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THE MAID OF TOLEDO.

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The
LADIES CABINET
OF
Fashion, Music & Romance.
Vol. XI.



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THE
LADIES' CABINET

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THE
LADIES' CABINET
OF
FASHION, MUSIC, AND ROMANCE.

MAURICE LYNLAGER ;
OR, THE MERCHANT OF AMSTERDAM.

It was towards the end of the sixteenth century, that our hero was born. His birth was preceded two days only, by the most glorious event which occurred in that so glorious period of Dutch history; the great naval victory obtained by Prince Maurice on the coast of Nieupoort, over the hosts of Spain, under Admiral Mendoza.

The father of Maurice Lynslager was an Amsterdam merchant. A liberal minded citizen, whose wisdom, having travelled much, was derived from the study of man rather than of books. He inherited from his ancestors a rope yard, from which it is probable his name was derived. And with this inheritance descended a patriotic interest in the welfare and glory of his father-land, for whose liberties, and even existence, his immediate predecessors had fought and bled. His wife participated in this patriotic susceptibility. Both had cherished it from their childhood: for both had been taught, as soon as their minds could receive the truth, all that their forefathers had suffered under the tyranny of the Spaniards. They had been many years married, yet were they unblessed with children, till the birth of him whom we make the subject of our tale.

It was on the 4th of July, 15—, that the merchant Lynslager returned from the Exchange, his head and heart both filled with the glorious event just recorded. His wife immediately perceived that something extraordinary had occurred; but she had no time for enquiry, for he burst out into the most frantic ebullitions of joy. "God be praised! God be praised, dear
January, 1837.—No. 1. Vol. XI.

Gertrude ! Prince Maurice has overcome the navy of Spain, close by—at Nieuport. Admiral Mendoza is made prisoner. All the artillery, together with their colours, are taken. The Exchange rings with joy, for the news is official. For myself I cannot express my joy ! Would to God (if you should do well) that our son might be born to day. We would name him Maurice, after our noble Prince, the saviour of his country ! We have had many discussions on the subject of the name he is to bear ; whether he should be called after your father, or after mine. But now, the knot is cut for us, that we could not untie ourselves, and he shall be called after our noble Prince Maurice."

"To day," replied Gertrude, smiling, "your child will not be born. But as soon as it sees the light, if it pleases God to give me a son, he shall be called after the hero Maurice." But the wife was mistaken in her calculations. The joy this unexpected news communicated, affected her so strongly, that her time was hastened by it, and just as the sun was setting on the self same day that the news arrived, a son was born to the house of Lynslayer. No sooner was the joyful intelligence communicated to the happy father, than he entered Gertrude's chamber, radiant with joy ; and approaching Gertrude, he exclaimed, "God bless you, my love ! You have given me a son, and his name is Maurice !" He then tenderly kissed the clammy face of the suffering mother ; calm, though scarcely yet recovered from the effect of her suffering ; notwithstanding which, she too exclaimed in hysteric agitation, "To day I have presented you a son, and his name is Maurice !"

Enough of our hero's birth. It has been thus particularly recorded, because it serves to commemorate a period in Dutch history so grateful to a patriotic heart. Besides it indicates, perhaps, the close interest taken by our merchant in the affairs of the Republic ; a feeling which influenced more or less every individual of which it was composed, at the period noticed by our history.

It would be superfluous to follow Maurice through those early years in which there is so great a similarity between every individual composing the same society ; though it might not be entirely uninteresting to seek in his early tastes and inclinations, the germ of that character he afterwards displayed ; if the actions of youth are the precursors of the habitudes of the man : and to show how much the careful education of the mother aided the purity of his patriotism ; and how the wise councils of his father contributed to the firmness of his mind.

The following anecdotes of his childhood seem, however, to

be too indicative of his character, as it will be developed in the course of our narrative, to be entirely passed over in silence.

He had just attained his eighth year of age, when a sister, born two years after himself, died. He was educated at a day school. Upon his return from school, he was carefully and tenderly informed of his loss. He burst out into loud exclamations of grief. This first burst of sorrow being past, he approached the cradle in which the corpse was placed, and by which his mother was seated weeping. He took the body in his arms, and kissed its pale lips. But when he found the object of his tenderness to be cold and inanimate, he quickly retreated, and sought a refuge in his mother's lap, crying, "Mother, dear mother, is Grietje really dead? Because you know I played with her the day before yesterday. What a pity that the good man of whom you read the other evening, and who made the child of the poor widow live again, is not here! Are there no such good men now?"

"No," replied the mother, taking him in her arms, the tears which filled her eyes dropping on his lifted forehead. "No, my child, these is no such man now living!"

"Oh, then," replied the boy, "I will pray to our dear Lord to raise poor Grietje to life again." And immediately, with the so touching simplicity of childish prayer, dropped upon his little knees, and prayed for the resurrection of his sister; His susceptible heart being full of the afflicting history of the widow of Sarepta.

Next came the truce of twelve years between the Republic and Spain. When the articles, which might be said to acknowledge the independence of Holland were signed; upon which occasion all sorts of rejoicings took place, throughout the country.

Though the citizens of Amsterdam had always pursued a commerce at once active and lucrative, yet, a peace so honourable, which secured to them the advantages for which they had been fighting for half a century, could not fail to be peculiarly acceptable to them. They were therefore foremost in their demonstrations of pleasure.

Amongst other amusements made for the people, a number of pitch barrels were burnt, and there was a splendid display of fireworks.

Gertrude, with all a mother's anxious tenderness, begged Lynslager to leave her son (now nine years old) at home: fearing, lest he should be injured by the gunpowder in the midst of such a crowd as usually attends such representations, as her heart was yet bleeding for the daughter she had lost the year before.

The judicious father desired to take his son with him, believ-

ing that the warm patriotism of a people who had fought so long, and so successfully in the cause of liberty, might leave a lasting and useful impression on the mind of his son. But he sacrificed alike his judgment and inclinations, to the bereaved mother, and left him with her.

Maurice desired much to accompany his father, but he obeyed his mother's wishes without murmuring. As their house was situated on the Buitenkant, where the chief sports were carried on, he could, nevertheless, witness from his window, some of the indications of the joys of the citizens. He viewed the sparkling of the squibs and crackers, but was chiefly delighted with the sky rocket, which shooting above the heads of the crowd, who follow its aerial flight with their acclamations, seemed to penetrate to heaven itself; when lost in its bosom it dispersed its bright stars, which retracing the glittering path of its upward flight, fell brilliant, though powerless, down on the earth from which it had risen. He almost wept the extinction of this brilliant (to him) phenomena; but danced with joy, when the bon-fire mounted in flames before him. In the very midst of this enjoyment, Maurice was roused from his brilliant dream by the cry of fire. It was from the room just over him. He flew up stairs, and found the chamber in flames. The boy did not stand long inactive. He remembered to have seen a pail with some water near; he soon reached the spot, snatched the pail half full of water, almost too much for him to carry, and before his agitated mother, and the frightened woman servant had time to enquire what he was about, had reached the room in flames. When they entered, they found the boy mounted on a stool, and deliberately and calmly throwing the water over a bedstead, whose furniture had caught fire, occasioned by a sailor, who had thoughtlessly dashed a lighted squib through the window of the apartment.

"Maurice, Maurice!" cried the trembling mother, almost choked by her emotion.

"Water, water!" cried Maurice, in a cheerful voice, "the fire is almost mastered. Quick! more water!—water!" Then with a sudden jerk he threw the only curtain still on fire into the street. The maid servant, having now recovered from her first terror, became animated by the boy's intrepidity. She fetched more water, and the fire was soon completely extinguished.

The father was not long absent; when he returned he was surprised to find the house in such a commotion. His wife quickly related all that had happened, and informed him of

his son's conduct, which she lauded with all a mother's fondness. As soon as the father could speak, he asked Maurice to give him an account of the whole transaction.

"I knew well," said the child, "that cold water was frequently used to extinguish fires, I therefore poured all I could find on the blaze, and the flame was quickly reduced."

Maurice had already received many caresses from his mother for this trait of courage; and this fond parent could not avoid saying to her husband, she wondered much he did not express to the child the satisfaction he must feel to see him display so much presence of mind. Father Lynslager gave her the reasons for his apparent coldness in nearly the following words:—

"Believe me, dear Gertrude, I am delighted to perceive our darling Maurice, has given proof of more courage than either you or your maid. But you two have praised him enough. Were I to add my approbation the child would be spoilt. I daily and hourly thank God that he has endowed Maurice with so much firmness of character, and such an amiable disposition. If he continue thus, he will prove a shining and useful member of society. But he must not even guess I have such an high idea of him. This knowledge might prevent his attaining the perfection I so much desire for him. The most acceptable and at the same time most pernicious gift that men can make children is praise. The commendations of their father and mother are particularly pleasing to them. A child always considers his parents as the greatest personages in the world. A respectable father and a tender mother are everything for him. He receives all from them; and therefore their praises are more valuable to him than the applauses of the whole world. I cannot help believing that many children would have become great men if they had not been too much flattered by their parents."

These examples will suffice to demonstrate the means Maurice's parents made use of in his education; and our readers will easily perceive his father and mother knew well how to combine with instruction lessons of morality and kindness of disposition. The child grew up compassionate and gentle; these qualities being united with a truly noble character, caused him to be cherished by his parents, and beloved by every one who knew him.

He was made plainly to understand that every thing his parents desired him to do was for his advantage, and that it was therefore his duty to obey them. He learnt very early to read and write, and was thoroughly grounded in the first rules of arithmetic. His father examined him with attention; and

discovered so much talent, that he determined to bestow on him the best education a merchant can receive. He began by informing him, that the Corporation of Amsterdam merchants were considered as kings of the sea by the rest of Europe: that they possessed many territories in Asia and Africa larger than the whole of Holland. Our young Maurice thus learnt that many talents were necessary to enable him worthily to fill the station of a Dutch merchant. He spoke the English and French with as much facility as his mother tongue. Of the Spanish and Portuguese languages he knew but little. His father had much commercial interest at Leghorn, and therefore desired that Maurice should both speak and write the Italian with facility. His Italian master was a great lover of music; and he would frequently, after the hours of the lesson, teach Maurice some of the newest Italian songs that his daughter played on the guitar.

Maurice had received from nature a fine voice, and an ear far more just than was usually possessed by the Dutch. His good Italian master, who boasted everywhere of this beautiful voice, made him promise to tell every body who it was that taught him this fascinating talent. The good man gave his pupil that true Italian method, which enabled Maurice to adapt the harshest Dutch words to the soft Italian music.

Being desirous to excite in his youthful bosom a true interest in the welfare of his country, his father took him to the theatre one night, when with other pieces the national plays of "The Assassination of the Prince of Orange by Hogendorp," and "Warinar with the Pot" were performed. Our hero was much affected by these representations, and his sensible remarks proved to his father he perfectly understood the meaning of those tragedies.

Lynslager had soon the pleasure of observing that his son's heart expanded daily. Unlike those egotists who consider what is given to another as taken away from themselves, Maurice was never so happy as when he could share any thing he possessed with his companions.

His father now proposed to take Maurice to a great feast to be given at the Amsterdam academy, on account of the launching of a new ship. The fearful mother ventured to remonstrate upon the impropriety of taking the boy to so many places of public amusement; she feared that Maurice would become dissipated and unfit for the duties of his situation in society; but the father justified his opinion by saying, that as their son was intended for the world, and not to live the life of a solitary hermit, it was much better that he should enjoy these first

amusements, under his own superintendance, than with strangers; who would, perhaps, give him false ideas of their tendency.

When Maurice was about eighteen years old, his father received some news from Leghorn, which seemed to render the presence of a principal there, indispensable. The credit of a large mercantile house, in that city, with whom our merchant had dealt many years, had begun to fail; and a great deal of duplicity was suspected in the affairs of the company. As Maurice was perfectly acquainted with the Italian language, his father resolved to confide this delicate mission to him: the more willingly as a tour was then, as now, considered necessary to finish the education of a young man.

It may be easily imagined that the thoughts of this absence distressed the father. The poor mother was almost inconsolable. She however became a little more reconciled to the journey when she understood that Mr. Van Vhit, an old friend of the family, was going to send a ship to Leghorn; and that his youngest son, who was about the age of Maurice, was to take his passage also in this vessel to Italy. Lynslager now said, that if there was time before this great journey, his son should make a tour in the southern provinces, in order to accustom him a little to act upon his own judgment, and his fond mother to the separation.

As soon as the music master understood that his favourite pupil was about to visit Italy, he promised to give him letters of recommendation to some friends he had there. As it seemed desirable that Maurice should see the ship in which he was to sail, before he took his passage, it was determined he should go to Rotterdam for that purpose.

Behold our Maurice now seated in the post waggon which runs from Amsterdam to Haerlem. The only passenger besides himself was an elderly man who appeared a little grave, but who proved himself an agreeable companion. The conversation turned on indifferent matters till they arrived in the neighbourhood of Haerlem, when they naturally began to speak of the invention of printing, and the facility with which knowledge was now diffused all over the world. As the unknown spoke very sensibly, this conversation gave our hero great pleasure.

As soon as they arrived at Haerlem, Maurice desired to be conducted to the dwelling of Lawrence Coster, who first introduced printing into Holland. He viewed with reverence every article in the house, where he was shewn some of the first specimens of typography; and was not a little surprised to discover that the art had received so few ameliorations since its first invention.

In the shop (for a bookseller still resides there,) he was pressed to buy a new work called "Starter's Songs" which had very recently appeared. The shopman assured him that he would find in this book many entertaining and witty songs.

Upon his return to the waggon which was to conduct him to Leyden, Maurice again met his friend, who, after the first compliments, demanded of our hero what he had purchased ?

Maurice handed the book to him. A frown directly crossed the brow of the unknown ; to whom Maurice said :

"It appears to me sir, you are not an admirer of this work ! Perhaps you are not a lover of poetry, and do not approve of songs."

"Quite the contrary, but you are right. I do not approve of this book. You are still very young, at least, in comparison with me. As we are alone, perhaps you will not take it amiss, if I say something which might otherwise really displease you. If there were other passengers, I should avoid making such remarks. Some people might think me a hypocrite, for introducing religious subjects in a public vehicle ; but as I before said, we are alone. It will yet be some time before we arrive at Leyden, and I wish much to give you as a friend, some hints of the danger there is in reading these books ; the contents of which, like the serpent hidden under flowers ; stings when you least expect it. You are young ! You appear to me to have been brought up with care. You inform me, you are about to travel alone, far from your friends and your native country : your young companions may press you to read these sort of works. I assure you it is only for your good I thus address you."

Maurice told the stranger he felt very grateful for this kindness ; but that he likewise desired to know who it was that honoured him by such a lively interest in his affairs.

"My name is of little importance," said the stranger. "I sometimes preach the gospel, and I may flatter myself that I have done some good by my labours. I am however very far from being an enemy to poetry and music. On the contrary, I study both these arts, as a relaxation from my more serious labours. And I consider the moments thus spent as the happiest of my life. But all the songs I make, convey a moral. And although I am no enemy to innocent gaiety, I cannot help thinking, that a man who as Starter has done ; endeavours to raise the passions, is far from being innocent. He even commits a crime, if by spreading these productions abroad, he fans these passions into a blaze, and renders the heart less susceptible of truly great and generous impressions."

Maurice now observed he could not help thinking, that these images, made more impression upon the minds of men in a more advanced state of life, and of susceptible dispositions, than upon those who were colder, nay, for people of a phlegmatic disposition, he even thought them useful on account of the excitation they created.

“What you may say of more advanced years is perhaps true; but I must also add, that in the years you are now entering, it is impossible to perceive the full extent of the danger contained in these works. It is only when the storms of the passions are quelled, that you can judge of these works with coolness, and thus appreciate things in their truly natural light. Do not consider me as a man devoid alike of feeling and sensibility. I have felt but too forcibly the power of love. I certainly consider the person who raises this passion innocently, is at least imprudent; but he who by his fascinating pictures fills the mind with love, deserves to be banished from society. Again I say do not consider me as a man who has not felt the power of love. No, I know too well the boy never misses his mark. He does not want any excitement. I was at the University of Leyden to finish my studies. My best friend having taken his degrees, his family came to fetch him home. He introduced me to his favourite sister the beautiful Anna. How many times did I go from Leyden to Dordrecht in order to see this lovely girl, under pretence of visiting my playfellow. My friend soon discovered my attachment to his sister. In fact we were both young, and did not endeavour to conceal our love. He encouraged it for he loved us both. He was a witness to our promise of marriage.

“Anna’s mother was not pleased with all this. She feared that the religious principles I had studied under Arminius, who I almost adored, might prove a bar to my promotion, and I had but little fortune. I however still continued these studies, and my old friend Arminius obtained for me the situation of tutor in a gentleman’s family. I pleased my patron so well that he made me his secretary. The governess of the young ladies died soon after I attained this post, and I was commissioned to engage another. I presented my lovely Anna—She was accepted, and I was now happy.

“The tender object of my affection was under the same roof with myself, and we had frequent opportunities of seeing each other and of conversing together, but indeed, my young friend, we had no need of the gay songs of Starter to increase our passions.

“The people of the house soon discovered our affection: which our imprudence revealed to every one.

“Our kind patrons now remonstrated with all possible deli-

cacy, but the consequence was, that I first, and then my lovely Anna left the house.

"I had now no resource but in the friendship of my old preceptor who resided at Gonda.

"I communicated the whole affair to him, he pitied us, and promised his assistance. He applied with so much success to Anna's mother, that she gave her free consent to our marriage. The family with whom we had resided gave us two thousand guilders towards the furniture of our house; and they stood godfather and godmother to our first child, a boy. It may easily be imagined that I was in a situation dangerous enough without having read any of these books. You may likewise perceive I was far from being insensible.

"Do not, on the onset of a long journey, read any book which may inflame your passions; on the contrary, take those which may assist you to subdue your feelings."

Lynslager was a little surprised at the confidence this good man shewed him, and became so much interested in his travelling companion, that he was chagrined to discover he was to lose him at Leyden.

Maurice expressed the warmest thanks for his excellent advice. Before his departure, the stranger presented to our hero, a book of songs, he had made on purpose to counteract the bad effects of those of Starter, and which he had in his pocket. In giving the little book to Maurice, he said, "May heaven bless you, and preserve you from all the dangers you are likely to encounter. Think sometimes of me. I must now depart, read this little book, but tell no one you have travelled to Leyden with the author, as by so doing you might discover me to my enemies."

Maurice looked at the title page of the little work, and discovered that the interesting stranger, was the famous Dirk Raphael Kamphuyzen. He again renewed his thanks, promised the desired secrecy, pressed his hand with warmth, and amused himself in reading his new book till he arrived at Rotterdam.

It was on a fine summer's evening, just as the heat of the day began to diminish, that our Maurice first entered Rotterdam. The beautiful softness of the air filled his young heart with joy and gratitude. He thought much of the conversation he had just had with Kamphuyzen; and determined never to read Starter's poems. Ruminating thus, he arrived at the house of his father's correspondent. As soon as the usual compliments were paid, he requested a servant to accompany him to the house of Mr. Van Vhit.

When he was announced by the servant, Maurice saw through

an open door, a room elegantly furnished with several musical instruments scattered about. All seemed arranged for a party.

Before he had time to look fairly round him, he heard the voice of Van Vhit himself, who exclaimed, "Welcome! welcome to Rotterdam: son of my oldest, of my best friend! You could not have arrived at a more favourable moment; this evening we have, for the last time this season, a little concert, and I understand you are fond of music."

Maurice demanded to be excused, alleging his dress, being just come off a journey in the post waggon.

Mr. Van Vhit would hear no apology. "These reasons might be sufficient any where else; but here you must consider yourself quite at home, and you will meet only merchants."

Lynslager suffered himself to be persuaded, and took with him the little volume of Starter's songs.

He soon discovered that the whole family were very musical. One of the sons played on the violin, and on the bass. A young man named Van Teylingen played the guitar. Maria, the only daughter of the merchant, sat a little apart singing, her music book in her hand. Her mother was near her, and listening with evident pleasure to her beautiful voice.

The presence of such a large party embarrassed Maurice much; and his confusion was not a little augmented by perceiving that every eye was turned towards him. His travelling dress rendered him still more conspicuous.

Van Vhit conducted him to a buffet loaded with plate, and glasses of the finest crystal. He then made a sign to a servant, who immediately presented them two beakers, filled with the choicest French wines, with which the old man welcomed his guest once more.

Van Vhit then presented Maurice to his wife, who received him with much kindness; her amiable manners soon put him at his ease. Her two sons immediately left the instruments on which they were playing, to receive their young friend. Maria, the daughter, listened to Maurice's compliments with much cordiality; the modest blush that mantled on her cheek, gave additional lustre to her beauty. Van Teylingen and his sister, expressed the pleasure they felt at becoming acquainted with the son of Mr. Van Vhit's attached friend.

Maurice requested that his presence might not put a stop to the concert.

His friends, understanding he was a musician, asked him to play; he withstood their solicitations for a long time, but at length, when the pretty Maria, and her friend Elizabeth Van

Teylingen, requested him to accompany them in a favourite song, he could no longer refuse.

Maurice played the violin that was brought him with so much taste, and with such a masterly hand, that at the finish of the piece, exclamations of delight burst from every one in the room.

"Yes, yes," cried Van Vhit, "he touches the violin as a master. The Amsterdammers know well how to play."

"It was a very pretty piece truly," said Jacob, in a tone of ill suppressed anger.

Maurice, perceiving this bad temper, excused himself from playing the piece he was now presented with; and requested permission to become a listener.

It was however agreed, that in the course of the evening he should sing a duet with one of the young ladies.

He now approached Maria, and paid her some compliments on the beauty of her voice. She praised his accompaniment; and both the young ladies requested his assistance should they sing again.

Maurice soon sang a duet with Maria, which gave universal pleasure; she even excelled herself, she was so well supported by Maurice's fine bass voice.

Supper was now announced, and Maurice was seated between Madame Van Vhit and Elizabeth Van Teylingen. Opposite to him sate Maria, with young Van Teylingen: the two Van Vhits occupied the lower end of the table.

The supper was very handsomely arranged: the glasses were of the finest crystal. The plates and dishes of the most expensive Japan China, which Van Vhit had brought over himself. The meats consisted of the greatest dainties of the season; and as the most delicious foreign wines were served with no sparing hand, they contributed to increase the gaiety of the repast.

The conversation now became lively. The young people talked of music, and Elizabeth mentioned Starter's songs with approbation. Maurice now drew them from his pocket. She pleased so prettily about them, that he could not help asking her (for she too had a fine voice) to accompany him in one of the songs from his new book; they accordingly selected something in which the words were a little free; and Maria lifted up her eyes in astonishment.

A glance caught the attention of Maurice; it was so reproachful, so sad, that he hastily shut the book, and said to Elizabeth, who was surprised at his precipitation, "Let us seek another song. As I said before, I do not know this book very well: I think this is better, shall we try?"

"I fear it will be likewise too gay," said Madame Van Vhit, with much good nature. "I desire my guests to enjoy themselves as much as possible; but I must request them to choose only such amusements as are compatible with the strictest propriety."

"You are right, you are right, my dear," said her husband instantly; "yes Maurice, my wife is a little particular, and she has reason on her side. Innocent amusements are always the best; let us not soil our lips with words too free."

"It seems to me," said Van Teylingen, "you are making a great fuss about such a trifle. 'Honi soit qui mal y pense,' said King Edward, when he instituted the order of the garter."

"I think," said Maria with more animation than was natural to her quiet manner, I think Mr. Lynslager was quite right to leave off, I do not think a person justified in doing improper things because he intended no harm.

"Yes," said Van Vhit to Maurice, "you perceive the proverb, like mother, like daughter, is at any rate true here. But let us think no more of this circumstance, and drink this glass of wine to the toast, 'Honi soit qui mal y pense.'"

Maurice would have spent a delightful evening, if the remembrance of Maria's glance, had not sunk deeply into his heart. He was particularly vexed to be considered as a youth too free in his manner and discourse. He could not regain his spirits, he feared again to commit himself, he turned to old Van Vhit and inquired for news of the ship that was to conduct him to Leghorn. "She is a beautiful vessel, and quite new. This is to be her first voyage," the old man added, "my wife and daughter have not yet looked over her, I have made them delay till your arrival; but we must all go together to-morrow morning, for she has already half her cargo on board."

Maurice could not recover his usual spirits. He therefore retired as soon as propriety allowed. Arrived in his own room, he ran over the events of a day so important; and which would have been among the happiest of his life, if he could have forgotten the modest Maria's reproachful glance. "Why!" said he to himself, "Oh, why did I risk offending one brought up so carefully?"

The idea of having given her a bad opinion of his morals, banished sleep from his pillow, and it was only at dawn that he closed his eyes: his dreams were far from being pleasant. He awoke unrefreshed and nervous. Maria engrossed his first thoughts. He would willingly have sacrificed all he possessed to retrieve her good opinion. With a trembling hand he took up the book which had occasioned him so much chagrin,

and determined to destroy it. But first he thought to read again the fatal song. He was well satisfied, that he had not continued to the end of the song. He dreaded though he longed to meet Maria again; and almost feared to enter his house again.

He however took courage, after paying particular attention to his toilet; he was always neat, but on this eventful morning he sought to be elegant. He fancied the black feather in his hat, was ruffled and bent, and sent his servant to seek another—called him back again to desire the most expensive might be sent for him to choose from. His mother's last present, (a beautifully embroidered cravat edged with Brussels lace) was put on with greater care than usual. His vest was red silk, and his Spanish cloak of blue satin; his belt was splendidly embroidered. The bows on his knees soon floated gracefully; but, the rosettes on his shoes proved more stubborn.

At length, however, Maurice gave a complacent glance at the looking-glass, and acknowledged his dress, at least, would not disgrace the society at Van Vhits. He proceeded with a smile of conscious satisfaction to compare his general appearance, with that of Van Teylingen; and, set out for the visit in better temper, and higher spirits.

Maria received him with soft blushes, and gentle manners. She was equipped for walking. According to the custom of the time, she enquired if he had slept well?

Maurice in a soft voice replied to her question by observing, "that it was quite impossible for him to sleep when conscious of having deserved her displeasure."

The young lady with that manner which young ladies always think proper to assume when they think they ought to plead ignorance upon a subject which they perfectly comprehend, assured the young man, she was entirely unable to understand what he referred to!

"Maurice. Would to Heaven I too could forget your mild reproachful glance!"

"Maria. I was rather vexed that my friend had for a moment forgotten that the songs of Starter are not usually chosen by young ladies! But we had better go to meet my parents I think I hear their step. You are also, doubtless, anxious to see the ship in which you make your voyage"

"Maurice. O No! My country at this moment presents to me so many attractions that——"

The approach of Maria's father and mother prevented the continuance of a conversation becoming rather particular.

They all walked to the vessel which was to convey Maurice to Leghorn.

"Captain" said Van Whit, "here is the passenger I promised you. This is the first time of his leaving the father-land; therefore, you must take great care of him."

Maurice now came forward and paid the usual compliments to the Captain, who invited them all to go over the vessel. Every part was found to be neat and well ordered. Maria and her mother praised the arrangements.

"The Captain. Yes Juffrow! (Miss) We have taken care not to disgrace the name our owner has given her; she is to be called after you 'De Songe Maria!'"

"Maria!" repeated Lynslager in an accent of pleasure, "if her name is Maria, she will be fortunate. The name alone answers good fortune."

"Yes" said the Captain, "the name is a good one. It may be superstition, but I should like my ship to be called after a woman; the name of Maria will protect us in Italy, and do us no harm with the French and Portuguese."

Maurice listened, but with little attention to this conversation. Every now and then, he cast a sly glance at Maria, whose beautiful blush rendered her still more interesting to him.

Maurice still passed two more days at Rotterdam; the greater part of which being at the house of the merchant Van Whit, he thus became well acquainted with the beautiful Maria, whose attractions could not fail of charming every one. Her eyes, frank and mild, were of the finest blue, shaded by lashes of the lightest brown; her complexion was so delicate that every vein was visible, and it was adorned with a varying blush that rendered it still more beautiful; and her cherry-lips could not open without discovering two rows of the most beautiful ivory teeth. Her voice was always soft, and when she sung it was impossible to hear her without emotion.

The Dutch spoken at Rotterdam is proverbially harsh; but in Maria's mouth it completely lost that disagreeable accent. In household affairs too, Maria was not idle; she took the management of every thing; her activity enabled her to be everywhere. The time that her brothers gave to manual exercises, she devoted to her needle, with which she was very skilful: she was the comfort of her parents, and the charm of all who knew her. Is it then to be wondered at, that this beautiful and talented creature, made such a lively impression on Maurice's sensible heart?

The last evening he passed at Rotterdam was spent at Van Whit's house; he was low spirited at the idea of quitting this family who had received him with so much kindness. In

giving the parting kiss to Maria, he seized both her hands and pressed them to his heart with much feeling, and could hardly recover himself sufficiently to make his adieu to her parents and brothers. When he arrived at the inn he remained for some hours without speaking, for his heart was full of divided sentiments, he ponders with pleasure at the delight he should feel on seeing his parents after a few days of absence; but then every roll of the carriage-wheels rent his heart, by increasing the distance from Maria, the object of his intense homage.

(*To be continued.*)



MODERN GREEK BALLADS.

THE ballads of the Greeks have not always the simplicity peculiar to the popular poetry of other European nations; a simplicity which is so striking, although in a different sense, in the *art* of their ancestors. It is, indeed, as if they had yielded up the graceful tranquillity and composure of ancient Greek poetry to their hyperborean neighbours, the Servians; and had surrendered themselves to the Oriental influence in a far higher degree than the latter. Although the groundwork of most of their pictures is of a gloomy black, or exchanged only for the bloody red of vengeance, yet the colouring of single parts is often exceedingly rich, and laid on with Oriental extravagance and brilliancy. To this we may add a certain proud propensity to magnify and to embellish the trifling and the common. The robbers all glitter in gold; their horses have silver shoes and bridles of pearls; while in the Servian ballads similar exaggerations occur sparingly, and have for that reason greater effect.

The mountain songs are, however, more simple than those of the coasts and islands. The fresh air of their home breathes amid these effusions; and the bold and strange forms of the rocks, among which they were created, seem to be often mentally reproduced in them. A sweet melancholy, often darkened to despairing gloom, is prevalent in the songs of the coasts and islands. We do not hear in them the trumpet-sound of heroism and patriotism, but often the lamentations of the exiled, or of those who are left by the exiled. Love has less of tenderness than in the Servian songs; it is of a more impassioned and romantic character; and from the greater influence of the Occidental nations, especially the Italians, the Greek has a multitude of songs of gallantry—a thing unheard of in Servia, where woman still remains on the lowest step of civil degradation. Playful and sportive songs are very rare, with the exception of little epigrams, many of which have that character.

The ideal or fictitious ballads, besides their considerable poetical merit, are interesting as exhibiting many traits and superstitions, in which we think we recognise relics of the fanciful religion of ancient Greece. The common people themselves, of course, have not the remotest idea of this connexion. They know little more about their ancestors, than that they were Gentiles, and were called Hellenes; but in some creations of the imagination of the modern Greeks, we recognise distinctly some of the old Greek gods and demi-gods. Thus we see in the *Nereids* of the Mainots the ancient Graces, Satyrs, and Nymphs, strangely amalgamated; rivers, mountains, and trees are still peopled with spirits; and the well known ferryman Charon, who however has to play the part of the ancient *Hermes*, and is in a certain measure the personification of Death itself, still lives in the imagination of the modern Greeks. The following ballad, a production of the mountains, shows the picturesque light in which he appears to them; and may serve at the same time as a specimen of the romantic or ideal creations of the wild muse of the mountains.

“CHARON AND THE GHOSTS.

“Why are the mountains shadowed o’er, why stand they mourning darkly?

Is it a tempest warring there, or rain-storm beating on them?
It is no tempest warring there, no rain-storm beating on them;
'T is Charon sweeping over them, and with him the Departed.
The young he urges on before, behind the aged follow,
And tender children ranged in rows, are borne upon his saddle;

The aged call imploringly, the young are him beseeching;
'My Charon, at the hamlet stop, stop at the cooling fountain,
That from the spring the old may drink, the young may sport
with pebbles.

And that the little children may the pretty flowerets gather.'
'I will not at the hamlet stop, nor at the cooling fountain;
For mothers meeting at the spring, will know again their children,
And man and wife each other know, and will no more be parted.'”

The following is a specimen of a different character.

“OLYMPUS.

“Olympus once and Kissavos, two neighbouring mounts, contended.

Olympus turned to Kissavos, and spake to him in anger '
'Strive not with me, O Kissavos, thou dust-betrampled hillock,
c 2

I am Olympus, he of old, renowned the world all over ;
 And I have summits forty-two, and two and sixty fountains,
 And every fount a banner has, and every bough a robber,
 And on my highest summit's top an eagle fierce is sitting,
 And holding, in his talons clutched, a head of slaughtered
 warrior.'

'What hast thou done, O head of mine, of what hast thou been
 guilty ?

'Devour, O bird, my youthful strength, devour my manly va-
 lour,

And let thy pinion grow an ell, a span thy talon lengthen ;
 In Luros and Xeromeros I was an Armatolian,
 In Chasia and Olympus then, twelve years I was a robber,
 And sixty Agas I have kill'd, and left their hamlets burning,
 And all the Turks and Albanese, that on the field of battle
 My hand has slain, my eagle brave, are more than can be num-
 bered,

But me the doom befell at last to perish in the battle.' "

As a specimen of a romantic ballad of the south of Greece,
 we give the following beautiful night-piece. To judge from
 the dialect, this Greek ballad is at home on the Island of Scio.

“ THE JOURNEY BY NIGHT.

“ Oh mother, thou with thy nine sons, and with thine only
 daughter,

Whom in the darkness thou didst bathe, in light didst braid
 her tresses,

And thou didst lace her boddice on, abroad by silvery moonlight,
 When came from Babylon afar a wooer's soft entreaty ;

O mother, give thine Arete, bestow her on the stranger,
 That I may have her solace dear, upon the way I journey.'

'Though thou art wise, my Constantine, thou hast unwisely
 spoken ;

Be woe her lot or be it joy, who will restore my daughter ?'

And then God's holy name he called, he called the saints to
 witness.

Be woe her lot or be it joy, he would restore her daughter.

Then comes the year of sorrowing, and all the brothers perish,
 And at the tomb of Constantine, she tears her hair in anguish ;

'Arise, my Constantine, arise, for Arete I 'm longing,

For thou didst call God's holy name, didst call the saints to
 witness.

Be woe her lot or be it joy, thou wouldst restore my daughter.'

And forth at midnight hour he goes, to bring her to her mother.
 And finds her combing down her locks, abroad by silvery
 moonlight.

' Arise, my gentle Arete, for thee thy mother longeth,
' Alas! my brother, what is this, why art thou here at mid-
night ?

If joy betide my mother's house, I wear my golden raiment ;
If woe betide, dear brother mine, I go as here I 'm standing.'
' Let joy betide, let woe betide, yet go as here thou standest.'
And while they fare upon the way and while they journey
homeward.

They hear the birds, and what they sing, and what the birds
are saying ;

' Ho ! see the lovely maiden there, a corse she carries with her.'
' List, Constantine, list to the birds, and hear what they are
saying.'

' Yes, birds are they, and let them sing ; they 're birds, heed
not their saying.'

' I fear for thee, my brother dear, for thou dost breathe of in-
cense.'

' Last evening late I visited the church of John the Holy,
And there the priest perfumed me o'er, with clouds of fragrant
incense.

Unlock, O mother mine, unlock, thine Arete is coming.'

' If spirit blest thou art, pass by, if spirit blest, depart thee ;

My hapless Arete afar is dwelling with the stranger.'

' Unlock, O mother mine, unlock, thy Constantine entreats thee ;

I called upon God's holy name, I called the saints to witness,

Be woe her lot, or be it joy, I would restore thy daughter.'

And when she had unlocked the door, away her spirit fledted."

The authors of the Greek popular ballads are as little known, as those of other popular poetry. Vanity and ambition appear to have no part in the composition of popular songs ; and it is one of the most characteristic peculiarities of this branch of poetry, that the pretensions, views, and feelings of the individual, perish in the stream of song in which popular life gushes out. The mountain ballads were mostly composed by the blind Robber-bards, in which the South-eastern part of Europe is unfortunately so rich. These blind bards are comparatively seldom seen in the cities ; if they come there, they choose the suburbs or the immediate neighbourhood of the gate, for their theatre. To the rural feasts, called *Panegyri*, which each village celebrates in honour of its patron saint, they repair in numbers, in order to sing and play to the dances, or amuse by their ballads. Some of them are even *improvisators*, and make verses on given themes. These, however, are exceptions ; more of them are regular poets ; while the greater portion are satisfied with repeating the inventions of others.

Other poets, of still less pretensions, are to be found among the shepherds, the sailors, and especially among the women of all classes. In the cities, there are sometimes particular trades, among the followers of which there habitually exists poetical talent and productiveness. Thus a great portion of the songs chanted throughout Epirus, are composed by the tanners of Janina.

The melody in general accompanies the ballad; and its origin is just as uncertain. The tunes of the mountain songs, especially the robber-ballads, are in the highest degree simple, consisting of prolonged notes, similar to the ancient chants of the mass. Even when the words express triumph and victory, the tune in which they are sung is mournful and melancholy. In general, the same melody is repeated with every verse. In some cases the tune comprises two verses, but never more.

The music of those ballads, which have their home in the cities of the coast or the islands, is far superior, and exhibits strongly the influence of the Italians. In some melodies ancient Italian tunes are distinctly to be recognized.

There is a certain class of parting songs, peculiar to Greece. Commerce and necessity induce the Greek to leave his beautiful country; but, notwithstanding the numerous privations to which he must submit at home, and the various ill-treatment to which he was exposed during many centuries of Turkish oppression, it is seldom his free choice that calls him away. The popular language designates foreign countries by the term *desert*. The pain of parting is increased by the uncertainty of the fate of those he leaves. The friends and relations of the wanderer's family assemble, take their last meal together, and join in songs, either such as are before known, or others composed expressly for the occasion.

The following may serve as a specimen of the parting-songs, although it is of a more general character than most of them.

“THE DEPARTURE.

“Now May, the dew time, is come, and Summer now is coming,

And now the stranger will prepare, unto his home to hie him.
His steed at evening saddles he—at night the warrior shoes him;

The silver shoes upon his feet with golden nails are fastened,
And on his head the bridle gay, all o'er with pearls is gleaming.
The maid, who loves the stranger guest, his love again desiring,
With lamp in hand is lighting him, and pours for him the goblet,

As oft as she the goblet pours, so often to him saying;

'Take me, my warrior, take thy maid, and let us go together,
That I may dress thy food for thee, and spread thy couch at
evening,

And by thy couch may spread my own, and near my warrior
slumber.'

'Where I am going, maiden mine, there is no place for maidens;
For men only are gathered there, the young and gallant heroes.'

'Well, deck me then in Frankish garb, give me the dress of
manhood,

Give me a courser swift of foot, and with a golden saddle,
And I will gallop well as thou, and tramp like any robber;
Take me, my warrior, take thy maid, and let us go together.' "

The great places of concourse for all the nations of the world, the khans or taverns of Constantinople, Odessa, and other marts of commerce, are also the only places where Greek ballads, of every description, meet together; and in such places, the traveller may hear the sweet songs of Scio, as well as the powerful ballads of Olympus and Pindus. Here too even the Greeks themselves feel the tie of their common country. The Ætolian mountaineer here feels that the man from Crete is his brother; and the native of Morea becomes aware, that one common mother bore himself, the Ionian, and the Thessalian Greek.



ON THE INFLUENCE OF FEMALE INTELLECT

UPON THE LITERATURE OF THE COUNTRY.

By a beautiful illustration of justice, it appears to be reserved for woman to do for Christianity in some degree what Christianity did for her, when it raised her to her just position in the social scale, and enabled her to become a bright example of its own beatitude. Such has, accordingly, even been the aim and tendency of female literature in general, and we may confidently believe that it will continue to be found on religion's side; if such should be the fact, it would be treachery to the great purpose of our being not to welcome it, as a momentous and restoring power. Whoever believes that the ultimate end of science is to instruct, and that of poetry to please, mistakes the matter greatly; the true and only worthy object of literary effort, and all scientific research, is to purify the heart while they enlarge the mind, and thus to render both, according to their humble measure, worthy of the source to which they owe their powers. Great minds have prostituted their high endowments to base and sordid purposes; philosophers have laboured

with insane delight to degrade and vilify their nature; historians have gone deep into the lore of ages to shew the sad condition of their race, and its still more wretched destiny; the great masters of the lyre have invested sensuality with the robe and diadem of virtue; but it is wisely ordained by Providence, that they shall forfeit permanent and enviable fame, while they thus abuse their trust. The only glory to be won by such unholy means is poor and perishable; it cannot strike its roots deep, and spread forth its giant arms, so as to resist the waste and storms of centuries. The writer, who expects the future generations to rise up and call him blest, who would add his name to those of the great benefactors of mankind, whose memory shall not fail, must inscribe it on the rock of ages. These are truths, which woman is in far less danger of forgetting than man, from whose memory the pride of intellect or the hope of applause, so frequently obliterates them.

If such is to be the religious character of female writers, their moral influence will of course be great and happy; this result is equally assured by their social position, and their prevailing qualities of mind and heart. The spirit of man is militant, and whatever be the cause he is engaged in, strikes for victory; passion sweeps over his purest purposes, and leaves the heart a desert; interest, the god of this world, takes possession of the abandoned dwelling-place; rivalry and envy blight, like a summer frost, his generous emotions; and vanity, the gilded serpent, whispers her temptations not vainly in his ear. It was remarked by Edmund Burke, that nothing in this world is so hard as the heart of a thorough-bred metaphysician; but the same petrifying effect is visible in every pursuit, by which fame and honour are to be won; because the whole mind, and soul, and strength, are thus concentrated on a single object—an object frequently without relation to the welfare of others. The spirit of philanthropy sometimes takes possession of the bosom. Then the dreams of ambition vanish, the iron grasp of avarice is relaxed. Then the missionary of humanity traverses the arctic snows, and the burning waste; flies to the sickly vapours of the prison, and buries himself in the anticipated grave of the hospital; shrinks from no privation, smiles at all danger, wherever there is evil to be averted, or good to be done; and if the cause demand the sacrifice, the victim is ready for the altar or the stake. Surely there is nothing in the world more commanding, than this fierce energy of the human mind;—nothing nobler, when it takes the form of dazzling and enthusiastic virtue; nothing more absorbing or intense than this stern devotion of the soul, even to a selfish object. But it is not from lips that are sounding forth the war-cry of pas-

sion, whether good or evil. that the gentle accents of persuasion are to come ; it is not thus that one mind becomes qualified to commune with another with mild and salutary influence ; least of all, to speak to the young heart in tones that shall win it to the love of virtue. The mind, thus absorbed, stands separate from others by its solitude or elevation. But the gentle voice of woman addresses that heart, when its earliest thoughts may be easily inclined to good, in the soothing accents of interest and tenderness, in the fireside lesson, in the music of the infant hymn ; before it has gone forth to wrestle with temptation, but not before the education for eternity is begun. It speaks to the maturer mind in those accents of truth and reason, which are heard amidst the conflict of contending passions ; and which, however unheeded, are repeated from the opening of life till its last sun goes down. By a peculiar happiness of position, she is in a great degree removed from the influence of those infirmities of the mind, which the world are now disposed to regard as the evidences of its power ; as if the delirium of fever were an indication of the usual temperament, or the fierce effort of convulsion the measure of our ordinary strength. She cannot comprehend, how the intelligent and haughty can be brought to wear the iron fetters of political party with no less triumph, than if they were badges of sovereignty, instead of slavery ; she is slow to understand, how the Christian can obey to the letter all the commandments, except the one expressly given by the Author of his faith ; she is reluctant to believe the humiliating truth, that the applause of mankind is to be won by employing the gifts of God in hostility to Him who gave them. We may surely venture to indulge the hope, that her influence will mitigate the wild excitement of the chase for wealth and fame, tranquillize the angry passions which constantly rebel against the necessary ills of our condition, and convince men that the way of wisdom is the way of pleasantness and peace.

With so many examples before us of what female intellect can accomplish, we cannot well point to any literary department, in which it is likely henceforth to be exclusively displayed ; for even while we are engaged in speculating in regard to its capacities, they may be developed in novel forms and to a hitherto unknown extent. A few years ago, no one would have indicated scientific research, as likely to become the field for their exertion, but such has since been the fact in several instances. It may probably, however, be safely assumed, that those branches which belong to the province of imagination, are those to which woman will be most inclined by her prevailing taste and qualities ; and in these she is eminently fitted to

excel. Among these branches, the fashion of the day has attached unusual interest to romantic fiction; and there is no doubt that this, under the guidance of true observation and sound principle, may be an active handmaid of virtue. Those who are most inclined to doubt its value, object to it on the ground of what all admit to be its abuse and imperfection; nobody denies that false representations of life and character are of pernicious tendency, but it is far from following, that just ones are injurious also. On the contrary, they stand to us in the stead of experience, by connecting causes with their consequences, and presenting moral results, often more directly than we can trace them in real life; nor is it an evil that this is done in an attractive way; if ornament be necessary to captivate and gratify, we know not why morality should scorn to wear it. Some of the most instructive lessons, and those which come the nearest to the heart, are to be drawn from social life; but they lose at once their value, when they are without fidelity to nature: and this sort of truth is one of those graces, which romance has been much too slow to acquire, and too ready to part with. One may as well study human nature in *Gulliver* or *Peter Wilkins*, as in the greater portion of our novels. We may anticipate with confidence, that much female talent will take this direction, and that, combined with the keen observation and power of description with which it is rarely unaccompanied, it will raise the standard of excellence in this branch of literature, while it accomplishes real and extensive good. There is one thing which woman may certainly effect in it; she may do her own sex justice; a point on which the novelists of the other sex have not been very scrupulous; and when a striking example of female character is wanted, she may create a *Belinda* or *Lady Geraldine*, instead of a *Meg Merrilies* or *Norna*. In poetry, too, she may find a fit province for her genius. There she may gather flowers that never will in other climates grow. Her eye may not look with piercing brightness through the lower clouds, and gaze undazzled on the seraphim around the throne; she may not send forth strains of more than mortal depth and fulness, like the few, who have been invested with angelic attributes below; but her voice will be heard in those aspirations for higher things—in those breathings of a lovely and confiding spirit—which shew what poetry is, when it fulfils its worthy office of withdrawing the mind from the earthly and material, to fix it on that which is spiritual and undying. In short, she may display her happy and improving influence in all those branches of literature, which are most nearly connected with the welfare of mankind, and tend to exalt and dignify our nature; and thus redeem

them from the discredit in which they are apt to be involved, by the unworthiness of those who abuse, while they pretend to cultivate them.



THE BLOCK-HOUSE;

AN AMERICAN TALE.

(Concluded from p. 377, Vol. X.)

THE moon had begun to shed a feeble glimmer through the twilight air, when a small boat, propelled by two oars or paddles, glided into the shadowy gorge of a ravine, through which a little tributary of the Ohio babbled on its way to join the mightier stream. A female sat in the after-part of the boat, her person partly hid by the shed or covering which extended over nearly half its length. A black stripling, of some sixteen or seventeen, who had acted as oarsman, sprung lightly to land, and after securing the fragile vessel to a stake, turned and proceeded quickly forward, clambering along the side of the ravine. The female eyed his progress with an appearance of intense interest, and seemed to tremble whenever a stone, loosened by his tread, rattled down into the water. A turn in the ravine soon snatched him from her sight.

The course of the deep dell or gully, at the mouth of which the boat had paused, ran near the foot of the mound on which the Block-House was erected, and thence proceeded westward, forming that gap between the bluffs in the background, across which it has been mentioned that a rude bridge had been thrown, at an altitude which made it a picturesque feature in the scene. More than half an hour had not elapsed from the time the negro left the boat, when he emerged from the hollow, near the Block-House, and at a point where the building threw a long shadow on the ground. He had departed empty-handed, but now seemed to be bearing or dragging something which required the exertion of all his strength, and his hard breathing could scarcely have escaped the ears of the prisoner. At length, casting his burden down in the shadow by the side of the building, he once more drew forth his key, applied it to the lock, and warned by *sore* experience (if we may be allowed so poor a pun), stood at a safe distance as the heavy door flew open.

"Ha, massa Dudley," said the black to the figure that sprung out of the cell, "you look something like a rail Kentuck hunter now;" and the young man, as he stepped out into the moon-

D

light, showed that he was dressed in the hunting frock and leggings of the western rangers.

"Hab a care, massa Dudley, and stand out of de moonshine, or somebody mought see you," whispered the thoughtful negro.

"Come, let us hasten then to the boat, Cato," said Dudley. "There is no time to be lost; the jailer did not come as usual at sunset, and he may take it into his head to pay me a last visit."

"Las' visit—ha, ha! dat's true enough, it will be his las'," replied the black, grinning.

"Come, come, Cato, why do you stand there? Let us be gone at once!" exclaimed our hero, with something of impatience in his tone.

"Neber mind me, massa Dudley. You go 'straight down de gulley, and dat will fetch you to de boat. I'se follow you directly."

Dudley did as desired by the negro, and descending into the ravine, hurried forward to join his Lucy—his wife—from whom he had been so strangely separated in the very hour, almost the very minute, of their union. The negro, left to himself, found occupation which engaged him very earnestly for a considerable time. He first repaired to the burden which he had thrown down beside the building, and dragged it with all his might and main into the Block-House, where he staid several minutes. On issuing again, he seemed to have a small string, or something of the sort, in his hand, which he laid carefully along the ground towards the edge of the ravine. He then returned to the Block-House, shut its door cautiously, and stooping down, appeared to be groping about for the string, when he was suddenly aroused by the blow of a heavy hand upon his back. The poor negro, frightened half to death by this startling interruption, leaped like a wounded deer straight up into the air, to a height which we will not risk our credit for veracity by stating in feet and inches. He had been so wholly absorbed in the business he was about, that he was not conscious of an approaching footstep; and as he now turned, his teeth chattering and his eyes staring with fear, he encountered the short thick form of the official dignitary, who, on the arrest of Dudley, had been appointed to discharge the important duties of jailer. He held a lantern in his hand, and the shifting light it threw upon his face, showed he was enjoying the terror of the negro.

"Well, Mr. Blackskin, what are you sneaking round here for?" said he, in a tone more good-natured than the words.

"I—I—is only—jist come, Massa Ward—to—to—to see— Massa Dudley a little minute—dat's all," said Cato, stammering out his reply with great difficulty.

"Well, I—is—only—jist come—on the very same business—dat's all," returned the jailer, mimicking the black; and then bursting into a hearty laugh at his own drollery, he continued—"get out of the way, snow-ball, and let me see that all is safe—dat's all."

He raised his heavy key, but casting a hesitating glance from it to the door, which seemed to say that it was too much trouble to unlock and lock the ponderous portal when the end might be as well attained without, he turned aside, and holding his lantern in such a way that it cast its light between the logs, put his eyes to a crevice, and looked into the building.

"Ah, all's right," said he. "What, asleep so early?—well, that's the true way—it's good to take trouble easy. You might better crawl into your bed though; but I reckon as you stuck so close to it all day, you had rather try the bare logs for a while. Well, I wish you a sound nap, anyhow," and so saying, the man moved off, to the infinite relief of poor Cato, who waited not long after him, but precipitately descending the mound, secreted himself in one of the recesses of the ravine.

In the mean while Dudley had gained the boat, and joined his young bride, whom he pressed in eloquent silence to his bosom. They now only waited the arrival of Enoch Sedley to set off.

"Surely it is past the hour by which he said he would be here," whispered Lucy, whose heart fluttered wildly with many mixed emotions.

Dudley cast an impatient glance towards the moon, of whose time of rising he seemed to know enough to assent to Lucy's remark. Probably his answer would have been the same had there been neither moon nor stars, nor any other celestial timepiece to consult; for an impatient spirit is ever in advance of the hour. But though there might not have been much ground for apprehension at first, yet, as minute after minute crept tardily away, and those minutes had grown almost into an hour, and still Sedley came not, it must be confessed there was little wonder that their hearts became greatly alarmed. At last anxiety had increased to an intensely painful pitch, when an incident of the most startling and appalling nature occurred. But that the reader may learn events in their proper order and dependence, our narrative must now go back for a few pages.

The business which had detained Enoch Sedley all day from his home, was to complete an arrangement for the sale of his farm with a person who resided at several miles distance. This object was at last accomplished, though at the expense of more time than had been anticipated ; and the sun was not far above the western horizon when the old man set out on his return. His road lay along the summit of the bluffs we have had such frequent occasion to mention ; and he had proceeded at a fast gait and without interruption as far as the wild-looking bridge which spanned an abrupt gap between two of them, when in jerking the rein of his horse, which manifested some reluctance to cross the rude structure, the bridle-bit broke in two. This accident rendered it necessary to dismount, and contrive some means of repairing it. While he was thus engaged, Nathan Dodge, returning from one of his pedling excursions, drove up.

"Why, what's the matter, neighbour Sedley?" asked he, stopping his horse, and getting off from the box. "I rather guess you've broke down, or something, aint you?"

"Ah, Nathan," replied the old man, "you are just the person I should have wished for. I dare say, now, you have something about you that I can fasten this bit with, so that it will hold together till I get home."

The pedlar thrust his hand into one of his pockets, and drew thence a handful of miscellaneous rubbish, among which were several strings, strips of leather, &c Sedley selected what suited his purpose, and Dodge returned the others to his pocket. As he did so, his eyes, ever turning inquisitive glances in all directions, fell upon the stirrup-strap of Sedley's saddle. There was something in its appearance which fixed his attention for a moment, when he moved round to the other side of the horse, as if to examine the opposite stirrup-leather.

"Well, now, I vow that's strange!" ejaculated he between his teeth ; and he stepped to his waggon box, whence he directly returned with the very strap that had been fastened round the body of Overton, but holding it in such a way that the flap of his coat covered it from sight. Sedley was too busy repairing his bridle to pay heed to the motions of the pedlar.

"Well, neighbour Sedley," said he, "I kind o' guess your stirrup-leathers aint fellows. This one this side is a right nice one. I should like to know what's come of the match on it."

"I lost it in the woods a long time ago," stammered the old man, not pleased with the question.

"That was bad," returned the pedlar, "because you don't

get such straps every day in this wooden country. Whereabouts might you have lost it?"

"Oh, fifteen or twenty miles up the river—or may be more," answered the old man, a good deal embarrassed.

"This stirrup-leather is the very mate of it," said the pedlar, showing the one which had been found with the body. "They are as like as two peas, and I sort o' guess now they're twins." As he said this, he fixed his keen twinkling eyes upon Sedley.

"Poh, poh, I tell you mine is lost," stammered the old man.

"And this was lost, too, but was found again, and in rather a queer place for a stirrup-leather to be lost. It was found tied to the feet of Ned Overton's body."

"Ha! let me see it!" cried the voice of a third person, who unperceived had joined the group. Both turned quickly round, and saw the sinister countenance of Hugh Overton leering between their shoulders. He was just returning from a hunting excursion that had lasted two or three days, and as he glided towards the group with his stealthy Indian tread, his soft light moccasins had given them no warning of his approach. The woodman rudely seized the stirrup-leather from the hands of the pedlar, and hastily comparing it with the corresponding one attached to the saddle, he turned to Sedley, and abruptly accused him of being accessory to the murder of his brother. As he uttered this charge in a boisterous voice, he grasped the old man by the collar, and called upon the pedlar to assist in apprehending him.

"Hold off your hand!" cried Sedley, his face first flushing with crimson, and then fading to a pallid hue.

"Ay, ay, hands off," repeated the pedlar, "and let's inquire a little further into this business."

But Hugh Overton—who was probably the originator of the now common Kentucky boast that he could "lick his weight in wild cats," and who really had pretensions in the way of personal strength and daring, that went further than mere respect for his character in producing the cool civility with which he was generally treated—Hugh Overton, I say, showed no disposition to obey the command of either the old man or the pedlar. Sedley, fatigued, exhausted, conscience-stricken, made but feeble efforts at resistance. Yet still he did resist, and in the struggle was backed up against one of the rails that protected the sides of the bridge. These were nothing more than long slender saplings, supported at either end by forked posts, to which they were fastened by withs stripped from their own bark. Overton in his blind fury pushed the old man with such

violence against this frail barrier, that the elastic pole sprung out to some distance beyond the edge of the bridge. The pedlar saw the imminent danger in which they were placed, and shouted aloud to them, but not soon enough to prevent the catastrophe. In a phrensiéd struggle to release himself from his perilous situation, Sedley had unwittingly increased the momentum given to his body—the pole bent and snapped—the brittle ligaments which bound the ends gave way—and the old man, in an aimless effort to save himself, grappling the ruffian convulsively by the neck, both together fell crackling and crashing among the bushes which grew from the sides of the deep abyss. One wild shrill scream of mortal terror burst from their lips as they descended—and then all was still ! And the pedlar, who ran instantly to the spot, received no reply to the loud call which he shouted down the glen, nor could he hear any sound as he bent his ear over the edge of the bridge, save the faint murmur of the little stream that rippled on its course nearly a hundred feet below. The bushes which here and there projected from the deep banks of the cleft would have prevented him from seeing to the bottom, had it been noonday ; and now, in the gathering twilight, they gave an obscurity to the air in the narrow and dismal looking valley that added to the feelings of awe created by the tragical event. Two or three times he repeated his call ; and as his voice died away, the deep silence that each time succeeded produced in the bosom of the sturdy pedlar a sensation not unlike the creeping of fear. To descend into the hollow by the craggy and almost precipitous banks was not to be undertaken ; and there was no speedier way of affording succour to those who had fallen (if they yet lived) than by pursuing the road to Adrianopolis. Never before did Nathan Dodge drive with such fury down the spur of the bluff as on this occasion. But he was doomed to experience, before he reached the bottom, the truth of the saying, “ the more haste, the less speed.” His waggon, unused to being jolted at so rough a rate over the stony and uneven road, broke down. This accident, however, did not much delay his progress, as he barely paused to strip the harness from his horse, when throwing himself upon its back, he galloped on towards the village. On reaching Adrianopolis, the alarm was soon spread, and in a few minutes a party of more than twenty villagers were on their way to the ravine into which Sedley and Overton had been precipitated. The pedlar returned but brief answers to the questions asked of him in relation to the affray which had been so fearfully terminated ; for he had not forgotten the consequences that had recently resulted from his over readiness to tattle, and besides,

had his own reasons for saying little about the strap. The party, in the mean while, moved as quickly up the hollow way as the nature of the ground would permit, and in something less than three hours after the accident occurred, reached that part of the ravine which, far above, was spanned by the bridge whence Sedley and Overton had fallen.

The bodies were found but a few feet from each other, cruelly bruised and torn. Their embrace had been sundered in the descent, but fragments of the hunter's garments still held in the clenched fingers of Sedley, attested the convulsive tenacity of his gripe. From Overton's body all appearance of life had departed, though when first approached it had been thought otherwise, the spectators being deceived by the motion given to his limbs by the whirling current into which he had partly fallen. The old man was also insensible, but showed some signs of life, and after a little time opened his eyes and appeared to have some vague glimmerings of consciousness. His mind seemed to be running on his niece, whose name he mumbled faintly, and it was thought, from the tenor of some incoherent phrases that fell from his lips, that he fancied himself descending the river with her in a boat.

The inhabitants of Adrianopolis generally entertained a great respect for Enoch Sedley, and this was partly shown in the sympathy they expressed for his present state, and the readiness and gentleness with which they raised his mashed and lacerated body from the earth, and bore it along towards the town. They were yet on their way, and had reached within a quarter of a mile of the Block-House, when an occurrence took place of the most startling and alarming nature. A near and loud explosion—so loud that it was heard for fifty miles down the Ohio—burst upon their ears, and the ground rocked beneath their feet as if heaved by an earthquake. Some of the group were thrown to the earth—others fell down in terror—and all turned their eyes in amazement to the Block-House, whence the deafening shock proceeded. A vivid gush of fire ascended from it in a huge inverted cone to the clouds, and massy fragments of the building—logs, rafters, stones—were performing high curves through air, which was reddened for miles around by the intense and sulphurous blaze. While the terrified spectators were still looking in blank amazement upon the scene, an enormous shaft of timber, scorched and blackened by the flames, fell endwise to the earth but a few feet before them, and with such force that it was driven nearly half its length into the soil, while the other part quivered like a reed. Fragments of the ruin were scattered far and wide, and the two who were waiting in the boat turned

pale as they looked into each other's faces by the lurid glare, and heard the cinders, stones, and sand, sprinkling into the water round them. When the sudden brightness of the explosion passed away, the earth for some minutes seemed wrapped in profound darkness, so feeble and sickly was the light of the moon in contrast with the red intense gush of flame, which had shed its lurid glow over a wide circle, startling the birds far away in the forest, and causing them to rise fluttering in the air, as if the day had suddenly dawned.

A considerable time elapsed before those who were bearing Enoch Sedley dared venture to move, so long did portions of the wreck continue to fall from the immense height to which they had been ejected. The tremendous shock seemed to have aroused the senses of the poor old man, who faintly opened his eyes and looked about, as if to ascertain the cause of the dreadful explosion. The ruins of the Block-House were still blazing, and shed a flickering light over the immediate scene of the accident, and as he feebly turned his face in that direction, something like intelligence seemed struggling to his eye. A cry of horror now burst from a group clustered round some object which had just fallen a little in advance of the party who were carrying Sedley.

"It is the body of Dudley!" shouted two or three voices; and attracted by the exclamation, all crowded to the spot. A blackened and mutilated body was lying on the grass; and the tattered and scorched garments in which it was wrapped, though much defaced, were easily recognised as those which had been worn by the prisoner.

This information, communicated to Sedley, seemed to have an electric effect in rekindling for a moment the nearly extinguished spark of life. His eye lighted up, and his face worked with an emotion different from bodily pain. He desired to be set down, and begged those who were standing near him to hear and mark his words. He then proceeded, in a voice low and broken by the difficulty of respiration, to confess that it was he, not Dudley, who had slain Overton. The bystanders at first cast covert and incredulous glances at each other, as if they attributed the old man's speech to the wanderings of his mind. But he related, though in words so choked and interrupted as to be scarcely articulate, yet otherwise in so connected and clear a manner, the circumstances of the fatal affray, that the villagers were forced to believe.

"But the horse-shoe, and the hoof-prints," said one, in whose mind doubt was still struggling.

"My horse had been lamed and tired down in the first chase," feebly responded the old man, with a painful effort—

"I took his—little thinking it would be the means of leading him to this timeless death."

The light shed from the ruined Block-House shone on the old man as he made these revelations, giving a ghastly effect to the workings of his pallid features. He sunk back exhausted in uttering the last explanation, and for some moments remained in a state of insensibility. The bystanders (their number now increased by accessions from the village, the inhabitants of which were hurrying towards the scene of the explosion) began to think that life had utterly departed, when he again opened his eyes. But the light of intelligence was now gone from them—they were glassy and rayless; and his low incoherent murmurings too plainly told that reason had fled.

"Self-defence, Lucy—kiss me, child, and dry your tears! Who calls me murderer?—shove off, Cato, and pull away stoutly—there, they'll never overtake us now—your name can't suffer, Charles, for they don't know it—ha! the water's thick with blood, and see, see! Overton's black face is grinning in the midst of it!"

Such were some of the disjointed phrases which fell at intervals from his working lips. The allusion to Overton was the last words he uttered, and as they were spoken, the vividness with which the image of the floating body was presented to his disordered imagination, might have been partly inferred from the strong convulsive movement it occasioned.

"Stand back! stand back, and give him air?" cried several voices, as the old man with a gasping effort half raised himself from the grass. Sedley rolled his rayless eyes round the receding circle, the muscles of his frame relaxed, he tumbled heavily and prone upon the ground, and the light let in by the opening of the crowd fell on the stiffened features of a corpse.

A black boy who had that moment joined the group now broke through the ring, and falling on his knees beside the body, took its cold hand in his own, and wept aloud. There was something touching in the faithful negro's grief, and the crowd for some moments did not interrupt the simple but heart-warm expressions in which he gave utterance to it. At length a murmur ran from one to another, and the necessity of removing the body began to be spoken of. This conversation seemed to recall the negro's mind from the depths of affliction to the consideration of other circumstances. Several persons, each emulous to show himself more active than the rest, had left the group with the purpose of procuring rails or some other materials for constructing a temporary bier. The black also

rose to his feet, and casting one long and earnest look upon the body, turned and glided from the crowd. It was probably thought that he had gone on the same errand with the others, and the direction which he took favoured the belief. If any looked, however, to see him emerge from the ravine, towards which his route lay, they must have soon wearied of so doing; for on being hidden from the sight of the different knots of persons whom the explosion had drawn near the mound, he ran swiftly along the shelving side of the hollow, nor once stopped either to breathe or listen till he reached the boat.

We left Lucy and Dudley at the moment when their ears were almost stunned by the loud and near sound of the explosion; and it is now full time that we should return to them. The cause of the occurrence had been soon explained to them by Cato, who directly after the shock came rattling along the bank of the ravine to join them. The plan of blowing up the Block-House had been devised by him with the purpose of concealing the flight of Dudley. He was aware, it seems, that a quantity of powder, deposited in the vault of that building at a time when an irruption of the Indians was apprehended, had never been removed. The idea struck him that if he could possess himself of the body of Overton, dress it in the clothes of our hero, and deposit it in the Block-House, fragments of it would probably be found after the explosion, and lead to a belief that Dudley had perished—perhaps in an attempt to escape by setting fire to the building—and that thus all danger of pursuit would be avoided. The plan was not without ingenuity, nor was it altogether unsuccessful; though in several respects poor Cato had been sadly disappointed. The loudness of the detonation had terrified him exceedingly; and when, scared as much as those who without knowing any thing of his plans had been meant to be principally benefited by them, he scampered down to the boat, it was in the full confidence that he should meet his master there, as well as the other fugitives, and find them ready to set off instantly upon their voyage.

Enoch Sedley, however, had not yet reached the place of embarkation, and, as the reader knows, was destined never to reach it. After waiting several minutes longer in a state of the most excruciating suspense, Cato was again despatched to ascertain, if he could, the cause of the delay. During his absence, the roar of the distant flames, the murmurs of the crowd, and every sound that reached the ears of Dudley and Lucy gave additional poignancy to the nervous anxiety they felt. At last Cato, pale, sobbing, and half-breathless, returned to the boat, and as he sprang aboard, exclaimed in a

voice almost choked by the combined effects of grief and haste, that his master was dead.

“Dead!” screamed Lucy, starting to her feet.

“Dead!” ejaculated Charles.

Cato entered into a broken explanation, which was not so indistinct, but that they gathered something of the manner in which Sedley had come to his end.

“I must go,” said Lucy, rising and preparing to leave the boat.

“And leave me, Lucy?” said Dudley.

“He is my uncle—my more than father,” replied Lucy, hesitating.

“And I your husband.”

“His dead body may be exposed to insult if I do not go.”

“And my living body will be dragged to a shameful death if you do. He—the sole witness of my innocence, for whose sake and yours, dear Lucy, my life now stands in peril—is gone for ever. If I am seized now, my fate is certain.”

Lucy sunk back on the seat, and Charles, folding her to his bosom, directed Cato to shove off. The boat glided along like a spirit in the broad line of shadow cast upon the water by the high bank and the forest that nodded on its brink; and was presently lost to sight as it disappeared in one of the indentures of the winding shore. * * * * *

A period of several years now elapsed before those incidents occurred with which I shall conclude my narrative. Not that in the interval no events took place worthy of being recorded; but I set out to write a short tale, not a minute history, and it is now proper that I should “o’erleap all else, and light upon the issue.”

If the reader knows any thing of the rapid growth of towns in America, he will have little difficulty in imaging the change which seven years wrought in Adrianopolis. The pompous plans of its projector had indeed been realized to an extent which few could have predicted. Its population had increased a hundred fold. Its avenues, squares, and public buildings were no longer “airy nothings,” but had now an existence as well as a name. Ample warehouses and neat dwellings lined the streets; a busy multitude thronged them; and the little straggling frontier village was fast rising to the dignity of a populous city. The suburbs reached nearly to the mound which has been the scene of a chief part of the action of my story. The mound itself was now a cultivated field; and the only vestiges to remind one of the incidents I have related, were a heap of blackened logs and stones just visible above the corn blades which rustled around them.

This object seemed to have attracted the attention of two travellers who chanced to pass that way on their road to Adrianopolis one fine summer afternoon, seven years after the explosion had converted the Block-house into a heap of ruins. One of them, a slender delicate young man, was mounted on a fine horse, which curved his neck and champed his bit impatiently, whenever his rider drew up the rein to examine more leisurely the various objects pointed out to him. The other traveller was a tall uncouthly shaped person, whose pale and sober countenance was marked with lines that showed his age could not have been much sort of forty. He bestrode a small ambling horse; and his awkward figure was set off to peculiar disadvantage by the shortness of his stirrups, which seemed drawn up to the last hole to keep the rider's feet from dragging on the ground.

"And here, then," said the younger person, pausing at the foot of the mound, "is the place where the unfortunate Dudley met his end."

"It was so thought at first," returned the other; "but a different opinion soon came to be entertained. The body, which was supposed to be Dudley's, and which was certainly habited in his garments, was so dreadfully mutilated that it was difficult to recognise it; but there were circumstances which caused many who saw it by daylight to declare that it was not the body of Dudley, but of Ned Overton, the hunter. This opinion was afterwards confirmed by an examination of the hunter's grave, which was found to have been rifled of its tenant."

"Then Dudley may perhaps have escaped," said the younger man.

"I fear not. The inquiries immediately set on foot furnished reason to believe that, with Sedley's niece and slave, he had attempted to descend the river; and a party set out to overtake him, and inform him that the confession of the old man had exonerated him from all suspicion of the murder. They had not proceeded far, however, when they were encountered, and obliged to desist from their purpose, by one of those hurricanes which sometimes cover the Ohio with wrecks. From intelligence that afterward reached Adrianopolis, it is too probable that Dudley and all with him perished in the storm."

"And has nothing ever since been heard to change that opinion?"

"Nothing. There was at one time, a year or two after the escape, a sort of rumour in the town that Dudley was still living; but this on being traced was not found to have any

better foundation than certain obscure hints thrown out by the former postmaster of Adrianopolis, whose curiosity, it was suspected, sometimes led him to pry rather too closely into the contents of the letters which passed through his hands. It was said that a package from Dudley himself had been received by Nathan Dodge; and this story gained additional currency from the fact that, shortly after, carpenters were seen busy in constructing a neat pale round the spot where Sedley's remains were buried. But Dodge, who had just become permanently settled in the village, denied that he had received any such letter; and, indeed, a sufficient reason for his enclosing the old man's grave might be found in the fact that he himself had been the unwitting means of bringing him to his tragical end. "But see" resumed the speaker, after a moment's pause, "yonder comes a steamboat round the point; let us jog along, and we shall be in time to see her come to at the landing."

The two riders turned their horses' heads towards the town, and trotted forward at a gait too rapid to allow of much further conversation.

A large crowd of persons was assembled on the principal quay of Adrianopolis to witness the arrival of the steamboat. At the time of my story, this wonderful invention, which has since exerted so vast and happy an influence in America was of very recent date; and but a short period had elapsed since the thunders of the first steam-boat awakened the echoes of the forests. The arrival of a boat was therefore still a matter of sufficient interest to draw a large portion of the inhabitants to the water's edge; and in the present instance, the graceful movement of the vessel, as she dashed by the town, and, rounding to with an ample sweep, glided up to the wharf against the current, fully repaid them for the trouble they had taken.

Among the passengers who stepped ashore at Adrianopolis, one group attracted particular attention. This consisted of a lady and gentleman, accompanied by two little boys, and followed by a tidy black servant bearing their baggage. The lady, though the two living miniatures of herself who walked hand in hand before her showed her to be a matron, was yet in the first bloom of womanhood: her small and well turned figure could have lost little of its roundness, and her step not much of its elasticity. Her eye wandered from the group about her to the distant hills, and there were certain changes flitted over her countenance, which one accustomed to peruse that index of the mind would have ascribed to a deeper cause than mere sensibility to the beauties of external nature. Her husband, a fine manly figure, with an open and highly intellectual countenance, walked at her side; and though probably more skilled

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than his beautiful partner in suppressing outward signs of what was passing within, on this occasion showed, not less than herself, that he was much moved by the recollections associated with many of the objects he beheld.

"Who is he?" "Where is he from?" were questions whispered from one to another as the group passed on towards the principal hotel of Adrianopolis. And as the negro trudged along at some distance behind, more than one curious glance was directed to the plate upon the trunks to ascertain the owner's name.

"Why, bless us, 'C. D. Elton!' it is Elton, the great lawyer!" exclaimed half a dozen voices; and a crowd gathered round those who had made this discovery, to discuss the merits of the jurist, the fame of whose talents and eloquence had reached even to the remote town of Adrianopolis.

The two mounted travellers had by this time ridden into the town, and as they passed the group of passengers, the eye of the elder one rested on the countenance of the tall and handsome stranger. He drew up his horse with an involuntary motion of surprise, and remained gazing after him until he disappeared within the door of the hotel.

"It is he!" muttered the horseman; "if the waters can give up their prey, it is he himself!" and so saying, he turned and rode at a round trot towards the tavern.

A tall, lounging, and somewhat tawdily dressed figure, stood in the doorway of a shop near at hand, the shelves of which presented a large variety of tin-ware, arranged in glistening rows. His attention seemed to have been drawn towards the negro, who was walking leisurely up the street with his burden, and casting curious glances upon every object round him, while a broad grin upon his ebony face betrayed that he was pleased with all he saw. As he came opposite the shop-keeper, the latter cried out,

"Well, now, I vow, that's strange! Why Cato, it ain't you, is it?"

"Ah, ha! Massa Dodge—how do you do, Massa Dodge? I is berry glad to see you," responded the black; and putting the trunks upon the ground, he exchanged with our honest friend Nathan a cordial embrace. The pedlar stepped back to his shop, turned the key in the door, and joining the black, walked forward with him at a quick pace towards the hotel.

It was about this period that a matter of business took me to Adrianopolis, where I learned the particulars embodied in this story—many of them from the chief actors themselves. I also heard from Dudley's own lips an account of the duel, the result of which had been the cause of his abrupt visit to the western

country, under an assumed name, or rather under his true name somewhat curtailed of its fair proportions—and which in some measure may be said to have been the cause of all his subsequent mishaps. It should not be omitted, however, as Charles smilingly reminded me on my making this reflection, that if his indiscretion had brought upon him some punishment, it had also led him to form that connexion which constituted the chief happiness of his life.

For the fortnight that Charles Dudley Elton and his interesting family sojourned in Adrianopolis, I can bear witness that it was one of the most agreeable places in the world. The time of his departure at length arrived. A steamboat, returning up the river from New Orleans, stopped at the wharf, and Charles, whose professional engagements rendered a long absence from his home exceedingly inconvenient, bade us a hasty farewell, and took passage in her. He was followed to the quay by half the people of Adrianopolis, and every one crowded forward to press his manly hand once more before he departed. It was a lovely afternoon, and the steamboat dashed off in fine style, the foam in her wake as white as mountain snow, and the undulations left by her paddles flashing in the sun like molten silver. The last thing I saw, as they rounded the point, was the handkerchief of Catherine, waved in token of adieu.



THE WRECKER'S DAUGHTER ;

A PLAY BY SHERIDAN KNOWLES.



THERE is not a more common saying now-a-days, than that dramatic talent has vanished from amongst us, and that, with some exceptions, which are felt to be so rare as only the more forcibly to prove the general assertion, our age cannot even take a second rank in this department, compared with the reign of the older dramatists. It may be that a matter-of-fact and unimaginative era has quenched the noble aspirations of poetic minds, by turning a deaf ear to its charms, or that there has been a great poverty of these charms, and nothing by any means equal to the demand and taste of a critical and discerning people.

It would be quite easy to array a number of causes for this feature of our times, now noticed.

We may mark the condition of the intellectual and political world as being singularly unpropitious to a revival. The

enlightened world is but in its progress from one class of sympathies to another. To deal with the old would be to follow, to imitate, and therefore fall greatly short of the fathers of the drama. To grapple with the incertitudes of the present must be felt to be such a questionable attempt, both as respects the feelings of the community, and the confidence of the poet, as to smother and quench a poet's fire. But if it be true that society is pregnant with events, and that their development is sure, we need not despair of the human mind being able to make use of themes upon which to disport itself, with all its wonted power, but with a freshness and originality corresponding to the novelty and magnitude of its subjects.

That true dramatic talent, however, is not extinct amongst us, and that the public is not dead to its charms, there may very properly be quoted as an evidence the play that is now before us, and the popularity which its performance has all at once and upon its unexpected appearance attained. Not that it is a production of the very highest rank, or that it can lay claim to any regeneration of the drama, in respect of originality of conception, or novelty and magnificence in the impress of mind which it evinces; but still, among the few respectable plays of late times, it deserves to take a prominent place.

The scene lies throughout upon the coast of Cornwall. The first act opens with a conversation between a party of wreckers—violence has occasionally been done on half-drowned persons who have been thrown upon the shore—they deprecate such practices, and insinuate that *Norris* is the man whom they suspect: he enters and denies the charge. The second scene is between *Edward* and *Marian*. *Marian*, with the consent of her father, *Robert*, a widower, is engaged to be married to *Edward*, after a voyage which he is about to take, and the scene is occupied with their protestations of love, and their leave-taking, varied by certain gloomy forebodings of *Marian*'s, and the relation by her of a dream, in which she has seen *Norris* in the very act of committing murder. In the third scene, *Robert*, in anticipation of a storm, is preparing his wrecker's tools. *Marian* returns from her parting with *Edward*, and seeks to dissuade her father from his purpose. We must give the conclusion of their conversation:—

Robert. I tell thee, *Marian*, not a soul can live
In such a sea as boils within our bay.

Marian. And shouldst thou therefore strip the drowned
man?

O! at his death-bed, by the side of which
No friend dost stand, there is a solitude

Which makes the grave itself society!—
 Helplessness, in comparison with which
 An ordinary death is kin to life!—
 And silence, which the bosom could fill up
 With thoughts more aching, sad, and desolate
 Than ever uttered wailing tongues of friends
 Collected round the bier of one beloved!—
 To rifle him!—purloin his little stock
 Of gold, or jewels, or apparel!—take
 And use it as thine own!—thou?—thou? whom Heaven
 Permits to see the sun that's set to him;
 And treasures ten times dearer than the sun
 Which he shall never see!—O touch it not!
 Or if thou touch it—drop it and fall down
 Upon thy knees, at thought of what he was,
 And thou, through grace, art still!

Rob. Her mother's voice:

Her mother's words!—Here take the coil!—Put by
 My boat-hook and my axe!—My Marian,
 I'll not go to the beach!

Marian goes off—his resolution fails him—and he starts for the shore, Marian, who has returned, vainly struggling to prevent him. With this the act closes. The second opens with a conversation between the villain Norris and his friend *Wolf*, by which it appears that Norris is in love with Marian, and determined, at all hazards, to possess her. Marian follows her father, but misses him: Norris finds him, and encourages him in his intention of seeking for plunder. Robert proceeds to the shore, and finds a body, which he is about to rifle, when Marian appears, and again extracts a promise from him to abstain. Here is one passage of her argument:—

Mar. Forswear this lawless life!—Thou wouldst not
 rob

A living man!—'Tis manlier to strip
 The living than the dead!

Rob. This night's the last!

Mar. This night!—O, no!—The last night be the
 last!

Who makes his mind up that a thing is wrong,
 Yet says he'll do that thing for the last time—
 Does but commence anew a course of sin,
 Of which that last sin is the leading one,
 Which many another, and a worse, will follow!
 At once begin! How many, at this hour,
 Alive as thou art, will not live to see

To-morrow's light !—If thou shouldst be cut off !
 Should thy last sin be done, on thy last night !
 Should heaven avenge itself on that last sin
 Thou dost repentingly !—My father, come !—
 O ! a bad conscience, and a sudden death !
 Come home !—Come home !—Come home !

Marian ascends the cliff—Robert goes off in a contrary direction to fetch his implements—Norris enters—finds the body, and Robert's knife near it—Marian calls to him, mistaking him for her father, and Norris, profiting by the mistake, plunges the knife into the body in sight of Marian, who faints. Norris escapes—Robert returns—and is in the act of taking money from the pockets of the dead man, when he is seized and carried off by the other wreckers, whom Norris has caused to come in search of him. Thus ends the second act. In the third, Norris, whose turn it is to guard the suspected murderer Robert, offers him freedom and gold to escape from England, and from the dangers with which he is threatened—he accepts them, and departs ; after which Wolf returns, and a scene of great power ensues between him and Norris. Wolf is in a state of fearful agitation, and the result of a most energetic dialogue is, that he informs the wretched culprit Norris, that the body, which was still living when he stabbed it, was that of his own father ! Norris is horrified ; but an anxiety for self-preservation prevails over every other feeling, and he persuades Wolf, to whom alone the facts against him are known, to cross the seas. We then come to Robert's cottage, where Marian is bewailing her father's crime, when he rushes in to take a hasty leave of her—her manner is altered to him, for, of course, from what she has seen, she believes him guilty. The father forgets all sense of danger in the consuming thought that his own child believes him guilty of a murder ; the daughter, brought up in the ways of truth, and having, as she thinks, witnessed his crime, cannot say she does not, but simply urges him to fly ; and, in the end, the father, failing to extract the acknowledgment he wishes from her, expresses his readiness to die, plants himself in his chair, and awaits the arrival of his pursuers, by whom he is dragged to justice. Here is the latter part of the scene :—

Rob. Dost thou think
 Thy father guilty ?
Mar. I think nothing now
 Except that thou'rt in danger.
Rob. Marian,
 I no more did the deed—

Mar. They will be here
And then thou art lost!

Rob. Thou dost not think me guilty?

Mar. What matter what thy Marian thinks, when death
Pursues thee and thou lingerest here, and not
One moment am I certain but the next
It may o'ertake thee—here!—in thy own house!
That's now no shelter for thee—here!—before
Thy Marian's eyes that cannot help thee!—Fly!
Thy life perhaps may pay for the next breath.
Thou drawest here!—The thought distracts me!—Fly!

Rob. It cannot be thou think'st me guilty?

Mar. Fly!

Terror doth take away my senses—Fly!

Rob. I do begin to doubt thou think'st me guilty?

Mar. Oh father, fly!

Rob. I am innocent!

Mar. 'Tis well!

Rob. It is not well—I am innocent!—I'll swear it!

Mar. Thou need'st not, father—Don't!—Fly!—Fly!—

Rob. By—

Mar. Stop!—

Rob. Thou think'st me guilty!—Spare thy kindness—
There!

Perish thy coin! I will not use it!—Fly!—

Do any thing to save my life!—If it goes

It may go!—Here I'll sit!—E'en here! Ay here!—

Here in the cottage thou wast born in, nurs'd,

Brought up in—'till now thou'rt eighteen years, and now

Dost tell thy father he's a murderer!

Here I'll wait for them—Let them come and take me!

Take me before thine eyes!—Imprison me!

Try me, and hang me! I'll not turn my hand

To save my life! since my own child that knows me

Believes me guilty! I am guilty!—Yes!

Let all the world beside believe me so.

His arrest ends the third act. At the opening of the fourth, Robert has been examined before the justice, and is committed for trial upon the evidence of his daughter; horror-struck at his almost certain fate, and maddened by the thought of whose evidence it is by which he is about to die a felon's death, he reproaches her bitterly, and calls upon her to justify herself for having sworn her father's life away. We know not how to select from this scene without injustice, but it is too long, for insertion, and we must attempt it. It begins thus:—

Enter ROBERT between two constables, followed by men and women.—NORRIS in the back ground.

Rob. I am innocent! I am murdered! My own child
Has sworn my life away! My Marian!
Falsely—most falsely;—When they try me, 'tis
By her I die; not by the judge—the jury,
Or any one but her; She gives the verdict!—
Passes the sentence!—puts my limbs in irons;—
Casts my limbs into my dungeon!—Drags me thence
To the scaffold!—is my executioner!—
Does all that puts her father in his grave
Before his time!—Her father, good to her
Whate'er he was to others—Oh! to have died
By any evidence but mine own child's!
Take me to prison.

Marian rushes in and calls him "Father"—he casts her from him

Rob. Indeed! Indeed!
Thou liest! Thou wert never child of mine!
No!—No!—I never carried thee up and down
The beach in my arms, many and many a day,
To strengthen thee, when thou wast sickly!—No!
I never brought thee from the market town,
Whene'er I went to it, a pocket load
Of children's gear!—No!—No! I never was
Your play-fellow that ne'er fell out with you
Whate'er you did to him!—No!—Never!—Nor
When fever came into the village, and
Fix'd its fell gripe on you, I never watch'd
Ten days and nights running, beside your bed,
Living I know not how, for sleep I took not,
And hardly food! And since your mother died——

Mar. Thou'lt kill me, father!

Rob. Since your mother died
I have not been a mother and a father
Both!—both to thee!

Mar. Oh! spare me!

He has another speech in continuation, and then—

Mar. I am thy child?
The child to whom thou didst all this and more.

Rob. Thou stood'st not then, just now, in the witness
box,
Before the justice in that justice room,
And swor'st my life away.

Mar. Where thou dost say,
I stood!—What thou dost say, I did!—and yet,
Not in those hours thou nam'st of fond endearment,
Felt, as I felt it then, thou wast my father!

Rob. Well!—Justify it—prove thee in the right—
Make it a lawful thing—a natural thing—
The act of a child!—a good child!—a true child!
An only one! one parent in the grave,
The other left—that other, a fond father—
A fond, old, doting, idolizing father!
Approve it such an act in such a child
To slay that father! Come!

Mar. An oath!—an oath!

Rob. Thy father's life!

Mar. Thy daughter's soul!

Rob. 'Twere well

Thy lip had then a little of the thing
The heart had over much of!

Mus. What?

Rob. Stone!—Rock!

They never should have opened!

Mar. Silence had

Condemned thee equally.

Rob. But not the breath

Mine own life gave!

Then comes her justification:—

Mar. I felt in the justice room
As if the final judgment-day were come,
And not a hiding place my heart could find
To screen a thought or wish: but every one
Stood naked 'fore the judge, as now my face
Stands before you! All things did vanish, father!
That make the interest and substance up
Of human life—which, from the mighty thing
That once was all in all, was shrunk to nothing,
As by some high command my soul received,
And could not but obey, it did cast off
All earthly ties, which, with their causes, melted
Away!—And I saw nothing but the Eye
That seeth all, bent searchingly on mine,
And my lips oped as not of their own will
But of a stronger—I saw nothing then
But that all-seeing Eye—but now I see
Nothing but my father!

(*She rushes towards him, and throws her arms round his neck.*)

She can make no impression on him, and he is led off all but cursing her. News reaches Norris that the ship in which Edward sailed has been lost, and that all are drowned; he follows Marian, who has been vainly endeavouring to gain admittance to her father's prison, and causes it to be told to her; but wretchedness has done its worst upon her, and she has no tears to give.

Mar. I hear it—and I do not shed a tear!
Nor feel the want to weep! I welcome it!
'Tis good news! He has left a world of woe
To him—to him—for what is woe to me
Were woe to him! Would I a heart I love,
As I love his, should feel what mine doth feel?
Would I put adders where I could not bear
To have an insect sting? 'Tis well he's dead!
The friends he leaves should put on holiday
Not mourning clothes for him! His passing bell
Should ring a peal, and not a knell! 'Tis best
It is as it is.

Norris approaches, declares his passion for her, and asks her to marry him. She spurns his offer in sickening horror; and the one all-powerful subject which engrosses her mind, her father's danger, is beautifully evinced by her sudden change as he says—

Nor. What would'st thou do
To save thy father's life?

Mar. Anything!

Nor. What
To have it proved that he is innocent?

Mar. Anything!—pay the felon's penalty
Myself!—Abide the gibbet!—Marry thee
Now—now!—If now thou didst heave off for me
That mountain on my heart—my father's plight!
That, heavier on my soul—my father's sin!
This didst thou do—and stood my lover there,
Of whom to say that in his grave he's dearer
Than he was ever when in life to me,
Is to say truth—I'd give to thee my hand.

He promises to save her father's life, and prove him innocent upon the trial, and she promises that if he does so she will marry him. So ends the act. In the fifth act Robert is free, and has come to a full knowledge of the truth and rectitude of Marian's conduct; but, wretched at the idea of her sacrificing herself by marrying Norris, he has been endeavouring to induce him to give her up. Edward suddenly returns, after a prospe-

rous voyage; and a wretched meeting between him and Marian ends by the wedding party, with Norris at their head, coming to fetch her to church. The last scene is the outside of the church, where Robert, assisted by the clergyman, endeavours again, but vainly, to induce the inexorable Norris to resign his pretensions, and the ceremony is about to proceed, when they are met at the church door by Norris's accomplice, Wolf, whose conscience travel has been unable to stifle, and who has returned to confess the after-share he took in the murder committed by Norris upon his father. Norris stabs him—is of course seized for the murder, and the piece ends with the union of Edward and Marian.



THE POEMS OF MRS. SIGOURNEY AND MISS GOULD.

SUCH writings as those before us do not ask nor admit of the display of some of the very highest attributes of poetry, and to these Mrs. Sigourney in particular presents no claim. The excellence of all her poems is quiet and unassuming. They are full of the sweet images and bright associations of domestic life; its unobtrusive happiness, its unchanging affections, and its cares and sorrows; of the feelings naturally inspired by life's vicissitudes from the cradle to the death-bed; of the hopes that burn, like the unquenched altar fire, in that chosen dwelling place of virtue and religion. The light of a pure and unostentatious faith shines around them, blending with her thoughts and giving a tender colouring to her contemplations, like the melancholy beauty of autumnal scenery. Sometimes she watches the gorgeous array of the clouds at sunset, but her eye looks beyond them to the habitation of the disembodied spirit; sometimes she muses at the eventide, and the forms of the loved and lost are present to her view; presently she carries us to the domestic fireside, and while dwelling on its blessings, points to the great Source from which they flow; again, we see the mother at the bedside of her dying boy, or herself extended on the bed of death—and the lofty aspirations of the Christian faith invest the verse with a dignity appropriate to their own sublimity. Mrs. Sigourney's habitual tone of thought is pensive, but not melancholy; serious, but not severe; and her views of life, without being joyous, are not shaded by repulsive gloom. Every subject she touches is made the fountain of calm reflection, which is often striking, and always pure. If she does not often excite the reader to enthusiastic admiration, she generally leaves a strong impression of

her power, and never fails to inspire respect for the qualities of her mind and heart.

Mrs. Sigourney's versification is, in general, correct and sweet; although, in this respect there are occasional instances of want of care. The effect of short pieces, like the greater part of her's, very much depends upon the delicacy and perfection of their finish; in those of greater magnitude, the attention is withdrawn from minute defects, or they are lost in a comprehensive survey of the general proportions; as an imperfection, which would pass unheeded in a panorama, is at once detected in a cabinet picture. Her writings in blank verse are, however, remarkable for the music of their flow. In their style of thought and expression, they remind us of those passages of Cowper, where the movement of the verse is in perfect keeping with the gravity and tenderness of the subject. Like him, she is attracted only by Nature's soothing and gentle aspects; her spirit holds no communion with the elements in their wrath; she takes no delight in witnessing the whirlwind and the storm; she looks on all the seasons, as they change, not to people them with images of gloom, but to draw from them whatever of happiness and instruction they can give. A voice of praise is uttered in her Winter Hymn; the beautiful drapery of the woods in autumn reminds her less of approaching decay, than of the newness of life which is to follow. We could not desire that the moral influence of her writings should be other than it is; while she pleases the fancy, she elevates the heart.

Great as Mrs. Sigourney's merit certainly is, she has not yet displayed it with so much effect as she may and will do, if she shall be inclined to render poetry a more exclusive object of pursuit. Thus far, it has evidently been little more than the amusement of her leisure hours; with less divided attention, she has the power of accomplishing higher and better things. The productions before us are ornaments, wrought without much effort by taste and ingenuity; they resemble the lighter works, with which the scientific inventor occupies the time that he can spare from his severer labours. Whenever, instead of limiting her range to that portion of the atmosphere which can be traversed with a light and careless wing, she shall prepare herself for an adventurous flight, she cannot fail to gain a permanent place in public favour.

As an illustration of her sensibility to natural beauty, and of the grace with which she describes it, we extract "A Cottage Scene."

"I saw a cradle at a cottage door,
Where the fair mother with her cheerful wheel

Carolled so sweet a song, that the young bird,
 Which timid near the threshold sought for seeds,
 Paused on his lifted foot, and raised its head,
 As if to listen. The rejoicing bees
 Nestled in throngs amid the woodbine cups,
 That o'er the lattice clustered. A clear stream
 Came leaping from its sylvan height, and poured
 Music upon the pebbles—and the winds,
 Which gently 'mid the vernal branches played
 Their idle freaks, brought showering blossoms down,
 Surfeiting earth with sweetness.

Sad I came
 From weary commerce with the heartless world,
 But when I felt upon my withered cheek
 My mother nature's breath—and heard the trump
 Of those gay insects, at their honied toil,
 Shining like winged jewelry—and drank
 The healthful odour of the flowering trees
 And bright-eyed violets;—but most of all,
 When I beheld mild slumbering Innocence,
 And on that young maternal brow the smile
 Of those affections which do purify
 And renovate the soul, I turned me back
 In gladness, and with added strength to run
 My weary race;—lifting a thankful prayer
 To *Him* who shewed me some bright tints of Heaven
 Here on the earth, that I might safer walk
 And firmer combat sin, and surer rise
 From earth to Heaven."

The following lines, written "on seeing a deaf, dumb and blind girl sitting for her portrait," afford a just idea of the natural and pleasing sentiment, with which the authoress knows how to invest her subjects. There is apparently an imperfection in the second line of the first stanza.

"Heaven guide thee, artist! Though thy skill
 Can make the enthusiast's passion tear,
 And catch expression's faintest thrill,
 What power shall prompt thy pencil here?
 She hath no eye—God quenched its beam;
 No ear—though thunder's trump be blown,
 No speech—her spirit's voiceless stream
 Flows dark, unfathomed and unknown.
 Yet hath she joys, though none may know
 Their germ, their impulse, or their power;
 And oft her kindling features glow
 In meditation's lonely hour,

Or when unfolding blossoms breathe
 Their fragrance 'neath a vernal sky,
 Or feeling weaves its wild-flower wreath
 As some remembered friend draws nigh,
 Then doth the heart its love reveal,
 Though lip and eye are sealed the while,
 And then do wildering graces still
 To paint their language on her smile.
 For still the undying soul may teach
 Without a glance, a tone, a sigh,
 And well canst thou its mirrored speech
 Interpret to the wondering eye.
 What though her locked and guarded mind
 Doth foil philosophy divine,
 Till even reason fails to find
 A clue to that untravelled shrine,
 Yet may thine art with victor sway
 Win laurels from this desert wild,
 And to a future age pourtray
 Mysterious nature's hermit child."

Several of the remarks, which we have made in reference to Mrs. Sigourney, will apply with equal justice to Miss Gould. This lady has been for some years very favourably known, chiefly by the fugitive pieces which she has contributed to periodical works, which she has now collected and published in a separate volume. One of the principal attractions of her writings is their perfect freedom from pretension; she composes without the slightest effort to do more than to express her own thoughts in the most unaffected language; in this way, however, she produces more effect, than she could do by laborious effort. The sin of affectation is the one which most easily besets the poet, for the reason that it wears the air of novelty; whoever undertakes to describe feelings which we have never experienced, and to express sentiments which have rarely figured in verse before, or even to clothe familiar ideas and feelings in a masquerade dress, will be pretty sure to attract admiration, until the public have had time to detect his borrowed plumage, when he is likely enough to be dealt with according to the most rigorous canon of the law. In this respect, Miss Gould never offends; she is uniformly faithful to nature. Like Mrs. Sigourney, she gathers the wild flowers of the rock and dell; and she does more—she collects those which many pass by unnoticed, as too common and familiar to be entitled to a place in an ornamental garland;

but she looks upon them as the works of God, and fitted to convey a striking and impressive moral. We confess that we like this disposition to see and welcome beauty wherever it is to be found, without regard to the rarity or estimation of the object in which it dwells. It is, doubtless, the secret of her popularity; she sees in the retiring ground-laurel, the no less timid anemone, the crocus in its snowy winding-sheet, the hyacinth bursting from its temporary grave—the emblems of our own vicissitudes. Nothing in nature is without its moral lesson; she finds instruction in the solitary snowflake, the little bower of violets, the forsaken nest of the bird, and even in the breast-pin, the lost kite, and the playthings of infancy. But tones of deeper feeling come forth from the winter funeral, the prayer of the broken-hearted, the empty bier by the church-yard gate, the soul's farewell to its earthly prison. These are some of the diversified subjects on which she loves to dwell; she invests them with sentiment and imagery, sometimes familiar, sometimes new, but always in harmony with true and amiable feeling, and awakening associations to which no bosom is a stranger. This power of investing the objects around us with moral associations may be too freely exercised, and there are some instances in the volume before us in which the familiar sinks into the homely, and the rock is struck in the unreasonable hope that the living waters of poetry will flow; but such instances are very rare, and scarcely cast a shade over the good taste and excellent feeling, which characterize her writings.

Several imitations of the Scottish are given at the close of the volume. They are not, as respects the truth and beauty of the sentiment, inferior to the rest; but there is not one of them that would not appear to more advantage in an English dress. The Scottish dialect comes gracefully from the lips of Burns, because it was his own, and because he wrote for the peasantry of Scotland; but it loses all its beauty, when it ceases to be natural, and is then entitled to no higher praise than that which is due to an easy imitation. We never witness a disposition to copy the manner or peculiarities, to which circumstances have given popularity, without regret; it is so rarely witnessed in Miss Gould, that we allude to it now, rather in reference to others than to her.

The following lines, on the subject of "The Lily," present an interesting specimen of the style and sentiment of the authoress.

"Imperial beauty! fair, unrivalled one!
 What flower of earth has honour high as thine—
 To find its name on his unsullied lips,
 Whose eye was light from heaven?"

In vain the power
 Of human voice to swell the strain of praise
 Thou hast received ; and which will ever sound
 Long as the page of inspiration shines,
 While mortal songs shall die as summer winds
 That wafting off thine odours, sink to sleep !
 I will not praise thee, then ; but thou shalt be
 My hallowed flower ! The sweetest, purest thoughts
 Shall cluster round thee, as thy snowy bells
 On the green, polished stalk, that puts them forth !
 I will consider thee, and melt my cares
 In the bland accents of His soothing voice,
 Who, from the hill of Palestine, looked round
 For a fair specimen of skill divine ;
 And, pointing out the Lily of the field,
 Declared the wisest of all Israel's kings,
 In his full glory, not arrayed like thee !"

There is an air of originality in the following lines. Their title, "The Consignment," is not, perhaps, sufficiently descriptive of their character.

" Fire, my hand is on the key,
 And the cabinet must open !
 I shall now consign to thee
 Things of grief, of joy, of hope.
 Treasured secrets of the heart
 To thy care I hence entrust ;
 Not a word must thou impart,
 But reduce them all to dust.
 This—in childhood's rosy morn,
 This was gaily filled and sent.
 Childhood is forever gone ;
 Here—devouring element.
 This was friendship's cherished pledge ;
 Friendship took a colder form ;
 Creeping on its gilded edge,
 May the blaze be bright and warm.
 These—the letter and the token,
 Never more shall meet my view !
 When the faith has once been broken,
 Let the memory perish too !
 This—'twas penned while purest joy
 Warmed the heart and lit the eye ;
 Fate, that peace did soon destroy,
 And its transcript now will I.

This must go! for, on the seal,
 When I broke the solemn yew,
 Keener was the pang than steel;
 'Twas a heart-string breaking too!

Here comes up the *blotted leaf*,
 Blistered o'er by many a tear.
 Hence, thou waking shade of grief,
 Go, for ever disappear!

This is his, who seemed to be
 High as heaven, and fair as light;
 But the visor rose, and he—
 Spare, Oh memory! spare the sight
 Of the face that frowned beneath,
 While I take it, hand and name,
 And entwine it with a wreath
 Of the purifying flame!

These—the hand is in the grave,
 And the soul is in the skies,
 Whence they came! 'Tis pain to save
 Cold remains of sundered ties.

Go together, all, and burn,
 Once the treasures of my heart!
 Still, my breast shall be an urn
 To preserve your better part!"

A portion of the contents of this volume is designed for the entertainment and instruction of the young. The pieces to which we allude are full of simple beauty, and are well adapted to produce a pleasing and salutary impression on the mind. We trust that she will continue to employ her powers in the way which she has thus fortunately selected; for we feel assured that, in proportion as she advances her literary reputation, she will not fail to promote the cause of morality and virtue.



SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.

BY J—H.

Not possessing sufficient friends to enable me to go "Penciling by the Way" on the Continent, and having no court friends to introduce me to the society of the gay and fashionable, I took down my grandfather's old map of the river Forth, and fixing my attention on the quiet hamlet of D—, on its banks I commenced preparations to pass a day in its vicinity.

On the evening of my arrival, while enjoying the delightful scenery, night overtook me before I was aware. The road,

remarkably romantic, wound along the sea-beach, and, by frequently jutting out into points, terminated by tufts of trees, produced a noble effect. I had lately beheld the sun descend behind that stupendous ridge of mountains which bounded my view upon the north, and felt a pleasing melancholy sensation glide upon my mind, as his last beams gilded their lofty tops. The last time, thought I, with a sigh, the last time I passed this way, how different the scene appeared! that bright orb, in meridian splendour, blazed upon the scene, and I enjoyed the enlivening conversation of Adelaide, who is now probably stretched upon her bed, touched with the leaden fingers of sleep, and incapable of enjoying the rapturous sensations which such a prospect produces upon the feeling mind. The moon was now risen; and her silver beams, playing upon the waters, discovered a few boats, which, perhaps, like myself, had been overtaken by night, or perhaps the pleasantness of the evening had invited to make an excursion. On a promontory to the westward stood an ancient but small castle, inhabited by a few old soldiers, who were dignified with the name of a garrison: the river was calm and unruffled.

“The expiring breeze scarce kissed the western wave.”

Not a breath was heard, save the distant chime of an evening bell from a town on the opposite side of the river, which greatly heightened the sublimity of the scene. I exclaimed with the poet—

“In such a place as this, at such an hour,
If ancestry can be in aught believed,
Descending spirits have conversed with men,
And told the secrets of the world unknown.”

Wrapt in these sublime emotions, I walked on slowly, when my attention was suddenly attracted by the figure of a man standing upon one of the small points. As I approached nearer I perceived that his arms were folded, and he seemed fixed in silent meditation. When I advanced, whether startled at being noticed, or wishing to indulge his grief in a more lonely situation, I was unable to determine; but he suddenly darted from the spot, and vanished among the trees. My attention was now wholly carried off from the beauties of the surrounding scenery, and arrested upon this uncommon occurrence; the resplendent moon shone between the opening of the trees, and again I perceived this interesting figure; he was wrapt in a great coat, and his hat concealed part of his face: his step was hurried, and seemed to betray great anxiety of mind. I hesitated whether I should not address him, when he once more

crossed the road, and was instantly hid from my view by the trees. Unarmed, however, and alone, I knew not but he might conceal some dangerous intention. I involuntarily quickened my pace; and scarcely had I reached the spot where the stranger disappeared, when a rough voice thus accosted me:—
 “ Ah ! how d’ye do ? When did you leave London ? ”



THE SPELLS OF MEMORY.

WHEN, wakeful at the midnight hour,
 We see the waning moonbeams smile,
 How deep is Memory’s magic power,
 To meet—to conquer—to beguile !
 How rich the hues she flings around—
 How soft the flute-like tones she breathes—
 Till all we’ve lost again is found,
 And Hope anew her garland wreathes !

Then, when perchance the distant bell
 Its faint and solemn music sends
 O’er quivering brook and grassy dell,
 We mingle with departed friends—
 We clasp again the open hand,
 The laugh, and song, anew are heard,
 And at the spirit’s blest command,
 The wells of pleasant thought are stirred.

Sweet Memory ! When other dreams
 Are lost and faded from the view ;
 When earth a dreary prison seems,
 And even Hope deserts us too ;
 Then come thy spells like summer rain—
 Like dew to the unfolding flowers—
 Like sunshine to the golden grain,
 And wake afresh our vanished hours.

Give me thy light, to cheer my heart,
 And calm my brow, and fill mine eye—
 And many a joy may then depart,
 Without a tear-drop, or a sigh.
 For, musing o’er the dreams of Youth,
 And pleasures that its scene contain’d,
 I picture heavenly realms of truth,
 Where nought by Death or Sin is stained.

THE PLEBEIAN LOVER.

A TALE.

IN 1784, before the hand of Republican power had levelled all distinctions in France, and sunk the proudest families to the humiliating condition of the meanest peasant, in the gay neighbourhood of Versailles, the Marquis D'Embleville owned a sumptuous hotel, where he lived in epicurean luxury and princely splendour. His mind possessed all the imperious vanity of the ancient *regime*; and, placed by fortune at an awful distance, he looked down upon the *canaille* as unworthy to hold with him a rank in the same scale of being.

His only son Lewis, in the prime of youth, had made the tour of Switzerland: he had visited every part of those wondrous regions, where Nature reigns in all her grandeur, and displays to the enthusiastic mind that sublime and majestic scenery which attracts and gratifies the most unbounded curiosity.

So remote from the haunts of courtly pleasure—so distant from the giddy circle of high life—he felt the impression of that tender passion beneath whose controuling power mortals of all degrees are indiscriminately doomed to bow.

The object of his admiration was a lovely Swiss, fresh from the hand of Nature, in all the bloom of youth and beauty, like the mother of mankind, in the state of primeval innocence: honesty was the only wealth her friends possessed: her charms and virtues were her only portion.

With this lovely maid Lewis had sought and cultivated an acquaintance. He weighed her mental graces against the frippery of Parisian belles, and with pleasure saw them greatly preponderate.

She felt the congenial passion; but, from disparity of circumstances, suppressed the kindling hope. The shaft was fixed too deep in his bosom to be eradicated without lacerating his vitals! Although despairing of success, he returned to his father, and on his knees besought him to confirm his happiness by an assent to this unequal union.

Degrading intimation! Should the honorary tide of princely blood, long flowing down the channel of an illustrious ancestry, be contaminated by mingling with plebeian streams?—No!—He spurned him from his feet; and, with a niggard hand, reluctantly conferring a scanty annuity, bade him retire again to ignominious exile, and see his face no more!

He was too well acquainted with the inflexibility of his

father's temper, when once arrived at a certain point—he knew that the moment of expostulation was for ever past ! He was forbidden to return to seek a pardon, even by the narrow path of duty—he, therefore, felt himself not unhappy that, without a direct breach of parental obligation, he could, by the trivial sacrifice of his fortune, obtain the object of his desires.

He bade adieu to the scenes of departed affluence, and flew to repose himself on the faithful bosom of domestic affection. The inhabitants of the happy valley celebrated their nuptials with the usual ceremonies, and Lewis soon forgot that he was born to higher expectations.

The storm which had long been gathering over devoted France at length descended, involving in one general ruin all the pride of prerogative, title, and family. The sanguinary streams that flowed from the throne, swollen by a thousand rills, had deluged the nation, and the horrid engine of death still frowned tremendous over its innumerable victims !

Not with less terror than the trembling traveller when he sees the accumulating avalanche thundering from Alpine precipices—in its progress tearing up towering pines, and crushing into atoms the obstructing cottages—the Marquis D'Embleville beheld the approaching desolation.

His lady died of a broken heart to observe the splendour of her family eclipsed ; and, rescuing a comparative trifle from the wreck of affluence, he hastily left his proscribed country in disguise, and fled towards the regions of ancient Helvetic liberty ; where, after long and weavy wandering among those eternal mountains, which form the barriers of nations—whose heads crowned with snows, old as the creation, view the turgid clouds rolling round their base—amid the wildest scenes of nature, he experienced the bitter pangs of reflection, without a beam of distant hope to cheer him in his exile.

In order to divert the cares that wrung his bosom, he had visited the stupendous cataract of the Rhine, he had marked the wanderings of the Emmen and the Reuss, and at length arrived at a charmingly romantic valley, in the neighbourhood of Lugano.

The evening sun shot his yellow rays over olive, orange, and citron groves, which clothed the sides of the far-stretched mountains, when he reached a neat little cottage, seated on a gentle declivity, which terminated in the tranquil waters of an extensive lake, over which gentle zephyrs wafted the softened notes of rustic joy ; the villagers were returning from the labours of the day, and here and there appeared, in distant groups, winding down the avenues of the vine-clad hills.

At the cottage door he was met by two buxom little girls, on whose cheeks bloomed the roses of health, and their dress was such as served not to decorate but display the fine symmetry of their features.

They made a low and graceful courtsey, and then ran in to announce the approach of a stranger.

The charming mother came out, and modestly welcomed him to her cottage, where she set before him the best her simple larder afforded, together with the choicest fruits the children could procure.

He took the infants on his knee, and encouraged their artless prattle by familiar questions and endearments; and from them he learnt that their papa was gone to take a long walk on the mountains, on which account they were unable to accompany him as usual.

Their pleasures, their pastimes, and their mode of education, became the general topics of conversation; and the Marquis discovered in this little group more natural ability and good sense than he had frequently found in the most polished circles. The mother was an intelligent, liberal-minded woman, and delivered her sentiments with the most agreeable and unaffected simplicity—her whole deportment and conduct evinced the most sacred attachment to the maternal and conjugal duties; and she spoke with enthusiasm of the enjoyments of retirement and domestic life.

The mind of the Marquis was much affected, and it was with apparent difficulty he could conceal the various emotions which struggled in his bosom.

The little mountaineers, who had been on the "tiptoe of expectation," for the arrival of their father, now recognized his footstep as he approached the door; and, running out to welcome him, hung around his knees, and danced with excess of rapture, while he distributed between them some flowers, and other natural curiosities indigenous to the soil, which he had picked up in his way.

A sudden pleasure seemed to irradiate the lovely countenance of the mother, as she introduced her consort to his guest. Had a clap of thunder that moment torn from the summit of the neighbouring mountain the eternal rock, which then cast a length of shade across the lake, and hurled it into the vale below, a greater degree of astonishment could not have been depicted in the face of both, than at this unexpected rencounter.

A momentary silence prevailed—conscious remorse touched the heart of the Marquis at the appearance of a son whom he had so much injured, while Lewis stood awed beneath the heretofore authoritative eye of a disobliged parent.

The roses fled the cheek of the amiable Maria, while the husband on his knee deprecated the forgiveness of that father, of whose displeasure she had formerly heard with so much emotion; and who, she now fully expected was come to destroy her happiness for ever.

He perceived their agitation; adversity had softened his heart, and all the father returned! For awhile he could not speak; but took their hands, and, joining them together, lifted his eyes to Heaven, as in the act of imploring blessings on them both. He then snatched the wondering infants to his bosom, and shed over them involuntary tears.

The first tumults this interview had occasioned subsiding, a calmer but more solemn scene ensued. The death of Lady Embleville, and the family misfortunes, engaged all their attention; and, while they listened to the "tale of woe," they mutually paid the tribute due to human calamity.

The Marquis, having now experienced the vicissitudes and fallacy of fortune, acknowledged the superior prudence of his son, in making so judicious a choice, and blessed the Power which so mysteriously disposed him to provide this calm retreat, and those domestic comforts, amidst which he resolved to spend the evening of his days.



ZIRAM, THE HERMIT;

AN EASTERN TALE.

ON the death of Abdouran, his wealth and affairs descended to Ziram, his son. The decease of his parent pierced with affliction the heart of Ziram: after paying the last funeral honours to his memory, he shut himself up in his chamber, and refusing all consolation, resigned himself to his grief. He was, however, at length induced to apply to the concerns which had devolved to his care. His traffic was extended into many countries of the east; his affairs prospered in his hands, and his riches multiplied. But Ziram was ever melancholy, the exercise of commerce grew more and more irksome. His only pleasure was to bury himself in solitude, to disburden his intellects of worldly concerns, to ponder on the shortness of life, the weakness of the frame, and the infirmity of the virtue of man, the vanity of his pursuits, and the awful importance of eternity. These reflections so wrought on his mind in its depressed state, that he resolved to forsake the toil of his avocations, and direct his faculties to a preparation for the

approach of mortality. He exclaimed, "What is the uncertain existence of man, that it should be devoted to the world, to gain, to vanity! Ought it not more reasonably to be consecrated to the duties which shall fit it for interminable futurity! Our utmost efforts are insufficient. All terrestrial concerns are folly and insignificance. Henceforth my life shall be spent in meditation, self-denial, and prayer."

Accordingly Ziram terminated his affairs abruptly, and, sequestering himself from mankind, inhabited a retired cave in an unfrequented part of the country. He dedicated himself to religious services. He practised the most severe austerities. The herbs and fruits were his only food, and the running stream his drink. The goodness, the majesty, and every great attribute of his Creator, occupied his contemplations. Ziram studied the divine law with increasing ardour. In his devotions, he acknowledged his weakness with the deeper humility, implored with anxious earnestness the protection, and magnified in the loftiest praises the bounty, of the Almighty. His moments even of relaxation were filled with open ejaculations or secret breathings of piety, in repeated acknowledgments of absolute dependence, and of inward resignation. His days were a succession of repentant fasts and grateful festivals. Morning and evening he sat contemplating the heavens, and, carrying his thoughts above this resplendent visible canopy, wrapt his imagination in conceptions of the glory of the throne of the Supreme, and the unspeakable refulgence of his reign. He thus qualified and raised his mind to the relish of supernal bliss. Undeviating abstemiousness and self-denial mortified his body to complete subjection; and unceasing religious exercise rendered holiness and sanctity the natural impulses, the uncompelled sensations of his soul, the source and movers of all its inclinations.

