy phantoms were sent into the world as withered and decrepit as we behold them now, with sympathies only for pain and grief, to watch at death-beds, and weep at funerals. Even the sable garments of their widowhood appear essential to their existence; all their attributes combine to render them darksome shadows, creeping strangely amid the sunshine of human life. Yet it is no unprofitable task, to take one of these doleful personages, and set fancy resolutely at work to brighten the dim eye, and darken the silvery locks, and paint the ashen-cheek with rose-colour, and repair the shrunken and crazy form, till a dewy maiden shall be seen in the old matron's elbow-chair. The miracle being wrought, then let the years roll back again, each sadder than the last, and the whole weight of age and sorrow settle down upon the youthful figure. Wrinkles and furrows, the hand-writing of Time, may thus be deciphered, and found to contain deep lessons of thought and feeling. Such profit might be derived by a skilful observer, from my much-respected friend, the Widow Harbotttel, a nurse of great repute, who has breathed the atmosphere of sick-chambers and dying-breaths, these fifty years.

See! she sits by her lonesome hearth, receiving the warmth of the fire, which, now at nightfall, begins to dissipate the autumnal chill of her chamber. The blaze quivers capriciously in front, alternately glimmering into the deepest chasms of her wrinkled visage, and then permitting a ghostly dimness to mar the outlines of her venerable figure. And Nurse Harbotttel holds a tea-spoon in her right hand, with which to stir up the contents of a tumbler in her left, whence steams a vapory fragrance, abhorred of temperance societies. Now she sips—now stirs—now sips again. Her sad old heart has need to be revived by the rich infusion of Geneva, which is mixed half-and-half with hot water, in the tumbler. All day long she has been sitting by a death-pillow, and quitted it for her home, only when the spirit of her patient left the clay, and went homeward too. But now are her melancholy meditations cheered, and her torpid blood warmed, and her shoulders

lightened of at least twenty ponderous years, by a draught from the true Fountain of Youth, in a case-bottle. It is strange that men should deem that fount a fable, when its liquor fills so many tuns and bottles! Sip it again, good nurse, and see whether a second draught will not take off another score of years, and perhaps ten more, and show us, in your high-backed chair, the blooming damsel who plighted troths with Robert Rixon. Get you gone, Age and Widowhood! Come back, unwedded Youth! But, alas! the charm will not work. In spite of fancy's most potent spell, I can see only an old dame cowering over the fire, a picture of decay, while the winter blast roars at her in the chimney, and fitful showers rush suddenly against the window.

Yet there was a time when Rose Childe—such was the pretty maiden-name of Nurse Harbottel—possessed beauty that would have gladdened this dim and dismal chamber, as with sunshine. It won for her the heart of Robert Rixon, who has since made so great a figure in the world, and is now a grand old gentleman, with powdered hair, and as gouty as a lord. These early lovers thought to have walked hand in hand through life. They had wept together for Robert's little sister Mary, whom Rose tended in her sickness, partly because she was the sweetest child that ever lived or died, but more for love of him. She was but three years old. Being such an infant, Death could not embody his terrors in her little corpse; nor did Rose fear to touch the dead child's brow, though chill, as she curled the silken hair around it, nor to take her tiny hand, and clasp a flower within its fingers. Afterward, when she looked into the coffin, and beheld Mary's face, it seemed not so much like death, or life, as like a wax-work, wrought into the perfect image of a child asleep, and dreaming of its mother's smile. Rose thought her too fair a thing to be hidden in the grave, and wondered that an angel did not snatch up little Mary's coffin, and bear the slumbering babe to heaven, and bid her wake immortal. But when the sods were laid on little Mary, the heart of Rose was troubled. She shuddered at the fantasy, that, in grasping the child's cold fingers, her virgin hand had exchanged a first greeting with mortality, and could never lose the earthy taint. How many a greeting since! But as yet, she was a fair young girl, with the dew-drops of fresh feeling in her bosom; and instead of Rose, which seemed too mature a name for her half-opened beauty, her lover called her Rosebud.

The rosebud was destined never to bloom for Robert Rixon.

His mother was a rich and haughty dame, with all the aristocratic prejudices of olden times. She scorned Rose Childe's humble parentage, and caused her son to break his faith, though, had she let him choose, he would have prized his Rosebud above the richest diamond. The lovers parted, and have seldom met again. Both may have visited the same mansions, but not at the same time: for one was bidden to the festal hall, and the other to the sick-chamber; he was the guest of Pleasure and Prosperity, and she of Anguish. Rose, after their separation, was long secluded within the dwelling of Mr. Harbotttel, whom she married with the revengeful hope of breaking her false lover's heart. She went to her bridegroom's arms with bitterer tears, they say, than young girls ought to shed, at the threshold of the bridal chamber. Yet, though her husband's head was getting gray, and his heart had been chilled with an autumnal frost. Rose soon began to love him, and wondered at her own conjugal affection. He was all she had to love!

In a year or two, poor Mr. Harbotttel was visited with a wearisome infirmity, which settled in his joints, and made him weaker than an infant. He crept forth about his business, and came home at dinner-time and eventide, not with the manly tread that gladdens a wife's heart, but slowly—feebly—jotting down each dull footstep with a melancholy dub of his staff. We must pardon his pretty wife, if she sometimes blushed to own him. Her visitors, when they heard him coming, looked for the appearance of some old, old man; but he dragged his nerveless limbs into the parlour—and there was Mr. Harbotttel! The disease increasing, he never went into the sunshine, save with a staff in his right hand, and his left on his wife's shoulder, bearing heavily downward, like a dead man's hand. Thus, a slender woman, still looking maiden-like, she supported his tall, broad-chested frame along the pathway of their little garden and plucked the roses for her gray-haired husband, and spoke soothingly, as to an infant. His mind was palsied with his body; its utmost energy was peevishness. In a few months more, she helped him up the staircase, with a pause at every step, and a longer one upon the landing-place, and a heavy glance behind, as he crossed the threshold of his chamber. He knew, poor man, that the precincts of those four walls would thenceforth be his world—his world, his home, his tomb—at once a dwelling and a burial-place, till he were borne to a darker and a narrower one. But Rose was with him in the tomb. He leaned upon her, in his daily passage from

the bed to the chair by the fireside, and back again from the weary chair to the joyless bed—till even this short journey ceased, and his head lay all day upon the pillow, and hers all night beside it. How long poor Mr. Herbottel was kept in misery! Death seemed to draw near the door, and often to lift the latch, and sometimes to thrust its ugly skull into the chamber, nodding to Rose, and pointing at her husband, but still delayed to enter. "This bed-ridden man cannot escape me!" quoth Death. "I will go forth, and run a race with the swift, and fight a battle with the strong, and come back for Harbottel at my leisure!" Oh, when the deliverer came so near, in the dull anguish of her worn-out sympathies, did she never long to cry, "Death, come in!"

But no! We have no right to ascribe such a wish to our friend Rose. She never failed in a wife's duty to her poor sick husband. She murmured not, though a glimpse of the sunny sky was as strange to her as him, nor answered peevishly, though his complaining accents roused her from her sweetest dream, only to share his wretchedness. He knew her faith, yet nourished a cankered jealousy; and when the slow disease had chilled all his heart, save one lukewarm spot, which Death's frozen fingers were searching for, his last words were: "What would my Rose have done for her first love, if she has been so true and kind to a sick old man like me!" And then his poor soul crept away, and left the body lifeless, though hardly more so than for years before, and Rose a widow, though in truth it was the wedding night that widowed her. She felt glad, it must be owned, when Mr. Harbottel was buried, because his corpse had retained such a likeness to the man half alive, that she hearkened for the sad murmur of his voice, bidding her shift his pillow. But all through the next winter, though the grave had held him many a month, she fancied him calling from that cold bed, "Rose! Rose! come put a blanket on my feet!"

So now the Rosebud was the Widow Harbottel. Her troubles had come early, and, tedious as they seemed, had passed before all her bloom was fled. She was still fair enough to captivate a bachelor, or, with a widow's cheerful gravity, she might have won a widower, stealing into his heart in the very guise of his dead wife. But the Widow Harbottel had no such projects. By her watchings and continual cares, her heart had become knit to her first husband with a constancy which changed its very nature, and made her love him for his infirmities, and infirmity for his sake. When the old man was gone even

her early lover could not have supplied his place. She had dwelt in a sick-chamber, and been the companion of the dead, till she should scarcely breathe in a free air, and felt ill at ease with the healthy and the happy. She missed the fragrance of the doctor's stuff. She walked the chamber with a noiseless foot-fall. If visitors came in, she spoke in soft and soothing accents, and was startled and shocked by their loud voices. Often, in the lonesome evening, she looked timorously from the fireside to the bed, with almost a hope of recognising a ghastly face upon the pillow. Then went her thoughts sadly to her husband's grave. If one impatient throb had wronged him in his lifetime—if she had secretly repined, because her buoyant youth was imprisoned with his torpid age—if ever, while slumbering beside him, a treacherous dream had admitted another into her heart—yet the sick man had been preparing a revenge, which the dead now claimed. On his painful pillow, he had cast a spell around her; his groans and misery had proved more captivating charms than gaiety and youthful grace; in his semblance, Disease itself had won the Rosebud for a bride; nor could his death dissolve the nuptials. By that indissoluble bond she had gained a home in every sick-chamber, and nowhere else; there were her brethren and sisters; thither her husband summoned her, with that voice which had seemed to issue from the grave of Harbotttel. At length she recognised her destiny.

We have beheld her as the maid, the wife, the widow; now we see her in a separate and insulated character: she was, in all her attributes, Nurse Harbotttel. And Nurse Harbotttel alone, with her own shrivelled lips, could make known her experience in that capacity. What a history might she record of the great sicknesses, in which she has gone hand in hand with the exterminating angel! She remembers when the small-pox hoisted a red-banner in almost every street. She has witnessed when the typhus fever swept off a whole household, young and old, all but a lonely mother, who vainly shrieked to follow her last loved one. Where would be Death's triumph, if none lived to weep! She can speak of strange maladies that have broken out, as if spontaneously, but were found to have been imported from foreign lands, with rich silks and other merchandise, the costliest portion of the cargo. And once, she recollects, the people died of what was considered a new pestilence, till the doctors traced it to the ancient grace of a young girl, who thus caused many deaths a hundred years after her own burial. Strange that such black mischief should lurk in a maiden's

grave! She loves to tell how strong men fight with fiery Fever, utterly refusing to give up their breath; and how consumptive virgins fade out of the world, scarcely reluctant, as if their lovers were wooing them to a far country. Tell us, thou fearful woman! tell us the death-secrets! Fain would I search out the meaning of words, faintly gasped with intermingled sobs and broken sentences, half-audibly spoken between earth and the judgment-seat!

An awful woman! She is the patron-saint of young physicians and the bosom friend of old ones. In the mansions where she enters, the inmates provide themselves black garments; the coffin-maker follows her; and the bell tolls as she comes away from the threshold. Death himself has met her at so many a bedside, that he puts forth his bony hand to greet Nurse Harbottel. She is an awful woman! And, oh! is it conceivable, that this handmaid of human infirmity and affliction—so darkly stained, so thoroughly imbued with all that is saddest in the doom of mortals—can ever again be bright and gladsome, even though bathed in the sunshine of eternity? By her long communion with woe, has she not forfeited her inheritance of immortal joy? Does any germ of bliss survive within her?

Hark! an eager knocking at Nurse Harbottel's door. She starts from her drowsy reverie, sets aside the empty tumbler and tea-spoon, and lights a lamp at the dim embers of the fire. Rap, rap, rap! again; and she hurries down the staircase, wondering which of her friends can be at death's door now, since there is such an earnest messenger at Nurse Harbottel's. Again the peal resounds, just as her hand is on the lock. "Be quick, Nurse Harbottel!" cries a man on the door-step; "old Robert Rixon is taken with the gout in his stomach, and has sent for you to watch by his death-bed. Make haste, for there is no time to lose!" "Rixon! Robert Rixon! And has he sent for me at last? I am ready! I will get on my cloak and begone. So," adds the sable-gowned, ashen-visaged, funereal old dame, "Robert Rixon remembers his Rosebud!"

Our question is answered. There is a germ of bliss within her. Her long-hoarded constancy—her memory of the bliss that was—remaining amid the gloom of her after life, like a sweet-smelling flower in a coffin, is a symbol that all may be renewed. In some happier clime, the Rosebud may revive again, with all the dew-drops in its bosom.



SOUTHAMPTON.

SOUTHAMPTON, which is a town and county of itself, a privilege bestowed on it by King John, is the capital of the county of Hampshire. It is pleasantly situated on a tongue of land bounded on the south and west by the large estuary called Southampton Water, and on the east by the river Itchin. The town contains many handsome buildings; and owing to the circumstance of being built upon a slightly elevated ridge, and the soil being of a gravelly nature, the streets are kept remarkably clean and dry. The High street, which runs northward from the quay is upwards of half a mile long, and is remarkable for its elegance and spaciousness. It bears a striking resemblance to the street of the same name of Oxford. At the north end of this street, there is a curious old gate-house called the Bar-gate. On its north front are delineated two gigantic figures, one on each side of the gateway, which according to tradition, were intended for the giant Ascupart and Sir Bevois of Southampton, who slew him in combat. Among the public buildings of the town, there is one called God's House, founded in the reign of Henry the Third, for four old men and as many women. Southampton being much frequented during the summer months by visitors, for the purpose of enjoying sea bathing, and drinking the chalybeate water, a spring of which, highly esteemed for its medicinal qualities, rises about a hundred yards to the west of Bar-gate, is enabled to support a theatre, and assembly and ball-rooms, which are beautifully situated and elegantly fitted up. The principal trade of this port is with Portugal, the Baltic, and the islands of Jersey and Guernsey. The pier erected a few years back, not only proves a great embellishment, but is of most essential service to commerce and the shipping interest. There are a number of ancient historical as well as curious traditional events connected with this picturesque place; two or three of which shall now be given instead of any more minute account, than the preceding notices, of the locality.

The origin and name of this town have occasioned much conjecture and dissertation. The most natural supposition is, that it was derived from the river Ant or Anton, near the southern extremity of which it stands. This stream after running from the upper parts of the county, and giving appellations to several places in its course, here widens into a considerable estuary; and in conjunction with the Itchin, forms the head of

the Southampton Water, the supposed Antona of Tacitus. There are indeed those who prefer deducing it from Ham, a home or house, with the adjunct Ton.

It appears from the Saxon Chronicle that in 873 Hanton was attacked by the Danes, who landed from thirty-three ships. These invaders visited at different times the same place, committing many atrocities. It is not known whether the town had been fortified at that period; though an eminent antiquary Sir Henry Englefield, suggests the opinion, that a castle was built here by the Saxons, very soon after they had achieved a permanent establishment in this country. "The peculiar advantages," he says, "of the narrow and rather high point of land on which Southampton now stands, commanding at once the Itching and Test rivers, and very easily fortified on the land side, could not escape their notice; and from the high circular hill, on which the keep of the castle formerly stood, and the curved line of its yet remaining wall, we have probable grounds for supposing it to be among the most ancient of the Saxon castles."

The accession of Canute to the British throne put an end to the Danish ravages in this island; and Southampton appears to have become an occasional residence of that sovereign. It is here that he is recorded, by Henry of Huntingdon, to have repressed the impious flattery of his courtiers, by a most impressive lesson. They had hailed him as one whose royal mandate all nature must obey. To put the supposed omnipotence to the test, and to reprove the flattery, he descended the beach, commanded, says the historian, a chair to be set for him; in which having seated himself, he said to the flowing tide, "Thou art under my dominion, and the ground on which I sit is mine; nor did ever any disobey my commands with impunity; therefore, I command thee not to wet the clothes or feet of me, thy lord and master." But the rude waves, continues the historian, presently came up to his royal feet, and dashed over him; When, springing back, he exclaimed, "Let all the inhabitants of the world know, than the power of monarchs is a vain and empty thing; and that no one deserves the name of king, but He, whose will by an eternal decree, the heavens, the earth and the sea do obey." Nor would he ever after suffer the crown to be put on his head, but caused it to be placed on the great crucifix at Winchester. And it is worthy of remark, that all the coins of Canute seem to give sanction to this story; as they either represent him as wearing a miter or a cap, or a triangular covering, similar so that on the coins of St. Edward.

In July, 1345, the army, which afterwards, so memorably

distinguished itself on Cressy's plains, embarked at this port. That gallant army of Britons also, which earned immortal fame at the battle of Agincourt under Henry the Fifth in 1415, was assembled and embarked at Southampton; and it was here that the foul conspiracy against the life of that monarch was fortunately discovered and punished; the principal conspirators being Richard, earl of Cambridge, grandfather of King Edward the Fourth, Lord Scrope, and Sir Thomas Grey.

Southampton appears to have been visited by, and to have been made the temporary residence of many royal personages. Charles the Fifth embarked here in 1522 for Spain. Edward the Sixth in the same year honoured the town with his presence, attended by 320 soldiers and courtiers, and servants, to the amount of 4000. Phillip of Spain arrived here, when he came to marry Mary; and in 1569, Elizabeth kept her court at Southampton. The wonderful improvements which have recently been made in the steam department has conferred upon the place a due share of benefit, and has no doubt increased its visitors.

LONDON FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH.

IF out-door dress at this moment offers us little novelty, and such is really the case, it atones for that in a great degree by the richness of its materials, and the elegance with which they are made up. Shawls are more than ever in favour, and those of black or coloured velvet, lined with crimson, *groseille*, or rose satin, are decidedly preferred in carriage dress. The two forms most in request are the shawl mantle, those made with sleeves we mean, and the *fichu* shawls; the latter, pointed behind and with the fronts also descending in points, has a pelérine which forms a point only at the back, being made in the form of a half square. The trimmings are principally of fur, but we have also seen some bordered with rich party-coloured chenille fringe. Velvet and satin cloaks, as well as the various shawls that we have cited since the commencement of the season, also keep their ground, but they are not upon the whole so much in request as the shawls above mentioned.

Velvet is the material, par excellence, for bonnets; those of the cottage form are generally adopted in *négligé* only, and are of dark hues, or else black—the latter is much in request. The majority of bonnets even in half dress are of black or full colours; we see, however, some of pink, and of saffron-coloured velvet, or rep velvet, and a few, but very few, of the same colours

in satin. Half-dress bonnets have the brims generally made small, and very wide at the sides, and the interior trimmed with a half-circle of either lace or blond, which may be either black or white, but the latter seems most in request. Lace and feathers, either of the colour of the bonnet, or shaded, are employed to decorate the crowns of bonnets; a good many have the brims trimmed in the interior only with lace as above described: but if there are any ornaments, they are velvet flowers of a small size. Yellow Monkshoods are in particular favour.

Satins *glacés*, levantines, pekings, and pekanets, are all in favour in half-dress. Corsages are for the most part made half high; but several are quite high behind, and a little sloped in the *demi-cœur* style in front. They fit the shape tightly, and would have a very plain effect but for the elegance and richness of the collars and *fichus* worn with them; in truth the progress which embroidery has made during the last few years is astonishing. We have seen collars and *fichus* embroidered in imitation of the most costly lace, and so perfectly as not to be distinguished from it. We refer particularly to those in imitation of *point d'Alençon*. Collars and *fichus* of a less costly but still very beautiful kind, of clear India muslin embroidered round the border, and edged with Mechlin lace, are also very much in vogue; the cuffs must correspond, and they are in fact indispensable.

The materials of evening dress robes are still of the same superb description that we announced in the beginning of the season. The *corsages* are generally cut very low on the back and shoulders, and always pointed at the bottom. The sleeves are short, made with very little fulness, and frequently raised in front by a ribbon, a flower, or an *agraffe* of precious stones. Several dresses have the skirts made to open at the sides. Flounces are still the trimmings in vogue; lace, blond lace, and antique point, are always employed for them when the robes are intended for full dress. We must observe that lace flounces are set on without fulness: the effect upon a narrow skirt would be bad, but with the enormous width of skirts at present, it has quite a contrary effect, for the robe falling in full folds supplies the want of fulness in the lace, and displays to the utmost advantage its beautiful pattern. The excessive depth of some magnificent old fashioned lace has brought in this fashion, which will probably continue as long as skirts remain of their present width.

Head dresses are now, generally speaking, copied from those

of the celebrated women of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Turbans, toques, and *toquets* seem equally in favour; they are composed of velvet, superbly ornamented with precious stones, and ostrich feathers, or the plumage of rare foreign birds, or else of gold or silver tissues decorated with jewellery and *esprits*. Antique point lace and gold and silver blond are also very much employed to decorate the hair. We may cite among the prettiest head-dresses of the month a small velvet cap which scarcely covers the back of the head; it is trimmed with silver blond lace, the tips of white ostrich feathers, and a tuft of rose buds which, looping the lace on one side, droops *à la Mancini* in the cheek. No change this month in fashionable colours.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH.

THE Carnival is at an end, but its brief duration rendered it unusually brilliant, as our fair readers will see, when we come to describe ball and fancy dress: but we must first take our usual review of the other departments of the toilette.

There is more variety than novelty in out-door dress. Cloaks are not so much worn as they generally are at this time of year, and those that are adopted are mostly something shorter than the dress. A good many have the cape of the *fichu* form, with the point descending excessively low behind; others are made with hoods, and many have a simple collar only. Plain materials, that is to say, velvet and satin, lined with rich silks, or *pluche de soie* of full hues are most prevalent for cloaks. An attempt has, however, been made, but unsuccessfully, to bring in silks flowered in the loom in rich but heavy patterns; had it been tried earlier in the season it might have had some chance, but now it has decidedly failed. Furs keep their ground for trimmings: indeed we see few others.

The little change that has taken place in hats and bonnets is principally in the trimmings; a majority of those trimmed with feathers having them now placed rising on one side of the crown, instead of laying them on the brim; this little alteration is we think for the better; those that are trimmed with ribbons and flowers have both placed excessively low. A pretty and simple style of morning bonnet, which may be composed of either velvet or satin, is decorated with ribbon only, it is always very rich plain satin corresponding with the colour of the bonnet: it is disposed in moderately full *coques* round the back and

one side of the crown, and a full knot, the ends of which float over the brim on the other. Lace, both black and white, has lost nothing of its attractions, but we see that real lace is far more prevalent than blond ; indeed it threatens to supersede the latter altogether.

Home *negligé* is at this moment extremely simple, *peignoirs* of pearl-grey or drab cashmere, lined with blue or cherry-coloured *gros de Naples*, and made in the form we have so often described, are very much in vogue. A *fichu* of that very old-fashioned material leno, which is this year again brought into favour, is displayed by the *peignoir* being partially open on the bosom ; it is edged with Valenciennes lace, standing up round the neck. Morning cap of India muslin with a double border of Paris point lace ; it is made with what one may call half ears, cut out very much over the forehead, but coming forward on the sides of the face ; the double row of lace is put plain over the forehead, but excessively full at the sides and round the back. A ribbon to correspond with the lining of the *peignoir* ties the cap in a full bow under the chin, and a small knot with floating ends is placed on one side of the crown.

Ball dresses are mostly made of the tunic form : those of transparent materials, as *tulle* or grenadine gauze, are frequently trimmed with a *ruche* or a wreath of flowers ; the effect is at once simple and tasteful, but there are also a variety of other trimmings, flounces, *bouillons*, flowers covered with gauze, gold and silver blond lace—and a variety of gold and silver trimmings are all in request. We should observe that the corsages of ball dresses are generally draped, and the sleeves always made so excessively short, that they cover only a few inches of the arm.

Fancy ball dresses are of two kinds, the first distinguished by extreme magnificence, the second by a coquettish simplicity which is perhaps more attractive. History supplies the first, and the costumes of celebrated women are faithfully copied from it. Margaret of Anjou, Blanche of Castille, and Queen Ermangarde are favourite characters ; and certainly the antique style of these dresses gives admirable opportunities for the display of sumptuous materials, and superb diamonds, but it must be confessed they are rather heavy for dancing dresses. The other style consists of the peasant garb of different countries, either faithfully copied, or modified according to the fancy of the wearer : or else, dresses invented expressly for these parties. These latter afford considerable scope for the taste of our *élégantes* : some are extremely pretty, and others, to say the

truth, grotesque enough. Fashionable colours have not varied for out-door dress, except that black is more prevalent. Light hues are this month more in request than last in evening dress.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATES.

Ball Dress.

ROBE of *tulle* over white satin, the border is trimmed with a broad *bouillonnée* intermixed with red roses. *Tulle* tunic opening *en tablier*, and bordered with roses. *Corsage à trois pieces*; the upper part draped in a profusion of full horizontal folds, the bottom deeply pointed. Short sleeve terminated by a *bouillon* and a blond *manchette*, and ornamented with roses; the hair dressed in bands on the forehead, and ringlets at the sides, is decorated with roses and pearls.

Opera Dress.

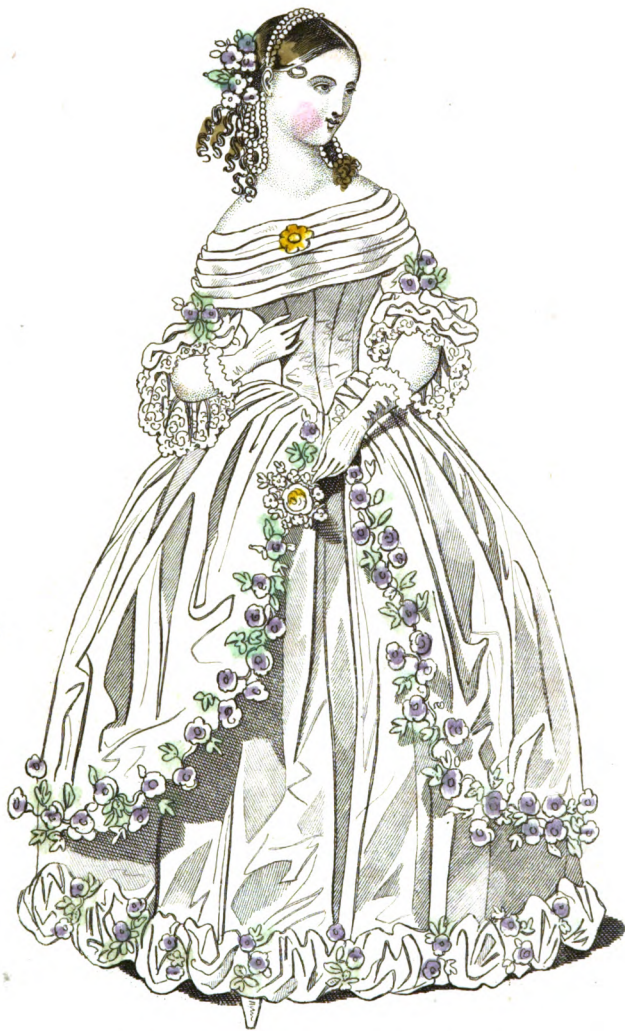
EMERALD green satin robe, *corsage en cœur* high at the back and sides, but descending on the bosom, and trimmed *en pelerine* with satin folds and black lace; the upper part of the sleeve is arranged in a triple *bouillon* which is terminated by a lace ruffle, from the elbow to the wrist it is full. White lace cuff. The front of the skirt is trimmed with black lace disposed in spiral folds, this trimming terminates near the bottom, round which the lace turns into a *volan*. Hat of pink Terry velvet, the brim of moderate depth, and perfectly round; the crown placed very backward; the trimming consists of shaded ostrich feathers, and pink satin ribbon.

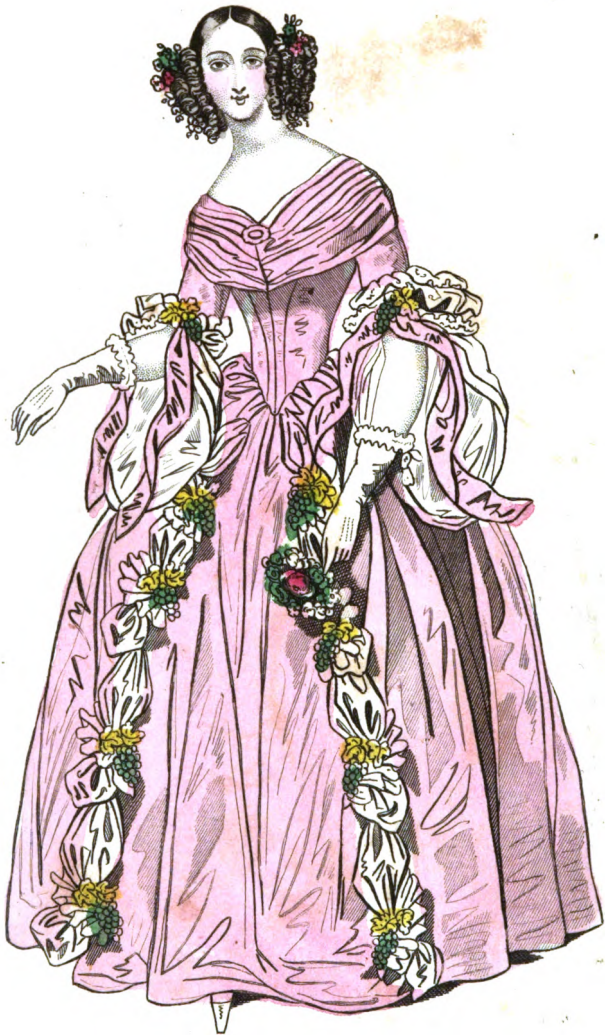
Evening Dress.

ROBE of azure blue spotted with silver, a low *corsage* tight to the shape, and trimmed with a pelerine-mantilla of silver blond lace. *Bouffant* sleeve, and silver blond ruffle; it is looped at the bend of the arm by a flower; the skirt is a train, trimmed with a double flounce of silver blond, which is raised on each side of the front in the drapery style, by a flower and foliage. Head-dress of hair decorated with fancy jewellery.

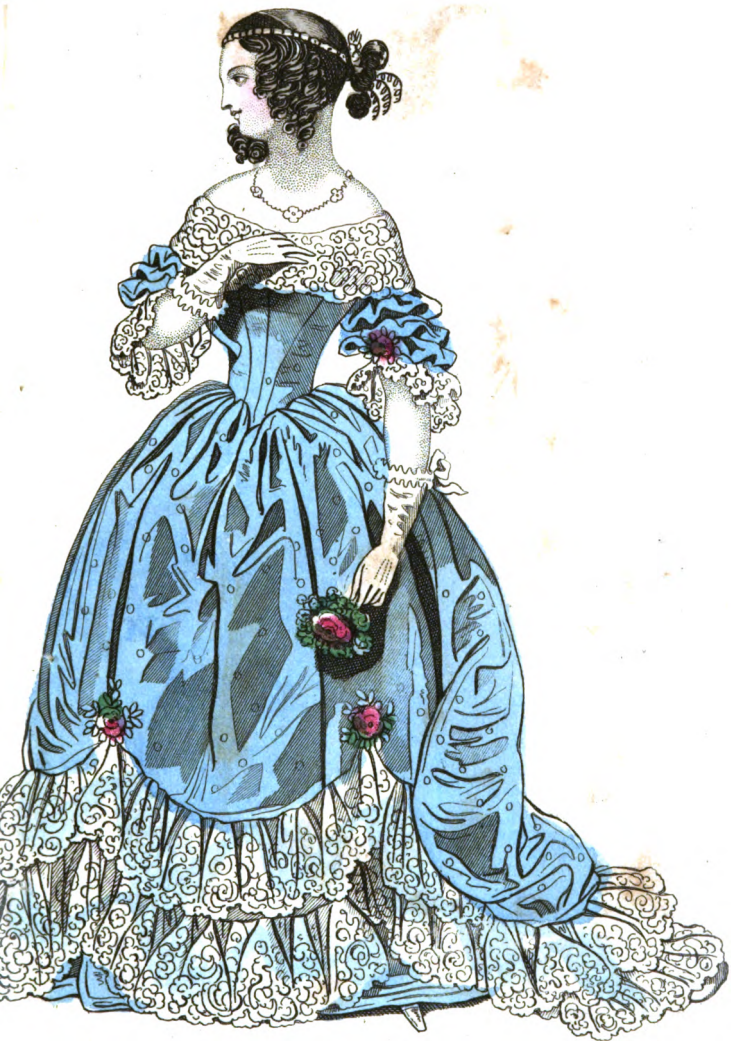
Winter Dress.

PALE rose-coloured satin robe, *Corsage à la Montespan* draped all round in a profusion of folds, and demi Venetian sleeve ornamented with ribbon and clusters of red grapes and gold foliage; the front of the skirt is trimmed with two rows of *bouillons* arranged in columns, and each *bouillon* formed by a bunch of red grapes with gold foliage. The hair dressed low behind, and in masses of curls at the sides, is decorated with flowers.





DINNER DRESS



EVENING DRESS



OPERA DRESS
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THE LADIES' CABINET

OF

FASHION, MUSIC, AND ROMANCE.



A TALE OF THE OLDEN TIMES.

TRULY, too truly has our poet sung—

“These are not the romantic times,
So beautiful in Spenser's rhymes,
So dazzling to the dreaming boy.”

We are in this age poor indeed in those incidents which grace the page of fiction or romance. The world, philosophers say, is daily improving, but surely not for the novel writer; each successive year adds new territory to the domains of fact, and subtracts from those of imagination. But let the writer of romance rejoice that he is not compelled to conform to the reigning spirit of the day; no, the lenient public, well-knowing that this prosaic age would clip the wings of genius, however lofty his flight, kindly gives, or indeed rather forces upon him a *passé-partout*, thereby enabling him to place wherever he will the creatures of imagination. And right glad must he be, (we speak from our own heart,) to avail himself of this permission, to gild his pictures with all the splendour of chivalry; or, as it best pleases him, to wrap them in the awful gloom which still enshrouds earlier times. For ourselves, we regard Froissart with as much veneration as ever catholics did Patron Saint; we tell his pages as they their beads, after each one sending up thanks that such a chronicler is granted us; without him we should be helpless, and forced to content ourselves with dull inaction; with him we dare everything; even to paint the scenes which he has drawn so truly to the life; and having thus signified our audacious intention, we will, in our capacity of gentleman-usher, if not in that of enchanter, wave our wand, and—here they are.

It was near the close of a sultry day in the month of September, A.D. 1356, that the Black Prince halted his now small army some five leagues from the celebrated plains of Poitiers. Tents were quickly pitched, pennons and banners were displayed before them, and the knights divesting themselves of their

APRIL, 1839.

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armour, gazed eagerly and anxiously on the fertile plains spread before them ; while their retainers, collected in groups, devoured the food which was distributed, or, relieved of their heavy gambesons, lazily stretched themselves on the green sward, regardless of the past, careless of the future. These and other similar preparations manifested that they had halted for the night, and indeed they were gradually retiring to their tents, to seek that repose which was to fit them for the labours of the ensuing day, when a knight, attired in the close-bodied leather suit which the nobles wore under their armour, presented himself at the entrance of the Black Prince's pavilion, in the centre of the camp ; and greeting with a familiar nod Sir John Chandos, who was standing in front of the tent, said —“ Well, Sir John, may I have access to the Prince ?”

“ Surely, my lord,” said the chamberlain, raising at the same time with his sheathed sword, the curtain which hung before the entrance, and the noble entered. It fell behind him, and he remained alone with the young Edward ; then doffing his velvet cap of state, and bending low his knee, he saluted him.

“ What now, my lord,” said the Prince, looking kindly upon him ; “ a boon to ask ?”

“ Have I your permission to absent myself one short day, with my esquire alone ?”

“ Thou hast it ; but from any other knight than the Lord Denys de Morbeque, I had required the reason ; thou knowest that we expect the French to rise in sight ere the morrow's sun shall set ; if thou art absent from the approaching fight, the wreath no longer decks thy helmet.”

“ Should the wreath fall from my brows,” said the noble, proudly, “ there shall many a chaplet be torn from the helmets of yonder hosts to replace it.”

“ 'Tis well, sir Denys, farewell.” The knight again bowing low left the pavilion. He passed rapidly through the camp, greeted with familiar or respectful salutation as he met them, his equals or inferiors, and soon reached his own tent, around which his retainers were stretched on the ground, one and all proclaiming the power of the drowsy god ; for though some few were not yet actually wrapt in his embrace, yet the lazy and sleepy tones of their voices predicted their speedy fate. This was, however, for the present arrested by the loud call—“ My arms and horse !” which roused the whole band. “ Hawkestone,” cried the knight, “ my arms and steed.” The squire of the body speedily obeyed his lord's command, and, saving the helmet, in lieu of which he placed

on his head the light bacinet, he was soon attired in a complete suit of the plate-armour worn at that period. A retainer now led out the powerful war-horse fully caparisoned, "barded from counter to tail;" and as he held the stirrup, the knight bounded on the steed. "Allestry!" and a second squire bowed low, "Allestry, you will head the band till I return; there is my banner," he said, pointing to it as it waved at the entrance of the tent, "see it be as bright then as now:" the young warrior's eye flashed at the implied doubt, but again bowing, he said nothing. The noble now bade his squire of the body prepare to attend him instantly; he vanished to obey the welcome mandate, and soon reappeared, armed and mounted in a style not much inferior to that of his lord, and bearing at his saddle-bow his war-helmet; the knight at once set spurs to his horse, and went off at a round pace, receiving the farewell shout of his band.

The livelong night they rode, the squire following implicitly his master, who indeed seemed to be familiar with the country, ever pursuing his course without an instant's hesitation. As the sun rose they reached the top of a long ridge, up which they had been some time toiling, and a wide expanse of country spread itself before them: hill and dale, river and wood, castle and cottage, were to be seen; but the knight staying not to gaze, instantly turned his horse down the other side of the declivity towards a castle, which, far in the distance, would, by the casual observer, have been almost unnoticed, but which was pointed out to Hawkestone with the remark, "that is our goal." Two hours sharp riding brought them so near it, that they were marked by the warder, who was pacing forth his morning round; he had spied them already at a distance, and wondered at their rapid progress; but when he saw them directing their steeds towards the castle of Marneil, he scanned them more closely, and was about to shout the warning cry; but the knight, as he drew near and raised his face, unhidden by the bacinet, was immediately recognised: and the warder proclaimed loudly—"Morbeque! Morbeque!" The words were re-echoed by all the inmates of the castle; for instigated by a similar curiosity, they had collected at the loop-holes and other apertures, to see who the stranger might be; these few accents indeed seemed to have the power of magic; the drawbridge fell, the portcullis rose, and the warder left free the passage for the knight, who now dashed at full speed into the courtyard, flung the reins to his attendant, and springing into the hall, received in his arms the Lady Blanche de Marneil.

"Dearest! look up;" said the knight, perceiving that she spoke not, but seeing that she had nearly swooned, he reluctantly resigned her to her attendants, who bore her to an adjoining apartment, and using the restoratives, common at that time as well as this, she ere long revived: but while this is proceeding, we will attempt a description of the room in which she lay. It was a fine specimen of that architecture, which, three centuries previous, the bold Normans had introduced into England: the painted windows deep set in their embrasures, the walls hung with blue damask, the couch covered with cloth of gold, the harp inlaid with the same precious metal, all proclaimed the rich and powerful noble: and the black silk robe dropped with silver, and the wimple of sendal embroidered with gold, which constituted the chief attire of the lady, alike declared her wealth and rank.

As the lady revived she gazed wildly around, but at length, fixing her eye upon the knight, she said, "And is it indeed you, Denys; and no fair vision to cheat my poor sight?"

"It is indeed thy Denys," said the knight, now at her feet, and covering her hand with kisses. The lady then bidding her attendant leave the room, said, "And whence art thou now come? and art thou long to stay?"

"Ah, Blanche," replied the knight, avoiding an answer to her first question, "thou knowest that the field is the warrior's only home."

"A long and weary time hast thou been absent, Morbeque."

"For me, centuries have rolled on in torturing anguish since I saw thee."

"But whence art thou come? Although it matters not, for to me thou seemest from heaven: yet on what angel's wings didst thou descend?"

A dark cloud passed over the features of her lover, as he said although firmly, still with some constraint manifest in his voice—

"To thee it will seem the destroying fiend; the English host is but some twenty leagues distant from this castle."

"The English host!" shrieked the lady, "what dost thou with them? the French, where are they?"

"To the French I am a deadly foe."

"Thou art a Frenchman, Morbeque; this is thy native land, and dost thou cast it off?"

"My country cast me off," said the knight, bitterly, "and now I have the power to wreak my wrongs upon my foes. Thinkest thou that I have not the will?"

“And dost thou think, Morbeque,” said the lady, withdrawing her hand, which as yet he had held, “dost thou think, proud man, that I will smile upon a traitor?”

“Lady,” said the knight, retorting her cold tone, and rising from his knee, “it is to wash that stain from my scutcheon, that I have now landed in France. Whence has all my misery sprung,” he continued, increasing in vehemence as he proceeded, “if ’tis not from this land? Was not the lying caitiff that dared brand my name with treachery, a Frenchman? Was not the monarch that denied me combat with that caitiff, the king of France? Were not all my persecutors Frenchmen? Ay! and they shall rue their birth; but chief of all the false traitor Montigny.”

“Denys, one course still remains to thee. The king hath but lately offered thee trial by combat; present thyself at the French camp; cause the false villain to confess his treachery, and then, thy name freed from every shadow of doubt, return here, not to be more beloved by me, but to receive this pledge of love, my hand.” Her voice failed not, and, filled with her high purpose, she blushed not even as she spoke; but steadily regarded the knight, who (forgive him!) seemed, as he felt the soft pressure of her hand, to waver: but it was only for a moment; and he then sadly said—

“No Blanche, thus it cannot be; allied to thee, my lance must be couched, and my sword wielded against the English, who in my hour of darkness have alone shed light upon my path.”

“Think of them as thy country’s foes, and ——”

“No,” said the knight, gloomily and firmly, “listen to my tale, and hear that it cannot be.—Thus cast off by all the world, save thee, I fled to England; to the royal Edward; and the natural foes of my native land became my friends. I fled to him as one by whose aid I might revenge my wrongs. He heard my tale, and promised me redress; he gave me lands; he would have given me a noble bride,” said the knight, bitterly. “All, all I accepted, save the last, and I swore to repay him well in France: here I now am; to-morrow’s sun shall set on thousands of corpses, and shall it then be said that Sir Denys de Morbeque raised his arm against the Black Prince? Shall it even be said that the English host was massacred to a man, while a few leagues distant the good knight was toying in the arms of his lady-love, and had given his brand to her damsels to keep? No! no! thou temptest me strongly, Blanche, but my honour is a firm defence. Yet,” said he,

more warmly, as the cloud half passed from his brow, "listen to me and all may still be well: to-morrow's sun shall not set on Hugh de Montigny alive; my honour shall be cleared in the field, whether the English conquer or are vanquished: and rest assured that if they yield, Morbeque will not live to grace the victor's triumph. If, as I think, yet scarce would wish to see, the oriflamme falls, then dost thou not believe that the young Edward can wrench from John this castle with its wide domains? Or yield thyself to me, under English banners, and the Castle of Marneil shall be richly made up, by broad lands in merry England."

"Now, by our lady, dost thou think me a slave, that thou profferest this? What! shall my true vassals be given as a guerdon to the best lance? shall I, too, yield these possessions of my father's, to wend with thee to foreign lands, dependent on the bounty of that Prince who now is laying waste my native country? No, my lord, if other hopes you have none, farewell at once, for this indeed must not be," and she turned from the knight to the embrasure of the nearest window.

"Fiends of hell," muttered Morbeque, as he paced rapidly up and down the apartment, "I am unworthy of myself—unworthy of her, to offer this; but hear me, Blanche," he said aloud, "I meant not this: thou urgest me to despair, and then reproachest my frenzy; hear me," he repeated in a louder and more impetuous tone; "by heaven, I would not thus receive thee." "No, my lord," said the lady, fixing her dark eyes full upon him, "I have made a strange offer, and it has been yet more strangely received; I indeed believe with thee, that we must part," but losing at once her cold offended tone, and advancing towards the knight, she said, "thou sayest thy obligations to the English king are great; art not thou bound by stronger ties to thy country? thou hast not yet given the first blow to the liberties of thy native land; and beware how thou dost it; for by the spotless virgin, when thou liftest thine arm against France, I cast thee off for ever!" and raising her beaming eyes to heaven, she seemed sacrificing at the shrine of patriotism all hopes of earthly happiness, so pale, so sad was her countenance; but the indignant knight knelt not to supplicate.

"By heaven, even thy soft hand shall not stain my shield; no, my Lady de Marneil, not for the sake of heaven, not for the sake of thee, will I thus prove my right to the name of traitor! farewell!" He turned and left the room. The lady's spirit could no longer sustain itself under this load of misery; she

sank upon the couch in an agony of tears. Nor did the resentment of the knight long oppose his love ; he had not traversed half the length of the hall, ere he turned, flung open the door of the apartment, and throwing himself at the lady's feet, " must we thus part ?" he cried, " it cannot be ; say, say once more farewell." " Oh, Morbeque !" said the lady, and yielding to his embrace, she wept upon his shoulder ; the knight clasped her to his heart ; then, not daring to trust himself longer, gently laid her on the couch, and rushed from her presence. Twice he turned his steps, but twice he again resumed his course ; and as his squire entered from the court-yard, springing forward, he cried, " my horse !" then darted past his startled attendant, bounded on his steed, and went off with the rapidity of a meteor. Hawkestone stayed not to gaze, but venting an oath of anger and surprise, mounted and followed him.

" Morbeque !" cried the lady, " he has gone, lost to me for ever !" and senseless she sank upon the couch : her attendants hastened to her assistance, but it was long ere she revived, and then it was but to shriek and wail ; at times calling on Morbeque, at others execrating her own cruelty.

Here we must leave her, and join the English army, which towards the close of the same day on which the events last mentioned took place, had halted but two leagues distance from the French ; and the Prince of Wales, attended by many of his chief nobles, was holding in front of the camp a grand council of war, to discuss the measures to be pursued. Their critical situation was now no secret ; it was well known to all that their force, not exceeding at the utmost eight thousand men, was to be attacked on the ensuing day by seven times their number, and though no one had as yet even whispered a surrender, a retreat had been very generally spoken of throughout the camp. In the present council, however, both had become subjects of discussion ; and the young Edward, indignant at the mention of the one, and maddened almost to frenzy by that of the other, wished for nothing so much as to break off the conference, when his attention was attracted by the appearance of a knight, who, afar off, and followed by but one attendant, was seen urging to full speed his war-horse in the direction of the camp. As the rider approached, the Prince recognized him, and glad of the interruption, cried, " Morbeque, by St. George ! I well knew he would not fail me." As he spoke, the knight cried aloud, " the French, my lord, are within a league's distance, and moving rapidly towards us ;" and he reined in his steed to pay

his obeisance to the Prince, but the noble animal was no longer able to support the burden; he stumbled and fell: "he bore me well away from them," said the knight in a sad tone, as he freed himself from the saddle, "but I could almost wish that he had fallen there, and given me to their swords."

"Back, my lords," said the Prince hastily to those who stood around him, "and prepare the army for combat;" then turning to Morbeque, he said, "what now, my lord, what means this fear?" "Fear! I know it not; but you, my Lord Prince, couch your lance, and raise your sword against your country's foes; I against those of my own land, my brethren, my own sovereign; and can you not believe that I feel as if 'twere well I had fallen to-day by the lances of my pursuers, before such blood should stain my blade." "Lances, said you, Sir Denys de Morbeque? the dungeon and the cord would have been your fate; if naught else can stir you up, remember Montigny." "Ay! ay!" said the knight, the deep gloom which had settled over his countenance breaking away as the light flashed from his eye, "thou touchest the right string, and with a master hand; I'll serve thee to the death—set on." As he spoke, the sound of the trumpet broke faintly on the ear of the Prince; "ha! this is no time for dallying; by heaven, they come! away sir knight"—and dashing the spurs in his horse, he rode furiously up the hill. Hawkestone had already prepared another steed for his lord, and mounting, he rode up to his band, who received him with loud and cheering shouts. But let not the reader suppose from this conversation, that the Black Prince wished by any crafty excitement of the passions of Morbeque to secure so good a lance in the approaching contest: no! such base thoughts never would have been reflected from the "mirror of chivalry;" he conceived that all the ties that bound the knight to his country were severed, and he bade him revenge his wrongs, as he himself would have done in the same case.

The sun was just throwing his parting rays across the plain at the foot of the declivity, on which the English were posted, when the French vanguard appeared in sight on a rising ground, that terminated the plain at about half a league's distance.

"Now, by St. George," cried the English Prince, as the troops poured down the hill, "the confiding braggarts throw themselves into the plain:" but his hopes were disappointed; for as the main body came up, the vanguard was recalled, and the French, by pitching their tents on the hill, gave sufficient evidence that they purposed to remain there during the night, deferring the combat to the ensuing day. On seeing this, the

English army was also ordered to repose, to prepare them for the arduous conflict that threatened them. Night came slowly on—passed—the day broke—the sun rose, and gilded with his rising beams the armed chivalry of the rival nations. It was a day most unfit for strife, the sabbath: it was a fearful celebration of the holy day, and yet it was a brilliant one. On the declivity which they had occupied during the preceding night, was arrayed the whole of England's force, a small but goodly band: disease had thinned its ranks, the sword was now to continue the destruction. The Black Prince, attired in the polished steel armour which he ever wore, with the black surcoat thrown over his shoulder, mounted on a steed caparisoned in the same sable colour, gazed on the field, his bright eye undimmed by his knowledge of the dubious nature of the strife into which he was about to enter: the standard of his royal father waved before him, while all around floated the banners and pennons of his knights. On the hill where they had been posted on the preceding evening, was drawn up the French host: right brilliant was the sight; their king, attired in royal armour, and with the sacred oriflamme of his country planted before him, was attended by a gallant band of nobles, sixty thousand men there were that day drawn up on the plains of Maupertuis. All was now silent; the soldiers in either army instantly expected the opposing monarch to lead down his followers to the plain; when the wish of the Prince of Wales was suddenly granted, and the troops of France poured in fearful numbers into the vale below. The final preparations for the deadly strife were quickly made by the less numerous body; but the sun was high in the heaven ere the French were arrayed in battle order. "By St. Edward," cried the Black Prince, as the last division of the foe drew off to its position, "these lazy Frenchers must be roused; Sir James Audley, Sir Eustace d'Ambreticourt," he said to two knights near him, who, in compliance with the custom of the time, had requested to be chosen to commence the charge, "your prayers are granted; set on! set on!" The knights bowed, closed their visors, and followed by their retainers spurred forward to the charge. "Hawkestone!" said Morbeque, who was stationed on the left of the small force, and in whose kindling eye could be seen none of the indecision he had expressed on the preceding day, "Hawkestone!" he said in an under tone, "Montigny is on the right flank; and mark me, keep my band well together and follow me." The two knights had by this time reached the French vanguard, and had driven it back in confusion on the

main body. "St. Michael," cried the incensed John to his peers, who were gazing in stupid astonishment at this chivalric feat, "shall this audacious canaille brave us thus! Set on! and crush them to the earth." To the soul-stirring sound of the trump and atabal, the whole array moved onward. As this formidable force was brought into action, the English Prince looked around on his knights, and seeing them eagerly awaiting the signal with their eyes fixed upon him, he no longer attempted to repress them. "Banner advance!" St. George's standard waved on high; the trumpets sounded; and the ground which was but now covered by thousands is left vacant—and where are they? The shock of the English and French was fearful, but wholly in favour of the former, for their rapid descent lent them a force which nothing withstood; and it was with difficulty they were prevented from wholly burying themselves in the French host. But in this *mêlée* we must not lose sight of the Lord de Morbeque; who, far in advance of all his retainers, save Hawkestone, was bending his way right onward towards the centre of the opposing army; when at once his eyes flashed more vividly, he set himself more strongly in his saddle, grasped his sword more firmly, shouted his war-cry in a louder and more eager tone, dashed the spurs into his charger, and with one bound reached the foe who had thus roused him. "Argent, three pillars, gules!" muttered Hawkestone to himself, as he rapidly scanned the shield of his lord's antagonist, "Montigny by heaven!" "Ha! Montigny," cried the English partisan, as he reached his enemy, "here is Morbeque!" and as he spoke he struck at him a full blow. "Traitor, villain, die!" shouted the French knight, parrying and returning the blow. After this no word was spoken, and the contest began in deadly earnest: each fought both for honour and for life; and each, traitor though he might be, bore himself most knightly. Their retainers had, as it were, paused by common consent, and left it to their lords to decide the contest; and the small circle which hemmed in the two combatants, all the members of which sat in speechless anxiety, formed a strong contrast to the brawling and fierce conflict that raged all around. For a long time, the strife was nearly equal; until Morbeque's sword encountering fairly the French knight's helm, was shivered to atoms, up to the guard, while he received the blow unharmed. "Curse on the blade!" muttered the baffled knight, as he threw the hilt from him; "but this," he shouted, "will serve me better," snatching his *martel* from his saddle-bow: his antagonist also seized his battle axe, and the contest became more

terrific. The French knight, wholly self-possessed and fully preserving his presence of mind, dealt his blows with circumspection and effect. He had, ere long, cleft in two the shield of his foe, and Sir Denys was left to depend solely upon his skill; this was of but little avail, or rather but little remained to him, for in his impetuosity he had lost all government of himself and weapon, and he dealt his blows with the rapidity of lightning, neither parrying nor shunning the battle axe of his antagonist. All saw that the strife was now too unequal to last, and, as all expected, the axe of the Frenchman, in the space of a few moments, encountered, with fearful force, the helmet of Morbeque, leaving him unhelmed and wholly at the mercy of his foe. A horrid joy kindled his eye, and he slowly and coolly drew back his arm for the death-blow, when Morbeque compelling his horse to make a lofty curvette, in order to give his arm full scope, with all his force hurled his martel at Montigny. The blow was unexpected, and met with no defence: the French knight fell stunned and senseless from his steed; his antagonist stood over him almost as he reached the ground. The fatal dagger of mercy glittered as he unsheathed it, and as the blade entered the bars of the visor, the victor cried "traitor, confess or die." Thrice the call was repeated, thrice the dagger inserted and again withdrawn. When the fallen knight revived, he heard the third, the last call; he saw the steel for the third, the last time slowly hiding the light from his eyes—and a murmur was emitted from the casque. "Ha! caitiff, confess," and a sullen acknowledgment of falsehood and treachery reached his ears. He fell on his knees, and dropping the fatal steel, and clasping his gauntleted hands, "thanks to the blessed Virgin; thanks to our blessed Lord," he cried, and then rising, "the stain is removed, the name of Morbeque is pure, his scutcheon spotless."

The reader may, perhaps, be of opinion that we have allotted to our hero an undue share of the field; but he should be informed that in the meantime the tide of battle had flowed towards the western part of the vale, carrying with it both armies, and the small body of men in whom we are interested, alone maintaining their position, were of course entirely separated from their comrades.

The sharp edge of the martlet had sunk into the head of the French knight, and the life blood was ebbing from the wound. "Unhelm him," said Morbeque to the retainers standing about him, "and let me see that face once more. Gently, villains!" he cried, as he perceived his followers were roughly handling

the wounded man. The casque, as it fell from the head of his foe, disclosed the dark complexioned features, the dark hair, and the dark eye of his country; but the malignant fire of that eye belonged to Montigny alone: the angry flush was fast passing from the countenance of Morbeque as he looked upon his prostrate antagonist, but the fell passions of the vanquished man betokened not the approach of death: he shook his feeble hand at his hated enemy.—“Your blow came in good season! fool that I was not to crush thee on the instant! Send no monk here,” he said fiercely, as he heard Sir Denys bid a retainer seek one; think you, because my deep-laid plans have failed, that I will whine out my soul into another world: you have succeeded, Morbeque; I know not but 'twas right you should, yet—” his voice failed him, but his eye flashed more hatred and fury than his words could have expressed; it was but for a moment; he sank back upon the ground into a pool formed by his own gore, and sent his last breath gurgling through it. The conqueror looked for an instant intensely on the corpse; then, as it were, with a violent effort, shaking off the disagreeable emotions excited in his mind, he called for another helmet, and dashing by the stupified followers of the vanquished knight, he threw his small force on the flank of the French army. But while his retainers fight with double energy, why has the brilliant light faded from their master's eye? Why does his sword fall so carelessly? Why is his courser curbed so tightly? The mist was now fast passing from the mind of Morbeque, and he was beginning to discover that he had previously been rather fighting with Montigny than with the French. The lives of his countrymen were too great a sacrifice to lay even on the altar of friendship; and though his sword still gleamed in the conflict, the light it emitted was but faint; and perchance that even might have been extinguished, had not fate at once, and suddenly, decided the victory. As the French yielded gradually to the efforts of the English, the knight, almost without his own co-operation, drew nearer and nearer to their centre; and ere long he beheld waving, but a short space from him, the ancient banner of France, and recognized under its shadow the glittering armour of her king. “No! by heaven I never shall you fall by my hand,” he muttered, and was about to turn his band in another direction; but they had already discerned the prize, and with loud shouts were now endeavouring to break through the French and English, to share alone the honour of striking down the standard of their foes. Hawkestone too crying, “Notre Dame de Morbeque!

give way for Morbeque!" instantly drew the eyes of all upon his lord; but he still wavered, and had half turned his horse's head in the contrary direction, when the cry of "Shame! shame!" arose; the enraged knight was at once decided; striking the spurs in his steed, "Give way, villains!" he cried, and with a few blows of his martel, swept both English and French from his path: the truncheon was struck from the hand of the monarch, and he sat defenceless on his horse, while the shining battle-axe hung over his glittering coronet, and the words "Yield thee, sir King," were shouted in his ear. The English had followed up their knight in his desperate charge so closely, that at the moment he reached the person of the monarch, the French were driven back in such manner, that the king remained alone, wholly separated from his followers; and while the daring act received the cheering shouts of one party, the threats and curses of the other were unheeded or unheard. But though John saw his desperate situation, his courage forsook him not; "I yield me to the nameless man," he said. "Thou canst not have a conqueror more noble on this field; I am—" and there was a slight tremulousness in the voice of the knight as he spoke, "I am Sir Denys de Morbeque." The king started in his saddle, but then coolly said, "Conduct us to our royal cousin; he is a princely scion of a kingly stock." Shouts on shouts arose from the victorious party, as they witnessed this termination of the conflict, while their foes rent the air with threats, curses, and wailings. The English separated to open a passage for the royal prisoner, and closed behind him, opposing a barrier impenetrable to the fury of the French, which now burst forth, though too late.

That night a solemn feast was held in the English camp, graced by all the noblest of both nations: a pavilion had been planted on the level ground, at the top of the declivity, from which in the morning they had rushed down upon their foe: that foe had been crushed; their monarch was a captive, and this feast was now held, not to celebrate their own triumph, but to soothe the bitter regrets of that conquered enemy: on the elevated dais, with the young Edward, sat the French monarch, the lord Philip his son, and all his noblest followers, attired in silken festive robes; the ground was carpeted with arras; the purest snow-white damask covered the tables and benches, but none of the treasures which had been that day gained shamed the eyes of the guests; it could never have been known which were the victors, which the vanquished; all displayed the noble soul of the "Mirror of Chivalry." Each and

all were now awaiting the commencement of the feast, when the attendants entered, in a long train, bearing the costly chased gold dishes, freighted with the richest burthens; they were about to perform their customary offices, when the Black Prince rose, and taking a charger from the hands of one of them, and bending his knee to the French king, placed it before him: the same was done by all his nobles to the other guests, and with their caps of state in hand, they awaited their bidding; all sat amazed until the incensed John spoke, "What means this mummery, sir Prince? we are indeed thy captives; but methinks this shame need not have been added."

"Thou art not *my* captive, sire; my royal father has overcome thee; and so, please God, no other pages shalt thou have, so long as thou shalt grace my tent." "My Lord Prince," replied the soothed monarch, "thanks for thy courtesy; we accept it from a hand so noble, with all joy."

The feast went on, the gloom passed from the brows of the French, and mirth ruled the hour: the wines and spices were now served up by the same noble attendants, and while the sparkling Champagne, the thin Burgundy, and the sweet Sicily, passed round, spiced with the products of the East, the minstrels entered the pavilion: long robes of cloth of gold, trimmed with ermine, decked the favourites of song: they carried, one the rote, the other two the harp, and stationing themselves at the lower end, and near the entrance, they broke forth into a loud and joyous strain,—they then paused, when the first, accompanied by his rote, sang the following lay:—

The feast! 'tis not for the traitor knave—
The feast! 'tis not for the coward slave—
The feast! it is for the chevalier brave,
Who dares his hand in blood to lave,
On the battle field to die!

And love! 'tis not for the traitor knave—
And love! 'tis not for the coward slave—
Oh love! it is for the chevalier brave,
Who danger and death would gladly crave,
For a glance of his lady's eye.

Glory and love are the chevalier's right—
Glory and love are his beacon light—
For glory and love will he ever fight,
Till he sink for aye in death's dark night,
Without one recreant sigh.

As the minstrel concluded, again burst forth the festive strain; each in turn sang the song of love and deeds of prowess; and after each, was again poured out the mirthful melody.

With music and with wine the hour was whiled away long and merrily, and all gave loose to their hearts, and drank in greedily the joy which was offered ; all save the sovereign of France ; he only sat with gloomy and discontented brow, brooding over his battle, army, and kingdom lost. At length, in the interval of the music, he thus addressed the English Prince : " The song and the wine-cup are for the victor, but the vanquished should wail in silence ; my lord, we thank thee for thy courtesy, but we would leave this too joyous scene ;" as he spoke he arose, and at once all his subjects bade adieu to mirth, and followed their monarch. Their noble host essayed not to detain them ; the feast broke up, and orders were issued to prepare to march on the following day towards Bourdeaux.

The morrow's dawning sun saw the English army on its way for Bourdeaux : all fear from the French was now removed, and they marched on, the vanquished mingling with the victors, as in a triumphal procession. But the ground which they had occupied was not yet entirely vacant ; there still remained a knight surrounded by perchance a score of men at arms, who gazed steadfastly for some time after the retiring army ; but as the last division was hidden from his sight by the rising ground of which we have spoken, he gave in a few words his orders to his attendants, and followed by them rode rapidly off, taking a direction a little oblique to that of the main body. It was Morbeque ; the closing scene of the drama was now about to be enacted ; he had raised his arm against his countrymen, he had even captured his monarch, and he was now on his way to learn whether indeed the fair Lady Blanche would adhere to her vow, or whether he should be able to soften her. His outward demeanour gave evident tokens of the feelings that were at work within : now cheerful and joyous, he gave vent to his gaiety by striking the spurs into his charger, and dashing rapidly across the plain ; now melancholy and sad, he forced his war-horse to assume a pace more in accordance with his feelings, and would angrily repress the mirth of some heedless retainer. The sun had nearly reached its zenith, when the band was encountered by another body of men of about double their number, and Morbeque, on inquiring, as he closed his visor, who was their leader, received for answer " the Lord John de Grielly." " What ! the Captal de Buch ?" " Even so, my lord, and with him the Count de Foix." " 'Tis well, all friends !" and as he spoke, the knights came within spear's length of each other. " As friends we meet, my lords, I trust ?" said the English partisan, lowering his lance to salute

the strangers. "Aye, Sir Denys de Morbeque, if so be that you still follow St. George: but indeed, as for ourselves, we have sworn never to lay lance in rest against other foe, before these rascal Jacques are utterly destroyed."

"What! the peasants! are they again in arms?"

"And have you not heard that Meaux contains all the beauty and nobility of France? At this very moment that we are wasting words, the canaille may have butchered all the fair inhabitants of that city; aye, all the noble ladies of the country of Brie and of Coucy have fled to Meaux, to take shelter within its walls, from the outrages committed by these rascal peasants."

"Of Brie!" shouted the astonished knight; "and are we here? On, on, gentlemen, all my little force must join you."

The two bands of retainers, in all but sixty men, quickly incorporated themselves into one, and without the least delay pushed forward to adventure against a mob of nine thousand.

