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OF
Fashion, Music & Romance!

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THE LADIES' CABINET

OF

FASHION, MUSIC, AND ROMANCE.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A FELON.

A STRANGE INTRODUCTION TO A STILL STRANGER STORY.

It was during an evening in the July of 1818, that an event occurred to me of a nature sufficiently unusual to be ranked among the strange events of a man's life. After a day spent in mental toil, I was induced to take a walk in Kensington Gardens. There was a refreshing coolness in the air; the glowing heat of the sun, like the intensity and glow of youthful feelings, had faded in its brightness and given a calmer and more interesting expression to the tall chestnut trees, as well as the rich sward, whose deep green contrasted with the dark blue of the waters it fringed.

I had sunken down on a bank by the bridge that spans the river, and was indulging in the very gloomy reflection of the many wretched and forlorn bosoms that in the darkness of night, and in their still more benighted hearts, had buried their sorrows in the still clear depths of the sheet of water that lay before me.

"Yes," I exclaimed aloud, "if the cold stones of that bridge could speak, how many a bubbling cry of the wretched and desponding has it not heard in the stillness of night!"

At that moment I was startled by a low moan, so fraught with the spirit's suffering, that I might almost have imagined, from the quiet and solitude of the scene, some spirit of the departed had been conjured by my remark, but that on turning my head suddenly towards the place from whence the sound proceeded, I found that I had sat down within two or three yards of a man who was reclining in the deep shade caused by an angle of the bridge. At a glance I perceived that he was a person of tall stature and commanding appearance,

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but with an aspect of misery and wretchedness impressed on his pale and wasted features, that corresponded but too truly with his wretched garb.

In my sudden glance I had caught his eye, and hastened, in the feeling of the moment, to express my fear that I had intruded upon his privacy.

"There seldom needs an apology, sir, for intrusion upon the forlorn," said the stranger, mournfully.

"At least," I observed, touched with his manner no less than his words, "I should certainly be sorry to intrude upon the forlorn without feeling happy in relieving their distress. Can I aid you in any way?"

"Thus is it ever! (exclaimed the stranger, with bitterness.) You would, perhaps, seeing that I am in want, give me money?"

"I should certainly feel happy to assist you in that way, to the utmost of my power," I said; and while speaking I pulled out my purse. "If half a sovereign would"—

"There, there," said the miserable man, breaking in upon me with a groan, in which the pent-up agony of his bosom seemed to find vent, "you are too late, sir, to be of service. Yesterday—but no matter—and yet that pittance might have saved me; but now it is too late."

I know not why, but, as the reader may suppose from the amount of my offer in charity to a casual stranger, my feelings had been greatly touched by the desolation that pervaded his appearance. It was evident, though now bowed by years and grief, he had seen better days. I again, therefore, as delicately as I could, proffered my assistance.

"I thank you for your kind offer, sir (he replied); keep it for the virtuous as well as poor. The time has gone by when it would have saved me."

"At least, (I urged,) let me know where you reside. Though far from rich, I may be of service to you."

"Ask me not, sir (he said, mournfully). I have no home. My address may become known in a few days. You are young, and you seem generous: wretched as I am, I thank you in my heart, which, blackened as it is, still has a pulsation of gratitude."

The forlorn man rose from the ground as he spoke: he looked, indeed, the picture of wretchedness. There was a wildness in his sunken eyes that alarmed me, as he coughed convulsively for a moment or two from his chest.

"I fear you are not well," I observed.

"No, (he replied), but I shall soon be easier;" and I thought I could perceive something like an attempt to smile pass over his ghastly features.

"You had better think of my offer (I again urged,) before you depart."

"You seem interested in my fate," said the stranger, with emotion. "You are young, and my mournful story may serve you. It was written for bread,

and rejected, as a wild and improbable picture. Time presses—take it; it is better than if it perished, since you may glean a moral from its guilty records." As he spoke he took a packet of papers from his bosom and placed it in my hands. "Farewell, at least you'll think of me when perusing that abstract of my life—that history of sorrow, suffering, and crime."

I was about to speak, but he stopped me.

"Not now—not now! Farewell, for ever!" With these words he suddenly disappeared around a clump of trees that grew near the spot, leaving me both pained and surprised.

Reflecting upon the somewhat strangeness of the incident, I had slowly sauntered from the spot, having almost mechanically thrust the papers into my pocket. Recalling one or two of his remarks to my mind, it suddenly struck me that the stranger meditated suicide.

Walking sharply away from the spot, I instantly proceeded to the lodge of one of the park-keepers, to whom I stated my suspicions.

But he had seen no one answering to my description in the park; and, if the truth must be told, I fear gave himself no trouble on the matter.

On the second day the body of the wretched man, which I saw and recognised, was taken out of the water. It was never claimed; and, like many similar insensible wrecks of humanity, was put into a pauper shell and committed to the earth unmolested by a sigh or single tear of remembrance to mark that such a being had once existed.

I had previously run my eye over several pages, but it was only after the death of the ill-fated wretch that I proceeded to the task of steadily deciphering the manuscript.

The writing bore every mark of the poverty of the writer, as it was penned on dirty and detached pieces of paper. There had also been very little pains bestowed on the writing, which appeared to have been executed at intervals in a hurried hand, as by one who wrote under the impulse of strong and excited feelings. It was a melancholy emotion that deepened as I read the following confessions of one who had evidently been steeped in the darkest abyss of vice.

CONFESIONS OF A FELON.

"To Education may be but too often charged those vices and crimes that embitter existence and disgrace humanity."—POLITE PHILOSOPHER.

And why should I, of all created beings, give language to the dark tissue of crime and wretchedness that has enshrouded, and is gradually consuming, my wretched existence. Wherefore should I recount for human eye those events all must shudder at to peruse—events whose black catalogue at times sears my

brain to madness, as memory, that "true mirror of affliction," recalls them in all their frightful turpitude, unweakened by time, to my tortured mind.

Oh! how can a wretch like myself hope for mercy or for rest!—how get rid of that worm that now in my ceaseless, hopeless misery, seems to gnaw upon my quivering heart—gives me but days of despair and nights of anguish. Deluding, treacherous thought for me. I have sought the words of peace and of consolation, but fierce despair rose stronger than my will. The words of peace nigh choked me in their utterance. Fiends whispered me there could be no mercy for me—the atheist, the robber, homicide, the seducer. Oh! that I could find an oblivion in the grave—if that I there should never waken to meet my victims at that dread bar of judgment, which my struggling soul in its fierce misery tells me does exist! There lies the maddening thought that has often-times stayed my uplifted arm. In that hereafter, what must be the doom of that wretch who has breathed but to poison the fount of every affection whereat he drank!

But I will calm the horrid tumult in my heart, where fiends are already rejoicing over their victim, and endeavour to recount some of those scenes which, if earthly sufferings might offer any expiation in the eyes of a merciful Redeemer, would still give the glimmering of a hope in that dread world upon whose brink I already totter. May you, who read this brief chronicle of crime, be warned in time from the gratifications of those base passions which bring with them a lasting regret and misery. .

I was nourished in affluence, and bred up to the promised enjoyment of wealth. An only son, my early years of discernment arose under the fond indulgence of a mother, who ruled a home imperiously. Selfishness and pride might be almost said to have been the fostered attributes of my being. I have mentioned my mother; if ever the spirit of ruin was graced by a fair form it was hers. She was young and lovely, and of high family, when my father married her. My father was possessed of a handsome fortune, and held a consequential and lucrative post under government; it became his happiness to give way to my mother's every wish. Good-natured, easy, noble-hearted man, he thought that in indulging her wishes and caprices he was adding to those bonds of affection that cemented a life of domestic peace. How unhappily was he deceived. My maternal parent had been bred up in the very focus of high fashion. Besides being inspired by the most expensive taste and habits, she had what might be termed an educational love of gaiety and splendour, and besides being in possession of a fund of well-bred confidence, that enabled her to do a thousand things in her circle, in which she shone resplendent, that women of a meaner education would perhaps have shrank from appalled. Having passed some seasons in Italy, that temple of dissipation, she had

imbibed somewhat of its manners, with a grace and naivete that made her at once the idol and the envy of the fashion, and that, before I was twelve years of age, induced me to feel proud of her as a mother, on account of the general homage that was paid to her charms and accomplishments. Notwithstanding this very flattering testimony of my mother's merits, I used often to perceive a cloud upon my father's brow, with a restlessness in his manner that to me seemed unaccountable. My mother seemed the soul of good humour; she laughed, sang, danced, and indulged in a badinage that strikingly contrasted with my father's grave deportment. She was never so happy as when the house was a scene of riot and mirth; while he, in spite of his endeavouring to look cheerful, was in fact oftentimes evidently miserable. This was indeed not without reason, as I soon discovered; he found himself year after year getting deeper involved in debt, in consequence of my mother's thoughtless extravagance, which he wanted sufficient firmness of character to check.

If my mother at this period of her life loved anything better than her worthless dissipation, it was myself, upon whom she lavished the most unbounded fondness. Besides insisting, much against my father's advice, that I should be entirely educated by masters at home, she made it her especial delight to have me early introduced to her immediate friends, as a prodigy of personal beauty and accomplishments. At the age of ten I was imbued with an unbounded love of company and turning the night into day. At twelve I was skilful in the use of cards, and at fourteen I was taught to consider myself a man; bitter delusion! Artificial in my habits, and reckless in my conduct, I became heartless. In particular I soon succeeded in accomplishing my mother's golden rule, in concealing my feelings under the mask of hypocrisy.

Oh, how I curse in the bitterness of my heart the infamy of that early education, which I have not patience to detail, that was silently but surely sapping every genuine emotion of the soul. My father awoke too late to a full sense of his criminal weakness; too late, alas! for his own peace of mind, and to save me from ruin.

Among the crowds of guest who attended my mother's routs, was a military officer, whom I shall designate as Captain Gardiner. He was a *routé*, one of the most notoriously dashing men of the day. Originally the possessor of an immense fortune, which he spent with a celerity that elicited general applause among his admirers, he still managed to keep up a style of expensive living that astonished even his intimates. Gardiner was looked upon as the *beau ideal* of everything that was elegant and captivating. The gallantries of no man had made so much noise in the *haut ton*, though he had paid dearly for them in pocket, while his celebrity had been not a little enhanced through his having killed two antagonists in "affairs of honour." Such was the man upon whom

my mother was seen to bestow a more than ordinary degree of attention. Her companion at the card table, he was her partner in the ball room, and her frequent escort during my father's indispensable absence, in the afternoon promenade or drive. Rumour, as usual, with her hundred tongues, told its scandal, nor was my poor weak father indifferent to its report.

Summoning up his sleeping patrician spirit, he severely lectured my mother in an interview, which ended on her part in an hysterical fit of tears. The obnoxious individual was no more to be included among the list of visitors—an ineffectual precaution. For many days after this my mother seemed buried in extreme grief, and saw no one, with the exception of the maid and myself. She accused my father of harshness and unkindness. I frequently came upon her when she was reading letters, and beheld her bathed in tears. There seemed a mysterious correspondence in hints at times between her and her maid, that, versed as I then was in tokens of guilt, raised no suspicion at the time.

It was on the fourth day of her seclusion that, on seeing her in the evening, she was more agitated than usual. She clasped me to her arms in a kind of affectionate frenzy, and, vowing that she loved me better than life, gave me a proof of it by disgracing me for ever in eloping that night with her paramour, Gardiner.

Gay and thoughtless as my sire had esteemed my mother, this stroke of fate came upon him like a thunderbolt. Strange infatuation—he would have staked his existence freely upon my mother's honour, and it needed but this trial, coupled with his already dreadfully-involved affairs, to throw him upon a sick-bed, from which he never rose, but died of that malady called a broken heart. Happy, happy death—that spared him the misery of witnessing the unutterable infamy of a son but too truly nurtured to follow in his mother's steps of guilt.

When this occurrence took place; I was entering upon my fifteenth year, and could not help feeling the desolation of my situation. The object of pity and commiseration among the more feeling of our late friends, oh how I cursed—yes, cursed in my heart, the infamy of that mother who had placed a brand upon her child that must be rankling to his pride through life. She had struck me where I was most vulnerable, in my *self-love*, and, in the deep vindictiveness of my feelings, I made a solemn oath, young as I was, to call Gardiner to a mortal account for the indelible disgrace he had brought upon my name. Of my father in his grave I thought not—revenge was the burning feeling that rankled in my bosom. An arm, however, that far transcended all human anger, was destined to overtake the guilty pair; in sailing for the south of France, the vessel in which they had embarked was never heard of, and was supposed to

have foundered in a heavy gale of wind that arose on the second day of their embarkation.

Though bereft of my natural guardians I had still one relative, an uncle, my father's brother, who hastened with alacrity to do a parent's duty by me. Sir Frederick Stowell was the soul of honour; he had lived in the fashionable, the cold and heartless follies of the world, and had learnt to despise them. He was the possessor of a handsome estate, was childless, and on learning the melancholy intelligence of my father's death, generously adopted me as a son. Averse to the heartless gaieties of metropolitan life, he had beheld for many years past with sorrow the expensive and dissipated kind of life into which my father had been weakly led, through his fondness for my mother. He had, indeed, with the privilege of an only and elder brother, remonstrated with him, but to little purpose; and now that the object of his solicitude had ceased to be, he directed his energies to eradicate, as much as possible, the frivolous and vicious bent engendered by my misguided and unhappy education.

His first care, after arranging my father's disordered affairs, was to take me from a scene that offered but too many incentives to dissipation, and remove me to his seat in the country, where he almost constantly resided, beloved and respected by his tenantry.

Barnaby Hall, my uncle's mansion house, was a fine old country seat, some centuries old, and had once borne no insignificant portion of feudal splendour. It was situated in a romantic part of Kent, near the ocean. Besides a numerous and valuable tenantry, the manor boasted of a splendid domain, more resembling a chase than a park, and a river, which afforded ample amusement for the lover of sport. I had never, I may say, been very fond of sylvan amusements. It was, evidently, however, the aim of my uncle to direct my taste to field sports, in hopes of overcoming that yearning affection which still occupied my mind for the gaieties of town. Led by his example, however, I soon gave infinite satisfaction to the old gentleman, whom it was not a little my interest to please, by gradually becoming a stern and determined sportman. I soon followed the hounds, a bold and fearless rider; became an unerring shot with the fowling-piece or rifle, and was noted for throwing a killing fly. In fact, the drawing forth of those destructive inclinations which are incident to our nature, had been attended with complete success, and my uncle fondly flattered himself that in having done so he had given a new impulse to my mind, that was capable of finally extirminating the ruinous and feverish thirst after the stream of fashion that with its poisonous influences too often kills.

"Come, Harry boy—yoicks! to cover, away! No joys like hunting!"—would be often the cheering cry of the old man, while the beams of hope and pleasure have glowed merrily in his bright grey eyes, as we have ridden together

across the country. He deemed my pernicious tastes subdued—alas! they were but lulled for a time. Like the envenomed snake, they but slept, to be wakened into more deadly activity.

I have said that my uncle's estate partly adjoined the sea. Its restless waters, indeed, washed a bold headland under the partial shelter of which he had constructed a small harbour, or dock, for a yacht of some twelve or fourteen tons burden, which he kept. This spot, which was nearly two miles distant from the house, had become a favourite haunt of mine, as well from the beautiful and romantic scenery in its immediate neighbourhood, as my fondness for the sea. I was constantly indeed in the habit of bathing in the little harbour, or making excursions in the yacht with one or two companions of my own age. Among those, perhaps it was strange, but I had formed a friendship for one whom I knew to be of a mind and person the perfect antithesis of myself. In figure and countenance he was plain to a degree, but, brought up in the strictest principles of honour, was high souled, generous, frank, and sincere. Such was Harry Moreland, for whom I felt involuntary respect, and whose upright character made me frequently but the more acutely feel my own unworthiness, in many little secret acts which I should have justly dreaded him becoming acquainted with. He was my senior, and unlike myself, was grave and studious, which made his regard for me perhaps the more singular. Fond to enthusiasm of the sea, few young men took a greater pleasure in bathing than he did, and my uncle used often to say, that he thought nature had intended him for a sailor.

It was on a fine autumn morning, with a lovely breeze stirring, that we both walked through the park with the intention of having a fishing excursion in the yacht. My uncle, with his usual liberality, might be said to keep a pleasure-boat entirely for the use of his friends, since he had retained from his boyhood the utmost dread and aversion for an element in which he had once nearly lost his life.

The boat was confided to the charge of a fine old man-of-war's-man, whom we had nic-named "Neptune," and who, with a dame some five years younger, found a comfortable asylum in a cottage which overlooked the little harbour. There were few pleasures the old man liked better than a cruise in the boat, and my love for sailing had not a little aided me in getting into his good graces. On the present occasion the old man hailed our intention with infinite satisfaction. Getting on board the yacht, we very soon got her ready for sea; and having shipped a few luxuries for the table, placed under the special charge of a small lad named Bob, whom I had specially retained, we started out to sea with a fresh breeze.

Our light and graceful vessel spread her sails to the wind, and swept he .

way among the foaming billows with a swift and easy motion. Moreland and myself were in high spirits, and the weather was most promising for our intended sport. Having at length reached our fishing ground, some twelve miles from the land, our sails were furled, the anchor thrown overboard, and we were soon warmly engaged in taking great quantities of fine fish with our lines. We had been fishing with more than usual success for two or three hours, when the old sailor intimated with some uneasiness that the wind was shifting round to the east, and that we had better weigh and put back, as we had more than once before experienced the unpleasantness of riding in a strong sea for many hours without being enabled to make the land. On the present occasion, however, we chose to run all risks rather than forego our sport; we remained some time longer, until the unusual roughness of the water, while it seemed to destroy our sport, warned us that it was blowing fresh. The wind now came in sudden puffs, while the sky, which had shown no previous indications of a storm, became dark and lowering. The old man, whose professional foresight had been somewhat impaired by age, saw now sufficient appearances of foul weather to announce that we should certainly have a storm, while he expressed a wish that we were safe in harbour.

On weighing our anchor we had the mortification of knowing that the wind was blowing dead off the shore, and that our only chance was to make for a headland down the coast. Keeping our boat as near to the wind as possible, although we had taken in every reef, the gale increased to such a degree that our boat was every moment nearly buried in water, which, owing, however, to her buoyant qualities, she rose from like a duck. Still from the cracking of her light timbers, as well as from several seas that washed over us in the afterpart of the boat, we experienced a feeling of anything but security in our little vessel.

Wherefore should I describe at length our luckless adventure? Notwithstanding every effort, we overshot the mark. For six hours were we vainly endeavouring to make the land. Several times we had reached to within a hundred yards of the bold headland already mentioned, and could plainly see the faces of a crowd of men, who, with their boats drawn up high upon the shore, shouted to us, though the roaring of the sea rendered their language unintelligible to us. This they perceived, and several made an attempt to launch a row-boat, but it had scarce met the roaring surge when the next wave dashed it high upon the beach.

Finding our attempts useless, with gloomy forebodings of the result of our excursion the boat was put before the wind. I suggested the propriety of endeavouring to make one of the ports of France. But this soon appeared the most dangerous point of the vessel's sailing, for she was nearly buried every

moment in descending into the hollows made by each successive sea. The sun had gone down fiery red, embanked in murky clouds, and the night set in with no abatement of the gale. The wind, however, had become more favourable for our making the land, and once more our gallant little bark was inclined with her head slanting to the headland before mentioned, which was distinguished afar off by its beacon.

The night was dark, and we had hung a lantern on to one of the stays, which cast its feeble glimmer upon the dark and foaming waves that each moment threatened to overwhelm us.

We were within three hundred yards of the promontory, carried along with an almost whirlwind speed ; Moreland, who was by my side, from the murmuring tones of his voice, was evidently praying to that Great Being whom he was preparing to meet, while the old seaman, with the tiller in his hand, and easing the boat off from each successive sea, was every now and then whispering a hope to soothe the loud sobbing of my servant lad, when the loud sound of breakers, accompanied by distant shouts, arose upon our ears.

"We shall make land now, by the Lord's help," exclaimed the old sailor, as the boat approached the headland. "Stand by the foresheet, Mr. Edward."

Springing forward, and clinging by the mast and forestay, I was waiting the word from the old man, when the gallant little yacht gave a sudden crash, and splintered to pieces on a rock. I found myself struggling amid the dark and stormy waves. Being a good swimmer I anticipated making the land, which I knew to be close at hand. I reached it, indeed, but only to be carried back by the retiring waves. Washed three times from the sloping rocks, on which I had been fearfully bruised, I was again carried back by the ebbing waves, and amid the excruciating agony of strangulation became insensible.

Would to God that I had never wakened from that trance ! would that I had never escaped the whelming waves to damn with infamy unutterable my sinking soul.

I lived, indeed ; but when my eyes first opened to consciousness, I believed in my heart that it was in a world known but to the spirits of the good, since my eyes, by the light of two candles, rested upon the face and form of one, a girl, so fair and beautiful that she seemed an angel. By her side was a venerable-looking old gentleman, who, together with an old woman, seemed to have been engaged in restoring animation to my apparently lifeless form.

"He lives, father, thank God he lives !" exclaimed the lovely vision, as I came to returning consciousness.

This pleasurable feeling seemed equally participated in by the old gentleman and the servant. But I was yet too weak to speak, and, with more than the helplessness of a child, was resigned into the hands of a medical man who now

came to superintend my recovery. Owing to a composing medicine, that night I had a long and undisturbed sleep that enabled me in the morning to hear the particulars of my preservation. They are briefly told: the wreck of the boat had been witnessed by several fishermen who had heard our cry on board, as well as seen the sudden disappearance of our light in the darkness. Rushing down to the beach, the hardy fellows had dispersed themselves along the strand, where they had succeeded in saving Moreland and myself. Moreland, who was an admirable swimmer, had been carried by a current into a sandy creek, where, though bruised and faint, he succeeded in reaching the land, when, with me, he was carried to the house of the minister of the place, the Reverend Mr. Clifton, who, with his only daughter, had been unremitting in their attentions. Both the old sailor and the lad had perished, the body of the former of whom was alone found.

The doctor had no sooner imparted this news to me, than Moreland, who had suffered but little, entered the room, to express his happiness at my escape. I was still too feeble to speak more than a few words, expressing a similar pleasure with regard to himself. The doctor, however, forbade me attempting to exert myself.

In the course of the day my uncle arrived, breathless with haste. The good old man! how little he thought that he was welcoming to life one whom some fiend had saved amid the storm to desolate with villainy and crime his path through life. Though a distance of nearly twelve miles from his seat, he sent his own physician, and visited me daily, accompanied by Moreland. Although the illness which resulted from the injuries I had received from being repeatedly thrown upon the rocks, promised to be but of short duration, I was thought too dangerously affected to be moved, and a low and lingering fever which supervened, kept me to my bed in the kind minister's house for three months.

During this period I was daily, and almost hourly, visited by the kind curate, or his daughter. At first, indeed, after my recovery from the stupor of death, she managed to make her visits when she imagined I was asleep, when in low and gentle accents I have been conscious of her asking the nurse, who constantly sat by my bedside, respecting my health. The illness of a child, however, of this woman, demanding her presence at home for awhile, I was left to the occasional care of their only servant. Then it was that, in the high feeling of conscious virtue and rectitude, the simple and unaffected girl herself took her occasional station by my bed, smoothed my pillow, or gave the medicine that, from her hand, I felt must needs restore me to health.

Ill as I then was, the pleasurable feelings of those moments are never to be forgotten, for I was not then stained in my deep and deadly sin. For many weeks I could only occasionally murmur my thanks, but if eyes could have ex-

pressed them, mine must, since they seemed never tired of gazing upon Mary Clifton's beautiful face, while my ears had no pleasure equal to the music of her low and sweetly-modulated voice, as she breathed the balm of hope to my heart. From the first moment that I had beheld the simple-hearted girl, I felt that I loved her with an affection which I had never felt for living creature before. Without her I felt that life would be a blank, and the world a desert. I was not alone, indeed, in these devotional feelings, at the shrine of so much purity; Moreland, as I have said, made daily visits to me, but Mary Clifton had already made a deep impression on his heart. In his youthful frankness he made me the depository of his secret, and expressed his conviction of never being happy without her. I heard him, indeed, but it was with the selfish feelings of a fiend, and while I appeared to wish him success, I had made up my mind to blast his hopes by every means in my power. His attentions, indeed, to Mary, becoming too marked to be misunderstood, and the possessor of a handsome property, with the reversion of a much larger one at the death of his father, he at once made a declaration to Mr. Clifton of his passion for his daughter. Acting from the impulse of his honourable feelings, he had never breathed a word of love to Mary, until he had consulted the father. He, good old man, as I subsequently learnt, referred him to Mary; and she, blushing and pleading her youth, expressed her feelings that she should never marry.

Meanwhile, languishing on a bed of sickness, with her to watch my bed, like some guardian angel, I blessed the debility that gave me her occasional attendance. Those moments seemed the happiest of my existence. She often read to me the lessons of wisdom and virtue from some of her favourite authors, and seemed delighted when I was pleased. When I had recovered strength to express myself, I poured out the ardent passion with which she had inspired me. I spoke of my hopes, and declared that I could taste of no happiness unshared by her. Never shall I forget the blushes that suffused her beautiful face. As I proceeded, she trembled and turned pale.

"You are young—very young—and I have said I shall never marry," she murmured with agitation.

"Never marry! dear Mary, tell me not so (I said). The life you have taken so much care to preserve would be blank without you; and I know it is not in your heart to render my future existence miserable."

I had taken her hand as I spoke, and pressed it to my lips: she did not take it away, though tears stole to her eyes as she replied—

"You will be rich—are the only hope of an uncle—whilst I am but poor."

"And what are riches without love, Mary (I exclaimed). You must promise to be mine, and mine only, for you are dearer to me than life."

"This is the language of youth and passion (said the agitated girl). When you mix more in the world, you will there see the wealthy and the high-born, who"—

"I have seen them," I exclaimed, passionately interrupting her,—"I have seen them, and I swear"—

"Swear not (exclaimed the high-minded girl); if the simple word is not to be taken, no oath will be more convincing to me."

"Tell me, then, dearest girl, that you will link your fate with mine (I exclaimed). Say that I am not indifferent to you."

"Oh, do not ask me; may you be as happy as your heart could wish," murmured the lovely girl. She was agitated, and her blue eyes filled with tears as she stole from the chamber.

To my surprise, the remainder of the day passed without her accustomed visit. Fearful that she might be unwell, I questioned the servant girl, and at length obtained the admission from her that now I was getting strong her mistress thought that there was not so much need of her attendance as formerly. I learnt, however, that she had twice visited me while I was asleep.

That she had determined to avoid me, seemed evident, and not a little tended to dash that vanity which had comforted me with the thought that I was beloved in return. To make me completely miserable, my uncle called in the course of the day, and took an opportunity to inform me that he supposed I had heard of the intended marriage.

On my answering in the negative, he then informed me that he had heard my friend Harry Moreland was paying his addresses to Miss Clifton, and that there was every probability of their instant marriage.

Oh, if a knife had been struck into my bosom, it could not, by any possibility, have given me more pain than this intelligence. The idea that treachery and deceit had been used towards me to conceal the fact, enraged me to the highest degree. Her conduct seemed, indeed, fully explained, and hiding my feelings as I could until my uncle had taken his departure, I burst out into a torrent of jealous frenzy. "Never (I exclaimed) shall she be the bride of another."