One day, after extraordinary humiliation, he sat in the evening at the opening of his cell. His eyes were fixed upon the heavens, his attention was abstracted from surrounding scenes, and he attended long the illuminations and ecstasies which accompany the contemplations of the holy. Transported beyond himself by the sublimity of his thoughts, the night passed unperceived away, and the glimmerings of twilight with the faint rays of morning began to colour the east, ere he was sensible of the lapse of time. Suddenly he beheld a being of ineffable majesty descending the opposite mountain. The soul of Ziram at once sunk within him, and he fell involuntarily with his face to the ground. Quickly he felt the gradually strengthening light which emanated from the heavenly messenger; and when the angel reached him, he raised him

from the ground, and said : " Ziram, thy prayers have ascended to the throne above, and thy meditations have been observed : follow me." He conducted Ziram to the summit of the mountain, and, directing his face towards the east, bade him consider with attention the scenes which lay before him. Ziram perceived afar off various tracts of inexpressible beauty, inhabited by glorious beings, and covered with verdure, flowers, and foliage. The survey inspired him with the most delightful sensations, and suggested a thousand ideas of unexhausted satisfaction and enjoyment. The rest of those remote quarters were veiled in mists and clouds of darkness. As he gazed on their gloom, he felt the most uncomfortable apprehensions, and his soul shuddered with horror. A huge body of water extended from the foot of the mountain, and, rolling through the spacious valley, washed the adjacent coasts. Many rocks were scattered over the stream, and especially where it descended from its source, some of which were concealed, and others exposed to view. There were likewise shoals and whirlpools on every side. A slow but strong current ran directly through the midst of the river,

When he had attentively surveyed these objects, the angel said to Ziram : " The distant parts are the inheritances of futurity, and the tide which thou seest is the passage to them. The vessel of life is now launching on the stream of time. Observe, and meditate it well." Ziram turned his eyes towards the waves, and beheld a small bark just committed to the waters. A being of a celestial form sat at the head. His mind, wholly engaged in some momentous contemplation, appeared abstracted in inward reverence, and intellectual adoration. His overhanging brow seemed to indicate reflection, and a saint-like glory encircled his head. One hand held the rudder, and the other was placed upon his breast. Another being, of more terrestrial semblance, grasped the oar. He seemed of a robust and strong frame, ever inclined to exertion. His eyes were fixed upon the vessel, which was impelled by his efforts. He scarcely devoted a minute to solicitude, but occupied all his time in toil and industry.

The vessel was carried along for some time, by the impulse which it received in launching it forth ; but when it reached the clusters of rocks, and its speed began to slacken, the rower laboured with great violence. It was, however, mostly by fits, and seldom with regularity or perseverance. Often when he perceived the pilot a little remiss, he deviated into smoother parts of the stream, attracted by the appearance of a pleasanter gale, or for the purpose of basking in, and enjoying more fully, the warmth of the sun. Here he was, however, often over-

taken, and by a sudden squall drawn into a frightful eddy, or driven upon an unseen sand bank, it cost him much labour to escape these dangers, which were uniformly attended with damage and loss. The vessel always entered upon these deviations with facility, but regained the proper current through many obstacles and hazards. At the beginning of the course the dangers were numerous and alarming, and it was difficult to keep the middle of the stream; but the way grew afterwards clearer and easier; and after having kept the direct path to the centre stream, the vessel generally moved along in a pleasing and regularly progressive manner, with much less exertion; and the conductors themselves, from habit, joined with more ease and steadiness in their task. Their security was, however, sometimes too great, or their vigilance so remitted, that they fell unawares into snares. Ziram perceived that the rower was often subject to a drowsiness, which crept upon him from fatigue or listlessness, at which times the vessel would constantly turn from the true course, or remain stationary. The pilot, too, seemed occasionally lost in a trance or absence of mind, when, whatever might be the exertions of the rower, the vessel would uniformly run in an oblique direction among the shallows and rocks. But when both the pilot and rower unitedly applied to their office, they proceeded prosperously forwards. And if, in extraordinary difficulties, they appeared likely to fail or faint in their sedulous enduavours, or after a deviation, when struggling to gain their course, they were constantly assisted by a light breeze, which arose and conveyed them out of their embarrassment.

As Ziram was intently examining these objects, the angel said to him: "The being whom thou see at the head is Contemplation, the director of man through the intricacies of the world, and the one at the helm is Labour, the executor of his wishes, and his forwarder on the way. Observe, that when the first alone exerts himself, the vessel, which represents human life, makes no progress, and advances not to that happiness which is indicated in the region of light. Likewise, when Contemplation is dormant, and Labour alone employed, the bark of life deviates from the direct current into dangers and destruction. The shoals and the rocks are the vices and woes which are the effects and catastrophes of such deviations. It is the Union alone of Contemplation and Action that can carry on the vessel of life steadily and successfully in the path of wisdom to the port of happiness. Let these considerations be imprinted on thy heart, and follow the instructions which they contain."



THE TEMPLE OF CLITOMNUS AT SPOLITO.

London, G. Henderson, 2, Old Bailey.

Ziram heard with attentive reverence, the words of the angel ; he was struck with his error, and fell down in adoration. The celestial messenger departed from his view. Ziram returned to the abodes of mankind, exerted himself sedulously in his former occupation, devoting stated periods to meditation and religion, possessing the purity of a hermit, with the diligence of a worldling, without the uselessness of the one, or the sordidness of the other, directing his contemplations to the rectitude and utility of his actions, serving the Supreme, blessing his fellow-creatures with the fruits of his industry, and shining as an example of the union of purity and usefulness, of piety and diligence.



THE TEMPLE OF CLITUMNUS.

Lone wreck of ages gone ! whose very roar
 Hath died i' th' distance—ye have known no change
 But touch of years, while all around is strange,
 Save the wild waves that sweep the bending shore.
 How have ye charmed Time, that he no more
 Should seek your ruin, nor the gentle Earth
 Estrange from your rude forms the love she bore,
 When with wreath'd flowers she garlanded your birth ?
 What *would* ye—tarrying here, when all are fled ?
 Your matted altars left, the lizard's play ;
 Sucking the dews of death among the dead,
 Clinging to earth, and wrestling with decay ?
 Sham'd of your heathen gods—ye will not die,
 Till man redress foul wrong, and plant Christ's cross on high.



LONDON FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH

WALKING dress is this month distinguished as London walking dress ought always to be—neat and comfortable, rather than shewy. Mantles are in very general request, particularly the damasked ones, the colours of which, we observe, are much less glaring than they were last season. Silk mantles, though fashionable, are less worn than the others ; indeed they are less adapted for walking dress, at least upon economical principles. We see also a good many merino dresses worn with large fur capes, or mantelets of the same material as the robe, trimmed with velvet. Bonnets are generally of velvet, or satin of full colours ; they are trimmed with satin ribbons to correspond, and in some instances with velvet flowers : the latter,

however, are rarely employed, the crown being generally ornamented with ribbon only, or with ribbon and a single ostrich feather, which is usually of the colour of the bonnet. Flowers of a small and delicate kind are still used to ornament the interior of the brim; the prettiest mode of disposing them, is a little half wreath placed on each side of the face, between a double border of blond or *tulle*.

Turn we now to carriage dress, where we find a good deal of variety: the mantles that we have lately given, and those that we have described, have lost nothing of their vogue. The make of mantles has not altered, but the material *par excellence*, is at this moment the *satin Esmeralda*; it is a satin of the richest kind, and of different colours, with applications in velvet of a shade darker. We see also a good many velvet mantelets lined and bordered with fur. Some are made with hoods, others with small round capes. The most remarkable novelty of the month is, however, an attempt that is now making to bring cloth dresses into fashion for ladies; they were in fact very much in favour several years ago, before merinos came into vogue, and certainly where cloth is of a very fine and light kind, it drapes as well, and is as advantageous to the shape, as any other material whatsoever. The few robes that have appeared are of an uncommonly fine and soft lady's cloth; the *corsages* are made to button before, and the sleeves, shaped exactly to the arm at the lower part, are bouffanted at the top. Those that have appeared, have no other ornament than the buttons, which are of a very rich and pretty kind, but if the fashion takes, there is no doubt that they will be a good deal ornamented either with fancy silk trimming, velvet, or fur.

Velvet bonnets, and satin ones, trimmed with rep velvet, are in a majority in carriage dress. We see indeed some, but very few, of *pou de soie*, and other rich silks. The shape of bonnets may now be said to be decidedly settled, and we have no doubt that they will remain as they now are, with the brims deep, and long at the sides of the face, till the spring. The trimmings of bonnets vary a good deal: those of satin, ornamented with rep velvet, have the latter disposed in a point, which rises somewhat above the crown of the bonnet, and terminates at the sides under *coques* of ribbon, from one of which a very light sprig of flowers issues, and rises a little above the crown. Velvet bonnets are in general decorated with feathers. Some are plain, and placed nearly upright. Others, that droop to one side, have the edges thickened with marabouts. A third sort, the zebra or party-coloured feathers, are perhaps the most fashionable of the three.

New materials appear every day for evening dress. We may

cite, among the latest, as well as the most elegant, the *Corinna*, a silk flowered in the loom with a richness that can scarcely be distinguished from embroidery. *Satin de Danube*, also flowered, and exceedingly splendid both in colours and solidity, and the *satin Velenté*, a sumptuous material, as rich as velvet, and as soft as muslin.

The forms of robes have not, upon the whole, altered much; they present, however, sufficient variety. Some have the *corsage* cut very low, and in cross folds; in others it is made tight to the figure, and a little pointed at bottom. As to sleeves, short ones are decidedly the mode in evening dress, with the exception, however, of long blond lace sleeves, which are always worn over a *mancheron* corresponding with the robe. Although short sleeves are in general made tight, yet they are ornamented in such a manner as to give them a certain degree of fulness, not indeed to be compared to their former extravagant size, but sufficient to give them at once a dressy and graceful appearance. Some are nearly covered with *ruches* of *tulle*, slightly serpentine; others have two or three *bouillons*, laid on at some distance from each other; a third sort are tight nearly to the bottom, where they terminate by a cuff that forms a heading to the ruffle; it is round, and always set on full. There will be a considerable variety in evening head-dresses this season. We may cite, as one of the most elegant *coiffures*, a piece of coloured gauze, disposed in the style of a turban over the forehead, forming a knot on one side, and leaving the hind hair uncovered. This head-dress, simple in description, may nevertheless be rendered exquisitely becoming, if arranged by a tasteful hand. Blond lace caps of a round form, without *brides*, and ornamented with light small flowers, as white thorn blossoms, &c., &c., have just appeared, and are likely to be much in favour. The colours *à la mode*, are crimson, garter blue, violet, straw, some new shades of green, gray, and red, and some beautiful fancy colours.



PARIS FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH.

WHAT with the very bad weather on the one hand, and the mourning for Charles the Tenth, on the other, promenade dress offers this month but little that can interest our fair readers. The mourning has been more general than was expected; this may partly be accounted for, by the fact that no visitors will be received in the Faubourg Saint Germain, who present themselves in colours; and partly because many of those who were enemies to the late King during his reign, have become

his friends under that of his successor. It is unnecessary to say more of the mourning, than that it is excessively deep in colour, being black and all black, but the materials vary: mourning robes strictly speaking, should be either bombasin or black Cashmere, but we have *poult de soie*, poplin, and even *gros de Naples*; the two former for dress, the latter for undress.

Let us see then what novelties morning and evening dress afford us. In the first, a *robe de chambre* is indispensable [in home costume, and is often more expensive than a *toilette de soiree*. Those most in favour at present, are of Cashmere, with applications of velvet; nothing is more fashionable, than one of those *negligés*, composed of Swedish blue Cashmere, with applications of black velvet. In order to render the costume complete, there must be a pretty little mourning cap of *tulle bouillonné*, the *bouillons* formed by black velvet *agraffes*, and the caul trimmed with Swedish blue ribbon.

Satin, with applications of velvet, is much in vogue in evening dress, I mean, of course, for those who wear colours; brocades and damasks of new patterns have also appeared, and a peculiarly rich satin, the richest indeed that has yet appeared, called *satin suprême*. It was expected that dresses would be much trimmed, but as yet that has not been the case.

There is considerable variety and taste displayed in millinery; blond lace caps seem to increase in favour; they are no longer made with blond plain across the forehead, and are cut out very much behind. Generally speaking, they are not tied under the chin; a long lappet is frequently placed behind the *papillon* in which the front is arranged, and falls in scarf ends on each side. A good many caps, if we may call them so, are made without a caul, so as to leave the hind hair fully displayed. Others have a high pointed caul, ornamented with two or three rows of blond turning upwards; three *coques* of ribbon are placed one above another behind. The front is either composed of a row of blond lace kept in form by flowers that sustain it, or else it is made of plain *tulle*, covering sprigs of heath blossoms, or Spanish jessamine.

Speaking of caps, we must not omit to make honourable mention of the pretty little *bonnet à couronne de Néréide*, the lightest and most graceful head-dress of the season, quite calculated for a sea nymph, if sea nymphs ever wore caps. It is composed of the most transparent blond, small, round, and crowned with a wreath of the most delicate flowers.

Turkish turbans, of a new and beautiful kind of gauze, called *mousseline du harem*, richly embroidered in gold, and intermingled, but in a light style, with velvet, have been adopted by some of our most distinguished *élégantes*; they have no other

ornament than their own graceful folds; indeed, the beauty of the materials renders ornament superfluous. Some few turbans of blond lace have appeared, and are likely to come into favour; it is certainly an elegant head-dress, light and graceful to an uncommon degree, not however so strikingly pretty as the turban caps which have just come in; they are composed of *tulle*, and the front imprisons in its light folds a number of roses without foliage. This head-dress is at once simple, *distingué*, and particularly becoming.

The flowers employed to decorate head-dresses this season, are of the smallest and most fragile kind; large flowers, with the exception of roses, are not admitted. Sprigs, and tufts as well as wreaths of flowers, are all in request; but they must be all of the same light and delicate kind. Fashionable colours are ponceau, grosseille, and other shades of red, *eau de Danube*, lavender gray, garter blue, violet, and different shades of brown and green.



DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATES.

Walking Dress.

BLUE figured Cashmere mantle, lined with blue *gros de Naples*; it is drawn in to the waist behind, and made with a cape of a peculiarly graceful form, exceedingly deep behind, and terminating in long pointed ends before, but cut out as high as the shoulder in a manner very advantageous to the figure. The upper cape, a little of the heart form, is of velvet. Turkish sleeves of moderate size, with small round *mancherons*. Straw-coloured satin hat; an aureole brim, the interior trimmed with *coques* of *velours épinglé*; a low crown, ornamented with *velours épinglé*, and two superb ostrich feathers.

Head-dresses, &c.

Fig. 1.—The robe is of India muslin; the *corsage* is trimmed with a full pelerine of English point lace; it is drawn round by a rose-coloured ribbon, terminating in the centre in a knot with ends. Short full sleeves, trimmed with ribbon. The hair is disposed in round bows at the back of the head, from whence light ones, formed of plaited braids, depend. The front hair, divided on the forehead, is disposed in long ringlets at the sides. Tufts of wild flowers ornament the *coiffure*.

Fig. 2.—Green satin robe; a low *corsage*, and tight sleeves, the former trimmed with papillon bows, the latter ornamented with blond ruffles and knots of ribbon. *Coiffure à la Sevigne*, trimmed with a wreath of flowers.

Fig. 3.—Lilac *pou de soie* robe; low *corsage*, ornamented with a *pelerine mantelet* of Brussels lace, and satin ribbon. Short bouffant sleeves. The hair, disposed in curls at the sides, is ornamented at the back part with sprigs of wild blossoms inserted in the knot of hair, and drooping towards the neck.

Fig. 4.—The hair, arranged in a double bow behind, and braids at the sides, is decorated with a wreath and *coques*, formed of ruby velvet.

Fig. 5.—Robe of pink *mousseline de soie*. Short tight sleeves, trimmed with *tulle* and ribbon; over them are Venetian ones of *tulle*. *Coiffure à la Berthe*, decorated with red roses, and a fancy jewellery ornament.

Public Promenade Dress.

Pelisse of rich Spanish brown satiu, with a *mantelet* of the same material; it is made ample, descending rather below the waist behind, and with long scarf ends. A large hood, which is trimmed, as is also the round of the *mantelet*, with satin set on full, and finished at the edge with black lace. Bonnet of garter blue velvet; a very long and deep brim, the interior simply trimmed in the cap style with blond lace. The crown is profusely decorated with satin ribbons, and a tuft of marabous, both to correspond in colour.

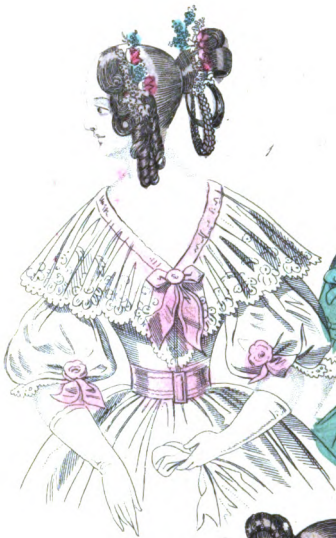
Evening Dress.

Robe of *tissu Memphis*; a buff ground, richly figured in the same hue. The skirt is trimmed with two flounces of *dentille de soie*. Low *corsage*, made tight to the shape, and seamed *en corset* at each side of the front; it is trimmed with a falling tucker of blond lace, and a knot of ribbon, from which long floating ends descend at the bottom of the waist. Short sleeves, profusely trimmed with rows of lace and knots of ribbon. Crimson velvet *chapeau toque*; the foundation low, the brim quite round, short, and turned up; it is trimmed next the face *à la Leontine* with satin, in one of the folds of which a superb bouquet of white ostrich feathers, tipped with crimson, is inserted.

The Daughters of a most distinguished Nobleman have been universally acknowledged by the elite of rank and fashion to be the most beautiful and accomplished ladies that grace the Fashionable Circle: no family was ever more enthusiastically admired both by British and Foreign Nobility, particularly the latter, who express their surprise and admiration, and acknowledge that ENGLAND stands unrivalled in the combination of such native excellence; nor is it a secret, that their personal charms have been rendered so beautifully soft and sweet by the use of that invaluable and inestimable treasure—ROWLAND'S KALYDOR, which not only heightens the feminine contour of native loveliness, but preserves it in all its pristine delicacy against sudden chills and severe colds, but renders it delicately soft and clear, and it is the most Elegant Present that can grace the Toilet of a Lady of Rank.



WALKING DRESS. Illustrated by Google







EVENING DRESS.

THE
LADIES' CABINET
OF
FASHION, MUSIC, AND ROMANCE.

THE TINMAN OF NEW-YORK;

A TRAVELLING LEGEND.

Childe Roeliff was a citizen,
Thorough ye citie knowne,
Who from hys wealthe and dignitie,
Had ryghte conceited growne.

ROELIFF ORENDORF,—or, as he was commonly called, Childe Roeliff, on account of a certain conceited simplicity which caused him to be happily insensible to the sly ridicule called forth by his little purse-proud pomposities,—was a worthy man, and useful citizen, who having got rich by a blunder, had ever after a sovereign and hearty contempt for wisdom. He never could see the use of turning his head inside out, as he was pleased to call it, in thinking of this, that, and the other thing; and truly he was right, for if he had turned his head inside out, he would, peradventure, have found nothing there to repay him for the trouble. But, for all this, he was a decentish sort of a man, as times go; for he subscribed liberally to all public-spirited undertakings that promised to bring him in a good profit; attended upon all public meetings whose proceedings were to be published in the newspapers, with the names of the chairman, secretary, and committee; and gave away his money with tolerable liberality where he was sure of its being recorded. In short, he was wont to say, that he did not mind spending a pound any more than other people, only the loss of the interest was what he grudged a little.

The Childe's father was an honest tinman, in times which try men's pedigrees—that is to say, some forty years ago;
February, 1837.—No. II. Vol. XI. H

and Roeliff being brought up to the same trade—we beg pardon, profession—became, as it were, so enamoured of noise, that he never could endure the silence of the country; was especially melancholy of a summer evening, when all the carts had gone home; and often used to say that Sunday would be intolerable were it not for the ringing of the bells. Yet, for all his attachment to noise, he never made much in the world himself, and what little he did make was in his sleep, he having a most sonorous and musical proboscis. It was thought to be owing to this impatience of repose, or rather silence, that he caused his daughter, at the expense of a great deal of money, to be taught the piano, by a first-rate pianist, whose lessons were so eminently successful, that Roeliff was wont to affirm her playing always put him in mind of the tinman's shop.

His early life, until the age of nearly forty, was spent in plodding and projecting schemes for growing rich, but without success. Having, however, contrived to amass a few thousands, in the good old way of saving a part of his earnings, he was inspired to purchase six acres of land in the outskirts of the city, in doing which he made a most fortunate blunder—he bought in the wrong place, as everybody assured him. In process of years, however, it turned out to have been the right one, for the city took it into its head to grow lustily in that quarter. Streets were laid out lengthwise and crosswise through it; one of which was called after his name. The speculators turned their interests that way, and Roeliff came out of his blunder with a great *plum* in his pocket; nay, some said with a plum in each pocket. "Where is the use," said he to his friends, "of taking such pains to do right, when I have grown rich by what everybody said was wrong?" His friends echoed the sentiment; for what man of two plums was ever contradicted, except by his wife? So Roeliff ever afterward took his own way, without paying the least regard to the opinions of wise people: and if, as we have often read in a book, the proof of the pudding is in the eating, he was right, for I have heard a man of great experience hint, that one-half the mistakes we make in this world come of taking the advice of other people. "Every man," he would say, "is, after all, the best judge of his own business. And if he at any time asks the opinion of others, it should only be that he may gather more reasons for following his own."

The period in which a man grows rich in his own estimation, is the crisis of his fate; and indeed the rule will apply equally to nations. Every day we see people who don't know what to do with themselves because they have grown rich: and so it happened with friend Roeliff.

He was more puzzled a hundred times to know how to spend; than he was in making his fortune; and had it not been for his great resource of standing under the window of a neighbouring tinman's shop, enjoying the merry "clink of hammers closing rivets up," he would have been devoured by the blue devils, which everybody knows are almost as bad as printers' devils. At first he was smitten with an ambition to become literary; accordingly, he purchased all the modern romances: fitted up a library in an elegant style, and one morning determined to set to work improving his mind. About an hour after he was found fast asleep, the book lying at his feet, and his head resting on the table before him. It was with considerable trouble that Mrs. Orendorf at last shook his eyes open; but such was the stultification of ideas produced by this first effort of study, that Roeliff often declared he did not rightly come to himself until he had spent half an hour under the tinman's shop window. This disgusted him with learning, and he turned his attention to the fine arts; bought pictures, busts, casts, and got nearly smothered to death in submitting to an artist's process for obtaining a fac-simile of one of the ugliest faces in the city. He rode this hobby some time with considerable complacency; and covered his library walls with pictures christened after the names of all the most celebrated masters of the three great schools. One day a foreign connoisseur came to see his collection; and on going away, made Roeliff the happiest of men, by assuring him he had not the least doubt his pictures were genuine, since they had all the faults of all the great masters in the highest perfection. "It is of no consequence," thought Roeliff, "how bad they are, provided they are only originals."

But to a man without taste the cultivation of the fine arts soon loses its relish. Affectation is but short-lived in its enjoyments, and the gratification of one vanity creates only a vacuum for the cravings of another. Roeliff was again becalmed for want of some excitement, and the tinman, unfortunately, removed to a distant part of the city, leaving, as it were, a dreadful noiseless solitude behind him. At this critical period, his favourite nephew, an eminent supercargo, who had made the tour of Europe, returned like most of the touring young gentlemen who go abroad to acquire taste and whiskers, with a devouring passion for music. He had heard Paganini, and that was enough to put any man in his senses out of them, in the quavering of a demi-semi-quaver. Under the tuition of the regenerated man, Roeliff soon became music-mad. He subscribed to musical soirées; to private musical parties, held in a public room, in the presence of several hundred strangers; and

enjoyed the treat with such a zest, that it is affirmed he was actually more than once roused from a profound sleep, by the crashes at the end of some of the grand overtures. "Bless me! how exquisite! it puts me in mind of the tinman's shop," would he exclaim, yawning at the same time like the mouth of a cavern.

One summer came—the trying season for people of fashion and sensibility, and the favourite one of Roeliff, who could then sit at the open windows, and enjoy the excitement of noise, dust, and confusion, to the utmost degree possible, in the paradise of Broadway at New-York. But it is time to say something of Mrs. Orendorf, who had a great deal to say for herself, when occasion called for the exercise of her eloquence. About this time she made the discovery, that though she had spent every summer of her life in the city, for more than forty years, without falling a victim to the heat and the bad air, it was quite impossible to do so any longer. In short, the mania of travelling had seized her violently, and honest Roeliff was at length wrought upon to compromise matters with her. Mrs. Roeliff hinted strongly at a trip to Paris, but it would not do. In the first place, he considered his wife a beauty, as she really had been twenty years before; and felt some apprehensions she might be run away with by a French marquis. In the second place, he could not bear the idea of parting for so long a time from the music and dust of New-York; and in the third place, he had some rational doubts whether he should cut any considerable figure in the saloons of Paris. Mrs. Orendorf, however, insisted on going abroad somewhere, and the worthy gentleman proposed Canada. The lady, on being assured that Canada was actually a foreign country, assented to the arrangement; and it was determined that they should stop a few days at the Springs, on their way. Accordingly, Mrs. Orendorf, and her only daughter, Minerva, went forth into the milliners' shops to array themselves gorgeously for the approaching campaign. It was settled that the travelled supercargo, for whom Roeliff entertained an astonishing respect, and in whose favour he had conceived a plan which will be developed in good time, should go with him, as Minerva's beau. Young Dibdill, so he was called, abhorred such things as a family party; and was at first inclined, as he declared, to "cut the whole concern;" but as Minerva was a very pretty girl, and an heiress besides, he at length made up his mind to be bored to death, and accorded his consent, with the air of a person conferring a great favour.

That our travelled readers may not turn up their noses at

Mr. Julius Dibdill for such a barbarous dereliction of the dignity of his *caste*, we will describe our heroine, before we proceed with our legend. She had a beautiful little face, rather pale, and reflecting—a beautiful little figure, round, and finely formed—a beautiful little foot and hand—and the most beautiful little pocket ever worn by woman. It held two plums—for be it known that Roeliff Orendorf had but this only child, and she was heiress to all he had in the world. She was, moreover, accomplished, for she danced, sung, dressed, and walked according to the best models; and what is greatly to her credit, though rich, handsome, and admired, she was not more than half-spoiled. It is not to be denied that she was a little sophisticated, a little affected, and a little too fond of the looking-glass and the milliners' shops; but there was at bottom a foundation of good sense, good feeling, and pure sensibility, which, it was obvious to an attentive observer, would, under happy auspices, in good time, redeem her from all these little foibles.

Minerva, though scarcely eighteen, had many admirers, and might have had many more, had it not been for her unfortunate name, which put the young gentlemen in mind of the goddess of wisdom; and kept some of them at an awful distance. Among these admirers were two who claimed and received particular preference in different ways—her cousin Julius she despised more than any other, and Reuben Rossmore she cherished above all the rest in her heart. Yet, strange to tell, she preferred a walk at noon with Julius, before one with Reuben; and a walk with Reuben of a moonlight evening, to one with her cousin Julius. Would you know the reason of this odd inconsistency? Julius was one of the best dressed and most fashionable young men in the city. He smuggled all his clothes from Paris by means of a friend in one of the packets. Whereas Reuben was generally about twelve hours behind the march of improvement in his dress, and wanted that indispensable requisite of a modern Adonis, a muzzel *à la Bison*. So far as Nature's workmanship went, Reuben was Apollo to a satyr, when compared with Julius; but the tailor cast his thimble, his shears, and his goose into the scale, and restored the balance in favour of the latter. Not one of the charming divinities who emulate the waddle of a duck in their walk, and the celebrated *Venus de Monomotapa* in their figures, but envied Minerva, when escorted by Julius; yet not a single one of them all would have cared, had she walked from Dan to Beer-sheba, and back again, with Reuben Rossmore. Such is the influence of the example of others on the heart of a young girl, that our heroine sometimes would turn a corner when she saw

Reuben coming, while she always met Julius with smiling welcome, or at least something that answered the purpose just as well. To sum up all in one word, Julius was most welcome in public, Reuben in private.

"She is ashamed of me," said Reuben to himself, when he sometimes thought she wished to avoid him; and he would refrain from visiting her for several days. But when at length he overcame his feelings, and went to see her, the manner of her reception in the quiet parlour of the worthy Roeliff banished these throes of pride, and he forgot his suspicions in the joy of a smiling unaffected welcome.

It was on the 29th of June, 1828, that the party, consisting of Roeliff, his lady, daughter, and nephew, two servants, six trunks, and eight handboxes, embarked in the steamboat for Albany. Minerva recommended the safety-barge, on account of the total absence of all danger, and the quiet which reigns in these delightful conveyances. But Roeliff hated quiet, and loved his money; and, on Mrs. Orendorf observing the fare was much higher than in the other boats, like honest John Gilpin—

"Childe Roeliff kissed his loving wife,
O'erjoy'd was he to find,
That though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind."

So they embarked on board one of the fast boats, and away they went up the river, as swift as the wind. It ought to have been stated before, but it is not too late to do it now, that young Rossmore had more than once hinted his desire to accompany them; yet though somewhat of a favourite with the whole party, except Julius, who disliked him from an instinctive perception of his superiority, somehow or another it so happened that no one thought of giving him an invitation. He however accompanied them to the boat; and Minerva, at parting, could not help saying, as she gave him a hand as soft and white as the fleecy snow before it becomes contaminated by touching the dirty earth, accompanied by a smile like that of Aurora, when, in the charming month of June, she leads the rosy hours over the high hills, diffusing light, and warmth, and gladness over the face of nature,—

"I hope we shall meet you in the course of our journey."

The last bell rung—the cry of "Ashore! ashore!" was heard fore and aft the vessel, which lay champing the bit, as it were, like an impatient race-horse; and heaving back and forth in a sort of convulsive effort to be free. Reuben jumped on the wharf—the word was given, the fasts let go, and as if by magic she

glided off, first slowly, then swifter and swifter, until the pier, the streets, the whole city seemed scampering behind, and gradually disappearing like the shadows of a misty morning. For some reason or other, Minerva turned her head towards the receding city, and to the last saw Reuben standing at the end of the pier, watching the progress of the enchanted bark that bore her away.

This was the first time our heroine had set forth to see the world, and of consequence, her imagination had never been blighted by the disappointment of those glowing anticipations with which the fancy of untried and inexperienced youth gilds the yet unexplored terra incognita. Her head was full of unknown beauties that were to spring up under her feet and greet her at every step; and of strange and novel scenes and adventures, of which as yet she could form no definite conception. The novelty of the steamboat, the swiftness of its motion, and the quick succession of beautiful scenery on either shore of the river, for awhile delighted her beyond expression; but she was mortified to find by degrees, that the monotony of motion, the heat of the weather, increased by the effusion of so much scalding steam and vapour from the machinery, gradually produced an irksome and impatient feeling, a peevish wish to arrive at Albany. The confined air of the cabin, the crowd, the clattering of plates, knives, and forks; the impatient bawlings of "waiter! boy!" from hungry passengers, all combined, took away her appetite, and gave her a headach, so that by the time they arrived at the hotel in Albany, she was glad to retire to her chamber, and seek that balmy rest she had hitherto enjoyed at her quiet home. The hurly-burly of the house, which lasted till long after midnight—and the arrival and departure of stages just about the dawn of day; together with that odd feeling which is experienced by persons who go from home for the first time, of occupying a strange bed, banished sleep from her pillow, and she arose languid and unrefreshed. And thus ended the first lesson.

Childe Roeliff would gladly have sojourned a day or two in Albany. It was the city of his ancestors, one of whom had emigrated to New-York, in high dudgeon at beholding the progress of that pestilent practice of building houses with the broadside in front, instead of the gable-end, as had been the custom from time immemorial. He was moreover smitten with admiration of the noise and hurly-burly of the hotel, which reminded him of his old favourite place of resort, the tinman's shop. But Mrs. Orendorf was impatient to reach the Springs, and Minerva, besides some little stimulus of the same kind, longed to get clear of the racket which surrounded her. As to

friend Julius, he had explored the larder of the hotel, and carried his researches into the kitchen; there was nothing but common-place materials in the one, and no French cook in the other. He was therefore ready to turn his back upon Albany at a moment's warning. Accordingly they departed immediately after dinner, and proceeded on their way to Saratoga. The bill made Roeliff look rather blue, but he was too much of a man of spirit to demur, though there was a certain bottle of *chateaux margaux*, which squire Julius had called for, the price of which was above rubies.

The ostensible object of our travellers was to explore and admire all the beauties of the country; but somehow or other they travelled so fast all day, and were so tired when night came, that they scarcely saw anything except from the carriage, on their way to the Springs, which they reached rather late in the evening. A great piece of good fortune befell them on their arrival. A large party had left Congress Hall in the afternoon, and they were consequently enabled to obtain excellent rooms at that grand resort of beauty and fashion. That very evening they had a ball, and Minerva was dragged to it by her mother, though she would not have been able to keep herself awake, had it not been for her astonishment at seeing some of the elderly married ladies dance the waltz and gallopade. Julius was in his element, and created a sensation, by the exuberance of his small-talk and whiskers. Indeed, he was so much admired, that Minerva was almost inclined to doubt her understanding, as well as her experience, both which had long since pronounced him a heartless, headless coxcomb. Two fashionable married ladies at once took him under their patronage, and Childe Roeliff was sometimes so much annoyed at his neglect of his daughter, that he said to himself, in the bitterness of his heart, "I wonder what business married women have with young beaux? In my time it was considered very improper." Poor man, he forgot that he was but lately initiated into high life, and that the march of intellect had been like that of a comet since his time, as he called it.

Minerva was at first astonished, then amused, and then delighted with the noisy easy system of flirtation at that time in vogue at Congress Hall. In the course of a few days—such is the influence of example on the mind of a young inexperienced lady—she lost all that feeling of delicate shyness, which is so apt to embarrass a timid, high-souled, intellectual girl, in her first outset in life; she could run across a room, bounce into a chair, talk loud and long, and quiz people nobody knew, just as well, and with as little of that exploded

vulgarism called, if I recollect aright, blushing, as either Mrs. Asheputtle or Mrs. Dowdykin, both of whom had made the "grand tower," as their husbands took care to inform everybody; and had learned the true Parisian pronunciation, from a French fille-de-chambre of the first pretensions. These two lady patronesses of Congress Hall took our heroine under their special protection, and Mrs. Orendorf affirmed she could see a great improvement in her every day.

"I declare," said she to Roeliff, "I do think Minerva could talk to six gentlemen all at once, and even dance the gallopade with a man she never saw before, without being in the least frightened."

"So much the worse," said the Childe. "In my time a young woman could not say boo to a goose in a strange company, without you hearing her heart beat all the while."

"So much the worse," said Mrs. Roeliff, "what is a woman good for if she can't talk, I wonder."

"I don't know," said the Childe, "except it be to make puddings and mend stockings."

"I wish to heaven you'd mend your manners," cried Mrs. Roeliff; and thus the conference ended, as it generally does in these cases, with a mutual conviction in the mind of each that the other was a most unreasonable person. Nothing, in fact, reconciled Roeliff to the Springs, except the inspiring racket of the drawing-room of Congress Hall, which he declared put him always in mind of the tinman's shop. The following letters were written by Minerva and her cousin Julius, about a week after their arrival at Saratoga Springs.

"To Miss Juliana Grantland, New-York.

"My dear Juliana:—

"I am quite delighted with this place, now that I have got over that bad habit of blushing and trembling, which Mrs. Asheputtle assures me is highly indecent and unbecoming. She says it is a sign of a bad conscience and wicked thoughts, when the blood rushes into the face. I wish you knew Mrs. Asheputtle. She has been all over Europe, and seen several kings of the old dynasties, who, she says, were much more difficult to come at than the new ones, who are so much afraid of the *canaille*, that they are civil to everybody. Only think, how vulgar. Mrs. Asheputtle says, that she knew several men with titles; and that she is sure, if she had not been unfortunately married before, she might have been the wife of the Marquis of *Tête de Veau*. The marquis was terribly disappointed when he found she had a husband already; but they

made amends by forming a Platonic attachment, which means—I don't know really what it means—for Mrs. Asheputtle, it seemed to me, could not tell herself. All I know is, that it must be a delightful thing, and I long to try it, when I am married—for Mrs. Asheputtle says it won't do for a single lady. What can it be, I wonder?

“ You can't think how delightful it is here. The company is so fashionable. I had almost said genteel. But fashion and gentility are quite opposite things, as I have learned since I came. At least, fashion is very opposite to what my ideas of genteel used to be at home. There it was thought genteel, among the humdrum people that visited at our house, to speak in a gentle subdued tone of voice; to move, if one moved at all, without hurry or noise; to refrain from talking with one's mouth full of sweetmeats; to give the floor to others after dancing a quadrille; not to interrupt any one in speaking; and above all not to talk all together, and as loud as possible. But here, my dear Juliana, every thing is different. Everybody talks at once, and as loud as they can, which is very natural and proper, you know, or how could they make themselves heard? Nothing is more common than to see them run from one end of the long-room to the other, and flounce into a chair, as in the game of puss in a corner. And it does seem to me that when the young ladies get a place in a quadrille, or waltz, for quadrilles are vulgar, they don't know when to sit down. I must tell you an odd thing that made me laugh the other night. Julius was dancing the waltz with Mrs. Asheputtle, and their faces somehow came so close together that his whiskers tickled her nose, and set her sneezing, so that she was obliged to sit down. We are so musical here, you can't think; and have private concerts, where the young ladies sing before two or three hundred people. I was foolish enough to be persuaded one night to sing, or rather attempt to sing, 'Thou art gone awa frae me, Mary,' but my heart beat so I could not raise a note, and I was obliged to leave the piano, mortified almost to death, to think that I had exposed myself before so many people. Mrs. Asheputtle lectured me finely, declaring that she was ashamed to see a young lady, who had been under her tuition more than a week, blushing and panting like a miserable innocent. My mother too was very angry, and scolded me for my want of breeding. But I was a little comforted by overhearing a gentleman, who is looked up to by everybody here, on account of his sense and learning, say to another, 'It is quite a treat now-a-days to see anything like feminine timidity. The ladies of the present day have the nerves of the Nemean lion, and are afraid of nothing but

spiders. For my part, I had rather have seen that pretty little girl shrink from this public exhibition, than hear Pasta sing her best. However, if I know the lady who has taken her under her tuition, it will not be long before she is able to sing at a theatre, or in a bear-garden.'

"When I could muster courage to look up, and round about me, who should I see but Reuben Rossmore, standing close at my side, and eying me with such a look of affectionate kindness, that I could have fairly cried, if I had not been ashamed. He spoke to me in a voice, too, that went to my heart, and I should have been happy again, if I had not seen Mrs. Ashputtle looking at Reuben, and giggling. 'Lord, my dear,' whispered she, coming up close to my ear, 'Lord, who is that you shook hands with just now. I never saw such a barbarian, to come here with such a coat as that; why, I believe it was made before the flood. I'll tell you what, my dear, if you don't cut that coat, which was certainly cut by Noah's tailor, I shall cut you, and so will all your fashionable acquaintance.' I could not stand this, so I turned away from Reuben, and pretended not to notice he was near me, or to hear what he said. In a little while he left me, and I saw him no more that evening. I felt my heart sink at his leaving me, though it was my own fault; and was standing by myself, thinking whether he would come again, when I was addressed by the gentleman who made the speech about my singing, or rather my not singing. He beguiled me into a conversation, such as I have not heard since I came; and that so charmingly, that in a little while I forgot my mortified feelings, and chatted away with him, with as little effort or timidity as if I had been talking to my father. He spoke of the beauties of a ride he had taken to Lake George, a day or two before, by the way of Jesup's Landing; and described it in such unaffected, yet rich language, that I was drawn completely out of the scene before me, into rural shades, among rugged rocks, and murmuring waters, and roaring cascades. He seemed pleased with my replies, or rather, I believe, with the deep attention I paid him; and when called away by my mother, I heard him say to his friend,—

"'A charming little girl: it is a great pity she has fallen into such bad company.'

"'Bad company!' replied the other, 'is it not highly fashionable!'

"'Doubtless, but not the less dangerous to a young and inexperienced girl on that account. People who aspire to lead the *ton* are not always the best bred; and the union of fashion and vulgarity is not uncommon. A hoydenish familiarity is

often mistaken for graceful ease; loud talking and boisterous laughter for wit and vivacity; a total disregard to the feelings of supposed inferiors for a lofty sense of superiority; affectation for grace, and swaggering impudence for the air noble.'

"I have since had several conversations with Mr. Seabright—that is his name,—who sometimes puts me out of conceit with Mrs. Asheputtle and her set. He seems to single me out; and though the other young ladies affect to laugh at my conquest of the old bachelor, I can see very well they all consider his notice an honour. Mr. Seabright and Reuben have formed an acquaintance, and take long rides and walks together.

"'That is a young man of merit as well as talents, Miss Orendorf,' said he, this morning, 'very different from the common run.'

"I believe I blushed—I am sure I felt my heart beat at this praise of Reuben. I wished to heaven he would change his tailor.

"My father begins to get tired of this place; and, as for myself, notwithstanding the excitement of talking, flirting, waltzing, galloping, and dressing, I sometimes catch myself getting tired too, and last night yawned in the face of Mrs. Asheputtle as she was describing a Platonic walk by moonlight near the Lake of Geneva with the Marquis of *Tête de Veau*. I fancy she is rather cool since. Since talking with Mr. Seabright I feel my taste for rural scenes reviving, and have persuaded my father to go to Lake George to-morrow, by the way of Jesup's Landing. Mamna seems rather inclined to stay a few days longer, though I don't know why, for Mrs. Asheputtle laughs at her before my face; and I blush to tell you that, I have almost lost the spirit to resent it. Nay, I will confess to you, Juliana, that I have more than once caught myself being ashamed of my kind good parents, because they are ignorant of certain factitious nothings, as Mr. Seabright calls them, which are supposed to constitute good breeding. My Cousin Julius don't seem much pleased with the idea of leaving Mrs. Asheputtle, with whom he has formed a Platonic attachment; for you must know, though fashionable women can have but one husband at a time, they may have as many Platonics as they please. However, he is to accompany us, and seems to think we ought to be grateful for the sacrifice. For my part, I had just as soon he would stay where he is; for though I like to be gallanted by him in public, between ourselves, Juliana, he is the most stupid man in private you ever knew. Adieu, I will write to you again.

"Yours, ever,

"MINERVA ORENDORF."

“ P.S.—I am so pleased ! You must know there has been a little coolness between Reuben and me—about—about his coat, I believe. But it so happened, that my father was in such a good humour at the prospect of getting away from this place at last, that in the fulness of his heart he has invited Reuben to be of the party to Lake George. Reuben pretended to make some excuses, but I could see his eyes sparkle brighter than ever, and he soon got over his scruples. If I don't fit him for this I'm no woman.”

The same post carried the following letter from Mr. Julius Dibdill to his friend Count Rumpel Stiltskin, a distinguished foreigner, and *élève* vice-consul.

“ My dear Count,

“ One of the great disadvantages of foreign travel is, that it unfits one for the enjoyment of anything in one's own country, particularly when that country is so every way inferior to the old world. It is truly a great misfortune for a man to have too much taste and refinement. I feel this truth every day of my life ; and could almost find in my heart to regret the acquirement of habits and accomplishments that almost disqualify me for a citizen of this vulgar republic, which, I am sorry to perceive, seems in a fair way of debauching the whole world with her pernicious example of liberty and equality. If it were not for Delmonico and Palmo, the musical soirées, and a few other matters I should be the most miserable man in the world. Would you believe it, my dear Count, there is not a silver fork to be seen in all the hotels between New-York and Saratoga ? And yet the people pretend to be civilized !

“ I will acquaint you with my reasons for submitting to the martyrdom of beaung my cousin to this place. My uncle, whose wealth, and nothing else, redeems him from utter and irretrievable condemnation in my eyes, has hinted to me, that if I can make myself agreeable to the goddess Minerva, he will come down handsomely on the happy day, and leave us all he has in his will. I thought I might possibly make my courtship endurable by mixing it up with a little flirtation with the dames at the Springs. By-the-way, Count, almost the only improvement I have observed in this country, since I first left it, is in the well-bred married ladies, who begin to relish the European fashion of encouraging young gentlemen in a little harmless flirtation wonderfully. It is one of the highest proofs of the progress of refinement among these barbarians that can be conceived.

“ Travelling in the steam-boat is detestable. The same vile

system of equality which pervades all this horrible country, where no respect is paid to the aristocracy, reigns in all its glory in these abominable inventions of republican genius. At breakfast I sat next a fellow who actually put his knife in his mouth with a bushel of potatoes on it; loaded his plate with contributions from all parts of the table at once; bawled out 'boy!' to the waiters five hundred times, with his mouth full of the produce of the four quarters of the globe; and concluded his trencher feats by upsetting a cup of moderate hot coffee right into my lap. The gormandizing cyclop made me an apology, it is true; but I make a point now of understanding nothing but French and Italian, and looked at the monster with an air of perfect ignorance of what he was pleased to say. 'He is a foreigner, I believe,' said the cyclop to his friend. And I forgave him the coffee, on the score of a mistake so highly complimentary.

"At Albany, where we spent a night, it is sufficient to say that they affected great state at the hotel; with what success you may conjecture, when I tell you there was neither French cookery nor silver forks. Mine honoured uncle and predestined father-in-law, was hugely delighted, however, with his entertainment; and he and the jolly landlord cracked jokes in a style of the most abominable republican equality; or rather, I should say, the landlord joked, and my uncle laughed, having never attempted a joke, I believe, since the old continental war.

"I find this place more tolerable, notwithstanding the absence of the *summum bonum*—an accomplished travelled cook. They are musical here; the amateurs officiate and keep time, like the two buckets of a well—one up, the other down. But this is neither here nor there—it is fashionable abroad—and whatever is fashionable is worthy the attention of fashionable people. My intended was one night persuaded, or rather commanded, by her mother, to attempt a horrible ballad; and, awful to relate, such was her vulgar timidity that she faltered, panted, and was obliged to give up at the conclusion of the first verse. What under heaven shall I do with such a woman? I shall positively take her abroad and shut her up in a nunnery.

"We have also the waltz, the gallopade, and the exquisite mazourka—each more delightful than the other. Nothing in the world is better calculated to dissipate that vulgar awkwardness which is so apt to subsist among strange men and women, accidentally thrown together, than these highly sociable dances, which break down all ceremony and introduce the greatest strangers, as it were, into each other's arms. The first night

of my arrival I singled out the most dashing of the married ladies, a Mrs. Asheputtle, who has travelled: we danced the gallopade, and were as intimate as if we had been hatched in the same dovecot. She is a charming, spirited being, who has travelled to the greatest advantage; is perfectly aware of the innocence of flirtation; admires young fellows of spirit; and has a sovereign contempt for her husband. What excellent materials for a Platonic arrangement are here met together in one person. I foresee we shall be the best friends in the world; or rather, we are already so much so that some of the vulgar begin to look significantly and whisper knowingly on the matter. This is delightful, and gives such a zest to flirtation you know. For my part, I would not care for Venus herself, except we could conjure up a little wonder among these republicans.

“ Mine uncle, the execrable Roeliff Orendorf, has just announced his determination to leave this to-morrow for Lake George, where the ladies are to banquet on the picturesque, and the said Roeliff on black bass. But I—I who have seen the Lago Maggiore, and the Isola Bella—I who have sailed in a gondola on a Venetian canal—I who have eaten of macaroni and Vermicelli soup, concocted by an Italian artist in the very air of Italy—and I who have luxuriated at the Café on *turbot à la crème et au gratin*—I to be bamboozled into admiration or ecstasy by Lake George and its black bass!—forbid it, heaven! But the fiat is gone forth, and we depart to-morrow by a new route, which has been recommended by one Seabright, a quiz, who pretends to taste and all that, though, so far as I can learn, he has never been outside Sandy Hook in his life. He has talked a great deal to the goddess Minerva, and, I dare say, persuaded her she came full formed from the brain of Jove; for though she treats me with attention in public, I must confess to thee, Count, that in private it is exactly otherwise. I sometimes suspect a horrid monster by the name of Reuben Rossmore, who has made his appearance here, and was a beau of hers in New-York. Could I conceive the possibility of a woman who has been accustomed to the cut of my coat for months past, enduring the abstract idea of a man wearing a garment like that of Master Reuben, I should be inclined to a little jealousy. But the thing is impossible. Why, Count, the coat was, beyond all doubt, contrived at least six months ago, and must have been perpetrated by the tailor of King Stephen, whose inexpressibles, you may chance to recollect—for you sometimes pretend to read Shakespeare to please John Bull—cost exactly half-a-crown. I am therefore compelled to believe that she entertains this monstrous oddity

For the truly feminine purpose of spurring me on through the medium of a little jealousy to a premature disclosure of my intentions, and a direct offer of my hand. Jealous!—I, that—but the thing is too ridiculous.

“ However this may be, I intend to propose shortly, for I can’t keep up the farce of courtship and attention much longer. When I am married, you know, it will be in the highest degree vulgar to be civil to her. I shall be a free man then, and hey for Mrs. Asheputtle and the gallopade. I do therefore purpose to take the first opportunity in the course of this diabolical tour, when the moon shines, the stars twinkle, the zephyr whispers, and the very leaves breathe soft aspirations of love, to declare myself to the goddess Minerva, who, if she refuses me, must be more or less than woman. Then shall we be married—then shall I be free—then will that detestable and vulgar old man, mine uncle Roeliff, come down with the shiners—then shall we, or rather I, Julius Dibdill, cut a sublime caper—then will the wicked old man and woman, yclept my father and mother-in-law, go the way of all flesh—and then shall I be worth two plums at least. Glorious anticipation! and certain as glorious.

“ Thine assuredly and ever,

“ JULIUS DIBDILL.

“ P. S.—I have just learned that the man in the antediluvian coat is invited to join our party. So much the better; I shall have somebody to take the goddess Minerva off my hands and study the picturesque with her. But the divine Asheputtle is abroad—she looks up at my window—she smiles—she beckons! Away goes my pen, and I bequeath mine inkstand to the d—l: videlicet, the printer’s devil.”

(To be continued).



LUTZOW'S WILD CHASE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

WHAT gleams from yon wood in the bright sunshine?

Hear it nearer and nearer sounding!

It moves along in a frowning line,

And the wailing horn's shrill notes combine,

The hearer with terror astounding.

Say, whence those black riders? What means their race?

That is Lutzow's wild and desperate chase.

What is it that flits through the forest-shade,
 From mountain to mountain stealing ?
 Now it lurks in darkling ambuscade ;
 Now the wild hurrah and the cannonade
 O'er the fallen Frank are pealing.
 Say, whence those black huntsmen ? What game do they trace ?
 That is Lutzow's wild and desperate chase.

Where yon vineyards bloom, where the Rhine-waves dash,
 The tyrant had sought him a cover ;
 But sudden and swift, like the lightning's flash,
 The avenger plunges,—the billows plash,
 And his strong arms have ferried him over.
 Say, why those black swimmers the Rhine embrace ?
 That is Lutzow's wild and desperate chase.

What conflict rages in yonder glen ?
 What meaneth the broadsword's clashing ?
 'Tis the conflict of lion-hearted men,
 And the watchfires of Freedom are kindled again,
 And the heavens are red with their flashing.
 Say, who are those warriors ? What foe do they face ?
 That is Lutzow's wild and desperate chase.

Who yonder are smiling farewell to the light,
 Where the foe breathes his last execration ?
 Death's hand hath swathed their brows in night,
 But their hearts are firm and their souls are bright,
 They have seen their country's salvation.
 Say, who are those struggling in Death's embrace ?
 That is Lutzow's wild and desperate chase.

Ay ! the wild chase, and the German chase—
 Let tyrants and hangmen shun it !
 But mourn not for us who have run our race !
 For the morning is near, it dawns apace ;
 What though with our lives we have won it !
 And be it proclaimed from race to race :
 That was Lutzow's wild and desperate chase.

D.

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THE GIFTS OF JARCHUS ;
 AN ORIENTAL TALE.

“ Is there any human being so profoundly ignorant,” said Zuimo, the Bramin, as he was one morning offering his orisons to the rising sun ; “ is there,” he repeated, “ any human being so profoundly ignorant, though even of the lowest

order of the Sodees, as not to have heard of the divine philosopher Jarchus, the child of yon glorious luminary, the immediate descendant of the great principle of truth, which formed all things visible and invisible, and produced Brama?"

Nine times did the sage repeat this question before he received any answer; and he might have continued his repetitions, had not his good fortune sent to the bank of the river, where he stood upon a rock, a young man of the name of Arca, who resided near the base of the Damasian mountains, who had been some time observing the sage, and whose ears catching the last of these interrogatories, he was impelled to reply, "I am, O Zuimo the learned! (whose wisdom is the theme of renown from the heights of Tauris to the gulf of Ormus, whose fame for that sublime philosophy which elevates the human mind to the stars, is wafted on the wings of every wind which sweeps this immense peninsula,) that ignorant mortal of whom you seemed to doubt the existence: I have never till this moment heard of Jarchus."

"Never heard of Jarchus?" returned Zuimo, with astonishment, "the offspring of light and truth, who had for himself constructed a chair of virgin gold, in which he could elevate his body to the Suttee, the highest sphere, and hold converse with the planets?"

"Never," said Arca: "gold, though a metal that really circulates, is, I believe, only metaphorical in its elevation."

"Ignorant!" exclaimed the philosopher: "gold, the purest and most sublime of metals, notwithstanding its specific gravity, raises men from the lowest to the highest sphere. I could descant for seven moons upon the power of gold, but that its influence is so obvious. Gold, the legitimate progeny of the Sun, from whom we, philosophically speaking, derive our existence, spreads through all nature, extends from the depth of chaos to the bright empyrean, the celestial fire, the pure object of the devotion of our Magi, the elevated seat of brilliancy and wisdom. Gold—but I must leave this important theme to descend to Jarchus."

"Whom you have raised to a sublime height," said Arca.

"I did this," replied Zuimo, "to show you, in seven instances, how the power of this philosopher became connected with gold and jewels."

"Its proper appendages," said Arca:

"Certainly!" continued Zuimo. "Jarchus, seated in his chair above the third region, where he attracted the attention of the philosophers of the West, to whom, enveloped in clouds, he spoke in thunder, received from the hand of Brama seven rings."

“ Seven rings !” said Arca. “ Of what were they made ?”

“ Of gold, to be sure !” returned Zuimo ; “ what else have we been expatiating upon ? But although the principal substance of these rings was gold, they had in each of them a gem enclosed, indicative of their several qualities.

“ The first displayed a Diamond, the latent meaning of which, denoted brilliancy of ideas, combined with purity of heart.”

“ The second a Ruby, expressive of that warm and animated glow which branches into universal benevolence.

“ The third an Emerald, which, in the composure that it exhibits, typifies the mild verdure of eternal spring, and from a happy combination produces the colour of general nature.

“ The fourth a Sapphire, the cerulean tint of the heavens, gives to the mind the perfect idea of truth.

“ To the fifth, which encircled a Topaz, was believed to appertain the metaphor of caution and sagacity.

“ The sixth, a Chrysolite, seemed to depict a mind varying with the events of the passing hour, and, camelion-like, receiving its colours from the influence of the times and seasons.

“ The seventh an Amethyst, in the beautiful composition of its first principles, contained simplicity and order ; its true emblem was piety, and ultimately dignity.”

“ What an elegant set of jewels !” said Arca. “ I wish Brama had made me a present of these rings.”

“ What would you have done with them ?” replied Zuimo.

“ I would have put them upon seven of my fingers, and so have become at once the possessor of their intrinsic qualities and virtues.”

“ Ignorant again !” exclaimed the sage. “ It was not by the omniscient Brama intended that all these virtues and qualities should be possessed by any one mortal. They were designed to become the treasure of nations. Will you hear his decree ?”

“ Gladly !” cried Arca.

“ He commanded Jarchus to take those seven rings, which contained talismanic properties, and descend to earth, where the fame and importance of his acquisition had already been promulgated. Here he was to bestow these precious gifts to seven virgins, who appeared upon examination best to deserve them : and it was further decreed, that these gems should communicate their virtues to the husbands of the successful applicants, and to their descendants, till time should dissolve itself into eternity.”

“ Oh !” cried Arca, “ that I had had but the good fortune to

have met with a virgin possessed of such a wedding-ring as the Diamond, or the Ruby, or the Emerald ! I would have carried her to my cottage on the banks of the Ganges, where we would have made the whole country smile around us !”

“Ignorant again !” exclaimed the sage. “It was not the mere cottage that the two former were intended to adorn, though they have been sometimes known to have been worn by its inhabitants. The latter I hope you already virtually possess. Now listen to the circumstances attendant upon the disposal of these gifts.”

“I will,” returned Arca.

“Jarchus,” continued Zuimo, “descended in his golden chair to earth. He alighted in the centre of a plain near the Imperial city of Delhi. A superb temple immediately arose over his head, and he found himself seated in a magnificent hall. In a short time, this place, spacious as it was, was filled with applicants.

“The throne of Jarchus was soon after surrounded by a number of competitors for the Diamond ring.

“The first that approached was a lovely virgin, who, conscious of her attractions, seemed to claim this jewel as a matter of right. The sage, in his turn, asked her what pretensions she had to such an especial favour from Brama ! She without hesitation replied, *purity*. The ring was therefore immediately delivered to her : but scarcely had she put it upon her finger, ere she exclaimed, ‘This is no diamond ! the stone has become as black as jet !’—‘It is,’ said Jarchus, as he received the ring from her finger, ‘a property inherent to it on certain occasions.’ In his hand it instantly recovered its former brilliancy. This applicant departed in evident confusion.

“This ring was successively handed to many other candidates, who tried it on their fingers ; but it was not found to fit any, until a girl arrived, accompanied by her parents. This virgin, though not super-eminently beautiful, had that kind of fascinating modesty in her deportment and looks whose attractions are held to be far superior.

“She had already advanced a few steps towards the throne, when, observing the solemn majesty of the sage Jarchus, she shrunk from his presence, and had she not been restrained by her parents, who almost dragged her forward, would have left the hall.

“The sage, perceiving her diffidence, encouragingly took her hand, and asked her what could induce her to suppose that a diamond ring would render it more attractive ?

“‘That was never the idea of Feta,’ returned her father. ‘Her hand, the beauty of which you seem inclined to praise,

O wise Jarchus ! derives its only attraction from another source. Her hands have both taken their exquisite forms from, and been polished by, exertions; by being the organs and instruments of that ingenuity which enables her to support her parents. In that part of India where we dwell, the province of Kasembazar, silks of the finest texture, and of the most exquisitely beautiful patterns, are wove, and those patterns are many of them formed by the hands of Feta.'

" ' I shall,' said the sage Jarchus, (continued Zuimo,) ' be no longer at a loss how to dispose of this ring: those hands which so elegantly execute the effusions of mental ingenuity, and so piously apply the emolument arising from their exertions, deserve the diamond, were it a thousand times more valuable. Indeed it has already become so,' said he, addressing the assembly; ' for you will observe, my children, that on the finger of Feta it has instantly acquired additional brilliancy.' "

" Charming girl !" exclaimed Arca. " She was sure of a good husband."

" The virtues of the ring," added Zuimo, " which I have before told you were talismanic, attracted many admirers. The parents of this interesting virgin approved of the addresses of a youth, the son of a Rajah, whom Feta had long loved, though she had smothered the flame in her own bosom; she had not even made her mother her confidante, on account of the great difference of their situations. It is almost unnecessary to say, that happiness attended their union. But I must observe, that the superior brilliancy of their minds and the purity of their hearts, were of the greatest importance to their country; for while, in the latter instance, they exhibited examples of piety and virtue, which their conditions in life rendered conspicuous, in the former they were led to exertions which stimulated the people to efforts of ingenuity and industry, which, by bettering their condition, rendered piety and virtue more practicable."

" What," said Arca, " became of the Ruby ring ?"

" It was," returned Zuimo, " by the wisdom of Jarchus, decreed to a Persian princess, in whose bosom glowed those exalted qualities which its radiance typified. She was married to the Great Mogul, and, influenced by its latent power, they cultivated benevolence universal as their domination."

" I long," said Arca, " to become acquainted with the success of the Emerald. The applicants for the possession of this jewel were unquestionably numerous, as its colour is a favourite with the followers of the prophet Mahomet, who abound in Hindostan."

" The candidates who endeavoured to possess this ring were

indeed, as you have suggested, numerous," replied Zuimo, "and, for aught I know, there might among them be the votaries of every sect tolerated in India ; but Jarchus did not think himself either qualified or empowered to make any religious distinctions. To him it seemed sufficient if the lives of his applicants were virtuous ; if they endeavoured to fulfil the duties of the several stations in which they had been placed by the omniscient Barma, who, when he created the four orders of mankind, also endued each with rational faculties, which informed them to whom homage and adoration were due. The particular mode in which that homage and adoration should be offered he in a considerable degree left to themselves ; knowing that piety and religion must form the principal links in the great chain which bound society together. The candidates for the Emerald ring were, as I have observed, numerous ; all the young virgins who traversed the plains of Delhi were anxious to possess the emblem of perpetual youth, and to adorn themselves with a jewel which exhibited the spring colour of their fields and forests. A great variety of pretensions were urged. Some founded their claims upon the cultivation of flowers, the gayest children of the spring, the most blooming offspring of nature ; others upon being the inhabitants of farms and villages, and busied in preparing the earth for the production of autumnal fruit. These, and a number of other claims arising from the same sources, were allowed by Jarchus, who, at the moment that he was about to select the successful candidate, and to decree the ring, involuntarily suspended his hand and his voice at the approach of Emira, a virgin who had just then entered the hall, in the elegance of whose person and sprightly and beautiful countenance the spring of youth might be said to be indicated. When she advanced to the first step of the throne, she suffered her loose caftan of lively green to float unrestrained in the breeze, and displayed a tunic and underdress of white satin. The years of the sage Jarchus, although they had bleached his locks and beard, could hardly defend his heart from her animated glances. He hesitated while he asked her upon what principle she founded her claim to the Emerald ring ?"

" ' Upon two, divine Jarchus !' she replied : ' youth and innocent hilarity.'

" ' Youth,' returned the sage, ' is a property common to every candidate, and innocent hilarity I conceive to be its concomitant. Have you, Emira, no higher pretensions ?'

" ' I have,' she replied ; ' but they are seated in the mind, and therefore it is impossible for me to exhibit them. I do not imagine that the beneficent Brama intended this ring as the

reward for the cultivation of a garden, or for labouring in the fields; nor, O venerable sage! for that hilarity which arises from the ebullition of spirits which health and moderate exercise produce, concomitant, as you have observed, to youth, and which generally centre in the possessor. No! what I mean by hilarity is that pleasing internal sensation which blossoms into benignity, that warm effusion of the heart which, from the redundance of its own spirits, impels us, in a variety of forms, derived from their animating emotions of universal philanthropy, to smooth the brow of care, to meliorate the condition of human life, and by such exertions elevate the spirits of others.'

" 'Lovely Emira!' exclaimed the sage, 'the ring is yours! You well deserve it, and I wish that I could at the same time present to you a youth worthy to be your husband.'

" 'I am much obliged to you, O Jarchus!' said Emira; 'but I have already such a youth at hand. To him I shall present the emblem of the mildness and composure of spring, the best emblem that a wife can bestow, and from its influence, and the blessings that it communicates, we shall ardently hope for a series of happiness.'

" 'And a long series of happiness I can promise you,' returned Jarchus. 'Your bliss shall continue during your mortal existence, and be to eternity renewed when you meet before the throne of the Dewtah.'

" 'We come now to the Sapphire ring,' said Arca: 'there were claimants enough for the symbol of constancy, no doubt.'

" 'There were,' returned Zuimo. 'It is recorded, that the virgins surrounded the throne of Jarchus when he displayed this ring, and that the possession of it became among them quite an object of contention. Several of the applicants vaunted on this occasion their own constancy to the objects of their affection, and from this circumstance demanded the emblem of truth which he exhibited. But the divine Jarchus endeavoured to explain to them, that the kind of constancy of which they boasted was not the object intended to be thus rewarded.'

" 'No! then what species of sincerity was it the intention of the omnipotent Brama to reward?' was asked by several of the candidates at the same time.

" 'If you will singly advance to the foot of the throne, and answer my questions,' said the sage, 'I shall probably be able to inform you.'

" 'The virgins, after some little dispute respecting precedence, did as the philosopher directed.'

"To the first that approached his golden chair he said, 'Athma, or divine spirit, for such from your lovely form and tranfluent drapery you appear, let me request you to declare to me your opinion of the charms of your sister candidates. Are they not beautiful as imagination has painted the virgins of the celestial choir that surrounded the diamond throne of the Dewtah!'

"'Beautiful!' she exclaimed with energy: 'Beautiful! Merciful Brama! You might as well term the black and deformed idols erected in the temple of the false prophet of Laos beautiful, or the infernal spirits that sometimes attempt to damp the sacred flames in the caverns of the Gaurs, and who in their distortion and darkness of tints are symbols of the vices of mankind, which are tortuous and shun the light. Beautiful indeed! What a fright is the first! How ill-formed the second! The third is as crooked as the Zuckoom! The fourth as inanimate as the Tartarian Jos. Tus. I need not particularize the defects of the rest; they are sufficiently obvious; but I must generally observe, that the eyes of the whole set, those mental indices, are deficient in brilliancy; their tresses hang straight as the ropes of the vessel that brought me from the border of the lake Chiamay down the Ganges; their teeth the exact patterns of the brown shells found in the sands of Tipra; their features flattened like those of the inhabitants of the Tonquenese mountains; their—but I believe I have said enough.'

"'You have!' returned Jarchus.

"'You perfectly understand me?'

"'Perfectly! Withdraw a few steps until I have spoken to the other candidates. I shall then decree the ring.'

"'To me, of course!' said the virgin.

"Jarchus," continued Zuimo, "for some minutes contemplated the assembly of maidens, but could not find amongst them a black or deformed idol, nor any traces of the distortion of the infernal spirits, which he had by his last examinant been taught to expect. He therefore called them separately to his throne, and privately questioned them. They were all of the same opinion with respect to the beauty of their competitors; and the sage had listened to falsehood and misrepresentation, until, disgusted with their duplicity, he was about to dismiss them, and by the golden thread which was suspended from the sky return the Sapphire ring again to the Dewtah, with an intimation that this jewel, set in the purest of metals, and of the colour of the heavens, where truth eternally resides, could only there find a congenial possessor, when a female, whom he had not till that time observed, stood before him, and, with a

diffidence which heightened her personal attractions, seemed to supplicate the donation of the ring.

“‘Other virgins,’ exclaimed Jarchus, ‘were beautiful; but thou art beauty itself! What is thy name?’

“‘Aximira,’ she replied.

“‘Have you observed the maidens that are, with yourself, competitors upon this occasion?’

“‘Closely!’ said Aximira.

“‘I am almost afraid, O lovely virgin!’ continued Jarchus, ‘to ask your opinion of their persons.’

“‘Why? I will give it correctly; I have neither envy nor jealousy in my bosom.’

“‘Then I do not wonder at its celestial loveliness. What do you think of the first?’

“‘That her charms, which every one must allow are most strikingly brilliant, would shine with still superior lustre, were they not a little shaded by comparison.’

“‘Observe the second.’

“‘Ah! What an elegant form! The third seems as straight and exquisitely proportioned as the cedar of Asam! What enchanting animation distinguishes the fourth! How beautiful is their hair, waving and winding in wanton luxuriance like the foliage of the plass, their teeth white and vivid as the pearls of Ormus!’

“‘Hold! O lovely Aximira! while I enquire if this is your real opinion of your rivals?’

“‘Certainly it is! It must be the opinion of every one who beholds them.’

“‘Here you are mistaken,’ returned the sage; ‘for to me they have painted each other as frights, horrid, haggard, and deformed.’

“‘The deformity to which they allude,’ she replied, ‘from its not exhibiting any eternal symptoms, I should suppose resided in the mind. This, probably, the talismanic properties of the ring would correct.’

“‘It must,’ exclaimed Jarchus, ‘be by example then, O lovely and sincere Aximira! therefore I present this ring, the very emblem of truth, to you, under whose influence it appears that you have already acted. You have, I suppose, a lover!’

“‘I have; he will be charmed with the possession of this ring.’

“‘Is he here?’

“‘No; I wish he were. He is now upon duty in the army of our country.’

“‘A soldier?’

“‘Yes,’ returned Aximira; ‘in whose bosom constancy and

truth are inherent qualities. I shall preserve this ring as his dearest treasure while absent, and present it to him as an emblem of his virtues when he returns.'

"A murmur of disapprobation pervaded the circle of the disappointed sisterhood, which subsided into astonishment on the part of Jarchus when the unsuccessful virgins declared themselves again candidates for the possession of the Topaz ring."

"They conceived it," said Arca, "to be the symbol of envy and jealousy."

"They certainly did so, friend Arca," said Zuimo; "but they shrunk from the presence of the divine Jarchus, when he had explained to them, that those vices, which even the all-pervading Brama could hardly have supposed to have been in so great a degree the inmates of bosoms so beautiful, could be obvious only to the great principle of truth, whose dictates they had abandoned."

"The colour of this ring," said the philosopher, "only indicates sagacity and caution."

"I wonder who became the possessor of this jewel?" cried Arca.

"A virgin of the name of Zelebris," continued Zuimo, "who came from Kencroof, where the king of Siam keeps his court, for the purpose of claiming it."

"What," asked Arca, "were her pretensions?"

"The very virtues which it typified," returned Zuimo. "Zelebris, who had attained more years than any of the other candidates, had repressed the advances of a number of lovers, from motives which did her honour. Situated in the bosom of a court, she had a sagacity still superior to that for which the Siamese are distinguished. The transactions that continually occurred enabled her to develop the intricacies of the human heart. Being immensely rich, and discriminating the motives from which the addresses and adorations that were every day paid to her in a considerable degree emanated, she was, by her superior understanding, armed with caution sufficient to enable her to shrink from them."

"Then," said Arca, "she had the less occasion for the ring."

"True, friend Arca," continued Zuimo; "but you know that it is written in the Beids, that mortals are the more apt to use caution, the less there is occasion for it; though I rather think, that as from the lapse of time the fortress becomes weaker, the garrison should be proportionably strengthened."

"So," added Arca, "poor Zelebris died unmarried?"

"You are mistaken," returned Zuimo: "the same which

attached to the possession of the Topaz ring, which is of a colour deemed imperial by our neighbours the Chinese, occasioned her to obtain the hand of the Mahaomma-rat, who has the honour to sit in the presence of the king, and is first minister of Siam; a courtier who, sagacious and cautious as herself, had remained till past the middle age a bachelor. From this union the happiness of the Siamese may be dated. I could for hours praise the wisdom of the system by which they are governed, but that it is already well known to you."

"It is," said Arca. "The disposal of the Chrysolite ring, I presume, gave to the wise Jarchus more trouble than that of all the others?"

"Just the reverse!" returned Zuimo. "This curious stone, which borrowed its various colours from the reflection and refraction of the different lights in which it was displayed, seemed a true emblem of the great variety of persons, sects, casts, and dispositions, of the inhabitants of this vast peninsula of India. The claimants for it were unquestionably numerous; therefore, as their merits and pretensions were nearly equal, it was decreed by Jarchus, that it should be hung upon the breast-plate of Sommon, who, though now in the eighth heaven, has permitted his image to be erected in the public treasury. He further decreed, that every one who had pretensions should, however diffident, if by fair means they endeavoured to possess themselves of the favour of the god, receive an impression which would appear an exact copy of the valuable original, and which, subject to the influence of all its changes and variations, would in most instances enable them to attain the gems whose colours it reflected; or when, as it hung to their bosoms, it exhibited a sable tint, and seemed converted to jet, it would, in that omen, indicate to them, that the objects which they had been so long and so sedulously anxious to attain, were changed to another, which, turning the pursuer, was inevitable, and certain to overtake them.

"The seventh ring, the polished gold of which enclosed an Amethyst," continued Zuimo, "was eagerly solicited by the higher order of females. The daughters of the Rajahs, Omrahs, Nabobs, and ministers of state, surrounded the throne of Jarchus. In the course of his examination, he had occasion to discover in these young ladies, that they had not been educated exactly in the manner in which he wished the possessor of this ring to have been educated. He observed, that, from the influence of fashion, dissipation had become too prevalent in the dominions of the Great Mogul. They smiled when he spoke of simplicity, which they insisted could only mean simplicity of dress. Order and piety too frequently interfered with

engagements, but to dignity they were all devoted. After much consideration on the part of Jarchus, he decreed the possession of this ring to a young maiden from the kingdom of Boutan, who had fed her flock on the banks of the lake of Elephants, who had been remarkable for her skill in domestic arrangements, and for her filial piety. The acquisition of such a jewel rendered the hand which it adorned a most desirable object. From a train of numerous suitors she chose for her husband a young citizen of Delhi; who, influenced by her example, and from the latent property of the ring possessing those virtues of which it was the emblem, in process of time attained the dignity to which it pointed, having, by gradual steps, ascended to the post of Grand Vizier to the Sultan of the Indies."

"What," said Arca, "became of Jarchus when he had disposed of all his rings?"

"The spirit Sefi descended from the cloud," continued Zuimo, "and thus addressed him: 'Hail! most wise and venerable Jarchus, father of moral philosophy, which is the true basis of piety and virtue! thy labours are acceptable to the omnipotent Brama! Thou hast, through the medium of gold, that universal magnet, planted in the bosoms of the human race the seeds of purity, benevolence, mildness, truth, sagacity, diffidence, order, and piety. These are the jewels bestowed from him by you upon mankind. May they for ever remain unsullied! but the care of preserving them in their pristine brilliancy must be left to their possessors. Fate has decreed to them the means. The manner in which these shall be exerted must be left to their discretion. If they use their best endeavours to cultivate those virtues which he has so liberally bestowed, they will, at the termination of their mortal existence, be rewarded with a chrystal seat near his throne: if, on the contrary, they suffer the virtues which those rings have infused to remain dormant in their minds, they will finally descend to the terrific regions, and be condemned to never-ceasing toil in mines far deeper than those whence these jewels were extracted.'

"At this instant a peal of thunder seemed to rend the heavens. The stature of Sefi appeared to extend until his head touched the roof of the temple. The golden roof of the temple melted into air; its glittering walls sunk into the earth. Numerous voices exclaimed, 'the mission of Jarchus is fulfilled!'—'the mission of Jarchus is fulfilled! was reverberated along the river and through the vallies. The spirit Sefi was no longer visible; his incorporeality had assimilated with the atmosphere. When the storm had abated, Jarchus, the divine

Jarchus, pronounced a benediction upon the people. His golden chair instantly mounted again to the celestial region, where he now has become an object of our devotion where he continually is employed in transmitting our prayers to the omnipotent Brama for mercy, and our thanks for blessings bestowed upon this his chosen nation."



THE HARMONY OF NATURE.

THERE is joy among the icebergs, when ends the polar night,
 And their mighty crystals flash in the newly-wakened light;
 There is joy in shouting Egypt, when through its valleys wide
 Pours the fountain of her harvests its renovated tide:
 Through each zone that belts the earth, Nature sings a gladsome
 song,

In numbers sweetly simple or magnificently strong:
 By the well-spring in the desert, beneath the spreading palm,
 Her voice rings sweet and holy through an atmosphere of balm.
 Where Niagara the burthen of his congregated springs
 Hurls down the yawning chasm, how gloriously she sings!
 Afar in leafy forests, where the axe hath never swung,
 Where the Indian roams sole monarch, and the panther rears
 her young;

In meadows of the wilderness, where proudly in the air
 The elk his antlers tosseth, and the bison makes his lair;
 From heights, where the strong eagle sways his pinions on the
 cloud,
 And valleys, where the vine's bright leaves the blushing clus-
 ters shroud

From the teeming lap of Ocean, where rest the sunny isles,
 And white-winged barks are laden with their rich and mellow
 spoils:

With trumpet-tongued sublimity, or low and silver voice,
 Nature swells the mighty anthem, whose burthen is—"Rejoice!"
 Oh! life sustaining Air, bounding Ocean, verdant Earth,
 The universe is ringing with the music of your mirth!
 Yet wide as is your empire, and vast as is your plan,
 Ye are but vassal servitors, that minister to Man.

'Tis true, in fierce rebellion, there are moments when ye rise,
 And crush the weak defences he hath laboured to devise;
 Yet, past your burst of anger, again ye own his sway,
 Ye come to him with tribute, ye hear him and obey:
 He heweth down and rendeth the patriarchs of the woods,
 He fashions them to palaces, that bear him on the floods;

Next the boundless realms of air must be subject to his pride,
 And lo! the startled eagle beholds him at his side.
 On earth a mighty agent propels him with a speed
 That mocks the fleetest gallop of the desert-nurtured steed;
 Intelligence his sceptre, his weapon and his shield,
 Who shall limit the results that his enterprise may yield?
 How glorious is *his* heritage, how loud should be *his* praise,
 When even things inanimate, a song of gladness raise!
 The bounteous gifts of Providence for ever round him shower,
 For him the wild birds' carol, and for him the bursting flower—
 From the jewelled arch of heaven, to the daisy-chequered sod,
 Is one continued banquet for the master-piece of God.



TO MY INFANT.

SLEEP, blest one, day may dawn,
 But not my babe to waken;
 It is but the first beam of morn
 Thy gentle rest hath shaken.
 Sleep—for thy mother's arms
 Are 'round thee gently twining
 And dear are those soft infant charms
 Upon her breast reclining.
 Sleep—nor may aught but love
 Around thy pillow hover,
 And the holy Power that dwells above,
 Thine heart from anguish cover.
 Start not—'tis but the beam
 Of the sun that glances dearest,
 Yet it wakes thee from thy baby dream:
 What is it, love, thou fearest?



CAZIM AND ZOE;

AN EASTERN TALE.

To the south-east of Tetuan rises a lofty and romantic ridge of mountains, connected with the great chains in the interior of Africa, and terminating towards the Mediterranean in a steep cape. A wild and hardy race of Moors is thinly scattered along the slope of these mountains, but their summits are abandoned to wild beasts. In winter the wolves descend from their lonely haunts, and bowl around the villages which they dare not approach. With the dawn of day they slowly retreat: their gaunt forms are dimly seen through the scattering dark-

ness, and mark the doubtful boundaries which separate the mountain Moor from the four-footed savages of the rocks and caves.

The dress, the manners, and the mode of living of these Moors, are uniform and simple. A coarse tunic girt with a sash forms almost their only covering; their arms and limbs are bare, and their heads scarcely covered by a light red cap. Millet and lentils are their principal food, and water is their sole beverage. They greet one another courteously, but regard a stranger with wonder and distrust, and a European with abhorrence. Amid such a race, the refinements of feeling are almost unknown, or where they exist in any degree, so strong is the contrast of surrounding manners, that they form only a source of unhappiness to the possessor. Hence, events of great interest are rare; but when they do occur, they are strongly marked. The rude mind carries into all its operations the wild and powerful energies of nature.

On a small eminence, near the foot of the mountains, and where they begin to mingle with the wide plains of Tetuan, stand the ruins of a palace, surrounded by orange trees. The roof has fallen in, the courts are choked with rubbish, and even the walls have, in many places, gone to decay; but cisterns, Moorish arches, and terraces raised to command a view of the plains beneath, still remain to testify the former greatness of this building. In the style of the architecture, in the taste of the ornaments, there is nothing to excite regret for what has perished; yet the traveller cannot behold, without a sensation of melancholy, the wild fig-tree beginning to spread its barren branches over even these ruins of human power.

Near a century has elapsed since this palace was inhabited by a powerful Scheik; possessed of large estates, of numerous flocks and herds, and having an unbounded influence over the inhabitants of the neighbouring mountains. His rank invested him with great power, but his liberality, his courtesy, his impartial justice, gave him still more. Prompt in punishing the bad, liberal in rewarding the meritorious, bounteous in his charities, he was revered as the king, the benefactor, and almost as the saint, of the surrounding country.

Of all his numerous family, Zoe, his youngest daughter, was the most beloved. At the age of sixteen, the fame of her beauty was already widely spread, although no man but her father had ever yet beheld her face. The female agents, however, who visited the interior of the women's apartments, were unanimous in praise of her charms, and her hand had already been sought by many of the most illustrious inhabitants of the province. Her own solicitations solely had prevailed upon her

father to decline every alliance. She had sense enough to behold with disgust the jealousies and petty intrigues which existed among the women of the Harem, and she trembled at the idea of leaving an indulgent father only to be mingled with other slaves, and subjected to the tyranny of an unknown husband. She hoped to pass her life in retirement, and in quiet pleasures; but a far different fate was reserved for Zoe.

One evening she walked alone upon the terrace, which commanded a view of the orange gardens, the wide-spread plain of Tetuan, the mountains which border on the straits of Gibraltar, and a small portion of the Mediterranean. The charming prospect, enlightened by the rays of the setting sun, the evening breeze, perfumed with orange blossoms, and the coolness and silence which had already begun to reign through the groves, inspired her with a pensive pleasure, and created mild and new sensations. She was happy to be alone, and yet she involuntarily sighed for a companion, without wishing for any one of those whom she already knew. By degrees the sun sunk behind the mountains in the west, the pale stars began to appear, and the moon to shed her yellow light on the summits of the hills. The birds ceased to chaunt, and all nature became silent, as if preparing to sink to repose. Zoe again sighed, and after some pause was about to return to her apartment, when, by the doubtful light which prevailed, she beheld the figure of a man gliding among the trees which grew near the terrace; startled at this unusual sight, she covered her face with her veil, and hastened back, as if fearful of being intercepted. For a long time she remained confused, and in suspense how to act. Should she mention it, some innocent wretch might become the victim perhaps of a phantom. Might it not have been one of the women of the palace, one of its guardians, or even the shadow of a cloud passing over the face of the rising moon? Fearful, therefore, of having been mistaken, and ashamed of her alarm, Zoe remained silent, concerning this event, and determined to drive all thoughts of it from her mind.

About the same time of the ensuing moon, Zoe happened again to be alone upon the terrace. She stood at one end of it, and cast her eyes over the orange gardens towards the hills. The scene, the hour, the stillness, awakened former impressions, and she turned hastily round to seek her companion, when she again beheld among the trees beneath, and far more distinctly than before, the figure of a young man, standing as if motionless, and with his arms stretched out towards her. She shrieked aloud, but had no power to fly.

"Ah!" said the unknown, "I love thee, I love thee, Zoe;

doom me not to die." So saying, he disappeared amidst the darkest part of the grove.

Meantime the terrace was covered with the female attendants of the palace, who had been alarmed by the cry of the princess. They found her pale and trembling. "Ah, unhappy women!" said she, "cover yourselves with your veils; there is a man in these gardens. I saw him; I heard him speak." So saying, she remained silent, and almost sorry for what had escaped her. In an instant all was alarm and confusion; the women ran to and fro upon the terrace, calling for assistance. The guards were summoned; they searched the gardens diligently during the whole of the night, but when the day dawned they reported to their master, that no man could possibly have escaped their vigilance, and that the princess must undoubtedly have been mistaken.

Two moons more had rolled away, but Zoe never appeared alone upon the terrace. She wished not the guards to be punished, and therefore granted that the whole might have been a delusion; but she was inwardly too well convinced of the reality of what she had seen and heard. The words "I love thee, I love thee, Zoe," uttered with all the warmth of youthful affection, still vibrated on her ear. They had awakened new sensations. Ah! how different were they from the haughty messages sent by powerful Scheiks, to demand her in marriage! Already she forgave the young man for his temerity. She never wished to see him again, but she was happy that he had escaped the diligent researches of the guards.

"At least," said she to herself, "my cries have not occasioned his death. O that I were a peasant girl, and free upon the mountains."

At the end of two months she stood again in the evening at the end of the terrace: her faithful companion, Fatima, alone, accompanied her, and appeared to behold in silence the prospect beneath. "On this very spot," said Zoe, "was I standing when I last beheld that rash youth, who eluded—Oh! Holy Prophet!—Save me, Fatima!—He is there again—let us return—let us fly!" But Fatima neither fled, nor cried out, nor veiled her face. The young man advanced still nearer to the terrace, but screening himself from the view of the house by the bushes. The princess turned away her head, and leaned upon the shoulder of her companion. "Be not astonished, beloved Zoe, still less alarmed at my presence," said the unknown youth. "If thousands love you by the bare description of your charms, how infatuated must he be who has dared to gaze upon you. By stratagems, which love alone could inspire,

I have gained admission to these dangerous gardens. Not only my life is in your hands, but that also of her on whose bosom you now lean; she is my sister. To her I owe that I now dare to appear before you in the habit of a slave; but to her I also owe that I adore you. O happiness too great! I love thee, I love thee, Zoe, doom me not to die!" So saying, he plunged among the bushes, leaving the princess bewildered with astonishment.

"Ah, faithless Fatima," cried she, after a pause, "am I then betrayed, and by you? Cruel as you are, my affection for you is but too well known, else never would you have dared thus to dishonour me." "Hear me, princess," replied Fatima, "he is my only brother, but he blames me wrongfully. His desire of seeing you was first excited by Leila, the wife of the slave-merchant, who conversed to me in his presence incessantly of you. He appeared not to listen, but his youthful imagination was already inflamed. He suddenly disappeared from our father's house, leaving us all in the utmost consternation. At the end of three months he returned, pale, emaciated, and melancholy. His father was too overjoyed at beholding him once more to ask any questions; but to me his beloved sister, he made a full disclosure of his passion. "I have worked as a labourer," said he, in the gardens of Zoe's father. I have seen her, and henceforth can never cease to love. Assist me, Fatima, or the angel of death will soon deprive thee of thy brother." So saying, he shed a flood of tears, which touched me to the soul, and rendered me incapable of withstanding his rash solicitations. It was agreed with Leila that I should be introduced here, in a capacity little above that of a slave, whilst he found occupation in the gardens as a labourer. I need not tell by what means he has corrupted the guardians of the palace, nor how my assiduity to please you has been successful. I am not unworthy of your friendship, nor is my brother of your love. Our father is rich and powerful. He believes us to be with our uncle, who resides near Larasch, and he will gladly hail our return, above all, should you accompany us. Ah, Zoe! let not your friend, let not your only real lover plead in vain!"

Such were the means, such the solicitations, by which Zoe was induced, first, to remain silent, and, after some time to think of love. The idea of a young man braving the most cruel deaths to obtain a sight of her, the ardour of his expressions, and the generous devotion of his sister, all tended to interest her heart, naturally warm, and susceptible of the kindest affections. For a long time, however, she remained indecisive. Honour and pride, her love to her father, and

even the seclusion in which she had lived, rendered her averse to leaving the shades amid which she had been brought up, and trusting herself to an unknown world. Perhaps by degrees she might have stifled her rising passion, and bid adieu to Fatima: or, had the time been protracted, some accident might have discovered the young man, and his death and her disgrace must have been the result. But whilst her mind was in this state, early one morning her father entered her apartment with a joyful countenance—"Rejoice, my daughter," said he, "a husband worthy of you has at length presented himself. Mahmoud, the powerful governor of Oran, and the companion of my youth, hearing of your beauty, has sent from so great a distance to ask your hand. His slave has already presented me, in his name, with five hundred pieces of gold, and has proffered me all his friendship. In three days you will be ready to depart; and you may, from this moment, consider yourself as the most favoured wife of Mahmoud." The joy of the Scheik prevented him from observing the real effect of these words upon his daughter, and he quitted the apartment almost as hastily as he had entered it, to provide for the accommodation of the messengers of his friends.

Alas, for Zoe, the favoured wife of Mahmoud! But Cazim had sworn by the holy well of Zemzem, that she should be his only spouse. Mahmoud had been the early companion of her father, and Cazim was but a few years older than herself. Cazim had braved death, and daily braved it, to obtain her love; and Mahmoud sent his slaves with five hundred pieces of gold to purchase it. Upon a heart like that of Zoe, the effect of this comparison was not lost. She had but a short time to deliberate—but two choices to make. Fatima was at hand to advise, to persuade, to console her. She did not fail to represent a union with Mahmoud in the most melancholy light: and, on the other hand, to paint, in the most flattering colours, the happiness of a life passed with Cazim and herself. No wonder, then, that Zoe was at length persuaded to fly from Mahmoud, and consent to leave her father's house in company with Cazim and Fatima.

It was now the close of autumn, and the rivers were already swollen with the early rains. The sky had been for some days lowering, and the summits of the hills enveloped in clouds. On the evening preceding the intended departure of the slaves of Mahmoud, all these symptoms were increased, but the palace was filled with mirth and revelry, and the storm seemed only to increase the happiness of the safely sheltered guests.

Three hours after sunset, Zoe and her confidante were upon the end of the terrace, at the foot of which Cazim, who had

provided all the means of escape, was waiting for them. They descended by means of a ladder of ropes, which the lover threw up to Fatima, and in a few minutes he, for the first time, held his Zoe in his arms. For some time transport deprived him of the power of utterance ; at length he exclaimed, " Lovely Zoe, forgive my rashness, but heaven itself seems to have favoured our enterprise. The night is dark, the slaves of the palace are engaged in idle amusements, and we are here alone and unobserved. Three trusty friends, each with a swift camel, await us at the garden gate, and before to-morrow's dawn we shall be beyond the reach of all pursuit. Long have I suffered the most cruel anxieties ; but what, except happiness, can now await me with love and Zoe.

Thus spoke the young man intoxicated with passion and blind to the fate which was already so near to him. He pressed the hand of Zoe, he took her in his arms, and carried her across the gardens to the gate which opened toward the mountains. There his friends awaited him, and the trembling maiden was placed in safety on the swiftest camel, which he himself directed. They set off, and taking the path upwards to the hills, as if such had been their intended route, they dropt shawls, slippers, and even jewels and money, to deceive those who might be sent in pursuit of them. Having proceeded about a league, Cazim turned suddenly to the right, and led them down towards a ford in the river.

The night was dark and stormy ; thick clouds covered the hills, and the rain descended in torrents. The paths being slippery, the camels proceeded with difficulty, and the voices of the party were lost in the howling of the tempest. Even the roaring of the torrent could scarcely be heard, and yet Cazim and Zoe were already close upon its banks. What had become of their companions ? None could be seen or heard. Night and darkness covered all with an impenetrable veil. The white foam of the torrent rushing down was alone faintly discernible through the gloom. The lovers halted upon the brink, fearful of missing the ford. Zoe trembled. On a sudden a thousand lights began to gleam upon the mountains behind them. " Ah ! " cried Cazim, " we are betrayed—we are pursued ! —I shall die a cruel death, and Zoe will become the wife of Mahmoud." " Never," answered the maiden, " let us plunge through the stream ; better there to perish than be doomed to a life of misery." They entered the torrent. Scarcely had they proceeded a few paces, when the camel stumbled and threw them both into the stream ; but the young man quitted not his hold of his beloved, and for some time bore her along in safety. But the water deepened rapidly ; already he was up to the

breast, and the most terrible roar of the torrent was still before them. She encouraged her lover, and ever repeated, "Better here to perish than become the wife of Mahmoud."

At length they reached a rock which divided the stream, and which they ascended with difficulty, trembling with cold and wet. "Ah, Zoe!" said the young man, "would to heaven, that the sacrifice of my life could deliver you from our present situation! Alas! the torrent rises. We cannot pass. I will regain the shore, and by yielding myself up procure assistance before it be too late to save your beloved life, and restore you to your father's roof." "No," returned Zoe, "I have united my fate to yours. Had my father permitted it, I had never quitted him; and here, on this cold and lonely rock, I swear, that living or dying I will be yours alone." The lights which shone dimly through the rain, now moved with rapidity down the hill, and clustered together near the water's brink. A loud shout arose. The pursuers had discovered the camel on which the fugitives had ridden, and which had made its way out of the river toward the lights. Those who were mounted on horses endeavoured to cross, but the force of the stream compelled them to return. Some advanced nearly to the rock on which the lovers were, and having listened to the roaring noise, were afraid to venture farther. "Doubtless," they exclaimed, "the princess and her wretched seducer have been carried down by the stream. Allah has inflicted on them a just punishment." Zoe heard them and wept. Her lover drew his scymetar, and waved it with useless anger in the blast.

But the torrent continued to rise, and to increase in fury. A thick and black night set upon the hills, from which a thousand petty cataracts poured down into the bottom of the valley. Large stones began to be rolled along, and were dashed with violence against the rock on which the lovers stood. By degrees the slaves who had been in pursuit were dispersed, or their lights extinguished; but return was impossible. A deep torrent now rushed past both sides of the rock, and had even nearly attained its summit. Thus passed the mournful night. At length a pale dawn appeared in the east, surrounded by dark clouds. By degrees a melancholy light overspread the face of nature, and unveiled the mountains, the gloomy rocks, and the torrent filling the whole bottom of the valley, broken by tremendous whirlpools, and scattered over with sheets of foam. But the rock on which the lovers stood was no longer visible. A violent rippling, and two rapidly diverging lines of foam marked its situation, and the irresistible impetuosity of the stream. Cazim, although standing on the highest crag, was up to the knees in water, and

supported aloft the unfortunate, but faithful companion of his fate.

As the light increased, the objects on both banks became visible. Then could the lovers discern on the one side scattered parties of armed slaves, earnestly looking about in all directions, and on the other, Fatima mounted on her camel, and attended by the friends of Cazim. An impassable torrent separated the two parties. Soon the lovers themselves became visible, when there arose loud cries, threats of vengeance, and tears. Some of the boldest of the slaves spurred their horses into the water, and strove to reach the rock; but they were all swept away by the torrent, and two were swallowed up and seen no more. As to Fatima, the steepness of the bank on that side prevented her from even attempting to render assistance; she could only stretch out her arms, and pour forth useless tears or lamentations, which were lost in the roaring of the torrent.

Then Cazim knew that he and Zoe must die. Numbed with cold and wet, his arms trembled, and he could with difficulty support his companion. Zoe perceived it, and also the danger of her situation. "Put me down, Cazim," said she, "and let us prepare to die together." Yielding more to his fatigue than to her solicitations, he endeavoured to placé her on the rock, but scarcely had her feet touched the water, when the torrent having now a larger surface to act upon, swept them both away. In an instant they appeared twenty yards below the rock, whirling round and round, whilst Cazim [with one arm supported Zoe, and with the other buffeted the waves. They were again swallowed up, and a second time appeared, weak and exhausted, at a still greater distance farther down. The horsemen galloped along the bank, but could scarcely keep pace with the torrent. On the opposite side, the swift camel, on which Fatima rode, appeared to outstrip the wind, but all was in vain. The third time the unfortunate lovers sunk, and rose no more. All day long the sky was covered with dark clouds, and the torrents continued to pour down from the mountains. Three days afterward the bodies of the two lovers were found clasped in each others arms, on the shores of the Mediterranean, close under the high cape, which forms the eastern entrance of the bay of Tetuan. They were discovered by the crew of a small Christian bark, anchored near the beach, and were by them buried together in the sand. Christian rites were performed over Mahometan dead. A white tower on the top of the cliff, serves to direct the eye to the spot beneath, which is still farther distinguished by a ledge of rocks which there runs into the sea. The night when they

were interred was calm. The rainy clouds had all dispersed, the winds were hushed, and the tranquil bosom of the Mediterranean reflected the glimmering stars. But still, in storms, the winds sigh mournfully through the hollow caverns at the base of the cape, and the sea breaking with violence on the rocks, descends in briny tears on the lonely spot hallowed by the remains of Cazim and Zoe.

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SPRING.

Behold, blest change ! the buried flowers revive,
 And all the glad creation seems to live ;
 Refreshing gales their balmy fragrance shed,
 And waking Nature rises from the dead :
 The thickening groves their waving green resume—
 Fresh-opening blossoms breathe a rich perfume :
 While kindly showers their vital power diffuse,
 And teeming earth imbibes the copious dews.

D.

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POETRY.

Inspired, not taught, the bard's exalted art,
 In sacred trust, to few the heavens impart :
 A new, a nobler sense in man to wake,
 From all his instincts all that's earthly take ;
 O'er Nature's works a nameless charm to throw,
 On life a grace, a glory to bestow ;
 Its duties dignify, its joys enhance,
 And lend to truth the interest of romance ;
 To teach content, yet bid our hopes aspire,
 Eudear this world, and fit us for a higher.

G.

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A SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF PAINTING.

To trace the progress of the art as it runs through the family of nations, and descends from age to age—now delighting in the graceful shapes of Grecian fable and tradition—now softening into the milder glories, or rising into the austerer sublimity, of the Christian Church ; to point out the mutual and necessary relation between the creative power of the artist and the perceptive sense of the spectators for whom he works ; and to illustrate the several peculiarities of each division in the history of painting by the corresponding features of the philosophy and poetry of the time—these are topics, which, however indispensable they may appear, have been neglected in most of the existing sketches of the history of the art. We intend therefore to throw back a glance on the more philosophical portions of the subject ; and, not merely to embrace the history of painting, but to illustrate the constant connection of painting with history ; deriving from the former a living illustration of

the various conditions of society; and tracing in the latter the influence of those habits and convictions, which have given to art its character and object.

It is the unfortunate tendency of practical artists, writing upon art, to confine themselves to the external parts of the subject, sacrificing the imaginative to the formal element of painting; and this has produced an absurd notion among a certain class of connoisseurs, amateurs, or enthusiasts, who have lately put forth, perhaps we should say revived, the strange opinion that a practical artist is of all men the least fit to judge of the art, and that it belongs to *them*, that is, the connoisseurs only, to judge of his work. We believe this notion to have lurked in secret, in the bosom of many an amateur for centuries back; but it required the fostering hand of German enthusiasm to publish it, as an axiom, to the world; and to write books upon the supposition, that those who know nothing practically of a subject, are the best judges and instructors concerning it.

Apelles had different notions; for while he bade the shoemaker *stick to his last*, he took his advice about the sandals of his Venus.

In truth, to use the words of the wisest of modern men, "the labours of speculative men, in active matters, seem, to men of experience, little better than Phormio's discourses of war; which appeared to Hannibal as dreams and dotage."

It is certain, that wherever the art of painting first commenced, Greece soon outstripped every other nation.

The first efforts of painting in Greece appear to have been as rude as we found them among the savages of Polynesia. The earliest steps of art in Egypt, and Etruria elude our observation; but the nature of the improvements attributed to Eumanus of Athens teach us what they were in Greece.

The art once exercised, however, neither halted nor tarried. It was sublime in its simplicity in the hands of Polygnotus and his contemporaries. It served their gods and their country. Much improved in beauty, but still grave and dignified, it grew popular in the time of Parrhasius and Zeuxis. Under Apelles and his followers it was devoted to the graces, revelled in beauty, and ministered to the refined pleasures of taste, rather than as at first, to the gratification of higher moral feelings.

Brought down thus to the commoner tone of general society, more various subjects were thought worthy of it. Pyreicus anticipated the subjects of the modern Dutch painters, and it should seem with kindred success. The natural desire for novelty, and the anxiety for individual distinction, produced fire-light scenes, pictures of still life, and other varieties. Fashion, rather than taste, became the guide of purchasers,

and it may truly be said, that the decline of painting began with the Macedonian conquest, which altered the character of the Greeks, and, consequently of their arts.

But alas, for the pictures of Greece! they have perished, and are now mere matter of history, and like the hands that produced them,

Poco polvere son, che nulla sente.

But the temples they adorned, the statues that were coeval with them, the bassi-relievi conceived in the spirit that inspired them, are not utterly gone; and while we have them before us, the history of the pictures of Greece may still borrow a momentary reality as we read over the descriptions of the heroes of Polygnotus, and the Helens and Venuses of Zeuxis and Apelles.

We shall skip over the intervening period which is utterly barren of anything worthy of notice, and land our readers at once in Italy; that land whose artists, in all that belong to the inspiration of painting far exceed all other nations. This seems to be universally allowed, and we are sure no man could stand in the presence of the productions of that classic land of painting, and judge otherwise.

Sculpture was the form in which the genius of Italian art first made its appearance, nor was its shape so strange, or its character so uncouth as we see in the rudiments of art in other nations, because the presence of the works of ancient Greece and old Rome guided and directed the unskilful hand of art. The peculiar character which painting long afterwards carried into excellence, was first expressed in stone, and many of those works are still preserved on buildings and in galleries, and give us a high idea of the creative powers of the people—they are defective only in execution. Painting, during those days, shone indistinctly and dimly; the knowledge of colour was nearly forgotten; skill in the art was lost, and there were no ancient paintings to stimulate and guide the student; sculpture, therefore, had the honour of leading the way in the race of fame, and both appeared as humble vassals in the train of the church, and inspired only to rough-hew her saints and her virgins—to carve foliage and emblazon her banners. To the Christian Greeks, historians concur in attributing the revival of painting; they were a race of wandering mendicants, acquainted with the art of using colours, and skilful in the mechanical process of composition. They possessed no original fancy; had no idea of imitating nature which lived and breathed around them; they copied one another; made lay-figure resemblances of humanity dry and spiritless, and as unsubstantial as shadows

on a wall. They had no national spirit to emulate or excite them; they had no love of religion to animate them in their tasks, and their angels, their virgins, and their saints, are a reproach to the early church. Italy had to add all that gives glory to art, to the mechanical knowledge with which those wanderers furnished her, and it was not slow in coming.

Giovanni Cimabue, and greater still, Giotto, both of Florence, were the first to assert the natural dignity and originality of art, and the story of those illustrious friends is instructive and romantic. The former was a gentleman, by birth and scholarship, and brought to his art a knowledge of the poetry and sculpture of Greece and Rome. The latter was a shepherd; when the inspiration of art fell upon him he was watching his flocks among the hills, and his first attempts in art were to draw his sheep and goats upon rocks and stones. It happened that Cimabue, who was then high in fame, observed the sketches of the gifted shepherd; entered into conversation with him; heard from his own lips his natural notions of the dignity of art, and was so much charmed by his compositions and conversation, that he carried him to Florence, and became his close and intimate friend and associate. They found Italian painting rude in form, and without spirit and without sentiment; they let out their own hearts fully in their compositions, and to this day their works are highly esteemed for grave dignity of character, and for originality of conception. Of those great Florentines, Giotto the shepherd, is confessedly the more eminent; in him we see the dawn or rather the sunrise of the fuller light of Raphael.

When one contemplates some of his heads of men; some of his forms proportioned far beyond the littleness of his contemporaries; his taste in natural, flowing, and becoming drapery; some of his attitudes after the manner of the antique, breathing grace and tranquillity; it is scarcely possible to doubt that he derived great advantage from the ancient sculpture.

In 1300, when Cimabue and Giotto appeared, art presented an aspect sufficiently curious to merit a particular description. Though St. Luke himself was patron, it had no claim, in point of excellence, upon divine protection. A professor of cutting stone and colouring wood was called a master-workman, and the place where he wrought bore the humble name of work-shop. The dignity of his pursuit was so little acknowledged, that he was classed with the ordinary labourers in wood or in stone, and whilst the sculptor had to condescend to toil as a mason, the painter had to seek subsistence in ornamenting cupboards, and chairs, and chests. He painted, too, the heraldic monsters

on the warrior's shield and helmet; he emblazoned his banner and ornamented the trappings of his war-horse. In the church his labours were of a very limited and subordinate nature. The Gothic architecture, which was then fashionable in Italy, presented little continued space for the display of pictorial invention, and the pencil was employed in embellishing with gold and the choicest colours, the rude images of the founder of the church. He found room, too, for minute representations of miracles and other Scripture subjects; but all his efforts were entirely subordinate to architecture, and architecture permitted him not to overflow the limits of diminutive pannels and narrow bands and entablatures. Art was then a strange mixture of carving and gilding, and inlaying and painting; nor did it assert its proper dignity till the disuse of the Gothic style of architecture gave room for genius to grow and expand in grandeur as it increased in dimensions. The colours which embodied the traditions of the church in those times are still fresh and brilliant, solid and durable, and cannot be obliterated without destroying the material to which they are attached. The moderns are unacquainted with the secret of this splendid and durable colouring.

The descendants of Giotto, his grandson, and great grandson, followed in the footsteps of their ancestor, and produced works worthy of his fame. The Florentines said that the soul of Giotto had transmigrated and animated the latter, and they distinguished him by the name of Giottino. He painted some noble works; the Fall of Lucifer, the Triumph of Christ, and the Acts of the Apostles. But the triumph of painting was far from complete; and artists were glad to eke the scanty revenue which they derived from painting subjects for churches, by embellishing the backs of couches, the lids of coffers, the doors of cabinets, from fable and from history, and many of those early works have found places in galleries, and are distinguished for their truth, nature and rich colouring.

Maso Masaccio succeeded the descendants of Giotto, and left the stamp of his talents strongly impressed on his works; he was distinguished for boldness and vigour; he dared to evade the sanctities of heaven, and his saints and his angels have an air of solemn grandeur worthy of Raphael. He had a very original spirit; he freely introduced human feeling and human passion; his draperies are simple and flowing; his colouring varied and harmonious, and the relief commanding and grand. He was followed by Gozzoli, who, to a fancy brilliant and picturesque, added a love of ornamenting his flowing draperies with gold. His genius was bold and irregular: he loved nature, and desired only to see art through her. He had

been praised by Richardson; and Vasari declares that his work in the Campo Santo, which he conceived and executed in two years, is a production fit to appal a legion of painters.

During all this interesting period, from 1300 to 1400, the works of the painters of Italy were in fresco, for oil colours were unknown, and the productions which merit attention were from Florentine artists. Art had, however, caught its future character; the conceptions of the early masters were just and noble; it required equal genius, more consummate art, and more ductile materials to make them complete. Oil colours were invented by John of Bruges, about 1410; and their influence on art was soon manifest. The secret was kept for a time: Antonello brought it from Flanders, and communicated it to Dominico, who, in his turn, confided it to his friend Castagno of Florence, who perfidiously stabbed his benefactor, that he might reap the rich harvest which a judicious use of this new discovery promised. It is, however, asserted by many writers, that oil colours were well known to the Romans. To sustain this assertion, they state that a figure of St. Helena, holding the future Emperor Constantine in her arms, though wrought in silk by the saint herself, has evidently been strengthened in the faces and in the hands by colours prepared in oil. Much good learning resulting from curious research has been employed in sustaining or confuting this conjecture, but all that is gained is doubt and uncertainty. Chemical experiments have been resorted to, and those works which the learned have claimed as oil paintings, are discovered to be fresco varnished with oil. During this investigation, some little light was thrown on the old art of colouring. Fine gums, the yolks and the whites of eggs, virgin wax, and other materials of a similar kind, were employed, it seems, in fixing the colours. It is probable that oil had been partially used for sometime before the days of John of Bruges. The successful use dates the discovery.

But oil colours, which brought more harmony, delicacy and brilliance into the art, were long in becoming universal. Many Florentine artists adhered to the original colours in which they had first studied; and men of genius were not wanting, and Michael Angelo long afterwards among the number, who considered water colours the only noble materials for embodying their inventions. They stigmatized the new discovery as tending to supplant sentiment by splendour, and human emotion by dazzling hues and tawdry picturesque. Oil colours gained every year an increase of reputation, and finally succeeded in



Sig. Vilano del.

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VIEW AT ALBANO.

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overcoming the prejudices of the ignorant and the obstinacy of the learned.

The year 1470 is an era in which the artists of Florence distinguished themselves in the service of the church. Sixtus IV. invited several members of the Florentine school to embellish the splendid chapel which bears the founder's name. In this edifice they recorded the history of Moses on one side, and that of Christ on the other, contrasting the Old Testament law with that of the New; confronting the shade with the light, the type with the person typified. The whole breathes a spirit free and unborrowed; there is unusual richness in the colours, and uncommon ease in the draperies. Dominico, who assisted in the work, was the first Florentine who displayed skilful grouping and depth of composition; who dismissed gold fringes and gaudy externals, and trusted to simplicity and nature; and Luca Signorella added knowledge of anatomy, and had the honour of being imitated by Michael Angelo.

Such was the state of the art in Tuscany about the beginning of the sixteenth century. Much was then attained, because nature began to be imitated, especially in the heads, to which artists imparted a vivacity that, even at this day, is surprising. On viewing the figures and portraits of those times, they actually appear to look at and to desire to enter into conversation with the beholder. It still remained, however, to give ideal beauty to the figure, fulness to design, and harmony to colouring; a true method to aerial perspective, variety to composition, and freedom to the pencil, which, on the whole, was still timid. Every circumstance conspired to this melioration of the art in Florence, as well as in other places. The taste for magnificent edifices had revived throughout Italy. Many of the finest churches, many public edifices, and ducal palaces which still remain at Milan, Mantua, and Venice, in Urbino, Rimini, Pesaro, and Ferrara, were executed about this period: not to mention those buildings in Florence and in Rome, where magnificence contended with elegance. It became necessary to ornament them, and this produced that noble emulation among artists, that grand fermentation of ideas which invariably advance the progress of art. The study of poetry, so analogous to that of painting, had advanced to a degree which conferred on the whole age the epithet of *Golden*, a name which it certainly did not merit on the score of more severe studies. The design of the artists of that period, though something dry, was yet pure and correct, and afforded the best instruction to the succeeding age.

(To be continued.)

THE WINDS AND THE FLOWERS.

SONG OF THE WINDS.*

Our pinions droop with weariness,
 For thrice the globe we've spanned ;
 We've swept the ice-plain's dreariness,
 And piled the desert's sand,
 Since last, sweet flowers, we rested on
 Your leaves of radiant hue,
 And drank from your rich nectar-cups
 The strength-renewing dew.

We've bowed with mighty hurricanes
 The forest's lofty pride—
 O'er ocean's winged leviathans
 We've poured its searchless tide :
 And now we come like conquerors,
 From scenes of death and doom,
 Oppressed with toil, and languishing
 For beauty and perfume.

The garden's painted wanderers
 Flit over you in swarms—
 The bees, those chartered plunderers,
 Are feasting on your charms ;
 But we're no gaudy parasites,
 We wear no hidden sting—
 The fragrance they but rob you of,
 Our cooling kisses bring.

When shadeless noon distresses you,
 We'll flutter gently round,
 We'll dry the dew that presses you
 At morning to the ground :
 We'll throw aside inconstancy,
 Enchained, for ever dwell,
 And in love's softest whispering
 Our changeless passion tell.

SONG OF THE FLOWERS.

Think you we know ye not, profligate levelers ?
 Treachery lurks in your libertine kiss—
 Woe to the banquet at which you've been revelers,
 When you are sated with beauty and bliss ;
 Breathing around us so softly and leisurely,
 When from the South, summer tidings you bear,
 But, having rifled our heart's fragrant treasury,
 Whirling, for pastime, our leaves in the air.

What though you swear that your love's an undying one,—
 Flatterers, have ye not often deceived ?
 If your 'soft whisper' should prove but a lying one,
 Would you not' augh that its breath we believed ?
 Bound by no law, save the love of oppressing us,
 Oft your fierce wrath cuts us down as it raves :
 E'en at the moment when gently caressing us,
 Do we not bow to your kisses like slaves ?

Yet so we love you, ye wild and capricious ones,
 All this we'd bear—for we faint when you roam—
 Garlands of beauty we'd twine you, delicious ones,
 If their light links would but bind you to home :
 Then should you drink perfumed dew from our chalices
 Roving no more 'mid misasmas and death ;
 Then should our hearts, that have ne'er known what malice is,
 Glow and expand in your life-giving breath.

The sounds grew more faint, 'till my ear ceased to drink them,
 And lo ! I had slept in my vine-trelliced bower—
 'Twas a dream—but a moral, let maidens bethink them,
 May even be drawn from a breeze and a flower.

THE MEETING.

Calm was the air, serene the sky,
 Nor rustling winds were heard,
 To hail the morn, the radiant sun
 In golden robes appeared.
 When wandering in the deep recess,
 Amidst a verdant grove,
 A pilgrim mourned in silent woe
 His ill requited love.
 Pale were his cheeks, where erst
 with health,
 Did youthful beauty glow ;
 But grief had chill'd his vernal bloom
 And rent his faded brow.
 The ensigns of the Christian cross
 Upon his breast he wore ;
 And, as he hopeless went, he sighed
 Away the unheeded hour.
 High o'er his head, in grandeur wild,
 Grew many a tow'ring pine ;
 The lofty elm, and stately oak,
 Their shady bowers entwine.
 Along the stream's meandering side
 The weeping willows sprung,
 The lilac gay, and blushing rose
 With dew celestial hung.
 Beneath, grew every various flower
 Of every various hue,
 The hyacinth, and fragrant pink,
 And lovely violet blue.
 With balmy burden, wanton, wild,
 The gentle zephyrs played :
 The sweet birds wak'ned raptures high
 By dear affection swayed.
 The linnets sung from spray to spray,
 With happiness replete,
 The sparrow, with the red-breast,
 hopped
 Before the pilgrim's feet.
 The lovely thrush so gaily trilled
 The blossomed boughs among ;
 And on the hawthorn-bushes perched,
 Lone Philomela sung.
 The birds with loud hosannas tuned
 Their heavenly quires to love.
 When lo ! a voice divinely sweet
 Re-echoed through the grove.
 No fancied accents wave upon
 The heart-broke pilgrim's ear ;
 While thus the impassioned voice of
 woe
 Pathetic claimed the tear :
 Tell me, my lute, can thy soft strain
 So gently speak my moan,
 When Nature's voice is jocund round,
 And sorrow's breath is flown.
 For me, condemned through life's
 long tie,
 To rue that fatal morn,
 When first from me and love's alarm
 My Edwin roamed forlorn.