The afternoon of the next day saw the venturous knights within a short distance of the city of Meaux, and on suddenly ascending a slight hill, the besieged and besiegers burst upon their sight; a moment's glance was sufficient to show the meanest soldier there, that the defence had already been prolonged to the utmost, and that a few hours more would have given the city to the lawless multitude. As they spurred on, a loud shout bursting from the ranks of the Jacquerie, announced that they were seen; but relying on their numbers, and neither terrified nor dismayed, they prepared in good order to receive their antagonists, who, charging with couched lances, were borne, in despite of all opposition, nearly to the brink of the fosse which surrounded the city. On turning, they instantly found themselves hemmed in on all sides by the infuriated peasants, who, though possessing no weapon save their long knives, were, from their numbers, no mean foe. The lance and the sword were now almost useless, and though the heavy martel cleared for itself a path, like the brand of the destroying angel, yet the contest was long and desperate; but the unarmed peasants finding their efforts unavailing against their courageous and well-appointed enemy, began gradually to give way, and soon fled in every direction. The men at arms pursued them long and hotly, and having dispersed them with immense slaughter, in so much that not one was to be seen alive on all the broad plain which surrounded the city, the gates were flung wide open to them, and amid the thanks and blessings of the fair beings whom they had rescued—thanks as fervent as well-deserved—they entered.

In the crowd of fair and noble dames who had rushed forth to welcome their deliverers, the Count de Foix quickly descried the beauteous Lady Blanche, and dismounting and saluting her, he gaily said, "my Lady de Marneil! and where is Morbeque?"

"Morbeque!" cried our astonished heroine, "and why should he be here?"

"Why should he be here, fair lady? methinks that question would sound harshly to him. But have you not seen him? Upon mine honour, I thought he would ere this have reached you. He fought like a mad demon, or as you would say, perchance, like a good angel."

"And is he then indeed with you?"

"Aye, my lady, in very deed, and did good service too—but what means this?" he said in an under tone, as looking round, his eyes rested on a knight, who, supported by two attendants, and evidently badly wounded, was slowly approaching the place where they were, "by heaven 'tis he!" and, unperceived by Blanche, who was intently looking for her lover in another direction, he sprang to meet him. "How now, Morbeque, not hurt?"

"Yes, badly hurt; these peasant knives have reached my life blood; but my failing limbs have borne me where I would spend the few moments I have left." As he spoke, Blanche's eye caught his form, and instantly recognising him, she would have darted forward; but the shock was too great, and she sank into the arms of her maidens: when she revived, Morbeque was at her feet pressing her cold hand to his bloodless lips.

"And thus do we meet, Denys?"

"Aye, Blanche, even so; yet is this bitter hour sweeter, far sweeter, than to die away from thee: wert thou not near me, these my last moments would be dark indeed; but thus, 'tis a fortaste of hereafter! Mourn not so," continued the wounded knight, as the lady's convulsive sobs prevented her speech; "Morbeque dies happy; his last blood flowed in your defence; his life saved yours; and perchance when you think on Meaux, it may be you will forget Poitiers."

"Oh, Denys," said Blanche, her grief for the first time finding utterance, "I have mourned over thee as one worse than dead to me; but now, methinks, I could pardon all—"

"I could have wished to live to ask forgiveness of thy justice; but now—yes, now, I may ask it of thy love"—Blanche bent over him, and their cold lips met.

"Oh," said the dying knight, "never was fundest kiss of

love more sweet than this in death! My life has been a short one, and sunlight and shade have been strangely mingled in it; but this last hour repays me for all that I have suffered. Hawkestone," he continued, addressing his faithful attendant, "farewell! Nay, bear it like a man; thou hast long borne my banner, but I trust thou wilt not forget it soon—Ah! I go—Blanche, farewell!" and as he breathed his last, a smile of love rested on his lip.

A year had nearly elapsed from the time at which the events last mentioned took place, when a novice, who went by the name of sister Blanche, took the black veil in the convent of "Les Sœurs de la Mort," remarkable for her beauty and for the sadness which ever rested on her countenance; and though in those troublous times, these domestic griefs were but little known and scarce inquired into, when peace came, and public calamity no longer usurped the place of private sorrow, every one was anxious to hear the events attending the extinction of the two ancient houses of Morbeque and Marneil.*



NIGHT.



EARTH! thou art lovely when the sinking sun
 Hath bathed the clouds in his departing flush,
 And, with the moon-lit evening, hath begun
 The voiceless, and yet spirit-calming hush,
 That thrills around the heart, till tear drops rush,
 Unbidden and uncall'd for, to the eye;
 When, save the music of the fountain's gush,
 Or the far walling of the night-bird's cry,
 Unbroken silence hangs o'er earth and wave and sky.

* Should by any chance an antiquarian light upon this humble tale, and should he by a still greater chance, think it worthy of perusing, he will perceive that the siege and rescue of Meaux is antedated nearly a year; but he will need no further information concerning this rising of the peasants, or as they are more commonly called by Froissart and other chroniclers of that time, "Jacques;" speaking of whom the same writer says, "he who committed the most atrocious actions, and such as no human creature would have imagined, was the most applauded, and considered as the greatest man among them." The leader, who was actually elected as most fitting to do justice to the character of the body he was to command, was termed, in "biting irony" it would seem, "Jacques Bon Homme;" and from the period of his election, till the insurgents were put down, which was not completely effected before the end of the English wars in France, that kingdom was, from this cause alone, in as lamentable a state as can be imagined.

But now the majesty of midnight storm
 Is gathering in its grandeur o'er the sky ;
 The deep black clouds in mustering squadrons form,
 And the low, fitful blast, that passes by,
 Hath a strange fearful thrilling—like the sigh
 Of a sick slumberer ; even that hath died,
 And in their quiet sleep the waters lie,
 As though the wind ne'er curl'd them in its pride,
 Or shook the still bent leaves hung above the tide.

How steadily that ebon mass moves on !
 Stretching across the sky in one dark line,
 Like a huge wall of blackness ; there are none
 Of the thin silvery vapours hung supine,
 Or those bright clouds that sometimes seem to twine
 A coronal to grace the brow of night,
 Stars-in Orion's studded baldric shine
 In all their wonted brightness, and the light
 Of an unclouded moon half dims the dazzled sight.

The tempest hurries onward—how the flash
 Of the red lightning leaps from cloud to cloud !
 The gathering thunder bursts in one wild crash,
 And sinks a moment, then, returning loud,
 Seems bounding o'er the sky, as if 'twere proud
 Of its own potency. We need not now
 A sharer in the thoughts that round us crowd ;
 The soul is its own world, and the deep glow
 Of the rapt spirit seeks no fellowship below.

The wildness of the storm hath past ; the rain
 Drips from the wet leaves only, and the sky,
 With its deep azure beauty, gleams again
 Through the rent clouds ; the sunken wind swells by
 With a low sobbing ; and the clouds, heap'd high,
 With the rich moon-beam's streaming flood of light
 Pour'd full upon them, swell before the eye
 Like distant snow-clad mountains. Night ! O night !
 Thou art most glorious ! most beautifully bright !



CLAUDINE LE CLAIR.

A LEGEND OF CANADA.

(Concluded from page 166).

SHORTLY after Claudine's recovery she went on an errand to the village. Night closed in, and yet she returned not. As the darkness increased, her father's impatience changed to alarm, for he could not assign any satisfactory cause for her absence. It was not probable she was detained at any of the neighbours, for she had not expressed such an intention, and knowing her father's affection, she was too considerate to occasion him unnecessary anxiety.

The old man went to the village in search of her ; he called at every house she was in the habit of visiting, but could gain no tidings of the stray one. Some had seen her the day pre-

ceding, others a week before, and others on that morning. This was all he learnt, and he hastened towards his cottage with a heavy heart, trusting, however, that she had returned during his absence. He opened the door with a tremulous hand, entered, and looked anxiously around the room.

“Has she not returned?”

“Not yet,” replied Victor, who was there awaiting the result of his father’s search. Le Clair sunk into a chair, and said, in a tone mingled with grief and despair:—

“Light the lantern, my son—sorrow has overtaken me in my old days.”

The lantern was speedily brought; the boy whistled for his dog, who slowly crawled from his kennel, and they directed their course towards the margin of the lake, for the fears of Le Clair suggested the worst. The boy hurried on with the light, and the father followed in silence, which was only broken by his sighs. They walked nearly a mile along the beach, the boy stopping at intervals, and raising the lamp above his head to throw a light upon the surface of the water. The anxious father looked and strained his eyeballs, until the intensity of his gaze gave to every obscure object the outline of the image that engrossed his mind. He remained for some moments silent in this attitude, and at length cried—

“She is not here;” and turned away with feelings partaking of disappointment; for dreaded as even such a discovery would have been, it could scarcely have surpassed his agony of suspense. As the enjoyment of pleasure seldom equals the anticipation; so the pang of dreaded sorrow, when endured, is often found to be less acute than the apprehension. They again moved on in silence; again paused and raised the lantern. Le Clair gazed and trembled.

“Father of mercies, what is that! Raise the light, my son; higher yet; my old eyes are dim.”

“What is it you see, father?”

“Look there. Your eyes are young. Tell me, is it my child; my dear Claudine?”

“Oh! no, father; your eyes deceive you again. It is but the white surge. Cheer up, I soon will satisfy you.”

He called the dog to his side, at the same time throwing a stick in the lake. The dog plunged in and swam through the froth which had there accumulated.

“Thank God; she is not here,” exclaimed Le Clair. “We will search the meadow next.”

They turned to execute this determination, when a figure

was indistinctly seen receding at a distance. They hailed it, but no answer was returned. Le Clair conjured the person to stay and assist their search, but he hurried on, and soon disappeared in the obscurity of the night. The mastiff growled and darted off in pursuit. He seized hold of the fugitive, who fled with increased speed. The dog became furious, and as the person fled he in vain strove to beat the animal from him. He was now closely beset, and, in his fear, called several times to the dog by name. The dog then desisted; the man patted him, made himself known, and hurried away.

"Whose voice is that?" inquired Baptiste; "I know that voice as well as the voice of my own child."

"As I live, father, it was Frank Martin."

"I thought so. But why should he avoid us, and what does he out at this time of night?"

"You know, father, he is abroad at all hours, trapping and hunting; which I would not be if I were rich as he is."

"I now remember he was absent when I called at his father's house in search of my poor Claudine," said Le Clair. "But why did he not answer when I hailed him? Impossible it could have been he!"

"I know his voice well," replied Victor, "and do not think I am mistaken now."

Le Clair's heart felt like lead in his bosom; his fears were increased, but the cause was undefined. The fact that Frank had not answered them, if it were he, was inexplicable; it wrought his apprehension to the most fearful pitch; he knew not why he feared or what he dreaded, but he knew enough of human nature and the course of human events, to pronounce the depression of his mind the infallible precursor of approaching sorrow. Le Clair implicitly believed, as many others believe, that there are times when the mind is permitted slightly to raise the dark curtain which conceals the future, and ascertain whether light or shade is to prevail. His feelings on this occasion, proved truer to him than the weird sisters to the thane of Cawdor.

The dog, with his nose alternately close to the earth, and raised in the air, made a wide and rapid circuit as if he were on the scent of some object. He frequently gave tongue, and after traversing the ground for some time, came to Le Clair howled piteously, appeared restless, and darted off again in the direction of the meadow.

"Father, what ails Rover? he is on some strong scent."

"He scents blood!" exclaimed the father, in an agony of fear.

The yelping of the dog continued at a distance:—"Hark! the scent becomes stronger; he is on the trail. Come, my son, let us follow him."

"Do not give way to your fears, father. A fox or a rackoon may have occasioned all this."

"True, boy, true; but see, the dog is already back again."

The dog came to his feet, looked up into his face, howled, made a short and hurried circuit around them, and darted off again.

"He would have us follow him: come on, Victor."

They moved rapidly in the direction of the meadow; the dog kept far ahead, but at intervals gave a short bark, which served to guide them. They crossed the meadow, and paused in their progress; for the dog had not been heard for some time, and they knew not which direction to take. A few moments of doubt elapsed, when several short, hurried yelps were given by the dog, as if he were close upon a fresh scent.

"Where is he now, my son?"

"As I judge from the echo, in the cypress hollow, near the falls of the creek."

"A wild and dreary place," sighed the father; and the obtrusive thought flashed across his mind—"a place fit for murder."

A piteous and protracted howl from the dog now reached them: the sound was in unison with Le Clair's feelings.

"His search is done," said Le Clair. "Whatever it is, the faithful brute has found it. Listen, Victor. Do you know the spot?"

"He cannot be more than a quarter of a mile from us. Hasten, Father, and we will soon be there."

"Your limbs are young and light, but mine are old, and my heart is heavy. But move on, my son, I will keep pace with you."

They hurried forward, the plaintive moan of the dog continued, and as they entered the mouth of the deeply overshadowed ravine, the faithful creature appeared, and crouching at his master's feet, whined and licked the hand extended to caress him.

"Lead on, Rover, and we will follow you," said Le Clair. The dog continued to whine, but stirred not. Victor urged him on the scent, but he was spiritless.

"Why Rover, do you not know me, Rover? See father, how he looks. What is it ails the dog?"

"I fear the worst; move on, Victor, this is the path he came."

"A little higher up, father, and we can cross the stream more easily."

They followed the margin of the creek a short distance, and having crossed it, entered into the depths of the ravine. The dog preceded them, slowly and dejectedly. The aged pines towered loftily, and added their shade to the almost impenetrable darkness of the night. The lantern carried by Victor, served to discover the intricate path. Having walked some distance in silence, Le Clair inquired, in a voice scarcely articulate, and hollow with anxiety, "Do you know where we now are my son?"

"Oh yes, and Rover knows right well too; we are on the way to the Deer-lick."

"Raise the lantern; the path is nearly overgrown with laurel bushes."

"The walking will become better when we pass this rising, and draw near the basin of the creek."

"What a wild and frightful place it is!"

"Even in day-time, for seldom a single ray of the sun reaches it, and at night it is indeed a fearful place. They must love venison, who venture here at night to watch the licking."

They proceeded some distance further, and having crossed a slightly elevated piece of ground, entered a dell where the creek had extended into a basin. This spot was free from the underwood which had heretofore obstructed the path of Le Clair and his son. The old man paused: "Hark! do I not hear music, or have my senses already become distempered?"

"I hear nothing but the raven and her young on the pine tree."

"Again! It sounds like a hymn for the rest of the departed."

"Father, you frighten me."

"Listen, boy. I hear it yet. What can it mean? Are there spirits in the air, or does it proceed from a human voice?"

Victor trembled, and drew close to his father; the dog did the same, and they observed a profound silence until the voice ceased, when Le Clair hurried towards the spot whence it proceeded. It came from the margin of the basin, and as he drew

near, he indistinctly beheld a human figure seated on the earth ; he heard it sob ; and when he called to it, a shriek of terror was returned. The figure stood erect ; the light of the lamp fell upon it, and discovered a female form, which glided rapidly forward, and disappeared in the intricacies of the wilderness.

“ What does all this mean ? ” exclaimed the father.

“ I think,” said Victor, “ it was Ninon Dumas . ”

“ I think so too, but she vanished from the glare of the lantern before my old eyes could distinctly see. The dog has left us.”

“ He has not gone far ; I hear his moan.”

They were guided by the sound to the spot where the dog stood, mourning over the object of their search. The light of the lamp fell full upon the pale features of the lovely Claudine, prostrate on the earth.

“ God of mercy, my child ! ” exclaimed Le Clair, and sunk beside her.

“ My sister Claudine dead ! Oh ! father, who has done this ? ”

“ Her cheeks is cold as ice ; her limbs are stiff. See how her glossy hair is entangled, and her clothes are bloody. Oh ! my child, my child ! ” He groaned as if his heart were breaking, and sunk upon the corpse and kissed it repeatedly.

“ Raise her, father, from the cold earth ; something may yet be done to save her.”

“ Not in this world ! From the cold earth ! to that she must soon return, for she is as cold as the earth upon which she lies.”

His voice was lost : his son knelt beside him, and their tears mingled together on the body. The dog whined, as if he participated in their affliction.

“ See here where the murderous wretch has stabbed her,” exclaimed Le Clair, pointing to a rent in the left side of the garment, which was stained with blood as it spouted from the wound. “ And see, her right hand is all cut ! God ! what a fearful struggle she has had ! My child, my child, why was I not near you in your time of need ! ”

Le Clair raised the body in his arms, Victor preceded with the light, and the dog followed dejectedly as they retraced their steps to the cottage. The stricken father did not quit the body for an instant during the night. The human heart will cling to the excess of grief with even greater tenacity than to excess of joy. The following morning, Ninon Dumas was arrested on suspicion of having committed the murder.

The day of burial having arrived, the mourners slowly ascended the hill where were deposited the remains of the first settlers of the village. Their narrow abodes were designated by rough slate stones, on which the names of the tenants were rudely chiseled, while here and there might be seen a polished marble slab with a fulsome epitaph upon it, as if the grave admitted of distinction, and pride might be gratified even after the portals of death had closed.

The mourners drew near to the newly-dug grave, and the bier was placed beside it. The preacher commenced his functions: the father listened to his voice and strove to subdue his feelings, but consolation administered at the grave, by those whose affections have not been equally bruised, rather aggravates than allays the poignancy of grief.

At Le Clair's feet stood his dog, a mute but not unconcerned spectator of what was passing. The discourse being over preparations were made to deposit the coffin. Le Clair and his son sobbed aloud. Until the moment when the body is about to be taken from the sight of the mourner for ever, he is unconscious of the full extent of his heart's desolation.

Le Clair bent forward and rested his hand upon the coffin; Victor did the same, while the severest pang they had yet experienced rent the heart of each. A half-subdued groan indicated their deep mental suffering. It was audibly responded to by one of the crowd, at some distance, who hurried towards the grave. His looks were pale and haggard; his dress neglected; his eyes inflamed and rolling widely, and the muscles of his face were in motion. He was the picture of despair. As he approached, Le Clair shrunk instinctively; the dog gave a warning growl, and Frank, for it was he, looked at the dog, and hesitated whether to proceed or not. He paused but for a moment; the dog kept his eye fixed on him, and continued to growl. Frank was sensible of his danger, yet advanced and stretched out his right hand to touch the coffin. The dog seized him; a struggle ensued, and Frank fell to the ground. The dog continued the attack, and it was with difficulty that he was torn from the affrighted youth. During the contest, a wild laugh was heard to proceed from one of the spectators, which was followed by an exclamation—

“Old Rover knows him well, I know him, and the world shall know him too!” The words were uttered by Ninon Dumas, who stood near the grave in the custody of the jailer. She continued to laugh, and as the dog worried the prostrate youth, she burst forth in a shout of triumph—

APRIL, 1839.

Y

“ Well done, old friend ! You are the true and sure avenger ! You wait not on the dull perception of man, nor the tedious ceremonies of his courts of justice, but act by never-failing instinct, and punish on the spot. Well done ! well done ! ”

She still laughed and pointed at Frank, who writhed beneath the wild glare of her eye, more than he had awhile under the fangs of the mastiff. Silence prevailed in the assemblage and he felt that all eyes were fixed on him. He heard nothing but the triumphant laugh of Ninon, and the silence was dreadful ; every moment seemed an age. Ninon called the dog to her, and patted him : he fondled on her : she looked him full in the face, laughed, and pointed at Frank. The dog growled and darted towards him, but was driven back by those present.

“ He knows him, and justice will yet be satisfied, and the guilty punished. ”

“ What does the idiot mean ? ” exclaimed Frank.

“ That Claudine’s murderer is known ; that he will be condemned before God and man ; be punished in this world and in the world to come. ”

The young man trembled like an aspen leaf, as he said,

“ True, Claudine’s murderer is known : you are accused of the inhuman deed, and if not guilty, where is the wretch ? ”

“ There ! ” exclaimed the other, deliberately pointing her finger at Frank, at the same time erecting her tall and slender form. “ There, ” she repeated, “ stands the trembling, conscience-stricken, merciless murderer ! ”

Frank averted his face, tottered, and his limbs could scarcely support him.

“ She raves ! ” exclaimed several voices at the same time. Frank’s love for Claudine was known to all the village, and his deep affliction, occasioned by her death, was plainly indicated by his haggard and woe-worn countenance.

“ No, no, I am not mad, ” continued Ninon, “ though I have experienced enough to make me so, and he and the rest will pronounce me mad, yet I am not mad. ”

After a pause, Frank said, in a faltering voice—

“ Who is my accuser ? ”

“ Ninon Dumas. ”

“ The accused the accuser ! ”

He endeavoured to assume a smile of contempt, but the woman fixed her penetrating eye upon him, and the conflicting passions which rent her bosom were partially depicted in his countenance, but nothing fully expressed ; combined they pre-

sented an object painful to look upon. Frank was conscious of this, and averted his face. Ninon appealed to the bystanders, and deliberately said,

“Look there and judge, innocent or guilty?”

“Enough of this, neighbours,” exclaimed one of the villagers; “it is not for us to listen to such a shocking charge against one of the wealthiest, made by one of the humblest among us.”

“True, I am the lowliest among ye, yet God makes no such distinction, though man in his wisdom permits it to influence every thought and action.”

“She is crazed,” said another, “and knows not what she says.”

“Those who obstinately close their eyes, and those who were born blind,” replied Ninon, “possess equally the powers of perception.”

“Jailer, lead her to her prison,” said the man who first spoke.

“I return to my prison with a light heart. My limbs are shackled for a time, but my soul is free;” then casting a look at Frank, she exclaimed, “Thy limbs are free, but thy soul is shackled with bonds which time cannot eat away—they last for ever.” She then moved towards the coffin, and bending over it, murmured,

“Unhappy, murdered Claudine! the grateful tears of her you cherished are shed over you; receive them, for they will shine more brilliantly than diamonds or pearls on your garment, in that world where we shall soon meet again.”

Ninon was taken back to the prison, the coffin was deposited, the grave was closed, and the villagers returned to their homes. How changed was the home of Le Clair! She who had made it all sunshine, was shrouded in the gloom of the grave; her gentle voice was hushed, and the cheering light of her eye extinguished for ever; but she still retained her influence over the little circle of which she was the centre, though that influence partook of her altered condition.

At the next assizes Ninon Dumas was arraigned and tried for the murder of Claudine, it having been decided that she was of sufficiently sound mind to be placed on her trial. Old Martin conducted the prosecution. The evidence against her was strong, both circumstantial and positive. Frank testified to frequent evidences of marked dislike betrayed by the prisoner towards the deceased; recalled to mind the circumstance that Claudine was taken deadly sick, and continued so, immediately after eating the cake presented by Ninon on the birth-day of

the former, and suggested that the effect might have been occasioned by poison.

"Oh! monstrous!" exclaimed the prisoner; "he knows that the cake was made at his father's house; that his mother gave me the ingredients; nay, assisted in the making. But I know not—" she paused; "if poison was in it, he can best tell who placed it there."

Frank shrunk at the implication, and proceeded in his testimony with a faltering voice. He stated that he was out on the night of the murder; that about a mile from the village he had met the prisoner; that some time after he had heard a violent scream, but sought in vain to ascertain whence it proceeded.

"It is false," cried Ninon, "you did not meet me, though I had a faint glimpse of your figure. True, you heard a scream, but well you knew the cause, and from whom it proceeded. You heard a second shriek, which you could not account for, and it frightened you from your victim. I hastened to the spot you had left, and found Claudine bleeding; she was speechless; I raised her; her head reclined upon my shoulder, and she breathed her last. My situation was fearful; my mind became a hurricane; the rush and vividness of thought were too much for my brain; a light suddenly flashed upon me, figures appeared, and I instinctively fled from the scene of horror. But mark, he confesses he was out at the hour the murder was doing, and now let him state what it was took him from the village at that hour."

"I went to the licking," said Frank, "to kill a deer."

"To kill a deer! true, and you did so, but one more innocent than the spotted fawn."

Frank's father arose and asked the protection of the court for the witness.

Le Clair inquired of Frank why he returned no answer when called to, the night the dog pursued him.

"The question is irrelevant to the matter before the court," replied his father, "nor do we admit that the individual pursued by the dog was the witness."

They proceeded in the examination. Le Clair and his son testified as to their having found the prisoner alone, with the dead body, and while it was still bleeding, and that her garments were stained with blood when apprehended.

"The old man's voice against me, and the boy's too," exclaimed Ninon, and laughed,—it was the unmeaning laugh of an idiot. She sank upon the bench in the prisoner's bar; and from that moment took no note of what was passing. The

elder Martin argued the cause, and gave to the testimony such a colouring, that an immediate conviction was the consequence. The verdict being rendered, Ninon was called to stand up. She looked about vacantly, and the command was repeated.

“ Oh ! I had forgot ; I crave your pardon. I am in a court of justice to answer to a charge of murder. I now remember well.”

“ Ninon Dumas,” said the judge, “ after a patient and impartial trial you have been convicted of the crime of murder.”

“ What, is it all over ? I did not think they would have been so speedy. Murder ! I that would not harm an insect knowingly !”

“ Due weight has been given,” continued the judge, “ to all advanced in your defence by your learned counsel ; and after mature deliberation your crime is manifest, and so says the jury.”

“ Then so it needs must be,” said the prisoner, without appearing conscious of what she was saying. “ If they insist on it that I am guilty, be it so, for it will only anger them in me to deny it.”

“ Have you any thing to offer why sentence should not be passed upon you ?”

“ Nothing—but let me think.”

“ Take time to reflect, for after this hour we may not hear you.”

“ I have nothing. The meekest and the purest that ever was on earth, suffered by the blindness and iniquity of man, without complaint and without resistance ; and I am ready and willing to suffer too.”

Sentence of death was passed upon her, and as the words coldly fell from the lips of the judge, she appeared unconscious of their import. He concluded with the pious wish, expressed for all criminals, but frequently in such a manner, as if it were nothing more than a mere legal form—

“ God have mercy on your sinful soul, for there is no hope for you in this world.”

“ Amen !” responded the stricken woman. “ God have mercy on me, for there is none among men.”

Her countenance was placid and she was resigned to her fate. The court broke up, and as the prisoner was led from the bar, she passed near Frank Martin. He was absorbed in thought. She touched him, and he shrunk as if he had been stung by a viper.

“ Fear not, young man,” she said, “ I have not the power

to harm you. You have triumphed before this tribunal, where wealth is conclusive evidence of innocence, and poverty of guilt: but remember, we shall again be heard before a court, where the dross of this world may not enter, and every thought is read by the searching eye of the Eternal Judge. Remember!"

She was led away, and Frank leaned on his father for support, as they retired from the court-house.

The day fixed for the public execution of Ninon at length arrived. The crowd assembled early to witness the fearful exhibition. Ninon was conducted to the gallows, and while beneath it she asserted her innocence, but expressed no regret at leaving a world, which for years to her had been one unbroken scene of sorrow, and entertained but little fear as to her future destiny. There was not an eye to shed a tear for her, though there was not a more deserving and less harmless being in the whole concourse present. The executioner was about to perform his last office, and the crowd was in breathless suspense, when a horseman at a distance was seen riding at full speed towards the spot. He shouted, and the executioner paused. The horseman rode up to the gallows, and cried aloud—

“ She is pardoned, she is innocent, and here is the governor’s warrant to set her at liberty.”

Ninon fainted at the shock occasioned by this sudden change. Her mind was prepared to meet death, but not to encounter again the ills of a life of hopelessness. She was removed to Le Clair’s cottage, amidst the fruitless conjectures of the crowd, at the manner in which the fact of her innocence came to his knowledge, who had never heard of her existence until he signed her death warrant. The mystery increased on returning to the village, and seeing placards offering a reward for the apprehension of Frank Martin, as the murderer of Claudine. Search was made for him, but he had fled the country, and no trace could be found of the course he had taken.

Le Clair lived to see his son Victor arrive at manhood, but seldom smiled after the death of his daughter. Among the best and purest feelings which nature has implanted in the human breast, there is not one so sublimated, partaking so exclusively of heaven, as that which a fond father entertains for a lovely and deserving daughter. He looks upon her as the very essence of all that is good in him; even more lovely than her who won his early affections, when romance threw the richest colouring upon the things of this world.

Ninon continued an inmate of Le Clair’s cottage until her

death, which occurred about two years after the events just related. The pride of the Martin family was humbled by the public disgrace of Frank, for like a baneful disease, disgrace, if it touch but one member, extends to the whole body. They removed to a remote part of the province, where it was not probable the name of the fugitive would ever be heard.

Thirty years after these events, on a fine summer evening, while the village boys were playing among the tombs in the grave-yard, an old man suddenly appeared, and approached the spot where Claudine was buried. His figure was covered with a black cloak, and his beard was gray and fell over his bosom. He supported himself with a staff, and trembled and wept as he bent over the grave. The boys suspended their sports and timidly drew nigh to him. One bolder than the rest approached and accosted him.

“ You appear tired, old man, and in sorrow.”

“ Indeed I am both, my son, for I have travelled far to-day.”

“ Then come with me to my father’s house, where you may rest for the night and be comforted.”

“ Bless you, my child, the poor man’s blessing be on you. Where is your father’s house?”

“ Not far from this. At the foot of yon hill on which the cattle are grazing.”

“ Ah!”—the old man trembled. “ Your name?”

“ Le Clair.”

“ God of heaven!” His agitation increased as he asked, “ Know you whose grave this is?”

“ Who in the village does not know! It is the grave of my aunt Claudine, who was murdered by Frank Martin, many years ago, in the cypress hollow; and this beside it is the grave of my grandfather, who, I am told, never smiled after her death.”

“ Generations may pass away,” sighed the old man, “ but crime is never forgotten. It is perpetuated from father to son, and tradition proves as immutable as recorded history.” He turned to the boy—“ Your father is still alive?”

“ Oh, yes: come with me and you shall see him in a few minutes.”

“ Not for the wealth of the world!—Look at me; describe me to him as I am; feeble, broken down in body and in spirit—tell him where you found me mourning, then give him this.” He extended a paper to the boy. “ God bless you, my child!—I leave you in a state of things where a pebble may turn the

whole current of your life away, but as for myself, old, as I am, I return to the wilderness to find my grave."

After a mental struggle which agitated his feeble frame, he tottered from the yard and struck into the most unfrequented path that led to the forest. In a few moments he disappeared, and the boys returned to the village. The paper on being opened was to this effect:—

" Providence has implanted in the human breast passions which the weakness of our nature cannot subdue, and which, it is eternal death to the soul to indulge; and as if our earthly career had not been sufficiently prescribed and straitened by the divine law, society has created distinctions, which, if observed, literally verify the poet's dream, and render the path to heaven through purgatory, even before we have passed the confines of this world.

" Why should man make distinctions which God will not acknowledge! If intrinsic worth alone were the standard of the human race, what a multitude of evils should we escape, since all would study to become more worthy; but as it is, the best feelings of our nature are debased to acquire that which alone elevates man in the estimation of the world. But it is not for the guilty to arraign the decrees of Providence, or call in question the justice of human laws.

" I was the victim of false pride. Having inflicted a lasting injury on one of the best of God's creatures, I feared to redress it, for the eyes of the world were on me; and rather than encounter the judgment of man, and be humbled in his sight, I trampled on the laws of God, and became a devil. Oh, Claudine! I attempted to poison her who loved me most, and failing in this, inhumanly murdered her. To screen my guilt another was convicted through my instrumentality. I calculated much on the prejudice created by the absurd distinctions among men, and matters terminated as I foresaw. I had the mind to plot and the hand to execute, but my load of guilt already weighed like a mountain on my soul. I dreaded an increase of the weight.

" My brain became wild, and as the day appointed for the death of my second victim approached, the fever of my mind increased. I had already sacrificed every hope of happiness in this world, and hope in the next. The thought pursued me night and day. The suffering and injured Ninon was constantly before my sight. I resolved to save her, but wavered, and when the time had nearly elapsed, I wrote to the governor, confessing my crime, and fled from justice; but let it not be supposed from punish-

ment; an outcast on the face of the earth, the never-dying worm was in my bosom: death on the instant had been mercy, for cut off from communion with my race, I held it with my offended God alone in the wilderness. What punishment so appalling could be inflicted on a wretch so guilty as I had been! But I trust a life of sincere contrition may have atoned for an act, the recollection of which even at this distant day, sinks my soul in despair. Thus much I have written that you may know I am still in existence, and to beseech that your curse may be recalled before I die. Let me quit the world reconciled, at least with those who are still living. I shall visit Claudine's grave once more, that my slumbering feelings may be roused to agony, and then in the wilderness await the fearful day, which I feel is not far distant."



THE DANCING GIRL.

"Let Angelina bare her breast of snow,
Wave her white arm, and point her pliant toe."—BYRON.

THE request of his father, my own inclination, and a sense of duty, combined to render me particularly attentive to the interests and welfare of my well-meaning but giddy friend, Jack Volatile. One half of his time was spent in getting into difficulties, and the other half in getting out of them. He was thoughtless, generous, unsuspecting, and inexperienced—trusting less to principle than to feeling; more to impulse than to judgment: no wonder, then, that he was frequently the prey of the designing. He was very susceptible. It did not require a union of extraordinary charms to light a fire in his heart. A single good feature was sufficient. He was ever ready to die for a little milliner, because she had a pretty ankle, and lavished half his fortune on a confectioner's girl, because she had red hair, like Titian's Flora. I threatened to carry him to the Lunatic Asylum, but the man was perfectly incorrigible. For this reason I at first refused to accompany him to the theatre, when the famous *danseuse*, M^{lle} Angelique L'Amour was about to make her first appearance in the literary emporium.

"Volatile," said I, "you will fall in love with her, you know—and why should you wish me to be a spectator of your vagaries?"

"My dear Frank, I'll behave like a gentleman."

"That you always do—but sometimes like a most erratic one. Promise that you will not fall in love with M'lle L'Amour."

"Francis Fidget," replied Volatile, "I solemnly promise I will not adore her."

"Remember, Volatile, your word is pledged. You are not to yell "bravo!" like a madman—you're not to throw your hat into the pit—you're not to act Romeo for the especial admiration of the gallery; but you are to take your pleasure "soberly," like Lady Grace; to applaud moderately, if pleased, and to say nothing, if dissatisfied."

"Agreed! agreed!" cried Volatile, impatiently: "and now for M'lle Angelique."

We went to town. The theatre was full and fashionably attended: strange perversion of taste! We turn a deaf ear to the horrid declamations of native genius, but to the "*declamation des jambes*" we give the profoundest attention. "*Les gens n'écoute que le ballet*," was the complaint of a beautiful Italian singer. But I wander from my tale.

The entrance of M'lle Angelique was heralded by ravishing music, that stole upon the ear like the "sweet south." In the midst of a most harmonious prelude, there bounded into view a young, glad creature, with light drapery floating round her, like a veil of mist.

The scenic roses that bloomed upon the canvass seemed to borrow a new and touching grace from the splendour of her presence. Angelique adapted her movements to the music with remarkable precision. Now, while the strain was low and soft, the beautiful girl sailed slowly round, waving her white arms above her head, or crossing them, with graceful gesture, on her snowy breast. Her features, according with the flow of melancholy sounds, assumed a dejected air.

But when she heard "the brisk awakening viol," she bounded aloft like Flora when pursued by Zephyr, and the strained eye could hardly catch the motion of her little twinkling feet. She receded to the back of the stage with wonderful rapidity,

———"Showing limbs, as loth to show
Through many a th' Tarentian fold."

And now she paused for breath—her coral lips apart, her beautiful bosom heaving. The music swelled again, and the lovely Angelique sprang forward with the arrowy rush of Ronzi Vestris. Louder and louder rang the tambourine and bugle. And now commenced the triumph of the dancer's art. She

bounded from the stage, as if too light to rest upon the boards. She poised her feather-weight upon one slender foot, and whirled around with dizzying rapidity. Her motions became more and more complicated, her exertions more and more prodigious. At length, wearied, weak, panting, she waved a feeble adieu, and disappeared. The roar of applause that followed her exit, shook the very pillars of the theatre, and the green curtain undulated in the currents of air caused by the tumultuary movements of the audience.

"Heavens!" cried Volatile, "I am dreaming? Was not that an unsubstantial vision, sent to beguile a wayward hour, but too beautiful for earth?"

"Come, Volatile," said I, "your promise!"

"Promise!" cried Volatile, with huge contempt. "I vowed I would not love a woman, but it would be madness to frown upon a divinity!"

"The girl is pretty," said I, wishing to sooth him, "and what *pigeon-wings!*"

"Goth!" exclaimed Volatile, "do you speak of her thus? Why, she is angelic."

"Her name is so," retorted I. "But tell me, is that woman worthy such enthusiasm, who can so far forget the modesty of her sex and age, as to expose herself to the gaze of a crowded theatre, in a garb which a sculptor would think light enough for a Venus? No, there is a rank corruption at her heart."

"I'll stake my head," cried Volatile, hotly, "upon the purity of her heart!"

"Then, my poor Jack, you will soon become

"A headless carcass, and a nameless thing."

"Come, come," said Jack, "you must own that modesty does not consist in dress—else what a stock of ready-made virtue can you buy at any milliner's."

"Stop!" cried I, "were this *figurante* a South Sea Islander, born where the thermometer stands at 90° Fahrenheit in the shade, and where milliners are confounded scarce, she might pass for a Lucretia; but as the case stands, I can't excuse her. I beg leave again to remind you of your promise. And now we'll go and get some oysters."

Oysters! food fit for the gods! What had been the banquets of Apicius without ye? The shell that cradled Venus on the waters must have been an oyster-shell. The pearl that Cleopatra melted in her cup, once rested in an oyster-shell. Delicious

children of the sea ! Ye were my solace in that all nameless hour, when my heart was heavy within me—when the present was a blank, the future a dark abyss, the past a shadowy desert. Then, in the recklessness of my despair, not knowing whether I had an appetite or not, I said “ Give me oysters ! ” and I ate of them. Lo ! the clouds that shrouded my mind vanished :

“ My bosom’s lord sat lightly on his throne.”

I lived—J joyed in life. Hogarth, that accurate observer of nature, represents a man at an election dinner dying with an oyster on his fork. Tell me, thou reverend chronicler of the past ! is there on thy pages the record of a death more glorious ? A man may be sentimental over oysters. Volatile was so, and eagerly recommenced upon the subject of the dancing girl. He was entirely fascinated, and before we separated for the night, gave me to understand that he should immediately set, about procuring an introduction, for he was very well convinced, from the evidence of her features, that she was a most amiable young woman, and worthy of all the eulogiums which had been lavished upon her.

Volatile’s first step was to ascertain whether any of his friends were acquainted with the figurante ; but none of them could claim that honour. He next bought twenty pounds’ worth of tickets for her first benefit, and the act was duly puffed in the newspapers. Mademoiselle Angelique pocketed the cash, but took no notice of her prodigal patron. Volatile now be-thought himself of the influence of the manager, and procured an introduction to that worthy functionary, without encountering any of the difficulties which impeded his approach to the beautiful *danseuse*. The manager was much pleased with his new acquaintance, and let him into all the secrets by which he hoped to insure the success of his campaign. The graver part of the community were to be propitiated by a series of moral plays, of which George Barnwell was the most conspicuous. Then there were to be some dancing monkeys, and a pantomime for children, and a celebrated tight-rope vaulter for the lovers of the legitimate drama. To all these plans Jack Volatile gave an attentive ear, and what was still better, money. But when he solicited an introduction to the *danseuse*, the manager shrugged his shoulders. Mademoiselle Angelique was a singular girl—capricious—reserved sometimes—artful—provoking ! However, he would try what he could do, for he had all the disposition in the world to oblige the young gentleman who had approved of the dancing monkeys, and sanctioned the de-

gradation of the drama. The first message which the manager brought from the figurante, was of a discouraging character. Angelique was unwell, saw no company, was not fond of English gentlemen, had her time occupied, etc., etc. The manager suggested the propriety of making some offering at the shrine of the lady's beauty. "She has a passion for diamonds." This hint was enough for Volatile. He had money, and he was generous. A cross, set with small diamonds, was procured, and sent, with a complimentary note, to the beautiful Parisian. It was accepted, and Volatile was invited to call.

The delight of Wilhelm Meister, on being admitted to the private apartments of his lovely actress, was not equal to the joy of Volatile when he found himself in the boudoir of M'lle L'Amour. Upon his entrance, the lady herself was not visible, but a snuffy old Frenchwoman offered him a chair. The room was richly draped and carpeted; there were two large mirrors, and the furniture was elegant. Volatile's first movement was unpropitious, for he had happened to tread on the tail of a pet puppy, that yelped and ran to the old woman, who took it up, hugged it in her arms, covered it with snuff and kisses, and ceased from her endearments only to cast angry glances at Volatile. Eventually, the little beast stole from the apartment,

At length Angelique entered. She did not look so blooming as on the night of her first appearance. The roses had faded from her cheeks, and Volatile was surprised to find that she was quite lame. She received him with a great deal of grace and affability, and entered into a very animated conversation. Volatile was not surprised to find that she had much of the *enfante gatée* about her, but he thought her characterized by great taste and wit. Perhaps he was not mistaken. The humblest Frenchwoman collects, almost miraculously, a considerable stock of information, and acquires, I know not how, a command of language, and a facility of expression, which is really enviable. French *naïveté* may not be nature, but it is still interesting.

All at once a scratching was heard at the door. "Oh! *maman!*" cried Angelique, "*ouvrez la porte—c'est mon pauvre Fidele.*"

The old lady hastened to admit him. The little dog entered, covered with mud. Volatile's pantaloons were immaculate: the little scoundrel rushed against his legs at once.

"Ah! *Monsieur!*" cried the sentimental Parisian: "*voilà comme il vous aime!*"

The muddy cur sprang into Volatile's lap. "A beautiful dog!" cried Volatile—then added to himself: "Curse the little whelp! I wish he were at Jericho!"

"*Fidele! Fidele!*" cried the danseuse, "*donnez le main à Monsieur.*"

The dog placed his muddy paw in Volatile's white-gloved hand, and finished his performances, by biting my friend's finger. He was on the point of throwing his tormentor into the fire, but was recalled to his senses by the exclamation of the proprietress of the animal: "*Ah! Monsieur Volatile! il vous baise*"—"he kisses you."

It was with great difficulty that my friend finally persuaded the cross old woman to take the dog off. The remainder of the morning passed very pleasantly. Angelique was denied to every one, and the interview became literally a *tete-à-tete*, for the old woman was soon weary with listening to the conversation of the fair Parisian and her admirer. When Volatile took leave, he thought himself really in love. At this period of the affair, I told him it was high time to consider how his father would relish the introduction of a French dancer into the family. To this he made no answer: he was evidently too far gone for reflection.

Volatile was now the constant attendant of Angelique. He waited upon her at ballet rehearsals, and frequently rode home with her from the theatre. One evening he called upon the lady, and found her in the best possible humour. She entertained him with a song, and danced her very best *pas seul* in her most bewitching manner. Volatile was delighted. "Still," said he, "this is nothing but a rehearsal, for you are presently going to repeat this to the public."

"Non, Monsieur Volatile, I am going to write to de directeur dat I am ver sick dis evening—I have got a physician's certificate."

"But," said Volatile, who felt for the poor devil of a manager: "Mr. Trumpet will lose a vast deal of money by your non-appearance."

"Ah, mon ami," said Angelique, sentimentally, "vat is money? Money is dross!"

At these words, a bitter pang shot across the breast of Volatile, for his presents to the dancer had almost exhausted his funds. But there was no resisting her blandishments. She was to disappoint a crowded theatre for his sake. The beautiful creature who had turned the heads of half the beaux of the metropolis, was now at his side, all smiles and gaiety.

Intoxicating thought! It is sometimes almost fatal to be young.

Meanwhile the theatre was gradually filling. Pit, boxes, and gallery swarmed with eager crowds. As the time for the appearance of Angelique drew near, the excitement became intense. The curtain rang up, the house was hushed, and the manager came forward with a dejected air. "Ladies and gentlemen: I am sorry to inform you, that severe sickness unhappily deprives M'lle L'Amour of the pleasure of appearing before you this evening." A murmur of disappointment and pity ran round the boxes. The pit and gallery, less sentimental and more prudent, desired the restoration of their money. The manager thought it politic to gratify them.

Volatile was now more in love with her than ever. However, a circumstance soon occurred which somewhat damped his ardour for a time. He went into a jeweller's one day to purchase a watch trinket, when he was shown the identical diamond cross which he had presented to the French girl, and which the jeweller appeared anxious to dispose of.

"Mr. Volatile," said the man, "I can afford to sell you this cheap, for I got it under price myself. I bought it from an old French woman, the other day."

My friend concealed his agitation, and asked leave to take the cross home with him, assuring the jeweller that he would either purchase it, or return it in the course of the day. Armed with this proof of her duplicity, he sought an interview with Angelique. She was all smiles. After conversing on indifferent topics for a while, Volatile suddenly drew out the diamond cross.

"Angelique," said he, calmly, "do you know this bauble?"

The lady blushed at the sight of the tell-tale cross, but recovering herself instantly, told a most piteous story of being distressed for money, dunned by dressmakers, and duped by managers. She excused herself with all the volubility of a French woman, and finally ended by modestly requesting a trifling loan. Volatile found fault with nothing but her anticipating an offer. He left her with the diamond cross, and all the money he had about him. Oh! strange infatuation of youth! Singular simplicity! Must the arm be palsied, and the heart be withered, before we can acquire experience?

Day after day witnessed Volatile's visits to the syren. He exhausted his allowance, borrowed of me, and wrote home for more. Poor Captain Volatile! Little did you, in the simplicity of your heart, imagine that your beloved son was pre-

paring to present you with a French daughter-in-law ! It was well that you were naturally of an unsuspecting temper : had it been otherwise, you would have actually expired with indignation. Volatile was infatuated, that it seemed nothing short of a miracle could save him. Had Angelique given him credit for the purity of heart which he possessed, he would have been ruined outright. One day, however, as he was sitting with his intended bride, a pretty little child ran into the room, and clasping the knees of Angelique, cried :

“ *Ah ! maman ! combien je vous aime.* ”

“ *N'est elle pas jolie comme un ange ?* ” asked Angelique.

“ Beautiful ! ” said Volatile : “ but why does she call you mother ? ”

“ She *is* my child ! ” replied the unblushing Parisian. Volatile stared aghast. After sitting a few minutes longer, he arose and retreated to the door. He wished the lady “ good morning,” but it was an eternal farewell. He never saw her face again. And thus ended his nine days' delusion, and the reign of the French Dancing Girl.



JEAN SVOGAR.

At a little distance from the port of Trieste, as the traveller advances along the margin of the sea on the side of the verdant bay of Pirano, he encounters a small hermitage, long since abandoned ; formerly dedicated to Saint Andrew, and still bearing the patronymic of that saint. The beach, gradually narrowing in dimensions until it reaches this point, where it seems to terminate between the mountain and the Adriatic, gains in beauty what it loses in breadth. A thick jungle of fig trees and wild vines, kept in perpetual youth and verdure by the refreshing breezes of the gulf, surround this habitation, and gives it an air of mystery and seclusion. When the soft twilight is fading into night, and the surface of the sea gently rippled by the evening breeze, gives back the image of the starry skies, it is impossible to describe the charm of solitude and repose which invests this fairy spot. The sweet sound of the waves dying upon the beach, comes softened by distance upon the ear, and resembles a prolonged sigh ; at times the torch from the invisible bark of the fisherman casts a track of light along the waters, and presently disappears behind a sand bank. In this delightful spot, the senses are lulled to rest, leaving a free course to the motions of the soul, which

ranges at will over the boundless expanses of space and time, as if it were released from the confinement of its fleshy prison ; and the heart which has been torn by the violence of the passions, feels the sweetness of profound calm, in front of the hermitage of Saint Andrew.

Close to this spot, in the year 1808, there stood a mansion of very simple structure ; which has disappeared during the late wars. The inhabitants gave it the name of the Casa Montoleone, from the Italianized surname of a French emigrant, who had died there a short time previously, leaving an immense fortune, acquired by successful commercial speculations. It was still tenanted by his two daughters. Mr. Alberti a plain merchant, his son-in-law and his partner, had been carried off by the plague at Salonica. A few months after this occurrence, Mr. de Montlyon lost his wife, his mother, and his second daughter ; Madam Alberti was the child of a former marriage. Naturally of a melancholy frame of mind, he yielded without restraint to the indulgence of his sorrow. A gloomy despondency preyed upon his existence, for which the affectionate cares of his daughters could find no alleviation. These remains of his happiness only served more bitterly to recall the extent of his loss. The smile fled from his lips, and did not reappear till within a few moments of his death. When he felt the mortal chillness creep upon his heart, his overcast brow lightened for an instant : he seized the hands of his daughters, carried them to his lips, pronounced the names Lucinda and Antonia, and expired.

Madam Alberti was thirty-two years of age, she was a woman of much sensibility, but her sensibility was grave and subdued, and did not manifest itself by strong ebullitions ; she had suffered much, and not one of the painful impressions of her life had been entirely effaced from her mind, but she retained without purposely cherishing her grief. She did not make an occupation of affliction, nor did she repel those feelings which form the frailties that bind the living to the dead. She did not lay claim to the courage of resignation, she had it instinctively. An imagination ever on the wing, rendered her more free to receive dissipating impressions, and even to go in search of them. Having been long an only child, she had been the sole object of the cares of her family, and had received a brilliant education ; but a habit of yielding to events without resistance, having for the most part rendered her judgment a nullity, her estimate of things was drawn more from imagination than reason. Few were less enthusiastic, and yet few

were more romantic, but this proceeded from her ignorance of the world. In fine the shock which her feelings had sustained had been so severe, that she could not aspire to any great degree of happiness, while the texture of her mind guaranteed her an exemption from positive misery. After the death of her father, she regarded Antonia with the feeling of a mother. She had not had children, and Antonia had entered on her seventeenth year, and the thought of watching over her happiness softened the bitterness of Madam Alberti's sorrow; she could never become entirely disgusted with existence as long as she saw the possibility of being useful, and of making herself beloved.

Antonia's mother had sunk beneath an affection of the chest; her daughter did not betray any symptoms of a disorder which is too often hereditary, but she had derived but a frail and imperfect being, from a constitution impregnated with the principles of decay. Yet she was tall, and well proportioned for her years; but her slight and sylph-like form betrayed a pliancy which bespoke weakness; her head, gracefully and finely modelled, languidly inclined on one side; her rich light hair negligently bound, the dazzling whiteness of her complexion barely animated by the gentlest tinge of carnation, the timidity of her look and a melancholy vagueness visible in her eyes when fixed upon remote objects, combined to impress the beholder with the idea of an habitual state of languor and pain. But her existence was not one of suffering, but a species of prolonged effort. Accustomed from a tender age to the liveliest emotions, this apprenticeship to grief had not blunted her sensibilities, or rendered her less accessible to strong emotions. On the contrary, they all came home to her bosom with the same force. It seemed as if her heart vibrated but to a single chord, because she had experienced but one absorbing feeling, and that everything around her produced a recurrence to the same painful feeling,—the loss of her father and mother. Everything which struck this chain of idea, drew tears from her eyes, or caused a sudden tremor of her nerves. This tremor was so frequent, that the physicians had pronounced it a disease. Antonia, herself, being aware that it ceased with its cause, did not partake of their uneasiness; but from its existence and from other circumstances, she had early come to the conclusion that there was something peculiar in her organization. Hence she gradually slid into the conviction that she was to a certain degree disgraced by nature. This persuasion served to augment her timidity and her penchant for solitude to such

a degree as to alarm Madam Alberti, whose fears were quickened by her love.

Their usual walk was along the margin of the gulf, as far as the first palace, which marked the commencement of Trieste. From thence their eyes wandered over the sea, and towards various objects in the distant landscape, which though too far to be distinctly seen by the feeble gaze of Antonia, had become familiar to her by the descriptions of her companion. Not a day passed in which Madam Alberti did not entertain her with an account of the glorious recollections which people this poetical country; of the Argonauts who had visited it; of Japix, who had given it his name; of Diomede and Antenor, who had given it laws.

“Cast your eyes,” she would exclaim, “along the circuit of the distant horizon, follow that long deep blue line which stands out from the clearer azure of the Heavens, and try if you can distinguish a tower, whose summit was glittering with the sunbeams. It is that of the powerful Aqueleia, one of the queens of the ancient world. A few ruins are all that now tell of its former pride. Near it flows a river, which my father pointed out to me in my childhood; the Timavus, celebrated in the verse of Virgil. This chain of mountains which crowns Trieste, rises almost perpendicularly above its walls, and stretching away to an incalculable distance, is inhabited by various tribes, who derive an interest from their celebrity of old, or the peculiarity of their manners in the present day. There dwell the brave Tyrolese, whose hardy genius, courage, and loyalty you have heard of with admiration; here, those gentle peasants of Friuli whose pastoral dances and joyous songs have become European. Nearer to us you may remark a little higher than the hindmost masts of the port, and above the roofs of the Lazaretto, a part of the mountain much higher than the rest, whose gigantic and gloomy aspect inspires terror and respect; it is the cape of Duino. The castle which occupies its side, the battlements of which I can just discern, is said to have been built to repel an invasion of the Goths, and it still bears the name of Attila. During the civil wars of Italy, it served as an asylum to the proscribed Dante; and it is satirically remarked, that this sinister abode inspired him with the idea of his Inferno; and that from the horrors of Duino, the transition was easy to the horrors of hell. Since that time it has been in the hands of chiefs of factions or robbers. In this age of change I fancy it has got into the possession of some peace-

ful Castellane, who has expelled the demons to give place to doves."

Such were most frequently the subjects of conversation between Madam Alberti and her sister, in whom she hoped gradually to awaken a desire for new sights and objects of interest, and thereby produce a favourable diversion in her habitual ideas; but the character of Antonia had not sufficient tenacity to follow for any length of time the impulses of curiosity. She was too weak, too diffident, to attempt to conceive a wish beyond her state; and as her lowness of spirits seemed natural, she did not seek to remove it. Something more than a mere motive of curiosity was wanting to urge her to the effort. The tomb of her parents bounded her ideas of the natural world, nor did she think there was anything beyond it that could claim a thought.

"But Brittany," Madam Alberti would conclude, "Brittany is your country."

"But they did not die there," replied Antonia embracing her; "their memory dwells here."

Istria successively occupied and abandoned by the armies of different nations, was enjoying one of those stormy moments of liberty, which the interval between two conquests allows to a weak people. The authority of the law was still in abeyance, and justice in its suspense seemed to look with indifference upon crimes which a revolution might render successful.

In periods of great political anxiety the banner of the brigand is invested with a species of security; in a lucky hour it may become the banner of the state, and even men who fancy themselves virtuous respect it from motives of prudence. The numbers of irregular troops levied in the name of national independence, had familiarized the citizens with those armed bands which constantly descended from the mountains and spread themselves over the country on both sides of the gulf. They were almost all animated by the most generous sentiments, and conducted by the purest patriotism, but in their rear was formed a band composed of those violent men, who lay hold of politics as a pretext, and claim connexion with every government and are disavowed by all. The decided enemy of social institutions, it openly assailed the established order of things. It proclaimed liberty and happiness, but its course was marked by ruin, pillage, and assassination. The smoking ruins of ten villages already attested the successful progress of the *Brothers of the Commonwealth*. Such was the name be-

fore it outraged all decency and violated all laws, which distinguished the sanguinary band of Jean Svogar.

The brigands had made their appearance at Santa Croce, Opschina and Matera, they were even said to be in possession of the castle of Duino, and that under favour of the night they sallied forth from their stronghold like famished wolves, along the shores of the gulf, spreading havoc and desolation in their track. The alarmed inhabitants flocked from all sides to Trieste, and the Casa Monteleone was far from being a secure asylum. A report was rife that Jean Svogar himself had been seen loitering at night beneath the walls of the chateau. The fears of the peasants magnified the proportions of his person and the terrors of his aspect; whole battalions were said to have yielded to his single arm. Hence it was inferred that he could be no common peasant of Istria or Croatia, like most of the adventurers who accompanied him. By the vulgar he was declared to be the grandson of the famous brigand Sociviska, while the better informed deduced his descent from Scanderberg, the Pyrrhus of the modern Illyrians. His history was adorned by episodes the most singular and contradictory, but it was agreed on all hands that he was bold and merciless. In a short time his name had acquired additional terrors, from the application of an ancient prophecy; and in the figurative language of man, whose ideas of grandeur and power are always connected with an advanced age, he was called *Old Svogar*, although what was his precise age none could tell, nor could any of his band who had fallen into the hands of justice give any idea of it.

Madam Alberti, who had lent an eager ear to these reports, was not slow in perceiving that it was high time for her to make her retreat from the Casa Monteleone to Trieste; but aware of the sensibility of Antonia, she carefully concealed the motives of her movement. Antonia had heard of the Brothers of the Commonwealth and their redoubted Captain; she had shed tears at the relation of their atrocities: to detest them was beyond her strength.

There is something about the position of Trieste which would be painful to the feelings if the imagination were not captivated by the magnificence of the handsomest specimens of architecture, and the richness of the most highly cultivated fields. It was a barren rock embraced by the sea, but the industry of man has succeeded in endowing it with the richest gifts of nature. Compressed between the boundless sea and inaccessible heights, it presented the idea of a prison; but art, triumphant over the difficulties of the ground, has converted it into a delicious so-

join. Its buildings rise in the form of an amphitheatre from the port to a third of the elevation of the mountains ; beyond them are discovered, from stage to stage, beautiful woods of chesnuts, plantations of the fig, the date, the myrtle, the jessamine which embalms the air ; while above all these rises the stern brow of the Illyrian Alps. To the imagination of the traveller sailing on the gulf, the fanciful comparison of the Corinthian capital involuntary presents itself ; or perhaps more appropriate still, a basket of flowers, fresh as the spring, reposing upon a rock. In this delicious but circumscribed solitude nothing has been neglected for the multiplication of agreeable sensations. Nature has bestowed upon Trieste a small forest of green oaks, which has become a paradise. It is called the Fornedo, or the wood. Never did those rural divinities, whose favourite haunts are the shores of the Adriatic, lavish more seductive beauties within such narrow limits. To its other charms the Fornedo frequently adds that of solitude ; for the inhabitant of Trieste, with his mind busy upon distant speculations, is not satisfied with a prospect less boundless than his hopes. Seated on the extremity of a promontory with his telescope directed towards the horizon, he makes it his recreation to descry and examine the vessels in the offing : but the sea is not visible from the Fornedo. Thither Madam Alberti frequently conducted Antonia, because it presented a scene of surpassing novelty to her young charge, and one which was very capable of exciting in her young imagination a desire for new sensations. To a lively mind the Fornedo is a thousand leagues from the city, and Madame Alberti sought to develop in Antonia that instinct of immensity which attenuates local impressions, and renders them less durable and less dangerous. Her experience had convinced her that to be happy it was only necessary to be amused.

The festival of the Fornedo had moreover an especial charm for Madam Alberti. She had received the education of a man, and of a learned man ; she was conversant with the poets, and had often dwelt with delight upon the pictures of those Arcadian and Sicilian dames, immortalized in their strains. She was forcibly reminded of them even to the nicety of the costume, as she beheld the Istrian shepherd in his light and floating dress covered with knots of ribbons, his large hat crowned with bouquets of flowers, lead forth his veiled partner, who in a moment after escapes his attentions, by mingling with her companions similarly dressed and veiled. At times a voice would break forth among the dancers, most frequently that of

some adventurer from the Apennines, singing some trophies of Ariosto or Tasso, the Death of Isabella or of Sophronia, and to a people which indulges all its impulses, and which is proud of its very errors, the illusions of a poet are responded to with tears. One day, while Antonia was threading her way with her sister through one of these assemblages, her attention was arrested by the sound of an instrument which she had never seen before; she approached and beheld an old man with a species of guitar strung with a single hair string, over which he was leisurely drawing a rude bow, thereby producing a hoarse and monotonous sound, but admirably according with his deep and well-managed voice. He was singing in Slavonian verse the misfortunes of the poor Dalmatians, who were exiled from their country. He launched forth into a lament on the abandonment of the natal soil, the beauties of the sweet plains of happy Mauresca, the ancient Irao, and Curzolo with its dark shades; he sung of Chirso and Ossuro, where Media dispersed the torn limbs of Absyrthus, of the beautiful Epidaurus covered with rose laurels, and of Salona which Diocletian preferred to the empire of the whole world. The strain drew the throng around him; they were at first moved, then melted, then transported; for in the susceptible organization of the Istrian the sympathies become personal emotions, and all the sentiments passions. Some uttered shrill cries, others clasped their children to their bosoms, and all expressed by impassioned gesticulations the power of the musician. Antonia advanced slowly towards the old man, and on closer inspection she perceived that he resembled Homer in his blindness. She sought his hand, in order to place in it a pierced coin, because she was aware that this gift is precious in the eyes of the poor Morluc's, who reserve it to adorn their daughters hair. The aged poet caught her arm, and smiled, because he had a perception that it was the hand of a maiden. Then rapidly changing his style and subject, he began to celebrate the sweets of love and the graces of youth. He did not use the accompaniment of the *gurzla*, but he accentuated his verses with more vehemence, and concentrated all his energy like a man whose reason was deranged by ebriety or violent passion; he beat time violently with his foot, as he drew towards him the terrified form of Antonia.

"Bloom on, bloom on," he exclaimed, "in the perfumed bowers of Pirano, and amid the grape-vines of Trieste which yield the perfume of the rose. The jessamine itself, which is the ornament of our plantations, perishes and abandons its little

flowers to the blasts, ere yet it is expanded, when the wind has cast his rake in the poisoned plains of Narentium. And thus too shall you wither, young plant, if you grow in the forests which are subject to the dominion of Jean Svogar."

Leaning on her sister's arm, Antonia slowly withdrew silent and pensive to the city. The name of the brigand for the first time awoke in her bosom a feeling of apprehension for herself, and a vague uneasiness for the future. Her thoughts ran upon the fate of the unhappy beings who fell into his hands, without ever supposing that this destiny could be hers; but the, as it were, inspired language of the Morluc improvisatore had struck her with terror, by giving her to understand the possibility of this frightful calamity occurring among the various accidents with which life is strewn. The idea was however so little supported by reason, the danger so far removed from probability, that Antonia, who had no secrets from Madam Alberti, did not venture to confide to her the secret of her uneasiness. She clung to her with a shudder which the progress of the night, the silence of the solitude, and the murmurs which from time to time broke through the woods, only served to augment. It was in vain that Madam Alberti sought to wean her thoughts from the sentiment which seemed to fill them; in her ignorance of what might most effectually distract her attention, she accidentally recurred to the subject of the late scene.

"What a disastrous renown is that of Jean Svogar," said she, "and how painful it is to fix the attention of mankind at such a price."

"And who knows," said Antonia, "if it may not be this very desire of arresting their attention, which has produced so many errors and so many crimes. Besides," she added, as if to encourage herself, "there may be much exaggeration in the stories they tell of him. I am apt to think that we sometimes calumniate those whom we designate villains, and the idea I entertain of the goodness of God is not compatible with the possibility of such terrible depravity." "The benevolence of your heart leads you astray," replied Madam Alberti, "it is quite true that positive evil is repugnant to the idea we entertain of the infinite goodness of the Creator and the perfection of his works; but doubtless he has found it essential to their harmony, since he has in every instance associated it with the good and the beautiful. Why should he not mingle with the social mass, the same burning and terrible spirits whose every thought is of destroying, as he has let loose in the desert,

those frightful tigers and panthers, who drink the blood of animals, without ever quenching their thirst. Although he is the principle of all good, he has thought fit to permit the existence of evil in the moral world; and has he not given hideous forms to certain species in the physical world, although he is the principle of all beauty? and has he not invested his works with many attractions when it has pleased him to do so? Have you not remarked that he has set a seal of repulsive ugliness on malevolent and dangerous beings? You recollect that vulture, white as snow, which, one of the correspondents of my father, sent to him from Malta. There is nothing disagreeable in his form; nothing can be more pure and elegant than his plumage. When you observe him from behind, perched upon one of the scattered stones of the cemeteries, which are his dwelling places, you long to approach and to examine him in detail. If he turns upon you, hopping on his rough legs, and fixes upon you his eye full of a bloody flame, surrounded by a large cadaverous pellicle, like a spectre mark, you start with horror and disgust. I am of opinion that such is the case with all the wicked; and that, however flattering appearances may be, a single glance is sufficient to discover the distinct mark of reprobation which God affixed to them when he created them for crime."