The agitation into which I was thrown by the state of my feelings, considerably aggravated my malady; my fever had greatly increased, and flushed my cheek with the delusive glow of health. The doctor, on his visit, pronounced me much worse. It was in the calm of the evening when I suddenly awoke from a restless and disturbed slumber, that I found Mary Clifton bathing my feverish temples. On my waking she would have flown, but that I caught her hand, and with piteous entreaties begged her to remain.

"I know all (I exclaimed, as she re-seated herself pale and thoughtfully by the side of my bed). I know all. After having saved me from the jaws of death, you are about to destroy me."

"What mean you, Mr. Stowell," she uttered, in an accent of alarm and surprise.

"Are you not about to become the bride of Mr. Moreland?"

"No, on my soul," exclaimed the girl, with fervency.

Raising myself in bed, on hearing this declaration, I said, "Tell me, Mary, has he not proposed to your father?"

"He has; but, poor as I am," uttered the gentle girl, her pale face lighting up in the glow of her pure feelings, "I will never give my hand without my heart accompanies it."

"Mary—dearest Mary—I knew he loved you, and can only abhor my suspicious nature. You have relieved me from pangs unutterable. It is in your power to at once restore me to health and happiness: but say that you could love me"—I had seized her hand again, which I pressed to my lips. She was confused and agitated; tears started to her eyes, while she struggled gently to free her hand from my grasp.

"Oh do not press me to answer you now," she murmured.

"And why not, dearest of my heart? Oh, believe me, the knowledge that you loved me would be a blessed balm for my recovery."

"If I indeed thought so"—she faltered, and strove to conceal her blushes with her hand.

But why should I pursue this scene. The moment had arrived when I was to hear that the passion that then possessed me was returned with equal ardour. After this declaration, from an intuitive feeling of delicacy she would have ceased to visit me, but for my passionate assurances that her presence was needful to my recovery. That day, when she parted from my side, a feeling of proud exultation and happiness swelled at my heart. "To be loved by one so young and beautiful! No, she will never be his—she will be mine, and mine only," I exclaimed to myself in triumph. As yet, in the delirium of my feelings, I had never for a single moment reflected calmly upon my future settlement in life. But a few weeks previous I should have scouted the idea of shackling myself in the bonds of marriage, and so lose that sense of liberty and freedom which in my wild ungoverned notions was almost absolutely essential to pleasurable existence. My previous experience from early years taught me to regard marriage as a bond to be entered into for the acquisition of power and wealth; love and affection were terms which I had known but only as the subjects of jest among those best acquainted with the human heart. I had formed no fixed idea with regard to Mary Clifton; that she had become essential to my happiness I felt; marriage I had adverted to in the excitement of feeling, but I had never calmly conceived the idea, much less reflected upon it. On the other hand, selfish, and prematurely as I had become imbued with the vices of

fashionable life, I still must do myself the justice to say I had not conceived the thought of injuring one whose angelic innocence and sweetness of disposition seemed a sufficient guard from so foul and deliberate an infamy.

Moreland's unhappy passion was too strong to be easily subdued; he had sufficient penetration, however, to perceive that his passion was not returned, though he little suspected that in his friend he possessed a favoured rival. Proclaiming his feelings to me in one of his visits, he announced his intention of travelling to dissipate an image which had laid such strong hold of his feelings. Waiting till I had got considerably better, he took a tender farewell of Mary and her father, while to myself only he confided, and went to Spain, intending to travel for a few years.

As I have remarked, I had never mentioned my feelings for Mary to Moreland, and felt that my selfish hypocrisy, when contrasted with his ingenuous sentiments, looked contemptible indeed. That very day the interview between Mary and myself was both sad and tender. She spoke with tears of the future, and alluded to the objection my uncle would necessarily have to my union with one so poor as herself, particularly as my uncle was known to have set his mind upon my making an excellent match.

With that ready language that constant practice had taught me, I succeeded in reassuring her. I had kissed the tear of anxiety from her beautiful face, and had gently lowered her head upon the pillow by my side. The sun-light of an autumn day streamed in through the half-closed windows, giving, if possible, a more beauty to her fair countenance; almost unconsciously my hand played with the drooping ringlets of her dark hair. Pure in her simplicity and innocence, no passing thought of evil seemed to disturb her mind. The dark fiends of eternal perdition that had saved me from the wreck were busy in my brain. Thoughts of guilt and passion came in tumultuous succession flashing upon my brow. I whispered vows of love, of truth, and constancy, as I passed my hand round the waist of the lovely girl; I pressed her towards me, murmuring the fiery dictates of my emotions. A new feeling seemed stirred in the bosom of Mary; love—alarm—indignation, seemed for a moment to contend for mastery; a shower of crocodile tears melted all the tenderness of her nature. Surprised, confused, her gentle bosom heaved convulsively, her human feelings seemed for a moment to have caught the electric feelings of my own; she would have fled, but that like an accursed villain I calmed her fears but to effect her ruin. Moment of guilt and shame! let me draw a veil over your accursed remembrance.

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Restored to convalescence, [and having no longer any reasonable excuse to retain an asylum in the worthy clergyman's house, I was removed to my uncle's,

where I rapidly regained my former health. But there was an oppression on my mind which I vainly sought to remove—it was the accumulated weight of treachery and the basest ingratitude. Oh ! what pen could do justice to the pangs painted by the unfortunate girl, whose self-esteem I had destroyed for ever. Pale and declining in health, and immersed in all the agonies of remorse, it was in vain that I painted in visionary colours our happy bridal, which but a few short weeks should see accomplished. Fostered as it were in the lap of piety and virtue, and possessed of the entire confidence and approval of a parent, who had become grey in the diffusion of Christian truth and charity, poor Mary seldom met her father's presence without being actuated by a strong emotion to throw herself at his feet and confess her sin. It was only, indeed, the promises I had repeatedly wrung from her that prevented her doing so.

It was at this time that my wretched principles were fully displayed. Her mental agonies of remorse agitated me by turns with regret and alarm ; and such is the sophistry of unprincipled passion, that I even blamed her fatal beauty instead of my own unruly desires, as the cause of her fall from that innocence, the recollection of which became her reproach.

My constant visits to the Cliftons, though naturally accounted for by the great debt of gratitude I owed them, yet continued so long and unremitting that I perceived my uncle grew alarmed, and seemed half to suspect that there was a tie stronger than any which I had yet explained, that induced my long and frequent visits to the good minister's. He threw out a hint expressive of his disapproval—inviegled against the miseries of early marriages—and even reminded me of my dependence. It needed not, indeed, his observations to deter me from a step which nothing but the direst necessity would have compelled me to. I found myself placed, however, in a situation that was not a little threatening. Poor Mary had already alarmed her father and friends by her altered looks, and though she had hitherto succeeded in concealing her shame, was, in a few months, likely to become a mother. Daily in my visits did she call upon me for the fulfilment of my promise. Oh ! guilt, guilt, how the gentlest feelings are sharpened fiercely by thy iron sway. She who would but a few months ago have fallen on her knees and confessed her crime—so far had I succeeded by my villainous acts in frightening and debasing her mind would now have gone any lengths to have concealed her fall from the world. She who would have shrunk with horror from the thought some few short months previous, now openly professed that she would destroy herself rather than live to be held up as an object of disgrace to her parent. While thus alarmed by her desperation, an opportunity presented itself that appeared to relieve me of the perplexities in which my evil passions had enmeshed me.

(*To be Continued.*)

TO A FRAGMENT OF SILK.

WRITTEN IN AMERICA.

WELL, radiant shred of Silk, is it your choice,
 Here on my carpet, thus at ease to lay?
 I've heard the veriest trifles have a voice
 Unto the musing mind: what can you say?
 You seem to wake a dream of southern bowers,
 Where sprang your rudiments, among Italian flowers.

Who were your ancestors? Methinks you pause!
 Excuse me, Yankees always ask the question;
 What! those unsightly worms, with tireless maws,
 And such a very marvellous digestion?
 Their spinning-wheels, no doubt, their health supply,
 But lo! in cone-like urns they fold themselves to die.

Perchance, to reel their slight cocoons did foil
 The patient skill of many a purblind dame,
 While firmer nerves essayed the shuttle's toil,
 From whence your rainbow-tinted tissue came;
 Bound on a voyage o'er the boisterous ocean,
 Snugly packed in bales, secure from all commotion.

What was your destiny in this New World?
 In dazzling robe to make young beauty vain?
 Or for some wanling lady, pranked and curled
 To hide Time's ravage from the giddy train?
 Or bid pale Envy's pang the bosom swell,
 That erring deems true bliss with outward show doth dwell.

Your history's not complete. Your second birth
 Is in bank-paper to allure the eyes,
 Making the rich o'erprise the gifts of earth,
 And the poor covet what his god denies:
 Man's vanity from a vile worm may grow,
 And paper puff his pride: go, gaudy fragment, go!

MISTER POPJOY.

(Continued from p. 386, vol. 7.)

"My dear sir, I am very sorry," said the manager, "but if you will call to-morrow by this time I may possibly find the 'Lost Lover,' if it has indeed been presented."

"And do you not read all the pieces, sir, when they are presented?" I enquired with amazement.

"Read them *all*, sir," said the manager, laying a particular stress upon the

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word. "God forbid. I should have but little time indeed to attend to anything else. Pray walk here, sir," he exclaimed, and throwing open the folding doors of a large escrutoire in the room, which was filled with a quantity of MSS. "Behold, sir, here are some only of the pieces I have received during the last two or three years. There they are, sir, operas, plays, tragedies, and farces, altogether; you see how we are inundated with them."

I gazed indeed with astonishment upon the pile of papers, and when the manager with a good-natured smile offered me permission to pick out any two tragedies I chose, all my literary pride was fairly dashed to pieces, like the fabric of a vision.

"You can take any two you like, sir, in place of your own, which may possibly have been mislaid," reiterated the manager.

"No, sir, I am obliged (I replied), but I only regard my own production."

"Ah! so every young author says," observed the manager.

He was in the act of closing the door upon the literary mass, which had in all probability involved so much of thought, and hope and fear, when my eye rested upon the pink cover of a piece which somewhat resembled my own. Begging his permission, I seized the MS., and greatly to my satisfaction proclaimed it indeed to my own identical production.

"Well, sir, I am exceedingly happy that the Lost Lover is found;" said the manager, with a laugh at his own worthless wit.

"Then, sir, (I observed,) I may imagine my tragedy has never been read."

"Allow me for a moment, sir, (said the manager, taking the piece in his hand,) ah! here's my reader's cross in pencil; like most of those gentlemen clustered together in the escrutoire, it is condemned."

"Very well, sir, good morning."

I was striding to the door when the manager begged of me to stay for a moment.

"I have to ask your pardon, sir (he observed); I perceive you write, but have you ever turned your thoughts to the boards?"

"No, sir, (I replied,) I have never yet thought of being an actor."

"I am not in the habit of flattering (said the manager, regarding me with an earnest look), but I venture sir to say you would make your fortune."

"In tragedy, sir?"

"No, my dear sir, but for comedy and farce; the expression of your countenance, its inimitable drollery,—I mean (said the manager, correcting himself as he surveyed my unfortunate face, with undisguised professional admiration)—you have the most taking features in the world for certain characters."

"I thank you for the compliment, sir, (I exclaimed in high dudgeon,) but I have no occasion to make a mountebank of myself."

With these words I marched out of the house, anathematising in my heart the manager, my tragedy, and that face, whose unfortunate expression I felt had again subjected my feelings to mortification.

Desirous of expressing my feelings of disappointment, I called upon Mr. Jeremy on my way home: by a miracle he was to be seen. In no very measured terms I proceeded to upbraid him for the assurances of success which he had from time to time given me with regard to my production.

"There it is, my dear Jenkins, (exclaimed Mr. Jeremy, in his usual bland manner,) you already are experiencing the cursed consequences of authorship in those disappointments which sometimes inevitably await the greatest talent. My friendship for you induced me to regret that you should be subjected to such trials upon your patience."

"Yes, but why assure me of success, Mr. Jeremy? if my tragedy is really good"—

"Why? (exclaimed my companion, theatrically,) remember the poet's well-known lines—

"Full many a flower of purest ray serene,"—

And he proceeded with marked emphasis to quote the lines.

"My dear fellow, so it might be with the Lost Lover (he continued); one cannot compel a senseless brute of a manager, you know."

"True!" I sighed, yielding to his reasoning.

"Ah! those managers my dear fellow are sad tyrants."

It was a painful fact, but it was really made to appear as if my personal credit was actually concerned in the appearance of the unfortunate tragedy. It was with difficulty I could conceal my vexation when questioned by my father and others, and I even wanted the moral courage to make known the treatment I had met with. I learned to answer evasively, intending gradually to account for the non-appearance of my piece. To Mr. Mulready, however, I did not scruple about it, but at once informed him of the particulars of my bitter disappointment, for which, indeed, the little gentleman seemed perfectly prepared, and not at all surprised.

"The fact is, Mr. Job, the tragedy is no doubt a good one, and the love-making tells well in it,—but you are not up to all the moves."

So said Mr. Mulready, and he was sufficiently frank, for he saw that my happiness was but too much concerned in the subject, and he immediately proceeded to offer a few criticisms, feeling his way as a boy does upon ice, so equally solicitous was he of seeing how much I could endure. I heard his remarks with much the same air that a determined patient endures the prick of the lancet; but when, after remarking that it was a somewhat late period to introduce the chief personage in the fourth act, he objected to the denouement

of several people being killed by a flash of lightning, I confess he had nearly exhausted my patience. He saw it, and desisted.

" You have yet to see a great deal to be acquainted with the system which regulates the literature of the day. Now, if you are inclined to accompany me to-morrow evening, I will take you to a place where you will meet a considerable number of the literati, many of them very clever men."

I intimated the pleasure I should have in accompanying him.

Accordingly, on the following evening, Mr. Mulready having dropped in to take a cup of tea, we started off together, and directed our steps towards Covent-Garden, which we reached about nine o'clock. My companion, who seemed intimately acquainted with the localities of the spot, led the way into a house that demanded the name of an hotel, but which was much more frequently called a tavern. We soon found ourselves in a very spacious room hung round with portraits, and filled with several groups of gentlemen, who for the chief part seemed to unite in two actions, that of smoking and drinking. The hum of many voices filled the room, which, together with the fumes of smoke and spirits, I must confess induced an atmosphere that not a little incommoded me. My companion, however, drawing a chair over to a large blazing fire, and calling for brandy and water and cigars, seemed perfectly at home as he waved his hand to several greetings from different parts of the room, that assured me of his being well known.

I had taken a chair by the side of my friend, and was anxiously looking at the varied groups that sat round the different tables. Though night, it required by no means very good sight to perceive that many of those who were present seemed to be not a little negligent and seedy in their appearance.

" Ah, I see (said my companion, putting on his spectacles, and inhaling the fumes of his havannah with considerable gusto), you are twitting the outward men. It is a fact, my young friend, that the men of no profession are so distinguished by bad habits as literary men. It applies fairly in a double sense, both physically and morally."

" And to what do you attribute it?" I inquired.

To the uncertainty connected with literature, where men make it the business of their lives. No class of men fag so hard, and none are worse paid; and perhaps, I may say, less thought of generally, although the actual men to whose labours chiefly we are indebted for the peculiar tone and spirit of the age. Though literature generally has become much less venial than in former ages, it has by no means become more dignified. This may be in all probability because it is less original, for so many ideas have become expressed in our language in every department of composition, that it becomes extremely difficult to write with originality and raciness. Almost boundless as the mind's ideas are,

and copious as language is, they must still be said to offer yearly a lesser range for the creation of originality. In poetry, and works of the imagination, this is peculiarly the case. A writer of fiction in the present day has a greater difficulty in avoiding similarity with works that have gone before, than in writing that which to him is perfectly new and original. In other words, to use a simile, the channel of originality in the gulf of literature is becoming so extremely narrowed by previous incrustations, that it is difficult for the cleverest voyagers to avoid coming into contact with the rocks of plagiarism and similitude."

These opinions were launched by Mr. Mulready with a dogmatic assurance that anything but convinced me of their soundness, though I had discretion enough not to attempt controverting them, but rather proceeded to question him respecting the most remarkable of the individuals present.

"They are a miscellaneous mixture (said Mr. Mulready, emitting a mouthful of smoke); of the twenty or thirty in the room, two-thirds of them at least are at best 'vampers' and 're-dressers.' "

"I never heard these terms before—what may they mean?" I inquired.

"Why (said my companion) they exist chiefly upon the works of the dead by giving them a new gloss, and altering the original fashion into one more modern and suited to the present. Thus in one, our various histories, philosophical and scientific, it is the old story told over again, perhaps with some trifling additions in the way of discoveries or speculation."

"But this class of writers (I observed) are no less highly valuable in their particular vocation than others. Like picture cleaners, if they properly perform their work, they act the part of benefactors to the public, and that of noble executors to the dead, in clearing the works of learning and genius from the dust and incrustations of time."

"There is all the difference between polishing for another, and appropriating to themselves," said Mr. Mulready.

"Well, I dare say you are right," I replied, as I observed the irritable point of my companion's nose was more and more inflamed.

"I will give you now a few brief particulars of some of the men present, said my friend.—I shall say nothing of that class of men that may be termed the newspaper set, of which there are many present; with the exception of the heads of departments, their employment may be looked upon as little more than mechanical. The first individual (continued the speaker) I shall direct your attention to, is that little smart-looking' gentleman with his eyes twinkling through his spectacles, and who is sitting at the second table on your right, now speaking, and distinguished by his vehement action; that man perhaps has made more books, and upon a greater variety of subjects, than any writer living. To

publishers, he may be termed of the class useful, as nothing comes amiss to him. He is a perfect Grotius in literature; and has assumed more names and appellations, and forms, than you could well believe. His memory is his only astonishing faculty, as he can enumerate many hundreds of the principal works that have been written on an immense variety of subjects, with the abstracts of many of which he is intimately acquainted. Sitting leisurely by his fire side, he has written travels through countries into which he had never set a foot, and written learned treatises upon subjects of which he had but a most superficial knowledge. He has written biographies and histories, guides, treatises, and essays enough to stock a small library. His assumed appellations have been as numerous. They have been in all styles and professions. ‘By a Cabinet Minister’—‘A Field Officer’—‘Physician’—‘Barrister,’ &c. &c. But his last work, perhaps, is the most laughable, being a book on cookery, assumed to be written by ‘A Lady of Rank,’ which has had a very extensive sale, by means of the puffing system.”

“ Is he a rich man,” I inquired.

My companion stared earnestly at me for a moment through his spectacles, as he echoed—“ He rich! My dear sir, he’s an author—a professional author. I never saw a rich one yet. Though a hard working man, he is frequently ‘hard up,’ in other words is very poor. It is at such periods that his mind is frequently on the stretch to get up some old treatise or matter in a new and taking form, which he no sooner accomplishes and gets paid for, than, forgetful of his recent distress, like hundreds of his brethren, he squanders it away until again reduced to his wits.”

“ It is a strange portraiture you have drawn,” I remarked.

It will show, at least, how few of the public really know that in reading a book that professes to be actually new, they are only perusing in fact the old thoughts, and ideas somewhat modernized, with which their great great grandfathers were conversant. It is needless to say that this gentleman’s business is very little more than mechanical; and that as to originality, he only professes it.”

“ But still he is entitled to some merit, in his way ; he must have good judgment, and a great deal of what is tact,” I observed.

“ Perhaps so (said my companion). But just have the goodness to note the tall, thin-looking young man with the pale face, who is sitting the third on his left. Though pale and dissipated, you cannot fail to be struck by the intellectual intelligence of his countenance. That man is possessed of a splendid genius as a poet. Poor C——— was the author of one of the finest tragedies that was ever penned, which, after months of worry and solicitation, was accepted at one of the Royal Theatres.”

"Pray, proceed," I exclaimed anxiously.

"Ah! I see you are interested (observed my companion). The tragedy was played, but owing to an unfortunate cast, but more particularly perhaps to a political party that was formed against it, it was most undeservedly damned the first night."

"Infamous—(I exclaimed)—did he never try to get his piece brought forward again?"

"He wanted, poor fellow, two essentials—friends and interest. Though educated at an university, he had made his appearance in London with but a few pounds in his pocket, and this literary production, on which he had expended great labour and genius, as his sole introduction to notice. His first stepping-stone, as he had deemed it—his visions of fame and profit thus rudely crushed, as it were, in the bud, was too much for his sensitive mind. He took to drinking, and is at present, I believe, in a rapid decline. A true specimen of blighted poetic genius, he has never had the courage to attempt another lofty flight of his muse, but dwindles away his life in obscurity, availing himself of any obscure literary employment, while hundreds of others, with not a tithe of his ability, comparatively speaking, bask in the smiles of fortune."

Mr. Mulready had considerably interested me in this sketch; and as I marked the careworn and emaciated features of the young author, I found that in the melancholy smile that occasionally tinged his countenance, I could trace the expression of a broken spirit that was yielding with his person fast to the inroads of poverty and dissipation.

"What a pity—(I observed to my companion)—that genius is so seldom linked to steadiness and perseverance."

"It is to be lamented, certainly (said Mr. Mulready); but look to the long list of our poets; how seldom do we find it united with that same steadiness? While genius, like the meteor of the marsh, may be said to bewilder or to delight, this fatal gift sublime will be most frequently found an erring light, which, undirected by judgment, or sound principle, expires in a night. After all, perhaps, the greatest triumph genius can achieve, is to attain the summit of fame by the aid of labour and perseverance. In fact, it may be set down as an incontrovertible proposition, that no man, whatever his genius, ever becomes great without hard fagging."

I assented to the truth of this remark.

"Let me now (said my friend) direct your attention to an individual the very antithesis of poor C—, the great fault of whose mental as well as physical organization is an extreme sensibility, which indeed forms a portion of the fatal diagnosis of the deadly disease that is most consuming him, when his glance is the brightest, and his spirits the lightest. The man whom I allude

to is seated nearly facing you ; that handsome, dashingly-dressed fellow (said my companion, directing my glance to the individual whom he had singled out). The chances are as a hundred to one that that fellow has not paid for a single article he has on. He should be a disgrace to any set of men who profess anything like honesty and decency ; and yet, strange to say, that fellow, although known, by means of his appearance, an excellent address, and pleasing manners, is tolerated. He is a ‘ man upon town’ in the true sense of the word, and distinguished by a peculiar ability in his way that enables him to live at times as an agent in literature, in a style unknown to other literary men. This I will proceed to explain, but will first give you a small portion of his history. He is descended of an excellent family, whom he early in life disgraced, and who have long since ceased to have any connection with him. He sat his terms for the bar, but never duly qualified himself to be called. Having, through his dissipation and unprincipled conduct, forfeited the esteem of all his family and influential friends, he attached himself to literature. Soon finding, however, that he was destitute of any talents of composition, he commenced studying the most contemptible arts connected with the business ; attached himself to the papers, and for a time managed to become, if I may use the term, ‘ accident general maker,’ and ‘ puffer-general’ to the journals, until at length he became so notorious a liar, that his reports ceased being accepted. Extremely plausible, and having become well practised and conversant with the whole system of newspapers, he directed his attention to the establishing of one, and which, by means of an alluring prospectus, he succeeded in establishing, and which at present owes its existence to having fallen into other hands. His success in this creation induced him, after losing his journal, to make a second. And, in fact, one of his chief means of subsistence is in getting parties to embark their capital into his hands in such literary speculations, when he invariably spends the money, and allows the thing to drop to the ground. When, however, people have been more careful in not trusting the cash out of their own hands, he succeeds in getting the paper established ; and then, if his exorbitant demands are not complied with, sets up an opposition journal, or threatens to vilify ; and if he do not thus extort money, seldom fails to succeed in his purpose. No man has so extensive a connection, or has turned it to a better account. Though imprisoned at least fifty times, and having been made a bankrupt over and over again, as well as having passed repeatedly through the Insolvent Debtors’ Court, he still manages to find new victims, although there is not a publisher or book-seller in London that would not avoid him as a pestilence.”

“ He must be an outlawed miscreant,” I remarked.

“ And yet, to give the devil his due, that fellow has an uncommon genius in what is termed the getting up of periodical works ; but it seems a portion of his

nature as if he could not be honest. And yet, in the midst of his joviality, he affects a light and superficial tone in speaking of his own acts, as if they arose more from a love of fun and amusement than any other motive. Latterly, he has succeeded in establishing a low work of an infamous character, which is conducted with a clique worthy of himself, the business of whose worthless lives it is to get acquainted with the vices or misfortunes of others, and then threaten to publish them unless paid for their silence. By this system of extortion, that worthless fellow lives oftentimes in luxury. I say oftentimes, for his life is, I believe, the most varied and changing of any I have met with. One week you may behold him driving his cab, dressed in the highest fashion, and another see him with a crushed hat and with holes in his boots. His assumption of character is equally changeable. One month he will be found affecting a military character, dressed in a blue surtout, with a beard and moustache, and at another a sporting country gentleman. These changes, however, may arise, perhaps, in the hope of deceiving the creditors and sheriffs' officers who are constantly after him."

"My only wonder is (I observed), that such a man can be tolerated."

"It is a wonder (replied Mulready), but he is known to be such a fearless and desperate ruffian, that no one likes to incur his hatred by openly expressing feelings of dislike. Then, he is so specious, that he has frequently made cat's-paws of some of our cleverest writers. Acting, as it were, as an agent in obtaining their services, taking good care, however, to pocket the chief gains himself. It is, indeed, by this very means of producing a list of men of first-rate newspaper ability, that was one of his grand schemes for inducing gentlemen of respectability to give ear to his establishing newspaper system. But I fear I have wasted words upon a worthless object, who appears to have lived for no one purpose but to act as a scourge to the sober and industrious classes of society. His end, I have no hesitation in saying, will be as miserable as his life—

"No friendly hand to close his eye—
No heart be near to mourn."

"A picture where all is shade displeases the eye. Pray, tell me who that stout man with the rosy countenance is?" I asked, pointing to the person whom I alluded to, and who occupied a seat a short way from me.

"You mean that impersonation of Shakespeare's 'Falstaff?' He sets up for, and is considered a second Doctor Johnson, for which purpose he affects coarser and more brutal manners even than are natural to him. A word of politeness or civility he considers in the light as deteriorating from his character. This, indeed, would not be put up with by many of his compeers, but for a fund of low humour of which he is possessed, which, in convivial

moments, renders his society more prized. He really is very clever as a linguist, and makes a very decent income through his skill as a translator, besides accidental employment as a reviewer. But by far the most humorous trait in his character is a love of argument and contradiction, in which his great original never excelled him. In this he displays very considerable obstinacy, but with more tact. It is a rule with him never to confess himself wrong, and he no sooner finds that he is getting the worst of the discussion, than, where the discussion is intricate, he has recourse to a very ingenious method of ending it, and that is by mystifying it. If he succeeds, which it is ten to one but he will, in perplexing and confusing your perception for a minute, he pushes you out of your position, and assumes it himself, and then affects to wonder why you did not explain yourself in clearer language when both taking the same view of the question. This ruse is frequently accompanied with a sufficiency of humour to make the bystanders laugh, and keep them in good humour. Another method of making what he calls an honourable retreat from the scene of discussion, when he finds he has caught a tartar in argument, is by affecting suddenly a sullen and haughty dignity, accompanied by some such observation as ‘we differ in our views.’”

“He must be rather an oddity,” I observed.

“Quite so; but his assumed surliness and eccentricities (said my companion) afford us a deal of amusement.”

“And who, pray (I asked), is that little shrewd man sitting close to him?”