Oh Edwin dear ! where'er thou art,
 May heaven its blessings shed,
 With thee my joy, my comfort went,
 Pale anguish rears its head.
 So peaceful were those happy days,
 And oh ! those happy hours,
 When thy dear love-commanding mien
 Did cheer thy native bowers.
 But ah ! the flattering scene is past,
 My fate I must deplore ;
 For wretched life knows no content,
 Since Edwin is no more.
 In this sequestered lone retreat,
 My earliest steps I'll tread,
 And join with Philomel my tale,
 That gentle Edwin's fled.
 The pilgrim with dejected eyes
 Cast round a wistful look,
 And still those words were sweeter
 heard
 Along the winding brook.
 When o'er the dew be-sprinkled lawn,
 Beneath a verdant vine,
 Attired in sable weeds of woe,
 Appeared a form divine.
 The wild surprise his presence gave,
 Her breast with anguish fires ;
 Pensive and sad, full deep she sighed,
 Nor unalarmed retires.
 The trance dispell'd the moments past,
 Stay, sweet illusion ! stay ;
 No rufian bold, with base attempt,
 Your lonely walks betray.
 But here I tread, with steps forlorn,
 The form of pale Despair !
 To seek the peace-inspiring tomb,
 And meet with pity there.
 She saw his face with paleness spread,
 The tears rush from their spheres ;
 And, touched with pity's rising sway,
 She thus his bosom cheers :
 That mournful plaint and graceful mien
 Bespeak the courteous breast,
 Then why to these lone scenes repair,
 A sad reluctant guest ?
 Ah ! has fell Sorrow's tyrant power
 Thy soul enwrapped in woe ?
 Why grieves thy heart with sad des-
 pair,
 Thy tears so fastly flow ?
 If love exulting charmed your views
 In an unhappy hour,
 No longer court the obdurate fair,
 Her coldness mourn no more.
 Or, if poor prey of treacherous arts,
 Of false entitled friends,
 Hope beckons with an aspect mild,
 And points where anguish ends !
 Then, gentle pilgrim, learn to shun
 What e'er corrodes the mind ;

No more, impatient of your fate,
To rashness be inclined.
Oh! soothing sounds, that whisper
peace,
The pilgrim cried forlorn;
Alas! those joys that once I prized,
Will never more return.
Ah! look on this dejected form!
To sorrow ever dear;
And may my love lorn story told,
Your heavenly pity share!
By science favoured, fraught with hope,
Arose my orient spring;
And rap't by wisdom's sacred page,
I plumed my towering wing.
With growing years my softened soul
Love's quivering fires confest;
Which with a free unspotted flame
Transfixt my panting breast.
But ah! too soon the ruthless Fates
My fondest wishes crost;
Fair fame, and balmy peace of mind,
In one sad hour were lost.
Beside the gentle Ravensbourn
My hapless breath I drew;
And there I first beheld that form,
Which made me love so true.
On that long famed heroic stream,
My Anna graced the day;
There, foremost of the virgin train,
She bore the prize away.
As opening buds appear in spring,
Unsuilied was her youth;
And sweetest innocence she wore,
Which lessened holy truth.
Her form was lovelier than the rose,
Or new blown blossoms fair,
The softest smiles that beauty boasts
Shone in her heavenly air.
Oh! had she never smiled on me,
I never should causeless rue;
But think how false, how cruel she,
Her fatal aim how true.
To give me hopes of her dear love,
Then that dear love forego!
And with a cold and fixed disdain
To seal my lasting woe!
Full fifteen years I sighed for her,
And sighed that time in vain;
She saw unmoved my deep distress,
Nor wished to ease my pain.
Then pining, friendless, and forlorn!
I shunned her fatal pride,
And took my last long leave of her
I wished to see my bride,
I left my dear and native isle,
And ploughed the raging main;
And sought in various distant climes
Relief from woe and pain.
I sailed to the cruel North,
And to the horrid Zone;
But love that rules all time and space,
Increased my pensive moan.
In scenes of danger, and of dread,
Where murdering cannons roar,

Fearless I braved each hostile shock,
And wished to be no more.
Each death I thought despair could
shew
Upon the ocean wide;
When heaven was pleased our bark
to steer
To Avon's gentle tide.
Now faint, each sad returning day,
I seek the lonely vale;
And to the listening woods and groves,
Repeat my mournful tale.
Oft too, by Cynthia's solemn light,
I range the sounding shore,
Lamenting there my Anna's name,
While bounding billows roar.
Still her dear image rules my heart
With memorable love!
For I, alas! shall never return
Her sovereign pride to prove.
Oh! could she feel what now I feel,
Or view my wretched state!
Her cruel heart she would unbraid,
And read my hovering fate!
But woes like mine with languid hope
I cannot long endure;
The ruby gem within my breast,
Death! only death can cure.
Deep in the forest I'll repine,
Reflecting on my truth,
Whom love abandoned to despair
In early prime of youth.
And there, on humble bed of clay,
I'll bow my injured frame;
Till Death's stern mandate seals my
woes,
And gives sweet peace again.
When lying on my untimely bier,
My cruel death shall shew
The lasting love I felt for her,
Whom tears could not subdue!
No longer could the fair one hide
What first to hide she strove;
Her looks resume their youthful tint,
And flush with virtuous love.
Forbid it, Heavenly Powers! she
cried,
Thou Heaven and Nature too!
And oh! my Edwin, weep no more,
Thy Anna is most true.
Oh Edwin dear! in me behold
A heart that's yours alone;
Long has it owned love's gentle sway,
But long, alas! unknown.
Of shades the solitary guest,
Here have I learnt to stay;
And slow the heavy hours advanced,
Till this eventful day.
But now the fatal conflict's o'er,
My weary mind is free,
And every hour that Heaven can
spare,
Will I devote to thee.
Then let us, let us join our hands,
Our hearts can never divide;
The object of your faithful love
Will be your willing bride.

MAURICE LYNFLAGER ;
OR, THE MERCHANT OF AMSTERDAM.

(Continued from p. 16.)

MAURICE having arrived at his father's house, he found his mother busily occupied in arranging his linen for the long journey he was about to undertake. His father was not at home, but his mother seemed to welcome him with more than usual affection. It was however evident that her heart was full. Tears stood in her eyes!

"Are you well dear mother?" asked her son with much affection.

"Yes, my dear boy I am well in health, but my mind is full of your long journey. Pray God that I may be enabled to receive you upon your return, and give you the kiss of welcome with the same satisfaction that I now feel! Oh my child!—when in distant climes you take this linen from your coffer, think that your mother spun the whole of it with her own hands. And let it witness her affection for you."

She was here interrupted.—The door burst open and Maurice's father (not very gentle in his motions at any time) entered, saying: "How, Maurice already arrived.—Welcome home!—I hardly expected you to leave Rotterdam so soon. But welcome!—How did you find my old friend?—How large is the ship that you are to go in? and how do you like the skipper?"

Maurice answered these questions as well as he could; not forgetting to express his approbation of the whole family of Van Vhit.—He mentioned their kind reception of him—spoke highly of the boys—wished to say more of Maria, but could not utter a word. He praised the good ship Maria, and thus had the pleasure of repeating the name of which his heart was full.

"I am glad you are so much pleased with them," said Lynslager; "I hope my old friend's children may prove a comfort to him! But what day will you embark?"

"That is not yet fixed. The Captain expects to be yet a fortnight taking in her lading, but when the day is appointed they will let me know: and they earnestly wish you and my mother to accompany me to Rotterdam."

"Good! good!" exclaimed his father. "We will certainly go to Rotterdam. We will see our son embark! That will be some satisfaction," said he, turning to his wife, who he found was unable to restrain her tears.—She was however not to be consoled.

Maurice in due time received a letter from the young man who was to travel with him, informing him that the ship was ready. The conclusion of the brief epistle contained the compliments of all the family. Maria was named. Those who have been in love will not deem Maurice weak or foolish, that so common-place a circumstance interested him, even to occasion a suffusion on his countenance; to those who have not, as I have repeated the truth, I can only leave them to their censures.

Lynslager received also a note from Van Vhit, containing a pressing invitation for him and his wife to come to Rotterdam with their son, whose presence there was considered as immediately necessary. Lynslager desired Maurice to reply to this letter. He willingly accepted the invitation, and said he would be there in two days.

Words are inadequate to express his mother's feelings at these words. She, however, endeavoured to hide her emotion from her husband; and Lynslager, to give her time to recover herself invited his son to walk on the Brutencamp: Maurice acceded to this demand with pleasure.

They talked for some minutes of indifferent things. Soon however the fond father mentioned the proposed journey; spoke to his son of his wants, advised him to view every thing worth seeing in the countries he was about to visit; touched upon the danger of the sea; begged him to be very temperate, particularly with regard to fruit, for not attending enough to this particular many persons have lost their lives. He warned Maurice likewise of the fascinations of these warm climes, where the passions are quickly raised to a pitch we have no idea of in these northern countries; the manners of society are likewise more free than they are here. A young man removed from his friends, needs a double share of prudence and watchfulness, to be enabled to escape all these allurements.

They were now arrived at the Harlemsche port; and could therefore speak with more freedom, than in the crowded town. The father addressed his son in the following manner:—

“Dear Maurice! I have not now spoken to you, as to a child; but as to a man, to an attached friend, pray endeavour to maintain yourself firm in the religious principles you now profess. Behave as becomes a Dutchman, and you will never disgrace yourself nor your friends. I know well you have been brought up with care, so I ought to fear but little; but you are now going to be your own master! Your riches will give you many flatterers! But your virtues alone will obtain you friends! Think sometimes of these words, which may be the last lesson I shall give you! I say this to you, alone; I

would not sadden your mother, by mentioning my death, which must take place one day. I shall now be very short. Good advice does not require many words. Be proud, my son, in other countries as well as in this of the character of a true Dutchman. You are my best treasure, dear Maurice; but I fear this conversation tires you."

"Oh! no dear father, pray continue. I am born a Dutchman, and will try always to behave so as not to disgrace this character. But pray continue to give me some hints."

"I will tell you my son. The Dutch character, however firm on the whole, is in many respects extremely pliable; and we of Amsterdam are rather too prone to follow the manners of other nations, and to adjust our opinions upon theirs. We have, it is true, neither the arrogance of the Spaniards—the lightness of the French—the pride of the Germans—or the reserve of the English—any more than the fickleness of the Belgians, and we value what is deserving of esteem, but we place ourselves too low.

"When abroad always remember that you are a Dutchman. A descendant of those patriots, who risked every thing in the long and fierce struggle against Spain. That your immediate ancestors have ranked freedom at a price beyond every earthly good, or even life itself. Bear in mind always, that you are born a citizen of Amsterdam. That city which by economy, diligence, and good faith, firmly sustained, is become the greatest commercial mart in the world; and will uphold that position, till luxury and pleasure usurp the place of her simple manners. I am far, however, from desiring that you should become either parsimonious or mean. No. That would dishonour alike your station and your country. But I do advise you, when abroad to govern your desires by temperance, a virtue, by which your ancestors were so eminently distinguished; and it was perhaps the leading means by which they attained their present rank and station. A true Dutchman is modest and grave. If a foreigner invite you to partake in voluptuous pleasure, suffer his reproach of insensibility, rather than yield to his solicitations. You will soon find out, that in the larger towns that you may visit in your journey through Italy, their manner of living is not exactly conducive to the welfare of either body or mind. Continue, even there, my son your usual habits. Yes! when the seductions of that luxurious climate influence your senses to a forgetfulness of your duty, think of your home, and recollect that the eyes of your mother and myself are upon you. Or rather (here the father paused in humble adoration) rather raise your thoughts yet higher than the observation of us poor mortals, and think that

He, whose holiness surpasses all we can imagine, cannot be deceived. He perceives not only your actions, but dives into the most deep recesses of your soul. Let this idea, the foundation of all true piety, be deeply imprinted on your heart. 'Religious belief is essential to the character of a Dutchman.' Throw away this, and you open a channel to every vice. But do not let my exhortation distress you. I doubt not, but you will return with all the patriotic sentiments so carefully instilled by your education, confirmed by what you may have learned from other countries ; and I hope to have thereunto added the polish, which can only be acquired from a knowledge of the manners, laws, and customs, of more ancient nations. But enough of this. I have, as far as in me lay, done my duty as a father in this exhortation."

Maurice was silent for some moments. He was deeply affected by this discourse. At length he found words to assure his father that his "admonitions should never be forgotten."

When he retired to his room that evening, he looked around him as if for the last time ; as his eyes rested upon each piece of furniture, it seemed as if it took the character of a friend. He prayed fervently for his parents, and for himself, and felt that silent trust in his mind, of the protection of the Great Being he thus invoked, which is the first and natural reward of true piety.

Maurice, when he rose the following day, felt his heart heavy, at the thought of quitting his father's house for the first time ; and this sorrow, amounted almost to agony, as his eye fell upon the different members of the household, that he had been accustomed from his childhood, to view and regard with the benevolent feeling that attends the right performance of the duties, accompanying the character of a master

The clerk and the warehouseman first appeared. They parted with mutual affection ; for they had in a manner, directed his initiation into the mysteries of commerce.

His old nurse, the same whom he had assisted to extinguish the flames on the night of the illumination, cried violently, and bitterly, and was not to be consoled. Even the separation from his old dog contributed to increase his sorrow. He could not eat his breakfast, and had mechanically bestowed it upon this faithful companion. The animal, as if sensible of what was about to happen, would not leave him ; but fondled, caressed, and wound round him with love, so conspicuous in every movement, that it was not to be mistaken ; each time that the faithful creature jumped upon him, the tears came into his eyes.

When warned by his father, that the vehicle prepared for his conveyance waited at the door, his feet seemed to cling to

the ground. He, however, sedulously endeavoured to overcome his weakness, and having once more said adieu to the faithful servant, who accompanied him to the door, with prayers and blessings, sprang into the carriage, in which his father and mother were already seated, and left his native city.

But Lynslager was young in years, in mind, and in spirits; and his thoughts soon turned towards the friends he was about to meet. It may be imagined that Maria formed the principal figure in the group. Every movement of the carriage brought him nearer to her; and his heart seemed to become lighter at every step the horses took. His mother too, amid the oppression of her spirits, longed to be at Rotterdam to see the Maria who had been so much praised by her son,—for Maurice had confided to his mother the secret of his love; and the conviction that her son had chosen her for the confidant of his heart's dearest secret, contributed to soften the pangs of absence. Not to mention, that the idea of seeing Maria, divided her attention from the thought of the approaching separation. His father however, did not fail to point Maurice's attention towards the beauty of the country they were now traversing, whilst the carriage passed lightly over a road moistened by a refreshing spring rain.

When they had passed Haerlem, both sides of the road were enlivened by pleasant groves; from whose lively green the birds sent forth their sweetest notes. The beech trees had already begun to wear their beautiful livery of spring; and the curled-up leaves on the summit of the lofty yew-trees, were already unfolding their gay attire; the reddish green of the oak-trees essayed also to shew itself. The slender grass mixed with odoriferous herbs, and gay flowers bordered the way over which they travelled; country seats rising amid the beautiful and refreshing green that enclosed the carriage-road, appeared like jewels set in emeralds; and displayed at once the riches and good taste of the most distinguished of the land. Orchard and cherry grounds were thickly intermingled with the boundaries of these country seats, and their blossomed branches, overtopped the walls which protected the gardens.

“Oh! Maurice!” said Lynslager to our hero, “when these trees, now so beautiful in flower are loaded with the fruits of autumn, then you will have returned to me and to your country. You will then know by ocular demonstration, that whatever other, and more southern climes may have to boast, there is but one Holland in the world. You will have ascertained that in warmer climates vegetation cannot vie in beauty with your own; and that every sort of domestic animal is here larger and handsomer, and in greater profusion than

elsewhere. In no place can you find such populous cities, such rich and prosperous villages. And what makes the wonder is, that not half-a-century ago this little tract of land was covered by the troops of the mightiest Prince in Europe, and that by the power of our arms, he too was driven out and the war carried even to his own borders. You will I trust return with such feelings as the knowledge of these events, ought, and must produce; and that your journey, undertaken for the benefit of our counting-house may affect you as my own travels did myself; and besides the love of your country, which a Dutchman can scarcely fail to prove, may enlarge your mind and expand your heart in a genial feeling towards all mankind."

Thus conversing, they came in sight of the towers of Rotterdam. They were agreeably surprised on their arrival on the Schu, by the appearance of Van Whit and his family. Maurice was the first to distinguish them; and as ceremony was at that time little characteristic of the Dutch nation, Van Whit after having hastily saluted, invited Maurice to join the young people in their walk towards the house, that he might occupy his place in the carriage with his old friend Lynslager.

The downcast looks and rosy blushes of the modest Dutch maiden did not escape the notice of Madame Lynslager; but she recovered soon enough from this sweet confusion, to salute the strangers with much grace, ere the carriage drove on, and she was left alone with Maria and her brothers.

Jacob was particularly pleased to see Maurice, and informed him with much animation that the ship was lying on the Maas, and that three days would not pass away without her weighing anchor.

"I entreat you not to speak of your journey, Jacob," said Maria, "you well know how miserable the subject makes my mother, and that I am far from being at ease concerning it." Then turning to Maurice she continued, "this voyage, how does your mother like it?"

"She thinks of it heavily sometimes, and we allude to it as little as possible, for when the moment of departure arrives, her heart will be near bursting; mine swells as I think of her grief."

"Do but listen to your fellow traveller, brother," said Maria, "he speaks of his voyage a little differently from what you do, who anticipates it as a wedding-feast; and this appears to me so unnatural, that I could almost consider it as a bad omen." Often, after our young traveller's arrival in Italy, he thought on these words.

Hospitality was one of the virtues the most esteemed of those days—it particularly distinguished the dwelling of Van Whit.

Maurice had already experienced this old-fashioned virtue, having in his former visit been loaded with attention, as the son of Van Whit's old friend. It may therefore be easily imagined, how pleased their host was to have his old friend himself beneath his roof, where every thing was prepared to receive them. Our Amsterdam merchant and his wife saw with astonishment the splendour of the furniture, and the taste of its arrangement. They, it is true, belonged to the same class of people, at that time so wealthy. But their establishment was upon a scale very different from their friends at Rotterdam, whose proximity to the court may perhaps account for their more luxurious habits.

At supper, Mrs. Lynslager, with a simplicity worthy of the most primitive times, expressed her regret that such preparations had been made for her reception, adding, "if I should have the pleasure of receiving you at Amsterdam, our style of living would hardly suit you."

Lynslager perceiving his friend to be struck by his wife's observation, observed, "we shall not be so much out of the way either. I have been to Aarlander Veen, and I remember that every thing there is neat even to excess."

"O yes!" answered the Rotterdam lady good naturedly, "I understand you. I should be afraid of going to Amsterdam, for the Nord Holland nicety reigns there in such perfection, that I am almost afraid to offer a bed to a housekeeper from thence."

The following morning was appointed to go over the city. Van Whit shewed the plan for the new ports, stone quays, and projected bridges, the boundaries of different markets, and the situation of new streets, with all the pride of a merchant, who identifies himself with the prosperity of the town to which he belongs. Nor did he forget to eulogize the learning, moderation, and virtue of Erasmus, as they approached the blue-stone statue erected to his honor, in this his birth-place. He shewed likewise the house in which this distinguished man was born. At the old Gonda Gate he stopped, to make Lynslager read the inscription, indicating the year of the death of Erasmus, placed on the inner front of the gate: nor did our Rotterdam merchant forget to call the attention of his friends to the inscription on the east gate, placed there by government a few years before, in commemoration of the atrocities committed by the Spanish soldiers, who had been introduced into the town by the treason of Bossu. They mutually congratulated each other upon the tranquillity they now enjoyed. Yet they could not but lament that a party spirit was still lurking under pretence of a zeal for religion. The country indeed was so

much agitated by this mistaken zeal, that brother was divided against brother, even in those families where the parents had lost their lives in defence of their liberties.

In the mean time, Maurice and the younger branches of the family, together with their friend Van Teylingen, walked to the Maasant between the Wesher and the Nieuwhoof, to a place, which a few years before had been planted, and which was called the Boomjes.*

The trees now wore the soft livery of spring, and threw their quivering shade across the white sails of the vessels that moved up and down the stream that watered their roots. These formed a moving scene alike picturesque and beautiful; some moving with, and some against the wind, showed their white sails filled by the breeze, or lightly wound round the stately masts that arose from the deck.

Maurice managed to appropriate to himself the company of Maria. He had, in his journey to the city imagined a conversation, in which to make known to her the feeling she had inspired; but he found it impossible to speak on the subject. Had he been cool enough for observation, he would probably have seen that her confusion was at least equal to his own.

All he could do was to draw from her an assurance, that Van Teylingen was not an accepted lover and never would be. He was pursuing the conversation, in the view of obtaining from her other confessions, perhaps not less interesting to him; when they were interrupted by the approach of her elder brother.

He called their attention to a gentleman and lady that had just passed them, and inquired of Maria if she had informed Maurice that it was the celebrated Hugo de Groot pensionaire of the city, that had just walked by.

"Is that the wonderful, the erudite, and persecuted Grotius?" said Maurice.

"The same," said William, "he who is accounted the most learned man in the country, nay, some think throughout the whole of Europe. Yet this man has so many enemies, that the authorities of our town has trouble enough to protect him; and it is supposed, as his enemies are so many and so powerful, they will sooner or later ruin him. I wish you could hear him speak. We had lately, a difficult question connected with our commerce, on which account I was occasionally with him. I cannot express to you how much I was astonished at his quick comprehension, and how readily he decyphered the affair with only the least indication. He gave his advice accordingly; it

* Small Trees.

was of a nature so conciliating and just, that the person with whom we were at variance immediately accepted the conditions it embraced. His wife too! with true Zealand kindness and open heartedness makes friends of all who has once seen her.

Elizabeth Van Teylingen laughingly said, "that she believed William meant himself to go to Zealand for a wife. But if he goes down to Middleburg, and from thence to Ter-Goes," she added, "he may find beauties, by whom Madame de Groot, all lovely as she is must acknowledge herself eclipsed.

This meeting and conversation in some measure diverted the thoughts of Maurice and Maria, and gave them an opportunity of recovering themselves.

At supper Maria chanced to be placed next Van Teylingen, and Maurice next his sister. Maurice was greatly mortified, for the captain had informed him, that if the wind remained fair, the ship would sail on the following day, and he had flattered himself with being permitted at this, the last evening of his sojourn in Rotterdam, to sit next Maria.

Maria, however, scarcely spoke to her companion; nor could Elizabeth Van Teylingen with all her efforts prevail on Maurice to sing. Maria, however, observing that this refusal caused considerable surprise, went and united her solicitations to those of her friend, adding, "only think how long it may be before we can hear you again." Her request was not to be refused, and he immediately began a song so melancholy that at its conclusion his father said—

"Your song is too sad my son; instead of our sorrowful parting, let us pledge each other in a joyful re-union. And (turning to Van Whit) that must be at Amsterdam upon the return of these young men.

(*To be continued.*)



TO THE CYPRESS.

Slow-waving cypress of the land of song!
 Perennial mourner!—though thou art
 Amid the glories of the sylvan throng,
 Most eloquent of sadness to the heart;
 Yet ever welcome to the weary eye,
 Thy graceful shaft of foliated green
 Against the azure of the morning sky,
 Upreared in beauty, solemn and serene.
 And where afar Day's vesper beacons blaze
 Upon Fiesole or Mario's height,
 Touching with flame each mountain altar round,
 Shed on thy verdant cones a rosy gleam,
 And winds among thy boughs a requiem sound,
 What fitting cenotaphs for man ye seem!

D.

THE DUCHESS DE LA VALLIERE.

A PLAY, BY MR. BULWER.

THE Moderns have separated the useful from the beautiful, and have placed in the class of superfluities many of those enjoyments which the wisest amongst the ancients considered as essential to the well-being and happiness of mankind. Little of the poetry of life remains to us. The wells in the desert are unheeded, or dried up. The traveller in his progress may hear the sound of the harp and the viol, but they no longer accompany him to cheer his journey. We are invited, like Hercules, to choose between virtue and pleasure, as if they were incompatible, and all which cannot be proved necessary is considered as useless and cumbersome, as were the pomps and pageantries which accompanied the march of the Persian Darius. Yet the roses still bloom in our valleys, and the wild-flower wastes its fragrance on the barren moor; and no one is tempted to marvel at the lavish prodigality of nature, which has thus thrown a charm over the most dreary scene.

Is it that the mind of man has become more truly elevated, so that he justly regards with scorn the puerilities which enchanted his forefathers, or is it that the arts themselves have been degraded from their high places, and employed for purposes less exalted, less noble and refined?—that the cups of the Temple have been used in profane sacrifices?

Among the ancients, music, poetry and dancing, were employed with a moral and political view—were studied by sages, and inculcated by legislators. Tragic authors sacrificed on the tomb of Æschylus. Poets appeared in public, a lyre in their hand, and crowned with laurel, the objects of popular esteem. The Athenian child received his first instructions in verse, performed his first movement to the sound of music, and was surrounded from infancy by the most beautiful productions of sculpture. At the theatre, he received an impression of all the arts, combined in one brilliant and harmonious whole. There, the splendid choruses, that superb blending of poetry and music—the dresses and dances, in strict unison with the gravity of the subject—the mighty multitude, breathless with admiration, or transported with enthusiasm, or shuddering with horror, as the virtues, or the sufferings, or the glorious deeds of their godlike heroes were successively represented before them—were calculated to produce an effect, in comparison with which that of any modern drama is essentially feeble.

The tastes of the English public at present appears to be in favour of the more irregular drama ; they delight in a rapid and various succession of characters, a multitude of fanciful incidents, and an accidental and unworked up-plot. In these particulars Mr. Bulwer's production is deficient, and therefore it will not *take* in its present form as an acting drama ; though as a dramatic poem it has many excellencies, and in this respect may be considered far above mediocrity.

The story upon which his drama is built, and which it embodies, is sufficiently well known. Many of our readers also may be familiar with the romance of *The Duchess de la Vallière*, by Madam de Genlis, in which that accomplished writer has displayed her accustomed naïvète, wit, and pathos. To that work Mr. Bulwer seems to have been indebted for many of the thoughts and the incidents that grace his five-act play.

As in the original story, the Marquis de Bragelone, a chivalric, and unsullied knight of France is betrothed to Mademoiselle, afterwards Duchess de la Vallière, who has an unbounded esteem for him, but of true and ardent love, none. Like a noble-minded man, he does not urge his suit inconsiderately or cruelly, but hopes that time and his warlike exploits may gain her heart. Their parting view is thus given.

Brag. Louise ! Louise ! this is our parting hour :
Me war demands—and thee the court allures.

In such an hour, the old romance allowed
The maid to soften from her coy reserve,
And her true knight, from some kind words, to take
Hope's talisman to battle !—Dear Louise !
Say, canst thou love me ?—

M. de la Vall.

Sir !—I !—love !—methinks

It is a word that—

Brag. Sounds upon thy lips
Like 'land' upon the mariner's, and speaks
Of home and rest after a stormy sea.
Sweet girl, my youth has passed in camps ; and war
Hath somewhat scathed my manhood ere my time.
Our years are scarce well-mated : the soft spring
Is thine, and o'er my summer's waning noon
Grave autumn creeps. Thou say'st 'I flatter !'—well,
Love taught me first the golden words in which
The honest heart still coins its massive ore.
But fairer words, from falser lips, will soon
Make *my* plain courtship rude.—Louise ! thy sire
Betrothed us in thy childhood : I have watched thee
Bud into virgin May, and in thy youth

Have seemed to hoard my own!—I think of *thee*,
 And I am youthful still! The passionate prayer—
 The wild idolatory—the purple light
 Bathing the cold earth from a Hebe's urn;—
 Yea, all the soul's divine excess which youth
 Claims as its own, came back when first I loved thee!
 And yet so well I love, that if thy heart
 Recoil from mine,—if but one single wish,
 A shade more timid than the fear which ever
 Blends trembling twilight with the starry hope
 Of maiden dreams—would start thee from our union,
 Speak, and my suit is tongueless!—

M. de la Vall.

O, my lord!

If to believe all France's chivalry
 Boasts not a nobler champion,—if to feel
 Proud in your friendship, honoured in your trust,—
 If this be love, and I have known no other,
 Why then—

Brag. Why then, thou lov'st me!

M. de la Vall. (aside)

Shall I say it?

I feel 'twere to deceive him! Is it love?

The transcendant beauty of Mademoiselle de la Vallière has reached the ears of the dissolute and gay king of France, Louis XIV., who gains her over to his court. He is not yet "The Great," but the Louis of Fontainebleau, in the flush of a brilliant youth, and in the excitement of a first love. Though under his protection, and becoming deeply enamoured of him, she is for a time still more alive to the beauty and value of virtue. The following is part of a scene, at night, in the Gardens of the Fontainebleau, which are brilliantly illuminated for the delight of the King and his court.

Louis.

Sweet La Vallière!

M. de la Vall. Ah!—

Louis. Nay, fair lady, fly not, ere we welcome
 Her who gives night its beauty!

M. de la Vall.

Sire, permit me!

My comrades wait me.

Louis.

What! my loveliest subject
 So soon a rebel? Silent!—Well, be mute,
 And teach the world the eloquence of blushes.

M. de la Vall. I may not listen—

Louis.

What if I had set
 Thyself the example? What if I had listened,
 Veiled by yon friendly boughs, and dared to dream

That one blest word which spoke of Louis absent
Might charm his presence, and make Nature music?

M. de la Vall. You did not, Sire! you could not!

Louis. Could not hear thee,

Nor pine for these divine, unwitnessed moments.

To pray thee, dearest lady, to divorce

No more the thought of love from him who loves thee,

And—faithful still to glory—swears thy heart

Unfolds the fairest world a king can conquer!

Hear me, Louise!

M. de la Vall. No, Sire; forget those words!

I am not what their foolish meaning spoke me,

But a poor simple girl, who loves her King,

And honour more! Forget, and do not scorn me!

{*Exit Mademoiselle de la Vallière.*}

Louis. Her modest coyness fires me more than all
Her half-unconscious and most virgin love.

In accordance with this confession, he pursues his purpose.

Louis. (*To Mademoiselle de la Vallière.*)

Nay, if you smile not on me, then the scene

Hath lost its charm.

M. de la Vall.

O Sire, all eyes are on us!

Louis. All eyes should learn where homage should be
rendered.

M. de la Vall. I pray you, Sire—

The Queen.

Will't please your Majesty

To try your fortune?

(*Looks scornfully at Mademoiselle de la Vallière.*)

Louis.

Fortune! Sweet La Vallière,

I only seek my fortune in thine eyes.

(*Music.* *Louis draws, and receives a diamond bracelet.*)

Ladies crowd round.)

First Lady. How beautiful!

Second Lady. Each gem were worth a duchy!

Third Lady. Oh, happy she upon whose arm the King

Will bind the priceless band!

Louis. (*Approaching Mademoiselle de la Vallière.*)

Permit me, lady.

(*Clasps the bracelet.*)

Lauzun. Well done—well play'd! In that droll game
call'd Woman,

Diamonds are always trumps for hearts.

First Lady.

Her hair's

Too light!

Second Lady. Her walk is so provincial!

Third Lady. D'ye think she paints !
Lauzun, Ha ! ha ! What 'envious eyes,
 What fawning smiles, await the King's new Mistress !

The King's unblushing profligacy, even in the presence of his queen, is not more forcibly pourtrayed in this scene than history warrants ; but we cannot compliment the author either for his vulgar wit about *diamonds* and *hearts*, or for the *third lady's* scullery-like piece of insinuated detraction.

It is not long before rumours, injurious to the fair fame of Mademoiselle, reach Bragelone. He hurries from the field of war to the royal residence, and obtains an interview with the object of his pure and unwavering affections, at the moment when she has been reasoning with herself concerning the King's devotion to her. She says—

M. de la Vall. He loves me, then ! He loves me ! Love !
 wild word !

Did I say love ? Dishonour, shame, and crime
 Dwell on the thought ! And yet—and yet—he loves me !
 (*Re-enter Bragelone, at the back of the stage.—She takes
 out the King's picture.*)

Mine early dreams were prophets !—Steps ! The King ?

Brag. No, lady ; pardon me !—a joint mistake ;
 You sought the King—and I Louise la Vallière !

M. de la Vall. You here, my Lord !—you here !

Brag. There was a maiden
 Fairer than many fair ; but sweet and humble,
 And good and spotless, through the vale of life
 She walked, her modest path with blessings strewed ;
 (For all men bless'd her ;) from her crystal name,
 Like the breath i' the mirror, even envy passed :
 I sought that maiden at the court ; none knew her.
 May I ask you—where now Louise la Vallière ?

M. de la Vall. Cruel !—unjust !—You were my father's
 friend,

Dare you speak thus to me ?

Brag. Dare ! dare !—'Tis well !
 You have learnt your state betimes !—

M. de la Vall. My state, my Lord !
 I know not by what right you thus assume
 The privilege of insult !

Brag. Ay, reproach !
 The harlot's trick—for shame ! Oh, no, your pardon !
 You are too high for shame : and so—farewell !

M. de la Vall. My Lord !—my Lord, in pity—No !—in
 justice,

Leave me not thus !

He becomes convinced of her innocence and exclaims,

Brag. Curs'd be the lies that wrong'd thee!—doubly
curst

The hard, the icy selfishness of soul,
That, but to pander to an hour's caprice,
Blasted that flower of life—fair fame! Accurst
The King who casts his purple o'er his vices!

M. de la Vall. Hold!—thou malign'st thy king!

Brag. He spared not thee!

M. de la Vall. The king—God bless him!

Brag. Wouldst thou madden me?

Thou!—No—thou lov'st him not?—thou hid'st thy face!

Woman, thou tremblest! Lord of Hosts, for this
Hast thou preserved me from the foeman's sword,
And through the incarnadined and raging seas
Of war upheld my steps?—made life and soul
The sleepless priests to that fair idol—Honour?

Was it for this?—I loved thee not, Louise,
As gallants love! Thou wert this life's IDEAL,
Breathing through earth the Lovely and the Holy,
And clothing Poetry in human beauty!
When in this gloomy world they spoke of sin,
I thought of thee, and smiled—for thou wert sinless!

And when they told of some diviner act
That made our nature noble, my heart whispered—
'So would have done Louise!'—'Twas thus I loved thee!
To lose thee, I can bear it; but to lose,
With thee, all hope, all confidence, of virtue—
This—this is hard!—Oh! I am sick of earth!

M. de la Vall. Nay, speak not thus!—be gentle with me.
Come,

I am not what thou deem'st me, Bragelone;
Woman I am, and weak. Support, advise me!
Forget the lover, but be still the friend.
Do not desert me—thou!

Brag. Thou lov'st the King!

M. de la Vall. But I can fly from love!

These extracts contain not the only expression and appeal to heaven in the play, which is shockingly irreverent. There occur such words as these, "O Father, bless her," which, we are happy to learn, were received by the audience in Covent-garden theatre, on the first performance of the piece, with the most unqualified testimonies of disapprobation. Really novel and play-writers should remember, that if they spend their days

in catering for public amusement, the least thing that can be demanded of them is that their works be harmless—that they offer no glaring indignity to the most solemn and precious feelings which religion has fostered.



LONDON FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH.

OUR *élégantes* cannot not now be accused of slighting comfort for show, for out door dress at least, offers a complete union of both. The late severe weather has brought furs into the greatest possible request, and the witzchouras, now the favourite mantle in carriage costume, is frequently lined, as well as trimmed with sable, or with that beautiful golden brown fur called Kolinsky. We must observe, however, in the interest of our fair readers, that though one of the prettiest and most becoming furs, as well as a comparatively cheap one, we cannot recommend it, because, it is far less durable than almost any other: but to return to our fashions. Where a mantle is not adopted, a wadded pelisse usually supplies its place; and as these latter are generally worn with a mantelet of the same material, that is now almost invariably trimmed with fur. The one that we gave last month with the pointed hood, is, and we may venture to say, will continue to be the most fashionable form for mantelets of that kind. Sable enjoys its usual supremacy; but its very high price has occasioned several imitations of it to be introduced, some of which are so good as hardly to be distinguished from real sable.

The materials of bonnets have not altered, but satin is less in favour, and velvet more so than last month. The brims are smaller, but the diminution is as yet so trifling as to be almost imperceptible. We cannot say the same, with respect to the increase in the height of crowns, particularly those of drawn bonnets, which are now made with the lower part drawn perpendicularly, the middle plain, and the top consisting of a round piece also, without drawings, and set in so as to pass a little beyond the centre of the crown; these bonnets are now very little worn except in *negligè*, in which they are trimmed with ribbon only; but if adopted for half dress, they are then ornamented with a single large flower, or a tuft of small ones: the flowers are always of velvet.

A half dress bonnet that is much in favour, and that will continue so no doubt while the very cold weather lasts, is composed of rep velvet or satin, and lined with satin. As it is one of the most comfortable, as well as elegant head dresses that has

appeared for several seasons, we shall describe its form minutely, persuaded that our doing so may be useful to several of our fair readers.

The brim is composed of pannels, the word is an awkward one, but we cannot find another that will so well express its divisions; it is wadded, and quilted in lozenges, each pannel is divided by two small round slips of whalebone, the round of the brim is finished like those of drawn bonnets, by two or three very slight slips of whalebone, which forms it into an open shape; that part of the crown which encircles the head, and covers the ears, is made to correspond with the brim, but the top which is disposed in a little fulness, is not quilted. The curtain at the back of the crown descends very low, and is wadded at the upper part only, that is, the wadding does not descend much below the ears. Some have the edge of the brim trimmed with a wreath of down feathers, and a single ostrich feather with the *barbes* thickened with those of the marabout placed on one side of the crown; others are ornamented with ribbon only. We observe that satin ribbon, quadrilled in two shades of the same colour, is preferred, but one of the shades must always correspond with the colour of the bonnet.

Velvet increases in favour for evening dress robes; we mean those of a round form, for though it is occasionally employed for open robes, yet satin is more in request. Nine out of ten full dress *corsages* are seamed at each side of the front, and pointed at bottom. The stile of trimming for the top varies, but we observe that draperies *à la Tyrolienne*; *à la Sevigné*, &c., are much less employed than they used to be; some *corsages* have the top trimmed with a row of blond lace, through the upper part of which a ribbon is run confining it close to the *corsage*, while the lower part floats over the bosom others; are made with a double lappel, forming pelerine behind, and stomacher in front; and a third sort, which we consider exceedingly becoming to the shape, have a round lappel formed of a bias fold of moderate depth. The majority of the skirts of dresses are trimmed; but fashion is not in this respect so decided as to render it absolutely necessary; some silk robes are trimmed with flounces of the same material, with a velvet band attached to the edge of each flounce, the effect is rich but heavy; others are ornamented with lace flounces; ribbon is also a good deal employed even for full dress robes; *bouillons* of the material of the dress are in great request for robes for social parties, but we do not see them employed, for grand costume, with the exception however of gauze or blond *bouillons*, which are let in to silk or satin dresses, and have an extremely light and pretty effect.

The *toques*, turbans, &c., of which we have lately spoke continue in vogue for grand parties; but were we to cite a head dress at once the most elegant and becoming of the season, we should certainly give the palm to the small turned up hat, which with more or less alteration in its size, has now been a winter *coiffure* for some seasons past. Some are composed of white or rose coloured rep velvet, the crowns trimmed either with ostrich feathers or marabouts, and the interior of the brim decorated either with flowers or *bijoux*. Others of green or blue velvet, are ornamented with a single superb white ostrich feather attached on the brim by a jewelled agraffe, and waving gracefully over the crown. Fashionable colours continue the same as last month.



PARIS FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH.

BETWEEN the bad weather and the mourning for Charles X., which still continues, and will for some time among the high nobility, we should not have had much this month to say about fashion, had it not been for the custom which is still kept up at the court of the citizen king, of holding a drawing-room several times during the month of January. As it is only grand costume that presents at this moment any thing worth describing, we shall draw from these re-unions which have been equally numerous and elegant, what we consider most deserving of the attention of our fair readers.

We must observe, that as the dresses were made some in open, others in round robes, they could not be considered as especially designed for court costume, but might be worn at any grand party. The materials were plain velvet, rep velvet, flowered satins, and figured silks, the trimmings were blond lace, point, or *applications de Bruxelles*, &c., &c. All the robes were made with pointed *corsages* and short sleeves. All the open dresses were made with white satin petticoats, the borders of which were trimmed with lace, or blond flounces. The *corsages* were also, with few exceptions, profusely ornamented with lace, and so were the majority of the sleeves, but some of the latter tight at top, were terminated by a full range of *dents de loup*. We should observe that these sleeves were very short. The ruffles were for the most part of the Mointenon form, but some, though few, were of a round shape, and scarcely passed the elbow. Several of the robes were made with demi-trains, but more exceeded that length; it is still however, generally supposed that trains will be adopted in grand costume before the end of the winter.

The head-dresses exhibited great variety, from the turban, majestic in form, and superb in material, to the small but costly lace cap. We may cite among the first, the turbans of purple or emerald green silks, richly wrought with gold and silver in the loom. *Bandeaux* of gold or diamonds supported these rich head-dresses. There were also some formed of a single scarf embroidered in gold and pearls. Small dress hats of different forms, though less numerous than the turbans, were however adopted by many *élégantes* of the highest rank. Some were *à la Marie Stuart*. Others of the *Berch* form. A third sort with the brim raised a little or on one side by an *aigrette* of diamonds, flowers, or feathers, were of the form styled *à la Henry VI.*; one of the most elegant hats was of ponceau velvet, a round turned up brim, the edge of which was encircled by a row of diamonds; a long white *aigrette* placed on one side crowned the summit of the head, and ponceau ribbons floated on one side of the neck. The most elegant of the caps were those of a small shape, with superb blond lace lappets placed very much at the back of the head, and floating over the shoulders; the front of the cap was trimmed with a half wreath of the tips of marabout feathers, intermingled with roses, exquisitely delicate both in form and colour. These caps were all worn rather far back, so as to display a *bandeau* of gold or pearl that ornamented the forehead.

The *Coiffeurs en Cheveux* were numerous, and in general distinguished for their elegance. They were for the most part of a very moderate height, indeed, we might say rather low. The *Chignons* very near the nape of the neck, the flowers placed on one side of the *Chignon*, or else knots of velvet, or gold or silver ribbon with floating ends. Pins with gold or diamond heads forming flowers, were inserted in the tresses at the back of the head in the Italian style, or else they were employed to loop back the soft or plaited braids in which the front hair was disposed. Several ladies had their hair disposed *à l'Anglaise*, that is in full tufts of ringlets at each side. These *coiffures* were ornamented with a flower composed either of diamonds, pearls, or coloured gems, placed on one side just above the ringlets. The colours *à la mode* continue the same as last month,



DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATES.

Morning Dress.

ROBE of green *satin velouté*, a low *corsage* trimmed round the top with a drapery laid on in close folds, and a breast knot in the centre of ribbon to correspond; the bottom is slightly

peeked in front. Short sleeves, the upper part disposed in folds which sit close to the arm, and terminate in a *bouffant manchette*, looped in the centre by a knot of ribbon. The skirt is trimmed with knots of ribbon down one side of the front. White rep velvet hat, an aureole brim, short at the ears, and trimmed in the interior with a white satin rouleau; round which a string of pearls is twined, placed next the face; the crown is trimmed with a superb bouquet of white ostrich feathers, placed in different directions, and a full knot of white satin, the end fringed with pearls.

Walking Dress.

MANTLE of the new colour *terre d'Algeirs* satin, lined with blue *peluche*, it is drawn in at the waist in the *pelisse* style, and the *corsage* part nearly covered by a *pelérine* of the same material, trimmed with quilled satin ribbon, and made with a velvet collar of a darker shade than the satin. Mameluke sleeves with openings for the arms to pass through, they are trimmed with ribbon; green satin bonnet, a large sized brim, and low crown, the trimming consists of green satin ribbon, and a sprig of flowers and their foliage.

Ball Dress.

ROSE satin robe, the *corsage* cut low and tight to the shape, is trimmed with a row of blond lace arranged *en pelérine*, and headed by a string of pearls. Short tight sleeves, terminating in a *bouffant*, also surmounted by pearls. Breast and sleeve knots of rose ribbon; the skirt is trimmed with three rows of pearls laid on above the brim, and knots of rose ribbon placed upon them at regular distances. Pearl *cordelière*. The hair disposed in soft braids at the sides, and a low knot behind, is ornamented with a velvet star embroidered in pearls, the plumage of a bird of Paradise and gold pins.

Evening Party Dress.

WHITE *tulle* robe over a rose coloured satin under-dress, a low *corsage* draped *à la Sevigné*, the drapery is bordered by a row of blond standing up, and looped in the centre by a single full blown rose without foliage; short tight sleeve covered by three double falls of *tulle* set on bias and rather full, and terminated by a deep blond lace ruffle of one fall only. The skirt is bordered by a *bouillonné* of *tulle*, each *bouillonné* formed by a single rose without foliage; the trimming is looped a little on one side by a bouquet of roses, and mounts obliquely to the knees, where it is terminated by a corresponding bouquet; a third is placed upon it about half way to the bottom. The hair is dressed high behind in a full knot, from which a tuft of curls falls, it is parted on the forehead, and arranged in ringlets at the sides. It is ornamented with full blown roses.



BALL DRESS. Digitized by Google



DINNER DRESS.
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EVENING PARTY DRESS.
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WALKING DRESS.

THE
LADIES' CABINET
OF
FASHION, MUSIC, AND ROMANCE.

DONNA FRANCISCA, THE IDOL OF BISCAY ;

A SPANISH TALE.

OF all the provinces of Spain, Biscay is perhaps the fairest and most salubrious. Its bland and temperate climate greatly differs from the sun-burnt country on the borders of the Mediterranean. The craggy mountain and broken ravine, the sand plain and scorched heather, are here succeeded by enamelled meadows and chains of soft undulating hills, whose very summits glisten with bright green pasturage, and which extend over the whole department of the lower Pyrenees, announcing the vicinity of the mighty barrier which divides France and Spain. The husbandman here trains his plough to the top of his spiral fields, whose luxuriance outvies the far-famed Vega of Grenada. Instead of the goat browsing on the scanty herbage plucked from betwixt stony crevices, flocks and herds graze in the fertile vales. No olive here bends its melancholy branches to the breeze; no bacchanalian grape covers the arid soil; in their stead is seen the waving of golden sheaves, or the bright cowslip springing on the verdant lawn. No orange blossom here scents the air—its fragrance is exchanged for that of the fresh-mown hay. Human nature itself partakes of the influence of climate; the raven-tresses and jet-black eye of the maidens of Andalusia are here softened into the auburn hair and eye of blue; the pallid cheek and sanguine temperament, borrowing its warmth from the rays of a southern sun, are here replaced by the roseate hues of health, the cherry lip, and fair white skin. The complexions of the women of Biscay
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might lead a traveller to suppose he was amongst the fair inhabitants of our own island.

Locked within a deep valley of the province described, stands the time-darkened romantic village of Malinos. Embosomed in the steepest mountains, its approach is tortuous and of fearful descent, yet so beautiful that at every turn the eye is involuntarily arrested to contemplate the prospect of stupendous hills, the labyrinth of pleasant glades and dells, in which it is situate. Far down are seen the moss-grown roofs of the hamlet of Malinos, and the spire of the village church, protected from every harsh wind, and screened from all save the meridian rays of the sun. To those enamoured of a rural life, this spot of earth appears as seductive as the garden of Eden. To the tired and disgusted mind, panting to enjoy a release from the tumults of society, it is an Oasis upon the journey of life upon which the wearied traveller sighs to repose. This is the feeling with which almost every admirer of nature must be inspired at the sight of this lovely place, and that heart is to be pitied indeed which is not susceptible of such impression.

At the close of a summer's day, in the month of June, I halted at this village, and being much exhausted, needed not any second invitation from my muleteer to pass the night at the "Fonda de la Cigogna," which hotel mine host of the Swan assured me was a "*Posado de toda satisfaccion.*" This satisfaction by-the-bye, of which the worthy *Ventero* boasted, was nothing more than the unsubstantial yet universal Spanish repast, a salad called *Gaspacho*, and a few hard boiled-eggs. But if satisfaction consisted in an assemblage of choice guests, the innkeeper of Malinos had a right to be proud of his fare; for as he introduced me to the company, with all the humour and self-importance of his situation, he assured me "that his inn did not yield to any in all Biscay in point of good society; that from the Corregidor down to the Sacristan, they were all friends of the Cigogna. It was the house of call of all parties, and all professions."

I was forthwith presented to a knot of these friends, and by virtue of my cigar-case, an infallible recommendation in a Spanish village, soon found myself on a footing of perfect freedom and intimacy.

The conversation, to which I became an attentive listener, was sustained by a venerable Franciscan Padre; he endeavoured to impress on a group of hearers, "the paramount benefit of employing riches in endowing churches, and purchasing the masses of the clergy for the repose of poor soul condemned to purgatory. He insisted that Senor Don Fer

nardo, who had bestowed a new copper roof on the church, in lieu of that which the all-devouring French had carried off, leaving the clergy of Malinos without even a shelter to pray under, was an act far superior to all the vain and ostentatious charities of the noble-blooded Hidalgos of Castile, whose hands were often more liberal than their hearts."

A bold Contrabandista (whose company in Spain is no disgrace, even to a Friar) replied, "that the charity of Don Fernando was but that of a madman, for," said he, "whilst he benefits your convents and churches, he does anything but benefit himself. Had I but one-half his riches, I'd turn that melancholy quinta of his into a house of feasting, and instead of nightly visiting a church-yard to converse with ghosts, I'd choose more substantial companions to pass my time with." The Friar's brow began to lower, and indicate his displeasure. "My friend," said he, "I fear the wine-skin has bled once too often; this conversation is taking a turn which suits not men of my cloth." Upon this, the Franciscan bade them farewell, and rose from the table.

More anxious to hear the sequel of Don Fernando's tale, than to listen to the Contrabandista, I followed the Friar, who had seated himself on the stone bench at the inn door. Placing myself beside him, I begged the Franciscan to satisfy my curiosity, and explain who the person was of whom he had spoken in such warm terms, and by what cause so rich a man as this Senor Don Fernando was described could content himself in the seclusion of this obscure village?

"Most willingly, Senor," said he, "will I relate his story, and to-morrow, if you please, I will point out the sepulchre, which the inhabitant of yon solitary quinta has nightly visited for the last twelve years. Were it not for the fear of disturbing his pious vigils, I would lead you by the light of this bright moon to the spot, where, like a lifeless statue, intercepting its pale beams, he may be seen pondering over the cold tomb of one he dearly loved—one whose beauty and whose unhappy fate will be long remembered in Malinos.

"I well recollect the time," continued he, "when Senor Don Fernando arrived at this village; 'twas, as now, a beautiful evening at the commencement of summer. We had just received the news of the defeat of the French, a defeat in which the Biscayan patriots had greatly distinguished themselves. Don Fernando was on his route to the capital; he had then landed from the New World, laden with riches amassed in that hemisphere. An emigrant in his youth from Seville, he had by great industry become an opulent planter in the province of Lima. The misfortunes which gradually wrested

that country from the power of Spain warned Don Fernando to realize his property, lest it should fall into the hands of the enemy. This he did, and resolved to return to his native country to enjoy the fruits of his wealth, and to spend in Spain the vast riches he had accumulated by commerce. On his route to Madrid he stopped at this very inn, and, being struck with the romantic beauty of the place, at once determined to forego the promised pleasures and allurements of fortune, and to pass the remainder of his days within this peaceful valley.

“ He purchased the Mansion of a nobleman who formerly resided here, which was ordered to be repaired and furnished for his reception. Every one hailed his presence amongst us as a great blessing ; and especially our holy church, to which he had promised his support. It is not frequent, Senor, in these corrupt days, for people to spend their money in acts of piety, or in the promotion of the good of their immortal souls, to which object Don Fernando, spite of the temptations which surrounded him, entirely devoted himself.

“ Don Fernando was then near forty years of age, and in appearance still more ; an age when reason greatly tempers the fire of love, or when it may almost be said to be extinct in the human heart. From inclination he demonstrated he was above being misled by the vanities of the world, and, consequently, the last man likely to become the victim of the tender passion, which he often boasted could never disturb his peace of mind. Alas ! he lives, a proof of the danger of fancying himself above the influence of human feelings—feelings which burst forth the stronger in those breasts where they have slumbered longest. How often are we ignorant of ourselves ! How often betrayed into the follies of boyhood, when the coming on of years should warn us to be wise ! Let no man henceforth think he may tread the fairy ground of pleasure, and not come within the scope of the enchanter’s spell. That resolution which is bent on bursting bonds of iron, is often bound by a chain of flowers !

“ A short time subsequent to the arrival of Don Fernando, a fête was prepared for the double purpose of celebrating his reception, and the victory I mentioned we had gained over the enemy, in which the patriots of this very village had behaved with great bravery. The Biscayan peasant girls in their finest attire were issuing forth to join in the lively dance. Nought was heard but the cheerful song ; nought seen but merry faces, lit up by real gaiety of heart. The rattling jocund *castaneta* enlivened every vale. A distinguished place was assigned to Senor Don Fernando, in the order of these rejoicings.

“Amongst the most graceful and admired of our rural maidens, at that period, was Francisca, the idol of Biscay! Then in the bloom of youth and beauty, her graceful form, her long rich tresses of auburn hair, and soft blue eye, might have stirred up the heart of an anchorite to love. Don Fernando, the moment he beheld her, was struck as if by the touch of a magic wand! I watched the quickened changes of his countenance, as she at that moment stood forward to dance the gay bolero, and saw the deep impression this peasant girl had suddenly made.

“The enchanted rustics were moved by music, and language of which they scarcely knew the import. Don Fernando himself forgot the part assigned him in the pageant of the day; the weakness of youth took possession of his bosom; his stern resolution was overcome by the presence of this rural queen.

“From that hour may be dated his misfortunes—he gave himself up to the intoxication of love! Had he learnt in the rigid life of the convent to subdue such idle feelings, he might now have been a happy man. Francisca was the theme of all his songs; she was everywhere singled out for his partner or companion; but, notwithstanding the distinguished preference shown to her, she seemed to repel his addresses. This at first discouraged him, and he then, I believe, really struggled to get the better of feelings beneath his manhood and station; ’twas useless! love soon returned and overcame both judgment and pride.

“Taking my accustomed walk one evening, I strayed unintentionally beneath the verandah of the quinta. I was there attracted by sighs, and the converse Don Fernando held with himself. ‘This village maiden,’ said he, thinking no one within hearing, ‘has so fastened herself around my heart, that I can never taste of happiness without her. Can the indifference displayed towards me be real? have I not sufficient riches to tempt the most courtly dame? I will put her love to the test—to-morrow I will demand her hand in marriage! If she refuse me, I will then seek some desert retreat where, unobserved, I may spin out an existence which, without her, is of no value to me. Not all the gems of India—not all the riches of Peru avail me, if Francisca is not mine!’ He then struck his guitar, and this was the strain he most exquisitely sung:—

I’ve gazed on gems of dazzling hue,
Whose tints have ach’d the sight!
But never did the sapphire’s blue,
The diamond’s brilliant light,

Nor midnight star shed one pale ray,
 So melting, rich, and pure,
 As thy bright orb, whose breaking day,
 All lesser lights obscure.
 Give me the gentle soft blue eye,
 Tender and mild as morning sky!

The gold found sparkling in the mine,
 The miser's hopes console ;
 But the azure of thine eyes doth shine
 Deep in the lover's soul.
 Then let me languish in their beam,
 Or die beneath their blaze,
 Nor fall that fringed eyelash screen,
 To veil the mortal rays.
 But let me view thy soft blue eye,
 Tender and mild as morning sky !

"You will perhaps wonder, Senor, that I should have so strictly treasured up the recollection of his poetry ; but the effect with which he sang, would have impressed the words on any mind, much more on mine, who began to take an interest in everything which concerned him. How often have we been charmed by his sweet and silver-toned voice—how often has he drawn our Holy Order to listen to his strain!—Alas, the sweet sounds, we shall never hear them more !

"When the song I have repeated was finished, he sank down on the balcony, overpowered by conflicting feelings. Ashamed of his weakness, I ventured, on this opportunity, to arouse him, and quell the angry tumult of his bosom. Far from being offended with my officiousness, he at once confided to me the secret of his grief, which I had long previously anticipated ; but if otherwise, it was impossible, at that moment, to have hid any thing from me. 'I am distressed,' said he, 'that you, Father, should see me thus, but I fear I have lived too long in the wilds of America—too long have I shunned the blandishments of female society, to be able now to cope against their influence. —Too long have I passed my days in tranquillity and solitude to face the storm gathering on me now!—Hitherto, I thought myself beyond the reach of woman's love, but find that I have mistaken its absence for an indifference to the sex. As the sun which plays o'er the thick foliage of our forests, at last penetrates the opening vista, so the warmth of love has, at last, crept into my shaded heart, and makes me feel that I belong to nature after all !'

"I exercised the duties of my office. 'Senor,' said I, 'recollect the disparity of years which exists between yourself and the person you love. Think of the effect of the sudden elevation of a person of humble birth to riches and lofty station. All minds are not sufficiently strong to bear such changes with becoming humility. The gratitude we augur from such

rewards is often disappointed.' I even hinted (would I had known all at the time!) that it was not right to hold forth the temptations of wealth to purchase affections which could not be won; that it might be possible there were prior rights, which it would not be fair to disturb. My counsels were vain! in the ardour of his passion, everything was forgotten. He replied in words which a man in love only could utter, and which a man in love could alone like to hear.

"He hastened to demand Francisca in marriage. Her parents, people of most humble birth and fortunes, found the offer too dazzling to be refused. They saw aerial palaces prepared for their abode, and joyfully consented to the proposal. Not so Francisca: with tears and entreaties she threw herself at her parents' feet: her objections were not heard. They threatened to spurn from them the ingrate child who should refuse to relieve their indigence. Their denunciations imposed a fatal silence! She stifled her feelings. With dejected head, she consented to the sacrifice from filial obedience.

"The happiness of Don Fernando was now seemingly complete. Wrapt in a trance of pleasure, he little thought how soon and how painfully he would be awoke. Francisca was transformed to the fine lady; nor did the basquina and mantilla become her less than her rustic gown, though her greatness appeared to sit heavy on her. The nuptial day was fixed—the beautiful flower of the valley was led to the altar.

"Scarcely had the village bells ceased to ring for their marriage, than another and a louder peal announced the return of the Biscayan Patriots to the village of Malinos. The distant march and the patriot hymn were echoing through the hollow vales—sounds of rejoicing and gladness rent the air! The expectant wife or maid longed to clasp the victorious husband or lover to her arms! All hearts beat high with anxiety and hope.

"But there was one to whose bosom these shouts of joy carried despair and death!—She, who should have been the happiest of her train, was the most miserable. She, who should have been foremost in the welcome, shrunk back in all the dismay of guilt and crime. There was a lover in the coming throng, who had a right to demand an account of her faith. How could she support the rebuking frown of one to whom she had pledged her love? Her perjured conscience reproached her now! Her criminal silence now spoke with an iron tongue. Should that lover ask, 'Didst sell thyself for gold?'—'Filial piety and obedience compelled the match.' That answer, alas! would not gain credence. Should he ask, 'Why not fall at thy suitor's feet and tell thy plighted vows?'—'I hid all to avoid

a parent's curse!'—'Thou consentedst then to kill one whose life had been prodigal in thy defence?—Thy fault requires a better plea.'

"These were the reflections which filled Francisca's bosom; she alone, of all the happy multitude, saw all her hopes of joy or comfort dashed to earth!

"Previous to the departure of the patriots from Malinos, there was a brave youth amongst them whose affection for Francisca was only equalled by an act of valour performed in defence of her life. On a prior appearance of the French in this village, they had rifled every house and carried off, as you may have heard, even the copper roof of our church, to convert it into money. The women of Malinos were equally the prey of the enemy. These defenceless beings took to flight, with whatever they could hastily collect; whilst the men made a feeble and unavailing resistance on the neighbouring hills. 'Twas the depth of winter; the swelling of the mountain-torrents arrested their escape; waiting for the waters to subside, in order to ford a passage, they imprudently lit a fire, at night, on the banks of the stream. A party of the enemy were drawn by its glare to the spot, who plundered them of everything they possessed. By the light of that fire Francisca's face caught the eye of the officer commanding the detachment; he immediately ordered one of his men to dismount and place her on his horse. Resistance or entreaty were alike vain; they were employing force, when a party of the villagers, headed by this youth, attracted by what they conceived a signal-fire to rally the scattered Guerillas, hastened to the banks of the stream. The helpless situation of the women was evident; he first levelled the officer to the ground, and, by the assistance of his comrades, put the remainder of the enemy to flight. The women soon crossed the torrent and gained a place of safety.

"When the danger of our country subsequently demanded the services of our peasantry, who at that time alternately wielded the sword and the ploughshare, as occasion required, this youth was the first to volunteer, and by his noble example to spread an emulation amongst his countrymen, worthy of the most heroic times. Before their march to meet the foe, he sought Francisca, declared his passion, and implored her, if he returned victorious from the war, to requite his love with her hand. Gratitude, as well as affection, prompted the assent she gave. On a small cross which she took from her bosom, and placed round his neck, in token of her sincerity, and which she begged him to wear till happier times should reunite them, she swore to be faithful!—

"This is the tale, the consequences of which appalled her

mind at this moment, and of which the full force now burst forth in its true light.

“The distant march grew more distinct. The confused hum of voices became a clear unmixed sound. The hymn—the hymn of victory—was heard :

La Patria nos llama
Beloces marchemos
Y conseguiremos
Nuestra libertad.

“When last Francisca heard these words, they were listened to in grief, but in innocence.—Now, they only reminded her of her guilt!—She looked around with a wild distracted look—she suddenly broke from the grasp of her husband, and bounded, like a fawn, to the summit of a steep and dangerous height.

“To Don Fernando all was an enigma! What meant these ravings?—what meant the bridal veil given to the winds—the climbing of yon dizzy height?—Was he to be a bridegroom, a husband, and a widower, in a single day?—He called aloud to his bride;—she heard him not.—Her thoughts were on another world! There knocked against her heart a cry which deafened every other voice. Her dilated eye ranged o’er the space below. She descried her lover amidst the ranks! Like a sprite on the mist she stood erect on the brow of the precipice.—She tossed her white arms aloof.—Her long flowing tresses hung disordered o’er her neck.—‘Husband and lover,’ she cried, ‘farewell!—A virgin bride, I leap into the arms of death. I go where human voice shall ne’er reproach me—where my story shall be judged, not as it appears, but where my hidden thoughts and feelings shall witness in my favour.’—She uttered a loud shriek, and flung herself from the mountain’s brow into the glen!—Her torn hair—her blood marked the track o’er which she reeled—to greet a lover’s path with her corpse!—

“Pardon, Senor, if I do not attempt to depict the anguish which pervaded every bosom, and which even now suffuses my eyes with tears.—For a long time our village was all consternation, dismay, and mourning. Don Fernando is the sole dumb actor now who survives the tragic scene! Perhaps ’twere better that he, like the rest, were in his grave! From that hour, he shut himself up within his quinta, to which no living soul has ever been admitted since the bridal day. His reason is now bewildered. He refuses all converse with the world, and never stirs abroad, but to inhale the dank night air of the church-yard. The goodness of his heart, is all that remains of this noble wreck of man!—His fortune is devoted to charita-

ble uses, and the poor wretch, who lives upon his alms, is far happier than the solitary inmate of the quinta of Malinos.

“Grief and remorse soon hastened the end of Francisca’s parents, who never held up their heads from that moment. Her lover left the village, and was no more heard of. Some say he rushed to where the war was still waging, and there met his death; but some ganaderos, who brought their flocks from a distant pasturage, tell a tale of one who wandered wildly up and down the country, uttering loud lamentations, and refusing all food that was offered to him. The body of this stranger was soon afterwards found stiff and cold, which they buried to hide from the wolves. A small cross of gold, which they took from around his neck, left little doubt of his identity.

“One circumstance more I will mention: on the spot of ground marked out in the cemetery for Francisca’s grave was found a human skull, filled with earth, out of which sprung a wild rose in full bloom. This furnished the idea of her funeral monument, as likewise the epitaph you will find thereon.”

“Struck with the tale of the old Franciscan, I accepted his offer, and arose early the next morning, to visit the cemetery. In a lone and deserted corner, shaded by cypresses, stands a tomb, surmounted by a skull, out of which is growing a wild-rose. On a tablet beneath is an inscription, which, for the sake of the English reader, is thus paraphrased:—

Behold, in this pale cold mask of death,
A symbol of our hapless doom,
From decay and waste we draw our breath,
As the rose upon this skull doth bloom.
Better had henbane grown in its stead,
And from forth these eyeless sockets start
Some foul, rank, and poisonous weed,
Than thus wake to bitter truth the heart.
That soon, alas! the transparent brow,
And the scented wreath with which ’tis bound,
Shall form an emblem, as these do now,
How closely life and death are wound!
Then wither on thy sepulchral bed,
Let the rose not woo the life-warm bust,
Nor in the tresses of the living head,
Remind how Beauty is akin to dust.



A FRAGMENT.

’Tis not the warm glance of young Beauty’s bright eye,
Nor the blossom-like bloom of her love-dimpled cheeks,
Though rich Araby’s breath may exhale in her sigh,
Through pearls set in coral that gleam when she speaks;
That could e’er win my heart, unless purity’s spirit
Informed every feature, and beamed in each smile;
The god of my temple of love must be merit,—
The shrine of my worship, a heart without guile.

THE ALPS.

To the readers of history, and of poetry, the Alps are a familiar name. From the days of the Romans, down to the present century, their inaccessible heights, eternal snows, and difficult and precipitous defiles, have given them a celebrity, hardly possessed by any other features of continental Europe. Placed as a natural barrier between nations frequently dissimilar, or hostile to each other, they have stood, abrupt and impenetrable, and the little that man could do, in opening their avenues, or smoothing their passes, remained almost unattempted until the nineteenth century. But within the times of the present generation, and especially within the last ten years, the aspect of these mountains has become less solitary and forbidding. Over nearly all the important defiles, smooth and spacious roads have been constructed, rocks have been penetrated, abysses have been spanned, terraces upon terraces have sealed the loftiest passes—and the traveller who now rolls over them at his ease, secure of comfortable hotels, and regular relays of post-horses, troubles himself little about the difficulties, against which Hannibal urged his elephants, and Bonaparte dragged his artillery.

The most interesting features in the Alpine chain, are the depressions, or passable gaps, and the extreme elevations. The depressions, or notches in the summit of the ridge, furnish avenues, over which mankind, following the tracks of the chamois, have constructed mule paths, and afterwards roads practicable for carriages. These are seldom less than five thousand feet above the level of the ocean, and are mostly named from the mountains near which they pass, as the Simplon, the St. Gothard, and the Splügen. The great elevations are for the most part abrupt and towering peaks, many of which, from their sharpness and steep acclivities, have received the appellations of *horns* and *needles*. Among the most elevated peaks are Mont Blanc, Mont Cervin, and Monte Rosa, situated in the chain which divides Piedmont from Savoy and Valais; the Finstraarhorn, the Schreckhorn (the horn of terror), and the Jungfrau, in Switzerland; and the Ortler-spitz in the Tyrol.

Mont Blanc derives its name, though not a distinctive one, from its mass of perpetual snows—Monte Rosa from the circular distribution of its peaks, which enclose a central valley or amphitheatre. Mont Blanc has been repeatedly ascended, though with great danger and difficulty, by adventurous travellers; but the upper summits of Monte Rosa, though often attempted, have never yet, we believe, been attained.

On the tops of the loftiest mountains water rests like a mineral substance from age to age, fixed in the form of consolidated ice and snow. Immense masses, which gather upon these heights in winter, seek afterwards a lower level, in obedience to the laws of nature. This fluctuation, the result of necessary influences, gives birth to scenes of unequalled sublimity and beauty, and actuates, as it were, the moving scenery of the Alps. The cascade, the torrent, the progressive glacier, and the overwhelming avalanche, are but the shiftings by which a disturbed element seeks to resume its wonted equilibrium.'

The traveller, passing in summer through the valleys of the Alpine regions, sees often before him what appears to be a white thread, suspended from the mountain side. This he finds to be a waterfall, and is struck with the great length of the cascade, perhaps five or six hundred feet, compared with the slender dimensions of the stream which constitutes it. These cascades generally reach the ground by successive leaps; but now and then a case occurs, in which the fall is unbroken, and the apparent slowness, the effect of distance, with which the air is traversed by the descending waves and volumes of spray, gives to the spectator the idea of something which floats, rather than falls. We recollect to have seen instances, in which a considerable stream jetting from the top of a precipice, was dissolved in spray, and wholly lost to the sight, before it had accomplished half its destined descent. A brook, starting from beneath, and fed by the perpetual shower, gave evidence that the material of this beautiful illusion was not lost. A fall of this kind, singularly picturesque, is seen in the vale of Misocco, on the southern side of the Bernardino passage. The celebrated fall of Staubbach, in Lauterbrunnen, nine hundred feet in height, is of the same description.

The long valleys which separate the mountainous spurs, usually afford beds for torrents, constituting the head waters, from which are accumulated the great continental rivers. These frequently occupy the bottoms of deep ravines, and when swollen with rains, or melted snows, exhibit a scene of obstructed, yet irresistible violence, which impresses the spectator with the deepest awe. On the principal roads, these are crossed by bridges of substantial masonry, in constructing which it seems often wonderful how the workmen could have found support. In some cases, we are told, it was found necessary to suspend stagings upon cords from precipices far above them. In the wilder and less frequented paths, frail wooden bridges, and sometimes trunks of fallen trees, constitute the means of passing. It has happened that, in cases of emergency, both men and animals have crossed these torrents,

even without the aid of bridges, and in the face of difficulties seemingly insurmountable. In 1800, a detachment of French troops under General Bethencourt, was ordered to occupy the pass of Yéselles, and proceed upon Domo d'Ossola. Their march was interrupted by the destruction of a bridge, which led round a precipice and over an abyss sixty feet in width. A volunteer, at great hazard of his life, by supporting himself against the sides of the precipice, in the holes cut for the timbers, succeeded in carrying a rope to the opposite side. Upon this rope, suspended over the abyss, with their feet braced against the lateral wall, or such other objects as might present, the whole detachment passed, one by one, the commander setting the first example. The names of the officers are now engraved upon the rock. When the last man had left the bank, five dogs, which belonged to the party, threw themselves into the current. Three of them were carried down, while the others, by dint of greater strength, succeeded in gaining the opposite side, and couched, half dead, at the feet of their masters.

Avalanches take place whenever the mass of snow accumulated on the heights becomes, either from its own weight, or the insufficiency of its base, incapable of supporting itself. The avalanches of different seasons are not equally dangerous. Those of summer are confined to the highest mountains, and seldom reach the places frequented by mankind. Those of winter also, though sometimes terrible in their effects, yet being often composed of the light and new-fallen snow, slide downwards in smaller masses and with less violence, so that men and beasts have been dug out unharmed from beneath them. But the avalanches of spring, which take place after the sun has begun to loosen the hold by which projecting masses are detained on the brink of precipitous summits, are by far the most dangerous and destructive. Imagination can hardly conceive the fearful sublimity and havoc with which these descents are attended. Columns of consolidated snow, whose extent the eye can hardly span, sweeping downwards for mile after mile, bearing with them the loosened rocks and uprooted forests, and discharging themselves at length on the valleys below, with a violence under which the earth trembles, are the common and yearly phenomena of these romantic regions. A fallen avalanche sometimes covers more than a league of country. The concussion of the atmosphere is so great, that houses have been overthrown, and men prostrated, at a distance from the scene of devastation. At the season of avalanches, when the impending masses are just ready to lose their hold, the inhabitants believe that the smallest noise, or shock given to the atmosphere, may start them into motion. Hence, in many places, they

take off the bells from their horses and cattle, and steal silently through the dangerous paths, choosing the early part of the day, before the sun has begun to act with power. It is also common to discharge a musket, by way of proof, before entering the suspected defiles.

Previous to the year 1800, and even at a later period, most travellers who entered Italy from the north, were obliged to cross the Alps by mule paths, never convenient, and sometimes extremely difficult. The transportation of merchandise, and especially of warlike stores and artillery, was an undertaking of the most arduous character, of which the passage of the Grand St. Bernard by the French invading army in 1800, is a well known example. After the conquest of the Italian states, the enterprize of Napoleon Bonaparte planned and executed two great military roads, practicable for carriages and artillery, one extending from Geneva to Milan, across the Simplon; and the other leading over the pass of Mont Cenis, and opening a communication from Lyons to Turin. These roads, it is but small praise to say, impress every traveller with astonishment, and are monuments of consummate skill in the engineers, who seem to have brought Herculean powers to subdue what nature had intended to be insurmountable. In the Strada Semplone at Milan, a triumphal arch was begun by Napoleon, at the termination of the Simplon road, to commemorate the completion of his stupendous enterprize. It is of white marble, ornamented with bas-reliefs representing the victories and treaties of the Emperor. After his fall, this structure, one of the largest and most beautiful of its kind, was suffered to remain unfinished, and was even threatened with dilapidation. Travellers who arrived from the mountains, fresh in their admiration, were accustomed to vent their displeasure upon the penurious jealousy of the Austrian government, which neglected to complete this monument, covered as it was with the testimonies of their own humiliation. But Napoleon is now a dead lion; the Austrians resumed the work, and the structure is completed. Unfortunately, however, for the objects of the founder, they have not been content to complete the structure, but have likewise gone on to complete the history. The tablets beneath, which represent the battle of Marengo, and the humiliating treaties which followed, are allowed to remain unharmed; but they are surmounted with others of equal execution, setting forth the battle of Waterloo and the abdication of Bonaparte. Broad highways are completed over the Cornice, the Col de Tende, the Genève, the Bernaëdino, the Splügen, the Brenner, and the Stelvio. The St. Gothard is open for carriages, and a road over the Maloya is finished. Upon most of them the yearly influx of

travellers to Italy has justified the establishment of regular post houses.

To Napoleon is due the credit of having set the example, and proved the usefulness of these great avenues. But twenty-three years of peace, which have followed his dethronement, while they have indefinitely increased the amount of communication between Italy and other countries, have at the same time afforded to the governments concerned, the leisure and means requisite for multiplying these works of public utility.

The Alpine highways resemble each other in their great features, and are among the proudest constructions of art. They would almost impress us with the belief, that nothing is impracticable to ingenuity and labour. These roads usually pursue the course of streams or valleys, gaining a higher level on their sides, as occasion offers, and at length climbing the principal ridge by what are called *torniquets*, a succession of terraces connected at their ends alternately in a serpentine manner. Their course often lies along the sides of precipices, jutting out over fearful depths, or crossing torrents and ravines upon bridges of giddy height. Sometimes it appears as if the road had come to an end, against an insuperable steep, or projecting spur of the mountain. But here the skill of the engineer eludes the difficulty, sometimes by throwing a bridge through the air, to the opposite side, and sometimes by entering the rock itself with a subterranean gallery. In places particularly exposed to avalanches, the road either buries itself in the rock, or is protected by massive stone arches, forming covered ways over the passages exposed. Much injury is still done, every year, to these roads by the descents of snow and of water, and they are kept in repair at great expense by the governments to which they respectively belong.

The highest of the passes over which a carriage road has been constructed, is that of the Monte Stelvio, on the route from Botzen to Milan. It was made by the Emperor of Austria, since 1814, to establish a communication with the Milanese, without quitting his own territory. The summit ridge, which it crosses, is more than nine thousand feet above the level of the sea, and seven hundred above the estimated line of perpetual snow in its latitude. This great elevation rendered it one of the most arduous roads in its formation, as it is one of the most difficult to keep in repair. It was found necessary to construct from two to three thousand feet of galleries or covered ways, to shelter the road from avalanches and falling rocks, which sweep over it in certain places. On this road, the magnificent mountain of the Ortler-spitz opens suddenly on the view of the traveller, with a vast and appalling effect, as it is seen from its

extreme summit to its base, robed in everlasting snows, which descend on its sides in enormous glaciers, and stream into the valley below. Immense masses of rock, in themselves mountains, throw out their black and scathed forms, in striking contrast with the brightness of the glaciers which they separate. This part of the route, or rather the whole ascent from Drofio, is without a parallel in Alpine scenery.

The passage of the Brenner, leading from Inspruck to the Lago di Garda and Verona, is the lowest which crosses the great chain of Alps, being only 4700 feet above the level of the sea. It is also one of the oldest of these roads. A dark narrow valley, between Sterzing and Mittenwald, is famous for having been the place of a successful resistance of the Tyrolese, under Andrew Hofer, against the French and Bavarian army in 1809. Great numbers of the latter were destroyed, by stones rolled down upon them from the heights which overhang the defile.

The pass of the Splugen, leading from Coire, the capital of the Grisons, to Lake Como, surpasses, in magnificent, sublime and awful scenery, every other carriage road in Europe. It is the deep and narrow gorge through which the Hinter Rhine makes its escape from the mountains, between mural precipices a thousand feet in height, and just far enough asunder, for about four miles, to furnish a scanty bed to the torrent. How the Romans made their way through this chasm, into Rhetia, or the barbarians afterwards broke through the same track into Italy, no one at the present day can imagine, except by supposing them to have diverged to the neighbouring mountains; for the sides of the chasm are perpendicular rock, and the bottom is monopolized, in a most unqualified manner, by the furious and turbulent Rhine. The modern road is a shelf, or notch, formed about midway in the precipice, and several times disappearing within the rock, for many rods together. A bridge crosses the chasm at such a height, that the Rhine, always chafed and foaming, looks from it like a white cord in the perpendicular distance; and a large stone, dropped from the parapet, seems floating for several seconds in the air, and when it strikes the water, a loud explosion is sent upwards. In November and December, 1800, a French army of reserve, under Macdonald, crossed the Splugen, enduring the horrors and hardships of an Alpine winter, being arrested by the obliteration of the path, and losing many men and horses by the avalanches. The sufferings of this passage are recorded by Count Philip de Segur, a well known historian of military disasters.

On the north side of the ridge of the Splugen, and near the village of the same name, a road diverges through the valley of the

Rhienwald, and crossing Mount Bernardino, follows the course of the Moesa till it joins the Ticino, and the road from St. Gothard. It then continues to the Lago Maggiore, and a branch of it to the Lugano. On the principal lakes there are now established steam-boats, which ply daily between the extremities of these waters. We observed, that they generally bear the classical names of the lakes which they traverse, as Il Lario, Il Verbano, Le Leman, &c. The scenery afforded by the passage through Lakes Como and Maggiore is exquisitely picturesque.

Persons going from central Switzerland by Altorf to the Lake Maggiore, may now cross in carriages the pass of St. Gothard, celebrated alike for its romantic scenery and its military history. The name of Suvaroff is engraved on a rock, near the desolate summit, at a place where that commander obtained a victory over the French in 1799. The celebrated Devil's Bridge, over the torrent of the Reuss, is a single arch of seventy feet span, thrown across a rushing cataract, at the height of a hundred feet above the water. It is impossible to think of such a structure, in such a situation, without shuddering at the idea of the danger to which those who built it must have been exposed. Yet this bridge has more than once been the scene of conflicts between the French and Imperialists, in the campaign of 1799; and once during the heat of an engagement, while the French under Lecourbe were in the act of charging the Austrians, thirty feet of the bridge separated and fell from the parapets, precipitating all who were upon it into the gulf below.

The fame of the route of the Simplon has reached all persons, who have interested themselves about the Alps, or Napoleon Bonaparte. It has been customary for most travellers to take this road either in going into Italy, or in returning from it, thus gaining a direct conveyance between Geneva and Milan. Considered as a work of art, the Simplon road probably exceeds all the others, in the neatness and architectural finish of its parapets and bridges; and it is exceeded by none in the magnitude of the difficulties overcome by the French and Italian engineers employed in its construction. The great gallery near Gondo is 596 feet long, and is cut through solid granite. Its southern extremity, where a bridge crosses the waterfall of Frassinone, at the entrance of an impassible gorge, is almost unequalled in picturesque and imposing effect. The gallery has lateral openings to admit the light, opposite to one of which the following inscription is cut in the rock—ÆRE ITALO 1805. That part of the road which is on the Swiss side of the Simplon, was completed by French engineers; but the southern

half, which is by far the most difficult, was executed by Italian artificers, under the Chevalier Fabbroni, at the expense of the Italian States.

The valley through which this road passes, extending through the Canton of Valais to the Pays de Vaud, is enclosed by a rampart of the highest mountains in Europe, having the peaks of Piedmont on one side, and the Bernese Alps on the other, some of which rise more than 10,000 feet above it. It has been considered as the deepest valley in the known world. Aware of this circumstance, the traveller receives from the scenery around him, impressions of sublimity, such as belong only to the presence of natural objects, which are known to be unequalled in their kind. Beyond the immediate effect on the senses, there is a deep and commanding interest, a pervading solemnity, which call on us to pay homage to what has never been outdone. But in this valley the beautiful also mingles with the sublime, and the solitudes which shelter in its infant growth, one of the most rapid and turbulent of rivers, have gathered round it the elements of fitness, which convey to the mind ideas of a recess and sanctuary of nature.

"Tis lone,
And wonderful and deep, and hath a sound
And sense and sight of sweetness. Here the Rhone
Hath spread himself a couch—the Alps have reared a throne."

The pass of Mount Cenis, already mentioned, and that of Mount Genève, made by Napoleon between Grenoble and Turin, are carriage roads, possessing features of the same general kind with those which have been described. But the Cornice, or Mediterranean road, is essentially different from the rest, being not so much a pass of the Alps, as it is a passage by which the Alps are avoided. It is true that the Maritime Alps here come down to the sea so abruptly, as to leave no room for a level passage between the mountains and the water. Nevertheless an excellent road is now constructed, which no where rises to a great height, and by which invalids travel to Nice and to Italy, at all seasons of the year. The Mediterranean way was known to the ancients, and it was by this pass that Julius Cæsar penetrated into Italy when about to engage in his contest with Pompey. This road presents, from many of its eminences, splendid views of the sea beneath, while, on the other hand, it is distinctly seen along the coast, from the steam-boats, which ply between Marseilles and Genoa.

It will be observed that the roads which have been made practicable for carriages, are principally large thoroughfares, by which intercourse is carried on between Italy and the adjacent states. But a vast number of mountain passes, in less fre-

quented directions, are still travelled only by pedestrians and mules; or in some cases by a low, narrow carriage, called a *char à banc*. Of this kind are the various avenues to the vale of Chamouni, the fearful pass of Gemmi near the baths of Lenk, the defiles of the Grimsel and Gries which approach the sources of the Rhone, the various paths by which the Oberland is traversed, numerous tracks which lead up the sides of mountains, among which should not be forgotten the Wingernalp, beautifully described by Simond, from which the traveller in midsummer, witnesses in safety the hourly fall of avalanches from the opposite side of the Jungfran.

The passes of the Great and Little St. Bernard are interesting from their proximity to Mont Blanc, lying on opposite sides of it; also from their scenery and historical associations. The former is well known for the Hospice, situated near its summit, inhabited by a benevolent order of monks, whose business is to rescue and relieve distressed travellers. It may seem singular that neither of these long and well known passages has yet been made the site of a carriage road. But the king of Sardinia has shown himself less fond of public improvements of this kind, than his more communicative neighbours.



THE TINMAN OF NEW-YORK;

A TRAVELLING LEGEND.

(Continued from p. 84.)

THE morning shone bright, and "all nature smiled in dewy tears," as the great bard Whipsyllabub saith, when our party set forth from Congress Hall on their way to Lake George. Following the advice of Seabright, who intimated a possibility of his joining them at the lake, they chose a route not generally followed, and not laid down in any of the books. It led them through a fine, fruitful and picturesque country, the inspiration of which affected the party in various ways. Minerva and Reuben pointed out, with sympathetic delight, the little clear rivulets that meandered through the meadows, crossing the road back and forth in their devious windings—the rich fields of golden grain in which the happy husbandman was now reaping the harvest of his autumn and spring labours; and the distant waving mountains that marked the vicinity of the beautiful Hudson—beautiful in its course, from its departure from the little parent lake to its entrance into the boundless ocean. Julius took no notice of the country, except that when occasionally

called upon to admire, he would lug in a comparison with some scenery on the Rhine, the Lake of Geneva, or the like, intimating something like pity of those unlucky wights who never had had an opportunity of seeing them, and who could admire the homely charms of an American landscape. Mrs. Orendorf did nothing but talk about what a charming place they had just left, and what a charming woman was Mrs. Asheputtle; and Childe Roeliff, having made two or three desperate efforts to resist the inroads of the enemy, and keep his eyes open, fell fast asleep. Happy is he who can thus at will shut out the world, evade the tediousness of time, and, as it were, annihilate that awful vacuum which intervenes between the great epochs of the day—to wit, breakfast, dinner, and supper.

About midday they came in sight of Jesup's Landing, as it is called, a little village close to the banks of the Hudson, which here presents a scene of exquisite beauty. The river is scarcely half a quarter of a mile wide, and seems to sleep between its banks, one of which rises into irregular hills, bounded in the distance by lofty mountains; the other is a velvet carpet, just spread above the surface of the stream, and running back to the foot of a range of round full-bosomed hills, that are succeeded by a range of rugged cliffs. Several little streams abounding in trout, and as clear as crystal, meander through these meadows, fringed with alders and shrubs of various kinds, wild flowers, and vines, and here and there a copse of lofty trees. The little village consisted of a few comfortable houses, scattered along the right bank of the river, and extending perhaps a quarter of a mile. At sight of this charming scene Reuben and Minerva exchanged looks of mutual pleasure, indicating that sympathy of taste and feeling which forms one of those imperceptible ties which finally bind two hearts together, and constitute the basis of the purest species of youthful love. There was nobody present to call in question the orthodoxy of Reuben's coat; no coterie of fashion to make Minerva ashamed of so unfashionable a beau, and she resigned herself gently into that respect and admiration which his goodness of heart, his natural talents, and extensive acquirements merited, and which nothing but the fear of being laughed at could repress in her bosom.

It was decided that they should take dinner at a neat comfortable inn, the names of whose owners we would certainly immortalize in this our story, did we chance to recollect them. But as there is but one public house in the village, the traveller who we hope may be tempted to visit this scene, when peradventure he shall peruse the adventures of the good Childe Roeliff, cannot well mistake the house. While dinner was

preparing Minerva proposed a walk, for the purpose of viewing a fall distant about a half a mile, which Mr. Seabright had excited her curiosity to see. The old folks were too tired; and Julius had seen the cascade of Lauterbrunn, and a dozen besides, in foreign parts, so there was no use in his going to visit one that by no possibility could be supposed equal to these. Minerva and Reuben therefore set out together, after being enjoined by the old gentleman not to keep them waiting dinner. Julius, in the meantime, meditated a scrutiny into the kitchen to inspect the flesh-pots of Egypt.

After proceeding over a high ridge which hid the river from their view, the road suddenly turned to the left down a steep hill, and they beheld the river raging in violent whirlpools, covered with foam, and darting through its narrow channel with noisy vehemence. A few houses, and a sawmill lay far beneath them, scattered among rocks and little gardens, where the sunflower paid its homage to the god of its idolatry, and the cabbage grew in luxuriant and chubby rotundity. Descending the hill, they began to notice the white spray rising above the tops of the pine-trees which crowned the perpendicular cliff on the opposite side of the river, and gradually the roar of the torrent strengthened into sublimity. At length they turned the corner of the mill, and beheld one of the finest scenes to be found in a country abounding in the beautiful and sublime of nature.

Minerva had taken the arm of the young man in descending the hill, and she continued to lean on it, with a more perceptible pressure, as they stood, in the silence of strong emotion, gazing at the scene before them. Perhaps we should have said Minerva stood gazing at the scene, for it is due to the strict accuracy we mean to preserve throughout our progress, to state that Reuben, after glancing at the fall, happened to cast his eye upon the damsel leaning on his arm, and pressing unconsciously against him in thrilling admiration, mixed with apprehension of the tremendous uproar of the waters, which shook the earth at their feet. He there beheld a countenance so beautiful, yet so apparently unconscious of beauty, so lighted up with feeling, intelligence, and delight, that for some moments he forgot the charms of inanimate nature in the contemplation of a rarer masterpiece. As he stood thus gazing in her face, their eyes happened to meet; and the rose was never in the dewy spring morning decked with such a tint as spread, like the Aurora Borealis over the mild heaven of her countenance. We will not affirm that Reuben blushed too, for that might bring him into disgrace with some of our fashionable readers; but we can affirm that his pulse beat in such a style that if the doctor

had been called in, he would certainly have pronounced him in a high fever. Recovering herself in a few moments, Minerva said, with the prettiest affectation of petulance imaginable,—

“Pray, young gentleman, did you come here to see the fall or not?”

“I did,” said Reuben, somewhat surprised.

“Then I wish you would take the trouble to look at it a little. I never before suspected you of being insensible to the beauties of nature.”

He took out his pencil—it was a self-sharpening one—and wrote a few verses which he presented her. They turned upon the superiority of the charms of woman, embellished with gentleness, beauty, intellect, tenderness, sympathy, and, above all, an immortal soul, over all other triumphs of creative power. We would insert them here, but Minerva always declared she threw the manuscript into the torrent.

“What nonsense!” exclaimed she, after reading it; and there is every reason to believe she was affronted at being thus put in comparison with a waterfall. But, somehow or other, she still held his arm while they staid at the foot of the torrent, and until they reached the inn. Nay, she held it while they mounted the steps, and after they entered the dining-room, when Mrs. Orendorf observed, rather significantly, “Minerva, can’t you stand alone?”

Minerva started, let go the arm, and ran up-stairs; for what purpose is a mystery to this day: perhaps it was because she wanted to convince the old lady she could stand alone. Master Julius listened to the account of their excursion with astonishing apathy; but was actually inspired to rub his hands in ecstasy, by the sight of a fine dish of trout, which, for the time being, banished the recollection of *turbot à la crème et au gratin*.

Nothing on earth can exceed the beauty of the scenery from Jesup’s Landing to Hadley’s Falls, of a fine summer afternoon; and the party, at least two of them, enjoyed it with all the zest of youthful feeling awakened into admiration of everything delightful, by the new-born excitement of that universal passion which in its first dawns communicates a charm to every thing we hear, everything we see, everything we enjoy. The youthful lover, ere his hopes are poisoned by jealousy and doubt, feels a glow about his heart, and elasticity of spirit, a capacity for enjoyment, he never knew before. Solitude acquires a new charm, for his fancy has now an object of perpetual contemplation, which is everywhere its associate, and with which his spirit holds converse absent as well as present. He imagines everything grateful and endearing to his heart;

creates a thousand occasions of innocent gratification ; conjures up smiles, blushes, and glances more eloquent than words ; the present is happiness, the future enchanting ; and this fretful world, the garden of Eden, inhabited by one more blooming, beautiful, and pure than the mother of mankind at the first moment of her creation, ere the serpent whispered his first temptations, and the first transgression stained the virgin earth. Such, or something like these, were the feelings of Minerva and Reuben, as they stole a few minutes to ramble along the river to the mouth of a little stream that joined it out of the meadows about a quarter of a mile from the inn.

"Nothing is wanting to the beauty of this fairy scene," said the young man.

"Yes," replied Minerva, "you have named the very thing wanting. It is indeed a fairy scene, and could we only imagine it the occasional haunt of these charming little folks, it would derive additional interest and beauty from the association. I have been told that few, if any, of the rivers of the ancient world are to be compared with this ; but they are ennobled by their nymphs, their river gods, and their connexion with poetry, romance, and religion, while our pure and beautiful streams have nothing but reality to recommend them. I sometimes wish I could believe in fairies."

"And so do I," answered Reuben. "I confess I often look back with regret upon that happy period, before fancy became the slave of reason ; when the youthful imagination was filled with the unseen glories of enchanted palaces ; with spirits, fairies, and genii, guarding virtue, punishing vice ; alluring us to the practice of all the moral duties by the most splendid rewards, and deterring us from the commission of crimes by the most awakening punishments. I sympathise with the French poet, when he complains that,

'The fays and all are gone,
Reason, reason reigns alone ;
Every grace and charm is fled,
All by dulness banished.
Thus we ponder slow and sad,
After truth the world is mad ;
Ah ! believe me, error too
Hath its charms nor small nor few.'

The carriage now overtook them, and they proceeded on their journey sitting side by side, now bowling along the level banks of the river, crowned with trees, whose velvet foliage was reflected in the still, pure water, with an inimitable softness and beauty ; and now slowly ascending the round green hills, which every moment opened to their view new and distant landscapes — hills rising above hills, and ending at last in blue mountains

seeming to mingle with the skies. Little was said by either, except in that language which all understand,—as an unknown poet says,—

The Indian maid at home
Who makes the crystal lake her looking-glass,
As well as she that moves in courtly balls,
And sees in full-length mirrors scores of angels.

They followed the direction of each other's eyes in search of nature's masterpieces, or looked into them and beheld them reflected as in the gliding river.

Master Julius Dibdill, having had the misfortune to be a great traveller, saw nothing in the scenery to merit his attention; but he saw something in these glances which he did not at all like. They spoke a language which he comprehended perfectly, and he began to ponder within himself that it was high time to come to an explanation; for, incredible as it might seem, the antediluvian coat seemed in a fair way to eclipse the whiskers, at least in these romantic solitudes.

"But I will wait till we arrive at Lake George, where I shall find an assemblage of fashionable people, and resume my empire," thought he.

In the meantime he bestirred himself to make the agreeable; talked about the musical soirées, the fashions, the great people, the cookery, "and all that sort of thing." But these topics, it would seem, have no enchantment out of the sphere of the drawing-room and fancy ball. Within the magic circle of nature, among meadows, and streams, and rocks, and mountains, and in the deep solitudes of the touching melancholy woods, they hold no sway. The heart responds not to them, and even echo disdains to reply from her sequestered hiding-place. Minerva heard what he said, but she looked at the distant cascade of Hadley, where the Hudson and the dark rolling Sacondaga came forth from their empire in the woods, unite their waters, and quarrel away with angry vehemence, until, becoming as it were reconciled to their enforced marriage, they jog on quietly together like Darby and Joan, till they mingle at last with that emblem of eternity—the vast, unfathomable, endless ocean, which swallows up the waters of the universe at one mighty gulp.

Crossing the river at Hadley, by a bridge hanging in the air directly over the falls, the scene changed by degrees into a vast mountainous forest of gloomy pines, destitute of cultivation, except that here and there, at long intervals, the hand of man was indicated by a little clear field, along some devious winding brook, groping its way through the little valleys, and turning a sawmill, sore enemy to the gigantic

pinus, and destructive to the primeval forests that have braved the elements for ages past. The road was rough and rocky, and the people they passed were few and far between; wild in their looks, and wild in their attire. Still there was a romantic feeling of novelty connected with the scene; it was a perfect contrast to that they had just quitted; and there was a solemn and desolate wildness about it, which partook of sublimity. Minerva and Reuben enjoyed it, for they were studying the early and enchanting rudiments of a first love together—the good lady-mother complained sorely of the bruises she sustained—Childe Roeliff grumbled, and bitterly reviled the road, because it would not let him sleep—while the accomplished Dibdill wiled away the tedious hours, by every moment asking the driver how far it was to Lake George, and expressing his impatience to get there.

The night set in ere they had cleared this wild district, and grew exceedingly dark in consequence of the approach of a storm. The lightning and thunder became frequent and appalling, while the intervals were enveloped in tenfold darkness. The progress of the carriage became necessarily so slow that the excellent Roeliff was at length enabled to accommodate himself with a nap, from which not even the thunder could rouse him. The horses, as is common on such occasions, became dogged and obstinate, and at length came to a dead stand. In the mean time the distant roaring of the woods announced that the tempest was let loose, and approaching on the wings of the whirlwind.

The situation of the party became extremely unpleasant, and Minerva unconsciously pressed against Reuben, as if for protection. The expostulations of the driver with his team at length roused Childe Roeliff from his sleep, who, on being made to comprehend the situation of affairs, forthwith began to scold the unfortunate women, on whom he laid all the blame. In the first place, it was his wife who urged him on to travelling in foreign parts; and in the second, his daughter, who proposed this route through the wilderness, or desert of Moravia, as he termed it. What a capital thing it is to have some one to lay the blame upon in times of tribulation! To be able to say to another, "It is all your fault," is better in the eyes of some people than all the consolations of philosophy.

The darkness, as we observed before, was intense in these gloomy woods, and it became impossible to distinguish objects through the void, except during the flashes of lightning. In this dilemma, they sat consulting what was to be done, without coming to a determination, occasionally appealing to the

driver; who at length threw them into despair by acknowledging that he feared he had deviated from the right road in the darkness of the night.

"Is there a house near?" asked Reuben.

"If we are on the right track, there must be one somewhere hereabouts, sir," replied the driver. "But the people who live in it are not of the best character, they say."

A flash of lightning, that seemed to set the heavens and the earth in a blaze, and quivered among the lofty trees, followed by a fearful crash of thunder, interrupted this dialogue. As the explosion rolled away, grumbling at a distance, the silence was interrupted by two or three voices, exclaiming, close to the horses' heads—

"Hollo! hollo! hollo! who are you?"

The ladies shrieked—Childe Roeliff was struck dumb, and Julius began to think about bandits and brigands. Poor Minerva, frightened out of all recollection of the dignity of the sex, actually seized Reuben's hand, and held it fast, as if she feared he was going to run away.

"Hollo! hollo!—I say, who are you?" repeated the same rough voices.

"Travellers benighted in the woods," replied Reuben.

"Where do you come from?"

"Saratoga."

"Where are you going?"

"To Lake George."

"You'll not get there to-night I reckon."

"Why, how far is it?"

"Five miles, through the worst road in all York state."

"Is there any house near?"

"I suspect I live just nigh hand yonder. You have just passed it. We heard something queer like, and came out just to see what it was."

"Can you accommodate us for the night?"

"Can't I?—do you think I live in a hollow tree?"

"How far is it to your house?"

"Not a hundred yards yonder. There, you may see it now?"

And by the flashes of lightning, they distinguished the house at a little distance.

"O don't let us go with these men!" whispered Minerva to Reuben.

"I dare say they are as rude and as wild as bears," mumbled Mrs. Orendorf.

"No doubt they are squatters," quoth the Childe.

"I can swear to them," said Julius, in an undertone of

great apprehension. "They talk and look just like banditti—and this is a most capital place for murder. I wish I had brought my hair-triggers"

"Banditti!" screamed the old lady.

"Don't be alarmed," said Reuben. "There is no danger of banditti in a happy and well-governed country."

"Why, hollo! I say, mister—are you going to light or not? We can't stand all night here. I felt a drop of rain on my nose just now, and hear the storm coming like fury down yonder. You are welcome to go or stay, only make up your minds at once, or I'm off like a shot."

"We had better go with them," said Reuben. "If they had any mischief in their heads, they could do it here better than anywhere else."

All finally assented to this proposition, warned by the increasing whispers of the woods and the pattering of the rain that no time was to be lost.

The horses, who seemed conscious they had been driven past a place of shelter, willingly suffered the night-walkers to take them by the reins, and turn them round, and in less than a minute they drew up before a house, at the door of which stood a woman with a light.

"Quick! quick! jump like lamplighters," exclaimed the master of the house; "or in less than no time you'll be as wet as drowned rats."

The increasing rain and uproar warned them to follow this advice, and the whole party, trunks, band-boxes, and all, were in a trice received into the solitary mansion, which, to their dismay and mortification, they found already occupied by a party of the most questionable figures they had ever seen. It consisted of five or six of what, in the common phrase of Brother Jonathan, are called "hard-looking characters," seated on benches made of slabs, and tipping whiskey in a pretty considerable fine style. They looked a little queer at our travellers as they entered, but offered no rudeness of speech or manner; and one of them, a native of the most gallant of all countries, offered Minerva his seat on the slab with great courtesy, considering he was dressed in a red flannel shirt, and had forgotten his shoes somewhere or other.

The house in which accident had thus cast our travellers was entirely new, or rather, we may affirm it was not above half-finished. Of the vast superfluity of windows, only two were furnished with glass, and the rest boarded up to keep out the weather. Half the room they occupied was plastered, the other half lathed only, and everything, in fact, squared with the distinguishing characteristic of honest Brother Jonathan,

who of all people in the world excels in building big houses, which he never finishes. The furniture was exceedingly 'sparse,' as the Americans say of the population of the new states: there was a bed in one corner, in which lay ever so many little white-headed rogues, who ever and anon popped up their polls to take a sly look at the strangers. There were only two chairs visible, the seats composed of pieces of pine boards. Still nothing was slovenly, and everything about the place indicated, not the incurable poverty of an old country, which neither toil nor industry can remedy, but that temporary absence of conveniences, which opportunity had not yet permitted them to supply.

But to the ladies, and to Childe Roeliff, who for some years past had been accustomed to the luxuries of a splendid establishment, all this appeared the very quintessence of poverty and misery combined. They looked round them with dismay, and to their view all seemed to indicate that species of want and wretchedness which impels mankind to the violation of social duties, and the perpetration of the deepest crimes. They trembled for their lives, especially when they saw suspended above the mantelpiece, and standing up in the corners, at least half a dozen guns. Squire Julius, whose head was full of banditti, observed these mortal weapons as well as the ladies, and gave himself up for lost that night.

"This comes of family parties, and rides in search of the picturesque. I shall never dance the gallopade again with the divine Asheputtle, that's certain," thought he, as he glanced his eye upon the harsh features, athletic forms, and above all, infamous costume, of the convivial party.

Mine host was indeed of a face and figure most alarming to behold. He was fast approaching to the gigantic in height, and bony in the extreme—in short, he seemed all bone and sinew. His features were awfully strong; and of his nose it might be predicated, that it was no wonder the first drop of rain which came from the heavens that night fell upon that extensive promontory, for the chances were in its favour a hundred to one. He was, however, not uncourteous in his way; but to the eyes of the refined portion of society, rusticity always conveys an idea of rudeness and barbarity. It was plain that he was the master of the house, for the tone of his voice indicated as much. Mine hostess was rather a little woman—not deformed or ugly, but quite the contrary. She might have been handsome, had it not been for a garment of green baize, which threw friend Julius into a perspiration of horror.

Our travellers had scarcely entered the house when the

storm commenced its career, and such a storm as carries with it all the sublime of nature. The wind howled, the thunder crashed, and the trees groaned, while the rain beat a tattoo upon the roof and sides of the building, as if it was determined to pepper some of those within.

"I've seen many a storm in ould Ireland," exclaimed one of the worshipful members, in a strong Irish accent; "but never any tunder like dis."

"Pooh!" replied a figure that seemed to have been made out of a shingle; "how should you when everybody knows neither the sky nor the earth is half as big in Ireland as in this country."

"Well, suppose and it isn't; what den?—is it any reason why the tunder and lightning wouldn't be as big? answer me dat, you Dutch Yankee."

"Why, I should guess so, arguing from analogy—"

"Ann what?—burn me if I know such a woman—and I don't care what she argufies."

"I say," continued the other with great gravity, "that, arguing from analogy, it is quite impossible, as I should partly guess, that the thunder should be as loud in such a small splice of a country, as it is in these United States of Amerrykey. You see now, Mister M'Killicuddy—that's a queer name of yours—I wonder your daddy wasn't ashamed to give you such a cognomen."

"Do you compare me to a cog-wheel?" interrupted Mister M'Killicuddy, who, like all his company, was a dealer in sawing boards in this region, where vast quantities are made and sent to New-York by way of the Hudson.

"I compare you?—I'll see you pickled first," said Jonathan; "I was only saying you had a tarnal droll name—I wouldn't have such a name for all the bogs of Ireland."

"Bogs!—you tief—none of your coming over me with bogs;—I've seen a bog in Ireland bigger than the whole State of New-York—yes, and if you come to dat, bigger dan your whole United States as you call 'em."

"Whew—w—w!" whistled Jonathan; "what a miserable country that Ireland of yours must be: I don't wonder the snakes and toads have all left it, of their own accord, long ago."

"Of their own accord!—no such ting I tell you.—St. Patrick driv 'em all out by preaching to the rascals."

"Whew!—why I spose maybe you calculate on that as a mighty slick piece of horsemanship. But for all that, he can't hold a candle to our Deacon Mabee. Let the deacon alone for driving a wedge—why, the other night, at a four days,

meetin, I wish I may be shot if he didn't drive every cretur out of the schoolhouse exceptin old Granny Whimblebit, who is as deaf as an adder. St. Patrick can't hold a candle to Deacon Mabee, I'm considerably inclined to think."

"May be or may be not, Mister Longreach; nobody shall say any thing, or tink any ting, or dream any ting to the undervallying Saint Patrick."

"Ever in Bosting? I'm from Bosting or thereabouts, I guess, don't you?" replied Mr. Longreach.

"Bosting!—none of your coming over me with your Bosting—Dublin for ever for me, honey!"

"Dubling—I've heard say by one of the slickest fellers within a hundred miles of Bosting—that the city of Dubling was so leetle you might kiver it all over with the peeling of a potato."

"By the holy poker, but I'd like to come over that slick feller.—The peel of a peraty!—By St. Patrick's blue eyes!"

"Was his eyes blue?" asked Mr. Longreach, with great apparent earnestness. "I always heard your Irish people were great dealers in black eyes, maybe."

"Yes, by the bokey, and I'll give you a short specimen off-hand if you go to make fun upom me, Mister Longreach."

"I make fun of you!—no such a thing."

"You wouldn't now, would you," cried Mr. M'Killicuddy, rising in great wrath, and making immediate demonstrations of hostility. But the rest of the company, who understood the dry humour of Jonathan, and were enjoying the colloquy, interfered, and insisted they should drink friends, assuring Mr. M'Killicuddy no harm was meant. Peace was accordingly restored, and a short silence ensued. This, however, was soon interrupted by the vespers of Childe Roeliff, who, being tired with his ride and of waiting for supper, had fallen asleep in one of the two chairs we have commemorated.

"Hush," cried M'Killicuddy; "we will disturb the ould New-Yorker there. And, now I think of it, 'tis time to be going home to the ould woman. The storm is over in one half the time it would have been in swate Ireland, for all dat tundering Yankee says."

Accordingly, seeing that the moon was peeping forth from her recesses in the clouds, they made their homely compliments to the strangers, and quietly sought their burrows among the rocks and hills. Julius, who watched them narrowly, overheard, with the quick ear of apprehension, one of them say to the landlord, in an under-tone, "What time shall we be here?" "About an hour before day," replied he.

During the preceding dialogue, the mistress of the mansion

had been preparing supper for the travellers, and Minerva and Reuben had listened with amusing interest to this homely display of national character. But Squire Dibdill could not divest himself of the impression that these ill-dressed people were first-rate banditti, and that they only retired to throw the party off their guard, and induce them to spend the night in this dangerous abode. After supper, which was of the most plentiful kind, he hinted pretty strongly about going on to the lake that night. But it was now ten o'clock, the clouds had again obscured the moon, and the driver, who heard the proposal from his corner, declared that neither he nor his horses were in a humour to undertake such a road at such an hour, in such a night as this. The road, always bad, must be now almost impassable, with the torrent of rain which had just fallen; and he could not answer to his master or the party for running the risk of a midnight journey. Julius gave up the point unwillingly, and it was settled to remain where they were till the morning.

No small difficulty occurred in arranging accommodations, as mine host was not accustomed to entertain strangers of distinction, or indeed any strangers at all. Seldom did a traveller pass that way, and still more rarely did they tarry there for the night. We profess not to know what became of the rest of the party, but it hath come to our knowledge that Master Julius slept, or was supposed to sleep, in a little excrescence of a building that projected from the rear of the house, usually occupied by the owner of the mansion himself, who resigned it on this occasion to his guest. About eleven the party retired to rest, and soon a deathlike silence reigned everywhere, interrupted only at intervals by the whooping of the owl or the barking of the dogs about the house. All save Julius were soon fast asleep, or—to speak more in accordance with the “big” style of describing small things now-a-days—soon all were locked in the arms of Morpheus; and it hath been asserted on good authority, that the last thoughts of Reuben and the pretty little Minerva were of each other.

Julius examined his sleeping room with great attention, but saw nothing to excite his suspicions save a few spots on the floor, which looked very much like recent stains of blood. He went to bed; but he was nervous, and could not sleep for thinking of banditti. He lay listening for hours after all was quiet as the grave around him, and the dread silence increased his apprehensions, insomuch that he wished he had permitted Reuben to sleep in the room with him, notwithstanding the horror with which travelled gentlemen, and more especially

English travellers, look upon such a republican enormity. The state of his mind aggravated every little sound that met his ear; the stir of a mouse made his heart beat double; the hooting of the solitary owl sounded like a prophetic foreboding of danger; and the barking of the dogs' announced to his exaggerated apprehensions the approach of the robbers.

After a long probation of tantalizing fears, he at length worried himself into a sleep, from which he was roused by a cautious and ominous tap at his window, which had no shutter, and was but a few feet from the ground. All was dark within and without, and there reigned all around that deathlike stillness which may be called the empire of fear, since to the excited fancy it is far more appalling than the uproar and confusion of the elements. After an interval of a moment, during which he lay without drawing his breath, some one said, in an undertone,

"Knock louder."

"We shall disturb the ladies."

"That's true, I guess, but then how shall we get at him?"

"By de hokey, he sleeps as dough he knowed it was his last."

Julius recognised the voices of Longreach and M'Killicuddy, and his apprehensions now ripened into certainty. His forehead became cold with the dews of fear, and every feeling, every function of life resolved itself into one horrible apprehension as he heard them cautiously trying first at the door, then at the window, and uttering low curses of disappointment at finding them fastened.

"By de hokey, we shall be too late, for I see de day coming over de top of de mountain yonder."

"Well, then, I'll be darn'd if I don't go without him."

"By de holy poker, but I won't; he shall go wid us, dead or alive. So here goes."

Mr. M'Killicuddy hereupon essayed himself more vigorously to open the door, and the apprehensions of Julius being now wrought up to the highest pitch, he roared out,—

"Murder! murder!" as loud as he could bawl.

"Och, murder!" shouted M'Killicuddy in astonishment and dismay, as he heard the voice of the stranger.

Julius continued to vociferate the awful cry until he roused Reuben and mine host, and waked the ladies, who began to echo him with all the might of female lungs. Dressing themselves with great expedition, our hero and the landlord proceeded to the place where Julius was so sorely beset by the banditti, and beheld by the slight tint of the gray morning, the

figures of M'Killicuddy and his companion standing under the window. Mine host hailed them, and was answered by a well-known voice.

"A pretty kettle of fish you have made of it."

"Yes, I guess if he'd studied nine years and a half for a blunder, he wouldn't have made a better. Darnation, why did you direct us to the wrong place?"

"By jingo," replied the landlord, "that's true, I forgot, or rather I didn't know, the strange gentleman was to sleep in my room."

All this while the valiant Dibdill was vociferating "Murder, murder!" in his best style, and Reuben, perceived there was no danger of such a catastrophe at present, managed, by the assistance of the landlord, to force the door. Their attempts redoubled the horrors of poor Julius, who for some time withstood all the assurances of Reuben that there was not the least danger of being murdered this time. He stood in a perfect abstraction of horror, with but one single impression on his memory, and that was of banditti; repeating, as it were unconsciously, the awful cry of murder, murder! as fast as his tongue could utter it, until it gradually died away in a whisper.

Having tried what shaking, and pushing, and arguments would do, in vain, the landlord at length brought him to his recollection by dashing a basin of water in his face. For a minute or two he stood congealed and astounded, then rubbing his eyes, and looking round with a most ludicrous stare, exclaimed,

"Bless my soul, what is the matter?"

"By de soul of ould Ireland, cried M'Killicuddy, bursting into a roar of laughter, "by de soul of ould Ireland, I believe de squire took us for robbers."

The whole scene changed at once, and shouts of laughter echoed in these solitudes, which had just been alarmed with the cry of murder. Reuben could not forbear joining in the chorus as he looked at Julius, who stood in his nightcap and oriental gown, shaking with the cold ablution he had received, aided by the remains of his fears, and exhibiting a ludicrous combination of shame and apprehension.

The mystery was soon unravelled. Master M'Killicuddy had, a week or two before, got, as it were, into a row on occasion of some anniversary—we believe it was that of the famous battle of the Boyne—with some his countrymen, and a lawsuit which was to be tried that day, was the natural consequence. The landlord and Mr. Jonathan Longreach were his principal witnesses, and the place of holding court being somewhat distant, it had been arranged to set out before daylight, and that the other two were to awaken mine host on their way.

The story came to the ears of Minerva, by some means or other. We will not affirm that Reuben did not tell her, for it was very natural she should ask the reason of the great noise that had frightened her, and it would have been impolite for him to keep it to himself. All mankind, and most especially all womankind, love courage. It is in itself so noble a quality—and then it is so indispensable to the protection of the weaker sex, that we do not wonder they admire a soldier, because his profession indispensably leads him at some time or other into dangers, which he could not encounter without disgrace, if he lacked courage. The conduct of Julius on this awful night most sensibly diminished the influence of his coat, his whiskers, and travelled accomplishments, over Minerva. Her imagination gradually got the better of her senses, and instead of the perfect dandy arrayed from top to toe in the very quintessence of fashionable adornment,—with chains, and ribands, and diamonds bright, charming all eyes, and taking captive every ear, he ever after appeared to her, yclad in satin cap, and oriental nightgown, crying “Murder! murder!” while the water trickled down his cheeks like floods of tears. Still, however, he continued to be the admiration of Mrs. Orendorf, who had the authority of Mrs. Asheputtle that he was perfect; and as for Childe Roeliff, the marriage of his daughter and nephew was the favourite project of his declining years; and who ever knew an elderly gentleman abandon such a thing on the score of want of merit, want of affection, incompatibility of temper, or prior attachment? Had Roeliff done this, he would have been the most remarkable old man ever recorded in tradition, history, or romance; and if in the course of this his Progress, he should chance to present such an extraordinary example, we shall do all in our power to transmit his fame to future ages.