"After that," said Antonia, affecting to smile, "your imagination cannot have drawn very seductive portraits of the Brothers of the Commonwealth: of course Jean Svogar must be a horror."

Madam Alberti possessed the talent of describing with facility and force the objects which struck her fancy; she had on the instant received the idea of the most ferocious brigand, and was on the point of commencing the description, when the noise of a quickened step behind them arrested the attention of both sisters.

The night had set in, and the other loiterers had retired behind the bastions, with which the amphitheatre is studded, from space to space. The sisters stood still and listened, breathless with apprehension. A rich melodious voice; such a voice as may be gifted with the power of exorcising care and transporting the soul into a calmer state of existence, caused the agitation of the sisters to give way to a more pleasurable emotion.

The delicacy and freshness of the tones proclaimed them to be those of a young man. He was muffled in a short Venetian cloak, and wore on his head a cocked hat, with a floating

plume. He passed along the side of the mountain above the beaten path, like a phantom of night, repeating the closing verses of the old blind man. "Woe to you, young plant, if you grow in the forests, which are under the dominion of the cruel Jean Svogar."

On reaching a rock more elevated than the rest, and conspicuous by its whiteness, he stopped short, and his strain ceased. After a moment's silence, a wild cry suddenly broke from the spot. It might be likened to the yell of the hyena that has been robbed of her cubs, and was answered from twenty different points of the forest. The stranger then withdrew, repeating his romance.

Antonia was not quite released from her fears, until she reached the town, and resolved never again to visit the Fornedo at so late an hour. Yet upon reflection, she condemned her apprehensions and found very natural explanations for what had caused her emotion; but her weakness and timidity soon got the better of her reason. Her sensibility, for want of exercise, busied itself more and more with frightful chimeras. Her mind wandered in a boundless vagueness. At times this disorder, produced by fear, exhibited itself by such strong symptoms as to overwhelm her with shame. Madam Alberti had noticed it with extreme uneasiness; but faithful to her system of distraction, she hoped to be able to furnish sufficient diversion to her mind until a legitimate passion could supply the cravings of her heart. In the case of those who have never loved, nothing is to be despaired of; their existence has to receive a completion which often shapes the destiny of their future life.

The promenades to the Fornedo were not discontinued by the sisters; but they took care to return to the city long before the decline of day. The season was hot, and the shade of the oaks could scarcely furnish sufficient freshness to temper the burning heat of the sun, when the wind swept across the gulf from the African shores. Enormous clouds of a deep, yet dazzling yellow, collect in masses in one quarter of the heavens: the summits of the huge piles curve and roll like avalanches of fire; the masses distend and spread themselves over the horizon. A hoarse murmur accompanies their progress and ceases when they stop. Not a leaf stirs—not an insect moves beneath the motionless herbage. Man, himself, spite of his moral power, is forced to yield to the sirocco. His brow droops to earth, his limbs fail him, and he falls to the ground in a state of invincible langour, to await the coming of

the soft breeze which is to restore motion to his blood and life to nature.

One day, Madam Alberti stopped to rest with Antonia in a favourite spot beneath a group of trees. The ground was clothed with thick short grass, and which invited to repose. A part of the town of Trieste was visible in the distance. Antonia had yielded to the influence of the sirocco, and had fallen while her sister was wandering about, gathering small blue bells to form a garland for her hair, after the fashion of those so gracefully woven by the Istrian girls. A gentle sound broke the slumbers of Antonia; and on opening her eyes and gazing vaguely through the clustering ringlets which shaded her face, she could discern that she was the object of careful examination to two men. One of them wore in his hat a large plume, and was leaning on the shoulder of the other who was sitting cross-legged on the grass. Antonia was overpowered with fear; she reclosed her eyes and held her breath to conceal her agitation.

"It is she," replied one of the strange intruders; "it is the girl I saw at the Casa Monteleone, who has taken such possession of my heart."

"Pooh! pooh! Eccelenza," replied the other, "you said as much of the daughter of the Bey of the mountains, whose people we slaughtered at such a rate, and of the favourite slave of that dog of a Turk who made us pay so dearly for the fortress of Ctzini. By St. Nicholas! if we did as much to reduce Wallachia, you would now be a Hospodar, and we would not have to"

"Peace! Ziska," resumed the first speaker; "you will awake her with your nonsense. How beautiful she is!"

"Why, she is good looking," said Ziska; "but not sufficiently so to make a man play the girl and keep a brave band dodging about a pleasure ground, when there is other work for them to do. Shall I take her with me?"

"Wretch!" replied the master in an angry tone, "touch not a hair of her head for thy life's sake. She is sacred to my love, and I watch over her safety with a mother's care. She is enshrined in the inmost recesses of my heart; and though my guilty lips shall never profane the purity of hers, she is my elected bride before high Heaven; and I have sworn that though we cannot be united in life, we shall be side by side in death."

The agitation of Antonia was now mingled with curiosity and interest; she moved her head to get a better view of the

speaker, when the strangers instantly disappeared. At this juncture Madam Alberti returned to the spot where she had left her sister asleep. She listened to her tale without believing a word of it. Antonia had given her too many proofs of her weakness to allow her to think that it could be more than the illusion of a dream; and the affectionate pity she expressed for her weakness was taken by Antonia as compassion for the danger she had encountered. But finding that her sister's mind was still absorbed with the topic, Madam Alberti at length exclaimed, "My poor child! and who do you suppose this lover of yours to be? Some lieutenant of Jean Svogar! God forfend us!"

"Of Jean Svogar!" said Antonia, shrinking, as if she had trodden on a viper. "Can it be?"

(To be continued.)

CONSCIENCE.

UNFITTING Avenger! thy still voice
Breaks through Fame's clarion, mars the bacchant song,
And like a death-knell frights the ear of joy.
By thy transmuted magic, the green earth,
Tricked out in smiles, may seem a charnel-house,
And Nature, on her sunniest holiday,
A withered witch, dark, loathsome, and defiled.
All things that live—yea, even the air-borne clouds—
Taking wild shapes to fancy's startled eye,
Become fall oft thy torturing ministers.
And then in visions, when the goaded soul
Outwearied with the toil of agony,
Hoped for oblivion, thou re-peoplest space
With the fierce spectres of unpardoned crimes.

Oh, Conscience! thou exacting creditor—
Whom misery cannot pay, who dost record
Each day some item added to the debt,
Which, if uncanceled here, thou wilt demand,
With cry unceasing, in eternity—
What shall appease thee? What sweet sacrifice
Shall I, dread Mystery! on thine altar lay,
That will propitiate? What mighty bribe
Will buy thy silence? What blessed antidote
Will neutralize the poison of thy curse?
Even now methinks I hear thy chastening voice
Thus answering me: "Bold sinner! dar'st thou then
Arraign thy guide, thy monitor, thy shield?
Know I am thine accuser, not in wrath
But in the tenderest mercy. Lo! I smite
But to arouse thee, ere the mighty judge,
Whose servant and ambassador I am,
Shall summon thee to stand before that bar
Where as I witness thou art lost or saved.
Thou callest me 'exacting creditor';
Wouldst bribe me? Lo! I ask repentant tears!
Wouldst make an offering? Lay a contrite heart

Upon God's altar, and the Merciful
 Will make thee heir of an eternity
 Illumined by the sunlight of his smile.
 Or askeat thou an antidote, whose balm
 No poison can pollute, nor time destroy ?
 Take thou the Gospel—fortify thy soul
 With its pure precepts ; for thy friend and guide,
 Take HIM, the mirror of whose excellence,
 The record of whose priceless love, shines there ;
 So shall His arm uphold thee in that day,
 When from the wreck of a dismembered world
 The dust of all humanity shall rise.

THE WRECKER.

Who has not heard of Captain Robert Kidd ? Who, with a spice of superstition in his nature, has not listened, when young, with a strange interest, to many various and highly spiritual traditions concerning him ? A most remarkable man was that same pirate, who for so long a period evaded the pursuit of both England and the colonies, until at last, in the year 1699, if I remember aright, he was captured, and sent by Lord Bellamont a prisoner to His Majesty, at London, where, " at Execution Dock," he was executed, in atonement for divers robberies and murders committed by him on the high seas, " as he sailed." I record below one of the traditions of this world-renowned freebooter, which was related to me by a firm and solemn believer in its reality—one, moreover, who possessed a sound and comprehensive mind, in union with the strictest religious principles.

Kidd, as is well-known, was supposed to have buried vast quantities of money, much of which is still believed to sleep in the bowels of the earth, along various portions of the American coast. After his death, numerous attempts were made to recover it, by effecting a resurrection among the iron chests of specie, and yellow bars of gold. It is supposed that the bulk of his spoils was deposited on the shores of New-Jersey and Long-Island, and the margin of Connecticut River. He always selected some shadowy and romantic spot, far away from the busy settlements of the whites, whither he repaired, under cover of a nocturnal storm, to commit his wealth to the guardianship of the earth, and the magic power which he so enchantingly flung around it.

Long-Island has long been famous for the number of wreckers who infest its coasts. This class of people made it their business to decoy vessels among the breakers, by elevating

false lights, and so disguising the genuine beacons, as to throw all the ship-commanders into doubt and confusion. These schemes were more particularly resorted to, when the heavens portended a furious gale, and the wind blew strongly toward the land. The wreckers, with their vagabond families, usually resided in miserable huts, near the beach, screened by the shadow of some impenetrable wood, or still more impenetrable wild and rocky upland. The plunder, which consisted of specic, silks, satins, broadcloths, barrels, etc., was buried on the sea-shore, above high-water mark, and there suffered to remain until the underwriters had made sale of the wreck, when they were transported to New-York, and disposed of at the various junk-shops, etc., which have for so long a time infested that city.

“ Jim Harley,” as he was familiarly termed, had from his youth pursued this most unworthy occupation. His father, who had been similarly engaged for fifty years, bred his only child to follow his profession. Many a noble ship has Jim Harley drawn to destruction, the loss of which was charged upon its commander, and to his want of skill and care in its management. The wrecker resided in a quiet valley, which ran retiringly up from the beach of the ocean, and served as a pathway for a busy little stream that came tumbling and foaming down its declivity. It was a cool, romantic spot, and so narrow, that the trees which lined the summit of each hill, threw their green foliage together, shutting the beams of day from below, and casting all the objects there into a dim and uncertain twilight. Harley was a hermit, and though not perhaps a poet, he had nevertheless a most exquisite ear for the voice of nature. The solemn, eternal anthem of the deep was ever pealing, in varied thunder, in his ear; and he had at least sufficient knowledge to divine the prospect of the coming storm or calm, from the changing tone of the winds.

It had for many months been a dull and indolent life with the wrecker. The heavens had worn a continual serenity, and each succeeding day there was a pleasant seaward breeze. Not a sail bore in sight, to fix his wandering eye, save now and then one that glided like a speck on the distant horizon. He lounged about the rustic hut, watching his children as they climbed the slopes of the valley; and he prayed within himself that the whirlwind and the storm might once more be loosed, to sweep in death and destruction on their pitiless path.

One evening, during the summer solstice, a most tremendous gale arose, such as had never before been known. The sun

sank the preceding evening round and red, and ere it kissed the trembling deep, became completely wrapped in a dun bank of clouds. The wrecker's eyes brightened, as he looked upon this ominous robe of the sky, and he immediately proceeded to gather his hooks, ropes, boats, etc., that they might be ready for use, if suddenly necessary. As night came on, the tempest gathered wilder and more fierce, and the winds blew directly toward the land. The breakers which ran far out from the beach, in front of the wrecker's hut, threw their foam, white as milk, midway in the heavens, and threatened instant destruction to any vessel which might be caught within their reach. The wrecker went out on the upland, and hoisted false beacons upon the trees; and more successfully to imitate a revolving light, suspended a lanthorn to the neck of a horse. In short, he left nothing undone to secure the ruin of his victims, and was now fully prepared to plunder them of the last garment the waves might in mercy spare them.

Harley had stationed himself on a small promontory, and with a spy-glass in his hand, caught a hurried glance of the raging ocean, as the quick flashes of lightening suddenly lit up the horrors around him. He saw innumerable ships rolling and plunging afar in the main, and presently caught a glimpse of a sail rushing full and fair toward the breakers. He raised his glass again—the heavens flamed up—and lo! she was painted as black as the night itself. Above, her sails were snowy white, while below, the milky and curling crests of an infinity of billows gave the craft a strange and startling appearance. The wrecker, however, viewed her closely, and finally concluded that she must be a piratical craft, and that her destruction would be a benefit not only to himself, but to the world at large. As she neared the breakers, he trembled; for he fancied he already heard the crash and the shriek—the mast crack like steel, and disappear in the foaming abyss. Another flash, and she was just driving on! He wiped his telescope, and elevated it once more—but it fell suddenly from his hands upon the earth. What did he behold? The ship was gliding through the terrific surge around her—her sails all set—her masts standing firm—and yet she dashed along, leaping the billows, apparently wholly unconscious of the dreadful tumult and danger which beset her. The wrecker's superstitious fears were now awakened. Like all who follow nautical pursuits, he had an abundance of the supernatural in his composition. At first, he imagined it might be the terrible genius of the storm itself, careering to and fro, and superintending the raging winds

and waters. Of all the breakers on the Long-Island coast, those which spread out before him had always been considered the most terrible. He had seen a vessel disappear like a bubble, as it touched their frowning border; a common skipper could not navigate even his light vessel among any portion of them; and yet he beheld this phantom-ship playing among them, and running onward toward the shore, as smoothly and freely as if she were buoyed up and guided by invisible wings.

Soon after the wrecker dropped his telescope, the winds began to lull—the clouds to break and scatter from the west—and the deep thunder, which had so long muttered hoarsely through the sky, was now but faintly reverberating along the eastern hills. A tranquil serenity was imparted to the scene by the light of a full moon, which suddenly burst forth, and streamed in long columns of radiance over the rolling waves. The sable vessel was now plainly visible, and he now discovered that she had run up under the faint shadow of a rocky bluff, her masts just tipped with the bright yet mellow beams of the moon.

The wrecker hurried down to the spot and concealed himself, but presently became wholly enraptured with the songs of the jovial sailors. They were indeed a merry, roystering crew, and extremely comical in their costume. They were attired in uniforms of blood-red, without a thread or patch to relieve the harmonious simplicity of their garb. Their sides were fully equipped with cutlasses and pistols, whose sheathings, being richly bound and inlaid with silver and gold, glittered and flashed with a rich brilliancy. Their heads were covered with conical caps, at the peak of which flaunted a long tassel. Their breeches reached to their knees, where they were met by a heavy pair of top-boots, and a kind of doublet that served as a coat, which was tightly bound around them by a long row of heavy buttons.

Harley thought them the most eccentric little crew he had ever had the honour of meeting on those shores. He was somewhat startled at their curious aspect; and at last the little merry company became so tumultuous, that the bays and hills fairly echoed back their carousings. The glass circulated freely, and the wrecker's mouth grew unusually moist, as the wine sparkled, and the bottom of their glasses were turned toward the moon. He was just on the point of elevating his telescope, to take a closer survey of their apparent hilarity, when the thunder and smoke of a broadside from the vessel shook the hill, and he dropped like a log to the earth. He screamed, and

affirmed that he was a dead man ; but found, on stirring himself, that he was yet the same old wrecker, as wicked and as well as ever.

This appeared, on examination, to be nothing more than the signal of the captain to suspend the festivities, and form themselves in order for the duty which was about to follow. When Harley arose, the songs were hushed—the wine had disappeared—and all the crew vanished, save a couple of sentinels, who were solemnly pacing back and forth, amid the chequered shadows of the ship.

Another broadside ensued, when the wrecker observed a man of giant stature, armed to the teeth, preceding a single file of about fifty men. What particularly arrested his attention, was the great contrast in the costume of the former, which was to the full as black as that of the latter was blood-red. They were paraded across the ship in double columns, and down a wide plank, the outer end of which rested upon the beach. The chief stationed himself at the head of his band, and giving a signal, they commenced passing small bars of gold and silver, and laying them nicely in a pile on the shore. Next in order came a quantity of small kegs, bound strongly with iron hoops ; and last of all, a varied collection of silver plate, with pitchers and goblets of the most exquisite workmanship. The yellow heaps of the pure metal, shining in the moonbeams, had such a magical influence upon the wrecker, that he was nigh to faint, and was only prevented from that foolish act by his overwhelming fear. He however determined to ascend a noble tree which stood near him, and trust to its heavy foliage to screen him from this company of spirits. So up he mounted, and sat quietly awaiting the issue.

But what was his surprise, on beholding the very crew themselves moving along in couples, each carrying on a barrow a portion of the gold and other treasure which lay upon the beach !—and yet how much more was he surprised, as they rested their burthens in a circle around the very tree to which he had fled for safety ! His hair stood on end, “like quills upon the fretful porcupine,” and his knees trembled as do the aspen leaves in the forest.

Not a word was spoken by the band who had so mysteriously assembled. The chief soon arrived, and by a wave of his sword, disposed his men in a still wider circle around the spoils. He then walked into the centre of the ring, lifted his sword again, when two of his band stepped forth and commenced digging a pit in the earth. This being accomplished, the gold

was deposited within it, and a slight covering of moist loam was sprinkled over it.

Harley's spirits now began to rise rapidly, and he was quite confident that, if not discovered, he would be the richest man on the island before another twelvemonth had rolled over his head. Still, his situation was an uncommonly disagreeable one, and he would gladly have relinquished a small fortune, to have been liberated from his bondage.

His musings were all at once disturbed by the sharp crack of a pistol, and the sudden start it effected among his ideas, gave the foliage of the tree a very injudicious motion, considering the peculiar situation in which he was placed. He cast his eyes below, and there beheld one of the spirit crew apparently lifeless upon the earth; and what caused him to look with yet more wonder, was the fact, that the corpse had been cast, just as it was shot, into the pit, among the bars of gold. The earth was then replaced, and the ground so nicely and delicately sodded over, that no eye, save the wrecker's, could ever detect anything unnatural in the soil.

After all was complete, the whole crew locked hands, and danced around the spot, muttering a long, low chant, in unintelligible language, that rather amused Harley, than otherwise. Each one then described some strange characters over the spot, and this appeared to be the concluding scene of this tragedy and comedy; for immediately afterward, they formed themselves again in order, raised their barrows, and took up their march for the vessel.

Harley thought it would perhaps be advisable to retreat from his eyrie, as he did not wish to be inquisitive nor curious in other men's matters; and it was quite possible the blood-red crew might make the tree another visit for the same special purpose. He therefore very quietly descended, and crept cautiously toward the beach, that he might see the vessel safely off to sea again; for he had taken a very sudden affection for the captain and his men, and really wished within himself that no harm might befall them, or the snug little vessel which so gallantly waded them through the tempest.

But the success of their escape was rendered quite doubtful. Many ships and brigs were lying out at sea, in a dead calm, which would undoubtedly be attending to the movements of the strange vessel. The wrecker disposed himself quietly in the shadow of a large sycamore, and watched with intense interest the operations which were in progress below. There the craft lay, as easy as a swan upon the waters, with all her sails closely

reefed, and her delicate rope-rigging thrown into silver and ebony, by the lights and shades that fell upon it. A solitary sentinel, with his gun firmly braced against his shoulder, paced with a regular and solemn tread the narrow deck, and his footsteps echoed back from the curves and bays that scalloped along the beach. Harley had just relapsed into one of those delightful reveries which so calm the soul, when another broadside burst upon the serenity of the scene, and scattered his splendid creations to the winds.

The vessel immediately rounded off, under bare poles—without a rag of canvass spread—and cut her way through the breakers before her, leaving in her track a long line which shone like fire. Without wind or towing—in the dead calm of the night—like a spirit of life, she “walked the waters,” and made off into the open sea. The wrecker watched her as long as a speck was visible, and with such astonishment and wonder depicted in his countenance and demeanor, that he was indeed a model of fear and doubt. When, at last, he recovered, and ascertained beyond doubt that he was yet in his sublunary abode, he thought again how short would be the time before he—James Harley, Esq.,—could pronounce himself the richest man on all the Island.

Upon mature consideration, he came to the conclusion that he would not disturb the bars of gold until the subsequent evening, when the mineral-rod, steel-rod, spades, etc., should all be prepared. Another thing, indispensable on such occasions, was a suitable person who could work the rods, which was no common “gift.” Sam Rowe was the seventh son, and born, moreover, with a veil over his face. He was a gentleman whom the wrecker thought might answer his purpose exactly, and he therefore concluded to invite him on the occasion.

Let the reader imagine, Sam and Harley all “armed and equipped,” and wending their way toward the tree where the strange characters deposited their treasure. Let him conceive also—which was the fact—that both were absolutely trembling with fear; for all who are in the least acquainted with the history of money-diggers, know them to be the most superstitious of all men. The rustling of a bush—the quiver of a leaf—the wind—in fact, *every* object which they beheld or heard, threw them into convulsions, and sent the cold sweat in beaded drops to their foreheads.

At last, they arrived at the fearful spot. Preparations were made, and the mineral-rod was put in motion, to ascertain if the gold had *moved* or not. Finding all right, the steel-rod was run down above it, to keep it in its place. A few strange

sayings for such occasions were made use of, to intimidate Satan, who often makes it convenient to visit such spots when they are molested by any one. All being arranged, Sam pushed down his slender rod into the loose soil, and had the gratification to hear it chink among the yellow bars of gold. Harley commenced digging, cautioning his companion to bear hard upon the rod, lest the whole, in a moment, should *move*. Matters proceeded exceedingly well, until they were almost down, when they overheard such a rushing of wind among the trees—such a fall and roar of waters—such a thundering and trembling of the whole earth—that they both shook like the leaves above them. But Sam, who had witnessed such scenes before, remained unmoved, and clung still closer to his rod; as he had always heard it declared that it was not in the power of the spirits to inflict any actual harm. He told the wrecker, as well as he was able, not to be frightened, but to stand firm to his work, cool and composed, as HE DID! They finally resumed their labours, but had only cast up a few more shovels-full of earth, when countless numbers of blue balls arose from out the pit, and after soaring afar in the quiet sky, burst with a loud explosion, showering down sparks upon them, and filling the whole air with a flavour much like brimstone. Harley then thought of Satan—and as he had no disposition to encounter his august majesty, he dropped his spade, and glided off through the moonlight with inconceivable rapidity; and it was not without much eloquent persuasion, that Sam induced him to return again to his labour.

The third attempt was now made, and matters proceeded quite smoothly for a few moments; but what was their astonishment, when, on casting their eyes upward, they beheld a large round mill-stone suspended from a limb of the tree by a mere thread, that threatened every instant to snap in sunder. Neither looked twice, but both fled as if their lives depended upon their celerity, while the rod, which Sam had held so long, flew like a flash into the heavens, and disappeared forever. Their fears having in some measure died away, they halted on a gentle slope, and while yet trembling in their garments, a loud swell of vocal music burst forth on the night air from beneath the sycamore that shadowed the haunted spot, and the words, which were distinctly audible, were these:

“ My name was Robert Kidd,
 As I sailed, as I sailed;
 My name was Robert Kidd,
 And so wickedly I did,
 As I sailed !”



Painted by R. Farner

Eng.^d by S. Allen.

ROBERT AND JANE.

London, G. Henderson, n. 2, 21 Bailey.

The whole mystery was at once explained. The strange vessel, and the yet stranger crew, were now identified; and had the wrecker only sooner known the nature of the beings with whom he had been dealing, he could have saved himself all his trouble; for all Long-Island well knew that it was utterly impossible ever to disturb the buried treasures of Robert Kidd. By him alone, or some one of his pirate crew, could they be recovered.

H. H.

 ROBERT AND JANE.

Why that downcast eye, lassie,
 Why that cheek of changeful hue;
 Why that rising sigh, lassie,
 When thy lover dares to woo;
 Is there aught in love to fear,
 Aught in love to harm thee, lassie?
 Does the vow—the plaint—the tear,
 Serve but to alarm thee, lassie?
 Why those lips so mute, love,
 Why that trembling hand denied?
 A word might end my suit, love,
 A touch would pledge my bonny bride:
 Dost thou doubt thy lover's truth,
 Cannot prayers move thee, lassie?
 Wilt thou scorn a faithful youth
 Who will ever love thee, lassie?
 Shall I break the spell, dear,
 Which thy modest fears have wove?
 May I dare to tell, dear,
 What those mystic signals prove:—
 If language live in eye or cheek,
 If aught a sigh can say, dear lassie,
 If that silence e'er may speak,
 Ye're my own for aye, dear lassie.

 THE GRAVE LAMPS.

“Once a year it is a custom to place lamps above the graves of their friends and relatives. As the tombs are on the side of the hill, and as there are probably a hundred lamps to one person, the sight is a brilliant one. On the evening of the following day, the lights are seen advancing from the hill, and are placed by the friends upon the water, and floated out into the ocean.”—RECOLLECTIONS OF CHINA.

TEN thousand lamps are blazing bright,
 Above the hill-side graves,
 Upon the ebon wings of night
 A shadowy splendour waves;
 And through the thicken'd fields of air,
 See, streams of radiance run,
 As if some hand had cluster'd there
 The fragments of a sun!

APRIL, 1839.

B B

A beautiful and holy rite!
 Thus flinging o'er the dead,
 A lustre like a living light,
 To crown the lost one's bed.
 It seems as if pure fire from heaven
 Had fallen as of old ;
 As if some burning cloud were riven,
 And these its fragments roll'd !

Oh Why should man e'er cast a pall
 Of gloom above the grave ?
 For flowers will bloom, and sun-light fall,
 And winds their pinions wave,
 Alike on grave or pleasant bower,
 On mountain or on glen,
 And clouds which seem o'er graves to lower,
 Rise from the hearts of men.

To the cold clay that sleeps beneath,
 No light or shade can come—
 It recks not whether vale or heath
 Be chosen for its home.
 The soft sun-light, and thunder tone,
 When thrown upon a tomb,
 Alike fall heedless and unknown,
 To those within its womb.

But to the living, there will seem
 A sacred charm around,
 Though that deep sleep can know no dream,
 Can hear no earthly sound ;
 And he who would profane the spot
 With mockery of woe,
 Should feel he casts an unmeet blot
 On grief that passeth show.

This is a scene to soothe all pain,
 A pure heart-lifting sight !
 That gives the spirit free from stain,
 A thrill of deep delight.
 'Tis meet, 'tis meet ! flash higher up
 Your radiance on the air,
 While friends quaff from devotion's cup,
 And raise the soul in prayer.

Morning unlocks her golden gates,
 Those lamps grow dim the while,
 E'en as the spirit, when it waits
 To gain its Maker's smile ;
 And burning through the sunny day,
 They wait the coming night.
 As for a while the spirit's ray
 On earth will burn less bright.

Evening's dark shadows gather fast,
 And from the hill of graves,
 Those lamps, like showers of light are cast
 Upon the heaving waves,
 And o'er the ocean's rising crest,
 Like cluster'd stars they fall,
 And shine upon its blacken'd breast,
 Like gems upon a pall !

—o—o—o—



Painted by John Bouverie.

Engraved by S. Allen.

THE INTRUDER.

London, G. Henderson & W. A. Bailey.

THE HOUR OF REST.

WHEN brightly glows the kindling west,
And slanting shadows point him home,
The ploughman hails the hour of rest,
That calls him to his humble dome.

Welcome home-returning hour !
For, wearied all the summer day,
He feels its renovating power,
And cheerily his pulses play.

The western breeze is sighing balm,
The robin trills his plaintive song ;
And evening's hush and holy calm
Come o'er him as he trips along.

The smoke is curling o'er the hill,
His cot emerges from the trees—
That spot of earth, the dearest still,
His home, his own dear home, he sees !

And now what pleasure wings his feet,
What gladness dances in his eye !
When tottering forth, his steps to meet,
His little prattling children hie !

He 'll snatch his infant to his lip
And press its cherry colour'd cheek ;
Then o'er the threshold lightly skip,
And to his loved companion speak.

“ Let those who seek the crowded hall,
And all the city's heartless blaze,
Rejoice when evening gives the call,
To mingle in its wildering maze.

“ I envy not their glittering shows,
That cannot yield them joys like mine,
Rich with what bounteous heaven bestows,
Blest with these children's love and thine !”

THE INTRUDER.

“ WHY wilt thou tease me, Tray? —begone !
My fruit thou shalt not have—
These grapes to me, and me alone,
My dear, kind mother gave.

“ Away ! nor be so impudent,
Unwelcome guest, and rude !
Go ! give thy boldness elsewhere vent,
Nor longer here intrude.”

The prattler thus, when honest Tray,
Indignant at the wrong,
Seem'd, with expressive looks, to say,
(For prudence tied his tongue,)

“ My little friend, it makes me grieve,
You should be so unjust,
As to imagine I would thieve,
Who ne'er betray'd my trust.

“ But oh ! it grieves me more to find
That one so young and fair,
Should be the owner of a mind
So full of selfish care.

- “Thou see'st no pilferer in me,
I covet naught that's thine;
But I beheld thy sportive glee,
And wished in it to join.
- “Thy unkind words may damp my joy,
And all my mirth suspend,
But changeless in fidelity,
I'll ever be thy friend.
- “Ah! how depraved mankind must be,
In nature and in will,
When one, unknown to harm, like thee,
Of others thinks so ill!
- “For selfishness will ever send
Suspensions through the breast,
And make man treat his truest friend,
As an unwelcome guest.”

LONDON FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH.

THE costumes of April are, properly speaking, of the *demi saison* kind; for, in a climate like ours, we cannot all at once throw off the warm wrap of winter for the light attire of spring. Thus the new dresses, &c. &c., prepared for carriage costume are still far from being of a very light kind. We have seen several pelisses of *gros de Tours*, or *pou de soie*, of spring colours, as Emerald green, and lilac; the fronts of the skirts were trimmed with rouleaus of the same material, interlaced in a very novel and fanciful manner; they were arranged in the form of a broken cone, and bordered on each side by a *ruche* of the material of the dress. The *corsages* were made high, with pelerines of moderate size, pointed before and behind, and bordered with a *ruche*. Sleeves of the *demi large* kind; the upper part ornamented with a *ruche*. We have seen also some pelisses of the spring kind, which, instead of the trimmings we have described, were bordered with swansdown; this elegant fur is expected to be very fashionable during the early part of the spring.

Spencers will, we have great reason to believe, be very much in vogue, both for spring and summer. We can say with a tolerable degree of certainty, that for the former at least, there is no doubt of their being fashionable. Some velvet ones have already appeared. The form of spencers, especially when adopted it out-door costume, admits of very little variety; they are made high or very nearly so. Some are formed to the shape in the stomacher style, by buttons and braiding on the front; the upper part of the sleeve is ornamented with *bouillons*, which are intermixed with fancy buttons to correspond with those on the front. The remainder is full nearly to the wrist; where it is confined by a tight cuff. A good many spencers

also are trimmed with black lace; it is set on full round the throat, and the bottom of the waist: a row is also disposed in the *mancheron* style at the upper part of the sleeve. But the trimming, which is perhaps the prettiest and most seasonable at this moment, is swansdown; it is, however, in a minority.

The materials for hats and bonnets are expected to be those which have been in vogue for some seasons past. We have seen already a good many Leghorn hats of the half-gypsy shape, trimmed with spring ribbons,—white, figured with green or lilac, and feathers to correspond. Others also are decorated with bouquets of spring flowers placed in reversed positions, that is to say, perpendicularly on one side of the crown, and horizontally on the opposite side of the brim. Very few bonnets have yet appeared; and they are principally of white chip, and of the half-cottage shape—they are trimmed with wreaths of small flowers disposed round the crown. Curtain veils of *tulle* or blond lace are to be decidedly in vogue for bonnets.

Evening dress has at present reached its highest degree of elegance. We do not, indeed, remember a season in which it was at once so magnificent and so tasteful. We may cite as among the most elegant robes, those of white satin, figured in cherry colour in very light patterns; they are made with pointed *corsages*, either very full draped round the top, or else trimmed with pelerine mantillas of Brussels or English point lace. Short sleeve, either tight or moderately full, but always terminated by a ruffle; the borders are trimmed with lace, which is sometimes raised in draperies on each side of the skirt: this style of trimming has a very graceful effect.

Crape and *tulle* robes for ball dress are frequently trimmed with flounces. Some are of the material of the dress, headed by *ruches* of the same, or *bouillons* of satin. Others of blond lace are surmounted by *bouillons* of *tulle*; the puffs formed by flowers, or else a *ruche* of satin. Sometimes the flounce is looped in the drapery style at regular distances by a sprig of foliage, and a single flower placed alternately.

Caps have lost nothing of their vogue in evening dress. Those most in favour at this moment are composed either of blond or real lace ornamented with roses of six colours. We must observe that a revolution is expected to take place in the form of caps, indeed it may be said to have already commenced, for they are made much shorter at the ears than they have lately been worn. The new spring colours will be various; light shades of green, yellow, and blue; several shades of rose, lilac, drab, and some neutral colours.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH.

IN two or three days more, Fashion will issue her ordinances from her ancient seat of Empire, Longchamps ; but this year it will not be the decided spring fashions, which, if Easter were a fortnight or three weeks later, would appear for the first time at Longchamps ; it will rather be the elegant half season costume, which, appearing with the opening of spring, is laid aside with the first warm days of summer. We must, however, except some of the millinery, for we know that some very elegant summer *chapeaux* and *capotes* have been ordered for Longchamps ; for it is principally in millinery that early novelties may be expected. Let us see then, among the toilettes that have been submitted to our inspection, what is the most interesting for our fair readers.

We may cite among the *mantelets*, some of rose, or grey silk of that extremely rich kind that is called *à gros grains* ; they are lined with white satin, and are of a very novel form, rounded and descending very low behind, but cut up in such a manner as to leave the shape disengaged, with scarf ends descending a little below the knee, and also rounded at the bottom. Some are made with a pelerine lappel which descends to the waist, narrowing to a point as it reaches the *ceinture* ; these, we should observe, are very open on the bosom : others are made quite high, and close, with a small round pelerine. A good many are trimmed with swansdown ; others, and these last are certainly very beautiful, are embroidered round the border either in wreaths of flowers or in fancy patterns : one of the prettiest of these latter consists of ears of ripe corn interlaced. A good many *redingotes*, with *mantelets* to correspond, are made of *reps Agare* ; the *corsage* quite high and tight to the shape, is trimmed round the back with lace, which descends in the stomacher style on each side of the front to the waist. The skirt is decorated on each side by a deep fold in the form of a broken cone, which is edged with lace. The *mantelet* of the scarf form, is made with a shawl lappel which descends nearly to the bottom, and is consequently very open on the bosom : it is trimmed with lace. The general effect of these dresses is very elegant : the profusion of lace both on the dress and the *mantelet* has a very striking appearance.

Let us see now what we can find that is most novel in millinery ; and first, for what may be properly termed of the half-season kind. We may cite as the most elegant bonnets, those

of white *velours épingle*, trimmed with *folletes-marabous*, or white ostrich feathers. Other bonnets of the same material were either lilac, sky-blue, or straw colour, trimmed with cords and tassels intermixed with *nœuds* of the material of the bonnet. The most novel of the hats are those of white satin, the brim *demi evase*, edged round with a *biais*. The crown, placed very backward and low, is ornamented with shaded marabous.

Hats both of rice and Italian straw will be brought forward at Longchamps, but we are as yet by no means certain 'as to the shapes; there is no doubt that many of the Italian straw hats will be worn as they were last summer, that is to say, of the *demi Pamela* shape, large brims folded up in plaits behind. We must observe that only the very finest kind of these hats will be considered fashionable; and from their extravagant price, ladies will not be in a hurry to have them cut till the summer fashions are fairly set in. It is different with rice straw—beautiful and fragile; though expensive, it is not of that very high price, and consequently some shapes have appeared in it; they are principally hats with moderate-sized brims, not so long as those now worn, and more open at the sides: the crowns are also placed more perpendicularly. Italian straw hats will this year appear as they have done, by-the-bye, for several preceding ones, adorned with white feathers and white satin or rich white-figured *pou de soie* ribbons. Sometimes the feathers are arranged *en bouquet*; there are three of different lengths, but the largest is only of moderate length. Other hats have a single feather which winds spirally round the crown; and others again are decorated with two long feathers, which are placed in different directions.

Evening dress has not varied since our last Number, nor is it expected to do so during the month. Balls and parties are now more general than we ever remember them at this time of the year, and the dresses for them will retain their magnificence till the season is farther advanced. Fashionable colours will be Emerald green, apple green, lavender bloom, several shades of rose, cherry colour, blue, and poussière.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATES.

Opera Dress.

FRENCH grey satin robe. The *corsage* half high, the top ornamented with *nervures*, placed horizontally, and trimmed with a row of lace standing up round the bust. The waist is excessively long, and the point in front very deep. The upper

part of the sleeve is tight, but ornamented in a very novel manner with rouleaus disposed in drapery. The lower part is full, but terminated by a tight and rather deep cuff. Green *velours épingle* hat, an aureole brim; the interior is trimmed over the forehead with a plain bandeau of pointed *tulle*, and *gerbes* of flowers at the sides. Pink ribbons lightly striped with black, and white ostrich feathers adorn the crown.

Evening Dress.

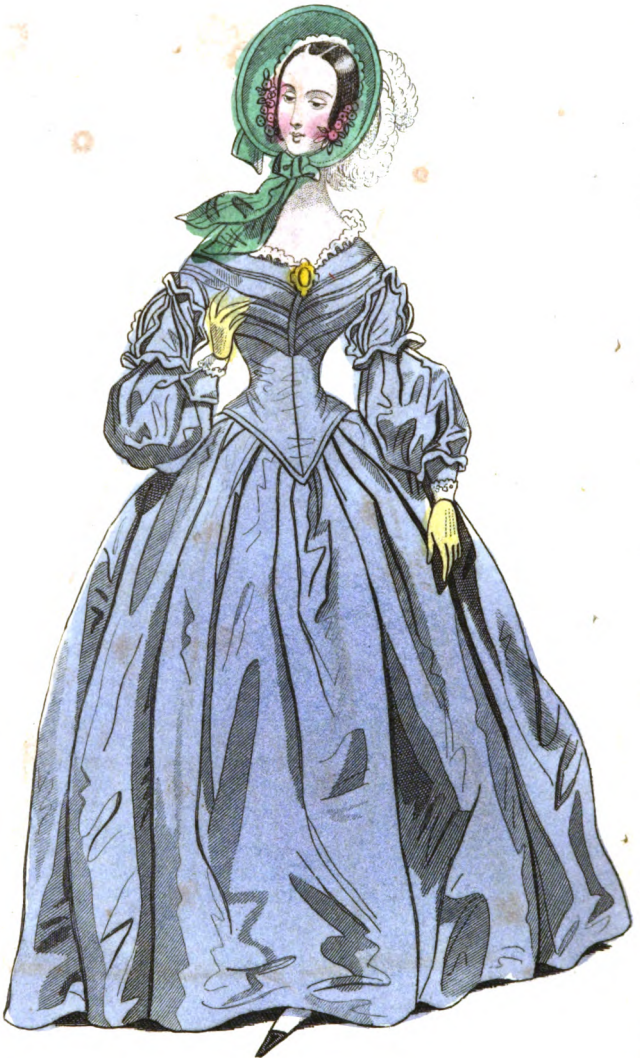
CRAPÉ robe, a brilliant shade of green over satin to correspond; the border is trimmed with three *bouillons*. *Corsage en gerbe*, and short triple *bouillon* sleeve. *Coiffure historique* composed of black velvet, and ornamented with white ostrich feathers placed to droop on one side, and a *gerbe* of green velvet foliage intermingled with pearl sprigs on the other.

Ball Dress.

Tulle robe over a white satin slip; the front of the skirt is looped at unequal distances on each side by a full-blown rose with its foliage. The *corsage* composed of three pieces is moderately pointed at the bottom, and draped in full loose folds round the top. Short full sleeves, terminated by a deep blond lace ruffle looped in front of the arm by a rose. The hair is arranged *à la Bertha*, and decorated with a gold circlet and *gerbes* of roses.

Dinner Dress.

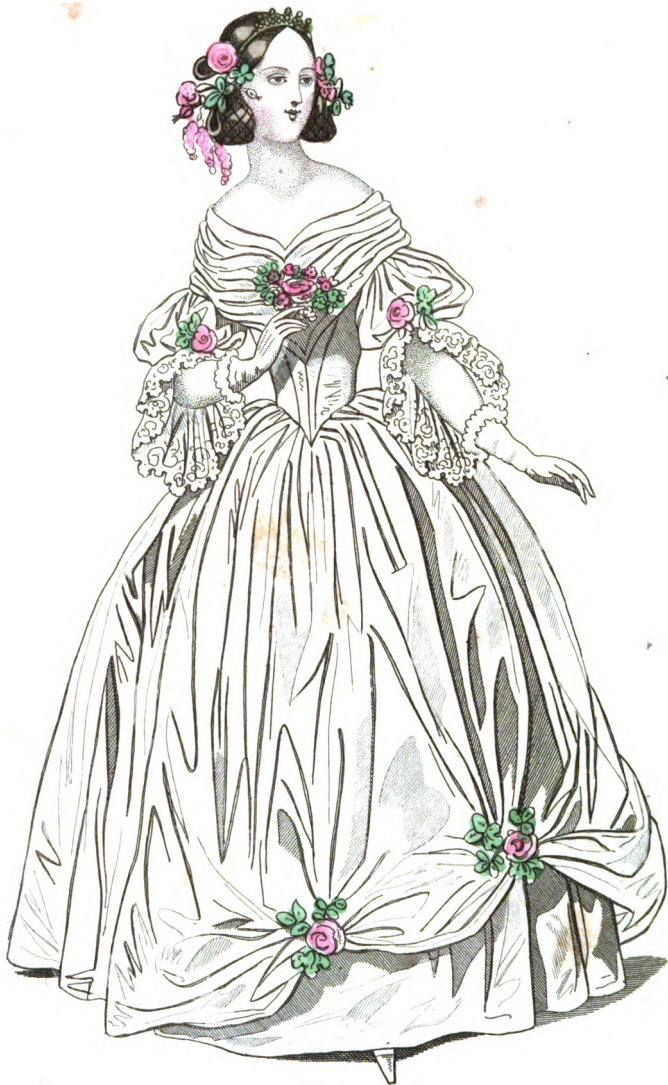
THE robe is *satin sarai*. *Corsage à la Montespan*; it is cut moderately low, trimmed with a flat pelerine of antique point lace, and the bottom of the waist is encircled somewhat in the jacket style with antique point; a row of butterfly knots of ribbon to correspond, completes the trimming. Short sleeve, fitting close at the top, the remainder covered with *ruches*, and terminated by a lace ruffle. A superb flounce headed by a reversed *ruche* ornaments the skirt. The head-dress is composed of white gauze spotted with gold; it is a scarf twisted into a rouleau resembling a turban front, which is placed on the front hair, leaving the hind uncovered; the ends bordered with gold fringe fall upon the neck on each side; a rose placed near each cheek in the ringlets completes the *coiffure*.



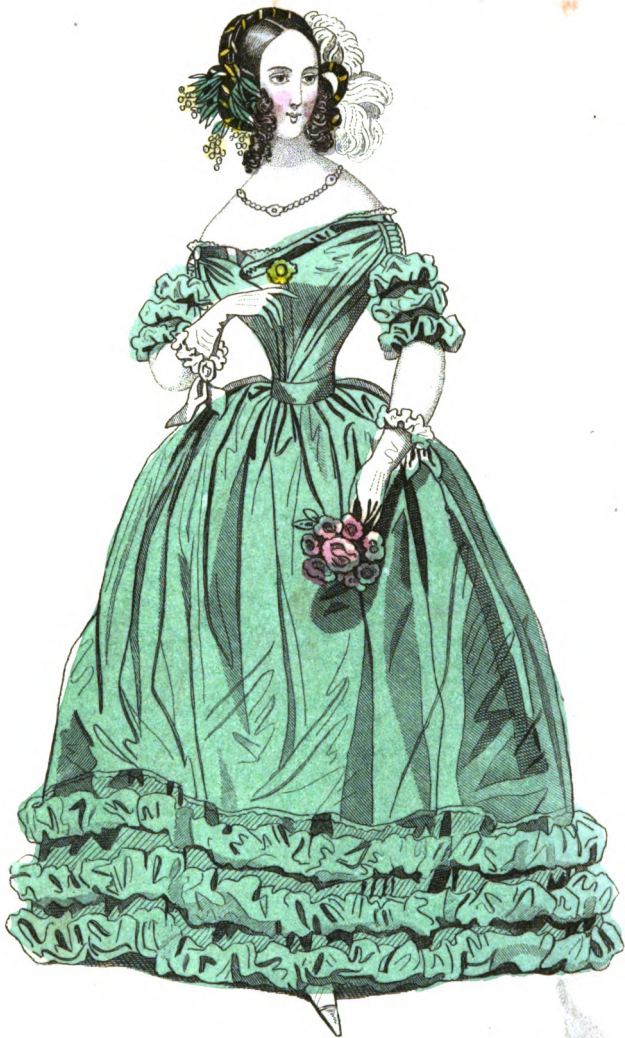
OPERA DRESS
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DINNER DRESS



BALL DRESS
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EVENING DRESS

THE
LADIES' CABINET

OF

FASHION, MUSIC, AND ROMANCE.



MASSANIELLO.*

CHAPTER I.

OPPRESSION.

"BE not alarmed, fair matron—most divine! Was a Di Doria ever ungenerous?"

"Unhand me, proud noble! You know not what you do; I am the wife of Massaniello."

"Massaniello?—a fisherman, I suppose. And what is your fisherman, Massaniello, to the mightiest noble in all Naples? By our Lady, madam, you were fit to grace the halls of the mightiest! Am I not right, Morelli? Speak, knave!"

"Di Doria, if such you be, again I say, unhand me! I can rouse friends by my own cottage."

"Humph, and what then? The times are too unquiet, methinks, for rank to wander thus far unattended. You see my retinue?"

"And mark it well. I beseech you release me!"

"It promises well, when threats turn thus quickly into prayers. Nay, fair lady—wedded you may be—it's all one to me. What say you, Morelli, is't fair to plunder thus in open day?"

But ere the inebriated noble could obtain reply to his appeal, the matron whom he detained by the wrist, made one violent effort, and succeeded in releasing herself from his grasp. As she turned to take advantage of her escape in flight, he whose wife she had acknowledged herself, stood before her, gazing with all the indignation of an injured man, at the wretch who thus invaded his fireside rights. She sprang to his side with an exclamation of joy, as at deliverance from a mighty danger, and as if his single arm were to protect her against the armed

* Many play-goers will recognise in this story the incidents of the fine opera which bears its name. It will be new, however, to a large portion of our readers.

MAY, 1839.

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retinue of the noble. Massaniello comprehended the whole scene at a glance, and the look he bestowed upon Di Doria might have awed any but the senseless inebriate. But this head of one of the most powerful houses in Naples was not inclined to yield his prey thus readily, and he hardly seemed aware of the presence of the fisherman, as he again advanced to the trembling wife. Massaniello placed himself before her, and calmly folded his arms, as he confronted the staggering noble. Quick as thought, the drunkard struck his opponent across the face, but ere the blow was half spent, their eyes met, and, as if awe-stricken, he sallied back between his advancing men, ere the fisherman could raise his hand to parry the assault, or return the blow. He was wholly unarmed, but the flash of his proud eye might well strike terror into the mercenary attendants of the noble. Resistance in him would have been futile and dangerous; but there gathered on his countenance an expression of settled revenge, as, through his clenched teeth, he muttered, in tones of deadly resolution:

“Di Doria, proud as you are, that blow shall be avenged, or I forfeit the last drop of blood that runs in my veins!”

Nobles were not wont at this time to brook defeat in their mad schemes, trivial or important; but now, Di Doria, besotted as he was, could not but notice the threatening looks of the crowd which was every instant increasing about him, and he was constrained to forego the purposes which had been gathering in his heated brain. Slowly, with his train, he moved along toward the adjacent city, while the indignant fisherman, gazing a moment in silence, turned, and with his wife, entered his humble cottage.

CHAPTER II.

THE CONSPIRATORS.

“GIOVANNI!”

“Massaniello!”

“Are our friends convened?”

“Ay, and as raging as the crater of yon Vesuvius. They wait but the word, and every sword starts to revenge their wrongs upon the oppressors.”

“’Tis well. They shall not much longer wait for opportunity to display their love for Naples. Know they of this new increase in the taxes?”

“In good truth, has it been proclaimed four hours, and not all Naples know it?”

“And how is it received?”

“ As becomes freemen. The very mountains echo their indignant mutterings. All the city groans under the new oppression, and is ready to burst into a flame, were but the match applied.”

“ Just the time has arrived then, Giovanni, for our enterprise; and to-morrow, Neapolitans shall wade through blood to their freedom.”

“ The blood of the oppressors be on their own head !”

“ Our friends are here! Welcome, brethren—welcome, Manfrone, Guisepe, Pietro, Joachim, welcome! Say, has freedom dawned on Naples, or do I mistake the signs?”

“ Heaven grant it deliverance from its blood-thirsty tyrants !” replied they all.

“ And are you, from your souls, resolved on that deliverance?”

“ We wait but for the signal from our leader.”

“ And was he ever found wanting in his duty? Was Massaniello ever backward in the execution of any plan to advance the freedom of his native land? Manfrone, I have personal wrongs to avenge as well as you. My friends, to-day, the hell-kite, Di Doria, invaded my very cottage door, and grossly insulted the wife of my bosom. God knows what he might have done, had I not arrived in time; you know his temper. But, 'fore God! he struck me; ay, even on this cheek, that now burns as fire with the insult. By heaven! ere another week has passed, he shall repent that blow, or my heart's blood shall stain the streets of Naples. My friends, to-morrow's sun sets on Naples disenthralled!”

“ Amen! and God be with us.”

“ Repair you at market time, to-morrow morning, to the western entrance of the city, with every friend that can be raised. Giovanni has all the directions for your conduct, but this: when I call for help, be ready, and make no hesitation with your assistance. Be prompt, and we will surprise the sluggish despots with an energetic overthrow of their power. Let there be no faltering, and triumph shall be ours.”

“ Welcome the combat!—down with the oppressors!”

“ Adieu, my friends! When next we meet, it shall be to show the world what degraded Naples can do, if she will but try. Adieu, Giovanni, Pietro—all.”

The conspirators departed, with looks of determination mingling with those of ardent hopes. Thus plotted a dozen daring souls the overthrow of one of the best established governments in the south of Europe! Their success shall be made apparent.

CHAPTER III.

POPULAR MURMURS.

It was a bright morning in 1647. The sun shone in unclouded splendour upon Naples. The hum of busy life filled the active city. All Naples seemed abroad, and the streets were early thronged with crowds hurrying to and fro on errands of profit or pleasure—or perchance on others more unusual and important. Nobles swept along, with their armed retinues clad in their gayest liveries, and overawing the lowly by their appearance of splendour and power. Yet all was not usually quiet within that city. The working classes of all descriptions were also abroad, and, congregating together, choked many of the most frequented avenues. Shops were closed, and the owners mingled with the murmuring crowds which swept to and fro through the streets and squares, like the surging of mighty billows.

Among the extensive masses of human beings might be seen hurrying about a class of persons, distinguished by small badges, their numbers every moment increasing, and nodding recognition as they approached each other, in edging through the dense assemblage. Silently, yet swiftly, they pursued their busy occupation, distributing their ensigns, and whispering charges to the new recipients. The disquietude seemed to increase with the swift lapse of time, and audible murmurs rose upon the air. The nobles were eyed with increased distrust, their paths obstructed by the congregated thousands, and not unfrequently they were exposed to the taunts and revilings of the mob, accompanied with half-suppressed threats of vengeance upon the well-known oppressors of the people. Particularly zealous seemed the wearers of the badge, as if it were promoting their own ends, in fomenting this discord between the mob and the nobility. Those of the latter class, most active in suppressing the rights of the people, were greeted as they passed with the most opprobrious epithets, and but for the strength of their well-appointed followers, might have been exposed to still more humiliating treatment. They noted well the indications of popular ferment; and as the huge mass of people grew larger, they gradually and silently disappeared from the streets.

The sun advanced to its meridian, and the popular excitement was far from being allayed. A proclamation from the viceroy seemed to serve only as a new incentive, and but added numbers to the vast assemblages of enraged citizens. In the western quarter of the city, the crowds congregated more

densely, and it might have been observed that a greater portion bore the trifling badge which had been so sedulously distributed through the multitude. Occasional shouts escaped from different parts, and placards were thrown about at random, bearing talismanic devices; peculiarly dear to Neapolitans. No violence had as yet been attempted or proposed; but it needed not a second glance along the streets, to assure one that there had arisen a popular tumult, which was not to be easily quelled. The viceroy seemed aware of the danger, and after the preparatory proclamation had failed in its purpose, considerable bodies of armed troops made their way to different points of defence along the streets, and collected in the public squares. They encountered threatening looks, but as yet no blood was shed, for the multitude was not prepared. A single spark soon ignited the train, and wrapped the whole city in the flames of a revolution.

CHAPTER IV.

THE REVOLUTION.

FIRST among the neighbouring peasantry, who advanced along the principal street on the western side of the city, was Massaniello, his basket well stored with the earliest fruits of the season, and passing in the direction of the collector's office, as if unaware of the popular feeling that was raging in Naples. Despite the indications of tumult, the collectors, emboldened by a portion of the military, proceeded to collect the duty which had been established upon fruit. Massaniello offered the customary duty, and was about to depart, when the collector restrained him.

"How now, peasant, here is but half the duty."

"But half?" inquired the fruit-dealer, in well-feigned surprise.

"Truly but half, my man. Heard you not the proclamation of the viceroy, doubling all the taxes and duties in the city? Advance the rest."

"'Tis foul oppression," replied Massaniello, "and not a whit more of tax shall the Viceroy of Naples ever collect of me."

As he attempted to proceed, the collectors confronted him, one seizing the daring fruit-seller by the shoulder, while another made sure of his basket of fruit. Massaniello was resolute and powerful, and a single well-aimed blow levelled his main assailant with the earth. He dashed aside others who had interfered, and sprang beyond their reach.

“ Citizens of Naples !” cried he to the dense crowd, which had drawn nearer and nearer, during the preceding occurrence : “ Citizens of Naples ! I claim your protection ! Rescue your dearly prized rights from the grasp of a despot !”

His boldness and love of freedom had rendered him beloved, and a thousand hands were raised in his aid. The military advanced to the aid of the collectors, and a violent affray ensued, ere one half of the combatants knew the cause. The troops were driven from the ground, and a loud shout proclaimed the victory of the people. Wild tumult might have succeeded to this auspicious commencement of their struggle for liberty, had not Massaniello mounted a stand, and demanded a hearing. He had not calculated amiss upon his popularity and power, and the raging was hushed, as his commanding form became visible to the dense assemblage. His eloquence had been before tested, and he failed not now in his endeavours to sway the feelings of his vast audience. He alluded to their recent triumph, and painted in the most vivid colours a lively imagination could command, the unparalleled oppression at which their government had aimed and arrived. He spoke of Naples in her palmy days of prosperity, and contrasted them strongly with her present degradation. He aroused their latent pride, and made their countenances wear the expression of deep and heart-felt indignation. He exhorted them to persevere in their attempts to achieve their liberties, and to leave no stone unturned which might obstruct the path to such a consummation. He unrolled the banner of Naples, in her prouder times, and conjured them by the memory of their sires, not to leave unimproved so glorious an opportunity for the establishment of their rightful freedom.

Loud shouts gave applause to the sentiments of patriotism which he uttered, and as he closed, waving aloft the sacred banner which he held, one long continued peal bespoke the deep determination of thousands of manly hearts. His faithful friends had not been idle while he addressed the throng. Arms were freely distributed to such as had them not, and every one conspicuously displayed the animating badge of Neapolitan freedom. Loud call was made for a leader to head them in the coming contest, and the name of Massaniello proceeded from every open mouth. Hesitation were a crime, and he promptly assumed the command which had been the spontaneous gift of the people. The crowd had now become vast, beyond expectation, extending on either hand through the broad street as far as the eye could reach ; and from the utmost bounds came the universal murmur of approbation.

Meantime, the Viceroy of Naples had not been inactive in so momentous a crisis. The situation of the insurgents protected them from the guns of the castle, and they had proceeded thus far without interruption from the acting authorities of the city. The soldiery were now concentrated and prepared for effective operations against the disturbers of the peace. But what force could withstand the impetuous onset of those thousands, moving with a remarkable degree of unanimity and discipline, and led with the most consummate ability? Battle after battle, until the streets ran deep with blood, resulted in favour of the insurgents: castles and strong holds, in quick succession, yielded before the assaults of the victorious multitudes. The revolutionists at every hour increased, and their cause brightened at every onward step. The oppressors had spurned reconciliation and compromise, until it was too late to check the progress of the insurrection. In a space of time incredibly short, every vestige of regal authority had been banished from the city.

That night and another, Naples was abandoned to the fury of the uncontrollable mob. The nobles, who in those times of feudal grandeur had usurped almost every particle of authority, became the objects of its dire vengeance. Palaces smoked in ruins, their contents untouched by the hand of plunder; and many a proud head, that but a few hours before had tossed in contempt of the ignoble vulgar, was now laid low in death. Slowly, yet surely, came the heavy tramp of the mob, and nothing could resist its infuriated charge. Everything obnoxious fled or fell beneath its power, and a second day's sun burst upon the city, a scene of devastation and ruin. Massaniello and his compeers had striven to restore some degree of order, and reduce the effective efforts at vengeance upon the fallen oppressors to something like systematic arrangement. As the thirst for blood had in some degree become quenched, and objects upon which to wreak its fury were grown scarce, the mob complied, and something like a provisional government was established. The leader of the victorious mob received the supreme command, with the title of governor, and with a faithful council maintained his command over the city. The work of extermination was not yet finished, and he proceeded with a most terrible celerity, equalled alone by the certainty, to abolish whatever vestiges of despotism remained in the environs.

CHAPTER V.

RETRIBUTION.

MASSANIELLO sat in the chair of state in Naples, to pass sentence upon the prisoners that were brought before him. His council was about him, and the advice of his members was his implicit rule of action. Prisoner after prisoner received his sentence, and blood flowed freely in front of the council house, from execution of the stern mandates of the rulers of Naples. The long list was nearly disposed of, and the last prisoner placed at the bar to learn his fate. The open brow of the governor was clouded, as he observed the man, and his countenance assumed an unwonted severity of expression. His voice betokened emotion, as he addressed the prisoner.

"Baron Di Doria," said he, "the government has no need of farther proof of the guilt which they deem deserving of summary punishment. The axe awaits another victim. Are you prepared to meet it?"

"I am," replied the baron, calmly.

"And have you nought to say, why such should not be your fate?"

"I know not," returned Di Doria, "why this question has been extended to me, in preference to others who have gone before me from this bloody tribunal, unless it be to taunt one whom you feel to be the chiefest victim of this unnatural rebellion."

"Have you aught else to speak?" inquired the governor.

"Ay, proud plebeian, I have a word to say, ere I pass to the scaffold. With my dying breath I warn you to forsake your bloody path, ere tenfold retribution fall on your guilty head."

"The Council of Naples," said Massaniello, "has little occasion or desire to listen to the frantic forebodings of one of its prisoners."

"Perhaps then," added the noble, with an air of bitterness, "it may better suit them to learn that an imperial fleet will this day be in the Bay of Naples, ready to open its artillery upon this devoted city."

"Perhaps," returned the governor, "it may afford some consolation in your dying moments, to know that the imperial fleet has already cast anchor in the Bay of Naples."

"Plebeian," said Di Doria, disappointed at the result of his announcement, "though you may now have power over one who never injured you——"

“ Never injured me !” cried Massaniello, starting to his feet — “ never injured me ! Your oppressions of plebeians may have been so numerous as to make you forget them all : but think you I have forgotten that you invaded my domestic rights ? Think you I ever *can* forget the blow you gave me ? Cruel noble !—my cheek burns now with a stain which nothing but your life’s blood can wash out. You once heard my oath of vengeance, but did not heed it from the despised fisherman. I pledged my life upon it, ere I undertook the task of revolutionizing Naples, and it has not been the least among my aims. I have it now, Di Doria—I have it now, here, within my reach, and, craving as it is, it shall be satiated to the fill. You die, monster !—and may your last thought be, that your death-warrant came from the hand of the spurned fisherman !”

Massaniello waved his hand, and sank down, overpowered by the violence of his own conflicting emotions. Di Doria passed to his death, while his unrelenting judge lay insensible to the scenes that were passing around him.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ABDICATION.

A WEEK passed, and the revolutionary government of Naples still maintained its authority, despite the increasing dangers which surrounded it. The imperial fleet which the emperor had despatched to quell the insurrection, found its force unequal to the task. Treaty had been resorted to, but with no better success in restoring the royal authority. Intestine foes there were none ; and the energetic measures of the governor, promptly seconded by the enthusiasm of the citizens, were ample security against any external force which might soon be expected. But at length, satiety begat its usual palling effect, and with the prospect of a long and bloody struggle for the establishment of their freedom before them, the people began to think of capitulation and compromise. The deposed viceroy was no ways unwilling to embrace the opportunity for return to his authority, and readily granted the demands of the provisional government. A general pardon was stipulated ; the duties on fruit, with other odious and oppressive taxes, were abolished, and the ancient liberties of the citizens fully restored.

The huge bell which was wont to summon the citizens of Naples to assemble in the public square, sent its hoarse notes through the city. The people promptly responded to the call, and a vast congregation was assembled to listen to a communication from the newly-elected governor of the city. Attentive

silence reigned through the wide field, closely filled with citizens, as Massaniello ascended the platform and addressed them. Article by article he rehearsed the guarantee of their rights, and besought them to renew their vows of allegiance to a government which bound itself so strongly to protect them in peaceful possession of their ancient liberties.

“Citizens of Naples!” he concluded, “nine days since you honoured me with the supreme command, in the energetic attempts then to be made for effecting an entire revolution in the form of government. This revolution has been accomplished, and the grievances, of which you then uttered so loud complaint, have been removed. Your multiplied wrongs have been manfully avenged, and your proud oppressors sleep a sleep from which they may never awake. Your taxes are no longer burdensome, and the ancient freedom for which you have so nobly fought is amply secured to you. Citizens of Naples! the end for which I was elected has been attained, and I now resign the trust as cheerfully as I received it. I shall set you an example of obedience to the laws, and beseech you to return to your allegiance, as you value the peace and well being of the city.”

Shouts of applause, and of ratification of the treaty, followed his descent. Slowly and quietly the vast concourse was dissolved, and each returned to his proper calling, confiding in the promises of their common idol, that the freedom of their native city was permanently secured. Resigning a power supreme, and which he might easily have rendered lasting, Massaniello, contented with having restored her rights to his country, peaceably returned to his humble occupation, and the stern and active governor and judge resumed his humble habiliments, with his quiet employment as fisherman and dealer in fruits.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CONCLUSION.