“You do well to draw my attention to him; that is a gentleman who has taken his degree as Doctor of Civil Law, and is justly celebrated as a man of first-rate ability. He was formerly a tutor to a school in Ireland, until advanced by his abilities to comparative affluence as an editor and political writer. But his labours in the field of literature have been numerous and varied, but always—argumentative, learned, or witty,—bearing the stamp of uncommon powers. Like most gifted men, however, he is lamentably in want of that steadiness which we were remarking just now as being so seldom coupled with great literary powers. He who might constitute himself at once, and be looked up to as, the great literary champion of a party, is content to allow his energies to be comparatively frittered away; but still his pen is a considerable accession of strength to the Tory party in England.”

“I know him well by reputation (I remarked), and I cannot but feel concerned that such learning, and such a mass of varied and extensive knowledge, should be so furtively employed.”

“It’s a pity, indeed (said my companion), but the history of nearly all our literary men teem with it. There are exceptions, and eminent ones, in the present day, but they are men of private fortune, and are not driven to that excess-

sive exertion of mind at all times which constitutes the most painful of fagging, and which, by some strange fatality, seems to blunt the moral energies of human nature, and induces the mind to fly to the wildest dissipation as a relief from long hours of close and arduous thought."

" You have not yet shewn me more than one poet," I remarked.

" Poets ! they are sadly at a discount (replied Mulready, taking a long pull at his brandy and water)—how very few among the hundreds who commence authorship by poetry continue it—mediocrity in poetry is scarcely bearable ; a man, to live by it, must be first rate. You may perceive at the third table yonder that young man leaning against the pillar, and talking to that old gentleman. Mark how his hair is raised in fantastic curls, and shirt collar thrown back à la Byron ; he is one of your self-manufactured poets. He has written divers tragedies, and being a young man of some property, has, by dint of good dinners, got himself lauded by the press, but has never been enabled to get employed, affecting, indeed, like Lord Byron, to be averse to writing for the stage."

" That is strange," I remarked, and I thought at the moment of my own withered hopes.

" The great writer (pursued my companion), whom I have already quoted, has said that many a man is a poet who has never penned his inspirations. But, alas ! I might inquire how few are poets, in the proper sense, of the hundreds, not to say thousands, who have written. Few men, at a certain time of life, but, prompted by some passion, have committed themselves in rhyme. The subject there is poetic mad at times, and may be beheld at times in his chamber with his dress in the greatest disorder, and his eyes ' in a fine frenzy rolling,' when the fit of inspiration is on him. At such periods, he attaches the greatest consequence to a very ridiculous system of diet. But the fact is, having acquired, as I imagine, by the aid of extensive reading and a good memory, an off-hand miscellaneous stock of ideas and images, like many other imaginary poets, fancying themselves under the sublime influence of high inspiration, he gives them a somewhat different form, and deludes himself with the idea that he has created. This is exceedingly common among the lower order of rhymers. In many of his stray pieces that contrive to find their way into the leading periodicals, we are annoyed by the sickening repetition of ' blue eyes' and ' blue skies,' which verily tend to give one the ' blue devils.' "

" And who are that shabby group (I inquired)—that have just entered the room?" alluding to three men, all of them under-sized, but marked in their appearance by their shabby dress and flash appearance.

" Defend me from them ; these are three of the most popular of the minor dramatic authors, dealers in the ' black art,' submarine stores, and battle, mur-

der, and 'sudden deaths.' One of them has learning and abilities of a superior order (I allude to him with the long curly hair streaming over his shoulders), although his naturally excellent abilities have been prostituted to compositions of the most contemptible 'clap-trap' description. But this he owes to his love of tippling, which has been his ruin."

"There is still something intellectual in the appearance of his face," I observed.

"Ah! the 'light of other days' has faded from it; you should have beheld him some fifteen years ago; when at the height of his fame, a more gentlemanly fellow did not exist. He was then the pet author of the town, and caressed by the two rival managers of the Royal Theatres. Notwithstanding that he has written upwards of two hundred pieces for the stage, nothing but poverty or coercion can induce him to sit down to composition. Some of his most admired pieces have been nearly written in a night, when, with a bottle of wine, he has been shut up in a room by the manager. Although a classic scholar, and an excellent linguist, besides having an extraordinary facility for composing pretty songs, both comic and sentimental, the greater part of his life of late years has been spent in tap-rooms, and among the lowest of the low; he has become perfectly degenerated."

"Literature seems, as far as its professors are concerned, a fated profession."

"You may well say that (resumed my friend); but I think the lowest set of men we have, who call themselves authors, are the dramatic writers."

"Is not that judgment somewhat unjust?" I asked.

"No; there are many dramatic writers whose genius and gentlemanly conduct gives an air of respectability to that business; but these form the exceptions and not the rule. By the way, there is a laughable story told of the shortest of these three; being engaged to write a melodrama for one of the minor theatres, and wishing, of course, according to the prevailing taste, to render it as terrific as possible, he took a fancy into his head that he would be sufficiently aroused to horrors in passing a night in the vaults of a church in the Waterloo Road, for which permission he bribed the sexton. The cold and gloom of the place, however, together with the myriads of rats that swarmed about the place, took such an effect upon his mind, that a little after midnight the poor fellow in an agony of alarm rushed from the spot."

I laughed at this account, and perceiving that my worthy friend was rapidly tending to that state of unsteadiness which he had so unmercifully condemned in others, I reminded him of a promise which I had made to return home early, when we took our departure from the tavern.

(*To be Continued.*)

THE SONG OF THE SPRING MORNING.

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

Who strikes so quick upon my window pane?
 What shakes the little stems of my leafy vine?
 'Tis the morning breeze returning again,
 The reveller tells thee Spring's joys are thine.
 Up, mortal! up! e'en at thy threshold see
 In richest profusion Spring's stores are spread,
 Creation is teaming with life for thee;
 Awake Idler! awake! quit thy downy bed.

Hearest thou not the hum of the chafer's wing?
 Inebriate with perfume, and light he reels,
 Then striking the casement in headlong swing,
 In narrowed circles away he wheels.
 See stealing thro' branches the swift sunbeam
 Flings their soft shades waving across the room,
 And now bursts in splendour, a dazzling gleam,
 And now involves all in a transient gloom.

The nightingale sang, until almost hoarse,
 To thy dull ear in vain, and off she flies
 From her favourite thorn, wings a different course
 To claim some lover's readier sympathies.
 For this have I struck on thy window pane,
 And shaken the stems of thy leafy vine;
 Spring's empire is brief, and cannot remain,
 Nor the springtide of youth ever be thine.

They, like the dancing sunbeams of a day,
 Glitter for an hour, then quickly pass away.
 To-day, their beauty o'er the land is spread,
 To-morrow they fade, they sink, and soon are dead.
 Awake then, Idler! awake! quit thy bed,
 In rich profusion Spring's stores now are spread.

A L O N Z O.

(Continued from p. 334, vol. 7.)

THE Alcaza of Segovia is one of those strongly fortified palaces which the Moors planted on the Spanish soil. At the present day its ruins present the most splendid vestiges of the Arab domination to be met with on the Peninsula.

At the period of our history, the Alcaza was a royal residence. The Castilian Sovereigns sought refuge within its impregnable walls, when foreign invaders, or internal commotions, menaced their repose. Its interior decorations had not been changed since the conquest, and every trace might be found of the indolent habits and splendid luxury of the Mussulman Princes.

The Infanta's apartment was decorated with an infinity of those gorgeous ornaments still admired in the palace of the Alhambra. The walls were covered with bright pictures, brilliant gilding, and delicate wreathings of fresco colours, in fanciful arabesque designs; long narrow windows permitted only a softened light to be cast on the spacious saloons and galleries which were closed by carved cedar doors. But a less elegant, a less civilised people had made some change in the sumptuous decoration of these apartments; the large divans and silk hangings had given place to more austere luxury, the present furniture according with the simple, grave, and monotonous habits of a princess of the fifteenth century.

The Infanta Donna Isabella was not crowned Queen of Castille and Leon, though generally recognised. The clamour of rebellious war was not yet hushed: it was, therefore, deemed advisable by her councillors for her to remain securely guarded by her devoted subjects in this strongly defended palace, until the propitious moment should arrive when she might be hailed as anointed Queen. Her late miraculous escape taught her how uncertain are all human events, and she remained calmly awaiting the result of what next might occur in her destiny. She was not of an ambitious mind, and had already experienced some of the cares and troubles of greatness; but from her early education she had learned that in her position she did not live for herself alone, but was called upon to watch over the happiness and welfare of millions, who, on their side, were taught to look up to her for those blessings. Her position was both strange and difficult, for in the midst of her own family she encountered the bitterest enemies; her life had been threatened by her own brother, and the weak minded monarch whom she was about to succeed was poisoned by the same hand. She was the greatest heiress of the Christian world, and all the potentates of Europe raised their hopes and intrigues towards effecting a matrimonial alliance with her.

The grandees of Castille, at whose head was the Grand Master of Santiago, strongly urged the Infanta to consent to one of these royal alliances, but she firmly declined them all, and for a season they ceased to press the matter upon her consideration. The reasons (if such they could be called) that she urged for refusing all overtures of marriage, none of her councillors could precisely fathom. No one suspected that her objections proceeded from the mysterious influence of the heart, so often experienced,—so well dissimulated by young girls, in every grade of life, but especially by those whose elevated birth renders it almost criminal for them to listen to the dictates of natural feeling.

One night the Princess had retired early to her oratory : she enjoyed the solitude and repose of that holy retreat, over whose threshold not even the ladies of her court dared step. There it was that Isabella found herself alone and free to meditate upon young love's dreams, in painful retrospection, with no bright ray of hope to gild the future scenes and wishes of her life. Although at that period the curse of courtly etiquette had not so severely fettered the sympathies of nature as in the present day, the Princess was, nevertheless, subjected to many severe and minutious duties. Her Confessor was the only man permitted to speak to her without witnesses, and her ladies of honour did not quit her by night or day. The dawn of her future greatness already surrounded her with its ceremonial rigour.

The oratory had formerly been a bath, and the austere symbols of the Christian religion had now replaced the profane decorations of Infidel luxury—the vases of flowers, the marble basins, the costly arabesques of rich mosaic, the perfumed crystal stream, no longer existed—yet something of the past remained to recall that period of voluptuous elegance. The brilliant gilding of the cupola reflected the rays of a silver lamp suspended before the Image of the Virgin, the atmosphere was warm and bland, and the perfume of evening flowers intoxicating to the senses.

The Infanta approached the window for a moment, gazed around, and observed that no sentinel was seen counting the minutes of his weary duty ; no light shone upon the immense walls to enliven the darkness and stillness of the night ; but before the Princess finally retired to rest she remarked a light at the distant window of a room nearly facing the oratory, a shadow seemed to pass behind it, and there remain stationary.

"It is he," murmured Isabella, her eyes remaining fixed upon that motionless shade, which also seemed immovably contemplating the spot where the Princess stood.

"Oh, my heart, lie still. Oh, Holy Virgin, guide me, for I love him—love him tenderly."

A few moments after the Infanta retired from the window, leaving the lattice

blinds unclosed towards the stone balcony beneath the window. The curfew bell had long since sounded its warning notes. Not a sound was heard to disturb the deathlike stillness of the gloomy palace—no lights illumined the long corridor. It was nearly midnight, and the ladies in waiting were nodding in the arms of sleep around the *brasero* (brazier), which stood in the middle of the room they occupied. The Camerara Mayor, according to custom, was the only one who remained at the entrance of the oratory, divided from the interior by a thick curtain, whose ample folds concealed the inner door.

Donna Isabella was opposite the image of the Virgin. Her head reposed against the high-backed chair she sat upon. Her lovely eyes were partially closed, and short sighs, with slight convulsive tremors, betrayed the conflict of passions that agitated her soul. The hour of midnight slowly chimed in deep, solemn cadences—the Princess started up as if some magic had given impulse to her frame. She looked around with an air of cautious enquiry, then cautiously opened the door, and peeping through the curtain folds, beheld Donna Anna calmly sleeping at her post.

Pale and trembling the Princess seated herself in front of the open window. She listened, but the night breeze alone disturbed the profound silence of the Alcazar. Suddenly there appeared the outline of a human form on the balcony. A slight rustling noise was heard. Isabella sprang from her seat, and rushing to the window, whispered, "For your life do not advance or stir from where you are."

"You have then expected me, Madam?" replied the voice of a man as he knelt, respectfully kissing the Princess's extended hand.

"Oh, yes! Alonzo. I have most anxiously awaited your coming; but when I reflect that certain death attends your discovery here, my mind is troubled, for it is on my account you a second time have risked your life."

"Oh! Princess, for a moment like the present one I would lay down a thousand lives—give up eternity itself."

"Hush! hush! Alonzo, speak not thus impiously."

"Madam, when a man loves as I do, he neither fears death, the condemnation of the world, or Heaven's wrath. He has within his breast a resolution that guides him onward in defiance of the decrees of fate that seem to litter his steps. Princess! dearest Isabella let me call you, in this silent spot! I love you, madly love! and am prepared to meet the penalty of my daring crime if I die but once assured that I am not indifferent to you."

Isabella leant forward, and their lips met as she breathed in trembling accents, "Dearest Alonzo, I return your love!"

"Then shall I die happy, and proud of my fate, come when it may," Alonzo firmly answered.

"Dearest Alonzo, I have most anxiously awaited this opportunity of speaking with you alone—perhaps," she added, with a deep-drawn sigh, "for the last time. I now feel the slavery of my rank, and the secret abasement of its grandeur. Alonzo, had I been born your equal, as the world calls it, but oh! how far your inferior in fact I am, I should not have been compelled thus to meet you with mysterious secrecy, and to compromise the delicacy of my sex. I wished this meeting in order to apprise you that it must be the last we may enjoy, if the hour of parting can afford any pleasure. Fate has placed a gulf between us, never to be passed with life and honour. My heart has betrayed its secret, for I am but a poor weak woman like the humblest of my sister mortals. I am not ashamed of the passion that glows in my breast, for it was planted there by gratitude. I owe my life and these fleeting moments to you, I owe you everything in return but my eternal repose, which rests upon the basis of virtue alone. I pray our Holy Mother to strengthen and fortify my good intentions, and to alleviate the anguish of a broken heart. I also pray that you, dear Alonzo, may forget, or at least only think of the past and the present as of a feverish dream of Love's creation to try your confidence in Heaven, for from that source we can alone seek permanent comfort. You will shortly be called upon, like myself, to fill an important duty towards your fellow-creatures, in which the weakness of the heart must not militate against the truth of judgment and honour. In those scenes we may perhaps forget each other, at least so we must endeavour to do. But this must never be forgotten—that nothing can change our relative positions and circumstances of life. The immutable decree of fate has so ordained it, and we must be obedient to its mandate, however dreadful to support. Adieu! dear Alonzo," faintly exclaimed the Princess. "Stir not, or attempt to follow me—you would seal your own fate and stamp my name with infamy, God knows how unjustly. Farewell! I shall watch over your welfare—you over mine—and when our love presents itself to memory, no pang of reproach will embitter its recollection."

"Oh! beloved Isabella, yet one moment longer, I have much to say."

But the Princess had withdrawn her hand from his eager grasp, and retiring into the oratory, suddenly closed the blinds, leaving Alonzo dismayed and heartbroken.

The Canon, Don Antonio Guzman, was now become Archbishop of Segovia, and, being restored to his patrimonial wealth, looked forward with ambitious pleasure to his nephew's aggrandisement, and the fame of their ancient name in the future annals of history. They both inhabited the Alcazar, but the uncle, though daily immersed in the routine of political and ecclesiastical duties, never lost sight of the austere despotism he had always exercised towards his nephew from infancy, and Alonzo also felt for him that deference which long confirmed

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habit imparted, and respect entitled his uncle to demand. Little suspecting the true situation of the Queen's affections, the Archbishop was the most urgent of her councillors to press an immediate alliance with one of her royal suitors. The Prince of Arragon he thought in every point of view the most eligible match, as in him was combined the best interests of Spain. But the Grand Master of Santiago, on the contrary, as warmly pleaded the cause of a prince of France, founding his preference upon the eventuality which might place upon his brow the noblest crown of Europe, and unite beneath the same sceptre the two most powerful nations of Christendom. A third candidate was the King of Portugal, and his pretensions were backed by very unexceptionable recommendations from numerous grandes of Isabella's councils.

All, however, were rejected firmly, but respectfully, by Isabella, on the plea of her youth, and the unsettled state of her future kingdom. Negotiations nevertheless continued, and political parties ran high, threatening to add more discord to that which already existed in the political world. The little Court of Isabella was fast becoming the focus of ambitious intrigues, which made her faithful friends tremble for the consequences. Louis XI., offended with the obstinacy of a mere girl's caprice, as he styled it, despatched the Cardinal d'Abby to press for an immediate reply. After long protocols and tedious evasions, a day was finally appointed by Isabella's ministers to give her definite answer to her noble suitors' ambassadors. Great was the anxiety of the Courtiers to learn upon whom the Princess's choice would fall. The Grand Master considered it impossible France could meet with a refusal. The Archbishop felt equally certain that the ties of consanguinity and national feeling would ensure the Spanish Prince success, and many of the highest rank spoke with the same confidence of the King of Portugal's well-founded pretensions.

On the day appointed, the Queen had passed the morning in prayers, and her *Camerera Mayor*, at the hour of twelve, announced to her that it was time to give the solemn audience—all the council being then assembled, anxiously awaiting her gracious presence, in the grand hall of the Alcazar. The officers of state waited at the outside of the oratory to conduct her, and the Princess, leaning on the *Camerera's* arm, firmly, though slowly, entered the hall of audience.

The preliminary ceremonies having been gone through, and the ambassadors, for the first time, introduced, the Grand Master, as prime minister, approached the throne, before which he knelt, and, in an eloquent speech, pointed out to Isabella the necessity of her forming a matrimonial alliance, for the happiness of her subjects and the peace of Europe in general. He descanted largely upon the merits of her royal suitors, and implored her Majesty, for her own happiness, were no other interest to prevail, that she would not hesitate in pronouncing on whom she would condescend to bestow her hand.

Isabella listened with extreme attention until the conclusion of the Grand Master's speech, and then motioned him to rise. All eyes were turned upon her as if to discover her thoughts by anticipation, the partisans of each pretendant confidently hoping the success of their views ; but nothing betrayed the Queen's emotions as she replied—" My Lords: I have attentively perused and deeply meditated upon the missives addressed to me by your several royal masters. The King of France does me the honour to demand my hand for his brother ; the King of Portugal is pleased to ask it for himself ; and the King of Arragon pleads for it in his son's name. I have prayed Heaven to enlighten and guide me in my choice, but it has not pleased the ruler of kings to awaken in my heart that proper feeling which should exist in reference to such an important matter of earthly consideration. I have also duly weighed all the important inducements placed before me by my sage advisers and loyal councillors, whose affection and fidelity excite my warmest gratitude. But, for the present, I renounce all idea of matrimony ; and if the sceptre of Castille is placed by destiny in my hand, I will wield it alone, and, with God's help and yours, my lords, become enabled to govern my kingdom, gain the affections of my subjects, and make my enemies fear me."

A low stifled murmur was heard—every countenance expressed alarm and discontent. The council was broken up, and the Princess retired to her privacy, there to dwell upon sorrows only known to herself.

The Grand Master possessed a great share of penetration, and naturally concluded some hidden cause influenced the Princess's mind to refute such unexceptionable offers. This could only be a secret presentiment for some other object—who could that be ? who could have dared to raise his eyes in secret to such an elevated height? The Princess had been educated in strict seclusion, and though after circumstances exposed her to a sort of forbidden association with persons beneath her rank, she had never been for an instant beyond the watchful eye of those appointed to guard her from the snares of the world. Deeply musing over these reflections, a sudden thought seemed to awake him from his dream.

" By all the saints!" he loudly exclaimed, starting from his reverie, " it must be so ! this shall be looked to."

The same night trusty persons were appointed to watch the apartments of the Archbishop and his nephew. The former remained long in prayer, but everything was dark and silent in Alonzo's room. Towards midnight, however, the door unclosed, a cavalier enveloped in his cloak furtively stole out, and ascended the stairs leading to the upper apartments of the Alcazar, followed with noiseless steps by the two spies. They passed through long corridors into which opened the chambers of the servants and inferior officers of the household ; from one of

these a female form, closely veiled, was seen to emerge, and at some distance pursue the cavalier, as if also watching his nocturnal course. When they reached the southern angle of the building they there paused; this spot was called the Princess's private garden; it was protected by high ramparts against the icy wind of the mountains of Guadarrama, and thickly planted with flowering shrubs that summer and winter preserved their beauty, and offered at all seasons a lovely retreat. From this spot a long terrace led to the apartments of the Princess, from which it was, however, separated by vast saloons, the chambers of the ladies in waiting, and those of their attendants. This artificial garden was the most solitary part of the Alcazar, but little known to many of the inmates, and yet more rarely visited by those who did know of its existence, as it was considered forbidden ground. The cavalier and the veiled female now seated themselves.

"We are alone; no prying eye can witness our meeting. Tell me by what chance I meet you here?" whispered Alonzo. "You know not the danger you incur—our lives may pay the penalty of your rashness."

Scarcely were these words uttered before Alonzo found himself in the iron grasp of two powerful armed men, without any means of resistance, being himself without weapons of any kind.

"What ho! lights! lights! Here is a man in the Queen's private garden!" was-repeatedly vociferated by Alonzo's captors. The sentries on duty echoed the cry, and in a few minutes several cavaliers advanced with drawn swords, followed by a crowd of armed men.

"We are lost!" sorrowfully exclaimed Alonzo, "these are the Grand Master's officers."

By a sudden effort Alonzo disengaged himself from the grasp of his captors, and snatching a sword from one of them, prepared to sell his life dearly; but a blow aimed at him from behind felled him to the ground, and he was immediately surrounded and borne away. The female had escaped and was nowhere to be found.

The alarm having spread from post to post around the walls, at last reached the Princess's ears, and on her attendants appearing before her pale and breathless she demanded what caused the confusion and uproar. "Has Don Enric laid siege to the Alcazar?"

"No, your Highness, it is a false alarm—that is—no danger threatens your Highness."

"Do not deceive me, Donna Anna, I too well can read your looks; some danger does menace all of us—speak the truth, I am fully prepared to meet the worst, and would to heaven I may be the only victim. Speak, Donna Anna, I command you."

"Beloved Princess, I assure you no danger threatens your repose; the truth is, and I grieve to speak it, the Grand Master's night patrol have discovered a man concealed in your Highness's private pleasure ground."

"And have they ascertained who that presumptuous person is?" slowly inquired Isabella, in accents of peculiar meaning, and showing a deep feeling of interest.

"Alas, your Highness, no difficulty was to be overcome in making that discovery. It is our faithful protector, Don Alonzo de Guzman; how he came there, or for what purpose, is the only mystery."

"Don Alonzo!" slowly pronounced the Infanta, with deep emphasis; "well, what of that! is the crime so mighty that an army should be on foot at this solemn hour to secure a single man, and that man our well-known faithful servant? This surpasses my understanding. Good night, once more, Donna Anna, the coming day will elucidate this grand mystery. I'll again seek rest, the clamour now is hushed; good night, and may the Holy Virgin protect the innocent."

The Countess withdrew.

"Oh! Alonzo," exclaimed Isabella, wringing her hands in an agony of despair, "to what has your rashness exposed you and I? You have sealed your death-warrant, and stamped my name with infamy. Merciful heaven, look down upon me and guide my thoughts, and direct my actions in this fearful trial. Die! Alonzo die!—for my crime—for my love! it must not be, I will attempt to save him, though it should cost me my kingdom, and consign me to contempt and banishment from this hateful world. Hear my fervent prayer, Oh, merciful heaven!"

The morning broke upon Isabella's sleepless eyes; she had scarcely ceased to pray during many hours of wretched suffering and self-reproach; she was exhausted both in body and mind, when she summoned her attendant, who, like herself, presented a heartbroken aspect. But few words passed between them as the Princess prepared for her matinal devotions. No allusion to the occurrences of the night was made by either.

The Princess, pale, and with a downcast eye, descended from her apartment leaning on the Countess's arm, and followed by her ladies towards the chapel. A stillness and unusual silence prevailed throughout the palace, every countenance seemed amazed and sorrowful. As the Princess passed along the various saloons, each one appeared anxious to read in her countenance some solution of their thoughts. Was Alonzo to die? was he only to be banished? how would that day terminate? It was well known that the Archbishop was about to kneel before the Princess, and implore his nephew's pardon; unhappily however, the Princess could not alone grant his request; her wishes were no doubt power-

ful, but the laws were imperative, and she in her turn could only become a suitor for their mitigation, the execution of them was entirely in the hands of her ministers, all of them men sworn to uphold them in their strict severity, in order to check the rebellious spirit of the times.

At the moment Isabella was about to enter the chapel, a female knelt before her, and respectfully kissing the hem of her robe, as with clasped hands she exclaimed :—

“ O, mighty Queen ! have mercy on Don Alonzo ; I alone am guilty.”

“ Rise, woman,” said the Princess, with a palpitating heart ; “ who, and what are you ?”

“ A poor Jewess, great Princess.”

A murmur of horror and indignation ran through the crowd of attendants as the young woman opened her mantle, and the mark distinctive of her nation, which they were compelled to wear on pain of death, became visible.

“ Away with her !” was the general outcry as the archers approached, but the Princess, in a tone of command, bade them to stand back, as she leant towards the prostrate figure before her, and for the first time examined her surpassing loveliness.

“ Wretched Infidel, what would you of me ?”

“ O, mighty lady ! grant Don Alonzo’s pardon—I alone am guilty ; I followed him to the palace and daily waited to obtain an interview with him, which I well knew would be refused to one of my nation ; I lingered in the hope of catching a sight of him ; the palace gates were closed upon me, I then concealed myself in an upper chamber beyond those he occupied ; chance directed his steps that way—I followed him to a garden, and was about to explain the object of my seeing him, when he was seized ; I escaped unobserved, and since have heard that he must die. Oh ! in mercy spare his life and take mine, for he is guiltless.”

The Infanta’s countenance, before deadly pale, now flushed with internal emotions, a disdainfully smile contracted her lips as she said in accents of contempt :—

“ This man, then, is your lover ? Miserable woman, thou hadst better pray for thy own salvation than for his, for both deserve eternal punishment. Begone !” The Princess then proceeded to her devotions.

On returning to her apartment she was informed the Archbishop entreated an audience. Assuming all the calmness she could command, but internally a prey to heartbroken emotions, when the venerable priest was introduced she said in a faltering and almost inaudible voice :—

“ Holy sir, I know your request : it is already granted as far as my will goes ; but if your nephew should be spared—if my solicitations should prevail, he must be for ever banished from our court.”

"Heaven's will be done," meekly answered the uncle ; "Don Alonzo is no more." A copious flood of tears bedewed his aged cheeks as he meekly crossed himself and lowly bowed his head. Restored to some degree of composure, he went on to say : " Royal Princess, Don Alonzo richly merited his fate, for he had ignominiously attached himself, as it would appear, to one of the enemies of our Holy Faith. I looked forward to him becoming once more the pride of Europe, and that the untarnished name of Guzman would have been cited in after ages as a model of honour, but he has stamped himself with infamy and blotted the fair scutcheon of his family ; he has brought the last of the name to the grave covered with sorrow and shame. I have now, royal lady, but one request to make, that of being permitted to end my days in the monastery of Carmelite monks, where I will pray for the repose of Alonzo's soul, and that of yours, Princess." After a short pause the Archbishop continued, as if inspired : "Madam ; you will be crowned ere long Queen of these realms, you will then be one of the most powerful sovereigns of Europe ; if you would study your people's happiness, but above all, if you would consult the eternal salvation of your soul, let the accursed race of Israel perish in this land. Let iron and fire deliver this Christian country from the curse of these foul infidels."