(To be continued.)

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EPIGRAM.

Quintus asks, with much surprise,
 Why all his dreams prove false and light.
 What marvel! since in telling lies
 He spends the day, it were unwise
 To hope to dream the truth at night!

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COLERIDGE'S POEMS.

PERHAPS no writer of the present day has been more variously estimated than Coleridge. His productions have been ridiculed by some, and cherished with the warmest admiration by others.

But, whether good or bad, they should be looked upon with peculiar interest, coming as they do from the pen of one who was distinguished in many of the highest branches of literature.

It is our purpose, at this time, to confine ourselves to his poetry. We believe that, in this sphere, he is not yet justly estimated; for, while some have been extravagant in their applause, others have poured upon him the most unmerited abuse. Against the criticisms of Coleridge's detractors, we confidently refer our readers to the works themselves. They prove their own beauty and power far more eloquently than we could do. The indescribable impress of genius is stamped on all he has written. At all times there is a melody in his language, and an etheriality in his aspirations, which throw a spell upon the mind, and win it to admiration. His works are full of ideal and moral beauty; of pure, deep, and elevating sentiment; now conveyed to us by the soft and silvery music of sweet song; and now swelling in organ-peals from his more elaborate and lofty productions.

One of the first distinguishing traits of Coleridge is his versatility. True, there is one mind visible through all, yet few have written so much with so little sameness. There is the Hymn to Mont Blanc, with its unrivalled grandeur, and the Genevieve with its ravishing beauty, the energetic wildness of the Ancient Mariner, and the supernatural witchery of Christabel, all distinct in their character, yet all perfect in their kind. The style is always in exact accordance with the subject, and the subject is ever varied. Now we gaze upon the aerial forms of spirits, now are bewildered by magnificent scenery, and now look quietly upon his little child. Now his thoughts are conveyed in the simplest forms, and now in the antique stateliness of the olden time.

His next distinguishing attribute is his inimitable mastery of language, his exquisite and liquid melody of diction. We know of no writer, since the age of Elizabeth, who owes so much to this single element of power. He stands here absolutely alone. While we read we seem to be accompanied by a quiet and dreamy music. We might quote passages of exceeding sweetness from almost every page, to show how nearly akin to music mere words may be made to flow. Whatever he touches, seems to breathe forth with the same magical power. We might recommend, then, the study of Coleridge, to all who would know the true value of language, and the perfect mellowness of versification, with which a gifted mind may pour forth its conceptions.

Another marked feature of his poetry is condensation. He

always implies more than he expresses. His writings throughout have a sinewy strength of expression. He gathers up vast treasures of thought, and melts them all down to a single line. With one tone he electrifies the soul. His sentences are pictures. His very words live and breathe, and send forth, now low murmurs of joy, and now the piercing wail of grief. He never dwells long on one thought. He strikes the key-note, and leaves the echo of its melody to swell on in the mind of the reader. Thus, through the whole flow of his poetry, there is a deep under-current of thought. And while the careless reader may amuse himself with the rainbow-painted bubbles that float upon the surface, the reflecting mind will behold bright and beautiful conceptions, flashing upward from below. He will feel as the mariner would feel, if the waters of the unfathomable ocean should become transparent like pure ether, and he could gaze down upon its groves of coral, and its amber-fretted caves.

Still another attribute of Coleridge, and not the least distinguishing, is his originality. Here, if we mistake not, is one reason why his works have not been more appreciated. Originality is like new coin; people hardly know its real worth. It bears not the usual image and superscription; and though the metal may be of triple value, they hesitate to receive it. Thus, the very thing which should gain a crown for its possessor, too often hangs like a millstone about his neck. Coleridge has gone into the secret chambers of his own mind, both for his style and for his thoughts. He is an enthusiastic admirer of Wordsworth, yet he feels the fallacy of much of his poetic theory, and has not followed its principles. He has also no small portion of the German spirit, yet nothing that looks like plagiarism, or even imitation. He was first led to embody his poetical feelings, by a volume of Bowles's Sonnets, given him when he was a boy of seventeen. These Sonnets he studied with intense interest, and transcribed them upwards of forty times within eighteen months, that he might present them to his friends. Yet where, in the mysterious twilight shade that hangs around his productions, can we find aught that in the least resembles even his most favourite author? We know, in fact, of no living writer, who possesses so much originality.

Other striking characteristics of Coleridge, are his picturesqueness, his graphic delineation, his distinct and vivid description. They may not be found in an equal degree in all his poetry, but still they give a freshness and life to all his productions. While we read, real scenes are made visible to us. We see distinct and definite pictures, without any effort of the

mind, and they stand out like a present reality. We can actually look upon the dark rocks, and see the yellow leaves of the ash quivering in the wind, or into the distant and quiet valley, where the silver stream flows silently along, over its soft bed of verdure.

Yet his pictures are never *mere* pictures. He does not so much notice the outward form, as the in-dwelling life. His most graphic descriptions, though clear and distinct, have no external glitter. There is no hard crystallization of fancy, encrusting them over. All is natural and mellow;—all has life and feeling. With a true Promethean spirit, he gives a living soul to inanimate things, and makes external objects the types and emblems of inward gifts and emotions.

In these remarks, we cannot but allude to the habitual spirit of love that pervades his writings. The words which he has put into the mouth of his Ancient Mariner, beautifully express the feeling which he ever delights to cherish.

‘ He prayeth best, who loveth best,
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.’

Thus his whole heart appears filled with universal benevolence. The vast creation is to him crowded with beauty and life. He feels a sympathy, while he listens to the whispering leaves, or the glad murmur of the distant brook, as it leaps onward to the ocean. He loves the very clouds, as they wander away through the blue ether, and looks with tenderness upon the delicate wild flowers that smile at his feet. He is familiar with the sweet songs of Nature, and is soothed by them into a quiet and holy joy, while, in the accents of affection, he exclaims—

‘ Methinks it should have been impossible
Not to love all things, in a world so filled;
Where the breeze warbles, and the mute still air
Is Music slumbering on her instrument.’

Thus he tempers his mind, and baptizes it at the sacred wellsprings of affection. But his love for Nature does not absorb his love for his fellow-beings. He does not gather from her bitterness of spleen, or pampered refinement, or frozen misanthropy. His feelings are ennobled and enlarged. The love, that has entered so deeply into his bosom beneath the broad sky, has given him a keener sympathy for his own kindred. It has thrown a rich hue over all his writings and enabled him to breathe out with peculiar sweetness, “ the low, sad music of humanity.”

Again, (and it should never be forgotten,) his writings
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exhibit throughout a deep religious spirit. His heart has been kindled by fire from the heavenly altar. He feels that Christian faith is the perfection of human reason, and that without it the fountains of the heart would be sealed, and its hopes for ever blighted. This is in fact the root of all his greatness; Christian love, and Christian benevolence;—and it is the only atmosphere in which true poetry can exist. Without it Nature is empty, and her beauty is dust. We believe that none can be so susceptible of poetic feeling as he, who has gathered inspiration from the Book of Life, and dwells perpetually with a sense of the Divine Presence. *He* needs not to wander amid a forest of spices, where sweet citron and golden furze distil incense. Place him on desert sands, amid barrenness and desolation—give him but one parched shrub, and even *that* to him will be eloquent of God. It will carry his thoughts into the Eternal World, and soothe his spiritual nature into devout contemplation. We trust that this truth will, at no distant day, be more widely felt. It is the essence of all that is great and good in the natural, as well as in the spiritual world. The man must become as the little child. He must feel his dependence upon God, and then, and not till then, will he feel the exceeding glory that shines out from the works of Creation. And thus it is with Coleridge; and thus it is, in the eloquent language of Sir Philip Sidney—“he showeth himself a passionate lover of that unspeakable and everlasting beauty, to be seen by the eyes of the mind, only cleared by faith.” To him, every creature and thing bears the impress of the Great Maker—and therefore awakens awe and reverence in his mind. He never forgets that the same Power, who kindles with fire the stars of heaven, gives life and instinct to the most diminutive reptile that crawls in the dust. He sees infinity mirrored in the drop of dew, as visibly as in the waters of the ocean. The leaf, that quivers in the sun-light, is to him a problem, of which God Omnipresent is the only solution. He feels that it is linked to the universe, holding living connection with the earth, the air, the dew, and the distant sun; and in each of these he beholds the mysterious design and benevolence of Divine Majesty; and his thoughts stretch on, as it were, star by star, till he is overwhelmed by the thought of that Being, the least of whose attributes his finite mind is inadequate to compass. Thus his soul is made to burn with the ardour of devotion, which glows through, and sanctifies all he has written; and thus does he breathe into his poetry such emotions, as will ever tend to exalt the reflecting reader in the scale of intellectual and religious being.

In Coleridge's "Love Poems," there often seems to be something wanting. They have too little of the feelings common to humanity. They are too ideal. Human tenderness melts into spiritual admiration. True devotion fades into a kind of Platonic sympathy. The intense and passionate love, which breathes out in the simple language of nature, is too often lost in metaphysical abstractions. There are however striking exceptions to this; and the most remarkable one is his "Genevieve." This is, in truth, one of the most sweet and touching poems in our language. We should rejoice to trace out the beautiful arrangement and combination of this sweet ballad. It has not the voluptuous passion of Byron, or the intellectual calmness of Wordsworth; but a deep fervour, mingled with a softness of melancholy peculiarly his own. It is quiet, yet intense; simple, yet accurate in its metaphysical analysis; spiritual, yet warm with the glow of delicate feeling.

Before we close, we can only say, concerning the true power and living spirit of Coleridge's writings, "seek, and ye shall find." His works are solid with meaning. They suggest truths, and leave them to be drawn out by the reader. Goethe has said, that "a work which leaves nothing to divine, can be no true, consummate work; its highest destination must be to excite reflection: and no one can truly love a work till he has been compelled to follow it out, and complete it in his own mind."

It has been said that Coleridge's works are fragments;—that they have no unity. We think it is not so. His works, taken singly, are fragments; put together, they make a whole. His poetry is a part of his philosophy. It is the golden clasp, that connects the chain. It is his philosophy, after he has breathed into it a living soul. In his "Aids to Reflection," he says, "religion is not a theory, but a *life*;" so it is with his philosophy: and in his poetry he shows this. He shows how it changes the whole man, and opens the inward perceptions. In fact, throughout his whole poetry his Christian philosophy flows, like the sap, into every branch, and leaf, and blossom. Those who would study the one, then, should study the other. They are the productions of one mind. They unfold the same principles—and explain and support each other.

Again, in his poetry we find perfect truth. Nature is represented as it really is; not dry and dead, but full of meaning. It not only has form, but life. He never veils Nature, but unveils it, that we may see the light from within. Matter is to him full of spirit. It is an instrument in God's hand to develop the soul. Harmony and loveliness, in the book of

Nature, are the counterparts to "God is Love," in the book of Revelation. The Creation is an embodying of God's character. All its varied works are the symbols of his attributes; and we must look through them to Him. God is omnipresent, and the unfolding of a flower is a direct revelation from the Most High. "Adam walked with God in the garden." Earth is not now more distant. He is with us, though we may not be with Him. "In our Father's house are many mansions." This world is one, and He fills it; but to know Him and feel Him, we must become spiritualized, and possess a power superior to the senses. "The kingdom of God is within us." It is this, which gives such value to the writings of Coleridge. It is this, which makes him, not merely a moral writer, but strictly a religious writer. Not that he always writes upon religious subjects, but that he writes upon all subjects in a religious way. He has the religious spirit; the heavenly spirit; the spirit of love. Thus his writings are good; they purify, they elevate, they quicken, they impart himself.

The works of such a writer are of no country; they are the world's. They belong to no age—but to all men of all ages. They contain truth—and truth is eternal. They are written with reference to the life to come, and have therefore a spiritual power. For the character of such a writer, we can hardly feel too great a reverence. He has brought out the inner man. He has made the senses do homage to the spirit. He has drunk in from Nature and Revelation, till they have expanded and beautified his soul. He sees the subtle analogy between the spiritual and the natural, and makes the one illustrate and develop the other. He feels the superiority of the inward to the outward, and therefore never sinks himself into mere materialism, but reaches upward to the Infinite. The eye of his soul is not upon the opinions of others, but upon truth, and he crushes the hardest problems, and pierces the most hidden depths, that he may know things as they are. His eye is upon God, and he feels that God's eye is upon him, and he looks with profound awe upon His moral government, and seeks humbly to illustrate the ways of His Providence. Thus he has done much good. At the time when the tide of scepticism was sweeping over the continent of Europe, he stood forth like a bulwark. At a time when the feelings of mankind were tending to materialism, he still revered the Unseen, as the Eternal. And in all his works he has sought to give "information, that opens to our knowledge a kingdom that is not of this world, thrones that cannot be shaken, and sceptres that cannot be broken or transferred." His work, then, has been a holy work—and it is now com-

pleted. The circle of his earthly life is finished. The light of the material world has faded before the light of a higher. The soul that has transmitted to us beauty and truth, has passed away—but the beauty and truth remains—and it is for us to make them our own.

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SPRING FANCIES.

I.

Where dost thou loiter, Spring,
While it behoveth
Thee to cease wandering
Where'er thou rovest,
And to my lady bring
The flowers she loveth.

Come with thy melting skies.
Like her cheek blushing,
Come with thy dewy eyes,
Where founts are gushing;
Come where the wild bee flies
When dawn is flushing.

Lead her where by the brook
The first blossom keepeth,
Where in the sheltered nook,
The callow bud sleepeth;
Or with a timid look
Through its leaves peepeth.

Lead her where on the spray,
Blithely carolling,
First birds their roundelay,
For my lady sing—
But keep, where'er she stray,
True love blossoming.

II.

Thou wak'st again on earth!
Freshly and new,
As when at Spring's first birth
First flowers grew.

Heart! that to earth doth cling,
While boughs are blossoming,
Why wake not too?
Long thou in sloth hath lain,
Listing to love's soft strain—
Wilt thou sleep on?
Playing, thou sluggish heart!
In life no manly part,
Though youth be gone.
Wake! 'tis Spring's quick'ning breath
Now o'er thee blown;
Awake thee! and ere in death
Pulseless thou slumbereth,
Pluck but from Glory's wreath
One leaf alone!

III.

Away to the forest shades,
Gertrude, with me:
Away, where through sunlit glades
Sports the wind free,
Where in the bosky dell,
While its young leaflets swell,
Gaily each floral bell
Ringeth for thee.

Hark, how the blue-bird's throat
High warbling o'er us,
Chimes with the thrush's note
Floating before us.
Come thou my gentle one,
Thy voice is missed alone,
Come let love's whisper'd tone
Swell the bright chorus. D

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THE AUTUMNAL MOON.

Daughter of Earth! ye wander hand in hand,
On your unpathed, immeasurable way,
Together mingling with the starry band
Chanting to cherubim their measured lay:
Thy sleep is on her bosom. Where expand
Her silent vales and deep blue waves at play:
Gently they glow beneath thy radiance mild,
As joys the mother in her young-eyed child.
Nations have worshipped thee. By the dark Nile
Have maidens wreathed thy lilies in their hair
While from thy temple on the Memphian isle,
Music and fragrance gushed upon the air.
Adoring Persians, by their mountain pile,
Have watched thy slow majestic rising there;
The war-roused Moslem 'mid his steel-clad might,
Lifts high thy crescent form and hails the fight.

Queen of the weird and witching hour ! thy beam
 Calls the light fairies from their mossy reefs ;
 Titania and her train by some wild stream.
 Dancing upon the green sward's spotted vest ;
 Some troop away to gladden with a dream
 The fevered artizan, with toil oppress ;
 Spirits unshrived, to troubled sleep consigned,
 Rise in their sheeted robes, and haunt the wind.

At this thy banquet-eve, the revelling sea
 Moves in her festal robe of white arrayed,
 While silken leaves on many a wind-swept tree.
 Glitter with ever-varying light and shade,
 The riven oak, now silvered o'er by thee.
 Stoops with a grace amid the darkling glade :
 And the hoar ruin mouldered wide with time,
 Tells a long legend of its olden prime.

The fond heart stirred with thy mysterious spell,
 Yields to affections beautiful and rare ;
 The maiden lingers in the shady dell,
 The mother listens to her infant's prayer :
 The soldier, musing, hears the village bell,
 In the deep breathing of the fitful air ;
 While the young seaman in the plashing foam,
 Hails welcoming voices at his father's home.



A SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF PAINTING.

(Continued from p. 113.)

WE have said that a brighter day was approaching. Leonardo da Vinci was the natural son of a Florentine notary, and was born in 1452. He was endowed by nature with a genius lofty and penetrating in art ; he was skilful in music and mathematics, and distinguished himself in literature. His person was elegant, his mind pure and virtuous, and he lived among princes like one born for a high station. He loved to design better than to paint, and prized vivacity and elegance before fulness of contour and serene dignity of expression. He was skilful, too, in sculpture, for his statues in bronze are much admired. His knowledge in the sister-art imparted to his paintings a more perfect roundness and relief, and aided him in giving to all his works a perfect symmetry, a calm grace, and a natural elegance, which gained him the honourable title of " Father of Modern Painting." The general beauty of his designs, the delicacy of his handling, and the expression of the mental affections, have been equalled—scarcely ever surpassed. He loved society, and was prodigal in dispensing his knowledge over the land—he travelled—he instructed—he painted, and he wrote. He made a silver lyre, on which he played with singular skill and sweetness, and by his music, his eloquence, and his poetry, he charmed all those whom he

failed to please with his pencil. His works are numerous and in high reputation.

Twenty-three years after the birth of Leonardi da Vinci, was born Michael Angelo. He rose early into fame—he was eloquent—he was witty—had a ready pen and a rapid pencil, and his genius was daring and vast. He proudly wrote himself “Michael, poet, painter, sculptor, and architect,” and no one has questioned any of his designations. He studied intensely—and in all things was a passionate enthusiast. He aimed at that stern and severe grandeur, which gained him the name of the Dante of Art; and he loved, like Milton, to expatiate on dark and lofty subjects, and to extract the sublime and the majestic from the mysterious and the profound. He rushed at once into an untrodden path of design, and displayed gigantic conceptions and powers of execution equally scientific and astonishing. He loved to make figures nervous and robust, with the stature and the aspect of the demigods. His expression is lofty and stern, and his attitudes so daring, that great genius only could redeem them from extravagance. His works seem to have cost him little effort, for they are all free and unconstrained; nor did he hesitate to leave many of his subjects unfinished: he seemed less desirous of fine execution than of stately grandeur and lofty sentiment. He neglected grace and elegance. His anatomy is too rigid and gigantic for human nature; his severity of style degenerates into harshness; he is tamelessly wild and unboundedly extravagant, yet his errors are those of a soaring spirit, and are connected with so much excellence, that our dislike is lost in our admiration. He threw away his compasses and scorned all formal measurements, declaring that an artist’s compasses should lie in eye—and he was right. If a figure look disproportioned, there is no doubt that it really is so, let the compasses say what they will. He cast aside his oil colours, also, declaring they were unworthy to be used in an art where sentiment, not splendid colouring, was the ruling character. He loved, he felt, and he imitated the antique; he has all its severe majesty and scorn of littleness, but he wants much of its ease, its unobscured dignity, and unrivalled grace.

The immediate followers of da Vinci and Michael Angelo were numerous and had great merit, still they were only followers. They seldom caught the grace of the one, or reached the majesty of the other. As design forms the peculiar excellence of the great masters of Florentine art, they laboured to excel in the symmetrical delineation of the human figure; and from the immutable laws of nature they deduced rules, by which the world of art has most liberally profited.

The study and constant practice of the later followers of Michael Angelo has been, to design from his statues; for the cartoon, on which so many eminent men formed their style, early perished, and his paintings were not to be seen in Florence. They transferred into their compositions that statue-like rigidity; that strength of limb, and those markings of the origin and insertion of the muscles; that serenity of countenance, and those positions of the hands and fingers, which characterized his sublimely awful style—but without comprehending the principles of this extraordinary man; without thoroughly understanding the play of the softer parts of the human figure, either by inserting them in wrong situations, or by representing, in the same manner, those in action and at rest; those of a slender stripling and of a full-grown man. Contented with what they imagined grandeur of style, they neglected all the rest. In some of their pictures, we may observe a multitude of figures arranged one above the other, with a total disregard of their relative situations; features that express no passion, and half-naked figures that do nothing except pompously exhibit, like the Entellus of Virgil, "*Magna ossa lacerosque.*" Instead of the beautiful azure and green formerly employed, they substituted a languid yellowish hue; the full body of colour gave place to superficial tints; and, above all, the bold relief, so much studied till the time of Andrea, went wholly into disuse.

We pass from Florence to Sienna, a little, proud republic, which seems to have been peopled entirely by warriors and artists. It produced, indeed, no painter of a commanding genius; but it was early remarkable for its skill in art and its dexterity in arms, and ranks next to Florence for the early distinction which it obtained. Skill in painting seemed here an heritable thing: the art passed regularly from father to son, like the office of priest in ancient Israel. For Sienna we have the same story to tell which we have told for Florence—of early rudeness of design and imperfection of colouring; of a style dry, laboured, and minute, growing, under the hands of a succession of skilful professors, into elegance and grace; and of saints, unworthy of being worshipped, and virgins, of being adored, till touched by the creative pencils of masters in the calling became an honour to the calendar, and a profitable ornament to the church. In no place, indeed, was art more ardently followed, or more passionately loved: the mere list of its distinguished painters would occupy a large space, and their productions are scattered over Italy. It was the misfortune of this little haughty state to be often embroiled with neighbours equally haughty and far more powerful; and

though it fought with old Roman courage, and maintained its glory long, it was finally extinguished in the struggle.

The Roman stands third in the list of the Italian schools of painting. Its characteristic attributes are a close imitation of the ancients, in whatever is lofty, graceful, and elegant. It seems to have been the desire of its founders, and of the eminent men who afterwards rendered it illustrious, to restore the dominion of the old Roman mind, since they could not revive that of the body: they imagined themselves the true successors and lineal heirs of that stern and noble people, and proposed to conceive and create all things according to their spirit. There were other and more palpable inducements. All around them stood the relics of Roman glory and greatness—edifices of unequalled extent and grandeur, and groups and statues of matchless beauty; and it looked like degeneracy and barbarism to seek to awaken new trains of sentiment and give fresh images of life. Their veins were filled with the blood of the Goths and Huns, and their heads with the grace and the glory of old Greece and Rome. For a while, the labours of this school promised nothing worthy of the affection of its scholars for the antique; and it drudged in the cause of the church unrewarded by fame. Yet it cannot be denied, that, for centuries before it became so suddenly eminent, the same spirit was at work which grew so perfect in Raphael. The church of St. Stephen displays his martyrdom on its walls; and all the serene and saint-like endurance is there which genius can give: and, what is more, Raphael himself copied several of the figures as close as a mind so original as his could anything.

Of Raphael himself so much is known, that little that is new can be told. He was born at Urbino in 1483; his father was a painter, whose style was natural and unostentatious, and it was something gained, that his illustrious son was introduced to art through nature. He found art, indeed, stiff, and rigid, and ungraceful, with something like the rudiments of perfect beauty about it; and he invested it with a beauty which it knew not before, and stamped upon it that divine dignity which no one has ever rivalled. He boldly grappled with the whole calendar of saints, and with angels of light and of darkness; and was the first who employed them freely in the service of the church and in the affairs of mankind. He was well read in Scripture, and probably took from the book of Job his idea of Satan; for he denuded him of his horns and hoofs, and clothed him with a dark and melancholy beauty, and showed him, as Milton afterwards more sublimely drew him, "an archangel ruined." His fine taste was born

with him, and his spirit flashed out at an early age. He formed his system of art when he was not more than seventeen, and he acted upon it till the close of his short and bright career. He came to his great task with his mind stored with his own vast and beautiful conceptions—teeming with images of grace and loveliness, and he only wanted time to discipline his hand, and confirm his own notions of excellence. To the simplicity and nature of preceding painters, he added a glory altogether his own—a form of unequalled beauty, expressing a sentiment more akin to divinity than to human nature. He is the only true painter of saints and virgins, and glorified souls and spirits ascending and descending. He raised mortals to heaven, and called angels down to earth. His creations are frequently as remarkable for their magnitude as their beauty. All with him was graceful and harmonious; he has nothing little, nothing harsh, nothing extravagant; all sprang from strong felicity of genius; all his creations were the offspring of a lofty and devout emotion, which could neither be rivalled nor imitated. In beauty of form, and calm divinity of mind, no one has ever equalled him.

Of his rivalry with Michael Angelo much has been said; and to this our historian imputes some of the great success of both. Now, the productions of Raphael are throughout impressed with the same loftiness, from the commencement to the conclusion of his labours. No rivalry could invigorate their character or elevate their sentiment. In the race of vulgar minds, no doubt, rivalry does much; but we seek in vain, in the works of those great masters, for the impulse which their hostility communicated to their productions. The subjects on which Raphael employed his pencil were of themselves the noblest which man could contemplate, and his conceptions suit the dignity and the inspiration of Scripture. The scene of his subject, and the figures which were to illustrate it, seemed distinctly visible to his imagination. The landscape was filled up by one effort of fancy: he awoke in his mind the same emotions which history gives to the time, and dwelt upon them till the whole assumed the distinctness of visible life, and was transferred by his magic hand to the canvas. "I saw," says Shelley the poet, in one of his letters, "the famous works of Raphael, whom I agree with the whole world in thinking the finest painter. With respect to Michael Angelo I dissent; and think, with astonishment and indignation, on the common notion, that he equals and in some respects exceeds Raphael. He seems to me to have no sense of moral dignity and loveliness: the energy, for which he has been so much praised, appears to me to be a certain rude mechanical quality. His

famous painting in the Sistine chapel seems deficient in beauty and majesty both in conception and execution." Such is the opinion of a man of very fine imagination, and there is more truth in it than artists are generally willing to allow.

Julio Romano, the worthy disciple of Raphael, was associated with him in many of his great undertakings; and, at his untimely death, was entrusted with carrying his unfinished designs into execution. He has more energy than delicacy, and sometimes mistakes vigour of muscle for strength of mind; an error too common with artists. His battle-pieces have great spirit and equal truth. His knowledge, both of the human form and of human nature, was very great. His works in fresco at Mantua, have obtained him a high name, which he is likely to preserve.

At some distance, in point of time, followed Salvator Rosa; a man of very various and vigorous powers, who had a spirit wild and dark, and loved savage woods, desert nooks, caverned shores, ruined castles, and, indeed, all places where nature appeared in distress, dilapidated, and dishevelled. No one knew the art so well how to "teach light to counterfeit a gloom:" his very sunshine has something terrific in it. In all his works, and they are many, he displays singular freedom and dashing ease of execution—harmony of colour and sense of effect. His picture, by his own hand, in the Chigi gallery, marks the man. He is sitting amidst a savage landscape, with a Satyr by his side.

Gaspar Poussin was the companion of Rosa, but only resembled him in rapidity of execution: they would imagine a landscape, paint it vividly out, and decorate it with figures,—all in one day. Poussin selected the most enchanting scenes, and the most beautiful aspects of nature; the graceful poplar, the spreading plane trees, limpid fountains, verdant meads, gently undulating hills, villas delightfully situated—calculated to dispel the cares of state and add to the delights of retirement. He composed ideal landscapes in the same way that Tasso, in describing the garden of Armida, concentrated in his verses all the recollections of the beautiful which he had observed in nature. Notwithstanding this extreme passion for grace and beauty, it is the opinion of many that there is not a greater name amongst landscape painters. His genius had a natural fervour, and, as we may say, a language, that suggests more than it expresses. A more eminent name now waits our attention—Claude Lorraine.

He was the prince of landscape painters, and had a poetic feeling for all that was beautiful, and calm, and lowly. His pictures refresh our very sight as we gaze upon them, and the

suns which he admits to lighten up his trees and his fields, and his running streams and quiet lakes, seem to love to shine for their sake. "His landscapes present to the spectator an endless variety; so many views of land and water, so many interesting objects, that, like an astonished traveller, the eye is obliged to pause to measure the extent of the prospect, and his distances of mountain or of sea are so illusive, that the spectator feels, as it were, fatigued by gazing. The edifices and temples which so finely round off his compositions, the lakes peopled with aquatic birds, the foliage diversified in conformity to the different kinds of trees, all is nature in him; every object arrests the attention of an amateur, every thing furnishes instruction to a professor. There is not an effect of light, or a reflection in the water which he has not imitated; and the various changes of the day are no where better represented than in Claude. In a word, he is truly the painter who, in depicting the three regions of air, earth, and water, has combined the whole universe. His atmosphere almost always bears the impress of the sky of Rome, whose horizon is, from its situation, rosy, dewy, and warm. He did not possess any peculiar merit in his figures, which are insipid, and generally too much attenuated; hence he was accustomed to remark to the purchasers of his pictures that he sold them the landscape, and presented them with the figures gratis. He was unequalled in his day, and is still unrivalled—the fresh and dewy lustre of his mornings, and the quiet subsiding clear brilliance of his sun-sets, are before us as we write. The Italian landscape painters are numerous, and many of their sea-pieces are masterly. The religion of the land appears only to have influenced their compositions occasionally. Landscape painting is a kind of pastoral poetry, and requires great genius and masterly art to redeem it from the charge of being tame and insipid, without which, it is only a better kind of district surveying, and, at the best, interests us little, compared to works which combine human mind and sentiment and action.

Carlo Maratta was the last of the old race of Roman artists who strove to sustain the dignity introduced by Raphael. He was fond of painting cabinet pictures and altar pieces; his saints have fine devout heads, and his virgins are dignified and meek. He loved spirit less than minuteness, and simple grace of manner was overlaid by a style very elaborate, sparkling and ornamental. His works are both valuable and numerous.

Giordano, of the Neapolitan school, was distinguished above all his contemporaries by the variety of his compositions, and the miraculous dispatch of his pencil. Three paintings in a day were to his felicitous hand an ordinary effort. He even

Painted up to the impatience of princes. Charles II. of Spain, for whom he executed many works, declared that he was a painter for princes, for, as the monarch wished, so the artist wrought. His glowing colours obtained general approbation, but he is deficient in simplicity and sentiment; for the absence of which the most splendid colours but poorly atone.

The Venetian school produced three great artists, but of unequal genius and reputation, Titian, Giorgione, and Tintoretto. They were preceded by many artists of whom little can be said, save that their works were laboured, mean, and minute, with glimpses here and there of spirit, and touches now and then of nature and beauty. Their figures were long and lean—copied indeed from life, but so rudely, as to present images of death, and deformed by an unbending stiffness of manner. Their colours were simple and beautiful; the national genius, ever lively and joyous, loved to embody its conceptions in the most dazzling hues; and in the most serious subjects sportive cherubs are dropped here and there, carrying fruits and flowers, and singing and dancing. Giorgione came prepared to rise at once from his littleness and splendid trifling of art into a style free and grand. This great restorer of art in Venice, Giorgio Barbarelli, of Castelfranco, more generally known by the name of Giorgione, from a certain grandeur conferred upon him by nature, no less of mind than of form, and which also appears impressed upon his productions, as the character is said to be in the handwriting, was educated in the school of the Bellini. But, impelled by a spirit conscious of its own powers, he despised that minuteness in the art which yet remained to be exploded, at once substituting for it a certain freedom and audacity of manner in which the perfection of painting consists. In this view he may be said to be an inventor; no artist before his time having acquired that mastery of his pencil so hardy and determined in its strokes, and producing such an effect in the distance. From that period he continued to ennoble his manner, rendering the contours more round and ample, the foreshortenings more new, the expression of the countenance more warm and lively, as well as the motions of his figures. Many of his works were executed in fresco upon the façades of the houses in Venice, and they have mostly perished; but his oil paintings are in excellent condition, the cause of which is attributed to the strong mixture of his colours, and to the full and liberal use of his pencil. In particular we meet with portraits remarkable for the soul of their expression, for the air of the heads, the novelty of the garments, of the hair, of the plumes, and of the arms, no less than for the lively imitation of the living flesh, in which, however warm and sanguine are the

tints which he applied, he adds to them so much grace, that, in spite of thousands of imitators, he still stands alone. He died at the early age of thirty-four, in 1511.

The fellow-student and rival of Giorgione was the celebrated Titian. Of his early productions very few can now be distinguished from those of his companion, inheriting his peculiarly free and unshackled manner, and his happy audacity of style. In his thirtieth year a strange and fortunate change came upon him: he forsook the manner of Giorgione at once, and appeared in a style wholly new, and peculiarly his own; less bold indeed, and fiery, but more attractive by its simplicity and its truth. Nothing can surpass the artlessness of his groupings, and the natural splendour of his colours. His portraits are radiant and steeped in sweetness, their eyes are full of light and intellect. He has been accused of inattention to the elegance of his forms and the general harmony of his designs. This is said rather than felt, and is the opinion, too, of artists who may be supposed to be more difficult to please than the rest of mankind, and who probably pay as much attention to external grace as to sentiment. In female loveliness, and in the innocence of childhood, his productions are yet unrivalled. He avoids the common fault of crowding his grounds with many figures; their attitudes are happy, and their sentiment often sublime. He has no studied positions—no formal attitudes; all is easy and becoming, in keeping with the subject, and generally calm and composed. He owed his fortune to his inimitable portraits, which, soothing and gratifying the vanity of men of rank, smoothed his way into courts and into the presence of kings.

The lucid splendour of his colouring is supposed to arise from clear primary grounding, upon which a repetition of colours being laid, it produces the effect of a transparent veil, and renders the tints soft, luscious, and lucid. He availed himself of the power of shade, forming a method not altogether that of a mere naturalist, but partaking of the ideal. In his naked forms he avoided masses of strong shades and bold shadows, although they are sometimes to be seen in nature. They aid the relief but diminish the delicacy of the fleshy parts. Titian, for the most part, affected a deep and glowing light; whence in various gradations of middle tints he formed the work of the lower parts; and having very resolutely drawn the other parts with the extremities stronger perhaps than in nature, he gave to objects that peculiar aspect which presents them, as it were; more lively and pleasing than the truth. Thus in portraits he centres the chief power in the eyes, the nose, and the mouth, leaving the remaining parts in a kind of pleasing uncertainty, extremely favourable to the spirit of the heads and to the whole effect.

(To be continued.)

THE QUARREL OF THE COATS.

I stood at my wardrobe door, you see,
 And was rummaging in my pocket
 For that little talisman the key,
 To help me to unlock it,—
 When, hearing a deuce of a strife within,
 I paused awhile to note it,
 And,—the way two coats were committing sin,
 It were a sin to quote it.
 You know I had in the morning bought
 A new superfine "exquisite;"
 "Now," says I to the old one, "You're good for naught,"
 Says the old one, "You're quite explicit;
 But of course you've a right to discard a friend,
 When you've worn him all to pieces;
 The warmest affection must have an end
 When the power of service ceases.
 "See here," and it touched a button-hole,
 "How often I've wrapp'd about you,—
 At last to be cut to the very soul
 With 'Now I can do without you.'
 These pockets, alas! are all rifled, too,—
 In my age left without a penny,
 Perhaps to be sold to some peddling Jew,
 As has been the fate of many."
 'Twas an impudent thing for a coat to say,
 So I silenced its moralizing,
 Then rolled it up and stowed it away,
 And left it soliloquizing
 And then on the peg where I keep my "best,"
 I carefully hung the "super."
 While the old one mournfully heaved its breast,
 And sunk in a sullen stupor.
 Then I shut them up,—two mortal foes
 Close closeted together,—
 But I never dreamed they would come to blows,
 Being "birds of a kindred feather."
 Yet thus it was, when I came to dress
 For cousin Jenima's wedding,
 You'd have thought 'twas the de'il in a rage I guess.
 With some imp on his tail a-treading.
 Says the old to the new "You're a coxcomb fool,
 And monstrously conceited,—
 An ell of cloth from a tailor's rule,
 A dandy just completed;
 In a very short time, you insolent elf,
 When you've had a little wearing,
 I warrant you'll think something less of yourself,
 And abate your saucy bearing.
 The new didn't heed what the old one said,
 Till he laughed at his "latest fashion:"
 From ebony-black he was soon blood-red,
 He flew into such a passion!
 "You old, impertinent, threadbare knave,
 Do you know whom you are addressing?
 By buckram!—your grey seams shall not save
 You now, from a precious blessing."
 Then he up with his sleeve, and he gave a slap,
 And the old one jumped up to resent it!
 They raved, and they tore, like a thunder-clap,
 Till, fearing I might repent it,
 I hastily opened the wardrobe door.
 And found in a fight, all gory,
 Two CATS, whom I must have shut in before,
 And whom you may thank for the story.

MAURICE LYNSLAGER ;
OR, THE MERCHANT OF AMSTERDAM.
(Continued from pp. 125)

DAY had scarcely dawned, when Maurice who had slept but a few hours, arose ; he found the wind still in the same point, and therefore he had no doubt, but that the ship would sail with the tide. At breakfast all was silent and sad. Almost as soon as it was over the captain came in—a sailor accompanies him to take Jacob's luggage on board.

Each mother in very affectionate terms recommended their son to his care. To re-assure them, he invited them to dine with him on board, in order that they might satisfy themselves that every possible arrangement had been made for the comfort of the young men. Both ladies however refused ; but Lynslager avowed his intention to see his son safe on board ; Van Vhit consented to accompany him ; and William, and Maria, were easily persuaded to join the party. But the scene which took place when the mothers were to bid their sons farewell, prevented Van Vhit from going on board. He however seized a hand of each of the youths, blessed them both, and recommended them to be to each other as brothers. Maurice readily promised what the friendly man desired, and they departed.

Jacob walked with Maurice's father, and his mirth seemed to have quite forsaken him now, that he was about to leave the home of his infancy.

Maurice gladly availed himself of an opportunity afforded him at this moment, and asked Maria leave to write to her upon his arrival at Leghorn. She hesitated ; but her eyes were full of tears : her heart seemed to be softened, by the approaching separation, and she could not refuse the request. Maurice assured her, "she would be pleased to have granted the desired permission, could she know half the consolation it had imparted."

They were now arrived at the Oude Hooff, where they entered a boat, and rowed to the ship "Jonge Maria."

The gay little vessel was now quite ready for sea : the Dutch tri-colour waved from the stern, and the pendants gaily streamed from the mast.

"I never see a ship," said Lynslager, "thus prepared to make its first voyage, so magnificently equipped, so gaily trimmed, with its full sails fluttering in the breeze, but I compare it to a bride, gaily bedecked, gracefully moving in the full pride of hope and beauty to church."

The captain welcomed his passengers on board the vessel; his wife and children were with him there. Maria with that sweet attention to others, which is the most amiable feature in a maiden's character, soon made acquaintance with the children, while the wife prepared some refreshment for her guests, who did however, but little justice to her preparations.

Captain Sikko spoke with Maurice's father of the voyage, as of an inland journey; for they had both been to the West Indies, and the weather was so very fine, that a trip to the Mediterranean seemed to them a mere voyage of pleasure. This was all very well; but it did not delay the moment of separation. The captain true to his duty, suffered neither his love to his wife, or his tenderness to his children, to detain him a single instant. He took up the little ones to embrace them, and their mother began to weep; she hung on his neck in a long embrace: and William Van Vhit said farewell to Maurice; and Lynslager did the same to Jacob. Maurice took this opportunity to imprint a long and tender kiss on Maria's lips. She turned from him to her brother, and for the first time shed a tear. Lynslager now approached his son and embraced him tenderly; and wiped away the tears which came into his own eyes, and said as he dashed them away, "I feel much trouble!"—come captain, give us a glass of wine in the old Dutch fashion on the fall rope. Only make haste! "A short farewell" my father of blessed memory used to say, "and a long welcome is the best way." They drank the glass upon the rope.

"Now off! off! he continued. He was the first to leave the ship; he helped Maria into the boat: the captain's wife followed with William Van Vhit, who took leave of his brother very affectionately. Jacob answered his adieu with much levity.

"Stop with you! stop with you!" cried the captain's little son in the Früsland dialect.

"When you are older," replied the captain kissing him for the last time and giving him to his mother, already in the boat, which now rowed off. Friendly greetings were however still interchanged. Good journey, and good health! were bandied from one to the other; Maria could only wave her handkerchief. Maurice and Jacob kept their eyes on the boat, as they heard the plash of the oars on the bosom of the Maes. They followed with long looks their friends to the Oude Hooft, where they landed, and where having waved a last adieu, they vanished from their sight.

The sailors who returned with the boat, however, brought them a last greeting. The captain gave the word to weigh anchor, "Yo heave ho," sounded over the deck; the sails were set, and in half an hour were filled with a favouring breeze,

and "the Jonge Maria" smoothly, and majestically, like a white swan on the bosom of the water, floated down the river.

In the mean time, Lynslager with Maria and her brother, had carried the last greetings of the travellers to their relations. Their mothers both wept, but Maurice's mother could hardly be comforted. Maria softly crept to her side, and wiped away her tears by stealth, but Mrs. Lynslager felt that she, better than any one, could understand her feelings. There was consolation in that quiet sympathy. There was a union of sentiment, and from that moment Maria was to her as a daughter.

At supper, as Mrs. Van Vhit noticed her daughter's want of appetite, she recurred also to her pale cheeks, and tell-tale eyes as with but little delicacy, she said, "never before have I seen you Maria so much affected. Not even when you lost the grandfather you loved so much."

A suffusion of blushes spread over Maria's neck, forehead, and arms—those blushes which bespeak virgin innocence. She replied with difficulty—"never before, dear mother, has a brother of mine traced the dangers of the sea, never!" but here her voice faltered—it died entirely away; she precipitately arose and left the room. Mrs. Lynslager followed her to the door with her eyes. Her tears which had ceased to flow, again filled her eyes; but they were no longer so bitter.

When she retired to her room, Maria, gave herself up to all the luxury of grief, and wept for some moments without ceasing. Relieved by her tears, she became calm and looked for comfort in that religion, which is a never failing source of consolation, where its precepts are regarded not as cold doctrines, but animating principles. She prayed for strength, she prayed for her brother Jacob, and she prayed for Maurice. Had she ever before prayed with so much fervour?

A fresh east wind, as soon as our hero had weighed anchor, conveyed the floating vessel with full swelled sails down the joyful running Maes; whose flowing waters with a favourable tide, assisted the celerity of the vessel. Too quickly did the Boompjes disappear from Maurice's fixed gaze, for he thought upon the presence of Maria the preceding day, as they had strolled beneath the double row of trees which formed a promenade so agreeable—a sigh escaped from his bosom—They soon however, lost Rotterdam altogether; nor were they long in reaching Delfshaven: they quickly passed Schiedam. Next appeared the Merchantile Vlaardingen with its pointed towers; all that bore the imprint of the powers and science of man seemed to pass away as if by magic. They reached the island of Rosenburg, which was soon behind them.

The captain next pointed out to Maurice the Brille; the first town wrenched from the tyranny of Spain by the Water Guezen, (beggars of the sea), and many and many were the tales of these patriotic pirates, which the captain unfolded to the eager ears of Maurice in the course of the voyage.

Well! The waves of the Maes became larger and larger; and by the time they got out of the Briceschie diep, into the Landschie diep, they began to feel the swelling of the North Sea. "There we have," said the captain. "the Hock van Holland, and before evening we shall be in the boundless ocean."

Although the ever-varying beauties of the borders of the Maes exercised a benign influence over the minds of our young travellers, and the agreeable freshness of the air produced a salutary power upon their spirits, yet Maurice could not help reflecting on those objects he had left behind in his native land, when the captain turned the rudder, and saw the Dunes of the Hock van Holland behind, and the foaming waves of the North Sea before. The sun was now approaching the horizon, and his golden beams appeared to sink beneath the green waves of the North Sea, whose curling summits glittered in horizontal rays. When he was fully hidden, and the shades of evening descended on the ocean, so as to render the wide waste of waters and indistinct chaos, the two friends retired to the cabin. :

Changed, indeed, was the scene to our hero; instead of the chamber, neatly arranged by his mother, with every comfort nicely prepared for his night's repose, and the morning's dawn, all was now a blank—so cold and cheerless as to cause his heart to chill in his bosom.

He unlocked his trunk, to prepare for himself what maternal love had made ready to his hand. Alas! what on earth can replace to a child the loss of a mother? Her solicitude follows the child to whom she has given birth, through every changing scene.

The first object upon which his eyes fell, was a small parcel, apparently a book; he was not mistaken. It was the Book. He religiously kissed his mother's hand-writing, and read the following lines:—

"My dear Maurice, when you are beyond the reach of your mother's exhortations, you will find this book—the Bible. Let no day pass without reading a portion of it.

"Pay particular attention to the parts at which I have placed marks, and think always when you open it, that these marks were placed there by your mother, who will never suffer a day to pass, without praying for your temporal and eternal welfare—your dearly loving mother."

New emotions overwhelmed Maurice. He took the book with respectful piety, and pressed it to his heart; which state of mind did not escape the observation of his fellow traveller. But there is something so imposing in the unaffected workings of filial love, that they influence even the scoffer. He therefore asked no questions. Maurice had, however, but little reserve in his character. His heart was full; he wanted some friendly bosom into which to pour the exuberance of feeling with which it overflowed. He said, therefore, "you are doubtless surprised at the emotions which so visibly overpower me; but this look—these lines in my dear mother's writing—and the cause. Read yourself, and judge if my sensibility is to be wondered at."

Jacob read the letter. That inexplicable smile, which plays upon the lips of the infidel, when a Christian expresses his belief in the doctrine which promises eternal life—eternal happiness—shewed his contempt of the weakness evinced by Lynslager; and he said, "I cannot deprive you of your liberty of choosing, but I am very far from desiring to spend my life in the idle dreams of fanciful dotards. Your mother's love!—I am very glad, between you and me, that I have prevailed on my parents to let me go beyond reach of their cares. Though you must have observed that they are very far from being particularly rigid in their doctrines; that we all love pleasure better than praying, except indeed, it be my sister Maria, who has more the appearance of a nun than a young lady of the world. Yet, I was still too much restrained for my liking, and am heartily glad to be at sea, away from the grumbling of father, and the whining of mother."

The following morning Maurice was very early upon deck. The captain told him it was lucky that he had appeared at that hour—later he would not have had another glance at the Fatherland. The high towers you see there, he continued, are the last points of our native land.—It is the tower of West Capel, in the Island of Walcheren; past that, we shall see our country no more till our return.

The captain perceived the object to which he directed the attention of his companion so distinctly, that he did not for a moment imagine that Maurice could have any difficulty in discovering it. Maurice, however, after straining his eyes for sometime, could see nothing but a dark shadowy object in the horizon. A deep sigh accompanied his farewell to his country, and in a few minutes all vestige of it had passed away. "Adieu, my own, my Fatherland," he cried, "well beloved, though thy northern shores may perchance possess few of the beauties of those climes I am about to visit. Yes, thou wilt ever be dear to me. Thou art the land of my parents, of my early associa-



THE WIDOW OF ST HELIER.

London & Liverpool, and Bristol.

tions. To me thy frozen canals are the best roads; thy clear lakes, reflecting back the dark blue sky, are far more dear to me than the azure waters of warmer climes. Thou art besides the land of freedom, won by the blood of my forefathers from the galling yoke of Spain!" While he thus meditated, and thus moralised, a few fishing boats passed; then he was left alone with the water, the sky, and his own thoughts. 'Tis true a sea gull here and there skimmed like a speck upon the surface of the waves, beneath whose foaming bosom it sought its food.

In the course of the day, a part of the English coast, bounded by white cliffs, became visible; and in the evening Maurice saw the shores of France. The weather continued very fine, and as the wind was in their favour, they proceeded rapidly towards the point of their destination.

(To be continued.)



THE WIDOW OF ST. HELIER.

IN the city of St. Helier was a rich banker of the name of Stephenson. His character throughout the city was that of a person who dealt honestly, and who had amassed his riches by small profits and long industry. And this we suppose was the cause that he loved his riches with a passion so inordinate, that he sacrificed all the enjoyments of his life to the sole pleasure of adding to the heaps he had already accumulated. This banker was a widower, his wife having died some years before the period in which we begin this tale. By this good woman he had been blest with one child, a daughter, who survived her mother, and consoled her father for her loss. We will not indeed say that the banker did not shed some tears upon the death of his wife, for he had to pay for her shroud and coffin, and it cost him no small regret to part with the sum required.

The name of his daughter was Angelica, and her person and mind well deserved the appellation. She was tall, well-shaped, an eye well formed to excite love, and lips which promised to reward it. Nor did Love delay long to exert his power upon an object thus qualified to dignify and advance his empire.

In the same house with Angelica, and in the quality of her father's clerk, lived a young man of the name of Albert. He was scarcely turned of five-and-twenty, was well made, was modest in his address, and always prepared the way before he ventured upon any act of unusual assurance. With these accomplishments who was better formed for a lover than Albert?

Angelica at least thought so ; she considered it cruel also to conceal her good opinion from one to whom she justly believed the knowledge of it would give so much satisfaction.

Nor did she overrate her charms or their influence in this judgment of their effect upon Albert. Such as we have painted Angelica, who could behold her without an emotion of admiration, which opportunity must soon convert into love. Albert therefore felt her beauty, and acknowledged her power ; in one word, he loved her. With this mutual attraction it will be easily believed that they were not long strangers to each others. Albert, however, had the gallantry to speak first, an imprudence which destroyed the effect of his passion, and intercepted the fruit which was upon the point of advancing to his lip.

Angelica, though a woman, and therefore sensible to love and pleasure, was yet one of the veriest prudes in nature ; in proportion to her sensibility was her hypocrisy, and she was as careful to conceal her love as inclined to imbibe it. Her passion for Albert, augmented by an apprehension that it was not returned with the ardour she desired, had almost conquered this dissimulation, and reduced her prudery to submit. It was at this critical moment that the indiscreet folly of Albert hurried him on to the discovery of his love. Angelica, therefore, received this declaration as a *prude* might be expected to receive it, whilst her heart beat with pleasure, and her kindling eyes could scarce conceal the fire that lightened them.

Angelica received the professions of Albert's passionate attachment with as much apparent reserve as real pleasure. She flung herself out of the apartment with a look of proud disdain ; and, in order to act her part with less apprehension of discovery, departed the house on a visit to a distant relation. How fortunate is it for women that the eyes of their lovers cannot follow them into solitude. Could Albert have seen his Angelica as she departed in her carriage, could he have seen and understood the tears which she shed when thus removed from observation, how different would have been his own sentiments ; instead of this, however, without the least suspicion of the dissimulation of his mistress, and firmly believing that he was the object of her hatred, he felt everything that such a thought could inspire. His books from this day were neglected ; his ledger was misdated, and alternately his master or his creditors were cheated. The banker discovered the change, and with that usual oblivion of former services, which distinguishes his tribe, reproached him with the bitterest severity. This treatment, together with his increasing passion, so far augmented his melancholy, that life became

a burden to him, and but for the pious admonitions of his father, he would have terminated by one blow, both life and this misery.

Unable, however, to support any longer this state of uneasiness, and from the natural restlessness of grief, indulging a hope of finding that relief in a change of place which the present scene and cause of his sorrow refused, he resolved to leave the house and service of the banker, and fly for ever from a place which only recalled to his mind at once the beauty and cruelty of his mistress. With this design, having previously satisfied his master of the regularity of his accounts, he left the house and city, and proceeded upon his purpose without any other fixed direction than that of departing immediately from the island.

It was now the autumn. Albert had left the city about the hour of noon, and having travelled more than twenty miles, impelled by the vigour of youth and love, he was suddenly surprised by the departure of light. Now, for the first moment, he began to recall his attention to his present circumstances, and had he not been a lover, and therefore without the regards usual with other men, they were such as might have made him repent his hasty resolution. The night was dark and cloudy; and its horror was increased by a continued rain, the dreary effect of which was still heightened by a rough howling winterly wind, which, driving the rain in his face, left him little more to suffer from the jarring elements.

He now began to think as other men, and to look around him for shelter from the increasing tempest. The darkness, and still more the beating rain, intercepted his sight. He discovered, however, that he had wandered from the high road, and was now upon a plain, through the middle of which extended the by-road he was at that moment following. As he had neither eaten nor drank since his first departure from the city in the morning, his other sufferings were now increased by an immoderate hunger.

This caused him to examine around him with an attention still more earnest, and at length he perceived a light at some short distance before him. This light appeared to issue not from any house in the road he was then pursuing, it seemed rather to proceed from a shepherd's hut across the plain. To this, however, he resolved to direct his steps, and leaving the road he proceeded towards it.

He was not long before he arrived at the extreme inclosure of a small garden, or paddock, which he now perceived to surround the place whence he had distinguished the light to proceed. A small garden gate conducted him to the door of the

house; upon knocking, an old man appeared at the window, and demanded his business. Albert answered that he was a traveller, and had lost his way, and again implored admittance. The old man appeared for some time in suspense; the wind in the meantime whistled with that sharp shrill wintry sound which of itself is enough to freeze every ear it reaches.

"Can you hear this," exclaimed Albert, "and yet refuse me admittance? Can you be a man, and yet leave me exposed to a night like this."

"Young man," replied the stranger, "I live in this house by myself, unarmed, and, as you may perceive, aged.—The plain adjoins a forest. I need not tell you that this forest is the known haunt of robbers; who, fugitives from their country, here rank themselves under some daring leader, and plunder at their will. You say you are a traveller, and have wandered from the high public road; but how is such an error, and so far continued, possible? you are now above twenty miles from any part of the road you have mentioned. Is it to be believed that you have wandered so far from your route and but now discovered it?"

"Alas, sir," replied Albert, "I am a wretch who know not whither I go! I fly from a grief which I carry within me! I wander therefore without any other direction than that of proceeding onwards."

"Well, my son," added the old man, "I will give you the shelter you demand. This, indeed, is not a reason to be thus excluded; let me not repent my confidence."

Saying this the old man descended and admitted Albert within the house. Seeing his desolate condition, his clothes drenched with the rain, and his limbs from the past fatigue unable to support his weight, the old man kindled a fire, and placed before him those refreshments which he justly imagined necessary. Somewhat recovered by this, he at length entered into conversation with his host, and at his request related the cause of the misery he had mentioned. The peasant listened with earnest attention, being already prepossessed by the modesty of his mien and deportment; and Albert had no sooner concluded than he thus addressed him:—"Courage, young man, you have fled before the combat. I am mistaken, or your despair has left a victory which was already in your power. You are thus seized with melancholy because your first address was received with disdain. What! would you have a woman surrender to the first summons of her lover? Will you allow nothing to modesty? Follow my advice, my son; return to the banker's, seek his daughter, and renew your suit. Perseverance in love is like courage in war. Many a woman, as

many a battery, have submitted to a chance assault, which but for that, all would have deemed invincible. But Angelica is beautiful—grant it, young man; does her beauty render her less a woman? Has she passions less of sensibility because she has a face of greater loveliness? Her beauty, my son, is but the varnish of her nature; and that nature is still the same, whatever may be the elegance of its outward covering. Angelica, therefore, is a woman, and Albert is a man. What, therefore, should forbid the one to hope, or the other to submit? Nothing but that diffidence which hinders the former from attacking, and that pride which withholds the latter from submitting where the strength or skill of the adversary presents her with no fair excuse for the defeat."

The old man had no sooner concluded, and Albert was about to answer, than they were interrupted by the sudden arrival of some horsemen, who thundered at the door for admittance. The old man, trembling with apprehension, hastily addressed Albert:—"My son, conceal yourself; these are some of the robbers of the forest. They are in the habit of using this house to dress their food, when they are at any distance from their own habitations."—Here the knocking redoubled.—"Fly my son," continued the old man; "conceal yourself until their departure. They will not injure me, but should they discover you, my entreaties would not save you. Fly therefore; here, creep into this recess!"

Albert hastily obeyed, and the old man seeing him thus removed from the danger, opened the door and admitted the strangers. His surprize, however, was great, when, instead of the robbers, he beheld a party of the police. Their demand of shelter and refreshment was immediately complied with; and the fellows having seated themselves by the fire, commenced a conversation upon the subject of their journey.

"I do not know," said one of the fellows, "why our superior has dispatched us upon an errand like this! I cannot see what we have to do with it."

"Nor can I," replied one of his companions. "What has justice to do with a young fellow's elopement with a woman who chooses to be his companion?"

"You mistake the affair," replied the third; "this young woman is the only child, and therefore sole heiress to the old banker."

This conversation excited the attention of the old man, who now ventured to take his share in it, and demanded of the last speaker a fuller explanation of the subject of their discourse.

"My old friend," replied the fellow, "the affair is indeed of a very singular nature. There is a banker in our city of St.

Helier who is well known throughout the island for the greatness of his wealth, and still more for the love he bears it. This banker had a daughter——”

“What is this banker’s name?” said the old man, interrupting the relator.

“Stephenson,” replied the fellow.

“And his daughter’s?” resumed the old man. “Angelica.” replied the fellow.

The old man here had some difficulty to conceal the emotions of surprise, and in some degree of terror, which this discovery excited. Albert in the relation of his history had not concealed the names either of Stephenson or Angelica; the old man, therefore, now recognised them to be the same. With some efforts, however, he was successful in dissembling his apprehension, and repeated his request that the fellow would continue his narrative.

“As to a narrative, old friend,” resumed the fellow, “it is not much of that, for it will take up but few words. This rich banker, Stephenson, as I have said, had a daughter of the name of Angelica, of the reports of whose beauty the city was as full as of the wealth and covetousness of the father. Stephenson, therefore, in confidence of his own wealth, and this beauty of his daughter, expected to marry her to some great baron, and therefore gave her an education which suited a duchess. The young woman, however, saw with different eyes to her father, and instead of fixing them upon a young baron, cast them on a young lusty rogue of a clerk, Albert, who being in the service of her father, lived in the same house with her. This young fellow, upon pretence of some dislike, left the service of his master this morning. The young Lady Angelica, who had been upon a visit to her aunt, returned to her father’s house about an hour after Albert had left it; she pretended truly to fall into a fit upon being told that Albert had left the house, though the young man, or I am much deceived, had only acted according to something concerted between them, and was, perhaps, at the same moment waiting for her at some appointed place. Be this as it will, another hour did not pass before Angelica herself was likewise missing.”

“Angelica missed,” exclaimed the old man, with more emotion than prudence should have permitted.

“Hey!” resumed the relator, what’s all this, old friend! what have you to say to Angelica? Now, by the holy father, if it were not for thy beard, I should think thee Albert himself! But as I was saying, Angelica was missed, and the old banker immediately, and very wisely too, concluded that the birds had flown together; that Angelica had perhaps written from her

aunt's villa to Albert, and that the whole affair had been settled between them. Stephenson then immediately guessed this to be the plot, accordingly waited upon the chief of the police, and made him acquainted with the whole. I was present myself, and it is in this manner I have been enabled to explain to you the business. Our superior immediately dispatched us all to pursue the fugitives. We have not been able to trace Albert, but as to Angelica, we came up with her about the noon of this day."

"Came up with her," exclaimed the old peasant; "and what have you done with her?" continued he with an eagerness which immediately collected the eyes and attention of the whole company.

"Hey!" exclaimed the relator, eyeing the old man with unusual attention, "do you know any thing of this same Albert or Angelica? Why, if you had them in your house you could not show more apprehension! Though, as to Angelica, indeed, we are safe enough there; for she attempted to escape from us, and we, according to our duty, locked her up in the guard-house!"

"Wretches, barbarians;" exclaimed Albert, bursting the door of his concealment, and rushing forward amongst them. The fellows appeared at first startled at this incident, and the fury of Albert, but recovering themselves, and gazing at him, they immediately recognised him for the object of their pursuit. They accordingly seized him.

"Sir," said the fellow who had hitherto spoken, and who was their principal, "your honour has saved us a labour we were about to undertake, that of searching the house for you; for our honest host here has betrayed you by his eagerness."

(To be continued.)



LONDON FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH.

THIS month is decidedly that in which the winter fashions are in the meridian of their splendour. Our *élégantes* must soon exchange their rich but heavy attire for the light and tasteful, but less sumptuous robes of spring. Let us see then, while fashion still retains all her magnificence what are the costumes in which she decks her favoured votaries. Wadded pelisses, made in somewhat of a novel form, have recently appeared in carriage dress; some are composed of black satin trimmed with sable, and lined with white or rose-coloured *gros de Naples*, others are of nut-brown damask, lined with blue *peluches*, and trimmed with black lace; they are made with large sleeves,

square pelcrines, and a *ceinture* either buckled or tied round the waist; the skirts are closed down the front by bands of satin or velvet. Cloth pelisses are partially adopted, and we have reason to think will next season be more generally worn by ladies of high rank; what renders this likely, is the extreme beauty and fineness of the cloth, which is of a very high price. Swedish blue, emerald green, and nut-brown are the favourite colours for these pelisses. Some are made with the body and sleeves quite tight; others, and these in our opinion are the prettiest, have the sleeves demi-large. We have seen some with the *corsage* partially open on the bosom, and finished by a lappel; this is a pretty style of *corsage*, as it displays the *chemisette*, which may either be of cambric, with a small square collar trimmed with Valenciennes, or else of cambric plaited, with a narrow frill, and closed by two, or three small gold or fancy buttons.

Where the pelisse or robe is of silk or satin, the hat or bonnet may be of velvet or rep velvet; these materials are in equal favour; but if a cloth pelisse is adopted, the bonnet must either be of satin and wadded, or of black velvet. The former head-dress is very much in vogue. We have no alterations to announce in their form, but the style of trimming, though very simple, offers a good deal of variety. Some are ornamented sparingly with ribbon, in a knot of which a tuft of field flowers is placed. Others have a simple band of ribbon with a sprig of jessamine on one side. A third sort is trimmed with a knot of cut ribbon, which resembles a coxcomb; but though these divers ornaments decorate the crowns of these bonnets, one mode of trimming only is adopted for the interior of the brims, it is a *ruche* of *tulle* or blond lace simply ornamented with knots of rep velvet. The newest style of trimming for rep velvet hats consists of a very narrow satin rouleau, scarcely larger than a piping, which edges the brim, and goes twice round the crown. A single ostrich feather placed far back on one side surmounts the crown, and waves gracefully over it. Feathers are also in favour for velvet hats, but we see a good many trimmed with velvet knots, with large gold pins in the centre.

Evening dress is equally varied and magnificent; the most opposite materials are in equal request. Thus we see the richest silks and velvets employed as well as *tulle*; crape, gauze, and lace. Velvet is in the highest favour: the robes composed of it are generally trimmed with one or two deep blond or real lace flounces round the border of the skirt, and the *corsage* is trimmed *en suite*, either with a mantilla and jockeys, or a pelerine and bell *mancherons*. *Tulle* and crape dresses are sometimes trimmed with blond, sometimes with *bouillons* of the same; and where

they are intended for ball dress, the trimming is looped, or interspersed with flowers. If they are not for balls, velvet is frequently employed for trimmings. There seems to be nothing positively fixed as to the height of *corsages*, some being cut so low as to be really indelicate. Others somewhat higher than is usual in evening dress. A third sort, that we think has hit the happy medium, are rounded on the shoulders, and of equal height; a good many are draped, but the greater number, made quite tight to the shape, have a lappel which forms a *fichu à la Paysanne* in front, and is retained in the centre of the breast by a moriac, or jewelled brooch. The ends of the lappel descend to the *ceinture*. Sleeves vary a good deal, the different kinds that have appeared during the season being all in equal request; thus there is very great variety, though we cannot cite any actual novelty. One point, however, appears to be determined, that is, that absolutely tight sleeves either long or short will not be adopted, generally speaking; for wherever they are made tight they are trimmed, we ought rather to say covered with ornaments, in such a manner, as to give them a certain degree of fulness.

Turbans are this year in greater request than we ever remember them. Crape, *gaze lisse*, Cachmere, plain and rep velvet are all in favour for turbans; precious stones, beads, and gold bands, tassels, and ornaments of different sorts, are all employed to ornament them. We must object, and that decidedly, to the use of velvet in turbans; particularly when, as is at present the case, gold bands and tassels are mingled with it. The material, beautiful as it is in itself, is far too heavy to be disposed in folds, and massive ornaments render it still more so. A bouquet of marabouts has a light and pretty effect; a single white ostrich feather is perhaps still better, as it is at once graceful and majestic, and where it is employed an ornament of gold or jewels placed at its base, has an elegant effect.

Head-dresses of hair are not in a majority in *soirées*, but they are decidedly so in ball dress: the front hair is disposed in bands à la *Madonna*, loops à la *Berthe*, or ringlets; the latter are by far the most fashionable. The hind hair must be dressed low; it may be arranged in a tuft, from which a few ringlets fall; a round open knot, or light open bows. Feathers, flowers, and jewels are all employed to ornament *coiffures en cheveux*. Generally speaking, indeed ornaments of jewellery are mingled with either feathers or flowers; in some instances also we see velvet adopted with *bijouterie*. Fashionable colours are Swedish and azure blue, marron, fawn, different shades of green, and grey, and all the lighter shades of rose and strawcolour.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH.

A FEW fine rough cold days have succeeded to the late rainy and tempestuous weather, and our *élégantes* once more venture to show themselves in the Tuileries gardens, and the Bois de Boulogne, but in a costume of the most wintry kind; the witzchoura of velvet or satin, made very wide, with large sleeves, lined, wadded, and in general trimmed with fur is in great request; the favourite colours for them are black, maroon, and deep blue; wadded pelisses of velvet or satin, with mantelets to correspond, are nearly but not quite so much adopted as witzchouras; those of velvet are trimmed with sable, and those of satin with ermine.

Velvet hats are now almost the only ones seen in promenade dress; three colours only are fashionable, black, emerald green, and *groseille*; they are trimmed either with a bird of paradise dyed to correspond with the colour of the hat, an *aigrette*, or three ostrich feathers, also *en suite*. Balls have commenced with great brilliancy, both at court and among the nobility; an innovation, by no means a happy one, has taken place in dancing dress; rich but heavy materials for robes, as velvet, satin, rich silks, &c. have been introduced, and though still in a great minority, are adopted by many *élégantes*. This style of dress is not only in very bad taste, but exceedingly disadvantageous to the figure, for the costume of *danseuse*, in order to be graceful, should be light; as, however, this is a matter of taste, we shall cite some of the most distinguished costumes of both kinds. First then in what may be stiled heavy materials, robes of rep velvet are much in request, but they are always of light colours, white, pale pink, and pale blue. Some of the most elegant for grand balls are trimmed with gold blond lace; others, and these latter are extremely elegant, are adorned with marabous. One of the most *distingué* is of white rep velvet, with the skirt raised on one side by a tuft of marabous; they are attached by a fringed knot of very pale blue silk; the *corsage* is draped, and the sleeves tight; they are ornamented, as is also the centre of the *corsage*, with knots *en suite*. Another favourite style for these robes is a trimming of blond lace, forming a *tablier* in front of the skirt, and disposed in a flat falling tucker round the bosom; the bottoms of the sleeves are trimmed *en suite*. Robes of white *tulle illusion* are sometimes worn over rose or blue satin; they are trimmed round the border with a *tulle bouillonné*, in which flowers, corresponding in colour with the slip, are placed; those of crape are frequently trimmed with a flounce

cut in *dents*; sprigs of Spanish jessamine are placed upon the flounce at regular distances. A good many dresses of light materials are also made in the tunic stile, with the front trimmed with flowers, which are employed to loop it back, at regular distances.

Among the most novel and elegant head dresses that have appeared for balls, we may cite one of green velvet embroidered in fillagre gold, with incrustations of pearls, and precious stones; the back part is disposed in a *pouff*, from whence broad lappets in gold blond descend. Another, which in our opinion is better calculated for dancing dress, is composed of torsades of beads, which cover the head like a net, leaving the hair to be seen; it is trimmed in front with two superb white ostrich feathers disposed from the right to the left, so as to form a V.

The hair is in general dressed very low both at the back and in front. Some ladies still continue to wear the front hair displayed in loops *à la Berthe*, but the *Seignéés*, that is, clusters of ringlets, are more in favour; they are ornamented with flowers and bijoux placed so low upon the cheeks that they almost droop on the neck. Some of the most novel bouquets of artificial flowers, or of diamonds, are of the *gerbe* form. Knots of ribbon also are employed, the ends of which float upon the neck, and marabous intermingled with *epis* of gold or diamonds, are in great favour. There is indeed quite a rage for these feathers in every department of the toilette in which they can be employed. The colours adopted in out door dress, or *neglegé* are black, maroon, dark green, and violet; full pink, blue, straw, *grosseille* and white, are the favourite hues for evening dress.



DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATES.

Walking Dress.

DARK green satin robe, the *corsage* made high and tight to the shape, and sleeves demi-large. Shawl of white *Cachemire satine*; it is square, of a very large size, and with a superb border in colours, which is edged with a party-coloured fringe. Hat of pink rep velvet, brim of an oval form, long and deep, trimmed next the face with blond and small roses; perpendicular crown, ornamented with a bouquet of white ostrich feathers, and pink satin ribbon. Green satin muff of a small size; it is lined, and the ends trimmed with swansdown.

Dinner Dress.

WHITE satin dress; the skirt is trimmed down on one side of the front with two rows of *coques* of pink satin ribbon, and

flowers placed at regular distances between each. The *corsage* is plain behind, but disposed in very full folds, *à la Sevigné* in front; the drapery is ornamented on the shoulders and in the centre with flowers. Short tight sleeves, trimmed with a small ruffle, composed of a single fall of *tulle*, and surmounted by a wreath of flowers. The hair, arranged in interlaced bows at the back of the head, and in ringlets in front, is ornamented with a wreath of flowers, which, descending on the ringlets, mingles with them.

Evening Dress.

ROSE-COLOURED *tulle* tunic over a petticoat of the same material; both are bordered with a trimming lightly disposed in waves, and the tunic is attached to the petticoat by a bouquet of white roses with their foliage. The *corsage*, cut low, and pointed at bottom, is trimmed with a double fall of *tulle*, lightly bouilloned; and the short tight sleeves are decorated *en suite*, and finished in front of the arm with a sprig of roses, which surmount the trimming. The hair, dressed *en couronne* behind, and in a profusion of frill curls at the sides, is trimmed with a wreath of roses, which encircles the back of the head, and from which a bouquet descends and droops on the neck.

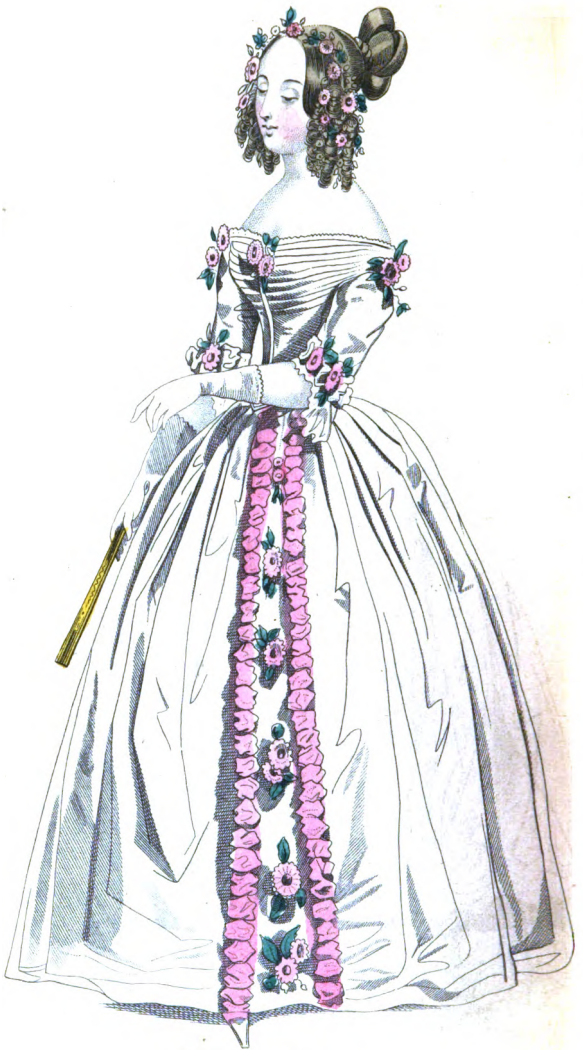
Ball Dress.

PALE blue gauze robe over satin to correspond; it is trimmed *en tablier*, with broad satin ribbon bordered with blond lace. The *corsage* is cut low, square, and rounded rather than pointed at the bottom; it is draped horizontally—the drapery ornamented with knots of blue satin ribbon. Tight sleeves, descending nearly to the elbow, and terminated, *en manchette*, with blond lace; they are looped at the bend of the arm by a knot of ribbon. The hair is disposed in soft bands on the forehead, the ends fall on the neck in a profusion of ringlets, the hind hair is disposed in a full knot at the back of the head. The *coiffure* is trimmed, *à l'Italienne*, with gold pins, bands, and white ostrich feathers.

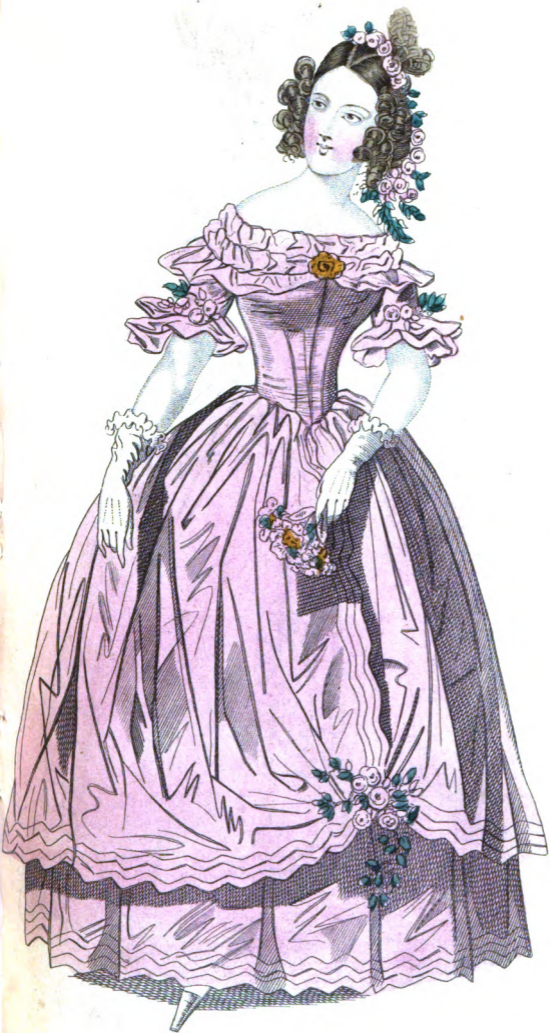
PLAGIARISM.—It is now discovered that the following song, originally adapted to a beautiful Irish melody, furnished Mr. Moore with the materials of "LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD."

Let Beauty remember the days of old.
 When fair woman's hair betrayed her;
 And the loveliest cast from her graceful mould,
 Wore a wig that the barber made her!
 Till Rowland sped, to anoint her head
 With his balmy, bright Macassar;
 And grew her such hair, that never so fair
 An angel could surpass her.
 On Thames' bank, as the lady strays,
 When the clear, cold eve's declining,
 She sees the long tresses of early day,
 In the wave beneath her shining:
 Then will gratitude move her in mood sublime,
 To think of the changes that hovered:
 And rejoice that locks growing grey with time,
 With Maccassar should so have recovered.





DINNER DRESS.



EVENING DRESS.



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BALL DRESS.

THE
LADIES' CABINET
OF
FASHION, MUSIC, AND ROMANCE.

THE LAST OF THE WYANDOTS.*

AN INDIAN TALE.

“THE mouth of the white man,” began the Wyandot, “speaks loud words; the tongue of Chargha shall only utter truth. The Great Spirit, who looks into the bottom of the hearts of men, shall witness that Chargha does not add one to the number of his wrongs. Forty summers have now passed since Winteheh was head man among the Wyandots; he was a great chief—wise at the council fire—terrible in battle; yet was Winteheh mild and gentle to his friends—and in his wigwam peace ever dwelt. Theheti, the young Swan, was the fairest among the daughters of the Iroquois; and when, after she had borne him three sons, a daughter was added, the chief of the Wyandots could ask nothing more from the Great Spirit—he was happy.

They lived on the borders of The Beautiful River; † the woods gave bear and deer to the rifle of Winteheh, and the maize grew tall and fresh under the care of Theheti. The Wyandots had buried the hatchet, and exchanged the wampum of peace with the Miamis. The Delawares had made themselves women, had taken the hoe and laid down the rifle. Then a messenger came from the great father, the Sagernash ‡ king. The Chemocomauns § had risen against their father, and he wished his red children to join with his warriors, and bring the young ones to reason.

“The Wyandots opened their ears to the words of their great father; they dug up the hatchet, and it was soon made red with

* The following tale illustrates, in an accurate and striking manner, the treatment the Indians received from the Americans, during the Revolutionary War.

† The Ohio.

‡ British.

§ Americans. Literally Long-knives.

the blood of the Long-knives. Many scalps were taken to the warriors of our great father on the lakes, and blankets, and medals, and powder, were plenty in the wigwams of the Wyandots. At last came some, who would have filled the ears of Winteheh with tales that his great father, the king, had buried the hatchet, and made peace with the Long-knives—but the chief shut his ears to such tales.

“‘My great father,’ said he, ‘would not do this, without first telling his red children, that we might all smoke the calmut of peace together.’”

“Yet it was so. The great king had been beaten by his children, and he made peace, forgetting the Wyandots, who had taken up the hatchet in his cause.

“Then came a warrior from the Long-knives; he spoke of peace. Winteheh opened his ears. ‘The great west,’ said the ‘mocomau,’ ‘is open to the Wyandots, let then their white brethren, the Americans, have one little spot on the borders of The Beautiful River, and the hatchet shall be buried so deep in the ground, that no man shall hereafter be able to find it.’”

“The words of peace were ever sweet to the ears of Winteheh—he gave the white man much land—more than he asked—‘Only,’ said he, ‘let this spot be reserved to Winteheh and his old men; the young warriors will go to hunt the deer far, far towards the great lakes.’ It was so

“Winteheh remained at his wigwam by The Beautiful River—and the maize still sprang up, fresh and green, in the fields of Theheti. There the children of Winteheh grew up, and the soul of the Wyandot rejoiced in the thought, that his sons would be first among the warriors of his nation. Outesie, the Bending Flower, was fair as her mother; and when she decked her hair with wreaths of bright flowers, and looked with her smiling eyes in the face of her father, the heart of the great chief was soft, and war and the hunting grounds were forgotten in the beauty of his child.

“Higabee, the first son of Winteheh, was now a strong youth—his father said to him, ‘Take this rifle—the great king, Sagernash, gave it to Winteheh many summers ago—take it, and be a brave warrior. To-morrow I go to hunt the deer at the Licks, you shall go with me—a good hunter is, in the eyes of the Great Spirit, next a brave warrior.’”

“At the dawn of day, the Wyandot and his son left the wigwam. Theheti feared nothing—there was peace with the Miamis, the Delawares were women, and the Long-knives had buried the hatchet in a forgotten place. Three days passed—the fourth had been named by Winteheh for his return; yet

he came not. Another—and another day—still the wigwam of Theheti was void, and grief was in her heart. 'The tenth sun was sinking' in the west, when a poor wounded boy crept towards the wigwam—one broken arm hung motionless by his side; his cheeks were hollow, and his eyes looked dim, and his back—on his back was the mark of the lash. Yes! the lash had cut deep into the flesh of the son of Winteheh!—for it was Higachee. Outesie tore her hair, and wept aloud at the sight of her brother. The Young Swan looked not on her child, her thoughts were with her absent husband—'Where is he?' she cried—'where is the great chief?'

"Higachee spake not—his spirit was dead; he glared round the wigwam with a dull stony eye, and fell to the ground. He was not a great chief—he was only a boy, and shame—the lash—the white man's whip, had made his heart soft. We raised him from the floor; Outesie brought milk to drink, and fresh water to bathe his skin. The boy recovered, and the Young Swan again screamed in his ear—'Where is your father? Dog! where is the great chief?'

"'Dead! dead! dead!'

"Yes, Winteheh was dead, slain by the white man's rifle, and his son was scored and lashed, like the white man's dog! 'Twas long before the boy could tell of the death of his father, and when he did, we thought that lying words came from his lips—yet they were true. Winteheh and his son had journeyed one day towards the Licks; night came on, and the warrior spread his buffaloe robe on the ground, took out his parched-corn and dried venison, they ate—and then the father and the child slept, side by side in peace. At the first dawn of morning, the warrior roused his son—'Up! Higachee! up! To-day we must reach the Licks.'

"As he spake, Higachee heard the sound of a rifle, and the body of Winteheh fell at the feet of his child—a ball had pierced his heart.

"Before Higachee could move, or speak, or think, for he was but a boy, two white men sprang from the thicket—one seized and bound the boy, while the other stripped the body of Winteheh.

"'See!' said he, putting his finger into the hole in his breast—'Did I not hit him prettily—right over the heart.'"

"'True, John; but why did you fire at all. It is peace now, and this red skin is, as I told you, the head-man among the Wyandots.'

"'Who cares for the Wyandots? Not I—but, to tell the truth, I fired because I could not help it. The savage stood so

fair, and his bare bosom made such a good mark, that I could not, for my life, help trying my rifle on him.'

" 'Well, John, that's a sort of reason;—but what are we to do with the boy? If we take him to the settlement, he will be sure to tell of this fine prank, and then what will the General say to you?'

" 'What are we to do with him?' said the Long-knife—'I'll soon show you'—he raised his tomahawk, and would have slain Higachee, but his companion hindered him; they determined to leave the boy in a hut, in the woods, while they went into the settlement. They did so; they bound his legs, and arms, and left him, helpless, on the floor.

" Thrice the sun rose and set, and yet the white men came not to their prisoner: he lay, without food or drink. On the fourth day they came.

" 'How now, Indian!' said the hunter as he loosed the ropes—'Why do you not get up?'

" The poor boy could only point to his mouth, and groan out, 'Water! water.'

" The other hunter came in—'Why, John! the poor boy is dying with thirst—here! here! drink, boy'—and he gave him water.

" 'But how is this, John—did you not come here yesterday, and day before, as you promised?'

" 'Why, to tell the truth, no; the day before I could not come—and yesterday, as I was coming, I roused a deer, and he led me to the other side of the settlement, and I could not lose the deer for the sake of an Indian, besides, I thought the boy would do very well for a day or so longer—and you see he has, only a little thirsty—but he will get over it. See; he recovers already. Sit up, boy, and take some corn.'

" Higachee tried to rise, but he could not.

" 'Why don't you get up,' said the white man, 'get up I say,' and he struck the boy a heavy blow with the breach of his rifle.

" 'For shame, John,' said his companion; 'I declare, you have broken the boy's arm! Here, take this, my poor boy, and lie down.' He gave Higachee some parched corn, placed water within his reach, and binding his leg with a chain to which they fixed a padlock, they left the hut. Next day Higachee was stronger, and he resolved to escape. With a wrench he tore the staple from the post, and gathering up his chain—he could not get the links from off his leg—he left the hut. But the white man was near, Higachee ran—in his haste he dropped the chain—it caught in a log—he fell. The white

“ ‘No,’ said he—‘Mecami is a murderer—he must be tried; to-morrow he shall be brought before the wise men of my camp.’ ”

“ At the dawn of day I returned to the house of the white chief. He sat in his high place to judge Mecami. Twelve men were sworn on the Holy Book of the Christians, to slay the son of Winteheh.”

“ ‘Did you, Mecami, slay our scout, John Harris?’ ”

“ ‘I did.’ ”

“ The twelve men talked together, and soon one of them rose up, and said, ‘Guilty.’ Mecami was carried back to his prison.

“ I went to the great white chief—‘How many days,’ said I, ‘must Mecami remain in prison?’

“ ‘One,’ said he—‘To-morrow he shall be made free.’ ”

“ I hurried to the wigwam of Theheti—‘Rejoice, Young Swan! to-morrow Mecami will return—our white father has said it.’

“ The soul of Theheti laughed in her breast—‘We will go,’ said she, ‘at the dawn of day, and bring home my brave boy—he is the son of a warrior—he will be a great chief—Winteheh will live in his son.’

“ Next day, Theheti, Outesie, and Chargha, all made haste to the lodge of the white man. As they drew near, Outesie cried out, ‘What is that which dangles from the sycamore, beside the white man’s dwelling?’ It was the body of Mecami! The white man had choked him—he had hung up the son of Winteheh, as the Wyandot does the shunk or the opossum. Mecami was dead.

“ Theheti returned to her wigwam. She never gave the death-screch for her child; but when the sun sunk behind the western hills, she sought the banks of The Beautiful River—plunged in, and her spirit rejoined the spirit of Winteheh. Next day, Outesie was with me, but the Young Swan was gone. What could I do; I was a boy, and Outesie, the Bending Flower, was a young girl—fourteen summers measured her age, and fifteen mine. I went to the old men of my tribe.

“ ‘Fathers,’ said I, ‘Winteheh is dead—the white man’s lash cut the heart of Higachee—they choked Mecami—and now, Theheti, the Young Swan—my mother—is gone!’ ”

“ The old men were grieved. At length Ountega spoke—‘What can we do? Our warriors are dead—only old men and squaws remain on the reservation—and now it is too small even for them. Son of Winteheh!—turn your face to the

great lakes—there dwells Tallassie ; his father was the brother of Winteheh. With Tallassie you can live—Outesie will be safe—and Chargha will be a great chief.’

“The words of Ountega were wise in my ears. I returned to the wigwam of Winteheh—and the next day Chargha and Outesie left the graves of their fathers, to seek a home beside the distant lakes, in the wigwam of Tallassie. On the third day, we stopped at noon by the waters of the Yellow River.’ The clouds had passed from our hearts. ‘We shall be happy,’ said Outesie, ‘in the wigwam of the Wyandots of the lakes.’

“As she spake, I heard the sound of the rifle—I tried to seize mine, but my right arm would not move—a bullet had broken the bone. I looked around—the white men were upon us—“Fly! fly, Outesie!” said I, and plunged into the thicket. Outesie followed, but the white men were swift on her track, and soon I heard her scream, as they caught her. I hid myself in the hollow of a sycamore ; they sought long for me, but their eyes were dim. At length they ceased the search, and prepared to continue their hunt. I followed on their trail. I had no rifle, and my right hand could not raise the tomahawk, yet I followed, in the hope that Outesie might escape, and then I should be near. Three days they wandered through the woods, Outesie still with them.

“She never complained—never wept. I saw her bring water for the white man’s drink—and when he struck her with his ramrod to hurry her steps, the daughter of the great chief uttered no scream of pain, though the hard blows raised large weals on her tender breast. The fourth morning they remained long in their camp ; they held a talk. I crept through the tall brushwood, and hid close to the seat of the white men. There were three.

“‘What shall we do with her?’”—said one pointing to Outesie, who stood a little way off.

“‘Oh shoot her—she is only a trouble to us—shoot her by all means.’”

“‘True,’” replied the other, “‘I suppose we may as well.—Will you do it, Tom?’”

“‘Oh, I don’t care if I do. Here, you squaw, stand up, will you.’” Outesie, at first, heard not the words. “‘Stand up, and turn towards me,’” said the hunter.

“The Bending Flower turned her face towards him. She saw him raise the rifle. She saw his eye, and she knew that death was near. “‘Oh, white man! Oh, brother! brother!’” she cried, “‘Don’t kill! Oh, white man, don’t kill!’”

man regained his prisoner. 'I'll teach you to run off,' said he; and he stripped the blanket from his back—the lash followed—the lash tore the flesh of Higachee.

"When the white man was weary of his labour, he fastened the chain in a firmer place, and left the boy—to die, for as he went, he swore an oath that he never should return."

"Higachee was the son of a great chief—he would not lie down and die like a dog—all day he laboured at the chain, and when night drew near, the strong link was worn through—he was free; he escaped, and returned to the wigwam of Theheti.

"Such was the story of the death of Winteheh—he had been killed because his bare bosom was a good mark for the white man's rifle. The warriors, who had remained with him on the reservation, met in council on the death of the great chief. The young men wished to dig up the hatchet, but the old men would not.

"'We are few,' said they, 'and the Long-knives are like the leaves on the trees. We have made peace with them—we have buried the hatchet in a forgotten place. We will go to the lodge of our white brother—we will tell him that bad men have done this; he will seek them out, and give them up to us—thus shall the death of Winteheh be avenged.'

"These words pleased the council. They sent Ountega to the house of the white warrior, Sukach-gook.‡ He promised fair, and in three days a runner came to the wigwam with good news from the white chief. The men who had done the great wrong were caught, and should be kept in prison many, many days. 'The sun shall not shine on them,' said he—'the fresh wind shall not cool them—neither shall they walk through the woods any more. Their souls shall be sick in the walls of their prison.'

"Theheti was comforted. The spirit of her warrior should not wander unavenged. In the meanwhile Higachee wasted away; his food did not nourish him, nor his drink refresh him. The wise men said an evil spirit had possession of him, and the medicine man was sent for, to drive him out.

"He came—he looked on Higachee. 'No evil spirit has possessed him,' said the medicine man; 't'is the lash of the white man has poisoned his blood—he will die.'

"It was so. The young chief wasted away—he died.

‡ This name—literally, Blacksnake—has been given, with true aboriginal sagacity, to several of the American officers who have, from time to time, made treaties with them.

Theheti and her children made no lament over Higachee, he could never be a great chief. The Wyandots would have scorned to take for leader, a whipped dog of the Long-knives. It was best he should die.

"We wrapped him in the dead clothes of a chief; but the old men would not have a hatchet, nor flints, nor bow and arrows, buried with him—'Higachee,' said they, 'was not a warrior;' Outesie took a withered branch from the oak that overhung the cabin of Winteheh, and cast into the grave of his son.

"Two days had passed away, when, as Outesie returned from placing the ripe papaw, and fresh water, near the grave of Higachee, she met the hunter—he was free. Our white father had promised to keep him many, many moons in prison—one had not yet passed, and he walked the forest, free as the wild deer. Theheti went to our white father, to tell him of the escape of the prisoner, but the face of our white father was turned from his children, and his words had fallen to the ground."

"'I have pardoned him,' said the white chief. 'Let the death of Winteheh be forgotten.'"

"Theheti returned to her wigwam; her soul was dark. Winteheh was dead—Higachee was dead—and the white man who had drank their blood, he was free. Theheti called her son Mecami—he had not yet seen sixteen summers; yet he was strong, and active, as became the son of Winteheh. 'Mecami,' said Theheti, 'take the rifle of Winteheh—go, bring the scalp of the Long-knife.' Mecami went—and ere two days, the rifle of Winteheh rang out on the hills, and Mecami returned with the scalp of the white man. 'Now,' said Theheti, 'let the soul of Winteheh rejoice, as he snuffs up the blood of his enemy.'

"Next day came a messenger from the white chief—'Who,' said he, 'has slain one of my men?'

"'Tis I,' said Mecami—'tis the son of Winteheh, has slain the enemy of his father.'"

"'You must go to the white chief—he has words to speak to you.'"

"Theheti would have persuaded her son not to go; but the old men said go. He went—and I, Charcha, went with him. We came to the white men—they seized Mecami, and cast him into prison. 'Fear not, Mecami,' said I—'Tis only four days, and you will be free, as he was.'

"The fourth day came. I went to the white chief—'Father,' said I, 'the son of Winteheh has passed four days in prison—the slayer of my father and no more. Let Mecami go free.'

“As she was pleading thus, the white man took calm, deliberate aim—“‘Brother!’” said the Indian girl—even at the word he fired—and of the children of Wintebeh, I alone remained.”’



PHILOTHEA, A ROMANCE.

BY MRS. CHILD.

THE early writings of Mrs. Child gave brilliant promise of future eminence in the path of imaginative literature. We have to express our pleasure at meeting with her upon a new theatre of literary exertion. She has some intellectual traits, which are well suited to success in the field of literary enterprise now chosen. Among which a vigorous and exuberant imagination, and an accurate eye for beauty of form may be mentioned. She understands well the harmonious construction of language, and can describe both nature and society with liveliness and truth. Her style, in its general character, is rich and eloquent; abounding in brilliant turns and fanciful illustrations. It is generally simple, energetic, and impressive, but sometimes it is too dazzling. In fact, the copiousness of her imagination, and the ardour of her feelings, which lend such power to her enthusiastic eloquence, in a measure injure her style for classical novel-writing. It is deficient in *repose*; we must use that word for want of a better. Classical scholars feel that ancient literature is deeply impressed with the peculiar quality, which can be described in its effect by that word alone. The study of the best classics soothes and solemnizes the mind like the contemplation of nature, or the presence of a gallery of ancient statues, standing before us in the marble stillness of centuries; and our imagination craves the same impressive effect in a work that essays to recall the spirit of classical times. In this point of view, it appears to us that Mrs. Child has not been entirely successful. She has not gone out of her peculiar feelings and opinions far enough to give us something thoroughly Greek. We trace distinctly enough certain ways of thinking, that belong, not merely to modern times, but to Mrs. Child herself. This influence has guided her in forming the leading characters, and in constructing the discourses and dialogues, in which their peculiarities are unfolded.

The time selected by Mrs. Child is the most brilliant period in the history of Athens. Pericles, the master statesman of the Grecian states, is at the head of affairs, swaying the destinies of the tumultuous republic. Plato teaches philosophy in the academy, and Phidias builds the temples and carves the statues of

the gods. Aspasia captivates the gravest sages by her beauty, wit, and eloquence, and well nigh overthrows the ancient severity of female manners, by introducing among the matrons and maidens of the violet-crowned city, the unheard-of freedom of appearing unveiled at the symposia of the wits. Tragedy and Comedy have arrived at the highest point of cultivation, and all the arts connected with them are elaborated till the hand of genius can go no further.. The courts of justice and the assemblies of the people are thronged by busy, inquisitive crowds, for whose entertainment, instruction, or corruption, the orators and demagogues are continually at work. Swarms of Sophists teach the young men the subtleties of their pernicious art, against which the keen dialectic weapons, forged in the Socratic workshop, can scarcely avail. Strangers throng to Athens from every part of the world, to gaze on her wondrous citadel, and the majestic forms of her gods. Ambassadors lay the pompous homage of dependent colonies and semi-barbarous nations at her feet. Such is the splendid age, in which the scene of Mrs. Child's novel is laid. Such are the gorgeous, but somewhat indefinite, pictures which the page of history unfolds to us; and so far the character of the age is sufficiently intelligible. But to go beneath this gay and glittering surface, and detect the elements at work there; to follow the statesman from the *agora* or the courts, to the scenes of domestic life; to accompany the philosopher from his walk beneath the grove, to his private residence, or nightly revel; to detect beneath the plausible exterior of pompous religious rites, the lurking imposture, or the sneer of scepticism; to unravel the threads of apologue, irony, playfulness, and symbolical expression in the discourses of the philosophers, and learn the almost hidden truth they would teach; to judge truly and delineate strongly the influence of woman, both in the strict seclusion of the austere lovers of the olden times, and in the free circles of the Aspasias; to unfold the secret of that amazingly rapid growth of art and letters, which has made Athens and the age of Pericles for ever illustrious—were a task for the mightiest genius, the profoundest knowledge, the most delicate taste. To say that Mrs. Child has not done all this, is far enough from calling in question either her ability or learning.

The main interest of the tale centres in the fortunes of Philothea, the heroine, and a subordinate interest is kept up by an underplot, in which are developed the character and adventures of Eudora, Philothea's friend and companion. The heroine is the granddaughter of the philosopher Anaxagoras, and is represented as having been educated by him with sedulous care. Eudora is a member of the family of Phidias, the sculp-

tor, having been purchased by him in early childhood, and trained up in his own household. Paralus, the son of Pericles, has been under the instruction of Anaxagoras, and an attachment has been formed between him and Philothea. The young man is compelled to subdue his affections to the bidding of parental ambition, and resign all thoughts of marrying Philothea. An attachment has also sprung up between Eudora and a wealthy young Athenian, Philæmon, whose mother is a Corinthian by birth. Philæmon is summoned before the court of Cynosarges, and condemned to lose his estates and the privileges of an Athenian citizen, in consequence of a slight taint of foreign blood in his veins. The tale opens with a scene, in which the two maidens are watching the return of Philæmon and his friends from the court.

Meantime the witty and wicked Lothario of Athens, Alcibiades, has been struck with the beauty of Eudora, and determines to win her to his base purposes. The splendor of his name and rank, the grace of his person, and the captivating power of his eloquence, have already partially dazzled the imagination of the simple-hearted maiden, before her firmer friend, Philothea, is aware of the danger. This is the source of distress in the plot. To facilitate his libertine designs, Alcibiades persuades Aspasia to have both Philothea and Eudora present at one of her symposias. The description of this *reunion* is one of the most striking portions of the book. The characters that figure in it are among the most illustrious of that period of Athenian history. Pericles and Aspasia, Plato, Anaxagoras, and Alcibiades, with numerous others; an Ethiopian of distinction; the Persian ambassador; Phidias the sculptor, and the two maidens, are present, and partake of the conversation and festivities of the night. Alcibiades persuades the credulous Eudora that he will repudiate his wife and marry her; and Philothea finds it impossible at first to dispel the delusion. She grants him an interview, which is interrupted accidentally by Philæmon, her lover. The infatuated damsel is only aroused to a sense of her danger by overhearing a conversation at the house of Aspasia, between her and Alcibiades, in which her own name is coupled with that of Electra, a courtesan of Corinth. In the mean time, Philæmon, shocked at the discovery he has accidentally made, and disgusted with the unjust treatment to which he has been subjected by the court of Cynosarges, prepares to leave his country and seek a refuge at the Persian court.

A prosecution is now instituted against the most confidential friends of Pericles, by the enemies of the great statesman. Anaxagoras, Phidias, even Aspasia herself, is summoned before the people to answer to various charges, brought against

them by the intrigues of a powerful faction, who aimed at the political destruction of Pericles. The issue of the prosecution is the banishment of Phidias, who retires to Elis, and of Anaxagoras, who takes up his abode in Lampsacus. Soon after, the plague breaks out in Athens, and rages through the city, sparing neither high nor low, neither age nor sex. Among other illustrious victims is Paralus, the son of Pericles, and lover of Philothea. He is left by the awful disease in a state of utter helplessness. He retains no recollection of the past, save the memory of his lost Philothea. He has no perception of the objects of sense around him, but is perpetually visited with delightful visions from the land of spirits. The haughty spirit of Pericles is subdued by these domestic calamities; and he forthwith sends Plato on an embassy, to express his earnest wish that Philothea will return to Athens, and marry his now helpless son. She readily, nay joyfully consents, in the hope that she may assist in restoring his shattered intellect to a healthy tone. She arrives in Athens, and is united to Paralus with due solemnities. Pericles, with Paralus and Philothea, accompanied by Plato and others, journey to Olympia, hoping to benefit the health of the sufferer, by the stirring scene of the games, and the old associations of which they may touch the chord. At Elis they encounter Eudora, living in seclusion after the death of Phidias her protector. The experiment is unsuccessful, and Paralus dies. The mourning party return to Athens, where the funeral honours are completed, and the urn, containing the ashes of the best beloved son of Pericles, is deposited in his ancestral tomb. Philothea gradually wastes away, and soon dies. Eudora is again exposed to the persecution of Alcibiades, by whose hirelings she is seized and carried forcibly to Salamis. She is rescued from this perilous prison by her faithful Geta, but is so swiftly pursued that she is compelled to take refuge in Creusa's grotto, where she remains some time. Here she receives a supernatural visitation from Paralus and Philothea, and is warned by them to seek Artaphernes, the Persian. She obeys the celestial intimation, and finds in Artaphernes her father. After this development she returns with him to Persia, and is at length united to her lover, who is in high favour at the Persian court.

This very brief sketch will give some idea of the groundwork, on which Mrs. Child has raised the superstructure of her story. It is obvious that she has introduced upon her canvass the figures of mighty historical characters, who task all the vigour of her pencil. The glories of Athens are described in language fresh and sparkling, like the radiant forms of art, which filled the proud city. The imagery she draws around

her scenes, and the associations she awakens, are in strict keeping with the time, the character, and the place. She has mastered all the learning requisite to the preserving of the outward proprieties, and the allusions and scenery are fastidiously correct. Indeed, it may justly be said, that she is too laboriously classical in minute details; in her Atticism she is hyper-Attic, and might be known for a foreigner on classic ground, as Theophrastus was hailed "O Stranger" by a fishwoman of Athens, in consequence of the elaborate finish of his pronunciation. The general idea of each of her historical characters seems to us historically correct; but the details are not always so. The picture of the age is in the main truly coloured; yet there are many features, in the character of the times, which are not sufficiently brought out. Thus the plague, of which Thucydides has given so true and masterly a description, opens scenes and presents contrasts that might have been used with great effect; and the trial of the friends of Pericles might have been described at greater length, and with more fullness of detail. In the course of the story, we think that love, in the modern acceptation of the word, plays far too conspicuous a part. The gallantries of Alcibiades are too much like the intrigues of a modern rake; and the perils and rescue of Eudora would be in place in a novel of the last century.

The two characters on which Mrs. Child has expended the most care and labour, are evidently those of Plato and Philothea. So far as her portrait of the philosopher goes, it is unquestionably correct; but, led by some elective affinity, she has selected a few of Plato's philosophical doctrines, and represented his character only through their medium. The consequence is, that the Sage of the Academy appears but in one light. He is for ever the mystic and the moralizer, with a dash of sentiment that almost unmans him. Whether discoursing with the carousers at the Symposium, or with the young ladies, on a journey, or at Lampsacus, he perpetually arrays his harangues with fanciful analogies, mystic imitations, and poetical rhapsodies. He drags in, seasonably and out of season, his strange notions about pre-existence and the connexion between the spiritual and outer world; but he never appears like a man engaged with the actual business of life, or capable of discussing the high themes of policy; never as a master for statesmen, or a teacher of science to vigorous-minded youth. But this is a partial view of Plato's character; true as far as it goes, but false in its general effect. The themes he is made to touch upon exclusively, he *did* discuss occasionally; they formed a part, but not the whole, of his philosophy. He indulged his imagination, it is true, with an occasional flight into an ideal world; but he was at times a severe logician, and a

practical dealer with stubborn facts. In the exuberance of his genius, he would even run riot in beautiful visions, and fantastic theories; but he could come down to the elaborate discussion of scientific principles, and many of the weightiest arguments, on the most solemn questions of the destiny of man, are wrought out by him with an amazing vigour of understanding. Now, as in his writings Plato is often full of practical common sense, it is a fair inference that his common conversation partook largely of the same character; and in this respect we think that our author has not given a full and complete view, or even a justly proportioned view, of his intellectual constitution.

Philothea is a beautiful creation. A woman of great personal loveliness, educated in the midst of all the influences that can refine the imagination, deeply imbued with the more spiritual part of the Platonic philosophy, in daily communion with all the wit and genius that the best portion of Athenian society could offer; she rises before us, a being of such pure beauty, that we think of her not as of a daughter of this world, but as a child of the skies. The character is drawn with a delicate perception of the minutest proprieties and the finest shades. No discordant act breaks the harmony of her being; no harsh or violent sentiment, no wild passion, mingles with the gentle tone of her daily thoughts. The supernatural incidents that occur after her death, are a beautiful finale to the rich music of her life. But can we realize the character? does it belong to human life, and Attic life? No. It is a lovely dream of Mrs. Child's imagination.

We cannot finish our notice, however, without expressing the persuasion we feel, that it will take a permanent place in elegant literature; for, though deficient in some points of execution, it has the vital qualities that will save it from the common doom. Every page of it breathes the inspiration of genius, and shows a highly cultivated taste in literature and art. The structure of its style is such as belongs only to a mind of fresh and vigorous powers; and the greatest fault of its plot—its tendency to excessive idealism—will perhaps scarcely abate its popularity.



SPRING.

Spring to the earth has come!—her fountains leap;
 Meek flowerets seem along the turf to creep,
 Mid glowing azure, pearly clouds repose,
 And long the lingering twilight sweetly glows;
 The unfettered streams to Ocean's bosom rush,
 His foam-crests glisten with a brighter flush,
 Warm are the sands the radiant pillows lave,
 And childhood's sportive mood sways wind and wave;
 Music and balm upon the air float free,
 As if with youth renewed, came immortality!



THE TINMAN OF NEW-YORK;

A TRAVELLING LEGEND.

(Continued from p. 170.)

NOTHING ruins a man in this age of improvement so effectually as being ashamed of himself or his conduct. So long as he puts a good brazen face on the matter, let it be what it will, he gets along tolerably well; but it is all over with him if he gives the slightest reason for believing that he is himself conscious of having committed a wrong or ridiculous action. Julius was a man of the world, and had crossed Mount St. Gothard; of course he was aware of these truths, and appeared in due time full dressed for travel, with an air so unconscious, a self-possession so perfect, that one might have believed the whole of the night's adventure nothing but a dream.

"You were disturbed I hear, last night?" said Minerva, with as mischievous a look and smile as ever decked the lip and eye of an angel.

"Y-e-e-s," replied Julius, adjusting his stock, and twisting his whiskers—"Y-e-s—I believe I got the nightmare—eating that confounded supper. I dreamed I was in Italy and about being murdered by robbers. In fact, 'pon my honour, I was in a complete trance, and nothing but a basin of cold water brought me to myself."

Minerva was ready to die at this ingenious turn; and not a day passed after this that she did not annoy his vanity by some sly allusion to the nightmare. Being roused so early, they determined to proceed to Lake George to breakfast, where they arrived, and found lodgings at the pretty village of Caldwell.

Everybody that has travelled has seen this pleasant village and delightful lake, and therefore we shall not describe it here. Else would we envelope it in the impenetrable fog of some "writing," and give such a picture of its pure waters, enchanting scenery, and fairy isles, as might, peradventure, confound our readers, and cause them to mistake perplexity and confusion for lofty sublimity. A party was arranged the next morning for an excursion to the Diamond Isle; and Julius determined in his own mind to lure the fair goddess Minerva into some romantic recess, and there devote to her his coat, his accomplishments, and his whiskers. They embarked in a gondola, one of the most leaky and unmanageable inconveniences ever seen, and rowed by two of the laziest rogues that ever swung upon a gate, or sunned themselves on a sand-beach.

It had rained in the night, and the freshness of the morn

was delightful to the soul, as all nature was beautiful to the eye. There may be other lakes equally lovely in everything but the transparency of its water. You look down into the water, and see the fish sporting about the bottom of the pure element. Julius had prepared himself for conquest—he was armed at all points, from head to toe—from his whiskers to his pumps and spatterdashes. As he contemplated, first himself, and next the rustic Reuben—he whispered, or rather he was whispered in the ear by a certain well-dressed dandy, “It is all over with him, poor fellow—this day I shall do his business to a dead certainty.”

The gondola, as we said before, was rowed by two of the very laziest fellows that ever plied oars. They were perfect lazaroni, and the vessel was almost half filled with water ere they reached the enchanted shores of Diamond Island. While the rest of the party were stumbling over the ground, broken up in search of the crystals with which it abounds, and whence it derives its name, Julius—having, by a masterly manœuvre, fastened good Mrs. Orendorf to the arm of Reuben, and led the Childe into a jeopardy, where he broke his shin, and becoming disgusted with every species of locomotion, sat himself down quietly to wait the motions of the party—drew Minerva, by degrees, along the shore until they reached the opposite extremity to that where they landed. Whether she, with the true instinct of the sex, anticipated that “the hour and the man was come,” and wilfully afforded this opportunity for the purpose of putting an end for ever to his expectations; or whether beguiled into forgetfulness by the beauties of the scene, we cannot say; but Minerva accompanied him without hesitation, and thus afforded a favourable opportunity to speak his mind. He did speak his mind, but he might just as well have held his tongue. We grieve to defraud our fair readers of a love scene in such a romantic spot; but time presses, and we have yet a long space to travel over before Childe Roeliff finishes his progress. Suffice it to say, Julius was rejected irrevocably, in spite of his coat, his whiskers, and his spatterdashes; and thus Minerva established her title to be either more or less than woman. They rejoined the party, and Reuben, who studied their countenances with the jealous scrutiny of a lover, detected in that of Julius deep mortification, under the disguise of careless levity; in that of the young lady a red tint, indicating something like the remains of angry emotion.

On their return from the island, Julius took the earliest opportunity of announcing to Childe Roeliff his intention to depart for the Springs that very day.

“What!” exclaimed the astonished old gentleman—“leave us in the middle of our journey! why, what will Minerva say to it, hey?”

“She has no right to say anything; she has this day given me a walking ticket,” answered Julius, forcing himself into an explanation so mortifying to his vanity.

“A walking ticket! and what is that?”

“She has rejected me.”

“Plump, positive??”

“Irrevocably, split me!”

“Pooh! Julius, don’t be in such a hurry; try again: she’ll be in a different humour to-morrow, or next day; now don’t go—don’t;” and the Childe was quite overcome.

“I must go, sir; it would be too excruciating to my feelings to remain any longer.”

“But what did the girl say?”

“She said she could never love me, sir.”

“Pshaw! that’s all my eye, Julius—never is a long day. Her mother, I remember, told me just the same thing, until I made my great speculation, when she all at once found out it was a mistake.”

“But it is not likely I shall ever make a great speculation, uncle. Besides, I suspect, from appearances, that she begins to be fond of Reuben Rossmore. It is quite impossible that I should ever bring myself to enter the lists with him;” and Julius drew himself up with great dignity, at the same time scanning himself in the glass.

“Fond of Reuben Rossmore! what makes you think so, eh?”

“I’m not certain, uncle, but I believe some such absurd preference induced her to reject me.”

“If I was certain of that, I’d leave all my estate to you, Julius, and cut her off with a shilling.” And he swore a great oath, that if Minerva married against his wishes, she was no daughter of his from that moment.

“Hum!” thought Julius; “that would be the very thing itself. The money without the girl—delightful! I must change my task, and persuade her to marry this rustic Corydon instead of myself. I will gain his confidence, and forward their wishes in all possible ways. If I can only bring about a runaway match—hum”—and he mused on this scheme, until it almost amounted to a presentiment.

“Now don’t go, Julius—do stay with us till we get back to New-York. I want you to take care of Minerva, and keep her out of the hands of Reuben, whom I like very much, except in the character of son-in-law. Now do stay and take

care of her, till I get rid of Reuben. I wonder what possessed me to invite him to join our party!"

"By no means, uncle; don't let them suspect that you know or believe anything of this matter. If you send him away, you must give a reason for so doing, and without doubt they will ascribe your suspicions to malice on my part at having been rejected. No, no, sir, let him remain where he is; and in the meantime, at your request, I will renew my addresses, or rather try what silent attentions can do towards conciliating Minerva's favour. If I should fail, I can, at all events, be on the watch, and interfere in various ways to thwart the views of this ungrateful and interested young man."

Childe Roeliff accorded his consent to the plan, at the same time informing Julius that he should take the first opportunity of apprizing Minerva of his unalterable intentions towards her, and of his determination to punish her if she dared to oppose them, by adopting his nephew, and making him his heir. Julius thought he knew enough of the pompous, self-willed Childe to be certain that he would fulfil his threats to the letter; and departed from his presence with the design of immediately commencing operations.

The next morning, before daylight, they embarked in a steamboat for the foot of the lake, on their way to foreign parts. There was a large party of fashionables on board, and Julius was in his element again. The Childe, who hated being disturbed so early in the morning most mortally, retired into the cabin to take a nap; and Mrs. Orendorf was delighted with meeting some of her Saratoga acquaintance. Julius taking advantage of the absence of his uncle, devoted himself to entertain them; and Minerva and Reuben were for a while left to the undisturbed society of each other. Fortunately, the boat did not go above five or six miles an hour, and thus they had an opportunity of almost studying the beautiful scenery of the lake, which, narrowing at the lower end, bears on its pure bosom a hundred little verdant isles. Some with a single tree, others tufted with blossomed shrubbery, and all, as it were, imitating the motion of the vessel, and dancing like corks on the surface of the waters. It was a rare and beautiful scene, such as seldom presents itself to travellers in any region of the peopled earth, and such as always awakens in hearts disposed to love, thoughts, feelings, and associations which cannot fail to attract and bind them to each other in the ties of mutual sympathy and admiration. Much was not said by either, except in that language which sparkles in the lucid eye, glows in the gradually warming cheek, and lurks in the meaning smile.

"How slow the boat goes!" exclaimed a fashionable lover of the picturesque, associated with the party before mentioned. "I'm tired to death. I wish we were at Ticonderago." And the sentiment was echoed by the rest of the picturesque hunters, who all declared they never were so tired in their lives, and that they wished to heaven they were at Ticonderago. How often people mistake being tired of themselves for being tired of everything else?

Minerva and Reuben exchanged a look, which said, as plain as day, that *they* did not wish themselves at Ticonderago, and were not above half tired to death.

In good time they were landed at the foot of the lake, which they quitted to enter a stage coach waiting to carry them across to Lake Champlain, a distance of five or six miles. The ride was interesting to Reuben especially, whose grandfather had fought and fallen in the bloody wars that raged at intervals for a century or more between the French and English during their struggles for the possession of North America. Lake Champlain and Lake George furnished the only practicable route by which armies, and the necessary supplies of armament and provisions could be transported by the rival candidates for the empire of half a world, and the famous pass of Ticonderago was the theatre of a series of battles which have made it both traditionally and historically renowned.

The fashionable party of picturesque hunters, in their haste to get on they did not know themselves whither, passed Ticonderago at full trot, although they had been in such a hurry to get there; crossed the lake to the little village of that name, in Vermont, and remained at the tavern, wishing and wishing the steamboat Franklin would come along, and lengthening every passing hour by fidgetty impatience. By the persuasion of Minerva, the Childe Roeliff was wrought upon reluctantly to visit the ruins of the famous old fortress of Ticonderago.