A PLEA of urgent business, intimately connected with the welfare of the city, accompanied a pressing invitation from the reinstated viceroy to Massaniello, to wait upon him at his palace. Ever ready to devote himself to the interests of the land of his nativity, and unsuspecting of danger, he obeyed the call. Cordial was his reception, and pressing the offers of refreshment. Wine was proffered, and Massaniello's fondness led him to drink deep of the refreshing beverage. In an instant his brain seemed on fire—his eyes as if they would start from their sockets—his tongue dried to the roof of his mouth—a

raging fire appeared preying upon his very vitals. A delirium overpowered his senses, and his brain whirled in dizziness. The fury of a demon glared in his eyes, and the maddening froth flowed through his clenched teeth. The guilty viceroy called aloud for his guards to secure the maniac; but too late: the reckless sword of the infuriated fisherman found its way to his vitals, and he fell, the first victim of his own infernal machinations.

Massaniello rushed blindly into the street, his sword drawn, and raging in perfect madness. Manfrone, his bosom friend, fell by that sword, and Giovanni fled from him as from a fiend. Others of his friends, unconscious of danger, as they chanced to fall in his way, were slain with the same ruthless weapon, until the cry went before him, and the streets were deserted as he hurried on his blind course. The cry of danger was loudly raised, and he who had but now led the mob through a successful revolution, fled before the exasperated crowds that followed against him; he who had been the idol of an ardent people, was shouted at as a new oppressor, and in danger of falling before their wrath. The doors of a Carmelite convent stood open by his path, and the maniac sought shelter within its sanctuary; but even this was denied him. He fell dead before the self-defending efforts of his own friends; and the body of him who but a short day before had been called by the unanimous voice of a whole people to preside over their councils, in the most critical period of their political existence, was now, by that same people, torn in pieces, and cast upon a dung-hill!

The citizens of Naples returned to their former bondage. The new viceroy was bound by no vows of his predecessor, and scourged with renewed severity the insurgent citizens. Com-motions there were, but no capable leader could be found to encourage and direct the popular energies. The name of Mas-saniello—oh! the mutability of popular feeling!—was invoked as that of a saint; but his presence alone could have restored to Naples her lost freedom.

LIFE.

We toil for renown, yet we sigh for repose,
 We are happy in prospect, yet restless to-day,
 And we look back on life from it's dawn to it's close,
 To feel that we squandered its treasures away.
 Though bound by obstructions of clay to our sphere,
 Our hearts may aspire to a better to rise,
 But evil the weight is that fixes them here,
 For frail are our pinions and far are the skies.

THE STORM.

We love—but the object has withered and died,
 We are left as a wreck on a desolate shore,
 To remember with grief as we gaze on the tide,
 That the cherished, the lost and beloved, are no more.
 The lost—the lamented ! Ye cannot return
 To learn how our souls were with yours interwove;
 To see the vain flowers that we strew on the urn,
 Or behold from our sorrow how deep was our love.

 THE STORM.

Our ship had traversed many a league
 Of the unfathomed sea,
 And on her homeward way had swept
 With steady flight and free ;
 But now a hush was brooding
 O'er the waters and the land,
 And sluggishly she lay becalmed,
 Close off our native strand.
 She swung upon the smooth paved sea,
 With canvas all unfurled ;
 While not a fluttering breath of air,
 Her twining pennant curled.
 Her snow-white sails flapped wearily
 Against the creaking mast,
 And stretched their folds in vain to catch
 The whispering of the blast.
 Three days and nights a hopeless calm,
 Thus spread about our way,
 And silent as a slumbering child,
 The glassy billows lay.
 Another morn—the wind rose up
 From its foreboding sleep,
 And hurled in wrath the giant waves,
 Along the foaming deep.
 The black and massy clouds bent down,
 And darkened all the air,
 Save where the severed edges caught
 The lightning's blazing glare :
 In vain we strove with eager haste,
 To reef the swelling sail ;
 Our mainmast trembled like a reed,
 Before the sudden gale.
 The ship drove on as if the storm
 Itself had grasped the helm ;
 The surging waves bent o'er the deck,
 They strove to overwhelm ;
 And on like chaff before the wind,
 Our gallant vessel bore—
 Until our straining eyes beheld
 The dark cliffs of the shore.
 She struck—and we—we perished not
 Upon the desert sand ;
 For there were manly hearts to aid,
 Beside that wave-beat strand.
 But ere the cloud pavilioned sun
 Had sunk beneath the wave,
 Our bark, with all her bravery on,
 Had found an ocean grave.

JEAN SVOGAR.
(Concluded from page 156).

ANTONIA no longer visited the Forno, but confined herself almost entirely to the house, and at times when her nervousness permitted, she walked forth alone to breathe the fresh evening breeze at the port. Here, seated at the point where the terrace terminated by a slightly elevated breastwork, she loved to gaze upon the foaming billows chasing each other towards the shore, while the sea birds, now mounted high into the air, now plunged downwards to the waters, skimming them with their wings and alighting upon their surface. One evening as she was thus occupied, with her thoughts wandering in a void as boundless as the element before her, she felt a sudden sensation of alarm as the scene of the Forno rushed across her mind. Such is the empire of the imagination, that in a moment her senses were wrapped in the most complete illusion; she fancied she was actually gazing at the men and hearkening to the conversation that had broken her slumber upon that occasion. How was she to account for the incomprehensible appearance of the man who had arrogated to himself an absolute power over her life? Presently, she thought she heard voices near her; she rose hastily, but her alarm obliged her to be again seated. The voices approached, and she fancied she could distinguish the tones of the Ragusan who had proposed to carry her off from the forest: nay, the very words were the same; she bent forward to catch the sounds,—it was no illusion; the words struck forcibly upon her ear.

“I would rather die,” replied a voice in a louder key, and much nearer to her. She felt she was only separated from the speaker by the narrow angle which the wall projected on the walk. As she moved away with precipitation, she observed two men push off in a little skiff, and row from the shore. One of them wore in his hat, as well as the uncertain light would allow her to distinguish, what appeared to her to be a white plume. Antonia glided onwards, towards the city, and was passing the sentinel who was quietly leaning on his musket.

“God bless you, Signora,” said he, “it is late for a delicate creature like you to be abroad.”

“I thought I was alone on the mole,” replied Antonia.

“And so you were alone, Signora,” said the soldier; “nor has anybody else been there for this last hour, unless it were the devil or Jean Svogar.”

MAY, 1839.

D D

"God keep us from Jean Svogar," rejoined Antonia.

"God grant your prayer, Signora," said the sentry, devoutly crossing himself."

At the same instant the report of a second gun came booming from the Duino.

Antonia related this fresh adventure, but it was received with as little credit as the first, and she soon perceived that the compassionate attention yielded to her recital had nothing whatsoever to do with the conviction of its truth. She persevered with a quiet dignity, which struck Madam Alberti, but did not persuade her. Left alone, Antonia covered her eyes with her hands, and reflected on her situation with deep bitterness. She found her own opinion of her defective organization confirmed by that of every body about her; and her timidity and distrust of herself, were still further increased by this discovery.

At this epoch, some important affairs which her father had left unsettled at Venice, summoned Madam Alberti to that city. She regarded this as the most lucky circumstance that could occur in the then state of Antonia's health, and solaced herself with the hope that the painful impressions which had warped her sister's judgement, and which seemed to depend on the association of ideas connected with places and things around her, would yield to a total change of scene and manner of life. Antonia received the announcement of the intended journey to Venice with the greatest joy. Trieste had become for her a fairy palace, where she was watched by invisible eyes. Her life and liberty seemed at the disposal of some mysterious being who had more than once hesitated about carrying her away to an unknown world; the bare thought of which made her shudder. Her countenance was radiant with the joy she experienced at her deliverance as the carriage joined the numerous caravan of travellers on the sandy platform of Oposchina. The suite of the sisters consisted of an almoner, a clerk, a confidential servant, and two female attendants. The morning had been consumed in waiting for the cessation of the *Bora*, a wind that generally precedes those hurricanes which the traveller dare not brave without peril on the elevated coast of Istria; but the numbers of the caravan being sufficient to secure it from the attack of the brigands, the lateness of the hour of starting did not create much apprehension. The carriages followed each other slowly down the rugged slope of the opposite side of the mountains of Trieste, through vast wastes sown with rocks, which lifting their sharp dark crests form a bed of short arid moss. Beneath the steep, they discovered the little fishing ham-

let of Sistrina, with the roofs of its houses covered with large stones to keep them from being swept away by the bora.

While the horses were allowed a momentary pause from their severe toil, the aged host of the principal inn of Sistrina advanced to the door of Madam Alberti's carriage, and begged in the name of christian charity, that she would allow a poor wayworn traveller to ride in her carriage as far as Montofaleone. He was, he said, a young monk of the Armenian convent of the Laguna at Venice, on his return from a mission, and his gentleness and frankness had interested him in his behalf.

The petition was one of those which Madam Alberti seldom refused: the carriage door was thrown open, and the Armenian monk was assisted to his place, muttering some unintelligible thanks. Perceiving himself in the presence of ladies, his modesty induced him to draw the enormous leaf of his round leather hat over his face, and in doing so it was remarked that his hand was as white and small as that of a lady.

Night had set in, as the caravan pursued its way over the sandy plain which forms the interval between Sistrina and Duino. Antonia gazed from the window on the various objects which, combined with the swaying to and fro of the carriage, gave the idea of sailing on the water instead of moving on land. As her eyes wandered over the expanse of sand,—white and sparkling in the starlight,—she more than once fancied she beheld figures glide along in the undefined space before her. Perhaps it was a similar idea, or the effort to keep himself awake, which induced the postillion to commence thundering forth a Dalmatian romance, in a style peculiar to his country, and which seems more like ventriloquism than singing to the ear of a stranger. Like most weak beings, Antonia delighted in those mysterious effects which link the material with the spiritual world; and the Morlak's song, celebrating the various exploits of the geini and sea sprites, which play so conspicuous a part in the superstitions of the Dalmatians, combined with the appearances which she had just noticed, caused her to lapse into dreamy reverie. She was roused by the sudden stopping of the carriage, and the as sudden breaking off of the postillion's chant.

"What is the matter?" said Madam Alberti leaning from the window.

"The hindmost carriages are stopped by the brigands," replied the postillion.

"Stopped!" cried the travellers.

"Brigands!" screamed Antonia, falling back in affright.

"Yes, stopped! assassinated! lost!" continued the postillion; "it is a band of Jean Svogar; and yonder is that accursed castle of the Duino, where we shall all be presently."

"By Saint Nicholas of Ragusa," exclaimed the young monk, suddenly breaking the silence he had hitherto observed, "that shall not be—sooner shall the devil fly away with them and their castle."

As he uttered the words, he sprang from the carriage and rushed towards the brigands. Presently, the wild cry which had terrified Antonia and her sister at the Fornedo, thrilled upon the ear, and was repeated by numberless harsh voices. Again all was silence: a hoarse sound, growing fainter and fainter as it receded, was then wafted to the inmates of the carriage, as they sat in an agony of suspense; the postillion then plied his whip, the horses sprang forward as if impatient at the delay, and the carriage once more took its place in the line.

"And the Armenian," cried Antonia, leaning from the window, "this brave young man who has sacrificed himself for us? O God! we have abandoned him to the assassins, it is horrible."

"It is horrible," repeated Madam Alberti.

"You may make yourselves easy my good ladies," replied the postillion. "That monk cannot be hurt by the assassins. I watched him fling himself among them, and put them all to flight with a terrible look. Didn't you remark how the horses bounded forward? Well, it was a word from him that made them do so. 'On,' said he to me in a voice that would have frozen the blood in my veins, if it were spoken in anger, and not as if it was addressed to a sailor."

"A sailor," said Madam Alberti; "then you know this Armenian."

"Know him!" replied the postillion. "Why didn't you hear his name, didn't he say it was St. Nicholas of Ragusa. He is the saint that tries and recompenses travellers. And who else but a Saint disperses with a word, a gesture, and a look, an army of brigands with their knives in their hands and their prey in their power? Answer me that if you please."

This explanation was not quite so satisfactory to the travellers as to their driver. Madam Alberti busied herself in inventing and examining others. To Antonia it appeared a dream, which continued to occupy her faculties throughout the enchanting country which now opened before her. On the

following day, they beheld the smiling Gorizia, rich in flowers and fruits, hailed from afar by the delighted traveller, issuing from the barren sands of Istria. Another day brought them to the delicious canals of the Bronta, bordered by rich palaces and the modest village of Macstrum, which serves as a point of communication between a part of Europe and the magnificent Venice whose very existence is a phenomenon. The day was beginning to dawn when their vessel glided from the Bronta to the sea. Very soon they could descry the dark outline of Venice above the horizon, with its domes and edifices, and its forest of masts; frequently this outline enlarged and expanded to the view, and the queen of the Adriatic was before them rising from the sea with her tiara of proud towers. After many windings through buildings of every size and shape, the vessel at length reached the stairs of the palazzo Monteleone, which had been recently purchased by Madame Alberti. During the entire of this short passage, the conversation of the mariners had run upon the genius, courage, and liberality of a young stranger called Lothario, who was then the most popular and admired man in Venice. The vulgar of every country are fond of the extraordinary, and subject to violent predilections both to persons and things; but nowhere is this idol-making carried to such lengths as at Venice; and the reaction of this enthusiasm of an hour is often fatal to those who have awakened it.

"We are satisfied, Matteo," said Madam Alberti, seating herself after a brief examination of her new residence; "the arrangements are such as I should have expected from you, and I fancy there is scarce one in Venice who can boast a more comfortable house than we can."

"Not even the Signor Lothario," said the old man; bowing his bald head and twirling his black silk gaura in his hand.

"What, again?" said Antonia, bursting into a laugh. "And who the deuce is this Signor Lothario? we have been hearing of him all day."

"Very true," said Madam Alberti; "do good Matteo tell us something of this man whose reputation is proverbial at Venice."

"Signora," replied the steward, "I know as little as yourself, I merely complied with the fashion in using a name which has acquired such importance that it is respected even by brigands. He has been absent so long from Venice that people become afraid he has quitted it altogether, but he has been known to absent himself for years at a time."

"For years!" said Antonia, "why we heard he was quite a young man."

"Very young," said Matteo, "at least in appearance; but I only speak from the singular reports which I have heard, which do not merit much attention, and which I would blush to ——"

"Come, come good Matteo," said Madam Alberti with vivacity, "we are most anxious to hear all about him. Sit down and tell us all you have ever heard of Lothario."

"I shall give you the public reports, Signora," replied the steward, seating himself as he was directed. "Lothario is a young man of a most engaging figure, who appears from time to time at Venice with the train of a prince, and who nevertheless seems to have selected the abode of a large city as affording an opportunity for the most munificent acts of charity, for he carefully eschews society, nor has he been known to cultivate the familiarity or friendship of either men or women. His visits are to the distressed, to relieve their misery, and his conversations are limited to consultations with artists on subjects connected with their profession, of which he is passionately fond, and which moreover he cultivates with success: with the exception of these intimacies, he lives quite solitary at Venice. Nor has any body been so far admitted to his confidence, as to learn the name of his family, or the place of his birth, or form any well-founded conjecture on the mystery of his life. His numerous domestics are changed every time he travels. He neither writes nor receives letters, nor has he a banker. He is not affected by the revolutions of the states, for he does not absent himself in troubled times; and when he does, move his passports are always in form, simply inscribed with the name of Lothario, and the meritorious actions which have made the name celebrated, procure him consideration and respect.

"Indeed it would scarcely be in the power of government to give him annoyance in Venice, where he is the idol of an immense class. The proscription of Lothario would be the signal for a revolution; and yet while he relieves he does not caress the multitude. His haughty spirit is a barrier between himself and the populace. They are not disgusted at his pride, as he treats their superiors with the same indifference. This does not prevent him from frequenting public assemblies, where men may appear and even acquire distinction without holding any communication with each other. He has acquired a great notoriety at those re-unions, because they say there is not an artist or virtuoso in Venice comparable to him; and that far from presuming upon such endowments, he shrinks from the display of them; and it is to avoid the popularity they

excite that he flies from Venice. Ambition is without temptations for him, nor has love caught him in her fetters, although the world cannot show more fascinating women than the Venetians. Once, and once only, he paid some attention to a young patrician, who had shown a strong passion for him, but a most extraordinary catastrophe put an end to the courtship which public report declared was in progress. It happened on the departure of Lothario from Venice after a longer stay than usual, and where his love, if such a passion really existed, could not retain him. Two or three days after that event the signora was missing, and it was not until a considerable time had elapsed, that her body was found near the sand bank on which the Armenian convent has been since built."

"How incomprehensible," said Antonia in an emphatic tone.

"Not at all," replied Matteo, pursuing the tenor of his thought, which was not the same as that of Antonia; "the current caused by the flowing of the tide carries in that direction the matter thrown into our canals. As the Signora was a person of strong feelings, it was supposed she had drowned herself in despair for the loss of her lover, which was subsequently confirmed by a letter found in her handwriting, declaring her intention to destroy herself."

"But if Lothario is so young," said Madam Alberti, "how can it be possible that he can have been absent from Venice for so many years after his first appearance there? and then the story of the young girl found dead near the Armenian convent was prior to its establishment."

"I know nothing more," said Matteo, somewhat confused; "I merely give you the report I have heard men advanced in years affirm, that they recollect Lothario just as he is now, before he first left Venice fifty years ago, although this must be an extravagant absurdity. However, it is natural to suppose from the singularity of life of the Signor, that he has some motive for concealing his real character, and that he favours and perhaps gives rise to reports which may puzzle and mislead all conjectures on the subject. Hence, there are none so strange or so ridiculous as not to have acquired importance by being repeated by people who are supposed to be sensible. For instance, it has been asserted that this mysterious stranger has discovered the secret of the philosopher's stone; and in fact there is no other means of accounting for the magnificent style of living, and the profuse expenditure of a man who pursues no occupation, has not an inch of landed property, and never

has the slightest business transaction with any body. About three years since, some folks who were jealous of the wonderful reputation which he himself esteemed so lightly, spread a report that he was the agent of a company of coiners who were concealed in the caverns of the Tyrol, and the forests of Croatia. But this error was of short duration, for the Signior lavishes his gold in such profuseness, that it is easy to ascertain its genuineness and legality, and better metal there is not in the Venetian States. This fact put an end to injurious reports. What he may really be I know not, but this I do know," said Matteo, rising from his seat, "that it is in his power to be anything or everything he pleases in Venice if he returns to it."

This conversation did not leave any very deep impressions on the mind of Antonia. It was not in her character to bewilder herself long in fruitless conjectures upon matters affecting her so slightly. One day, however, a report prevailed in Venice that Lothario had arrived, and the wild joy of an enthusiastic populace confirmed and diffused the intelligence. It happened that on that day Madam Alberti and her sister repaired to a musical party principally composed of foreigners of distinction, whom the gaities of the carnival had attracted to Venice. They had scarcely entered the room when Lothario was announced. A sudden murmur of astonishment and pleasure broke from the assembled guests. To Madam Alberti this was a favourable presentiment; while to Antonia, it caused a thrill of terror, because she associated with the name of Lothario those disquieting and terrible circumstances recounted by the old steward. It was some time before she could raise her eyes to him; when she did so, he was standing near her, and as it would appear by the quick motion of his head in another direction, had been gazing at her before she looked up. He was leaning on the edge of an antique marble vase filled with flowers, apparently attending to some trivial conversation. Antonia was seized, on beholding him, with an emotion she had never before experienced, and which bore no resemblance to anything she had yet felt. It was no longer fear, nor was it the idea she had formed of the first emotions of love; it was something vague, undecided, and obscure, which partook of a reminiscence—a dream, or the access of a fever. Her heart beat violently—her limbs lost their energy—her eyes became dim, and an explicable langour enchained her fascinated organs. In vain she attempted to break the spell—her efforts only served to increase it. She had heard of the invincible stupor of the strayed tra-

veller, whom the boa freezes with a look in the forests of America; of the vertigo which surprises the shepherd on the edge of the precipices of the Alps, when dazzled by the circular movement, as it were, of a magic mirror, which his imagination lends to the abyss, he plunges headlong into, incapable of resisting the power which revolt and allure him. Such was the species of feeling, and as difficult of explanation, which Antonia experienced in gazing on Lothario. He was simply, though elegantly dressed after the French fashion. There was nothing in his costume to betoken the slightest attempt at effect, with the exception of two small emeralds which hung from his ears, and sparkling beneath the thick ringlets of fair hair which shaded his face, gave him a wild and fanciful appearance. Critically speaking, he was not handsome; but there was an extraordinary charm about his person. His mouth was large, his lips thin and pale, discovering teeth of dazzling whiteness; the expression of disdain, and at times of fierceness, which marked his countenance, was repulsive at first sight; but his eye full of tenderness and power, of strength and benevolence, challenged respect and love; particularly when it glanced a soft light which embellished his features. His pale and lofty brow was marked with a single furrow, the effect of thought more than years. His look was serious, even to gloom; but the flash of his fine eye was sufficient to dissipate the unfavourable impression which it produced.

Antonia possessed considerable skill on the piano-forte; but her timidity prevented her from displaying it in a numerous company. On this occasion she made an effort in compliment to her hostess, and took her seat at the instrument. She had gone through the prelude with more than her ordinary composure, when, as her eyes wandered from the music book to an opposite mirror, she beheld the pale features of Lothario immediately over the red cashemire which adorned her head. His disordered hair, the mournful fixedness of his stern features, the convulsive motion of the odd furrow on his brow, all concurred to give a terrific appearance to his aspect. Surprised and alarmed, Antonia, directing here yes from the mirror to the music, and from the music book to the mirror, soon lost sight of the notes before her, and involuntarily substituting the feeling that filled her mind for that which was indicated by the book, she improvised an expression of terror, so true, that the company were electrified, and she threw herself into the arms of Madam Alberti, who conducted her to her place amidst expressions of approbation and

uneasiness. Lothario gazed after her until she had taken her seat. He then advanced to a harp, and pausing until a look from Antonia proclaimed her recovery, he swept the strings of the instrument, so as to draw from them a vague and fugitive vibration as he murmured. "Woe to you, woe to you, if ever you shall dwell in the forests which are subject to the dominion of Jean Svogar. This," said he, "is the famous romance so well known at Zara, and the newest production of Morlac poetry." Antonia was forcibly struck with the air, as well as with the harmonious tones of Lothario's voice. They were the same that had once affected her so much at the Fornedo; but the resemblance might be fortuitous. The extreme simplicity of the Dalmatian romance might render it difficult to catch the differences of two voices. After a momentary pause, Lothario again swept the harp, and sung the entire romance. When he reached the concluding verses of the aged musician, the deep pathos of his voice melted the hearts of his hearers, but more especially that of Antonia, whose recollections of the strain were blended with a feeling of uneasiness and dread. Long after the music had died away, the fearful name of Jean Svogar sounded in her ears.

This singular scene of the piano was sufficient to convince Madam Alberti that the first sight of Lothario had produced a profound impression upon the mind of Antonia. It was evident too, from the agitation and attention of Lothario, that he was not indifferent to the charms of her sister; and Madam Alberti contemplated with satisfaction the probability of a man so celebrated for the brilliancy and variety of his talents, the benevolence and generosity of his character, the loftiness of his bearing, and the purity of his morals, one day becoming the husband of the gentle and shrinking Antonia. But who could he be, and how could she justify herself in forming so serious a connexion with a man who persisted in surrounding himself with such impenetrable mystery? She thought that setting aside the ridiculous and extravagant reports, it was probable his rank and fortune corresponded with his education and expenditure; that if he had reasons for concealing his name and rank they could be but momentary, that this disguise had nothing alarming for the love of Antonia, whose birth and fortune rendered her equal to any alliance; that the desire to strike her attention and interest her heart was probably the object of the mystery of his first approaches, for it was now evident that he had been mixed up with the late events of her life. There could be no doubt of his being the young man, who had passed

her on the Fornedo, singing the distich of the Morlack. Moreover, the apparitions which had so often alarmed Antonia, and which Madam Alberti had mistaken for the illusions of a weakness, had most probably proceeded from the same cause. But how was she to account for their rescue? why did those formidable plunderers fall back before an American monk, unless it were that his indomitable valour and renown had struck them with a sudden panic? who could this monk be; thus armed, contrary to the regulations of his order, who could thus expose his life for strangers, if not a lover in disguise, who would save Antonia or perish in the attempt. If the superstitious solution of the postillion was not to be regarded as ridiculous, what other could be constituted for that now given.

There remained some doubtful, some incomprehensible points; but it would be extraordinary if there were not such in the life of a man who sought to multiply the uncertainties and deepen the mystery that surrounded him, and who had all the talent necessary to prepare, combine, and give effect to the means most conducive to that design. Yes, Lothario loved, adored Antonia; and all his actions announced him to be a person of such judgment and such discernment, that it was impossible to ascribe the apparent singularity of some of them to a distortion of intellect. He had his reasons; and they would be explained at the proper time. It was, moreover, most important for Madam Alberti to be better acquainted with Lothario, in order that she might be enabled to judge, by a closer intimacy, of that perfection of character which public opinion attributed to him, and to hear from his lips a declaration of those feelings which his actions had insinuated. Lothario did not absent himself from those general assemblies where each individual is dependent upon his talent. He avoided private society where confidence or affections were requisite; and rarely, as was truly observed by Matteo, did he appear in it more than once. Yet he eagerly accepted the invitation to visit Madam Alberti and her sister; and this unusual occurrence being remarked, relieved Antonia from troublesome attentions. A visit from him was a declaration, and a declaration from Lothario forbade all rivalry, because his superiority was founded upon three irresistible advantages, a grave dignity of deportment, a commanding character, and a mysterious life.

We have stated that the impression produced upon Antonia at the sight of Lothario, did not resemble that which announces the birth of love in ordinary bosoms. The singular illusion produced by the reflection of Lothario's face in the mirror still dwelt in her recollection, and served to mingle a species

of uneasiness and undefinable dread, with the sweetness of her first sensations. The feeling which impelled her towards him bore so strong a resemblance to a fatality, that it frequently surprised and alarmed her, while she yielded without resistance to its influence, especially as Madam Alberti approved of the sentiment. She was astonished to find love differ so widely from the idea she had formed of it from the tender and impassioned pictures drawn by romance writers and poets. To her it presented nothing but a severe and menacing chain, which bound her with unrelaxing, inflexible bands, whose weight she in vain endeavoured to shake off. At times, indeed, when Lothario, in yielding to her influence, shook off the gloom which brooded habitually on his mind, and abandoned himself with an easy grace to the familiar intercourse of friendship; when that supercilious pride, that rigid tension of the mind, which communicated to his countenance a dignity at once so lofty and so melancholy, gave place to a sweet relaxation; when a smile broke from his lips and diffused a calm serenity over his severe features, Antonia, transported with a joy unknown until that moment, became sensible of the delight of loving and being loved by a congenial spirit. It was still Lothario who awoke this feeling, but Lothario divested of the strange and disquieting spell which alarmed her tenderness. It is true those instants were rare as they were brief, but Antonia enjoyed them with such rapture, that they were in themselves sufficient for her felicity, while Lothario could no longer be mistaken as to the nature of the impression he produced. The first time he made the discovery, it was remarked that it was not without bitterness, —his brow darkened, his chest swelled, he pressed his hand over his eyes and left the room. From that moment he smiled more rarely still; and when that did occur, he shortly after turned upon Antonia a look of care and chagrin. His passion for her was no longer a secret; but his love, like his life, was stamped with a peculiar impress, and had nothing in common with the sentiment which the world usually dignifies with the name,—his was a grave and well considered affection, thrifty of demonstrations and transports, and satisfied with little, shutting itself up within itself whenever it made itself thoroughly understood. The ardour of his gaze would often betray his passion, but the subdued gentleness of the expression which was sure to succeed this momentary delirium of the senses, exhibited Lothario, no longer a lover but a father, who has concentrated in his sole surviving daughter the affection he had formerly divided amongst his other children.

(To be continued.)

THE BENEFACTOR.

‘ A man has proved ungrateful,—but he is less to blame for his ingratitude, than his benefactor.’—**MAXIMS OF LAROCHEFOUCAULD.**

THE property of Lopez was reduced to a small cottage, but that cottage was situated beneath the glorious sky of Andalusia, at the flowery foot of the Sierra Morena, and his daughter Inisilla,—his only child—his good,—his lovely,—his dear Inisilla shared it with him. If he regretted the loss of the wealth that had once been his, it was only because he was deprived of the means of completing the education of his daughter, which had been interrupted by his reverses.

“ Inisilla,” said he to her, “ in the days of my prosperity, I conferred benefits without number, and yet nobody tenders me assistance in return: generosity is rarely to found in the human heart.”

“ The immense numbers of the ungrateful would seem to prove the contrary,” replied Inisilla.

“ Ingratitude would be less common, if discretion were exercised in conferring favours; but the rich and powerful, continually surrounded by servants, by flatterers, and intriguers, cannot pierce the servile throng, to extend to virtuous indigence that noble beneficence which succours without degrading. Before obliging, we should make ourselves well acquainted with those whom we oblige.

“ We listen to our hearts and are deceived. You yourself have often done so.”

“ I was wrong !”

He was pursuing his discourse, when a clap of thunder was heard a violent storm was fast gathering, and Lopez forgetting at once both the beneficent and the ungrateful, ran to open the main door of his court-yard, in order that the travellers overtaken by the storm might find an asylum beneath his shed, and anticipate the torrent which had already begun to roll with portentous sound through all the ravines of the mountains.

A splendid equipage, drawn by six mules, suddenly entered the court-yard. The door was opened, and forth stepped Don Fernando, a young nobleman of the Court of Madrid, who was then travelling for his improvement. He directed the servants and horses to take shelter beneath the shed, and presented himself at the door of Lopez’s cabin. It was opened by Inisilla; and the young courtier betrayed his surprise at finding

beneath this more humble roof, a form so exquisitely moulded, and features so distinguished. Nor was he less struck with the noble aspect of Lopez, and he could not restrain himself from at once expressing his feelings.

At the moment of his arrival, the father and daughter had been in the act of seating themselves at this frugal board, to take their evening's repast. Lopez invited the stranger to join them, and Inisilla blushed as she set a chair for his accommodation. Instead of accepting of this invitation, Fernando, poured out his excuses, for having thus suddenly interrupted their repast, in the most polished and approved phraseology—the roads had become impracticable, and there was no inn in the neighbourhood. This sounded in the ears of Lopez like a declaration of being fasting, and before he could give the directions which it had suggested, Inisilla had placed a third cover on the table.

Seeing that it was high time to lay aside all ceremony, Fernando, without any further preliminary, placed himself at the table, and fell too with such alacrity and good will, that the young girl became alarmed, lest her stock of provisions should be exhausted before the ardour of her guest could be mitigated. She abstained almost entirely herself in order to leave a larger supply to the famished stranger. The latter appeared quite unconscious of this, but he adroitly drew Lopez into a discussion on the produce of the best Spanish vineyards, and on the most approved method of making the Olla Podrida, so that nothing could appear more natural than the exclamation with which he interrupted the old man.

“Oh! by St. James, these are matters that can only be decided by a trial. And, apropos, there are in my carriage some bottles of Sherry, and Malaga; thanks to my good old aunt at Cazorla, who could not think of letting me go without stocking my carriage cases.”

Without waiting for the observation of his host, Fernando, immediately gave orders to his servants, and in an instant the addition of the rich wine, and the as rich confectionary, changed the modest repast of Lopez into such a feast as he had not partaken of for a length of time.

Being placed at her ease as to the sufficiency of the supper, Inisilla resumed her usual selfpossession and gaiety of manner, while Lopez, under the influence of a few glasses of the rich wine, and stimulated by the lively interest which the stranger seemed to take in his affairs, became more free and communicative. An intimacy had already been formed, and he told

the tale of his reverses of fortune. Fernando listened to him with the most profound attention. When he had concluded, "By the sword of the Cid," cried he, brushing the tears from his eyes, "I feel grateful to my blessed patron saint for conducting me to this spot. Thanks to heaven and to the storm. Lopez, I am rich, and my heart is not a hard one; you will not refuse the offer I am going to make you. Sooner or later, you must recover your fortune;—will you condescend to be my debtor."

"For myself I want for nothing," said Lopez; "but my Inisilla, has been cut off in the flower of her years from the opportunities of a proper education, the caresses of a companion, the cares of a mother, which the tenderest of fathers is inadequate to supply?"

"I have an aunt," said Fernando, with emotion, grasping the old man's hand—"an excellent creature—better there cannot be upon earth,—she lives at Cazorla with her two daughters, who are about the same age as yours. The family live in a very quiet way, on a small annuity, which their virtues, their relationship, and my sense of duty have induced me to settle upon them. In their society you will find inexhaustible good nature, solid piety and a sound as well as varied course of instruction. Cazorla is delightfully situated a short distance from hence on the banks of the Vega. Go thither, I shall furnish you with the necessary letters, and you can confide your daughter to the guardianship of my noble relative."

Lopez did not allow him to proceed, he kissed his hand and a tear of gratitude moistened his eyelids.

Inisilla was soon after, conducted by her father to Cazorla, and presented to Fernando's aunt, who received her with every imaginable demonstration of tenderness and respect; while Lopez, thus cured of his prejudices against mankind, returned to the foot of his mountain and his cottage, alone indeed, but content with himself and with others, inwardly resolving never more to calumniate his species, and to pay frequent visits to his daughter.

One day his thoughts were running upon Fernando, and his delicate generosity—as his eyes wandered around, he observed upon a low tree, a poor little orphan dove, barely covered with a soft down, which, as if abandoned by the whole world, poured forth its soft lament from its deserted nest. Presently, from the summit of the Sierra Morena, a bird of prey—it seemed a vulture—spread out his immense wings, and directing his flight towards Lopez, hovered above the tree which contained the

nest of the lonely bird. Lopez was casting about him for some means of assisting the ventile little innocent, when at the sight of the vulture, its lamentation ceased, and it seemed to await with open-mouthed impatience the descent of its visitor. And in fact he beheld, in a moment after, the bird of prey, alighting gently, beside its young protégé, and imparting to it a proper and well selected nourishment, with a care and attention unknown to common vultures.

“ Oh, wonderful!—wonderful!” — cried Lopez,—“ what injustice and blindness were mine. I refused to believe in the existence of benevolence, and lo! it exists even among vultures.

He was never tired of contemplating so touching a spectacle, day after day, he returned to gaze upon it; to him, it suggested a thousand reflexions—he was delighted to behold innocence, arousing up beneath the protection of strength—the weak succoured by the strong. Anon his ideas, by a very natural association, led him back to Cazorra, where his sweet Inisilla, like that gentle dove, was living happily under the care of a rich and powerful protector, and he returned to his house blessing Don Fernando and the vulture.

The little creature had now put forth its silvery feathers, and already had it essayed its new born pinions, in a timid flight from branch to branch of its natal tree; and its beak becoming harder and sharper, received its food with more facility. One day the vulture came as usual, with its supply of nourishment—he carefully examined his ward, found it fat and alluring,—in fact, just to his taste,—and he devoured it.

Lopez was present at the feast. He stared in open mouthed amazement and bewilderment.

“ Heavens!” he exclaimed, “ what do I see!” (the good man was astonished that a vulture should eat a dove when the contrary alone would be preternatural). But the image of his daughter flashed across his mind, “ My Inisilla—my dove,” said he, “ is under the protection of a vulture in the shape of a great lord—not a moment is to be lost;” and during his journey a hundred times did he repeat,—“ we should be careful before we receive a benefit, to make ourselves well acquainted with those who confer it. Protectors and protégés should have an intimate knowledge of each other before assuming their relative positions.”

With these words on his lips, he flew to Cazorra,—to the abode of his daughter.—Alas! —————

THE FISHERMAN'S SONG.

WHEN the morning sun is breaking
 In a pure and cloudless sky,
 And the sleeping world is waking
 With a burst of melody ;
 Then we leave our humble dwelling,
 Put our little bark to sea,
 And though angry waves be swelling,
 Still we sing, O, merrily,
 Merrily, O, merrily.

When the storm is madly roaring,
 And death walks upon the wave,
 Then we think of friends deploring
 Lest we find a watery grave :
 Think then of our lowly dwelling,
 While the winds pipe drearily,
 Like wild dirges o'er us swelling,
 Still we sing, O, merrily,
 Merrily, O, merrily.

But our toils and dangers over,
 Then the fagots brightly burn ;
 Soon the festive board they cover,
 And to welcome our return—
 See the good wife blandly smiling
 With a child on either knee,
 And the bowl our cares beguiling,
 Then we sing, O, merrily,
 Merrily, O, merrily.

COURTSHIP.

A LIP of beauty commands our thoughts on courtship, and our fingers, imbued with the spirit of gallantry, knuckle to her behest. Lady fair ! were you ever courted, when your feelings disdained not the wooer, and his devotions wreathed like incense about your heart ? I see the assenting smile break like a sunny wavelet on thy lip ! Was it not a brilliant season ?—a choice day in the month of love ? replete with sunshine and sweetness, and an occasional cloud, astray from its native mountains, just to shadow the prospect ? Then you believed with Addison ; that it was the happiest period in the destiny of mortals. He had experience for his belief, for he was a devout lover ; but when the gordian knot was tied, the countenance of his countess became cloudy, and March weather came down upon his heart ; ‘ Oceana’ was ruffled by passion’s storms and chilling rains ; and he who had launched his love, his hopes, his all of happiness, upon her bosom, found that even there, as near Charybdis, where he had fancied serenity and peace—rocks, breakers, and shipwrecks were to be encountered.

Love, like religion, has many ways of approaching its altar, and various forms for the manifestation of its sentiments. And thus, the lover's terrestrial paradise, the heart of his mistress, may be reached, by gallant deeds on bloody fields, by genuflections in the parlour, or by a display of personal fascinations, that captivate by their brilliancy. Let love, the master-passion of man's proper nature, and woman's also, but prove its deep sincerity, and the heart which it addresses, yearning for kindly feelings, must heed the appeal, and dissolve with tenderness.

Fashionable courtship may be considered under two main aspects. The one comes from the heart that acknowledges the potency of woman's charms, and the other rises from the mind which is convinced that woman's purse is the most desirable of all earth's attainments. The former comes from love, the latter from avarice. The one is pure, the other is mercenary: the first is divine, the second is devilish. Before we look particularly at courtship, as it at present exists, it is becoming that we glance at it as it has been.

And first, let us regard courtship as it was in the olden time, before the divine sceptre of Christianity was stretched out over the abominations of heathenism. In those twilight ages of civilization, matrimony was the result of desire in man and compliance in woman. The lovely sex, which since those times has been remarkable for the dread potency of its will, then submitted with the grace that belongs to it, to the tyrannical rule of man. In Babylon, the 'cradle of the sciences' though she was, the notions which prevailed in regard to the rights of woman, were utterly paganish. The father of history informs us, that in that famous city there was wont to be holden an annual fair, at which all the marriageable females were knocked down to the highest bidder. Of course, in those days, when beauty was considered the most valuable of feminine charms, the pretty girls excited a spirited competition among the purchasers. Beauty was a matter of speculation; woman was estimated by her symmetry, and intellectual charms were not worth a groat. The pretty girls were sold, and became slaves to the richest men; but those whom the barbarians thought bore more resemblance to Hecate than to Venus, were disposed of to moneyless men, at the lowest prices! The rich men monopolized all the beauty, and the poor fellows, concluding, like the lady of Wakefield, that 'beauty is that beauty does,' took their cash and their ladies, and went on their way rejoicing. What a profanation of the sacred rites of courtship! Think of it, ye ladies, who, priding yourselves on the charms of the

mind, in the absence of those that are visible, are in the habit of bestowing 'mittens' rather than snowy hands on scores of suppliants! Think of it, ye who, like ill-formed ships, richly laden, pursue your courses onward with pride, and spurn and dash aside whole oceans of adulation which swell before you! Think of it, ye who look unlike Aspasia, if ye had made your appearance on the stage of action ten centuries before the Christian era, you might have stood from day to day in the marketplace of Babylon, and found no masters to have accepted you, even when offered portions to do so! Think of the changes that have come over the spirit of the world, and fervently thank the weird sisters, who span your threads of existence in Christian countries, and among gallant men! In this heathenish way was matrimony got up at Babylon; and of course, courtship was unknown. A lady who happened to have an eye that was not brilliant, a nose that turned up, or a mouth not exactly kissable, was compelled to stand shivering in the shambles for days, casting imploring glances on every genteel-looking fellow who came out that way to see the show, and supply himself with a wife. How mortifying to a delicate damsel, to stand and strain her charms to the utmost, in the forlorn hope of catching a master! And then to see first one and then another of her less lovely companions taken up, while she was passed by, like a sickly chicken! How crucifying to her hopes, and how excruciating to her self-love! Be thankful, girls, that such dismal destiny is not yours; and at the same time, we beseech you, feel no malice against the descendants of those who sinned so shamefully against your prerogatives, and let your angelic smiles convince the erring sex that you can "forget and forgive."

There were no door-way divorcements, through which ladies could creep out of conditions that were unlovely, in Babylon, even if their masters should mete out to them never such refinement of cruelty. But the husband had an infallibly-certain resource, in case he caught a Tartar. If, at the expiration of a year, he fancied himself aggrieved by his bargain—if, like Cain, his miseries were greater than he could bear—if a stray rill of bad blood moistened the human nature of his spouse, all he had to do was, to shoulder her, carry her back, like a condemned criminal, to the place from whence she came, sell her to another master, buy himself a better spinster, and thus change his—baggage.

In this way was woman rocked and knocked about in the "cradle of the sciences." And her condition was not much more auspicious elsewhere. In Athens and Rome, not long

after, although they made pretensions to something less abominable, yet they were far from dealing with woman according to her deserts. In courtships, she dared not do as she pleased with the palm and five fingers of her hand. She dared not fling a sickly glaring satellite afar, and send it reeling through the never-ending shades of midnight desolation. This, the natural prerogative of charming woman, was a power that Grecian men and Roman knights denied her practically, although in theory it was granted. Courtship was a one-sided business. Haughty man looked his desire, and slavish woman bowed down obsequiously. How was it with the Lesbian dame—the passion-breathing Sappho? She who took the lover's leap, and by drowning, ended the lover's troubles? Suppose a modern Sappho—and thousands now exist—should entreat an extant Phæon? Think ye deafness would fill his ear, and coldness be upon his heart? No: although "blue-stockings" are a horror and abomination to the men of our day, yet a Sappho's harp will ring its tenderest symphonies on the masculine heart, and like the rock in the wilderness, smitten by the rod of the law-giver, its welling fountains will come forth in purity.

How long did he who saw the spirit-ladder in his vision, as he lay by the road-side, serve the trickish Laban for the light-lipped Rachael? She smiled upon him at the well; but as she was the chattel of her father, her smile alone could not make her suitor Jacob happy. For years he served her father, and thus he bought, not courted, her. Among the Ishmaelites of the desert, the same kind of traffic is carried on to this day. Many a sighing swain, smitten by the smiles of some sweet spinster, works out his salvation from the horrors of celibacy, before his father-in-law, with fear and trembling. This state of things shows that man will do anything to win woman, and it also shows, that woman is not free to kiss the winds as she pleases, and is very far from enjoying that privilege of choosing her own lord, to which she is of right entitled. When Paris stole Helen from her liege Menelaus, the Greeks sieged Ilium ten long years on account of the theft; and yet Helen, Andromache, nor none of the rest of the beauties, dared to treat men as ladies do in the era now upon us. In Germany, the sex was not so abominably abused; but everywhere else, the inferiority of woman was considered unquestionable, and courtship necessarily could have no proper existence.

Courtship cannot be properly appreciated and conducted, where the sexes are held to be unequal. Where the will of woman is shackled, her inclinations are disregarded, and her

affections are not suffered to flow as they list. This freedom is essential to the highest class of courtships. We acknowledge all the rights of woman, as Christians ought to, and here her step is queenly, and her smile priceless. She can now be coquettish; and if that *terra incognita* of antiquity, the beautiful fabric of the female skull, were examined by a skilful phrenologist, he would discover that a new organ, that of coquetry, had lifted itself up since the commencement of the Christian era, as islands have heaved themselves above surrounding surges, within the same period.

In these latter days, ladies not only exercise the natural right to smile on whom they please, but they have the privilege of wounding whomsoever they list, with the fatal archery of their charms; and such is the gallantry of the times, that, although man has the exclusive enactment of laws, he has framed none for the punishment of those potent fair ones, who send their unrequited lovers broken-hearted to the grave! Coquetry results naturally from these relations of the sexes. In the ante-christian ages, it can scarce be said to have had a "local habitation and a name" on earth. It originated about the time that the Crusades kicked up such a dust on the surface of this, the most abused of all planets. Then, when men got mad and raved, and swore that female beauty was the most magical thing beneath the stars, woman began to exercise an undisputed authority over the sex called masculine. Beauty was throned in the supremacy of despotism, and the heart of man was the field on which its tyranny was exerted. A pretty woman, in a chivalrous age, is the completest and most exquisite tyrant, before whose mandates human hopes and fears ever rose or fell. The tyranny of civil government has relinquished its power before the inroads of radicalism; the tyranny of superstition has relaxed the energy of its icy grasp on man's spirit, as the warming rays of Christianity fell upon it. The enchaining spell of woman is the only thing which has had exemption from the ravages of decay, and which has defied the gnawings of the iron tooth of time. Older than the pyramids, it is still fresh in its youth; and unnumbered ages after they shall have been mingled with the dust of the desert, it shall hold its carnival in the heart of man, and celebrate its triumphs in his sighs, and tears, and bleeding affections!

While knight-errantry was at its height, woman's visible power was at its acmé. Then, love-stricken knights bestrode their chargers, and looking up at the stars of evening, swore the eyes of their mistresses shamed Golconda's gems, and wore

a lustre far brighter than ever met the gaze of lunatic or lover, in the firmament on high. The sexes were unequal, and courtship was shorn of its dignity. Every woman was a queen, and men were suppliants for the smiles of haughty and fair-browed tyrants. It was woman's province to command, and man's to obey—that is, until the link irrevocable was wrought in their twin destinies. And after that consummation, oh! what a change was there, my countrywomen! Woman left the imperial chair—the purple gradually fell from her graceful shoulders—the sceptre departed from the grasp of her little hand—and the career of the lioness of hearts was curbed for ever! The suppliant lover became the imperious lord; the tiger expelled the lamb-like from his nature; and the masculine gender tyrannized over the domestic domain.

Not thus is it in the present age. Never was there a period to which the old saying, the “the grey mare is the better horse,” was more applicable. Woman is mistress, both before and after the vow to obey at the altar. Heavy charges against the present age, for its derelictions in matters of gallantry, have, we know, been made by those whose words were weighty. Burke poured forth a jeremiad over the grave of buried chivalry. The body is dead, but the spirit is with us. Were the age of chivalry gone, would heroes risk their lives, and stand up at only ten paces distance, living targets, to be shot down by rivals who, not content with taking away their sweethearts, must take away their lives, also? Were the age of chivalry gone, would poets sigh, and whine, commit suicide, take up their abodes in lunatic asylums, and die of broken hearts—and all for love? We wot they would not! Then Charles Lamb, the gentle, the tender, the pathetic Elia, says, that so long as women are hanged, he will be hanged if he will believe in the swagger about modern gallantry. It must be confessed, that to behold a multitude of men engaged in the graceless business of hanging a woman, is not a spectacle remarkable for its refinement of gallantry; but then, if Lamb had looked among the crowd beneath the scaffold, he might have seen even boorish men resign without a sigh the most eligible situations to curious-eyed woman! Oh no! The age of chivalry is *not* gone; and although woman occasionally may hang, yet is her retribution ample; for who among us does she not suspend between a smile and tear, or hang high in air, midway betwixt hope and fear, until our sensibilities are stretched in agonizing tension?

Former times cannot parallel the present in the longevity of

its courtships. Many a lover besieges the flint-walled heart of his mistress for a period greater than the Greeks required to siege and sack Ilium. Right frequent are courtships that run the length of a mortal generation, performed by modern epicures in love. Just think of it a moment, brother bachelor! You fall in love with some lady to night, quite accidentally, and to-morrow, you commence a courtship, the purpose of which is to nullify the robbery perpetrated by her roguish eyes on your affections, by taking hers in exchange. Day after day, and year after year, you toil and dally on, now cheered by a rosy smile that falls on your heart as sweetly as the dew of Hermon, and now saddened by a frown black as Erebus. Thus alternating, like a pendulum, between sunshine and shadow, you keep time as regularly as a town-clock, until your hair is streaked with grey, the twilight of old age. In May, twenty years after date, you promise to pay to the blushing damsel, girt, with satin and rainbowed with ribbons, at our side, at the altar, on demand, any amount of love and attentions that her happiness may require. Would you not take the blessed smile that breaks upon her lips, when she promises to "love, honour and obey" you, as an ample recompense for all the fears and troubles you have suffered through the long campaign, the stout probation of twenty years of courtship? Twenty years are rather too long for the impatience of a warm-blooded lover: but better thus, than an extemporaneous wedding, after three days of eager wooing. Six calendar months may be well employed in courtship; and this is short enough; for who that plucks a blushing flower roughly from its parent stem, or enters the land of promise with a stranger, can properly appreciate the bloom of the one, or the delights of the other? Anticipation of pleasure is sweet, but never more so, than when love's honey mingles with it.

A man should not be too cowardly nor too slow in his courtships. The Bonapartean system of warfare may be used advantageously. Concentrate the forces of your charms on the enemy's weakest points, and depend upon it, her human nature can not resist you long. The ladies make use of the Parthian tactics. As the foe approaches, they fall back, meanwhile keeping up a brisk fire with the missiles which they, the world over, use so skilfully. Glances brilliant as flashing steel—smiles that are daggers to man's affections—blushes, that glow like the evening's purple on the far-off cloud—thoughts and words that mean more than they express—all fall on the attacking party with an influence fatal to bachelorism.

The fashionable system may be illustrated as follows. A gentleman, whiskered, and scowling, and looking as fierce as belligerent Mars, encounters a lady whose smile is perfectly bewitching. This is a lure, and a signal of warfare. Mars approaches Venus, and she, reflecting a portion of his own fiery redness, blushes, and effects a transit to some other place in illimitable space. He pursues her with the most indefatigable vigour. Scenes of dramatic interest soon transpire. They meet most fortuitously on all occasions; at parties they glance with savage fierceness at each other; he strives to persuade her that he is earnest and sincere, while she hops from him like a crippled sparrow, at times turning round and smiling, after the manner of the immortals, upon him. They strive to avoid each other; but the fates have decreed their union, and accidents bring them together. The gentleman bristles up and declares himself, and the lady puts her hand in her pocket, and signifies to him that she has better use for it. He snatches courage from despair, and re-commences his suit, with an ardour all-defying. She flies away on easy wing awhile, until, satisfied or fatigued with her long-sustained flight, she comes fluttering to earth at last. The game is his. They wed. Their romance is a tale of the past. Their poetry is gone. They are soon numbered among the prose articles in the great periodical of human existence!

Go on lovers, and know the bliss of courtship! If your love is mutual, your pleasure will be elysian. Your barques are floating on the surface of a sunny sea, fragrant winds fill your sails, and breathe in music over the flashing waters. Far before, your cynosure, the star of hope, is gleaming forth its twinkling radiance. Let discretion be your helmsman, and after a blissful voyage, you shall enter the haven of love, on the shore of that rosy sea. What though the undulating wave may conjure up dark fears before you! It will but break the tedium of the passage: and when your dangers are over, your joys will be more brilliant in proportion to the depth of the shadows in the back-ground of the past. Q. Q.

THE CHASE.
A TALE OF THE SEA.

THE morning broke hazily upon the Atlantic, with a fresh breeze from the eastward, attended by frequent squalls of light rain. The sea had assumed that dead lead-colour which always attests the absence of the sun; and a dark curtain of clouds, that were slowly heaving up to windward, threatened an interval of heavier weather before the close of the day. About an hundred miles from that part of the coast of South America situated between the Brazil shoals and Cape Frio, a large and beautiful ship was dashing along under a press of canvass, she had the wind abeam, and everything that the weather would allow was packed on aloft and aloft. On her quarter-deck a group, consisting of the passengers and officers of the ship, had collected to observe a strange sail, which, since daylight, had been discovered two or three points forward of the beam.

"Give me the glass," said a stout, good-looking middle-aged man, whose countenance betrayed, or more properly indicated, a fondness for glasses, and whose authoritative tone at once christened him captain. Taking the proffered instrument, he adjusted it at the proper focus, and commenced studying the stranger, whose hull, by the aid of the telescope, was but just visible, as she rose upon the crest of the waves.

"He's edging away for us," muttered Captain Bangem; "just got a pull of his weather braces: devilish suspicious-looking craft, too."

"A guinea-man, from the coast, perhaps," said Skysail.

"The fellow thinks it's getting too black to windward for all his duck," resumed the captain, he's reefing his foretopsail, and we must follow suit."

Passing the glass to a sailor at his elbow, he took up the trumpet, and looking at the mouth-piece for a moment, applied it to his lips, and gave the order to take in the studding-sails, royals, and flying-jib. When this movement had been executed, Bangem again thundered forth:

"Man the top-gallant clew-lines—clear away the sheets—clew up—man the topsail reef-tackles and buntlines—clear away the bowlines; round in the braces—settle away the halliards—clew down, haul out the reef-tackles, and up the buntlines—trice up the booms—lay out, and take in the second reef!"

MAY, 1839.

F F

The ever-ready seamen sprang upon the yards, and extending themselves along either extremity, caught up and secured to the spar the canvass contained between the first and second reef-bands. When all three of the topsails had been reefed, the yards were again mast-headed and trimmed, the top-gallant-sails sheeted home, and the *Retaliator* once more freshened her speed through the water.

In the mean time, the stranger was fast coming down, and so rapidly had he overhauled the *Retaliator*, that those on board of the latter were able to distinguish her build and rig with the naked eye. She was a long low clipper-schooner, with spars that seemed much too taut and square for the little hull out of which they rose. Captain Bangem had been watching her for some moments with the utmost interest, when, turning to Skysail, he ordered him to hoist the ensign. "Now," said he, "we'll see what bunting the fellow wears. Ah, there it goes!—the stars and stripes." A rolling billow of smoke rose from the bows of the schooner, and the report of a gun thundered along the breeze.

"Man the weather main-braces—clear away the bowlines—put the helm down—ease off the jib-sheet!" shouted Bangem; and in another moment the *Retaliator* was lying to, with the main-topsail to the mast. The captain again resumed the spy-glass; but scarcely had he raised it to his eye, when, relinquishing it to another, he seized the trumpet, and in a voice that betrayed unusual excitement, he sang out, "Haul aft the jib-sheet!—hard up, hard up!"

"Hard up!" answered the man at the wheel, and the obedient ship fell rapidly off before the wind.

"Lay aft to the braces!" said Bangem; "meet her now, boy."

"She's got the lee helm," was the immediate reply. "Steady as you go—steady so."

"Steady so, Sir," responded the steersman.

The sullen report of a gun told how the stranger had received this manœuvre; and when the smoke rolled off to leeward, the American ensign was no longer at his peak. Before the *Retaliator* had been kept away, she was running along with the wind abeam: the stranger was on her weather-bow, and heading so as to near her at each moment, and eventually cut her off; but now the former had assumed the same position with regard to the wind as the latter, and both vessels were running with the breeze sharp on the quarter. There were but few questions asked on board of the *Retaliator*: the unlooked-for

deviation from her proper course, and the subsequent manœuvres of the schooner, at once told the real or suspected character of the vessel in chase ; and the passengers gathered about the taffrail, regarding with a fearful silence the little object of their fears, that came down clambering and cutting the waves, like some hungry monster of the deep after its retreating prey.

"Gentlemen," said Bangem, "it would be superfluous for me to tell you the character of that vessel ; you all know it, and you also know what mercy to expect, if we fall into their hands. A stern chase is a long chase, and as the Retaliator sails better with the wind well aft, I have given her the fastest point : we are now heading for the coast of South America, and must keep out of his clutches as long as we can. If Providence does not send us deliverance in the mean time, why, it is even better to perish on the reefs, than die by the knives of yon butchers."

Another gun from the pirate boomed over the water, but the shot fell harmless astern of the Retaliator. "Ay, blaze away, you vagabond!" muttered an old veteran, who was assisting in running out of a stern-port the only gun on board ; "every shot you heave is four fathoms off your log."

"If it were eight hours later, we might be able to give her the slip during the night," said Bangem ; "but if we continue to move along at this rate, we shall be high and dry on the coast of Brazil before the sun goes down."

Still the schooner kept overhauling the ship, but this advantage was not now as perceptible as before : everything held out the prospect of a long chase ; but so intently was the stranger bent on gaining her, that he sent aloft and set his light top-gallant sail, although the wind was blowing a perfect gale, and shortly afterwards men were seen on his topsail-yard turning out the reefs. As soon as Bangem perceived this, he gave the order to turn both reefs out of the topsails, and get the star-board fore-topmast-studding-sail ready for setting. In a few moments an additional quantity of canvass was spread along the booms of the Retaliator, and the gallant vessel rushed like some wild leviathan through the rolling sea, dashing aside its angry waters, and leaving broad streaks of boiling foam behind.

"Give him a round shot, Skysail," said Bangem ; "we must try and cripple him or it's all day with us."

"Ay, ay, Sir," muttered the tar, as he squinted along the sight, and elevated the gun for a long shot : the match was applied, and away sped the iron.

"Well done, old 'n!" shouted Skysail, as the splinters flew from the bulwarks of the pirate.

"Try it again, my hearty!" continued Bangem: "give him a stand of grape along with it this time."

The schooner yawed and fired, but again its shot fell harmless alongside of the chase.

"There go his stu'n'sail booms," said the mate, as two delicate spars glided out, as if by magic, from either extremity of his topsail-yard, while in another moment a sheet of light canvass arose and was extended on either side of his bellying topsail. The pursuer had gained considerably on the pursued during the last half hour; and Bangem, who stood watching her progress with the eye of an eagle, now got down from the horse-block, and gave the order to set the starboard lower and all the top-gallant-stu'n'sails. The seamen exchanged glances in amazement, but it was only for a moment; and the next beheld them spread in different parts of the rigging, making preparation to heap an additional pile of canvass upon the spars of the trembling ship. "Haul taut, rig out, and hoist away!"—but scarcely had the halliards been belayed, when snap! went the booms of the top-gallant and yard of the lower studding-sail. "Lower away—haul down!" shouted Bangem; "make those sails up afresh, point the spare booms, and get them ready for setting again."

The two vessels continued to fly rapidly towards the coast of Brazil, and the pirates still continued to gain on the chase, although he yawed and fired at an interval of every half hour. Had the Retaliator hauled her wind on either tack, she would have soon become the prey of the schooner, as she sailed faster with the wind abeam. Bangem accordingly thought it much better to keep nearly before the breeze, as the pursuer would then have to deviate from his course to bring his guns to bear, and consequently deaden at intervals his advance, as an escape was now almost hopeless. The cutlasses and fire-arms were got up on the quarter-deck, and every preparation made by the passengers and crew of the vessel for a desperate defence. There were in all about twenty fighting men on board of the ship, and judging by the masses that blackened the schooner's deck, she must have had five times that number.

For two hours longer the chase was kept up, and at the expiration of that time, the pirate was within about three quarters of a mile. Bangem had drawn his men up, and exhorted them to stand by him like Britons in the approaching conflict, when

he was interrupted by a heavy crash, and the mizzen-top-mast, top-gallant-mast, and all, went by the board.

"Axes and knives here!" shouted he, at the top of his voice: "cut men, cut!—stir yourselves, my livelies—the villain is coming down like a race-horse."

Instantly the lanyards and stays were severed, or carried away, the braces and bow-lines unrove, and the wreck floating far astern; but the speed of the *Retaliator* was by this accident considerably lessened, and the schooner, perceiving her advantage, put down her helm, and threw a raking broadside among the rigging and spars of the unfortunate vessel. At this moment the cry of "Breakers!" was heard from the fore-castle, and an exclamation of horror burst from every lip—but one, There was death on every hand, and the forms that peopled the decks of the *Retaliator* stood as mute as statues, enveloped in the silent stupor of despair.

"Where away!" asked Bangem; and the cool self-possession of that voice seemed to mock the dangers by which they were surrounded.

"Right ahead!" replied the look-out, "and on both bows."

"True," mused the commander, bending his eye in the given direction; "you may hear them roar above the howling of the wind and waves, even at this distance."

"Shall I bring her by the wind, Sir?" asked the steersman.

"No!" was the stern and determined reply, and another volley of iron crashed among the spars of the *Retaliator*. So eagerly had the pirate pursued the chase, that the danger ahead remained to him undiscovered. The day was unusually dark and cloudy, and the smoke, rolling to leeward, perhaps screened the reef from his view. However, he saw it not, and now came rushing down upon the crippled ship, confident in his superiority.

"Ease the helm down!" said Bangem, keeping his eye steadily upon the pursuer; "and now, men, do your duty!" The *Retaliator* yawed, and the flying-jib-boom of the schooner burst through her bulwarks about the mizzen chains.

"Lash him there, my lads!" shouted Bangem, in a voice that was heard above everything beside; "lash him there!—and if we perish, the blood-hounds shall keep us company. Hard up again!"

The obedient craft once more fell off before the wind, and rushed onward toward the breakers, that roared and foamed not more than a half mile in advance, dragging in her wake the

light-built schooner, like some giant spirit of death, urging an ignobler being to the shades of darkness. A howl of frenzy, that broke from the deck of the corsair, told that they had for the first time become acquainted with the peril that awaited them; and twenty dark forms sprang out upon her bowsprit, armed with axes and knives, to free themselves from the hold of the ship.

“Now, my lads, give it to them!” shouted Bangem.

A volley was the reply, and every soul without the schooner's cut-water perished: as many more sprang to take their places, but again the fire from the Retaliator's quarter-deck, swept them away like chaff before the wind of Heaven. In the mean time, both vessels were rushing madly toward the reef; they were not a hundred yards from the breakers, and both parties ceased hostilities to gaze upon the foaming waters and iron rocks that in another moment threatened to dash them into eternity. Hope had left every bosom: the pirates no longer endeavoured to separate themselves from the Retaliator, but stood pale and trembling, waiting with horror to pay the last dark forfeit of their lives. Both vessels were now within the influence of the reef: the long, heavy rollers, in conjunction with the wind, were driving them rapidly upon the rocks, when the schooner's bowsprit, shrouds, bobstays, and all gave way: the liberated vessel swung round and struck, while the Retaliator forged by the ledge, unscathed! The next billow dashed the pirate higher upon the reef, where she was hid from view by the roaring and foaming seas that broke over her devoted hull. The crash of her falling spars was then heard, and the shrieks and wails of the drowning wretches rose, for one moment, above the thunder of the surf; but it was only for a moment, and they were lost for ever. When the Retaliator passed the cluster of rocks upon which the schooner went to pieces, she was hurled along in the very centre of the principal reef, where the eddies and currents rendered her totally unmanageable. She no longer obeyed her helm, but drifted along a disabled thing, at the sport of the wind and waves, the sea roaring the while like thunder around her, and the spray breaking in dense masses over her.

There were ten minutes of appalling anxiety, during which every one expected to feel her strike against the rocks; yet for ten minutes more she continued to drift through them in safety.

The centre and principal ledge was passed, and she began to

fall off before the wind. A beam of hope lighted up the countenance of Bangem. He sprang upon the bulwarks, and cast one quick, searching glance at the sea around him.

"Starboard a little!" cried he.

"Starboard a little," answered the man at the wheel.

"Steady so, meet her."

"Meet her it is, Sir," was the reply.

For five minutes more she flew through the intricacies of the reef, without deviation.

"Port! port!—give her the port helm, quick!" shouted Bangem.

"She's got it all, Sir!" was the response; and the gallant ship glided by the last rock that threatened her destruction, and passed safely into the still water between the reef and the main.

R. B.

APRIL SNOW.