Isabella's eye flashed fire as she pressed a pendant cross to her lips, and raising her hands towards heaven, solemnly pronounced :—

"I swear before heaven and our Lady so to do!"

On the following day Don Antonio Guzman resigned his benefices and employments, and entered the Carmelite Monastery as a simple monk. Don Alonzo's death was soon forgotten by all at court except the Princess, who never ceased to think of his tragic end. All she had ever possessed of the power of love was for ever broken in her heart, and she resigned herself to the solitary splendour of her birth and rank. •

The influence of the Grand Master at length prevailed ; she consented to marry, and her hand was bestowed on the Prince of Arragon. Perhaps her choice was guided more by the remembrance of the Archbishop's plea in that Prince's favour than any predilection she entertained more for him than the other candidates.

On ascending the throne she remembered her vow, and established in her kingdom the Tribunal of the Holy Inquisition. Her reign was long and glorious. Two great events marked its course, the conquest of Grenada—and the discovery of the New World. But of all the titles which the love of her people and the admiration of her contemporaries bestowed upon her name, none has been handed down to posterity but that of Her Most Catholic Majesty Queen Isabella.

A SUMMER NOON.

Loud is the Summer's busy song—
 The smallest breeze can find a tongue,
 While insects of each tiny size
 Grow teasing with their melodies,
 Till noon burns with its blistering breath
 Around, and day dies still as death.
 The busy noise of man and brute
 Is on a sudden lost and mute;
 Even the brook that leaps along
 Seems weary of its bubbling song,
 And, so soft its waters creep,
 Tired silence sinks in sounder sleep.
 The cricket on its banks is dumb,
 The very flies forget to hum:
 And, save the waggon rocking round,
 The landscape sleeps without a sound.
 The breeze is stopt, the lazy bough
 Hath not a leaf that dances now;
 The tottergrass upon the hill,
 And spiders' threads, are standing still;
 The feathers dropt from moorhen's wing,
 Which to the water's surface cling,
 Are steadfast, and as heavy seem
 As stones beneath them in the stream!
 Hawkweed and groundsel's fanning downes
 Unruffled keep their seedy crowns;
 And, in the oven-heated air,
 Not one light thing is floating there,
 Save that to the earnest eye
 The restless heat seems twittering by.
 Noon swoons beneath the heat it made,
 And flowers e'en wither in the shade,
 Until the sun slopes in the west,
 Like weary traveller, glad to rest,
 On pillow'd clouds of many hues;
 Then nature's voice its joys renewes,
 And chequer'd field and grassy plain
 Hum, with their summer songs again,
 A requiem to the day's decline,
 Whose setting sunbeams coolly shine,
 As welcome to day's feeble powers
 As falling dews to thirsty flowers.



MONTAGUE, EARL OF MANCHESER.

“ Now civil discord with a lighted brand,
 Spreads fear and ruin over all the land.
 Chieftains, who erst in plates of steel and brass
 Leagued ‘gainst their foreign foes, are now, alas
 Found armed completely, e’en from top to toe,
 Against each other, dooming each a foe!”

The Earl of Manchester, at the commencement of the civil war, declared against the King, and received a commission as general of the associated counties of Hertford, Essex, Cambridge, Norfolk, Suffolk, Lincoln, and Huntingdon. Having been appointed to the command of the army he advanced towards Horncastle, where, in conjunction with Cromwell and Fairfax, he gave the Royalists battle, and gained a considerable victory over the King’s troops. He next took the city of Lincoln, and then laid siege to York, which he was obliged to abandon on the approach of Prince Rupert. He now drew up his army on Marston Moor, where he gave the Prince battle, which ended in the defeat of the royal troops and the loss of their artillery. He next fought the successful battle of Newbury. Shortly after this he had some high words with Cromwell in Parliament. Cromwell accused him of allowing the King’s troops to escape him; in return, Manchester accused Cromwell of wishing to assume supreme authority.

The earl of Manchester, provoked at the impeachment which the King had lodged against him, had long forwarded the war with alacrity; but being a man of humanity and good principles, the view of public calamities, and the prospect of a total subversion of government began to moderate his ardour, and inclined him to promote peace on any safe and honourable terms.

During his command of the army he always exhibited a steady cool courage, and always avoided what appeared to be rash. After the restoration of Charles II., that monarch seemed to have forgotten the past, and equally divided his favours between his late foes as well as friends. Amongst others who accepted office in the new government was the Earl of Manchester, who received the appointment of Lord Chamberlain.

“ He was a brave man,
 And did his country no small service.
 A braver one these eyes n’er looked upon.
 Bred up in tempests, and inured to fight,
 He gazed on danger with a soul so calm,
 That one who knew him not might do him wrong,
 Imputing to him what he felt nor knew,
 A stoick’s apathy—a lion’s courage
 Fill’d his bold heart and flashed in either eye.”

SHAKSPEARE.

THE MAGICIAN OF THE FAUBOURG ST. GERMAIN.

A C H A P T E R O N D E M O N A L O G Y.

Of old they burned magicians and sorcerers. Those were their good times; they were then sure of being respected. For them, every thing has changed. Some philosophy or other has discredited them in public opinion, and has cast ridicule upon their power and their avocations. Men of mind seek to explain by the laws that regulate matter those occurrences which were so much more simply and conveniently attributed to a supernatural power, which explains every thing we can wish. It is pure obstinacy on their part; what would it cost them to believe in ghosts? But these folks will no be put off with insufficient reasons, and will only admit what appears to them clearly and rigorously demonstrated. In vain Don Calmet tells them, and repeats it until he makes his throat sore, that ghosts and phantoms are very common, and that it is only necessary to open ones eyes and to see them; they reject with disdain an authority so respectable; and when that learned man, who is also a man of great powers of mind, after his own fashion, very judiciously adds, that magicians are mere agents, and possesses no other authority than that granted to them by the devil, they do not allow that they are vanquished, and pretend that the devil proves nothing. How can we hope to convince people who will neither believe in the devil nor Don Calmet? Happily, in spite of the corruption of the age, there are still some honest people left who do not trouble themselves about being wiser than their fathers, and who are far from joking with ghosts. Of these, some have seen them, and others have fancied they have seen them, which amounts to the same thing. I should feel very uneasy, then, if these excellent souls should make light of the facts I am about to relate, or should cavil at the conclusions I may draw from them. Besides, the people I allude to know as well as I do, that reasoning is a great labour, and that in matters like these, faith is very easy when we abandon ourselves to it without the least examination.

Was not that old blind man a magician, who, in the Odyssy, evokes dead heroes combating beneath the walls of a paltry town called Troy, and on the banks of that celebrated river the Scamander, which, however, with his permission, would be nothing more than a rivulet if it had not a Greek name? Again, was not the sybil a sorceress, who, in the sixth book of the Eneid, shows Eneas all the great men of his race? And without going so far back, had not that Cagliastro, who made so much noise, a portion of the devil in him? could he without it have counted amongst his dupes a personage of the highest distinc-

tion, a man of wit, and a member of an academy, which must certainly have piqued itself on its great credulity.

How is it possible for me to doubt in the existence of sorcerers! I saw one the other day; I was desirous of seeing something else, but only fancy that all those who could not find room at the other theatres had flocked to the Heraclius.

"A sorcerer is better than nothing," said a friend to me, "so come along to the old Abbey of St. Germain's in-the-fields, for it is there the magician Lebreton resides."

We all know that ghosts have a predilection for abbeys and old castles, a truth most strongly illustrated by both humorous and grave writers of romance.

We reached the door of the cavern and read the inscription—

"Animas ille evocat orce,"

and this other notice—far more terrible, because it is intelligible—"Here dwell the wandering ghosts."

I found myself at a witches' meeting, so I crossed myself against all harm, meantime the magician grumbled some words from his conjuring book. The most profound darkness favoured his diabolical avocations. A ghost appeared; I confess there was nothing very terrible in its appearance. It was the ghost of a beautiful woman, whom death had too hastily snatched away from the admiration of those who had the happiness of beholding her. But the beauty of Olinda procured her less homage than her constancy in love. Her name will be written in letters of gold in the archives of fidelity. Each of her lovers might be sure of pleasing her during an entire month, and it was not till the commencement of the following month that her susceptible heart—ah! how susceptible—felt a longing for a new attachment. She is no more; heaven was envious of the earth's fairest ornament. She is no more, but at least I have seen her ghost. I recognized her every feature; those eyes, in which was depicted a gentle melancholy, that mouth which pleasure selected for his seat, to be more bewitching still; and that figure, which the zone of Venus could not improve. One thing alone surprised me, the ghost of Olinda was not dressed in the latest fashion; the trimming of her gown was completely out of date, the colour of her feathers had been condemned for three whole days; the Ladies' Cabinet is so long in reaching the country and the habitations of the dead.

To the ghost of Olinda succeeded that of a venerable monk, who was reading his breviary with great attention, and wore a look of great taciturnity. This may be easily imagined; for ghosts are generally silent, and of course a monk's ghost should not be a great talker. The monk was replaced by some very ill-looking devils. But would you believe it, they did not frighten any one? the

children played with their claws, and when they came too near, the ladies laughed and played with their horns. In addition to this it is necessary to state that if any of those devils attempted to play pranks of his own, M. Lebreton would soon put him to flight for he had all the power necessary for exorcizing wicked spirits.

"Whose is that new ghost who we can see in the distance, and whose form as yet is indistinct?" asked one.

One man said it was a devil. Another said it was a woman. They were both right—it was a prude. She advanced, and seemed to come in the direction of where I stood.

"I am a doomed man," said one of my neighbours to me "that is my wife, she has come from the dead to plague me again."

I attempted to encourage him by saying—

"Since it has pleased God to make you a widower, he will not be so cruel as to send your wife back again, for though the spirit may wander on the face of the earth, yet the body is in the grave."

This by no means diminished his agitation, and his fears were not dissipated until the magician had caused the prude to be carried off by two devils; and may all the prudes be carried off in the same way! As for the coquettes, they may yet be brought under control.

What did I hear next! all the precursory signals of a storm; already the lightning furrowed the clouds; the thunder growled afar off—it approached—it was over our heads—it fell at our very feet. Thus, like a new Salmoneus, our conjurer hurled his thunder at the head of Jupiter. That was what might be called thunder! that of the opera is but a rattle to it.

You need not expect that I am going to give an accurate account of all the wonders I witnessed. They were so great that I defy an Italian poet to exaggerate them. Your sensible people may look upon them as optical delusions, but I hold them to be the production of good and genuine sorcery. I am not so easily deceived; what I saw, I saw too clearly; I had my spectacles on. I saw a dozen ghosts of poets disputing for a vacant place of the ghost of an academician, and handing in ghosts of poems to their judges. How many conjectures were formed relative to the issue of that assembly, but not one doomed to be realized. The judges very wisely decided that the vacant place should not be filled up for an entire year, and this decision met with general approbation. I have seen the ghosts of two dramatic poets, pleading their cause before the Muse, and amusing the infernal audience by their puerile debates. The devils who were listening seemed quite happy, and when Minos had pronounced judgment, they requested, while convulsed with laughter, that so comical a cause should be brought before Pluto by way of appeal, which was ac-

cordingly done. This event caused great merriment throughout the sombre empire. M. Lebreton dexterously availed himself of these happy dispositions to exhibit to us the dance of the dead, which generally terminates his entertainment. The slimpest ghosts figured as leaders of the ballet, the devils made wondrous pirouettes, while the monk beat time upon his breviary to the agreeable sound of the harmonicon. Immediately a Cupid, beauteous as an angel, took a share in the festival, but his quiver was empty, there were no hearts there to pierce. If love is made in hell it is made in all honour; it can never go very far between two ghosts.

NAPOLEON'S RETURN FROM ELBA.

With our last number of the "Ladies Cabinet" we presented to our subscribers a beautiful engraving of Napoleon's Return from Elba. In the present article we will take a slight glance into that period of the great man's eventful life.

In the spring of 1814, after a desperate and protracted struggle, Napoleon found himself defeated at all points, his capital in the hands of the Allied Powers, deserted by his generals, and abandoned by the world. On the 11th of April, 1814, at Fontainbleau, Napoleon announced his abdication of the throne of France in the following terms:—

"The Allied Powers having proclaimed that the Emperor Napoleon is the only obstacle to the re-establishment of peace in Europe, the Emperor Napoleon, faithful to his principles, declares that he renounces, for himself and his heirs, the thrones of France and Italy, because there is no personal sacrifice, even that of his life, which he is not ready to make for the welfare of France, and for the peace of the world."

The Island of Elba was assigned to him, with sovereign power, and the title of Emperor; and a sum of two millions of francs allowed for his annual expenditure. The shock of so severe a reverse of fortune, at first greatly affected his health; but on the 20th of April he set off from Fontainbleau, followed by fourteen carriages.

In Elba he occupied himself with literature, and the construction of public works, and regularly every morning reviewed his little army. He soon tired of this playing at King, and the political affairs of Europe taking a change, he became restless, and he determined to escape from Elba, and again appear in France.

On the 25th of February, 1815, he set sail from the island, his whole force consisting of only 900 men; on their departure, they raised a general shout of "Paris or death."

On their voyage they had a narrow escape of being captured by the English cruisers, but his fortune favoured him again, and he arrived safe at Antibes, where he had landed sixteen years before on his return from Egypt. He was the last to quit the vessel, and he exclaimed, with exultation, when he again set his foot on the soil of France—"The Congress is dissolved!"

The Emperor, at the head of his devoted little band, advanced to Cannes, and from thence they went to Cérenon on the 2d, without interruption. Five days after he landed he met the Royal army coming from Grenoble to oppose him; it consisted of about 6,000 men. Undismayed, the Emperor advanced, followed by about fifty of his guards with arms reversed. The battalion was drawn up in order, and appeared only to await the command of their officer to fire upon the Emperor, when Napoleon threw open his coat, exclaiming :—

" Soldiers, you have been told that I fear death; if there be among you one man that would kill his Emperor, let him plunge his bayonet into this bosom."

The effect was instantaneous and sublime; the arms of every soldier were hurled upon the ground, and the air resounded with the shouts of "Vive l'Empereur;" the guard and soldiers rapturously embraced; they eagerly tore off the white cockade, and with tears in their eyes enthusiastically mounted the imperial colours.

Napoleon, enchanted with his success, formed them into a square, and thus addressed them :—

" Soldiers,—I come with a handful of men to deliver you from the Bourbons, from treason, and from the abuses they have brought with them; the throne of the Bourbons is illegitimate, because it is contrary to the will of the people; it exists only in the interest of a few families. Is not this true, comrades?"

" Yes, Sire! (exclaimed a grenadier)—you are our Emperor, and we will march with you to victory or to death!"

Napoleon now marched on to Grenoble, but the Governor, Marchand, was faithful to Louis, and ordered the cannoners to fire at Napoleon; but they refused, extinguished their matches, and joined the inhabitants in attempting to beat down the gates to admit Napoleon. They had scarcely commenced their operations, when the whole garrison threw down their arms, trampled the white cockade under foot, and, rushing to the gates, tore them open.

Napoleon met with equal success in every place he showed himself at, and rapidly advanced towards Paris, where he arrived without opposition, and once more took possession of his throne, amidst the joys and acclamations of his people.

THE POULTRY MARKET.

LET those who please descant on the praises of the flower market, but give me the poultry market, for it strikes the imagination much more vividly ; not that I mean to dispute any of the brilliant privileges of flowers. I am as well aware as anybody can be of the power of a pot of tulips on a melancholy mind. I know not how to guard against those gentle emotions with which the tulip melts the hearts of those who are susceptible of such impressions, but the animal kingdom, to which, according to all naturalists, ancient and modern, I have the honour to belong, seems to me to be more deserving of the meditations of the wise man than those fairimate plants, equally insensible to pleasure and pain. Thus, then, let the flower market yield it to the poultry market, for it is there the sentimental observer is sure to meet with somebody to talk to.

But it to every well-bred person—can he, with a tearless eye, behold so many of the feathered tribe—so many hair-clad animals—condemned to death, without having been heard in their defence ? Can he, without a shudder, assist at the execution of these innocent victims, listen to their piercing cries, and gaze upon their flowing blood ? How affecting is the last hour of a pigeon—how effecting the last agonies of a duck. Ah ! the friends of the flowers may talk as they please, turkeys are more sensitive than the most sensitive plant. Let us eat the unfortunate creatures, because their flesh, well-dressed, is really very palatable, but at least let us pity them—let us drown with grief the victims we sacrifice to our gourmandising propensities. The clock has just struck, the cars arrive in a line, the buyers take their station, and the factor mends his pen. The latter is the civil officer of fowls and capons. He notes down upon his dismal tablets everything that leaves that slaughter-house of the feathered creation. He holds inquests on quails, and he delivers the post-mortem certificate of partridges. Thanks to the lists suspended from his chest, we know how many fowls are devoured in the metropolis in the year. This is the way to ensure good statistical tables.

Look with me upon all those birds so different in names, in size, in plumage, from the pheasant, the golden plover, and the azure guinea hen, that are to set off the table of the rich, to the goose, which, simpler and humbler, is destined to regale some cobbler and his family on a festival day, and which, often purchased alive (I shudder to relate it), will furnish cruel amusement to the rustics in the neighbourhood of Paris. He may be seen suspended for two hours between two stakes, until the murderous stick Hold, ye barbarians ! Animals have a soul, and you they hear me not—the goose is no more ! This is what it has gained in the midst of a civilized community, that vaunts its gentleness, its

humanity, and which is happy enough to possess some two hundred societies. But just remark the ridiculous caprices of fate. In ancient Rome, geese were kept and maintained at the expense of the state, which could not forget the service they had rendered it. With us, the cruelties of their butchers is ingenious in prolonging their agonies. Unhappy birds! it is from you that we may, indeed, learn that there is but one step from the capitol to the Tarpeian rock.

Only look at those beauties, once the ornament and pride of the harem of some superb sultan of a cock, who, always enterprising, always happy, found no cruel ones among the companions whom inclination, as well as duty, submitted to his laws. Just look, ye sensitive spirits, in what a state do they meet your eyes? How must their modesty have suffered when a cruel hand deprived them of the clothing given by nature? Formerly, if their conqueror gloried in his triumphs and his exploits in too boisterous and exulting a tone, overcome with modesty, they sought concealment in the crowd, and seemed to complain of the indiscreet lover who betrayed their sweet frailties; and mark how an avaricious merchant exposes their most secret charms to the greedy looks of the curious, and speculates upon their nakedness.

The Sultan lies beside his odalisques, but more unhappy than they; he has undergone the greatest insult to which a generous cock could be exposed.

I pity the Turkey-less. His is a sensitive mind; he is a thinker, a philosopher, prepared for every blow of fate. When I see him driven through the city to market, the slowness of his step makes me think that his mind is at ease. He is aware of the destiny that awaits him at the termination of his journey. He will undergo it with courage and without ostentation; no act of cowardice or fierce despair shall disgrace his last moments. Cato killed himself to prevent his falling into the hands of his enemies; the turkey awaits it without fearing or desiring it. Did Socrates do better? But this heroic resignation is no excuse for our barbarity. The truth is, we show very little charity towards beasts; nevertheless, listen my friends, and don't grow angry. The transmigration of souls is not the most silly of philosophical systems. A day will come, perhaps.....but away with those melancholy ideas, and let us try to have a good digestion, while we wait to be digested in our turn.

Make way there—here he is. Who is he? Can't you guess? It is Sir G. W., who, in one of his nutritive promenades, has proceeded from the fish market to the poultry market. A deputation receives him at the gate; they draw up respectfully wherever he passes. All the poulters rise at his approach, and contend with each other for the honour of serving him. In their eyes he is a person of dignity. It is only in private they call him Sir; in public they give him my Lord. And why? Because he is the dispenser of gastronomic glory; because, like a beneficent dew, his protecting looks fertilize a stall, and

because the slightest honourable mention in his gormandizing archives is a shower of gold for the lucky dealer who can secure it. Let us follow him. As he goes through the market you would say he was a sovereign visiting his palace. However, some amateurs, his disciples in the art of Apicius, have recognised him, saluted him, surrounded him. They are waiting in silence for the oracles that are to fall from his lips. He, excited by the objects exposed around him, is quite in humour, and celebrates in poetical praise the land that sends good turkies and truffles, the provinces and towns that nourish the fowls and capons.

" You see, gentlemen (says he, as he concludes, and with an emotion which he does not seek to dissemble)—you see that the resources of this fine empire are immense. Paris is undoubtedly the capital of the universe, since the market is always well stocked."

Saying this, he leaves the market. He at least will never complain of the ingratitude of his age. The fish and fowl markets are ever grateful; they discount in eatables the bills he draws upon posterity.

You must have remarked that this is peculiarly my ground. In fact, the fowl market is my favourite walk. Every Wednesday and Saturday I there make a course of observations upon the gormandizing crowds who flock thither from all quarters. Besides this, one of the most celebrated butchers is my friend; he is a cunning fellow, and up to everything. I make him my Asmodeus. If he does not unroof houses to instruct me, at least he puts me in possession of the different interests that agitate the customers.

At my last interview with him, a man presented himself with an air of abstraction as deep as that of an author whose new play is on the point of coming out. I observed him purchase the very choicest pieces, and disappear like lightning, after having paid for them without bargaining.

" Who is that fine fellow who appears so abstracted, and who is so heedless of expense ?"

" It is a young hotel keeper (said my Asmodeus), who has just set up. His friends, with a view to procure him a reputation, have speculated on obtaining for him the good word of a celebrated gourmand, who is well known on town, the bare mention of whose name makes one's mouth water. They have, therefore, invited his succulence to a dinner, given to-day by the new hotel keeper at his own expense, and on which he is to display all the resources of his art."

Feeling a curiosity to know the result of this famous speculation, I returned on the following market day.

" Well, what of our young friend ?" said I.

" Not a word more about him (said he); he is about to pay dearly for his glory; his dinner was the most exquisite of its kind. At the désert, he awaited

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the sentence on which his fate was to depend ; the oracle was consulted, and after due deliberation, thus responded the oracle :—‘ Good—very good ; but the dinner has been on a meat day, and, rely upon my experience, we cannot judge of these folks’ skill until we see it on a fast day ! ’ and the poor young man had to begin again by a great outlay, stripping the fish market of its choicest specimens, and expending in two days the dower of his wife. The most mortifying circumstance is, that of my having sold him nothing for his second dinner.”

My Asmodeus related a number of similar anecdotes, but I do not wish to draw too largely upon my Gourmandiana, which I mean to publish immediately, with the permission of the Gastronomic Society.

THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH.

THE Duke of Monmouth was the natural son of Charles II. ; he was born in the year 1650, ten years before the restoration. He was distinguished alike for his valour, affable address, thoughtless generosity, and graceful person ; but with all he was of mean capacity. There was a strong party, with Shaftesbury at their head, who tried to secure the succession to the throne for Monmouth, and exclude the King’s brother, James, Duke of York, on account of his Catholic faith, but the attempt failed. The Scotch covenanters having appeared in open rebellion, Monmouth was sent by Charles, at the head of a small body of English cavalry and some regiments of militia, to quell the insurrection. The rebels, 8,000 strong, had taken post near Bothwel Castle, where there was no access to them only over a bridge, which a small body were able to defend against Monmouth’s forces. The Duke attacked the bridge ; and the rebels who defended it maintained their post as long as their ammunition lasted, and then retreated ; Monmouth crossed the bridge, and completely routed the enemy, taking 1,200 prisoners, whom he treated with the greatest humanity.

The Duke of York, fearing Monmouth was becoming too popular, prevailed upon the King to deprive him of his command and banish him from the kingdom, but he shortly afterwards returned without leave.

In 1681, Charles being taken ill, the Duke of Monmouth entered into a conspiracy to seize upon the throne in the event of his father’s death ; but after the King’s recovery, the crafty Shaftesbury still kept alive the spirit of rebellion in the breasts of Monmouth and the other nobles. But owing to the disagreements among the leaders, the rising in the different parts of the kingdom was postponed, and in the mean time the plot was discovered. Lord Russell and

several of the leaders were executed, but Monmouth made his escape, and afterwards, owing to his father's fondness, he received a free pardon, but giving offence to the King directly afterwards, he was banished the kingdom.

After the death of his father and the ascension of James to the throne, Monmouth arrived from Holland and landed in the west. On his arrival he had scarce 100 followers, but so popular was his name, that in less than four days he had assembled more than 2,000 horse and foot. He then marched to Taunton, where he was considerably reinforced by his friends, and induced to take upon himself the title of king. He was very badly provided with the necessities for his army, and being indolent in his movements, he allowed James time to collect a sufficient force together to oppose him. The two armies met at Sedgemoor, near Bridgewater, where, after a three hours' fight, the rebels gave way. Monmouth fled from the field of battle the distance of twenty miles, when his horse sank under him; he then changed clothes with a peasant in order to escape in disguise; but he was eventually discovered in a ditch, exhausted with hunger and fatigue.

He was shortly after brought to trial and condemned. He went to the scaffold with a firm step, and, previous to laying his head upon the block, he cautioned the executioner not to strangle him as he had Lord Russell. This caution rendered the man more nervous, and in consequence he struck a feeble blow. Monmouth raised his head from the block, and looked him in the face as if reprimanding him for his failure; he then gently laid his head down a second time; the executioner struck him again and again, but to no purpose. He then threw away the bloody axe, and exclaimed he was unable to perform his office. The sheriff obliged him to renew the attempt; at two blows more the head was severed from the body.

Thus perished this unfortunate nobleman in the 36th year of his age.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

A day or two ago I paid a visit to a Madame M——, better known among the poor than in the world. She was sitting at a table, and occupied in counting money, which she then divided into several portions.

"Your coming is very opportune," said she to me, when she saw me enter. "Sit down. Let us consult together—the awful day is drawing near. I am thinking of the presents I am to make to my two daughters and to Jules. Come, what's your opinion—help me in the selection."

All this was said with an air that convinced me that Madame M—— was

expecting the day with no less impatience than her children. I read in her looks—which were animated by the purest joy—that she was anticipating all the pleasure she was to give them. In fine, a mother's heart was there. What more can I say?

These first arrangements being ended, Madame M—— put on a more serious countenance, and made up other parcels, containing different sums.

"Have you then," said I, with a smile—"have you other children?"

A very dry "Yes" was her only reply, but quickly, betrayed by an involuntary emotion, which I shared with her,—

"You have my secret," said she, observing that I had penetrated the mystery; "be careful in keeping it. *These are presents for the poor.* It is but meet, on a day of general rejoicing, to soothe some afflictions, to dry up some tears."

I was less surprised than affected. I had long been aware that Madame M—— had made benevolence a sweet habit, and that her name was never pronounced by the poor of the neighbourhood without blessings and tenderness. "These are presents for the poor!" These are the words I heard, which I never can forget. How many suffering creatures would be succoured if the example, every year set by Madame M——, was followed? Her fortune is not very large—the good she does is immense. These are the presents for the poor! These words recurred to me incessantly—I would wish to sound them in every heart. It is particularly at this season that ordinary assistance is not sufficient to fill the abyss opened by misery. Work is scarce—privations are more frequent—more hands remaining idle—and more families are without support. Great is, then, the number of victims of fatality—of those children whom chance has disinherited, and who are wholly dependent upon the compassion excited by their misfortunes. It is for them I am now pleading; theirs is a sacred cause. Without wishing to detract anything from blood, or friendship, I claim, in favour of misfortune, which has also its rights, a part of those presents, which an ancient and affecting custom has consecrated. It is not for me to point it out; each one may proportion it to his means. How little soever it be, it may still be useful—so little is requisite to relieve one in want of everything; the price of the lightest trifle of the most worthless plaything may appease the cries of an entire family. Think of it; the time appears to me peculiarly favourable. Hearts are expanding to sweet emotions—to generous sentiments—and why should not the noblest of all find a ready place in them. I invoke this benevolence as much on the part of the rich as of the poor; it may in some measure be looked upon as a virtue of precaution, for it is at present one of the sweet guarantees of public tranquillity and of respect to property. It cannot be doubted but that the great disproportion of fortunes frequently excites muttered

blasphemies and dangerous outcries. Is it by reasoning you would oppose them ? Can you reason with hunger ? Can you succeed in convincing, or persuading despair ? Your severest laws are insufficient. They are eluded, they are braved ; benevolence alone can reconcile the sufferer to this social inequality, necessary, inevitable. Benevolence frequently repairs many injuries. In troubled times especially, large fortunes are amassed in too rapid and extraordinary a manner to escape envy.