Just at the point of junction, where the outlet of Lake George enters Lake Champlain, a high, rocky, round promontory projects boldly into the latter, covered with the walls of massive stone barracks, the remains of which are still standing; cut and indented by deep ditches, breasted with walls, and cased on the outer sides towards the south and east with a facing of rocks, from which you look down with dizzy head upon the waters of the sister lakes. Across the outlet of Lake George is Mount Independence towering to a great height; to the east and south-east, Lake Champlain appears entering the mountains on the other side by a narrow strait; while to the

north it gradually expands itself from a river to a lake, until it makes a sudden turn at Crown Point, and disappears. The whole promontory is one vast fortress, and even the bosom of the earth appears to have been consecrated to the purposes of defence—for ever and anon our travellers were startled at coming upon an opening, the deep, dark recesses of which they could not penetrate.

There are few more grand and interesting scenes in the wide regions of the western world than old Ticonderago. Ennobled by nature, it receives new claims and a new interest from history and tradition; independently of all other claims, it presents in its extensive, massy, picturesque ruins a scene not to be paralleled in a region where everything is new, and in whose wide circumference scarce a ruined building or desolate village is to be found.

In pursuance of his deep-laid plan, Julius attached himself to Mrs. Orendorf, to whom he was so particularly attentive in the ramble, that Childe Roeliff was not a little astonished.

“What the devil can that fellow see in the old lady to admire, I wonder?” quoth he. “Hum, I suppose these are what the blockhead calls his silent attentions to my daughter.”

While engaged in these cogitations he neglected to look which way he was going, and tumbled incontinently to the bottom of an old half-filled ditch, where he lay in a featherbed of Canada thistles. Fortunately he was extracted with no injury except a little scratching; but the accident occasioned such a decided disgust towards Ticonderago and its antiquities, that he peremptorily commanded a retreat to the carriage, which, by a somewhat circuitous route, conveyed them to the shores of Lake Champlain. Here they found a ferry-boat of the genuine primitive construction, being a scow with a great clumsy sail, steered with a mighty oar by a gentleman of colour, and rowed, in default of wind, by two other gentlemen of similar complexion. By the aid of all these advantages they managed to cross the lake, which is here, perhaps, a mile wide, in about the time it takes one of our steam boats to cross the channel. Blessings on the man that first invented steam-boats, for the time he has saved to people who don't know what to do with it is incalculable! On arriving at the hotel in the little village of Ticonderago, they found the fashionable, picturesque-hunting party whiling away the tedious hours until the Franklin should come from Whitehall, with that delightful recreation yclept sleep, the inventor of which deserves an equal blessing with him of the steamboat.

The Franklin at length made her appearance; all the

fashionable picturesque party waked up as by magic, and hastened on board, in as great a hurry as if she had been Noah's ark and the deluge approaching. About two o'clock they became exceedingly impatient for dinner. After dinner they retired to their berths—waked up, and became exceedingly impatient for tea. After tea they began to be tired to death of the steamboat, the lake, and of everything, and longed with exceeding impatience to get to St. John's. Enjoying nothing of the present, they seemed always to depend on something in perspective; and their whole lives appeared to be spent in wishing they were somewhere else. The day was of a charming temperature; the sweet south wind gently curled the surface of the lake, which gradually expanded to a noble breadth, and all nature invited them to share in her banquet. But they turned from it with indifference, and were continually yawning and complaining of being "tired to death."

The other party, whose progress is more peculiarly the subject of our tale, were somewhat differently constituted and differently employed. The sage Roeliff was telling a worthy alderman with whom he had entered into a confabulation, the history of his speculation, and how he made his fortune by a blunder. The worthy alderman had got rich simply by the growth of the city of New-York, which had by degrees overspread his potato patch, and turned the potatoes into dollars. Neither of them could in conscience ascribe their success in life to any merits of their own, and they agreed perfectly well in their estimate of the worthlessness of calculation, and forethought, and sagacity, "and such kind of nonsense," as the Childe was pleased to say. Roeliff declared it was the most pleasant day he had spent since he left home. That excellent woman Mrs. Orendorf, with her now inseparable attendant Julius Dibdil, was enjoying upon sufferance the society of the picturesque hunters, and echoing their complaints of being tired to death; while Minerva and Reuben, sitting apart on an elevated seat, which commanded a view of the lake and both its shores, were enjoying with the keen relish of taste and simplicity the noble scene before them.

They were delighted as well as astonished at the magnificent features of this fine lake, and exchanged many a glance that spoke their feelings. The tourists and compilers of Travellers' Guides had not prepared them on this occasion for disappointment; and they enjoyed the scenery a thousand times more, for not having been cheated by exaggerated anticipations. They expected nothing after Lake George, which had been hitherto the exclusive theme of admiration with poets and descriptive writers of all classes; but they found here something far more

extensive and magnificent. As they approached the beautiful town of Burlington, the lake gradually expanded, and its shores became more strikingly beautiful. On either side lay a tract of cultivated country diversified with hill and dale, and gradually rising and rising until it mingled with the lofty Alleghanies on the west, and the still more lofty mountains of Vermont on the east, some of them so distant they looked almost like visions of mountains, the creation of the imagination. Everywhere visible, they range along following the course of the lake, now approaching nearer, and anon receding to a great distance, and presenting in the evening of the day, on one side, the last splendours of the setting sun, on the other the soft gentle tints of the summer twilight gradually fading away into the deep hues of night.

If an author, like unto an actor, might peradventure be tolerated in making his bow before his readers, and blundering out a speech which no one hears or comprehends, we might here bear witness that nowhere in America have we beheld a scene more splendidly magnificent, more touching to the heart and the imagination, than the bay of Burlington presents, just as the summer sun sheds his last lustres on its spacious bosom, and retires from his throne of many-coloured clouds, glowing in the ever-changing radiance of his departing beams, behind the distant Alleghanies. The charming town of Burlington, basking on the hill-side towards the west; the rich farms which environ it; the noble expanse of waters studded with pine-crowned isles, and stretching in one direction to the beautiful village and county of Essex, in the other towards Plattsburg; the vast range of mountains rising tier over tier, and presenting every varied tint of distance—all form a combination, which to hearts that throb at the touch of nature is, beyond expression, touching and sublime.

The temple of Jehovah is his glorious works. The soul imbued with the pure spirit of piety, unadulterated and unobscured by the subtleties of ingenious refinement or fanatical inspiration, sees, feels, and comprehends in the woods, the waters, the mountains, and the skies, the hand of a Being as far above it in intelligence as in power, and is struck with an impression of awful humility. In the words of a nameless and obscure bard, it

Hears the still voice of Him in the mild breeze,
 The murmuring brook, the silent, solemn night,
 The merry morning, and the glorious noon,
 Sees Him in darkness when no eye can see;
 In the green foliage of the fruitful earth;
 The mirror of the waters, in the clouds
 Of the high heavens, and in the speechless stars,
 That sparkle of His glory.

It was just at the witching hour of sunset, in a calm luxurious evening, such as the most orthodox writers of fiction describe with enthusiasm, when they are about making their hero or heroine do something naughty, that the noble steamboat Franklin entered the bay of which we have just given a sketch, and stopped a few minutes at the wharf to land her passengers at Burlington. The fashionable party of picturesque-hunters still continued almost tired to death, and longed more than ever to get to St. John's. But I need not say that the souls of Minerva and Reuben were wide awake to the scene before them. Abstracted from the hurry and bustle of the moment, they turned their eyes towards the glowing west, and their spirits communed together in the luxury of silence. They followed each other's looks, from the floating isles that lay like halcyons on the bosom of the lake, to the shores beyond, softened by distance into the most beautiful purple tints, and thence their eyes rested together on the vast sea of hills rising above hills beyond. One feeling animated them, and though not a word was said, the electricity of looks communicated that feeling to the hearts of both.

That evening a melancholy partaking of sweet and bitter anticipations stole over the two young people. Hitherto they had been satisfied to be together, and partake in the enjoyments of each other. But the progress of true love ends but at one single point all over the universe. From being satisfied with the present, we begin to explore the future, and the delight of associating with one being alone carries us at length to the desire and necessity of possessing that being for ever. To this point were the hearts of Minerva and Reuben at length brought by the sweet communions we have described. A mutual consciousness of approaching troubles, of certain disappointments in store for each, came suddenly over them. Minerva suspected the views of her father in favour of Julius, and long experience had taught her that when he had once got hold of a notion he stuck to it as a fowl does to a crumb. Reuben also had his presentiments; he was neither rich nor fashionable; it was therefore clear to his mind that he was not likely to be particularly distinguished either by Childe Roeliff or his aspiring dame, who was in great hopes of catching one of the seignors of Montreal for her daughter. It was observed by Julius, who kept an eye upon them, although he never interrupted their intercourse, that, after tea, Minerva joined the fashionable picturesque-hunting party, who by this time were tired to death for the hundredth time; and that Reuben retired from her side, and stood apart leaning over the railing of a distant part of the vessel. Julius thought this a favourable opportunity to open his masked battery.

Accordingly he sauntered towards him, apparently without design, and entered into conversation on some trifling subject. Reuben never at any time liked his society, and still less at the present moment, when he was deep in the perplexities of love. He answered Julius neglectingly, and in a voice that partook in the depression of his feelings.

"You seem out of spirits, Rossmore," at length said Julius, gaily; "come, tell me what has come over you of late, and especially this evening?"

Reuben felt indignant; he had never invited or encouraged anything like this familiarity, and replied, with a cool indifference—

"Nothing in particular; and if there were, I do not wish to trouble any but my friends with my thoughts or feelings."

"Well, and am I not your friend?"

"Not that I know of."

"You will know it soon. Now listen to me, Rossmore; I see what is going forward, not being exactly blind, as I believe you think me. I know what is going forward."

"Know what is going forward, sir! well, and what is going forward?" answered Reuben, whose heart whispered at once what Julius meant.

"Will you suffer me to speak, and listen coolly to what I am going to say?"

"Mr. Dibdil, there are certain subjects on which none but a confidential friend ought to take the liberty of questioning another. Allow me to say, that nothing in our intercourse has entitled you to that privilege."

"Pooh, pshaw now, Rossmore, don't be so stiff and awful. I know what is going on between my cousin and you, as well as—"

"Stop, Mr. Dibdil," cried Reuben, vehemently, "the subject is one on which *you* have no right to speak to me, nor will I permit it, sir."

"Rossmore," said Julius, with a deep and serious air, which rivetted the attention of Reuben, in spite of himself,—"*Rossmore*, I know your thoughts at this moment as well as you do yourself. You think me your rival, of course your enemy—on my soul, I am neither one nor the other."

"No!" exclaimed the other, turning full upon him.

"No—that I have been, I acknowledge, but it was more to please my uncle than myself. The fact is, *Minerva*, though a very good girl, is not to my taste." And he said this with a mighty supercilious air.

"The deuce she isn't," cried Reuben, in a fury; "and pray, sir, what have you to say against her? I insist on your admiring her, or, by my soul, you shall take the consequences."

Julius laughed. "Well, if I must, I must. Then I presume you insist upon my paying my addresses to Minerva?"

"No-o-o, not exactly that either. But you will oblige me by condescending to give your reasons for not admiring Miss Orendorf."

"Why, in the first place, she talks English better than French; in the second place, she likes a ballad better than a bravura; in the third place, she exhibits a most ludicrous unwillingness to dance the waltz and the gallopade; in the fourth place, she is no judge of a coat; in the fifth place, she can't sing before five or six hundred people without losing her voice; and in the last place, she blushes in the most unbecoming style. That last objection is decisive. What under the sun should I do with such a woman?"

Reuben was so pleased with the assurance of his having renounced Minerva, that he neglected to knock Julius down for this blasphemy. He only replied,

"Well, sir?"

"Well, to come to the point at once, you love my cousin Minerva—"

"By what right, sir?"

"Be quiet, Rossmore, till I have done, and then blow my brains out if you will. I am your friend, at least in this business. My uncle, I know, will give me no rest about this ridiculous plan of his for bringing us together, until Minerva is fairly disposed of; I have, therefore, an interest in this business of yours, and you may command all my services."

"What a heartless coxcomb!" thought Reuben, "to be insensible to the charms of such an angel. However, he forgave him on the score of having a rival out of the way."

"I cannot but feel obliged to you, whatever may be your motives," said he, addressing Julius; but I see no benefit I can derive from your services, and therefore beg leave to decline them."

"But let me tell you, Rossmore, you ought to see it. I have influence with old Roeliff and his wife, the latter especially, which, if properly exerted, may soothe the way to the gratification of your wishes, and, say what you will, I mean to do all I can for you. Though I admire not my cousin, as I said before, because, in the first place—"

"Pray, Mr. Dibdill, to the point. You need not repeat your reasons," interrupted Reuben, rather pettishly.

"To the point, then. My uncle is determined to make a match between his daughter and myself; but that is out of the question, as I said before; because, in the first place—"

"Pray spare me any more of your reasons."

"Well—it is quite out of the question, because—you must hear another reason, Rossmore—because Minerva don't like me, and does like you." Reuben smiled in spite of himself. He thought this last reason worth all the rest. Julius continued:—

"Now, whatever you may think of me, my dear friend—for I mean to prove I hold you such—I am not the man to marry any woman unless sure of her affections, however wealthy she may be in possession or reversion."

"Nor I," said Reuben; "I despise Miss Orendorf's fortune as much as I admire her person, and love her good qualities."

"No doubt, no doubt, my dear friend; but, as I said before, I wish Minerva married, that my uncle may see the impossibility of his wishes being fulfilled in relation to me. My ridiculous aunt differs in her views for her daughter with my ridiculous uncle. She has heard of the seignors and seignories at Montreal, and has good hopes of making her daughter a baroness some how or other, Heaven knows how—for, as I said before, there is no chance of my cousin being distinguished in fashionable society, because, in the first place—"

"Now, sir, do stick to the point, can't you? Your reasons can be of no consequence to me," cried Reuben, chafing.

"Well, well, I will. Now, my plan is this—but are you sure of the affections of Minerva?"

"I have never said a single word to her on the subject."

"No! not in all the romantic walks and *tête à tête*s you have had together?"

"No, on my honour. I felt a presentiment that her parents would never consent to our union, and therefore scorned to engage her affections.

"O, marry come up!" cried Julius, laughing. "You scorned to engage her affections, did you? You never spoke a word to her on the subject, you say? I suppose you never said anything with your eyes, hey? and you never received an answer, hey? in a language no man in his senses can mistake? You have behaved in the most honourable manner, without doubt, and I can't help admiring your high notions! Pooh! pooh! Rossmore! you know my cousin likes you; everybody on board this boat might see it, if they had not something else to attend to, and you know it, too, for all your confounded hypocrisy."

Reuben could not deny this, for the soul of him. The fact is, the consciousness was too delicious to admit of denial.

"You must be married at Montreal," said Julius, abruptly

"Her parents will never consent."

"Then you must marry without it."

"Her father will never forgive her."

“Don’t believe it. She is his only child; he dotes on her, and in a little while, finding he could not live without her, he will recall her home, and dote on her more than ever. I know him from top to toe, and I know the influence I have over him, which I will exert in your behalf. I am, besides, pretty certain I can command the services of mine excellent aunt, if it be only from the pure spirit of opposition.”

“I cannot but feel obliged to you; but my course shall be different. I mean first to procure the consent of Minerva, and then plainly, directly, and honestly, lay my proposal before her father.”

Julius was startled at this declaration. It upset all his plans. Recovering himself in a few moments, he resumed—

“Then take my word, you will never see her after that exhibition of candour and honesty, as you call it. I know my uncle better than you do, and I know that so long as he can prevent a thing he never gives up; but the moment it is out of his power, he gradually relinquishes all his former hostility and reconciles himself at last to what is inevitable. He hates vexation so much, that he never voluntarily indulges it long. If you ask his consent, he will never give it—nay, he will bind himself by some foolish oath, that will prevent his forgiving her after it is done.”

“I can’t help it; I shall pursue the straight-forward course.”

“Fool!—but I beg pardon. You see the anxiety I feel for your success, for it is making me ill-mannered. But if you pursue this course, I pledge myself you will never be the husband of Minerva Orendorf.”

“Time and perseverance, or chance and good fortune, may bring it about at last.”

“One word, then,” replied Julius, earnestly and precipitately as he saw Childe Roeliff approaching. “One word more. Promise me you will not take any decisive steps until we arrive at Montreal.”

“I do.”

“Upon your honour.”

“Upon my honour.”

Here the presence of Mr. Orendorf put an end to the conversation, which had attracted the notice of Minerva, who wondered what they could have been talking about so warmly and earnestly. Her heart fluttered as Reuben approached her, but whether with apprehension that the two young men had quarrelled, or any other more occult feeling, has never come to our knowledge.

(To be concluded in our next.)

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SOUTHEY'S LIFE AND WORKS OF COWPER.

COWPER's genius, character, and singular history would alone account for the interest that has been felt in the particulars of his life; but several circumstances have no doubt aided to strengthen and sustain it. A large part of his Biography being composed of his familiar letters, and even shadowed forth, not ambiguously, in his most popular poetry, an acquaintance next to personal has been established between the author and his readers. Again, the whole of his case was not laid at once before the world by his biographers; some facts, and not the least striking, were disclosed at distant periods. If attention had drooped, it was sure to be revived by some new form of horror; and curiosity was no doubt animated by the suspicion, that there was yet more in reserve. And further, the undisputed facts of his life have led to differing opinions, sometimes upon points, which, to say the least, are exceedingly curious, and at others upon those which are always important, if for no other reason than that they are always agitating. There are questions not yet at rest concerning the religious aspects of his case; new theories are still offered to explain the phenomena of his mental disease; and, unnatural as it may seem in connexion with Cowper, a portion of the zeal that is now manifested in relation to him bears some marks of party feeling.

The Biography before us will probably leave more than the inevitable impression that Cowper was an afflicted man, with whom, however, we can for the most part sympathize in his distress as we do in his cheerfulness. There is so much of wretchedness and degradation to shock and repel, or, at best, to create a morbid interest, that the pleased and the true memory of him we once enjoyed may fade, and those who are yet to become acquainted with him may never obtain it.

While we acknowledge the skill with which the Life and Works of Cowper is put together, we perceive also signs of the care that was necessary to give it shape. Dr. Southey writes with the confidence of one who knows that he has made all safe, and yet not with the perfect ease of one who has gathered his knowledge of a man from intimacy and sympathy. He is seeking for truth in records, and not arranging the results of personal observation. He encounters difficulties which must be explained, and representations and opinions of others which need correction, and hence the work often has marks of a critical examination instead of unembarrassed narrative. Under the circumstances, all this was

inevitable; and it is only surprising that what is strictly of an argumentative or speculative character should be introduced so easily and conducted so rapidly, as rather to fall in with the narrative than appear to be added to it, and that there is so well-connected a story where there was so much to break it in pieces.

We do not allude here to his setting apart certain portions of his work for the consideration of particular topics, connected with the literary history of Cowper's time; for instance, the ample notice of Churchill, and of Cowper's companions of the Nonsense Club. These are understood to be of the nature of episodes, and to have their privilege. But it is observable even of these and other digressions—where the strict biography is interrupted for the sake of critical dissertations or summaries of literature, or to place before us passages in the literary history of the period that are little known, but important in connexion with the growth of Cowper's mind and the formation of his taste, and with his habits of life before and after he retired from the world—that the main interest is far from being painfully broken, and the reader returns to the story with increased light thrown upon its progress, and grateful for the author's free use of his almost boundless information. Joined to these and other qualifications of a biographer, which place him in the first rank of this class of writers, is a calm, unaffected, transparent style, the result not merely of his mastery of English, but also of his possession of his subject, and a devotion to it as sincere as if he were preparing an account of himself. It is delightful to have a memoir of Cowper from one who resembles him in purity of diction and in simple elegance.

When the services of an editor and biographer, every way so competent to the business, had been secured, it would have been gratifying to add that we were at last put in possession of a complete edition of Cowper's writings. But the embarrassment of copy-right in different hands is not yet wholly removed. The reader will learn from the Preface that Dr. Southey, while he brings valuable additions to the former collection, is debarred, from inserting entire an important series of letters already published.

Such a variety of topics is presented in the Life alone, that it seems advisable to set limits to the range of our remarks; and perhaps by dwelling chiefly on Cowper's personal character and private habits, we may give a clearer idea of him in every relation, than by any summary we could make of the biography.

Cowper's natural temper was scarcely less remarkable than

his genius, if indeed it can be considered as not making a part of it. A gentle, inoffensive disposition, averse to action, but in perfect harmony with vivacity of mind and gaiety of spirits, seemed for a time to promise him a happy life of literary and social leisure. In a beautiful letter to Mrs. Bodham, thanking her for the present of his mother's picture, he says; "I was thought in the days of my childhood much to resemble my mother; and in my natural temper, of which at the age of fifty-eight, I must be supposed to be a competent judge, can trace both her, and my late uncle, your father. Somewhat of his irritability; and a little, I would hope, both of his and her ———, I know not wha' to call it, without seeming to praise myself, which is not my intention, but speaking to *you*, I will even speak out, and say, *good nature.*" Giving our own interpretation to his share of the family irritability, we read in this passage, what indeed is legible in his whole life, that his amiableness was not a weak or indolent passiveness; for he was alive to injuries, neglect, and ingratitude, and could express his resentments; not indeed querulously, as if he thought of himself more than of the wrong, but feelingly, like a man instinctively tender of the rights of another, and duly mindful of his own. It was not in his nature, however, to retain ill-will, or support the bearing of a proud man who remembers a wrong for the purpose of keeping up his dignity and vindicating his rights. Thurlow and Colman might neglect him in his retirement and incur his resentment; and connexions, those whom he loved dearest, might separate themselves from him, because they could not sympathize with him in his religious sentiments. But his heart yearned towards them, and he delighted in the occasion, though at a distant day, of renewing his intimacy with them. Years of separation and silence had not impaired his memory of their looks and manner, or of those trifling incidents of their intercourse, which are generally the most strongly associated with old friendships, and most expressive of the terms on which people live.

To what but the charm of his disposition can we ascribe the affection he inspired in minds the most various and the most diversely occupied. It was not his sufferings that first bound them to him, nor sympathy with his religious opinions and experiences, nor homage to his genius, nor a wish to be known as familiar with an eminent man. Entire strangers, men of the world, Catholics, and Protestants, females of apostolic sanctity buried in the shades of a country village, and females, the wittiest and most accomplished, from the capital; Haylsy, in the splendour of his fame; Rose, a youth

just from college; and Hill, loaded with the business of his office, are all drawn alike to the recluse of Olney and Weston Lodge. The spot is not visited because of its celebrity; the visits made no noise in the journals, and probably would not now be known but for his description of them in his familiar letters. Some of his most valued friends discovered him by accident; and though they might well deem it the great event of their lives, they could scarcely dream that the terms on which they lived with him were to associate their names with his for ever. Before he was at all known as a writer, and when long sequestration had made him as one dead and out of mind to the intimates of his youth and early manhood, the same charm had won him friends, which secured those who visited him in the days of his far-spread fame.

So far from courting attention himself, his excessive shyness made him apprehensive at the approach of a stranger, and even of his dearest friend after long separation; and though dependent upon society, he wished it small and of the most domestic kind. But when the countenance beamed upon him, or the voice was heard that harmonized with his spirit, let it happen ever so casually, his heart opened to them, and confidence was given and established. The ways in which his friends showed their devotedness are deserving of the particular notice which Dr. Southey has taken of them, for they are tokens of their character and of his; and in many points they are illustrative of his habits, taste, and circumstances. Sometimes these offices were imprudent and exceedingly injurious, but they were not the less affectionate and well intended. We cannot but observe in almost every case how unpretending and considerate are the attentions he received. Mrs. Unwin's maternal devotion of her life to him, and the prudence and overflowing tenderness of Lady Hesketh's care, call for higher language. We refer to humbler services; to the charge taken of his little property by an early and constant friend, while others, who had a right to confer such a favour, are engaged to make up any deficiency. A neighbour offers him the free use of his grounds for his retired walks, where none shall intrude upon him. Delicacies are constantly sent to him from the seashore; seeds and plants are remembered in season for his garden; some are urging him to write, and proposing subjects, and transcribing his verses, and others are finding him a better residence, and furnishing his study, or tempting him to journey. Take his years of illness and health together, and his life seems to be one continued reception of kindness, and his poetry, the fruit and return of friendship.

We may see in this nothing but proofs of his helplessness and their compassion. But does mere helplessness draw forth such various and cheerful service, and from strangers? It would be wrong, however, to speak of Cowper as a mere burden to others, or, at best, as rewarding their care with his letters only, or his muse, or his conversation. He was far from being wholly inactive, though his power was every way small to serve a friend or the people of the village. He was in no respect a selfish man, though with every temptation to become one. It is particularly to our purpose here, to name his devotion to Mrs. Unwin in the feebleness of her old age. It forms one of the most affecting passages in his own or in any life; and to feel all its beauty and sadness, we should read every particular of their long intimacy. He had been as dependent upon her as a sick child, and had contemplated the possibility of her death with a childlike dread of desertion. And when he saw her mind, which had been his guardian and cheering light, failing, and the support and even the restraint of religious principle growing feeble with her own weakness; when he saw her, whose charge he had been, now impatiently exacting attentions from him, which his depression at her changed state, and his common infirmities, made it next to impossible that he should render; though himself old, he went to her with a child's love, and in his turn gave himself wholly to her comfort. "I cannot," he says, "sit with my pen in my hand and my books before me, while she is in effect in solitude, silent, and looking at the fire." His strength sunk under his care of her and the absence of his customary supports. A mournful scene follows of impotent devotedness, and then of humiliation and misery till death. Let us return to the days of his happier intercourse with his friends.

How unlike it is to the intercourse we commonly read of, between a distinguished writer and his circle of courtiers, or to what usually passes during the calls of a traveller upon a celebrated author. It was altogether domestic and affectionate, and full of simplicity and ease. There is no flattery on one side, and no imperiousness or vanity on the other. The noble and wealthy come without ostentation, and the humblest friend is never reminded of his inferiority. His letters give many beautiful pictures of his social habits and pleasures. We see in them, as if present, the manner in which he and his friends lived together. And it must be remembered that his conversation had all the playfulness and good sense and natural variety of the letters. He was essentially the same man in his conversation and in his writings. He did not reserve a part of himself for the public; but all that we call his genius ran easily

into homely, familiar use. There is no reason to think that those who were most intimate with him were at all surprised, when, passed middle life, he produced his first great poems; so perfectly was all he wrote an image of himself as they familiarly knew him. And if we have a feeling of home in the mere reading of his poetry, how must they have enjoyed it, who, day after day, in summer walks, or by the evening fire, lived in the presence of his purity, good humour, and beautiful fancy.

His occupations, or, as he would call them, his amusements, are illustrative of his temper. We allude especially to those of the ten or twelve years after his recovery from the second and lengthened attack of his malady. For a time his health required constant exercise and employment in the open air; and his occupations denote the simplicity of his taste, and his readiness, which he never lost but when overpowered by disease, to do anything that was blameless, which might give him strength and turn his thoughts from madness. He never had recourse to false stimulants, nor to the relief of sullen despair. Cut off for a season from reading and mental exertion of every kind, he was content with the care of plants and a vegetable garden, or with taming hares. He says, "from thirty-three to sixty I have spent my time in the country, where my reading has been only an apology for idleness, and where, when I had not either a magazine or a review, I was sometimes a carpenter, at others a bird-cage maker, or a gardener, or a drawer of landscapes." No matter how little the object, if it served to amuse him. As he says in another letter; "I delight in baubles, and know them to be so. I am pleased with a frame of four lights, doubtful whether the few pines it contains will ever be worth a farthing; amuse myself with a greenhouse, which Lord Bute's gardener could take upon his back and walk away with; and when I have paid it the accustomed visit, and watered it and given it air, I say to myself, 'this is not mine; 'tis a play-thing lent me for the present; I must leave it soon.'"

And then what an amusing importance does he give to his turning the greenhouse into a summer retreat.

"I might date my letter from the greenhouse, which we have converted into a summer parlour. The walls hung with garden mats, and the floor covered with a carpet, the sun too in a great measure excluded, by an awning of mats which forbids him to shine anywhere except upon the carpet, it affords us by far the pleasantest retreat in Olney. We eat, drink, and sleep where we always did; but here we spend all the rest of our time; and find that the sound of the wind in the trees, and the singing of birds, are much more agreeable to our ears than the incessant barking of dogs and screaming of children. It is an observa-

tion that naturally occurs upon the occasion, and which many other occasions furnish an opportunity to make, that people long for what they have not, and overlook the good in their possession. This is so true in the present instance, that for years past I should have thought myself happy to enjoy a retirement even less flattering to my natural taste, than this in which I am now writing; and have often looked wistfully at a snug cottage, which, on account of its situation at a distance from noise and disagreeable objects, seemed to promise me all I could wish or expect, so far as happiness may be said to be local; never once adverting to this comfortable nook, which affords me all that could be found in the most sequestered hermitage, with the advantage of having all those accommodations near at hand, which no hermitage could possibly afford me."

It was for occupation's sake that he betook himself to poetry. "At fifty years of age I commenced an author. It is a whim that has served me longest and best, and will probably be my last." He delighted in the most laborious exercises of his art, in the revision of single verses and of whole poems again and again, to make all as perfect as possible; and when a book was once carried through the press, he felt that he had parted with a summer and winter friend, a patient soother that was ever ready at his call. The labour to which he regularly subjected himself, though probably far greater than some poets of "more mercurial powers," have endured for an equal fame, seems to us as nothing, because we regard it as the prudent remedy or solace of a diseased mind, and as a part of the arrangement of his daily life. If it answered its immediate purpose, there was time enough to think of the sensation he might produce abroad, or of the celebrity he was actually winning.

The period of life, and the circumstances of Cowper's first great poetical effort, deserve attention. At the age of thirty-two, we find him a man of letters in London, fond of classical studies and of the society of wits, by profession a lawyer, and properly an idler. Thus far he has published nothing that foretells the author of "John Gilpin," "Yardley Oak," and "The Task." Then follow nearly two years of insanity and despondency, during far the larger part of which he was under the care of Dr. Cotton, till his recovery in 1765. According to Dr. Southey, Cowper may be said to have been first introduced to the public as a poet by the "Olney Hymns," which were not published till 1779. His contributions to this collection had been made at a much earlier date, but the publication had been delayed by another access of madness, which lasted several years; and it is not till the close of 1783, when he was bor-

dering on fifty, that he undertook any considerable work. It seems, that on his last recovery, Mrs. Unwin urged him to give his thoughts to poetry, and to a poem of some extent; and proposed for a subject the Progress of Error. His mind was first directed and kindled to a great achievement, after its recovery from a longer, if not severer attack, than he ever suffered till its final obscuration; at a time of life too when we commonly expect no new developement of power, and at the instance of the faithful woman who had been his nurse and guardian, through this scene of woe. He was living in a retired spot, where the calls and influences of society could not easily reach him, and where the power of habitual indolence, and of exemption from ordinary cares, had every means of fatally establishing itself. His recovery, too, had not been entire, for he was never wholly relieved from the delusion which took possession of his mind during this illness. And yet now he first wakes to a sense of his resources and strength, and enters upon his great poetical career. We cannot receive the superstition that insanity is allied to inspiration, and thence conjecture that some mysterious accession of power was going on in this dreadful repose of the mind. All that we perceive is, that he is more judiciously treated by his friends, and that a more happy direction is given to his faculties, than when he was wasting life in the frivolities of London, or was absorbed in his scarcely less hurtful religious excesses at Olney.

His attachment to a country life was formed early. He had enjoyed the city, and lived on equal terms with many distinguished young men whom he associated with there; and he had been driven from the town, and from all general intercourse with society, by his calamity. But in his healthiest state, he was most in his element in a quiet seclusion. What is commonly called a life of action was not only revolting to his taste, but he probably could never have forced himself into a successful prosecution of any of its callings, by any strength of principle or exercise of self-discipline. He says, he had never been able to conjecture what nature expressly designed him for, so universally disqualified did he seem to himself for the common and customary occupations and amusements of mankind; and he was probably nearer the truth in this, than when, speaking to Rose of his own wasted years in an attorney's office and at the Temple, he says:—

“Had I employed my time as wisely as you, I had never been a poet perhaps, but I might by this time have acquired a character of more importance in society, and a situation in which my friends would have been better pleased to see me.

The only use I can make of myself now, at least the best, is to serve *in terrorem* to others, that they may escape my folly and my fate."

Men may be expected to take different views of themselves at different seasons, according to the present weight of a particular motive or state of mind. When Cowper says, that God had given him "an unambitious mind, content in the low vale of life," we believe that he partly erred; for he had ambition, and he acknowledges it as freely as in other places he avows his apathy to fame. See what he says on this point to Lady Hesketh.

"I am not ashamed to confess, that having commenced an author, I am most abundantly desirous to succeed as such. I have (*what perhaps you little suspect me of*) *in my nature an infinite share of ambition.* But with it, I have at the same time, as you well know, an equal share of diffidence. To this combination of opposite qualities it has been owing that, till lately, I stole through life without undertaking anything, yet always wishing to distinguish myself. At last I ventured, ventured too in the only path, that at so late a period was yet open to me; and am determined, if God has not determined otherwise, to work my way through the obscurity that has been so long my portion, into notice. Everything, therefore, that seems to threaten this my favourite purpose with disappointment, affects me nearly."

But whenever he refers to rural life, the tone, we believe, is always the same. The contemplation is a happy one, as if he again felt his first-breathed atmosphere, and the presence of his native prospects. He was indeed scourged thither; and so the tempest may drive us to port, and afflictions, to Heaven's light. Read his beautiful confession.

"The country wins me still:
I never framed a wish, or formed a plan,
That flattered me with hopes of earthly bliss,
But there I laid the scene. There early strayed
My fancy, ere yet liberty of choice
Had found me, or the hope of being free.
My very dreams were rural; rural too
The first-born efforts of my youthful muse."

Task, Book IV.

With such love of the country, and its influence being always most favourable to his health and a sound activity of his mind, his poetry would naturally turn much on rural topics. In addition to this, he wanted to make the inhabitants of large towns aware of their privations and evils, and come out to inhale a purer life, in the quiet and verdure, and amidst the sounds and employments of farms and villages and woods,

and the border of inland streams. His descriptions of these have been his most popular compositions; not however because they present truer pictures of his mind, or, in general, juster views of things, than are to be found in those of his poems which are more strictly occupied with man; nor because there is less nerve and variety in the latter. But in describing natural scenes, he had the advantage of a subject which was likely to excite sympathy, and raise agreeable images and trains of thought in all. Even those who knew the least of the matter, had yet wants ungratified, and such as they might for the first time be made distinctly acquainted with by a strain of music, or a painting, or a poetical description of nature. And though they still lived on in crowded cities, they could dream with delight upon the new conceptions which were thus formed in their imaginations. What would particularly recommend such topics to Cowper, was the conviction that moral and religious truths could be more powerfully urged, if they were interwoven with images, that were both in beautiful accord with them, and naturally agreeable to all minds. And he could anticipate their general good influence from what he knew of himself. He knew the charm which the contemplation of such scenes, and the description of familiar objects in a life of rural seclusion, could exercise over the most afflicted mind. He rested upon the pure bosom of the earth, as if it were a mother's. From his safe retreat he saw men at a distance, and was less disturbed by their hot contentions. The strain of his poetry grew more in sympathy with the generality of readers. There was more sweetness in his devotional sentiments. Though at times his satire and denunciations and expostulations are withering, yet how frequent are the intervals of serene contemplations of nature, and of the breathings of spiritual peace, as if he could not escape the soothing tone of his general subject, and wished others to feel it with him.

Dr. Southey thinks, that the humble and quiet scenery to which Cowper was accustomed, was peculiarly suited to his disposition, and to the spirit of his most characteristic poem, "The Task." We apprehend, however, that the calm and domestic air of his finest descriptions, is owing in part to a natural turn of mind, which would have shown itself, even if he had been placed in a wild and picturesque country. He would not have sought chiefly those points in a prospect which are most apt to create wonder, but those which he could subdue to his fancy and common feelings, and which would wear best as old acquaintance. He would scarcely have busied himself with making grand pictures, merely because the materials were

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ready at hand. He would not describe an object for its own sake, but simply because it had become a companion and image of his ordinary thoughts. And with his ingenious fancy and thoughtful humour, he would find such objects on the ocean side, or amongst mountains, as well as on "the sandy flats of Buckinghamshire." He expresses, however, a different opinion in a letter from Eartham; but it was written when he was longing for the shelter of his home, and the renewal of habits that were become necessary to his happiness.

'More beautiful scenery I have never beheld, nor expect to behold; but the charms of it, uncommon as they are, have not in the least alienated my affections from Weston. The genius of that place suits me better; it has an air of snug concealment, in which a disposition like mine feels peculiarly gratified; whereas here, I see from every window, woods like forests, and hills like mountains; a wildness in short that increases my natural melancholy.'

(*To be continued.*)



ON HORSEMANSHIP.

BY AN EQUESTRIAN.

I CONFESS myself an ardent lover of the noblest quadruped that moves upon the face of the earth, and an enthusiastic admirer of the art of riding. Consequently, I regard a jockey with some awe, being, as I premise,

"Smit with the love of the laconic boot,
The cap and wig succinct, the silken suit."

And I pride myself upon having carefully separated this enthusiasm from all mercenary motives. Never did I own a running horse; and when, yielding to a momentary impulse, I backed a four-footed favourite with a trifling wager, the careless or venal boy, that rode him, suffered himself to be distanced, when all present had relied upon his winning. This was the first and only time that I speculated on the turf; and I have often congratulated myself on the results of that first loss. But, I am wandering away from the point in view.

If we cast a look back at the history of the early ages, we shall find horses and horsemanship making no inconsiderable figure. The war-horse of Scripture, that neigheth among the trumpets, "whose neck is clothed with thunder," is described with all the beautiful fullness of language, and copiousness of epithet, which characterize the Hebrew poems. The Greeks were by no means despicable horsemen, although the fragments of their sculpture which have descended to us, seem to prove

that their artists were happier in fixing the delicate contours of fleeting female loveliness, than in portraying the beautiful proportions of the horse. If we seek to learn at what period the ancients found the art of taming horses, and reducing them to obedience under the curb, we are lost at once in the obscurity of fiction and tradition. The story of the Centaurs is vaguely conjectured to involve the origin of riding: a party of Thessalians, mounted on their newly-tamed steeds, and seen from a distance, having assumed the appearance of those formidable monsters, described as being half charger and half man. It is probable that the Greeks acquired the art of horsemanship at a very early age, as it is alluded to in the following passage of the *Iliad*:

“ High on the decks, with vast, gigantic stride,
The god-like hero stalks from side to side.
So, when a horseman, from the watery mead,
(Skilled in the manage of the bounding steed)
Drives four fair coursers, practiced to obey,
To some great city, through the public way;
Safe in his art, as side by side they run,
He shifts his seat, and vaults from one to one,
And now to this, and now to that he flies:
Admiring numbers follow with their eyes ”

Racing formed one of the most important and interesting features of the Olympic games; and the blood horses of antiquity were often ridden by royal jockeys. Hiero, king of Syracuse, was once the winner of the Olympic wreath, upon a horse named Phrenicus; and the poet Pinder, has celebrated the achievement in immortal verse. Philip, king of Macedon, was a noted gentleman-jockey; and when we reflect upon Alexander's victory over Bucephalus, we must allow him to have been an adept in the art of breaking. Descending to later times, by regular chronological steps, we shall find a Roman emperor (Caligula) making a companion of his horse, and preparing, with misanthropical malevolence, to elevate him to the consulship.

Who does not love to look back upon the days of chivalry, and to conjure up pictures of those brilliant and imposing scenes, upon whose like we shall never, never look again? What throngs of noble cavaliers and gentle ladies! Mark you not yon train of horse winding down a green and wooded declivity—a gallant company of fair dames and chivalrous knights! The hoofs of the horses hardly sound upon the springing turf; but the spurs jingle, and the silks ruffle; and, ever and anon, there comes the tinkling of silver bells, from the hawks that sit hooded on the ladies' wrists. She, whose tall plume is fastened by that huge diamond brooch, and who manages her white horse with such dexterous grace, is Elizabeth, queen of England; and the cavalier, upon her left, the

Earl of Leicester, Yes, fair reader, in that bright age, riding was as fashionable, far more necessary that it is at present; and Elizabeth, Mary, all the sovereigns of Europe, took their airing in the saddle. Ah! happy, happy days! Your memory yet lingers with us, like the fragrant dew, distilled from the summer flower, which refresheth our senses long after the leaves that gave it birth are withered and gone, decayed in the brown grave of autumn. Happy age! when the lady started from her couch at dawn, wakened by the *reveillee* of the huntsmen, who sang, beneath her window,

“Waken, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day,
All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk and horse and hunting spear;
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily, merrily, mingle they,
Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

Then, forth poured the eager followers of hound and horn. An old English poet, whose black-letter volume is before our mind's eye, in some quaint amatory stanzas, promises his lady-love the enjoyment of rare sport:

“A leash of grey-hounds, with you to strike,
And hart and hind and other like.
Ye shall be set at such a tryst,
That hart and hind shall come to your fist;
Your disease to drive you fro
To hear the bugles there y-blow.”

* * * * *
“Homeward thus shall ye ride
On, hawking by the river's ride,
With goss-hawk, and with gentil falcon,
With egle horn and with merlyon.
When you come home, your men among,
Ye shall have revel, dances, and song;
Little children, great and smale,
Shall sing as doth the nightingale.”

Let us turn to the East. Although the prophet of the Orientals rode to Heaven on Al Borak, yet the Arabs of the present day boast of a matchless race of steeds, descended from the black mare of Mohammed. How often, when wearied and broken down in spirit, with the cares of life, have I signed to become the companion of these wild rovers of the desert. Sweeping over the boundless plains of sand, looking to the east and the west, and to the north and south, and finding no human habitation to break the continuous line of the horizon, I should turn my eyes to the starry firmament above, and luxuriate in those thoughts which solitude and entire freedom never fail to awaken. Give me a fine horse and the free range of these desert plains, and I would amass a store of poetry, against my return, which, when fairly printed, should illuminate the pages of *The Cabinet* with undying radiance.

I have often read, with delight, the Mazeppa of lord Byron, who was a good judge of horses; albeit, he was a timid and ungraceful rider. I could forgive many of his faults for the song of Cæsar's, in the "Deformed Transformed."

"To horse! to horse!—my coal-black steed

Paws the ground, and snuffs the air;

There's not a foal of Arab's breed

More knows whom he must bear.

On the hill he will not tire,

Swifter as it waxes higher;

In the marsh he will not slaken,

On the plain be overtaken;

At the ford he will not shrink,

Nor pause at the brook's side to drink;

In the race he will not pant,

In the combat he'll not faint;

On the stones he will not stumble.

Time nor toil shall make him humble:

In the stall he will not stiffen,

But be winged as a griffin,

Only flying with his feet:

And will not such a voyage be sweet?

Merrily, merrily, never unsound,

Shall our bonny black horses skim over the ground;

From the Alps to the Caucasus ride we or fly—

For we'll leave them behind, in the glance of an eye."

Sir Walter Scott was fond of horses and riding, and a most accomplished equestrian—keeping the saddle amidst the trying morasses and perilous crags of his native country. Throughout his works, you may find the traces of this passion. What, for instance, can be finer than the description of the flight of El Hakim with Sir Kenneth, in the desert, mounted on those matchless steeds, in whose veins ran the pure blood of the black mare of the prophet? "They spurned the sand beneath them; they devoured the earth before them, in their rapid progress."

Even the melodramatic horrors of "Rookwood" are relieved by the thrilling interest of the book of the "Highwayman." I can sympathize with the delight of Turpin, in the matchless prowess of "Black Bess," and can half forgive him for sacrificing the splendid creature, when I consider the fame of the exploit.

Without venturing a word upon the influence of the thing, I will here observe that, to a casual spectator, there is nothing so exhilarating as the scene presented by a race-course. The avenues to the ground are thronged with carriages, omnibuses, horsemen, and pedestrians. The stands are soon occupied, and all in a state of breathless excitement. The horses prepare for the start; a few parting instructions are given, and the jockeys look to their racing-trim, and glance to each other ere the signal is heard. The drum sounds, and off they go! Suppose it a fair start, and all off together. As they sweep around, stretching to the turf, like grey-hounds, some are broken

by the killing pace. One cautious jockey (dressed in white) lingers in the rear, and holds his horse together with a tight hand, while he glances to the two steeds before him, and waits patiently till they are worn out with striving to rival each other: now, *now* is the time! The white boy lets out his horse, gives him rein and whip and spur, and encourages him with a peculiar chirrup. The noble animal, proud of the confidence reposed in him, and fired with emulation, with a few tremendous leaps, passes his competitors, takes and keeps the lead. The lad in white, by superior jockeyship, has won the purse.

I can conceive of the enthusiasm with which the aristocracy follow their favorite sport, in defiance of all perils; and, while experience has shown me the invigorating effects of equestrian exercise, I cannot wonder that so many take the field:

"Contusion hazarding of neck and spine,
Which rural gentlemen call sport divine."

I cannot conclude without relating an anecdote, connected with my subject, and derived from an authentic source. The Corsicans are or were as famous for their horsemanship as for indomitable courage, love of country, hardihood, and a fierce, vindictive spirit. At different periods, different nations may have claimed allegiance obtained by conquest; but, the hardy Corsicans, united by a spirit of clanship, and confiding in the strong-holds of their island, have set at defiance laws promulgated by an usurping power.

The occurrence, which I am about to relate, happened in the early part of the sixteenth century. Tonino, a humble member of the family of Guitera, the head of which was his feudal lord, was betrothed to a young shepherdess, named Maria, whom he treated with more kindness than the Corsicans generally bestowed upon the fair sex, who, having often suffered from the effects of the ferocious jealousy of the other sex, regarded them with terror, and always approached them with misgivings. One day, Tonino, as he climbed the precipitous sides of the mountains, in search of his beloved, suddenly encountered his kinsman, the lord of Guitera. The humble retainer, as he sprang forward to greet the *seigneur*, was struck with the sinister expression of his countenance, in which a malicious smile seemed to be contending with a look of confusion. He hastily inquired for his betrothed. "I have not seen her," replied the noble, "but I forget not that she is to be your bride. Hold! I do not offer this purse and this diamond bauble as a dowry, but as a remembrance. No thanks! I wish you a good day's sport, and joy of your conquest." As he sprang down the rock, he cast back a look of such dark malignity at Tonino, that the latter, almost instinctively, unslung the big gun that

hung at his back. He hastened, however, with the gifts of the noble, to the presence of his mistress. She was reclining in her favorite seat; but her staff had fallen from her hand, and her little dog was stretched dead at her feet. Her dress was in wild disorder; and, as her lover sought to embrace her, she fled from his arms, with a loud shriek. He laid the purse and the diamond cross on the ground before her. "You have seen him," she cried. "I have," replied the bewildered Tonino; "and these gifts"—"Are the price of my dishonor!" she cried in a voice of horror. As she uttered these words, standing on the edge of a precipice, she touched the gold with her foot, and it rolled into the deep chasm. "It is an emblem of my fate—I follow it!" cried the unhappy girl, and she flung herself from the rocky parapet, while Tonino stood, rooted to the spot, as immovable as if he had been hewn from the rock itself. An instant afterwards, he regained his senses; he rushed forward to the edge of the gulf, and wildly waved his arms, as if preparing to follow Maria, when the glittering cross attracted his eye, and he stooped to pick it up. Raising it high in the air, he breathed a vow of vengeance.

The next day was the annual festival, at which half-wild horses were caught by the lasso, tamed and ridden by the adventurous Corsicans. The scene of the sports was a green plateau, among the mountains, in the centre of which stood the rustic pavilion of the lord of Guitera, surmounted by a standard emblazoned with his arms. It was the custom of the *seigneur* to reward the victor in the games, by presenting him with a richly ornamented gun. While all eyes were fixed upon the horses, dashing round the arena in wild freedom, snorting, throwing the foam from their mouths, and tossing their ragged manes in the air, Tonino, pale, haggard, and scowling, suddenly appeared. He held in his hand the formidable *lasso*—a rope, furnished with a noose—and, suddenly dashing into the centre of the plateau, he threw it around the legs of a strong horse, and pulled him to the ground. Ere the animal could recover himself, the victor had bitted and saddled him; and when he arose furiously to his legs, he was forced to obedience by the sharpness of the curb. Dashing around the circle, at full speed, Tonino was hailed with acclamations, as the winner of the prize; but, his dusky lips betrayed no smile of triumph, as he approached the pavilion to receive the gun.

Reining in his steed, with a suddenness that almost threw him upon his haunches, the fierce Corsican awaited the approach of his enemy, who slowly descended from the platform, on which his pavilion stood, and, having gained the level ground, without daring to look the victor in the face, extended the prize gun, a

beautiful piece of workmanship, inlaid with silver. Tonino seized the weapon by the muzzle, and cast it from him. The lord of Guitera laid his hand upon his poignard, and bent a furtive glance upon his guards, as if anxious, yet afraid, to bid them advance. But now, the eyes of Tonino almost emitted gleams of fire—and, rising in his stirrups, he threw his right arm aloft, and whirled his fatal lasso thrice around his head. At the third revolution of the rope, it descended over the body of the feudal chieftain—and, an instant after, he was writhing in the strict embrace of the noose. The attack was so sudden, that the guards were paralyzed; and the avenger, taking advantage of their panic, plunged his rowels, to the heels, in the flanks of his wild steed, and the tortured animal launched forth, in fleet career, dragging the body of the noble at his heels. The wild horse rushed to the verge of the plateau, where the hue of the vegetation brightened into a more vivid tint, marking the boundary of the dangerous morasses. Here, as if instinctively aware of peril, the horse recoiled; but a heavy plunge of the spur, sent him into the treacherous waste. Here he floundered for a moment, and the Corsicans beheld their lord, rising, in an agony of fear, and clinging to the stirrup of Tonino. The latter spurned him from his side, and urging his horse forward, uttered one fierce shout of exultation, ere he sank with his victim—and the treacherous morass closed over them forever. E.



DANISH POPULAR POETRY.

THE rich treasure of Old Danish popular poetry is probably known to most of our readers only by reputation. The grand, nay, gigantic, character of these ballads must necessarily have rendered the merely heroic portion of them strange to the tame generation of the present age. But we are glad to hear that some of the more domestic, but yet equally romantic class, are still sung by the people; not in the Danish cities, and not even among the peasantry of Germanized Zealand, but in the remoter parts of the kingdom, or in the valleys of Norway, where less intercourse with foreign nations has preserved a purer nationality.

And what a powerful and vigorous race must it have been, among whom these heroic ballads could ever be popular poetry! What a race, whose imagination was not overwhelmed by the gigantic, the amazing power of these scenes! A portion of these ballads had indeed already ceased to live in the memories of the people in 1591, when they were first collected and

printed ; and the learned publisher had even then to consult old manuscripts. Another hundred of them, however, which were added a century later, could even then be written down from the very lips of the people. The most modern of these songs, according to the best judges of the language, are not later than the fifteenth century ; the oldest not older than the thirteenth century. This of course can only be applicable to their present form, i. e. the external *form* of these ballads, or the shell. The *soul*, the kernel itself, we mean the subject and its poetical conception, existed undoubtedly much earlier. "The Sun of Homer," observes a distinguished German scholar, in maintaining this opinion, "has scattered his gems also over these icy mountains, over these frosted valleys ! The existence of the Scandinavians was divided between a life, wild, warlike, and full of action, which in early times consisted mostly of piratical adventures, undertaken in order to gain a livelihood, or of excursions against their neighbours, in order to subject them to tributary vassalage ; and days of idleness and perfect rest. To enjoy, during these intervals, the luxuries and easy pleasures of life, was denied them by a rough climate ; during the long and gloomy winter nights they had leisure to give themselves up to meditations on the exploits of their ancestors. Thence their wealth in epic poetry, and in compositions undoubtedly among the most profound and most powerful which ever have been produced by the human mind. They all have something primitive, something rude ; the form is often entirely neglected, harsh and stern ; but they all have the vigour and the strength of youthful life, unrestrained and untamed, that despises all external rules and ornaments."

And how imposing is this rude and naked nature ! Without introduction, without explanation, the hearer finds himself in the very centre of the action. Depending on the power of his subject, the artless poet often announces the issue in the first lines. The words fall sharp, like the strokes of the sword ; heavy, like the hammer on the anvil ; and each word is a deed. Nothing is said but what is most necessary ; and even here much is left to the imagination. We see ourselves transported from one realm to another ; from the strand of the sea to the summit of the mountain ; from the subterranean cave of the witch to the bower of the noble maiden ; without even an intimation. No description ; no lyric effusion ; action stands close to action ; and even the final result is omitted because it follows of course. A misty veil covers the sides of the mountains, and the valleys between, while only the summits are lighted up by the sun ; and we are left to trace the landscape by its principal outlines.

The mental features of the heroes also, in their wonderful power, are drawn only by a few bold strokes of the pencil. They are the immediate descendants of the gods of the North; themselves still a giant race, to which the diminutive measure of our own feelings must not be applied. Enormous in mind, in purpose, and in action, we see them performing deeds, which it seems to us only madness could have dictated. Their anger is rage; their love a devouring flame; blood only can quench their thirst for vengeance; and where even their own giant strength does not suffice, the dark powers of a subterranean world are invoked, and are often present with them in unison or in conflict.

Most of these remarks hold good also as to another class of the Danish popular ballads, which the modern collectors have brought together under the title of Romances and Ballads. Although moving likewise in a region of romance and magic enchantment, they are brought nearer to the human heart by a picture of more human feelings, with an admixture of just as much ancient heroism as we are still able to comprehend and to admire. In general, less sketch-like than the older historical songs, they are distinguished by the same powerful conciseness, far from the minute diffuseness which is so tedious in the great mass of the English ballads. Many of them are of the most exquisite beauty, and belong to the gems of literature. In the tissue of a rude and gloomy period, we see pictures interwoven of the most delicate texture, and gold threads winding themselves even through the coarsest ground. In one of these ballads, founded on a very ancient tradition, familiar to all the Scandinavian North, Hagbar the hero will rather die than tear in pieces the hair of Signilde, with which treacherous hands have bound him. In another ancient ballad, the power of maternal love breaks even the laws of nature. Nothing can surpass the energetic and tender *naiveté* of the idea, where the mother in her grave hears her children cry from the ill treatment of their step-mother, and by her entreaties induces the Lord to let her go to soothe them.

“ ‘Twas long in the night, and the bairnies grat;
Their unither she under the mools (mould) heard that.

That heard the wife under the eard that lay:
Forsooth maun I to my bairnies gae!

• That wife can stand up at our Lord's knee;
And: May I gang and my bairnies see?

She prigged (prayed) sae sair, and she prigged sae lang,
That he, at the last, gae her leave to gang.

In a Swedish ballad, with the burden, “At Rimstead Queen Anna lies buried,” which we darkly recollect to have heard in our childhood, a trait of *naive* moral purity occurs, which we never could forget. Queen Anna on her death-bed makes her confes-

sion ; and being inquired of as to her sins, after having examined herself, she answers—

“Nought have I to confess of wrong,
Save that once my white silk ruff
I starched upon a Sunday's morn.”

The following beautiful ballad may serve as a specimen of the Danish popular poetry. We have chosen it because it is one of which we positively know, that it is still, or was at least towards the close of the last century, sung by the common people in Jutland and in Faroë, in two or three slightly varying versions. It exists also in Swedish with some alterations.

LITTLE CHRISTIN'S DEATH, OR THE BODING NIGHTINGALES.

“Sir Medel at court of the king served he.
He loved the king's daughter, that fair lady.
The queen called her daughter, and thus said she :
And is it true what they say about thee ?
Then shall he hang on a gallows so high
And below in a bonfire thou shalt die !
And her mantle blue little Christin put on ;
To see Sir Medel at night she is gone.
Little Christin, with sorrowful heart went she :
Rise up, Sir Medel and open to me.
To enter here I gave none the right,
And none will I let in here at night.
Rise up, Sir Medel, and let me in,
I've spoken but now with my mother the queen.
She saith, thou shalt hang on the gallows so high.
And below in a bonfire I shall die.
No, neither shall I be hung for thee,
Sweet love, nor shalt thou be burnt for me.
Now gather the gold in the chest with speed,
While I go and saddle my own grey steed.
And his blue mantle he's over her thrown,
And to his grey steed he's lifted her on.
And when from the town they came to the grove,
She turns her eyes to the clouds above.
Seems then for thee the way too wide ?
Or hurts thee the saddle on which thou dost ride ?
O no ! the way it seems not too wide,
But hurts me the saddle on which I ride.
His mantle blue he spreads on the ground ;
List here, little Christin, to lay thee down.
O Christ, that one of my maids was with me.
Before I die, my nurse to be !
Thy maids they all are far from thee,
And thou hast no one near but me !
O rather here on the ground I'll die,
Than a man a woman's pain shall spy.
A kerchief bind o'er my eyes and head,
And I'll be to thee in the nurse's stead.
O Christ, that there was some water near,
My panting heart therewith to cheer !

Sir Medel he loved her so warm and true,
 He went to fetch water in his silver-bound shoe.
 And when through the bushy greenwood he went,
 The way to the well seemed never to end.
 And when to the well he came from the grove,
 Two nightingales sung in the boughs above :
 Little Christin she lies in the greenwood dead,
 And two dead babes in her lap are laid.
 Little he heeds the nightingales song,
 Back to the grove his way seems so long!
 But when he came the thick wood among,
 There it was true what the nightingales' sung !
 A grave both deep and broad dug he,
 And there together he laid all three.
 And when he stood on the grave so deep,
 He thought 'neath his feet his babes did weep.
 He learned his sword against a stone,
 And right through his heart the point is gone.
 Little Christin she loved him so true and deep,
 And now with him in the earth doth sleep."

Whether the following fairy ballad can still be called *popular* among any class in Denmark, we are unable to say, although a friend of ours states that he heard it sung by a girl, who was not likely to have taken it from the Kjömpé Viser, or the Danske Viser. We give it here as one of the best specimens of the incomparable beauty of these ancient ballads ; and at the same time as peculiarly expressive of the magic charm the elves used to exercise.

ELFHILL-SIDE.

" I laid my head on Elfhill-side,
 My eyes they sunk to sleep ;
 There came two maidens tripping along,
 They fain with me would speak.
 One patted me on my cheek so white,
 The other she whispered to me :
 Rise up, rise up, thou fair young swain,
 And join our dance and glee !
 Wake up, thou fair young swain, wake up,
 And join our dance and glee ;
 My maidens shall sing, if thou wilt hear,
 Their sweetest melody.
 The one began a song to sing,
 Of all the fairest one ;
 The striving stream stood still thereby,
 That before so swiftly ran.
 The striving stream stood still thereby,
 That before so swiftly ran ;
 The little fishes in the flood
 With their fins to play began.
 The fishes in the flood began
 With their fins and tails to play ;
 The small birds in the greenwood all
 They chirped their sweetest lay.
 And hear, thou fair young swain, and hear,
 And wilt thou with us dwell,

Then will we teach thee to read and write,
 And powerful rune and spell.
 I'll teach thee how the bear to bind
 And the boar to the oak tree ;
 The dragon that lies on the gold so bright,
 'Fore thee from the land shall flee !
 And they danced out and they danced in,
 All elvish in look and mien ;
 There sat the fair young swain all still,
 And on his sword did lean.
 And hear thou, hear thou, fair young swain,
 Wilt thou not with us speak,
 Then shall our sword and knife so sharp
 With thy dearest heart-blood reek !
 Had God not made it my good luck,
 That the cock then clapp'd his wing,
 I should have staid on Elfhill-side,
 With the Elves in their dwelling.
 Herewith I warn the Danish youths all,
 Who to the court do ride,
 That never they ride this way at eve,
 Nor sleep on Elfhill-side."



MAURICE LYNSLAGER ;
 OR, THE MERCHANT OF AMSTERDAM.
 (Continued from p. 193.)

As Jacob Van Vhit kept almost constantly below, during the voyage to Leghorn, amusing himself with his violin—Maurice was alone upon deck. He observed everything requisite to the management of a vessel ; followed the sailors in their occupations, and won their good will by the evident interest he took in their employment. Then he would stand with folded arms, and brow bent down, regarding the wide expanse of sea and sky—boundless in extent—unconfined in its course—lost amid clouds, or reflecting back the clear blue sky from its glassy bosom.

When Van Vhit did appear on deck, it was to associate with the lowest sailors, to emulate them in cursing or ribaldry, or to set a bad example from intoxication. Maurice was cruelly disappointed in the hope he had entertained of finding a companion in Maria's brother.

When they had passed the Bay of Biscay, and had reached the Spanish coast, the weather became unsteady and stormy : then Maurice watched the fierce foaming tide ; or listened to the whistling of the tempest through the sails and rigging ; or viewed the waves running mountains high ; or the moon, now seen, and now hidden by the rolling clouds, driven by the roar-winds across its path in the stormy heavens. When he saw the captain, with the same calmness he had displayed in the river, as he bade adieu to his wife and children, directing the

movement of the vessel, as she mounted aloft with each springing billow, or descended the abyss, following its fall, and who deemed it the noblest effort of nature to direct this handywork of man across the boundless expanse of the ocean. How little, poor, and mercenary, appeared then to Maurice the details of his mercantile speculations; intended, as they were, to bear provisions to famishing countries, or cloathing to savage lands. Sometimes, indeed, the pitiless pelting of the storm, or the dash of the billows on the deck, would drive him below. Then he would occupy himself with his bible, turn with thankful gratitude and love to the pages his mother had marked, or seek a refuge from the impatience of his spirit in the pages of Holy Writ, calculated to lift his mind above this earth and its paltry concerns. Then would he take the works of the poet Cats—the Shakspeare of the Low Countries—or dip into “Travels in Italy,” or seek his violin. At other times he would endeavour to converse with Jacob about his family. Maria’s name was one day mentioned, and Jacob spoke of her thus:—

“She has all sorts of fits. Not long before you arrived at Rotterdam to ship yourself, she came to me, while I was occupied in packing my trunk. Her eyes were filled with tears, (for they are what she is very generous with,) and she said, ‘In a few days you are going to leave us; who knows if we shall ever meet again. Promise, then, to think of us and speak of us sometimes. Do not quite forget one!’ She then produced her portrait, painted by Houthorst. ‘Look upon this sometimes, and think of one who loves you tenderly, and who prays for you night and day.’ I took it, packed it up, and have never seen it from that time to this.”

“Never looked upon it?” enquired Maurice. “The portrait of your sister Maria!”

“Till this moment,” said Jacob, “I have never thought of it, and do not know where to find it.”

“I should like—”

“You would like to see it,” interrupted Jacob. “When I find it I will shew it to you.”

“Is it like her?” enquired Maurice.

“Just as if she were speaking to me: just as if she wanted to speechify,” answered Jacob.

Maurice did not choose to make a more direct demand for the picture, and so was compelled to wait till Jacob found the portrait.

When the stormy weather ceased, the wind blew strong against them, and it was, therefore, several weeks before the captain informed them that he saw Cape St. Vincent, on the

southern extremity of Portugal, and that he expected to enter the straits in four-and-twenty hours.

Maurice was delighted at the thought of being in the Mediterranean. His hope was not entirely disappointed. On the following day they had the almost inaccessible extremity of Spain—the renowned rock of Gibraltar—in sight. They had passed the celebrated town of Tariffa. Maurice gazed with curiosity upon this steep mountain, joined to Spain by an isthmus, and stretching out its impregnable fortification over the shores of the Mediterranean sea. Nor did he regard with less curiosity another quarter of the world, where was situated the town of Ceuta, directly opposite to the rock of Gibraltar.

When they first got into the Mediterranean the weather was fine, though the wind was still against them. They sometimes saw ships in the distance; but on account of the Barbary pirates, they crept as close as possible to the Spanish coast. They one morning saw three ships approach, which the captain believed to be Dutch. He was not mistaken,—it was a Rear Admiral's ship and two frigates.

The captain then advised his passengers to take up their pens, as it was likely they might have an opportunity of forwarding letters to their friends.

Maurice availed himself of this information, and wrote all the particulars of his voyage to his parents. Van Vhit also wrote a few lines.

When they approached the ship, commanded by Admiral Eventon, they struck their flag. Having asked, by the speaking trumpet, from whence they came, and where they were bound, and receiving for an answer, to Holland, the captain then informed them he would send his boat with letters for his Fatherland: the letters were delivered; and the Jonge Maria having once more saluted the Admiral, he wished the captain a prosperous voyage.

Maurice's heart dilated with joy at the sight of the ships of his country. What proud patriotic feeling arose in his heart, as he saw the Dutch flag waving close by the Spanish shore—proclaiming the independence of the Republic, and defending its commerce, after having conquered its freedom.

After they had passed Ivica—rich in salt pits—the healthy Majorca, and the fertile Minorca, they came to the Heires Islands, and then sailed for the Island of Corsica.

Thus advanced in their voyage, they reckoned in a few days upon seeing Leghorn; but on a sudden the sky became cloudy, and the wind veered to the south; from whence it blew a hurricane.

Maurice observed the Captain; and from the precautions he

took, perceived that he expected bad weather. The night was at hand, and the Captain requested Maurice to go down below, as he could be of no use and would be unnecessarily exposed to danger.

Maurice retired to his cabin.

Van Vhit had already sought an asylum there. He was as pale as death, and trembled with terror. "God be praised!—God be praised that you are come!—Tell me how all is going on, for I believe we shall be lost."

Maurice calmly replied, that a heavy storm was blowing, and that the weather was very threatening; but at present, there was no apprehension of losing the ship.

"I cannot conceive Maurice, how you can be so calm," said Jacob, "do you not hear that dreadful creaking of the ship? how we are thrown about backwards and forwards; not a hair on my head but what is wet with perspiration. You do not seem frightened!"

"It would be vain, and boastful to say that I am perfectly easy," said Maurice, "but I am, I believe, calm."

"Do you then not think of your parents?" said Jacob, "O how I think of mine."

"For shame! be firm!" said Maurice, "why, I do believe you have tears in your eyes."

"Oh! that I had never set a foot in this ship!" said Jacob, "Why did I not remain at home?"

"What vain wishes!" replied Maurice.

"Do not you then repent of having come on board?" said Jacob.

"Not in the least," replied Maurice. "At my father's request I set out upon this voyage; and I trust, with God's good help, to land at Leghorn."

"And do you still hope?" said Jacob.

"There is always time enough for despair," said Maurice.

"Do not jest," said Jacob.

"I jest! in a moment like this!" replied Maurice.

"God—what a terrible crush!" said Jacob, "The storm increases more and more! Maurice, Maurice, I am mortally afraid! If we should perish!"

"If we should perish!"—said Maurice,—"Van Vhit, if you repeat that once or a hundred times, you will neither hasten nor retard our fate. If we perish, it is the will of God. It happens to a thousand voyagers. Trust in the providence that watches over man in the most dreadful storm, as well as in the serene and calm; our ship is under the same dispensation."

Just at this moment a dreadful crash was heard overhead,

They found afterwards that a part of the foremast had given way, and fell on the deck.

“My God,” exclaimed Van Vhit, “forgive me all my sins—all my sins towards my parents.”

Maurice retained all his firmness.

The Captain came down sometime after, and told them what had happened; and that a sailor had been badly wounded; but added that the wind was lessening, and the moon coming out.

It now seemed as if a millstone was rolled off the bosom of Van Vhit, and the first words that he spoke were—“thanks to that Great Being, whose laws I have broken, and whose words I have despised. God be praised Captain, we will have a glass of wine together.”

The Captain replied, “this is no time to think of drinking; I have yet much to do.”

Maurice desired that the wounded sailor might be brought down to the cabin, and he would aid him as well as he could, as the merchant's vessel had no medical man on board. He likewise desired that whatever the man might want, should be taken from his own store of provisions.

As soon as the Captain was gone, Maurice remonstrated with Van Vhit on the little courage he had displayed during the storm, and plainly told him that it was his conscience, which in reminding him of his want of attention, alike to the duties of religion and morality, that had created his fear of death.” He continued, “you wondered at my calmness; I assure you, it proceeded from my belief. I knew if I were to die, there was a heaven for every repentant sinner who firmly believed in the christian doctrine: and, moreover, that as nothing can happen without the divine permission, so the wisdom of God decides everything for the best.”

Poor Van Vhit did not, however, get over the effects of the storm quite so easily as he had flattered himself. He resumed his usual intemperate habits, and perhaps a growing indisposition even increased his desire for those indulgencies, which act so fatally on the nerves, and on the health of those who employ them. The weather still continued stormy, but as the wind had been more favourable, the Captain told Maurice that he hoped to be in Leghorn in three or four days; but in two days the ship passed the Island of Gorgona, and sailed proudly into the Gulf of Leghorn.

After Lynslager had recommended his sick companion to the Captain's care, he sought his father's agent, to whom he brought letters.

He was received with every appearance of warm friendship;

and found that letters from Holland had preceded his arrival. There were also letters for Van Vhit.

Maurice was invited to spend the day with this Leghorn merchant ; but excused himself on account of his sick friend. He, however, furnished himself with the address of a good Doctor ; and having engaged his attendance, returned to the sick bed of his friend.

He hoped that the unexpected appearance of these letters might communicate some pleasure to Jacob. But the unfortunate young man was so enfeebled by his illness, that he could only languidly pray Maurice to read them to him. Lynslager having suggested that they might contain family secrets, &c. yielded to his companion's reiterated desire, opened them, and found letters from his father, containing bills of exchange, exhortations to prudence, &c. &c. There was also one in a lady's hand-writing. Maurice's heart increased its pulsation ; his hand trembled as it grasped the letter ; and with faltering voice asked permission to read that also. The first part contained family news of but little interest ; Maurice's voice grew firm ; but the latter words were read in a tremulous tone—" I am, however, much consoled by the reflection that you have the son of our Rotterdam friend with you, and he will not, I trust, quit you ;—at least before you leave Leghorn. He is a young man of much talent, and high character, and may be enabled to advise you, if you should by your thoughtlessness, get into any unpleasant dilemma.—"

Maurice stopped. He seized Jacob's hand. " Yes," said he, " your sister may rest assured that I will never leave you. But surely these letters must have animated you a little ?" " It is possible they might," replied Van Vhit, " but I am very ill—do not leave me Maurice—I am very ill!" As he spoke his head fell feebly upon the pillow. Maurice feared that he had fainted, and was glad to perceive the Doctor he had engaged enter the room ; at the sight of whom the sick man seemed pleased.

The Doctor having made his requisite enquiries, felt his pulse, examined his tongue, and assumed a solemn tone ; turned up his eyes, then looked if his cane was placed firmly on the floor of the cabin ; he turned his face towards Maurice, and raised his chin so that it was a little out of the perpendicular line, and then said with an air of solemn gravity, " the patient must be kept very quiet. Hum ! The illness is now coming to a crisis."

Maurice was not particularly satisfied with the manner of this medical practitioner. He was, however, too anxious to



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ADELA OR THE BRIDE OF FLORENCE

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leave anything to surmise when he had the means of information in his power. He therefore followed the Doctor from the cabin, and entreated his individual opinion of the state of his patient.

The doctor again solemnly turned his eyes upward; then again examined the position of his cane upon the deck; and raised his chin as nearly as he could upon a level with Maurice's, by elevating it above the perpendicular line; and then commenced his speech by a hum! hum! "You see Signore that this is the first time I have visited my patient, hum! His illness will be heavy, hum! and he must be kept quiet, hum!" This was delivered in more than his usual important manner. "His strength is not very powerful—hum! to struggle against, hum, hum! the ravages of illness, hum! His constitution, hum! is much undermined, hum! I recommend you, hum! (here the Doctor raised his finger) to pay the most scrupulous attention, hum! for—for"—and here the Doctor in addition to his usual hum, hum, shrugged his shoulders.

There was not much to comfort Maurice in this account of the Doctor. He returned to the sick bed mournfully. He however took care to administer the medicines which had been ordered regularly, and with his own hand.

He opened his friend's trunk, to place in it the letters and bills of exchange; upon raising the lid, the first object he saw, was Maria's portrait. He took it up, and looked at its sweet blue eyes with transport. He breathed upon it a vow to watch over her brother with as much love and tenderness as if he were his own.

He decided to pass that night by his friend's bed side. Van Whit seemed touched by this self-devotion, and begged Maurice to seek some repose; yet was he well pleased to find that he persevered in his praiseworthy resolution to administer every medicine with his own hand.

(To be continued.)



ADELA, THE BRIDE OF FLORENCE.

I WAS quartered in a small town of Languedoc, when I received an invitation from a friend to pass the Christmas holidays at an old castle built on the rocks of the Cevennes. Young ladies, officers, and amiable neighbours, composed our cheerful society, and good nature and confidence enlivened our circle. What pleasures we enjoyed! none sought to shine exclusively, and all were satisfied. Various amusements employed the

whole of the day ; in the evening we gathered around a blazing fire, each related a tale, and as our young ladies were very fond of the marvellous, ghosts and apparitions were the common themes of our conversation. The season, the place, and the hour, augmented the terrific effect of those relations ; the nights were long and dark ; the country buried in snow, and the owls, ancient inhabitants of the crumbling towers, answered each other with wild monotonous cries. As soon as the stories commenced, the circle became by degrees narrower, the hearers drew close to each other and feigned to laugh, while in truth they trembled with fear: and the speaker often seized with a sudden fit of quaking, remained silent and dared not turn his eyes either towards the end of the spacious saloon, where he fancied he heard the clanking of chains, or towards the lofty chimney, whence he almost expected a ghost to stalk forth.

One of the most amiable members of our society was a young Italian lady, named Adela, who joined to the brilliancy of wit, a mildness and equanimity of temper, which nothing could alter ; her large black eyes were languid, and her beauty seemed to derive greater charms from the paleness which continually overspread her cheek, and even invaded her lips, and when she spoke, it seemed as though a statue of alabaster was becoming animated.

During our terrific relations Adela showed more courage than any of the ladies. She did not seem affected, but listened, smiled, and far from doubting the facts, thought them very simple and natural. We were piqued at her indifference, and once intimated our surprise ; this was her answer—

“ I do not wonder, my friends, that such common stories should astonish you, as none of you, perhaps, have ever seen a ghost.”

“ You have then seen one ?” exclaimed I, hastily.

“ I have done better,” answered she, laughing ; “ I have been *one* myself, I am still *one*, and it is a ghost that now addresses you.”

At these words we all involuntarily shrunk back, but Adela, with her soft and irresistible voice, recalled us, bade us resume our seats, and whilst holding each other by the hand we beheld her with terror, and fancied at every moment we discovered some signs of the other world in her face, she quietly continued her discourse.

“ It is no fault of mine, my friends, to have died ten years ago ; it is a misfortune to which we are all equally exposed : but what is more extraordinary, I have since that period found myself infinitely more happy. It is true that the troubles I experienced during my first life, have been fully repaid by the

happiness I enjoy since my death. It is proper I should relate to you what happened to me until that fortunate instant, and you will then perceive that death alone could ensure me tranquillity in the world.

“I was born at Florence, of rich and noble parents, whose only child I was. Proud of his birth, my father lamented every day that he had no son to support his name, and soured by what he thought a disappointment, he thought himself without children because he had no son.

“Our palace was contiguous to the mansion of an old nobleman of small fortune, but much beloved and respected, the Marchese Orsini. He was a widower, and devoted his life to the education of his only son, Aluco. This young man was about my age, and as my father and the old Orsini had served in the same army they visited each other very frequently, and Aluco was accustomed from his infancy to come familiarly to our house, where my mother loaded him with kindness.

“I had not attained the age of fourteen, and Aluco was the chosen friend of my heart; he was so mild, so handsome, and so amiable that I loved him more ardently than a sister loved her brother. To him I confided my pleasures and my pains, and in return was trusted with all his secrets. Before my father and mother we feigned indifference, seemed entirely occupied with play, and even sometimes quarrelled; but as soon as we entered the garden, or the small wood at its extremity, we ceased to quarrel and to play. Aluco spoke only of his love, pressed my hands, and often ventured to kiss my lips, swearing he never would have any other wife than Adela. I made similar promises, and received without blushing his innocent caresses.

“One evening my father found us in a dark retired bower; Aluco was at my feet, holding my hands, and as the fear of being overheard made him speak in whispers, our faces almost touched each other. My father’s anger equalled our terror, he commanded me in a terrible voice to return to my mother; I obeyed trembling; and from a distance I heard him reproach Aluco and forbid him to enter his house again, and I saw the beloved youth leave our palace in tears.

“The next day, as my mother sought to appease my father’s anger, the old Marchese Orsini was announced. His noble and serious air, his silver locks and august features, inspired me with veneration; I was sent away, and all that came to my knowledge was, that after a long and violent conversation they parted in a passion, and hatred succeeded thirty years of friendship.

“My father surrounded me with spies to watch my conduct,

and I was not even allowed to go to church. My health was soon impaired, and I should have yielded to the stings of affliction, had not my mother shewn me the most tender attentions and soothing pity.

“Time glided away without softening my sufferings, when one evening after supper I took advantage of the absence of my father, to go and pour forth my griefs in the little wood where all my misfortunes commenced. I placed myself on the same turf where I had been seated near Aluco, and bedewed it with my tears. His ardent protestations of love seemed to sound anew in my enchanted ears; I repeated all my former vows when, on a sudden, a man rushed into the bower and threw himself at my feet. Terrified, I was attempting to fly, but the voice of Aluco made me return.

“‘Listen to me,’ said he, ‘I have but an instant, and it is the last. This night I leave Florence; my father has obtained a company of horse for me in the Imperial army. War with France has begun; I am going to die or deserve your hand. I will signalize myself in the first campaign; the Emperor will desire to see me; I will throw myself at his feet, and declare our love to him. Francis is young, he surely has a feeling heart, he will speak in favour to his brother, the Grand Duke; your father will not dare to disobey, and you will be the reward of valour and constancy: I ask no more than a year, Adela; promise, swear that during that time you will resist the importunities of your father, and at the end of that period I shall be dead, or worthy to become your husband.’

“I listened, breathless and palpitating with love, hope, and fear. I swore eternal fidelity. We agreed to correspond through the means of a servant gained over by Aluco, the same who had given him access to our garden: a rustling noise among the bushes obliged us to separate. I tore myself from Aluco’s arms, and returned to my chamber, where I spent the night in tears.

“During the first ten months which followed the departure of my Aluco, I remained in the same situation. My father treated me with the same severity, and my mother with her accustomed tenderness. The servant gave me punctually the letters he received, and each announced new successes. General B—— shewed great friendship for Aluco; he made him his aid-de-camp, and promised to raise him to the first rank.

“At the end of ten months I ceased all at once to receive news from Aluco; trembling for his life, but secure as to his constancy, I wrote letter upon letter without any answer. I sent the servant to Marchese Orsini’s house, to try adroitly to discover whether any news from him had been received by his

father. The answer appeased my fears without lessening my grief. Aluco had written the day before that he enjoyed good health, had been promoted to the rank of colonel, and intended to spend the winter at Vienna with General B——.

“At the same period, a cousin of my father’s arrived from Germany, and settled himself in our house. He was tall and lean, about the age of forty-five or fifty; his complexion was dark, and his features expressed craft and malignity; his disposition was cold and gloomy; he spoke but of his nobility; he had spent all his life and the little good sense he had received from nature, in reading, studying, and learning by heart all the genealogies of Europe.

“This cousin, who was the Count Morraldi, on the first evening after his arrival, asked my father in a tone of indifference, whether he knew where Marchese Orsini lived at Florence. My father frowned, and answered, that he knew nothing of him. ‘Three weeks ago,’ rejoined Morraldi, ‘as I passed through Vienna, I dined at the house of General B——, on the day of his daughter’s marriage with the son of that Marchese. The young man, whom I found very amiable, understanding that I was going to Florence, gave me a letter for his father, and made me promise to describe to his family the pleasures of the marriage feast, and the bliss he enjoys with his bride.’

“My father frowned again without answering, and the cruel Morraldi continued to relate how the young lady had fallen in love with Aluco, that the Emperor had deigned to favour the union, and that a regiment had been the dowry of the bride. Notwithstanding my efforts to conceal my emotions, my strength forsook me, and I fell senseless into my mother’s arms. A violent fever was the consequence of this unexpected blow. It was long, tedious, and painful, and endangered my life. My mother did not leave me an instant; my father shewed me the most tender attentions, he passed the night by my side; called me his dearest child, and seemed to have restored his heart to me. This change in his conduct affected me so much, that in a moment of filial tenderness, when he asked me with tears in his eyes, ‘how his Adela felt?’ I encircled his neck with my arms, and exclaimed, ‘yes, I am your Adela; I am your docile child; and the only wish of my heart will always be to fulfil your desires.’

“These words decided my fate. I had perceived for some time that my father intended to unite me with Morraldi, and he now declared his intention, without enforcing but imploring my obedience. Aluco was married and faithless, I was indignant against him; I wished to avenge myself by loving another, I consented, and gave my word.

“The preparations for my marriage were made with a dreadful celerity. My father redoubled his caresses, Morraldi loaded me with presents.—The deed was signed, and I was led to the altar,

“With forced indifference I pronounced the painful vow, and after the service left the choir, followed by my family. Morraldi, who could not contain his joy, held my hand, and we slowly marched towards the church door, when I raised my eyes, and beheld a youth, pale and disordered, leaning against a pillar. His eyes were wildly fixed upon me, he approached, and cried, in a faltering voice, ‘I desired to see you accomplish your horrid crime, Adela; I have seen it, and am resolved to die!’

“He said, and disappeared. I had fainted, I was unconscious of what had become of me. Scarcely recovered from a long illness, I relapsed into the most dangerous state. I was continually delirious; the disease rapidly increased, and after a paroxysm of sixty hours, I experienced a sudden weakness, and expired in my mother’s arms. That affectionate parent nearly followed me into the grave; my father was in despair; Morraldi lamented the loss of my fortune, but all in vain. I was folded in a shroud, and carried with great pomp to the family vault in the aisle of the cathedral; my coffin was placed on long iron bars, the stone of the vault was replaced, and I remained in the abode of death.

“Wild with despair, and thinking himself my murderer, Aluco formed the project of descending into the vault and terminating his existence on my tomb. The evening of my burial he prevailed, through the power of money, over the sexton of the cathedral to accompany him to the church. Furnished with a dark lanthorn, they raised the stone and descended the steps. As soon as Aluco perceived my bier, he rushed towards it, burst it open, and tearing the veil that covered me, kissed my faded lips.

“O! miracle of love! Aluco’s soul recalled mine; my mouth, tenderly pressed by his, breathed a sigh; he felt it, clasped me in his arms, tore me from the coffin, pressed and warmed me on his panting heart; mine awoke to life a second time; I made a slight motion; enraptured with joy, Aluco ascended the steps with his burthen, gained the church door, which the sexton opened, and flew to the house of his father, where I was put to bed, and received every possible assistance.

“When I opened my eyes, they met Aluco’s fixed with anxious joy upon me; his father was at his side, accompanied by a physician, who answered for my life. I cannot describe what my sensations were; I seemed to awake from a long dream; I was not conscious of my existence, but I knew Aluco; I could

not speak to him, but I found pleasure in beholding his features. Three days and three nights scarcely restored me to the use of my faculties; when at last the rest I tasted, and the food I took, made me slowly recover my senses. My recollection returned, I remembered my mother, my marriage, the place where I had seen my lover. I was soon able to listen to Aluco, and to hear from his mouth what had happened to me. The idea of his inconstancy and marriage rushed upon my weakened imagination, and I mentioned his nuptials with the daughter of General B—. Aluco thought I was delirious; the General had no daughter; Aluco had arrived from the army, he was not a Colonel; nor had he passed through Vienna: but having with difficulty obtained leave of absence, uneasy at receiving no letters from me, he had hastened to Florence, bearing a letter from his General which recommended him to the notice of the Grand Duke. He was alighting when he saw me going to church; he had followed me to the altar, and in his grief had resolved to reproach me with my perjury.

“I now understood that Morraldi, in concert with my father, had invented that horrid tale, and intercepted my lover’s letters. No crime in my eyes equalled the shameful means which Morraldi had too successfully employed: and I was the wife of that monster? to him I was condemned to consecrate my days! That idea plunged me into despair, I regretted leaving my tomb, and wished myself once more in its peaceful bosom.

“‘Do not fear, my dear child,’ said the old Orsini; ‘I come from the Grand Duke; I gave him myself the letter of our brave General, and related your history. That generous Prince takes you under his protection; he has written to the Archbishop to have your marriage broken, and I have no doubt but it will be annulled. You are dead to Morraldi, you live for Aluco, and religion and justice will know how to defend you against your tyrants. I have one favour to ask of you, which is, that no one may see you, or know our secret, before the decision of the Archbishop; your peace, your happiness depend on this precaution.’

“Hope returned with these words; I promised what was required of me, and said I would follow his advice. Aluco was with me. He spoke of his love, of our marriage, and future happiness. My health was fast recovering and in a few days all that remained of my past sufferings was a paleness which you now perceive—dreadful remains of the tomb, which nothing has been able to alter.

“At last the time drew near for the expected decision, when an extraordinary event nearly overthrew all our designs.

“We were in passion week, and I grieved in secret, not to

be able to go to church in those sacred days, when penitence appeases the wrath of a forgiving God. I dared not mention to Aluco the desire of my heart, but I resolved, notwithstanding the dangers that threatened me, to fulfil so sacred a duty. I took advantage of an instant when I had been left alone, wrapped myself in a large black cloak which concealed my face, and on the Holy Thursday stole out at nine o'clock in the evening. I bent my steps towards the Cathedral, which I found crowded with people; all in profound silence, with their eyes bent to the ground. The altar was lighted with a prodigious number of wax candles, while the rest of the edifice was involved in darkness. Concealed behind a pillar I addressed my prayers to the Saviour of the world, and entreated him to watch over her whose only hope was placed in his power and mercy.

“Before I left the church, I felt a great desire of visiting the place where I had been buried; but what spectacle struck my sight! I perceived my father and my mother kneeling on my tomb; Morraldi in deep mourning stood by my father, who seemed wrapped up in meditation. My mother prayed and shed abundance of tears; I gazed on her for sometime, when on a sudden I saw her lean towards me, lay her hand on the ground, and kiss the cold marble of my sepulchre at the same time she pronounced my name. I could no more restrain my emotions; I fixed my lips on her hand, and sobbed aloud.

“The veil that concealed my face was drawn aside by the motion, my mother raised her eyes and recognized her daughter; she uttered a loud scream, called upon me, and extended her arms. My father and Morraldi knew me also; the last advanced towards me, and was going to lay his hand upon me: I was lost when love inspired me. ‘Stop,’ cried I, with a voice which I endeavoured to render terrible, ‘respect after her death the woman you deceived during her life. You alone were the cause of my death: fear the just anger of heaven, and repent!’

“I said; and while Morraldi, frozen with terror, listened without daring to move, I covered my head with my veil and walked slowly towards the church door. The crowd gave way before me, and I gained Orsini's house without having been discovered.

“The next day it was publicly reported at Florence, that my ghost had appeared in the Cathedral, and had been seen by a thousand witnesses who knew me. It was added, that having pushed my husband with my hand, my fingers had left five fiery marks on his shoulder. Others declared, that I came to demand justice and accuse Morraldi of murder. The people

murmured against him; he was followed and insulted, stones were thrown at him, and his life was in danger.

"The decision of the Archbishop was at last published, which annulled my marriage, as contracted by fraud. The Duke sent for the old Orsini, and agreed with him upon the measures to be adopted; and the next morning I went to the palace, accompanied by Aluco and his father. The Prince received us with great affability; and when it was announced that, according to his orders, my mother, father, and Morraldi were arrived, he concealed us in a closet, whence I heard him address my father in these words:

"Strange means, Sir, have been used to marry your daughter to a man she could not love. Your repentance has avenged her wrongs, and the tears I perceive in your eyes satisfy me I have no need of reproaching you with your cruel behaviour towards her. Death has broken those fatal ties; and if by a miracle, which the people believe, your daughter enjoyed again the light of day, her marriage would be void. Here is the decision of the Archbishop which declares it so; chose, then, Count Morraldi, either to begin a law suit against me, or to sign a renunciation of your fraudulent rights, and depart immediately for Vienna: my protection will follow you there; and you will restore tranquillity to my capital, where your presence excites disturbance."

"Morraldi made his renunciation in the terms dictated by the Grand Duke. Then taking leave of his Imperial Highness left Florence immediately.

"This is not all,' said the Grand Duke to my father, 'your daughter lives;' a scream from my mother interrupted him, 'you will see her again,' continued he, 'but your daughter cannot live happy unless she becomes the wife of the young Orsini. It is he who tore her from the grave; it is in his house that she is: gratitude, paternal love, Adela's fame, compels you to consent to that marriage. If my prayer adds weight to those powerful considerations, I ask Adela for Aluco; he deserves her; he has obtained the esteem and friendship of General B——. Consent to this happy union, and I promise a regiment to your son-in-law, and will obtain for you the order of Maria Theresa.'

"My father did not hesitate an instant; and my mother, bathed in tears, asked to see her darling child. I could not wait any longer, but opened the door and rushed into my mother's arms — The joy of my parents was as violent as their sorrow had been; they pressed me to their hearts, and loaded with caresses Aluco and his father.

"We all threw ourselves at the feet of the Grand Duke, and were at a loss for words to express our gratitude. My nuptials

were celebrated in his palace; and since that moment I have endeavoured to please my husband, and the venerable Orsini, who loves me as his own daughter. My father restored me to his love, and my days have glided away embellished by friendship, love, and gratitude; and I give thanks to Heaven for having withdrawn me for a short while from the world, that I might enjoy uninterrupted happiness."

J. R.



LONDON FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH.

THIS is a month in which what actually is worn is comparatively speaking of little consequence, because our *élégantes* are looking anxiously for the spring fashions which are in preparation, though none may actually have appeared. They are this year more than usually backward, nevertheless, we have, but not without considerable trouble, procured such intelligence of what will actually be fashionable during the course of the ensuing month, as may well be relied on.

Silks will replace merinos and cashmeres, for promenade robes; and shawls will supersede mantles. We have seen some shawls of new and very pretty patterns, in what is called satin cashmere; the shawls were square, and of a large size, but the borders though deep, were in smaller and less showy patterns than we have seen for some time: some were of the Egyptian kind, others flowered; the latter were in our opinion the prettiest. Mantelets trimmed with black lace will also be a good deal adopted during the early part of the spring, and boas we have every reason to believe will continue their vogue.

Very little change will take place in the form of walking bonnets; those of sewed Leghorn straw are expected to be in favour, but in the commencement of the season, drawn bonnets will be more so, and satin will retain its favour much longer than it usually does. *Pou de soie* bonnets, trimmed with satin ribbon, will also be in favour in plain walking dress. We have every reason to believe that the size of bonnets will not diminish, at least for some time.

Rice straw is expected this season to maintain its usual supremacy for carriage hats and bonnets; it will not, however, begin to appear before the month of May. In the meantime some new hats of fine Italian straw are expected to be very fashionable; they are called *Chapeaux à la Glaneuse*; the crown is low and placed very backward; the brim very wide and deep, goes entirely round the back of the crown so as to supply the place of a curtain; but we must observe it is more than double the usual depth of a curtain; we must enter our protest against this;

curtains to the backs of hats, let them be made in what manner they will, have an ungraceful effect; the only thing that can in any way diminish this, is the flexibility of the material that they are composed of; but as Italian straw even of the finest kind, has not the pliability of silk, the effect of the appendage is positively unbecoming. The shape will, nevertheless, be fashionable. Some of these hats will be adorned with a long, curled ostrich feather, either white, or of some light hue; which placed far back at the bottom of the crown on one side, will droop round the front of it, and descend on the other side upon the brim; in the interior of which, a tuft of spring flowers is placed on the opposite side. Others have the crowns trimmed with knots of ribbon, a bouquet of flowers on one side, and a single flower corresponding with those of the bouquet in the interior of the brim. Hats of the same shape will be made in silk; and in this latter case the brim will be embroidered in chenille. We may cite as one of the most elegant of these latter, a hat of white *pou de soie*, with a broad embroidery round the brim, in the two shades of green chenille; it represents a wreath of vine leaves. A bouquet of Spanish lilac, ornaments the crown; one sprig of which, traversing the brim, is arranged *en bouquet*, on the left side of the interior, near the face. Drawn bonnets will enjoy in the beginning of the season at least, considerable favour, and there is no doubt that those of satin will be in request during the early part of it; particularly pale rose, light blue, and white. We have already seen some of these bonnets a good deal more trimmed than they were last year. One that struck us as exceedingly elegant, was of white satin, crowned with a long, slender, sprig of moss-roses of the palest shade of red; the ribbons were white *pou de soie*, figured in a light and novel manner with rose, they were arranged in a knot on one side in which the flowers were placed, and another over the curtain at the back. The interior of the brim was trimmed only with a narrow quilling of blond lace, and small knots of ribbon. Satin shawls, and even those of velvet, will be much in request in carriage dress during the month. Those of white cashmere with a rich border in *rosaces* will be still more so. Scarfs of black or coloured *pou de soie* embroidered in coloured silks, or chenille round the borders, are expected to be in very great favour.

Let us now take a look at evening dress, at present in the full meridium of its splendour; we still see rich silks, and even velvets adopted in grand costume for robes, but they are now in a decided minority; as crape, gauze, and *tulle* over satin are in far greater request. We shall cite a few of those most remarkable for the elegance of their style. A white crape robe, a pointed *corsage*, draped *à la grecque*, the draperies

attached by *agraffes* of diamonds. Short tight sleeves covered with three rows of trimming set on full, each fall finished by a narrow *chef d'argent*, placed near the edge. The skirt is trimmed with a very deep flounce, attached to the edge of it; the border and the head of the flounce are trimmed with three *chefs d'argent*, somewhat larger than those on the sleeves. A robe in *tulle illusion* descending only to the calf of the leg, so as fully to display an under-dress, also in *tulle illusion*, over white satin; both the *tulle* dresses were bordered with a *bouillon* of the same materials, which covered a wreath of roses; the effect of this trimming is at once light, elegant, and novel. Short sleeves, *bouillonnées en suite*. The *corsage* was draped in the *demi-cour* style; the draperies formed by bouquets of roses. A tunic of white grenadine gauze over a white satin robe, the tunic shorter than the robes and rounded at the corners. The *corsage* draped on each side to the waist, but open in the centre, displaying the satin one; which was bordered with an embroidery in green silk of oak leaves, with small gold acorns. Hanging sleeves of gauze, over short tight satin ones; the former looped nearly to the shoulder by emerald *agraffes*; the fronts and border of the tunic, were embroidered to correspond with the *corsage*, but upon a larger scale. The bottom of the robe was trimmed with a gauze *bouillonnée*; the *bouillons* formed by *coques* of green satin ribbon.

Turbans are more than ever in vogue. Small *toques*, composed of velvet, or rep velvet, and trimmed with white ostrich feathers, to which *agraffes* of jewels are sometimes added, have within the last month been very much adopted in evening dress. The colours that will be in favour are straw, pea-green, and emerald-green, lilac, azure-blue, pale-rose-colour, and a variety of shades of drab and grey.



PARIS FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH.

THE weather, still cold and gloomy, has not yet permitted our *élégantes* to lighten their out-door costume; thus we see little else but wadded pelisses or mantels composed of satin, in very full colours. The pelisses open at the sides, some are fastened down by buttons, others by velvet straps. A few, and these are certainly the most elegant, are bordered with swans-down. The mantles offer nothing novel, except that those trimmed with fur are but little adopted. Hats most in favour for the moment are those of *velours épingle*, with very large brims, descending nearly to the chin; the interior full trimmed with blond, lightly intermixed with very small flowers, and the crown decorated with a bouquet of *plumes étayées*. If to a hat of this kind, and a mantel or pelisse as above described, a

pair of black satin *bodequins* is added, the costume will be of the most perfect elegance.

Owing to the severity of the weather, the spring fashions are very backward. Some hats of rice straw prepared for *Longchamps*, have the brims entirely round, and the crowns low. The trimming consists of a blond *ruche* at the edge of the brim, and a bouquet *à la Duchesse* of flowers of different kinds placed upon it, at the bottom of the crown. A new silk of a particularly rich kind is expected to appear for undress bonnets, and it is supposed that those of the drawn kind, which have hitherto been so fashionable in *negligé*, will go out of favour; this is however only a report, and we are very much inclined to think it will not turn out true. Italian straw and rice straw, are both expected to maintain their supremacy as half-dress hats, particularly the latter. Silk hats or bonnets are not likely to be very fashionable in half-dress; however, those of *pou de soie* and *moire*, will do doubt be adopted by many *élégantes*. The ribbons for the first will be watered, and for the other plain. Satin ribbons are expected to be generally adopted for Italian straw hats during the whole season. Several rich and very beautiful ribbons of new patterns, and different colours have appeared, and will, it is said, be fashionable for rice straw hats.

A novelty has appeared for dresses which is expected to make quite a sensation; it is in different materials, wrought in the loom in such a manner that the *corsage*, skirt, flounces, sleeves, in short, each piece has a pattern of its own. We have also to notice several new and rich kinds of *pou de soie*, foulards, and fancy silks; the most remarkable of the latter are the *Juanina*, and the *Briseide*. It is yet too early to say what materials will be most in request, but it is generally believed that silks, and particularly foulards, will be most in favour in the early part of the season.

It is impossible as yet to say anything decided as to the forms of robes; very few changes are expected to take place, except in evening dress, for which it is said that open robes will, during the summer, be abandoned. Tight sleeves are expected to continue in favour, but with such modifications as will add to their volume. It does not appear likely that the skirts of dresses will diminish either in length or width. Caps are expected to retain their yogue in evening dress; but *toquess* and turbans will give place to small crape hats, and head-dresses of hair. Flowers will be almost the only ornaments employed for *coiffures en cheveux*. A variety of wreaths, bouquets, and sprigs of a very novel description have appeared for them. The new spring colours will be *osseau*, lilac, apple-green, *poussiere*, and various light shades of rose and blue.

Evening Dress.

GREEN figured satin robe; the front of the skirt is decorated *en tablier*; they are edged with green pipings, and crosses by bands and knots of green ribbon. The *corsage* is draped round the top *à la Sevigné*—the draperies are finished by knots of ribbon. Short sleeves, bouffanted at top and bottom, but tight and trimmed with knots of ribbon in the centre. Head-dress of hair, ornamented with a gold bandeau *à l'Agnes Sorel*, and a superb bouquet of white ostrich feathers.

Morning Visiting Dress.

PELISSE robe composed of pea-green *gros de Printemps*; it is attached down one side of the skirt by a double row of quilled ribbon to correspond. The *corsage*, made quite up to the throat, is trimmed with drapery folds, disposed *en fichu*. Long tight sleeve—the upper part rendered full by a mancheron of three falls; the top and bottom of the sleeve is trimmed with ribbon. Green rep velvet hat, a round deep brim; the interior is trimmed with roses, and the tips of white ostrich feathers. Satin ribbon, and a very full bouquet of white ostrich feathers decorate the crown.

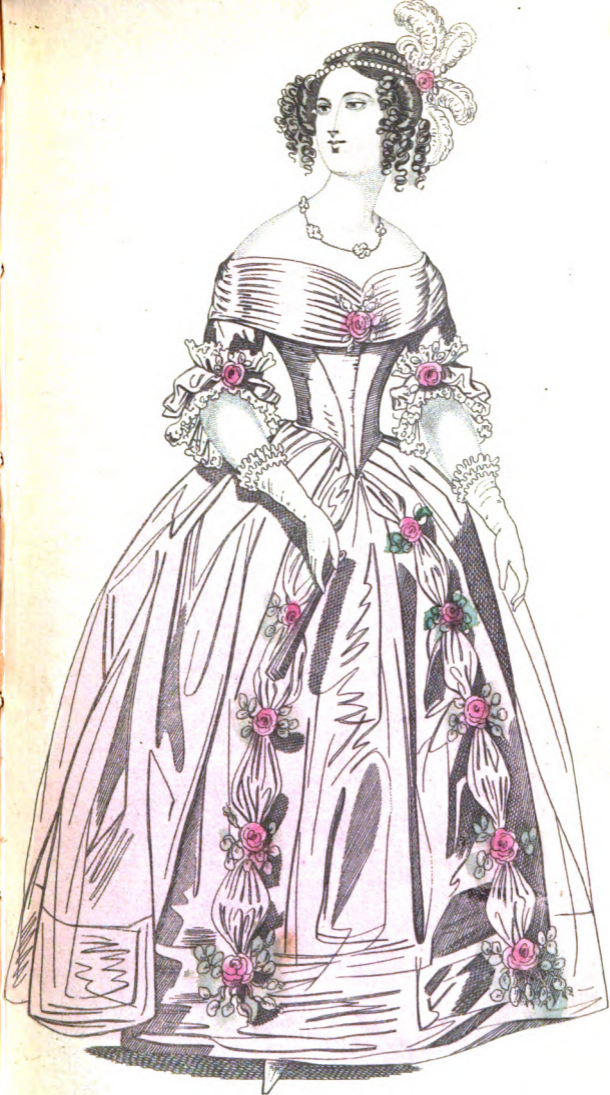
Ball Dress.

ROSE-COLOURED crape robe over satin to correspond; the front is trimmed *en colonne* on each side, with a row of crape *bouillons*; they are formed by bouquets of flowers, diminishing in size as they approach the waist. The *corsage* is pointed at the bottom, and trimmed round the top with a horizontal drapery, disposed in full folds, and ornamented with a rose in the centre. Short sleeve, trimmed with blond lace *manchettes à l'antique*, and roses. The hair, dressed low behind, and in ringlets in front, is decorated with pearls, and a bouquet of ostrich feathers, to which a single flower is added.

Dinner Dress.

ROBE of blue-figured *pou de soie*; the border of the skirt is trimmed with a flounce of English point lace, surmounted by a wreath of *coques* of ribbon to correspond. Plain low *corsage*, pointed, and trimmed with a round pelerine of point lace. Short tight sleeves, with cuffs *en suite*; they are finished by knots of ribbon. *Chapeau toque*, of violet velvet; the interior of the brim is trimmed with a *chef d'argent*; and the crown decorated with two white ostrich feathers.

THE CORN TRADE.—In the neighbourhood of Mark Lane, Corns of various kinds fluctuate from day to day, and naturally create equal excitement amongst both buyers and sellers. But there are Corns of another description which create a still greater and more painful excitement, amongst both large and small holders, but which are not so easily disposed of, as even damaged wheat at Mark Lane. To those holders who are labouring under the annoyances we allude to, we would recommend "Allingham's Rotterdam Corn and Bunion Solvent," as a sure remedy for all their ills in the affair of Corns.



BALL DRESS.
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DINNER DRESS.

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EVENING DRESS. Google



MORNING VISITING DRESS.

THE
LADIES' CABINET
OF
FASHION, MUSIC, AND ROMANCE.

HISTORY OF WOMAN IN MODERN EUROPE.

WHILE OUR religion is derived from Judea, and our intellectual tastes from the Greeks and Romans, the basis of our manners descends to us from the Saxons, Franks, and other tribes of the German race, who overturned the Roman empire, and established themselves upon its ruins.

Our most authentic knowledge of the primitive state of modern Europe is derived from the works of Cæsar and Tacitus. The picture which these authors present to us, displays in part the usual features of savage life, in part others of a better aspect and higher promise. Among the ancient Germans, as in other like conditions of society, all agricultural, as well as household labour devolved upon their women, and the infirm or less respected male members of the community. In Gaul, the husband possessed the power of life and death over his wife. But in Britain, and especially Germany, it seems to have been otherwise; or at least, if such were the legal power of the husband, yet custom had established more of practical equality between the sexes than obtained in Palestine, in Greece, or even in Rome. The Germans, above all other barbarians, held in special regard the singleness of the connubial relation, and the purity of the female character. They married by the interchange of gifts in cattle and arms; for the wife, says Tacitus, that she may not imagine herself beyond the thought of virtue or the vicissitudes of war, is admonished by the very auspices of incipient matrimony, that she comes to be the associate of her husband's toils and dangers, the same to suffer and the same to dare, whether in peace or in battle. But there is a still clearer manifestation, in another place, of our own modern spirit of chivalrous admiration of the sex, animating the rude hearts of these wild hunters of the north. The Germans fought their battles with their wives and families near at hand. These, continues Tacitus, are the sacred witnesses of martial prowess, these its loudest applau-

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ders. Each one carries his wounds to his mother, to his wife; nor do these shrink from numbering or exacting them; and they administer food and exhortation to the combatants. It is had in remembrance, that their line of battle, when already bent and broken, has been restored by their women, with constancy of prayers and bared bosoms, and warnings of coming captivity, which they dread far more intolerably on account of their female connexions. Wherefore, the more effectually to ensure the execution of treaties, noble virgins are demanded as hostages to bind the public faith. For they think there is something holy and fore-seeing in the mind of woman; for which reason they neither despise her counsels nor neglect her answers. Is not all this finely conceived; and an omen of what woman was to be among them, when these uncultivated barbarians should have been exalted, by religious and intellectual teaching, into civilized Christians?

One of the most eminent statesman and profound scholars of our day, M. Guizot, ascribes much of the importance of woman in the social relation of modern Christendom to the peculiar mode of life adopted by the northern invaders almost universally, in connexion with, or in consequence of the introduction of the feudal system. Each baron or landholder established himself in some elevated or otherwise defensible spot, which he fortified, constructing there his feudal castle, where he lived in solitary independence. Who are the inmates of his castle? His wife, his children, his domestics, his military retainers, perhaps a small number of freemen who have no lands themselves, and attach themselves to his fortune. Around the foot of his castle is grouped a little settlement, chiefly composed of serfs, who cultivate his domain, and look to the castle and its military occupants for protection in all emergencies of danger. Under such circumstances, the life of each individual of ingenious condition, except when he was engaged in the chase, or in expeditions of war, was emphatically domestic. In Rome, as in Greece, the life of men was, on the other hand, civic. They dwelt in cities for the most part, repairing to the country only for temporary recreation. The private dwellings, even of the wealthy, were nowise calculated for what we know as to domestic comfort and enjoyment. They had sumptuous dining halls, but none of the commodious apartments for retirement and repose, none of the bright saloons for conversation and domestic association, which belong to modern residences. The social intercourse of men was carried on at the baths, in the forum, and under the basilica, which decorated every considerable town or city. Those of the highest rank in society depended upon the good will and the votes of their fellow-

townsmen for everything which distinguished life, or made it useful and enduring. Hence the great Roman statesman would have his dwelling so constructed that all the citizens of Rome might overlook him in every act and movement of his whole existence. Whereas the baron of the middle ages, living isolated, independent of the world, ever at feud with some of his neighbours, had few or no social resources except in the bosom of his own family, or in the midst of little circles of the same description, allied to him by affinity or friendship. It was for these narrow domestic societies of the baronial hall that so many lays of love and *fabliaux* of the wandering minstrels of that period were composed, giving birth to a delightful fireside literature, quite unknown to classical antiquity. In such habitudes of life, there was full scope for the development of that respectful regard for the female sex, which we have seen to exist in the forests of Germany and Scandinavia.

To the dignity and importance of the female sex, as produced by the combination of circumstances which we have described, namely, the influence of Christianity and the old German deference for women, developed in the peculiar social state of the feudal masters of Europe, there came finally to be added the institution of chivalry. This also had its root in the military usages of the ancient Germans; for the investiture of arms, the fondness for single combats, the painting of shields, and the presence of women at martial sports and exercises, are as plainly recorded in Tacitus as in Froissart or Saint Palaye. At the present time the mind sees much that is exaggerated and extravagant in the maxims and practices of chivalry. Errant knights, roving over the country slaying monsters, combating giants and enchanters, delivering distressed damsels from the hands of cruel oppressors, and seeking adventures all over the world, are alien to existing manners and the fixed civilization of the day. So also are tournaments, jousts, and the deeds of steel-clad knights deciding battles by their single prowess. Amadis de Gaul would at this time be deemed a worse madman than Don Quixote de la Mancha; and Orlando quite as furious in his most sober moments, as when he split solid rocks in twain with his good sword, for the jealousy of the false traitor Medora. Civilization has accomplished all this, by substituting the reign of law for that of violence, diffusing knowledge, and infusing into society such notions of right and wrong as do away with the vocation of individual redressers of injured innocence. And the invention of gunpowder, transferring the decision of battles to the organized action of masses, instead of the rash prowess of a few knights armed in proof, and riding down whole battalions

of helpless archers or billmen, has operated a similar change in the art of war, making it a game of skill, that is, of intellect rather than of mere physical force. But, in those times, when each one did what seemed good in his own eyes, and when every person of ingenuous birth enjoyed the right of private war, there needed something to modify and check the universal lawlessness of men, and to protect the weak, and especially females, from being the victims of perpetual outrage. The evils of the social state, sooner or later work out their own cure. What the world fell upon, as a remedy for the disordered condition of things which we have described, was the institution of chivalry, consisting in the voluntary association of men as knights pledged by promises, and solemn religious sanctions, to do that justice to each other and to society as a point of honour, which the law of the land did not exact, or had no means to enforce. To guard and protect the female sex, in that universal dissolution of society, was the pressing necessity; and it became of course the first point of honour, in the heart of a good knight. He was educated in the baronial hall of his feudal lord; he waited on its mistress as her page; he followed its master in battle as his faithful esquire; in the bower, he acquired the sentiments and the language of courtesy, gallantry and truth; in the court-yard, he trained himself to the feats of arms; in the field, he emulated the prowess of his lord; and thus he grew up to be at once, a brave soldier and a true gentleman. He learned to vow himself to the cause of his lady-love; he wore her scarf in the tourney; he silently invoked her name as he dashed into the *mêlée*; and reflectively he respected the whole sex, through his admiration of her whom he followed as the load-star of his life, and adored as second only to his God. We are not drawing a picture of imaginary scenes proper only to the page of a romance; it is the reality so beautifully described by Burke; "that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom; that untaught grace of life, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness." It is the reality finely exemplified in the actions of Edward the Black Prince, showing by his whole life, that knighthood was no idle extravagance of the obscure adventurers of the middle ages and apocryphal romance of Turpin. It is a state of things which actually existed, from the time of Charlemagne, or soon after, down to the time of

the settlement of America; for at that late period, all the maxims and sports of chivalry continued in full force. France and Spain were ever the nations where it flourished in the greatest splendour. And in the history of the wars waged in Italy between the Spaniards and French, during the reign of Ferdinand and his grandson Charles, we read continually of jousts, single combats, extravagant gallantry, and all the incidents of the early days of chivalry. Gonzalo de Cordova, commander of the Spanish armies, a wise and shrewd man, as well as a brave one; Francis of France, himself; and Bayard. *Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*, a great noble and an eminent general officer, not less than a knight; these were at the very head of the order, mirrors of courtesy, gallantry, and honour, and superlatively famous as such through all Europe.

Thus have we explained, as briefly as we might, the facts in the history of modern European civilization, which moulded the present condition of woman, and gave to her the social position which she now occupies.



SOUTHEY'S LIFE AND WORKS OF COWPER.

(Concluded from p. 242.)

It is remarkable of Cowper, that when relating mere matters of fact, let them be of the most exciting kind, (for instance, in his Narrative of what occurred during his first attack of insanity,) the statements are as clear and simple and low-pitched, as if he were speaking of ordinary topics. We doubt whether many strangers could tell the story half so deliberately and distinctly. So in the letters which describe his sufferings, a temperate tone seems to be borrowed from his very despair; and, as if despair had made him disinterested in the contemplation of his own case, he shuns not to relate every thing, as far, at least, as language can go. He does not, however, press his griefs upon others, nor ask for sympathy, nor betray egotism, as if he were vain of his peculiar affliction. He does not return to the subject from habit, nor does the lapse of time, or frequent recurrence to it, lessen its weight and power. Year after year the description is equally fresh and vigorous, and though the language and images vary, yet the strain is always the same. Let us read one or two passages from his letters to Newton.

“The weather is an exact emblem of my mind in its present state. A thick fog envelopes every thing, and at the same

time it freezes intensely. You will tell me that this cold gloom will be succeeded by a cheerful spring, and endeavour to encourage me to hope for a spiritual change resembling it; but it will be lost labour. Nature revives again; but a soul once slain lives no more. The hedge that has been apparently dead, is not so; it will burst into leaf and blossom at the appointed time; but no such time is appointed for the stake that stands in it. It is as dead as it seems, and will prove itself no dissembler."

"I have been lately more dejected and more distressed than usual; more harassed by dreams in the night, and more deeply poisoned by them in the following day. I know not what is portended by an alteration for the worse, after eleven years of misery. I now see a long winter before me, and am to get through it as I can. I know the ground, before I tread upon it. It is hollow, it is agitated, it suffers shocks in every direction; it is like the soil of Calabria, all whirlpool and undulation. But I must reel through it; at least, if I be not swallowed up by the way."

"My experiences have this belonging to them: that, as they are not fit for recital, being made up merely of infernal ingredients, so neither are they susceptible of it; for I know no language in which they could be expressed. They are as truly things which it is not possible for man to utter as those were which Paul heard and saw in the third heaven. If the ladder of Christian experience reaches, as I suppose it does, to the very presence of God, it has nevertheless its foot in the abyss. And if Paul stood, as no doubt he did, in that experience of his to which I have just alluded, on the topmost round of it, I have been standing and still stand on the lowest, in this thirteenth year that has passed since I descended. In such a situation of mind, encompassed by the midnight of absolute despair, and a thousand times filled with unspeakable horror, I first commenced an author. Distress drove me to it; and the impossibility of subsisting without some employment, still recommends it. I am not indeed so perfectly hopeless, as I was; but I am equally in need of an occupation, being often as much and sometimes even more worried than ever. I cannot amuse myself as I once could with carpenters' or with gardeners' tools, or with squirrels and guinea-pigs. At that time I was a child. But since it has pleased God, whatever else he withholds, to restore to me a man's mind, I have put away childish things. Thus far, therefore, it is plain that I have not chosen or prescribed to myself my own way, but have been providentially led to it; perhaps I might say with equal propriety, compelled and scourged into it; for certainly could

I have made my choice, or were I permitted to make it even now, those hours which I spend in poetry I would spend with God."