It will not stay—the robe so pearly white,
 That fell in folds o'er nature's bosom bare,
 And sparkled in the winter moonbeam's light,
 A vesture pure as holy spirits wear—
 It will not stay! Look, how from open plain
 It melts beneath the glance of April's sun!
 Nor can the rock's cool shade the snow detain;
 E'en there it will not stay—its task is done:
 Why should it linger? Many-tinted flowers,
 And the green grass, its place will quickly fill,
 And, with new life from sun and kindly showers
 Will deck again the meadow and the hill,
 Till we regret to see the earth resume
 This snowy mantle for her robe of bloom.

REMINISCENCES OF A FRIEND.

"STRANGE that all who dwell in the Temple of Nature should not be worshippers of Nature's God! Strange that all who live in this beautiful world, should not remember that they are treading *His* courts, and be mindful to have clean hands and pure hearts." Such were, I conjectured, the thoughts of my friend, Henry Foster, as I found him one evening, just at sunset, leaning over his gate, and viewing the beautiful landscape which lay spread out before him.

"Stanley," said he, as I approached, "how is it that we all think so little of the mystery of our being, and are so little moved by the idea that we are inhabitants of the *Universe*?"

The child who builds his little house, and digs his mimic wells, and the man for whom thrones are erected, and palaces reared, seem equally wrapped up in their own petty individuality, and occupied with the little scene in which they move. We go through our daily rounds of pleasure or business—we watch the changes of the seasons—we interest ourselves in the concerns of the neighbourhood, and now and then extend our observation beyond it—but we are as insensible as the trees themselves to the grand circumstances of our being. Grovelling in the dust, we forget that we are travellers in the skies—that our earth was perhaps one of ‘the morning stars’ that ‘sang together, when all the sons of God shouted for joy,’—that ever since, it has held on its course in company with a heavenly host, sharing the benefit of the wonderful laws which regulate them, and making a part of their glorious community. There is, to my mind,” he added, his fine eye kindling with enthusiasm, “something peculiarly grand and touching in the single fact of the mariner’s compass pointing always to the North star, which seems to me intended as a proof that there is some invisible union between our world and the rest of nature: ’tis like holding a sort of intelligence—a mysterious communion—with its remoter limits.”

He would have proceeded, but he saw a smile on my lips, which checked him for a moment.

“Ah, Stanley, you think me a dunce—a madman!”

“You mistake entirely,” I replied: “shadows of thoughts like these have often flitted across my own mind; and when, by the wand of your eloquence, you called them up—embodying and presenting them in clearness before me—I smiled as I should have done at recognising an old acquaintance: we are indeed a dull race.”

“Yes,” replied my friend, “what our Saviour said to the Pharisees, when they wished him to rebuke his disciples for their loud tributes of praise, that if ‘these held their peace, the very stones would cry out,’ might be applied to us. We are mute, while everything in Nature hath a voice, and ‘day unto day uttereth speech.’ The mountains look forth a meaning, and the winds whisper it, while the woods wave in assent—it is painted on the clouds, reflected from the bosoms of the streams, breathed from the flowers, and sung by the birds—which is more full of high and holy import than the best thoughts of most of the race of man. What the Arab said when he was asked where he perceived the evidences of a God—that he traced Him by everything he saw, as he traced an

animal by its footsteps in the sand—is one of the finest comments upon the book of Nature that was ever made.”

“And yet,” I replied, “though it is thus that the Deity holds intercourse with us, it is a symbolical language he uses, which, though so significant, so beautiful, does not satisfy us like the living voice. There is a hand-writing on the wall of the firmament, as distinctly visible as that which made the knees of Belshazzar smite together; but in constantly beholding it, we forget that it was traced by the finger of God.”

“I know it—I have felt what you express—and have often longed for a more intimate and direct manifestation of the Deity, like that with which He favoured the ancient patriarchs; but Moses was obliged to veil his face to the glory which was revealed, and to hide himself when the Lord passed by. Our flesh is the veil to us; and I am inclined to think that God sometimes makes his presence felt as sensibly as our weak nature can bear, and finds means to speak to his children in tones of love or pity, sympathy or reproof, which penetrate their inmost souls.”

Just at the period of our conversation, a little child of three years, her face flushed with health and happiness, came running toward us with a bunch of flowers in her hand. “Father,” she exclaimed, “do look at these beautiful flowers. I must kiss you for them. I just got them off the bed you made for me.” So saying, she sprang into her father’s arms.

He pressed her in a long embrace to his bosom, and seemed a good deal touched.

“It is God, your heavenly Father, that makes the flowers grow, my darling,” he said to her, “and I only give you the privilege of calling them your own.”

“I am sure I think he is very good then,” she replied; “I must be his good little child, and I won’t cry because the flowers fade, as little Susan Mitchell did.”

She then bounded away again, her father following her with one of those looks which fasten on the object it pursues. When she was quite out of sight, he observed: “God speaks to me through that child; through her he addresses me in language that sometimes melts my soul within me—sometimes rouses, strengthens, elevates my spirit. At her birth, I felt that she brought me a message from my Maker—that she was a blessing sent by a Father’s hand—that through her, he bade me be mindful of my high calling as an immortal being—as an intelligent creature, to whom ‘the inspiration of the Almighty had given understanding’—whose existence was now so linked with

that of others, that there was no assignable limit to my responsibility; and at the same time that I felt a new and oppressive conviction of duty, it was heightened by the encouragement with which it was accompanied. I looked upon my child, and felt that I could make any effort, practise any self-denial, in the cultivation of that virtue which would descend, by rightful inheritance, to her. Since her mother's death, I have of course felt all this more deeply; I have no longer a divided heart."

Here his voice failed him—but in the exercise of a self-control, which his excitable and enthusiastic nature rendered peculiarly necessary, he soon recovered himself.

"Stanley," said he, "pardon me; our conversation has insensibly led me to express myself upon subjects to which I do not often allude. But even in our comparatively short acquaintance, I have experienced so much of your sympathy—I have had so much familiar, agreeable intercourse with you, such as circumstances have for some time denied me from every other source, and have found such harmony in our tastes and sentiments, that I have often felt myself impelled to disclose my most secret feelings—and they escape from me as naturally as the pent-up stream rushes out when the obstruction is removed."

Mr. Foster had resided in our village but little more than two years, and previous to that time I had never known him. When he came among us, he had recently returned from the Continent, and brought with him his wife, then in a declining state of health, and a few months afterward she died. He had few relations in this country, but was bound to it by the tie of birth. This fact I knew—but of the particulars of his history I was wholly ignorant, except as he would incidentally mention some of them in our conversations. After that which I have just detailed, he begged me to go in; we passed the evening together—and when I came away, he said to me: "I believe you do not, to this day, know much of my history; I have been amusing my lonely hours with recalling its prominent circumstances, and weaving them in the form of a narrative. I wanted to preserve some particulars which I feared might fade from my memory, if I should live to advanced life, and also to secure to my daughter some memorial of her parents, in the event of my removal from her by death, while her mind is yet in its infancy, and equally unable to comprehend the past, or retain her impressions of the present. Here is my manuscript; and though, when the idea first suggested itself, I felt a great

repugnance to showing it, that is now overcome by the constantly increasing pleasure which I derive from your friendship, and the reflection, that when you know more of me, I shall have more of your sympathy. My life has been marked by no extraordinary circumstances—but I may venture to hope, that to a friend these simple reminiscences will not be altogether uninteresting.”

I thanked him as well as I could, for so touching a mark of confidence, and hurried home as eagerly as if I had been going to see a long absent friend.

I read the manuscript with deep interest. The sacred deposit was left in my hands. My friend died, not many years after, and with the permission of his daughter it is now made public.

THE MANUSCRIPT.

“My paternal ancestors came to England in the year 1672, but those on the maternal side did not join them, until a much later period. My parents resided in a rural country village, and had, by right of inheritance, sufficient property to enable them to live very pleasantly. My mother gave birth to a large family of children; but all excepting my sister and myself—the two youngest—died in infancy.

“My sister was two years older than myself. She had a peculiar degree of refinement of character and purity of taste, accompanying an ardent imagination and a warm, generous heart. From my constant and intimate association with her, and from our secluded manner of life, it chanced, perhaps, that I had always rather a sentimental, romantic cast of character—as much so as is consistent with great cheerfulness, and even vivacity. There was nothing melancholy in my temperament, but I loved to steal away and watch the moon rising in silent majesty to mid-heaven, and to roam in the woods, and through the fields alone, in a sort of reverie, or with my darling sister, whose taste in these respects accorded with mine. I was fond of books, and, as a school-boy, never found it a task to study, except in the spring, when its soft winds first began to steal over us, and its gay sounds announced the approaching jubilee. Then I felt a sort of fellowship with Nature, which prompted me to forsake all things else for communion with her, and forget for the time that I belonged to a different order, in her kingdom, from the birds or the lambs.

“My mother was a woman of a devotional character—most

excellent and exemplary ; but her mode of conveying religious instruction was in conformity with the usage of the times, rather than with her own unbiassed judgment, and therefore very injudicious. She presented the image of the Deity to the mind, invested with the gravity and austerity of a judge, rather than with the tenderness and benevolence of a parent ; she produced such a sentiment toward Him as is felt toward a friend who, though thoroughly excellent in character, is nevertheless cold in his feelings, and severe in his judgments. The effect of this mode of teaching was, however, somewhat counteracted for the time, by my own cheerful, confiding disposition, together with the thoughtlessness incident to the early period of life—while any doubts which might have arisen as to the justice of such a view of the character of God were prevented, by the feeling of entire deference with which I regarded a course of instruction that had my mother's sanction, for whom I felt a respect amounting to reverence.

“ She was of a timid, tender nature—distrustful of herself. She *cherished* a self-condemning spirit. She was so thoroughly conscientious—she had such a high sense of duty, and such a low estimate of her moral capacity—that the responsibilities which must always weigh upon a reflecting mind became too momentous to be sustained without injury to her health, which was greatly impaired many years previous to her death.

“ Sometimes, in looking back upon my early life, I reflect with pain upon my frequent indulgence, in her presence, of a merry, vivacious spirit ; and then again, when I recollect how sometimes my childish pranks and gay conceits would chase away the melancholy of her countenance, and light up a smile there, that smile gleams on me as a bright and beautiful light in the gloomy distance, ‘ the dusky regions of the past.’

“ As we emerged from childhood, my sister and myself had a private teacher, whose mode of instruction was in many respects judicious. It inspired us with a love of general literature and useful knowledge. We had both a decided taste for poetry and classic lore, and I have thought that there might have been something in the peculiarly picturesque situation of our father's house, and the beautiful scenery that surrounded it, which had a tendency to cherish a taste of this kind, and to inspire a love of Nature, and an intimate feeling of companionship with her, which have never forsaken me, and which have constituted a great deal of the happiness of my life. Even in the intelligent part of creation, an exterior of loveliness is an attraction whose influence is always felt. Unless there is something engaging

to the eye in the beings who surround us, we are apt to disregard them, until chance reveals a hidden merit; and why may it not be thus with Nature, that when she presents herself to our daily and familiar observation, in purest loveliness, we feel a charm—a tie that binds us forever?

“Of my scholastic attainments I had nothing to boast; and at the age of fifteen, I was sent to one of the best schools that had yet been established in our part of the county. It was only a few hours’ ride from our village, but I suffered a pang at parting, that those only can know who have lived so entirely at home as to sympathise with the feeling which I had, that I belonged to the spot, and that it was like being plucked up by the roots, to tear myself away. The spirit of youth is, however, proverbially elastic, and mine did not long yield to this depression. I soon found myself in a new scene, whose novelty was not its only recommendation. The gentleman to whose care I was intrusted, and in whose family I lived, was one of those benevolent, fatherly men, whose presence alone is sufficient to constitute a *home-scene*; and I had the good fortune to be associated with some young men who were fine-spirited, intelligent lads. I became an ambitious student, and the sunshine of my life was unclouded, except by occasional intimations, conveyed in my letters, of the increased ill health of my mother. I have since wondered that these did not disturb and alarm me more. I can only account for my infatuation from the fact, that before having had any experience of the serious afflictions of life, the youthful spirit is nearly as insensible to the possibility of their occurrence, as is the child, just learning to walk, to the dangers which attend it at every step.

“At length, however, one morning, when I had retired to my room for the purpose of writing to my mother, I heard the rumbling of a waggon in the yard, and was directly informed that a man in the kitchen wished to speak with me. My heart instantly began to beat with violence, and my limbs to tremble, though I hardly knew why. But when, in going down the stairs, I caught, through the open door, a glimpse of a well-known face—that of a faithful domestic of my father, who had lived with us until his hair had become gray—I was unable to proceed a step farther, and sank upon the floor. I shall never forget the good creature’s sympathy. He passed his arm around me, and raised me up with one hand, while with the other he brushed a tear from his eye. ‘Mr. Harry,’ said he, ‘we will go directly home, so that you may yet see your mother, and get her blessing.’ As he said this, I sprang to my room, and in five minutes we were on our way home.

MAY, 1839.

G G

“As soon as I was seated in the waggon, I opened a letter which he handed me from my father, saying that my mother had been suddenly seized with a paralytic affection, and that its symptoms were of a very dangerous nature, but that still he did not utterly despair of her recovery. The travelling was very slow ; with all the exertion we could make, we did not reach home till the hour of twilight—and daily as that hour still returns, it brings with it a tinge of the peculiar sadness, which marked it then.

“As I approached our village, I heard the bell which, according to a common practice, is tolled to announce the departure of the spirit from its house of clay.

“When I reached the house, I sought instinctively my sister’s room, where I found her in convulsions of grief. We threw ourselves into each other’s arms, and sobbed and wept together, until, after the first agitation was over, we began to realize that we were united again, after a long separation, and to feel that there was blessing even in mingling our griefs. Before we parted for the night, we repaired to our mother’s room. I had never seen but one person after death, and there were some circumstances associated with the recollection which inspired a feeling of such dread as had prevented my ever looking at another—but it was not sufficient to counteract the heaven-directed impulse which first sends the infant to its mother’s breast, and afterward, as the moral and intellectual wants of its nature are developed, still guides to her as to the fountain whence all wants are to be supplied, until at last, when the soul of the mother has fled, it prompts the child to hang lingeringly over her remains, as if to be with her was still the only solace.

“Death sometimes wears an expression which seems as if in mockery of life—but here it had no victory. The countenance was sweet and heavenly, as if the soul, in departing, had lingered there, and left a trace of itself. It was marked by a look of holy serenity, on the memory of which my mind has often reposed, and stilled its inquietudes, when it would find rest nowhere else. I passed in the chamber of death nearly all the days that intervened between that time and the funeral. What I felt when dust was committed to dust, I will not attempt to describe. Whoever has buried a beloved mother, has known something of the soul-stricken feeling—the heart-chilling sense of desolation and irremediable loss—which comes over the child when he turns his back upon a mother’s grave.

“There is something in the relation of mother and child

which nothing else can ever supply. It is a tie that commences with our birth, and the feeling of its value and endearment 'grows with our growth, and strengthens with our strength.' It is more *intimate* than the paternal tie, for the mother's province is with her children. She lives for them alone. She is seldom or never absent—she is their fixed and perpetual centre. She views their character, and interprets their conduct, with more indulgence than can be expected in any other relation—an indulgence which is more correspondent to the idea we entertain of the protecting tenderness and benevolence of the Deity, than anything else that we ever experience. She feels for them as for a part of herself. The most disinterested beings have some portion of individuality; a mother seems to have none, when she views herself in connection with her children.

"After my mother's death, my father thought it indispensable that I should return to complete my studies at the school. When I first went there, it was with the purpose of fitting myself for college; but at my own and my sister's earnest entreaties, my father now consented that, at the expiration of the year, I should be placed in a law office in a city near our village. I studied hard, that I might be better able to dispense with a collegiate course, and returned home with a sufficient store of Greek, Latin, and mathematics in my head, to answer all necessary purposes, and save me from mortification. Of course, I now attached myself more than ever to my sister. She was almost my only associate, and we were constantly pursuing some course of reading together, so that to her skilful, judicious guidance I am indebted for following those paths of literature, where the richest treasures are to be gathered. My mother's death had given to this world, and to everything that surrounded me, a different aspect. It was the first serious sorrow I had ever experienced, and a deadly one. It converted into sources of anxious reflection many things which I had before regarded as mere matters of course. I never thought of murmuring at the dispensation from which I suffered so severely: my early training had subdued my mind into a habit of considering that whatever is, is right—which often is mere habit, I believe—just as much as the unenlightened submission of the lower orders of creation to its lords. But I began to feel my mind disturbed by the amount and the various forms of evil that existed in the world—by the reflection that so many were necessarily trained up and confirmed in vice, before they were old enough to 'choose the good and refuse the evil.' Books of history and travels occasioned me more unhappiness than amusement. To read of the horrid abuses and iniquities

that have been practised among mankind ever since the world began, and to know that even at the present comparatively enlightened period, such an immense proportion of human beings were without the lights, either of knowledge or religion, occasioned a feeling, that it was difficult to reconcile all this with the paternal character of God ; and to think of the Supreme Being as divested of that character, was to make the universe worse than a blank. The inquisition—the slave trade—despotism, in every form, oppressing the free heart and spirit of man—and above all, the necessary entailment of vice upon generations, as they rise successively, where vice and ignorance prevail—to see too, how few, even in Christian lands, make of virtue and religion much more than a name—how selfishness wraps up the heart, and passion debases the nature of many who profess the Christian name—these things occasioned me such uneasiness, that I might say with the Psalmist, ‘ my soul was disquieted within me.’

“ I did not communicate my feelings to my sister, because I could not bear to disturb the repose of her mind. My father was a great deal absent from home, and though of an affectionate disposition, had a reserve about him which was unfavourable to that free, confiding intercourse which ought ever to subsist between parent and child. So I kept all these thoughts within my own breast ; but was unhappy at the feeling of estrangement from God, which they occasioned. I did not cease to pray to him, and my constant petition was, ‘ Help thou my unbelief.’ Had I early received such impressions of the Deity as may and ought to be conveyed to the mind of a child, by judicious instruction, I believe these harassing thoughts would never have disturbed me ; for though many of the ways of Providence must for ever be shrouded with inscrutable mystery, an enlightened faith in his goodness is seldom shaken.”

(To be continued.)

THE YOUNG WIDOW.

Ye bid me mingle in the dance,
 And smile among the young and gay —
 Ye say that grief will dim my glance,
 And turn my raven tresses gray ;
 I care not, yet I strive to bow
 In meekness to my lonely fate—
 I dry my tears and smooth my brow,
 The while my heart is desolate.

II.

When last I joined the festive throng,
 I heard—it seemed my brain to sear—
 A stranger breathe the very song
 That first *he* warbled in my ear.
 The words, the tune, but ah! that tone
 What living lip could imitate?
 Mid laughing crowds I stood, alone,
 Unutterably desolate.

III.

I miss him by the evening hearth,
 I miss him at the silent meal,
 But keenest in the bower of mirth
 My joyless solitude I feel:
 But late I saw a happy bride
 Smile fondly on her wedded mate,
 While I—oh! would that I had died
 With him who left me desolate.

IV.

Ye speak of wealth—in Mammon's mart
 There's not a single boon I crave;
 Gold cannot heal the broken heart,
 Nor bribe the unreturning grave;
 It cannot fill the vacant seat
 Where once my honored husband sat,
 Nor still my heart's convulsive beat,
 Nor make my home less desolate.

V.

Alas! the base on which we build
 Hope's fairest fabric is but air,
 And laughs the heart, when God has willed
 To lay his chastening finger there,
 A brighter, happier dream than mine
 Did never love and hope create;
 I bowed before an *earthly* shrine,
 And *Heaven* has left me desolate.

VI.

And yet not so: my soul be calm—
 The hand that smiteth will sustain,
 Thou hast a helper on whose arm
 The mourner never lean't in vain.
 O! may that arm the pilgrim guide
 By the straight path, and narrow gate,
 To where the loved in bliss abide,
 And hearts no more are desolate.

IRISH LEGENDS.

“The groves of Blarney, they are so charming.”—R. A. MILIKEN.

Who has not heard of Blarney?—and how few know whence this appropriate term has originated. How could they indeed, unless they made a pilgrimage to the famous castle, as I did “in my hot youth, when George the Fourth was king,” in order, by some manœuvre, to prevail on Tom Cronin to relate the story of all its wonders?

But Tom Cronin is dead; and, as Crofton Croker seems strangely negligent of the legendary treasures of Blarney, even I, "albeit my pen unworthy of such a tale," must endeavour to rally my recollections of Cronin's strange narrative, and give to the world at least a shadow of his "wild and wondrous" stories.

There is no spot in Ireland which has attained more celebrity than the far-famed village of Blarney. There lies that mysterious talisman, weighing two tons at least! which has the extraordinary power of conferring great gifts of persuasion on the lips which, with due reverence and proper faith in its virtues, invoke the hidden genii of the stone to yield them its inspiration: the ceremony is brief; only a kiss upon the flinty rock, and the kisser is instantly endowed with the happy faculty of flattering the fair sex, *ad libitum*, without their suspicion that it is flattery. It enables him, like history,

"To lie like truth, and still most truly lie."

Immortal poesy has already celebrated the localities of Blarney. Who has not heard or read the far-famed *chanson*, "The Groves of Blarney?" It should be known, that Blarney Castle really is surrounded by these aforementioned groves. It stands about four miles to the northwest of "the beautiful city called Cork," and of course in the noted district of Muskerry.

All that now can be seen are the remains of an antique castellated pile, to the east of which (rather incongruously) has been attached, about a hundred years ago, a large mansion of modern architecture.

The old castle was erected in the middle of the fifteenth century. Cormac Macarthy, (surnamed *Laidir*, or the strong,) a descendant of the ancient kings of Cork, and one of the most powerful of the Munster chieftains, is reported to have built this massy pile. Our readers will excuse a page or so of the history of this castle: it is quite enough to be informed, that it passed into many hands, and at the time of the Revolution of 1688, was part of the estates of the Earl of Clancarty, who was an active partisan of James II. When the Prince of Orange became lord of the ascendant, the earl was sent into exile, his titles and estates forfeited to the crown, and Blarney Castle, with its contiguous lands, was put up to auction at Chichester House, Dublin, when they were purchased by Sir James Jeffereys, to whose family it still belongs.

The castle stands on the north side of a precipitate ridge of

limestone rock, rising from a deep valley, and its base is washed by a small but beautiful river, called the Awmartin. A large square and massive tower is all that remains of the original fortress. The top of this building is surrounded with a parapet, breast high, and on the very highest part of the castle walls is the famous stone which is said to have the power just mentioned, of conferring on every gentleman who *kisses* it the peculiar property of telling everything with an unblushing cheek, and "forehead unabashed." From this came the well known terms *blarney* and *blarney-stone*. It may be added, that the real stone is in such a dangerous situation, on account of its elevation, that it is rarely kissed, save by some very adventurous pilgrims. The stone which officiates as its deputy, is one that was loosened by a shot from the cannon of Oliver Cromwell's troops, in 1645 (under the command of Lord Broghill, afterwards the celebrated Earl of Orrery,) who were encamped on the hill behind the castle: this stone is secured in its place by iron staunchions, and it is to this that the visitants to Blarney pay their oscular homage, by mistake.

Between the castle and the hill just mentioned, there is a sweet vale called the Rock Close, a charming spot where, or legends lie, the little elves of fairy-land assembled to hold midnight revelry. There is a lake of unfathomable depth at one end of this vale, and superstition has many a tale of its wonders.

It is time to leave these historical notices, and return to the redoubtable Tom Cronin, "the best story-teller," to use his own words, "from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear."

This worthy I met, after my visit to the castle. I had struck from the common path into that which led through the Rock Close. This valley is divided into several fields, all of which are extremely fertile, except that immediately washed by the lake. It was now in the month of June, and although the mower had begun to cut down the rich grass of the other fields, there was scarcely a blade upon this one. All was as green, smooth, and close-shaven, as the turf before a *cottage ornée*. While I was remarking this I was startled by a sudden touch on the shoulder: turning round, I found myself *vis-à-vis* with an Herculean-built fellow, who doffed his hat, made an attempt at a bow, and without farther preface commenced:

"Wondering at this meadow being so bare, I'll warrant you, Sir?"

"Why, I must own that I was."

"And didn't know the why and the wherefore of it, may

be? It's Tom Cronin, and that's myself, that can tell you all about it in the twinkling of an eye."

"And pray, who may Tom Cronin be?"

"Faith, Sir, you know mighty little, if you don't know me! Not know Cronin, the great philomath, that bothered the provost of old Trinity by his mathematics? May be never once heard of the great Cronin, that does all the questions and answers in the Lady's Diary?"

"No, indeed, Mr. Cronin! But I'm a stranger here, as you may perceive."

"Strange enough, I'll be bound. Then I am—that same Tom Cronin—'our ingenious correspondent,' as the Mathematical Journal calls me, when it refuses one of my contributions—'for want of space,' bad luck to 'em—as if they could not push out something else to make way for me. Mighty curious, altogether, Sir, that you never heard of me, that keeps one of the finest schools, under a hedge, in Munster! Sit down on the bank here, and I'll enlighten you so about that good-looking lake before your two eyes, that you won't forget me in a hurry, I'll be bound."

I complied with the desire of my new acquaintance, and listened to the following legend:

"Once upon a time, and there was no lake here at all. The place where that lake is, was a large castle, and in it there dwelt an unbaptized giant—'twas long before St. Patrick came to this country—who kept martial rule over all the country, far and near. At that time the Awmartin, or any other river did not flow near us; and although there was plenty of wine in the castle, there was a great want of water. This was mighty inconvenient for the ladies of the castle—the fellow had as many wives as a Turk—they wanted sadly to wash their pretty faces, and their clothes, and more than that, they could not make a cup of tea, by any means."

"Fair and easy, Mr. Cronin: tea was not used in those days."

"That's more than you know; and, once for all, it puts me out if I'm interrupted. So, one and all, they sent a petition to the giant, that he'd be good enough to get them a well of water. So, when he read it, he made no more adieu, but whipped off through the air, just like an angel, to his old aunt, who was a fairy, and had foretold that some day or other, water would be the death of him.

"And when he met her, he told her what he came about, and said that he never would mind what the women prayed for, but it was greatly against his health to be obliged to drink his

wine and whiskey raw, and he'd a longing desire for a little of the creature neatly mixed up with lemon, and sugar, and water ; which shows, clear as fate, that the barbarian knew what was good, for none but an ignoramus ever turned up his nose at a tumbler of whiskey punch.

“ So, after a world of entreaty, the old fairy gave him a little bottle. ‘ Take this,’ said she, ‘ and dig a hole in the rock behind the castle barbican, where the sun shines latest before he sinks into the west ; make a stone cover for the top of it, that may fit exactly : when that's done, pour the water out of this bottle into the hole in the rock and there will be a well of pure water, as much as all your family can use ; but when no one is taking water from the well, the cover must be on it, for it is the nature of this water to overflow, unless it be kept confined.’

“ To be sure, he gave her a thousand thanks, and home he went. The first thing he did was to quarry the hole in the rock ; then to fit it with a stone cover ; and, lastly, to pour in the water. Sure enough, there sprang up a well, and from that day forward they had as much water as ever they wanted. The giant then called all his family, and told them that the stone cover must be always over the well ; and, to be sure that it was, he appointed his wives, turn about, to sit by the stone itself all day long, and watch it. They did not like this office, but sooner than lose the spring of water, they agreed to obey.

“ Things went on very well for some time. But at last, as is always the case when a woman is in the way, there came a sad blow up. One of the giant's wives was a foreigner, and was married to some other man before she fell into his hands. Mild and pale she always was, pretty creature, lamenting the land that she had left, and the lover she had lost. It happened that one day as she sat by the well, there came an old pilgrim by the gate, and he held out his pitcher for a draught of water : her thoughts were far away, never fear. But women are all kind and gentle creatures, and she raised off the cover to fill his vessel. While she was doing this, the pilgrim pulled off his gown and false beard, and who was it but her own, own husband ! She sprang off her seat toward him, and then, faint as death, and just as pale, she sank back into the old oaken chair on which she sat. A bird never flew the air faster, than he toward her. He seated himself on the seat, held her gently in his arms, and sprinkled her with water until the colour again came to her cheek, and the life into her heart. All this time the well was uncovered, and the waters rose—rose—rose, until they surrounded the castle. Higher and higher did they rise,

until at length down fell the gates, the stream rushed in, and drowned every living thing in the place, and made this very lake we are now sitting by."

"And what became of the lady and the pilgrim?"

"Now that is the beautiful *moral* of the story. They escaped—for the oaken chair supported them, and floated them until they came to land. All the rest perished, because they wilfully consented to live with the giant; but this one lady was kept there against her will."

"What happened to them, after all?"

"They lived together long and happily. It was the giant's pride to put all his best jewels on whoever kept watch over the well, that all persons might pay respect to his wealth; and as this lady had them all on her when the castle was swallowed up, she and her husband had money enough to last them all the days of their life."

"Really, you have given, if not a very probable, still a very pleasing account of this lake. But what causes this meadow to be so bare, while the others round it have such fine crops?"

"Fair and softly, Sir. Do you see that grey rock on the left there, with the three pines on its height?"

"Yes."

"Listen, then, to a story about it—unless, indeed, my conversation tire you."

After assuring Mr. Cronin, who was evidently fishing for a compliment, that his story would have quite a contrary effect, he resumed:

"Look first," said he, "at the place, or you won't be able to comprehend the story at once."

The rock rose with a gentle swell in the distance. Its front had a precipitous appearance, and was covered with tangled underwood, like net-work. At its base, was a sort of rugged entrance, over which the honeysuckle and wild briar had formed a natural arch. Except this, truth compels me to say the rock was very common-place. You might meet with a hundred such any day in the year, and pass them by without notice.

"We call that rock," said he, "by a strange name, from a strange circumstance. Upon the top, some hundreds of years ago, there stood a castle belonging to the old kings of Muskerry. Some cousin of theirs and his family lived in it, and were happy as the day is long. I never could find out *how* it happened, but certainly it *did* happen, that one night, castle, and people, and all suddenly disappeared. I misdoubt that there were bad spirits at work. However, it is said that the rock opened and swallowed all up, and that the lord and his lady are kept there,

spell bound, as it were, in the shape of cats. From this, the rock is called Corrig-na-cat, or the cat-rock. 'Tis a mighty pretty derivation.

“Surely, whether the castle were swallowed up or no, strange sights may be seen, by the light of the harvest moon, about that place. There is a little green spot on the brow of the rock, where there is a fairy circle; and it is as sure as the daylight that there has been heard sweet music from that spot by night, and the good people (the fairies) have been seen dancing on the green turf, dressed in green and gold, and having beautiful crowns on their heads, and white wands in their hands. Faith, Sir, you may smile, but more unlikely things have been.

“Well, Sir, my grandfather, although a little given to the drink, was as honest a man as ever broke bread, or emptied a glass. It was on a summer evening, while he lay in bed, between asleep and awake, that he heard a strange, deep voice to speak to him. It said: ‘The words of fate!—heed them! Go at midnight to Corrig-na-cat; take with you a box of candles, and a hundred fathoms of line. Fasten the line to the mouth of the cave, and advance boldly with a pair of candles lighted. The line is, that you may roll it up as you come back, and not lose your way. Keep to the right hand, and you’ll find a large room, and two cats in it. There is as much gold in the room inside that, as would buy a kingdom; you may take a bag to carry away as much of it as you desire. But on your peril, do not touch anything else; your life will not be worth a straw, if you do!’

“You may be sure, Sir, that this piece of information astonished my grandfather. But he was a sensible man, and just nudged my grandmother, to know if she were awake. She slept, sound as a top; so he let her sleep on. He was far too knowing to let *her* into the secret. He thought over all that he had ever heard of Corrig-na-cat; he called to mind how his mother had always said that our family were the real descendants of the lord and the lady that were swallowed up in the rock, and he fancied that this was some great oracle that had come down to him, in order that he might break the spell that bound them in the rock, and bring back the good old times once more. God knows, he thought less of the gold he was to take for his own use, than the chance of restoring *them* to their own natural human forms, and giving them back their fine estates.

“They say that a warning is worth nothing, if it is not repeated. The next night my grandfather heard the same words:

he then knew that it was no feint, and the night after he went on his mission.

“It was pitch dark, and he took his line, and his candles, and a sack to bring home the gold, and a flask of stuff that had never been touched by the gauger’s rod. When he came to the rock, his heart almost failed him; the night was so still that he could hear the beating of his heart—thump, thump, thump—against his breast. The bat flew about, and the owl looked on him with her great white, flaring eyes; but he did not mind. Swallowing all the contents of the flask at once, he felt his spirits wonderfully restored, and in he pushed, to the mouth of the cave. He fastened his line to one of the bushes at hand, said an *ave* or two, drained the flask, and dashed forward.

“The way was as straight as an arrow for about thirty yards, but after that, it took as many turnings and twistings as a problem of Euclid in the sixth book, and branched out into many directions. My grandfather followed on to the right, as he had been told, and soon found himself at the gateway of an old hall. He pushed open the door, and saw that there were doors upon doors, leading off to many a place. He still kept to the right, and in a few minutes found himself in a state chamber; pillars of white marble supported the roof, and at the farthest end, the hall opened into an apartment, through which there beamed a soft and beautiful light, like as if it came from a thousand shaded lamps.

“Here was the end of his journey. A beautiful carved mantel-piece of white marble stood over the fire-place, and on crimson velvet cushions there lay two beautiful white cats before the fire. Diamonds and rubies, emeralds and amethysts, lay on the ground before him in thousands, and the ceiling and walls were stuck with them in heaps. There was no living thing in the room, except my grandfather and the cats. The creatures had golden collars, embossed with diamonds, round their necks, and to these were fastened long gold chains, which just gave them liberty to move round the room, being fastened to the walls at each side by golden staples. As he looked at them, they glanced fully upon his face, and he thought they watched his very looks.

“He passed on to the inner room. The gold lay on the floor like wheat in a miller’s store; he filled his sack to the brim with the coin, until, although he was the strongest man in the barony, he was scarcely able to lift it. As he passed through the room where the cats were, he paused for one moment to take a parting glance at the treasures that lay

around him. There was one golden bit studded with diamonds, and blazing like a lamp, that hung from the ceiling. It was too tempting. He forgot the advice not to touch anything but the gold in the inner room, reached out his hand to seize the sparkling prize, when one of the cats, who was watching his motions, sprang forward, quick as a stroke of lightning, and struck out his right eye with a dash of its paw. At the same moment, some invisible hand bore off the bag of gold from his shoulders, as if it were only a bag of feathers. Out went the lights, my grandfather was obliged to grope his way out as well as he could, cursing his greediness, that would not be content with what he had got. He found his way home the next morning with only one eye."

"And do *you* believe all this?"

"If I don't," said the philomath, "half the country does. To be sure as my grandfather was fond of a drop of drink, he might have dreamed all this: but then there was his right eye wanting. Indeed, there are some who say, that he fell over the cliff in a drunken fit, and that his eye was scratched out in that way. But, as it would not beseem me to make a liar of my grandfather, I stick for his own account. If the story is not true, it deserves to be."

In this strange conclusion I quite coincided, and the philomath, proud of this display of his legendary lore, proceeded to acquaint me with the accredited legend of the meadow next the lake. I shall continue my endeavour to adhere to the very words of the narrator.

"Some thousand years ago—but of course *after* this lake was formed, and the old fairy's prophecy fulfilled, that the giant would come to his death by water—there was a man owned all the fields in the Rock Close. He was a farmer, a plain, honest man. Not long after the place came to be his, he wondered very much why, although there was the same cultivation given to this field as the rest, it never gave any crops. He spoke to his herdsman, a mighty knowing man, who said that it would be worth while to watch the place, for that although he often saw the blades of grass a foot high at night, all was as closely shaven as a bowling-green in the morning. His master, one of the old stock of the MacCarthy's thought there was reason in what he said, so he desired him to watch.

"The herdsman did his bidding. The next morning he told MacCarthy that he had hid himself behind an old gateway—you may see it there to the left—and at midnight the waters of the lake were mightily disturbed; that he saw six cows come

out of the lake, and commence eating up all the grass, until by daybreak, there was not a yard of the field that they had not made as smooth, as the palm of my hand; that as the day began to dawn, the cows, having finished their meal, returned to the lake, and walked down to the bottom, as quietly as if they were on dry land.

“To be sure, this was strange news for MacCarthy. He was completely at his wits’ end. The herdsman offered to watch again that night, and go down to the lake, and make a regular complaint of the trespass. He was a little man, but had the heart of a lion. And on that same night we went again, and placed himself, this time, behind that great stone that lies to your right. The cows came up, as before, and cleared the field; they could not go into any other, because there were high, quickset hedges, which may be they did not like to take a flying leap over.

“Just as the last cow was passing by, on her return to the lake, the herdsman made a dart at her tail, and took a fast hold of it. The cow walked on as if nothing had happened, and the herdsman, still holding the tail, followed.

“Down dashed the beast into the waters, but the herdsman still kept his grasp. Down they went, deep, deep into the bottom of the lake. Sure enough, *there* was the giant’s castle. A little boy was in the court-yard playing with a golden ball. All round the yard were piles of armour—spears and helmets, swords and shields—all made of pure gold. In dashed the cows, and with them went the herdsman.

“Out came a lady, dressed up with jewels and gold, and her eyes as bright as the sun-beams on a May morning, or the diamonds that glinted on her breast. In her hand was a golden milk-pail. Great was the cry she gave when she saw the herdsman. I should have said that as they were going down, the cow whispered him and said, ‘For the life of you, don’t let go my tail, whatever you see.’ Out rushed a whole regiment of soldiers, with their cheeks red as fire, and their looks as fierce, as if they were in the heat of battle. ‘Oh that villain!’ said the lady, pointing to the poor herdsman. ‘Come here!’ shouted the dragoons. But the herdsman knew better. ‘Send your master to me,’ said he, impudent enough.

“Well, they wondered, as well they might, at the fellow’s impudence; but they called out the master. He came, with a crown of gold on his head, and purple velvet robes, and a pair of bright copper shoes. ‘I demand justice,’ said the herdsman, ‘for the trespass that your cows have committed on

the land of the MacCarthy's; and I seized this cow, until the damage be paid.'

There was no use in talking: the cow was seized; and they tried to tempt the herdsman to surrender her. But he knew better. At last, the master of them said, 'Take that ball of gold that the child has, and leave us the cow.'

"Hand it over to me," said the herdsman. "Come for it," said they. But the herdsman was too cunning for them all. "I've a touch of the rheumatism in my knee," said he, "and can't walk." With that they handed him the ball, and as soon as he saw that it *was* gold, he put it into his waistcoat pocket, and said it was not half enough.

"So, they were getting out a grey-hound—one of the blood-hounds that the Spaniards took to hunt down the Indians in America—and when he saw this, he whispered the cow: 'My little cow,' said he, 'go home.' The cow took his advice, and stole backwards through half the lake before they missed her. 'If you take me above ground,' said she, 'you must never swear in my presence; for the spell is on me, and I shall be obliged to return to the lake.'

"Well, to make a long story short, they let the hound slip, and it cut through the waters like a dolphin, and just as the cow came to land, the dog caught hold of the herdsman's coat, and tore off the skirt.

"The herdsman told his master, and gave him the golden ball. The hound runs round the lake at day-break, every first of September, and is to run, year after year, until his silver shoes are worn out. The field was not touched by the cows again, for their master, below, thought it was not quite so pleasant to run the chance of having them taken up for trespass. Never was there a field in Munster that gave such crops; sow it or not, there was always a barn-full of grain from it.

"The cow, of course, had young ones: it is her breed that we now call Kerry cows, those cattle that fetch such prices, small in size, but good in substance; and MacCarthy might have made a fortune by her, but that one day, as one of his horses was leaping over a high hedge into the field where the cow was, MacCarthy burst out a rattling oath, and she made one spring into the lake, and was never heard of more. From that time out, the cows again came to the field, and I suppose will continue to come, until somebody has the heart to go down and claim for trespass once more.

"I forgot, that Mr. Jeffereys tried to drain the lake some time ago, but it filled faster than the men could empty it.

They might as well think to drain the Atlantic with a stop-pail."

"Very well, indeed, Mr. Cronin. Now answer me one question: Do *you* believe those stories?"

"Faith, and that question *is* a poser. Then I do not believe them *entirely*; but when I meet with curious gentlemen, I am proud to tell them, because they usually invite me to spend the evening with them at the *Red Cow*, on the brow of the hill above there."

"Which of course I now do."

Tom proved an entertaining companion, and appeared to have a ten Kerry-man power of drinking whisky-punch, over which he became quite eloquent, chiefly in praise of his own endowments. I parted from him at the "sma hours" in the morning, and have since heard that he died about two years ago.*

LONDON FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH.

WE may now announce the vogue of spencers as decided, they are at present mostly made in velvet, and worn with white dresses, which, early as it is in the season, are much in vogue in carriage dress; black, green, and deep blue are the favourite colours for velvet spencers; they form a point at the bottom of the waist, and are ornamented with fancy silk trimming, or else a rich embroidery in silk, or a double row of buttons. We have also seen several which in our opinion had quite as elegant an effect, without any trimming, but forming the shape in a very graceful manner, and terminated by a cord and tassels, disposed in a knot at the bottom of the point, and with the tassels falling as low as the flounces of the dress; the grand question of sleeves seems to be as much undecided for spencers, as it is for robes. We have seen some with the sleeves quite tight, ornamented with embroidery on the seam; these are worn with very deep suffs of old-fashioned point lace, and collars also of point. Although we must acknowledge that the general effect of these spencers is elegant, yet they are not so much adopted, nor are they in our opinion so becoming, as those with the sleeves large in the centre, tight on the shoulder, and terminated by small close cuffs.

* The writer may as well state, that the above legends have been written with a view of showing how easily, without spelling a word wrong, the English of an Irish peasant may be conveyed to the reader. It has frequently struck him that this peculiar mode of speaking might be represented by the idiom and characteristic expression, even more successfully than by an attempt—so often a failure—to make the *brogue* represent the originality and humour of the peasantry of his birth-land.

Mantelets both of lace and of muslin lined with silk are beginning to be in great vogue. We may cite among the most novel of the muslin ones, those embroidered in small spots put pretty close together, and bordered with a muslin trimming, embroidered and festooned in patterns that are rendered very light by a great deal of open work; the trimming is very deep behind, and upon the shoulders, but it diminishes gradually towards the point; the same style of trimming is adopted on the front of the *mantelet*, and round the top; it is very narrow in front, and deep enough round the throat to fall *en fichu* on bosom: this is a simple, graceful, and generally becoming style of *mantelet*.

Muslin shawls embroidered in a very novel manner in coloured Cashmere worsteds, are also coming much into favour; the patterns are very various, some are Turkish, others in Arabesques, and not a few are Gothic. We may cite as the most *distingué*, those embroidered in rosaces in imitation of Indian Cashmeres. Another and very opposite style, which seems to be in favour for its simplicity, is a ground strewed with very small patterns in two colours.

The shapes of hats and bonnets can really hardly yet be said to be decided, it is evident that very little alteration has taken place in either; hats are something smaller, and the brims more open at the sides. We observe also that a great many are made with curtains, instead of having the brim turned up behind. The cottage form, that is, the small and very pretty youthful shape called *bibi*, will be a good deal adopted for bonnets, but with modifications. *Pou de Soie* of light colours shot with white, is greatly in request for both hats and bonnets; so is also a new silk called *Creole*; that light material *crêpe lisse* is decidedly the vogue, and rice straw, and Italian straw are quite as fashionable as they were last season. We may cite as particularly deserving the attention of our fair readers, bonnets of pink or blue *crêpe lisse*, with the brims formed of bias and lace between; the *brides* are of *gaze lisse* edged with lace. These bonnets are always trimmed with flowers: lilacs, violets, and the other light flowers of the season are the favourites. Hats of *Pou de Soie* are frequently decorated with three bias bands of *crêpe lisse* at the edge of the brim, and ornaments of the same material, but of a novel form, on the crown; when this is the case flowers are invariably employed to complete the trimming, but if ribbon is used, it must be figured, and of a rich kind, and then an *oiseau zephir*, or shaded feathers are added.

Foulards are much in request in morning dress, particularly

those that are striped, and have small running patterns on the stripes; *pekings d'été* and *gros de Naples* printed in small patterns are also in vogue, but as the season advances muslin is likely to be the most employed. But in evening dress silks are expected to predominate; those that have appeared are of a very rich kind; we refer for the most fashionable forms of robes to our prints, by which our fair readers will see that the changes that have taken place are as yet very slight. Fashionable colours are those we announced last month.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH.

THE severity of the weather rendered Longchamps almost a failure; nevertheless, some hardy *élégantes* appeared there in summer toilettes; and every day since that has been tolerably fine the *Bois de Boulogne* has been crowded with fair fashionables; the major part of whom are attired in spring dresses. We hasten to lay before our fair readers all that is most worthy of their attention in these elegant novelties.

And first for that grand object of a French woman's cares, *la tête*. Hats and bonnets have suffered little change in their forms; the brims of both are smaller, with the exception of those of Italian straw, all of which at present are *d la glaneuse*; that is, the brim is left in all its original width at the front and sides, but turned up at the back in folds. White, or straw-coloured ostrich feathers with ribbons to correspond, are the ornaments generally employed for these hats. We have seen a few of rice straw of the same shape, and decorated in the same manner; but this is a fancy rather than a fashion, and will not, we think, ever become general. The majority of rice straw hats have the brims of a very moderate size; the trimming consist of figured ribbons, of which there are a great number of new patterns and flowers; all the early ones of the season are employed, but roses and lilacs are predominant. An effort is making to change the style of trimming; but it is not expected to succeed, at least not in the early part of the season, for sprigs or bouquets drooping over the brims are still employed; but where wreaths are adopted, they are usually placed obliquely on the crown, and are sometimes terminated at the bottom by a full knot of ribbon; but if a sprig or a bouquet issues from the end of the wreath, it does not descend upon the brim. Hats and bonnets of crape and *crêpe lisse* are already very much in request, as are also those of another light material, *gaze Iris*. The *Capotes Sylphides*

composed of this latter, will have a decided run; they are so light, and at the same time so tasteful, that they bear the bell among the new bonnets; they are trimmed with *torsades*, and ornaments of the same material, and a bouquet or wreath of flowers. Roses of Bengal, spotted in different colours, are very much employed for bouquets; so also are blue-bells or violets; but if a wreath is used, it is generally composed of flowers of different kinds. A similar style of trimming is adopted for hats of *crepe lisse*.

Shawls are expected in some degree to supersede *mantelets* for the promenade. A great variety have already appeared: those of French Cashmere, of an exquisitely fine and soft, but a very slight kind, are adopted by many *élégantes*; the patterns are new, and some certainly very bizarre. We must, however, except those called *Châles-palatins* from this censure, for the patterns are beautiful, and the form extremely graceful; they are cut out so as to disengage the fore arm, each corner being rounded; the grounds are of different hues, both light and dark; the predominant hues are black, white, and different shades of green, blue, and red. A rich border encircles the shawl; the middle is ornamented with a rosace. A light wreath issues from the border, and attaches it to the rosace; but it serpentine lightly in such a manner as fully to display the beauty of the ground. Muslin shawls, lined with silk, are expected to be very much in vogue; they are beautifully embroidered round the border, and trimmed with very rich lace, so that notwithstanding their apparent simplicity, they are in reality very expensive.

White muslin, both plain and striped, is expected to be very much in favour in morning dress. There is also a new material, composed of fine Cashmere wool, called *poil de Chevre spouliné*, which is likely to be much in vogue; it has the softness of Cashmere, and the brilliancy of silk. *Mousselines de laine* will be in request, both for morning dress and evening *neglegé*, but they must be of new patterns; the prettiest as well as the most novel are those that have the patterns of the dress printed in a bias direction on the flounces. Several new silks have appeared for evening dress. They are of a very rich kind, and a good deal in the antique style: as to patterns the most remarkable are the Fontanges, Pompadour, and Dubarry. We must, however, signalize one of more modern date, though the colours do not appear to us to be well adapted for summer; it is the *Gitana*, a pretty mixture of black and flame colour. Fashionable colours are those we announced last month.

Morning Visiting Dress.

JACONOT muslin *pegnoir*; it is made to wrap to one side, and the border and also the side of the skirt is richly embroidered in a lace pattern; it is closed by a full knot of lilac ribbon, with floating ends, placed low on one side. The *corsage* high, but open on the bosom, is made with a shawl lappel, embroidered to correspond. Bishop's sleeve and cuff, worked *en suite*. Emerald green *gros de Tours* shawl, shot with white, and lined with lilac *pou de soie*; it is bordered by a fancy silk trimming, terminated at each point by tassels. Rice straw hat; a low crown, trimmed with twisted rouleaus of lilac ribbon, and a full bouquet of shaded feathers placed on one side.

Public Promenade Dress.

ROBE of one of the new *foulards*; it is bordered by a single flounce, on which the pattern is printed in a bias direction; it is headed by a *ruche* of the same material. The *corsage* is half high, and the sieve *à la Jardinière*. Shawl of clear India muslin, lined with pale blue *gros de Naples*; it is made with a double pelerine of a novel form; an embroidery in feather stitch, and a profusion of lace compose the trimming. Blue *pou de soie* hat, trimmed with blue ribbon, and ornaments composed of blue and white ribbon. A fall of very rich lace edges the brim, and turns round the back of the crown *en bavolet*.

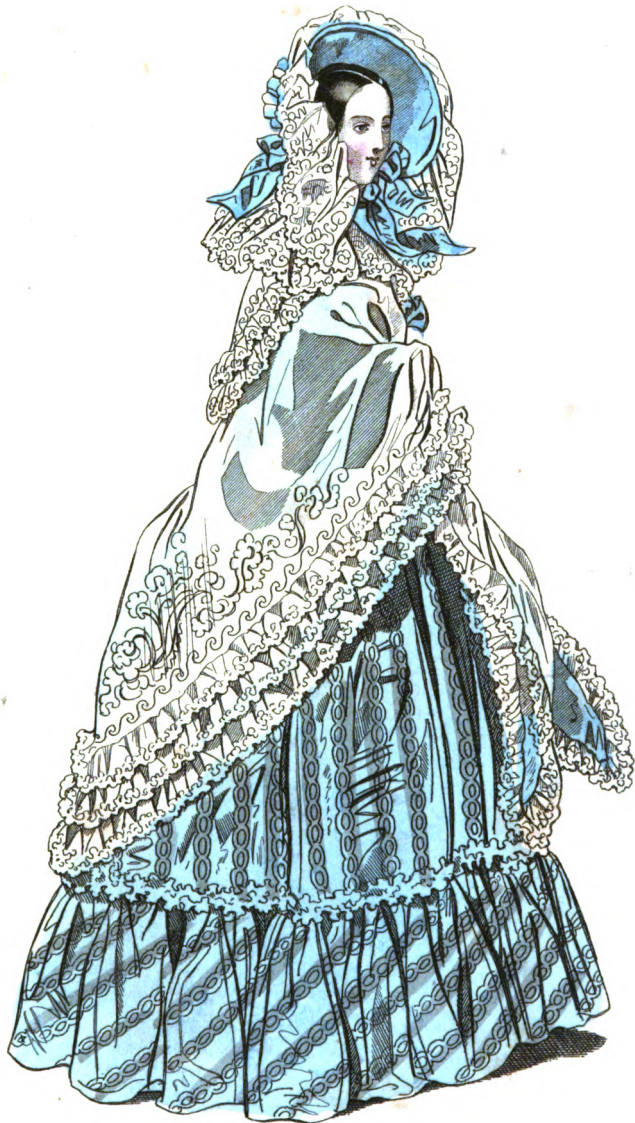
Morning Dress.

Foulard pelisse robe; it is a green ground, spotted with *ponceau* in a shower-of-hail pattern. A *ruche* of plain green *foulard* goes round the back of the skirt, and mounts *en tablier* in front; the centre is also ornamented with a *ruche*. *Corsage* half high and plain. Pointed pelerine, bordered with a *ruche*; the bottom and top of the sleeve is decorated *en suite*. *Chapeau demi Capote* of pink *pou de soie* profusely ornamented with white lace and roses.

Carriage Dress.

MUSLIN robe. *Corsage à la Vierge*, embroidered round the top, and finished at the bottom of the skirt with embroidery and a worked flounce. Open robe of *pou de soie*, striped in rose-coloured drab; it is made a little shorter than the muslin one. *Corsage* tight to the shape, and open on the bosom, displays that of the under dress, and is ornamented with knots of ribbon. The *ceinture* composed of ribbon, is elastic, and terminates in a knot, with floating ends in front. The top of the sleeve is ornamented with three small rows of *bouillons*—the remainder is very large; it descends considerably below the elbow, and is finished by a lace ruffle. The hat composed of yellow crape, has the brim a little turned up, and a low crown, which is trimmed with crape ornaments, and a *gerbe* of foliage and exotics.









THE LADIES' CABINET

OF

FASHION, MUSIC, AND ROMANCE.



THE SEA BIRD'S CRUISE. AN AMERICAN TALE.

BRIGHT Chesapeake! unrivalled bay! Well did the Indian,
as he gazed upon thy broad and verging surface,

“Now spangled with sunbeams, now dimpled with oars,
Now dark with the fresh blowing gale,”

well did he name thee “mother of waters;” deeming that thou wert that mighty deep, the bourn of the rivers of the land. The light canoe, which once skimmed thy clear expanse, or bounded over thy mimic waves, has long since rotted on thy shore with the woods from which it came. War has shaken its fierce pennon, and rolled its thunders over thy tide; and in their turn, the white sails of peaceful commerce have borne upon thee the burthens of countless wealth. Still, still, thou art the bright Chesapeake, fair as when the reflected forest girded thee about, and the Indian was master of thy waters. Man has changed, and forest has fallen; but thou art as ever, matchless and unrivalled.

A strong north west wind had blown, for many days, down the bay above mentioned, and detained at anchor a small vessel, which would willingly have made its way against it. The schooner, for such it was, thus wind-bound, lay in the entrance of South river, and under the lee of a narrow and thickly wooded point, which here thrusts its bluff extremity into the Chesapeake.

In modern times, the dark appearance of the schooner, its black hull and yards, unrelieved by the dingy yellow of the naked masts, would have excited disagreeable suspicions in the mind of the passing mariner; and, even at the period of our story, about the year 174—, there was that in the general aspect of the vessel, which, almost indescribably, was calculated to make the fair trader give it a wide berth on meeting: though perhaps, after all, its distinctive marks were to be

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found only in the trig and seamanlike style in which the sails were bound to the spars, the taughtness of the running rigging, and the fresh paint which gleamed upon the sides. In the bay phrase, it was a "clever craft," but still had a rakish look about it, not common to an every day acquaintance, a *noli me tangere* cut, which cried "hands off" to all new comers. The smoke, that curled from the caboose or galley, and spread itself among the rigging, was, for some time, the only evidence that the schooner was inhabited. At last, however, the head of a sailor slowly emerged above the comings of the fore hatch, and the whole man soon after appeared, in his full proportions, upon the deck. He looked about him, as if to ascertain the state of wind and weather, walked to the dog-vane on the taffrail, shook the hour-glass, whose sand had nearly run, peered over the bow, to see how the tide set against the cable, and finally disappeared down the companion way. In a short time he returned to the deck, accompanied by two persons, whose appearance indicated a higher rank. The first was evidently the master of the vessel—a short spare man, of the middle age, upon whose face warmer suns than that of America had left their token, in an almost olive complexion. His features were strongly, but not disagreeably marked. On the contrary, there was much good humour in the twinkle of the small gray eye, which glanced rapidly around, from beneath the heavy fleshy lid above it; and it was only in the firm compression of the thin colourless lips, that the spirit to control the crew of his vessel could be recognized. His dress was that of a sailor, in his "go ashore" habit, with the exception of a silver hilted cutlass, swinging at his side. His companion was a young man, of perhaps eight and twenty, above the middle size, and dressed after the fashion of a gentleman of the time, bold and forward in his carriage, yet not ungraceful,—frank indeed, rather than rude or coarse, and of an open hearted expression of countenance, and pleasant smile, which more than atoned for any brusquerie of manner. They both, like the sailor, noted wind and tide; and the master, having finished his observations, gave a few short quiet orders to the man who had summoned him on deck. By this time, the mates, two thorough-going seamen in their appearance, had joined the trio near the main hatch, and the loud, shrill whistle of the sailor first mentioned brought at least twenty hands from below, to obey the orders of the commander. The effect of these was apparent in a few moments. The hand spikes were thrust into the windlass, and a dozen turns were sufficient to trip the

anchor, in the shallow water off the point. Another turn, and the schooner was free. The head fell off from the wind, as the jib was run up, and fore and main sail swelling as they were extended to the generous breeze, the vessel shot from beneath the land, and sped across the bay, towards the opposite and low shores of Kent island. Topsails and gaff topsails were now added; and, with all her canvass set, the schooner flew gallantly along. When their immediate services were no longer wanted, the crew, one by one, silently disappeared, leaving those only upon deck who were essential to the attempt, now made, to beat the vessel against the northwester, in her course up the Chesapeake.

During all this time, the master had been busily engaged, and now that the schooner was fairly under weigh, he rejoined the young man, before alluded to. "Off at last," was his first sentence; "and if the wind don't rise, and the tide runs as it does now, an hour will see us at the mouth of Severn." "High time we were there," was the reply: "thou didst bargain, captain, to land me at home a week since; but thou hast hugged Thomas's point, as if it were thy mistress; refused to let me land, refused to send thy boat up with me, and kept me for the sake of my society, more a prisoner than a passenger." "Hoot, man, there it is again. How often have I told thee, that when I left the West Indies, where the bargain thou speakest of was made, I had no idea of finding a king's vessel upon the waters of the Chesapeake. There's no use in mincing matters, master Orrin, and my trade wont bear inquiry." "Sure enough, captain Giles Heatherby," answered the other, laughing; "I verily believe thee, man: and I thank thee from my heart, that, when Beckett brought the tidings that a cruiser was in the Severn, thou didst not cut cable, make all sail, and away, before the northwester, to the ocean." "Faith, master Orrin, it was not for want of inclination, but for want of time. Beckett chose, like a fool, to lose himself in the woods on his way from town, where I sent him when the northwester first drove me under the point, and the king's ship came down by water, as fast as Beckett brought the tidings by land. I have no objection to a fight when there's a chance for a free trader; but when I saw the sails of the cruiser, from royals to courses, sweeping down the bay, and could count her teeth grinning on me in the twilight, as I followed her with the glass—I tell thee, master Orrin, I wished thee at the very devil, or at least safe in the West Indies. Nothing but the twilight saved the Sea Bird from the king's docks, and Giles Heatherby from——"

Heatherby here made a significant motion with the fore finger of his right hand, casting, at the same time, a glance to the end of the fore topsail yard of the Sea Bird, which left no doubt of his meaning.

“However, as I said before, that’s past, and so no more of it. I’ve waited, until I’m sure the enemy’s departed; and now, with the bay to myself—and it’s not the first time either—I’ll try, when I do leave it, to leave it in ballast only.”

“And I suppose, captain Heatherby, that thou hast held me fast, to make all safe.” Giles shrugged his shoulders at this remark of Orrin, and with his peculiar, but good natured smile, answered, “Why, thou mightst have said, that perchance the Sea Bird’s cargo was not invoiced, or cleared; and they set more value upon those invoices here, than among the islands, or on the main. And besides that, I loved thee, man, and wanted thy company. As it is, I’ll land thee safe; and should there ever be a quarrel about invoices, I’ll expect thee to stand my friend. Thou hast been my passenger from the West Indies, and by this time knowest the Sea Bird and her master; and the master trusts thee.” The last words were uttered in a low and serious tone, and with marked emphasis. The appeal was not to be misunderstood, and Orrin answered, “Yes, Heatherby, had I known thy free trade notions sooner, I scarce had troubled thee with my company. Some of thy meetings on the ocean let me into thy secrets; but thou hast acted truly by me, and thou mayest trust me.” “I do,” was the reply; “and I yet may stead thee still further, than with a passage from the Gulph.”

During the latter part of this conversation, the schooner had rapidly neared the shore of Kent island, and the smoother water, immediately ahead, showed, that in another moment the vessel would be upon the flats. “Helm a-lee!” shouted the master, and the instant after, the schooner ran, all shaking, into the wind. As the starboard jib sheet was still held taut, the head fell to leeward, the topsail yards were pointed in another direction, and before the vessel had lost its way, every sail was filled, and upon the long leg of the tack, the Sea Bird stretched up for the mouth of the Severn. Onward she sped, though now with less velocity than before, for now was her time of struggle with the wind; and with every sail close hauled, and sometimes even shivering, as she luffed more and more up the bay, to clear the flats to leeward, the schooner, to use sailor phrase, crawled steadily along. At last the mouth of the river opened over the larboard bow, and Heatherby gave

orders to bear away, for the purpose of entering it. The sailor on duty had already put his helm up, when Orrin sprang forward, and with a powerful arm again luffed the vessel on the course she was leaving. Heatherby's eyes flashed fire, at this interference of his passenger; and in short fierce tones, he ordered him below, and advanced as if to strike the seaman, who had permitted his command to be disobeyed. With his right hand still on the tiller, and thrusting the helmsman behind him with the other, Orrin stood between Heatherby and the sailor. "Stand off, captain Giles Heatherby," he said, "and lay not thy hand on the hilt of the cutlass. Nay, tell me not that thou art master of the schooner, with such round oaths," he continued, [as the other, in vehement language, would have interrupted him: "I know it, man, I know it; but I know still better the harbour of Annapolis. Look at that sand bar, the end of which will soon be off the larboard quarter, and tell me how the Sea Bird would have appeared, high and dry upon it, when the tide fell." Orrin pointed to the bar, as he spoke, clearly defined by the comparative smoothness of the water above it. "There, take the helm now," he added to the terrified sailor behind him, "and bear away until you open yon cleared field upon the tall tree on the bank, then luff until you have the Severn straight before you; bear away again, when you range that house with the opening in the woods, and you may anchor any where, near the long low point putting out to the right of the town." He left the helm, as he spoke, and advanced towards Heatherby, who stood, convinced of the necessity of the interference which had so provoked him, conscious of the apology which he owed, and yet reluctant to make it. "Are we to be friends, captain Giles," said Orrin, holding out his hand, "or must we quarrel in the last half hour of our three weeks' voyage?" The firm compression of the other's lips gradually relaxed, the deep furrow disappeared from between his brows, the steady fixedness of his eye yielded to the usual expression of good humour, as he took the proffered hand, and answered, "Nay, we quarrel not now, master Orrin; thou didst move me much though. It was for common safety, however, and let it pass. Thou knowest," he continued—passing his arm through his companion's, and moving from the immediate neighbourhood of the helmsman—"Thou knowest the tenure of my command here. I am obeyed, because the rascals under me fear me, and have confidence in my skill; and with the like of them, it's better to be high and dry on a sand bar, than, having once given an order, to change it. A few

more such interferences, and every scoundrel would presume to cry 'starboard,' when I cried 'port.'" Further conversation there was, between the master and his passenger, until the schooner's course was laid direct to her intended anchorage. The topsails were clewed up, the gaff topsails brought upon the deck, the flying jib and foresail hauled down, and, under jib and mainsail, and with diminished speed, the vessel approached the long, low point indicated by Orrin. Gradually, the remaining canvass was taken in, and like one wearied with a toilsome journey, the Sea Bird offered but small resistance, when the anchor dropped from the bows, and moving sluggishly on, she was brought up at the extremity of the cable that was allowed her.