If there be any at the present day whose origin is open to objection, here is a way left for their possessors to reconcile themselves with opinion, and to silence even fair complaints. Let that misfortune, which they perhaps once experienced themselves, find a support in them ; let them lay aside the presents of the poor ; benevolence will purify what is not without alloy ; people will not think of asking whence its comes, when they shall see a portion of it consecrated to the relief of suffering humanity. The recompense is great for an inconsiderable sacrifice.

Madame M——, to whom I alluded at the beginning of this article, seldom makes her appearance in those brilliant circles, which would be rendered agreeable by the elegance and charms of her mind. The habitual exercise of a virtue, which with her has become a passion, spreads a happiness over her existence, which she would in vain seek for in the dissipation of the world. Her amusements consist in visiting her pensioners from day to day, in guessing at their wants, in lavishing on all assistance and consolation, in flying wherever misery calls her. It was her I heard declare that a single good action follows us everywhere, to make us happy by its recollection. Each one may try the experiment. I am aware that there are many snares laid for sensibility. It is real misery that it is sweet to relieve ; and that hides itself, fears the light, and is not to be met with. The poor who have most claims upon our compassion, are precisely those who are least forward in appealing to it. They lived by their labour—that labour is interrupted—they are distressed—they will die rather than be degraded—their honourable pride must be respected. The assistance which they would blush to solicit should be brought to their doors. It is the rich who are to make the advances in this case, who are to visit the poor in their humble dwelling—what shall he there behold ? Every species of misery united in a single place, and in a single family ; perhaps a mother on the point of fulfilling the most august duty devolved by nature upon her sex—a mother obliged to deplore her own fruitfulness ; around her are her children, alas ! too numerous, whose cries—those piercing cries of hunger—rend her heart and aggravate her sufferings.

If this picture, over a part of which I purposely draw a veil, presented itself more frequently to the eye of opulence, the number of the distressed would

soon be diminished, for it is impossible to stand in the presence of misery without making an effort to relieve it. But some are hurried away by dissipation, while others are restrained by a false delicacy. Well, then, here is a warning for them all. Let them turn to those treasures of the poor—to those ladies who are more to be admired for their virtue than for the figure they make in society; whose every day, every hour, and every moment is consecrated to the works of benevolence. How careful soever they may be to avoid observation, they do too much good to be long unnoticed, gratitude betrays their humility. Let recourse be had to them. As a habit of charity has secrets known to itself alone, the contributions confided to them are more certain of reaching their destination, and of being most properly applied. How trifling soever they may be, they are received with the most affecting gratefulness, well aware that a drop of water reanimates and restores the traveller, exhausted by the parching thirst of the desert. Can it be a delusion of the imagination? Already I behold mothers in presence of their children, on whom this lesson will not be lost, setting aside a part of the presents of the new year as the share of the distressed, saying with Madame M—, these are presents for the poor. Each one gives according to his means—here more, here less—everywhere something, and misery is alleviated.

A lady, as may be observed, has furnished me with this idea. It is to the hearts of the whole sex that I would recommend it—there it should fructify. I shall one day, perhaps, learn that they have not altogether forgotten those who also belong to the family.

BEAUVRAIS AND THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

AMONG the extraordinary events that are recorded in history, perhaps the most remarkable are those which relate to Joan of Arc, who was the immediate cause of that astonishing revolution in the affairs of France, which terminated in establishing Charles VII. on the throne of his ancestors, and the final expulsion of the English from that kingdom.

The history of this wonderful woman is so well known that it will be unnecessary for us to go into the details of her life. We will merely lay before the reader the most remarkable events connected with her history.

Jeanne d'Arc, or, according to the English translation, Joan of Arc, was born in the year 1410. Her parents resided at the village of Domremy, on the borders of Lorraine, in France. She was easily instructed in the tenets of the Christian religion, and from childhood gave many proofs of her piety. Her

early life was chiefly spent in out-door employment, taking charge of cattle, milking, &c. At the early age of fourteen, she professed to see visions and hear voices ; she had reached the age of seventeen when she imagined she heard a voice from Heaven calling upon her to deliver her country from the yoke of the foreigner. At this period nearly the whole of France was in possession of the English. Joan shortly after received a second call from Heaven to save her country. It appears she set out at once, accompanied by her uncle, to solicit an interview with Robert de Baudricourt, governor of Vaucouleurs, to entreat his assistance to reach the King's presence. At first she was refused, but at last succeeded in getting a letter of introduction to the King. The interview took place in the Hall of Chimon ; the King had disguised himself in private clothes, and mixed among his nobles in their splendid dresses, but she discovered him at once, and kneeling before him, repeated that she had a mission from Heaven to save his kingdom and see him crowned in the city of Rheims. Many of the nobles were inclined to laugh at her, but the King took her on one side, and, after conversing with her for some time in an under tone, he declared himself in favour of her oracular gifts.

Joan now being recognised as a useful auxiliary in the almost hopeless cause of France, she was equipped in a suit of knight's armour, and armed with a sword. She was placed at the head of an army some 6,000 strong, and on the 29th of April, 1429, she appeared before Orleans. She wrote a letter to the Duke of Bedford, then commander-in-chief of the English, warning him to give up France to the rightful heir, but the Duke only laughed at her. The besieged garrison of Orleans now made a sally with all their force, while the French troops, under Joan, fought with desperation, and succeeded in uniting themselves with the garrison, and thus relieving the town with both provisions and men, of which they were in great need, for the garrison were dying of hunger and fatigue. Joan made many sallies upon the enemy, always heading her troops, and always being victorious. On two several occasions she was wounded, but always spoke with confidence of success. The French now fully believed she was inspired from Heaven, and fought with confidence according ; and the English, in like proportion, became disheartened, and eventually were driven from before the town on the 8th of May. Her heroism in defending this town gained her the name of *Pucelle d'Orleans*, "Maid of Orleans."

The whole army now looked upon her as one sent not only to save them from destruction, but to gain them victories and laurels. She was engaged in many battles after this, always striking terror to her enemies and gaining victory to the French arms. She never showed the least fear, let the danger be what it might ; at the attack on Jargeau she was mounting a scaling ladder, when she was struck on the helmet by a huge stone hurled from the walls ; she fell from

the ladder severely wounded, but immediately arose, again mounted the ladder at the head of her troops, crying out, "the victory is sure!"

We will pass over her victorious career up to the time of the coronation of Charles, which took place at Rheims on the 17th of July. Joan stood by the King in complete armour, displaying her sacred banner, which had struck such terror into the heart of the enemy.

After the ceremony was over, she threw herself at the King's feet, and, with eyes streaming with tears, congratulated him on his success. She now considered her mission fulfilled, and begged permission to be allowed to return to her former station in society, and again assume the garb of her sex. But her presence inspired the troops with too much confidence for the King to grant her request.

Although it could not be denied that the whole success of the French armies was owing to her, yet the generals and nobles were jealous of her fame, and showed it in many petty ways.

Her good fortune attended her up to the year 1430. She had thrown herself into the besieged town of Compeigne, and, on the 25th of May, made a sally at the head of a hundred men over the bridge, and twice repulsed the enemy; but seeing a strong reinforcement coming against her she ordered a retreat to the town; with a small force she defended the rear, but when she was about to enter the gates were shut. She immediately turned round, and, at the head of some dozen soldiers, that were likewise shut out, charged the advancing foe. She seemed not to expect assistance, but suspected treachery, for, as she turned, she exclaimed, "I am betrayed!" While defending herself, her horse stumbled, and she was taken prisoner by Lionel of Vendôme.

The common opinion was that the French officers, finding the merit of every victory ascribed to her, were envious of her renown, and had intentionally exposed her to this fatal accident. And even the King, now feeling himself more firm upon the throne, was ashamed to acknowledge the restoration of his kingdom by a woman; and although he had many English prisoners of the highest rank, he did not offer one in exchange for her. This neglect of Joan of Arc must for ever remain a black spot on the memory of the ingrate Charles VII. of France.

As a prisoner of war, she was entitled to respect, but the English were so enraged at their losses and disgrace, that nothing short of death would satisfy them; and to accomplish this end they accused her of sorcery; and in shame be it spoken, many of her countrymen were found who did not blush to likewise accuse her; one of them, Pierre Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, presented a petition against her, desiring to have her tried for sorcery and magic; and even the University of Paris joined in this request.

She was now subject to all manner of insults and harsh treatment, and even cruelty. Heavily ironed, her feet in the day time were fixed in iron stocks; and at night a chain was passed round her waist, so that she could not move upon her wretched bed! and armed men in the cell with her day and night.

On the 21st of February, 1431, she underwent her first examination, and as many as fourteen afterwards, so difficult was it to find excuse to put her to death, although they took every unfair advantage, not even allowing her an advocate or defender.

In one of her examinations the infamous Bishop of Beauvais, who had already planned her trial and death, was interrogating her on her faith; her answers were all written down, to be used against her at the trial. (See our engraving for May.)

The most unfair questions were put to her to entrap her, and from her answers accuse her of heresy; amongst many other questions, the Bishop of Beauvais asked her—

"Do you know yourself to be in the grace of God?"

"If I am not in the grace of God," replied Joan, "I pray God it may be touchsafed to me; if I am, I pray God I may be preserved in it."

"Do the saints you pretend to see hate the English?"

"They hate whatever God hates, and love whatever he loves," was her reply.

"Does God, then, hate the English?"

"Whether God hates or loves the English I do not know, but I know all that do not die in battle shall be driven away from this realm by the King of France."

When questioned if her hopes of victory were founded on her banner or herself, she replied—"My faith was in God alone!"

Finally, by means of false witnesses, and various deceptions, she was convicted of heresy, and sentenced to be burnt; and to the lasting disgrace of both France and England, this sentence was carried into execution on the 30th of May, at the market place of Rouen. Thus was this heroine, whom the more generous ancients would have deified, rewarded by being delivered over alive to the flames, for the signal services which she had rendered to her prince and her country.

Since the world has become more enlightened, both countries blush for this act of their forefathers. The French in after years did justice to her memory by erecting monuments to her fame, the most beautiful being that erected a few years ago by a daughter of Louis Philippe. The monument in the market-place of Rouen bears the following inscription:—

The maiden's sword protects the royal crown:
Beneath her sacred care, the lilies safely bloom.

LONDON FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH.

THE fashions are now decided, so far as they can ever be said to be so, for the summer, and consequently we have not a right to expect much novelty; nevertheless our prints will prove that there is still some to be found for those who, like ourselves, spare no pains in seeking it. We beg to call the attention of our fair readers to the great variety of fancy bonnets which this month affords. Some that have recently appeared, are composed of alternate bands of open-worked straw and rich ribbon *bouillonné*. These are usually trimmed with wreaths of either flowers or foliage; if the former, the colours correspond with those of the flowers. Other bonnets are composed of bands of taffeta ribbon, shaded in two strongly-contrasted colours, and set in full to bands of *passementerie* imitating lace. The garniture of these is usually composed of a bandeau of *passementerie*, from which a cluster of very light and pretty tassels depend on one side. We have also to notice several bonnets composed of taffeta or *poult de soie*, the brim made full, the fulness divided into three rows of *bouillonné* by bands of rice straw. These are all, properly speaking, promenade bonnets. Crape, lace, rice straw, and a mixture of crape and *tulle*, are most predominant in half dress. We may cite among the most decidedly elegant, those composed of lace, or of *tulle bouillonné*; many of the latter are ornamented only with long lappets of plain *tulle*, which falls on both sides upon the brim, the interior of which is also trimmed with *tulle*. Nothing can be prettier than this exquisitely light and tasteful *coiffure*. Equally elegant, but in different style, are some bonnets composed of pink crape, decorated with bouquets of roses, and entirely covered with *applications* of *point d'Angleterre*, laid plain over the brim and crown, but drawn full over the bouquet, in such a manner as to partially veil it, and forming long lappets on each side. We may cite among the latest novelties some salmon-coloured crape bonnets, decorated rather sparingly with white and salmon-coloured figured ribbon, and a sprig of white lilac. Several of the most dressy of the silk bonnets are composed of lemon-coloured, Victoria blue, or Chinese rose-coloured *poult de soie*, and covered with white *tulle* of a new and extremely transparent kind; it is arranged in a novel kind of *bouillonné*. Some have the *bouillons* intermixed round the crown, with small tufts of early flowers; others have a long slender sprig of roses placed on one side, and drooping forward something in the style of a feather; they are intermixed with buds and foliage; a few of the buds seem falling from the bouquet on the

brim. This is a singularly pretty style of garniture ; there is a careless-elegance in it which has a very original effect.

We observe that the form most in vogue for *mantelets* is that which forms a shawl at the back, and has very short scarf ends. Those of the taffetas *glacé*, trimmed with *volants* of the same, are a good deal in request in plain walking costumes. We see also several of black *moire* trimmed with lace or *passementerie*. Those of black lace, or embroidered muslin lined with coloured silk or crape, are a great deal in vogue in half-dress, for which also black lace shawls are coming very much into request ; they are large, of a very fine ground, and rich pattern ; consequently, if real, they are very expensive, but in truth our imitation lace is now carried to such a degree of perfection, that it is only a connoisseur in lace that can distinguish the imitation from the real. Barege shawls are also fashionable, but not to a very great degree.

Notwithstanding the warmth of the weather, silks still divide the vogue with light materials for promenade robes ; and, indeed, are rather in a majority. We may cite amongst the most elegant of the dresses those of the pelisse form, particularly those of grey, green, and blue taffeta *glacé de blanc*. The *corsages* were made high, and the sleeves long and tight ; an embroidery in silk of a deeper colour than that of the dress, ornamented the front of the *corsage* and skirt ; it descended *en tablier* on each side of the front, and turned round the bottom of the border. The sleeves were ornamented with very small *mancherons* of the wing form, and cuffs *à la mousquetaire*. Both were embroidered *en suite*. Others of these robes were ornamented only with silver *boutins Andalous*, which closed the dress from the top of the *corsage* to the bottom of the skirt. A third kind of trimming is formed of bands of *passementerie* disposed in demi-lozenges ; there are three rows on the front of the skirt, each increasing in size as they descend from the waist to the bottom, every half lozenge is finished at the points with an ornamental button, very prettily wrought. The *corsages* of these latter robes are open in front, and trimmed with a *revers* cut in small demi-lozenges, they are edged with *passementerie*, the *mancheron* and cuffs are edged to correspond.

The *peignoir* retains its vogue in home dress ; those intended for home toilette are composed of taffeta ; the *corsage*, open in front, displays a high *chemisette*, beautifully embroidered ; they are attached at the waist by a single button. The sleeves, demi-large and demi-long, with under sleeves of *tulle bouillonné*, the *bouillonnées* formed by embroidery *entre deux*.

Several new patterns of bareges have just appeared for half dress

robes ; we see also a number of new patterns on the *mousselines de soie*, and the *organdies* ; they are, generally large ; those on *mousselines de soie* are blue or violet, pink on *groseille*, and dark green on light green. Contrasted shades of the same colour are very much in vogue. The *organdies* are either plaided in large patterns or flowered.

Evening dress is at present distinguished by its simplicity. White robes are in a majority ; they are trimmed with flounces made very deep and full. The *corsages* moderately low, and short sleeves. We see also several clear muslin robes worn over lilac, pink, or citron silk dresses ; the *ceintures* and embroideries of these robes were of the same colour as the under dress. We have seen also several robes of blue, pale pink, and light green *mousseline de soie*, trimmed with a great number of flounces ; they reached to the *ceinture*, diminishing gradually in depth as they ascended from the bottom ; the *corsage* is always made quite full, and ornamented only by a bouquet of roses without foliage. Floating *ceintures* of broad rich ribbon are indispensable accessories to evening robes. Ribbon is also employed to ornament these dresses in a variety of ways ; if there are two skirts, the upper one is frequently decorated with knots of ribbon down the front ; if a single skirt, the flounces are surmounted by a *bouillonné*, through which ribbon is run, or else a wreath of cut ribbon. In some instances the *coiffure* is ornamented with ribbon only, but flowers are more generally employed.

A few caps appear in evening dress, if we may give the name of cap to those pretty *coiffures* of the smallest possible size, composed of an intermixture of lace and flowers, so arranged that very little indeed of the lace appears except the short lappets that droop on the throat ; this is not a new style of head dress, but it is so generally becoming that we do not wonder it retains its vogue.

There is no change in fashionable colours this month.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH.

THE summer fashions are now in their very zenith. Fancy straw, which it was supposed would decline in favour, seems, on the contrary, to increase ; it is true, we see every day new patterns of it, and also novel styles of trimming ; it is, in fact, the style of trimming that constitutes the novelty and the beauty of the *chapeau*. Several of the most transparent are trimmed with bouquets of small feathers, mounted in quite a new style ; others with wreaths of field flowers. We may cite among the most novel styles of decorations, a garniture of rich black lace, intermixed with plain ribbon, and completed by a very large rose placed low

on one side. The most admired fancy straw *chapeaux* are those that imitate lace ; they have, in appearance, all the lightness and much of the beauty of lace ; they are always lined with coloured crape, so are also those of horse-hair, now so very fashionable. Some lined with lilac are trimmed with ribbon lightly figured in velvet ; others, with light green, have the ribbon plaided in green and violet ; the prettiest, in our opinion, are those lined with pink, and trimmed with pink *tulle bouillonnées*, mingled with lace—the brim is a little open and very full trimmed in the interior. Crape has lost nothing of its vogue, for either *chapeaux* or *capotes*. We may cite in the former those of lilac crape, trimmed with pensées ; blue, with a sprig of roses ; emerald green, with roses ; laurel, without foliage ; and beaver grey, with a wreath of foliage only. A good many crape *capotes* have the brims partly *bouillonnées* and partly cased, others have the material arranged in flutings. *Capotes* of silk are not very numerous ; they are generally of the drawn kind, and adopted either for the morning promenade, or else intended for travelling. Indeed, our fashionables are beginning to quit us for the different watering places.

Scarfs increase in favour for the promenade as the season advances ; those of white China crape, or white barege, are a good deal seen in plain walking dress. Those for the public promenade are of various kinds,—muslin beautifully embroidered, black filet de soie trimmed with black lace, and a variety of fancy scarfs. Embroidered muslin *mantelets* and *visites* are very prominent ; and those of taffeta, though not so much seen, are still very fashionable. As we have given since the beginning of the season all the most elegant of the new forms in our plates, we have not many observations to make ; but we must cite, as peculiarly elegant, the *mantelet Victoria* ; it may be made either in taffeta or muslin ; the back, or, as it is called, the pelerine part, is somewhat smaller than they are in general, and rounded so that the small scarf ends fall gracefully in front ; it is made high in the neck, with a *revers* that descends to the waist, leaving the *corsage* of the robe very much displayed. If it is of taffeta, the trimming composed of black lace, or of some of the different kinds of *passementerie* that imitate lace ; but in the colour of the silk, we should observe, that if black lace is employed, it is always surmounted by *passementerie*, generally in the style of embroidery, but always black. If the *mantelet* is composed of muslin, it is always of the clearest kind, beautifully embroidered, and trimmed with expensive lace. So exquisite, indeed, is the work of these *mantelets*, that in many instances they are more expensive than lace ones.

Peignoirs continue to be adopted both in *dishabille* and in elegant morning dress ; they are usually made for the first in muslin, either plain

or printed ; in the latter, they are composed of white barege, lined with pink silk, and closed down the front by knots of ribbon ; or else they are of muslin, very richly embroidered ; these latter have the waist encircled by a broad ribbon, which falls on one side in the scarf style. This is a very graceful fashion.

Silks divide the vogue with light materials, in half dress. We may cite among the most elegant of the latter, robes of plain barege, green, blue, lilac, and white ; they are made with high *corsages*, either made with the fullness arranged *en gerbe*, or formed to the shape by runners. The sleeves are tight at the top, but demi-large at the lower part. The skirts are trimmed with flounces ; some have two so deep that they cover three-fourths of the skirt ; others are decorated with three, or even five. We may cite also several robes of printed muslin, a white ground strewed with pink flowers. The *corsages* are full in the shoulder, and at the waist. The sleeves are demi-long, trimmed with two *volants* ; under sleeves of muslin *bouillonné*, extremely full, and finished at the hand with a double fall of lace. Two very deep flounces, one descending on the other, decorates the skirt.

The majority of silk robes are made in the *redingote* style ; several taffeta ones are trimmed from the top of the *corsage* to the bottom of the skirt with rows of *passementerie* placed crossways ; they are at some distance from each other ; those at the bottom of the skirt extend over the front breadth ; they become less as they approach the waist, and are placed in a reverse form on the *corsage*, which is made quite high ; demi-long sleeves, open and rounded at the bottom ; they are trimmed with *passementerie*. The under sleeves are composed of plaited muslin.

Caps have lost nothing of their vogue, either in morning or home half-dress ; they are still of the same simple form, but in the latter case they are rendered dressy by the flowers and rich gauze ribbons with which they are trimmed. The flowers most in favour are *roses mignonnes pensées*, tufts of lilac, violets, *fleurs de thé*, those of the double-blossomed peach, and several wild flowers, particularly hedge roses. We must observe that the flowers employed for caps must always be of a small size.

Evening dress is now entirely of that light and simple description known as *négligé du soir*, a muslin, *organdy*, or summer silk robe ; the two former embroidered, or, if not, trimmed with lace or ribbons ; the latter flounced with the same material, or lace ; the hair may be decorated with a single flower, or a small wreath. We have no change to announce in fashionable *couleurs* since our last number appeared.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

No. 1.

MORNING DRESS.

French grey silk pelisse robe; the *corsage* made quite high, and trimmed with a pelerine lappel cut in sharp *dents*. Long tight sleeves, with deep cuffs to correspond. The front of the skirt is ornamented with folds placed crosswise, and forming a *tablier*; the folds are cut in *dents*, and ornamented at each corner with buttons; they are lightly embroidered, as are also those on the *corsage* and sleeves. *chapeau* of straw-coloured taffeta *glacé*; a round shape, trimmed with white marabouts and white ribbons.

No. 2.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

Mustin robe; a high full *corsage*, and demi-large sleeves; the skirt is trimmed with three deep flounces; they are festooned at the edges, and embroidered in detached sprigs. White crape *capote*, a close shape; the garniture is composed of folds of white and pink shaded ribbon, and knots of the same on the exterior; *brides* of the same. Pink taffeta *mantelet*, rather more than a half-length, high in the neck, and made with a hood, which, as well as the round of the *mantelet*, is trimmed with a *ruche* to correspond.

No. 3.

MORNING CAP.

Of clear cambric, a round shape; *entre deux* of Valenciennes lace are inserted at regular distances, and one borders the edge of the head-piece, to which a single row of Valenciennes lace is attached, with a very little fullness, and turns round the back of the *barolet*. Knots of pink ribbon at the sides, and *brides* of the same complete the garniture.

No. 4.

SOCIAL PARTY DRESS.

Lavender bloom *mousseline de soie* over silk to correspond; a low *corsage*, square at top, and pointed at bottom. Short sleeves; the skirt is trimmed with three flounces, each terminated by fancy trimming. Black lace canezou. Head-dress of hair.

No. 5.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

Green striped foulard robe, the *corsage* close and quite high; it is trimmed down each side of the front with black lace arranged as a lappel. Long tight sleeves. The front of the skirt is trimmed with two rows of black lace divided by fancy silk ornaments. China crape shawl.

No. 6.

MORNING CANEZOU.

Of clear cambric; it is of the heart form, made quite high, disposed in small plaits at the sides, and bordered with an *entre deux*, and a row of Valenciennes lace. The front is also embroidered, and the neck-knot corresponds.

No. 7.

EVENING DRESS.

Shot silk robe ; a low *corsage* and short tight sleeves, both covered with a canezou of *point de Bruxelles*. The skirt is trimmed with a succession of flounces ; there are three rows, and they are placed three together. Lace cap, trimmed with roses.

No. 8.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

Buff-coloured *gros de Naples* robe ; a high close *corsage*, decorated with *passementerie* to correspond, disposed in large round *dents*. Demi-long sleeves, tight to the arm ; round *mancherons* ; under sleeves of cambric *bouilloonné*. There are two skirts, the second skirt is trimmed down the front and round the border, and is just short enough to show the trimming of the first skirt. White crape *capote* ; a drawn shape, trimmed with white ribbon and sprigs of foliage. *Mantelet* of violet *poult de soie*. A small size ; the garniture is composed of flounces of the same.

No. 9.

HALF-DRESS CANEZOU.

Of clear muslin ; a round shape made high, embroidered, and trimmed with English lace.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESSES.

No. 10.

Plaided *foulard* robe ; *corsage à la Amazone*, and demi-long sleeves over muslin ones. White crape *chapeau* ; a round shape. The edge of the brim is trimmed with folds, and the exterior decorated with two long white feathers placed on one side of the crown, and drooping nearly to the shoulder. Short pelisse of pink silk shot with black. The *corsage* part is covered with a round and deep pelerine ; it has a flounce of the same embroidered in black silk, and finished with a row of fringe ; the bottom is similarly decorated.

No. 11.

Spanish brown silk robe ; a high close *corsage* and long tight sleeves ; the skirt is trimmed with two flounces festooned in several rows with narrow black fancy trimming. Pink *poult de soie chapeau*, decorated with a white lace lappet laid flat on the front of the *chapeau*, but drawn full at each side round a cluster of *coques* of pink ribbon ; the interior is trimmed with *coques* and *brides en suite*. White silk *mantelet écharpe* of rather a small size, and descending in pointed ends ; the garniture is broad white fringe, headed by a row of flat fancy trimming.

No. 12.

HOME DINNER CAP.

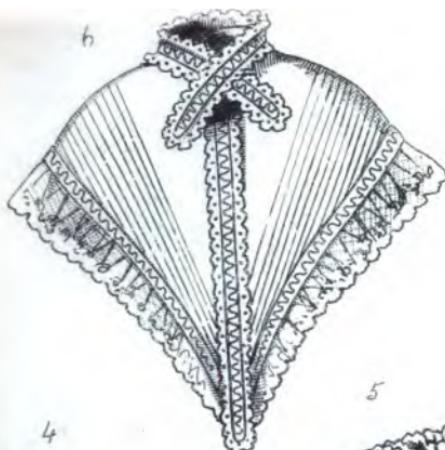
Composed of *tulle*, and bordered with English lace ; there is no caul, but a double point at the back falls over the hair ; the points are also edged with lace ; the garniture is composed of bands and knots of green ribbon.