One important and regular occupation of Cowper's better years, was letter-writing; genuine letter-writing too, of the most familiar kind, in a correspondence with the nearest friends, and growing out of present occurrences, impressions, and exigencies. The letters may be considered in several points of view. In the first place, they give us the best possible account of the writer. They take up nearly all the ground of an avowed biographer, with the advantage of not doing it on purpose. Where there is any perceptible chasm in the correspondence, there was also a blank, or nearly so, in his mind and history. With the aid of a few notes, the Letters would leave little else to be required for a satisfactory view of his life; such an impression is there of completeness in the information. They are full of him, either as they show his character in every aspect, or his common experience from day to day, or his opinions on recent and indeed on any topics, his estimate of literary obligations, and of the connexion between an author and his reader; or, in fine, as they answer almost every inquiry that could be raised from reading his works generally, or from reading the letters themselves, or the accounts of him that have been furnished by others. It may be proper to add, that to understand the value of the letters in a biographical point of view, or indeed in any other, they should be read in their order, and read through. Such scattered fragments as we find in the life answer the immediate purpose very well, but give a very inadequate idea of the correspondence.

The simple, the precisely stated facts of his early life, are few, though no doubt as numerous as ought to be expected. But he has contrived, by his manner of referring to this period in his letters, to fill it out and make it singularly beautiful and interesting. We cannot say very distinctly what this manner is. Certainly, indefinite allusions, such as his old acquaintance would fully understand, are not likely to give us what we call information. Dim regrets, laughing recollections, and indications on every hand, that while he seems absolutely to live in the past, the present is still in and about him, that he is himself a changed man and yet touched as of old, and even more, by revisiting his former haunts—all these marks of truth and helps to truth would be every thing in the eye of the friend he was writing to. But why is it that they affect us so deeply and familiarly? Without any orderly narrative, without notes to fill up or clear up, all appears luminous, real, present, and entire. And it is all delightful, both for the truth, and the way the truth falls from him; the broken, incidental way; the

absence of all thought of making a dream of boyhood or a choice of its beauties. His feelings illuminate his hints, and they swell into scenes. By knowing his spirit, we are able to interpret, to complete and make real. *We* too were with him at school, at the club, and in Southampton Row, and we are now talking together of our old times and former selves.

But whatever be the topic, and whether of former or present days, he runs on with freedom and lightness; there is not the least appearance of keeping a diary or rendering an account; and no pressure of responsibility, not even from the necessity of getting something ready when he has nothing to say. He takes this very easily; far more easily than Sterne, who says that he made half a dozen different beginnings to say nothing, and could no way please himself. Cowper enters upon the vacuity in the highest spirits. The want of a topic seems to be the best state of things possible to begin a letter. He is "put to entreaty, and there begins new matter." The whole case we are considering is stated in a letter to Unwin.

"You like to hear from me; this is a very good reason why I should write. But I have nothing to say; this seems equally a good reason why I should not. Yet if you had alighted from your horse at our door this morning, and at this present writing, being five o'clock in the afternoon, had found occasion to say to me,—'Mr. Cowper, you have not spoke since I came in; have you resolved never to speak again?' it would be but a poor reply, if in answer to the summons I should plead inability as my best and only excuse. And this by the way suggests to me a seasonable piece of instruction, and reminds me of what I am very apt to forget, when I have any epistolary business in hand, that a little may be written upon anything or nothing, just as that anything or nothing happens to occur. A man that has a journey before him twenty miles in length, which he is to perform on foot, will not hesitate and doubt whether he shall set out or not, because he does not readily conceive how he shall ever reach the end of it; for he knows, that by the simple operation of moving one foot forward first, and then the other, he shall be sure to accomplish it. So it is in the present case, and so it is in every similar case. A letter is written as a conversation is maintained, or a journey performed; not by preconcerted or premeditated means, a new contrivance, or an invention never heard of before, but merely by maintaining a progress, and resolving as a postillion does, having once set out, never to stop till he reach the appointed end. If a man may talk without thinking, why may he not write upon the same terms? A grave gentleman of the last century, a tie-wig, square-toe, Steinkirk figure, would say, 'My good sir, a man has no right to do either.' But it is to be

hoped that the present century has nothing to do with the mouldy opinions of the last; and so, good Sir Launcelot, or Sir Paul, or whatever be your name, step into your picture frame again, and look as if you thought for another century, and leave us moderns in the meantime to think when we can, and to write whether we can or not, else we might as well be dead as you are."

Cowper makes it almost a condition of the correspondent, that he may "scribble away and write his uppermost thoughts, and those only." But these sudden products of his mind bear marks of more than its activity. He can trifle and gossip; and little things have their uses, if a man have the wit or philosophy to find them out. Horace Walpole raised gossip very near to the dignity of a fine art, and could set off sober wisdom the better in a crowd of vanities. With him, however, letter-writing seems to be a profession; while with Cowper, who probably gave to it as much of his time, it commonly has the ease and lightness of something called forth by a pleasing accident; and the riches and variety of his mind would have been far less known but for this sort of irresponsible exercise. And though a letter be gloomy throughout, or one of grave advice, or sympathy, or criticism, or occupied wholly with his literary engagements, the freedom and despatch are equally visible. If heavy spirits and a reluctant genius compel him to make effort, he tells us how it is with him, or we should suspect nothing of the matter, so soon does the exertion create facility.

As to literary merits, the better opinion seems to be that a letter should have none, or at least none which are susceptible of being critically defined. Walpole says, he hates what is called a good letter. Cowper observes, that West's Letters are "elegant and sensible, but have nothing in them that is characteristic, or that discriminates them from the letters of any other young man of taste and learning." Of course the elegance goes for very little. Upon hearing that his own letters had been praised by Unwin for being "entertaining and clever, and so forth," he makes a remonstrance which shows that he thought there must be something wrong in a letter that sought or received admiration.

"I found this consequence attending, or likely to attend the eulogium you bestowed; if my friend thought me witty before, he shall think me ten times more witty hereafter, where I joked once, I will joke five times, and for one sensible remark I will send him a dozen. Now this foolish vanity would have spoiled me quite, and would have made me as disgusting a letter-writer as Pope, who seems to have thought that unless a sentence was well turned, and every period pointed with some conceit, it was not worth the carriage. Accordingly, he is to

me, except in very few instances, the most disagreeable maker of epistles that ever I met with."

To say that his letters have every property of good style which is suitable for such compositions, and yet that they have no style at all, might be deemed (however near the truth) an affected mode of expression; so that we are tempted to specify a few particulars; for instance, the purity of his diction, and the consummate grace and dexterity with which he uses the language. There is a music in the arrangement, which is felt as much, and observed as little, as a pleasant voice in conversation. The sentence takes its shape from the matter, and the manner varies with the topic or feeling, or the party addressed. In short, here is perfect English composition, in its kind, and a reigning harmony; and the result is, that a body of familiar letters, in the first copy, has passed into English libraries as a monument of prose, and an established classic unequalled in its own department.

It is agreeable to know that Cowper found relief and amusement in his part of the correspondence. It was more to him than an exercise and expression of his love, and was rewarded with more than a grateful reply. We may see the diversion it afforded him, in one striking characteristic of the Letters; we mean the unexpected turn he gives to common things, and usually a playful one. The grotesque is delicately applied to raise and set off a very simple matter. The comic and serious are so mixed as to have the effect, with seemingly no purpose, of irony. He is evidently amused himself; but to all appearance he is entertained with something he has discovered in the thing he is describing, and not with the whimsical conceits it has suggested. It was of great moment to his happiness, that his fancy should be easily directed to objects that would make it active without producing strong emotion; and he seems to have so trained it to his service, that he could go to it for relief in his dejection as hopefully as another might have recourse to music. In the milder states of his melancholy, his strange and diverting fancies came forth like the day-spring, to mingle with and scatter the throng of shadows. But sometimes he wrote his merriest pieces under the influence of despair itself, as if it were the inspiring power, and the flashes and floods had waited till the cloud were thickest. How much of real joy there was in such a revel, is hidden. Madness, we may suppose, has many alleviations of which we know nothing; and Dr. Southey has suggested one in the case of Cowper, which though foreign to that we have just spoken of, may have a place here.

"Our retrospect of any individual's history is coloured by

the fortune of his latter days, as a drama takes its character from the catastrophe. A melancholy sentiment will always for this reason prevail, when Cowper is thought of. But though his disease of mind settled at last into the deepest shade, and ended in the very blackness of darkness, it is not less certain that before it reached that point, it allowed him many years of moral and intellectual enjoyment. They who have had most opportunity of observing and studying madness in all its mysterious forms, and in all its stages, know that the same degree of mental suffering is not produced by imaginary causes of distress as by real ones. Violent emotions, and outbreaks of ungovernable anger are at times easily excited, but not anguish of mind, not that abiding grief which eats into the heart. The distress, even when the patient retains, like Cowper, the full use of reason upon all other points, is in this respect like that of a dream,—a dream, indeed, from which the sufferer can neither wake nor be awakened; but it pierces no deeper, and there seems to be the same dim consciousness of its unreality.”

We will close with one more extract from the *Life*, that is not without a cheering influence, though its tone is melancholy.

“Happily there was nothing irksome in any of the business to which he was called. His correspondence,—except only when, upon writing to Mr. Newton, and to him alone, the consciousness of his malady arose in his mind,—was purely pleasurable. He had his own affliction, and that was of the heaviest kind; but from the ordinary cares and sorrows of life no man was ever more completely exempted. All his connexions were prosperous. Mr. Unwin was the only friend, whose longer life must have appeared desirable, of whom death bereaved him. From the time when in the prime of manhood he was rendered helpless, he was provided for by others; that Providence which feeds the ravens, raised up one person after another to minister unto him. Mrs. Unwin was to him as a mother; Lady Hesketh as a sister; and when he lost in Unwin one who had been to him as a brother, young men, as has already been seen, in the instance of Rose, supplied that loss with almost filial affection. Sad as his story is, it is not altogether mournful; he had never to complain of injustice, nor of injuries, nor even of neglect. Man had no part in bringing on his calamity; and to that very calamity which made him ‘leave the herd’ like ‘a stricken deer,’ it was owing that the genius which has consecrated his name, which has made him the most popular poet of his age, and secures that popularity from fading away, was developed in retirement; it would have been blighted had he continued in the course for which he was

trained up. He would not have found the way to fame, unless he had missed the way to fortune. He might have been happier in his generation; but he could never have been so useful; with that generation his memory would have passed away, and he would have slept with his fathers, instead of living with those who are the glory of their country and the benefactors of their kind."

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THE GREEN BIRD OF DEATH;

A WEICH LEGEND.

THERE is a legend current in South Wales, to the following purport, which the writer of the subjoined stanzas first learned from an inhabitant of that part of Wales. It is supposed that at the death of the virtuous, the soul of some departed relative—of a mother, sister, or lover,—returned in the shape of a beautiful green bird, giving warning to the dying beloved, with its wild, sweet song, and calling on the parting soul, to be its companion in flight to the Spirit Land. This beautiful, though sorrowful visitant, is called, "The Green Bird of Death."

I.

Their loud hymn of triumph the night-winds were swelling
 And deep lay the snow on the blossomless heath,
 When around the low roof of a desolate dwelling,
 Was heard the wild song of the Green Bird of Death.
 Within that lone cottage a maiden lay dying—
 Consumption's chill balm on her bosom was pressed;
 And o'er her still slumber a mother was sighing,
 When the notes of the Death-Bird awoke her from rest.—

II.

"Ah! heard I aright? came that wild lay of sadness
 From the Bird of sweet promise? is Death then at hand?"
 Said the maid—"hast thou come from the bowers of gladness,
 To waft me away to the fair Spirit Land?
 Spread, spread thy green pinions! my faint soul is pining
 To bathe in the breezes that fan thy bright wing,
 And bask in that summer, eternally shining,
 O'er which dreary winter, no shadow can fling.

III.

"Oh breathe not thy song in the accents of sorrow,
 For why should the soul of Cuthullan repine,
 When, long ere the slow-dawning beams of to-morrow,
 My spirit shall mingle in rapture with thine?
 Come, take my last sigh then, thou soul of my lover,
 And bear me away from this cold world of pain,
 To that bright music shore which no eye may discover,
 But his who hath sailed over death's gloomy main.

IV.

"Spread, spread thy green pinions! life's poor lamp is wasting,
 Its oil hath run low—can the flame longer live?
 Its letters are burst, and my spirit is tasting
 The breeze of that blest shore death only can give."
 No more said the maiden; with gentle emotion
 Her soul with her lover's hath taken its flight,
 Like two fond birds of spring, they shall cross the dark ocean—
 Before them the day-dawn—behind them the night—

THE WIDOW OF ST. HELIER.

(Continued from p. 199.)

ALBERT was now in the hands of the police; and as the banker had offered a liberal reward for his apprehension upon suspicion of embezzlement, there appeared no hopes of bribing them to permit his escape; it was true indeed that Albert was innocent of the fact with which he was charged, but he knew enough of the horrors of a prison and the great delay that took place before trial, not to make an effort to obtain his release; he therefore determined that no means should be left untried to accomplish this desirable end upon the first opportunity that should offer.

The officers of justice having, as in duty bound, lodged the runaway in prison, where left to himself, he felt anxious to learn something, if possible, of the fate of Angelica, whom he considered had been so cruelly immured in the cells of the guardhouse; for which purpose he diligently inquired of the jailor who brought him his first meal after his incarceration, whether he could satisfy him in any of the particulars before alluded to, relating to her, whose fate was now so closely interwoven with his own happiness; the jailor replied "that he had heard the police say, that they had not as yet caught Angelica, and that they had invented the falsehood merely to play upon the credulity of the old man, whose eagerness to know the object and result of their pursuit, they began to suspect was not without cause, and that he knew something either of you or of Angelica?" "Then they did not see Angelica?" resumed Albert—somewhat relieved by this reply, and losing all remembrance of himself in the sudden transport he received from this assurance of the safety of Angelica. "Yes," replied the fellow "they did overtake the young lady in the disguise of a postman, and were just upon the point of seizing her, when she escaped by retreating into the forest. The police were at the top of a hill, and she was in the road at the bottom of it; upon seeing them she spurred her horse, and entered into one of the cross roads which leads from the heath into the wood. They lost her when they had arrived at the point of the cross ways, therefore do not know what has become of her; she may, and it is very likely, have fallen into the hands of the robbers with which the forest is infested."

Albert, after this conversation, was in nowise relieved from his apprehensions respecting the fate of Angelica; she has, thought he, escaped the brutality of the agents of police only to fall into the merciless hands of robbers.

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While these reflections agitated and disturbed the mind of Albert during his confinement in prison, it was some relief to him to be allowed a slight exercise in the yard of the jail—a favour permitted only to prisoners for debt. During one of these daily walks he became acquainted with a fellow prisoner, a German, who had got into his present difficulties, (for he was imprisoned for debt) in a most singular manner, and whose previous history was so striking that it even interested the heart-broken Albert, to whom he disclosed it; and as some circumstances in the future career of our lovers are mingled with his fate, we cannot do otherwise than introduce to our readers the

HISTORY OF THE GERMAN PRISONER, AS RELATED BY HIMSELF.

MY name is Adolphus of A——. My grandfather, William of A——, of a German family, followed the arms and fortunes of Frederick of Prussia; and having filled a command in his armies, he obtained honours and settlements for his posterity in that monarch's newly-acquired dominions. It is not without reason, nor for the sole mention of his merits and the honour thus communicated to me as his descendant, that I have thus introduced William of A——, for it is hence that my present misfortune takes its first source.

William of A——, like most of the German barons, was possessed of that pride of ancestry which is equally their foible and their virtue; sometimes the motive to the most destructive ambition, as at other times to deeds of the most exalted glory. With this passion, therefore, of illustrious lineage, the only aim of all the efforts of William of A——, was to add something more to his hereditary blazon, and fill up those quarters of his arms which the wings of the imperial eagle still left vacant for his ambition. For this purpose he had early in life solicited and obtained the hand of Ellinor of the house of B——, the only issue of which marriage was my father, Conrade of A——. Conrade, from his earliest infancy, was thus the boast and sole pleasure of his father, not from any natural affection, for it is the unhappy effect of pride that nature itself is lost in its superior domination, but from the sole suggestions of ambition, which were thus amply gratified in viewing in the young Conrade the offspring of the united houses of B—— and A——. Such were the emotions with which he regarded my father whilst yet in early life; it is not, therefore, difficult to divine to what point he directed his wishes when he saw him advanced to manhood.—“My son,” he would say, displaying his emblazoned shield and coat, “you behold these arms; in this quarter you see the house of Saxony, in that the ensigns of Brunswick, here is the eagle of Austria, and there the red-cross

of Malta ! These, my son, have been the acquisitions of my illustrious fathers. Nor has my own life been barren, and the house of B—— beholds here her transplanted ensign. Something, however, still remains for thee—be it thine to fill this vacant quarter.”

Thus would William address my father, concluding his harangue by an enumeration of proud heiresses whom he deemed worthy of his alliance, and in whom he considered no other merit than their red, black, or blue eagles. All this, however, was lost upon my father, whose attention was pre-occupied by an object which all the eagles of the united circles would have in vain assailed.

In the same house with my father, and under the protection of my grandfather, was a young orphan, the daughter of a knight, who in confidence of a long friendship had committed her upon his death-bed to the guardianship of William of A——. The young Lisabetta had beauty and merit, which in any other country than Germany would have made her equal to any alliance, however honourable ; one thing, however, she wanted—she had no spread eagle in her arms ; of what importance then were her charms or virtue ! Conrade, however, was of sentiments somewhat different ; when he saw her, he thought not of her fathers arms. In one word, he listened to the impulses of nature ; and as the young Lisabetta was more beautiful than any other object he had ever beheld, he very naturally thought her more deserving of love. He was not long, therefore, before he felt this passion in its full violence ; something in his mistress, perhaps, encouraged him to hope, and this hope led him to an effort to realize his prospects by an explicit declaration.

Lisabetta, upon her part, had nothing of a German soul ; she was sensible of the merit of her lover, accepted his passion, and accompanied her acceptance, perhaps, with some earnest of future favour. In one word, the affair at length proceeded so far that my father solicited her to a private marriage. Pleading with all the eloquence of love, the most eloquent of all the passions, the misery of a life thus consumed in vain and hopeless wishes. Lisabetta, with wishes perhaps as ardent, though more repressed than his own, gently repelling the too warm embrace which accompanied these entreaties, would here recal to his mind his duty to his father, and with the pardonable hypocrisy of her sex, solicited him with affected earnestness to seek some alliance to which his family might consent —“ Alas, I have neither titles nor domains ! I can give you nothing but myself. This may be enough indeed for you ; but will it suffice for your father ?”

Thus would Lisabetta address him, to which he would answer with mingled caresses and reasoning.—“And is it my own happiness or the caprice of my father that I am chiefly to consider? If there be a duty of the son to the father, is there no corresponding obligation of a father to a son? No, my Lisabetta, neither the gratitude of the son, nor the reasonable demands of the father, can extend to a sacrifice like this. Must a son obey the father who should command him to take away his own life? But to extort the sacrifice of my love, is not this the same tyranny, and would it not be followed by the same effect? Could I survive the loss of thee! Ah, no, my Lisabetta; I can live without titles, but what could preserve my life if deprived of thee!”

This reasoning, however disputable by a professor, was sufficient for Lisabetta; she listened, therefore, and was persuaded. In a word, they were privately married the same evening, the ceremony being performed by the chaplain of the castle.

The secret of their love, and still more that of their marriage, was well preserved from the knowledge of my grandfather; and indeed the foible of his character rendered this deception more easy. As he had never himself known what it was to be in love, nor indeed experienced any of the tender passions, having never sighed except for a spread eagle, nor ever adored any charms of a lady except what were comprehended in her coat of arms, he had never indulged any suspicion, and on suspecting nothing he had overlooked everything which had escaped the lovers. It was true, they had some difficulty to repress their mutual affection within the limits of prudence, and their involuntary ardour would not unfrequently attract the regard of the old nobleman. This they chiefly experienced in the first months of their union, in that season when the novelty of the happiness of wedded love illumined their eyes with the satisfaction and extacy of their hearts. Lisabetta too was here most imprudent; her affection, though more modest and tempered, was at the same time more tender than that of my father's, and thus would break out in a thousand shapes, which as being more delicate were more involuntary. These, as I have said, would often attract the attention of my grandfather, and momentary suspicion would then perhaps dart into his mind; but he no sooner examined it than it vanished.

In this manner, therefore, for some months rolled on the first season of their love; each only living for the other, and forgetting everything, friends, fame, and fortune, in the sweet oblivion of wedded bliss. Their days glided on either unregarded in their course, or only regarding as adding to their transports, each daily discovering some new source of admiration, some charm of mind or person in the other.

As they walked with linked arms through the woods which embosomed in their dark foliage the antique turrets of the castle, and the birds inspired by the genial warmth of the season, raised their songs around them, whilst they thus listened to the general carol of nature, Lisabetta raising her eyes to the face of Conrade:—"These too," she would say, "are happy, and perhaps from the same cause as ourselves—they love." And then reclining on the shoulder of her husband, would receive the chastened embrace, which nuptial love can only confer. In this manner, I say, revolved the first months after their secret union, their happiness thus increasing and uninterrupted by any apprehension. At the end of this time, however, a circumstance happened which produced no great perplexity at the moment it occurred, but has been in its effect the cause of my present condition. In a word, their union was followed by the usual consequence, a circumstance which, in any other situation, would have confirmed their happiness, but under their present necessity was only full of embarrassment. It was necessary, however, to take some resolution; my mother's pregnancy was now six months advanced, and farther concealment, unless from removal, was impossible. There still remained the same argument against any disclosure to my grandfather; the weight of these reasons was even increased, for he had at length resolved on an alliance with the family of a neighbouring baron; but as he was at that time absent, he had hitherto delayed any proposal of the union to my father. My father's knowledge, however, of this circumstance, together with his observation of the increasing pride of my grandfather, for his predominant foible, like all other passions, had only gained new strength from time, rendered him still less willing to hazard this discovery. Nothing therefore remained but a temporary removal, a thing which appeared difficult to effect.

From this perplexity my father was removed by one of those accidents by which a propitious fortune sometimes relieves us from an embarrassment, when all our efforts to that purpose have been but fruitless. A sister of my grandfather, the Lady Margaret A—, was at this period upon a visit at his castle. As the situation of my father and mother required the greatest secrecy in their visits, my father was in the habit of retiring first to his own chamber, and thence, by the assistance of a young maid-servant, the confidant of her mistress, withdrawing secretly to that of his wife; one night the Lady Margaret, occupied upon some letters of importance, had remained later than usual in her chamber without retiring to her bed; my father, believing all the house at rest, withdrew, according to his ordinary custom, to the apartment of my mother. They had already fallen asleep in each other's arms, when the door sud-

denly opened, and the Lady Margaret entered in search of something she required. Throwing her eyes upon Lisabetta her surprise can scarcely be conceived when she thus beheld them locked in mutual embraces. Forgetting every thing but the villainy, as she imagined it, of my father, in thus seducing the orphan whom his family honour bound him to protect, and beholding such a spectacle with so much the more anger, as Lisabetta had long been her most favoured companion; with these emotions, therefore, she hesitated not to awake them, and pour upon them those reproaches which she judged them so well to merit.

This, as may be expected, produced an immediate explanation. The conclusion of which was, that the Lady Margaret immediately embraced the trembling and blushing Lisabetta, thus acknowledging her with repeated caresses as her niece.

Their embarrassment was now over; the Lady Margaret, upon a pretence of a visit, removed her from the castle to her own house in Cambrai, where she soon brought forth a daughter, who in honour of her sponsor and protectress, was christened by the name of Margaret. And it was agreed further between my father and his aunt, that the child should be considered in the surrounding province as an orphan committed by a dying parent to the trust of Lady Margaret.

After this event my mother again returned to the castle of my grandfather, and thus to the arms of her husband. In the following year my grandfather died, leaving to my father the inheritance of his lands and honours. In the same year, and within a few months after that event, my mother gave birth to myself, but fell a victim to the severity of her illness upon that occasion. Nothing for a time could equal the grief of my father upon this loss. What, however, will not time subdue? His sorrows softened by degrees into a tender melancholy, a tone of mind he still retains, and which the virtues of my mother so well deserved.

My father, immediately upon the death of my grandmother (being thus relieved from all necessity of further concealment), had dispatched a messenger to the Lady Margaret requiring the child, accompanied with grateful acknowledgments for her past cares. The messenger, however, soon returned with the report that the Lady Margaret had left Cambrai, being called over to the Spanish court in attendance upon the Queen. She had carried the young Margaret with her, exhibiting towards her a warmth of affection which had already excited the suspicions of the city and its vicinity that her relationship was nearer than was given out. The sudden death of my mother, and the consequent grief of my father, prevented any repetition of the

inquiry for some time, at the expiration of which period my father became so attached to me, and so occupied with objects of ambition, that the remembrance of an absent daughter, a child never beheld but in its earliest infancy, gradually vanished from his memory. This effect was accelerated, and perhaps in some degree justified, by his persuasion of her welfare, and his confidence in the kindness and ready affection of the Lady Margaret, which she had ever showed equally towards himself and his daughter. From these causes, therefore, he now desisted from any further inquiry, and in full assurance of my sister's happiness, permitted her to remain uninterrupted and unclaimed under the protection of her aunt.

In this manner elapsed the period between her infancy and the moment of my misfortune, an event so late as a few preceding months. At this period my father received information that the Lady Margaret had died suddenly, and that her property, no other heirs appearing, had devolved upon himself. He now for the first moment thought of his daughter, whom the sudden death of her protectress might have left in a state which would require his immediate presence. He therefore resolved to dispatch me in search of my sister; and having summoned me to his apartment to instruct me in what was necessary for this design, he now for the first time informed me that I had a sister, and concluded with a relation of all that I have now narrated.

The following morning I commenced my journey towards Cambray, for the purpose of seeking and restoring my sister to her name and family. I pursued my road without interruption, and at the end of some days arrived in the city. My father's commands were, that my first inquiries should be made at the hotel d'A——, in Cambray; and that I should endeavour at this late residence of the Lady Margaret to obtain full information as to my sister and her present condition. I accordingly hastened thither the moment of my arrival, and my surprise was great indeed at the result of my inquiry.

Fortune happened to throw in my way one of the most confidential attendants of their late lady. From her I learned, that her deceased mistress, in a moment of rashness during her final illness, had made a vow, that her adopted daughter should take the veil, and had sent her to a convent for that purpose. The name of this religious house, however, had been carefully concealed from every one; for she justly conjectured that the knowledge of her death would summon around the young Margaret all those friends who had hitherto appeared to have forgotten her, and that thus her vow might be rendered ineffectual. The same rashness, therefore, which led her to make such an

arbitrary vow, led her likewise to exert her efforts to secure its execution.

The convent, to which my sister was secretly conducted, was unknown to her domestics; they were even in doubt whether it was in Spain, where she died, or in the vicinity of Cambray. All my inquiries with regard to these circumstances were fruitless, and I was already preparing to leave the city to return to my father, when an incident, which the evil genius of my life had been long preparing to blast my future happiness in its very bud, at once discovered to me the object of my search and the cause of my misfortune—at once stained my hand in blood, and expelled me as a murderer, with the cry of justice at my heels, from my family and country!

(To be continued.)



POETRY AT THE CLOSE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

No one did more to encourage the false taste so apparent in the poetry of the latter part of the last century, than Dr. Darwin; and no man was ever more signally its victim. He was a person of eccentric turn of mind, but of great ability, and of acknowledged eminence in his medical profession. Some idea of his character, if the old proverb can be trusted, may be gathered from that of his intimate associates. One of these was Thomas Day, the ingenious author of *Sandford and Merton*. He was an enthusiast on the subject of education; and in order to give a practical illustration of his theory, as well as to secure a wife of quite a superior order, he took two very young girls from the foundling hospital, and undertook to educate them in entire seclusion. But nature got the better of Mr. Day; his interesting pupils were always biting and scratching each other, and in the course of a few months, as we are informed by Miss Seward, "he was heartily glad to separate the little squabblers." Next he determined to try the experiment upon one; but, after persevering for some time, gave up in despair, because he found his little phoenix so destitute of self-command, notwithstanding his excellent lessons, as to scream when he poured melted sealing-wax upon her arm, and to exhibit some symptoms of fear, when he discharged a loaded pistol at her. This remarkable experiment in education forms the basis of a portion of the story of Miss Edgeworth's novel of *Belinda*. Dr. Darwin's pursuits lay in a different line, though he seems to have been possessed by a similar spirit; the schemes of both remind us of those of Swift's philosophers,

who laboured to extract sunbeams from cucumbers, and gunpowder from ice.

It was at a late period of life, that Darwin resolved to become a poet; he having judiciously avoided the muses for many years, lest they should entice him from his professional pursuits. His general plan appears to have been, to exhibit the processes of nature, the results of philosophical discovery, and the nature and operations of all things in the vegetable, animal, and mineral kingdoms, in poetry;—refractory subjects these, and hard to be brought under the discipline of rhyme. The Doctor was aware of this, and in order to avoid the difficulty, invested his material substances with active qualities, and resorted, like Pope, to the Rosicrusian machinery of nymphs, and gnomes, and sylphs; forgetting that Pope had only used it for the purpose of burlesque. But no one can feel much sympathy with steel, however malleable it may be, or with stone, even though it be made to move and talk; nor is it much easier to enter into the loves and feelings of the plants, a subject which figures largely in one of Darwin's most celebrated productions. This production was ingeniously ridiculed in a poem, entitled the Loves of the Triangles, in which cones, and cylinders, and cubes, are animated with the tender passion; and if we may judge from the remarks of Miss Seward, it would be rather difficult to determine which of the two poems is the better satire on the other. The versification of Darwin is harmony itself; it delights the ear, even when it makes no impression on the mind. Sometimes his extravagances are so startling, as to seem like the interpolation of some crafty satirist; as, for example, the passage in which he compares good old Dr. Franklin, the very last man who would be likely to indulge in such vagaries, to the god of love, laughing, stamping, snapping his fingers, and breaking thunderbolts upon his knee. The real difficulty with his poetry is, that it gives the reader the idea of an ingenious piece of workmanship, wrought without the slightest trace of feeling; it is beautiful, but as inanimate as the spirit of the frozen ocean. So it is with his philosophy; it exhibits much sagacity and learning, disfigured by a spirit of wild and visionary theory. He considers all animals, in the language of Falstaff, as the sons of their own works;—as originally springing from mere filaments of matter, which are improved into various degrees of perfection by the effort to obtain the means of subsistence; the advances of each generation being regularly transmitted to succeeding ones. These filaments first attain to the dignity of oysters, which acquire legs and arms by their efforts to reach the water, when they are left dry by the ebbing of the tide. They labour to rise

above the rock, and the effort produces wings; they go on in the way of improvement, until by much study and hard labour, they become transformed into birds; and so on. It is represented as rather a striking instance of this march of matter, that the legs of certain aquatic birds were gradually lengthened by the habit of wading in the water, on their fishing expeditions; and a French naturalist has literally carried out this theory, by insisting that the long neck of the giraffe was acquired by its practice of browsing upon the branches of trees. Darwin was not the only believer in this odd theory; nor would we intimate, that his theories in general partake of quite so wild a character; but his judgment appears in most instances to have been subordinate to his fancy. He was much admired for a season, and was regarded with great respect by critics; but we doubt whether his works were ever read with much enthusiasm; if it were so, their day has long since past, and they now enjoy a quiet sleep, very secure from interruption, in the venerable dust of libraries. There is an incident in his personal history, which furnishes a tolerably apt illustration of his poetical system, and its fate. In order to improve upon the old-fashioned mode of riding, he built a platform on his horse's back, on which he perched himself in triumph, undertaking to guide his movements by a system of machinery, something like that of the wheel of a rudder. One day, while circumnavigating after this singular fashion, the animal made an unexpected tack, which brought the doctor to the earth with great expedition, and lamed him for life. But his fall from his poetical Pegasus was even more signal; what was believed to be sublime was at last pronounced turgid, and Dr. Darwin was forgotten.

There was the more room for the display of this perverted taste, because, during the whole period in question, comparatively little poetry appeared of a very exalted order. Great genius, manifested in commanding effort, is the only effectual purifier of declining taste; never is the atmosphere of pestilence more surely generated, than when the elements have long been sleeping. The fastidious muse of Gray belongs but partly to this period, a portion of his few poems being of an earlier date; Goldsmith wandered only for a moment in the fields of fancy; and Beattie sang but a solitary strain, "at the close of the day, when the hamlet was still." Southey has collected specimens of the poetry of the day, and it is surprising to perceive how small a portion of its authors is remembered.



ON COMETS.*

THE history of this branch of astronomy dates back only about two centuries. The accounts of comets that have come down to us from earlier times, although somewhat numerous, and in many cases relating to extraordinary celestial objects, are nevertheless so vague, and in all probability so exaggerated, as to be of little value. While the opinion prevailed, that comets were temporary fires lighted up in our own atmosphere, that is, of the same nature with those transient meteors that attract a momentary gaze and disappear, no exact observations were made, and no pains seem to have been taken to verify an hypothesis so hastily and generally received. It appears not a little strange to us of the present day, that it did not occur to men so acute, and sagacious as Aristotle and others, who evidently had paid some attention to this subject, that meteors, and all atmospherical objects are to be seen only over a small extent of the earth's surface, and that they are seen in opposite directions from places not very remote from each other. Now it is very well known, that when a comet presents itself, it is not only seen over an extent of thousands of miles, but it seems to occupy throughout this region, the same place in the heavens. It appears in the same constellation, and near the same star. The path of a comet, traced among the stars, is essentially the same to European and American observers. It is hence manifest, without having recourse to any exact observations, that comets cannot be very near the earth, as the ancient astronomers supposed; that they must be far removed out of our atmosphere even to the region of the planets. This important circumstance was first fully ascertained by Tycho Brahe; and being well established, it was sufficient of itself to overthrow the ancient doctrine on this subject. One reason, no doubt, why this crude opinion prevailed so long, was the belief in the existence of solid crystal orbs supporting the planets, and wheeling one within the other. The idea of large bodies, like what we now understand the comets to be, intersecting and traversing those solid spheres of crystal, was wholly inadmissible and irreconcilable with the received notions, touching the heavenly bodies; a striking example of the tendency of error to propagate itself.

Comets being thus recognized as very distant bodies like the planets, the next inquiry was to ascertain the paths they

* *Descometes en general et en particulier de celles qui doivent paraître en 1832, et 1835.* Par M. Arago, Membre du Bureau des Longitudes. 18mo. Paris. 1836.

described, and the laws which govern their motions. The keen and penetrating eye of Newton was now directed to this subject, and comets at once assumed the dignity of planets, revolving round the same central body, describing the same kind of curves, preserved in their places by the same forces, subjected to the same laws, and differing only, or principally in this—that their orbits are more oval, or more elongated, and lie in all manner of directions. This bold position was put to the test, in the case of the remarkable comet of 1680, which presented itself at this critical juncture, as if to vindicate this class of bodies of which it was so splendid a representative. The genius of Newton triumphed in this as in all his great enterprises; and comets now began to be regarded as an important part of the solar system. To put this rational and sublime theory beyond all question, and to convince the world of its truth, it was only necessary to identify a comet as one which had before appeared, or, in other words, to foretel the return of one of these bodies, and delineate beforehand its path through the heavens. This nice and difficult task was undertaken and accomplished by Halley. By comparing a comet which appeared in 1682, and which he saw himself, with one which was observed in 1607, they seemed to describe one and the same orbit. It was not to be supposed that two comets would follow each other in identically the same path round the sun. It was fairly presumed, therefore, that these were not two separate comets, but different appearances of one and the same comet; and that the interval between 1607 and 1682, or about 75 years, was the time employed to complete a revolution. This conclusion was rendered still more probable by going back about 75 years further, namely to 1531, when we find a comet described, that, from the observations that have come down to us, evidently pursued the same track through the heavens, which was described by that of 1607, and that of 1682. If any doubt remained of the identity of these comets, it must certainly be removed, when we are told further, that at another interval of the same length, that is to say, in the year 1456, there is a record of a comet whose path seemed evidently to correspond with those already referred to.

With such evidence before him, Halley ventured to infer that the comet of 1682 revolved round the sun, in about seventy-five or seventy-six years, and that consequently it might be expected to appear again, after the lapse of another such period. He accordingly had the courage and the good fortune to predict that this same comet would return towards the close of the year 1758, or the beginning of 1759. The time of a revolution seemed to be liable to considerable variation, which

might be attributed, with great probability, to the attraction of the planets. To fix the time of the predicted return, as precisely as the nature of the case would admit, Clairaut undertook to calculate the effect which the larger planets, Jupiter and Saturn, would have in accelerating or retarding the motion of the comet, the result of which was, that the return of the comet to its perihelion would be delayed, by these two planets, about one year and eight months. The time fixed by Clairaut for the comet's reaching its point of nearest approach to the sun, was the 4th of April. He observed, at the same time, that he might err a month, by neglecting small quantities in the calculation. The comet was first seen near Dresden, by a peasant, on the 25th of December, 1758, thus verifying the prediction of Halley; and it passed its point of nearest approach to the sun, the 13th of March, 1759, within thirty-three days of the time fixed by Clairaut, for the perihelion passage, and accordingly falling within the assigned limits, and has since appeared seventy-five years later, that is, in 1835. The fulfilment of this memorable prediction, placed the theory of comets upon a sure basis. It has not only confirmed those who had entered into all the *a priori* reasoning upon the subject, but it was of a nature to carry conviction to the unlearned and the sceptical, to convert the mass of mankind, and make them firm believers, not only in the new doctrine respecting comets, but in the whole science of modern astronomy. A comet is no longer a meteor, a transient fire in our atmosphere. It is no longer a messenger of evil. It is no longer to be dreaded as a mysterious and unwelcome intruder among the celestial luminaries. It is to be ranked among the great works of nature. It is not only a curious object to behold, but it affords an interesting subject of contemplation. We delight to trace it through its long journey of three-fourths of a century; and when the eye can no longer distinguish it, to follow it in imagination, as it pursues its upward flight, leaving planet after planet far behind, penetrating the unexplored depths of space, with an almost inexhaustible force, and not curving its ascent, till it has doubled the distance of the most remote of the planetary bodies.



THE TINMAN OF NEW-YORK;

A TRAVELLING LEGEND.

(Concluded from p. 231.)

THE evening had set in when our travellers entered the Bay of Saranac, scarcely less distinguished for its beauty, and far

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more renowned in history, than that of Burlington. It was here that the gallant M'Donough, now, with his famous contemporaries Decatur and Perry, gone to immortality, won laurels that will never fade while the grass is green on the bank that overlooks the bay, or the water runs in the Saranac River. Reuben and Minerva had both been known, the former intimately, to these distinguished men, and the scene recalled them to mind as if they had perished yesterday.

They remembered the simplicity which marked the characters of the two young sailors, who were united in glory, and might be said to be united in death, in the flower of their age.

"What a striking figure was M'Donough!" cried Minerva.

"And what a sweet, mild, yet manly expression was in the blue eye of Perry!" replied Reuben. "Both were of a high class of men, but they neither of them equalled Decatur. I knew him well, and have studied his character. He was one of the few—the very, very few great men I ever met with. There are plenty of great men in this world, my dear Minerva"—Dear Minerva! thought our heroine—"of a certain kind. Some are great by virtue of high station, some by high birth, some by chance, and some by necessity. Nature makes these by dozens; but a truly great man is a rare production."

Minerva listened with enthusiasm to this eulogium on one of her favourite heroes, and watched with delighted interest the glow which gradually mantled the cheek, the fire that lightened in the eye of the young man as he dwelt on a theme so animating. A silence of some minutes followed, which was suddenly interrupted by Minerva—

"Pray, what were you and my cousin talking about so long?"

It was well that the moon was just then obscured by a cloud, else Reuben would inevitably have been detected in the absurd act of blushing up to the eyes, not only by Minerva, but by the fashionable picturesque-hunting party—but now we think of it, these last were gone to bed "tired to death."

Minerva, however, perceived a hesitation in his speech, and an embarrassment of manner which excited her apprehensions.

"I entreat you, Reuben, to answer me one question. Have you and my cousin quarrelled?"

"No, on my honour."

"You seemed deeply interested in the conversation you had this evening."

"True, it was on a most interesting subject." Minerva looked curious. "Did it concern only myself, I would tell you what it was about."

"Whom else did it concern?"

“ You.”

“ Then I *must* know what it was about. I have a right to know, as a party concerned,” cried the young lady, with one of her sweetest smiles.

Reuben looked confused and doubtful, and Minerva’s curiosity became very troublesome to her. It was highly indelicate and improper, certainly; but the fact is, she felt a most unaccountable interest in the particulars of this conversation. She became a little offended at his silence, and Reuben remained in a most painful embarrassment.

“ Well,” said she at length, “ if I am not thought worthy of knowing what you say so nearly concerns myself, I will bid you good night. It is time, indeed, for the passengers, I see, have quitted the deck some time,” and she was retiring.

“ For Heaven’s, dear Mi—for Heaven’s sake, Miss Orendorf, don’t leave me!”

“ Why should I stay? You won’t tell me any thing I wish to know.”

“ But only stay, and I will tell you.

“ What?” replied Minerva archly.

“ That I—that you—that your father, I mean—that your cousin Julius—that is to say—that it would be folly, nay, it would be dishonourable in me to tell—what I wish to tell”—here poor Reuben, as they say, got into a snarl, and could not utter another word of sense or nonsense.

Women, though ever so young and inexperienced, have a mighty quick instinct in love matters, and Minerva at once began to comprehend the nature of the subject on which Reuben had just spoken so eloquently and with such wonderful clearness. She became still more embarrassed than he, and, hardly knowing what she said, asked in a trembling voice—

“ What *can* be the matter with you, Reuben?”

“ I love you, dearest Minerva!”

“ Good night!” replied Minerva, and disappeared in an instant from his sight.

That night Reuben could not sleep, and we don’t much wonder at it, for, sooth to say, what with the hissing, and puffing, and jarring, and diabolical noises of all kinds, commend us to a fulling-mill, a cotton manufactory, or even Childe Roeliff’s favourite resource, a tinman’s shop, for a sound nap, rather than to a steam-boat. And yet we have often lain awake in all the horrors of sleepless misery, and heard villains snore as lustily as if they reposed themselves on a bed of down in the cave of Morpheus. How we did hate the monsters!

But our hero had other matters to keep him awake. It would

have puzzled the most perfect adept in the science of woman's heart, to decide whether Minerva had left him in a good or bad humour; whether she resented his abrupt declaration, or ran away to hide her confusion. No wonder, then, it puzzled honest Reuben Rossmore, who had scarcely studied the A B C of a woman's mind, much less investigated its hidden mysteries.

At the dawn of the morning the party awoke and found themselves in a new world. It seemed that they had been transported during the night, like some of the heroes of the Arabian tales, from one distant country to another. The houses, the fields, the cattle, the sheep, the pigs, dogs, cats, hens and chickens, men, women, and children, all seemed to belong to a different species. They neither looked, dressed, nor talked like the people they had left the night before, for the women wore men's hats, and the men red night-caps, and they all spoke in a tongue which Squire Julius pronounced to be a most execrable patois. Nothing was ever equal to the metamorphosis produced by a sail of a few miles, between two grassy banks almost level with the surface of the lake, and destitute alike of stream or mountain, to mark the division between the domains of two powerful empires.

"As I live," exclaimed Mrs. Orendorf, as she emerged from the ladies' cabin, "I believe we have got into a foreign country at last. If there isn't a woman with a man's hat!"

"Mercy upon us!" ejaculated Childe Roeliff; "if there isn't an oven on the top of a pig-sty!"

"Good Heavens! what can these people be talking about so fast? Come here, Minerva, and tell me what they are saying."

"They are discussing the price of a cabbage," said Minerva.

"Well, who'd have thought it? I was a afraid they were just going to fight with each other. I never saw such strange people."

"We are in Canada, madam," observed Reuben, who had ventured to join them on the invitation of a smile and a blush from Minerva; "we are in Canada, or rather in the old world, for I have heard it observed by travellers, that this portion of the province of Canada exhibits an exact picture of the interior of France, or rather of what France was nearly three centuries ago, in dress, language, manners, and rural economy."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Mrs. Orendorf; "then I can't think what people go to France for. I'm sure I see nothing here worth the trouble of crossing a lake, much less the sea. Do they wear such caps in France?"

"In some of the old fashioned towns, I am told they do, madam," said Reuben.

"And such dirty garments and faces? and are they shaped like these queer people? and have the men such long beards?"

"On week-days, I believe."

"Well," exclaimed Mrs. Orendorff, "if that's the case, I thank my stars I did not go to France."

"No thanks to you or your stars," quoth Childe Roeliff; "if it hadn't been for me you'd have gone fast enough."

It is thus that husbands ruin the tempers of their wives, who are naturally the best creatures in the world, by taking all the merit of their discretion and good works to themselves. The spirit of contradiction came over the good lady.

"I deny it," said she sharply; "I gave up the point voluntarily."

"Yes, when you couldn't have your own way."

"Well, then, if you come to that, I wish I had gone."

"That is exactly what I said; you wanted to go then, and so you do now."

We don't know what the plague came over Childe Roeliff to get into such a bad humour this morning, except it might be that he was hungry, than which there is no greater foe to that dulcet composure and sweet submissive meekness, so becoming in a husband when confabulating, as it were, with his helpmate. All the Childe got by this effervescence of ill-humour was a determination on the part of Mrs. Orendorf to have her own way for the next twelvemonth at least.

By this time the arrangements for landing were completed, and the passengers, almost as numerous and various as those of Noah's ark, descended upon terra firma. Among them was observed the fashionable picturesque-hunting party, who were as usual "tired to death," and who, after breakfasting at St. John's, were again "tired to death," and whirled away towards Montreal as fast as horses could carry them.

The road from St. John's to La Prairie, a distance of about eighteen miles, is over a dead level, which soon becomes tiresome from its monotony. Yet still to one accustomed only to the scenery, dress, manners and modes of the United States, it is not devoid of interest. Many, indeed all their customs, carry us back to old times. Nearly all the property is held under the seigneurs, by ancient tenures which restrict the occupants of the land to one single inflexible routine of cultivation; a circumstance which places a barrier in the way of all improvements. Most of the farms consist of one field, bordering on the high road, extending on a dead level back as far as the eye can reach, and separated from the adjoining ones by a ditch. Half the distance between St. John's and La Prairie is almost one continued village of houses, built entirely on the

same plan, with here and there a Gothic-fronted church, whose steeple, covered with tin, shines gorgeously at a distance in the sun. Women are seen at work in the fields almost as commonly as men, dressed in straw hats, and scarcely to be distinguished from them. The sickle is still the only implement in cutting down the harvest; no cattle graze in the fields, except in large droves on the commons; and the houses are either of mud or wood, small in size, with a single door right in the centre. Plain and contracted as they are, they still exhibit distinctive marks of that national characteristic of Frenchmen, in all situations and countries. There is always some little attempt at ornament,—such as the shingles of the roof being scalloped at the edges, along the eaves, or at the pinnacle of the roof; and poor, miserably poor must be that habitation which does not present some little indication of a superfluity of labour and expense. The little gardens, though often overrun with that atrocious and diabolical production of nature in her extremest spleen, called the Canada thistle, abound in flowers, and look gay in the midst of neglect and desolation; and on a Sunday evening it is surprising to see the metamorphosis which takes place among the inhabitants. Neither rags, nor dirt, nor long beards, nor old straw hats are visible. The young girls are tight, and neat, and gay; and you see them gathering in groups at some appropriate house, in the little villages, to spend the evening in their favourite amusement of dancing. The Longobards, or long beards—the same, we presume, mentioned by Tacitus—appear in chins as smooth as the new-mown meadow; and here and there a red sash figures among them, the relic and memento of a former age. A few years ago this was the universal dress of the men; but the Yankees have come among them, and, sad to relate, our party saw but two red sashes in all their sojournings in Canada. One of these they met on the road to La Prairie, on horseback, and saluted. The ancient remnant of French chivalrous courtesy, stopped his horse, which he was obliged to do to pull off his cap, and bowed profoundly, about the time the party had reached a distance of half a mile. The other was telling his beads with great devotion in the magnificent cathedral of Montreal. Had we time and space we would dwell at more length on these matters, for we confess we delight in old times, old customs, and old oddities of all kinds, not so much because they are better than new ones, but because there is something about them which, like old wine, smacks tastefully on the palate and produces an agreeable excitement. But we must hasten on our progress, lest peradventure all our fair readers should fall fast asleep over our story, which, to say truth,

lacketh much of that delectable mystification and bloodshed which rendereth romances so piquant and acceptable to the gentle reader, who, judging from appearances, sitteth down to peruse them, animated by the same vehement feeling of curiosity which impelleth so many of the tender sex to run after an execution. Suffice it then to say, that Childe Roeliff and his party reached the ancient village of La Prairie, which belongs to the old world and not to the new, after a ride of three or four hours over one of the worst roads in the universe; a circumstance somewhat remarkable, seeing that there was neither hill or stone in all the long way. Some interloping foreigners talked of a railroad here; but the old Frenchmen threw up their caps, and cried "Diable!"

From La Prairie our travellers were delighted with the noble view which presented itself. The St. Lawrence makes a bend, and expands into a lake-like sheet of water of the most magnificent dimensions, and greatest purity. Above, it is all quiet and repose; below, it tapers off in a series of rapids approaching to sublimity. Beyond these lies Montreal, basking at foot of the mountain which gives its name to the city and island, and stretching along the side of the abruptly rising shores of the river. It exhibited a most imposing appearance, with its tin steeples towering into the air, and glittering in the noonday beam of a glorious summer day. In addition to the steeples, nearly all the houses and public edifices are covered with tin, which, such is the dryness of the atmosphere, never rusts; and certainly, in a clear day, and across the noble St. Lawrence, the appearance of Montreal is that of one of the creations of the Arabian nights. Of all the places in the world to look down upon from the sky, this ancient city is the finest. Childe Roeliff was not the least delighted of the party, for he thought to himself, "There is no danger but there are plenty of tinmen's shops, to prevent one from being *onnewed* by silence, and I shall enjoy myself wonderfully." One of the finest steam ferry-boats in the world carried them like thought through the roaring rapids, and between the jutting rocks; and it seemed scarcely a moment from their embarking at La Prairie to their landing at Montreal—the city of tin roofs, iron window-shutters, and stone walls. Minerva actually saw a great stone wall on the very pinnacle of a roof; such is their inveterate propensity to heaping up masses of granite and limestone.

On landing at the end of a long wooden bridge jutting out into the river—for there are few or no wharfs here—they were struck with a most enormous din of voices, a vociferous confusion of individual tongues that made Childe Roeliff think

the whole universe was about falling together by the ears. Such an effusion of bad French never before was heard in any other spot of this new world, as we verily believe. All the draymen, with their long-queued drays, seemed to have approximated to this chosen spot, to meet the steamboat, this being the trip in which she generally brought the travellers from the "States," as they are called at Montreal, I presume on the score of some lingering doubt whether they are really "united" or not. The consequence of collecting together in a small space was, that these long-tailed inconveniences got entangled with each other in a perfect Gordian knot. But though the vehicles were tied, the tongues of the drivers were not. We have heard "pretty considerable" of scolding and vociferation, but, by the account received from Reuben Rossmore, it was the trickling of a rill to the roaring of a cataract, the chirping of a flock of snow-birds to the sonorous gabble of a rencounter of two flocks of turkeys. We are credibly informed, on the same authority, that the pestuculation was equal to the vociferation, and altogether it seemed that every moment would produce a battle royal. By degrees, however, the long-tailed vehicles got disentangled, the little Canadians gradually cooled down, and, in one minute after the vociferation subsided, were as merry and good-humoured as crickets in a warm winter's hearth. Our travellers put up at the British American Hotel, on the score of patriotism—the sign of this establishment being so happily disposed, by accident probably, towards the river, that in approaching from La Prairie you see only the words "American Hotel." Here Julius and Mrs. Orendorf were delighted to meet again the fashionable picturesque-hunting party, who declared they had been tired to death riding across the Prairie, tired to death of waiting a full hour for the ferry-boat at La Prairie, tired to death of the ferry-boat, and lastly, that they were now tired to death of Montreal, and were going that very afternoon to embark in the steamboat for Quebec. Childe Roeliff, who sometimes accidentally blundered out a spice of common sense, observed, after listening to all this,—

"I wonder, if you are so tired of everything, you don't go home and stay there."

"*Quel bête !*" whispered Mrs. Dowdykin, the head matron of the picturesque party, to Count Capo d'Ceà, her Platonic.

The soft, gentle, quiet kindness of Minerva towards Reuben since the declaration which caused the precipitate flight on the part of that young lady, had assured him that the offence was not unpardonable; and though nothing more had been said on the subject, there existed a perfect understanding of the

sentiments of each other. Julius, who watched them closely, though he appeared to take little interest in their movements, and seldom intruded upon their *tête à tête*, determined to let the affair float along on the current of events for the present, foreseeing that it would ere long come to a crisis either one way or other. In the meantime the party visited the parade-ground, where they were astonished at the triumph of discipline in converting men into machines; the vast and magnificent cathedral, the most majestic erection of the kind in all North America, and the nunneries, where Minerva, who had pictured nuns as the most ethereal and spiritual of all flesh, was astonished to find them, in the language of Childe Roeliff, "as fat as butter."

It was in one of these excursions that the Childe was struck all at once with a conviction that Julius paid no more attention to his daughter than if they had been married ten years. It occurred to him that he left Minerva entirely to the care of Reuben, affected to lag behind in the most negligent manner, and whistle *Lillebullero*, or some other tune, in a sort of undertone, as if to indicate his utter indifference to what was going forward. He forthwith determined to speak to the young man on the subject the first opportunity, which luckily occurred that very afternoon. Minerva and Reuben had strolled out on the bank of the river; Mrs. Orendorf was napping; and Julius was left alone with Childe Roeliff to finish a bottle of hock, and discuss fruit and nuts at leisure. Roeliff had lighted his cigar, and taken a whiff or two, when the spirit moved him, and, gathering himself together, he spoke as follows:—

"Nephew, somehow or other—I may be mistaken—but it seems to me you have given up all thoughts of Minerva. I don't see any of those silent attentions you talked about, or any attention at all. You leave her entirely to Reuben, so far as I can see."

"But, my dear uncle, you don't see everything; there are times and seasons, when nobody sees or hears us, when I flatter myself I am making slow and sure progress in her heart."

"Slow enough, I believe; but whether sure or not is more than I will say. On the contrary, it appears to me that she likes Reuben much better than you."

"My dear sir, don't you know that this is the one of the best reasons in the world for believing she likes me the best?"

"Not I,—I don't know any such thing; and I'll tell you what, Julius, I mean to leave this place—though I confess I am delighted with the perpetual ringing of the bells—to-mor-

row morning, after having signified to master Reuben Rossmore that his room is better than his company."

"By no means, sir; this will derange my whole system, and lose me the young lady to a certainty. Only wait a little longer, sir."

"Shilly shally, tilly vally —I'll tell you what, Julius, I can see as far into a millstone as you, I suspect, and I tell you that Reuben is gaining more in one day than you do in ten."

"But my dear uncle,—"

"Tut, tut! I tell you to-morrow morning we dissolve partnership with master Reuben, as sure as to-morrow comes. You need not say any more—I am determined not to listen to another word on the subject." And so it seemed, for in half a minute Childe Roeliff, who had a great alacrity in falling asleep extempore, was seen leaning back in his chair, with his nose elevated at an angle of forty-five degrees, and the stump of a cigar in his mouth, as fast as a church.

Julius was taken somewhat unaware by this sudden determination of Childe Roeliff; his plans were not quite matured, and he was obliged to vary them a little to suit the present crisis. That evening he invited Reuben into the sitting parlour occupied by the party, but now dark and deserted, the ladies having retired to their chamber to rest after the fatigues of a sultry day spent in rambling about the city. Here he communicated to him the determination of Roeliff to dismiss him on the morrow, and urged him, by every motive he could conceive, to arrange a clandestine match with Minerva immediately.

"What!" cried Reuben, "before I have done the old gentleman the honour of first asking his consent?"

"I tell you, Rossmore, it is useless for you to ask it. You have heard of his determination in my favour, and a more obstinate old fool does not live than mine honoured uncle. You will be insulted by his rough vulgarity, and driven from the sight of Minerva, who, I can see, will break her heart to lose you."

"I am resolved to try at any rate. You may say what you will of Mr. Orendorf, but to me he appears a person of a good heart, excellent principles, and correct understanding of what is right and proper. He has treated me kindly; at his fireside I have been always received with unaffected welcome, and he has displayed on all occasions a generous confidence. I am determined to try the appeal."

"And if it fails, then I presume your ticklish conscience will not stand in the way of an elopement. The old blockhead will forgive you in a month afterwards."

"I will never give him an opportunity. I love Miss Orendorf with an affection as warm, sincere, and lasting, as ever impelled a hero of romance to betray the happiness of his mistress by making her an exile from the home and the hearts of her parents. But I will never ask her—and if I did, I am sure she would spurn me—I will never, by a look or a hint, a word or an action, tempt her to forget her duty and the regard which every virtuous female owes to her own honour. If I cannot gain her by honourable, open means, I will bear her loss like a man."

Julius burst into a long, loud laugh.

"One need not go to church to hear a sermon, I find," at length he said, wiping his eyes. "Then I presume you have no objection to my prosecuting my views upon the young lady?"

This was rather a sore question, but Reuben rallied himself to meet it.

"It is the will of her parent, and I have no right to oppose him any more than you have."

"Her parent!—you don't—you can't look upon him in any other light than as the wolf that suckled Romulus and Remus, or the bear that nurtured his great prototype Orson Pooh, pooh! Rosemore, I beseech thee once again to get over this unmanly squeamishness. If you cheat this old dotard out of his daughter, it is no more than he has done to every man, woman, or child, with whom he ever had any dealings."

"You lie like a rascal!" exclaimed an appalling voice from a distant and dark corner of the room, and presently the veritable Childe Roeliff advanced upon the astonished young men. Julius was stricken dumb with guilt, and Reuben with astonishment. The Childe had quietly ensconced himself in a corner to take his evening nap, and was awakened by the earnest voices of the young men, early in the discussion. The interest of the subject caused him, we presume, to forget he was acting the questionable part of a listener.

"So, sir!" cried the wrathful Childe Roeliff; "so master Julius Dibdill, I am an old blockhead it seems; a rough ignorant bear, a she-wolf that suckles young men—a man that deserves to be cheated out of his only daughter because he has cheated every man, woman, and child he ever had any dealings with. Do I quote you right, sir?"

"I—I—I believe, sir, I might have said some such thing in jest, sir."

"In jest was it, sir? Now hear what I have got to say to you in earnest. You are an ungrateful hypocrite;—you have abused my confidence, and returned my kindness with insult

and falsehood. I say falsehood, sir, for, however ignorant and vulgar I may be, I never wronged man, woman, or child, nor dog, nor cat, nor any of God's creatures wilfully or wantonly. Thou art a base slanderer, if thou sayest that. I would—that is to say, I *might* have forgiven the only son of my only sister, now gone to her place of rest, had he but said I was vulgar and ignorant. It may be I am so, sir, for I never had an opportunity in early youth of gaining that knowledge of the world and of books which others had; but a villain or a rogue I am not—I never have been—and with God's help I never will be. Quit my sight, liar and hypocrite, and never come into it again."

Julius had nothing to say—he was dumbfounded. He saw that all was over, and that nothing was left him but a creditable retreat. So he mustered all the ready cash of brass he had about him, and walked out of the room whistling "Di tanti palpiti."

Childe Roeliff now turned to Reuben. The deuse appeared to be in the old son of a tinman, who all at once seemed transmuted to sterling gold; anger had made him eloquent. He turned to Reuben—

"As for you, young man—"

"Ah! now comes my turn!" thought Reuben.

"As for you, sir, I heard what you said, too; and—and"—here the old man's eyes almost overflowed—"and you may be assured I will not lose the good opinion you have of me if I can help it. You said, when I am sure you could not have the least expectation I should ever know it, that I appeared to you a man of a good heart, excellent principles, and a correct understanding of what was right and proper. You also said—and every word went to my heart, seeing I was about to treat you otherwise to-morrow—you said I had treated you kindly, welcomed you at my fireside, and bestowed my confidence on you. I remember all this, and I will never forget it while I live. You said, too, you would not abuse that confidence, but appeal to me, and abide by the result. Now hear me—or rather hear this young woman;"—for just at this moment the light step of Minerva was heard, and her dim shadow seen entering the door;—"hear what she has to say, and take this with you, that whatever she says, I will sanction, as sure as my name is Roeliff Orendorf;" saying which, he marched out of the room before Reuben could reply.

What passed between Minerva and Reuben we cannot disclose; we were not near enough to overhear what they said, and it was too dark to see what they did; but the waiting-maid, who happened to approach the room in which they were, privately declared she distinguished something that sounded for

all the world like a kiss, and the next morning not the bright sun himself arose more bright and glorious than did the fair goddess Minerva. Youth revelled in her limbs, hope sparkled in her rosy cheek and speaking eye; the past was forgotten, the present Elysium, the future heaven. So beautiful did she look that morning, that the waiter who brought in breakfast forgot the tea-tray, and letting it fall plump on the floor, stood stock still with eyes and mouth wide open, just as if he had seen a ghost.

Julius was no longer visible. He had hastened down to the wharf, after the oration of Childe Roeliff, where he found the steamboat just departing for Quebec, and joined the party of Mrs. Dowdykin, the Count Capo d'Oca, and the picturesque hunters, who were "tired to death," as usual.

Of the condescending assent of Mrs. Orendorf to the marriage of Minerva and Reuben, to which she was partly induced by a secret belief that Childe Roeliff was in his heart opposed to the match; partly by having learned that all the seignors of Montreal were either married, or forbidden to marry, or dead; and partly by the solemn promise of Reuben Rossmore to employ in future a more fashionable tailor;—how she, all her life, talked of her travels into foreign parts—how the young couple married, and did, in good time, become, as it were, the parents of a goodly race;—and concerning the final catastrophe of the Platonics of Mrs. Asheputtle and Julius, behold! will they not, peradventure, be found in the second part of Childe Roeliff's Travels.

THE SKY.

How beautiful the sky!

I wonder not its gorgeous ways have seemed

The heavenly circles trod by angel-feet;

Its homes of light for spirits only meet,

That never, never die;

There spread the realms unknown, the eternal plain;

Thence silent dews descend, as angels' tears;

There, Day and star-crowned Night alternate reign,

And the light-woven bow, God's sign of peace, appears.

How lovely in the morn;

Wave after wave—a rosy-tinted tide,

Afar, o'er all the East, is gently rolled,

Till the broad Heaven with the bright hue is dyed,

And sing the morning stars, as when of old

A glorious race were born;

Proudly upriseth then the King of Day,

Girt with a dazzling robe of golden light;

The gladdened earth smiles in the ruddy ray,

And the old hoary peaks glow with a circle bright.

In summer days how fair!

When tinkling rills have hushed their hurried flow,

And weary winds have sighed themselves to sleep;

When the leaved forest whispers soft and low,

And stillness settles even on the deep,

And earth seems wrapt in prayer;

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The gazer on the azure, arched expanse,
 Decked as to mortal skill was never given,
 Unconscious, seem to look, with eager glance,
 Beyond those emerald hills into the gates of Heaven !

How glorious the West ;
 When the red Titan seeks his ocean halls ;
 'Tis like a flaming Paradise of gold ;
 Or like a boundless range of ruby walls,
 Where myriad crimson banners are unrolled ;
 Out from the blazing crest
 Of mimic mountains pours the fiery rain ;
 Bright streams of silver wind through verdant vales ;
 Enchanted cities stud the golden plain ;
 But the dim twilight comes—the cloud-creation fails.

How beauteous by night ;
 When, soft and clear, the paly planets beam,
 And night's fair queen ascends her silver car ;
 And poets, rapt with Nature's beauty, deem
 They hear their solemn music from afar,
 And tremble with delight ;
 When waving flames stream up the northern sky,
 As it were nature's sacrificial fire ;
 When the swift meteors wildly glare on high ;
 Bright types of human pride—they glitter and expire !

How solemn and sublime !
 When the storm-spirit rushes from his throne,
 And hurls his lightning-arrows through the sky,
 And fills the heavens with his deep thunder-tone,
 And bids the clouds in murky masses fly,
 As oft at even time ;
 Like a pale beauty struggling with a host
 Of dark despoilers, seems the Queen of Night ;
 Triumphant now, now trampled down and lost ;
 Smiling in victory now with pure and placid light !

Thou ever-varying sky—
 Yet beautiful in every changing clime ;
 Vainly I strive thy loveliness to tell ;
 But, when I gaze upon thy vault sublime,
 Deep reverence binds my spirit as a spell.
 Each gorgeous dye,
 The shadowed night, the day's refulgent crown,
 The rosy morn and peaceful evening hour,
 The smiling light and fearful tempest-frown,
 All mirror forth God's majesty and love and power! B—.

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PRAYER IN SOLITUDE.

And there—upon the mountain—where no eye
 Could see my homage—with the sultry sun
 To light mine altar, and the crimsoned sky
 To roof my temple—knelt I to the one
 Eternal God : for all that He had done
 To render thanks and praise : nor was my prayer,
 (Though costly fane and altar I had none,)
 Less prized by Him whose Scriptures doth declare
 When the heart speaks. He makes his temple there.

A thousand birds, of every varied hue
 That tints the rainbow, were my choristers ;
 Myriads of blossoms, bathed in perfumed dew,
 Furnished my incense, while gigantic firs,
 Of that rich soil the first inheritors,
 Pillared the gorgeous cupola of heaven.
 Can temples tiled with gaudy sepulchres
 Compare with this, by Nature freely given,
 Which shall stand firm, when man's slight works are riven ! B.

A POET'S LIFE.

What is a poet's life ?
 I speak not of the throng
 That lightly seek an earthly meed
 Upon the wings of song ;
 But of the poet souls,
 They of the voiceless lyre,
 That yields the deep, strange melody
 Which spirit-worlds inspire.
 What is their earthly life ?
 To know unearthly joy,
 The unconscious bliss of other spheres,
 Delight without alloy :
 Ay, and to know earth's gloom,
 With more than earth's despair,
 The heart's wild sense of want and wo,
 The grief that withers there.
 What is a poet's life ?
 To hear in Music's breath,
 Seraphic greetings echoing
 A voice defying death !
 To see in Beauty's glance
 An angel's melting gaze,
 That fills the chambers of his soul
 With Love's celestial rays !
 What is a poet's life ?
 To dream—to love—to feel,
 And see upon a human world
 Elysian glory steal !
 And on earth's mystic face,
 Where life's deep waters roll,
 And through each cold and shadowy breast
 To pour the light of soul !
 What is such being like ?
 Doves severed from their kind,
 Gems sparkling on a desert shore,
 Ungoverned, unenshrined !
 High strains of foreign song.
 Exotics rich and rare,
 Shedding a dying perfume far,
 O'er a weed-grown parterre ?

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TO THE EAST WIND.

Ah ! bring a cloak and bring the coals,
 And shut the doors and stop the holes ;
 The great Benumber comes once more,
 And with him comes his dreaded store
 Of coughs, and aches, and spleen ;
 Was there no keeping him from shore
 By Quarantine ?
 Now by numb'd joint and battered lung,
 I swear you shall not go unsung :
 I'll find, whilst I am in the vein,
 A vent for spleen, revenge for pain—
 Have at you in an ode ;
 I'll teach you to beset again
 A bard's abode.
 You've travelled many weary miles,
 Since last you left th' Eolian isles,
 O'er many a league of shore and sea,

To take so patiently from me
 A peevish rhymster's curse ;
 But winds and women love to be
 Embalmed in verse.

You come not with the whirlwind's blast,
 When skies are blackly overcast,
 Silent and slow, and cold and strong,
 Your sluggish volume rolls along
 Above the shrinking earth ;
 The birds prophetic cease their song
 Of spring-time mirth ;

For round are scattered by your breath
 The subtle principle of death,
 That in your folds of vapor lies ;
 The upspringing flower droops and dies,
 And fades the growing green ;
 And gloomily the shrouded skies
 Brood o'er the scene .

And the pale watchers turn to weep,
 As, spite of all their care, you creep
 Into the still and shaded room
 Where the consumptive wails his doom,
 With his long struggle weak ;
 At thy cold kiss the treacherous bloom
 Fades from his cheek.

The victim to his grave has gone,
 Whilst you, your fatal errand done,
 With milder malice haste to do
 Some deeds of petty mischief too,
 And where you kill not, tease ;
 Your course enlivening by a few
 Such freaks as these.

You cut the newly-shaven chin,
 And raw and sore you make the skin ;
 You bend with chills the stately back,
 You make the housewife's brass look black,
 And beauty's nose look blue ;
 And pouting lips you cause to crack,
 Oh ! yes you do.

But not to swell an idle song
 Shall my complaints His justice wrong,
 His wisdom, or His love arraign,
 Who, making not one thing in vain,
 Thy place and uses gave ;
 He called thee o'er the distant main
 From out thy cave ;

He makes thee o'er her ocean track,
 To speed the laden vessel back ;
 From her low prow is dashed the foam,
 She may not lag, she may not roam
 With such a breeze behind !
 Bravely she boundeth towards the home
 She soon shall find.

The gentle girl, with heart of hope,
 Borrows the neighbour's telescope ;
 The merchant eyes the steady vane,
 And rubs his hands at thought of gain,
 And hastens to the pier ;
 Ah ! ships or lovers on the main
 Make you most dear.

And often, in a day of June,
 After a dry and breezeless noon,
 You lift yourself from off the wave,
 And with its cold, moist freshness lave
 The hot and languid brow ;

You can be kind, I fain would crave
 A favour now.
 There's nought but space within my purse,
 And publishers look shy at verse ;
 I've burnt my bootjack, robbed the floor,
 To fuel turned my closet door,
 The coal-men are stern ;
 And now, I swear I've nothing more,
 Oh ! wind, to burn ;
 Oh ! therefore seek again the seas,
 And yield thee to that summer breeze,
 That from the south doth gently blow ;
 Thus will you sooth a poet's wo
 And earn his thankful praise ;
 With an, ad libitum, to blow
 In the dog-days.

P.

—♦—♦—♦—♦—♦—♦—

REPENTANCE.

Oh mild attendant on the fiend Remorse !
 Sweet, placid follower in his painful course !
 When he hath taught the stubborn heart to bleed,
 When he hath bowed it like a broken reed,
 How oft thou standest by his side, to turn
 To cooling tears the fearful thoughts that burn
 The frenzied brain—thou bidst the glittering eye
 Look through that hallowed dew toward the sky,
 And with thy sweet voice whisperest—Peace may be
 So that the heart will fix its hope, its trust in thee!

B.

—♦—♦—♦—♦—♦—♦—

MAURICE LYNLAGER ;
 OR, THE MERCHANT OF AMSTERDAM.
 (Continued from p. 259.)

MAURICE occupied himself in reading the Bible, during the night of his attendance on his sick friend ; he read it from a principle of duty ; but it is perhaps the book he would have chosen from taste, had no such principle existed. Yet as Maurice was a firm believer in its doctrines, he drew at once consolation and knowledge from its pages. Be it moreover recollected that our hero lived not in an age when it was considered as a want of manliness to believe in the doctrine of a hereafter, which alone raises man above the beasts of the field. He had studied the classical authors, yet he could find neither in Plato or Socrates the true wisdom which characterises the purely moral precepts of the Bible. Where can a code of morality, to be brought into use in our commerce with the world, be found so clearly taught as in the Proverbs ? Where poetry so sublime as in the Psalms ? Where histories so pathetic as those of Ruth, Moses, and Job ? It seems also most extraordinary that our great admirers of the German school, who follow Byron's sublime Manfred, Goethe's Faust—

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to say nothing of that host of paltry imitators, who bring devils of every form and size upon the stage—who luxuriate in the temptations of the heroes there introduced, should never think of perusing the beautiful history of Job, or of perusing those books which the Protestants deem Apocryphal, for the originals of those very pictures which excite in them such violent admiration. But I lose myself! Where was I?—Oh!

Maurice began to read. His sick friend raised his head from his pillow; first inquired if he was still there, and then demanded what he was doing.

“I am reading the book that my mother placed in my trunk,” said Maurice.

“What!” exclaimed Van Vhit, “Are you reading the Bible?”

“You know I never pass a day without doing so.” said Maurice.

“What do you read there?” inquired Van Vhit.

“If you think you can bear it, I will read aloud,” answered Maurice.

“Would to heaven I had read in that book every day as you have done,” said Van Vhit.

To those who have read the Bible, it is almost unnecessary to say, that Maurice chose the beautiful parable of the Prodigal Son, to read to Jacob. To those who have not, I can only refer them to the New Testament for the most simple, beautiful, and pathetic tale that ever was composed.

Van Vhit listened with much attention till Maurice came to the verse in which he says, “I will arise and go to my father”—when he exclaimed, “Alas! alas! I shall never see my father again!” and wept bitterly at this reflection.

Maurice, really concerned, tried to soothe him by every means in his power. All was ineffectual; he felt he was on the borders of the grave. His eyes flashed wildly! He looked fearfully round.—But it is vain to follow him through the weary night.

Morning at length dawned; and Maurice sent again for the physician. He came. Found his patient visibly worse. Shook his head, and desired if he had any affairs to settle, that he would not delay attending to them.

Jacob, though so alarmingly ill, was much astonished at this advice, which he deemed his death warrant.

When the doctor was gone, he gave full scope to his despair. He wept silently for some moments, then wrung his hands in agony. Lynslager endeavoured to console him. “I shall die!” he wildly cried.

“We shall all die,” said Lynslager. “God only knows

which of us shall go first. It is well to be prepared both for this world and the next. Shall I send for a notary?"

A notary was brought. He stood for a few moments quietly by Van Whit's bed, who seemed not to observe him. At length raising himself on his pillow, he said, "You have then Maurice, sent for a notary. But, who can I name but yourself to take care of my affairs here? Will you then promise not to leave me, till I either live or die, and to charge yourself with my affairs in either case?"

"I promise to do anything," said Maurice, "or everything, to make you easy."

"How can I repay you for this goodness to me?" said Van Whit. "Will you have my diamond ring? My gold snuff box."

"Neither," said Maurice.

"My watch," said Van Whit, "have I nothing that you will accept from me?"

"Perhaps," replied Maurice.

"Only name what you desire?" said Van Whit.

"I saw your sister's picture," replied Maurice.

"It is yours,"—said Van Whit, "O how will that poor girl mourn my fate. My poor mother too."

In this manner passed away the day. Jacob sometimes prayed fervently; at others, asked Maurice if there could be any hope of pardon for a wretch like him. Maurice tried to console him, for he had never denied his Saviour.

Towards night he became delirious. Maurice could not be persuaded to quit him, though he had watched over him all the preceding night.

On the third day, Maurice stood beside the remains of his friend!

As soon as he was a little recovered from the shock, he went to his father's oldest correspondent, to obtain information of the course to be pursued.

He then walked to the cemetery. He found it laid out in a becoming style. It was not brilliant with splendid obelisks, magnificent tombs, and stately groups of sculpture. But there were sheltering trees; and there were also odoriferous flowers; and there were marble slabs, to mark the last sad home of the stranger. The smell of the flowers was sweet; the shadow of the trees was refreshing; but still pleasanter, still sweeter, was the thought that struck on the young heart of Maurice—that, like the flowers of the field, those who die shall blossom again in heaven!

Having indulged these and similar reflections, he left this sad scene, and entered the casino, where his countrymen in

Leghorn resorted. Here he met several who knew his father by reputation, and some of his personal acquaintance. They readily promised to follow poor Van Whit's remains to the grave.

I need not dwell on the burial of Van Whit, where all that wears the livery of woe around the bier, is form, not sorrow. Yes, Maurice was clad in black, he followed his friend to his last sad home, and would have grieved, but that Maurice, young enough to feel disinterested sorrow, was yet young enough to be entirely engrossed by the care that everything should be done suitably in form. He forgot to grieve till he heard the dust rattle on the coffin. A cold shudder chilled the blood in every vein, and he shed a tear—for he thought of Maria.

Yet another and perhaps most painful duty was yet to be performed in reference to his unfortunate friend—letters must be written to Holland. A letter might perhaps be written to Maria; and a letter was written.

Having thus discharged the duties of companionship, often called friendship, Maurice proceeded to the business which called him to Leghorn. This correspondent had recommended the greatest circumspection in all his proceedings: as his antagonist was a cunning Italian, well versed in all the subterfuges which the counting-house can supply.

The circumstances also attending the difficulties in settling the accounts were of a nature to excite suspicion. In truth, the house of Lynslager was likely to suffer a great loss.

Maurice made him however an unexpected visit. The Italian, Villano, cunning as he was, expressed some surprise at his arrival, when he announced himself as the son and partner of his house at Amsterdam.

He was careful, however, to give him no reason to suspect that this affair was the sole occasion of his voyage; but rather led him to suppose that other affairs might detain him some time at Leghorn. He, however, expressed a hope, that the business upon which so many letters had been ineffectually interchanged, might be now terminated without loss of time, by a personal and amicable conference.

Signor Villano chimed in, in the same tone. He regarded Maurice as a very young man, and inexperienced in business. He therefore loaded him with politeness and attentions, invited him to come frequently to his house, and overwhelmed him with professions of friendship.

Maurice replied to these professions with distinguished politeness, and handed to his wily creditor an exact and balanced statement of their commercial transactions; at the same time, entreating him to name a day for the liquidation of the debt.

Signor Villano asked a fortnight; and promised, if possible, to close the business at the end of that time.

Maurice thought the time demanded very long. He, however, agreed to concede the period demanded; but in yielding to him, Maurice said, "I grant your demand; but I shall stand firm to my purpose, that the terms be scrupulously kept. The Dutch stand to their word, and therefore require others to do the same."

Lynslager foresaw that this point granted, other subterfuges would be employed. He was therefore careful not to lose the time thus yielded. He spoke to the most experienced merchants, and consulted the most eminent lawyers, upon the business.

He then abandoned himself to all the pleasure that a young man on entering the world feels, upon finding himself in a foreign country, where everything, even the air he breathed, seemed to wear the charm of novelty.

He visited their magnificent ports; but chiefly he loved to walk on the mole, to look around on the merchant vessels of different nations at anchor there. His native flag waving upon so large a proportion, gave a gleam of pleasure to his patriotic heart—that country, stolen as it were, from the sea—won again, by many years of perseverance and hard fighting, from the lordly tyrants of one of the finest countries of southern Europe—upon whose sterile lands towns rose one by one, populous, rich, and happy—whose ships bore the colours of their independence triumphantly from one end of the world to the other—whose people, by their diligence and good faith in commerce and skill in navigation, had become both respected and dreaded by every country in Europe.

It was doubtless by such reflections that the Dutch character has become so proud and so firm; but it is only in adversity that its best points can be seen in full relief.

The statue of the Grand Duke attracted great attention, yet he turned from the spectacle of the four slaves enchained to its four corners. The Dutch merchant, with that sort of egotism which the patriotism of a new founded republic never fails to produce, thought of the monument then newly raised at Delft, to the memory of that great warrior and consummate statesman, William Prince of Orange, and the comparison was all in favour of the latter.

When the fortnight Villano had demanded was expired, Lynslager called upon him, and found just what he had expected—another demand for time.

Maurice thought of the Italian proverb respecting the Genoese—that they have a sea without fish; land without

trees; and men without faith. Yet as the course of justice is long and difficult, and as the credit of the house was deemed but tottering, and not likely to remain long, Maurice suddenly changed his tone.

He now offered, if the affair should be immediately concluded, to wave his right to a considerable sum of money which had been contested; if not, he declared he would call in his other correspondents as umpires; and he gave Villano to understand that he was fully aware of the injury the house would receive if the true circumstances of the case, together with the sacrifice he had offered to make, should become public.

Villano was much startled at these observations. He, however, took a high tone, professed himself well satisfied that the credit of his house could receive no injury—that it was too firmly established, but nevertheless, finished by yielding to Maurice's offer. A paper with which Maurice was prepared, was properly signed, and the third day from the one on which the affair was concluded, fixed for the payment of the money.

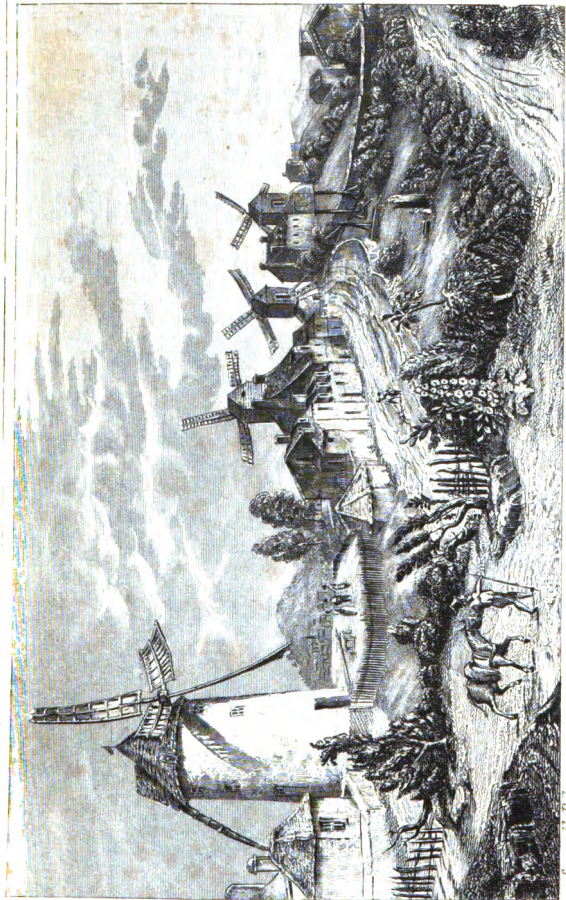
In transmitting the particulars of this affair to his father, Maurice further informed him, that in a very few days he purposed setting out for Florence in company with Van Dyke, the renowned Flemish painter, from Antwerp. He further informed his father, that having remitted his letters to Signor Manichetti, that gentleman had invited him, during his abode in that city, to take up his residence with him.

(To be continued).



THE MILLER OF MONTMARTRE.

THE village and heights, which go by the name of Montmartre, like other parts of the suburbs of Paris, have been the scene of many famous events, and connected with many stirring stories. It was the spot where the death of St. Denis and his disciples is reported to have taken place, and hence its appellation, *Mons Martyrum*. Here, in the year 978, according to the old chronicles, Otho II, Emperor of Germany, in his war with Lothario, caused a hallelujah to be chanted by a number of monks, with such a power of lungs as terrified all Paris. In much later times, Henry IV., during the siege of the adjacent capital, fixed his head-quarters on Montmartre; and at still later dates, viz., in 1814 and 1815, Napoleon caused the heights to be fortified; on the former of these occasions, 15,000 men defended the place for a whole day against 40,000 of the allied troops. But though his name be much less celebrated



H. Jackson Sc.

THE MILLER OF MONTMARTRE.

London: G. B. Fenderson, 2, Old Bailey.

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in the annals of France, than many of the personages who might be mentioned in connection with Montmartre, there was a miller who had been born, and whose remains repose there, near the ashes also of several of his ancestors, that deserves to be commemorated.

Adolphe Benoit was distinguished from his childhood among his equals in rank of the same village. His natural powers of mind were quick, sprightly, and enterprising. He was also constitutionally generous, as well as passionate; or rather whatever engaged his attention was regarded by him with an immoderate degree of enthusiastic ardour—was begun in violence, and left off abruptly—so as during its mastery, to throw every other consideration or object completely out of sight. With him, love, resentment, revenge, appeared as nothing else than delirious fits of passion, not always of short though of uncertain duration. His exterior was the fitting and corresponding index of the inner man. Tall and handsome in figure, his dark eye was piercing, his brow a throne for authority to be seated, and his bearing dignified. To these were added the advantages of a superior education, which the competency and paternal pride of his father were the means of bestowing upon him. He was, besides, an only child, and by the time he counted eighteen springs, was fatherless and motherless—in short, the only remnant of his line.

For a time after having been bereft of his parents, Adolphe mourned as one that would not be comforted, in the solitude of his desolated cottage—moping over his condition, and the memory of those who had been so dear to him, with a greedy grief. The only alleviation which he courted for months, consisted in his daily and steady application to his inherited calling; never travelling from home, or seeking to lighten his leisure hours by the society of a companion.

But the young heart is elastic, and in spite of accumulated weights of sorrow will rebound and overshoot even the loads of an invoked despair. His devotion to business, more because Adolphe believed that he could not otherwise pay respect to the memory of his father, than from worldly-mindedness, or love of the calling, was the immediate occasion of taking him from home, of making him enjoy the renovating influence of the glare of day, and of awakening him by the stir of life. A scarcity of corn raised to an exorbitant rate the price of flour, and, according to the strictest rules of duty and probity, he was led to speculate to some extent in the manufacture which his own mills could send forth. Accordingly with his loaded mule he might almost daily be seen wending his way

down the slanting and circuitous paths that lead from Montmartre towards the adjacent city.

It may be said that with this species of traffic commence the young miller's knowledge of the vicissitudes of life. In the course of his transactions in Paris, he became acquainted with the history of families, whose destitution was heart-rending—some of them having fallen from high estate, and not a few whose early hopes and promise had been as flattering as the young trader's, who, be it said to his honour, mingled his efforts of business with a charity not less hearty and extensive. The period now referred to belonged to the reign of Louis XVI., while yet the abuses of the old *regimé* were rife, and discontent was heaping together those combustibles that were ere long to be set on fire, and consume royalty and liberty. Nor is it to be denied that one of the hearts which were about to add heat and fury to the revolutionary flames dwelt in the ardent frame of the miller, though untouched till the period when his trading visits to the metropolis brought him acquainted with the crying wrongs that existed.

To feel and to act were almost simultaneous and synonymous with Aldolphe Benoit. His frequent visits to Paris began to be rather to hear of political wrongs, to court an intimacy with discontented and turbulent men, than to dispose of the article of his manufacture and trade, which had at first introduced him to city-life. Even his paternal hearth, in the silence of night, now became the scene where an aroused and plotting democrat ruminated, instead of the moping mourner. Nay, it was not long till that hearth was deserted, mill, traffic and all, for the more ostentatious, enticing, and ambitious career of a political declaimer, at some of the most distinguished clubs that agitated the mind of France. Was it strange that in these circumstances, the young miller should waste his patrimony, that he should become penniless, run into debt, and sigh for such a change as would give him a chance of commanding notice? Was it strange that infidelity, gaming, and other immoral principles and practices should supplant every earlier opposing doctrine and habit? Was it strange that with all his professions regarding liberty and equality—all his hatred of titles and the aristocracy, he should abhor the designation of miller, and seem phrenzied when taunted about his birth and early calling? Yet it was so; for with a weakness and labour which contrasted remarkably with his other displays, he, even when giving full swing to his resistless and passionate appeals to his associates on state affairs, would cower, falter, and tremble, if a distant allusion or approach

was made to his original condition. His pretensions of every kind were, in short, so preposterous, that had it not been that his genius was great, and the resources of his mind both brilliant and multifarious, he must have rendered himself ridiculous and despicable. But he did not so; nor was there among the daring and lofty spirits of his restless associates, (some of them celebrated, both as respected birth and capacity,) one who would venture to make sport of Adolphe Bonoit, even on his weakest points.

Adolphe's eloquence was lofty, arousing, indignant, melting by turns, and always triumphant. But there was no single topic which so engaged his declamation and fury as the aristocracy;—their crimes, their enmity of the people, their hostility to freedom, and their exclusiveness were exhaustless themes; nor would he allow that an exception could possibly exist among the number, unless they held the same opinions with himself, and went along with him in all his suggestions. He was one of the first who openly and loudly reiterated "that the palladium of liberty must be cemented with lordly blood—neither sparing the young nor the old—male nor female," unless they betook themselves to the office of exterminating their own class.

It has been intimated that the young miller was subject to strong and hasty impulses; and now there must be recorded a seemingly trifling occurrence that affected the whole of his future life. It may appear singular, when it is told of such an ardent temperament, that he had not when arrived at his twentieth year, ever manifested any particular fancy as regards the affairs of the heart, taking the phrase in the sense that is usually understood by it, when speaking of youth. It did not appear that he had ever yet been in love; which must be accounted for, by referring to the parental bereavements which for a time absorbed his mind, and the still more enchaining fetters of ambition and political associations.

One afternoon when pacing one of the most fashionable streets in Paris, which he affected partly as suited to nurture his vanity, and partly to give edge to his bitter invectives against the privileged orders—and just as he was passing the hotel of the Comte de Naville, he rescued a young lady, who was about to enter that mansion, from the gripe of a ferocious dog, that had hastily sprung from the middle of the street, and laid hold of her before his eyes. Suitable gratitude of course was returned, the moment she recovered from the alarm and was safely sheltered. But astonishment on both sides immediately succeeded, for he stood speechless and as if in ecstasy; his gaze rivetted upon her features while she with almost

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equal intensity, marvelled at the expression of his countenance, which gleamed as if it mirrored the glorious beauty of an angel. There was such a seraphic and admiring ardour in his eyes, that for a few moments she was spell-bound, like one sympathising with the enchanter.

Rosalie de Naville was however, in almost every respect the opposite of Adolphe Benoit. She was the oldest of two daughters who had been born to the Comte, now a widower. She was exquisitely beautiful, but as frivolous and fluttering as he who stood before her was impassioned. Her chief delight consisted in being admired for her personal charms—her chief employment to deck her figure just as if she had been a doll of wax, in the hands of childhood. Even though on the occasion described, her alarm had at first been sufficient to chase away every other feeling but that which regarded her personal safety, she now, on beholding the rivetted posture of Adolphe, imagined that it was her discomposed attire that occupied his thoughts, and accordingly her first words conveyed something like an apology, and a request to be allowed to withdraw, that she might remove the grounds of any objection that could thence be taken. "I thought not of your dress," hastily exclaimed the adorer, "it is the face divine that I have alone seen;" and he threw himself upon his knees, and poured out a shower of heart-felt eloquence, descriptive of her charms and of his love, which though Rosalie could not fully understand or unravel, she yet drank in with a delight, greater than the most dulcet notes of music that ever she had listened to. The brilliancy of his ideas, the splendour of his speech, were such as she never before had heard; and with a fervour as great as her nature was capable of experiencing, and an honest frankness equal to Adolphe's, she replied, "I hope that Monsieur is of the *noblesse*, then how happy we shall be!" The giddy girl's speech was like a poniard to his breast, and instantly brought him to his feet; but so full was she of her all-absorbing conceit that she heeded not his new agitation, proceeding to question him like a fond and foolish prattler—"Your name, my deliverer!" she added. There was a soothing power in the manner and the matter of the interrogatory; and his name, besides, was euphonious enough:—"Adolphe Benoit" was therefore his prompt reply. "Your family? your home? I'll visit your mother, your sisters, and pour out my gratitude to them for having such a son and such a brother." Here again were home-thrusts, and queries which kept up the young man's contest of emotions. But love prevailed, and he was dexterous enough to mislead Rosalie by giving a false description of himself, and assuming the state and the title of some provincial baron. "Ah! I am

glad that my deliverer is no democrat, no misanthrope, to frighten and offend my father; for he has a terrible hatred of those fiends, as he calls them, who are threatening to turn beautiful France upside down, and is even at this moment and every day doing all he can to crush the *canaille*, and raise our order. How shocking it would be to be brought down to an equality with menials, and to have to labour for one's bread. No, Adolphe, we shall never be brought to this!" It is impossible to say how long she might have proceeded in this way, had not the agitated youth been made to withdraw; but not before he had been invited to renew his visit, and court her father's favour—and not until he had imprinted upon the hand of la bella Rosalie a storm of kisses.

"Court her father's favour!" was the uppermost ejaculation, when he was fairly alone. "Is he not among the first that we have on our list of the denounced?" escaped his lips audibly, as he proceeded to speculate on this new adventure in his career. "Yes!" rejoined a well known voice, who at this very moment advanced alongside of the soliloquist—"yes, the Comte de Naville is an arch enemy of the people, and yet Adolphe Benoit, I dare say, has been kneeling to his offspring; but had my faithful dog had his will of her, I should not a second time have needed to hound him on to the spoiling of such a gilded sepulchre of pride and frivolity." "Your dog shall die," answered the prompt and energetic youth; and instantly drawing a pistol from his breast, killed the animal on the spot—"I have another for you or for myself as the case may require," were the only words that he deigned to utter at that time to his astonished and enraged fellow-labourer in the revolutionary field.

On the day following the one in which Adolphe had rescued Rosalie, and become passionately enamoured of her, he returned to the precincts of her father's hotel at an early hour, that he might know when to find her unawed by a parent's presence. For some hours, however, he was obliged to pace the street, before the Comte sallied forth, and every minute seemed to add to the frantic love and strife of principles which tore the young man's bosom. At length the hated father of the adored girl, was seen to leave his mansion; and an instant after the ecstatic youth was on his knees in the presence of her who now divided his heart with political dreams. But what was his chagrin, when with as much disdain and upbraiding as she was capable of feeling or expressing, she threw in his teeth the falsehood he had uttered to her the day before, about his family and station in life, saying, "the miller of Montmartre's history is known to my father." But Adolphe's was not a

nature which could brook such reproof and insult, even from the object of his passionate admiration, and summoning all his noblest powers to the reply, vindicated his name, his history, his original station in life with a truth, a splendour of delineation, and a prophetic tone respecting the coming changes, that partly awed and partly entranced the poor silly trifler before him; so as to wring from her giddy vanity the acquiescent and moderated speech, that he should come every day and talk to her, "although" she added, having got the phrase by rote, from hearing wiser persons utter the maxim—"the usages of society must be respected," thus allowing him to be her admirer, but nothing more.

Adolphe was not only infatuated but distracted by love and revolution. Months and months had sped since he first beheld the matchless beauty and symmetry of Rosalie de Naville, and while he had inspired her with all the affection for him of which she was susceptible, he had the more fatally fettered his own principles and conduct. By this time the guillotine was busily at work with the flower of the *noblesse*, and but for the *quondam* miller, the Comte de Naville's blood would have added to the rivers that were shed; not, assuredly from any tenderness for the father, but in consideration of the daughter. Yet it was not without experiencing extreme difficulties and encountering much ridicule from his associated revolutionists, that Adolphe for a time shielded the objects of his good offices, and kept unmolested their habitation. He had a hearty enemy in the master of the dog he had shot, and indeed at length, neither his powers of persuasion nor his great personal influence could much longer be security for the Naville family. What was to be done? Could he endure to see Rosalie left without a protector at such a period of bloodshed and rapine? perhaps to perish along with her father? The thought was insupportable and drove him to extremities.

Hurrying to the hotel where his adored one dwelt, knowing, and indeed determined, that it would be for the last time he should ever behold her in that abode, he perceived her, ere he entered the mansion, leaning gracefully against a statue which stood in the embrasure of a window, as if luxuriating in the brilliancy of one of the most glorious days of spring. She was scrupulously yet gorgeously decked, and seemed to take delight in the grandeur of outward day, deeming it, perhaps, appropriately bestowed on one who almost rivalled its beauty. Indeed, she surveyed herself every instant with such a perfect complacency, that she might have been compared to some of the feathered tribe, that spread their glittering and magnificent plumage to greet the sun. It was not without an ecstatic

thrill of tenderness that Adolphe, for a moment, stood transfixed as he approached the temple that contained the idol of his heart. But other matters concerned him also, and banishing every consideration but that which impelled him at the time to visit Rosalie, he burst into her presence, and with more than his wonted passionate energy, addressed her thus:—

“Lovely Rosalie, choose between life and death; if the latter, abide and trifle where you are—if the former, fly with me; I can and will protect you; fly with me—live with me—be mine—wed me, or do anything with me—but be mine, and I will lead you to a higher estate than your ancestry could ever bequeath to you. Upon my knees I, for the last time, implore you not to be deaf to my prayers.”

The fair creature was too much accustomed to his passionate appeals, to yield full credence or acquiescence to the miller's present language; and yet she had never beheld him in such an importunate and frantic mood before. Accordingly she rallied and chid him in turn.

“Dear me,” said she, “but you are very ridiculous to day. why did you come when you were so ill-tempered?—I hate ill-tempered men,—they are so troublesome and so unpleasant.”

He knelt—he grasped part of her raiment in his violent emotion, and renewed his entreaties and protestations, if possible, with greater fervour than before.

“Adolphe, you are rude—see how you have spoiled the labour of my toilet; upon my word, you are very rude to-day; I would rather that you had kept away, till the fit was over.”

“This is trifling—it is madness, on your part, my adored angel. You have not twenty-four hours of security in this house; but for me, weeks ago, your's and your father's blood would have dyed the scaffold; and now I can only save you, if you instantly escape with me.”

“It was very good of you, Adolphe,” answered she, “to do so much for us, and I thank you; but you know I cannot fly with you, or ever be yours, because the usages of society must be respected—the established distinctions of the world must be conceded to. Fly with a miller, and a miller's son! Oh, never! All the world would laugh at my folly and want of spirit. I should never get a suitable husband after such a *faux pas*.”

Thus prattled the silly girl in the presence of an infuriated man, and thus she trifled on the brink of destruction. Nay, she had so fatally smitten her lover with insult and mockery to his innermost soul, that while it banished every tender recollection or sentiment, it kindled the most deadly revenge. He sprang to his feet, during her rapid address—he tarried till she paused—and then, without deigning to return an answer,

flung out of the chamber—the demented ferocity of his look frightening the lovely image he left behind, and for an instant inspiring her with something like a foreboding of evil. But the disheartening sentiment took slight hold of her; for a few minutes afterwards she consoled herself, saying,—“I will not admit him another time, unless I know that he is tame; he is all well enough to listen to when he speaks to me as he ought to do, but as soon as he ceases to admire, and talks about the rights of mankind and such like nonsense, he is positively foolish and disagreeable. I must keep him at more distance; he will see me then to greater advantage.”

While the trifler was thus concocting her future stratagems, Adolphe was hurrying to join the bloodhounds with whom he spent most of his time,—his heart filled with gall and dire intent. He stood in front of the hotel that had belonged to the Duc de M——, but who had perished on the scaffold. He entered a hall which was nearly full, and in a moment discovered that he himself was the subject of discussion; for Danton, who presided, bent his eyes upon the newly-entered member, and said,—“There be some amongst us who tamper with our foes, and the enemies of the state; who for their own aggrandizement would sell liberty, and bring destruction on all those who are hearty in the cause of the people. For my part, I stick to the motto, ‘that the foundations of liberty must be laid in the blood of aristocrats,’ and let him who has just now joined us say, if he is of another opinion.” A murmur of applause sped through the hall, and all eyes were turned to Adolphe, who instantly shouted, “I denounce Rosalie de Naville and her father, as authors of the people’s sufferings, enemies to liberty, and guilty of great crimes.”

Ere twenty-four hours had elapsed, after the utterance of this speech, a white-headed and stately man, and an exquisitely lovely young lady were dragged to the guillotine. It was observed that her uncovered head had on it a fantastic coronet of glossy auburn hair. It was her own tresses, which according to the direction of some superior had been thus arranged. As the father and daughter ascended to the fatal platform, the latter’s eye caught a glance of one of the surrounding crowd. It was Adolphe Benoit. “Save me! save me, Adolphe!” was all she could utter, as she stretched herself towards the spot where he stood. “The miller’s son has now no power,” was the only reply. A few moments afterwards, a heart-rending shriek, and next a headless body announced that Rosalie de Naville was no more.

Nothing particular has as yet been said of Amalie de

Naville, the sister of Rosalie, who was now the only remnant of the family. To wind up this tragic tale, it is proper to glance at her history. Amalie inherited her father's dignity of character, and his superior talents; but it was Rosalie that represented with increased effect their mother's beauty, who at one time had been accounted a matchless beauty in the French Capital. Amalie for the most part had lately resided with a collateral and distant relative, who took care to store her mind with wisdom rather than the methods of decking extravagantly her person. Under this considerate guide she had won the affections of Mons. Verillon, the scion of a noble house, and one of the most renowned families in France, and the day of their marriage had for some time been definitely settled. Through Adolphe's insatiable revenge, however, this gallant young man was apprehended, arraigned, and condemned to die, like hundreds more of his order. It was private revenge and a sort of personal jealousy, on account of having been himself discarded by another member of the Naville house, which chiefly prompted the miller to this atrocity.

One day soon after the violent death of the lovely and harmless Rosalie, a young lady rushed into the grand saloon of one of the gayest hotels in all Paris, which Adolphe had usurped as one of the leaders among the sanguinary revolutionists; and ere he was able to interpose and check this intrusion, she, with her face buried between her hands, knelt at the young man's feet, and sued for a respite, for mercy, in the most piteous and eloquent terms he had ever heard, in behalf of her lover—her betrothed. "I am the sister of Rosalie de Naville and hearing that you have wailed over her untimely death, I have come, assured that one who has sucked at the same breasts, and in whose veins kindred blood ebbs and flows, will not be unfortunate enough to leave untouched the chord that has vibrated for her." "Rise up young woman," he replied, "and follow me." He led her to a small apartment; he withdrew a silken screen; then said, "look there—what do you behold?" "I behold the head of my dear sister, with her unrivalled tresses unstained by gore, and she seems to sleep placidly." "Think you," rejoined he, "that the man, who adored that angel, and yet spared not her innocent life, will show mercy to the accepted lover of her sister?" He led the trembling suppliant to the spot where she first interrupted his meditations, and to his attendants he made a sign, saying "I would be alone," and saw Amalie de Naville no more. The guillotine did its office for Verillon, and it was remarkable, that Amalie died in the same hour, by the sudden stroke of despairing grief.

Returning tenderness, remorse, and perhaps insanity now began to distract more and more the revengeful miller. It seemed as if a retributive infatuation had seized him. He spent most of his solitary hours gazing at the preserved head of Rosalie; but when on other occasions he repaired to the assembly of his blood-thirsty associates, it was generally to upbraid, and to threaten them with a counter-revolution. This was more than enough, and even from a former ringleader of the ferocious bands; so that the guillotine soon shed his blood. His last words contained a request that was scrupulously performed, through the offices of some of his companions, and former admirers; "I caused the bodies of Amalie and Verillon to be buried in one grave; let Rosalie's lovely head be shrined within my embrace when I am interred in my father's tomb on the heights of Montmartre."



VITTORIA.

A STORY often told by Julian Falconer, is one which is worthy of being recorded. He was a young officer who had during Wellington's brilliant Peninsular campaign frequently distinguished himself; but never more efficiently than at Vittoria, where he providentially escaped unhurt, but not unfatigued. On the night of the battle (the 21st of June, 1813), which was fought in the neighbourhood of the city now named, he found himself on the banks of the Zadora, and glad to seek the comfort of the turf to refresh himself. The dampness and chillness of the night, however, soon advertised him, that it would be as well to search for some shelter; and, accordingly, after following a particular track, sometimes interrupted by heaps of the dead, he reached a hut, and called out to the inhabitants, whom he heard conversing, for leave to enter. After some hesitation his prayer was cautiously listened to, and he was ushered into the cabin, whose inmates consisted merely of a single pair of human beings and a large Spanish hound. The man was a manufacturer of sword-blades, for which Vittoria and the adjacent villages have long been much celebrated, and like many who work in stern and war-like metal had a brawny arm. His look, as Julian thought, was also forbidding, and the dame had a sinister expression in her countenance. But whatever might be their characters, the young officer was not inclined to leave their fireside, until they offered him the floor of the loft, which forms ordinarily, part of a Spanish hut, and a blanket for his covering. After essaying in vain for a while to compose himself—the fatigue

VIEW NEAR VICTORIA.

Engraved by J. H. R. 1854



of the day not being able at once to banish from his mind frightful fancies—he fell asleep.

He had slept for perhaps two hours, when he was disturbed by something getting into his bed beside him. He started from his pillow, and perceived that it was the large hound of the house, which, he supposed, had found its way up the rude sort of ladder which led to his dormitory. He would have made him welcome to a share of his blanket, and was preparing himself to return to his repose, but the animal insisted upon licking his hands and face, and was, in short, so affectionate as fairly to drive away sleep. The young man was induced to get up, and open the window, with the hope that the dog might leave him. It immediately took advantage of the opportunity, and bounded clear over upon the ground, and performed a variety of gambols on the turf, springing and wheeling about as if in ecstasy—now stretching himself for a moment at all his length, and then returning to his fantastic sport. The youth was exhilarated by the sight, which helped still more to banish heaviness from his eye-lids; but when he surveyed the scene and the brilliancy of the moonlight, he thought he had never before beheld nature so beautiful and glorious. There was not one little cloud in the spacious expanse of the firmament. The effulgence of the queen of night, he thought had never been so wondrous, nor the stars so numerous and bright. Every leaf was shivering in dew, as if a shower of diamonds had been rained upon the earth. Every crag, tree, and bush were illuminated; the beams of the moon glittered and played upon the bosom of the river, so that it might be likened to a stream of living crystal. Even the birds were singing as if it had been the opening of a new day; and yet how unlike the steady warm glow of day was the icy splendour of that beautiful hour!

Suddenly a strain of music floated to his ear. The sound resembled neither lute, nor harp, nor trumpet, but partook indescribably of the lovely softness of the first, the wailing melancholy of the second, and the spirit-stirring majesty of the third. It seemed to come from a distance, and yet how distinctly did every note tell upon his ear! Wonder, admiration, an undefinable emotion of enthusiasm, filled his soul. He hastily threw on his dress, and was beside the mound upon the turf, by means of a quantity of firewood that was piled against the gable of the hut. The animal for a moment frolicked around him, and then pricking up his ears, and wagging his tail began to run in the direction from which the music seemed to be proceeding. Julian lost as in the thralldom of some delicious dream, followed him with elastic steps. The

course the animal took was to the old ruin that sentinels the banks of the Zadora, in the vicinity of Vittoria.

For a moment a superstitious awe crept over the youth—yet an irresistible fascination drew him on. For suddenly there came to him, not the rich and melodious sound he had heard before, but a soft solitary female voice singing in low, deep, trembling notes, mournfully. At the same instant also, he perceived that a brilliant artificial light filled the interior of the building which had before appeared to him an uninhabited ruin. The dog fawned upon him and enticed him to proceed farther, when, to his additional surprise, he found that the windows were glazed, and the whole in complete order.

Julian was not prepared to seek an entrance, but stood as if rooted to the spot, gazing intently, and still hearing distinctly the music of the song. The voice swelled upon his ear, a door opened, and the singer entered the chamber into which he was looking. A lady seated herself right opposite to him, still continuing her enchanting strain. Somehow the dog had found an entrance and crouched at her feet.

For a few moments the singing ceased—she touched a buckle, so as to let her raven-black gorgeous curls fall almost upon the ground, and began to arrange them deliberately with a comb that seemed made of ivory and gold. How surpassing her beauty! What grace and majesty in every motion! yet what a maiden cheerfulness of innocence! She was tall, but the feminine gentleness of every lineament and gesture was perfect. He could have kissed the earth on which she trod; his whole soul was lost in a rapture of timid breathless admiration.

The lady looked up towards Julian from amidst the thick glossiness of her dishevelled curls. Her pale loveliness became all over suffused, at the same moment, with a deep transparent blush—the face even to the brow—the fair arms, and the heaving bosom, partaking of her emotion;—her bright eye rested full upon him with an indescribable expression of astonishment, bashfulness, and confusion; and yet every thing was gentle; nothing seemed to have power to chase away the confidence of the solitary. Julian put his hand to his lips, bowed his head as if to crave pardon for his intrusion, and knelt before her on the ground. She rose, and gathering up her flowing locks as she moved, walked slowly to the window, and motioned with passionate gesture that he should rise. He obeyed. Instantly she threw open the tall casement, and, smiling through her blushes, addressed some words to him, but in an unknown tongue. He answered, however, in his own. The lady shook her head playfully, and drew back a step or two; and the youth in a moment was within the chamber at her

feet. His lip touched her hand—the beautiful hand trembled and thrilled, but was not withdrawn. Julian gazed, he essayed in vain the murmur of adoration—the ecstasy of worship.

For some minutes this eloquent silence continued—the lady all the while standing over him, as if lost in wonder and hesitation. At last the trembling hand lifted him from the ground—the glorious raven-locks dropped all their weight upon his shoulders. Julian dared to encircle the beautiful creature with his arms—a balmy kiss followed—his heart was overcharged with the bliss of that moment—his rapture gushed to his lips—and he cried out,—“Now, Heaven bless thee thou beauty of the world!”

Ere the words left his lips an icy shiver ran through all his veins—he gazed around him—he was alone—the open skies were above him—there was no light but that of the firmament, which showed him the high and hoary walls of a roofless ruin of vast dimensions—the owl, which whooped right over him from amidst a mass of aged ivy, was the only sound, beside the sighing breeze, which he heard.

He fled from what he, at first, doubted not was an enchanted spot; though, as he hastened back to the hut, he began to think the battle-scene had so affected his imagination, as to bewilder his brain. He scrambled to his loft, by the same easy and silent method that he had left it, and again for a time in vain courted sleep, without the society of the dog.

But as he was occasionally closing his eyes, he fancied that he heard the step of some one below. Voices next reached his ear, and a friendly crevice offering itself, he discovered, by means of a light which the conversers had kindled, that he was the subject of their dialogue. A cold sweat bedewed him, for in the hands of the husband was a glittering sword, with which it was agreed that he should assail the stranger. The woman exhibited the fury of a Gorgon, and wielded a similar weapon. “Steal up the ladder,” said she, “and slay him, ere he wakes; I warrant me he has harvested well to-night among the dead and the dying; I heard his gold clink in his pocket. Slay him and cast him out; it requires no ingenuity for his countrymen to account for his death,—Corazon!”

For a moment Julian was spell-bound, as if a night-mare had lain on his breast; and marvellous to himself it was, that he did not at once escape by the same way that he had before left the loft. He heard the stealthy foot of the assassin, that had reached the highest step of the ladder, before he could spring to his feet. Self-preservation at last suggested the desperate means of cleaving down the villain before he

could leave the ladder, and quick as thought Julian's sword, which he had instinctively grasped, glittered in the moon-light, and sunk deep into the — floor, making a harmless gash.

The young man had been asleep—he had dreamt—he had never left his bed—no dog had ever disturbed him through the night. But the effort of his sword was a real performance, which awoke him. Day-light already streamed through the latticed window that lighted the loft; and he descended to a hearty welcome from the blade-maker and his wife, whom he found to be young, handsome, and hospitable,—nothing but the scenes and vicissitudes of the battle-field having occasioned the dark presumptions of the night before, or kindled in his brain such a wild but brilliant imaginative dream, as the one which he so often afterwards recited.



THE STAR OF SEVILLE.*

THE "Star of Seville" is a dramatic poem, full of poetical beauties—strongly marked with originality, not of character, but of thought—tinted with imitations of the style of the old writers—yet, on the whole, distinguishing the writer, as one capable of accomplishing a dramatic work not unworthy the regard of those who know the value of Massinger and Ford.

The plot of this drama is simple enough. *Alphonso*, the young King of Spain, comes to Seville in his progress through his dominions, and is enthusiastically welcomed; *Don Pedro* and *Don Carlos* (the latter much attached to the king from childhood) are two nobles of Seville. *Estrella*, the sister of Don Pedro, is betrothed, and on the eve of marriage with Don Carlos.

The king, in passing through the city, sees *Estrella* at her balcony, and is enamoured of her, and employs *Arias*, his cousin and favourite, to procure him an interview. This is arranged, and the king enters her apartment from the balcony. Her screams bring her brother, Don Pedro, to her rescue. A struggle ensues, and the king escapes. The latter is so enraged, that he sends for Carlos, and instigates (or commands) him to murder Pedro, on the plea of his having attempted the life of his sovereign. The king binds him to the dreadful act before he tells him who is to be his victim; when Don Carlos reads the name, he still considers himself fatally sworn to the deed,

* A Drama, in Five Acts. By Mrs. Butler (late Miss Kemble). Saunders & Otley.

works himself into a state of madness and intoxication—seeks Pedro—provokes him into a combat, and kills him. Carlos is taken—he confesses he is the murderer—is condemned and executed. Estrella goes mad—escapes from those who have the care of her into the street—sees Carlos as he is being led to execution—rushes to the scaffold, and dies with him. But to our extracts. Love is an old theme—see what a young and intellectual woman can originate upon the subject:—

Carlos. Oh ! Pedro, pardon me ; thou ne'er didst love !
 'Tis writ in the smooth margin of thy brow,
 And in the steady lustre of thine eye.
 Thy blood did never riot through thy veins
 With the distemper'd hurried course of love ;
 Thy heart did never shake thy shuddering frame
 With the thick startled throbbing pulse of love :
 Thou hast ne'er wept love's bitter burning tears ;
 Hoped with love's wild unutterable hope,
 Nor drown'd in love's dark, fathomless despair.
 Thine is a stedfast and a fixed nature,
 'Gainst which the tide of passion and desire
 Breaks harmless as the water o'er the rock,
 And the rich light of beauty shines alone
 On thy soul's surface, leaving all beneath it
 Unmoved and cold as subterranean springs.
 Love hath no power o'er spirits such as thine,
 Nor comes not nigh to them.

Estrella. Oh ! tell me, Pedro,
 Whom hast thou loved ?

Pedro. Thee, from thy cradle upwards !

Est. Nay ; but whom dost thou love ?

Pedro. Thee, more than life !

Est. Flouter, wilt thou not answer me in seriousness ?