It was evening, just before the setting of an autumnal sun that the schooner thus terminated her voyage, and dropped anchor in the port of her immediate destination. She formed another picturesque object in a landscape surpassingly beautiful. She had left the broad waters of the bay, and directly before her, at the bottom of a small, and now unruffled cove, lay nestled the village or town of Annapolis, then the principal place in the province of Maryland. To the right, the eye followed the blue waters of the Severn into the dim perspective. To the left, the meanderings of a broad and tranquil creek, dark with the shadows of the trees lining its banks, were lost behind the town. Nearer the bay, point and headland projected, on either side, into the Severn; and the low distant shore of Kent island bounded the landscape in that direction. Save where the little town dotted the eminence on which it stood, the land around presented the rich hues of cultivation, or laughed under the yellow sunlight, in all the gay and gorgeous tints of the autumnal forests of America; and the sheets of water were either darkened to a deeper blue by the last breathings of the northwester, or lay the undisturbed mirrors of the beauty of the land. In the centre of all, was the Sea Bird; every sail snug, every rope taut, and presenting, to the seamen's eye, a perfect gem of the ocean.

As soon as the vessel had anchored, Heatherby left her to the command of his mate, and together with Orrin, whose preparations had been previously made, was pulled in the schooner's boat to the wharf or quay of the town. Few words were exchanged between the master and his passenger, in their short passage to the shore; both were absorbed in their own reflections; and the boat struck the land, before either appeared to recollect, that "farewell" was yet to be uttered. A

cordial shake of the hand, a "God bless you" on one side, "we'll meet again, maybe" on the other, was the brief parting; after which, Orrin, making his way through the crowd of idlers collected at the landing, hastened up into the town.

Orrin Lacy, whom we have heretofore spoken of under the familiar name of Orrin, was the only son of one of the most respectable Catholic families of Maryland. At the usual age, he had been sent to Europe to receive his education, and after an absence of many years, had now returned to the place of his nativity. True, Orrin had not been employed all this while in black letter studies, under the good Jesuits at St. Omers. He had travelled as a man of fortune, had been engaged in extensive speculations as an enterprising merchant, had visited home once during that period, and was on his second return when first introduced to our readers. He had sailed from Europe to the West Indies, in a hope of obtaining a passage from thence to Maryland; and falling in with Heatherby, whose destination suited him, without very particular inquiry, had joined his schooner on her voyage to the province.

Who Giles Heatherby was, was no secret on the Spanish Main, or in the West India islands; nor, as it would seem from the kindly greetings which he received from several at landing, was it a secret in Annapolis. Half smuggler, half buccaneer, his crew and himself could alone tell where his cargoes came from. People had their suspicions. Some of his men had left the several ports where they were known, sound and smooth, and had returned, maimed and scarred; and there were persons who had noticed recent shot marks, carefully concealed, in the hull of the Sea Bird. But Heatherby was a warm friend, and an inveterate enemy; and it ill became his customers, at least so they thought, to inquire how it was, that even with the duties paid, he could undersell the market.

"First for my father, and then for Alice," thought Orrin, almost audibly, after parting with the captain of the schooner. "Two years absence—and she scarce knew how I loved her when we parted. Ah"—and the sigh might be heard, though the words could not—"those two years may have undone me." His further reflections of this sort were interrupted by his arrival at his home. He made the house re-echo, as he struck the huge knocker of polished brass, which reflected the neighbourhood, in all the contortions of scroll and moulding. The door was opened by the grey headed negro, who had been grey when Orrin was an infant; and the next instant, the traveller was clasped in the arms of his relatives. "Orrin, my boy;

Orrin, my own son ; dear, dear Orrin," came at the same moment, from father, mother and sisters, followed by all the rapid gratulations of affection. It was some time before anything like a connected narrative of what had happened since they parted, could be obtained from either Orrin or his friends. The brief outlines of the traveller's history, we have already given : and, in general terms, the elder Lacy alluded to the situation of the province, evidently and purposely turning the conversation to domestic incidents in the family. Hour after hour went by, in this manner, until, at last, pleading an engagement, which all understood, Orrin rose to pay his intended visit to Alice. His father followed him from the room, and both, taking their hats and cloaks, left the house together. Then it was, that the elder Lacy went fully, and in detail, into the situation of the province, and revealed to his son a state of things of which the latter was wholly unconscious.

"Orrin, my boy," continued the father, "the faith of our ancestors is made unto us a mark of infamy, and in the name of Catholic, there is held to centre all that is base and opprobrious. Under pretence of religion, our opponents would hunt us as wild beasts, and the night alone saves us from insult, as we now walk the streets of Annapolis. Look," pursued he, raising his cloak at the same time, and displaying the long rapier which, unseen by his son, he had girded to his side, when they left the house ; "look, Orrin, at the only safeguard of the persecuted Catholic." The father paused for a moment, and then went on. "In vain have we remonstrated : the Catholic is too vile even to be heard. Our lands are burthened with double taxation ; as citizens we are disfranchised ; as men we are insulted on our hearthstones. The council takes from the Catholic his very children, lest in their mother's milk they suck the seeds of infamy and perdition"—the voice of the old man became almost suffocated, as he thus detailed the wrongs of his sect—"and yet, Orrin," he concluded in smothered tones, "we bear it all." The reply of Orrin was that of excited passion. His blood rushed fiercely through his veins ; and when his father told him that the Catholics held a meeting that very night, to consult on the course to be pursued by them, even Alice was forgotten, in his anxiety to be present at the deliberations. Nor was the elder Lacy unwilling that his son should stand forward in a cause, which he considered to be that of his Maker ; and without hesitation, he at once led Orrin to the place appointed for the assembly.

History has informed us of the conduct of the Catholics in

Maryland, during the persecution which they endured; and the proceedings of the midnight meeting, to which Orrin was introduced, were illustrated, subsequently, in the events of the day. Resistance was in vain. Religious enthusiasm could not supply the defect of numbers, when the same moving spirit was equally powerful on both sides; and a voluntary exile was at last decided upon, as the only means of preserving life, fortune and honour. "Carroll," said the speaker, who last addressed the assembled Catholics, "is at this moment in France, invested with full power to obtain for us a portion of the southern part of this mighty continent. Our brother in the faith, the French king, can scarcely refuse us an asylum, in the boundless wilderness which he possesses; and though we have to raise new temples to our God, kindle new fires upon fresh hearthstones, and beg fellowship with the savage for our daily bread; yet our temples will be undefiled, our hearthstones our own, and our bread eaten in peace and quietness." Among the audience, there had been some who had urged violent measures, others again who had proposed continued remonstrance; but the conclusion to which all finally came, was, to bear quietly and as best they might, the insults to which their faith subjected them, until the time arrived, when they could withdraw themselves from their persecutors.

The assembly which had conducted its deliberations with grave and almost portentous silence, now broke up, and ere its members separated for the night, they conversed, one with another, though still in whispered tones, more familiarly than the preceding debate had permitted. Orrin thus became acquainted with much that his father had not been able to communicate; and when he left the room with the rest, he admitted to himself, that the sufferings of kindred and friends created a feeling in his breast, almost as powerful as his love for Alice.

And who was Alice, whom we have thus introduced into our narrative? Alice Redmond was a Catholic orphan, with enough of beauty to make her the reigning toast of the county of Anne Arundel, before Catholic was a name of scorn, and enough of the world's gear to place her beyond the reach of pecuniary misfortune. Alice Redmond was three and twenty, above rather than under the middle size, skilled in the accomplishments of the day, and with all woman's pride and maiden dignity of feeling, and all woman's warm and generous affections clustering round her heart. Naturally gay and cheerful in her temper, was Alice Redmond; but the late religious persecutions had saddened her usual disposition, and, avoiding

all society, Alice found herself in a short time almost wholly neglected by those of whom she had once been the centre and the life. She resided with distant connexions, differing from her in faith, looking at her, recently, with distrust, and offering her few inducements to leave the privacy which she had voluntarily chosen.

The future was now so gloomy to the most sanguine Catholic in Maryland, that Alice was excusable if she sought comfort, during her lonely hours, in recollections of the past. Among the numerous passages which she from time to time recalled, there was one on which her memory dwelt frequently and fondly. It was her acquaintance with Orrin Lacy. True, no words had passed between them, telling of affection; but Alice thought that the eyes of Orrin could not be misunderstood; and her only fear was, that her own had, at times, been tell-tales. She had seen the Sea Bird win its way into the mouth of the river, and, with a vague feeling of expectation, had watched it from her window, as it slept upon the water, until the twilight concealed it from her view; and when her servant caught the rumour, that Orrin Lacy had returned, and repeated it to Alice, she felt, she knew not why, that the intelligence was anything but unexpected. That night flew with bright dreams to Alice: but, when hour after hour passed by on the ensuing day, and Orrin did not appear, to pay the common civilities, even of old acquaintance, she found herself, almost unconsciously, repeating the question, "can he have forgotten me?" and felt her vanity and her pride both touched by his apparent neglect. Evening found Alice seated in the drawing-room, now an unusual place for her, and a common observer might have noticed the eager attention with which she listened to the slightest sound that reached her ears from without the mansion. At last there was a quick knock at the outer door, a rapid step in the passage, and the next moment Orrin Lacy was in the drawing-room.

How much are we the creatures of circumstances! How little are we under our own control! Had Orrin not appeared, Alice would have been miserable; all her pride notwithstanding: and now that he was before her, fear lest her greeting should betray her feelings, perhaps some pique at the lateness of his visit, gave a cold formality to her manners, that at once checked and mortified the only person whom at that moment she cared to please. Orrin withdrew his proffered hand, and, with constrained civility, inquired after the health of Mistress Alice Redmond; who, in her turn endeavoured, and with too

much success for the feelings of her lover, to manifest the same indifference. In this manner, an half hour went slowly by; wretched to each of them; neither understanding the other; and both, by every word they spoke, widening the breach thus unintentionally made between them. Orrin had once or twice risen to depart, yet still lingered in the room, hoping he scarce knew what; and he now stood beside the table in the centre of the apartment, idly turning over the various articles upon it. His eye rested at last upon a set of ivory tablets, which he well recollected to have belonged to Alice. As he opened them, his attention was immediately attracted; his eye changed its expression, and, with the tablets in his hand, and every feature lighted up with joy, he approached the spot where Alice was seated. His changed manner was remarked by her; and, seeing the tablets, she started, as if to take them from him; her face, at the same time, covered with blushes. "Nay, Mr. Lacy," she began—"Say me not nay, loveliest and best beloved Alice," interrupted he, raising the tablets beyond her reach with one hand, and with the other leading her to the sofa, from whence she had risen; "these slips of ivory are of more worth to me, than the revenue of the British empire. Nay, then, that inquiring look forces me to explain. Dost thou not recollect the summer evening when we parted, and when I told thee, that, like a true knight, I would leave my motto as my remembrancer, and wrote upon these very tablets, 'Fidelité et Esperance:' and dost thou not recollect, fair Alice, that, at thy bidding, I erased the 'Esperance,' and left 'Fidelité' remaining, so solitary, on the ivory? Nay, then, turn not away, for my tale is but half told. The knight went to foreign climes, with a heavy heart, and on his return believed, from her manner, that his lady was indifferent; until he finds, written by her own fair hand, the 'Esperance' which she bade him erase, and sees, from the date below, that a week has not elapsed, since the lady, in her own heart, promised 'Esperance' to the true knight. Say to me, loveliest Alice, have I told the tale truly?"

Poor Alice, while Orrin spoke, had hid her face on her arm, as she leaned it on the high back of the sofa, and made no answer to his earnest questionings. Misunderstanding, however, was now over; and without detailing the further conversation of the lovers, it is sufficient for our readers to know, that when they separated that evening, their mutual faith was plighted.

True to the policy which they had adopted, at the meeting

we have adverted to, the Catholics refrained, as far as possible, from provoking any aggression on the part of their religious opponents, looking forward steadily to the time when they might depart into voluntary exile.

Among others who were thus forbearing, although with the least good will, and perhaps, with the worst grace, was the younger Lacy. Once or twice, indeed, his hand had been upon the hilt of the sword, which he, in common with the other Catholics, was now obliged to wear for his personal protection, and bloodshed was only prevented by the accidental and fortunate presence of a friend. That friend, on these occasions, was no less a personage than Captain Giles Heatherby, who passed himself for a merchant-trader, managed to keep out of sight more than the complement of men proper for the character which he assumed for the Sea Bird, and who trafficked as freely in Annapolis, as if he had been a denizen of the place. He was almost constantly to be found in the streets or about the landing; hushed suspicion by the publicity of his proceedings; and, with all ready for a moment's start, acted, as if he, of all men, would be the least under the necessity of flight. There were many who knew him, but he had made secrecy their interest; others again suspected him; and some believed him to be everything that he represented. Heatherby's safety lay in the cheapness of his wares, his accommodating terms, and a lavish distribution of underhand presents to those whose duty it was to protect the revenues of the king and the lord proprietary. There were many indeed above the means used by Heatherby to effect his ends; but these were most sedulously avoided. The aristocracy of the province, with few exceptions, and the executive government, knew little of Giles Heatherby, save that he was a trader, whose long low schooner occasionally entered the harbour of Annapolis.

A month might have elapsed, since the arrival of the Sea Bird in the waters of the Chesapeake, and she lay before the town, as snugly and quietly as when she first dropped anchor. Heatherby pursued his commercial views with unwonted success; while Orrin, despite the frowns of Alice Redmond's relations, passed most of his time in her presence. Although betrothed, no day had been appointed for their marriage; but, by a tacit consent, they seemed disposed to wait, until happier times shone upon the Catholics in Maryland. In the mean while, the elder Lacy and his family treated Alice as though she were already a daughter or a sister, not only for Orrin's sake, but for her own; while she, in her turn, often soothed

the excited feelings of the old man, and with her stronger intellect, and more buoyant spirits, cheered and consoled the female members of his household.

Orrin had been absent on a visit to a friend's house, and on his return, late one afternoon, found that Alice had just left his sisters, with whom she had spent part of the day, on her return home. He hastened to overtake her. His nearest and most direct course was over the hill, on which stood the statehouse. Another route, and that which he well knew had been taken by Alice, was a circuitous one by the landing place. If I turn to the right, he thought, I shall scarcely overtake her; if I go the short cut by the statehouse, I shall reach her own door before her. Orrin did not forget, that the Catholics were prohibited from passing in front of the statehouse; but he forgot the caution, which he had hitherto observed, and walked rapidly up the hill. As he turned the corner of a building, which had concealed from his view the summit of the eminence, he saw collected there, a group of men, who, to judge from the loudness of their tones, were in angry altercation. For a moment he hesitated whether he should not retire; but discarding the prudential doubt from his mind, he advanced hastily to the spot. Before he could reach it, there was a quick movement in the crowd, and the next instant, he saw a single man keeping at bay a number of assailants. "Kill the Catholic! down with the worshipper of idols! death to the son of Baal!" were the shouts which came from the latter; while, with surpassing skill, the intended victim parried the blows aimed at his life, and slowly retreated as he did so. With a single bound, Orrin was at the side of Giles Heatherby; for it was the buccaneer, whose religion, for the first time in his life perhaps, had thus brought him into trouble. "Faith, master, thou art in time," said the captain of the Sea Bird, retreating for an instant to the rear of Orrin, and leaving him alone to repel the enraged enthusiasts. Heatherby made use of this momentary breathing time, to blow a small whistle, in a shrill and peculiar tone, and ere the last vibration had ceased to sound, he was again by the side of Orrin. A minute might have elapsed, when the two Catholics found themselves most efficiently supported. First one, and then another and another of Heatherby's sailors answered the well known whistle, until ten of them were rallied in defence of their captain. The Catholics were now the assailants, and in a few seconds were masters of the field. Orrin was slightly wounded, and three of the Protestants were groaning upon the ground. There was no time or cause for congratulation.

JUNE, 1839.

K K

“ Away to the schooner, if ye can ; if not to the hut,” said Heatherby to his sailors, who waited no second bidding. “ And now, Master Orrin, we must fly,” continued the captain. “ Annapolis and Maryland will both be too hot for us : I shall be the first attacked, and thou wilt be the next ; and if either of us be caught, why then farewell to daylight and the Sea Bird. Fool too that I was, to let the jibes and jeers, or even the downright insults of a few hot-headed religionists, make me turn brawler in the streets. If I am a Catholic, I am a free trader ; and the free trader turns fool, when he talks of his own or any man’s creed ; and greater fool when cold steel follows his words.” As he spoke, Heatherby hurried Orrin down the hill, and gained the shelter of some buildings, in one of the diverging streets. The quarrel, the fight, the retreat had begun and concluded so rapidly, that now, for the first time, Orrin was able to collect his thoughts, and consider his situation. Under existing circumstances, he well knew, that the chances of life were but slight in his favour, against the infuriated mob, which a short time would collect ; and though Heatherby might be the first object of their vengeance, he with equal certainty would be the second. But Alice, what would become of Alice, if he fled ? “ I cannot go with thee,” at last he said, “ unless another is the companion of my flight, Heatherby. Therefore seek thine own safety, man, and leave me to manage as I may.” “ Nay, nay,” was the reply ; “ that will never do ; thine arm saved me in this foolish brawl, Master Orrin, and I leave not the water of the bay without thee. This much I swear. I stay not for parley now, or the Sea Bird may be lost to us both : but meet me, an hour hence, under the bank to the left of Carroll’s house, at the hut thou wilt find there ; or if that may not be, the schooner shall never leave Thomas’s point, until she picks thee up at it. Come single or double, it is all the same. Europe, perhaps, may receive once more the persecuted Catholics.” Heatherby disappeared down a narrow alley, as he uttered the last words, leaving Orrin alone in the street. It was now twilight, and the town, notwithstanding the late rencountre, was still and quiet ; and Orrin, availing himself of that, which he knew would not long continue, hastened to the residence of Alice. He found her at her usual seat in the drawing room, and fortunately alone. “ Alice,” he said, as he entered, and seated himself beside her, “ misfortune hath at last come, most visibly, upon us, and again I must leave my country.” Alice looked at him in speechless astonishment ; the ashy paleness of her face showing the almost mortal

effect of his sudden annunciation. She uttered no sound, but gazed on him so inquiringly, that her very eyes seemed to ask audibly the meaning of his words. Had Orrin wished convincing proof of unalterable love, it would have been found in the appearance of Alice at this moment. "Forgive me, my own best beloved," he continued, "if, for an instant, I have blanched thy cheek: but the full heart stays not ere it speaks, even when affection would check its utterance. Blood has been spilt this evening: the cause has been still this unhappy difference of creeds; and flight, to preserve life, has become inevitable." Orrin then proceeded to state to Alice the particulars of the rencontre before the statehouse, and his fear as to its consequences. "But why leave the land?" at last answered Alice: "thy interference, Orrin, was to protect one against many; and for thee, personally, there can be no apprehension." "Fana-ticism, not justice, presides, where the Catholic is a party," replied Orrin; "I would not fear the result. As it is, even the courts might not acquit me, if the populace suffered me to live until my trial." Alice wrung her hands and wept in utter despair, as her lover went more into detail, in explaining the causes of his apprehension. "And is there no way to avoid this last, bitterest pang?" she said, her full streaming eyes raised devoutly to heaven as she spoke; "can I not be spared it?" "Yes Alice, dearest and best," answered Orrin, to her almost unconscious ejaculation; "be mine, now and for ever. In postponing our union hitherto, we have looked forward to brighter days. These are now too far removed—beyond the reach of anticipation. Be mine, then, now, my betrothed wife." And Orrin urged his claim, with all the fond sollicitations of affection. Alice shook her head once or twice, as he proceeded; but her resolution was not proof against his entreaties. He took her passive hand, and when he again repeated his request, her assent was almost inaudible, from the sobs that accompanied it. But she did assent; and Orrin, falling on his knees at her feet, covered with kisses the small and delicate hand clasped in his own, and thanked her with all the devoutness of gratitude. He only ceased his thanks, on hearing a foot fall behind him; and rising from his kneeling attitude, he saw Heatherby standing at his side.

"Captain Heatherby! whence this unauthorised intrusion?" were the first words that fell from Orrin, addressed to the new comer; while Alice, recovering herself, at the excited tone of Orrin, listened long enough to the scene, to understand its import, and then left the apartment. "Stay, stay, Master

"Orrin," interrupted Heatherby; "this is no time for quarrel. That lady, doubtless, is the companion you mentioned, and I only pray she is ready for her journey. My communication with the schooner is cut off. The Sea Bird must wing her way without me, for the present. The town is not yet stirred; but soon will be: the soldiers are among the people; they have found out, all of them, for the first time, the knaves, that I am buccaneer and free trader; and unless we reach the hut in the next half hour, we are undone; not I, Giles Heatherby, only, but you, Orrin Lacy, and your love." Few were the words, after this, which passed between the two. Heatherby undertook to manage every thing, even to having the priest at the hut, provided no delay was made. Alice re-appeared, with all her wonted firmness; and, in a few short minutes after the arrival of Heatherby, the three, accompanied by a sailor, bearing Alice's hastily collected apparel, took their way to the hut. They made a wide circuit through the fields, at the back of the town, wound along under the banks of the creek, and at last reached the rendezvous of the buccaneer. This was the rudely constructed log dwelling of a fisherman, and had been, hitherto, the unsuspected resort of Heatherby and his crew. The site on which it stood was but recently occupied by the wretched hovel of a pauper oysterman and his wife, almost old enough to have recollected the scenes of the present narrative, and the butts of the school boy republicans in the now decayed city of Annapolis. Here Heatherby left Orrin and Alice, with the sailor who had accompanied them in their flight; and after a short absence, returned with the elder Lacy, and a person whom Orrin recognised as the most energetic of the speakers at the meetings of the Catholics, before alluded to. This last, Heatherby, in brief phrase, told Orrin, was the priest. The greeting between the younger Lacy and his father was silent and affecting; but was quickly interrupted by the master of the Sea Bird, who, restless and uneasy, urged the immediate performance of the ceremony. "My boat will speedily be here, I hope," he said; "and unless we soon reach the schooner, farther flight may be unnecessary and impossible." Thus admonished, hasty preparations were made to comply with the rites of the church. The priest drew from a small bundle, his cassock and scapulary, and invested himself with them. The ship's lantern, which hung from the roof tree, was turned, so as to throw its rays full upon the countenance of the holy man. Two brands, lighted at the fire on the hearth, and composed of the resinous knots of the pine, were held by Heatherby and

One of his sailors, on either side, and filled the interior of the hut with a bright flickering glare. Alice stood between her future husband and his father, supported on the arms of both; pale as the shadow of beauty, but calm and self possessed under the temporary excitement of her feelings. In the back ground, were the hard features of a few of the Sea Bird's sailors, parties in the fray of the afternoon, and now hovering about the rendezvous; and farther still, upon the sides of the hut, the eye glanced upon the bright steel of offensive and mortal weapons, hung there for the nonce. All was now arranged; and after a few preparatory admonitions, the priest commenced the ceremony, in tones low, but full and deeply impressive, and continued uninterrupted, until he had united, by the strongest of all earthly ties, the kneeling couple before him. Orrin had seen the ceremony performed in the cathedral and in the palace, when all that art could do was done, to add to the solemnity of the occasion; but never had the obligation appeared so awfully binding, as when administered in the buccaneer's rendezvous, on the waters of the Chesapeake.

The marriage was now concluded, and the elder Lacy was repeating, in trembling accents, the benediction just pronounced by the priest, when the door of the hut was pushed quickly open, and one of the Sea Bird's sailors entered, alarmed and breathless. "Well, Beckett, what's in the wind?" asked Heatherby, whose ear and eye were ever on the watch. "Are they coming this way? speak man, and at once. Here are ten of us, and the hut may be defended: though 'twere folly too," he half muttered to himself. "No, you are safe," answered Beckett; but the schooner, the Sea Bird—"Well, what of her, knave?" exclaimed the other, anxiously. "They'll board her from the land, in the next ten minutes. No word has reached her; the people and the soldiers have the boats; and the craft's gone, captain Heatherby, and we are not aboard, to lend a hand." "Is that all?" answered the master: "thinkest thou they will take the Sea Bird unawares?" "I don't know," replied Beckett; "but had I been on board, and known of the storm brewing, the anchor had been up an hour since." The latter part of the remark was not heard by Heatherby, who left the hut, followed by all save the agitated bride, her husband, and his father. Even the priest joined the sailors, in the anxiety of the moment. Orrin strove in vain to impart some cheerfulness of feeling to his companions; but his own forced attempts yielded to the melancholy circumstances of the

hour; and in silence they awaited tidings and directions from the moving spirit on the occasion, the captain of the *Sea Bird*.

On leaving the hut, Heatherby and his companions moved along the beach of the creek to a bend, from which they could distinctly see the schooner, quietly and unsuspectingly riding at anchor off Windmill point. And scarcely ever did the eye rest upon a lovelier scene, than that which now presented itself. The moon, two days past the full, had just risen over Kent island, and showed a silvery path across the broad Chesapeake, formed by the reflection on the almost unruffled water. Behind the schooner, were the bluff points which jutted into the Severn, now made more prominent by the moonlight. In the foreground, and to the right was the still creek, with its broad dark shadows. To the left, lay the town, sleeping as it were on the gentle eminences which it covered. And over all—the distant island, the nearer promontories, the vessel of the buccaneer, and the quiet town—was spread that soft and mellow tint, peculiar at certain periods to the autumnal atmosphere of America.

But the attention of Heatherby and his party was not given to the beauties of the moonlight landscape. Every eye was watching the movements of a crowd of men, women and children, collected at the landing place, where perhaps a dozen boats, including the barge of the *Sea Bird*, had been brought together, within the last half hour. The populace made no noise, and the cause of the unusual silence was speedily apparent. It was intended to surprise the schooner of the buccaneer; and eight of the twelve boats were soon filled with men, armed for the occasion with such weapons as were nearest. The glitter of bayonets in each boat showed the regular soldiers were active in the business; and the heart of Heatherby more than once sunk within him, as he looked from the crowded boats, to his only, his narrow home, his sole place of refuge amid the dangers that his reckless life gathered around him, the long low schooner, which he now seemed on the eve of losing for ever.

The assailants, on shoving off, kept close under the shore; and, turning the nearest point, now adorned with the tall steam mill of modern times, were, for a while, hidden behind it. When they next appeared, the barge of the *Sea Bird* led the line, and was filled with soldiers only; while the glittering bayonets had disappeared from the boats that followed after it. "The townspeople will leave it to the soldiers, after all," said Heatherby, as he marked the change of crews which had taken

place since starting. "But why a'nt her cable cut, and her sails all spread? Is no one awake upon her deck, to save the schooner? Dost thou see no stir, Beckett?" "None, sir," answered the other; "there are but twelve of us ashore, and twenty aboard." "Twenty devils," replied Heatherby, in tones of increasing excitement; "and why a'nt they up and at work? Is the Sea Bird so little worth, that they intend surrendering? Do they owe me nothing? Do they owe the craft nothing, which has stood the tempest to save them? Traitors! traitors! villains! why don't ye save that which has saved you!" "They are neither traitors nor villains in the schooner, captain Giles Heatherby," answered Beckett, to the agitated ejaculations of his officer; "wait till the craft's gone, before thou layest so hard on honest men." "Ha! dog," cried the other glad of an object on which to vent his feelings; "darest thou speak so to thy master?" and he sprang towards Beckett, with his hanger drawn, as if to cut him down. He stopped suddenly, however, and returning the weapon to its scabbard, said, in tones of deep emotion, "Nay, mind me not, my honest Beckett: but my boat, my child, my friend, my all on earth or on ocean! and I not there to save her!" Heatherby turned towards the vessel, to hide his feelings as he spoke. The barge was now alongside, and the remaining boats but a few oar-lengths off, and rapidly advancing. He saw the first soldier distinctly, who ascended the side, cleared the waist cloths, and stood upon the deck. Another, and another followed, and still no sign of contest on board the schooner. The townspeople even had begun to mount the side. "Villains! ye have betrayed me!" shouted the again excited Heatherby, "and may heaven so serve ye, in your hour of greatest need. But, ah!" — the flash of fire arms from the Sea Bird now caught his eye, and the quick reports came over the water, to where he stood. A loud hurra rose from the sailors on the beach, at this visible vindication of their comrades. "There are boats left still at the landing," said Beckett, approaching Heatherby; "might we not seize them?" "Why not?" asked the other; "the loss of the schooner be on your head, knave, for not telling of this before." Few and prompt were the commands of Heatherby; and, followed by his men, in a minute he was at the landing. The wild shouts of the buccaneers, their drawn swords and ferocious appearance, as they rushed along the beach, drove back the unarmed crowd, remaining there; and before the townspeople recovered from the panic, Heatherby and his follower were pulling might and main, directly for the schooner.

At this moment, the master recollected Orrin and his wife, and hailing the boat alongside, at the helm of which was Beckett, he ordered it to the hut, to bring them off. The sailors, when they understood that obedience would deprive them of all share in the defence of the *Sea Bird*, refused, in loud and bitter curses, to return to the shore. Finding himself disobeyed, Heatherby ran his boat athwart the bow of the other, and with a pistol drawn and cocked in his right hand, and holding on to the gunwale of Beckett's boat with the left, he threatened death to the first one who dared resistance. "Beckett," he said, "the man ashore saved my life, not later than two hours since; and unless he is saved, I cease to sail as master of the schooner. Ashore then with you, boys," he added, seeing that his words and manner had gained their usual ascendancy over the crew, and adopting the frank tone, which was more natural to him; "ashore, boys, and see who'll first reach the point to starboard there; I with the schooner, or you with the passengers. Give way, my lads, give way," he continued, addressing himself to the crews of both boats, as they separated in opposite directions—"give way, for the *Sea Bird*, and the shore."

The schooner was still the scene of combat; although the brunt of the fight on board of her was evidently maintained between her crew and the soldiers, while the townspeople either sat idly in their boats, or appeared in small numbers within the waist-cloths. "By heavens, the soldiers are too strong for them," said Heatherby. "Pull, my lads, give way for life, one pull more and we are there." And with almost supernatural strength, the sailors made the oars crack again as they obeyed the order. The persons in the boats alongside, had at first believed that Heatherby and his sailors were a reinforcement of their friends; nor were they undeceived, till they heard the shout of "*Heatherby and the Sea Bird*," with which the buccaneer and his companions sprung aboard. And in good time did they arrive. The deck was slippery with blood. The crew, who had paid dearly for the negligence which had permitted their surprize, were nearly overcome, when the cry of "*Heatherby and the Sea Bird*," in the well known voice of their commander, gave new life to their desperate exertions. "Down with the red coats! Hurra for the free trader! The *Sea Bird* for ever!" shrieked the buccaneers, as they again rushed upon their opponents like blood hounds. "Take that and that," shouted Heatherby, as, discharging his pistols, he flung them at the soldiers, and followed them with his cutlass. A sailor had, by this time, cut the cable, and the jib was now

rattling up its stay; yet still the soldiers stood their ground, and, from the quarter deck of the vessel, continued to maintain the unequal contest, a few moments longer. At last Heatherby sprung, like a tiger, upon the man who seemed to be the chief reliance of his companions. The grapple was fierce and deadly. The soldier fell to the deck, and the buccaneer stood unharmed at his side. The cry of "quarter" now came from the lately victorious assailants, and Heatherby's voice and exertions were employed in procuring it for his enemies.

"Strike not, save ye are cowards," he cried, throwing up the weapons of his men. "There's blood enough upon the deck already, to last for many a long day. Stand off, rascals; don't ye see they yield?" he continued, as his men sullenly obeyed him, and the soldiers, collecting in a group on the quarter deck, threw down their arms. "Take your wounded," he added, addressing himself to them, "and ashore with ye." The persons whom he addressed occupied but short time in descending into the only boats alongside, those which brought Heatherby and his men; for the townspeople had long since retreated. Their wounded and dead were passed down to them; and at last, shoving off, they pulled rapidly for the landing place.

By this time, the schooner was under fair way. Every sail was soon set before the gentle breeze, which came from the shore; the wounded were taken below; the decks washed down; and in fifteen minutes after the last soldier had left the vessel, few traces remained of the late deadly conflict.

Heatherby walked fore and aft the schooner, straining his vision in the direction of the hut in hopes of seeing Beckett and his expected companions. The hut itself was concealed from his view by the bend of the shore from which he had first witnessed the attack upon his schooner; but upon the water between no sign of the boat was visible. Presently a reddish light rose from the land, above the hut; and as the vessel opened the low building from behind the headland, it was discovered to be in flames. Each instant added to the brightness of the conflagration; until one gush of fire went up from the combustible materials. It glared upon the crowd around it, who had thus wreaked their vengeance upon the buccaneer; and piercing the dark shadow of the eastern margin of the creek, revealed to Heatherby the boat of Beckett, rowing swiftly toward the schooner. In a few minutes, the "boat ahoy" of a sailor was answered by the hoarse voice of Beckett—"friends and all safe;" and the next instant, Orrin and his almost life-

less bride were assisted upon the deck, and conveyed to the cabin of the master. By morning light the tall tree on Thomas's point were visible only from the mast head of the Sea Bird.

Some years passed away, when the regular trader which visited Annapolis, landed a lady and gentleman with a family of two lovely children, off Windmill point, in the harbour of the town; and many were the sincere greetings which they interchanged with the crowd collected at the landing place. The spirit of persecution had passed away: and it was Orrin Lacy, who had returned, to gladden once more the eyes of his aged parents; to become one of the most respected inhabitants of Maryland; and, in the latter periods of his life, to stand forth as one of the most active of the supporters of her independence.

Of Giles Heatherby but little was generally known; although it was shrewdly suspected, that his voyages continued for many years after, to the waters of the Chesapeake.

There are some indeed who insist, to this day, that the frequent trips of the Sea Bird to the village of Baltimore, then just settled on the Patapsco, furnished the ingenious craftsmen of that place with the model of those "skimmers of the seas," whose only rival in speed upon the ocean, is the wind that propels them.

PERICLES.

When the family and friends of Pericles were dead, and he was himself persecuted by the Athenians, he bore it all with iron firmness: till at the burial of the last of his sons, he burst into tears, while attempting to place a funeral garland over the dead.

STRANGER.

"Who are these, with mournful tread
 Bearing out the youthful dead?
 And who is he? the crowds retire
 Before his eye's commanding fire;
 The lines of age are in his face,
 But time bends not his martial grace,
 Nor sorrow bows his head;
 And while the maddening throng coudemu,
 He hath not e'en a thought for them,
 His soul is with the dead!"

ATHENIAN.

"Stranger! 'twould fire my aged cheek
 That deeply injured name to speak!
 'Twas once the Athenian's breath of life,
 The watchword of the reddest strife;
 For when he led the marshal'd brave,
 His galley rode the foremost wave,
 And when the thundering shock began,
 His sword was blazing in the van.

" Who hath not seen the stormy crowd
 Before his mild persuasion bow'd,
 Or still with awe, as o'er them pass'd
 His burning accents fierce and fast ?
 Like the breeze the forest bending,
 Lightly in its evening play ;
 Like the storm the mountain rending,
 Hurrying on its whirlwind way.
 He told the funeral praise of those
 Who fell before our Saurian foes,
 And made our hearts with rapture swell
 That Athens triumph'd when they fell ;
 But when he changed the magic scene,
 And show'd them on the crimson'd green,
 Fallen in the morning of their years,
 We wept for those ill-fated men,
 And knew not which was mightiest then,
 The glory or the tears.

" Look ! within that marble court,
 Where the sparkling fount is playing,
 See the youth in careless sport,
 Each his mimic fleet arraying !
 There the yellow sunbeams fall
 Through the garden's wreathed wall,
 Where fruit groves, faint with sweetness, lean
 Their heavy folds of tender green,
 In which yon mansion's turrets sleep,
 Like sunny islands in the deep.
 These courts are mine ! and but for him,
 My blood had dyed that fountain's brim,
 And cold and blacken'd ruins press'd
 The spot so peaceful, calm, and blest.

" Look round on many a roof, excelling
 The splendour of a royal dwelling ;
 Mark those trees, in shady ranks
 Climbing up the marble banks
 To where you dark hill towers !
 There Athens, in victorious pride,
 Surveys afar on every side,
 Her wide extending powers.
 Look ! for my aged eyes are dim !
 Each tower and temple tells of him,
 Whose might the radiant marble threw
 Against the heaven's transparent blue ;
 High over all a pearly crown,
 The Parthenon looks calmly down,
 Like our own goddess, from the head
 Of Jove in youth immortal springing ;
 A gentle grace is round it shed,
 Far, far abroad its brightness flinging ;
 The many colour'd tints of day
 Around its portals love to play,
 And gild its columns, light and proud,
 As glories from an evening cloud.

" Go to the battle's stormy plain,
 Where changing squadrons charge again.
 And read the war cry on their lips !
 Or go to Athens' thousand ships,
 And ask what name of power presides
 Above the warfare of the tides !

THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

And when the harp of after days
Is ringing high with sounds of praise,
Go ! learn what name has longest hung
Upon the true Athenian's tongue."

STRANGER.

"Injured old man ! and can it be
That Athens hath rewarded thee,
By striving with ungenerous aim,
To change thy glory into shame !"

ATHENIAN.

"Death struck the dearest from his side,
Till none were left but one ;
And now he mourns that only pride,
His last surviving son !
He kept the sternness of his heart,
The lightning of his eye ;
But death hath struck the tenderest part,
And he begins to die.
He hath none left to bear disgrace—"

STRANGER.

"Oh ! may it fall on Athens' race !
May they go down to well earn'd graves,
Like thankless and dishonour'd slaves!
How many a time, in future years,
Shall they recall, with hopeless tears,
That glorious day's departed sun,
When Athens and renown were o' e.
Then the Greek maid will fain discover
Thy spirit in her youthful lover ;
The matron press her infant's charms
With warmer rapture in her arms,
When breathing prayers that she may see
Her darling child resembling thee !"
The hero by the burial stands,
With head declined and folded hands !
But when he vainly tries to spread
The garland on that marble head,
One burst of grief, with desperate start,
Springs upwards from his breaking heart.
'Tis but one moment—and 'tis past ;
That moment's weakness is the last,
His eye no more is dim !
But many a tear of blood shall fall
Within the guilty city's wall,
When Athens weeps for him !



THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

THERE stands an old church in the village of B —, which is one of the dearest mementos of my remembrance. It has held itself firmly up beneath the weight of a century, and looks as venerable as Time itself. It is just apart from the compact portion of the village, surrounded by the inspiring objects that

nature often produces. It is also buried in the depth of a majestic grove, ancient as itself, whose foliage twinkles to the least breath of summer air. The grove is all alive with the songs of the birds, and they cluster around the eaves of the old edifice, as if they loved it with more than human affection. The spire shoots lightly out from the green branches of the trees, and is surmounted by a cock, sitting up as prim as a maid of forty, watching, as it were, the whereabouts of the villagers. It has been declared by the sexton, that the cock was invariably in the habit of spreading its wings and crowing as the week ended, at twelve on Saturday night, at midnight; but the parson always said there was some doubt about *that*. The interior was also remarkable for its age, and the very organ appeared to have a trembling tone of antiquity. There were initials cut on the walls many years ago, by those whose names may be now found carved in the burying-ground. I have paced its aisles, and listened to the pensive melody of the autumn crickets, for they haunted and loved the spot.

How many hours I have mused upon that spot! There was the chorister—he who officiated half a century in that capacity—combining the avocations of sexton, Sunday-school teacher, bell-ringer, sweeper, grave-digger, and the thousand other duties that linger around a church. “Alas! poor Yorick!”—his modest little grave-stone is the only record left of him. He was called “*Simon*.” Simon! how familiar it sounds! Morning, noon, and night, he was to be seen bustling about the edifice. He was a particular man. He took more pride in his bell-rope than in all other objects whatever; and what is worthy of remark, he had it beautifully painted from end to end. He once drowned a sacrilegious cat for daring to walk through the sanctuary; and even the flies were not permitted to hum around the building. His vocal music has never been equalled. He kept one string in his nose which produced a twang that stands entirely unparalleled. Methinks I see him now, standing erect, with his book in hand, his spectacles on the tip of his nose, his eyes closed, dragging moderately through an old psalm—his voice growing weaker and weaker, as sleep gently descends upon him. And then, as he walked through the middle aisle, and delivered a note to the minister, there was an air of business depicted on his countenance—a responsibility—a smile of familiarity when he delivered his charge—a something that cast a breathless silence over the congregation, and attracted every eye toward him. Simon endeavoured to be a pious man, but he *once* took “the name

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of his God in vain," and he was never known to smile after. The truth may as well out, and this was the cause: Some rude boys, instigated by Satan, no doubt, one cold Saturday evening, turned up the mouth of Simon's bell, and charged it with water. During the night it became congealed, and on the following morning was a solid blue mass of ice. Simon appeared as usual, shook out his rope, and commenced preparations; but there was no sound. He started, for he was superstitious. He resolved to ascend into the belfry; but a second thought warned him against such temerity. Spirits might be hovering there, and *his* tongue, too, might lose its locomotive power. Away he ran, through the village, declaring that Satan, or some other power, had taken possession of the church bell. He immediately raised a body of twelve armed men to march to the rescue. After much bustle, they arrived, and declared the bell to be frozen into silence, and hinted, that Simon was the sole cause of it. Simon denied it. "You admit the doors were locked on your arrival—it must be charged upon you," said one of the band to the sexton. "No, by my soul," replied he. They persisted, and Simon persisted, until the latter, in a whirlwind of passion, took an oath, and that settled the matter. That was a sad day for Simon—a day which ruined him temporarily if not spiritually. But methinks, like the first oath of Uncle Toby, the "recording angel dropped a tear, and blotted it out forever."

Few now recollect Simon. Those who looked upon him in his official capacity, have long since gone to sleep, as well as himself. Many of the mounds in the little yard around his own were raised by his hand; and many is the breast that Simon has silently sodded down. It was a school which taught him much, and the effects of which improved his life, until the same good office was done for him which he had so often performed for others.

There, too, was old father Brewer. For forty years he occupied one particular seat. Neither summer's heat nor winter's cold kept him from the church. There he sat in the corner, round and heavy, his head naked, save a few white locks that fluttered thinly around his temples. When he passed away, there was a vacancy in the whole house. Something seemed wrong. He had so long been an object—a something during a weary discourse, to fix your eye upon, and find rest. It was long before *that* vacuum was filled, and in fact, it only gradually healed, like a desperate wound. "Father Brewer" received his title from the circumstance of his being the father of

the village. His death was as quiet and tranquil as the sinking of the evening star, which vanishes in purity and silence. He was not cut down, but gathered. Father Brewer, too, is gone!

Parson Johnson was a peculiar man. He was one of those divines who practised, as near as poor human frailty would allow, what he preached; and this was all he sought in the ways of his beloved little flock. There was nothing boisterous in his manner, as he stood forth in the pulpit; but all was calm and gentle as the whisper of a seraph. I see him now, arrayed in his modest attire, the heavy wrinkles arching his brow, his locks whitened by the snow-flakes of seventy years, standing before me in the little desk he occupied so long. I see him affectionately persuading and entreating his people, to "choose the better part"—to forsake the gaudy and glittering tinsel of wealth—to grasp after those immortal flowers that know no blight of winter, and to "lay up for themselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal." He looked like a being more than human—a sentinel, as it were, upon the narrow bridge that divides time from eternity. Every body loved Parson Johnson. The very children of the village would forsake their parents, and hasten to meet his embrace, for his way "was as simple as a child's." There was a treasury of anecdote in him, and many is the fireside that has been charmed by his presence. There was nothing sour or morose in his manner: the beauty of *his* religion consisted in a great measure in the felicity it conferred on man here below. Whoever looked on Parson Johnson, and thought not better of Christianity? Whoever suspected for a moment that the Father of the universe was not with him? It would have been sacrilege! His opinion on any subject was weighed as closely as though it were holy writ itself. When his Master on high called him to his bosom, the little flock stood silent. Their shepherd was no more. It was a bereavement too deep to be soon forgotten. He lingered long in their memories, even as the death of a fond parent remains green in the recollection of his children.

But what rendered the old church more sacred to me, was the fact that a long line of ancestors had loved it before me. There were traces of my own mother's hands throughout the interior; and her form was cold many long years ago. This gave a pleasing solemnity to every object around, and threw me into a deeper and holier train of meditation.

Doubtless this old church will stand when the writer of this is no more. If it does, then let it also remain a lesson to

others, as it has been to me. I am not among that misanthropical class who look upon such works of stability *only* to ascertain my own frailty. There is an eloquence in those gray and silent objects, that should not be forgotten—a solemn voice, it is true, but it has about it nothing dark nor gloomy. It is sweet and pensive, like the tones of its own bell echoing soberly among the hills and valleys that surround it. One may read a lesson where Time has written his characters in the green and slippery moss upon its eaves. There is a homily in the silver thread of the spider that trembles suspended from its columns. Wherever you turn your eye, in this ancient and holy spot, there is a volume of instruction. As you would walk forth on the autumnal hills, and identify yourself with the great phenomena of nature—as you would pause at the rustle of a leaf, or smile at the sweet and mellow serenity of nature—go, oh! friend and companion of my youth! and linger about this old church: if you are a cheerful man, it will purify your cheerfulness; and whatever you may be, you will return “a better and a wiser man.”

H.



THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

A SKETCH.

THE sun was setting in a sea of clouds, while his yellow beams glared forth through their many embrasures like the rays of some mighty conflagration through the walls that enclosed it. Huge masses of heavier and darker vapour were piling up to windward, and lighter scuds were seen hurrying wildly across the heavens. The sea grew blacker, and dashed against the firm sides of the Great Frederick with a deep, hollow hoarseness, and the breeze came fresher and colder across the agitated expanse. Still the gallant ship continued to move along under her top-gallant canvass, and it was not until every thing indicated a heavy and instant blow, that the veteran skipper concluded to take another reef in the top-sails.

There was one fair being on board the ship who had never before beheld the elements in so terrible a convulsion. Leaning on the arm of her father, she stood upon the quarter-deck, listening with awe to the roaring of the wind, as it howled through the cordage, and the thunders of the deep, as each wave rolled over its precursor. At times, a vivid flash from some overcharged cloud would light up the scene with terrible splendour; and it was then that all the fearful magnificence of

the tempest became apparent; and the fair girl would tremble with affright, as she saw each giant wave above her threatening to all certain destruction in its descent.

“We are now off the Cape of Good Hope,” said the father, “and it is in these latitudes that one of our unhappy ancestors is doomed to cruise until the last day.”

The daughter shuddered at the recollection of her mysterious relative, and only grasped her parent's arm in reply.

All this while the Great Frederick had been before the wind, dashing onward at a tremendous rate. The commander himself was at the wheel, watching each coming wave with anxiety, and disposing the rudder to receive its shock without prejudice to the huge fabric it guided. The braces were kept manned fore and aft, so that in case the ship broached to, she might be restored to her former course with the necessary promptitude. The pumps, too, were rigged, the hatches battened down, and, in short, every precaution was taken which the safety of the ship required. At length the gale increased to a perfect hurricane, and the commander determined to bring the ship by the wind, as he was fearful of her being brought by the lee, which must have proved her immediate destruction. This delicate manœuvre was successfully performed, and the Great Frederick was now placed with her huge bows toward the direction of the wind and sea, in comparative security for the remainder of the night.

One of those long-continued gleams of lightning, that seem to make every thing as brilliant as itself, flashed over the heavens, and discovered to the startled crew another and a heavier ship to windward, and close aboard. The information was conveyed by twenty voices at the same moment, and every one strained his vision to observe more closely the form of the stranger. Four or five successive flashes showed her to be a heavy Dutch East Indiaman, under her maintop-sail, close reefed, fore-top-mast, stay-sail, and mizzen. It was observable, too, that her construction was of a more ancient order of naval architecture. Her stern rose unusually high from the level of the sea, and her bow-sprit had a more than ordinary steeve; but what most added to the surprise of those on board of the Great Frederick, was seeing a boat push from the side of the stranger, and row in the direction of their own ship, although the sea was running with a fearfulness that threatened certain destruction to those who, in so frail a thing, should dare attempt to cross its surface. Every moment was looked for as productive of death to those in the boat; but the little

vessel rose and fell with safety, and in a few moments was seen pulling up under the quarter of the Frederick. Not a word had been spoken on board of the latter, so intense was the astonishment and anxiety of every one; but now, the commander gave the order: "A line there for'ard for the boat!" and twenty dark forms moved to obey. The ready cordage was cast and caught, and a tall form sprang from the stern-sheets of the boat, and ascended the gangway. The stranger, on gaining the deck, paused for a moment, and by the light of the side-lanterns, it was observed that he was attired in a costume as antique in fashion as the construction of the ship to which he belonged. His features were perceived to be dark and stern, although but imperfectly seen, as he wore a slouched hat.

"Where are you bound?" asked he, in a deep and hollow voice.

"To Amsterdam," answered the commander of the Great Frederick.

"Will you do me the favour to deliver this packet at Amsterdam?"

The captain replied in the affirmative; and taking the proffered bundle, invited the stranger below.

If there was anything appalling in the features of the stranger, as seen by the dim and transient glare of the lanterns on deck, it was rendered doubly so by his removing his hat, and exposing them to the glare of the cabin lamp. His eyes were black and glowing, though sunken far in his head, and his face was of a bluish tinge: his whole countenance was supernatural, and each feature betrayed excess of sorrow and fatigue. The father started back aghast, and the daughter shrieked in terror. The commander of the Great Frederick, too, retreated apace, and looking alternately from the stranger to the packet which he still held, exclaimed, in a voice of horror:

"'Tis Vanderdecken, and we are lost!"

The mysterious visitant spake not a word, but uttering a deep sigh, lifted the fainting maiden, and gazed long and earnestly in her face. At length he spake, in a voice soft yet sepulchral:

"That face," said he, "was just like *her's* when I left her long, long ago. That dark hair, her very tresses—and those blue eyes, by my soul! were hers."

The stranger paused a moment, as if retracing the records of memory: at length, shaking his head as if he had been disappointed in the search, he asked the terrified maiden her name.



THE SCHOOLMASTER ABOARD

She replied, and the mysterious inquisitor started as if a thunder-bolt had fallen at his feet. A softer expression came over his brow—and gazing earnestly at her features, he seemed to read with avidity each line of her countenance. Long and anxiously he gazed; and at length, stooping down, he said: “Ellen, I am your ancestor, and have one favour—one blessing—to ask of you. I am doomed to a horrible destiny, but you may save me.”

“What shall I do?” asked the terrified girl.

The stranger was about to reply, but a fierce growl of thunder rolled across the heavens. Again he essayed to speak, but the same fearful warning interrupted him. He wrung his hands for a moment in agony, and listening until the last reverberation had died away, turned once more to address the shrinking maiden: but now, crash after crash of heavy thunder broke above their heads, flashes of blue lightning sported through the skies, and the wind howled with tenfold violence through the cordage.

“I come! I come!” shrieked the stranger: and turning a last look of melancholy fondness toward the lovely being before him, he seized the packet which he had given the commander of the Great Frederick, and rushing up the ladder, threw himself into his boat, and was a moment after seen rising and sinking with the motion of the billows.

Suddenly the sea went down—the rain ceased—the wind abated—the clouds broke up in the heavens, and the elements were again at peace.



P E D A G O G Y .

“WHENEVER the aim of our teachers shall be elevated to the true end of education, there will be less lack of dignity or honour in the calling, however it may be with the emoluments of it.”—QUARTERLY REVIEW.

IT is hard to write seriously upon a subject which has ever been matter of ridicule. But the word at the head of our paper has claims to careful attention. The Pedagogue has held a most equivocal place in public estimation. In the abstract, he is lifted ever so high. In the closet enthusiasm of writers, no man could wish for more adulation than the “teacher” receives, as he is then called, by way of compliment; but when our enthusiasm is a little over, and we de-

scend to earth from these high elevations that so widen our vision, he is then "the school-master," or "poor pedagogue," another name for a ridiculous person, with some knowledge of books, and none of the world, who, installed behind a high desk, strikes terror into boyhood, and engrafts upon it, by kicks, cuffs, and blows, certain indispensable rules of reading, writing, and arithmetic, prior to the time when their real education shall begin, behind a counter, or in the improving employment of doing up parcels, and running of errands. Walter Scott, in *Dominie Sampson*, has inflicted a wound upon Pedagogy, the scar of which will never be effaced; and Washington Irving, in *Ichabod Crane*, has struck daggers into the dignity of the calling: the Stage has had no bowels of compassion for the persecuted race, and Painting has added her mite to its bitterness. All the small fry of imitators have copied these laughable distortions of human nature, until to be a pedagogue is to run the gauntlet of a certain portion of society; not the literary and well-educated portion, for so necessary an occupation is not undervalued by men of sense. By "certain portion," we mean scribes; merchants, whose weekly literature is contained in their *blotter* and *day-book*, and who form their moral codes, on Sunday, over their *ledger*; all quacks and pill-mongers, who get their living so easily by imposition, that they look with pity and contempt upon all labour of any kind; all money-lenders, at exorbitant interest, and speculators in the stocks, who look for sudden fortunes; all politicians for a living and not for patriotism; dandies, idlers—all foolish people, in short, be they more or less. Yes, all these despise and under-rate our business.

We would have such follow us as we trace the origin of this fated word. Pedagogue is derived from the Greek noun *παις*, *παιδος*, a child, and the verb *αγω*, to lead—to lead a child; or from the Latin *pes*, *pedis*, a foot, pl. *pedes*, and the Greek verb—to lead the feet. The latter derivation we prefer, because "to lead a child" may mean merely to take care of his physical being, the task of a servant; while "to lead the feet," implies a moral power over his volitions by motives; a more pleasant employment, and nearer to the truth, beside. The feet stand, by a very common figure, for the whole body, or rather for the most important part of man, his mind, particularly among Scripture writers. The disciples of Jesus "sat at his feet," and "followed in his footsteps." The Psalmist prays that his "feet may not be led astray;" Jesus washed his disciples' feet, which act, in our

opinion, teaches a great deal more than gentle humility. But we have said enough to prove the dignity of the title, pedagogue; and though we hold it in common with Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle, we must confess they did not have the advantage of desks and school-houses, nor the pains of the confinement, either. Socrates was followed by his disciples, or learners, along the banks of the Illyssus; they sat together beneath the shades of the Lyceum, and listened to the play of its fountains. Plato, with his pupils, frequented the groves of Academus, among whom was Aristotle, who became the tutor of Alexander. The dignity of the ancient pedagogues is enhanced by the beautiful freedom of their lives, spent in those retreats sacred to Apollo, and adorned by the patronage of Pericles, Pisistratus, and Lycurgus. They were surrounded by beauty, both of nature and art; and their illustrious pupils lent the willing ear of admiration to their precepts.

The term pedagogue is too dignified a title to apply to those who temporarily fill its *place*. They cannot discharge its *duties*. More ready are we to excuse the ridicule which makes it almost a term of contempt, since so many assume it who are disqualified for its office. What should we think of the man who should undertake to teach dancing, having no ear for music, receiving pay in advance, in order to pay his expences in the study of medicine? Yet so it is. There is no fixed course of duties in pedagogy, as in dancing, and law, and medicine. The course of the pedagogue is discretionary—to be adapted to the order of mind and disposition he deals with. He is under general maxims, to be sure; but no two minds are so nearly alike as to receive verbatim the same training in particulars. It is this indefiniteness, unavoidable to the pursuit, that puts it in the power of any one to pretend to teach. The masters of Westminster and Eton schools in olden times were tyrants, it may be, for it was the age of bigotry in some respects, and Solomon's saying was obeyed as a divine talisman of talent. It was the age of flogging, and the young noble lords had enough of it; but they had enough of taste and classical learning along with it to make them large amends. These schools were the fountain-heads of an era in mind. These were your true pedagogues, and has the glory departed?

The world is under a mistake, a great mistake, upon this subject. The pedagogue is pitied: pitied!—and for what? Look at this picture—it might be true universally. It is a morning in spring. The air is alive with birds, and the odour

of flowers ; the eye is greeted on every side by the green blades of grass, and the expanding leaf ; nature is rejoicing in her youth. Upon a gentle rise of ground, fronting a lake, and shaded by venerable elms, stands a building, as peculiar in its form, and as sacred in its uses, as a church. It is the school-house of a pedagogue, where he dispenses rules of grammar, rules of decorum and morality, and a rule of life. His disciples are scattered upon the green, awaiting his approach, at their games or at their studies, upon the benches under the trees. He comes. He is greeted with an universal smile. He walks on, not before nor behind, but along with his pupils to the house, chatting pleasantly as he goes of their games, or of the morning. Perhaps he discourses of the goodness of God in creating so beautiful a world for his creatures ; or perhaps he is engaged in examining a bunch of flowers, just presented to him by a blushing boy, whose neat dress and classical face already begin to show the empire of mind over matter. Their places are taken, not in sneaking fear or in riotous confusion, but politely, as one would enter the house of a gentleman. The morning thanksgiving is said, and duty proceeds ; for duty began at the door and on the way. Our pedagogue is in the midst of young friends, who love him and depend upon him. His heart gives back a sympathy. He learns, himself, while he teaches others. He discovers a new beauty, or runs into a new vein of thought, before he is aware. Mind is glowing about him. The atmosphere is mind. The world and its cares are shut out. He forgets that there are other beings in the world except himself and his pupils ; so absorbing is this communion of minds. He feels with Hazlitt, that the study of the classics is a discipline of humanity ; it gives men liberal views ; it accustoms the mind to take an interest in things foreign to itself ; to love virtue for its own sake ; to prefer fame to life, and glory to riches ; and to fix the thoughts on the remote and permanent, instead of narrow and fleeting objects. It teaches us to believe that there is something really great and excellent in the world, surviving all the shocks of accident and fluctuations of opinion, and raises us above that low and servile fear which bows only to present power and upstart authority. The day closes, and, free from the rack of business, the concern for stocks, and ships, and accidents by flood and field, with a mind happy and elevated by a consciousness of duties faithfully discharged, he may devote himself as taste or inclination may prompt. If any occupation approaches the *otium cum dignitate*

it is this ; for occupation, of some sort, there must always be. to keep the faculties healthy and vigorous. Every person, if he know his own interest, however wealthy or independent, will have some fixed, regular pursuit, that shall employ fixed hours ; and then his faculties will be systematized to enjoy rationally the remainder of his time. It is the privilege of the pedagogue that he enjoys this aid. His labours but fit him the better, by governing others, to govern himself ; by explaining minutely to others, he gains and fixes habits of minute investigation in his own private pursuits. But, more than all, he has golden views of his profession. He feels that he is giving impulses to the world in the persons of his pupils, though their effect may be seen long after he himself shall be forgotten. Perhaps he may be mentioned after he is dead—the thought makes him grateful—as having assisted in forming the mind of some village Hampden or of the future historian or saviour of his country ; but for this he is not anxious. Philosophy and Pedagogy go hand in hand.

There is one view of our subject, too important to be omitted. We refer to the *art* of teaching, as a distinct profession. Why it is that with our facilities for education, with so much will in all classes to forward the work, that so slow advances are made ? It may be traced, we think, to the incompetency of teachers ; a fault that can never be avoided, until this employment passes into a profession for life, as other occupations. The teacher must no longer depend upon the old veneration for his station. The clothes' philosophy has stripped him stark naked, as it has the divine, the doctor, and the lawyer. The wig like a wool basket, which the lawyer once wore, as if to impress some imaginary terror upon the vulgar as to the extent of his knowledge-box ; the school-master's, somewhat smaller, to avoid action of trespass ; the gold-headed cane of the doctor ; the learned jargon of terms ; the distant grandeur, the awful respect, these once excited, are all gone. The world now sees through the shallow artifice. Children no longer play at puppet shows, and their parents are improved, too. Good clothes are a mockery, and people will have plenty to eat and drink. The only witches now are made of pith and lead, and descriptions of things answer somewhat to the originals. It is undoubtedly true, that civilization will be most advanced, where there is the greatest division of labour. The more the employments of life are separated into distinct arts, the greater will be the perfection of all. It is a great mistake, then, to

overlook the profession of the pedagogue, for without his aid our press, our pulpit, our schools, are in vain.

What can be said to induce young men, who might succeed in the more stirring and active duties of life, to embrace this pursuit, and bring it to the point it should occupy in the attention and affections of all, not in the abstract, but in fact, in money, in emolument, in respectability? Do you love the pursuits of learning, but cannot afford to devote your life to them, urged by necessity to make money, why should you rush into professions, where to attain your object, an immediate support, you must make immense sacrifices? All the world will acknowledge that the *present* pays dearly for the quackery of the *past*, in law, and medicine and divinity. A man of ingenuousness would blush, and no doubt often does, at being obliged to keep up a mystery that he would reveal, did it not give him his bread. We are not speaking of law, as Hooker described it, nor of medicine as Abernethy practised it; but of the useless forms and processes which a poor man is obliged to pay for, in demanding or defending his legal rights, and the brown bread he takes in pills, under a new name. Why, we ask, if you are a young man, and love literature, do you not become a pedagogue? The employment, rightly pursued, may be made delightful. If you get the mastership of a city school, you will have from 300*l.* or 400*l.* per annum. If you live in the country, and take one of the academies round London, you will have from 100*l.* to 200*l.* per annum. If a man has his library before hand, he may live happily, and rationally, and refinedly, upon either of these salaries.

Beside, the pleasures of the pedagogue are simple and cost little. The air, the sun-light, the shade, the sight of cattle feeding on the green hill-sides—sparkling brooks, and gliding streams—the waving corn-field, the swooping flight of the lark—these are his pleasures, morning and evening. By night he has the stars. He can hold converse with nature, for

—————“ She speaks

A various language. For his gayer hours,
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware.”

Among the causes which have brought "the schoolmaster," and through him "pedagogy," as a profession, into disrepute, the ridiculous character and conduct which have distinguished many of the functionaries themselves have had a large share. Incapacity, pedantic conceit, the dangerous nature of "a little learning," brought into ludicrous combination with ignorance of the art of teaching, of literature, and of mankind, are not the only flaws and remarkable defects; but eccentricities of mind and manner, even bodily infirmities and defects, have widely operated to the production of the estimate that pretty generally has obtained. Why, it has often been the case that when the peculiar attainments in the way of education have been found or supposed to have accomplished a man for nothing eminent, or even nothing at all, the office of schoolmaster was still thought to remain for him; nay, that if from bodily defects he was not *cut out* or *fitted* to squat himself down, to handle the goose, to wield the scissors, or the needle, that yet pedagogy with all its empire, and emblems of rule, was still an open and fair field of hope. He who is to figure now in these pages as "The Schoolmaster" illustratively, falls in certain respects under some of these last-mentioned drawbacks, mental and corporeal. And yet there are few men, not to say pedagogues, that can compare with him in regard to many of the most estimable points in human character.

Abel Snow was the hero's name; but around the history and the identity of his origin and ancestry there hangs a mystery. Abel, in fact, was a foundling, who was discovered one winter's evening near the humble thatched cottage of Hannah Abel, warmly wrapped up, and like another little Moses housed in a sort of basket-work; which was the more needful in that the snow fell copiously at the time. Hannah was the ministering angel into whose hands the cradled and sleeping infant providentially fell.

Now although nothing short of gross inhumanity, or destitution of parental affection, or conspiring treachery, or dire necessity, or some mysterious crime, can ever accompany the exposure of a babe, innocent and helpless, to the random and precarious interposition of strangers, yet some respect had been paid in the present case to the welfare of the infant. First of all, as already noticed, provision had been made against the inclemency of the weather. In the second place, the stealthy one who dropped the child could not, if the world had been sought through, have fixed on a kindlier spot than the precincts of Hannah's cottage; and in the third place, a

sum sufficient to provide for the foundling, according to Hannah's habits, was deposited in the folds of the multifarious garments that kept him warm.

No clue was ever discovered that could lead to a detection of the parentage of the foundling, or the person who performed the office of depositing him in the place already mentioned. A rumour, indeed, spread that a handsome carriage had been observed to halt for some hours on a lonely heath some miles distant, and that a tall personage muffled to the eyes, a capacious cloak enveloping him, had been seen to stride forth from the vehicle; but whither he went was not distinctly perceived, owing to the thick-falling snow. No inhabitant or party belonging to the immediate vicinity was ever charged with the shame and guilt of the case; although there could be no doubt that some local knowledge must have guided the transaction, such as that of the abode and character of Hannah Abel.