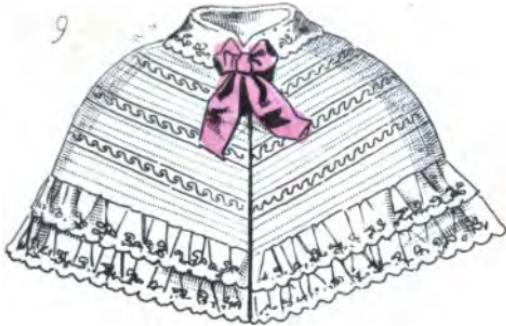
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2







12



10

11



THE LADIES' CABINET

OF

FASHION, MUSIC, AND ROMANCE.

THE EXILED KING.

A TALE OF LOMBARDY.

In the year 661, and the ninth of the reign of King Aribert, king of the Lombards, death took the sceptre from his hands, and he was buried in the church of San Salvator, which he himself had built, beyond the gates of Pavia.

This virtuous monarch left behind him two sons, Bertarid and Godebert; and by his will provided that the kingdom of Italy should be divided between them. Bertarid, the eldest of the two princes, fixed his residence in Milan, and Godebert remained in the palace of Pavia; but their father was scarcely in his grave, ere fiery hate broke out between the royal brothers. Bertarid, the eldest, saw with spite his younger brother made equal to himself; and Godebert seemed to have been persuaded at an early moment, how much more pleasant it would be to reign alone, and to have an undivided crown. The flames of mad, unnatural discord, were cherished to such a degree, that the minds of the brothers were wholly consumed by them; they each entertained views to seize on the other's territory. They soon had recourse to arms, and the Lombards gazed with pain on the fratricidal sight of their banners opposed to each other on a field of blood. Godebert, in the mean time, dispatched a favourite, Garibald, Duke of Turin, to call on Grimoald, Duke of Benevento, to assist him in his war against his brother. But the ambassador turned traitor, and no sooner had he arrived at Benevento, and seen the power and wealth of that state, than he wished the Duke Grimoald to take up arms, not for the young King Godebert, but to seize the kingdom himself.

The Duke of Benevento had valour and ambition equal to any enterprize. The ambassador's representations were most seductive, and patriotism might have excused one of them.

August, 1847.

THE EXILED KING.

"Alas! (said the Duke of Turin,) what has not the kingdom suffered already? On the other hand, you, Duke of Benevento, are of mature years, noted for valour in the field, and wisdom in the council-chamber; lift up your lance, and both parties will rally round you. You must save Italy, and restore the good system!"

The aspiring heart of the warrior was won by this flattery; and, without losing time, he marched with a strong body of troops towards Pavia, leaving the duchy of Benevento to the care of his son.

The Duke of Benevento, with his purpose carefully concealed, advanced to Piacenza, when he dispatched the traitor Garibald to inform his master of his much desired approach. The young King received the returning messenger with a transport of joy, and flattered himself, with the Duke of Benevento's aid, he should have nothing to fear from his brother. When Benevento reached Pavia, the gates were thrown open to him, and he was welcomed as a deliverer; the hall of audience was thrown open, and the youthful sovereign met half-way his powerful vassal, or ally, and they embraced.

"Ha! (exclaimed the Duke of Benevento with well feigned horror, at seeing arms beneath the King's dress,) am I betrayed!"

He again embraced his sovereign, but that time a short dagger was drawn, and the youthful Godebert fell dead from his embrace.

On learning this fatal news, Bertarid wept too late for the enmity between him and his brother, which had caused the catastrophe; but the Duke of Benevento did not allow him much time for the tranquil indulgence of grief; so decisive were his movements, that he was almost immediately before Milan with an army of Lombard chieftains. Overpowered with horror and panic, Bertarid fled from the city, and so great were the difficulties attending his escape, that he was obliged to leave a wife and infant son behind him. These fell into the hands of the victor; and it was esteemed at that time an effort of sublime virtue that he did not put them to death. He sent them prisoners to a castle in the distant city of Benevento. After these important transactions, which left him undisputed master of Lombardy, Grimoald had no difficulty in inducing the national diet to proclaim him King; and to strengthen his grasp upon the "iron crown," he gave his hand, so recently wet with her brother's blood, to the sister of the late Godebert and the fugitive Bertarid.

* * * * *

Three years after these events in Italy, two travellers sought refuge one stormy night in a rustic cot on a ridge of the Trentine Alps, near the plains of Lombardy. Their garments were old and soiled, their sandals torn, their beards matted, and their appearance denoted they came from a distant land.

"Pile up the wood on the hearth, (said the younger of the travellers, after

astonishing the mountaineers with his loquacity;) and, Onulf, fill up another cup of wine. It is long, you know, since we have tasted the juice of the grapes of Italy."

" Long, indeed, (said his companion with a sigh, as he poured out the wine,) but whence, kind hosts, may be this good liquor?"

" Our districts are cold and poor, (replied the peasant,) and our goat-skins are filled far away. The vines that furnish these ruby draughts grow on the sunny slopes of Rocalda."

The inquirer trembled as he withdrew the cup from his lips, for the man had named his native place and the familiar haunts of his earlier years.

" Onulf, (cried the younger of the two,) another cup to Rocalda! Why do you look so pale, varlet? we shall be there to-morrow, and twelve hours is an age to men in our circumstances; so fill up the cup, and let us enjoy as much of them as we can!"

Thus saying, the gay young wanderer took the wine from his obedient companion, and having drank a hearty draught, passed it round to the mountaineers, who sat gazing in stupid wonderment. A few more draughts, and Onulf, who would have moralized his companion into a melancholy, was as gay, if not the gayest of the two. With such good company the night wore pleasantly away, and it was a late hour when the travellers betook themselves to a bed composed of dried leaves, where they found a renewal of pleasure in that sound sleep that fatigue aided with wine, can bestow. With the morning, however, came less agreeable reflections; they knew that every moment they drew nearer to danger; and it was in a somewhat sad silence that the travellers pursued their journey. Yet, on emerging from a deep and gloomy ravine, when they saw full before them the fertile plains of Italy—their native land from which they had long been exiled—a rapture of delight filled their hearts as they descended the steep Alps, whose Italian side is more steep than the reverse—thus resembling the inner side of a stupendous mound or dike, erected to defend a fair champaign from the ravages of the waves. The travellers continued their journey by narrow paths, so rough and headlong that they seemed made only for the feet of the goat or chamois, and at last gained the fair plain. They proceeded on their way with increased speed, and towards noon came in sight of the village of Rocalda.

" Here we will rest, (said Onulf,) it is twelve years since I left my humble home 'o enter your father's service, and I have never seen my native tillage since."

He had scarcely uttered these words, when a Lombard noble, with his suite, was seen advancing towards them by the road that led to the village. They had their reasons for wishing to avoid such a rencontre, and turned aside into some

fields. But the Lombard, who observed their digression, spurred his horse, and, galloping towards them, bade them to halt.

"What men are ye, (he cried,) that avoid meeting me on the highway? Are ye foreign spies, for your garbs are strange? or subjects, and true to King Grimoald?"

"I should know that face and voice, (said the young man to Onulf.) Yes! it is Count Baudo, one of my sire's lieges—and now he shall know who I am!"

"In the name of Saint John the Baptist! (whispered Onulf,) have a care what you do."

"Villains and churls! do you not answer me? let this teach you better manners!" and the Lombard raised his lance as if to strike.

The younger of the travellers retired a few steps, and throwing off a thick fur cap that concealed his face, and crossing his arms upon his breast, said boldly—

"I am what I am! Does Count Baudo know me now?"

"I do not."

"What! have three years of sorrow and toil so much altered me, (exclaimed the traveller,) for you have seen this face ere now, and trembled at its frown?"

"Baudo has not been wont to tremble, (replied the warrior proudly,) and again I say, who are ye?"

"I am Bertarid, sometime sovereign of you and Italy, and still the son of the good King Aribert!"

"What words are those! Bertarid—you! and in this hapless condition?" cried the warrior.

"I had brief time to make my toilet when I fled from Milan, (said the fugitive prince,) and in sooth, the garment-makers on the banks of the Danube have neither the materials nor the skill of those who dwell by the Tesino and the Po. And I have been a pedestrian wayfarer since I parted with my friends the Huns!"

"Prince Bertarid, (said Baudo, who had attentively examined him as he spoke,) I recognize you, and by that gaiety of spirit which misfortune has not broken! But why here in the lion's den? whither are you going?"

"To Pavia," replied Bertarid.

"To Pavia!" exclaimed the Count with astonishment.

"Ay! to the court of him who holds my place—to Grimoald!" replied the Prince.

Baudo rode back to the road, and with a sign of his hand bade his followers return. He then approached the Prince, and dismounting, spoke to him with compassionate respect, if not with friendship.

"Know you not (said he), that Grimoald is firmly established on the throne,

—that Italy has never been governed so strictly,—and that we all, from the lowest chief to the highest duke of the Lombards, dread his severity and vigilance ?”

“ It is on this establishment and security I count, (replied Bertarid,) for what can he now have to fear from me? and why should he not permit me all I desire—a quiet, modest life, in my own country ?”

“ But your rank—your rights—your descent! (reasoned the warrior,) all must render you an object of suspicion to Grimoald, however modest and sincere may be your present wishes.”

“ Count Baudo, report speaks fairly of the magnanimity of Grimoald, and the voice of heaven and earth would be raised against him, should he stain his hands with the blood of one who voluntarily throws himself upon his protection.”

“ He was an invited guest, and he slew your brother by his own hearth,” rejoined the Count.

“ To gain a crown, (said Bertarid,) and now he hath it.”

“ And will Grimoald hesitate at any crime which he may think necessary to preserve it?”

The dethroned king mused for a while, and then said :—

“ Hark ye, Sir Count, this is my last resource—I have pondered on my fate and am resolved—I go to Pavia! I have wandered long, and suffered so much, that, though with a spirit active for the enjoyment of life, and for whatever temporary pleasure fate may throw in my way, I sometimes fancy I would rather meet death at once, than prolong such a life. When I escaped from the walls of Milan at the approach of Grimoald, I crossed the Alps, and with this faithful man, my only attendant, I reached, after a thousand perils, the residence of the Chagan of the Huns; I claimed his protection, and the barbarian generously accorded it. My life among the Pagans, the people of strange gods and abominable customs, was not a pleasant one; but amidst them I was safe, until Grimoald discovered the place of my retreat, and dispatched a peremptory ambassador to intimate to the Hun that he must give me up, or at least withdraw his countenance and dismiss me from his territory. A war of extermination was the alternative. The interests of the moment imposed on the Huns the necessity of preserving peace, at any price, with the Lombards; and the Chagan, too generous to give me up to my enemy, secretly dismissed me with a small purse of gold. Since that hour I have led the vagabond life of the accursed Jew—no one spot in this wide world would sustain me,—now here, now there, wretched everywhere! To day I have been received with open arms,—on the morrow, driven forth as an object of danger or suspicion. Where I have disclosed my rank, I have speedily found motives to suspect that my

hosts, to captivate the good-will of a powerful monarch, were devising the means of giving me over to Grimoald. And I have fled. Where I adapted my bearing and language to the lowliness of my appearance, I have been treated as a fugitive hind, whom every barbarian might revile or spit at, and thence also I have fled. Even among gentler tribes, and kinder hosts, the wounds of fortune have been unjustly attributed to the faults of the wounded. In truth, I have been a ship without sail and without rudder, driven to various ports and shores by the cold blasts of disastrous fortune. And when on these wild voyages, how would my heart beat, when I heard, as at times I would, these who spoke of my native land!—of fair Italy, in which I was bred and nourished till I attained the age of manhood, and where, with due permission, I desire to repose my tired soul, and finish the time that is given me to live."

The heart of the Prince's auditor was a kind but not a bold one. The first impulse of Baudo was to invite the fugitive to his home and his hospitality; but the dread of Grimoald, whose power and vigilance and severity he had by no means exaggerated, deterred him, and he contented himself with saying:—

"Prince Bertasid, your melancholy history brings tears to my eyes, and I no longer wonder at your desperate resolution. God go with you on your way! I will be no hindrance to your steps, and may they lead you to better fortune than I foresee! For my sake mention not this meeting!" and, respectfully saluting him, he galloped away.

"A very churl! (cried the Prince indignantly.) Is this his courtesy to his somewhat king?"

"Let us be thankful for what we have, (said Onulf, speaking after a long silence,) he might have bound us hand and foot, and, presented in that manner, Bertasid would have had a worse chance with Grimoald, than when freely presenting himself."

"You are right, (replied the Prince,) for so much I am Baudo's bounden servant. And now let us hasten to the village and procure dresses less likely to attract attention on the road. Then for Lodi with all the speed we may."

We may spare the reader the particulars of a rustic toilet, and the journey across the Lombard plain, and meet the travellers at the fair city of Lodi, where they arrived without accident. Here, as it had been previously concerted, they were to part, the devoted Onulf going on to Favia, and the Prince remaining in secret, until he should receive an answer from Grimoald. The separation of master and servant, who had hardly been out of each other's sight for years, was most painful, and provoked by the uncertainty of the future, and of their ever meeting again on earth.

The devoted follower, whose fears were more for his royal master than

himself, reached the capital in a few hours, and obtained without difficulty an audience of the King.

The heart of Grimoald bounded with joy on hearing that the fugitive Bertarid was within his states ; but his first thoughts were, to secure by his death the future tranquillity. More humane feelings however succeeded, and he determined to give the dethroned prince the humble asylum he sought, and leave him to the enjoyment of the life of a private individual in his dominions. Oneif could scarcely credit his good fortune when he heard Grimoald accede to his master's propositions, and pledge the word of a king that Bertarid might come to his court without danger or fear. With this message he returned to Lodi, and with his master speedily reappeared at Pavia.

On entering the royal hall, Bertarid would have knelt before the King, but Grimoald embraced him, (he had no dagger in his hand this time !) gave him a fraternal kiss, and assured him with a solemn oath, that henceforward he was safe, and should experience nothing but kind treatment from him. A palace in Pavia was assigned to Bertarid, and it was the King's care to provide him with all that was considered in those times essential to the domestic economy of a person of rank.

It could not but happen, that among the citizens of Pavia there would be some attached to the dethroned prince, and who, though they might not even contemplate his restoration to the throne, would be anxious to contribute to his happiness in the inferior condition in which they saw him. They visited him at his residence, and as his manners were attractive, and his spirit most convivial, their visits soon became both long and frequent. These innocent circumstances were misrepresented to Grimoald by some of his courtiers, and Bertarid soon had to learn that the King's suspicions were awakened, and that his situation was not so safe as it should be. Addicted by temperament and habit to wine, he now increased his potations, and studiously exaggerated their effects ; and as the first Brutus had blinded his tyrant by an assumed idiocy, he thought to lull the apprehensions of his, by gaining the celebrity of a confirmed drunkard—a character incompatible with lofty aspirations or ambitious projects. Had he at the same time shut himself up from society, he might have succeeded, but this he could not do.

Meanwhile his enemies were at work, and Grimoald, to whom they were incessantly representing that he was on the eve of losing his throne, at last despising the solemn vow he had registered in Heaven, and the rights of hospitality and humanity, determined that Bertarid should die. The traitor had recourse to art, prudently desiring that so horrid a deed should be perpetrated with as little noise as possible.

On a certain evening Grimoald, sent from the royal table (a token of friend-

THE EXILED KING.

ship and consideration still prevalent in eastern countries, and perhaps then recognised by the Lombards) a present of choice dishes, and an abundant supply of precious wines, with the view that Bertarid, by banqueting and drinking, might reduce himself to a helpless state of ineptitude, when it would be easy to dispose of him as the tyrant wished.

Whatever may have been the virtues and the vices of the prince, he seems to have possessed in an extraordinary degree, the secret, if it is one, of securing the fidelity and affection of attendants. He had sat himself down to carouse on the insidious draughts, when a menial whispered in his ear the plot Grimoald had laid for him. Instead, therefore, of drinking wine, Bertarid had water put in the silver cup, which he drank at frequent intervals to the King's health. As soon as he could, feigning drunkenness, he retired to his chamber, and summoned the faithful Onulf to consult on what was to be done in this new crisis of his fortunes. But they scarcely had time to collect their thoughts when they heard a noise below, and on looking out saw that the house was surrounded by the guards of the King. The next moment a happy inspiration came on Onulf. He and another confidential servant attired their master in the dress of a slave, and loading on his shoulders a mattress, with bed-clothes and a bear's skin, Onulf drove him before, swearing at him most lustily, and even beating him with a stick. On reaching the beleaguers without the house, the guards inquired what music was that?

"Ah! Sirs, (replied Onulf,) this rascal had prepared my bed in the chamber of that foul drunkard Bertarid, who is snoring there, up-stairs, drowned in wine. I will no longer stay with that madman! To my home—to my home!" and giving a fresh oath and a blow to the Prince, they both passed on undetected.

Shortly after the King sent an order that Bertarid should be brought to the palace. The guards entered and knocked at the Prince's door. A voice within begged them for charity to let his master sleep a few minutes, for he was really so overpowered with wine that he could not stand upon his feet. This was the voice of Bertarid's steward, who had shut himself up in the chamber on his master's departure. A messenger went to Grimoald with this request, but anon returned with an imperative command to carry the drunkard forthwith to the palace.

"Oh, for charity, let my poor master sleep a little longer, and make less noise!" replied the steward.

"Open the door, (cried the guards,) and let us obey the King's orders."

"I cannot leave my master's head, he will be choaked in his wine;" replied the steward.

"Open the door, or we will force it!" shouted the guards.

"Presently, presently, my good masters! only a little moment," was the answer from within.

At length the guards, who perceived that the steward was temporizing with them, carried their threats into execution, and broke open the door of the chamber. Their surprise and mortification were great, when, instead of seeing the Prince, only the domestic appeared as its occupant.

"Slave! where is your master?—where is Bertarid?"

"You may see he is not here," replied the steward.

"But where is he?" cried the guards, who were searching every corner of the apartment.

"I do not know; but I can tell you where I wish him to be,—where you can never find him!" said the domestic boldly.

Duped and exasperated, the soldiers seized the poor Lombard by his long hair, and dragged him into the presence of the King, as one accessory to the flight of Bertarid, and deserving death. To their surprise, Grimoald, after having ordered them to release the steward, turned mildly to him, and questioned him as to the mode of escape employed by the prince. The domestic felt his last moment was approaching, yet he clearly described what had passed, and congratulated himself on the part he, as a faithful servant, had sustained for his master.

Having heard him to the end, the King turned round to his guards and household, and asked what such a man, who had dared to elude his orders, merited.

"A thousand torments and death!" was the universal voice. But the King's magnanimity triumphed.

"Not so!" exclaimed he. "By my God! he merits every reward, for he hath not hesitated to expose his life to save his master!" and then addressing the steward, he added, "From this moment be numbered among my servants—ease and affluence shall be yours;—and if you but preserve for your new master the same fidelity you have shown for Bertarid, I shall be the gainer."

The following day it was known throughout Pavia that Onulf had not escaped with the Prince, but had taken sanctuary in the church of Saint Michael the Archangel. On the King's word of honour being pledged for his safety, he left the asylum of the altar and appeared at the royal palace.

To Grimoald, who was desirous of knowing the farther particulars of Bertarid's flight, he replied, that he had lowered the Prince from the walls of the city with a rope; and that he had been unable, alone as he then was, to make good his own descent, which he fain would have done, to follow his beloved master.

"You too have done well! (cried the King;) depart in peace, faithful and

noble man—with liberty, I accord you the tranquil enjoyment of whatever property you may possess in this our city, or in our states elsewhere."

Onulf bowed and retired. Yet a short time after, on appearing at the palace, and being asked by the King how his life passed, he candidly replied that he should prefer dying with his old master Bertarid, to living elsewhere in the midst of pleasures. Grimoald then summoned and interrogated Bertarid's steward, and hearing from him a similar answer, he dismissed them both, with servants, horses, and other valuable presents, and a guard moreover of his own troops to escort them on their journey. "And thus," in the words of the annalist, "having both made up good and abundant baggage, they went away to France to find their most beloved master Bertarid."

That young prince, whose life was destined to abound in such singular adventures, on escaping from the walls of Pavia, swam the broad Tescio, and finding a horse at pasture in a neighbouring meadow, he mounted it, and with all possible speed rode to the city of Asti, where he had some tried friends. From Asti he repaired to Turin, and probably not fancying himself safe from Grimoald in any part of Italy, he speedily took his departure thence, again crossed the Alps, and this time sought refuge not by the Danube, but the Seine or Loire.

In Clothaire III., King of Paris and Burgundy, the fugitive found a prince less fearful of the Lombard power, and more inclined to war than the Chagan of the Huns, his former host; for, on exposing to him the unjust usurpation of Grimoald, the strength of his own party in Italy, and the facility of his recovering his throne, the French sovereign prepared for hostilities, and marched an army towards the Alps, the year after Bertarid's second flight.

The result of this expedition, besides destroying all Bertarid's sanguine hopes, cooled the affections of his ally. But Clothaire III. died, sanguinary revolutions, and other sovereigns, of brief reigns, succeeded in France, and the fate of the fugitive Lombard was indeed miserably uncertain. When, after vicissitudes of fortune, all but equal to his own, Dagobert II. grasped the French sceptre, Bertarid saw arrive at his court a friendly embassy from his eternal enemy King Grimoald. This could not but excite his alarm; and fearing some awkward trick from the members of the embassy themselves, he, who had fled so often, again took to flight, and with no other suite than the faithful Onulf and his steward. And now, whither could he go? He had tried the greater part of the continent of Europe, from the Danube to the Po, from the Po to the Seine, and had found no resting-place! But the deep sea flowed between that continent and an island formed for liberty:—the Anglo-Saxons were hospitable and of good faith—he determined to repair whither the oppressed from all lands have since found an inviolate sanctuary—to England.

The prince and his attendants reached the French coast, and saw before them on the edge of a dark stormy sea, and beneath a sky scarcely less gloomy and troubled, a long, low, white ridge, the humble exterior that our land offers to the gazer from a foreign shore.

"Onulf," said the Prince, with a feeling of despondency, "this is not all so inviting as Italy, seen from the Alpa!"

"Alas! no!" replied the follower; "but, unlike false friends, it may improve on closer acquaintance;—it looks rough and repulsive, but it may afford a safe asylum, which is more than we can say of any spot we have hitherto wandered in!"

"Amen!" said Bertarid, and he embarked with his suite, to try the terra incognita.

Scarcely, however, were the sails unfurled, and the vessel put to sea, when a person on the strand demanded, with a loud voice, whether Bertarid were on board.

"He is here," was the reply.

"Then tell him, (said the same voice,) to return to his home, for Grimoald his enemy died three days ago!"

The exile's heart leaped in his breast at such an intimation, and impatient to speak with him who gave it, he ordered the mariners to return to shore. But when on land, not a person was to be seen.

The information, if indeed given, must have been miraculous, considering the short time of three days, and the distance from Italy to the Manche, and the superstition of the age authorised him to believe that the voice was the voice of God. The visit to the Anglo Saxons was abandoned, and Bertarid, by cautious and rapid journeys, hastened to look after the Lombards.

Arriving once more, and with transport and impatience, at the bold confines of Italy, he again despatched Onulf as his messenger, with instructions to meet him at a certain spot on an hour appointed.

His long sufferings were now to end; for when he reached the place of rendezvous, he found not only Onulf, with confirmation of the reported death of the usurper, but a number of the Lombard chieftains and officers of the royal court, provided with the regalia, and all that was proper for his reception as their king to the multitudinous assemblage of the Lombard people, both classes long since tired of Grimoald, who had not rendered an usurped crown popular by mildness and his subjects' love, but had kept it on his head through his violence and their fears; and both now, with tears of joy and demonstrations of affection and enthusiasm, welcomed back their old master, who, after nine years of exile and sorrow, returned to his country and his throne. Bertarid entered his capital, Pavia, which he had quitted by dangling at a rope, amidst a

nation's joyous acclamations, with a retinue of nobles and warriors, and Onulf his preserver by his side. He gave the brightest lustre to the throne he reascended ; and Paul the Deacon, who recorded his eventful life, terminates with this eulogium :—

" He was a loving prince, a good Catholic, endowed with rare piety, a scrupulous observer of justice, and, above all, charitable and the friend of the poor. His misfortunes had taught him mercy and humility, virtues rarely learned in high and prosperous fortunes."

The death of King Grimoald is thus related by the Lombard historian. For some indisposition he had a vein opened, nine days after which, shooting at the bow with all his force, to strike a distant pigeon, he burst open the vein, and this wound killed him, though it was rumoured by some that the doctors applied poisoned medicines to his arm, on purpose to send him to the other world.

Romoald, Duke of Benevento, the son of the late usurper, did not attempt to dispute the crown with Bertarid, and on his application, at once gave up Rodelinda his wife, and his son Cunibert, who, ever since his first flight from Milan had been kept in prison at Benevento.

Seven years after this happy restoration, the following facts occurred, which are too interesting and honourable to the Lombard king to be passed over in silence.

A certain Wilfred, Bishop of York, driven from his home by some intrigue among the Anglo Saxons, reached the dominions of Bertarid on his way to Rome. Whilst there, messengers arrived from England, offering immense sums to the King if he would throw the bishop into prison, and prevent his going to Rome. The ecclesiastic appeared at the palace, and was informed by the King of the answer he had given his enemies.

" In my younger days, I was also driven from my country. I went a hapless wanderer, and sought refuge from a certain king of the Huns, and of the Pagans, who, with an oath to his false God, pledged himself never to give me into the hands of mine enemies, nor to betray me. After some time the ambassadors of mine enemies came and promised with an oath to the same king, to give him a bushel full of gold coin if he would place me in their power, that they might kill me. To which the king answered, ' I would expect death from the Gods if I committed this iniquity, and trampled on the vow made to my divinities.' Now, how much the more I, who know and adore the true God, ought to be far from such a crime ! I would not give my soul to gain the whole world !"

FRAGMENTS OF A SENTIMENTAL WORK,

WHOSE TITLE HAS NOT AS YET BEEN DISCOVERED.

3

CHAPTER I.

THE AUTHOR BECOMES ENAMOURED OF MELANCHOLY AND HIS MAID.—DISMISSES HIS MAID THAT HE MAY ENJOY HIS MELANCHOLY.

ON one of the longest nights of this last dreary winter, I read, I know not where, but certain I am that I did read, "that Melancholy was the mother of Genius." If this be the case, said I to myself, let us use all our efforts to make ourselves melancholy; we shall see what happens. After having taken this firm resolution, I made a thorough reform in my conduct. I had a very smart little servant maid; her services were particularly agreeable to me. But her rosy hue, her lively eye, and her look that wished me all good things, all awoke thoughts by far too gay, and were not in harmony with my system of reform. Add to this, that she was perpetually singing, and always selected the liveliest airs, which proved so many dagger-blows to a serious mind aspiring to the sublime in the melancholy caste. I had too good a knowledge of myself; I knew that while I continued near a pretty girl, it would be utterly impossible for me to become melancholy. On the other hand, Eliza took a particular pleasure in counteracting my project. When I was absorbed in my profound meditations, she drew me from them by her ogles. Shall I tell you that the silly little thing pinched the end of my nose at the very instant when the darkly-sublime was labouring in my imagination. I was obliged to dismiss her. On the day of her departure, the poor girl had tears in her eyes. "Sir (said she), you will regret me." These words, the accent in which they were spoken, and the look with which they were accompanied, penetrated my soul. Of all the sacrifices I have made to my glory, this cost me the most. The parting of Hector and Andromache at the Serean gate were less affecting than that of Eliza and her master at the door of my lodgings. But I smothered my sensibility—I had taken my determination; cost what it may, I was resolved to be melancholy.