Pedro. Some other time, sweet ; but for that, no matter
 Whether my heart hath bled beneath the dart,
 Or whether there hath stuck no arrow there :
 I know the very difference that lies
 'Twixt hallow'd love and base unholy lust ;
 I know the one is as a golden spur,
 Urging the spirit to all noblest aims ;
 The other but a foul and miry pit
 O'erthrowing it in midst of its career ;
 I know the one is as a living spring
 Of virtuous thoughts, true dealings, and brave deeds—
 Nobler than glory, and more sweet than pleasure—
 Richer than wealth, begetter of more excellence

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Than aught that from this earth corrupt takes birth,
 Second alone in the fair fruit it bears
 To the unmixed ore of true devotion :
 I know that lust is all of this, spelt backwards ;
 Fouler than shame, and bitterer than sorrow,
 More loathly than most abject penury—
 Nor hath it fruit or bearing to requite it,
 Save sick satiety and good men's scorn.
 He that doth serve true love I love and honour ;
 And he that is lust's slave, I do despise,
 Though he were twenty times the King of Spain ;
 Wherewith I do commend me to your favours,
 And leave ye to your parting undisturbed.

The above has all the daringness and truth of genius, unsoiled by the timidity of the sex.

Again, the following if not dramatic, is so full of the essence of poetry, that we feel impelled to extract it.

Carlos. Dost thou not think that I shall love thee well ?
 Dost thou not know that in this air-clipped earth
 There's no created thing I love like thee ?
 Tell me—oh ! tell me, sweetest, dearest, best !
 Dost thou not feel how utterly I love thee ?
 Speak to me, dear Estrella ; do not turn
 Thy fair eyes from me—there are tears in them !
 What have I done ? Have I offended thee ?
 Upon my knees, here at thy feet I'll lie,
 Doing too blest a penance for my sin,
 Till thou forgive me : wherefore dost thou weep ?

Est. Oh, nature knows no other coin for joy
 Or grief, but melts them both alike in tears :
 I have a thousand stifling feelings press
 My heart to bursting ; joy to the height of pain
 Comes like a flood upon my every sense ;
 Thy voice runs through my frame like the soft touch
 Of summer winds o'er trembling harp-strings playing,
 Thy gentle words and looks that, though I love,
 I dare not meet, make my soul faint within me.
 Oh ! Carlos, there is pain in this deep pleasure,
 And e'en our joys taste of earth's bitter root ;
 Besides, there is a thought that, hand in hand
 With the sweet promise of our marriage, comes
 Like shadow upon sunlight—I must go
 From my dear home—the home of all my life,
 Where I have lived, oh ! such a happy time !
 Aurora's tears are not more like each other

Than the bright ever-blessed maiden hours
That the sun of time has, one by one, dried up.

Once more, as to poetry—why will not the authoress give herself up to the drama of poetry, instead of wasting herself upon the poetry of the drama?—

Est. It is in vain : like the exulting sun,
My light pursues thy wisdom's conquer'd shadows,
And chases them from off my land of hope.
See, thou false prophet—see where the bright morning
Stands laughing on the threshold of the east—
Where are the clouds thou saidst did veil the dawn?
Look how the waters mirror back again
The blushing curtains of Aurora's bed.
O fresh and fragrant earth, and glorious skies
All strewn with rosy clouds—sweet dewy breath
Of earliest buds unfolded in the night
And thou—thou winged spirit of melody,
Thou lark that mountest singing to the sun,
Fair children of the gold-eyed morn, I hail ye!
There dwells not one sad thought within my breast;
'Tis the broad noon-day there of light and love.
The earth rebounds beneath my joyous feet :
I am a spirit—a spirit of hope and joy !

It is impossible to say that the passages we have extracted are not remarkably beautiful—nay, more, remarkably original;—but they are beautiful as the contemplative creations of the mind of the authoress, revelling in imagination, rather than the utterance of the lover, or than the dialogue of two, even impassioned, creatures devoted to each other. *Romco* and *Juliet* rhapsodized—they did not debate. In the intensest scenes of *Othello*, he and *Iago* become monosyllabic. Language becomes concentrated when under the hand of passion.

The underplot is too slight to notice—it was evidently intended as a mere relief to the tragic parts—and is sometimes out of keeping and misplaced. We must also add, that there are vulgarities in the old writers, and that *Mrs. Butler* is rash enough “to follow them over that hedge;” but she has genius enough—and sense enough—and years, before her, enough—to compel her errors “to lean to virtue's side.”



LONDON FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH.

THE uncommon severity of the weather has kept the summer fashions more in retard than we ever remember them to have

been. Spring robes, scarfs, and bonnets, have indeed been prepared; but as yet few of our *élégantes* have been hardy enough to appear in them: our task, therefore, must rather be to describe what actually will be seen in the course of the month, than what may be viewed at present.

Scarfs of Cachmere, silk, and different kinds of gauze, are expected to be very much in favour. We have seen also several silk shawls of light colours, beautifully embroidered in detached bouquets of flowers. Mantelets of embroidered muslin, taffetas, and lace, are expected to be even more in request than they were last summer, and this we think very probable, because there is so much variety in their forms that they give great scope to the tastes of our *élégantes*. Silk pelisses will be generally adopted in carriage dress; and for the public promenade we have given a model of one of an elegantly simple kind. Others, of a more showy description, will be profusely decorated with fancy silk trimming, or with ribbon disposed in various ways; wreaths, cut in imitation of wild endive, are expected to be much in favour for these trimmings.

The changes that will take place in hats and bonnets are not yet decided; but we have reason to look upon it as pretty certain that the brims of both will remain large. We must, however, observe, that an attempt will be positively made to bring small bonnets into fashion, and that in a very high quarter; but we have reason to think it will fail. Some of the new hats are remarkable, as our readers will see by our prints, for the great depth of the brims, and others for the manner in which they stand out from the face; but it is, generally speaking, at the back part of the crown that the principal changes have been made. The curtains are excessively low, and disengage the neck, without leaving it too much exposed. Other hats, and those are the most numerous, have no curtain at the back; but the brim, which, narrowing very much behind, goes round it, is turned up in a manner that gives considerable grace and smartness to the head-dress. Gipsy hats will certainly be fashionable—both in Italian straw, rice straw, and different kinds of silk, particularly *moire*, which is expected to be very much in vogue.

The principal change that has yet taken place in the trimmings of hats consists in the novel mode in which the flowers are disposed: instead of long slender sprigs or light bouquets, they are now arranged in bouquets *à la Duchesse*, or *à la Jardinière*, composed of various early flowers, but of a round form. This is a very heavy style, and requires considerable taste in the arrangement of the flowers, otherwise the effect will be inelegant. Flowers, however, although greatly in favour, will

but divide the palm with feathers—that is, we mean for dress or half-dress hats. Shaded feathers of the willow kind will be much in favour—particularly for rice straw or white silk hats: we have just seen some ornamented with two shaded feathers, placed in contrary directions—one standing nearly upright, the other descending in a spiral direction. Two marabouts of the willow kind, with a rose at their base, will also be a favourite style of trimming, and one that has an elegant effect. White ostrich feathers, which are certainly superior in point of chaste elegance to any fancy plumes, will be much in request for Italian straw, and for coloured silk hats. Curtain veils have resumed their vogue; most of the new hats and bonnets are decorated with them: those of spotted *tulle* are particularly fashionable.

The month is rich in new materials. We may cite for general wear, the papyrus, which, notwithstanding its antique name, is one of the prettiest and most elegant of our modern tissues—soft as Cachmere, with the brilliancy of silk and the lightness of cambric. The patterns and colours are very varied; some extremely rich, others of a more simple-kind—the latter are intended for *negligé*. We must not forget the new plaids of Cachmere wool, in sober colours; they are calculated for home dress, and particularly for the country. An elegant material for young persons, or for social party dresses, is called *Ariel*; and in truth, from the lightness and beauty of its texture, which seems almost to resemble a cloud, it very well merits its name; it is a *gaze de laine*, quadrilled in white upon light-coloured grounds—those of blue and rose are particularly beautiful. White will be much in favour in evening dress, both for muslins, silks, and those materials composed of a mixture of silk and wool. The few silk robes that have appeared, are of *pou de soie*, *gros de Tours*, or *gros d'Afrique*, of light colours; and almost all are made with the *corsages* tight to the shape, and pointed at bottom; they are cut in general of a moderate and becoming height round the top, and trimmed with a row of lace set on quite plain, and forming a small pelerine. Short tight sleeves, trimmed either with lace ruffles or turned up cuffs of lace, like those worn by infants, are in a majority, but we see some also lightly bouffanted at the top and bottom. Nothing very new is expected to appear in hair dressing. *Coiffures en cheveux* will however, be those most in favour, and all the inventions of our florists have been put in requisition for wreaths and bouquets to adorn them; besides a number of new and rare flowers, we see also some fancy ones of uncommon beauty. Wreaths are of different forms, some ending in a sprig or a small bouquet on one side; these last

are likely to be very fashionable. The colours in request will be lilac, pea-green, and other new and light shades of green, different shades of fawn, blue, yellow, cherry, and all the lighter shades of rose.



PARIS FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH.

A DAY or two of sunshine, or rather occasional gleams of sunshine, have drawn our *élégantes* to the fashionable promenade, the *bois de Boulogne*; and although several still appeared in the warm clothing of winter, yet, there was a sufficient number of summer toilettes to enable us to give considerable information, respecting the summer fashions, to our fair readers. White hats and bonnets were in a majority, but there was a good deal of variety in their trimmings; some were decorated with *follettes* (they are willow eathers of a new kind), others with marabouts, but flowers were in a majority. We noticed particularly the *hypoxis*; this beautiful flower was seen on several of the new *moire* and plain satin hats. Others were trimmed with a single bouquet of roses, of violets of Parma, or Easter daisies, without foliage; lilacs, and in short all the early flowers, were put in requisition both for hats and bonnets. Those of Italian straw were all of the hat shape, and in a decided minority, but of uncommon beauty both for colour and quality. Silk *chapeaux* came next in number, they were plain white satin, and white and coloured *moire*, and *pou de soie*. Rice straw was in decided majority both for hats and bonnets; indeed we never remember the latter so much adopted in half-dress, nor so elegantly trimmed; feathers, foliage, and flowers, were all employed to decorate them; almost all were trimmed with a *ruche*; the brims extremely wide and deep, had less variety in their form than in their arrangement; the greatest number were drawn, some others were plaited horizontally in the fan style, and a few lined with a different colour.

But we are bound to signalize the fact, that in the midst of those large bonnets, and hats of an equal dimension, we perceived two of those singularly pretty little bonnets that were fashionable some years ago under the name of *Bibi*; they were worn by two of the most elegant women in the promenade, and formed a very decided contrast to all the other head-dresses; they were of black *moire*, without any other ornament than a single rose of exquisite freshness and beauty; it was so placed as to droop very much to the right side.

A few, but very few muslin mantelets, embroidered and trimmed with lace, appeared. We may cite also some *pou de soie*,

and *gros d'Afrique* spencers of light colours, as green, and blue; some were ornamented with fancy silk trimming, others with black lace. Silk mantelets, some trimmed with the same material, and others with black lace; the majority were of the scarf kind, and of a large size.

There is little change in the form of dresses; they are still for the most part made with *corsages à l'antique*; the skirts remain of the same ungraceful length, and preposterous width; as to the sleeves they offer the usual variety of forms. We noticed that among the new materials, those of fine Cachmere wool and silk were in a decided majority; the *batistes de laine*, *et soie*, *Salamporis*, and *Memphis* were of new and beautiful patterns. The most remarkable among the silks were the foulards, and the *reps de Venise*. The only muslin robes that were seen were of the pelisse kind, lined with coloured *gros de Naples*, and trimmed with lace and ribbon to correspond with the lining. The colours *à la mode* are lavender-blossom, *eau de Danube*, pazure blues, emerald and light green, fawn and various shades of rose.



DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATES.

Morning Visiting Dress.

THE robe is composed of one of the new *mousselines Cachemires*; the *corsage* is half high, square, fitting tight to the shape, and a little pointed at the bottom. Long tight sleeves, made to fit the arm; they are trimmed with *manchettes* of white grenadine gauze, disposed in a double bias fold, and set on just above the elbow, being headed by a band, and knot of pink ribbon; plain tight cuffs *en suite*, ornament the bottoms of the sleeves. Rice-straw hat; a low crown without any curtain, and a brim of excessive depth, standing quite out from the face; a band and knot of pink ribbon, and a sprig of white lilac, decorate the crown. Fichu Corday of grenadine gauze; it is bordered by a broad hem, through which a pink ribbon is run, and the ends, tied at the bottom of the waist behind, fall low over the skirt.

Public Promenade Dress.

PELISSE of fawn-coloured *pou de soie*; the *corsage* is made quite high behind, but partially open on the bosom, displaying a lace *chemisette*; it is trimmed with a shawl lappel, richly embroidered in silk to correspond. Armadis sleeves, surmounted by *mancherons*, plaited longitudinally at top, and ending in

triple bouffants ; the sleeve is finished by an embroidered cuff : a very rich embroidery *en tablier* decorates the front of the skirt. Green taffetas drawn bonnet, of a large size, trimmed with ribbon to correspond.

Fashionable Millinery.

Fig. 1.—*Morning Cap of tulle* ; it is somewhat of the turban shape in front, with the caul high, and placed rather backward ; the trimming consists of *coques* and a knot of pink ribbon.

Fig. 2.—*Evening Cap*. It is a *Fanchon* of blond, very full trimmed with white ostrich feathers, roses, and blue ribbon.

Fig. 3.—*Morning Pelérine* of clear muslin, with a trimming of the same, embroidered in a light pattern ; it presents a back view of fig. 1.

Fig. 4.—*Evening Cap of tulle* ; a rather high caul placed very backward, and encircled with a band of *oiseau* ribbon, which terminates in a full knot behind ; there is no front, but its place is supplied by flowers. *Oiseau brides*. *Fichu à la paysanne*, of *tulle*, trimmed with the same material, and ornamented with knots of *oiseau* ribbon ; it gives a back view of the one in fig. 2.

Fig. 5.—*Carriage Hat* of pink *pou de soie* ; the brim is a long oval, trimmed in the interior with blond ; high crown decorated with ribbon to correspond, and ears of green corn.

Walking Dress.

GREY lilac *gros de Naples* pelisse ; the *corsage* made quite high, is plain behind, but draped in full folds on each side of the front ; the *corsage* and skirt are fastened imperceptibly down the front, and decorated with a row of ornaments formed of close folds of ribbon to correspond. The sleeve of the *Armadis* form at the bottom, is decorated immediately above and below the elbow with bouffants ; the upper part corresponds, but the middle is made to fit close to the arm. Drawn bonnet of rose-coloured taffetas ; a round and very deep brim ; the interior is trimmed in the cap style with blond, but it is set on almost plain ; the crown is decorated with a bunch of early flowers, and very rich rose gauze ribbons : a curtain veil of *tulle* completes the trimming. Embroidered muslin collar. Green taffetas scarf. Brown silk parasol, of a large size.



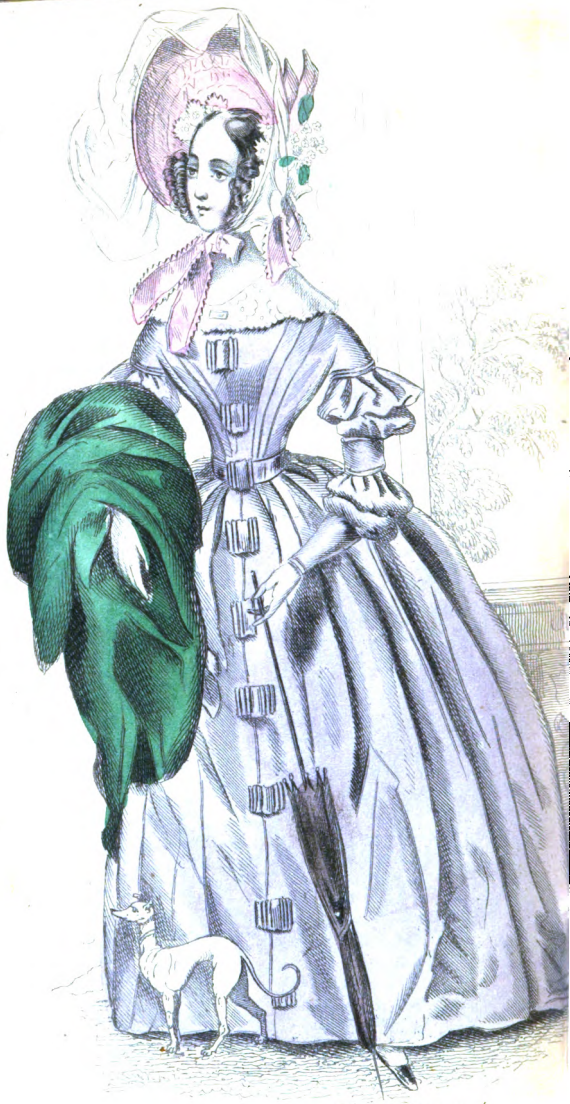
MORNING VISITING-DRESS. Google



FASHIONABLE MILLINERY



PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.



WALKING DRESS.

THE
LADIES' CABINET
OF
FASHION, MUSIC, AND ROMANCE.

THE SCOTCH COVENANTERS.

A TALE OF THE CLYDE.

Their blood is shed
In confirmation of the noblest claim,—
Our claim to feed upon immortal truth,
To walk with God, to be divinely free
Yet few remember them. They lived unknown,
Till persecution dragged them into fame.
And chased them up to heaven. Their ashes flew
—No marble tells us whither. Cowper.

ALTHOUGH the events described and detailed in the following narrative did not occur in precisely the same order, or in the history of the same family, as here set down, yet there is not a circumstance mentioned that has not truth for its foundation, and that is not separately correct. The west of Scotland, with which the writer is intimately acquainted, abounds with records of a similar nature, many of them, indeed, more heart-rending than imagination can invent.

History has bequeathed to the world an instructive volume concerning the sufferings and triumphs of the Scotch Covenanters, who, after the Restoration of Charles II., stood up for the protection of their liberties, and against the encroachments of the kingly power. They not only, by their perseverance and patriotism, asserted their rights, and transmitted to posterity the most precious privileges, but they taught a lesson that should form a beacon to every other people whose freedom may be menaced or violated. Many of the spots and scenes which these unbending martyrs rendered famous, are pointed out in the county of Lanark. But few or none are more enthusiastically regarded by the peasantry than a cavern which thousands of strangers annually visit, or rather point to, keeping at a considerate distance, that perforates the frowning and tremendous rock that sentinels, and, at one point, almost over-roofs the magnificent cataract, *par excellence* called, the Falls of the Clyde; and the narrative that now follows may be taken as the main source of this celebrity.

June, 1837.—No. VI. Vol. XI.

It was about fourteen years before the return of Charles II. to the British throne, that the Rev. James Gemmel obtained a cordial and unanimous call from the inhabitants of the parish of — in the Lower Ward of Lanarkshire ; the church and minister's dwelling house, or *manse*, of course, being pitched where the village stood, which was in one of the most sequestered hollows through which the above mentioned far-winding and stately river speeds—the adjacent and surrounding scenery consisting of picturesque hills, giving root to the beech, the oak, and the birch, which in spring and summer interweave their various robes in nature's most luxuriant taste, and in winter broke the storm, which whistled and raved amid the tracery of their branches, ere it reached the nestling village below.

Mr. Gemmel was a native of an adjoining county, was the youngest of a farmer's family, had been regularly educated at the University of Glasgow for the ministry ; and, for the age in which he lived, was a man of superior parts. He was learned, accomplished in the tasteful literature of the day, but above all, he was pious and assiduous in the discharge of his sacred functions. In his deportment he was grave, decorous, and affable—dignified without being lofty, and familiar without meanness. Soon after his call as a parish minister, he found a congenial partner in Eliza Bruce, the daughter of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, whose rank, however, was not considered to be in any respect dishonoured by an alliance with a peasant's son of such worth and promise as he who presided in holy things over the parish of —. A happier couple never existed during the course of fourteen years, than they—a more loving pair never journeyed through life. Their offspring were worthy of such a parentage—Andrew the eldest, and Mary the only other pledge of their union, adorning the manse, and like cherubs, blessing father and mother. It is only necessary here farther to mention, that Mr. Gemmel was regarded as the spiritual father of the whole of his flock, and that he was consulted by that simple-hearted and virtuous people not merely on matters of eternal interest, but as a friend and sympathizer in every important concern of private and passing life.

It was soon after the Restoration that Clarendon and Ormond, and latterly Lauderdale, persuaded the king and the rest of his ministers to introduce the episcopal form of worship into Scotland. Patronage was renewed, the clergy were required to procure a presentation from their patrons and collation from their bishops, and to acknowledge their authority, as well as the spiritual supremacy of his Majesty. The majority of the clergy in the West of Scotland rejected these innovations,

whilst those in the North, for the most part acquiesced in them. The bishops had obtained all power in the country, and established ambulatory courts, to carry out the new measures—they and their creatures acting both as accusers and judges, and having a profligate military force to do the bidding of such inquisitors, and, in short, to riot with the most wanton barbarity in bloodshed, confiscations, and rapine. The non-complying clergy were the chief victims of persecution. They were summarily ejected, for not violating their consciences and oaths, as the chosen ministers of the Presbyterian church—driven from their pulpits and their homes, in the severity of winter. They were, at length, not only forbidden to preach to their attached and beloved flocks, but to approach within twenty miles of their former charge. To give shelter to any one of them, to favour his escape, or not to assist in his apprehension, was held as treason and punished accordingly. If gibbets or jails were not their doom, to which when apprehended they were appointed without the ordinary forms of justice or law, morasses, and caves were often their abode. They were literally hunted “as partridges on the mountains.” As might be expected of their successors in the ministry who were mostly apostates, and from the North, they were profligate, and immoral in the extreme. The people loved the pastors whom they themselves had chosen, and now sympathized with them in all their privations and sufferings. They would not listen to the intruded curates, and often sped to the morasses, caverns, moors, and mountains in search of that water of life, which no longer flowed from the churches. This was to the worthless incumbents a source of inextinguishable jealousy and wrath; nor was it strange that in these circumstances such wolves should be the principal agents of persecution, assuming the office of informers and the harbourers of spies—very frequently even urging the drunken, plundering, and blood-thirsty soldiers, many of whom had served as mercenaries in foreign warfare, to unusual methods and degrees of barbarity.

Do the events and the period referred to not present to the considerate mind, scenes not only of dreadful cruelty, but martyrs of heroic worth whose achievements were splendid? Their example compels posterity to admire them and record their deeds with measureless gratitude. Think of men who without hesitation sacrificed every worldly comfort, denying themselves even the shelter of a house from winter to winter, or the certainty of bread, or even the assurance of an hour's existence rather than compromise their conscience! But to the story of the Gemmels, whose names are familiar to the ears even of childhood in the West of Scotland; for they lived

when that district was red with the blood of its own inhabitants and suffered extremely.

From what has already been said of Mr. Gemmel, it will at once be presumed that he was one of the most decided rejectors of the base and unprincipled attempt to overthrow Presbyterianism, and introduce despotism. His unhesitating refusal to take the *test*, as it was called, was visited with prompt and stern persecution. It was a sad day—and yet not the only one—to the parish of —, when the revered and chosen pastor of the people entered his pulpit for the last time, as he himself augured, and bade adieu to the congregation. His discourse to his dear flock was full of that pathetic eloquence which is the spontaneous utterance of a surcharged heart. He concluded thus—“How can I leave you over whom I have watched so long, like sheep without a shepherd, and like sheep in the midst of ravenous wolves?” “O God,” he exclaimed, and the people rose up with one accord, “so watch over them that I may meet them at the last day on thy right hand.” For a few moments he was constrained to pause and to hide the tumult of his emotions; yet though his voice was silent, the weeping congregation’s stifled sobs produced a most unusual sound throughout the church. But the Christian triumphed over the man, when Mr. Gemmel renewed his speech, and in a few brief but expressive exhortations directed them to the source of all comfort, even in spite of the most fiery persecution, and to steadfastness to their faith, and the temperate but firm assertion of their rights, whatever might befall them.

From the church the outcast family took their immediate departure, for the last hour had arrived when Mr. Gemmel could in safety be seen in the neighbourhood of the village. The people, without saying a syllable on the subject, had previously arranged to protect and divide amongst them, till the storm might blow over, the furniture of his neat abode, which an exemplary wife had rendered the picture of happiness and abundance; for how could they who knew not where to lay their heads in safety for a week, incommode themselves with carrying with them even the necessaries of life. By a special and temporary indulgence of the Archbishop of Glasgow, it was, however, granted that Mr. Gemmel might, for a short time live in quietness, provided he did not set his foot in the parish over which he had formerly presided.

Accordingly he and his family had been invited to become in the meanwhile, inmates with a pious farmer, about four miles distant from the deserted manse; and thither did the persecuted group described wend their way. Oh! it was a pitiful and yet an arrestingly noble scene, which now presented itself. There,

arm in arm, went first Andrew and Mary, the former verging on his fourteenth year, a lad like to his father, but of a more original and daring character—the latter in her twelfth year, a girl of surpassing beauty. They had both received the highest culture which their parents could communicate; and though the innocent gaiety of their hearts had not yet encountered any thing to quench their spirits, at this moment, one might discover that hallowed wisdom looked already from their eyes. Yes, religion thou art happiness; even here below it is infinitely superior to every other thing in purity and sweetness. Thou art thyself fair as the light of God, and stampest on all thy children the imagery of heaven!

The minister and his beloved partner followed, and for a short distance the whole congregation joined in this extraordinary procession. And when the women and the younger portion returned sorrowful to their homes, and to witness the intrusion of a worthless curate of the name of Macbriar, a native of the Highlands, the elders of the people still accompanied the outcasts to the extremity of that day's journey.

This sad event, as already stated, took place in winter; nor was Mr. Gemmel greatly molested till towards the close of the following autumn. In the meantime he employed himself as a teacher of a few peasant-children in the immediate neighbourhood, which became a ground of accusation against him; but what was more unpardonable still, he came to be suspected of exhorting and sometimes discoursing to the members of his former flock, who stealthily would repair to his humble abode to receive instruction and to renew their wonted intercourse. A people who had so loved Mr. Gemmel, were not likely to relish the doctrine or the conduct of his supplanter; and, indeed, it sometimes happened (an occurrence by no means extraordinary at that period) that the soldiery had to drive, at the point of the bayonet, a dozen or so of the villagers to the parish church before Macbriar could obtain a hearer, besides, those that were officially employed. The wolf who had broken into the sheepfold, naturally hated the rightful shepherd; and as the flames of persecution gained strength and spread wider their devastations, Mr. Gemmel was no longer sure of a day's existence in the known vicinity of his former congregation. And now, like many others he became a wanderer—when the morasses, the moors, or the rocks, would have to be his constant abode during day; the darkness of night his guardian whenever he held intercourse with any of his fellow creatures.

And yet the Gemmels had reason to congratulate themselves that they had not for a time to endure such extreme sufferings and deprivations as many of the ejected covenanters expe-

rienced. Ere leaving the farmer's house, already mentioned, and being obliged to hide themselves like foxes in holes of the earth, a shepherd had confided to them a secret, which led them to a hiding-place, where for fifteen months they enjoyed comparative security and comfort. This secret spot was the cavern above alluded to, at the Falls of the Clyde; and when assured that this natural phenomenon afforded a retreat, that had been lately discovered by the shepherd himself, when adventuring to *harry* an eagle's nest, by means of ropes fixed to the trees that grew on the summit of the rocks in question, it was resolved on that the whole family should retreat to it.

The cavern, to be sure, if secret, was so, because no one could ever be expected to seek for it, much less to find it, by any ordinary method of procedure. In the first place few persons possess nerves that can venture to the brink of the headlong and tripled cataract—to the topmost ledge of projecting rock over one side of a chasm of tremendous depth, along side of which the dark mountain flood makes an instantaneous shoot, and after being broken and chafed by second and third galleries, and thus thrown off with redoubled fury, till the foaming tumult seems to articulate the wild wailings and piercing screams of its tortured demon, is swallowed up in a deep yawning gulph below. Few are ever likely to venture hither, or to the other descending shelvings of the confining rocks, unless driven between the alternatives of life and death, and even then when "strong in innocence as in triple mail." Nor could these stepping-stones, so to speak, have been discovered, in all their curious and zig-zag sort of intricacy, but by one who had had the opportunity of beholding and minutely examining them by the nature of the descent, which the shepherd had adopted when in search of the eagle's nest. The cave may be thirty feet below the topmost ledge already mentioned; but by means of the shelvings referred to, and the hazel branches and roots, which in the course of many centuries have established themselves in the crevices of the rocks, any one whose fortitude is strong enough, and who makes a good use of hands and feet, might with complete safety enter the adamantine abode. The most singular feature in the passage is where, owing to an elbow of the rock, flat on the top as a table, and near to the cavern's mouth, a part of the cataract leaps overhead, spanning the space like a silver arch, and without endangering any one who may pass that way; for, as the first fall has not yet been interrupted, the flood still maintains its headlong shoot unbroken, without even giving rise to any of that cloud of spray which issues from the tortured waters below, and ascends like the smoke or steam of a furnace.

The cavern is itself capable of containing several persons, and is not rendered uncomfortable by any portion of the flood reaching it; and to this secret retreat did the Gemmels repair; for though the mother and children had not personally incurred the displeasure of the rulers, they wisely anticipated that the time might come, when, if found, they should be questioned respecting the hiding-place of the minister, and made to answer with their lives, unless they discovered his abode. Accordingly the family kept together, and seldom did any of them appear during the day beyond the secrecy of the cave; though at night they often strayed some distance abroad, the the country people charitably ministering to their comforts, and supplying them with the means for supporting life; nor would a single native of that district have acted as an informer against them, but, on the other hand, all were ready to defend them to the last.

Mr. Gemmel, frequently after night-fall, met small groups of the people, and preached to them under the canopy of heaven; and although Macbriar and the spies which he employed, suspected that the good man remained in the neighbourhood, yet for fifteen months all their efforts to surprize and seize him were unavailing. Oh! it was a strange and affecting mode of life, for a peaceable and virtuous family to have to dwell in the rocks, and only to appear in the adjacent wilds after the sun went down. Yet such was the condition of the Gemmels, and with comparative peace of mind, and worldly comfort, did, month after month, thus pass over their heads. The Minister had his Bible and a few choice books, the residue of his former library, for his study; and together with instructing his children and preparing his usual amount of discourses, he found the day pretty fully occupied. His wife, seated on a rudely-constructed stool, devoted much of her time to the little offices of womanly industry, which, in such an abode, could be pursued; and Mary joined her in the same. It was a strange place for the needle and the spinning-wheel to be busy. Andrew was the greatest sufferer, in regard to the weight of time; but he, sometimes, during day, emerged from the rocky prison, and traversed the wilds, or joined the shepherds in the uplands. Beyond any of the family, however, he nurtured his young romance, and acquired the hardihood of a bold and noble spirit, giving utterance for his overpowering thoughts in poetic measures of no mean character. And where could he have found a more splendid school than the abode and habits alluded to? or where a more arousing theme than the woes of Scotland? It was, indeed, not with-

out many earnest petitionings that he did not league himself with those who in the course of the period described, took up arms in behalf of the Covenant, which Charles and his servants violated so grossly. Matters, however, became more intolerable, and the period arrived when it was agreed that the gallant stripling should buckle on the sword. But to return to the Minister and the family at large.

One Sabbath night in the depth of winter, the Gemmels walked forth from their extraordinary home, with the assurance which habit had established to an open space at no great distance from the Falls, where the Minister was accustomed to meet his small congregation, and to conduct the service of his church in a temple not made with hands. His text on this occasion was as follows:—"Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, yet will I fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me." It is unnecessary to say, that in such circumstances, and upon such a theme, a discourse of unusual excellence and power was delivered. At its close and after a short prayer, then

"Rose the song, the loud
Acclaim of praise; the wheeling plover ceased
Her plaint, the solitary place was glad;
And, on the distant cairn, the watcher's ear
Caught, doubtfully at times, the breeze-home note."

But that watcher's hearing had been at fault, for just as Mr. Gemmel was about to dismiss his people, a party of dragoons was close upon them; nor had the worshippers any other chance of escape or defence than to hurry towards a morass which was close at hand, where the horsemen could not follow them. Provoked at this, the commander of the soldiers ordered them to discharge their carbines at the flying people, several of whom were wounded, and Mrs. Gemmel killed. She uttered not a word, but fell in the arms of her beloved husband. And now the tragedy deepens—for, she being thus foully murdered, was the occasion of leading to the discovery of other members of the family.

It was necessary that the body should be consigned to the earth. This was done next night, after having been carried to a shepherd's hut, the spot where she was slain, and that had drank her blood, receiving her mortal remains; nor was there a husband present at this last melancholy discharge of duty; for it was known that Macbriar had set a watch to apprehend Mr. Gemmel, in the hope that he would not keep away at such a juncture. Andrew, therefore, was chief mourner, and but sparingly aided in laying his mother's body in the earth; for there was every reason for fearing that who-

soever should appear at such a crisis was in the secret of the husband's place of concealment; and a price having been set upon his head, there was every rational motive for his remaining absent.

But though the chief mourner was not there, his representative performed his office with a suitable bearing; and, if the elements could be supposed to sympathize with the ceremony, truly there was that in their appearance which bore the deepest symptoms of mourning. The clouds of night were sombre, and stood still, only relieved by a solitary star that glimmered here and there from out the rifted sides of the darkened canopy. The streams sadly murmured—the snipe alone traversing the wide air, while the melancholy cadences of the night-breeze seemed to presage a heavier calamity, and a more wasteful desolation.

Scarcely had Andrew filled up the grave which contained his parent's mortal frame, than Macbriar's emissaries laid hold of him, chagrined that a more aged victim had not fallen to their hands; and roughly was the stripling driven to the village in which he had been born, and where the arch-enemy of his family now presided. No sooner had the lad been conducted thither, than he was subjected to the most close questioning by Dalziel, the commander of the royal forces, who happened to have arrived in the course of the preceding day on an embassy which directly concerned Mr. Gemmel, Macbriar being the relentless instigator. The young man was asked as to the place of his father's concealment, and the promise was often reiterated, that a hair of his father's head should not be injured, neither should ill befall the youth himself. But being aware of their hypocrisy, he answered stoutly, that their professions could not deceive him, and that the nature of their tender mercies was perfectly known. "Will you take the test my lad?" inquired Dalziel, for, as before hinted, the party doing so, renounced the Covenant, owned the King to be head of the church, and tendered submission to the ecclesiastical despotism of the bishops. Andrew's answer was that of a prepared martyr. "I am," said he, "the son of the Rev. James Gemmel, the rightful pastor of this parish, and never will I be a recreant from the faith and principles which he has established in me. I am in your power, and am prepared to die, rather than violate my conscience," "But are you prepared to endure torture?" inquired the curate, pointing to a thumbkin. "Ah!" rejoined Dalziel, "let him think better of it till to-morrow morning," and with this he was locked up in the church, where he had often sat in

peace, and which was the only house in the village that could be used as a prison, the soldiers without keeping guard.

In this now desecrated temple he spent the night—at times stretching himself in the pew where he had so often sat in comfort, but never indulging in any unavailing schemes of escape. He looked upon his hours as being numbered, and nearly exhausted, turning his thoughts to heaven, and his prayers in behalf of his father and sister. When morning dawned he was again conducted to the presence of the inquisitors, and once more asked if he now would inform them of his father's abode? "I needed not" said he, "any respite to make up my mind on a matter that admits of but one answer; that answer you have already received." "Will you take the test?" The same decisive reply as before followed the interrogatory. "Try this delicate instrument on your thumbs, fanatic youth," said Macbriar, "and then we'll see whether your heart be as stout as your voice." The mandate was obeyed till the youth swooned away. On recovering, similar questions were again put, and contemned, the torture being renewed. "Thrust your sword through my body cried he, "but think not to extract a single word from me that will compromise my character or endanger my father." Crush went the bones of both thumbs, and "to the Bell-tree with him" was the next prompt command—an ancient ash that grew in the church-yard, and obtained the above designation on account of having at one time been the support that held the instrument that invited the people to church.

Just as the young man was led forth to execution, Mary, his sister, for a few minutes interrupted the proceedings, by frantically rushing amongst the soldiery, and exclaiming—"Have pity upon my brother; he never wronged any one of you, and if you knew how much my father and I doat upon him, how much my murdered mother loved him, you surely would not slay him. Let me die in his stead!" "Fly my sister," answered the victim, "there is no safety here for any of us; your blood, and our father's, and mine is too insignificant to assuage the thirst of our persecutors. Fly, and tell my father how I died; knowing that I shall join my mother among the assembly of the blessed." "Would it not be advisable," whispered Macbriar to the general, "to try what the thumb-knives might extract from this demented girl?" But blood-thirsty and cruel as Dalziel was, he chid the curate's ferocious proposal, saying, "the lad is enough out of one family for this day;"—and while Andrew died like a hero, his insensible sister was borne off by some of the villagers, and put under the charge of the woman who had nursed her while a babe.

But never from the kind-hearted villager's cot did Mary depart, till the wasting hand of grief and premature bereavement sent her to the grave. Once, indeed, did smiles and comforting words mark her latter hours. This was when her father, at dead of night, repaired to her guardian's abode, and poured out his soul in prayer for her. "I die in peace, and in the possession of a strong hope," murmured she, that we shall all soon be singing the praises of the Lamb in heaven. But now you must go, father, before the break of day, else I may live longer than you." Hardly had she uttered these words, when her gentle soul fled, and forced from the childless widower this declaration—"Lovely in thy father's sight has been thy death, Mary—heroic as thy brother's—and as beseemeth a softer nature. Now has persecution done its worst with me—the bitterness of death is over;" and hurrying from surrounding danger, he once more sought the cavern, which had so often sheltered him, there to become a solitary inhabitant.

But spies had tracked his course, and when, ere descending to this vacant home, he stood near the grave of his wife, and moved by the late events in his family's history, as well as by the magnificence of the starred canopy and the shadowy grandeur of surrounding nature, might he not be likened to the venerable oak of the mountains after its leaves have been torn away by violence of the tempest, that is about to be felled to the earth?

It was so. Before the sun reached his meridian strength next day, a party of dragoons, led by the insatiable Macbriar, made good their search for the holy man; but the terrific grandeur of the scene had so operated upon the party in their descent, that when they came to the mouth of the cavern, and overheard its tenant singing one of the Psalms of David, their hearts sunk within them and they refused to proceed. Macbriar alone was unmoved, or rather infuriated the more, that the contrast between his predecessor and himself upbraided him. "Faint hearted dogs!" exclaimed he, "why do you refuse to do your duty?"—And seizing a musket from one of the soldiers, he rushed into the cave. "I thought not that heaven was so near," Mr. Gemmel, like one of good cheer, uttered. These were his last words, upon which the musket report resounded so awfully in the cave that the soldiery, who suddenly turned to make their escape, as it was thought, disrupted the platform of rock on which they stood; for dreadful to relate, they were every one precipitated into the cataract, and dashed to pieces in its headlong fury, against the subjacent rocks; while the apostate Macbriar was left to the society of the murdered Minister, without a path by which to escape, nor

rescued till next day, by means of lowered ropes, when he was found to be a maniac. His death soon after followed; when the signal judgment which had overtaken the persecutors of the Gemmels produced such a sensation in the country side, that while the body of Macbriar was treated with scorn by the people, the former were all decently interred together in the church-yard where the Minister, as he was uniformly called, had for a number of years daily walked.

—*—*—*—

SPELLS OF THE HEART.

—

We wither from our youth, we gasp away.—
 Sick, sick : unfound the boon, unslaked the thirst,
 Though to the last, in verge of our decay,
 Some phantom lures, such as we sought at first, —
 But all too late,—so are we doubly curst.
 Love, fame, ambition, avarice, 'tis the same,
 Each idle, and all ill, and none the worst:
 For all are meteors with a different name
 And death the sable smoke, where vanishes the flame.

Byron.

A charm from life is gone,—
 A spirit pure, that blest my early hours
 The gloomy Past has won.
 Hues from the stream, and beauty from the flowers,
 And brightness from the earth and from the sky,
 Are lost, untimely; to my musing eye.

Something there was, that fed
 My heart with rich sensations, like the balm
 From Summer roses shed,
 When western airs are breathing, soft and calm :
 Something, whose absence I can ne'er forget,
 Nor fail to mourn, with an untold regret.

A feeling, fraught with love,—
 A buoyant happiness,—a peace of mind ;
 Hopes, that aspired above,—
 A world of pleasant thoughts, serene and kind :
 A new delight for each returning day,—
 These once my treasures were, and visions gay.

Now, each sweet spell is o'er !
 And all the blossoms of my better years
 Have paled, to bloom no more.
 Nor shine, as once they shone, through dewy tears ;
 And many a thrill of memory I feel,
 Which my sad spirit cannot all conceal.

Yet, as these faded hours
 Through the dim vistas of my life arise,
 I feel immortal powers.
 And kindling raptures, mixed with fond surprise,
 As fair, in solemn dreams, that realm I view,
 Where the free soul its childhood shall renew.

C.

—*—*—*—

TRAITS OF TREES.

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It has been said long ago,—and it is just as true in our day as in any which has preceded it,—that in all the wide range of

inanimate nature, there is scarcely a single specimen of the handy-work of its author capable of exciting emotions and reflections so deep and various, as a majestic tree. In this respect it has come, in the process of time, to be almost human; and so the poets, of every age of the world, have personified it; and so the philosophers and holy men of old were wont to hold communion, not only with each other, beneath the shadow of its arms, but with its own eloquent, though solitary and solemn beauty.

If this be true of the forest at large—of those groves which were “God’s first temples,” in the dewy infancy of the green earth, and which always have been, in later times, man’s sanctuary, gala-hall, garden, abode, and grave—how much truer is it of those individuals or families of the race whose histories are hallowed by circumstances of interest, peculiar to themselves—by their associations, their origin, their all?

Among such trees, the oak is pre-eminent; either because its extensive prevalence in various latitudes gives it an advantage over its fellows of the forest, or because its commanding majesty, its massy strength, and its venerable antiquity, have been, in themselves, sufficient to attract more of the confidence and respect of men. In England, for instance, what a fame has Chaucer’s Oak acquired!—that is, the oak in Dennington Park, which is reported to have been planted by the poet’s own hand. The oak in the New Forest, against which Sir William Tyrrell’s arrow glanced before it killed William Rufus, was standing a century since, but in such a condition of decay, that Lord Delaware erected a monument to indicate the spot; and it has since, like Charles’s Royal Oak at Boscobel, disappeared altogether, and left not even a lineal descendant to bear the honours of its name. Alfred’s tree, at Oxford, said to have been a sapling when that great monarch founded the university, reaches, like the Grecian demi-gods, rather too remotely into the traditionary ages, to be clearly authenticated; but even the credit that is given to its history, as has been well observed, clearly indicates the credit this noble offspring and ornament of the forest—the oak—has acquired, for both durability and dignity, among “all sorts of people.” Wallace’s Oak, at Torwood Wood, in Stirlingshire, under which he is believed to have convened and addressed his followers, is understood to be still flourishing in all its ancient verdure. The fame of the hero whose name it boasts, can scarcely be described more justly as “*semper viridis*.”

There was another royal tree in this country, not many years since—the celebrated Fig, in the garden of Archbishop Cranmer, at Winchester—which bore a small red fruit so late

as 1757, and was, about that time, enclosed in a wooden frame, with a glass door and two windows on each side, shielding it from the storm and nursing it with the sunshine. An inscription among many others, on the wall to which it was nailed, testified that his majesty, James I. "had tasted the fruit of this tree with great pleasure," as early as 1623. The largest of its species in England, the great Chestnut at Tortworth, in Gloucestershire, which, if it be not still extant, perished quite latterly, was traced back, in tradition, at least, as far as the days of the Saxon Egbert. Even a century since, its circumference was estimated at over fifty feet, but an accurate measurement, in 1791, made it only a little over forty-five.

Queen Elizabeth, too has her tree—rather, or had,—for the Elm at Chelsea, near London, which is reported to have been planted by her hand, was felled in 1745, being at that time one hundred and ten feet high, and thirteen feet in circumference at the bottom. At the commencement of the French Revolution, there was said to be standing, at the Luxembourg, a tree of the same species, planted by Henry IV.

Common opinion, also, has distinguished the history of numerous other trees, by connecting them with the names of celebrated individuals in the humbler stations of society, showing, at least, the estimation in which the subjects of these honours have been popularly held, if not the truth of the traditions themselves. The date of the planting of Sir Francis Bacon's Elm, in Gray's Inn walk, (1600) is retained as scrupulously as that of the Restoration. Shakspeare has his Mulberry, and Pope his Willow. The latter—which we apprehend to be the least apocryphal of the two—is said to have been the first plant of the species (the Weeping Willow) which was introduced from the Levant into England. Rumour relates that Pope found it as a twig of a basket, in which he received a present of figs from Turkey. He noticed a shoot growing from it, and planted it in his garden; and from this stock all the Weeping Willows in the country have sprung.

At Horton, in Buckinghamshire, where Milton passed a portion of his earlier days, is a remarkable Apple-tree, still growing, of which "the oldest inhabitants" remember to have heard it said that the poet was in the habit of reclining under its shade; and this rumour is confirmed, so far at least as the age of the tree is concerned, by the existence of one of the same species, at Rumzey, in Hampshire, which is reported to be still bearing fruit, at the age of two hundred years.

The first Fig-trees, according to some historians, introduced

into England, were imported by Cardinal Pole, in 1525, from Italy, and are understood to be still standing in the gardens of that prelate, at Lambeth. They are of the White Marseilles kind, and have attained, in these three centuries, a size very unusual for the species. The trunks are about two feet in circumference, only, but the trees cover a space of fifty feet in length and forty in breadth.

In the manor-house of Cranmer, at Mitcham, was formerly an old tree of the same species, believed to have been planted by the hand of the archbishop himself; and at Oxford is the famous Pocock Fig-tree, which is said to have been brought from Aleppo, in 1648, by that celebrated traveller, and planted in his garden at the place just named.

Most of the trees above mentioned owe their celebrity to the names with which their history is connected, and by no means, generally, to the circumstance of their having attained a remarkable age. There are trees in England, which are sufficiently distinguished by *this peculiarity alone*.

The Oak, in this respect, again deserves its reputation as monarch, or, at least, patriarch, of the woods. The celebrated Evelyn records that, in the New Forest, he counted, in the sections of some trunks of this species, from three to four hundred concentric rings, or layers of wood, indicating as many years growth; and he mentions Oaks of a similar age in Dennington Park (already alluded to as the residence of Chaucer and his oak).

Gilpin, in his *Forest Scenery*, notices, though without supplying the minutiae of his premises, "a few valuable Oaks in the New Forest that chronicle upon their furrowed trunks *ages before the Conquest*." No other English tree is honoured with so remote a heraldry, with the exception of the Tortworth Chestnut, which, as we remarked above, is ascribed to the age of the Saxon Egbert, and has been, therefore, appropriately regarded as the "Father of the Forest."

There are no Elms, or indeed trees of any other species, in England, we believe, for which any thing like this Saxon antiquity has been claimed. The Elm is not constitutionally so long lived as many other trees. The senior of the race in England, when it still survived, was the one ascribed to Queen Elizabeth, which perished in 1745; and it is said that the fine trees called the "long walk," at Windsor, planted in the beginning of the last century, have already evidently passed their prime. Bacon's Elms, planted in 1600, decayed about 1720.

The Apple is not the longest-lived of the fruit-trees. The first Mulberry trees in England, introduced under royal direc-

tion, and said to have been planted at Sion House, the seat of the Duke of Northumberland, in 1548, are not only still extant, but bearing fruit, though somewhat decayed in the trunk. The Orange is probably the longest-lived of all, in those regions which are most favourable to its thrift. In the Convent of St. Sabina, at Rome, for example, there is a tree which has the reputation of being six hundred years old. This was but thirty-one feet high; and as the size of the tree is in a considerable degree proportional to its age, a much more advanced longevity may be rationally attributed to one of the same species at Nice, which, in 1783, was estimated to bear from five to six thousand oranges. It had a trunk which "required two men to embrace it," (as Risso states) and was more than fifty feet high. The orange flourishes also in Spain, in great perfection, and it is said there are trees in Cordova, which are supposed to be from six to seven centuries old. The Cedar of Lebanon has a high reputation for longevity; but it is difficult to ascertain how far it is deserved. From the circumstance of its comparatively rapid growth, it might be inferred that it yielded in this respect to some other trees. Some of those which were planted in the royal gardens, in 1683, had attained, in eighty-three years, a circumference of twelve feet, while their branches extended over a circular space of forty feet in diameter—a growth more like that of the Elm than the Oak. One of the two was found a foot larger twenty-seven years afterwards. Other Cedars in England have, at the age of from one hundred to one hundred and fifty years, attained a circumference of from thirteen to eighteen feet; and upon native soil this tree is said to have measured about thirty-six. The Date palm is reputed to gain one foot in stature for every five years; and this would give an age of three hundred years to a tree sixty feet high, which is a stature not unfrequently attained.

In regard to the dimensions of trees, the instances on record are sufficiently abundant, and some of them are of a character so extraordinary as to require all the evidence, which is supplied by their history, to make them credible.

The tallest of European trees is the Spruce-fir of Norway, which Milton refers to in his description of the spear of Satan. In that country, it has been found from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet high; but in no instance equal to the Pines of North America. Travellers have represented the trees on the Columbia River as sometimes attaining three hundred feet; Mr. Douglas, an accurate botanist, sent out to the North-West Coast, in 1825, by the Horticultural Society, found a species of Pine in that region, which he dignified with his own name, of the height of two hundred and thirty feet, and of the circum-

ference of fifty at the base. In Northern California, he found another species quite equal, probably, to this ; for a tree which happened to be blown down, measured two hundred and fifteen feet in length. The same trunk was fifty-seven feet in circumference at three feet from the root, and above seventeen at one hundred and thirty-four.

But although, in the height of its forest-trees, America, probably, bears the palm against the world, in respect to the other dimensions the case is otherwise ; and especially is this true of those regions of the western continent, which are more or less cultivated by a civilized population ; for the custom of civilized people is to destroy and level the forest indiscriminately, without regard to size, or condition.

Of Oaks, we find the noblest specimens in this country, and of these we shall mention a few, which as much deserve, at least, a statistical commemoration as three-fourths of the characters in the Biographical Dictionaries. In Dennington Park, mentioned above as the site of Chaucer's tree, were, not long since, two others, called the King's Oak and the Queen's Oak. The former was fifty feet high before a bough or even a knot appeared, and the base of it squared five feet solid. The latter was perfectly straight for forty feet, and the base squared four feet. The Framingham Oak, used in the construction of the Royal Sovereign, was four feet nine inches square, and yielded four square beams, each forty-four feet in length. In Holt Forest, Hampshire, was an Oak which measured thirty-four feet in circumference, at seven from the ground, in 1759 ; and which, twenty years after, had not increased that measurement an inch. The Fairlop Oak, in Essex is said to have measured between six and seven feet diameter, at three feet high ; the circumference is rated at thirty-six feet and the branches give a circle of three hundred. A tree, felled at Withy Park, Shropshire, in 1697, had a diameter of nine feet, without the bark ; and the top spread from bough to bough, one hundred and forty-four feet. A Norbury Oak surpassed all these, for Dr. Platt makes its circumference forty-five feet, so that, of course, it is no difficult matter to credit the sequel of the story,—that when it was felled, and lying flat, two horsemen, on opposite sides of the trunk, were concealed from each other ; and we may properly mention in the same connection, a Keicot Oak, spoken of by the same writer, as having spread a shadow sufficient for the shelter of above four thousand three hundred men.

There are well-authenticated records of Oaks still larger than any of these. The Boddington Oak, in Gloucester Vale, is generally allowed to have girt fifty-four feet at the base, and to

have had, in 1783, when the larger branches were gone, a hollow cavity, with a door and window of sixteen feet inside diameter. One of the tallest of this species, of which we have heard, was dug out of Hatfield Bog, and was a hundred and twenty feet in length,—the diameter being twelve at the base, and ten in the middle of the frustum measured.

The Giant Oak, however, was that known as Damory's, in Dorsetshire, of which the circumference is stated at sixty eight feet. The cavity of it being sixteen feet long and twenty high, was, we are informed, used, in the commonwealth time, by an old gentleman, as an alehouse, Curiosity, if nothing else, might probably bring him good custom; and if his wine needed a 'bush' (according to the old adage) one would think he might be supplied with that symbol at a short notice. This extraordinary tree was shattered in a storm in 1703, and the last vestiges of it were sold for fire-wood about fifty years afterwards.

Immense Oaks are now standing in the parks at Welbeck and Woburn; the largest now extant, to our knowledge, is that of Oakley, on the grounds of the Marquis of Tavistock, which in its present condition of "perfect health," is rated to contain above five hundred cubic feet of timber, and to overspread with its branches a space of five thousand eight hundred and fifty superficial feet.

We are not aware that any rivals to the Oaks we have named can be found elsewhere. In France, however, there are some of most magnificent proportions, and perhaps as much exceeding the English in this respect as they fall short of them in the grosser dimensions, which constitute corpulence much oftener than beauty. Those of the *pedunculata* species, in the great forests of Fontainebleau and Compeigne, with trunks measuring from thirty to thirty-six feet in circumference at the base, rise to the height of forty without a single branch, a more majestic vegetable production can hardly be conceived.

The famous Allonville Oak is, we presume, of this species. It measures, at the height of a man, twenty-six feet, and at the base thirty-five. The height of this tree, however, is not proportional to the size, and the solidity still less so, it being hollow from top to bottom, so that the trunk is now supported only by the bark (as Williams states) and the outer layers of the alburnum, though it continues to be annually crowned with abundance of both leaves and acorns. It is best known as the Chapel Oak, from the circumstance of the lower part of the cavity, six or seven feet in diameter, having been carefully wainscoted, paved, guarded with an iron gate, and converted into an occasional use, indicated by its name. From

the broken summit, has been erected a pointed roof, covered with slates in the form of a steeple, surmounted with an iron cross, which is said, like Mrs. Hemans's "Cottage Homes of England," to "peep forth through clustering leaves." Over the door of the second story is an inscription to "Our Lady of Peace," and over the entrance to the chapel, another, which ascribes the erection and consecration to an Abbe, who was curate of Allonville in 1696. There is reason, therefore, to consider the tree one of great age, and it seems to be, at this time, kept together chiefly by the slates by which the incipient fractures and fissures in the trunk have been carefully compressed.

So much for the Oak. There are several other species of trees which attain to an immense size, under favourable circumstances. The Yew of this country

The church-yard Yew, round which our fathers sleep—

is, in its best estate, truly an imposing spectacle. Evelyn says, the Crawhurst Yew was thirty feet round, and he describes "such another monster," as existing at Sutton near Winchester. The largest on record appears to be that of which the trunk was found by Pennant, in Fortingal church-yard, Perthshire, still retaining some marks of vitality.—It measured the enormous diameter of eighteen feet. There are said to be, at present, some very large trees of this class in Ireland and Wales; but the largest of which we have the measurement, in existence, is, or was very lately, at Hedsor, Buckinghamshire, with a diameter of twenty-seven feet; and this is rendered the less extraordinary, by the fact of there being one in the last century, at Braburne church-yard, in Kent, of which the trunk was near twenty feet through.

The Elm has not, within our knowledge, attained a size to be compared with this. Queen Elizabeth's Elm, at Chelsea, measured, at its fall only thirteen feet round, but one hundred and ten in length; whereas, Piff's Elm in Gloucester Vale, measured but eighty in height, while the smallest girth of the principal trunk was sixteen feet.

The Ash has been known to attain, in Ireland, a circumference of forty feet, and Dr. Platt and other writers speak of some cases not much inferior; but this tree, on the whole, is not of a corpulent constitution. The Larch grows tall rather than large, and is found, in some instances, nearly of an equal height with the Norway Fir. Its growth is extremely rapid, there being cases, where, at sixty years old, it has measured twelve feet girth, and furnished three hundred feet of timber.

We have not yet named the largest of timber-trees now extant. This belongs to the Chestnut species. That tree, even in England, which is not its native soil, has attained a remarkable size. The Tortworth tree, we have observed, measured about fifty feet round, and is spoken of by Williams as still flourishing. There was another in Gloucester, long celebrated for containing within its hollow "a pretty wainscoted room, enlightened with windows, and furnished with seats." One, mentioned by Grose, in the garden of Great Canford Park, Dorset, measured sixty-seven feet round, while it was still bearing good crops; and, in 1789, there was one at Hitchin Priory, in Bedfordshire, considerably decayed, but bearing thrifty vegetation, which had a circumference of fourteen yards at four feet high.

The largest of the species, however,—and no doubt the largest tree of any kind in Europe, at least—is the celebrated "Chestnut of the hundred horse," on Mount Etna—the name being derived from a fabulous tradition that the Queen of Spain once found shelter within this tree, with an escort of that description. It was first particularly described by Brydon, who found the circumference precisely two hundred and four feet; nor do we elsewhere find it rated below one hundred and ninety. It has the appearance of being rather composed of five large trees, than of a single trunk; but travellers, who have taken pains to dig around it, have ascertained that there is but one root belonging to the whole immense mass. A hut is built inside, to accommodate those who are often engaged in collecting and preserving the fruit. Many other very large Chestnuts are found in the vicinity of this, the soil being congenial to that species. One, with an undivided trunk, is mentioned as measuring fifty-seven feet round at the height of fifteen from the surface of the ground.

The vast size of the Banian or Indian Fig-tree, entitles it to a place in this chronicle, though the singularity of its growth is such that its classification might be a matter of some contest. Milton, who understood all lore of nature as well as of books, describes it beautifully as

Branching so broad along, that in the ground
The bending twigs take root; and daughters grow
About the mother tree—a pillared shade.
High over-arched, with echoing walks between;
There oft the Indian herdsman, shunning heat,
Shelters in cool; and tends his pasturing herds
At loop-holes cut through thickest shade.

What a picture of rural comfort! Southey has not overlooked the same magnificent production of nature; a descrip-

tion of it as much like life as language can make any thing, but too popular to require introduction here, is woven most gracefully into his *Curse of Kehama*. In India and Cochin China, specimens of the Banian are found, which, with their fifty or sixty collateral descendants, constitute a grove, of themselves, of no humble dimensions. One, particularly, not far from Patnee, in Bengal, is reported to have spread itself over a diameter of three hundred and seventy feet, making the circumference of the shadow at noon over eleven hundred. Another covered an area of more than seventeen hundred yards. The oriental traveller, Forbes, made the measure no less than two thousand feet round the principal stem.

This is the most extraordinary specimen of vegetable growth which the world furnishes, even in the tropical regions; for the Brazilian forest-trees, which, according to Mr. Walsh, grow to a height of four hundred feet in a single straight stem, scarcely deserve to be mentioned in the same connexion, especially as that gentleman does not seem to have taken the pains to measure them. All stories of these dimensions, it must be allowed, should be reduced to mathematical precision, and without that salvo for his credit the traveller might just as well "halloo before leaving the woods" as afterwards.



A SHORT CHAPTER ON LONG EARS.

"'Ear him ! 'ear him ! 'ear the honourable member !"

Cry of a Cockney at the Hustings.

TALK of a large nose ! The joke is in having long ears. The nose is a sneaking, neutral sort of a fellow, that seats himself plump, right in the middle of the face ; but the ear takes one side or the other ; generally both sides, and, therefore, must be in the right. The ear is, also, the most important functionary of the two ; for a man's reputation is often at the mercy of the ear, but never of the nose. These organs, these "side-intelligencers," have been sadly abused, and most shabbily treated in modern days. Novel-writers will write most eloquently, in describing their heroes or heroines, of the colour of their hair, the shape of their noses, the turn of their lips, the expression of their countenance, and chase a smile or a dimple from one cheek to the other ; but not a word of their ears. Not one of Scott's heroes or heroines have ears ; or, at any rate, it is a mere matter of inference with the reader, whether they have or

not. In ancient times it was the custom of the ladies to suspend jewels from the nose as well as the ear; but, with the advance of civilization, the former was dropped, and the ear only was raised to this dignity. This is about the only custom we retain from an uncivilized age as worth keeping; and it shows, in my opinion, as plainly as the universal consent and usage of all nations, wise and unwise, can show, that the ear is the master organ of the human frame.

“Survey mankind from China to Peru,”

with Dr. Johnson, and it will be seen that this honourable member has not always been treated as shabbily as it is now. If we may believe Sir John Mandeville, (and he had great credit with Columbus,) the people of a portion of China have such large ears that they use them for cushions. Sir John himself used his own for a night-cap, as I read in a volume before me; and we have the word of Montaigne, sceptic as he was, that in Peru large ears are esteemed a great and most beautiful ornament. It was settled, I believe, that Homer had large ears, as well as that he was an early riser. Commentators do not agree whether the one-eyed Polyphemus had one or two ears. Some assert that the escape of Ulysses is proof-positive that he had but one—that while in the cave he kept himself always in the direction of the earless side of the giant's head, and thus, being unheard, effected his retreat.

In Rome, the females wore jewels of every description in their ears, and the men wore chains. They thought so much of this organ that they did not tap a man on the shoulder, as we do, to draw his attention, but were accustomed *vellere aurem*, to pull him by the ear, whence, probably, our custom of boxing the ears is derived. The family of the Aurelii were named from the largeness of their ears, as any etymologist may see at once; and I could hardly refrain from breaking out into a horse-laugh, a few days ago, as, bearing in mind this circumstance, I was reading an account of a traveller, who stated that, while wandering among the ruins of Pompeii, he stopped to examine an inscription on a door of the house of Aurelius, and disturbed a whole nest of ear-wigs. Shakspeare, among other things, knew human nature; he was well aware of the great value the Romans set upon their ears. Strange that an unlettered *player* should know so much of the *realities* of the world—of the Roman world. What an exquisite allusion to the value the Romans placed upon their ears, there is in Anthony's speech over the body of Cæsar—

“Friends! Romans! Countrymen! *lend me your ears!*”

Ears were scarce in Rome in later days; and we have a knowledge of the mode of punishment adopted by the Roman governors in the time of the apostle, from his frequent exclamation—"Let them who have an ear to hear, hear!"

An old writer tells an amusing story of a witty knave, who went to an old woman, in London, and bargained for as much lace as would reach from ear to ear. When the price was settled, he told he believed she had not quite enough in her shop, for one of his ears was nailed to the pillory at Bristol. Many an Englishman went to his grave, in the sixteenth century, with but one ear, leaving the other nailed to the pillory to look after his reputation. Then was the glory of ears in England, when they had the honour of giving a name to millions, and became more prominent by the black velvet scull-caps that gave them the name of prick-eared Puritans.

There are certain modes of speech, that break out, now and then, in spite of prejudices and one's teeth, which show the importance that is almost universally, but tacitly, attached to this honourable member. We say of one who has the confidence of a great man, that "he has his ear;" and I can very readily enter into the astonishment of a Frenchman, but little acquainted with the English language and idioms, who, upon being told of various members of the cabinet that "had the ear of the Executive," asked the precise length of the Executive ear, or if he had more than the common number. We ask if such an one has an ear for music; but it would be deemed disrespectful to the supremacy of the ear, if we were to ask if one had a nose for smell, or a leg for walking. We speak of a man's "falling over head in ears" in debt, or in love—thus placing those flankers of the head next to the head itself. Combatants are described as "falling together by the ears." I once heard a person assert seriously that, rather than cheat another, he would cut off his finger nails. I should have placed full confidence in the fellow if he had said he would lose an ear. In some stages of society the laws would be satisfied with no less than an ear—thus showing the importance of this organ; and it is only in the highest degree of civilization and refinement that they demand the whole body; but I never heard that they would touch the nose—even with a pair of tongs. They sometimes have requested that one of the hands should be thrown in by way of making up the full complement of justice.

Small ears are said to denote what is expressively called stinginess. I am in the same case with Cowper, who says that Nature,

"Though ears she gave me two, gave me no cars;"

and as the reader, probably, has concluded by this time that my ears are long enough, I shall not trouble him with any farther description. Z.



THE WIDOW OF ST. HELIER.

(Concluded from p. 292.)

ADOLPHUS proceeded to narrate that, with the wilfulness which seemed to characterize the family, the Lady Margaret had all along concealed from her adopted, the true history of her birth; and by means of this policy it was that she had mainly obtained his sister's reluctant consent to take the veil. It was only a few hours before the appointed time for the solemnization of that awful ceremony, that certain letters, which had long laid hidden among the most sacred papers of the deceased, fell into the hands of the intended victim of seclusion, by which she became acquainted with certain circumstances that directed her mind in a new channel, and led to the resolution to seek out her natural guardians and nearest relatives. Accordingly, with great difficulty, but intrepid spirit, she so far obtained her desire, that the ecclesiastical authorities in that part of Spain where she was to be immured, consented that she might return to Cambray, to see if she could discover any surer clue to the real facts of her history than those that she had laid her hands upon, and which these sagacious heads treated as altogether fanciful and insufficient; but the indulgence was upon the express condition, and which had to be ratified by an oath, that if a few days did not serve to discover, in Cambray, satisfactory evidence regarding her origin—of which evidence an officer, who was to accompany her as much in the capacity of a guard and prison-keeper as of a protector on the journey, was to be the sole judge—she was to be brought back speedily, and made to submit to her original doom, so reluctantly, on her part, agreed to.

“On arriving at Cambray,” said Adolphus, “it was natural that my sister should repair, without loss of time, to the confidential attendant of Lady Margaret, already alluded to. It happened, at the very moment I was taking leave of this faithful domestic, and charging her to inform me by letter, should she ever obtain any additional information regarding her whose fate now engrossed all my thoughts, that Margaret rushed into the very apartment where we were standing, followed by an attendant of most forbidding aspect. The young lady's first words were—‘Save me, Annette, from that bad man’—and, turning to me, she added—‘you seem, Sir, to have virtue

and innocence in your looks ; I throw myself upon your protection ! Annette exclaimed—‘ he is your brother, Lady Margaret, and has been in search of you for days past.’ All this took place in less time than I can describe it ; as did also the Spaniard’s violent seizure of my sister, and his stern assertion of the power vested in him. But he was in a situation that neither his personal strength, which was extraordinary, nor the authority he quoted, were of any avail to my hand, which had a pistol within its convenient reach, that did its office instantaneously. The Spaniard never spoke more.

“ I will not detain the reader much longer with my story. Suffice it to say, that the sister and brother’s meeting was as affectionately passionate as it was unexpected, and that our escape was as stealthy as it was speedy. Our privations were extreme before we found concealment in this city ; for the utmost efforts were made to apprehend me. My own conscience, too, has been ill at ease, for having so recklessly shed the blood of a fellow-creature, when more deliberate means must have accomplished my purpose. It is some relief, however, to these chidings when I reflect on the various base attempts which the miscreant, in the course of his journey with my sister, made upon her innocence, and that, rather than not prevail, she believed he would have murdered her ; and, indeed, had it not been for the protection which she obtained, in consequence of her spirited and prompt appeals to the authorities in the districts, through which they passed, she never could have set her foot in Cambray again. There is solace in these reflections, as there is, also, in having an opportunity of confiding my story to a kindred mind, whose fate has deeply interested me already, and in whose future lot it is whispered to my imagination there are to be romantic passages. One thing remains to be explained, and this is, what brought me here ; for you will naturally suppose that though my father’s house might in the meantime be an unsafe home for me, seeing, that in the course of the present continental war, when, between the several countries referred to, there happens to be peace, and a reciprocity of equitable national laws, yet why should I run into debt, or be left without the secret assistance of my father ? The truth is, however, that owing to some intrigue which I have not been able to unravel, my father has been obliged to seek an asylum in England, for an alleged political offence, and his estates are in jeopardy. Neither he nor I know where to address one another. All I wished has been to get to that land of liberty and safety for the persecuted, and where I might meet him and present to him his long-lost daughter. In this endeavour, and on arriving at one of the British dependen

cies, I have been obliged to incur debts, in order that I might support my sister, who resides close by, in something similar to her former comforts, and a bill which has become due, in consequence of these efforts, has brought me within the power of your late employer, the banker, who has cast me into this vile place."

"Is there no method by which we can effect our escape?"—whispered Albert, "You have, Adolphus, many causes for anxiety in the subject of your confinement; nor am I without mine." "A scheme has, since I have been here, engaged much of my thoughts; but without a bold and cordial associate, it would be madness to undertake it. I confess, indeed, that selfishness has in some degree tempted me to repose in you the confidence you have witnessed, for the purpose of winning you over to the daring attempt." But without fatiguing the reader with a minute description of this spirited effort, it may be enough to state that it succeeded—that on the same night the courageous young man, accompanied by Margaret, reached the peasant's abode, in the neighbourhood of the forest where Albert had formerly found shelter—that Angelica, in the course of her romantic wanderings a few hours previously had entered the same hut, and was at the time of her lover's appearance actually listening to the old man's account concerning his coming there, and being carried off by the police-officers—while she was resolving on returning to the city to procure his liberation.

Joy and congratulation was now universal among the party, but danger and discovery were too imminent to allow much time for explanations. It was fortunate, however, that Angelica, had provided herself, in strict accordance with her daring spirit, and resolved purpose, with a large amount of money, determined, that if she found Albert, to marry him, and live independent of her father, should he withhold his forgiveness. Since leaving her home, she had employed extraordinary means to find him out, and though luckily escaping robbers and other encounters, yet she had deviated far and near, without obtaining any tidings of the object of her search. She had, indeed, become so resolute and reckless, that in her passionate despair she knew not very well whither she went. Her male attire, too, had been changed for a more appropriate dress; but during her frantic wanderings it had assumed all the features that have been described in the history of those disconsolate damsels that figure in many a tale of knight-errantry.

Having been joined so unexpectedly by the object of her search, and the other fugitives, the reader ought now to be comforted with the intelligence that no needless time was lost,

ere the peasant, as a trust-worthy guide, was on his way with the party to a more secure and secret retreat, and that ere many days had elapsed the brother and sister, and the two lovers, who in the meanwhile had been privately married, were on their passage to Old England, where they safely arrived in due time. In London, that centre of the whole world, the joyous pair, to their boundless happiness, after a few days residence, met their father, Conrad of A——, who was on the eve of departure for his native country—the storm which threatened him having blown over. His long lost daughter, of course, accompanied him; nor did Adolphus remain behind for many weeks—his father's interest in Germany, procuring a pardon for the offence with which he had been too indiscriminately charged. The burden of the story must now, therefore, chiefly belong to the lives of Angelica and Albert.

Angelica's purse, which, though well filled, having been the only receptacle of a fond father's lavishness, could not be expected to form an independent fortune. Neither did he, on learning the result of her elopement, offer any more generous assistance, than to receive her into his house again, provided she distarded Albert for ever, whom he refused to name or refer to, as her husband. It will not be supposed that such a high spirited woman, and devoted wife could for a moment think of agreeing to this disgraceful and cruel offer. It was necessary that the young couple should therefore bethink themselves of some method by which to support themselves comfortably.

At the very date referred to, England waged war with France, and, indeed, almost single-handed against the continent of Europe. There was a demand for troops, and Albert readily and at a moderate sacrifice of money obtained a commission. He served in foreign parts, especially in the Peninsula, with singular brilliancy, and obtained rapid promotion. Twice, in the course of a few years, he returned to England, now his adopted country, on each occasion bearing honourable scars, and acquiring temporary repose. Before the battle of Waterloo he had attained the rank of major, and there distinguished himself in his accustomed manner. Previous to that dreadful conflict, he had spent a few hasty minutes with Adolphus, his former fellow prisoner, and this for the first time since they had parted in England. The German of course fought on the same side; but alas! only a few days afterwards, Angelica received the following letter, which was confirmed by the Gazette. "Dear Madam, I have only strength in consequence of being wounded by the enemy, to inform

you that your beloved husband fell mortally wounded on the 18th. Whether I recover or not, let this invitation prevail on you, to repair for a season to my paternal castle, which, with the family domains lately descended to me as heir—that in the society of my excellent sister Margaret, you may find something to assuage your sorrow. My servant writes this to my dictation. Adolphus of A——.” The very next post brought tidings of her father, the bankers’ death, who under remorse of conscience, on his death-bed had bequeathed the whole of his immense riches to his daughter.

Behold now a widowed mother, bereft of the dearest wealth of her heart, though about to be crowned with an enormous fortune! With her constitutional strength of character, she therefore exclaimed, “I would not barter Albert’s society were it but for one day, for all that my father ever possessed or has amassed; and now, though my husband’s body may have been summarily, and recklessly consigned to the earth with heaps of the slain, I shall not rest till it be recovered and conveyed to St. Helier—there to repose undisturbed till a widow’s dust shall be entombed in the same shrine.” This romantic resolution was, however, checked by weeks of fever from which few expected that Angelica could recover. Neither was it necessary; for Albert was neither buried nor dead, though so maimed that the report of his death might very well precede his convalescence.

Happy was it for her that she only wore, for one day, a widow’s weeds, and that though they were at first thrown aside, on account of the demands of a sick couch, the correction of the direful reports from Waterloo were in store for her ear, to be communicated whenever her own safety admitted of such a remarkable and over-joyful intelligence.

Albert was Angelica’s guardian and companion to St. Helier, where the extraordinary fact of her one day’s widowhood fixed on her, the distinctive title by which she is universally known in that city. But the deeds of charity and munificent patronage of merit and genius, have established for both husband and wife, a far nobler and more extensive renown. With their affectionate friends, Margaret and Adolphus of A——, they maintain a regular and endeared correspondence, both of whom have by their marriages added to the emblazonry of the family shield and coat; and the only thing that now remains, is to say “Courage young men, whether clerks or apprentices—never fly before the combat, with your masters’ daughters, but remember, that faint heart never gained fair lady.”

THE BLACKSMITH'S FAMILY.

A SCRAP OF DOMESTIC HISTORY.

Break from thy body's grasp thy spirit's trance :
 Give thy soul air, the faculties expanse.
 Knock off the shackles which thy spirit bind
 To dust and sense, and set at large thy mind !
 Then move in sympathy with God's great whole,
 And be, like man at first, "a living soul."—

SEVERAL years ago, before the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge was formed, or ever we had heard of the great efforts of learned men to diffuse information among the humble classes in this country, a young gentleman, who was a member of a literary society in Liverpool, which had for its object mutual improvement, and the diffusion of letters among the rising generation, took a bundle of children's books in his chaise-box, as he was setting out on a journey into the neighbouring cities. His intention was to hand them to clergymen, or schoolmasters, as he passed through some obscure village; but he soon forgot that he had them in his possession. Having travelled two or three days, his horse lost a shoe; and, on inquiry, much to his annoyance, he learned that there was no blacksmith to be found within a mile; the informant assuring the traveller, "That if the smith was sober, he would shoe his horse as well as any man in those parts." When the traveller reached the blacksmith's shed, he found him quite sober; his eldest son, he said, had gone to the market town, four miles off, to get a jug of spirits and as he must work alone, it would take him some time to make and set the shoe. The gentleman was requested to walk into the cottage to rest himself, while the smith was at work. The house, on the outside, presented every appearance of poverty and wretchedness; yet the outward aspect of the house was princely when compared with the interior. The garret—for the cottage was one story high—was ascended by a short ladder. The furniture in this part of the place consisted of two beds,—if such a mass of rags as were exhibited to view could be so called,—with some tattered blankets, which showed that a portion of the family slept there. Three wooden bottomed chairs, a table, a milk-pan, and a few tin measures, made up a good part of the moveables in the lower story. There was a large quantity of ashes in the fireplace, covered with potatoe-skins, and a kettle standing near, which bore evident marks of recent use in making hasty-pudding. There was a window and two port-holes in the lower room; several panes of glass had been broken in the window,

their places being supplied by bundles of rags. A dirty looking cat slept close to the ashes; when her mistress attempted to drive her away, she slowly arose, and stretching one leg after another, and partially opening her eyes, leisurely moved off. She was just such a grimalkin as a rat would like to see—one too indolent to do him any harm. Near one of the beds, a short-legged surly dog reared himself to eye the stranger, but on his growling several times, the woman gave him a kick, and sent him yelping out of doors. By way of treating her guest with great civility, the mistress of the cottage took up the broom, and began to sweep a spot for him to place his chair. "She was sorry," she said, "that her place was so dirty, but her child had been sick for several days, and had taken up all her time." The traveller had not before noticed a child in one of the beds, of about three years old, pale, emaciated, and listless. The mother observed "that within two days she had been very sick, and that she had not had a drop of spirits to give her, but hoped her son Jim would soon be home, and then she should have something to offer the gentleman to drink." In a short time, the son made his appearance. He was a tall athletic fellow, whose whole dress consisted of a tow-cloth shirt and pantaloons; he was bare-footed and bare-headed. His hair was long and matted, looking defiance to comb or brush, things which it had perhaps never known. His brawny arms were naked, his shirt sleeves being rolled up; and his whole appearance was that of Caliban's before he had been taught human language by Prospero; but there was good nature in his face, unlike the expression of Sycorax's son; and after he had drunk his fill, he seemed ready to say,

"I pray thee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I, with my long nails, will dig thee pig-nuts;
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmozet; I'll bring thee
To clustering filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young sea-snails from the rock."

Jim's arrival was a jubilee; the mug went round briskly, and each one poured out what he wanted into a small broken tin mug, and diluting the liquor a little with some excellent water, took a hearty swig. The mother sweetened some of the spirits with sugar, and mixing with it a little milk and water, gave it to the child as food and medicine. The little creature raised her head to take the dose, as familiarly as she would to have drank a cup of pure milk. "There, dear, it will do you good," said the mother, "now go to sleep, and get well." Turning to the stranger, she said, "she hoped the gentleman would drink with them, if they were poor folks;" but he politely declined, much to their disappointment.

After the father and son had gone into the shop to resume their labours, the traveller made some inquiries of the woman about her family. He found she had five children living. "Jim" was the first-born; the two next were boys, then gone a fishing; the fourth was a daughter, then about thirteen years old; and the one, in the bed, made up the number. "Lucy, the eldest daughter," she said, "did not live at home, but with farmer Thompson, a very nice man, who had sent her to school, and she could now read the Bible and the newspaper. No one of the family but Lucy took to learning; in fact, they did not know a letter of the alphabet." The traveller now recollecting his bundle of books, brought it from his chaise-box into the house. On examining it he found that the assortment was such, as to form a pretty little library for Miss Lucy. Taking out his pencil, he wrote a note in one of the books to farmer Thompson, presenting the whole of them to Miss Lucy Darnforth, then under his care, requesting him to see that she was not deprived of them by any one. The horse being shod, Jim was hired to set off to the farmer's with the bundle—the poor fellow not knowing that he was carrying a present to his sister. The traveller continued his journey, and the incident soon passed from his mind, amid the pleasures and cares of the world.

Some years after this event, the traveller was again on the same route. As he passed the site of old Darnforth's blacksmith's shed, he saw that new buildings had been erected; and he internally exclaimed, thinking that the place had passed into the hands of some new proprietor, "so pass away the wicked." The traveller had proceeded but a mile or two, when he saw that a thunder-cloud hung on his rear, and that it was time for him to seek shelter. As he was driving by a good-looking farm-house, he saw a venerable gentleman standing at the door, apparently watching, with great anxiety, the approaching storm. Bowing to the traveller, he invited him to put his horse in the barn, or under the shed, and to tarry with him until the storm should have passed over. The invitation was gratefully accepted. The storm commenced with a very heavy rain. While this was passing over, the good old man remained quiet; but so soon as the thunder began to roar, he seemed much agitated. He was sitting in the middle of a room, at a table, on which was placed an open Bible, from which he read a few verses, as a sort of propitiatory offering to the "God who speaketh in the thunder, and rideth upon the wings of the wind." Seeing the traveller perfectly unmoved, and even enjoying the sublimity of the scene, the old man, lifting up his pale face, inquired "if he did not feel terrified at such a denun-

iation of God's wrath?" "No," was the reply; "I do not consider it such a demonstration, but rather a proof of his goodness. This phenomenon is resolved to causes as natural as the flowing of the brook which bubbles by your door; and probably more have been drowned in its lovely waters, than have ever been killed by lightning within fifty yards of you." After a pause, the old man said he believed that was true; and mentioned several who had been drowned in his neighbourhood, but could think of but one who had been killed by lightning. The traveller remarked that God was never angry; it was only a human phrase. He sometimes punished, in justice, but not so often by fire as by pestilence. The very thunder and lightning, he added, was sent for our benefit, as it was a great purifier of the air. "Well, that is true," said the old man. The traveller continued, and explained the phenomena of the lightning-flash and the thunder-clap, and before the storm had subsided, the veteran seemed calm, and wrapt in a course of reasoning with himself upon the subject. In turning over the leaves of the Bible, the traveller saw on the blank leaf between the Old and New Testaments, the name of James Thompson and his family record. The thought of Lucy Darnforth came across his mind, but he was almost afraid to inquire after her. At length, however, he asked, "Who now occupies the place where old Darnforth, the blacksmith, was living some six or seven years ago?" The reply was, "Darnforth himself and family." "You must be a stranger in these parts," said the farmer, "if you have never heard of the great change in the life of the blacksmith down there." The traveller having assured the farmer that he was indeed a stranger, listened to his recital with great interest.

The old man commenced with the shoeing of the horse, and of the gift of the stranger to the child. All was given with minuteness, and the account brought to his recollection many remarks he had made at the time, which had before escaped his memory. The farmer said, "I received the books, with this pencil note, (which he had preserved) for Lucy Darnforth." The traveller recognized his own hand, and faintly inquired if Lucy was yet living. "O, yes," was the reply; "she is to be married at my house, in a few days, to Doctor Moore, a very likely man. She is a fine child, and has been the making of the whole family. Soon after the stranger, as he signed himself, gave her the books, she visited her father, and read some of the tales to him; he was a man of strong mind, notwithstanding his ignorance; and from the pride he felt that his daughter was able to read, and from his gratitude to the stranger—for he had always said that he had treated his family like a

prince—he was induced to hear Lucy read a story or two. He declared that he did, upon his soul and honour, like the books. ‘Jim,’ and the other boys, sat grinning by her side, as she was reading, and half hinted that they too should like to know how to read. She caught the hint, and began to teach them. The father also said that he should be glad to read, if nobody should know that he was ‘schooling of it in his old age.’ Silently they all began—and Lucy came once every day to impart to them a portion of her little store of knowledge, without, however, making it known to the neighbours, whose laughs and sneers they feared. She continued in this course until all could read the Bible, with a fair understanding of its contents. She did not stop here; they were taught to write as well as to read. The first development of this fact was on an occasion of the blacksmith’s buying a horse and waggon of one of his neighbours. A part of the purchase money was paid down, and a part was to be paid in blacksmith’s work; the agreement for the work was written by squire K——, of whom the purchase was made; and when he was about to call on Darnforth to make his mark, as formerly, the old man said, ‘Squire, you need not trouble yourself to write my name;’ and, taking up the pen, wrote Williqu Darnforth in a bold and fair hand. This was strange, and no one could explain the mystery. The next winter, when the village school was opened, Darnforth’s boys attended on the first day. The teacher, on the usual examination, found them among the first in his school. This was another miracle. Shortly after this, the keeper of the alehouse stated, that for a whole year he had sold the Darnforths but one jug, and that was in haying time. A small chapel was built in the village, and old Darnforth, with his whole family, came to hear the gospel preached, in neat and cleanly apparel, and were attentive to the preacher. The little child, who had received its dose of spirits, died; and the clergyman, who attended the funeral, made some judicious observations to the parents, and the brothers and sister. Lucy was still the guardian angel of the family; she came every day while this feeling of bereavement was upon her kindred, and read some appropriate story from the books she had, or from such as she obtained from the library which had been founded in the village, to which she had access. The temper of her father had been softened, and every seed now sown was on good ground. His business increased every day; his boys became good mechanics; his shop was enlarged to meet the claims of his customers; and his wretched cottage was soon removed, and another, of larger dimensions, and greater conveniences, erected in its place. The daughter had done all. If the Grecian daughter who gave

her teeming breast to support the life of her father, had temples erected to her memory—ought not she, who came silently, but perseveringly, every day, to cherish the mind and raise the morals of her father and kindred, and to give religious instruction to those whom she saw sunk in vice and ignorance—ought not she to have a name and a praise among the benefactors of mankind?"

The traveller listened to the tale with delight and wonder. He exhibited a deep interest in the story, and accepted an invitation from farmer Thompson to attend the marriage festival of Lucy Darnforth the next week, on his return from his journey. As yet he had contrived to conceal the fact that he was the early patron of Miss Lucy—it was the interest which he had manifested in the narrative, that procured him an invitation to the wedding. On his promising to return on the appointed day, he left for Miss Lucy a new publication of Miss Edgeworth's, that he had taken with him for perusal on his way; and on the title-page he traced a few lines to her. Miss Lucy at once saw, from the hand-writing, that the person who had presented her with the library, and the one who had promised to attend her wedding, were one and the same; and this she communicated to farmer Thompson, who thought there was some resemblance in the hand-writing, but seemed to doubt whether the philosopher who had been discussing the lightning and the storm with him, could be the young, sprucely-dressed man, that Lucy's mother had described the stranger to have been.

When the wedding day arrived, many of the good people had assembled, and the stranger was anxiously expected; but still there was an hour to elapse before the time would arrive when he had stipulated to be on the spot. At length he appeared, with his horse all in a foam. He had been detained by some accident. As soon as he entered the house, a grave and respectable man arose, and took him by the hand. It was the old blacksmith. The mutual recognition was instantaneous. Jim also knew him, and gave him a hearty shake by the hand. The traveller now announced his name. It had been familiar to them all, through the medium of his connections. Lucy had taught a school in the town where his friends lived, and had often heard his name mentioned. She also came forward to greet him with modesty and feeling. She was indeed a lovely girl, with a fine blue eye, and open countenance, that beamed with intelligence; and her manners were frank and easy, the offspring of great good sense, and mental dignity. She had read much, and her selections had been excellent. She had been extremely happy in improving her mind, and witnessing

the effects that, under Providence, she had been able to produce on her family. She had seen the young man who was about to become her husband but a year or two before. He had then, while she was yet quite youthful, offered himself in marriage; but she declined his addresses, giving as a reason for her refusal, that she had not as yet done enough for her family, and that she could not think of matrimony, until she had seen every thing prosperous with her parents. The hour came sooner than she could have expected. When her parents and her brothers were striving to learn to read, they gave up the use of all ardent spirits—were much more industrious than they ever had been—laid up their earnings—contracted for materials for building a new cottage—and their success not only made them appear better in their own estimation, but also in that of their neighbours. Instead of idling away their time, the boys rose with the lark, and the ring of the anvil was heard all day long. One of the boys had been a year with an eminent edge-tool maker in a large city, and had returned with the character of a first-rate workman. So great was the change, that from being outcasts and by-words, as idle, intemperate, and profligate, it had now passed into a proverb, “as industrious as the Darnforths.” Lucy’s young lover, who had watched for this change, ventured to hint to her, that her assistance was no longer needed. Doctor Moore was himself a fortunate man;—when quite a boy, ambitious to excel in school, he had attracted the notice of a learned physician. The doctor saw that the lad was very clever and good tempered, and took upon himself to call forth his talents. After graduating at Edinburgh, he commenced his studies with his patron, and from his assiduity, zeal, and courteous demeanour, became very dear to his aged instructor. Having finished his apprenticeship, the pupil was made a partner, and relieved Doctor Patterson from some of the laborious parts of his professional duties. The old physician had neither wife, child, nor kindred, and of course made his pupil his heir. Doctor Moore had obtained a full practice when his patron died. The estate was not large, but still a very pretty property in the country. A part of it consisted of a neat house, with a large, well improved garden, in which was collected all the plants of the country, and many exotics, which the old gentleman had imported. The new possessor viewed this garden as a noble monument of his patron’s knowledge and taste; but as professional duties would not allow him to give it much attention, he was anxious that whoever he should marry should have a taste for botany. Lucy Darnforth was a botanist by natural feeling and assiduous study, and was made a bride and a priestess of Flora at the same

moment. She was to take the sole direction of the garden, so beloved by her husband, as a remembrance of his patron and friend. Under her care, the

“Flowers a new returning season bring,”

and attract the attention of every traveller that passes.

After the marriage ceremony had been performed, and friends had indulged in the playful sallies of merriment common on such occasions, the old people prepared to depart. Mr. Darnforth senior, (for he was no longer called “Old Darnforth,” but sometimes “Squire Darnforth),” stepped up to the traveller, and with a look and tone of affection and hospitality, invited him to spend the night with him, as it was now growing late in the evening. The invitation was accepted; and, on entering the new cottage, he found every thing plain, neat, and substantial. The supper table was spread with a profusion of good things;—the cakes and butter were excellent, but the cheese was most to the taste of the guest. After talking an hour or more, Mr. Darnforth inquired of his guest if he would attend family prayer with him, which being readily assented to, a large Bible was placed on the table, and the father of the family read a chapter, in a clear, forcible, and correct manner;—his emphasis was judicious, for he understood what he was reading. He then arose, and leaning over his chair, began in a mild and subdued tone, an extempore prayer, in which he recounted all the wonders God had done for himself and family, and poured out his whole soul in gratitude to him for his abundant mercies. The daughter was not forgotten; for her and her husband a blessing was invoked, and the guest shared the good man’s benison. The allusion to his instrumentality in their reform was touched with the delicacy and power of a master. The whole scene was solemn and affecting. What a change had come over this house! He who was now a patriarch, praising God—rising in moral majesty in the traveller’s view at every sentence he uttered—had stood in his presence, only six years before, his eyes bloodshot with intemperance, his throat choked with profanity, and his lips parched with blasphemies. Without any cant, the traveller called this a *refreshing hour*;—he had been bred among the learned, was familiar with the world, and had witnessed the highest efforts of mighty minds—but he has often been heard to declare, that the blacksmith’s prayer had more influence on his affections, hopes, and faith, than all the eloquence he had ever heard, in temples of justice, halls of legislation, or from the sacred desk;—and he has adopted it as a maxim ever since, that on literature, well directed, mainly rests the happiness of man here and hereafter.

P.

THE NOBLEMAN AND THE FISHERMAN.

THE Lord of St. Radagand counted among his ancestors some of the most illustrious freebooters and outlaws of the earliest ages—more than one of whom had richly deserved the gallows, for robbing the poor, setting fire to cottages, and devastating whole districts of country with fire and sword. They were all, however, born with a silver spoon in their mouths; and, instead of being hanged, obtained, by these gallant exploits, only new estates and new honours. It is asserted that the pedigree of the family had been found in Noah's ark, and that it clearly deduced their origin from Adam. No wonder the Lord of St. Radagand was proud of his ancestry. But they say two people can play at the same game, and in process of time it happened that what the Lords of St. Radagand had got by rapine was lost in the same way. The right of the strongest turned against them at last, and by degrees they were stripped of their usurpations, until nothing was left but an old castle, not worth plundering, and a waste of barren land, that would starve a grasshopper.

His lordship's castle was built on the summit of a high rock, from whence he overlooked a waste of country several leagues in circumference, here and there dotted by the most miserable cottages that ever were seen. But this only increased his consequence by comparison. They made his abode appear the more magnificent. Had they been good comfortable houses, they might have put his castle out of countenance: for it was terribly out at the elbows, and the rats and rooks had long ago abandoned it from sheer instinct. This, however, only made the Lord of St. Radagand more proud, for he maintained that the ruinous state of his castle was another proof of the antiquity of his family.

Though his lordship was rather poorer than the rats, who had run away from his castle, he determined not to disgrace the glories of his ancestry, and kept up great state at home and abroad. He had his seneschal, his minstrel; his huntsman, and his hawk; his gentleman-usher and his page; above all, he would rather have seen another deluge, and lost his pedigree in the ark, than be without his herald, who was always dressed like a mountebank, and carried all his messages, from a stout defiance to a courtly invitation to a famine in the great hall of the castle. He also kept a couple of hounds, whose ribs might be seen a league off in a clear day; but his lordship was wont to account for this by saying they hunted the better for being kept on short commons. His hawks were, if possible, more hungry than his hounds, and if

he had possessed any chickens, would have eaten them up to a certainty.

The lordship of St. Radagand was situated in the province of Gascony, which once took up arms against Lewis of France, for having forbidden them the diversion of duelling. They did not mind trifles, but this was a liberty they could not put up with. There was no part of the world, except, perhaps, some portions of Germany, where they thought so much of their pedigrees, or stickled so stoutly for the point of honour. To look down, or askance, or point a finger, or bite a thumb at a man of pedigree was death to a certainty. But the great bone of contention was their arms—I mean their coats of arms, many of which bore so close a resemblance, that it was almost impossible to tell one from the other. To usurp the arms of a family was equivalent to a feud of eternal duration. The crest of the Lord of St. Radagand was a bull's head, and, next to his pedigree, his lordship held it more dearly than all the other memorials of his family, because it was akin, to almost a certainty, that this was the head of the very bull which accompanied his ancestor in Noah's ark, and from whom all the bulls of the universe claimed descent.

Now it so happened that the Lord of St. Radagand, being at a tournament, at which all the chivalry of Gascony was in arms, chanced to espy a caitiff, who bore for his cognizance a head as like to the bull of St. Radagand as two peas. This impudent assumption was not to be borne. He, of course, at once challenged the usurper of this cherished honour, and the tournament was closed with a desperate contest between the rival heads, in which the Lord of St. Radagand was victorious. As his antagonist fell, mortally wounded, his lordship exclaimed—"Thus do I punish the usurper of the bull's head." "The bull's head," exclaimed the dying man—"Alas! mine is the head of a cow." "Sacré Bleu! and why not explain this to me before?" "What! would you have a Gascon gentleman disgrace himself by an explanation before battle? It is enough that he condescends to it when it is too late." Saying this he breathed his last, and every one said he died like a brave man.

Lewis of France had sworn, on the cross of his sword, that the first man, and most especially the first Gascon, who killed a person in a duel, should die an ignominious death. It therefore behoved the Lord of St. Radagand to make his disappearance as quick as possible. Accordingly he made the best of his way home, and collecting together all the precious memorials of the antiquity of his family, not forgetting the pedigree, proceeded, accompanied by an old fisherman, the only one of his retainers he could persuade to go into exile with

him, full tilt to the sea-side, whence he embarked for a foreign country, in a vessel just ready to put to sea.

Though the ancestor of the Lord of St. Radagand had been at sea in Noah's ark, his illustrious descendant had never seen salt water in all his life. Indeed he had never been ten miles from home before; for he found to his infinite disgust, that the farther he went, the more his consequence diminished. In his own castle he was a great man, insomuch that not one of his retainers dared enter his presence, or speak to him, without special permission. As to touching him, that was out of the question. He always dressed himself, for fear of contamination, and suffered his beard to grow enormously, rather than mortal barber should take him by the nose. Whenever it became necessary to wake him in the morning, this was always done, not in the usual way by shaking, but by blowing a warlike measure in his ear with a trumpet. The vessel, in which the Lord of St. Radagand embarked himself and his pedigree, was a clumsy old caraval, bound up the Mediterranean, and, in beating to windward, made rather more lee than head way. His lordship had not been at sea but a few hours when he began to feel the approaches of that deadly sickness, which makes any body laugh but the person afflicted with it. His head turned round like a whirligig, his ears whizzed as if a thunderbolt had exploded in them, and his stomach was more disturbed than the ocean itself. In short, he became as helpless as a new-born babe, and had it not been for the old fisherman, who, being used to salt water, remained perfectly well, he would have been in a terrible predicament; for he could neither move hand nor foot, and felt exactly as if he would as soon die as not.

"Sacré Bleu!" said he to himself—"that an old caitiff fisherman, who can't tell the name of his great-grandfather, should be able to bear what a man with a pedigree found in Noah's ark cannot! I don't understand it, for my part."

While he remained in this helpless condition, the old fisherman was permitted to assist him in and out of his miserable berth, partly because he could not do without him. But his lordship privately made amends to his outraged dignity, by settling it in his own mind, that he should inflict some unheard of punishment on the old rascal, for the liberty he had taken in handling him as if he had been a man of yesterday.

"Sacré Bleu!" would he exclaim—"what is the use of a pedigree found in Noah's ark, if the possessor is to be tossed about by every low-born villain in Christendom, just like a piece of common flesh and blood?"

Scarcely had his lordship recovered from his sickness, when a great storm arose, and the miserable caraval laboured and

creaked at a terrible rate. All hands were busy on board, but the Lord of St. Radagand, who did nothing but stand in the way, imploring every one to exert himself in saving a man whose ancestors had desolated whole provinces, and who had a pedigree found in Noah's ark. But they only called him an old jackanapes for his pains, and bade him get out of the way, and hold his tongue, with as little ceremony as if he had been a peasant. Nay, such was their utter disregard to his illustrious ancestors, that one of the barbarous sailors actually pushed him so rudely that he fell over a hen-coop, and bruised his nose in a most exemplary manner.

"*Sacré Bleu!*" cried the Lord of St. Radagand—"wait till the storm is over, and see if I don't tickle you. Were you a thousand men, with a thousand lives each, and were there a thousand earths, I'd exterminate you from the face of them all." But the tar was too busy and anxious to mind what he said.

What mortified the Lord of St. Radagand, above all things, was to see the deference paid by the captain and crew of the caravel to the old fisherman. By common consent, they, as it were, resigned the command to him, and, without exception, captain and all, obeyed his directions, because they saw he was more experienced than themselves. The old man ordered them about with the air of a king; and once, when the exertions of all were necessary, laid hold of his lordship, and, with something like an oath, told him to stir his stumps, and not stand there gaping like a ninny.

"*Morbleu!*" exclaimed his lordship—"what a detestable leveler is danger. Even my own retainer has forgotten that my ancestor was in Noah's ark. I dare say, if it comes to the push, these low-born villains will prefer saving their own lives to mine."

He was aroused from the reflections naturally arising from this utter disregard to the dignity of his ancestors, by a loud shout, followed by a groan, which seemed the joint production of the whole crew. The cry of land! land! was heard in the uproar of the elements, and the Lord of St. Radagand was delighted to see a range of mountains in the distance, at the foot of which the wave broke in a beautiful white foam. "Order these caitiffs, in my name, to get to land as quick as possible; for really I am quite tired of tossing in this way," said his lordship to the old fisherman.

"It is impossible without perishing," said the fisherman. "*Sacré Bleu!* I say it is not impossible—it shall not be impossible—nothing is impossible for a Gascon nobleman, with a pedigree found in Noah's ark."

He then staggered towards the captain, and, with great dignity, ordered him to set him ashore on pain of the eternal

vengeance of himself and his ancestors. But the captain told him to go to the d—l with his ancestors and his pedigree, and ordered the old caraval to be put about the other way. But all their endeavours were ineffectual, and she continued to drive rapidly towards the land.

“*Diable!* what is the world coming to, when a man’s ancestors and pedigree to boot, are consigned to the d—l, by the skipper of an old crazy caraval?”—said the Lord of St. Radagand.

The old fisherman now came to tell him it was all over; they should soon be ashore.

“By the head of my great ancestor, who accompanied the bull in Noah’s ark, but I’m glad of it,” cried his lordship; “I long to get to land.”

“Are you,” said the other; “then your lordship has just about as much brains in your skull, as your great ancestor aforesaid has at this present moment. The only land you will get to this time will be the bottom of the sea.”

The old fisherman at length made him comprehend that the caraval was now but a few miles from the coast, which he could see afforded no harbour, and that, in less than an hour, except the wind changed, the vessel would strike and go to pieces, in which case the chances were, that not one would escape.

“*Sacré Bleu!*” exclaimed the Lord of St. Radagand, “then I must take care of my pedigree.”

“You’d better take care of yourself,” said the fisherman, turning away.

“Myself! what a low-born, low-lived, low-thoughted boor!—what is a long life to a long pedyree?”

Accordingly, his lordship went down into the cabin and carefully secured the old pedigree, which was written in execrable Latin, on a piece of worm-eaten parchment. There was not one particle of grammar in it; nor one word spelt right; but the Lord of St. Radagand only valued it the more highly for these incontestable proofs of antiquity. He had scarcely done this, when the old caraval struck a rock with such force, that the sailors, who were on their knees, tumbled on the floor of the cabin, and scrambling up in a great hurry, made for the door, as fast as possible.

“*Sacré Bleu!*” roared his lordship, “will nobody take care of a man with a pedigree found in Noah’s ark?”

But they paid no more attention to him, than if his pedigree had been lost like that of many others at the deluge, and the Lord of St. Radagand was fain to put himself upon his own resources. He managed to crawl upon deck, where was a scene of great confusion and dismay. The sea broke over the vessel at every return of the wave; the spray dashed in the

faces of the affrighted sailors, so that they could hardly see; the ocean was white with foam beneath; the sky above, all one gloomy chaos of ragged black clouds; and the shore one long grim barrier of rocks, against which the ocean wave broke, dashing its fragments high against the sides of the mountain. At every blow of the omnipotent element, the old caraval quivered and trembled like a leaf in the tempest; her timbers cracked, her seams opened, her masts shook like reeds, and the wretched sailors stood shivering as if struck with the ague of death. At length the angry ocean seemed to muster all its mighty energies into one green curling wave, fringed with white foam, which, riding high above the rest, came rolling upon them, and in an instant cleared the deck of the old crazy caraval of every thing living, and lifeless. At the same instant she went to pieces, and her fragments floated on the surface of the angry deep.

The old fisherman, who had weathered many a hard gale, and whom the various exigences of his profession had taught experience, took measures in time to meet the danger which he saw was inevitable. He had lashed himself to a piece of spare spar for safety, and proffered the Lord of St. Radagand a berth in the same craft with himself. But his lordship indignantly rejected the proposal, seeing it would for ever disgrace himself and his posterity, should it be known that a man with a pedigree, found in Noah's ark, had been tied to the same stick, with a fellow that did not know the name of his great-grandfather.

When, therefore, the crazy caraval went to pieces, the Lord of St. Radagand got a fine sousing. In a trice his mouth, and in another trice, his stomach was filled with salt water, which paid no more respect to his ancestors, and his pedigree, than it did the old caraval. In a few moments it had been all over with him, had not the old fisherman luckily come sailing along on his piece of a spar, which, sometimes, it must be confessed, capriciously rolled over and over, and gave him a ducking. But the old fellow did not mind a wet jacket any more than a codfish, or a mermaid. He stuck to his life-boat, like a barnacle to the bottom of the old caraval, or a dun to his debtor, and was in a fair way of gaining the shore, when he encountered the Lord of St. Radagand, or rather his pedigree, for that illustrious wight was invisible, all save his right hand, in which he instinctively grasped that invaluable document, seemingly determined that the world should not lose sight of it till the last moment. He was going, going, going, as the auctioneers say, when the old fisherman, moved by habitual respect for his seigneur, laid hold of the pedigree. His lordship clung to it manfully, resolved to die, as it were, pedigree in hand, and

finally up he came at the end of his roll of parchment. The old fisherman having managed to hitch him fast to the spar with the end of his own rope, a degradation to which his lordship quietly submitted, being speechless with salt water, and in this manner they were rudely wafted along. Fortunately for them both, one end of the spar struck the rocks first, and the other, whirling round, shot into a little recess of the high cliff, where the water was comparatively smooth, and a few yards of a white sand beach afforded them a safe landing. The rest of the crew all perished, having relied exclusively on their prayers, which shows that it is sometimes good to exert ourselves a little, and clap our own shoulders to the wheel, at the same time we are calling upon Hercules.

It was some time before the Lord of St. Radagand got rid of the salt brine with which he was, as the sailors say, completely waterlogged, and much longer before he came to his recollection. But he all the while instinctively stuck fast to his pedigree, which he grasped tightly in his hand, and held over his head, exactly as he did when the old fisherman laid hold of it, and pulled him to the surface of the water. By degrees, however, he came to himself, and being informed of the manner in which his life had been saved, was exceedingly indignant at having been tied to the same stick with an old fisherman.

“*Sacré Bleu!*” said he; “how dared you take such liberty with a man whose ancestor came over in Noah’s ark. Diable! don’t you know it is quite impossible that a pedigree, such as mine, can ever be lost? I should have got safely to shore, without the disgrace of being tied to a post. I have a great mind to wipe out the infamous stain of a community of danger, and escape, with a fellow of no pedigree, by throwing you into the sea.”

The old fisherman was out of patience at such ingratitude; but he thought to himself his lordship was such a fool he was not worth being angry with. So he only laughed in his sleeve, and said nothing, until the other began to complain of hunger, and to express his solicitude for something to eat.

“Let us go into the country,” said he, “a man of my family and consequence, with such a pedigree, won’t want for all the attentions due to his rank, provided there are any inhabitants in this quarter.”

But on examination it was found that the little cave, in which they had found shelter, was walled in all around by perpendicular rocks, so high as to bid defiance to human tread, and that the only chance of escape was by water. They had no means for this, and it therefore became necessary to make every exertion to procure food. An odd idea struck the old

fisherman, and he advised the Lord of St. Radagand to catch some fish for his dinner.

"Fish! Sacré Bleu! do you suppose I know any thing about catching fish? If there were any low-born peasants hereabout, to rob of a dinner, I might condescend to that, perhaps, because such things are not unworthy a man whose pedigree was found in Noah's ark. But to fish for a dinner! I'd rather starve first."

"But your lordship knows the Apostles were several of them poor fishermen."

"Then they must have been a set of low-born fellows, and I shall take the very first opportunity to change my religion, for one which admits none but noblemen as apostles. Nevertheless, I confess I am very hungry. Slave! go and catch me some fish."

"Your lordship has convinced me it is an ungentlemanly occupation, and as we are in a strange country, I shall set up for a man of pedigree, like your lordship. I am determined to be a nobleman."

"Sacré Bleu! you a nobleman?"

"Yes, a nobleman."

"But what will you do for a pedigree?"

"O, I'll swear it was lost in Noah's ark."

"And you won't catch fish for me?"

"Not a scale."

The Lord of St. Radagand became almost speechless with indignation. "I'll teach thee to set up for a man of pedigree—I'll teach thee the difference between a nobleman and a slave," cried he, and thereupon he fell foul of the old fisherman, determined to annihilate him on the spot. But the old man was too strong for the Lord of St. Radagand, pedigree and all, and got him under, before he could say Jack Robinson.

"There," said he, "there—you see the difference betwixt a nobleman and a slave."

His lordship submitted, as needs he must, who can do no better. Hunger had, indeed, so far mastered his spirit, that he besought the old fisherman to try and catch some fish. The old man consented, and, by various little contrivances, which he had learned in the course of his experience, managed to procure a scanty supply. But they would not eat them raw; and had no materials for lighting a fire to cook them. The Lord of St. Radagand, who could nor forget his habits of command, ordered the old fisherman to light a fire, but the other very unceremoniously told him he might do it himself.

"Me!" cried his lordship, "would you have a man of my pedigree demean himself by lighting a fire to cook fish? If it were the cottage of some rascally low-born peasant, I believe I

might manage the business. But as to making a fire out of nothing, I know no more about it than the man in the moon. Do you try." The old fisherman, commiserating the situation of his lordship, picked up some dry sticks that had fallen down on the beach from the high precipice above, which he piled together very carefully. Then he selected two pieces suitable to his purpose, and rubbing them violently against each other, at length set them in a blaze, with which he lighted a fire.

"By St. Radagand, my patron," quoth his lordship, who had attentively watched the progress, "but this fellow knows something, notwithstanding he has no pedigree."

The fisherman requested his lordship to assist in preparing the fish for cooking; but he knew nothing about it. He then desired him to cook his own fish, but he was equally ignorant. "What a poor helpless creature is this lord of mine, and what an old fool was I, to be so much afraid of him," quoth the old man; and he began to despise him heartily.

In this way they lived some days, subsisting on the fish caught and cooked by the old fisherman, and drinking the water that trickled down from the rocks. One day they were roused by a shout from the precipice above, and, looking up, beheld at least a dozen swarthy figures peering down upon them, and brandishing their long lances in a threatening manner.

"Ha! ha!" cried the Lord of St. Radagand, "here are some people at last. Now I shall show you the difference between a man whose ancestors came over in Noah's ark, and a base-born slave." So saying, he held up his roll of parchment, to show them he was a man of pedigree, and announced himself as the Lord of St. Radagand. But they, thinking he was menacing them with some weapon, answered him with a shower of stones, that caused his lordship to seek shelter under a projecting rock—"What a set of ignorant barbarians," said he, "to pay so little respect to a man of my pedigree!"

The old fisherman, however, broke a piece of the branch of a shrub growing out from a fissure of the rock, and waved it upwards towards them, in a peaceable manner, whereupon they uttered a great shout, and all ran away.

"Sacré Bleu!" cried the Lord of St. Radagand, "but this is the first time I ever saw people frightened by a branch of a tree, in the hands of an old fisherman."

Before an hour elapsed, however, they beheld half a dozen canoes coming round the point of rocks, filled with dark figures, who, cautiously approaching with their long spears brandished in the air, at length landed, and came towards them. The fisherman held up his branch, and the Lord of St. Radagand his pedigree, chattering all the while most energetically about

the dignity of his ancestors. Upon this, the black fellows thinking he was bidding them defiance, rushed suddenly upon him, threw him down, and binding his hands behind him, left his lordship lying with his face half buried in the sand. The old fisherman, who had made his devoirs by waving the olive branch, and offering them the fish he had caught, was left at large. When his lordship, who had managed to turn himself, saw this, he thought to himself, what stupid woolly-heads these must be to make such a blunder.

The negroes, for such they were, put the two white men into a boat, and paddled away to their village, which was in a beautiful bay, a few miles distant. The fisherman said not a word, knowing they could not understand him, but contented himself by making signs, many of which they comprehended; while the Lord of St. Radagand vehemently assured them, that his ancestor came over in Noah's ark, in proof of which he referred to his pedigree, which he still held fast clenched in his hands, just as it was when the old fisherman caught hold of it, and his lordship was about landing at the bottom of the sea. The negroes looked at him, and showed their white teeth, until one, who appeared to be their chief, patted him on the head pretty smartly with a paddle, which his lordship took to be a hint to hold his tongue.

According to the custom of the nations of Africa, who make slaves of all captives, the Lord of St. Radagand and the old fisherman were stripped of their garments, which were replaced by a piece of cotton cloth, tied round the waist, and set to work bare-headed in the fields together. The old fisherman, who had a head like a mop, and had been accustomed to exposure to the sun, bore it sufficiently well. But his lordship suffered severely from heat and toil; added to which the degradation of being put upon a footing with one of his own retainers, was insufferable to a man whose pedigree had been found in Noah's ark. He sunk under fatigue and mortification; and, had not the old fisherman assisted him in his tasks would have received many severe beatings from his woolly-headed master.

"*Sacré Bleu!*" would he sometimes exclaim; "Who would have thought I should have been saved from so many beatings by an old rascal without a pedigree?"

In this way he continued for a few months, entirely dependent on the old fisherman for the performance of his daily tasks, and gradually sinking under the burning sun, until he could no longer raise a hand to his head, or stand on his feet. Finding he was of no farther use, the woolly-heads laid him under a palm tree to die. Here he lingered for several days, attended by the old fisherman, who brought him a portion of his scanty allowance of food, and climbed the trees for fresh cocoa-nuts, with the milk of which he nourished his wasting frame, until expiring

nature at length refused all sustenance. The Lord of St. Radagand felt grateful for these kind offices; but he could not help thinking how hard it was for a man, whose ancestors had come over in Noah's ark, should be indebted for all the comforts of his last lingering moments, to one who could not tell the name of his great-grandfather. "By the holy staff of St. Radagand, but it is wondrous strange that a man's ancestors should be of no more use to him than so many dead dogs, at the very time he most wants them."

But now he felt himself dying; and, turning his head slowly round towards the old fisherman, who was supporting him—"Old man," said he, "thou hast been kind to me, but that was thy duty, seeing that my ancestor came over in Noah's ark, and thine came from nobody knows where. But for these thy services, I forgive thee with all my heart, the degradations I have suffered in being lugged out of the sea, like a drowning rat, not by the tail, but by my sacred pedigree; tied with a rope, like a felon, to a stick, and afterwards obliged to share with thee in the labours of the field, yea, to accept of thy aid, and to become indebted to thee, for the last good offices to the dying. I forgive thee all, as at this moment I hope for forgiveness, for permitting thee such liberties." Here he paused to rally his last energies—and, taking out his pedigree, which he had kept tied round his waist, sleeping and waking, added in a dying murmur—"Take this sacred relic, and swear to preserve it with thy life; and that if ever thou shouldst be redeemed from slavery, and return to the abode of my ancestors, thou wilt deliver it into the hands of the Lord of St. Radagand, whoever he may be. Dost thou swear?"

"I do," said the old fisherman.

At that moment he felt the body of the Lord of St. Radagand sliding from his arms, and heard a low whisper, as if from the disembodied spirit—

"Take care of the Pedigree!"

It was the last whisper and the last breath of the Lord of St. Radagand. In process of time the old fisherman was sold to a Moor of Tangier; and finally, being redeemed from captivity by some charitable monks, returned in safety to his native country. Here he found that Lewis of France had confiscated the estate of the Lord of St. Radagand, in consequence of his duel about the bull's head; that his castle had many years been deserted, except by bats and owls, and that his family had become extinct in the person of his nephew, who perished at the siege of Aleppo, whither he had accompanied the champions of the cross. Thus nothing remained of the honours of the house of St. Radagand, but an old ruined castle, and a worm-eaten pedigree. *Sic transit*—so passes away the glory of this world!

DELPHI;
A FRAGMENT OF A JOURNAL.

LET those who would go to Delphi, undertake the pilgrimage in form and manner as hereinafter set down, and as it was performed by a party of persons who had some days to devote to it in the autumn of last year. And, to all those who have memory or feeling of what was for many ages so great and glorious, all which their youthful fancy shadowed out will be renewed and filled up, and all the mystic charm will be justified which hangs upon the name of Delphi.