Hannah dwelt in the neighbourhood of the small straggling village of ——. At the period spoken of, she was verging on her fiftieth year. She never had been married; she had neither kith nor kin on earth. She had been the solitary inhabitant of *Abel cottage*, as her home was called, for nearly twenty years. During that time, in *dear* years, as well as more prosperous times, she had been indebted to none but Providence and the industry of her own hands for support. Knitting stockings, and needle-work, alternating with labour in the fields which she preferred, especially in the rather capacious garden which she rented and whose produce yielded a trifling profit, were the sources of her independence. She never complained; she never seemed to be in want; she appeared regularly and tidily dressed in her own home-made stuffs at church; she even was liberal in her deeds of charity. But Hannah was anything but handsome in her person. (Oh, how comely and virtuous was her unpretending behaviour on all occasions.) She was snub-nosed; the small pox had made sad ravages on her cheeks; there was an impediment in her speech; there was harmless eccentricity in her manners, which, after all, served to procure for her a far-spread and established respect, which as she advanced beyond a middle-age won for her from the good something not short of veneration. People would laugh at her, and banter her. But to the jocular she would answer with her peculiar contentedness and placid nature, that made every one dwell with looks of complacency upon her, "laugh on." One would ask, "are you not lonely, Hannah?" And she would respond,—"*that*

I am not." Again—"Why have ye not got a helpmate?" "I am better as I am!" "But what if the licentious or the wicked should assail you?" "None ever offered to injure me,—no one will wrong Hannah!" "But what if robbers should attack you at a midnight hour?" "They would not find what was worth their while." "Were I you I would at least provide myself with a housekeeper in the shape of the most faithful of animals,—a dog." "That I can't afford." Such would be the sort of half-jocular, half-serious style of laconic dialogues which young and old, the virtuous and the less worthy, found it good and pleasant oft times to wage with this most amiable and exemplary woman.

But what of the foundling who fell into the hands of Hannah? Oh, it was well for him: it was even to her the richest of worldly gifts; nay, she deemed it more in the light of a blessing of immortal duration than as a perishable thing. Rich! Is it meant that the fifty gold coins which accompanied the child raised her above penury, or a state of incessant drudgery,—that she dressed better, lived more luxuriously, maintained a joyousness of heart, such as the reckless, or the unstaid irregularly indulge? No, no; the guineas were without diminution, promptly put out to interest. "It will be his legacy," said Hannah, "when he becomes a man,—mine is beyond reckoning, if I can keep him from vice and misery,—he shall have of what I partake,—he shall go where I go, and lay down where I lay down."

Hannah's demeanour altered considerably after the remarkable event in her previously equable history which the foundling affair was. Not that contradictory but that higher developments of her heart and mind became manifest. Her industry took a wider and yet a more concentrated range; for she bargained for such an extension of her garden as promised to yield her and the foundling a livelihood. She became more communicative; her knowledge was discovered to be more general than had ever been surmised; her capacities more versatile; her anxieties more enlivening. "The day will come," she would say, "that he will require schooling, and this must be provided for; I must not be a negligent steward."

In fact Hannah thought herself the happiest and most blessed of living women. The fountains of her heart had never before had due scope; diffident and distrustful, it required an imposing and grand event to draw her forth, viz, the stewardship, dramatically introduced, so to speak, of an immortal soul. The happiest and the most blessed of living

women ! Yes,—for it soon became evident that the greatest bereavement, the heaviest calamity that could overtake her, would be the loss of that child, were it even by the discovery, or the returning humanity of its parents. “Oh !” Hannah exclaimed one day, in presence of her religious pastor, and with almost passionate emphasis, “if they should demand him, I shall petition to go and be his nurse.” “But Hannah,” said the Minister, “you do wrong to burden yourself as you propose to do, should no discovery or demand as mentioned, be made ; it is your duty to let the Parish undertake the foundling’s guardianship and support” “Then my duty, for once,” quoth the heroine, “will square badly with my feelings and determination ; for I will escape from your jurisdiction,—I shall carry my sacred charge with me wherever I go ;—my sacred !—for he was consigned to me by an ordinance of heaven as loud, strong, and lasting, as any save that of the parent’s bond.” The Pastor finding it vain to combat Hannah’s resolution, admiring her generosity and humanity, and believing that the best interests of the child could in no other hands be so safely placed, promised to countenance her purpose and efforts. The time too had come when little hopes were entertained of arriving at a knowledge of the foundling’s parentage, and when it was fitting that he should receive a name solemnized by the authority of the church. And who so proper to be consulted in this matter as the mother by adoption ? Accordingly the Pastor inquired what was the name she wished the child to be called by. The prompt and impressive answer was. “The elements formed his swaddling bands ; *Snow* shall he be known by ; and since my ministry was joined let him also have that which has honourably descended to me.” So he was named Abel Snow.

This much it seemed necessary to detail, introductory to the short memoir of “The Schoolmaster” who sometimes went “Abroad.”

Abel had all the training which the most sanguine could anticipate from the assiduity, the acquirements, the virtue, and the religion of Hannah. His schooling was upon a scale which nothing but his *step-mother’s* constant good health and gardening prosperity could have warranted or upheld. How proud was she that no one needed to be petitioned for assistance,—that the *legacy* was never to the extent of a mite encroached upon. And then Abel was an apt, a remarkable scholar. While but a mere infant, or hardly able to handle the simple playthings which Hannah had fabricated for him, his utterance

and memory were such that he could repeat hymns, psalms and portions of Scripture to her most intense delight and the admiration of many. And his subsequent progress was in perfect correspondence with all this.

Was it not an interesting and beautiful sight, that of the affectionate Hannah during the intervals of her out or in-door labours, hastening with alacrity to the teacher's office,—rewarding him with her smile and her grateful praise,—and spiring him on? She would nurse and caress him, one would have thought, when it was beyond her strength. She would on the Sabbath and other tranquil evenings enjoy the sunny bank of a rivulet, or the shaded rustic walks of the sequestered neighbourhood, bearing the boy in her arms, and discoursing to him, no doubt, as only mother's and heaven-fraught hearts can do. And this exercise, which to her was the most enviable of pastimes, when the burden would have been to many intolerable; for Abel was a coarse and lubberly boy;—a simpleton in mind and manners, in spite of all the aptitude, quickness and retentiveness of his parts, as not a few remarkable scholars have been. He was as childish in his habits as he was soft and lumpish in person; and to add to his clumsiness and comparative helplessness, his nether limbs had, in consequence of a protracted illness in his early boyhood, been so affected as that his gait ever afterwards resembled the waddling of a goose, his torsal organs partaking of a corresponding sort of vibration, while his long, unwieldy arms played like the wings of a wind-mill, save that instead of a rotatory process, it alternated like a pendulum. Never was Abel's external bearing so grotesque and singular, as when in his ambling journeys or walks, he bent his eyes upon some scholar-like commentary, some classical production, or some antiquarian authority; for then the intensity of his application, his total forgetfulness of self, would be joined to the other external symptoms, so as not unfrequently to end in a headlong tumble into a ditch, or a pounce against a tree with its subsequent rebound.

Yes, Abel could enjoy a German commentary upon the abstrusest points in ancient literature or history. And where and how had all this taste and knowledge been acquired? The answer is that he was another Dr. Murray. With the learning communicated at an ordinary day-school, his genius had mastered with very slender aid the difficulties which generally require a long and academical curriculum to solve. Yes, to him, as to the prodigy in the acquisition of languages and universal philology just now named, Abel, with a torn Greek, or an im-

perfect Hebrew Grammar, while seated on a bench in Hannah's cottage, or on the door-side *settle*, would surmount idiomatic as well as more distinguishable anomalies, so as latterly to entitle him to the approbation of a Porson, as respected, for example, the chastest and most graceful of all languages, the Greek.

Abel's singularities, like that of his *step-mother*, became a country-side's talk. By the time he had reached his fourteenth year, several youths were in daily attendance upon his tuition in Hannah's humble cottage,—that sanctuary of virtue, love, and order,—the tutor in the meanwhile being, for certain hours, indebted to the direction and the instructions of the learned pastor of the parish, to whom it was a great reward to have such a pupil.

Abel's pupils had many a laugh at his expense, but which he seldom noticed. The lads who resorted to him were able to appreciate his work and that of Hannah; and this mastered their levity, so as that it scarcely ever gave offence. Besides, the enthusiasm of the tutor, the splendour of his displays, of which he appeared to be as unconscious as the nightingale is of the melody of its song,—the complete devotion of his heart in order to imbue his pupils with the same knowledge, and inspire them, and so that they might experience the same unsullied delight, as he himself did, were mastering scenes and unwonted instances of infectious generosity. But there was something else to command, to controul youthful levity and pranks, to arouse emulating principles of what was good and great. Abel, as well as Hannah, could vindicate themselves, whenever an assault was made upon their independence and social rights.

One day a more mischievous, thoughtless, unfeeling and ignorant youth than generally is to be met with out of the sinks of iniquity and infamy, took upon himself to plaster Abel's seat with cobbler's wax; so that when he arose to give natural and unpremeditated scope to his disquisition upon the beauty or the force of some expression or passage, he was partially entangled and ludicrously circumstanced. The text which had aroused the tutor was one in the original of Luke's Gospel; and yet sacred as was the occasion and theme, and enviable as was the ability and emotions of Abel, the infectious nature of laughter and the ludicrous combination of circumstances threw the whole class, consisting as it did of six, some of them studying for the Ministry in Dissenting Communities, into an immoderate fit of laughter. The scene was so novel, the insult

so unexpected, the result so boisterous, that while Hannah hurried from her labour in the garden, Abel composed himself to set his thoughts and words in order. For once the lion was roused within him.

Hannah tapped at the door of her humble parlour, the classroom. "Come in," said Abel, "for once more to your own house,—come near me my mother,—be seated beside me. I will relate to these *gentlemen* the story of my life, so far as it is known to me;—I shall then inform you of what has at last befallen me." His sketch and narrative were graphic and over-awing. When he had finished the story, he then with mighty energy exclaimed, "what other are you, my mother, to expect from these young men, who have unsought of me invaded this sanctuary to indulge their Belial impiety and mockery, seeing that in reading, and on my part, in the invoked presence and under the desired tuition of the inspirer of Saint Luke, they have allied themselves to Judas Iscariot? Not by me would their mockery have been cared for, if offered to myself alone. But towards your house, history, and character, and towards the word of God, have they dealt falsely and most offensively. Forth with you, ye sons of Belial," he shouted, "or she who has been my guardian angel, and more than parent, will leave this hallowed chamber and this endeared neighbourhood for ever, shaking the dust off our feet at the door, and leaving you to the execrations of the community, and the fearful accusings of your own immortal souls."

"Abel!" said Hannah in a far more touching manner than what belongs to merely silver accents, "let us be gone since such is the hurt done to you; let us forgive them, and be gone!" By this time the youths had been stunned, overpowered and melted. They threw themselves upon their knees,—implored forgiveness,—promised amendment and repentance,—and never again offended intentionally nor constructively one of the most simple, innocent, and strangely endowed beings that ever figured among men.

Abel's fame spread and was confirmed more than ever after the painful occurrence now described. His pupils increased, the payments, never exacted, but most gratefully made, far more than satisfied the necessities of the foundling and the mother by adoption. All loved and admired them; the learned and the noble as well as the humble and good, were frequent visitors, offering assistance that was uniformly refused, and thus to increase and enlarge the notoriety of the *Abel Cottage* household. To be sure the neighbours would have their

good-natured laugh at the tutor or "The Schoolmaster" which he was often denominated. But the joke was either unperceived, unattended to, or set down to be the offspring of innocence or ignorance by the simple-minded hero. These little freedoms were never so plentifully indulged in as when in the course of his antiquarian mania he accepted of neighbour Wagthorn's services and that of the countryman's strong built Galloway, to carry him to some site or ruin or monument that might be too distant for his own locomotive powers. On some of these occasions, the waggery of the former; the perplexity of "The Schoolmaster,"—the cheering and congratulations of the spectators,—nay the apparent sympathy in the fun of the stout and wayward pony, were most amusing; so that when it was understood that the "The Schoolmaster" was to go "Abroad," a sort of holiday scene was anticipated, that acted as medicine to life.

Abel's life passed away, never varied more remarkably than has been told, till Hannah reached her ninetieth year. Death then called her, not unprepared, to another and a better world, in which Abel a few weeks afterwards doubtlessly joined her. The bonds of affection, the hermit Saints, while here below, were not long to be severed,—the *legacy* with its and other accumulations embalming the memory of them in many a surviving rustic and recipient of charitable bounty.

It may be doubted, however, when the plan at present contemplated by Government for the establishment of experimental institutions for the advancement of an enlightened system of national education is completed, whether such as *Abel Cottage* be the best Normal and Model school, or such as *Abel Snow* the best equipped candidate for a Parish or district seminary, that can be imagined or required.

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HONFLEUR.

HONFLEUR is a maritime city of France, in the arrondissement of Pont l'Eveque and department of Calvados. It is an ill-built town situated on the Seine, opposite to Harfleur. There are four churches, 1,027 houses, and 9,780 inhabitants, who subsist partly by the fisheries, and carry on some manufactures of vitriol, of alum, and of lace. The herring fishery is the most extensive. Before the Revolution, it was the principal place for the Newfoundland fishery and for the colonial commerce.



Douglas del.

J. T. Clark

HONFLEUR.

London, G. Henderson 2, Old Bailey

THE TRIAL.*

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. DE BALZAC.

THE morning of the trial dawned, and the judges, in the presence of an immense crowd, took their seats in the majestic hall of justice. A large crucifix† was placed above the chair occupied by the president; the jury were on the right of the tribunal, and the accused on the left; the king's procurator, M. de Ruysan, was almost close to the prisoner, whom the gendarmes guarded on both sides; and Charles Servigné, the counsel for the accused, was only separated from his client by the partition formed by the sort of box or pew in which the latter was placed.

When M. de Durantal appeared, the glances of all present were concentrated in his person with a species of avidity; and the effects produced were a variety of conflicting sentiments in the minds of the spectators. The windows that gave light to the hall were on that side where the jury sate; thus each ray fell upon the features of the accused, and no change in his countenance could escape the eyes of his judges.

The nomination of the jury having taken place in the usual way, the indictment was read by the clerk of the court in the following terms:—

“For a considerable space of time the governments of various states have been aware of the existence of an execrable pirate named Argow, who chiefly infested the American seas. The delinquencies of this individual commenced by the total destruction of a Spanish fleet that was employed in conveying specie from Havannah to Cadiz. Argow himself was originally mate in the *Daphnis* frigate, at that time under the command of Saint André, a rear-admiral in the service of France. Argow incited a mutiny amongst the crew, and seized upon the frigate, having landed the marquis, and all the officers who remained faithful to their commander, on a desert island, whence none but the marquis himself ever returned to France.

“The skill of the pirate and his crew for a long time defeated the aims and pursuits of those governments which his horrible piracies had irritated against him. Argow was, however, at

* From the work entitled *Annette et le Criminel*, and while we assure our readers that it is but a small portion of one of the most beautiful tales ever imagined, we must observe that it is eminently calculated to exhibit the form and mode in which criminal justice is distributed in France.

† The events related in *Annette et le Criminel* are supposed to have taken place in the year 1816.

length wrecked on the coast of the United States, and was immediately captured and conveyed to Charlestown, where the criminal law adjudged him to die. He nevertheless managed to escape from his impending doom, and obtained an unconditional pardon.

“The vast accumulation of his riches now inspired him with the idea of returning to France, and living tranquilly, if possible, upon the produce of his crimes. He fancied that his immense wealth, and the secluded life he intended to lead, would effectually shield him from all danger and from all suspicion. And in this he would probably have succeeded, had not a new series of crimes drawn upon him the notice of justice.

“In 18—, Argow, who since his return to France adopted the name of Maxendi, purchased several estates, and amongst others, the lands of Durantal. One of his friends, named Vernyct—an individual whom no proofs have yet criminally identified as an accomplice—”

“Would that it were otherwise!” exclaimed a terrible voice, which seemed to proceed from the midst of the crowd.

The author of this singular interruption was sought for in vain; but his ejaculation appeared to have excited the feelings of the accused; for he said in an almost inaudible tone to Charles Servigné, “Oh! now I feel that I am not without friends!”

“This Vernyct,” continued the clerk, when order was once more restored, “bought—whether for himself or his friends, does not appear—a considerable landed property at Vans-la-Pavée. His lordship, the Bishop of A——y, possessed a large estate adjoining the new acquisitions of Vernyct; and it appears that the two estates were so connected with each other, that Maxendi and Vernyct went to A——y to purchase the portion of the territory which then belonged to the bishop.

“His lordship was the brother of the marquis of Saint André, who had just returned to France; and when Maxendi and Vernyct appeared at the palace of the bishop, they were accidentally confronted by the rear-admiral himself. The marquis sent for the gendarmerie to arrest the culprit Argow, whom he immediately recognised; but circumstances enabled the delinquent and Vernyct to escape in safety from the prelate’s residence.

“Shortly after this interview, the marquis of Saint André was found a corpse in his bed-chamber: and Argow departed during the night.”

The indictment was then brought to a conclusion; and a

detail of circumstantial evidence was forthwith entered upon in the ensuing manner :—

“ No sooner was the death of the marquis discovered, when the bishop, suspecting that his brother had fallen a victim to the terrible pirate Argow, summoned the proper authorities, and an inquest was immediately held upon the body. It was ascertained that the marquis had met a violent death, without sustaining any great corporeal injury ; for the tide of his life had suddenly been arrested and frozen by the effects of a subtle vegetable poison which scarcely left a trace behind it. The surgeons, who attended the inquest, subsequently ascertained that the artery in the right arm had been perforated by some instrument as diminutive as the point of a pin ; and their opinion was unhesitatingly given as to the fact that the death of the marquis had been caused by this almost invisible wound.

“ The surgeons, influenced by their curiosity as well as by a sense of duty, carefully examined the flesh in the immediate vicinity of the wound ; and the result of their researches was the discovery of the smallest possible fragment of the pointed instrument that had pierced the artery. The medical men, thus put in possession of the remainder of a substance as yet unknown to them, thrust the fragment into the chief artery in the neck of a dog, the consequences of which experiment were instantaneously fatal to the animal, and the same symptoms appeared in its body as those that had developed themselves in the corpse of the deceased marquis.

“ It was then that the most minute and vigorous search ensued ; and the traces of footsteps upon the floor of the marquis’s bed-chamber at length indicated that the murderer must have escaped by the chimney. The chimney was therefore examined with care ; and it was shortly ascertained that an individual had evidently issued from the apartment through that *medium*. The chimney-pots were broken, and the pieces scattered about in the court below.

“ In the garden the footsteps of a man were again distinguished on some sand which had been raked the day before ; and the dimensions of the steps thus imprinted were immediately taken. Those steps, some of which were turned towards the bishop’s palace, and others receding from it towards the garden-wall, were very numerous.

“ On the top of the chimney was discovered a cramp iron, to which a long cord, reaching into the garden, was appended ; and on the inquiry being made throughout the town, it was ascertained that the wife of a certain ironmonger had sold the

iron and six similar ones to a stranger on the preceding evening. The remaining six irons were subsequently found upon the wall overlooking the garden. When questioned relative to the appearance of the stranger who had purchased the irons, the ironmonger's wife immediately described the person of M. de Durantal.

"The landlady of the hotel, at which Argow lodged, declared that her guest was absent from the inn during the early portion of the night when the murder was committed, and that he left the hotel at one o'clock in the morning.

"In consequence of this information, pursuit was immediately instituted after Argow or Maxendi; but the endeavours of justice to capture the supposed criminal, were invariably eluded by him."

The clerk of the court paused for a moment, then turned to another document which lay near him, and read as follows:—

"M. de Durantal, a short time ago, killed a mad bull in his own park, by simply pricking a vein in the animal's neck with a sharp instrument made of the bone of a fish, and which instrument he usually carried in a ring upon his finger. The bull fell down dead the moment the little instrument perforated its skin.

"The ring, in which that instrument was concealed, was seized upon the person of M. de Durantal at the moment of his arrest. The point of the instrument is broken off; and the fragment which was found in the body of the marquis of Saint André, exactly fits the place where the fracture has occurred. The colour of the poison in the fragment, and of that in the portion of the instrument that was discovered in M. de Durantal's ring, is precisely the same. Several witnesses will prove that M. de Durantal is the same individual who visited A——y, as aforesaid: and the dimensions of M. de Durantal's footsteps correspond with the size of those traces that were left in the sand," &c., &c., &c.

Then followed the usual peroration in such cases, and the official signature of the king's procurator. The indictment being thus brought to a termination, the president put the usual interrogatories to the prisoner.

"What is your name?"

"My name," replied the accused, "is neither Argow nor Maxendi. I adopted the title of de Durantal because I purchased the estate which bears that appellation."

Charles Servigné, the counsel for the accused, rose and observed to the jury—"Gentlemen, you will take notice that the

prisoner is neither Argow nor Maxendi, and that the identity has been in no way established."

"Sir," said the president, addressing himself to Servigné, "that remark is unseasonable. It should form a portion of your defence."

Charles bowed, and remained silent. The president once more addressed himself to the prisoner.

"Does that ring belong to you?" enquired the president.

The prisoner replied in the affirmative.

"Did you ever serve under the marquis of Saint André?"

"I did, Sir," was the answer.

"Were you one of the crew that manned the *Daphnis*?"

The accused again responded in an affirmative.

"At what period?"

"In 180—."

"When did you return to France?"

"In 181—."

"Were you the individual who called upon his lordship the Bishop of A——y, with the intention of purchasing an estate in that neighbourhood?" pursued the president.

"The same, Sir!" answered the accused.

"At what period did this take place?"

"I cannot recollect the date of my visit to his lordship."

This reply caused a visible emotion of pleasure in the breast of the anxious Charles Servigné.

"Did you see the marquis of Saint André at his brother's residence?"

"I did."

"Was it in the morning or in the evening?"

"Both. I saw the marquis once in the morning and once in the evening."

"The gentlemen of the jury will observe," exclaimed Charles, "that the indictment only mentions one visit."

"When did you leave A——y, continued the president.

"Shortly after my second interview with the marquis," replied the accused.

"Did you remain in the hotel where you lodged, the whole time that intervened between the second visit and your departure from A——y?"

The prisoner firmly replied in the negative.

"What did you do, then, during that interval?"

"At this moment Charles Servigné rose abruptly from his seat and addressing himself to the president, exclaimed, "Sir, I cannot

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allow my client to answer that question. Either he will confess that he murdered the marquis of Saint André, or he must remain silent. In both cases, your question is therefore useless; for if he acknowledged the crime, the ends of justice will not be one atom benefitted by the avowal; since, according to the laws of France, a prisoner cannot criminate himself."

The king's procurator was about to interfere in favour of the question being again put, when the president cut short any wrangling upon that head, by continuing the examination.

"Accused, how came the poisonous instrument in your possession?"

"I received it as a present from the chief of a tribe of savages in North America."

"Were you not arrested at Charlestown, and condemned as a pirate?"

"I was."

"The jury will recollect," again interrupted Charles, "that the indictment contains no clause whereupon to prosecute the accused for those pretended piracies to which the president alludes; and that even if such piracies were proved no verdict could be given against the prisoner on that account."

"Certainly not," exclaimed the president. "My only object in putting the question to the accused was to establish that identity which you of course will attempt to destroy.—Prisoner," continued the judge, "was it not with that identical instrument that you caused the death of a bull in your park at Durantal?"

The accused replied in the affirmative.

"Had the chief of the tribe of savages many of those instruments in his possession?"

"I do not know."

"Did any other of your companions become possessed of such instruments?"

"Of that also I am ignorant."

"Were you alone in communication with that chief?"

"No, Sir. Many of my companions had frequent intercourse with the tribe alluded to."

"Did any of those companions return to France with you?"

"A considerable number."

"Wherefore, having fitted up so splendid an establishment at Vans-la-Pavée, have you never returned to that place since the murder of the marquis of Saint André?"

"A rapid succession of circumstances during the last two

years has totally precluded the possibility of my visiting that estate. Besides," continued M. de Durantal, "the property is not mine own—it belongs to one of my friends."

"Were you not arrested at Aulnay-le-Vicomte?"

"Yes; but not as a criminal. My detention originated in the device of an individual who was desirous of eluding pursuit on my part."

"Wherefore, then, did you offer four thousand pounds sterling, and even pay the money, to ensure the means of escape?"

"Because I was anxious to be in Paris by a certain time; and Heaven is my witness, that I did not dread the danger to which you may fancy I was exposed. I was the victim of a passion, which, at that period, agitated me cruelly."

At this stage of the proceedings, the president ordered some menial attendants of the court to spread a quantity of sand on the floor immediately opposite the box in which the jury were seated, and requested M. de Durantal to walk over it. The clerk of the court measured the traces left upon the sand by the footsteps of the accused; and the prisoner having been reconducted to his place, the king's procurator proceeded to the examination of the witnesses.

The first witness summoned upon this occasion was the landlady of the hotel at which Argow had lodged when at A——y. She declared that the features of the prisoner were perfectly familiar to her; and that her memory in a moment identified M. de Durantal with the individual who had departed so mysteriously from her inn on the night when the murder was committed.

"How long was he at your hotel?" enquired the public minister.

"One day and the half of a night," was the answer.

"You have brought your books into court with you," continued the king's procurator; "and are therefore able to name the very day on which Argow arrived at your hotel."

"The 23rd of October, 181—," answered the hostess.

"The gentlemen of the jury will observe," said the procurator, "that on the 23rd of October was the murder committed; for it was discovered on the ensuing morning at six o'clock."

The witness upon farther examination, would not take upon herself to affirm at what hour, and for how long a time, the prisoner was absent from the hotel. The chamber-maid when summoned to the witness-box, however, deposed that the post-horses were ordered to be ready at one precisely in the morning, and that he was in his apartment when he was summoned by her at that hour.

"Do you know at what o'clock he left the hotel in the early part of that night?" enquired the public minister.

"He went out at eight o'clock in the evening to go to the Bishop's Palace," answered the girl, "and returned to the hotel an hour afterwards. But from that moment till the chaise arrived at the door at one, I did not notice that he left the inn. One circumstance, however, I recollect; that three strangers issued from the apartment of the accused at about nine o'clock, and that the accused, as I before stated, was in that apartment at one in the morning."

"Was the front door of the hotel open during the night in question?"

"Yes—for there was a great number of people staying in the hotel."

"When the individual, whom you state to be the accused, returned to the hotel at nine o'clock," enquired Charles Servigné, "and when he left it again at one in his carriage, did he, on either occasion, appear agitated?"

"He did not," replied the servant, firmly.

The third witness was now summoned: it was the wife of the ironmonger of A——y, at whose house the cramp-irons had been purchased. She declared that she recollected the accused perfectly well, and that his were a form and features which, if once seen, could never be forgotten.

"I understand," said Charles Servigné to the witness, "that you are accustomed to sit in a back-shop, and that you never light up the front one at all?"

"It was by the light of the lamp," began the witness, "that—"

"The gentlemen of the jury," interrupted Charles, "will decide to what extent they may trust this evidence, especially as the lamp is not in front of the shop occupied by witness and her husband."

"Is the lamp in front of your shop, or not?" demanded M. de Ruysan, the public minister.

"Not quite," was the reply.

"Sit down," said the procurator.

The president now informed the jury that the very infirm state of health experienced by the Bishop of A——y, did not permit his lordship to give oral evidence at that tribunal; but a written series of testimony had been duly forwarded for the consideration of the court. The president then read the document in question; and its contents were anything but favourable to the cause of M. de Durantal. Indeed, his lordship the Bishop of A——y declared that when Argow encountered

the marquis of Saint André so unexpectedly, as before alluded to, the former made use of an expression which evidently intimated his desire to rid himself of the latter altogether.

Here terminated the case for the prosecution; and the president informed Charles Servigné that he might call his witnesses for the defence.

M. Badger, ex-prefect of the department, was first summoned; and according to his testimony, M. de Durantal was present as late as twelve o'clock at night, at a ball given by the witness in Paris, on the 21st of October, 181—. This important deposition was confirmed by at least a dozen respectable persons who were also at M. Badger's ball, and who there became acquainted with M. de Durantal.

Charles now summoned three of the servants, and the porter belonging to the establishment of the Lord Bishop of A——y. These witnesses declared, that about half-past nine o'clock on the night when the murder was committed, a stranger—but certainly not M. de Durantal—presented himself at the gate of the Bishop's palace, and desired to be conducted to the apartment of the marquis of Saint André. The stranger carried a large parcel in his hand; and the porter believing that the package belonged to the marquis, called the *valet-de-chambre*, and desired him to show the stranger to the bed-room occupied by that nobleman.

“Which of you was the one that thus introduced the stranger to the apartment of the marquis?” demanded the president.

“It was I,” answered the Bishop's *valet-de-chambre*.

“Did either of you see him leave the palace?” enquired the president.

“We did not, Sir,” was the general reply.

“Porter,” cried the president, “did you see that man return after he had left the palace the first time?”

“I cannot say for certain.”

“The palace-gate is usually open, I believe?”

“Nearly always, Sir,”

“Was it closed upon the night in question?”

“My memory will not permit me to reply.”

“Was the parcel unpacked?” enquired the president of the three servants, successively.

“It was, Sir,” replied the *valet-de-chambre*; “and on examination of its contents we found nothing save old rags, worthless papers, and a variety of articles that we fancied had been addressed to the marquis in a moment of pleasantry, by some wag.”

“What sort of a person was the stranger who carried the parcel to the palace?”

“Short—fat—and vulgar,” replied the *valet-de-chambre*; “badly dressed, and wearing iron-heeled shoes on his feet.

Servigné desired these witnesses to retire; and after a momentary pause, addressed the court as follows:—

“I have yet one witness to call—but under such peculiar circumstances that I am almost ashamed to mention my request.”

“Proceed,” said the president, encouragingly.

“My desire is,” continued Charles, “that the witness I am about to call shall not be interrogated farther than he may choose to submit to such ordeal; and that when he shall have given that testimony which will speedily convince the gentlemen of the jury of the innocence of my client, he shall be allowed to depart without risk or peril to his own personal safety, whatever may be the nature of his evidence.”

The king’s procurator was strongly opposed to this extraordinary manner of proceeding; but the foreman of the jury declared that his own conscience, and the consciences of his fellow-jurymen, would not be satisfied unless the proposed evidence were laid before them. The president accordingly consulted with his brother judges; and it was eventually agreed that the anonymous witness should be introduced.

No sooner was the decree of the court thus pronounced, when a man, of enormous stature and fierce aspect, stepped up to the very desk at which the president was seated; and having placed in the hand of that magistrate an instrument exactly resembling the one found upon the person of M. de Durantal, he retired as suddenly as he had appeared.

It was now six o’clock in the evening, and the president declared that the trial must be resumed on the following morning. The last event which had occurred, had excited the most acute curiosity in the breasts of all present; and the next day was eagerly looked forward to by those who knew full well that the defence was to be made within four-and-twenty hours, and that the same period would probably make known the fate of M. de Durantal.

When the court sate on the following morning, the president submitted the poisoned instrument so singularly placed in evidence the day before by the anonymous witness, to the examination of the jury; and it was immediately pronounced to be exactly similar to the one found upon the person of M. de Durantal. The president then desired the king’s procurator to address the jury; but the public minister, by a skilful sub-

terfuge, declared that the basis of the accusation being already well founded, he would prefer reserving himself to reply to the defence that was about to be set up by the prisoner's counsel.

A smile of disdain appeared upon the lips of Charles Servigné, as he rose to address the jury, and at that moment the most solemn silence reigned throughout the hall. Every eye was turned towards the young barrister, who seemed to be the centre of every thought in that extensive audience. The noise of a spider weaving its fragile web upon the wall, would have been heard when Servigné thus prepared to speak.

He had neither *memoranda* nor notes: he trusted entirely to his own faithful memory, and yet did not despair of saving his client from an ignominious doom. Suffering the tone of his voice to assume a plaintive and melancholy cadence, and casting an appealing glance towards the jury, as if to supplicate their most undivided attention to his argument, Servigné commenced as follows:—

“I shall not prelude my defence of the prisoner at the bar, gentlemen of the jury, by reminding you of your wisdom and sagacity: flattery on such occasions is useless; for we well know that impartial judges do not condemn a man to death in the gaiety of their hearts, nor in a mood of self-satisfaction. Neither shall I attempt to mystify the case by a series of those metaphysical reasonings to which counsel have such frequent recourse in matters of difficulty and danger. It will be in facts—and in facts alone, gentlemen—such facts as the development of the trial has itself progressively furnished—that I shall look for those arguments whereby the innocence of the prisoner will be fully and satisfactorily proven.

“Several witnesses of known respectability have assured you that on the evening of the 21st of October, M. de Durantal was at a ball given by M. Badger, a gentleman of American extraction, in Paris; and those witnesses moreover declared that so late as twelve o'clock on the same night, they saw the prisoner at M. Badger's house.”

Servigné handed the card of invitation, addressed to M. Maxendi, to the jury, and resumed his defence with the ensuing explanation.

“Gentlemen of the jury, it would be ridiculous to deny the identity of the prisoner with Maxendi and Argow. Maxendi was a chief of a tribe of savages who saved the prisoner's life many years ago: and the prisoner in order to exemplify his gratitude to the utmost of his power, adopted the name of Maxendi. Previous to this occurrence, he had been known amongst the crew with which he served, as Argow.

“ Now, gentlemen, I might, at this stage of the defence, request you to weigh well in your minds, whether it were barely probable, even if possible, for the prisoner to have been at A——y on the 23rd, especially as he had passed by Vans-la-Pavée, and tarried there a short time. But these means of proving an *alibi* are the last resource to which innocences will fly, when a thousand other proofs await your consideration.

“ You are aware of the relative positions of myself and the accused : I am his cousin by marriage—and it was my jealousy that, in a great measure, contributed to place him at that bar. I now defend him, because, if it shall appear that he has been criminal, he has also done much in aid of virtue ;—to save him, therefore, is my hope—my dearest hope ; nay—more, it is my duty—even if he were culpable !

“ Commencing with such frankness and so singular an avowal, you will at once perceive that I am thoroughly convinced of the guiltlessness of my client, and of my power to demonstrate his innocence. Indeed, you will observe, during the development of the defence, that the same loyal frankness will reign throughout my discourse, and that the justification of the prisoner will result from that sincerity ; inasmuch as the desired aim will be compassed, not by means of witnesses in favour of the accused, but by the depositions of those very witnesses whom the public minister has himself summoned to give evidence before this tribunal.

“ The prisoner, say some of these witnesses, went to the Bishop’s palace at eight o’clock, and returned to the hotel at nine ; and from that moment no one can say that he again left his apartment until one in the morning, when he quitted A——y altogether.

“ Now from nine o’clock to one there is an interval of four hours ; and it was during these four hours, argues the indictment, that the murder must have been committed. What is the duty of the king’s procurator ? To enable you, gentlemen of the jury, to follow the criminal step by step in all his actions—that you may see him, as it were, actually advancing towards the criminal moment, and committing the crime itself. But in this case, you have nothing, save the evidence of the Bishop of A——y ; and his lordship’s testimony may be speedily invalidated by the fact, that as he was aware of the former events in the prisoner’s life, he might readily have imagined his brother to be the object of the hatred and alarm of M. de Durantal.

“ Thus, in its very prelude, is the indictment miserably de-

fective ; for it cannot prove, nor even assert, that the prisoner left the hotel during those four memorable hours.

“You have next the testimony of the wife of the ironmonger, at whose shop the seven iron-bars were purchased. She declares that it was on the evening in question, but she particularizes no hour. If the prisoner were the author of the crime, it must be proven that he *again* left his hotel after having returned to it, as already demonstrated, at nine o'clock. In order to have purchased the bars, then, he must have left that hotel at a quarter-past nine, or at half-past nine, perhaps.

“In those three hours and a half that remained, what would the indictment seem to say that the prisoner had effected? Scaled the walls of the palace—murdered the marquis of Saint André—and then returned to the hotel, where he regained his usual tranquillity of aspect, and passed a certain time in his bed. All this was perfected, according to the indictment, unnoticed by a single witness, who could say, ‘I saw the prisoner in the street once during those three hours and a half.’ Truly, this was a marvellous performance in the face of so many obstacles! The hotel was full of passengers—the street door was left open all night—and this latter circumstance alone proves that the servants of the inn must have maintained a sharp watch upon the egress and ingress of individuals about the premises.

“The ironmonger has a large family—and his shop is situate in one of the most populous quarters of A——y, and yet no one saw the prisoner, save the wife of the shopkeeper himself. And this witness declares that the lamp was lighted when the prisoner called to purchase the cramp-irons. Now at that period of the month of October, on account of the early moonlight, the lamps at A——y were not lit until half-past ten o'clock at night. Here is the certificate of the mayor to ratify the truth of my assertion, and another from the municipal contractor to a similar purpose. Thus the prisoner had actually little more than two hours to effect those various deeds which I ere now detailed.

“It however happens that on the very night when the murder was committed, a stranger, carrying under his arm a large package of things which eventually proved to be nothing but rubbish, was introduced into the palace, and conducted to the very apartment of the marquis of Saint André. It is not proven that he again left the palace, or that he did not return ; the porter cannot tax his memory with having seen him de-

part by the great gate which formed the only means of egress from the bishop's residence. A stranger, I repeat, was thus introduced into the palace: the marquis was assassinated; the contents of the parcel prove that the stranger's object in calling at the palace was any thing but a proper and straightforward purpose; and yet it is the prisoner who is accused of the crime! There are proofs—strong proofs against the stranger; there cannot now remain even a breath of suspicion against M. de Durantal; and yet—the former is at large; and the latter, at the bar of a criminal tribunal!"

Servigné paused for a moment, and then requested the president to summon once more the *valet-de-chambre* of the Bishop of A——y, and the chamber-maid of the hotel where the prisoner had lodged. This demand was immediately complied with; and Charles wrote upon a piece of paper the questions he wished to be put to the witnesses thus recalled into court.

"At what o'clock did the marquis of Saint André retire to rest?" demanded the president, of the *valet-de-chambre*.

"At ten," was the reply; and the domestic adduced several circumstances to prove that the exact hour was really engraven on his memory.

The president then addressed himself to the chamber-maid.

"Did the sheets of the prisoner's bed at the hotel seem to indicate that he had reposed in them?"

The reply was unhesitatingly given in the affirmative.

"Gentlemen of the jury," continued Charles, "had the prisoner retired to rest at half-past nine, he would only have had little more than three hours repose after a long and tedious journey. I now come to that portion of my explanation which will show, firstly, wherefore the marquis of Saint André did not cause the prisoner to be arrested when they met at the palace of the Bishop; secondly, why it was not necessary for the prisoner to rid himself by murder of the marquis; and thirdly, the reason of the prisoner's departure from the hotel at one o'clock in the morning.

"M. de Durantal, being enamoured of Melanie the only daughter of the Marquis of Saint André, carried her forcibly away to his *chateau* at Vans-la-Pavée, and there detained her with the hope of securing her affections. When the prisoner found himself in the presence of the marquis of Saint André, at the Bishop's Palace, and when the enraged nobleman was about to summon the aid of the police to secure M. de Durantal, the latter whispered but one word in the ear of the dis-

tracted father, and a compact was immediatly entered into. The stipulations were to the effect, that M. de Durantal should restore Melanie to the bosom of her sire—that after a few hours of necessary repose, M. de Durantal should hasten to Vans-la-Pavée and fetch the imprisoned daughter—and that a total oblivion of past events, on the part of the marquis, was to be the recompense for the fulfilment of these conditions.

“M. de Durantal *did* depart, according to the agreement, so soon as exhausted nature had been slightly refreshed ; but on his arrival at his *chateau* at Vans-la-Pavée, he found that Melanie had escaped a few hours before. It was on that occasion, also, that M. de Durantal was arrested by the false representations of Melanie’s lover : and his determination to pursue the fugitives as speedily as possible, prompted him to obtain his immediate liberty, even at the price of four thousand pounds sterling.

“The gentlemen of the jury will call to mind,” continued Charles, “that M. de Darantal might have sought that security in Germany or the Netherlands, or even in England, which, if guilty, he could not possibly expect to enjoy in France, had he been so disposed. There was a variety of plans for him to resort to, and all less terrible and dangerous than the assassination of the marquis.

“I now come, gentlemen, to another portion of the evidence against my client. It is that which relates to the dimensions of the footsteps. Without attaching much importance to the fact, that an individual, of the rank and fortune of M. de Durantal, would scarcely have worn iron-shod boots, I beg to observe, that the indictment has omitted a most important fact. Amongst the footsteps discovered upon the sand in the garden of his lordship the Bishop of A——y, were others of a different size and shape to those which are supposed to have been the imprints of the feet of M. de Durantal. Hence it is evident that two individuals walked upon the sand during that night. Might not the steps which were not measured have been those of the real murderer ? and because the size of M. de Durantal’s steps corresponds with that of another’s, will an intelligent jury condemn him to death upon so slight an evidence ? Is it not probable that the stranger, who introduced himself so suspiciously into the palace with a parcel of worthless effects, was the author of the crime—and that the unmeasured steps were his ? So far as regards the evidence of the ironmonger’s wife, the fact of the lamp being upwards of thirteen feet to the left of her shop, and the unsatisfactory

nature of her testimony, are sufficient to throw discredit upon her assertions.

“Gentlemen of the jury, it is now for you to recollect that the cramp-irons were not purchased many minutes before eleven o'clock—that to scale the wall of the palace, ascend the building itself, enter into the marquis's apartment by the chimney, consummate the crime, and return by the same way, scarcely two hours remained—and that at one o'clock M. de Durantal was in his bed-chamber at the hotel. Might not the crime have been committed *after* one o'clock?—and in that case the indictment fails to affect us. In fine, is it impossible that the stranger so often alluded to, was a secret enemy of the unfortunate marquis?”

“The indictment declares that the first bar was discovered on the top of the chimney. If M. de Durantal scaled the wall, how did he scale the exterior of the palace itself? Is it not probable that the aforesaid stranger, when introduced into the apartment of the marquis, took notice of the position of the chimney, &c., and eventually returning to that apartment, ascended the chimney, fixed the bar on the summit, and thereto attached a cord by which he descended into the garden? What blanks—what voids are there to be filled up in order to render the indictment against the prisoner at all complete! and how clear—how natural were all his movements—all his actions! if the indictment in this case be clear, to-morrow I would concoct a far more feasible one against the stranger, whom I sincerely and devoutly believe to be the author of the crime.”

A murmur of approbation, even on the part of several of the jury, succeeded the observations made by M. Charles Serigné; and even M. de Ruysan, the king's procurator, appeared struck by the nature of the defence. He, however, essayed to conceal his emotion by closely investigating the two poisoned instruments that had been handed to him by the president.

“One word more,” said Charles, after a short pause. “Gentlemen of the jury,” continued he with an air of satisfaction, “is it not probable that the stranger, who was yesterday so mysteriously introduced into court, might have been the assassin of the marquis of Saint André; and that, touched by the pangs of remorse, he came, without implicating himself, to constitute the innocence of the prisoner at the bar?”

At this moment M. de Durantal said in a low tone of voice, “Great God! what puissance hast thou not given to the words of man!”

“What therefore remains?” ejaculated Charles with a vehemence and energy he had not hitherto used, “save the testimony afforded by the poisoned instruments? But, so long as it shall not be proven that the instrument found upon the person of M. de Durantal was the immediate cause of the death of the marquis of Saint André—so long as it shall be demonstrated that the other is equally venomous and prompt in its effects, M. de Durantal cannot be found guilty by a jury chosen amongst the impartial citizens of France!

“I do not for one moment hesitate to say, that an indictment on the score of piracy and mutiny would have been more successfully maintained than an accusation of murder; but in the former, as in this latter case, we should haply have found arguments competent to refute the reasoning of the public minister.”

The defence was now concluded; and when Charles Servigné sat down almost exhausted, the hall rang with the applauding shouts of the audience, and the crowds on the Grande Place exclaimed unanimously, “He is saved! he is saved!” The tidings of Servigné’s eloquent defence had indeed spread like wildfire.

The king’s procurator rose to reply; and a deathlike silence reigned throughout the hall.

“Gentlemen of the jury,” said M. de Ruysan, “I will freely admit that the several clauses of an indictment have never been more successfully refuted than in the present instance. But, at the same time, the reasoning of M. Charles Servigné is not conclusive. The instrument that was yesterday laid before the jury is in some degree dissimilar to the one which was found on the person of M. de Durantal. The latter is not tinged with the colour of the poison, in which it had evidently been dipped, on the diminutive surface left bare by the fracture, and to which the broken piece exactly fits; whereas the other is coloured in that particular spot;”—and as he uttered these words, M. de Ruysan handed the two instruments to the clerk, who passed them to the jury.

While those twelve judges of the guilt or innocence of M. de Durantal were occupied, one after another, in strict and close examination of the two poisoned instruments, the king’s procurator requested the president to send for two chemists and two naturalists, in order that the aforesaid instruments might be submitted to their inspection.

The trial was accordingly suspended for a short time; and, during the interval that elapsed ere it was resumed, M. de

Ruysan received a letter which appeared to excite an extraordinary degree of emotion in his breast.

"This is most important," said the public minister, passing the letter to the president; "for by that epistle I am informed, by the procurator-general of the department, that the stranger—the individual who penetrated with the package into the chamber of the marquis of Saint André, and on whom M. Servigné in his able defence threw the imputation of the murder—that stranger will be forthcoming as a witness to-morrow morning. As yet I am totally at a loss to conjecture whether his evidence will be favourable or injurious to the prisoner's cause; but the ends of justice must be aided on the one hand, and the accused must not be despoiled of a single chance of escape on the other. I accordingly request that the cause may be adjourned until to-morrow."

This demand was immediately complied with, and M. de Durantal was condemned to another night of uncertainty and doubt.

On the following morning the court was, if possible, more crowded than on the preceding days of the trial. The chemists made their report, which was to the effect that the poison in which M. de Durantal's instrument had been dipped, was entirely unknown to them; but that the venom of the other was a certain combination with which they were perfectly familiar. The naturalists then deposed, that the bone, of which the former was composed, belonged to a fish they were not acquainted with; but that the latter was made of a bone taken from a salmon, and had even been cut and modified by certain sharp tools.

No sooner was this evidence disposed of, than the stranger, whose testimony was deemed to be so important, appeared in the witness-box. To this individual every eye was now turned; and it was speedily ascertained that he was the same "short and fat person" described by the porter and *valet-de-chambre* of the Bishop of A——y.

The witness, upon being questioned by the president, declared that he was a native of Auvergne, that his name was Jean Gratinat, and that he resided in the mountains of Cantal.

"Were you ever at A——y!" inquired the president.

"I lived there six months," was the reply.

"What did you go to A——y for?"

"To earn my livelihood."

"And wherefore did you leave A——y in six months?"

"Because I made my fortune, Sir."

"In what manner?"

"A gentlemen gave me four hundred and fifty pounds, and sent me back to my native place in his own coach, for having carried a parcel to the bishop's palace."

"And nothing else?" enquired the president.

"Merely for having told him where a certain room was situate," answered the witness.

A profound terror reigned throughout the hall; and Charles Servigné himself appeared overcome by this damning evidence.

"Should you recognise the gentleman who gave you the money, if you were to see him?" continued the president.

"Yes, Sir," was the answer.

"Is it the prisoner?"

"No."

A murmur of astonishment ran through the court.

"Do you know the prisoner?"

"Perfectly well."

"How came you to know him?"

"It was he who promised me the reward—he gave me the parcel to carry into the palace—he enabled me to marry the girl that I loved—he is my benefactor, the author of my prosperity."

The witness was dismissed, and the king's procurator, rising to sustain the accusation, spoke with a facility and eloquence worthy of Charles Servigné himself. Charles replied to the arguments adduced by the public minister; but his defence was no longer based upon logical principles—it was specious and metaphysical. The president then summed up the evidence with impartiality and talent, and placed the question in a manner perfectly comprehensible to the meanest capacity. The jury accordingly retired, and deliberated upon their verdict upwards of four hours and a half. At the termination of that period they returned into court, and never was suspense more acute—never was anxiety more terrible than in that moment.

The foreman of the jury rose, and declared, in the form prescribed by the criminal code, that the unanimous verdict of the jury was *Guilty!*

M. de Durantal was accordingly condemned to suffer the penalty of death by decapitation.

When the awful sentence of the law had been pronounced by the president in solemn and befitting terms, the prisoner rose, and addressed the jury as follows:—

"Gentlemen of the jury, if by accident one single shadow of doubt as to my guilt remained upon your minds, let me dis-

perse it by declaring, in the face of God and my fellow-creatures, that your verdict was a just decision. I acknowledge myself to be the murderer of the marquis Saint André; and, having now made my peace with the world, may Heaven pardon me!"



MAESTRICHT ON THE MAES.

MAESTRICHT is an ancient city of the Netherlands, situate at the confluence of the Jeker and the Maes. It is about four miles in circumference, and strongly fortified. On the south side of the town, towards Liege, there is a very strong entrenchment on the declivity of a hill, called Fort St. Pierre, capable of holding 13 or 14,000 men, with several redoubts well planted with artillery. The suburb of Wyck has a rampart a quarter of a league in circumference, flanked with three large bastions, joining to the body of the place. It has fine long streets, many churches and convents, a college, formerly belonging to the Jesuits, a council-house with its library, and manufactories of cloth and fire-arms. Both Catholics and Protestants are allowed the free exercise of their religions, and the magistracy is composed of both.

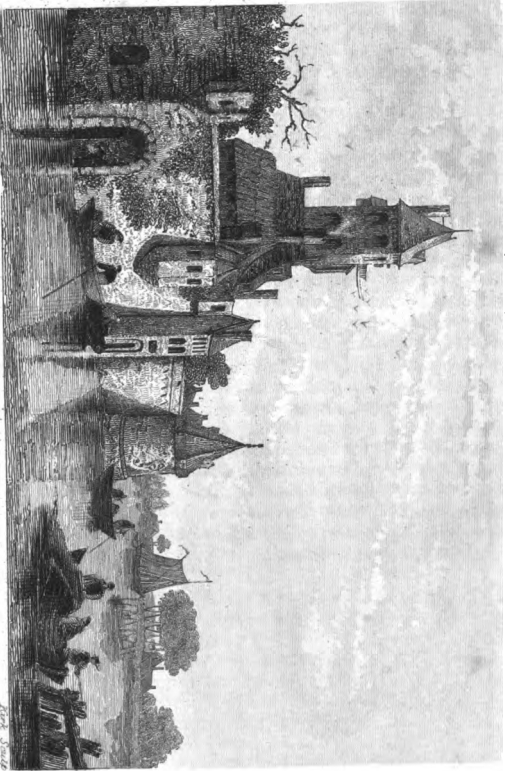
In 1748, Maestricht was besieged by the French, who were permitted to take possession of it on condition of its being restored at the peace then negotiating. At the commencement of 1793, it was unsuccessfully attacked by the French; but they became masters of it towards the end of the following year. In 1814, it was delivered up to the allied forces. Its population amounts to between 18 and 20,000.



REMINISCENCES OF A FRIEND.

(*Concluded from page 324.*)

"I sought for traces of the image of the Deity in his children; but we were surrounded by farmers, whose mode of life is more favourable to the 'sobriety of virtue' than to its striking exhibitions, and the disgust which I sometimes experienced at the hollow-heartedness and hypocrisy of some, more than counteracted the satisfaction I derived from the unaffected simplicity and goodness of the rest. I sought as eagerly for everything that would have a tendency to restore what had be-



W. G. Smith del.

MAASTRICHT ON THE MAÏES

London, G. Henderson, 2, Old Bailey.

W. G. Smith sculp.

fore been my habitual confidence in my Creator, as a fainting man seeks for something with which to revive his drooping nature. Nothing cheered me so much as to find eminent examples of goodness, whether among the poorer or the more wealthy classes of society. I was in the habit of accompanying my sister in her visits, which were many and frequent, to the poor, and was delighted with occasional exhibitions of the power of the religious principle in sustaining the spirit, when every other support had failed. I remember particularly, one poor invalid, who had been reduced by a complication of diseases to such a state of infirmity, that even the bed—the last resource of suffering humanity—was often no resting place for her; and for months together, she would be obliged to take all the repose she could get, in a sitting posture, leaning her head upon a table. She was, in one sense, alone in the world—being the last of her family—and she was supported by the contributions of a few ladies who rescued her from the poor-house. Yet in this condition, which would be deemed utterly cheerless, she was one of the happiest persons I ever saw—full of spirit and animation. Praise was always on her lips, as in her heart. She would say, that to be one of God's creatures, and capable of comprehending the relation she bore to him—to have a place on his earth, to be an object of his care, and to hope for the immortality that had been brought to light—were privileges worth more than all the sufferings that could be inflicted. 'Truly said the Apostle,' she would exclaim with great earnestness, 'this is eternal life—to know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent. What are the evils of this earthly scene, to those who feel that they have laid hold on eternal life? If my father chastises me, it is in mercy.'

"'Still,' I said to myself, 'supposing all this were a delusion, might it not have the same effect upon the mind as if it were reality?' And then again I replied—'No: if this faith were not of heavenly origin, it would partake of the perishable nature which stamps everything earthly; it would contain the elements of its own destruction; and when everything conspires against it, it would fall as falls the tower under which a mine has been sprung.'

"About this time, it was my happiness to become acquainted with one, the influence of whose character and example had more effect in establishing and confirming my mind on the only sure foundation, than all things else. He was a man of a most enlightened, independent, and upright mind; his charac-

ter was marked by a purity that seemed uncontaminated with anything worldly; he was one of the few in whom the image of God is not defaced. His heart, too, was full of benevolence that had the activity of a vital principle, and dispensed its life-giving influences as freely and noiselessly as the sun and dew. These qualities were moulded together by religion 'unto the measure of the Christian stature'—for he had a firm reliance on the benevolence of the Deity.

"Soon after he came to reside in the village, I was transferred to his office, that I might have the benefit of his eminent professional excellence; and as his manners were particularly kind and encouraging to the young, I had every opportunity of knowing him intimately. I was never with him a day without perceiving that his conceptions of moral duty were of the most elevated kind, producing in his mind a genuine love of Virtue, who was not only his hand-maid, but his twin-sister. He was, moreover, without the stimulus—to which even religious minds are not entirely unsusceptible—of sectarian popularity; for, differing from the prevailing faith of the community in which he lived, he gave offence, and was the innocent subject of much uncharitableness and censure. These things, however, never disturbed his serenity, nor excited, apparently, a single unhallowed emotion: on the contrary, he exercised the greatest indulgence towards the faults and infirmities of those from whom he differed, and who thought that intolerance was a virtue.

"I was very much impressed with this feature of his character, upon an occasion which I thought would afford him a welcome triumph. There was residing near him another gentleman of his profession, a Mr. Bond, whose talents were respectable, and who, notwithstanding he was opionated, and self-complacent, had acquired considerable influence in society. On a public occasion when a question which concerned the religious interests of the people was discussed, my friend contended for some broader and more liberal principle than Mr. Bond approved, who therefore took this opportunity to assail him in the coarsest manner, attributing to him a secret, unfair method of using his influence, of which he was no more capable than the sun is capable of diffusing darkness. His uniform self-command, however, enabled him to preserve his equanimity under this pelting abuse.

"Some time after, this same man, so ready to suspect others, was himself detected in dishonourable conduct, connected with his professional pursuits, which came to the knowledge of a

full court, and which nothing but the greatest indulgence on the part of his judges, and their unwillingness to disgrace a man whose parentage was highly respectable, and whose standing had until then corresponded to it, could have induced them to overlook. For some days, the affair was matter of public discussion, and though I heard it talked of in my friend's presence, not one remark upon it ever escaped from him, nor did any significant expressions of his face reveal what he might have forbidden his lips to utter. I thought of him, who, when he was reviled, reviled not again.

“Such a man must of course acquire extensive influence. He was a good deal in public life, and a large community were fixing their eyes upon him with admiration, respect, and high anticipations of his future usefulness. I remained with him four years: he was ardent and assiduous in every pursuit, and far too intensely occupied, for his health.

“Upon an occasion of unusual excitement and labour in an important case, in which he had been engaged, he became suddenly and dangerously ill: there seemed a total suspension of his powers, which was attended with dangerous symptoms. These increased, until it was apprehended that to us he was already as one that is no more—that the spirit would pass without any parting recognitions: but, a few hours previous to his death, he revived, and to my latest day I shall bless God for having been permitted to witness the scene that followed. His mind which before had completely sunk under the effect of disease, roused from what had seemed the sleep of death, and in its strength burst for the time the withes and cords of mortality with which it was bound; nor was he in the least dismayed by the sudden conviction that death was upon him.

“Long and bitterly did I deplore his loss to myself personally, though I was but one among many, very many others, who wept and lamented over him. Such a man is like a beacon-light in the moral wilderness of the world—and the brightness which it diffused fell on my soul.

“Soon after this, my beloved sister was married, and my father being engaged to a lady for whom I had conceived a dislike, I could not bear to think of remaining at home under these circumstances. I therefore determined, with my father's consent, to accept an invitation, long since received, to visit a bachelor uncle of my mother's, after whom I was named, who resided in Scotland. I took leave of the living and the dead, in going from the home of my youth, and with a sad heart proceeded on the journey.

“ I received from my uncle—whose only inmate, beside domestics, was a maiden sister, and who had long been separated from all the rest of his family—the kindest welcome. He had naturally very warm affections, but from his isolated manner of living, and his want of objects to excite them, they had become so dormant that he was himself hardly aware of their existence.

“ My arrival seemed soon to awaken them in all their force. I had the good fortune to produce an agreeable impression upon him, and he listened with intense interest to all that I told him. Having been so long unused to the pleasure of society and sympathy—his sister being, both from taste and habit, exclusively devoted to housewifery—he now enjoyed his intercourse with me, as a man whose appetite has long been destroyed by the unhealthy state of his system enjoys its restoration. He soon began to manifest an anxiety to secure my stay with him as long as possible; and ascertaining by his inquiries the peculiar circumstances that decided me upon coming to him, and the facts that I was just twenty-one years of age—had finished my legal studies—and expected to commence practice immediately upon my return—he said to me that he hoped I would not be in haste to leave him, nor anxious about securing, through my profession, the means of support, as it was his intention to settle upon me, immediately, a portion of that estate the whole of which he had always designed should be ultimately mine. I was touched with his kindness, and did not hesitate to accept it. I spent my time, in the year that ensued, either with him, or in making excursions into different parts of the country.

“ My uncle’s residence was a retired country-seat, and there was but one neighbour with whom he had much intercourse. This was a man of strongly-marked character, and great peculiarities, who had been twice a widower, and whose present family consisted of several sons and one step-daughter. Being introduced to them, I soon discovered some circumstances of familiarity in my condition and that of the young lady, which heightened the interest that her appearance and manners had previously excited. The disagreeable impressions of her step-father, which his somewhat unreasonable and domineering treatment of her mother had produced on her mind, were increased to positive dislike, in consequence of his persevering determination, in spite of her manifest aversions to such a step, that she should unite herself in wedlock with one of his sons of a former marriage. The poor girl had no escape from the disagreeable circumstances of her situation

but in an occasional visit to a married daughter of her step-father's, who had too much generosity and delicacy to join the family compact against her happiness. In the course of some months, I had an opportunity to see a great deal of her, and found her all that I had been led to imagine from her first appearance—warm-hearted, intelligent, delicate, and sensitive. When her father, who was likewise her guardian, discovered my increasing interest in her, he requested my uncle that I might not come to his house again. This, of course, produced a separation between the families; and the prospect of a total suspension of our intercourse—since all those facilities were removed, which seem almost indispensable to a delicate female—brought the matter to a crisis at once. I found means to declare my attachment, and the answer which I received filled me with the raptures of a successful lover.

“ My uncle soon informed his neighbour of the state of affairs between us, which made him more violent than ever in his dislike to me. He still forbade me his house entirely, and so unpleasant was our situation rendered, that I listened with the less reluctance to the proposal of my uncle, who really took a great interest in the affairs of the ‘ young folks,’ as he called us, that as ‘ the girl’ was yet a minor by some months, I should travel a year on the continent, and then she would be at liberty to act for herself.

“ I knew that this was quite a sacrifice on my uncle's part, and felt that he had continually new and strong claims upon my gratitude.

“ In having an opportunity to see more of the world, I was happy to find, that though I of course perceived an admixture of good and evil—the tares sown plentifully with the wheat—yet that the traces of a father's love and beneficence were everywhere manifest to me. I realize, more than ever, the significance and truth of the sentiment, ‘ Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God;’ yes, with her thousand and ten voices. Nature's beautiful and imperishable monuments recorded an inscription to Him who reared them—a *Deus fecit*; while the wonderful works of Art bore witness with what a generous portion of his own intelligence the Creator had endowed his creatures—and assimilated them to himself. It was more and more evident, too, that the moral nature of man, where it had not become debased, was stamped with his image. I have elsewhere preserved in my journal the particular impressions made upon my mind by different objects and scenes, and will not repeat them. Meanwhile, the letters which I

constantly received from the chosen of my heart gave new impulse to all the best susceptibilities of my nature. This was the holiday of moral existence.

“ On my return, I found her on a visit to her sister, at whose house, a month or two after, we were married. My uncle was very desirous that we should become members of his family, We could make a part of the establishment, without feeling that we burdened it. Here, then, we lived in the most retired manner, and had ample opportunity to ascertain our mutual resources.

“ My wife had been carefully trained by a most judicious and enlightened mother : both her intellectual and moral nature had been richly cultivated, and in the school of adversity her character had acquired a stability and maturity, which were very uncommon for her years. She had a lofty sense of duty, an energy of purpose, and at the same time a modest estimation of herself, which form the happiest combination in the female character. She had, too, a most enlightened piety, the observation of which tended to confirm the lately-acquired steadfastness of my faith—and she loved me in the characteristic manner of her sex—that is, with entire devotion.

“ We passed nearly two years in unvarying happiness. We were occupied with our own improvement, and interested in promoting the happiness of those with whom we were inmates : nor was the welfare of the peasantry in our neighbourhood indifferent to us ; and I flatter myself their condition was essentially and permanently improved, by the knowledge and religious instruction, disseminated, by our means, among them, and particularly among their children.

“ The birth of our daughter, at the close of the second year of our marriage, awakened a new set of feelings, and opened a new sphere of duty. Our cup of happiness which before was full, seemed to overflow ; but alas ! it was not long before it became infused with bitter drops. My wife's health visibly declined, and we became excessively anxious on her account. After awaiting, for some months, the effect of time, and of the various remedies which skill could suggest and tenderness apply, I wished very much to try the effect of a tour on the continent. After our return I felt an irresistible longing to visit my native village once more—to embrace my much-loved sister—and to claim for my wife and child those generous sympathies of her nature which had constituted the pride and happiness of my early life. She had been in the habit of occasionally corresponding with me, and I had never

lost for a moment the memory of her love. My poor father, too! I hoped I might do something for him. His marriage had proved, as I apprehended, most unfortunate; his gay young wife had persuaded him to exchange his country residence for a city life.

“My uncle did not oppose my plan. ‘Something must, indeed, be done for our dear Louise,’ he said, ‘and it is natural you should wish to see your own friends again. Your father, too, has a claim upon you, which far supersedes mine. I will not, then, be so selfish as to detain you here. I am old, and have not long to sojourn on the earth, and my good sister and I will, with God’s permission, finish our journey together.’

“I was deeply affected by my uncle’s kindness on this occasion, and assured him that I would hold myself in readiness to return to him, should anything occur to make him particularly desire it.