With her little bundle under her arm, Eliza proceeded into the street, advanced a few paces, then turned about, and cast a melancholy look at me. Too-bewitching girl, you no doubt imagined that I would recall you. It was too late. I had made the lucky acquisition of a gentle dame, born about the middle of the eighteenth century, on the very day when Lisbon was overthrown by an earthquake. Her appearance was repulsive, her look fierce; her whole

figure harsh to the last degree. The grimdest duennas of Spain might pass for sprightly lasses compared to her. She is a real treasure for whoever would wish to banish every pleasant idea from his home. She had been long the delight of an old jansenist, who played one of the most distinguished parts in the convulsions of St. Medard, and helped him in getting up his miracles. Certain it is, that a better I could not have hit upon. Thus my establishment is set upon a good footing; no more laughter—no more singing; but, as a compensation, there is grumbling from morning till night—that's delightful.

CHAPTER II.

THE AUTHOR EXCITES HIMSELF MORE AND MORE TO MELANCHOLY—HE PUBLISHES
A WORK, WHICH FAILS—HIS DISAPPOINTMENT.

After regulating my interior, I turned my thoughts to the outside. Until then I had liked the old comedy—other times other tastes. It is entertaining, I admit; but, with the exception of the *Misanthropist*, there was no piece that would serve as nourishment for my black mood. I saw, and I still shudder at the thought, all that was most horrible in either theatres.

Thanks to all these wonders, I became melancholy, visibly, palpably; but I must confess this species of melancholy cost me somewhat dearly. Unquestionably, a very horrible melodrama is a very fine thing; but on the whole, to appreciate it thoroughly, one must be penetrated with the truth of this maxim, that taste, good sense, and grammar are the greatest enemies of genius; and I confess that upon these points I still clung to my old prejudices. Alas! how I yawned at the representation of these master pieces. But that did not discourage me; I should have gone to the deuce in search of melancholy, had I been told that it had retired thither. Besides, I hold with an illustrious writer of the last century, that ennui is very powerful in perfecting the faculties of man. Courage, then, said I, I am certainly in the right path; for, God be praised, I never was so wearied.

My hopes were raised still higher, when I perceived that my ennuï was of a superior description; I mean of that species which is contagious. There was not one that conversed with me that had the least wish to renew the conversation. The moment my friends caught even a distant view of me, they fled with precipitation; and did not one of them think proper to say to me one day, that I was becoming as stupid as a genius? This was like a burst of light. I saw I was in a state of grace, and that the hour was come for laying the foundation of my reputation. So I made haste to publish my work.

"Twas well I did not put my name to it; for, Oh heavens! how it was received. All the newspaper editors, who never agree among themselves, had

the politeness to give each other the cue to turn me into ridicule. It was a fine chorus; and I believe that in spite of my melancholy, I would have laughed heartily, had the case been my neighbour's. Nevertheless Mr. T——, whose character I esteem sincerely, and who has a knack of clothing his criticism in a guise that retracts greatly from its acerbity, contented himself with observing, that the subject was injudiciously chosen, the plan badly conceived, the reflections common, and the style ridiculous. With the exception of these little defects, my work did not appear to him very bad. I am not one of those authors puffed up with pride, who make an outcry about unfair play, when people choose to criticise their productions; but, at the same time, one must do oneself justice. Therefore did I let all the reproaches fling at me fall upon me alone. What, exclaimed I, pitifully, here have I been working myself into a fit of genius for the last three months—I begin to see relations in objects which nobody ever discovered before me. I invent—I create—and I say nothing like another person! and I blend expressions never before blended. This is not all; I urge myself on to melancholy as far as I am able. To this noble project have I sacrificed my little servant maid, and the old comedy that made me pass many a delightful evening. In fine, to give more bitterness to my bile—more gloom to my imagination—I have taken an old woman into my house, and here is the price of so many sacrifices. It must be owned, that if I have genius one of these days, I shall have earned it well.

CHAPTER III.

LUCKY MEETING WITH A LEARNED MAN, WHO GIVES THE AUTHOR A NEW RECEIPT FOR MAKING GOOD MELANCHOLY.

I was on the point of renouncing all my resolutions in favour of melancholy, when I one day encountered a man of learning of the very highest class, my most devoted friend into the bargain, but who had ceased visiting me since Eliza had left me. I accosted him, and my heart poured itself into his.

"My good fellow (said this excellent man to me), I am really affected at your ease, but you have taken the wrong way. There are several species of melancholy—the good, that which leads straight on to Genius, is the daughter of storms. All noble and manly thoughts are brought by a south-west wind; a north-easter brings nothing worth a pin. Hence, in summer, when the sky is covered over with clouds as grey as mice—when the lightning fires the atmosphere—plunge into the depths of the thickest forest—a wood of weeping willows would be quite the thing; sycamores are still better; unfortunately, they are not common enough in the neighbourhood of Paris. Oh! if the cedars of Lebanon would only take the trouble of transporting themselves hither. But

then we must do with what we have. For want of better, then, walk in the great alley of chesnut trees."

"Sir (said I to my learned man), you will at least allow me to bring my umbrella with me?"

"Unhappy man (said he), beware of doing so. Melancholy and Genius are incompatible with such vulgar precautions. An umbrella! Good heavens! And what would you do with it? Must you not, in your solitary walks, place your right hand upon your chest, and your left upon your forehead? Do what I tell you, and you shall see what will happen."

"It will happen that I shall be wet to the skin, Sir."

"That is a necessary condition. Apropos, I forgot to tell you that in those fine stormy days, rendered more delightful still by the winds, the thunder, and the lightning, you must not return home until very late. Be sure that the owl, the nycticorax of the ancients, troubles the silence of the night by its lugubrious shriek; It is a charming bird, and very effective in infusing the sweetest Melancholy. Above all, beware of the nightingale; it is a vile creature that has put to flight my finest thoughts. Now, you are in possession of my secret; the receipt I have given you is infallible. It is the only one I have employed, and I ask you, has it not succeeded with me?"

I did not know what to reply; this argument floored me, because the learned man showed me a certain green embroidery, which to me has always appeared very imposing. This took place in the beginning of spring, which, as every body knows, is not the season of storm. I was obliged to wait, but while waiting, I was desirous of cherishing the gloomy propensities I then experienced. To avoid becoming cheerful, I went every second night to see a melodrama; and to darken my imagination still more, I looked occasionally at my housekeeper.

CHAPTER IV.

THE AUTHOR HAS MADE IT SHORT IN ORDER THAT IT MAY BE LESS TIRESOME.

How long the spring appears to melancholy minds; it is not three months, it is three ages to them. You cannot form an idea of the extent of my sufferings during that abominable season. I was waiting for the south-west wind, the father of storms and tempests, and the amorous zephyr seemed to take a malicious pleasure in tormenting me with its caresses. I had heard wonders of the fall of the leaves, and I beheld the trees clothe themselves in verdure. The nightingale, too, has much to reproach itself with, and has contributed in no slight degree to the torment I then underwent.

The season of storms came. I did not miss one. I made ample use of the receipt which the learned man I have just mentioned, was kind enough to give

me. But, alas! it proved useless. My second work, which I published towards the close of last spring, did not even obtain the honours of criticism; not an editor deigned to notice it. There was but one experiment remaining for me to try; if it failed, I must for ever renounce my attempt to become melancholy, as hopeless.

"Visit the church-yards (said a very clever physician to me); pass a whole night in a vault—converse with the dead; nobody knows them better than I do. I have seen so many of them; Democritus would become melancholy by conversing with those folks."

I am not partial to leaving my bed, but the advice of the doctor seemed to me so excellent, that I resolved upon following it.

CHAPTER V.

A MIDNIGHT VISIT TO A CHURCH-YARD—A GHOST—SURPRISING EFFECT OF A NORTH-EAST WIND.

As it is generally admitted that a night-cap is favourable to philosophical meditations, I did not forget to take mine when I set out for the church-yard; and when I got there, I put it on. Adhering literally to the instructions I received, I first walked up, and then I walked down. I then made the round of the vast enclosure three times. At length, when I thought I was sufficiently saturated with the vapours of melancholy, I began my work upon the tombs. A very elegant mausoleum attracted my attention. I put on my spectacles, and, by the trembling light of the moon, so dear to melancholy spirits, I attempted to decypher the inscription. Oh, vanity!—oh, nothingness of human grandeur!—this then is the tomb of a tragic actor. Once he held in his hands the destinies of the universe—now a Roman Emperor—anon, a King of Mycene and Argos—to-day Cæsar; to-morrow Agamemnon—he shifts from throne to throne; every diadem encircled his princely brow—all the empires of the world were accumulated upon his head—and this burden sat lightly upon him. Behold what death has reduced him to!—A few grains of dust; this is all that remains of the king of kings. Oh, Death! what awful and terrible lessons you are pleased to give us.

I was then, if I am not mistaken, in the sublime vein. Melancholy had begun to operate, and in my inspiration I uttered fine things which, unfortunately, others had said before me. I continued. Beside this mausoleum lay a small grey stone, almost level with the earth. This laconic and modest inscription is its only ornament:—"Here lies ——, a Dramatic Author." A dramatic author! "He encountered many misfortunes during life, and only found repose in this last asylum." What a propinquity!—an author beside a player!!!

AUGUST, 1847.

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When they were upon earth, they were separated by an immense space. The modern Roscius scarcely condescended to let fall a look upon the humble poet, soliciting almost on his knees the favour of being read. If he deigned to address a word to him, it was with a tone of dignity with which a sovereign addresses his subject. "I'll say a word to the committee about it." Such was the answer that fell from his august mouth. Death has struck both poet and comedian; their ashes are confounded; they are equal. I feel an interest in the fate of this author—"he encountered many misfortunes during his life."—Does this not mean that his plays were hissed? We know this little misfortune sometimes falls to the lot of dramatic authors. "He could only find repose in this last asylum." Unhappy author—the melancholy plaything of pit and boxes—enjoy that peace denied to you while on earth. The living have persecuted you. Here at least you have nothing to fear. The dead do not hiss. I had scarce pronounced these words, which belong, I fancy, to the sentimental genius, than the tomb yawned wide; forth started a ghost, covered with his shroud, and armed with a manuscript that made me tremble. I have never been terrified at ghosts; but I have not as yet conquered my dread of manuscripts.

"I am ——— (said the phantom to me)—my tragedy made a good deal of noise."

"A little more noise than you wished. Have you ever seen it played?—I waited for the second representation, and you know" ———

"I know there is no longer any taste in Europe. No matter, listen; you shall judge."

Already the fatal manuscript was unrolled, when suddenly a north-east wind came whistling through the neighbouring poplars. The terrified ghost instantly plunged into his grave, which closed above him. Would you believe it?—this adventure dissipated the little melancholy I had amassed. I could not help laughing at the terror of this dramatic ghost, fancying that the north-east wind was hissing his tragedy. Now, you must know, that every melancholy man who has the misfortune to laugh, is a lost man. Owls, bats, church-yards, falling leaves, the tolling of the morning and evening bells, &c.—nothing of all these can save him; the unfortunate being smells of small beer for the rest of his days. Meantime the clock struck twelve; the moon, scandalised at having seen me laugh, refused to shed her light upon a person guilty of such profanation, and kept herself concealed behind thick clouds. There remained but one course for me to pursue, that of going to sleep. Leaning against the tomb of the king of kings, I courted sleep; it came not; but the freshness of the night gave me a heavy cold—so that I had not entirely lost my time.

CHAPTER VI., AND LAST.

THE AUTHOR BIDS ADIEU TO MELANCHOLY, MEETS ELIZA, AND, TO CURE HIS MELANCHOLY, MARRIES HIS MAID.

I returned to town very much out of humour, it may easily be supposed, at having spent an unpleasant night, and caught a heavy cold for the love of Melancholy. I was firmly resolved to send the mother of Genius, the daughter of storms, as well as the old puritan, who had replaced my Eliza, about their business. And, lo! to confirm me in this resolution, I met Eliza in the street. She accosted me with timidity.

“ Your servant, Sir.”—“ Good morrow, Eliza.”

“ You look ill, Sir; I am grieved at it—you were so well when I was with you; but since all these gloomy ideas have entered your head—”

“ I could not help it, child; they made me believe that it was the way to become a genius, but I see plainly that I shall never be anything but a fool.”

“ You were so satisfied with my little attentions—you used to say that you never drank such good coffee as that which I made for you in the morning.”

“ That’s true, Eliza; at present I am drinking most detestable stuff. I fancy the look of that old woman turns the cream sour.”

“ That may be, Sir; and how nicely your library was arranged—not an appearance of dust on the tables—all the books in their places.”

“ Now all is topsy-turvy. I can never lay my hand upon the book I want. It was only yesterday I was looking for my ‘ Plutarch;’ you know that great ‘ Plutarch’ very well, Eliza, for you used to put your silks in it.”

“ Yes, Sir.”

“ Well, child, I could not find it.”

“ You may recollect, Sir, that when you returned home after meeting that learned gentleman, I was at the window—I saw you, and went down to meet you?”

“ Very true.”—

“ I took your hat and umbrella, which you always carried, no matter what the weather was?”

“ I recollect it very well.”

“ When you entered your study, your dressing-gown and slippers were there ready for you. You know all that, Sir—and—and—you turned me away!”

The poor little girl was much affected, and so was I. The recollection of my dressing-gown and slippers made a strong impression on me. We looked at each other in silence for some time: at length she said—“ Sir, don’t [you] regret me?”

“ Yes, I do, child.”

" It depends upon you."

" You are right; come with me—I shall reinstate you in your post."

I shall not attempt to paint her satisfaction. I thought she would become silly; she skipped about in the street, and had well nigh embraced me. But let not the joy of Eliza surprise you. To be servant to an old bachelor is worth a priory to a young servant girl. While we walked home, Eliza hummed a song, the burden of which was, " Away with Melancholy." I repeated it in a hoarse voice. As for the air, I have forgotten it; but Eliza will tell it you, when she comes in; she has just stepped over to the upholsterer's about some little alteration I am going to have made before our marriage,—for, I forgot to tell you, by the by, the little puss has thoroughly convinced me that that is the only way to effectually get rid of my melancholy.

TO MY BOY.

Thou hast a fair unsullied cheek—

A clear and dreaming eye,
Whose bright and winning glances speak

Of life's first revelry;
And on thy brow no look of care
Comes like a cloud, to cast a shadow there.

In feeling's early freshness blest—

Thy wants and wishes few:
Rich hopes are garnered in thy breast,

As summer's morning dew.
Is found, like diamonds, in the rose—
Nestling, midst folded leaves, in sweet repose.

Keep thus, in love, the heritage

Of thy ephemeral spring;
Keep its pure thoughts, till after age

Weigh down thy spirit's wing;
Keep the warm heart—the hate of sin,
And heavenly peace will on thy soul break in.

And when the even-song of years

Brings in its shadowy train
The record of life's hopes and fears,

Let it not be in vain,
That backward on existence thou canst look,
As on a pictured page or pleasant book.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A FELON.

(Continued from p. 16.)

On coming down to breakfast one morning, I found my uncle more than usually grave. After the meal, which passed nearly in silence, he desired my company in his library, where, after making some comment about my neglected education, he proposed that I should take a twelvemonth's tour on the continent, offering to defray my expences out of his own pocket, without obliging me to touch three thousand pounds which, as the miserable remnant of my father's property, I had of my own. With the quickness of thought I instantly perceived that the only means of escaping the disgraceful crisis that threatened me was within my reach. In case of a discovery of my base conduct to Mary Clifton, I knew full well that, however averse my uncle was to disproportioned marriages, his honourable nature would instantly have shrank from the thought of my deserting the girl whom I had so infamously requited for her Samaritan kindness, while at the same time his future confidence and regard would have been in all probability withdrawn from me for ever. Satisfied with this view of the case, with the natural cunning which seemed a concomitant portion of my character, I concealed the pleasure his proposal in reality gave me, and the better to claim the merit of obedience, exhibited a cold demeanor, as if averse to the proposal, but intimated my acquiescence if he deemed it for my benefit. My hypocrisy was sufficiently successful for the time, and my poor uncle my dupe.

That same evening I rode over to Mr. Clifton's, who was out engaged in some of his usual acts of charity or good will among his parishioners, so that I found Mary alone. As usual, she was in tears ; having previously formed my plan, I proceeded to tell her that I had sought my uncle's consent to my union with her, which he had utterly forbade under his eternal displeasure ; and that, indeed, fearful of my marrying without his consent, he had ordered me to live abroad for twelve or eighteen months. Calming the distraction this information caused, I gave her to understand that our mutual happiness might yet be secured, since, if she would leave her father's house, I would marry her privately abroad, but that it would not be expedient for her to depart at once with me since it would at once proclaim our guilt, and ruin me with my uncle, but that I would arrange she should follow me some fortnight or three weeks after I had left, under the care of such careful escort as I could procure, who would bring her to Paris ; there I should be ready to meet her, and confirm the many promises that I had made her.

Poor Mary was too afflicted in her present state not to catch even at straws ;

and, although the idea of parting from her indulgent parent's house cut her for a moment to the heart, she acquiesced in all the bitterness of despair, rather than in the gleaming of a hope.

The great difficulty, indeed, that I now had to surmount was the discovery of an agent whom I could confidentially trust in this business. In London it would have been a less difficult task. Young as was the lad who had been drowned in the wreck of the yacht, I could have trusted the business with him, but who now to select I knew not. Chance, however, if I may use the term, befriended me in the matter. In strolling on the following day over the park or chase which formed a great portion of my uncle's estate, indulging in the apparent success of my plans for the future, I came suddenly upon a young man who, under the shade of an elm, was engaged in the act of making apparently a hearty meal of a piece of bread and cheese. He was young and goodlooking, and although somewhat rakish in his appearance, and dressed in faded black, yet he looked like one who had seen better days.

"You appear to enjoy your meal, my friend," I observed; "but do you not know you are trespassing?"

"Upon my word and honour I assure you I did not," observed the young fellow, starting to his feet.

"This is attached to yonder mansion, (I observed, gravely, pointing to my uncle's residence,) and if you had been provided with a gun I should have supposed you wanted a sly shot or two at the game."

"I'm no shot I assure you, sir, (said the young fellow, with an air of infinite assurance,) but I will not pretend to deny but that a hare or a partridge, cooked, sir, as I have tasted them in my better days, would marvellously now incline my appetite."

"Then you have seen better days," I remarked.

"Yes, sir, or I should have had a more miserable life than I have had," said the stranger.

"Pray what pursuit may you follow," I inquired, somewhat interested in his apparently frank address.

"Why, sir, like Caleb Quotem, I have tried my hand at all things."

"And with no particular success, I presume?"

"Why no, sir, Fortune has delighted in jilting me."

"You interest me; pray tell me some of your past vocations."

"You honour me, sir. My story is a short one; but if you will favour me by listening to it you may, perhaps, find some little amusement. My father was attached to a profession, and was one of the hardest worked and worst paid men in the world; he was an attorney's clerk. Accordingly, having the honour of being brought into collision with the great legal representatives of majesty,

the judges of the land, he was at the same time frequently employed in the dirtiest work; for all which, fate and his employers rewarded him with but a single pound a week, with which he had to support a wife and family of nine children. But the wonder is, sir, he did it,—but the Lord defend me from telling you how. For myself, being the eldest, after having had eight years in the way of education at a parish free school, I was sent to commence life on my own account as an errand boy at a cheesemonger's shop. Having a taste for reading, I cut the dirty employ after an eighteen months' toil, and entered the profession of the law as quill-driver, my father having got me a berth. For six years I pursued my studies in the art and mystery of fagging and roguery, until, being gradually overpowered by a love for the boards,"—

"The boards!" I exclaimed, "why, do you"—

"Ah, sir, you don't take, I see," said the young fellow, with a simper; "I mean the stage, sir, for which I felt myself cut out. I was advised to try my luck; I had, indeed, already done your Doricourts, Lovelaces, and Wildairs, in private, and, sure proof of merit, had touched the hearts of many of the women. When I commenced the game in earnest, I enlisted in a strolling company; the novelty of the thing was at first delightful. During the fine summer weather we strolled about the country, giving representations wherever the authorities would permit us. But I soon found that, with regard to the means of subsistence, I was even worse off than as a fag in the law."

"You quitted that business, then, I presume," I remarked.

"Why I may say, with some truth, that it rather quitted me, as the theatrical wardrobe was taken in execution for a debt of some three pounds ten which we were too poor to pay. Thus was I thrown on the world once more upon my own resources. I had become, sir, a very citizen of the world, and was ready to turn my hand to anything in the way of an honest livelihood; and being somewhat hard pushed, became a great man's assistant."

"I do not quite understand you, I think."

"Why, sir, I even took place—became a knight of the shoulder-knot,—yes, sir, a footman."

"That was becoming little, indeed," I observed.

"You err, sir; I grew great—under the influence of good living. But the curse of it was, sir, the employment was grovelling, there was no mind about it. It is true I tried hard to deceive my imagination; when in full costume I would fain have thought myself Archer in the Beau's Stratagem; but my lord, who, by the way, was only a commoner, not exactly imitating Viscount Aimwell, was one day so displeased with me for some trifling omission, that he boxed my ears, and I in return knocked him down."

The fellow's manner, which was evidently studied in the school of comedy, pleased me by his description. The rogue saw it and continued—

"After that, sir, I was turned adrift once more; not then twenty years old, I had certainly seen enough of the world, you would say. But I had yet to find a lower station than I had yet discovered,—I became a broker's man. In this capacity I managed to draw a scanty subsistence from the distresses of others but my professional capacity I found so unpopular, that, together with the scenes of grief and mourning, with which I was constantly brought in contact, that I threw myself out of a situation, and became by luck, as I thought, a baker's man. I managed to live tolerably well in this berth until a seizure of alum and plaster of Paris being made on the premises by some constables, my master could never be persuaded but that it was I who had given the information."

"You were adrift again then," I remarked.

"To my sorrow, sir."

"What was your next change?"

"I commenced living through the dead."

"You are joking!" I remarked.

"It was very gloomy joking, sir; I became an attendant upon funerals—a mute, sir. But this employment was precarious; my master's dead were not sufficiently numerous to afford me support, and I became a real mourner on my own account, the more especially as I could obtain no employment. At last despair drove me back to the thoughts of the buskin. I went on the stage again, stuck to genteel comedy—played in the circuit here with indifferent success, until a case of cursed rivalry in the business, filled with bickerings and jealousies, threw me out of employment. Having slept under a haystack last night, sir, and being somewhat tired of land, I was resolving to commit my fortunes to the sea, and for that purpose was journeying on to the coast, when I thought I would sit down and break my fast."

"Your history (I said,) is not a little whimsical, and it is fortunate we met, since it is greatly in my power to serve you."

"Bless you for the thought, sir," exclaimed the young man, with some show of feeling.

"What is your name, pray?" I inquired.

"Mounteagle; but that's my theatrical name, sir. My real name is Williams—John Henry Williams, though by my intimates called Jack Clifford."

"Well, Clifford, if you can be trustworthy, and have steadiness, I can employ you profitably. Have you ever had a lady under your care?"

"Ah, sir, (said he,) the sex have been my ruin."

"But stay; are you in possession of any vouchers for your character?"

"Thank God, (he replied,) I have something that way;" and fumbling in his sob he brought out two pieces of paper, which were written characters he had received from two of his employers.

Tolerably satisfied with these vouchers, and knowing moreover that I could make it for his interest to be true to me, without unfolding my scheme immediately, I told him that I should have occasion for his services almost immediately, and giving him five pounds I desired him to go to the adjoining town and get a gentlemanly dress, and then to take up his abode at a public house I mentioned, and meet me on the morrow evening, but without mentioning a word to any one of what had transpired. Notwithstanding the eight of the money, which brought a deep flush in the poor fellow's face, it was evident to perceive he hesitated.

"Fear nothing, (I observed;) to set your mind at rest, I am about to lead you into nothing you will repent of; it is merely to carry a lady off with her own consent."

"Then, sir, I'm your man ; I will scale walls—assume disguises——"

"All of which are unnecessary (I observed). Meet me at this spot to-morrow at seven, and you shall know all." Bidding him be punctual, I hastened back in a feeling of exultation. It was my intention to play a much deeper and more effectual game to screen myself from suspicion, and that was by introducing this young man, whom fortune had thrown like a puppet into my hands, to Mr. Clifton as a friend, while I would secretly instruct Mary to pay him every attention, so that when I left the country and she eloped with Clifford, it would naturally be thought that she had run away with him.

Everything seemed to fall out to my diabolical wishes. Without explaining myself to Mary to the full extent of my plan for her flight, I merely told her that I had given full instructions to a gentleman whom I would introduce to her, and with whom, when I was gone, she would make any little arrangements that she might find needful, and that she might safely commit herself to his care, as he would bring her to Paris, where I would not fail to meet her. The same evening I met Clifford, and at once told him as much of the story as was requisite for him to know, promising him, beside the payment of his expenses, twenty guineas on his arrival in Paris, when, if he wished, I would take him into my service.

The following morning I had the boldness to introduce Clifford to my uncle, as a friend of former years, whom I had casually met, and who had come into the country to spend a few weeks. It was sufficient, indeed, that I had known him, for my respectable uncle to invite him to take up his abode during my short stay at his mansion, which the other, as I had previously instructed him, politely refused. I was pleased, indeed, with the plausibility of Clifford's manners.

The natural gentility of his address easily imposed upon my uncle, as well as on the Reverend Mr. Clifton, to whom I also made him known. And I so managed matters, indeed, two or three times when we called, that Mary and Clifford should be found together.

Having given my parting instructions to Clifford, the bitter heart—bitter to her—came of taking leave of Mary. Betrayed into guilt—terrified by the fear of detection, and justly horrified at the prospect of discovery in her present state of sin—her unhappy love for me—her affection for her father—all conspired to render her an object of the deepest commiseration. But, alarmed for my own future prospects, no other course but that of a disclosure, or instant marriage, offered itself; and from that I shrank with all the selfishness of my nature. Mr. Clifton had been already somewhat interested by the lively humour of Clifford, whom he supposed to be, as I had represented, a young man of excellent prospects; and I had the additional satisfaction of knowing that the frequent visits I had desired him to make when I had departed, would be well received by the father.

With this arrangement, and having duly received much good advice from my uncle, and promised to write to him regularly, I posted to Dover, and in a few days was surrounded by the dissipation of Paris.

The first stream of pleasure into which I plunged was gambling. Having fallen in with several Englishmen with whom I got acquainted at the cafés, I was taken to the celebrated house called Frascati, where I boldly indulged in play to a considerable amount. At first, as is but too frequently the case, I won a very considerable sum.

It was while indulging in the intoxicating feelings of success that Mary Clifton, attended by Clifford, and a girl whose attendance he had thoughtfully, procured, joined me at my hotel. Joy and grief contended for the mastery in Mary's bosom, as she threw herself into my arms, and expressed that her single hope in life since she had deserted God and her aged parent, was myself. She had made her departure, indeed, so secretly, and with such address, that at home, on being missed, it would generally be believed she had gone to London. Clifford, indeed, had shewn a kindness that, with much compunction he had expressed, had raised him considerably in my mind, although it created a momentary shock with Mary when she learnt that he whom she had looked upon as my friend, was in reality only my servant. He now agreed, indeed, with alacrity, to enter my service, and having given him the promised reward, he immediately hastened to equip himself with those things he stood in need. As it was impossible to manage without a female attendant, I kept the girl, who seemed greatly attached to Mary; and fearful, notwithstanding the caution that had been used, of being tracked, I determined to proceed to Italy immediately.

Having made the few preparations that were requisite, I paid a farewell visit to Frascati in the evening; fortune again favoured me, and I increased my winnings to near a thousand napoleons. Poor Mary had sat up late for me that night, and when I returned home, flushed with champaigne, and exultingly produced my winnings, saying how I had obtained it, her countenance assumed the ghastliness of despair.