Delphi should be approached from the side of the ancient Cirrha, "scopulosa Cirrha," the port of the Oracle, now called the Scala di Salona, which, marked only by a few huts, stands within the depths of a beautiful bay. Much doubtless depends on the first impressions under which you draw near to the heights of Delphi. And, to give to these their full advantage, the journey should be made at night. For, as the fatigue is thus avoided of what, in the glare of the mid-day heat, would be a toilsome march, and the traveller thus escapes the displeasure of arriving way-worn at the threshold of that famous place; so also is the effect improved by his acquaintance with it been begun while the veil of darkness still hangs upon its awful features, to be drawn aside by the gradual advance of the morning. From the Bay and Scala of Salona, the road lies over a plain, bounded to the left by the outlines of the mountains over Amphissa, once the capital of the Ozolian Locri, and on the right, studded and closed in by an extensive grove of venerable olive trees. This is the vale of Crissa, and it leads to the town still known, by a slight corruption of its ancient name, as Crisso. No traces of temple or of ancient walls remain. The town is neatly and regularly built, but a fountain, springing from a rock on the left side of the main street, and descending in a copious stream into a roughly hewn and time-worn basin, is all which is left for even conjecture to point to as a memorial of the city of which Apollo was specially held as the patron, and under the surname, thence derived, of the Crissean. It lies about midway, in respect of time, between the Port and Delphi. The distance of road which remains is much shorter; but the way is stony and steep, winding along abrupt hills, and sometimes mounting them in the still more toilsome form of a Venetian stair.

As you draw nearer to Delphi, the character of the scenery becomes wilder and more strange; and by starlight if the stars be out, or even by lanthorn light if the heavens be dark,

there is enough visible to betoken that you are within the range of some district set apart as it were for the uncommon wonder and worship of man. Tombs, carved in the clefts of the natural rock, which, on the left, overhangs the pass, look forth from beneath its brows into the deep valley of the Pleistus, which winds its course among wood, and vineyard, and meadow, far below to the right. At the end of about the third hour of your march, you reach the westernmost heights of Delphi, from whence, if there be any light in the sky, you trace against it the broad and shadowy outline of that double peaked rock, which shrouded within its narrow breast the oracle that gave laws to the world. On either side, bending forward as it were to tend the sanctuary round which they stand, are seen those huge craggy masses, Παρνησιάδες δ' ἄβατοι Κορυφαί, which, forming part of the range called by one general name as the district of Parnassus, fenced in and crowned a city, whither, from the rude infancy of its fame even to its corruption and decay, the nations flocked in with tribute and adoration.

Delphi, with all its pride and all its sufferings, with all its sanctity and all its crimes—Delphi, with all the brightness of its pomp and all the gloom of its mysteries, with all its fore-past glories and in all its present bareness—Delphi, in all its silence and solitude, the great, the despoiled, the deserted, the immortal—is before you, beneath you, above you, and around you.

And where is now the city of wonder, of worship, and of spoil? As the dawn brightens into day, those awful forms, of old renown, of each of which fancy had so often bodied forth an image of its own, now start up before you in successive detail, as the glimmering spectress of famous things, long departed and for ever. And are those then right who, seeing Delphi, complain that no ruins of man's magnificence are there? That the walls of its once mighty city are sunk, and that now not a time worn Peristyle, no nor a crumbling column, remains reared to mark where of old stood the great temple of the presiding god, or where the attendant fane of Minerva Pronoias, the spirit of strength and forethought as it were taking its stand by the shrine of inspiration. Are those then right who tell the future traveller that his hopes must needs be chilled when brought face to face with the object they had so long adorned, and who bid him qualify them with this sad assurance that he shall see nothing but Delphi as nature formed and man first found it? Let such men fondly search elsewhere for the traces of mortal and departed power, let them curiously doat upon the relics of mouldering pomp among the once proud arches of imperial Rome or the tenantless palaces of humbled

Venice—memorials now of what!—of but this cheerless lesson, that all the greatness of man must one day sink into the dust, that the monuments of his loftiness will one day but faintly deck a mutilated ruin, and that what the heart of the founder swelled within him to conceive will one day serve but to furnish forth an imperfect system to the artist, or to the philosopher a melancholy moral. There are other, and I think higher feelings which can but uncheerily respond to the appeal of man's handicraft in its decay, and which yet kindle at the view of this place, as nature formed and man first found it, seen as it was when man first believed, from the very outlines as they are now spread before you, that it could have been formed in such beauty and grandeur only for the abode and sanctuary of a god; where man bowed his head and heart in worship, and came to gather fate from out the doubtful mysteries of a whispered oracle, where he stored his gifts, and was after to raise towers and temples to blazon forth its renown. And in this state now is Delphi, as when man first imagined a god of light, of poetry, of prophecy, fixing his throne there in the fancied centre of the habitable world; its awful caverns, its bright fountains, its glorious crags, lifting their brows into that region of high air above which only the eagle in solitary majesty can soar nearer to heaven—a state, primeval, unchanged, and immortal.

And here, upon this tabled hill where you now stand to view the rising sun, here once stood Brennus, with the advanced guard of his invading army, his barbarous legions struggling through the deep defiles and rugged mountain passes behind him, and, before him, the devoted city, decked like a majestic and beauteous victim in its sanctity and splendour for the ruthless sacrifice. But, as he gazed, the sanctuary shone forth in all its bravery and all its power, bristling with spears, and shadowed from end to end with the hallowed trophies which Greece had here, from age to age, stored up as records of her long cherished and gloriously defended freedom. The spoils of Marathon and of Salamis, the tributes of Lydia, the ensigns of the Amphietyonic Council.

The angry deity of the place, mounting among clouds, spread his red disk as a protecting shield above it. Loud thunderings were heard, and, says the historian, (but that the kindling spirits of the Delphians at such an hour may have excited in them unreal fancies), the heroes of long past ages of Greece were seen advancing their armed and gigantic forms to lead forth their countrymen to the defence. The earth shook, and lightnings played around the rocks, which toppled on the pinnacles of each sacred hill, to crush the assailants.

The furious assault began; and, dismayed no less by the astounding horrors of the scene than by the desperate courage of men standing for their home and their presiding god, the barbarous host gave way. Retreat was ruin, irreparable, hopeless, inevitable, and the whole invading army, more than 160,000 strong, perished with their chief almost in view of the temple which they had come to plunder and destroy. Nor was this the single or the first occasion on which a powerful invader gave way before a small band of Phocians, entrenched as it were within the fastnesses of that awful sanctuary. From hence also had retired the cohorts of Xerxes. Though reeking from the fresh carnage of Thermopylæ, the frontier passes of Greece no more a barrier across their path, and its plains thronged with the recruited myriads of his Persian chivalry—Athens, herself, laid waste by fire, and his grasping ambition yet unquenched even by the great day of Salamis—from hence retired his satraps, disheartened, powerless, either by the valour of the Delphians, or by the fears of their own troops, who, with what they had believed an assured conquest before them, yet could not endure the presence of this mystic place clothed in the terrors of a mountain-storm.

With such remembrances as these are the opening glimpses of Delphi fraught. But variously mixed with glory and with shame are those which are recalled by its nearer details.

The first and most prominent objects that present themselves are the two cliffs between which the dews of Castalia fall into the Pythia's bath. The Hyampeia and the Nauplia. From the top of the former of these, the westernmost, (not the higher but the more overhanging of the two,) it was that those persons against whom the anger of the god was supposed to be kindled were cast down, thus to expiate their own imprudence or crimes, or, as was oftener the case, to gratify some offended jealousy of the Delphians, or some still baser motive of covetousness, disappointed or detected fraud. It was on this brow that Æsop was dragged to a fearful death, for counselling his master, Cræsus the Lydian, against the lavishing of his mighty gifts upon a venal oracle. A crime of the Delphic people, which, says the father of Grecian history, drew on them the wrath of Heaven, to be appeased only by years of humiliation and atonement.

And that sweet stream, that deep recess, entered erewhile only by the feet of her who, raised above all sense of earthly passion, lived in fancied converse with a deity, those awful solitudes once dedicated to the sublimest mysteries of the proudest mythology, what deeds of shame does their later story record! avarice and imposture—the fates of empires doled out at the

bidding of a counterfeit enthusiasm, and the will of the gods revealed in barter for gold! Delphi, from whose seats it was boasted that Homer sung, in whose temples it was recorded that Pindar wrought his deathless verse; Delphi, on whose gates the seven sages wrote those mighty truths which were to be a leading light to men and commonwealths, where the confederate statesmen of Greece sat for her governance, where her heroes and philosophers sought counsel in life, and after renown in that their names should be inscribed within its fane; immortal Delphi, with its tutelary genius, become a hireling of Philip and a mockery to Sylla, and perishing at last in its luckless corruption, dishonoured and unmourned by the world over which it had so long held sway.

You approach the rocky cleft of Castalia by a descending road which winds towards the left for a little more than a mile, passing through the village of Castri—the site of the highest and wealthiest part of the city, where, according to Pausanias, stood the great and gorgeous temple of the Delphic god himself. Beyond the village, you see to the right, the terrace of the ancient gymnasium, now crowned with the small church of the Panagia, and leaning forward from the side of the Attic and Bœotian road over the valley of the Pleistus. After you pass the village, and short of the turn of the way which leads to the gymnasium, in the hollow of a stony dell, stands a small arched fountain, built in the middle ages, which receives the waters flowing from the sacred spring itself. Higher up, and overhung by the rock Nauplia, within the gorge of the cleft, is the Pythia's bath; a long rectangular trough of white stone, in many places broken, and at the end of which towards the valley is surmounted by a poor shed, dedicated as a chapel to St. John.

Just above the trough are three small niches, carved in the rock as if to serve as depositories for votive offerings, and over them the brushwood shoots forth at intervals shadowing the face of the cliff to where its very brow and top are backed by the sky. The spring in part oozes lazily through the trough, and in part gushes from a small opening in the rock at its foot, trickling down from thence through the lower and modern built fountain to the channel which leads it in its course to mingle with the Pleistus. And this is the Castalian water, sweet and bright as when within its chill embrace the priestess caught to her bosom that sacred horror which was to prepare her pure frame to receive the breath of the inspiring god.

And where is the cavern which in those times was entered only by the Pythia, whence she descended to the bath, and for which Chandler, and Hughes, (of all modern travellers who

have described these parts the most accurate and the most diligent) searched in vain? It is manifest from the nature of the ground that it could have been in no part of the mountain between the bath itself and the buildings of the city to the west. The only space then which could have contained it is further up within the gorge of the cleft itself. And there, from the second terrace spoken of by Hughes, and high over head, may be seen, rising on either side, the curve as it were of a natural arch, which seems as if in later times its crest had been broken down, perhaps by the force of an earthquake, but had once connected the two cliffs, about one third up the face of each, forming the roof of a vast cave. I said that the great and gorgeous temple of the Delphic god himself where the oracle was delivered was within the space now covered by the village of Castri. Its position appears to have been where Hughes is disposed to fix it, and for more reasons than he assigns. Pausanias directs you on your road to it, and, on the spot to which that direction leads you, the clearest indications still remain, to show that there stood a Doric temple of great size and of the richest workmanship. He says that, entering the town from the Bœtian road, you will find four temples, of which one was dedicated to Minerva Pronoias, near to which is the place of public exercise. To the left of this road, as you approach the site of the city, may yet be traced the foundations of several temples, and many shafts of large columns, on tabled terraces, which stretch forth towards the valley. On one of these terraces stands now the church of the Panagia, supposed with much reason to be on the foundations of the gymnasium. Its porch is supported by ancient pillars, and here and there small fragments of relief are seen which have been built into its rudely constructed modern walls, and within it is that remarkable inscription of which Hughes speaks as supposing it to refer to the death of Pyrrhus Neoptolemus the son of Achilles; *Αἰκαία χαίτηρ*.—"If," says Pausanias, "you descend from hence some three stadia, you find the river Pleistus, which flows into the sea at Cirrha, the port of Delphi. But if, instead, you mount again towards the temple of Minerva, you will see to your right the fountain of Castalia, of which the waters are sweet." "The city of Delphi," continues he, "is on a height from which on all sides you may descend by a gentle declivity. The temple of Apollo contains a large space in the highest part of the town, and many streets lead to it." Now there is but one space which answers this description. The place of the games, (still known by its classic name of the Pentathlon,) is described as being beyond the town. But

between it and Castalia, (a distance of about a mile,) you can not fail to see where the main part of the city stood, with, on one hand, the inaccessible crags, and on the other the steep valley of the Pleistus. About mid way, and on the side of the village of Castri, on rising ground, is a large space, part of which is now built upon; at the back of which, and near it, in the main street, is a Turkish fountain, which runs copiously; the only spring of water on that part of the hill. "Returning," says Pausanias, "to the temple, you will see the fountain Cassotis, whose waters, it is said, flow under ground to the most secret sanctuary of the temple." If further evidence were wanting to show that the site of the temple was here, it would be afforded by the appearance of the ground, which is full of remains of large columns and elaborate reliefs, executed in the best style of Grecian art, and lying very near the surface. Hard by also is that dark and dismantled building mentioned by Hughes, one of the side walls of which is covered for near twenty feet in length, and eight or ten in height, with continuous inscriptions, the letters small and neatly cut, which might, at the cost of some pains and trouble, be copied and decyphered; a work which has been only partially and desultorily attempted by persons who have at different times visited the building, but the which, if systematically and thoroughly done, could scarcely fail to assist with interesting detailed information concerning the history of the temple, as well as its precise position and form. For there can be but little question that this wall stood within its precincts. It is to be lamented that Mr. Cockerell, whose zeal and genius so eminently qualified him to trace out for the world again some probable plan of this great city, as it was in the days of its glory, should have had so little time to devote to this pursuit.



THE TROGLODYTES.

NEAR the mouth of a western river in Ireland, is to be found an island, nine miles long, and from one to two wide, formed almost entirely of shifting sands. Every storm changes some portion of the physiognomy of this island. Its whole vegetation consists, with the exception of a small portion of the southern end, in a few juniper bushes, and some few other

scraggy, stunted shrubs of that class; but during some years, after a wet spring, a small bush springs from the sand and bears a greyish plum, nearly as large as a damson, which in September is very delicious. Barren as the place is of vegetation, it is full of life. In the summer season countless millions of spiders are found on the sand, or swinging from the bushes, on their airy webs, in size from the circumference of a sixpence to the smallest thing that gives proof of life. About a mile from the east side of the island is a bar of sand hardly covered at low water; over which, when the wind is westerly, the sea rolls, and breaks with great force and sublimity. Gazing on these resounding billows, one is impressed with the words of inspiration, to the mighty ocean, "*Hitherto shalt thou come, and no farther; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.*" The sea-birds, from the tiny peep, the long-legged snipe, the fine plovers, grey and black-breasted, up to the wild goose, make this island their caravansary, as they pass from south to north, and on their return. They love to linger along these shores, and feed and rest themselves for the great journeys the God of nature has taught them to make, for continuing their species, and for the benefit of man. In spring and fall, the island is the sportsman's paradise. He chooses the smaller or the greater game at pleasure, and returns loaded with it. Often the great grey eagle is seen sailing and poising in his majesty, in order to prey upon the small bird, or watch his *jackall*, the fish-hawk, to bring up his prey from the ocean. The subservient hawk dives into the water for the fish for himself. The eagle, measuring his distance, darts upon the hawk with the greatest swiftness; who with a scream of fear drops his prey, and the eagle seldom fails to catch it before it reaches land or water. This amusement to the spectator is often continued for hours, until the bird of Jove is surfeited with more substantial food than nectar, such as his master feeds on. When the eagle turns to poise himself after seizing his prey, is the time to make aim, if you are disposed to bring him down. It is a dangerous sport for boys, and of course they are fond of it. Nine times out of ten, the eagle is not shot dead, if struck by the ball, but falls with a broken wing, full of wrath at his misfortune and disgrace. Then let the young sportsman be on his guard.

On each end of the island, there are two houses, but no trace of civilization marks the intermediate waste, excepting a hut here and there, erected by some charitable societies to save shipwrecked mariners thrown in the storm upon this deceitful shore. These are filled with fuel and provisions for them in such emergencies, and it is considered as a species of sacrilege

to rob these depositories, and, to the honour of human nature, things tempting have been left there for years, untouched by a thief or trespasser. On the opposite side of the river, on the main land, there have lived for ages a race of fishermen, who from their ignorance and modes of life are denominated Algerines. They supply the market of the neighbouring town—a beautiful mart of commerce within a few miles—with all sorts of fish. One of these Algerines, getting into a quarrel with his neighbours, determined to forego the advantages of society, and migrate to the island the first fair opportunity. This was a bold decision—for these sea-dogs, who fear nothing else, fear departed spirits, and tradition had been busy in making this desolate island the rendezvous of the pirates, who in former days swarmed on the coast. Stories of buried treasures and foul murders were still rife among them. A far off in the country, bold men who had heard of the buried treasures of these Buccaneers, sometimes came to the island to dig for it; but there is no well-authenticated account of the success of the avaricious, with all the charms they could muster, to break the fast spell with which it was bound. In confirmation that it was “haunted ground,” hundreds had declared that they had heard the plaintive moans of ghosts upon the breeze that preceded a storm. Neddy O'Rourke, the fisherman, who intended to migrate, did not think so much of this as many others did, for he said he never heard these sounds, only when the wind blew from the eastward, and if there were as many ghosts as he had seen alewives go up the river, he was not afraid of them; for they would not touch him, for he had saved more than one man's life; and his mother had always told him, that when he saved a human being's life, no ghost or witch could have any power over him to do him harm.

Fortune soon favoured Neddy's enterprize. In a great fresh gale in the spring, large quantities of timber floated down the river, and lodged on the island, and larger quantities, perhaps, went out to sea. The owners of these broken rafts, now and then, have recovered this lodged timber, by way of their marks. In this, they are, however, often thwarted by these Algerines, and others of their grade, by a process they call *mooning*, that is, by taking advantage of a moon-light night, for cutting out the marks on the timber, and floating it off, when the high tide serves their purposes. Without an ear-mark, timber is only drift-wood. They have no other way to get fuel, and they have no compunctions of conscience in doing this; for they consider this wood a god-send—and that it belongs to them, as it breaks away from the owner. Neddy and his family having been quite successful in *mooning*, set

about to build themselves a convenient cabin. This was done by the assistance of their few friends, in a short time; and it required no great time for the removal of his furniture, or household gods. He formed his cabin strong, and quite comfortable. Now he was independent. He felt no ambition for preferment in civil or military life. He was a hardy, industrious fisherman, and owned his boat; he had taken her on shares at first, but now had "*worked her out.*" He had a wife, two sons and two daughters, and while a part of the family were fishing, the others were selling the produce of their labours in the market. They supported a good reputation for honesty. The cabin had just begun to attract the notice of the sportsman, as a place to rest for a few moments, to get a bite of broiled fish, after fatiguing himself by travelling in the sands; when a sudden storm arose, and so far changed the masses of sand, that the light-houses were so much out of their correct bearings as to make it necessary to give them a new position; and while they were doing this, it was discovered that Neddy's house was covered with sand. He had manfully kept a breathing hole from the door by the help of his clam-spade;—he was the owner of such an instrument—for frequently, at low water, Neddy dug a load of clams, for amusement, as Beau Tibbs' wife washed her husband's shirts for exercise.

Among those who visited the island after the storm, was a merchant, every way a splendid man, in talents and fortune. He was a military man, a legislator, generous and brave. He was curious to observe everything. With him was his friend, a young counsellor at law. The buried fisherman's family were known to them, and they repaired at once to examine the extent of the disaster of the fisherman. The *Troglodytes*, as the counsellor playfully named them, from their present situation; for they, like those of ancient story in the extended regions of Ethiopia, literally came from a cavern in the earth. The buried fisherman and his family were thankful for the relief afforded them, for many days had they been deprived of their ordinary sources of subsistence. The weather became calm, and the next day Neddy was at the door of his benefactors, with a fish so fresh that a farewell to his native element seemed yet to be on his tongue, and his eye had not lost a particle of its life.

Neddy, this time, had caught a good freight. In a few weeks he appeared in the market with clams only; and on meeting the counsellor, the latter inquired why he had left bringing cod and haddock, and taken to dealing in clams, as clamming was not so profitable or honourable as fishing.

'Why, squire,' said he, for the humblest suppose that their good or ill fortune is known to all men, "don't you know that we've lost our boat; she was lent to a friend, and he got her swamped on the hump-sands." The counsellor had been busy in his profession, and had not been made acquainted with the ill luck of his friends, the *Troglodytes*; but after hearing the story, he said, "Well, Neddy, your friend the colonel is gone to Dublin, but you shall not want for a boat. What will purchase one as good as you want, Neddy?" said the counsellor. The sum was named; but as it was known to the friends of Neddy that those who ask a favour diminish the necessary sum, he set down double as much as Neddy stated would suffice, and in a generous community soon obtained all he required, by a subscription among his circle of friends. In a few days Neddy was master and owner of just such a craft as his heart panted after; for he was desirous to see the boat-builder, and agree as to size, material, and fashion of his boat; and Neddy, in his directions, said he wanted to have a little of the life-boat fashion in her, as he intended to earn some of the premiums given by the Humane Society for saving persons from drowning. The boat was finished as he desired, and in his gratitude he muttered, that he guessed he should get a share of 'that are money,' Neddy had already received several premiums from that society, for his exertions in saving ship-wrecked mariners. The *Troglodytes* had been prosperous all that season, and held up their heads, conscious of their own exertions, and proud of the acquaintances they had formed. They were able all round to get a comfortable suit of clothes, partly *bought*, and partly made from the old wardrobes of their friends; and once or twice ventured to be seen in them. This was no small effort, for the envy of the vulgar is the greatest difficulty the humble have to surmount in their attempts to rise. Neddy now delighted in self-government. He had been worried in the Algerine community, and was not fond of the civilization he had seen, to which he could have no access. Although he had not read Vattel or Azuni on the laws of nations, he understood his own rights as well as any one. He drew his living from resources that were inexhaustible, from a bank which required no endorser for a discount, a bank which was chartered in the morning of creation to run until the end of time, or as long as the "*globe was poised, or the sea rolled a wave.*" The waters were the common right of all, and he felt that as a native, that he had equal privilege with those around him, to the use of it, and to take without stint, its finny inhabitants as he pleased.

A few years after the independent *Troglodytes* had been

established, much to the benefit of society, the legislator and his friend took a ride to the island—as they were in the habit of doing. A bridge connected it with the main land; one to enjoy a sea-breeze, the other a sea-bath. The former was a Leander in swimming. He often amused himself for hours in the sea. Few dared to swim near the island, for in most parts of it there was a high surf, which was appalling to ordinary swimmers, but only a matter of amusement to him. He passed through the surf as easily as a Sandwich islander. It was a fine warm day in August—the merchant went to his swimming, and the counsellor took his last Edinburgh Review from his pocket, to amuse himself until his friend returned to partake of the dinner of fried fish which was promised by the cook in the course of an hour. So intent was the reader upon one of those racy articles in that work, which, if they do not always convince, must certainly chain the mind to the subject, from their power and sprightliness, that for a long time he did not perceive a brazen looking cloud arising from the west, and when he did observe it, a tornado instantly followed. It had passed down the river, and went out to sea in a terrific fury. Before it had reached the island, the superintendent of the lighthouse had, from apprehension, hoisted his flag of distress, and fired his six pounder, which he had at the foot of the flag-staff, to give the swimmer notice of his danger, and all, that some one was in distress; but the swimmer seemed quite insensible of his danger, and at ease. The whirlwind swept on, and he saw it too late to attempt to return, and with the cool judgment which he always possessed, prepared himself to be carried before it. The waves, which had been running high, were now struck down to an almost smooth surface, ominous of some great convulsion. He thought that if it were true that the sea was a monster that was constantly moaning for human victims, he was now rebuked by some superior power. He was during this whole time cool and collected, for he was a child of the ocean, and could say—

“ And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports, was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers. They to me
Were a delight: and if the freshning sea
Made them a terror, 'twas a pleasing fear.
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billow far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane.”

After the whirlwind had swept along, the cry was heard, ‘Colonel G. is still above water. I see his head! I see his head!’ The counsellor, in the greatest distress, mounted his horse and rode with all possible speed through the sand to the

Troglodytes, to call on them to succour his friend. They had been spectators of their patron's danger, and the first minute that it had been practicable, had manned their boat. I say manned her—she had on board the old man, O'Rourke, his two sons and two daughters. The girls were fair looking lasses, one about fifteen years of age, the other about thirteen. As the counsellor was approaching the boat, he saw the mother of the family hand her old night-gown to her oldest daughter. There is an instinctive delicacy about an innocent woman, in the humblest grades of life, that a man never knows. The counsellor rushed to the water's edge, and leaping from his horse, was about throwing himself into the boat, when the eldest girl, to prevent him from getting on board, shoved her off, with a cheek mantling with high feeling, and her fine blue eyes flashing with courage and decision of character; and as she cleared the boat from the shore, said with a loud voice, "No, Squire, you shan't come into the boat. If the Colonel should be drowned, and our boat swamped, and you were with us, who would there be to bury us, or to give our old mother a shilling to keep her from starving? You shan't go; an hundred of us had better be drowned than you: and then there is Miss Martha, what would she say, if I were to let you go with us and be drowned?" Not another word was spoken; the sons and daughters sat themselves down to their oars, the old man took the helm, and the boat, built after the life-boat fashion, skimmed the waves like a nautilus. The sea, which had been flattened while the tornado was passing, now rose in long, heavy swells, which the light-house man thought quite as dangerous as the breakers. He ascended the flag-staff with his spy glass, and gave the cheering intelligence that the Colonel's head was yet to be seen, and that he was still swimming off shore. This would have hardly been credited by the bystanders, if his extraordinary powers in the water had not have been known to all of them. The man with the glass next cried out, "The young O'Rourkes have jumped overboard, they are lifting him into the boat; he is in," was the next ejaculation. In a moment the man came down laughing. He begged pardon of the Squire, for he could not help laughing to see the Colonel, one of the best dressed men in the world, with mother O'Rourke's night-gown on! The boat returned,—the Colonel was not much exhausted. While dressing himself, he very emphatically declared, that mother O'Rourke's night-gown was never to be sent home; he would send one in place of it. The preserved officer requested the *Troglodytes* to come to town and see him, on the morrow, and enjoined it upon the old man to bring the whole group.

After eating a good dinner of fried fish, the friends mounted their horses and rode home. The news had reached the family of the Colonel before he did, and the subject was talked over in a full assembly of friends. It was agreed that the eldest girl was the soul of the expedition for his rescue. The counsellor, who had baptized them the Troglodytes, now prepared to call Miss Judith O'Rourke the second Joan of Arc. Several of the friends of Colonel G. were present when the *Troglodytes*, in a body, made their appearance. The Colonel, taking Miss Judith by the hand, said, "Now, my smart, fine girl, what shall I give you as a reward for your courage and kindness? Ask freely; don't be mealy-mouthed;" suiting the expression to her vocabulary. The girl blushing, replied, "I don't know how to read." "Well, well, no matter," said the Colonel; thinking it was a sort of an apology for the language she might be about to use. "But I want to know how to read." The Colonel, struck with this sensible wish of the girl, said, "You shall know how to read, and have books to read too." The Priest was there, and made a sage remark, which was, "that Solomon's request of the Lord, in his dream, was of the same nature." The dream of Solomon was unknown to Judith O'Rourke; it was an original wish in her. The family were removed to a comfortable dwelling-house; the children sent to school; the boys in the evening, and during the six winter months, and the girls constantly, until they could read, write, and cipher. The Colonel, in his gratitude, was noble, but judicious; he assisted them to make themselves. The cavern was filled up with sand, and the name of *Troglodytes* was no longer heard. He became the owner of a fishing schooner. The daughters were well married, it being known that Colonel G. would be the patron of their husbands, if they deserved it, by their industry and good conduct. Peace, plenty, and happiness, was in all their borders. Poverty was banished from their habitation. Their misfortunes were only such as befall the best,—the common casualties of life. One of the sons was killed fighting bravely on board a sloop of war, in her first engagement. He was gunner of the ship, and as smart a fellow as ever walked a deck. His distinguished commander bore testimony to his worth. The other son, and the two daughters and their children, are among the respectable commonalty of the country. Their aged mother and father have lately sunk to rest, in a good old age, bearing unexceptionable characters for morals and piety. At their funerals, the Colonel followed them to the grave as a mourner, next to the family. Their benefactor, too, has since paid the debt of nature. His bounty was judiciously bestowed, and produced the best effects. The

most lavish hand, without these kind attentions, would not have laid the foundation of respectability through the medium of industry. This short tale proves that there are good feelings in the hearts of the humble, and that *patronage* and *gratitude* are not always empty names.

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A DREAM OF DEATH.

“ Death assumes
The name and look of life, and dwells among us
* * * * *

I've seen, or dreamed I saw, the tyrant dress,
Lay by his horrors and put on his smiles.”

O MARVEL not the funeral wreath
Should chill the sick man's heart with fright,—
For who could love to gaze on death,
If limners paint the king aright,
A ribbed and raw-boned skeleton,
Loathsome and foul to look upon ?

The hollow socket's rayless glare,—
The shunless dart, upraised to smite,—
The brainless skull,—the mildewed hair,—
In sooth it were a freezing sight.
And that eternal mocking grin,—
To love it were a deadly sin.

But oh ! there is another form,
Which ever haunts my waking dreams,—
A glorious creature, bright and warm,
And radiant as the day-star's beams—
Such as expiring martyrs see ;—
A lovely woman seemeth she.

With eye of light, and cheek as fair
As northern ice-blink, coldly bright,
And white brow dimmed by shading hair,
Like morn beneath the folds of night.
One such as mortals scarce would err,
Deeming an angel-messenger.

But on her cheek there is a stain,
And in her eye there is a gleam,—
And he will surely look again
Who gazes once upon its beam.
Wild, fearful ;—like the spectral light
That gleams from charnel dust by night.

And sometimes with the shapes of sleep,
By the shut eye that form will pass ;
And o'er my soul a dread will creep,
Like simoom o'er the growing grass ;
And strength, and sense, and sight, and breath
Will fail beneath the eye of death.

And once, when on my sinking frame
Disease had laid his fevered grasp,
And on my brain a phrenzy came,
Whose burning links still round me clasp,
Then ever stood, by day and night,
Beside my couch that phantom-sprite.

And always, in my wildered trance,
 Upon my eye her eye-beam lay,
 As on the bird, the serpent's glance,
 And seemed to charm my sense away;
 While rang within my spell-bound ear,
 Her song I might not choose but hear.

“ By the brand of the anguish
 Which burns on thy brain,
 By the heart-hopes which languish
 To heal not again—
 By the life-link now broken
 No more to retwine,
 With a spell and a token
 I seal thee for mine.

“ Thy dim eyes I cover
 With slumber opprest,
 And thou my true lover,
 Shalt sleep on my breast.
 No thought of the morrow
 Shall sudden thy day,
 And the blight of thy sorrow
 Shall vanish for aye.

“ And soft be thy slumbers,
 And dreamless and deep,
 And sweet be the numbers
 That hymn thee to sleep.
 From the charm that is round thee
 Thou canst not awake,
 And the chain that has bound thee
 Thou never wilt break.”

But friendly hands had cheering power,
 And friendly voices soothed my pain,
 And called me, in the dread, dark hour,
 To live, to hope, to love again.
 But never from my inmost heart
 The visions of my dream depart.
 And sometimes in my joyless mood,
 When hope's young leaf is brown and *sere*,
 And coldly creeps my sluggish blood,
 That spirit-voice I seem to hear,—
 And darkly beams that spirit eye,
 And then, oh then, I yearn to die.
 If death be lovely to the sight
 As dawn to those who watch and weep,
 And if her spell be soft and light,
 Why should we shun with her to sleep!
 If life be mist, and hope a breath,
 Unfading bloom the charms of Death.



ORIENTAL READINGS.

HAROUN ALRASCHID AND THE BARMECIDES.

PERHAPS there is no work of mere imagination which has been more widely known, or more frequently translated, than the Arabian Nights' Entertainment:—certainly there has been none more eagerly and generally read by the young of

this country than this fascinating collection. In the captivating interest of the stories, the wonderful variety of incident, the strange and beautiful machinery,—in the simplicity and lifeness of the style, and the absence of affected sentimentality and prosy moralizing—resides the charm which rivets the attention of the rude Arab group to the animated *sibharkist*, or story-teller, and chains for hours the fascinated child to the bewitching page. Who of us has not, in his boyhood, perused with thrilling expectation the tale of the noble self-sacrifice of Sheherazade?—Who has not sailed with the adventurous Sindbad over unknown seas, descended with Aladdin into the enchanted cavern, and wandered, in search of nightly adventures, through the streets of Bagdad, with good Alraschid, his vizier, and slave.

None of the characters, perhaps, take so strong hold of our young affections as these last; and we are never more delighted than when the good Caliph is seized with a fit of melancholy, and the attentive Giafar ventures to recommend a stroll incognito over the imperial city, to inquire in person into the observance of the laws—assured that he cannot proceed far without meeting some strange, odd, unaccountable person, sight, or sound, whereby invariably hangs a tale, and sometimes two or three.

But with other childish things, *the Nights* are at length put away in favour of more manly sources of amusement—videlicet, fashionable novels. Stories of eastern magicians lose their charm in comparison with histories of western dandies: Sheherazade hides her diminished head, (happy that the Sultan's curiosity allows her a head to hide,) before the glories of Bulwer; the wild adventures, the gorgeous descriptions, once so admired, are forgotten altogether, or remembered only to create a smile at our folly in ever giving them credence. This is a great mistake. The Arabian tales are by no means the puerile fictions we imagine. They are valuable, not only as excellent specimens of Oriental literature, but as belonging to the highest class of novels—the historical. Many of the characters are real and finely drawn. Haroun, liberal, adventurous, irascible, and headstrong.—Zobeide, jealous, obstinate, and imperious, as becomes the mistress of the harem to so wayward and fickle-hearted a prince—and Giafar, sagacious, courteous, and courtly, as a vizier should be—all appear, though in bolder relief, as they are described in history. These tales, moreover, contain the most accurate and faithful account we possess of the customs and domestic manners of the Orientals in the middle ages, when nearly all the refinement of the times was to be found among them. This is an especial advantage which

this kind of fiction possesses over history; the latter resembles a map, in which the great divisions, and the most remarkable features of the country, are alone marked,—while the filling up,—the sombre forest, the green fields, the glancing rivulets, the pleasant villages,—are left to be supplied by the imagination of the peruser; and this office does Fiction perform for History. If any one would acquire a familiar knowledge of what were, and in many cases still are, the most private habits of the secluded people of the East, let him read once more the delight of his boyhood, the Arabian Nights' Entertainments—the Waverley novels of the Orient. Should such a perusal create a desire for a better acquaintance with the night-walking Caliph and his companions, the following brief account, collected from the best Oriental authorities, may not be found uninteresting. I must first premise, that as fiction in the East has borrowed largely from fact, so history, on the other hand, is indebted to fancy for much of its liveliness and ornament.

In the year of our Lord 792, of the Hegira 172, Haroun Alraschid, fifth of the Abbassides, ascended the throne of the Caliphs,. His dominion was more extensive than that of any monarch since the days of the Cæsars. His sway was acknowledged from the banks of the Indus to the sources of the Nile; the luxurious Hindoo, the passionate Circassian, the light-hearted inhabitant of Persia, the brave and simple wanderer of the desert, all acknowledged him as well their temporal as their spiritual master. Bagdad, his usual place of residence, was worthy to be the capital of such an empire. The stern simplicity and contempt for show which marked the first followers of Mahomet, had early given way before the exhaustless streams of wealth which poured in, from every side on the victorious fanatics. Under the reigns of four Caliphs, the city had risen to a degree of splendour, of which, from the present appearance of most Oriental capitals, we can form no conception. It must be remembered that at this period nearly all the learning and civilization of the age was to be found among the Arabians. The West, with a partial exception in favour of the court of Charlemagne, was shrouded in the worse than Egyptian darkness of superstition; it is to the East that we are to look for the poets, the historians, the philosophers of this era. With a wise and generous policy, the Caliphs of the house of Abbas had early turned their attention to the promotion of science and the arts; and under their auspices, every embellishment that poetry could contrive, or wealth procure, was lavished on their favourite city. At the time when Haroun succeeded to the caliphate, no metropolis of the earth could vie with his own in the number and elegance of its fountains and

gardens, and the magnificence of its edifices, both public and private.

Haroun himself was a worthy master of such a dominion. A handsome person, a dignified presence, an affable and engaging address, won him unbounded favour with all ranks of his subjects; his character was a truly Oriental compound of passion and feeling,—warm in friendship, quick in wrath, proud, generous, and often nobly just. This quality, which he evinced less in the latter part of his reign than the beginning, procured him among his people the title of Alraschid, or “*the Just.*” A love of secret adventure, and a passion for the excitement of the chase and the revel, were other well-known traits of his character.

In the choice of his ministers he was equally fortunate as in other respects. His first vizier was Yahia, of the house of Barmec, who had been his secretary before his elevation to the throne. It was chiefly to his influence over the former Caliph, Hadi, the brother of Haroun, that the latter owed his peaceable accession to the supreme power; and with a gratitude seldom to be found among princes, he had acknowledged and rewarded the obligation. The family of the Barmecides was supposed to be descended from the ancient kings of Persia. Under the reign of a former Caliph, a member of it had removed from Balkh to the imperial city, and had soon risen to a high station at court. His posterity were universally distinguished for prudence, for generosity, for a scrupulous love of justice; in short, for all those qualities which win respect and influence among a people like the Orientals. Their opportunities for acquiring wealth were improved with care and success; but only to enable them to be liberal without injustice;—and their court was in splendour not inferior to that of the Caliph himself.

For several years Yahia performed the duties of his office with prudence and recitude. But the burden of state becoming too heavy for his declining years, he requested leave to retire from active employment, holding still his counsel and assistance at the service of his master. Haroun accepted his resignation, but only to bestow the office immediately on his eldest son, Fadhel, the favorite of his father, whom he much resembled. By this arrangement the direction of affairs still remained in the hands of Yahia.

Giafar, the younger brother of Fadhel, united to the judgment and other good qualities of his family, a love of pleasure and an eagerness for adventure, which rendered him more especially dear to Haroun and his chosen companion in those nightly street-walkings which figure so largely in the “*One Thousand and One Nights,*” and which yet form an inexhaustible theme

for Eastern improvisatori. In one of these frolics the Caliph, delighted with some sally of his favorite, declared that he alone was worthy to be a vizier who knew how to increase the pleasure of his sovereign, and accordingly issued his commands that Fadhel should resign to his brother. Giafar remonstrated, but in vain; the Caliph was determined. The message in which Yahia informed his eldest son of the change was characteristic:—"The Commander of the Faithful, whose power may God increase, orders you to take your ring from the right hand, and place it on the left." The answer of Fadhel was noble:—"I obey the order which the Caliph has given with regard to my brother, and I count no favour lost which is bestowed on him."

A family among whose members such sentiments prevailed, could not but prosper. The house of the Barmecides had now arrived at its loftiest pitch of splendor; having the entire control of the government of a great empire, and distinguished as they were for qualities highest in esteem among their countrymen, they possessed a power and a popularity which no private family of the East has ever since attained. Poet and philosopher, dervish and hakeem, united in extolling the greatness and the generosity of the sons of Barmec, and all paid court to them as the sure avenue to distinction and wealth.

To this prosperity they owed their ruin. A long course of dissipation, and the evils attending the possession of arbitrary power, had produced their full effect on the mind of the Caliph. In the place of that nobleness of heart and generosity which, in better times, had distinguished him, there had succeeded the moroseness and jealousy proper to an Eastern despot. Debauchery had deadened the finer feelings of his nature. The whispers of parasites had become acceptable to his ears,—and the calm words of wisdom and truth, as they fell from the lips of the venerable Yahia and his sons, were no longer welcome. Haroun, the sagacious, the high-minded, the *just*, had become a mean and cruel tyrant. This change, the almost inevitable effect of his situation, must be borne in mind by one who peruses the ill-digested collections of native historians; otherwise he will often be surprised to find the most extravagant eulogies of the Caliph's magnanimity and clemency followed by a deed of detestable treachery and hard heartedness.

The immediate cause of the ruin which overtook the family of Yahia is not distinctly settled. That which seems most probable among those assigned, and at the same time most consonant with our ideas of the Oriental character, is thus related:

Haroun had a sister many years younger than himself, by name Abasa, the sweetest flower that ever bloomed within the

envious walls of a harem. The poets of the East have exhausted their imagery in pourtraying the graces of her person and mind. In her heart, the spirit of gentleness, which is seldom wanting in woman, was united with all the glow and passion,—the melting languor and lovingness,—which give such an enchantment to every movement and glance of an untutored, unartificial Oriental girl. A warm poetical fancy, delighting in all delicate and beautiful creations, displayed itself in many compositions of no slight merit, of which some are even yet extant. That she should be an especial favorite of her brother is not to be wondered at; and still less that she should love him dearly in return. With her, the monarch of a world might hold the unrestrained communication of thought and feeling from which, with all others, his very greatness seemed to preclude him; and accordingly, many of his happiest hours were passed in her apartment in the sweet converse of affectionate hearts, so seldom the privilege of friendless royalty. Could he at the same time enjoy the company of his dear Giafar, ever gay, witty, and entertaining, without servility, it seemed that he should have attained his utmost felicity; for this was before the tiger in the Caliph's disposition had been fatally aroused. But to allow his sister to be looked upon by a man who was not of her kindred, would have been an outrage of form slittle short of impiety in the master of an Eastern harem.

At length he discovered a means of removing the difficulty. This was to give his sister in marriage to his vizier, with the singular provision that he should exercise none of the rights of a husband beyond seeing and conversing with his spouse in the presence of the Caliph. That such a condition could have remained long inviolate, was more than the Caliph should have dared to expect. That two such individuals, young, interesting, and united by so strange a tie, should meet daily, should hold converse, should sit on the same musnud, and sing ditties to the same kanoon, and yet not fall in love, would have been something monstrous and unnatural. The eye of the prince could not always be upon them, had he even dreamed of any disobedience to his commands. As it was, opportunities were but too frequent. Giafar forgot the sanctity of his pledged faith in the delirium of passion.

The consequence of their intercourse could not long be concealed. A favorite will never want enemies, nor a court, heartless time-servers. The fact was communicated to the Caliph, with every circumstance of exaggeration. At another time he might have passed over the indiscretion of the two whom he best loved with a jest or a slight punishment; but at this moment his suspicions were fully aroused with regard to the in-

creasing power and popularity of the house of Barmec. He saw the palace of Yahia crowded with courtiers, artists, and men of science; while he himself, giving up to low pleasure, seemed even neglected; and he trembled when he considered that this influence might be turned against himself. The moment in which a monarch begins to entertain fear of a subject, decides the fate of one. Had Yahia and his sons been capable of betraying their master, united and powerful as they were, it is by no means impossible that the dynasty of Abbas might have seen a speedy and bloody termination.

Among the acquisitions which his situation had compelled the Caliph to make, the power of dissimulation was the most useful and essential. An Oriental tyrant must possess very much the same qualities as an Asiatic tiger; he must be both cruel and secret. He must be able to steal unperceived upon his victim, and crush him unawares at a single bound. Never were the hapless Barmesides apparently in higher favour than just before their fall. There were, indeed, at times, indications in the countenance and unguarded words of the Caliph that a storm was gathering, which to a suspicious eye were sufficiently apparent. The celebrated physician Bachtischon relates the following incident:—Being one day in the imperial palace, which was situated on the bank of the Tigris over against that of the Barmeci, he observed the Caliph remark with a pleased look the multitude which thronged the court of his vizier's dwelling. "May God reward Yahia," he said at length; "he takes all the burthen of royalty on himself, and leaves me the pleasures." Some time afterwards, Bachtischon was again in the presence of Haroun—but a change had come over the mood of the monarch; his words were bitter. "Yahia is very good," said he; "he kindly relieves me of the duties of Caliph, yet generously allows me the name." From that time, in the mind of the physician the doom of the children of Barmec was sealed.

But no presentiment of their coming fate weighed on the minds of the devoted ministers. Secure in the consciousness of their own integrity, they heeded not the tokens of the approaching tempest. At length it came; and the huge trunk, which had towered in solitary grandeur above the other trees of the forest, and sent its branches out to overshadow and shelter the land, was hurled in fragments to the earth.

The particulars of the overthrow are given by historians with much exactness. Raschid, having made the pilgrimage to Mecca in the year of the Hejira 187, returned to Anbar, and gave himself up to debauchery and crime. Giafar, hearing of his arrival, set out from Bagdad to meet him, amusing himself on his way in hunting and other diversions. Frequently

during his route, he received presents and other tokens of affection from his master, agreeable to the well-known policy of despots when about to remove a dangerous subject. Giafar, unsuspecting and careless, hastened to meet his fate. He was received by the Caliph with every mark of favour, and his tent was pitched near the royal pavilion. Evening arrived; Giafar was sitting in company with the physician Bachtischon and the blind poet Abou Zaccar. His heart was heavy with a feeling of undefined sadness, and he said to the minstrel—"Sing me a song Abou Zaccar, to chase my melancholy; for my soul is weary." The poet complied; but the song which he chose was ill adapted for its purpose—it was an ode on the shortness and instability of life; and the *refrain* ran,

"O, fly not from the Simoom's power,
Nor fear the plague's hot breath,—
For who can shun the fated hour,
Or who can flee from death!"

As he sang these lines, Mesroue, the chief eunuch, entered the apartments without announcing his approach, and advanced rudely to the couch of the vizier. There had existed for a long time a secret enmity between the two,—for the eunuch had been among the most active in exciting the suspicions of the Caliph against his minister. Giafar beheld his entrance with surprise, and said coldly—"A visit from Mesroue cannot but be acceptable, even though he chose to come uninvited." "The message which I bear," replied the eunuch calmly, "must be my excuse;" and he displayed the fatal firman. The fallen favourite, thunderstruck, prostrated himself at the feet of the eunuch in agony. "Return, I pray you," he said, "to our noble master. It is the wine—it is the wine, which has given this order." But Mesroue was inexorable. "Suffer me, at least," implored the wretched Giafar, "to retire and make my will." "That may be done here," answered Mesroue; "these good men will be sufficient witnesses." Giafar, accordingly, having declared his intentions orally with regard to his will, which is all that is required by the Mohammedan law, was delivered into the hands of the executioner. When the head was brought to the Caliph, he considered it for some moments with marks of emotion; then suddenly turning to his attendants, he exclaimed—"Slaves, think ye I can suffer the murderer of Giafar to live?" This was enough; in an instant the unhappy instrument of the despot's cruelty suffered the fate which his master so richly merited.

The same day on which the death of Giafar took place, beheld his relatives and adherents degraded from their high station and either exiled or imprisoned. Among those who were

doomed to drag out a brief and loathsome existence within the walls of a dungeon, were the aged Yahia and his four remaining children. No one was allowed to lament their downfall or eulogize their virtues. Their name was henceforth to be a forbidden sound within the walls of the imperial city. But the efforts of tyranny to suppress the outbreakings of gratitude were vain; and many a bard chose rather to have the vengeance of the Caliph, than to forget his obligations to the generous and noble hearted Barmecides. Haroun himself, when the first paroxysms of his phrenzy had subsided, felt deeply the injustice which he had committed. "It was you," he would say to the trembling sycophants around him when vexed by any ill-success, "it was you who deprived me of my only faithful servant. Beware of your own turn." He did not, however, long survive his favourite. Disease of body and weakness of mind, brought on by a series of excesses, dragged him to his grave within six years after these events took place; and his last moments were embittered by the recollection of the cruelty which had left him friendless in the hands of hollow-hearted parasites.

In the fate of Abasa, the victim of guiltless passion and a brother's injustice, we cannot but be warmly interested; but on this point we can only conjecture, from the doubtful hints of the chroniclers of those times, that she was driven from the palace with her child, and perished in extreme misery. For the pen of a dramatist there could be no more touching theme than the strange and sad destiny of two beings so apparently formed to tread the brightest paths of life. I have said that the princess possessed a poetical genius of no common order. The following fragment, preserved by an Arabian author of some celebrity, has a mournful sweetness in the original which a translation can but faintly render. It seems to have been written at a time when passion and duty were struggling in the minds of the lovers, and refers to some of the circumstances before mentioned,

- "My love I vainly thought to hide
 Within my aching breast;
 But fiercer glows the flame that rose,
 And will not be repress.
- "Yet hear thou not the idle strain,—
 Turn, turn those eyes away,—
 And death shall shade the wound they made
 For ever from the day.
- "But if, like mine, thy bosom's fire
 Is all too sadly bright,
 A brother's hand, a king's command,
 Shall quench the glowing light.
- "O let me fade in tears away,
 As flits the morning dew,—
 Nor leave the dart that wounds my heart,
 To pierce my Giagar's too."

E.

NOTBURGA;

A ROMANCE.

IN a retired part of the north of Germany, may be found the ruins of Hornberg castle, on the banks of the romantic stream, Baierbach. Many are the legends told of this castle, and they are believed by a large class of the uneducated populace. Among these legendary tales, that of Notburga seemed the most interesting. It runs thus:—

It was past the dead hour of midnight. The halls were hushed, and the jovial knights, whose voices had rung in song and merriment around the evening board, were now wrapped in heavy sleep. The watchman had given his signal from the watch-tower, and was pacing his lofty station, with no companion save the bright moon-beams, that fell with silver softness upon the heavy mass of stone beneath him.

Notburga sat at her lonely lattice, drying her weeping eyes. The day has come, thought she to herself, yet Hugo cannot have forgotten his promise, and me? Perhaps he will send to-morrow, and then my heart will again be at rest. She turned from the window and approached her couch. As she was about to kneel in prayer, before the figure of the Virgin Mary, that ornamented the wall of her apartment, a strain of music fell upon her ear. It was a harp—yes—it was the spirit of the castle. She listened, and heard these words breathed so soft and sweet, that they seemed more like a sigh of the wind through silken strings—“Fear not,” they said, “he is not dead!”

“What spirit mocks me thus?” said the startled Notburga. “Come forth, if thou art the spirit of the castle, and I will be thine for ever.”

“For ever,” answered the strain, and a white form stood at her lattice in the moonlight.

Notburga had been educated by her mother to love and respect the castle spirit; and she now, though she saw it for the first time, gazed at it, not with fear, but with awe and composure.

“Notburga,” said the spirit “I am come to tell thee of thy father’s plans, and tell thee how thou mayest avoid them. Wilt thou obey me?”

“Speak! fair spirit—I will obey!”

“To-morrow, thy father will tell thee thou shalt marry—ay, marry; and the very man thou most hatest. Give thy consent; but in the hour when he has departed for the chase, flee from these walls, and I will appear and bear thee hence, till Hugo

shall return. Farewell! Obey me! For ever!" sighed the soft strain, and the vision was gone.

Notburga could scarcely believe her eyes, or the words she had heard. "Flee!" said she, "and whither? I have given myself up for ever!" "For ever!" was echoed again in a suppressed sigh. She started, looked around, but, as she saw nothing of the vision, she at length retired and endeavoured to court repose for some few hours.

While she is sleeping, we will take a short glance at the situation of Notburga. She was the only child of Count Cubold, of Hornberg, a brave knight, whose warlike deeds had raised him to a great rank as a soldier. In his youth he married, at his father's suit, a young countess, for whom, however, he never felt the passion of love. She died in Notburga's youth, after, however, she had lived long enough to lay a good foundation for her daughter's education. The father, rough in his character, quick in his temper, and coarse in his mind, was but a poor companion for the gentler sex. His castle was the scene of constant hospitality. Knights of his own turn of mind came thither to partake of the ruder pleasures in his company, while the younger and more gallant cavaliers visited Hornberg, more to pay their respects to Notburga, than to court the favour of the father. Among all the gay knights there was many a heart that ached to call the fair maiden his—many a knee was bent in suppliant suit; but of all, Hugo was the happy one. Count Hugo, of Krahenstein, was a young warrior, whose deeds and skill had obtained for him the respect of every soldier, and whose beauty, gallantry, and noble bearing, won him the hearts of the fairer sex. Notwithstanding these qualities, he saw that he was not the favourite with the old count, and that it was useless for him to hope for the consent of the father, until he had won his good favour. Of Notburga's love he was sure: he therefore endeavoured, by every art in his power, to gain the good will of the count, before he should mention his suit. While he was thus endeavouring to win his fair bride, he was called to defend his estates against the invasion of a neighbouring baron. Before he departed, however, he promised Notburga to send her a token of his love within one month, if he was in the land of the living. They pledged mutual vows of constancy, and separated. The month had elapsed on the evening to which the commencement of our narrative alludes.

The morning came—Notburga reflected again and again upon the vision of the spirit; and the words, "He is not dead," breathed a quiet to her soul, which she would have otherwise in vain endeavoured to obtain. She met her father with fear

and trembling ; for she awaited the fulfilling of the spirit's prophecy. She was not disappointed. The anxiety of the preceding days, the sleepless and weeping nights she had passed, had at last destroyed the rosy tinge on her cheeks, and her countenance wore the sombre character of her heart.

"Cheer thee up, Notburga," said her father ; "why wander about these halls like a ghost? Be gay and happy, for to-morrow I will bring thee a bridegroom, who shall make thee the envy of all Germany's maidens!"

"Do not, father!" exclaimed poor Notburga ; "I cannot love him!"

"Silly girl! do you dare to oppose me? I have said you shall marry him; and you shall consent, or else marry him without."

Notburga remembered the words of the spirit, and said, "I do consent, father: I will do as you please to have me."

"Well said, my child!" answered the father, smiling ; "said like a daughter of the Hornbergs. I am now about to depart for the chase, with my guests. When I return, let me see thee cheerful and happy."

Notburga fled to her chamber. After some deliberation, she at length decided she would trust the secret to Rudolph, a faithful servant of the castle, whose walls had seen his hairs turn grey in the service of their masters. Rudolph appeared at her call.

"I will entrust thee, Rudolph," she commenced, "with a secret, hoping you will prove faithful in keeping it, and never betray it. First promise me never to disclose it to any one, but Count Hugo, and ever conceal it from my father."

"I promise thee, my lady, and will do any thing to serve thee, I can," replied the old man.

"Know, then, Rudolph, that in this hour, I shall quit this castle, and never return until Hugo comes back from the wars. To him you must disclose the spot where I shall reside. My father obliges me to marry a man that I cannot love, and I must flee."

"But whither, my lady?" asked Rudolph.

"That I do not even know myself," replied Notburga. "But here I cannot longer tarry. I will seek shelter in the forest, on the other side of the river. There will I find some cavern, where I can live unknown and undiscovered. Rather would I deny myself every pleasure, every luxury of life, than submit to be the slave of such a husband. Come! assist my flight as far as the river, and then leave me!"

They proceeded unobserved to the banks of the river, and were seeking for some means of crossing the stream, when a

milk-white deer appeared, and, springing to the side of Notburga, it whispered in her ear—"Obey me!" It was the castle spirit.

Notburga seeing the little deer kneel to receive its mistress, she mounted its slender back, and in one moment she was in the stream and in the next was borne swiftly along to the little wood, where she soon discovered a cavern, which the deer entered, and knelt down to be relieved of its precious burden.

The consternation at Notburga's sudden disappearance threw the castle into the greatest confusion. The count swore he would disinherit his undutiful child, while his guests endeavoured to soothe his rage, and offer him consolation by their hopes of her discovery. If she has been stolen, said they, we will search every castle, every spot in the country, until she be found. If she be murdered, the murderer shall not escape vengeance. His guests were as good as their word. They departed in search of the fair maiden, and gave themselves no little trouble in seeking adventures, that their names might be sounded with the praise of their boldness and skill.

On the morning after Notburga's departure, Rudolph stood at the castle gate, and looked forth towards the woods, in hopes he might see some signal of the countess. As he thus stood, a white deer approached, which he immediately recognised to be the same that had borne his fair mistress through the stream. Thinking the poor creature might be hungry, he ran to get a piece of bread. When he had brought it, the deer held out its horns, which Rudolph understood to be a request to fasten it to them. No sooner was this done, than the fleet animal bounded to the stream, swam it, and disappeared in the woods. The old man believed it must be some spirit—some guardian angel of his fair mistress; and he never failed after that to be at the castle gate, with his piece of bread, which he daily fastened to the horns of the faithful animal. This circumstance did not long remain concealed from the father, and poor Rudolph was at length forced into a confession of the whole affair.

The following morning the deer came again, received his bread, and departed; but Count Cubold followed on his fleet charger, and came at length to the cavern. There he beheld Notburga kneeling before a cross, with the breathless deer at her side. The father entered, and approached his daughter.

"Have I at length found thee, wretch," exclaimed the count, in a rage! "I said thou shouldst marry, and thou shalt! Thy bridegroom awaits thee; hasten with me to the castle."

Notburga said not a word, but gazed at the rude cross before her with uplifted eyes and clasped hands.

The exasperated father seized her, and would have dragged

her away with him, had she not embraced the massive crucifix, and suffered his curses to be heaped upon her head, without a sigh—without a groan. Bursting with ungovernable passion, the father drew his sword, and exclaimed, "Wretch; thou shalt die, if thou darest disobey my commands! Follow me, foolish maiden!"

"Never!" replied Notburga; and the next moment she was stabbed to the heart. Suddenly the cavern shook, and the rocks fell upon the cruel father, while the spirit of Notburga was borne to heaven by a choir of angels;—and the castle spirit sighed, "For ever!" as it left the rude cavern.

No peace was given to the father's soul. His spirit was doomed to haunt his castle halls, till time should destroy the massive walls and heavy towers of his once guarded home. At midnight the ghost is seen, wrapped in a dark mantle, wandering to the river's side, where he dips the blood-stained sword in its waters; but in vain. No water can cleanse the rusty steel; and, with a heavy sigh, the spirit folds the mantle around its form, and vanishes among the mouldering ruins of the castle.



THE BALLAD OF THE ERLKING.

Who rides so late through the darkness wild?
It is the father, bearing his child;
He has the boy well clasped in his arm—
He presses him safe, he holds him warm.

My son, why hid'st thou thy face in fear?
Seest not then, father, the Erlking near?
The Erlking, with crown and train of light?—
My son, 'tis the cold mist, gleaming white.

"Thou lovely child, come, go with me!
For beautiful plays I'll play with thee;
Many bright flowers thou shalt behold;
My mother has many garments of gold."

My father, my father, and dost thou not hear
What the Erlking whispers soft in mine ear?
Be quiet, my child? 'tis the wind, that grieves
Among the shrivell'd and rustling leaves.

"Wilt thou, sweet boy, then with me wend!
My daughter shall on thee fondly attend;
Through graceful mazes shall nightly sweep,
And rock thee, and dauce thee, and sing thee to sleep."

My father, my father, and seest thou not
The Erlking's daughter in yon dark spot?
My son, my son, I can see it all;
There glistens the willow, grey and tall.

"I love thee—thy fair form pleases my heart,
And if thou 'rt not willing, by force must thou part."
My father, my father, I'm grasp'd in his arm!
The Erlking, the Erlking has done me harm!

The father shudders—he rides fast and wild—
He folds to his breast the groaning child;
Arrived at home, with pain and dread—
Behold! in his arms, the child was dead!

THE MAID OF TOLEDO.

It has been said that the course of true love never did run smooth; but this can only mean, that the sorrows and disappointments in life out-number the joys, and the fulfilments of hope. Mankind, too, for the most part experience the tender passion at an age, when the imagination pictures all things in the most glowing colours, and before the claims of relationship and general society have become so numerous and widely ramified as to expose such parties to the very frequent endurance of pains and losses. In advanced years, therefore, when people appear to wax wise in their moralizings, and to utter doleful descriptions of the vanities of the world, and the chastisements which await the dreams of the rising generation and the younger members of the community, it is generally no better than a waste of ill-timed representations, amounting to this, that because there is bitterness at the bottom of the cup, it is judicious to throw into it an additional quantity of gall, that the whole may be rendered disgusting even to the very brim, and the first tastings of it. But there are even cases where the grey-headed and the venerable look back through a delightful vista, and forward with a mellowed and most graceful cheerfulness. The lives of such persons are like some delicious kinds of fruit, that are not more charming to the eye, than conducive to the mental and moral health of those who make a proper use of them.

Don Rodrigo Murillo was the descendant and heir of a long line of Spanish cavaliers, whose deeds are registered in the records of literary as well as warlike fame. The family seat forms one of the most beautiful scenes in the vicinity of the city of Toledo. The natural capabilities of the soil and the peculiarly picturesque character of the domains had been, by a succession of spirited proprietors, improved and embellished to the highest pitch that wealth and taste could accomplish; and when Rodrigo lost his father in his eighth year, perhaps there never bloomed a lovelier paradise since the fall of Adam.

A father's death must ever deeply affect the condition of the child who has been previously trained by him, and seldom has there been a widow who could supply the place of two parents so efficiently as she who had to superintend the still tender years of Rodrigo; and this she did not only by the exercise of her own powers and acquirements, but by calling in the aid of the most enlightened and accomplished instructors and patterns that the country possessed. Not one of these,

however, was so serviceable as a learned, an eminent, and a liberal as well as noble-minded physician, who resided in the neighbouring city; a man, who had himself reared a very numerous family, and in the course of his experience had perfected himself in all that regarded the culture of the minds, and of the manners of the young. Dr. Venezuela, was better than most step-fathers to the heir of the Murillo, although but a visitor and a receiver of the boy's visits. But there was another in the physician's family, who though of a tender age, being a year younger than Rodrigo, failed not to exert over him from the time of his father's death, a greater influence still. This was Theresa Venezuela, the Maid of Toledo, the youngest of twelve.

From being playmates, companions, friends, and, often fellow-students, this little pair grew up to be most devoted lovers; for, uncommon though it be, such mutual attachment, in spite of the disparity in their rank and prospects, as it might be regarded by the mercenary and the exclusive spirit which marks the conduct of the aristocracy—amongst the highest grades of whom Don Rodrigo was entitled to move—there was no cruel obstacles allowed to be interposed to their choice and their happiness. A more loving and lovelier pair never adorned humanity. The graceful dignity of the hero could only be matched by the softer beauty of the heroine. But the accomplishments, purity, and nobility of their minds were still less distinguishable—their tempers, feelings, and genius were twin-like. Was it not a beautiful sight to behold these lovers—did they not offer a matchless theme for delightful contemplation, when seated in the classic precincts of Rodrigo's halls, he basked in her radiance and with all the impassioned eloquence of Spanish love offered his heart and fortune to her for life, to be shared in holy wedlock—and when in return she blessed him with a modest acquiescence? Did it not furnish a gladdening picture, when all above, below, and around the lovers, was so bright, blooming, and gay, as to proclaim it one of those gorgeous summer days in which heaven and earth celebrate their bridals, and when two kindred minds, which seemed as if alone to have been appointed to have all this varied grandeur lavished upon them as a fitting right, were plighting their vows in an immortal bond of amity and devotion, and the whole fervour of their souls to do good for one another? Happiness, which can properly alone be experienced by rational beings—by those who not only can compare the present with the past, but hope as to the future, is of all objects on earth the most delightful to the contemplation; and here it

was perfect, placed and planted as it were, in an untarnished paradise, where every thing was appointed to minister to its integrity and exaltation.

But this sunshine of life did not vanish in relation to these lovers with their wedding—no, nor ever. Nay, it acquired, by degrees, a richer, and a mellowed hue, till it at last set in unparalleled magnificence; as stoops into the ocean the soft-setting summer's orb in southern climes, throwing a tide of glory athwart the heavens, though gradually fading towards the ethereal east where dwells not a speck to mar its purity, and where he is to appear at morn. It may be well to mark a few of the separate, and enlarging stages in this progress to the sublimity of happiness—of effulgent life.

The cordiality and constantly enlarging affection with which Rodrigo and Theresa walked together through life, was such as is not always displayed or experienced in that sunny clime, where, what, to more staid natures in courtship and early love may seem hyperbole in action and expression, soon exhausts itself, because it wants an enduring and generating principle to keep it alive. With a love strong and well-regulated as minds of a superior, congenial, and pure cast alone can in early life cherish, those now described, ever after found that each successive vicissitude and change of circumstance, every enlargement of knowledge, or of claims upon them, furnished a new bond of union, a higher handle to help them in the progress of their mutual exaltation. The increase of family, the wisdom of ages, as it gradually was unfolded to them, the expanding opportunities of doing good, and latterly, above all, the dangers that threatened their common country, and their birth-rights, to these high-souled Spaniards, were the most enriching of all contributions to their mutual devotion, as well as to their individual wealth of motive to generous action, and their enhancement of rational happiness.

Don Rodrigo, on account of his public and private virtues, and the talent with which he had frequently devoted himself to the service of the state, had, when middle-aged been created a grandee of the realm. The party to which he belonged formed the liberal portion of the nation; and upright, eloquent, enlightened, and patriotic as he was, it will easily be credited that as the distractions of the kingdom increased upon the French invasion under the despotism of Napoleon, he would act no inconsiderable part. He had previously been an enemy to every sort of oppression, and thereby had won no small party of opponents in Spain; but now he had but one object, and that was to expel the invader from the land. Nor were his sacrifices slight, though most cheerfully made.

At the period indicated he had exceeded his fiftieth year;

but his arm was still strong and his heart stout. He and his three sons, the youngest having reached manhood, took to the field, mustering from among his numerous tenantry, a gallant and efficient troop. It is needless to narrate particularly the services which this little army performed, and the exploits of their leaders, whether when acting singly or in concert with the national forces. At length Rodrigo's domains were laid waste, his pleasure-grounds disfigured, and his castle sacked by the Gallic invaders—when his eldest son fell covered with mortal wounds, while hewing his way among the assailants. Theresa, who with the stateliness and heroism of a Roman or rather a Spanish matron, had in person and in the fray, been spiring her people on, now waved the banner of freedom, after having dipped it in the blood of her first-born. "It is gloriously done," exclaimed her husband, "never was death so beautiful and desirable,"—and like a chieftain of his chivalrous country, he seemed by his deeds to woo the deadliest danger. The day was won by the patriots; the wounded first, and next the dead were attended to by Theresa and her maidens; while the chief and his men were eager in the chase, returning not till the enemy was driven from the land.

Never did such a manifest exaltation accrue to the human spirit, as, after these glorious exploits of the day, when Theresa acted the heroine as above described, stamped itself in the bearing and conduct of her and her lord. With an alacrity that was as extraordinary, as was their composure, they set about restoring their fields, gardens, and house; in the course of a few years rendering them, if possible, more inviting than before. But Rodrigo was not merely a private and domestic renovator; for, while he chiefly left these matters to the taste and resolution of his lady, he strove to heal the evils that had fastened on his beloved country, and which seemed to refuse a remedy. In a land so distracted, and where the imported elements of strife were so prolific of internal dissension, was it strange, that, in his integrity, amid so many intriguers, his life should have been put in jeopardy? This brings down his history to a very late date—to when he and his consort were on the verge of four-score years.

While the peace of mind resulting from lives well spent, and the consolations of religion rendered Rodrigo and Theresa's eve on earth, one of the most beautiful that can be imagined—a beauty of no less brightness and grandeur, than that of grey hairs which none could look upon but as an emblem of a crown of glory—they both felt the liveliest interest in the progress of the unnatural war that still rages in Spain. This interest too evinced itself in the most active measures these venerable patriots could adopt. The dignified but condescending veteran



J. Brown del. & sculp.

THE DISCARDED LOVER.

From the play of the same name by

took to the field once more, and what his physical strength failed to accomplish, the moral influence of his presence seemed to out-strip. But he could not live always, nor could the reader desire to hear that his latter days were worn out under a complication of disease and frailties. No—he fell into the hands of Don Carlos, and was condemned to be shot, a few hours afterwards. Theresa, who was not unprepared for such a catastrophe, and who had even urged him to take the field, arguing that he never could die in a more worthy cause, or more as became the father of her first-born, and that such an event would do more good for Spain, than his life could now perform, had all along travelled and lived in the rear of the Christinos; and when the tidings of her husband's capture reached her, she lost no time in hastening to his-side. She arrived in the Carlist camp, just as sentence was about to be pronounced against her lord; for even the majority of the enemy made way for her as a being of a superior order. "You are come in time Theresa," Don Rodrigo called out, the moment that she appeared. "It is well," continued he, "and never did you appear more dear to me." The court-martial were proceeding to pronounce his doom, before the aged matron could recover strength to speak after the speed she had been obliged to make to reach the spot; but waving her hand, the ceremony was stayed for a few moments. "You who are my dear lord's judges," said she, "ought to grant me one favour, and that is to condemn me along with him. It was I who urged him to the enterprize for which he is about to die, and had my age and my sex permitted I should have fought by his side till death or victory, for the sacred cause we have all along espoused, should have set me free." He who was about to suffer cast his eyes towards heaven with an unutterable expression of cheerfulness, saying, "No, Theresa, you will soon join me, your days may be still serviceable to our poor country, who ought now to be your spouse." "Be it so," she replied, "but I must see you die, and if I survive that, I will not complain, none shall ever hear me mourn for you, noblest and best of men!" He was led to the fatal spot—when he knelt for the last time, Theresa, did the same at no great distance; his prayers were re-echoed by hers, and when he died she died also.



THE DISCARDED LOVER.

FROM the unpublished records of the Canongate of Edinburgh, may be gathered a few circumstances and facts in the history of Lady Anne Arnott, who for many years resided in one of

the grotesque, yet venerable mansions, that is still to be seen in a *Wynd* that branches vein-like from the main trunk of the street or life-vessel now named. In its present condition, though the fabric and its precincts be desecrated by a brewer's or a tanner's abominations, it was for several centuries previous to the 18th no mean abode; for it had long been the town residence of one of the grandees of Scotland. Even after the accession of Queen Anne, and during the reigns of the two first Georges, Arnott-house, as it is now called, had a name and a status among the *Lions of Auld Reckie* of no plebeian account; for although the family so designated, came, but in the latter days of Scotia's independent and un-united fame to be identified with the fabric now referred to, yet the devotion of the Arnotts to the interests of the land, and latterly Lady Anne's eccentric sort of benevolence, patriotism, and wilfulness, attracted from the citizens, a complimentary notice, which is not likely soon to vanish from their national and local partialities.

Lady Anne's father was a cadet of the noble House of Hamilton, and by his marriage with a Murray had added to his heraldic blazonry, though, by no means, to his purse. The only riches or property, in so far as worldly wealth is concerned, that accrued to him by this connexion, was the mansion, with its gardens and immediately subservient tenements, mentioned above; and the only issue of that marriage was the heroine of the present story. Death called away the young wife, and the Duke of Marlborough's triumphs ten or twelve years afterwards, tempted the husband to join the conqueror's army in Flanders. Splendid were Arnott's achievements—rapid and signal his promotion; for, in an unusually short period, after attaching himself to the profession of arms, he died in the field of battle, a colonel.

By this time Lady Anne had exceeded her twentieth year, having been, in her father's absence educated and protected by a maiden aunt, the sister of the Duke of Hamilton, in the seclusion and amid the grandeur of scenery that distinguishes the castle of Brodick, in the Isle of Arran. The exploits and death of Colonel Arnott, and, not long afterwards, the decease of this maiden aunt, who had maintained a strong favour in the breast of the Queen, together with the influence and interest of Marlborough, obtained for the orphan lady the situation of a maid of honour to her Majesty, which for a number of years she held with honour to herself, and advantage to her crowned namesake, while she might have turned, had she exerted her talents and sway after the fashion of a celebrated intriguer but much meaner agent, who was a contemporary, the scale of wealth, gifted honours, and state to the most illustrious account.

But Lady Anne, whilst she obtained and commanded by her prudence, her probity, and prudery, the Queen's confidence and respect, was too distant and cold in her manners, too masculine and forbidding in her appearance, to obtain great advancement at court. Not that she was destitute of handsome features of face or contour of frame. On the contrary, she had a commanding and elegant stature, and, though rather inclined to be even in her youth, one of the raw and high-cheek boned sort of northern beauties, the healthy red and the unmarred white that prevailed in their appropriate departments in that region of *human divinity*, were so perfect, that had it not been for the sedate and too frequently frowning brow, and the piercing unquailing eye that took from the feminine softness of her sex, she would certainly have ranked high among the toasts of the day. As it was she never failed to command at the first glance the homage due to a lofty character, which, though speedily driven away on the precise ground of her exterior beauty, was sure to find in the superiority of her mind, a resistless and a lasting hold. Thus it was that Lady Anne, during the years that she was attached to the Queen's court—and this was down to nearly the close of her Majesty's life—never was approached nor regarded otherwise than one would consider to be due to a vestal.

What was the motive that induced her to solicit from the Queen the liberty of withdrawing from the court, and of retiring to the privacy of Arnott-house was for a time a problem to the flutterers around royalty. It at last transpired, however, that one of these said flutterers had scared her ladyship away, or rather offered what she considered an insult of the gravest and most unpardonable order, and one which all else looked upon as the most extraordinary that the history of the great or the small ever heard of. It therefore requires some detail.

Sir George Sandilands held an office about court, of a subordinate description, in as far as emolument went, though enviable in respect of honour and outward state. He was a weak vain man, possessed, however, of a sufficient quantity of Scottish avarice, and aspiring dreams. He noted the favour and influence which Lady Anne possessed with the highest person in the land, and, at the same time perceived how these were wasted and lost for want of the requisite and assiduous exertions of a selfish ambition. "Put me in possession," said he to himself, "of the fortress and its ordinance, which that vestal maid has obtained, and I will bring down a coronet from aloft that shall alight upon this head." Accordingly he set about besieging the so named fortress, with all the arts which a selfish and a feeble mind could contrive.

Lady Anne was a Stoic in philosophy, a fanatic Calvinist in religion, but a Christian in conduct. In the latter capacity, her time was principally engaged, and the department she occupied was educating the young and the ignorant of the people, to whom she had readiest access. "What likelier method," thought Sir George, "to waylay and triumph over that starched piece of the royal machinery, than to forestal her in her morning and evening visits of charity and tuition?" After a considerable lapse of time, and many sacrifices of comfort and taste on the part of the wooer, he succeeded in securing the good will and even much of the confidence of the maid of honour. She even sent the courtier on embassies of charity and instruction to the outskirts of the metropolis; and at length got him to accompany her to prayer meetings, and to pray. "What surer avenue," said he to himself, "to the heart, and what speedier method of breaking through prejudices of all sorts, than religion? The stronghold must and shall be gained!"

It was one evening, when full of this enterprize and this hope, that the citadel was assailed. Lady Anne and Sir George were on a visit of piety to a devout widow in the city, when her ladyship had been more than usually condescending in her manners to the expectant lover. She had even, in her fervour of religious feeling, and as the hypocrite poured out a string of commonplace and of canting phraseology, gone so far, as once to say "my dear Sir George." Her brow expanded instead of curling down; her eyes seemed to him to melt under the tender emotions of love, and he thought he caught a sigh from that stately bosom, that betokened the melting of the ice. At this moment the twain were left alone, when the pretending love-sick courtier opened upon the queen-like and unsusceptible lady, the whole artillery of an overcharged heart. For a time her ladyship stood amazed, confounded and dumb—such was the rhapsody of the studied love-speech. At length, she exclaimed, "Is the man beside himself, or hath he seen a vision?" "The vision," replied he, "is now before me, brilliant and glorious; I behold magnificence itself." With some degree of composure she interluded, "thou art in a trance! is that the language to mortals, from mortals?—Avaunt!" Having read some eastern tales, and remembering some flowery phraseology and beseeching attitudes belonging to the same quarter, he threw himself upon his knees, he smote his breast, and would have kissed the Amazon's feet, or the place on which she trod, at the same moment pouring out a tide of exaggerated and extravagant expletives, which had she been shallower and feebler must have overwhelmed her. "Pearl of the court—right hand of the queen—pole-star of my

heart—vouchsafe to hear and to pity me,”—are only samples of the storm of his love. “Rise thou man of Belial!”—were the first and gentlest sentences that escaped her ladyship’s lips, after the adorer had wasted his vocabulary and breath, “I bless heaven,” exclaimed she, “that I am not of that crawling sex that forgetting the end of their being are more giddy than butterflies—more deceitful than adders. Here is a reptile that despising or never having thought of the great day of account, has clogged my steps, or aped them in their speed to uplift and bind up the wounds of the grieved, the broken down, and the unprotected. Arise, thou fawning trifier, and haste thee to atone for thy worthlessness and hypocrisy, by ministering in the capacity of my slave to the necessities of those I shall name.” After this strange and confused harangue arising from family pride and fanaticism, she was about to read him a list of her proteges among orphans, and recipients of substantial gifts among the aged, when the kneeling and crest-fallen wooer, unadvisedly ejaculated, “her Ladyship is beside herself!” With one blow the Amazon felled him to the ground, at the same instant uttering, “death to him if ever he dishonour me with his presence again!”

Whether Lady Anne had ever experienced for man any thing like the tender passion is doubtful; that from this moment her whole history and conduct betokened that such a fountain was dried up, cinderized and pulverized and cast upon the winds was evident, for from henceforth, none but females were allowed to approach her, excepting in the shape of children or of aged men. Hence she came to be known as the man-hater, though the designation was always accompanied by a kindly insinuation, indicating that she was a lover of good, and of human kind.

It is quite clear that like some others of unsound minds, Lady Anne was beset by one error, which might be partly constitutional, and no doubt greatly aggravated by circumstances in her life, one of which has now been described, when she thought her dignity assailed by an inferior, and found her fondest hopes concerning a convert, smothered by the discovery of his hypocrisy. Her early education and habits of life in the society of a pilgrim sort of aunt, amid the thunder-cleft mountains, and on a promontory overhanging the ever restless sea, had lent a peculiar style of erratic sublimity to her modes of thinking and acting. Altogether she was a nondescript in the human race.

But certainly nothing ever affected Lady Anne’s habits and feelings so much as the incident above described, and its concomitants. On her return to the palace, after having discarded and prostrated her lover, she found a note on her

dressing table, from a female friend intimating that scandal was busy with her name, on account of her recent companionship with Sir George Sandilands. "The reptile!" was the utterance that accompanied the treading under foot of this document. An instant after a message from the Queen desiring Lady Anne's presence, brought the disordered maid into the royal closet, first to be questioned, and afterwards to be bantered concerning this love-affair. "What," said her Majesty, "has our noble namesake lost her magnanimity, and is she betaking herself to the soft dalliance of lady-love? Sure she has not, at any rate, become the willing idol of a gewgaw Scottish baronet! But cheer up, my old duchess's spoilt child, I will find thee a fitting man for a husband." "Please your Majesty," answered the maid of honour, "permit me to find my own home." "Nay, be not offended," rejoined the Queen; "I meant not to displease, but began in merriment and ended in seriousness, in troth I will find Lady Anne a proper husband." "I am serious too," said the other, "and must find my home." "Why, surely my palaces are preferable to Arnott-house in the purlieus of the Canongate of Edinburgh!" somewhat snappishly exclaimed the Queen, a sort of taunt that badly suited the usual temperament and present disposition of the Scottish vestal. "Your Majesty will, or ought to forgive me," replied the inferior, "when I say that that house sheltered my head at birth, and will yield it the same protection at death, God willing; and that never can the most royal palace in England have a hold of my heart that is half so strong as the tenantless mansion in which I first breathed the breath of life."

Lady Anne required not to be dismissed, for she insisted on being allowed to leave the court, a desire which was not reluctantly granted, after the too haughty bearing which she maintained in the presence of royalty.

Two or three circumstances require to be added to this episode in the maid of honour's life. In the first place, she took permanent possession of the family mansion already more than once alluded to, and there, on a comparatively small income, supported the state becoming the noblest in the land. It was wonderful how far she made a little go. She and her maidens taught and clothed a host of the children of the poor. She was foremost in all charitable undertakings; and she never went abroad, were it but to church, without her carriage and four black horses, which her kinsman, the Duke of Hamilton, commanded should ever be at her call, the only favour or gratuity she ever permitted herself to receive from man. She lived to the age of ninety-two, although more than once, long before that term, her life was in imminent danger, sometimes from visiting the sick during the prevalence of most

virulent and infectious diseases, but particularly on one occasion, when her mansion took fire; for she was so determined a predestinarian that she refused to be removed, though the flames scorched her ere they were quenched. She died universally beloved and admired; nor was there a creature in the land who had reason to regret that she so rudely and unaccountably discarded the only man who ever proffered her his love.



THE FLOWER GIRL, IN HER GARDEN.

‘How now !
 Even so quickly may one catch the plague ?
 Methinks I feel these sweet perfectious,
 With an invisible and subtle stealth
 To creep in at mine eyes.’

Shakspeare.

Fairest, where all is beautiful and bright !
 With what a grace she glides among the flowers
 That smile around her, bowing at her touch,
 And sprinkling on her small and careful feet,
 The shining drops of the last shower. Lo ; now,
 The choking and unseemly weeds pulled up,
 How like a fairy trips she through the walks,
 Plucking from every generous bush a flower,
 Beaded and sweet, to form a rich bouquet,
 Or dress her hair, or deck the mantel-piece.
 Now o'er the modest violet she bends,
 And pink, sweet-blushing ; and her fair, small fingers
 So gently part the leaves, and seize the stem,
 That not a glistening drop is shaken off.

Now to the bowers and vine-hung lattice-work,
 Her flowers laid softly on the grass, she glides,
 The cankering worm is soon removed, and web
 Of spider, woven in the silent night.
 And then the amorous vines she gently parts,
 Twined round and round each other ; and directs
 The shoots luxuriant in the proper course.
 Emerging from the bower, her flowing tresses,
 Dark as the midnight cloud of murky June,
 Are glittering with a thousand diamond drops,
 Shed by the vines upon them : her fair cheeks,
 Which have partaken of the generous shower,
 As fresh and soft as rose-leaves seen through dew.

Oh, that the city belle could see that sight !
 The ever graceful form, elastic step,
 And health-confessing cheek ; the ruby lip,—
 The lily forehead, where the rose's tint
 Is struggling for the mastery,—but o'ercome
 By purest white, through the transparent skin
 Shines, barely visible. How beautiful !
 And ah, how rare ! It were a blessed thing,
 If sloth of body did not so o'ercome
 The energies of mind. Behold yon rich
 And noble mansion ! 'Tis the city's pride.
 A nerveless arm has just the viranda swung
 And fixed the blind ; and though the sun is high,
 The languid form that by the window sits,
 Wooing the morning breeze—which long hath lost
 Its dewy freshness,—with thin, pallid cheek,
 Resting on feverish palm, a moment since
 Press'd the soft bed, in enervating sloth.

‘Put that and that together,’ saith the clown.
 Ay, do so ; and the contrast ponder well,
 Ye who know not the hue of morning's sky.

W.

TYNEMOUTH ABBEY.

THIS fortress and abbey, whose venerable remains are still so imposing, like almost every other ancient edifice in England, has been connected with many celebrated events in history, and the immediate scene of not a few romantic and wonderful stories. These buildings must have been remarkably well suited for defence in the olden time. They stand on a peninsula of stupendous rocks at the mouth of the Tyne, against which, sometimes the sea breaks with great fury; thus, both for protection and as a spot affording the means of escape, or of succour, the castle was often and long occupied in turbulent times by parties of note in the annals of the nation, as well as subjected to many vicissitudes. Among its renowned and illustrious tenants may be mentioned the queens of Edward I. and II., who made it their occasional residence. The priory again was a place of great antiquity and pious celebrity. Here the royal martyr, St. Oswin, its patron saint, and many other celebrated men have been buried; many miracles being recorded in connexion with the virtues of the saint's relics. But though the tale that follows, contains no reference to the sanctity of the priory, or the marvellous efficacy of St. Oswin's sanctity, yet it may be taken as not less authentic in its details.

It was towards the close of the 13th century, when Elinor, the affectionate queen of Edward I., arrived in great state at Tynemouth Castle. Among her very numerous attendants was Geraldine, a young lady of noble birth, and of surpassing beauty, and two cavaliers of equally high pretensions, in respect of blood. One of them was of Scottish origin, and of the house of Douglas; but having been bred in England, he was in all those relations which constitute the affinity of country, social morals, and political rights, an Englishman; inheriting on his father's side, who died when his son was an infant, the hardihood of a Scot, and the valour of a Douglas—but on the mother's, who was a Southern, the partialities, and the superior accomplishments of a more refined people. Waldegrave was the other cavalier and proud attendant in the queen's retinue. Each of these gallants was in his twenty-seventh year, but what was to be regreted in the list of their equalities, was, that a mortal enmity grew up between them, which led to lamentable results.

The source of this enmity was jealousy—a jealousy, however, only felt on the part of Waldegrave, without the other having provoked it; for Waldegrave had assumed to himself,

on the most selfish pretences, that Geraldine was his mistress, and could not endure that any other man should court or receive her smiles. Suspecting, without reason, that Douglas had crossed him in his path, he sought to fix a quarrel on him, with the hope of getting rid of such a rival. As already stated, this was undeserved, for Douglas was too proud an aspirant for woman's heart to dispute its possession. The loveliest of the sex, if she could balance between his pretensions and those of another, was disdainfully released by him from the perplexity of a choice; though, in a case where he had been once received, he would punish an intruder, while he relinquished with scorn the object of contention. Such a man would have considered the supplanting another as the most intolerable degradation.

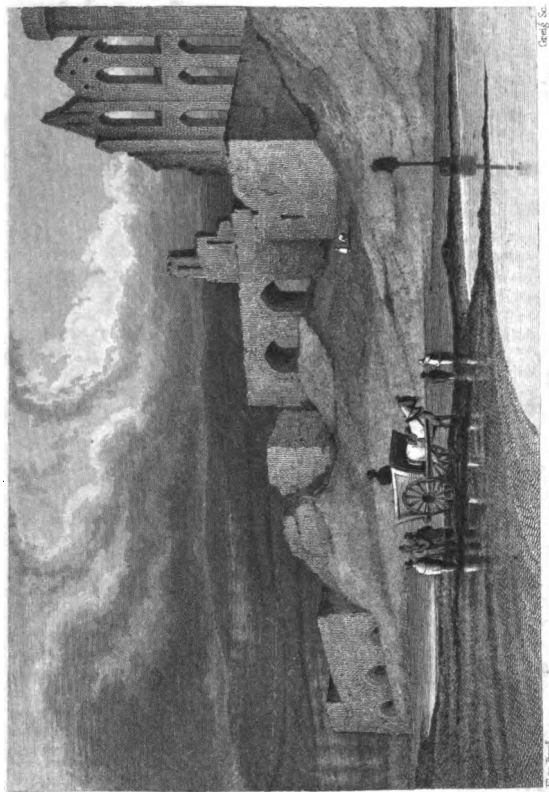
Waldegrave, however, under the influence of seeming circumstances, and destitute of Douglas's high standard in matters of gallantry, had pampered the most violent jealousy; but instead of making a direct accusation, he dealt in stinging insinuations or insolent taunts. Douglas noticed these spleetic efforts, and though a man of a fiery temper and unimpeachable bravery, he held the mastery over himself, deeming it most consistent with a high honour to retort upon the other in a similar style. One day, having accidentally encountered one another in a court-yard attached to the castle, when Waldegrave supposed that Douglas had been serenading Geraldine, his jealousy became less guarded in its expressions than it had ever displayed itself. The other being somewhat flushed with wine, felt no reluctance to have a little bantering sport at jealousy's expense, and with seeming carelessness remarked, that he had "never seen the incomparable Geraldine look so lovely;" adding, "I understand that she is passionately fond of music." "So fond," replied Waldegrave, "that she sometimes finds pleasure in the notes of a discordant musician." "I dare say," rejoined Douglas, "for the soul is partial to a familiar air, in spite of a bungling performer." "You seem," continued the frowning lover, "to understand the power of music over the susceptible heart of a woman." "Oh!" said the provoker, "I have studied every avenue to susceptible hearts, and made myself master of all their qualities and expressions, from a burning look, or a tender sigh at morning prayer to——" "To the treachery of a midnight serenade." "I am no follower of such pastimes," answered Douglas, "they are apt to provide a grave for the fool who indulges in them before he has seriously thought of dying." "And yet," replied Waldegrave, "there are such fools in the precincts of

Tynemouth Castle at this minute ;” this was said with a significant and menacing emphasis. “ There is offence in your words.” Douglas fiercely replied, “ Am I their aim ?” “ An Englishman does not *ask* that question,” was speedily retorted — “ You are a Scot !”

By this time Douglas’s frame seemed to dilate itself with indignant fury, and sternly he said—“ You seem still to pursue the mean course, which I have for months observed, towards me, and which I have overlooked, because unconscious of wronging you, and incapable of fearing you. But now my Scottish blood and English breeding can neither of them endure such insults longer. Follow me to a less public spot.” This he whispered, while he pointed to his sword. “ Oh !” exclaimed Waldegrave, with an air of insulting mockery—“ it has taken months to chafe you ; but since I have a pleasant appointment this evening, which might be marred, were I at present to follow you, it is to be hoped you will keep hot enough to yield me satisfaction by break of day to-morrow, on the ramparts without.” “ My gage for that,” Douglas replied, at the same instant, throwing his glove in the insulter’s face, which was, with ineffable scorn and coolness taken up.

Before morning dawned, Waldegrave was found in a sequestered part of the adjacent country, which Douglas was known to make his frequent retreat, covered with wounds, which several witnesses declared had bereft him of life. From all the circumstances described, there could be no doubt that he had fallen by the hands of an assassin ; and as Douglas’s glove was found on the spot where the body lay, suspicion immediately fixed on him. In the mean time the body was conveyed by Waldegrave’s powerful friends to be buried in the family cemetery in a neighbouring county, while the unfortunate Douglas, who, besides his name, his sword, and a widowed mother, had no eager parties to take his part. He was imprisoned in one of the strongest keeps in the castle, and in a few days afterwards, as soon indeed, as the King’s decree could be obtained—who happened to be holding his court in York—sentenced to die, at the expiration of three weeks.

Beatrice, the widowed mother of the unhappy prisoner, as may be supposed was too feeble in respect of wealth or family interest to obtain any relaxation of the sentence, which was to consign her son to an untimely and ignominious grave. But she lost no time in repairing to Tynemouth, and through the authority of queen Elinor, whose heart bled, more on account of the condition of the mother than for the fate of her son, she



TENENMOUTH ABBEY.

Temple of Wisdom in the Valley

had frequent interviews with the prisoner. These interviews were not for the unavailing purpose of concocting any means of escape, but of religious instruction and consolation.

"I am innocent—let that suffice you, my dear mother," said Douglas. "Of blood, I believe," answered Beatrice, "but not of all sin, and therefore not fit to die, till meek repentance and perfect faith in an atoning sacrifice wash out every stain of the soul." "True, I am to die," "but never on a scaffold," replied he, calmly, yet resolutely. "Alas! alas!" Beatrice exclaimed, "you suggest something far more dreadful than death, even on a scaffold. Oh! I can bear the loss of you in this world, for I feel that our earthly separation will be short. But it is terrible to think that I must lose you for ever, Douglas, and that when my dying hour comes, its pangs are to be mitigated by no hope of rejoining thee, my only one, in the mansions of the blest. Ah me! what affliction it is to be a mother, when the child we cleave to is encompassed with such direful troubles—so madly resolute!"

The tones of Beatrice's deep anguish smote the heart of Douglas with such force as to awaken something like a kindred agony. "Oh, mother! do not weep, nor look upon me with such sorrow. I am so changed, that my heart aches not, as once it would to see your tears, nor smites me with that remorse a son should feel, who makes a mother weep." "Send for a priest, then, that your soul may be shrived and prepared to meet the Judge of all the earth, is what I implore of you." Beatrice sobbed, though with a less weight of agony than had characterized her previous entreaties; for she thought her son was about to relent and yield up the resolution, which in his proud scorn of a malefactor's death, he had hitherto maintained. In the fierce resentment of his impetuous spirit at the iniquity of his sentence—and in the bitter repugnance he felt to furnish such a triumph to his enemies, and not from infidelity of heart, he had resisted every proposal of priestly counsel; at the same time, he had conceived a dreadful purpose, the execution of which, while it dazzled his imagination by the heroic fortitude which it seemed to him to demand, kept him from anything which savoured of a compromise between it and religion. On the other hand, his mother, as may be gathered from the above dialogue, regarded the means she recommended as absolutely indispensable to eternal salvation. Hence her urgency and agony; hence his stern resolution. To the imploring speech of Beatrice, last given, Douglas's resolution was again aroused, and his peremptory and hasty reply was—"Never!" The gaoler, at this moment,

separated them, when the prisoner was another night left to brood in silence upon his litter of straw over his design, and Beatrice to spend the live-long hours of the same period, in prayer and tribulation.

On her return to the dungeon next morning, to her first and most anxious inquiry, Douglas answered, "the terror of death is gone, I languish for the end." "Oh! this is pride, not religion!" was her ejaculation. "Would you have me led forth to execution, and see me mount the scaffold like the vilest criminal?" exclaimed he. "No!" answered Beatrice, "I would not see you led forth, and to the scaffold, to die—I would not see you die at all; but oh! my son! can you—can you—escape the scaffold, without a far more direful death?" "Aye!" murmured Douglas. "How?" said Beatrice. He was silent; Beatrice summoned all the energies of nature for one last appeal. "Proud man!" she calmly uttered, "tremble at what you see! Behold, your parent kneels to you! Hear me, also! When you were a cradled infant, your father died. I did not mourn as women do who shed brief tears, and utter tumultuous sorrow. For what did I who now felt myself a very bankrupt, even to the beggary of hope? Ah! my son! I forgot myself and remembered you! I commanded back my tears—I stifled my sighs, and lived through many a grievous hour, because thou didst live. Now, Douglas, I demand sacrifice for sacrifice. Prepare to live for me and with me for ever and ever. Oh! my affliction will be on earth without hope, if I am but to think of thee, blotted out of the book of life!" In a voice suffocated with emotion, he exclaimed, "Spare me! spare me! You have prevailed. Do with me as you will."

Sometimes one of the fathers belonging to the priory, sometimes another accompanied Beatrice to the prisoner's dungeon, whose agony was so much assuaged, that she could at times smile through hope. Sometimes these holy men would seize an opportunity when none else was present to converse with the doomed innocent man. It was on the evening of the last but two of Douglas's appointed days he had to live that a tall figure, wrapped in the cowl and drapery of a monk's dress, paid him a visit. As soon as the gaoler had fairly withdrawn, the visitor threw back his hood and cloak, and striding hastily up to the prisoner, said, "Fly! save your life! Put on this disguise. The gloom of evening will befriend you. Get beyond the walls of this part of the castle. Be sure at first to step slowly. You will soon find those who have the will and the power to save you. Here—here." "Who are you?" inquired Douglas. "It matters not, but fly." "You come

on a thriftless errand," replied the other. "Are you mad?" "No; I am innocent!" "Granted; but your death is otherwise inevitable." "I know it, but I will not avoid my doom by an act which would give every tongue in England a licence to say I deserved it." These brief and abrupt sentences were uttered with an almost passionate fervour and decision on both sides; but the prisoner disdaining to use the means proffered, was soon left to his midnight meditations alone.

The day dawned on which Douglas was to be led forth to execution, and during the preceding night his mother was permitted to be with him throughout these sad and latter hours. He slept for a considerable space, while she supported his head upon her bosom, gazing wistfully at those features, that in spite of the ravages of sorrow, she declared never had so closely resembled those of his father as now. The bell tolled—the guards entered the dungeon to lead him forth—when she, no longer able to endure the scene, and alarmed lest her agony should unman her son, hurried away, pronouncing no other adieu, than the mute one which was concentrated in the last longing look of a mother, who never more is to behold the face of an only son.

He walked to the fatal spot with a firm step, and an air of conscious innocence, not unmixed with something like contempt for the injustice he sustained. It was a beautiful summer morning, and the air fanned upon his pallid cheek as he passed into it with such a freshness, as reminded him of the promise of his youth, and the charms of life. Religious reliance, however, prevailed. Many had assembled from the neighbouring hamlets to witness the scene, but no one dared or seemed disposed to disturb its thrilling silence.

The executioner stood ready with his axe, and Douglas was in the act of kneeling down, when a voice from the crowd called out, or rather screamed, "Innocent! Innocent!" The scene that followed was at once sublime and terrific. Douglas raised his head—gazed wildly round, as if suddenly aroused from some frightful dream. The guard, mistaking the movement for a desperate attempt at rescue, endeavoured to force his head down again to the block, while the executioner, with a ferocious look, stood in an attitude to strike. The cries, of "Innocent! Murder! Waldegrave! Waldegrave!" became louder and nearer.

Douglas, with what resembled a supernatural effort, wrested himself from the guard, and like a maniac, sprung at, the throat of the headsman, whose axe was glittering in the sun and about to do its office. They grappled and rolled together on the platform; and as the guard were again mastering their

victim, Waldegrave joined the group; and disengaging himself of his friar's cowl and cloak, he exclaimed, in a voice that resounded above the wild roar of the multitude, "Look on me! look on me! I am Waldegrave!" Douglas caught one glimpse of what he must have thought were the distorted features of an apparition, and bursting into an hysterical laugh, swooned away.

Beatrice, queen Elinor, Geraldine, the whole of the court and country rejoiced in what seemed at first a miraculous preservation. "I will sing praises to my God while I have a being," was all that the first said when with streaming eyes uplifted to heaven, she again folded in her arms her living son.

A few sentences will explain the circumstances that led to this extraordinary issue of a story that has now been dressed up in a modern guise. Waldegrave had been the victim of his own snares. He had engaged assassins to waylay Douglas in the retreat, to which in the summer nights, he was observed frequently to repair, and to muse, it was thought, on some absorbing theme. On the night in question, he had been seen to take his usual departure from the castle. He chose, however, a different direction than that which he was in the habit of taking, while Waldegrave, that he might be near or witness the murder, fell into the hands of his own slavish agents, and was severely wounded before their mistake was discovered. Stung with deeper revenge for this mishap, he bribed the assassins to report him dead, and to produce the blood-stained glove of Douglas as a witness against him. He was then secretly conveyed to a distance, and afterwards given out to be buried. Liberty, justice, and law were not then in the condition that they are now in this land. The influence and the arts of Waldegrave were sufficient to pervert these sacred things; and mad with jealousy, he succeeded as above described in his conspiracy. At length, however, he somehow became convinced that Douglas had never crossed his path in the ways of gallantry. Conscience smote him constantly, wicked and selfish, though he was. He then adopted the guise of a friar, and the method already described of saving his victim. Failing in this, he joined in the crowd on the day appointed for the execution, uncertain how to proceed—whether to discover himself, or couple his crime. The scene and his guilt were more than he could withstand, and the innocent was saved.

THE SUICIDE'S POND.

'T is a dark and dismal little pool, and fed by tiny rills,
And bosomed in waveless quietude, between two barren hills ;
There is no tree on its rugged marge, save a willow old and lone,
Like a solitary mourner for its sylvan sisters gone.

The plough of the farmer turneth not the sward of its gloomy shore,
Which bears even now the same grey moss, which in other times it bore ;
And seldom or never the tread of man is heard in that lonely spot,
For with all the dwellers around that pool its story is unforgot.

And why does the traveller turn aside from that dark and silent pool,
Though the sun be burning above his head, and the willow's shade be cool ?
Or glance with fear to its shadowy brink, when night rests darkly there,
And, down through its sullen and evil depths, the stars of midnight glare ?
Merrily whistles the cow-boy on—but he hushes his music when
He hurries his cows, with a sidelong glance, from that cold forsaken glen !
Laughing and mirthful the young girl comes, with her gamesome mates,
from school,

But, her laugh is lost and her lips is white, as she passes the haunted pool !

'T is said that a young, a beautiful girl, with a brow and with an eye—
One like a cloud in the moonlight robed, and one like a star on high !—
One who was loved by the villagers all, and whose smile was a gift to them,
Was found one morn in that pool as cold as the water-lilly's stem !

Ay—cold as the rank and wasting weeds, which lie in the pool's dark bed,
The villagers found that beautiful one, in the slumber of the dead.
She had strangely whispered her dark design in a young companion's ear,
But so wild and vague that the listener smiled, and knew not what to fear.

And she went to die in that loathsome pool when the summer day was done,
With her dark hair curled on her pure white brow, and her fairest garments
on—

With the ring on her taper finger still, and her necklace of ocean pearl,
Twined as in mockery round the neck of that suicidal girl.

And why she perished so strangely there no mortal tongue can tell—
She told her story to none, and Death retains her secret well !
And the willow, whose mossy and aged bough's o'er the silent water lean,
Like a sad and sorrowful mourner of the beautiful dead is seen !

But oft, our village maidens say, when the summer evenings fall,
And the frog is calling from his pool to the cricket in the wall—
When the night-hawk's wing dips lightly down to that dull and sleeping lake,
And slow through its green and stagnant mass the shoreward circles break—

At a time like this, a misty form—as fog beneath the moon—
Like a meteor glides to the startled view, and vanishes as soon—
Yet weareth it ever a human shape, and ever a human cry
Comes faintly and low on the still night-air, as when the despairing die ?



LONDON FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH.

THE summer fashions are at length definitely fixed, though as yet, owing to the weather, very few summer toilettes have made their appearance, with the exception of hats and bonnets, which are all of a summer description. We shall cite some of those that appear to us the most worthy of the attention of our fair readers. First in the list, and decidedly the most elegant

novelty in carriage dress, are the *Chapeaux à la Pamila*; they are made both in chip, Leghorn, straw, and silk. Generally speaking, they are a most becoming hat; the brim round and very open, turns back round the bottom of the crown, but is considerably diminished in width: the ornaments vary a good deal, feathers, flowers, and in some instances ribbon, only trimmed at the edge with narrow blond lace, are all employed. We may cite as the most decidedly elegant of these hats, one that has just been introduced; it is composed of the finest Leghorn straw, the interior of the brim is trimmed with blond, which forms the *brides*, and ties under the chin—the brim gradually narrowing at the sides, is turned up at the back of the neck, which gives a very becoming air to the head-dress. The crown is encircled by a wreath *à la Flore* of white and lilac flowers. What constitutes the principal novelty of the head-dress, is its being trimmed without ribbon, but the style, though simple, is singularly elegant and dressy. Bonnets are not less in vogue than hats, and we observe that for elegant *negligé* drawn bonnets have lost nothing of their vogue. We may cite, among the most novel, those of straw colour, grey, and *écru pou de soie*; they are made with the brims rather close, which we must observe is fashionable only in *negligé*, the crown of the horse-shoe form, is trimmed round the top with a plaiting of ribbon—the ground is the colour of the bonnet, but the edge is of a different and strongly contrasted hue: a rosette with floating ends of ribbon is placed on one side, near the top of the crown, and a smaller one just above the curtain, in the centre of the back. The interior of the brim is generally trimmed with an intermixture of very small flowers of the colours of the edge of the ribbon, and blond lace. Several new and very pretty summer shawls have appeared, the most elegant in our opinion are those of plain cashmere, either white, or a very light colour, embroidered round the border in detached bouquets of flowers with silks of different hues; they are square and of a large size—nearly two yards. However pretty as they are, they, and indeed every other description of shawl, seems likely to be superseded by mantelets, there is really quite a rage for them, so much so, that a mantelet may be styled the almost indispensable accompaniment to every toilette. Those at present most in favour are of black *filet de soie*, a model of which we have given in one of our prints; although their appearance is not very striking, they are nevertheless in high vogue, owing to their extravagant price, for being made by hand, and of the richest grenadine silk, they are very expensive. Those of black grenadine gauze, though not so *recherché* are also very fashionable, so

also are lace and embroidered muslin, provided that they are of a very expensive kind.

Several new materials have appeared; the *mousselines de laine*, of new patterns, are extremely pretty for home dress, and even for social parties. Silks of different kinds, particularly a new description of material resembling foulard, but of a richer kind, and also some half transparent materials of silk and wool, are also in request for half dress. Some very beautiful materials of the half transparent kind, and all silk, are coming much into vogue in evening dress, and several new and excessively rich silks, to which our shopkeepers give the French name of *Veloutés*, have just appeared.

Robes present as yet little change, but that little is favourable rather than otherwise; the width and length of the skirts indeed is not diminished, but the *corsages* whether cut high or low, are made more becomingly to the shape; the fashion of arranging them in the antique corset style, that is to say, boned at the lower part, and descending in a deep point, seems to be in a great degree superseded by their being either made plain, or else descending in a moderate scallop. If the *corsage* is high, it has seldom any ornament except a lace trimming, or small collar round the top; but there is greater variety among the low ones, which we must observe also are not cut so low as they have recently been worn; they are either made tight, and trimmed *à l'enfant* with lace, or else they may be draped in various ways, or trimmed with a lappel. As to sleeves, their volume diminishes every day, and we fear we are in danger of going from one extreme to another, for we have seen a good many long sleeves made quite tight, and merely ornamented in the Spanish style with small puffs up the centre of the arm. This fashion, however, is not general. We see a good many sleeves demi-large, that is, with the lower part tight, and the upper disposed in two very small *bouffants*, but the favourite sleeve both long and short, is the *manche à volans*, that is, those that have the upper part covered with three flounces either of the material of the dress or of lace.

It seems more than probable that turbans will continue in favour during the whole of the summer; they are now principally made of transparent materials, and of a very moderate and becoming size. An attempt has been made, but we are glad to find that it has been wholly unsuccessful, to bring very large turbans into general request; nothing can be more injudicious than the adoption of a particular style of head-dress without regard to the figure or features of the person for whom it is intended; at present, the greatest attention is paid, in that respect, to the arrangement of turbans, we wish it was

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the same with hats and bonnets. The colours most in request are *écru* pink, lilac, both red and grey, cherry-colour, fawn, light lilac, various shades of green, yellow and some neutral tints.



PARIS FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH.

SILK bonnets are very much in favour in half-dress, particularly those of *moire*; they are for the most part lemon-colour, maize, blue or pink. We must not however forget white, which is still more fashionable than any of those above cited. Until this season hats have been always most in favour in half dress, but this year bonnets are equally so; they are trimmed in the most elegant and expensive style, some with *plumes panachées*, others with willow feathers, or long curled ostrich feathers. Flowers are more generally employed, and they are arranged either in round bouquets placed low on the crown, or else in sprigs which fall upon the brim. Nothing is considered more elegant than a white *moire* bonnet, trimmed with white *pou de soie* ribbon fringed at the edge, and a sprig of white lilac. But the bonnet which at present bears the bell in half-dress, is the *Capote Coquette*; it may be made either in coloured *pou de soie* or *moire*; the brim round and open, is lined with *blonde-esprit*, which gives a great deal of softness to the features, the crown is decorated with a *bouquet à la Duchesse* of the most rare and beautiful flowers. A veil of the most transparent kind is thrown over the bonnet in a very novel and graceful manner: upon the whole, it may be pronounced the most elegant head-dress that has appeared for some time.

The most novel among the new materials for robes are the *plaid gros de Naples* of such very small patterns, that at any distance one would think the silk was plain, *mens selènes de laine* plaided, or else in Arabasques, or Cashmere patterns, tissues of silk and wool, Cashmere and silk; the prettiest of these latter are striped in satin stripes, and printed in detached flowers between the stripes. We must observe that there is no medium in patterns; they are all excessively large, or of the Lilliputian kind. White muslins begin to be worn, but up to the present moment, the materials above cited are in a majority. The only novelty in the forms of dresses is, that sleeves continue to decrease in size. Trimmings for the borders of robes are very much adopted, and will be more so. Flounces are most in request; those for muslin robes have sometimes a coloured ribbon run through the hem, and another through the *bouillon* which heads the flounce.

Caps have lost nothing of their attraction, either in dinner or

evening dress. We have given one of the most elegant of the former in our plate. We may cite as the most elegant of the latter, the *bonnets a la Napolitaine*, composed of rich blond; but with light patterns, the form resembles a little, but very little, that of an Italian peasant's cap. The trimming consists of roses of the most delicate shade of red, and ribbons to correspond, arranged in knots, with floating ends. Fashionable colours are pea-green, emerald-green, different shades of rose and blue, *poussiere* lilac, and gray.



DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATES.

Morning Dress.

PEIGNOIR of *mousseline de laine*, of one of the new patterns: the skirt is trimmed round the border with a deep flounce, which turns up in front, but narrower. The *corsage* is as usual full, but the sleeves are tight; the upper part, however, is rendered partially full by three falls of the same material, scalloped at the edge to correspond with the flounce. The *pelerine* and cuffs are of French cambric, richly embroidered. Breast knot and *ceinture* of *pou de soie* ribbon. Rice straw bonnet, a moderate-sized round brim; the interior is simply trimmed in the cap style, with *gauffred tulle*; the crown is ornamented with white ribbons, and a bouquet of white curled ostrich feathers. Parasol of white-figured *pou de soie*.

Child's Dress.

White muslin pantaloons and frock: the latter is trimmed round the border with a triple row of points, and the centre is embroidered *en tablier* in a lozenge pattern. A similar embroidery in the stomacher style, ornaments the *corsage*. The sleeves and *tablier* are trimmed with knots of ribbon; they are also employed to decorate the hair.

Walking Dress.

The robe is *mousseline de laine*, striped and figured in one of the new patterns. The *corsage* is half high, and finished round the top with a round lappel. The sleeves are demi-large. *Chapeau à la Pamela* of pink *pou de soie*; the interior of the brim is trimmed with a long, light sprig of flowers. A bouquet of flowers to correspond, adorns the crown, to which it is attached by floating ends of pink ribbon, edged with blond lace. Scarf of black *filet de soie*, with a superb black silk fringe.

Morning Visiting Dress.

Robe of very pale pink *gros de Naples*, spotted with white. The *corsage* is made quite high behind, but descends rather

low on the bosom, and is trimmed with white lace, forming a point in front. The sleeves are made close, but not exactly tight at the lower part; the upper is covered by three rows of lace set on full. Italian straw hat; a deep, oval brim; the interior of which is trimmed in a light style, with *tulle illusion* mingled on one side with roses. The crown is trimmed with a bouquet of ostrich feathers and straw-coloured ribbons. French Cashmere shawl.

Bridal Dress.

White lace robe over a white satin slip; it is finished round the border with a deep flounce of lace, headed by a narrower fall of lace. The *corsage* cut low and square, is drawn in with a little fulness at the bottom of the waist, and trimmed à *l'enfant* at top. *Manche à la Chevaliere*, ornamented with *ruches*, and knots of ribbon. Head-dress of hair, decorated with pearls, orange blossoms, white roses, and the bridal veil.

Dinner Dress.

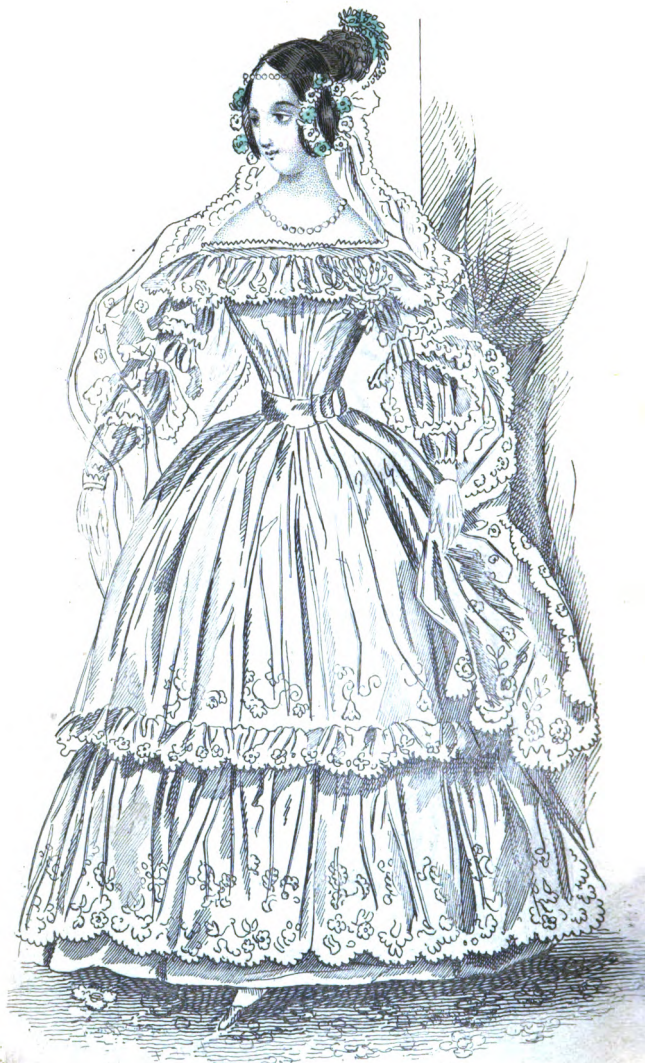
Blue *pou de soie* slip. *Demi-tunique* robe of clear white muslin; it is cut shorter than the slip behind, and sloped up on each side of the front, so as to form a drapery, which descends in the form of a scallop in front. A very full net *ruche*, encircles the whole of the border. Knots with floating ends of blue ribbon, placed in the opening of the drapery, complete the ornaments of the skirt. The *corsage*, cut low and plain, is trimmed à *l'enfant* with lace; and the short tight sleeves, are completely covered by four lace flounces, each looped in front of the arm, by a knot of ribbon. The head-dress is a *bonnet à la Babet*, trimmed in a very light style with pink ribbon, and pale red roses.

Public Promenade Dress.

Robe redingote of lavender grey *pou de soie*. The *corsage* half high and square, is trimmed round the top with narrow black lace, and finished in the lappel style by a *volan* edged with lace. A similar *volan* forms a *tablier*, and a row of lace round the waist completes the trimming. The sleeves are of the Amadis form at the bottom, tight at top, and trimmed in the centre of the arm with four *volans*; a butterfly bow finishes the wrist, and a knot of ribbon ornaments the shoulder. Rice straw hat, a large-sized, and very open brim; the interior decorated with blond lace and flowers. Two shaded ostrich feathers, and white *pou de soie* ribbon decorate the crown. Mantelet of black *filet de soie*.









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DINNER DRESS.



PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.