“My wife had no strong tie to Scotland, save that which one always feels to the soil in which are the graves of those one loves. In consequence of her lonely and isolated condition, at the time our acquaintance commenced, she clung to me, not only as the heart clings to its dearest possessions, but as it fastens itself to one only hope or treasure; and she was ready to say, ‘Thy people shall be my people.’ She participated too, in my desire that she should see my sister, and felt that her society would be a great addition to our happiness.

When we arrived, the first tidings we heard was that my sister, in consequence of her husband’s ill health, had gone to pass the winter in the south of France. I will here add, that she has remained on the continent with him ever since. I have received recent intelligence of her husband’s death, and of her intention to come and live with me. Her faithful bosom will be as a haven of rest to a weary mariner.

“This was a great disappointment—a shock to both of us; nor had the wan and altered aspect of my father, whom I saw a few days after, any tendency to cheer the gloom which it occasioned. I now felt that I was a stranger, and almost friendless, in my native village. We had seen our present residence untenanted. I first hired, then purchased it, and have never left it since. My sister left no family behind, and my father, I knew, preferred seeing me any where else rather than in his own house.

“During the dreary winter that ensued, our child was our only solace and amusement. With an aching heart I watched the hectic hue on my wife’s cheeks, ‘like the unnatural red which autumn plants upon the falling leaf,’ growing brighter

and deeper, and her parched lips betokening the withering away of the vital principle. She lingered through the spring, and I hoped that in the month of June I should again travel with her, and that her drooping nature might at least be revived a little by the freshness of the season—but even this was denied me.

“ She expired the latter part of July. She was able, until just before her death, to take short rides, and to walk a little about our own precincts. ‘ It is a privilege,’ she would say, ‘ to have lived so far through this beautiful season—to see Nature dress for you so sweet a home. My grave will be near you, and you will visit it, Henry, and you will take our child there, when she is old enough, and teach her whose it is—and then you will point to Heaven, that her thoughts and hopes may soar thither.’

“ When she uttered sentiments like these, there was a holy calmness and authority in her manner, which suppressed the agitations of my nature. It was like the voice which said to the tumultuous waves, ‘ Peace, be still!’ and hushed them into silence. She was remarkably cheerful through all her sickness: the heavenly tranquillity of her mind was never disturbed, except occasionally, when her lip would quiver and a tear drop from her eye, as some touching display of loveliness in her child awakened the strong desire to live and watch her ‘ mind’s development’—some circumstance occurred to make her mind dwell with unusual tenacity upon the idea of leaving it motherless. It was her constant endeavour, however, not to indulge such reflections. ‘ Jesus Christ took little children into his arms and blessed them.’ she would say, ‘ and that blessing rests on them still.’ ‘ Their angels do always stand before the face of my Father who is in Heaven.’

“ When the season of flowers came, some little children of the neighbourhood, who in the few months that we had lived near them, had already experienced her beneficence, and learned to love and almost venerate her, constantly brought her their little offerings, and one day when a handful of roses had been thrown upon her bed, she smiled and said significantly, ‘ My bed is strewn with roses.’

“ Even in her sleep, she not unfrequently indicated the constant state of her mind, by singing in her former sweet, musical voice, which now seemed only lent her for the moment, words and notes of praise—and when she finally slept the sleep of death, it was as when a child falls asleep in the lap of its parent.

“ She is gone!—but her presence dwells with me, and no-



THE YOUNG GUITARISTS

London, G. Henderson & Old Bailey.

thing can destroy the faith I feel, that I shall yet see her, eye to eye and face to face. I thank my God for having given me one of the loveliest of his creatures, to be so long the companion of my pilgrimage. If I had every possession on earth, nothing but my child would yield me such a revenue of happiness, as I constantly derive from the treasures of my memory."



THE GUITARISTS.

THE guitar was first used in Spain, and by the Italians. In the former country it is still greatly in vogue. It is difficult, however, to trace the origin of the instrument. Probably it was introduced into Europe by the Moors; and the general opinion in Spain is, that it is as ancient as the harp. Whether through respect for this opinion, or from the sweet reverie which it inspires, being congenial with the national, tender, gallant, discreet, and melancholy character; whether, in short, the silence of the beautiful nights in Spain, when the inhabitants are most alert, is most favourable to its mild and dulcet harmony, may admit of speculation; but the fact is, that it is there established as a national instrument, there being hardly an artificer or even a day-labourer in any of the cities or principal towns, who does not entertain himself with his guitar. In Madrid, for example, it is common to meet in the streets young men equipped with it and a dark lantern, who, taking their stations under the windows, sing, and accompany their voices with this instrument. It is admirably adapted to warm climates, and where it actually is a favourite chiefly. It is portable, and graceful of carriage; so that serenaders, nocturnal revellers, and day-break lovers, prefer it to all other tuneful interpreters of passion.

The Spanish guitar is of a much larger size than the *chitarra* of the Italians, or the *guitarres* used in France and England. As the instrument is tuned and played in many different ways, it must be strong according to the pith and tuning.

The tone of the guitar is so soft and solemn, that the most profound silence is necessary for its refinements and delicacy to be enjoyed. Only the coarser part of the instrument can be heard through the least noise.

The common guitar used in England has frequently had fits

JUNE, 1839.

P P

of favour in this country. About seventy years ago, its vogue was so great among all ranks of people, as nearly to break all the harpsichord and spinet makers; and, indeed, the harpsichord masters themselves. All the ladies disposed of their harpsichords at auctions for one-third of their price, or exchanged them for guitars; till old Kirkman, the harpsichord maker, after almost ruining himself with buying in his instruments for better times, purchased likewise some cheap guitars, and made a present of several of them to girls in milliners' shops, and to ballad singers, in the streets, whom he had taught to accompany themselves, with a few chords and triplets, which soon made the ladies ashamed of their frivolous and vulgar taste. But during the guitar paroxysm, not a song or ballad was printed, without its being translated, and set for that instrument, at the bottom of the page; as in the beginning of the last century was done for the common lute.

In France, also, the guitar has had its revivals and neglects. In the time of Louis the Fourteenth, it was in great repute; and was a very sociable companion of French vaudevilles, pastorals, and brunettes, of which, says M. Laborde, it augments the charms. Its popularity in Portugal may be appreciated, at least at one period, on learning that 14,000 guitars were found on one battle field, which an army belonging to that country had lost.

But it is to Spain that one must look if a passion for guitar music is to be illustrated; not merely as a private solace, or love-making in the stillness of the soft summer's night, but the music which sets the people in motion at balls and other merry occasions; for the Spaniards are as deeply devoted to the dance as they are to the peculiar music that inspires them in their most national evolutions on such occasions. No sooner are the guitar and the singing heard in a ball-room or theatre, than a murmur of delight arises on all sides; all faces become animated; the feet, hands, and eyes of all present are put in motion; and a spirit infused, the effects of which require to be witnessed before the scene can be comprehended. Mr. Townsend, an English traveller, affirms, that if a person were to come suddenly into a church or a court of justice playing the *fandango*, or the *colero*, priests, judges, lawyers, criminals, audience, one and all, grave and gay, young and old, would quit their functions, forget all distinctions, and all set themselves a dancing.

JEAN SVOGAR.
 (Continued from p. 296.)

ONE evening Antonia happened to enter the great Church of Saint Mark at the ringing of the Angelus. The last rays of the setting sun were languishing through the richly painted windows beneath the circle of the dome, but were too feeble to penetrate the gloom which had already gathered over the remoter chapels. The most prominent portions of the mosaics of the vaults and walls could barely be distinguished by the expiring light still resting upon them. From them the deepening shadows descended thicker and thicker along the massive columns of the nave, and ended by inundating with a deep and motionless obscurity the uneven surface of the pavement, billowy as the sea which surrounded them, and which sometimes burst into the holy place to vindicate its dominion from the usurpations of man. As Antonia knelt in prayer she perceived at the distance of a few paces from her, a man kneeling in an attitude of profound abstraction. By the flickering light of a lamp borne by one of the vergers of the church to be suspended before an image of the Virgin, she recognized the person of Lothario. He rose with precipitation and was withdrawing, when Antonia placed herself before him; she took his arm, and walked for some time without speaking; at length she broke out into an effusion of tenderness. "What is this, Lothario? What uneasiness torments you? Do you blush at being a Christian, and is this belief so unworthy of a strong mind, that you dare not avow it before your friends? As for me, my greatest source of uneasiness was the doubt I entertained of your faith, and I feel my heart relieved from an oppressive weight, since I have discovered that we acknowledge the same God, and look forward to the same hereafter."

"Alas! what is this you say?" replied Lothario, "why has my evil destiny brought on this explanation? Yet I will not show it, it were too heinous a guilt to abuse a soul like yours."

"Oh as for me," continued she in a calmer tone, "I feel that I shall live, that I shall not end, that I shall possess all that has been so dear to me, my father, my mother, my good sister Nor could all the sorrows of the most miserable existence, all the trials to which providence can subject a feeble mortal in the short span between birth and death, ever reduce me to absolute despair, since eternity remains for me to love and be loved."

“To love!” said Lothario; “what man is worthy of being loved by Antonia?”

As he uttered these words, he entered the saloon of Madam Alberti, who met him with a significant smile; Lothario smiled in return, but not with that enchanting smile which sometimes broke from him in hours of gaiety, it was a bitter and painful smile, which was strangely out of keeping with his situation.

Antonia began to discover an explanation for the deep melancholy of Lothario, she could conceive how this unhappy being deprived of the sweetest gift of heaven, the happiness of knowing and loving God, and thrown upon the earth like a traveller without a destination, could chafe with impatience at this useless career, and long for the moment he was to quit it for ever. Moreover, he appeared to be alone in the world, for he never spoke of his parents. Had he felt the affection of a mother, doubtless he would have mentioned her. For a man who was not bound by any tie of the heart, this immense void in which the soul was plunged could not fail to be gloomy and dispiriting, and Antonia, who could never fancy that any body could fall into this depth of misery and solitude, shuddered at the thought. She reflected with extreme pain upon the idea of Lothario, that there was for certain beings labouring under the displeasure of the Almighty, a predestination of annihilation, who were tormented in this life by the conviction that they would not live in another. She reflected for the first time upon that hideous idea—annihilation, and of the profound and immeasurable horror of eternal separation. She fancied herself in the situation of that unhappy being who saw nothing in life but a succession of partial deaths terminating in one, all-embracing and complete; and in the purest and most delicious affections, the fugitive illusion of two hearts of dust, she pictured to herself the terror of the husband, who presses in his arms his beloved wife, when the thought strikes him that at the end of a few years, perhaps a few days, they shall be separated by ages, and that every instant of time that rolls on is a contribution to the great and endless futurity. In this painful meditation she experienced the same feeling as the poor child that has lost its way in a wood, and strays onward from error to error, and maze to maze, until it reaches the edge of a precipice. She felt she loved Lothario, and this sweet persuasion had not detracted from her happiness; but this thought of annihilation or damnation—the damnation or annihilation of Lothario, raised the most tumultuous ideas in her bosom, and filled it with confusion and dismay.

"What!" she exclaimed, when she had gained the solitude of her chamber, "beyond this life, that flies so rapidly away, nothing, nothing more for him; and it is he who thinks so, and it is he who says, we shall never see him again in that place where we shall see each other again, never more to part. Annihilation! nothingness! what is annihilation, or what is eternity, if Lothario be not there?"

While she was trying to fathom the depths of this idea, she had imperceptibly laid her hand upon one of the arms of a crucifix which stood upon the table.

"O God! O God!" she cried, falling upon her knees, "thou to whom belong space and eternity, thou who art all-powerful, and lovest so much, hast thou done nothing for Lothario?"

As she pronounced these words she felt herself fainting away, when she was recalled to herself by the touch of a hand supporting her. It was that of Madam Alberti, who had followed her from the saloon to learn if she was ill.

"Tranquillize yourself my poor girl," said she, "your family has given princes to the East, and your fortune is counted by millions, you will be the wife of Lothario when he shall appear as the son of a King."

"What avails it?" said Antonia. "Alas! what avails if he rises not from the dead?"

Madam Alberti, who could not comprehend the meaning of the words, shook her head with the painful feeling of one on whom conviction, against which he has long struggled in vain, is irresistibly forced.

"Poor child," said she, clasping her in her arms, and bathing her with her tears, "how miserable you make me. Ah, if it be the will of heaven to visit you with such an infliction, may I, at least, die before I witness it!"

The hope of bringing his heart back to faith, inflamed Antonia with a tender zeal, and the society of Lothario had become a positive want to her. It was not less eagerly desired by Madam Alberti, who grew every day uneasy about the fate of the delicate and easily-excited girl, and who could find no other means for ensuring her happiness than in a strong passion, which would give her a protection against the petty annoyances of life. She saw a great advantage in gaining to the aid of her almost maternal attachment, the succour of a sentiment more tender and watchful, like that which Lothario no doubt felt for Antonia, although by an unaccountable sympathy he had not communicated his feelings to any body. One might

have imagined that he had formed to himself some admirable type of perfection in some higher world, which the figure and character of Antonia served to recall to his recollection; and that while he gazed with tenderness and admiration on the lines of her beautiful face, he was tracing the resemblance between them and those of some being no longer upon earth. This circumstance served to introduce a painful mystery into their relations with each other, which was oppressive to all, but which time alone could explain. Antonia found sufficient happiness in the friendship of a man like Lothario. Her life derived a fresh interest from the idea, that she occupied the life of Lothario; and that she occupied a place in the thoughts of that extraordinary man which was exclusively her own.

As for Lothario, his melancholy was every day increased, and that too by what might well have served to dissipate it. Often as he squeezed the hand of Madam Alberti, and as his eye rested upon the soft smile of Antonia, he spoke of his departure with a suppressed sigh, and his eye-lashes were moistened with tears.

This melancholy disposition of mind which was common to the whole party, kept them at a distance from the public places, and the noisy pleasures in which the Venetians indulge during the greater part of the year. Their time was spent in taking the air on the canals and the islands, with which they are interspersed, or in walks in the beautiful villages which skirt the banks of the Brenta.

One day their walk was protracted beyond the usual hour; the shades of night had spread over the sea, and Venice was only distinguishable by the scattered lights along its buildings. Suddenly the silence which reigned around was broken by the extraordinary cry which Antonia recollected to have heard at the Fornedo, on the day she met the old Morlak minstrel, and subsequently at the Duino, where the Armenian monk had sprung among the brigands. She clung closer to her sister, and her eyes sought those of Lothario, who was standing in the prow of the gondola. In a short time the cry was repeated, from a much nearer point than before; and at the same instant the gondola received a shock, as if it had come in contact with another. Lothario was gone from the prow. Antonia uttered a scream, and sprang up, calling his name. The gondola remained stationary. An open boat was by its side, and amid a group of men assembled on the deck, she heard the voice of Lothario raised, as if in a tone of command. A moment's observation was sufficient to discover that they were

the sbirri or police in plain clothes, escorting a prisoner to Venice; and that they were loud in their remonstrances against the person who had deprived them of their prey: this was no other than Lothario, who, indignant at the brutal treatment used towards the prisoner, had sprang into the boat and delivered the stranger, by pushing him into the sea, so as to enable him to swim to the neighbouring shore. He was a prisoner of importance, as he was supposed to be an emissary of J. S., so that the wrath of the sbirri waxed high in proportion to the reward they had expected; but it was calmed on discovering the person of Lothario, whose mysterious influence seemed to act in those quiet times as a check on the excesses of power. After discharging a few contemptuous phrases at them, he threw down a handful of sequins and quietly returned to the gondola: putting a period to the uneasiness of Antonia.

At the entrance of the canal, the peculiar cry which had before drawn the attention of Lothario was again repeated from the point of the Judec, and Antonia supposed that the man whom Lothario had rescued from the sbirri had made the land in that direction, and that he was apprizing his deliverer of the success of his achievement. Lothario was overjoyed at the signal, and the feeling communicating itself to the heart of Antonia, she dwelt with delight on the perfection of soul. Of Lothario, ever ready to show his indignation against injustice, and to devote himself for misfortune. She could conceive that this uncontrollable impetuosity must, in many instances, urge him into dangerous excesses; but she did not suppose that any blame could attach to faults so dignified in their motives.

The report of this singular incident soon spread among the groups in the square of St. Mark, and popular opinion always favourable to Lothario, invested his conduct with the most brilliant colours. The Venetians, apparently the most easily bent people in the world, and the most submissive and fawning to their masters, is perhaps of all others the most jealous of the infringement of personal liberty, and in those moments of public excitement, when power passed from hand to hand, at the disposition of chance, it clung with enthusiasm to whatever seemed to vindicate its independence, and defend it during the suspension of established tribunals. The slightest attempt against the security of individuals fretted and revolted its irritable jealousy, and it was much less disposed to notice in the legitimate acts of the government what was done for the secu-

rity of the public, than what might one day be done to overthrow it. The name of Jean Svogar had reached Venice, and coupled with the idea of a dangerous and formidable man; but it had never caused any alarm, because his band, being two inconsiderable to attempt a *coup de main* upon a large city, confined their ravages to a few villages of the mainland, of which the inhabitants of the city knew no more than if they were separated by immense seas. An emissary of Jean Svogar was therefore not accounted an enemy of Venice; and nothing more was seen in the action of Lothario, than one of those energetic ebullitions of generosity so natural to his character, and which had already secured to him the affections of the lower classes and the general esteem. Among the party collected at Madam Alberti's, the conversation turned upon this subject, in spite of the visible embarrassment of Lothario, whose modesty could not brook the slightest commendation without impatience. Uneasy at the deep displeasure manifested by his look, Antonia hastened to take a less favourable view of this event, to relieve him from the vexation of important admiration.

"But what," said she, with a smile, "if the Signor Lothario was mistaken in the object of his generous interference? what, if the bad opinion he entertains of the *sbirri* was at fault in this instance?"

"Suppose that, to the misfortune of offering resistance to the law, which is always reprehensible," he added, "the still graver fault of withdrawing from the punishment due to his crimes, an outcast from society, and of again letting loose upon it one of those monsters whose lives are signalized by their atrocities; suppose the man rescued to have been in reality one of the companions of Jean Svogar, nay, what is still more appalling, Jean Svogar himself."

"Jean Svogar!" interrupted Lothario, with an accent of uneasiness and surprise; but who can be supposed, that J. S., or even one of his band, would venture to appear in the midst of Venice: what object, what interest could he have? For it is not a large city that those brigands would select for carrying on their nefarious practices. No: the artifice of the *sbirri* is too gross."

"Quite absurd," said Madam Alberti; "one may easily conceive that an outlaw of a higher order, the chief of a noble faction, for instance, might introduce himself into a city, where his judgment has been signed, and where the scaffold awaits him, even though such a step were useless to his cause.

How many feelings might urge him to it? But what feeling, what passion can we suppose, actuating a miserable robber-chief, whose heart never throbbed to any other feeling than the hope of plunder, to the performance of so rash an undertaking, most certainly it could not be love; for, be his success in his career what it may, he can never be but an object of contempt to any but the most degraded woman. Only fancy the mistress of Jean Svogar."

"True," said Lothario, "it would be most singular."

"And then," said Madam Alberti, "who knows if the man exists; perhaps his name is the watch-word of a band as contemptible as the rest, but skilful enough to conceal its insignificance by a parade of celebrity."

"As for that matter," said an elderly man, who had listened with attention to Madam Alberti, "I can testify that your doubts are not well founded; for Jean Svogar does exist, and I have reason to think I have seen him."

The circle of listeners drew closer, with the exception of Lothario, who continued to lend a careless attention to the conversation.

"I am a Dalmatian," said the stranger; "I was born at Spolato."

"At Spolato!" said Lothario, drawing nearer; "I am well acquainted with that Count of —."

"Well, it was in the suburbs of that city that Jean Svogar was born," replied the old man; "Jean Svogar is not his real name. He assumed it on quitting his family, which is one of the most illustrious of our province, and is descended in a right line from the kings of Albania. While yet a youth, he entered the Turkish service, passed over to the revolted Servians, and acquired a great military name. A revolution obliging him to fly, he returned to Dalmatia, and found himself disinherited. Accustomed to a life of storm and contest, he embraced the first opportunity for entering on a career of permanent hostility. Had his talents been well directed, he would have acquired an honourable reputation; but instead of the path of glory, he chose that which leads to the scaffold. He is rather to be pitied."

"You have seen—say! have you seen!" said Antonia, eagerly."

"I have often held him in my arms when he was a child," replied the old man, "he was then a pretty and a gentle child."

"And was he handsome," said Madam Alberti

"Why should he not," said Lothario; "a fine countenance is the expression of a fine spirit, and how many noble spirits have been warped, soured, and even degraded by misfortunes. How many children who were the pride of their mothers have become the outcasts or terror of the world. Satan, on the evening preceding his fall, was the most beautiful of angels. "But," said he, in a higher key to the old man, "did you know him at a later period?"

"I have not seen him since he was twelve years old; he was then a moody youth; but I fancy I could recognize him were I to see him again."

"In the felon's cart, perhaps," replied Lothario, such a meeting would be fraught with pain to both parties, to him it would recall a youth of promise which his life has belied, and which very likely now constitutes his heaviest punishment.

"Oh!" said Antonia, "you judge of him by your own feelings, you do not bear in mind that his habits must have eradicated such sentiments from his mind, even allowing that he once possessed them."

Lothario answered the observation with a smile, then turning to the other members of the circle, and directing himself in particularly to the old man who had spoken,—

"I can fancy," said he, "the wretchedness of a man like Jean Svogar, in being detested by gifted spirits; without being left a pretext for justifying himself, or softening the rigour of his judgment. He appears to them as a monster, whose deeds have had the effect of stripping him of the common attributes of humanity. If his existence is adverted to, it is as a bugbear to frighten the timid, or give employment to the executioners. He can have no parents—no friends. His heart has never felt an overwhelming sadness, at the sight of a being as unfortunate as himself. His tearless eye can close in sleep beside misery that wakes and weeps. Such an idea would disgust me still more, with the already sufficiently forbidding order of society. I am better satisfied to believe in the error of a false judgment, the bitterness of a bruised heart, the reaction of a noble but merciless pride, which has revolted against everything that annoyed it, and which has opened a path of blood amongst mankind to make himself known in his passage, and to leave a mark behind him."

"I have thought thus," said Antonia, approaching Lothario and leaning her hand upon his shoulder.

"Antonia's thoughts seem ever dictated from above," he whispered and then continued. "As for me I have very well

understood, nay, I have experienced with what bitterness the miseries of society may strike an energetic spirit; I can conceive the ravages which the longing after virtue may produce in an ardent and inconsiderate mind. There are men whose turbulence is a calculation, whose ardour is interested. Their hypocritical enthusiasm can never deceive either my approbation or pity, but as long as I find honesty in the motives of a rash action, extravagant or ferocious though it be, I am quite ready to take the part of the man who has committed it, although portion may have already condemned him. Here Antonia withdrew her hand in alarm."

"Then as for those brigands," continued he, "when a people is torn from its ancient manners and laws by an invincible force, and lulls its base agony to rest upon the interest of the wicked, and some transitory rules of morality amongst the honest portions, a master spirit may arise, who feeling within himself the impulse he is capable of giving to others, shall devote all his faculties to arresting the progress of destruction. I know well that that man will not raise the standard of ordinary society. To serve society he must separate himself from it. It would repel him, for it does not comprehend his language, and the war which he declares against it is the first notice of the independence it will one day find under his auspices. Then those contemptible brigands, the object of disgust and horror to nations, shall become the arbiters of their fate, and the scaffolds erected for them will be changed to altars. Such were Theseus, Perithous, Romulus, and other founders of new societies who have marked the lapse of barbarous ages. Hercules is venerated because he made war against the powerful Gods, as well as men."

The character of Lothario, known for a fierce love of independence and a decided penchant for opinions which did not bear the impress of power, lent a singular piquancy and interest to his discourse: such was his position in the world, that his ideas, however eccentric and decided they might appear, were merely regarded as caprices of imagination, and so general was this impression that nobody thought of entering into a discussion on the subject.

The conversation was, therefore, at an end, and Lothario, absorbed in thought, his head reclining on his hand, fixed a gloomy eye upon Antonia, who had imperceptably changed her place and approached him.

"Lothario," said she, in a low voice, placing her hand

within his, "your love for the weak and unhappy sometimes leads you to utter opinions, which subsequent reflection must condemn. Beware of an enthusiasm which certain circumstances may render fatal to your happiness, and that of those who love you."

"Of those who love me!" cried Lothario.
 "Ah! had I been loved, had the world known me; if the eye of a woman worthy of my heart had fallen upon it before it had been blighted by misfortune . . . what a strange supposition . . ."

Antonia approached still nearer in order to isolate Lothario, her hand was still within his.

"Yes," continued he, "if a woman destined for me had granted to my miserable life a sentiment resembling love. If a being who resembled Antonia, even as the shadow resembles the substance, had taken me under the protection of her piety. If I could have respired without profanation the air agitated by the folds of her robes or the ringlets of her hair, had my lips dared to pronounce the words, 'Antonia, I love you —'"

The guests were in the act of departing. Madame Alberti joined the young couple. The trembling Antonia lost all consciousness of her position. Lothario still repeated the last expression with melancholy emphasis.

"What is this you do," said he, grasping Madam Alberti's hand. "Know you Lothario, that man of chance who has no name. And you who are the sister of this girl, do you know that I love her, and that my love is fatal."

Antonia smiled bitterly. The connexion of ideas was not perceptible to her mind, but she could distinguish in them a presage of disaster.

Madame Alberti was not astonished. Those expressions she took for the language of strong passion, and looking at him affectionately, so as to give him to understand that his happiness depended upon himself, and that he would meet with no obstacle to his wishes as far as she was concerned. Encouraged by this avowal, Antonia manifested her feelings by a look, the first in which love might be read.

"Wretch that I am," said Lothario in a smothered voice and disappeared.

The sound of an oar breaking the waters of the canal brought Antonia to the window. The moonbeams glanced upon the floating plume of Lothario, who was on that day attired in the Venetian costume. The aspect of the heavens, the movement

of the air, the hour, the instant and other nameless circumstances, recalled to Antonia the apparition of the unknown brigand, whose departure she had observed from the mole of Saint Charles at Trieste. The frightful idea dwelt but a moment in her mind. Whatever might have been the secret cause of the uneasiness of Lothario, he had avowed his love for her, and his affection would be her protection against all perils.

(To be continued.)

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

“God made the country—man made the town.”

I HAVE recently come to London, as thousands have come before me, to seek my fortune. Whether I shall fill my purse with money, or be benefitted otherwise by the change, time alone can determine. I have walked up and down the streets, traversed every lane and alley, and penetrated all quarters of this great and still governing metropolis. I still have surveyed its architecture, viewed the curiosities of art with which it so magnificently and munificently abounds, and, strange as it may appear, have been as much absorbed in thought, as much isolated in mind, as when wandering alone on the hills and the valleys in the north. In my rambles to and fro, I have sometimes found myself unconsciously hurried along by the current of population which rolls through the streets with a tremendous tide.

It is not my intention to go into an elaborate discussion of the comparative influence of town and country life upon the moral and physical condition of man. I leave this to the theologian and the physician—to those who are better qualified for the task.

Doubtless all of us have at times experienced difficulty in recollecting *distinctly* conversations heard in the street, and what we have seen and heard in town. This is caused by the rapid succession of objects not affording time for that which precedes to make a permanent impression on the memory, before it is effaced by what follows. Hence a residence in the city rather tends to weaken than to strengthen this faculty. I take this, likewise, to be the case with *all* the faculties of man, moral, intellectual, and physical.

It may be said that those who reside *permanently* in the city,

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are in a great measure unconscious of what is going on around them—that they become familiarized to it—that all the hurry, and noise, and excitement in the town, have no more effect upon a citizen, than the lowing of the herds, or the music of the groves, have upon a countryman. I think otherwise—and my opinion is founded upon a residence of nearly twenty years in the city. It does seem to me that I never can become insensible to this kind of influence. It still annoys me—nay, at times it is intolerable. But I am aware all men are not alike, and that possibly I am an exception, in this instance, to the rest of mankind.

The result of my observations and reflections upon town life is, that great cities are not, to the mass of their inhabitants, favourable to the growth of virtue, and the consequent increase of human happiness. The stir, and noise, and excitement with which they are filled—the anxiety and care with which the mind appears to be loaded, is exhausting, and eminently calculated to disturb the tranquillity of the soul—prematurely to wear out and destroy the constitution of man. But in all this there is something exceedingly fascinating, particularly to the juvenile mind—something that few have the moral power and courage to resist its influence. Our senses and our passions usurp the authority and place of our judgment. So much splendour and show dazzle the mind, and fill the imagination with visions of prospective happiness and earthly glory, and thus set at nought the sober deductions of reason. No wonder, then, youth from the country are generally led astray by first impressions, on entering the metropolis, and sigh to exchange their quiet and peaceful abodes for a residence amid the bustle and noise of the town. It was the opinion of a celebrated physician, that human life was abridged ten years, at least, by a residence in cities—and I concur with him. Perhaps a certain degree of excitement is necessary to awaken and to call into action our mental and physical powers. Excess, however, wastes and destroys both. The case of the inebriate illustrates my position. That abode and that society which presents the most attractions to sense, arouses passion, calls into play the selfish principle, and thus strengthens it in man, is hostile to virtue, and of course destructive to happiness. In large cities this is emphatically the case. In them the population is almost to a man employed in trade, and constant dealing gives rise to duplicity, and attempts to overreach one another. The love of gain absorbs every other consideration. It is the ruling passion of nine-tenths of the

inhabitants of popular cities. With them it appears to be the only desideratum. To amass this world's treasure, is the grand point at which all devote their time, and direct their untiring energies. To accumulate a fortune as speedily as possible—to be able to retire and live upon their income, at ease and in splendour—is deemed a consideration worth all others. Men, hence impelled by this powerful passion, are not always scrupulous about the means, and those selected are not always honourable nor honest. Unfortunately, in the opinion of the great majority of mankind, the end justifies, and even sanctifies, the means.

I am aware that the spirit of gain also bounds in the country; but *there* it is not a passion universally prevalent; *there* it has not acquired such potentiality as in the city. It is confined within reasonable bounds. *There* the obligations of morality and religion have not wholly yielded to its dominion and power.

It will not be denied, that where there is most temptation, there is the greatest danger, and that in cities there are more incentives to vice than in the country. To balance this evil, we are told, that in cities there are constant demands upon our charity, and thus are presented the finest opportunities for the manifestation of our sympathies; that here the loftier and holier principles of our nature are perpetually called into requisition, and thus man is made a better instead of a worse being. But frequent appeals to one's sympathy rather tends to blunt the moral sense, and harden the human heart, than to awaken emotions of tenderness, or call forth a display of generosity.

The closer the proximity of men to one another, the more likely to stir up the angry elements of human nature. In cities they come too often into collision to cherish feelings of brotherly regard.

Beside the love of gain, which predominates universally in cities, pride and vanity spring up in rank luxuriance in these hot-beds of vice and immorality. There are few young men of the present day, who would not feel themselves degraded by carrying a bundle through our streets; which would cause profound pain and mortification to the dandies of the town. Such, however, is the effect of city life upon the rising generation.

A citizen feels his consequence, and is apt to institute invidious comparisons between the town and country—to speak of the latter, its intellect, attainments, and manners—with

supercilious contempt. Frequently we hear them boast of the superiority of their talents, the extent of their acquirements, and the polish of their manners. With many this is a theme of repeated discussion, and a perennial source of self-gratulation and enjoyment. I know this is not the case with all. It is the practice only of those whose intellects are barren, whose minds are contracted, whose vanity is unbounded, whose upstart insolence and haughty bearing toward their fellows is precisely in the inverse ratio to their lack of merit. But to return.

Give me the country for my residence, with its pure water, its invigorating atmosphere, its golden fields and green meadows, its shady woods and its "calm and solemn quiet"—for these are friendly to humility—these promote health, are propitious to intellectual improvement, and furnish the immortal mind of man with rational, substantial, and enduring enjoyment. The quiet of the country speaks to my ear a language far more intelligible, in tones vastly more solemn—breathes into my soul a religion infinitely more holy—than was ever within my hearing proclaimed by the tongue of mortal man.

Possibly some of my readers may think I have been too censorious in my remarks upon the demoralizing tendency of city life. I appeal, however, for the truth of what has been said, to the tribunal of fact, and am perfectly willing to abide by its arbitrament. If I am too severe, there will not be wanting advocates, able and willing enough, to point out my error, by demonstrating the fallacy of my arguments.

ODE ON MUSIC.

SPIRIT of Heaven! that bowed, of old,
 A presence from on high,
 And when the dewy world was young,
 Over its garden and its waves
 Thy many voices flung,
 Till all the whispery woods and murmuring caves
 Thy coming told!
 Then how the wondering earth awoke
 To the mingled strains that round it broke!
 And, answering to the spherish sky,
 Whose fabled Music then went pealing by,
 With sounds still varied rich and rare,
 The new creation rung!
 Spirit of Melody! that first
 O'er sinless man held sway,
 And on his solitude didst burst
 In one resistless stream,



Painted by Dominichino

Eng. by S. Allen.

MUSIC

London. G. Henderson. 2. Old Bailey

Bearing his ravished soul away !
 Fain would I sing
 From early time thy power.
 But lo' as comes the classic dream
 Of thee, in that young hour,
 When Echo first awoke on Eden's bower,
 There seems a spell on harp and string,
 And my hand roams idly as they ring !

All earth was then enchanted ground,
 And the Spirit, then to Time unknown,
 Could mar the sacred harmony of Sound :
 Nor e'en did Nature dare to frown
 On proud and chartered man ;
 But Joy, sweet Music's sister, o'er him bent
 Perpetual from the firmament,
 While she,
 With artless fluxers, fast and free,
 Through all her thousand changes ran,
 Still ministering to his ear
 The endless wonder of her voice
 Till he felt his leaping heart rejoice,
 'T was such deep luxury to hear !

But ah ! a sword of flame,
 The sword and sign of wrath—
 O'er Paradise is waved ;
 And he, who God and Heaven hath braved,
 Goes cowering forth in shame,
 And a voice from a ruined world is there,
 Like the voices of despair !
 Then first fell Discord came,
 In the sound that swept his path !
 But Mercy still was left
 To the exiled and bereft ;
 And Music still swept o'er his heart,
 A sweet and gentle thing,
 Making of all his life a part,
 Mid all his wandering ;
 Though lost was half its melody,
 And that last magic gone,
 Mid which its earliest strains were born,
 When a spirit from the sky
 It came to listening man,
 Ere yet he felt that he might die,
 Or Guilt a blasting shadow fling
 O'er Glory thus began !

It breathed around the world !
 And on each teeming element
 In one unceasing symphony it went,
 With its sounding wings unfurled.
 He heard it on the air,
 When all the winds were out,
 And clouds against the sun did bear,
 And to the breezy music fast
 Went trampling on their route !
 When a shade upon the mountains cast
 Told of bannered things above,
 And the deep-toned thunder spoke,
 Till all its shaking bass awoke,
 And the pinned forest seemed to move !

He heard it mid the trees!
 When forth in thought he lied
 Under the eventide,
 When flowers were closing on the drowsy bees.
 Then, as in dreamy mood he turned
 His linked fancies wild,
 He heard, far up, as one afraid,
 The music by the shrill leaves made—
 Then shouted, as a child,
 To that lone harping of the wind!

He heard it from the earth!
 When, in the silent heat of day,
 Like pilgrim, pantingly he lay
 Beside the bubbling fount
 Of streams, that had their dewy birth,
 On some untrodden mount,
 Leaping and lost among the hills,
 Ten thousand tamed and tinkling rills!

He heard it by the Sea!
 The old and the magnificent!
 Where God's sublimest wonders be,
 All power with glory blent!
 There, on the warrior waves
 That rode the battling storm,
 He heard the anthem of its roar
 Passing from shore to shore,
 And saw the tempest's cloudy form
 Above its gathering thunder beat.
 Again, when listening laid
 In some green grotto's shade,
 He heard the voices of the deep,
 Like those which stir us in our sleep,
 Come mellow through the hidden caves!
 And O what noble harmonies,
 Were voices such as these,
 To a spirit fine and free,
 When Ocean his responses made,
 And Music walked the sea!

But circling Time has sped,
 And o'er the living and the dead,
 As through her morning years,
 Sweet Nature pours her chorus round
 From sea and air and peopled ground,
 A fount of Music still!
 Flushed brow and burning tears
 Attest the wonder of her will,
 O'er every heart of every clime,
 Made captive to that magic chime!

'T is bursting all around!
 The summer birds about us go,
 Those prodigals of sound,
 Scattering their untaught melody
 In one perpetual flow,
 Out of the wakened sky!

And Woman's voice! O who shall tell,
 When the weary heart is bowed,
 And a veil is round it like a cloud,
 How many blessed thoughts of comfort well
 From its deepest fountain-home,

When the strains of her low-breathed Music come,
 As some o'erwaving wand,
 And Sorrow's long eclipse
 Retires before her thrilling lips,
 In their quiet, strange command !
 O Music ! though to thee
 Hath bright-eyed Art from yonder skies
 Come in the ceaseless ministry
 Of new, yet wild and winning, harmonies,—
 Still let me dwell
 With thee by solitude of wooded well,
 And hear thee in thy voices, as they go
 From all above, around, below !
 I care not for the organ's shout
 'Neath St. Cecilia's wildering hand,
 When in the fulness of a band
 Seems Music's wealth poured out,
 And maddening thoughts are born !
 I care not for the trumpet's swell,
 Nor yet the volumed horn.
 Give me but Ocean's ringing shell
 And chorded minstrelsy,
 Or the city's solemn bell
 On midnight's pinions floating by !
 Nor trump, nor lute, nor lyre,
 Nor harp with thousand strings,
 Can me inspire
 Like that first harmony which rode
 On Nature's freer wings,
 When green Creation sprung
 Upon the teeming air,
 And winds and waves their anthem sung
 Around the blooming blest abode
 Of Eden's breathless pair !

A VISIT TO JERUSALEM.

I CANNOT hope to convey to the reader anything like a sense of the deep enjoyment which I experienced, a few years ago, in visiting the Holy City, and the scenes of kindred interest with which it is surrounded : but the accidental discovery of a few loose notes which were taken on the occasion—though unnecessary to preserve a recollection of what can never be effaced from my mind—has prompted me to throw into a readable form the following passages from my journal.

Friday, August 16th, 1836. To-day we left the ship, on a visit to Jerusalem. The sensations with which I entered upon the almost sacred journey, were unlike those I had ever before felt, when about to visit striking scenes, of which I had heard much, and of which my imagination was full. When for the first time my native land lay behind me like a cloud in the horizon, I was deeply affected ; when for the first time a foreign

JUNE, 1839.

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shore rose to view, pencilled faintly against the clearing morning sky, I was still more moved; and never shall I forget the emotion with which—even after experience of foreign sights had somewhat blunted a certain primeval freshness of feeling—I first saw Paris, and Rome. But as we journeyed slowly toward Jaffa, and saw, as we turned occasionally to survey the way we had traversed, the blue ocean lying, a scarcely perceptible line, far behind us, I gave myself up to the contemplations which our journey was well calculated to excite. I was soon to visit scenes which had been far more deeply impressed upon my young imagination than any other; to gaze upon the spot where the Saviour of men was born—where he laboured, and suffered, and died. I was soon to walk over the very ground which had been pressed by his blessed feet more than eighteen hundred years ago; to see with my own eyes the hills, and streams, and highways, which he ascended, by the sides of which he taught, and along which he walked, as he ‘went about doing good,’ healing the sick, binding up the broken-hearted, and comforting the poor and needy. With these thoughts came dimly up from the past ‘the spot where I was born’—the familiar illustrations by my departed mother of the very events I was now contemplating, and upon the scenes of which I was so soon to enter—the old church in the retired village which I had left behind me, where I had so often listened, in the service of the Sabbath, to descriptions of the sacred land whither I was journeying, and the evening conference at the village school, where the topics of the day were simplified and enforced. Never before were there linked with my reflections so many powerful associations.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon when we arrived at Jaffa, where we obtained horses and mules for our journey, and proceeded toward Ramah in Gilead. The road, for nearly the whole distance, is very narrow, and lined on each side with prickly pears. As you near Ramah, however, the highway becomes wide, and the sides destitute of every vestige of shade or vegetation. Nine miles from Jaffa, we supped and lodged all night. Our accommodations were of the most miserable description; the food was both scanty and dirty; and hard, unclean mats, were anything but ‘beds of ease’ to our weary bodies. Ramah—where Rachel, true to the enduring tenderness of a mother’s heart, mourned for her children, and refused to be comforted—is a dirty village; the streets are very narrow; the houses, which are usually from one to two stories high, are full of all manner of uncleanness. About four miles from

Ramah, which we left on the morning of the 17th of August, we paused to lunch under a clump of fig trees, opposite to a small village called Likhab. When we had finished, we pursued our journey, stopping at three o'clock, by a well of water, and beneath the shade of another cluster of fig-trees, to dine. At four, we started again on our journey, and had travelled but a little way, when we met several caravans, laden with ammunition and field-pieces, and escorted by a strong guard of Egyptian soldiers. As we pursued our way, we fell in with five or six small companies of Ibrahim Pacha's soldiers, who were returning to Jaffa, from an expedition against the mountaineers. After passing several villages, whose names, defaced in my pencilled notes, I am unable to recal, we found ourselves—a company of seventy-three persons—at the gates of the Holy City, without the occurrence of any accident—a circumstance for which, considering the then troubled state of the country, we had good reason to be grateful.

Divers vexatious ceremonies of admittance served to detain us for two or three hours, and when we were at length within the gates, the narrowness of the streets, and their thousand obstructions, prevented our progress. We finally found our way to an old convent, partly in ruins—and despairing of better quarters, we came to the determination to make it a rendezvous during our stay. We were compelled to procure and cook all our own necessaries; as for the superfluities or even comforts of life, we soon found them entirely out of the question. I slept little during the night. Fatigued as I was, I could not think of repose: 'my thoughts were elsewhere;' and early in the morning, I arose and commenced a pilgrimage of examination over this interesting spot.

The scene of the sufferings and death of our Saviour was a primary object of attraction. The spot is now enclosed by the church built by the Empress Helena, the mother of Constantine, over the Holy Sepulchre, the walls of which are in a state of perfect preservation. It is built in the Gothic style, of variegated marble, and has a very venerable appearance. The prominent object of interest that arrests the attention of the visitor upon first entering the church, is a long marble slab, upon which the body of Christ was washed, after being taken down from the cross. At either end, are massive brass candlesticks, six feet in length, with waxen candles of proportionate size. A flight of marble steps leads to Mount Calvary—the scene of the divine interposition of mercy toward the human race. As I stood upon the spot, I could not avoid exclaiming,

with a deep sense of awe almost overwhelming me, "How awful is this place!" A few hundred years ago, and the meek Redeemer stood where I now stand, reviled, scourged, spit upon, crucified! Here arose the roar of the maddening multitude; here flowed the crimson stream from his pierced side—here oozed the drops of tortured agony from his thorn-pressed brow; up this steep toiled the Saviour, followed by a few weeping daughters of Jerusalem, bearing the cross upon which he was to yield up his sinless life! The limits of this sacred spot are now so circumscribed, that there is little more than room enough for one large cross to stand. The situation of the cross on which the Redeemer suffered, is indicated by a large parti-coloured marble platform: no one is permitted to profane it with unhallowed feet. About fourteen feet to the left, is pointed out to the visitor the spot where the cross was taken down; and near by, you see the rent rock where an altar is raised, and the two holes occupied by the crosses of the two thieves who were crucified with Christ. From the above-mentioned slab, there is a piece cut out, and the cavity filled by three bars of silver. On removing these, you perceive, by the aid of a taper, the chasms in the rock, caused by the earthquake which rent "the veil of the temple in twain from the top to the bottom," when the Messiah gave up the ghost. I passed two hours upon Calvary, without speaking a solitary word; and the thoughts which passed through my mind during this period, were of such deep intensity, that their impress will accompany me to the grave. I cannot, however, adequately define them, and I will not essay the task.

After obtaining some relics of the sacred spot, we descended the flight of steps by which we had arisen to the Mount. We passed through a semi-circular area, composed of marble slabs, and large pillars which support the roof, and arrived at a kind of ante-chapel, containing the Holy Sepulchre. Before the entrance to this chapel is raised a square piece of lime-stone, a part of the one which was rolled against the door of the sepulchre; it is inserted in another block on which, according to authentic tradition, the angel sat. The entrance to the Holy Sepulchre, as well as the sepulchre itself, to which we next proceeded, is composed of beautiful polished verdantique. We were singularly fortunate in being permitted to visit the sacred tomb, since it is rarely shown to strangers. The tomb which is built over "the place where the Lord lay," is of the purest white marble, and is constantly lighted by resplendent lamps. Various ceremonies are observed by the attendants upon vi-

sitors to this spot, one of which is, the washing of the tomb with pure otto of roses ; and opportunity is given to the devout pilgrim to perform the same office. Over the tomb is a striking representation of Christ ascending into Heaven, and two holy angels with him, one on either side.

On our way to the Holy Well, we were shown the stone on which Christ stood, when crowned with thorns. A marble inclosure is built around it, the front of which is secured by an iron grating, through which the stone is discovered, and over it a correct representation of the event. A short distance from this spot, you arrive, by an ascent of fourteen steps, to the Holy Well, the site of which is distinguished by a plain marble slab, which the visitor is not permitted to remove. On this spot, after clearing away the ancient ruins, the true cross on which Christ was crucified was found by the Empress Helena ; and near by we were shown a chamber or grotto, where Christ was imprisoned while his enemies were plaiting the crown of thorns for his brow. Leaving this interesting scene with many a sigh, and "longing, lingering look behind," we came to an arch, over against which is the Mosque of Omar, covering the site of the Temple of Solomon. We anticipated not a little gratification in an examination of this celebrated edifice ; but on application for admission, we were refused—no Christian being allowed to enter. This last visit finished our first day's forenoon excursion.

After dinner, to which we returned with an excellent appetite, we took our departure for the Mount of Olives. Passing through the gates of Jaffa, we wound our way along Mount Zion, with the valley of Jehoshaphat on our right, watered by the brook Kedron, in the rainy season, and rich in vegetation. We paused a moment to drink at the well said by Moslem tradition to be the one which cured Job of his peculiar afflictions. The pool of Siloam, farther along the valley, next arrested our steps. It stands opposite a small village, of the same name. We tarried long enough to wash in the pool, and to saturate our spirits with the many associations which the spot is so well calculated to excite. A short distance beyond Siloam, we came upon the sepulchre where the Virgin Mary and her parents are said to be interred. It is now a subterranean church, with an imposing entrance, by a descent of forty-seven marble steps. Our arrival was at an opportune moment, as the edifice was brilliantly lighted up, for the purpose of public worship. The ceremonies were gorgeous, and the music, vocal and instrumental, rolling up and along the vast interior—the time—the

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place—all made an impression upon my mind which can never be obliterated.

I stood in the Garden of Gethsemane. It was near sunset, and a softened, mellow light rested on every object around, and clothed the distant landscape in hues soft as the first blush of the morning. The spirit of the place seemed to descend upon me, as I paused at the entrance, within the gate near where the Redeemer left his disciples, and went up into the Mount to pray. How solemn was the scene! Here were poured forth those tokens of agony, "as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground!" Here the meek sufferer—"a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief"—a little while before he was led as a lamb to the slaughter, prayed in the anguish of his spirit, that the bitter cup might pass from his lips. The scene of the last supper, and the spot where the Saviour was betrayed, are designated by an altar, in which is inserted a piece of the table at which he sat with his disciples. The shades of evening had gathered around me as, all unconscious, I surveyed the various objects of interest in this sacred place; and joining the party from whom I had severed, we sought our way back to the Holy City, beneath the light of a cloudless moon, full of the pleasing anticipations of visiting other hallowed scenes on the morrow.

TO THE NEW MOON.

Fair gem on the dark brow of night,
Fancy springs up, exulting, to greet thee;
But purer than thine is the light
Of the eye smiling gladly to meet me.

It is glowing—thy crescent, late pale,
Is glowing, like spray on the ocean;
But lovelier far, through its veil,
Steals the light of Love's secret emotion.

LINES

SCRATCHED ON HER LOOKING-GLASS, BY A 'MISS IN HER TEENS.'

BEFORE the men begin to woo,
And even when the fellows do,
Oh! many a silent hour must pass
Between a maiden and her glass:
But ah! such *têtes-à-têtes* must be
Too quiet for good company!

And though one loves to use one's tongue,
Yet 't is not to a thing that's dumb;
'T is far more pleasant sure to talk
And laugh with something that can walk;
For what's a mirror to the eyes
Beneath whose beam affection lies?

LONDON FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH.

SUMMER so long expected has at last made its appearance. Let us see what alteration it has made in the toilettes of our fair promenaders, beginning with what is always of importance at the changes of the seasons, plain walking dress.

Silk bonnets appear to be in a decided majority, but drawn ones are by no means numerous; the most fashionable material is a ribbed silk, called *gros de Indes*; there are also some striped silks, striped alternately in very narrow satin and plain stripes; plain *pour de soie* is also in request; the brims are decidedly smaller and closer than those of last season, narrow in the centre, and long at the sides, which is by no means universally becoming. The crowns are all placed backward, and the curtains at the back, moderately deep; the ribbon must correspond in colour, and silk ribbons, we must observe, are the vogue. Almost all bonnets have the edge of the brim trimmed with one or two bias bands of the same material, and the interior decorated in the cap style with blond and flowers. Flowers are also frequently, but not always employed to decorate the crown; they are placed to droop on one side, but not so low as has been the mode lately. Straw bonnets enjoy a certain vogue, but by no means so great as the silk ones; their shapes and trimmings are similar. An imitation of rice straw has appeared, made, we believe, of paper; it looks very well at a distance, but will not bear examining; its stiffness betrays at once that it is only an imitation of the elegant, light, and flexible *paille de riz*.

Shawls are a good deal in vogue in promenade dress; and we cannot as yet say that they are of a decidedly summer description; a good many are of black silk, trimmed with black lace; others are shaded silks. *Mantelets* are also in favour: we have seen several silk dresses made with *mantelets* to correspond; they are trimmed either with black lace, or with the material of the dress. Silks and *mousselines de laine* are the materials adopted for robes in plain walking dress; the latter seems to have entirely superseded printed muslins; the new patterns are small, and not showy. Some are quadrilled; others striped; those quadrilled in two shades of the same colour as drab, grey, or fawn, are extremely neat, and appropriate for promenade dress.

Italian straw hats are numerous in carriage dress; they now

have almost all the brims cut a moderate size, but still a little larger than those of other hats; the interior of the brim is always trimmed with flowers, which are generally arranged in a wreath, without foliage, placed next the face; but feathers are decidedly in vogue for the crown. We have, however, seen a few trimmed with roses; they were arranged in a bouquet on one side of the crown; it was attached by a knot of *Pompadour* ribbon of mosaic pattern. These ribbons are also employed to trim rice straw hats. Another new ribbon very much in request for rice straw hats, is called *ribon argus*; it is spotted in imitation of a peacock's feather. Drawn bonnets of crape or *crepe lisse* are very much in favour; they are trimmed with the same material disposed in a novel style round the crown, and with a light sprig of flowers depending from the trimming upon the brim. A curtain veil of white lace is also frequently added.

Both black and white lace shawls are getting very much into favour in carriage dress; they are lined with coloured silk, and superbly trimmed with lace; but we do not perceive that their forms afford any novelty. Some new *mantelets* of embroidered muslin have appeared; the pelerine part is pointed, and descends very low; there are two falls which are liberally covered with embroidery; so, also, are the fronts; the latter are of the shawl form, that is to say, pointed and rather large. A superb foreign lace set on very full, encircles the back of the *mantelet* and the pelerine; it is headed by a small rouleau of the colour of the lining; the front is fastened down by lace rosettes; the hearts composed of ribbon to correspond; these ornaments are novel, and in good taste.

Although silks are predominant in dinner and evening dress, they do not greatly outnumber the robes of India muslin and *mousseline Cachemire*; these latter, we must observe, have always a white ground, and are embroidered in coloured silks. A few *mousseline de laine* of a beautifully fine kind have been made up in evening dress; but they are not decidedly fashionable. Pointed *corsages* are at present but partially adopted in evening dress; and if worn, they are of very moderate length. A good many *corsages* have the upper part cut *en cœur*, and a *ruche*, or a fall of lace disposed *en pelerine*. Blond lace caps have lost nothing of their vogue; they are still made in a very light and simple style, but much shorter at the ears than they have recently been worn. The only change in fashionable colours is, that white and very bright green are more in favour than last month.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH

PARIS is, at this moment, thronged with the *élite* of the fine world, both French and foreign; and the fashionable promenades present the most elegant assemblage of toilettes we have beheld for many summers. Although several new fancy materials have appeared in the commencement of the season, and many of them are fashionable, yet it must be confessed that silks are after all the materials *par excellence*; their vogue is, indeed, determined, since they are at once sanctioned by good taste, and sought after by distinguished leaders of fashion.

Among the great variety of new silks, we must not forget the different *foulards*, in themselves a host. The *Eddin*, is a striped and spotted silk. The *Igola*, with small flowers between *colonnes*, placed at regular distances. The *Daghestan*, a shot foulard of large patterns, and at least half a score others of small patterns, either spots, stripes, or flowers. There is also an immense variety of rich silks, *pou de soie*, *gros de Naples*, *gros d'étés* and *Pekins*, both plain and figured in such rich and striking patterns, that one might well fancy they were embroidered.

The *redingote* form is still predominant in promenade dress. Some are ornamented with fancy trimming; others with rouleaus, which, if the silk is figured, are always composed of a plain silk, the colour of the ground: a good many are trimmed with black lace, which is also in great favour for promenade robes. Flounces, we mean of the material of the dress, are less in favour than they have been; they are in a great measure replaced by rouleaus or *bouillons*.

Warm as the weather now is, we still see a good many Cashmere shawls; and the vogue of long ones, or rather we should call them scarfs, is again revived. The favourite colours for grounds, are the *Jaune Turc* and orange; the patterns vary; some are in *rosaces*; others in those *bizarre dessins*, that are called Egyptian; but, upon the whole, the Turkish are in a majority for the new shawls. Those of silk, lace, or muslin, trimmed with lace, however, by far outnumber those of Cashmere, and afford an infinite variety; they are composed of changeable silk, Levantine, and *foulard*. Some are trimmed with lace; others with fringe; black lace is

the most employed, but white is considered the most *recherché*. We must observe, however, that, silk shawls, trimmed with white lace, must be of light hues, and the dresses worn with them must also be of delicate colours. The most elegant shawls are those of rose coloured *poa de soie*, *glace de blanc*, and trimmed with old fashioned point lace; they are, however, very few in number, which is not to be wondered at, considering their enormous price. The form of shawls remain the same, but their size is decidedly increased.

It would be difficult to say what materials are most in favour for hats or bonnets; if there is a majority, it is in favour of rice straw; *paille d'Italie*, which was so much in request in the beginning of the season, is now in a decided minority; but those elegant and expensive *chapeaux* will be again sought after in the autumn. Crape, *crepe lisse*, and various kinds of silk divide the vogue with *paille de riz*. Hats of this latter material are a good deal trimmed with fancy feathers, which are now always placed in a drooping position on one side of the crown, but not as they have lately been worn upon the brim; the interior of the brim is always trimmed with a wreath of very small flowers without foliage, or else a small tuft of flowers disposed *à la Mancini* on each side. A good many rice straw hats are also trimmed both on the crown and the interior of the brim with flowers; they are placed very low upon the crown, in some instances they descend upon the brim. The flowers employed are mostly of a small kind, with the exception of roses, and so great is their variety, that in walking through the *Tuileries*, or the *Bois de Boulogne*, one would be tempted to think that our *élégantes* had literally ransacked the kingdom of Flora to adorn their *chapeaux*.

Silks are still the predominant materials in evening dress, but *organdy* robes are beginning to be seen. Some of them have the flounces embroidered in a style that resembles point lace. Others are trimmed with Brussels or English point. *Corsages* begin to be made higher, in other respects there is no alteration. Rice straw hats of the *petit bord* kind, begin to appear in evening *coiffures*. Some of the prettiest are decorated with *gerbes* of flowers on the outside of the brim, which are partially veiled by a blond lace scarf forming a *demi voile* at the sides. No change in fashionable colour this month.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATES.

Morning Visiting Dress.

INDIA muslin robe, embroidered *à colonnes* in feather stitch, and trimmed with a flounce richly worked in a lace pattern. *Corsage à la Vierge*, trimmed with lace, and the front embroidered in the stomacher style. The sleeves are *demi large*. Shawl *mantelet* composed of pink *pou de soie*, and trimmed with Brussels lace; it is of a large size. White crape hat; the brim perfectly round, and nearly meeting under the chin; has the interior trimmed with a rose placed over each temple, and the brim edged with a curtain veil of blond lace. White ribbons, and a sprig of roses which droop *en gerbe* upon the brim, adorn the crown.

Walking Dress.

LILAC *mousseline de laine* robe; the material is plain in the *corsage* and sleeves; the former is formed to the shape by rouleaus, which confine the material in full bands between each rouleau; it is quite high behind, but opens in the heart style on the bosom. The sleeve disposed in folds at top, is ornamented with *volons*, one of which is reversed, the lower part of the sleeve is of moderate size. The skirt is sprigged in silk to correspond, and the flounces are embroidered in a light wreath at the edge. Drawn bonnet of *oiseau crepe lisse*; a moderate-sized round brim and low crown. The trimming consists of ribbon to correspond, and a *palmette de Paon*. The *mantelet* is black *pou de soie*, trimmed with black lace.

Public Promenade Dress.

ORGANDY robe; the border is trimmed high with *volons* of the same material, headed by *bouillonnée* with pink ribbon ran through it. *Corsage en gerbe*, and sleeves *demi large*. Hat of pale pink *pou de soie*; a small round shape; the interior of the brim trimmed in a very novel style, with *tulle* and roses. The crown is ornamented with a wreath of down feathers, from which roses descend *en gerbe* on each side upon the brim; *crêpe lisse* folds on the edge of the brim, and *brides*, complete the trimming. Cashmere shawl; a delicate shade of fawn colour, embroidered in silk to correspond, and edged with a rich fringe.

Carriage Dress.

THE robe is composed of one of the new *foulards*. The *corsage à la Vierge* is trimmed with around lappel, edged

with a *ruche*. Maintenon sleeve made very wide, descending considerably below the elbow, and terminated by a *ruche*. The skirt is trimmed with a bias flounce, which descends *en tablier* down the front, and widening as it approaches the border, turns very deep round the back; it is headed by a *ruche*. Hat of rose-coloured *gros de Indes*; the interior of the brim is trimmed with blond lace and flowers; they are put very low at the sides, and united by a rouleau which crosses the forehead. Ribbons and ostrich feathers decorate the crown.

Morning Dress.

ROBE *redingote* of green *pou de soie*. The *corsage* made tight to the shape and half high, is decorated in the stomacher style with a trelles-worked fancy trimming: the same kind of trimming is continued *en tablier* down the front of the skirt; it also ornaments the top of the sleeve and the cuff. White chip bonnet; a round open brim; the interior trimmed in the cap style, with blond lace and flowers. The crown is decorated with a single ostrich feather, and shaded ribbon intermixed with lace.

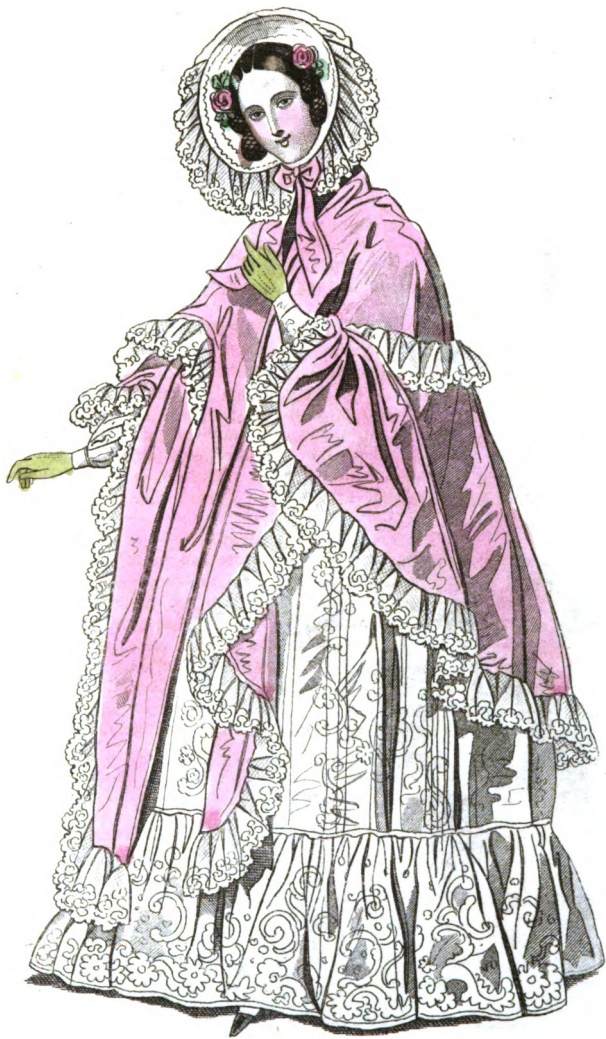
Evening Dress.

A ROBE *tunique* of organdy over white *pou de soie*; it is beautifully worked in a lace pattern down the front and round the border; the latter is finished with a fall of lace. Square *corsage*; low, but moderately so, worked round the top, trimmed with lace, and a knot of blue ribbon on each shoulder. *Coques* of ribbon, with floating ends, decorate the centre of the *corsage*. Short sleeve; a single bouffant, terminated by a lace *manchetti*. The hair is parted on the forehead; dressed very low behind, and decorated with gold cord and tassels.

THE END OF VOL. I.

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MORNING VISITING DRESS



WALKING DRESS



PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS

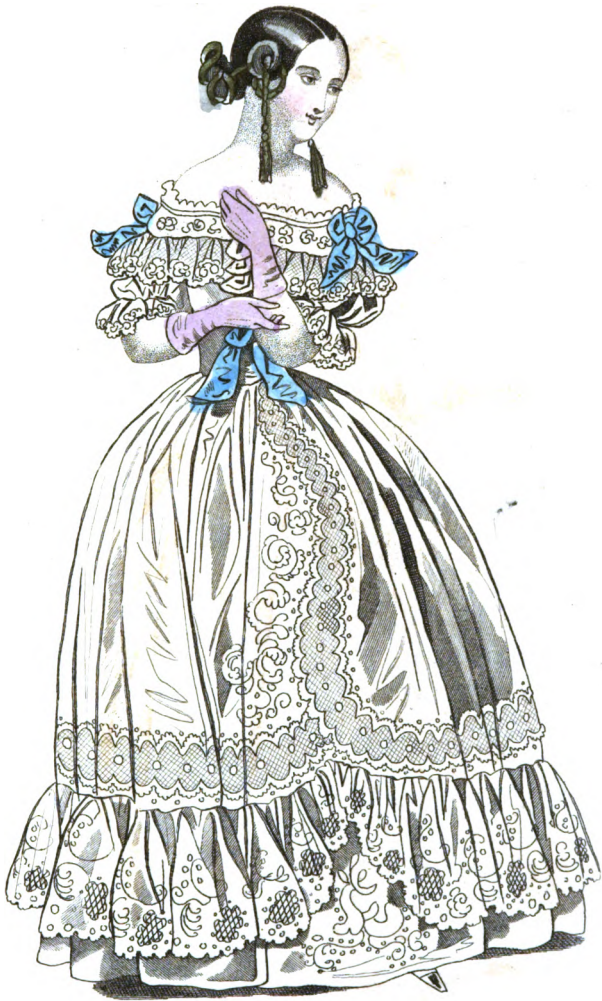
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CARRIAGE DRESS



MORNING DRESS



EVENING DRESS

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