" You a gambler!—oh! shun it, Edward, as a fatal—a damning ruin!"

Alas! her words, which were to be truly verified in my wretched existence, were treated with badinage.

That night I remember the bitter anguish of poor Mary's feelings was expressed in her dreams, as in all the wildness of grief, in broken language, she entreated forgiveness of her father.

On the following morning we started on our route to the south of France, and from thence pursued our way to Italy, and took up our residence at Naples. It was the time of the carnival, when the streets, thronged with picturesque groupes and bands of music, presented a scene of gaiety that could scarcely be surpassed. Confident of my pecuniary resources, I immediately engaged a handsome villa, with two additional servants, and directed my efforts to banish, if possible, a portion of the dark melancholy which had succeeded Mary's first grief at leaving home. But not all the wonders of nature and art, the beauty of the climate and scenery, or the thoughtless gaiety of the people, served to efface the rooted sadness that had taken possession of her heart. She was kind, affectionate, and enduring as ever in her feelings to me, but it was evident that her feelings were never likely to be assimilated with her present degraded existence. It is true she murmured not—she never even asked me to fulfil my promise of marriage; but I read her disappointment in her fading looks, and the frequent tears in which I found her when I was least expected. Her very muteness, I confess, touched my callous heart more than a thousand reproaches would have done. I thought of what she once was, and cursed in the bitterness of my thoughts those passions that had hurried to the desolation of so fair a shrine. But these emotions of remorse were transient, and even then unknown to her. My intrigues were numerous. Her melancholy, I felt, began to clog my spirits, and her silent endurance of my villainy seemed as the bitterest reproach. There were times, when entering her chamber suddenly, I have found her on her knees sobbing forth the outpourings of her bursting heart, and praying for a blessing upon my head, when I have shrunk appalled at the words—when, indeed, I could have welcomed her bitterest accusations as a relief.

But I cannot dwell upon poor Mary's wretchedness. A fortnight after our arrival at Naples, I received a letter from my uncle, which had been forwarded on from Paris. It breathed of love and kindness, while one portion of it showed,

that my villainy had been but too successfully executed, since he entertained no suspicion of my guilt. His mention of Mary's flight from home was detailed with indignant feelings—

"I have now, indeed, my dear boy (the letter said), to afflict you with a piece of news which I fear may make an unhappy impression upon your mind. But bear with manhood what I am to tell you. That fiend in human form, named Clifford, whom you countenanced, has—my pen falters while I write it—succeeded, by his devilish arts, in inducing that unhappy girl, Mary Clifton, to leave her father's home. They have fled, no one knows whither. From the many and endearing virtues of the ill-fated girl, the circumstance has occasioned the greatest surprize and sorrow throughout the county. But her father—the good old minister—oh! Edward, how can I paint his feelings—his desolated hearth—he who lived but to do good, thus disgraced—left lonely in his old age by the sole being of his cherished hopes. It is a terrible trial, which I fear the poor old man will not long survive. But this miscreant—this accursed of God and man, who, to gratify his hellish designs, has thus fatally disturbed for ever the peace of a family—who is he?—how long have you known him?—pray, give me every particular that may assist in the search which is now making. I am an old man, and should turn my thoughts from strife and bloodshed, and yet I feel, did I meet with this villain, that with a clear conscience I could extirpate him from the face of the earth as a pest."

On reading the indignant but honest sentiments of the old man, oh how contemptible did I appear in my own eyes. It was not the sin that touched my hardened conscience; as to my pride, that was dashed down to the ground and made me appear a pitiful sneak. To have avowed my guilt I felt would have been bold, and my confession even manly. My successful plans, in the execution of which I had vainly triumphed, now, except in moments of reckless dissipation, filled me with fears of discovery. Mary, who had heard of the receipt of the letter, with a self-accusing conscience and trembling steps, had followed me to my chamber to hear of her father.

With lies however I managed in some degree to assuage her anxiety for the time.

Some few days after this a circumstance occurred which not a little added to my vexation and that state of mind which prompts men on to desperate deeds.

But little acquainted with financial knowledge, and being of a suspicious nature, I had kept a great portion of my winnings at Paris, in a small portmanteau, which I kept mostly locked within a trunk. On coming home one night late from the parade, where, with Mary deeply veiled, we had been taking a walk, I found my trunk had been broken open and the portmanteau carried

away by the robber, who was, indeed no other than Clifford, who had fled from the house. Every exertion was made by the police, but the scoundrel had too wisely taken his measures to admit of discovery. The following note, indeed, which was found on a table in the chamber, was sufficiently characteristic of the spirit in which he had committed the robbery.

"Most virtuous sir, you will doubtless be surprised to find that I have made free with your loose cash. I have at least robbed you on principle. For the slur of infamy with which you have been pleased to load my unfortunate shoulders, I have done myself justice in robbing an infinitely greater scoundrel than myself, so that society has suffered nothing by the wrong. If you would escape the final clutches of Old Nick, reform your conduct, and do justice to one, to restore whom to her former virtue and innocence, were it possible, I would even forego my present booty. I shall not, however, betray your secret unless it should be possible that you should discover my retreat, and then vengeance will still be in my power. This is a fresh move in my life; I hope it will gratify you as much as the former.—Yours no longer, F. C."

Baffled and taunted thus, my rage and disappointment were unbounded for several days, during which period the natural asperity of my temper frequently displayed itself towards her whom I infamously accused of my present troubles. Tears were the only answer from the victim of my lust, until maddened with thought I rushed into the city, and launching into the wildness of dissipation I sought to drown the breeding of care.

But let me hasten on to that catastrophe, at the thought of which I still shudder. Impressed with the belief that music would tend not a little to dissipate Mary's gloom, I occasionally took her to the opera, then, indeed, adorned by the first singers of Europe. She went, and I frequently saw her moved by the thrilling tones of a prima donna, but it was the sympathy with grief that touched her. No ballet, whatever its attraction, lit up her face with smiles. She made it her study to seem pleased, but it was an effort, and the attempt was painful for me to witness. It was one evening when the house was more than usually crowded by the arrival of a musical wonder fresh from Milan, that I had engaged a private box. The house looked brilliant in its numerous radiant lights which lit up the boxes, crowded with beauty and fashion. Never had I seen Mary look more touchingly beautiful. She was dressed in white, a single artificial lily adorning her dark brown hair. Her cheeks, though wasted, had a hectic glow, and there was, if I may so term it, spirituality in the brightness of her blue eyes, that threw a peculiar interest over her *tout ensemble*. I had often heard her admired before with exultant feelings, and my pride—my insatiable vanity this night induced me to place her in a seat where she could be seen by the greater part of the audience. It was at the close of the first act, when

almost every eye was riveted on the stage in admiration of the prima donna during a very difficult *bravura*, that my attention was suddenly drawn to Mary, who, uttering a suppressed cry, nearly fell from her seat.

"Good heavens, what is it that has alarmed you?" I exclaimed, as I supported her in my arms.

"I have seen him!" she exclaimed, recovering somewhat from her momentary alarm.

"Who?" I inquired in some trepidation.

"Moreland, Henry Moreland, your friend," murmured Mary as she buried her countenance in her handkerchief.

The news, indeed, was anything but pleasant, but hoping that she had been deceived by some real or fancied resemblance, I directed my glass to the part of the house she described. For a moment or two I passed over a range of faces foreign in aspect until my eye suddenly rested upon his countenance, too well known to be forgotten. He was standing leaning against the side of a box, and in apparent close and attentive observation of our box. His glance, in fact, during my brief survey, seemed fixed upon me.

The following moment I beheld him retire from the front as if to withdraw from the box. Shame and dread—the dread of his honest indignation induced me to hasten Mary from the scene. I hoped, indeed, to be able to quit the house unobserved. But Moreland was before me, for on opening the box he already stood at the door, his face deadly pale, and his manner agitated to a degree.

"Good God! Stowell, (he exclaimed) what a meeting is this! if you have a feeling of friendship unravel this mystery."

"Mystery! Mr. Moreland, what mystery?" I said, putting on an appearance of haughtiness, anything but felt, to mask my real feelings.

"Can this be some delusion! (he uttered wildly.) Oh Mary! Mary, no, no; it is all too true; that look of wretchedness—but the villain Clifford—where is he—how came you here?"

"Really this is very strange, Mr. Moreland (I observed); this is a very odd way of recognizing your old acquaintance. I must beg you will let us pass."

Poor Mary had hidden her face upon my shoulder and was sobbing bitterly. Supporting her with my arm, I bore her through a crowd that had collected around us, heedless of the half frantic supplications of Moreland, who followed our steps.

Placing her in a fiacre that stood in attendance, I hastily desired the man to drive to our residence, giving him the address in an agitation that I hardly knew what I was about. I had stepped into the carriage, when I beheld Moreland by the side of it.

" For God's sake, Edward, do not leave me thus—so unlike yourself—for mine—for that dear injured girl's sake, speak to me, and tell—— ”

" *Prestissimo,*" I shouted to the driver, and giving his horse the lash, we were soon carried beyond the hearing of his voice.

With the germ of villainy expanding within me, I had not yet thrown all sense of honour and shame into the shade; the former I at least wished the credit of possessing, and for the latter, what little was left, I was desirous should alone be displayed in the loneliness of my chamber, with no eye to witness the ebullition. I was yet in hopes, that as we resided some little distance from the town, our residence might remain unknown until we quitted Naples. But my great cause of fear arose from the probability of Moreland's immediately writing home an account of his having seen Mary and myself. How could I palliate the inference that might and probably would be drawn from this fact? A second letter that I had recently received from my uncle, expressed surprise that I could not give some clue to the family and particular station of life occupied by my friend Mr. Clifford; and my discrepancy in this matter, coupled with an avowal of having seen me with Mary Clifton, left little doubt but that a complete discovery of my falsehood and infamy would be the result. Determined at all events to leave Naples immediately, I started off the first thing after breakfast towards the bay, to learn what vessels were sailing for Leghorn, whither I purposed removing. Having engaged with the master of a polacca, I proceeded to transact some further business preparatory to leaving, when I hastened back.

My efforts had been of little avail. On entering the saloon, I beheld Moreland together with Mary, both bathed in tears. Enraged at being baffled in my attempt, and aware, from the expression of his face, that the secret I had so much sought to conceal was discovered, I proceeded bitterly to reproach him with his insolent curiosity.

(*To be Continued.*)

SAM SLICK ON MATRIMONY.

Ain't it curious, squire, weddin' is never out of women's heads? They never think of nothin' else. A yeung gal is always thinkin' of her own. As soon as she is married she is a match-makin' for her companions; and when she is a grain older her darter's weddin' is uppermost agin. Oh, it takes a great study to know a woman! How cunnin' they are! Ask a young gal the news, she'll tell you all the deaths in the placee, to make you think she don't trouble herself about marriage. Ask an old woman, she'll tell you of all the marriages, to make you think she is takin' an interest in the world that she ain't. They certainly do beat all, do women.

AN EDITOR'S MORNING.

It is ten o'clock. I must begin my journal. The task is not so easy as it is generally imagined. To stimulate the curiosity of so many readers, whose manner of viewing and feeling things is so very different; to minister to the laziness of some, to furnish others with an agreeable recreation after their toils; in fine, to procure one's productions to be read, in an age when so little is read; what a task is this. And people fancy we lie upon roses! If we had only some days of relaxation; but that is a privilege reserved for comedians, who have several others besides. Let us to our work, then. The Ministerial paper comes in; perhaps it will help me out of my perplexity. No bulletin—no official news. If, since I am in such need, I should fabricate some? If I should cause an army to advance? only a small corps, to support my views of politics. No; this is no longer allowable; people have got disgusted with our plans of campaigns, and they have withdrawn from us the command of the troops which were formerly under our orders. What, then, shall I say to the public, for something I must say. I'll look through the provincial journals; I often find curious facts in them, which prove highly interesting to our city readers. Let me see—let's read. Good heavens! not one disaster, not a single hurricane, no fires, no thunder-storm; all the rocks continue upright, and avalanches no longer stir from their positions. What barrenness! Never have I beheld such an utter sterility of catastrophes. What, then, shall I cram into my journal? What a help a band of robbers would be; where can I find them? Since the courts of justice no longer give them credit for their good intentions, these good people do not dare to show themselves. If, in their absence, and during the interregnum, some well-intentioned wolves would spread over the country, their ravages would give an agreeable variety to my paper. Unfortunately, wolves are becoming scarcer and scarcer every day, and the few we see behave very properly. If things go on in this way, they will soon be more civilised than us. Positively there is nothing to be had to day from the provincial journals. No doubt the metropolis will make amends for this, so many follies succeed each other so rapidly; so many originals abound in it; so many puffers live upon the credulity of the public. Well, would you believe it, in this city, where people are so fond of being duped, the number of puffers is diminishing; some have taken out a diploma, others have lost their credit; in fact I don't know what the deuce I am to talk about. Nothing new at the theatres; all the actresses at their posts—not one of them indisposed; they become regular on purpose to prevent me remarking their absence. Few new works, and yet millions of authors; but they are reposing on their laurels; they

are lulled by the flattering notices that have hailed their productions. What is to become of us if these gentry do nothing? it seems we may say to each other what the hackney coachman says to the ladies of an equivocal character in the comedy, "We cannot do without each other." I hear a noise—it is a young lady—so much the better—but she's not alone, that's bad.

"Sir,—I hope my visit does not discompose you; I am the author of M . . . , a novel that is at present making a great noise in the world. I consider it very useless to recommend it to you. You have too much taste not to add your suffrage to those of the upper circles. But tell me, why do I never see you at my evening parties? I should be delighted to converse with you. As for my novel, I am indifferent to its fate, but the public opinion seems very decided. Miss M.... is all for depth; Mrs. G.... tries to be natural. But I unite those two species of merit. This is a settled point. Mr. Linval here, who has brought me to you, can tell you that no woman can exceed me in vividness of feeling, or in energy of expression. Even my husband, whom I chanced to meet this morning on the staircase, could not help admitting that the perusal of my work had beguiled some of his hours most agreeably. I did not think he had so much taste; but let us cut off this, since it is not the matter that has brought me hither. I hope to see you, Sir, since I know you are too polite not to return my visit."—What volubility! This lady does not fatigue the sharers in the dialogue. I should like to know how she talks with her Linval.... But who's this gentleman approaching? There is nothing prepossessing in his air. He is like Envy. "Sir, will you do me a favour? You have an excellent opportunity. Mr. M. and I have written on the same subject; I am forced to acknowledge that mine is an excellent work, but truth likewise compels me to state that my rival's is detestably bad, and this is precisely what must be proved for the public. You are so much occupied, Sir, that I am afraid you cannot find time for this. So here is an article which I have taken the trouble to write, and which removes all doubt upon the two points just mentioned." "I hope you will sign it, Sir." "Can you think of it, Sir? Some precaution is necessary. The author whom I attack is my intimate friend; delicacy prevents me from signing an article of which he may have reason to complain. Besides, my name would spoil all. By praising myself, I mind my business; by running down my friend, I also push my point. But if the article was to bear my signature, nobody would be found to believe either the praise bestowed on myself, or the criticism bestowed on my neighbour. You see then, Sir, that it is impossible for me to give my name."

"In that case, take back your article—it cannot appear in my journal."

"You will think about it. Good morning."

Aveur, 1847.

■

Another visitor. But this one treats his friends so well that we have no wish to make one of their number.

A fresh visitor—

“Sir,—I have brought you the fruit of my painful vigils. It is an epigram very pointedly turned. I beg of you to insert it in a little corner of your journal. I have come express from Montargis to make this request. It is a town where poetry is very successfully cultivated. Yes, Sir—we have a literary society—an academy in miniature; we play at chess and trictrac, and read all the papers; and this tends wonderfully to spread the love of letters in the neighbourhood. I know some neighbours of mine who can defy all the poets of the metropolis at the epigram or the stanza. Mr. Editor, I trust you will have my verses printed; but be careful in not forgetting my christian names—Charles Emanuel Mind you, I have as many brothers as other folk have cousins. Now, where glory is concerned, all ties of affinity cease. I would not share my epigram with anybody. And so, Sir, I am back to Montargis.”

This poetaster is a smart little fellow, and his epigram is not so very bad. I shall print it; young people must be encouraged.

“What's this? Five or six persons at a time in my study. One at a time, I beg of you.”

“What can I do for you?”

“Sir,—There are many people who think that the last comet announced the end of the world. I beg of you to restore confidence. It will last twenty thousand years longer; this is a discovery I made this morning.”

“I am very glad to hear it, for I was already thinking of removing.”

“Mr. Editor,—I have discovered a method of rendering bones more useful than meat. I make a jelly of them as pleasant as it is nutritious, and without meaning to purchase your good opinion, I have brought you a little of it, with a description of my process, which you will be kind enough to insert in your paper.”

“Sir, I have already enemies in great plenty, particularly among literary people; I shall have more if I give publicity to your discovery. All the dogs left without a bone to gnaw will not fail to bark at my heels in the streets.”

“Don't be alarmed, Sir; the dogs are more interested than we are in the success of my jelly, and I'll prove it to you thus:—Whoever has once tasted this animal condiment, will never think of eating anything else. Then they will keep nothing but the bones, and the meat will be thrown to the dogs. At another interview, Sir, I shall tell you how, with Surinam wine, I make wine of Cyprus very superior to that generally used.”

"And you, gentlemen; have you, too, got discoveries to announce to the public?"

"I teach grammar in twelve lessons."

"I do better than that—the boy who goes through my three months' course, at the end will know more Latin than Cicero."

"I am a man of letters and science. I have plucked up the thorns that were sowed thick in the mathematics. The elegant style of my works smooths away all difficulties—I spread flowers over the square of the hypothenuse; and it is by a path strewed with roses that I reach conic sections. Hence, in forty days, my scholars are ready for the Polytechnic school."

"Gentlemen, I admire your talents, and to-morrow I shall announce to my subscribers that you travel by post along the road to learning, and that, thanks to your expeditions processes, our children shall learn without any trouble, and almost with their eyes shut, what cost their fathers many a year's hard study."

These teachers by steam are droll originals; and we must admit a newspaper editor sometimes receives strange visits. Happily he is not bound to return them. But the lady who feels so vividly, and who meets her husband by chance upon the staircase—why not go and pay my compliments to her? Perhaps her Mr. Linval is not always with her.

THE WISE WOMEN OF MUNGRET.

About two miles west of the city of Limerick is an inconsiderable ruin, called Mungret. This ruin is all that remains of a monastic establishment, said to have contained within its walls six churches, and, exclusive of scholars, fifteen hundred monks. An anecdote is related of this priory which is worth preserving, because it gave rise to a proverbial expression, retained in the country to the present day, "as wise as the women of Mungret." A deputation was sent from the college at Cashel to this famous seminary at Mungret, in order to try their skill at the languages. The heads of the house of Mungret were somewhat alarmed, lest their scholars should receive a defeat, and their reputation be lessened; they therefore thought of a most humorous expedient to prevent the contest, which succeeded to their wishes. They habited some of their young students like women, and some of the monks like peasants, in which dress they walked a few miles to meet the strangers, at some distance from each other. When the Cashel professors approached and asked any question about the distance of Mungret, or the time of day, they were constantly answered in Greek or Latin; which occasioned them to hold a conference, and determine not to expose themselves at a place where even the women and peasants could speak Greek and Latin.

THE FUNNY MAN.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF AN ODD FELLOW.

I do abominate laughing. There is nothing that jars upon my feelings so much as one of your genuine horseLaughs. It is like the rasping of a saw. Yet people have got most villainous habits of laughing when I speak; why, I know not, unless it is that I never laugh myself. I find that I am getting the character of a wit. If the name is fairly fixed upon me, I should be most sadly tempted to shoot myself. I fear I have said some amazingly silly things. I will be more circumspect for the future. My conversation is too light—I shall take care to put more lead in it hereafter. Heigh ho!—heaven knows one's words may be light when his heart is heavy.

I made an experiment the other day to ascertain whether people laughed at me, or at what I might happen to say. Jack Would-be-wit perpetrated a pun some time since—not a smile—company grim as death—Jack looked blank.

“I’ll wager a bottle of champagne, Jack, that I’ll rehearse that still-born effusion of yours to-morrow night at Madame ———’s party with abundant applause.”

“Done!” said Jack.

And it was done—raised a tremendous laugh—was stamped as a genuine coin of current wit—had the good fortune “virusu per ora volitare” to get into the newspapers, and the last I saw of it it was travelling through the country, every body, by the way, claiming it for their own.

“What say you to that Jack?”

“True, true, but then you have got such a——— comical way with you.”

Here then is the fault—it must be mended—I shall look to it.

There is another thing which from my soul I loathe, it is that sickly, silly, silken sentimentalism, which has become among certain classes the ruling fashion of the day—bah—garlic is nothing to it. The very thought occasions an involuntary rising of the stomach. And yet it meets me at every turn. Love tales, love songs, and love talk swarms around like the locust plague of Egypt.

“How touching!” sighed the fair Miss Angelica, as she sang one of these sentimental strains all about disconsolate true-love.

“Yes, indeed,” said Miss Pastorella, putting her handkerchief to her eyes.

“I can’t help crying when I hear it,” said the sobbing Miss Euphemia.

I began to feel sick.

“They say you sing beautifully, Mr. Graves,” said Miss Angelica, addressing me. “You must give us a song.”

I pleaded off. It would not do. I must sing.

"I have a song which I sing occasionally, but it's so very sad—"

"Oh, then, it's the very think—you must sing it, by all means."

"Well if you insist upon it—but it's a very dolorous ditty—it always overcomes me—" a hem—I began—

Ah no, she was not always so,
She has seen brighter days;
When sorrow bade no tear-drop flow,
No gloom bedim her gaze.

"But indeed it is so very melancholy!"

"Oh, beautiful! Oh! do go on!" said they all.

When the gay smile of gladness sat
Upon those lips so pale,
But then she had—a *tabby cat*,
"And thereby hung a tail."

But why that fearful hectic-flush,
Those deep and bitter sighs?
Why do the crystal streamlets gush
From those love-lighting eyes?

Unhappy love! No, 'twas not that
Which made her cheek so pale;
Alas! alas! *her tabby cat*—
Some wretch cut off its tail!

Nobody laughed—for a moment I never felt so happy in my life; but then the little vixens vented their spleen by calling me "a wit." I cursed the whole sex in my heart, and went away tolerably miserable.

Another thing which I hold in special abhorrence, and that is the being dragged into an argument on any subject or any occasion. I look upon the man who lays down some litigated opinion and calls upon me either to confute or assent to it, as I would upon a person who should knock me down in the street, to ascertain whether I had strength enough to redress myself; and I have thought that it was a great pity that the police could not be called upon in the one case as in the other. It may well be conceived that my soreness upon this point constitutes one of the chief miseries of my life. The world is full of these wordy martialists. One can scarcely meet a man who does not carry a whole park of logical artillery in his pocket, all double-shotted with solid syllogisms, enthymemes, propositions, conditional and disjunctive, and ready to let drive at any one who "shows fight." There is your lawyer, with his everlasting *sequitur* and *non sequitur*; the theologian, who raps one's pate across with a knotty volume of the fathers; the politician, who will do the same with his cane if you refuse to agree [with him; the colonizationist and anti-colonizationist; the temperance man and the anti-temperance man; "hold, hold, for mercy sake, do have com-

passion on my ears, and I will submit to anything—anything except hearing you call a wise man or myself a wit."

There is another thing which I could never brook, a needless interruption in the solemn business of eating. I am a reasonable man, and think that Archimedes was a fool to lose life, rather than leave a geometrical problem unfinished. But had he been discussing a dinner, breakfast, luncheon, or any such matter, instead of a point in mathematics, there I confess I could have sympathized with him. And surely the Roman must have been a most scandalous barbarian, who had broken in as ruthlessly upon the grave tenour and quiet philosophy of such an operation.

"It is my candid belief, (said Mr. Shirtcollar, starting from the table where I had just sat down,) that there is no material difference betwixt a monkey and a negro. Don't you think so, Mr. Graves?"

Now this fashionable gentleman of whiskers and mustaches was very fond of paradoxes, which he supported as well as a man might with an empty head and clattering tongue. It was not the first offence which he had committed against my peace, and I determined to give him a lesson.

I dropped my knife and fork and answered him very deliberately. "Negroes are always black"—he nodded—"but monkeys, (here I eyed him very significantly from head to foot,) I should be inclined to think, are not invariably so." I resumed my meal.

There was a titter among the ladies, but Mr. S. did not "take," and my shaft fell hurtless.

"Look'e, sir, (said he in a louder tone,) have the negroes ever done anything great—was there ever a great black man?—tell me that."

Interrupted again! my blood boiled, and I resolved to do my best to extinguish him at once.

"Mr. Shirtcollar, (said I with great gravity,) you will certainly grant that the Guinead is the noblest epic that was ever produced, always excepting Newton's Principia, and Crabbe's Synonymes."

This was somewhat out of the gentleman's depth, and he looked rather blank; but the company began to laugh, and I looked very solemn, and hesitation was death.

"Oh, yes, I presume there can be no question about that," said he very unsuspectingly.

"And yet you must be aware that it was written by a negro."

This was a poser. "Well, well—yess—I'll allow, but——" and the whole table burst into a roar.

"Oh, demme, you're a quizzing!" cried the discomfitted controversialist, and made off with himself, leaving me to finish my meal without further molestation.

But I found my dinner was spoiled. Heard a conversation in the adjoining room, which did not tend to improve my appetite.

"He—he—he! what a funny man!" said a female voice.

"Yes—yes—a great wit—great wit! ha, ha!" was the reply.

Left my dinner and slunk off to my room, wishing that I had left Shirtcollar alone.

Went to a party with a solemn determination to establish a new character—made out a long list of serious subjects—death—the grave—parson —'s last sermon, &c. for conversation, and resolved that if people would exercise their risibiles, it should not be on my account.

Remarked to Miss — very gravely, and with a sigh, as was becoming, "Alas, we must all die!" Thought she would have died laughing. Deuced strange this! had an idea of getting mad about it; but if people feel inclined they will laugh, so I stared and said nothing, but resolved to hold my tongue for the remainder of the evening.

Looked at Harry Blunt; the fellow burst into a laugh.

"What the d— are you laughing at?" said I, fiercely.

Worse yet; feared he would go into hysterics.

"He—he—he, (said he at length,) you look just as if you were meditating something funny."

Saw a tittering young lady pointing me out to another, and heard her whisper, "a great wit." Couldn't stand it any longer. Sneaked off. Swore in my wrath to cut all my acquaintance. Used no reason in laughing, but made it a point to laugh at everything I said, whether it had any point in it or not. "There is no chance here, (thought I,) to get a new character." They are all predetermined to consider me a wit. I made a resolution to change my boarding-place, and cut every soul of them.

Went in search of a new boarding house. Found one that suited me exactly. Fine rooms, pleasantly situated, landlady looked as though she wouldn't laugh at trifles, and every thing had a very solemn, laughter-rebuking air. Delighted with my good fortune, I was about to accept her terms, when a little urchin rushed into the house, crying and bawling—

"Ma! my nose, Johnny hit it a blow; boo-o-o; Johnny's a bad boy."

"That's true, my little fellow, (said I,) tell Johnny to blow his own nose, he had no right to blow yours."

I had scarcely uttered these half unconscious words, when I heard a titter from a young lady on the opposite side of the room. Immediately I recollect, to my dismay, that I had said something that might be twisted into a pun.

"Ha, ha, ha! (roared a gentleman behind me, as if the joke had dawned very gradually upon his mind.) Pretty good! pretty good!"

"The gentleman is quite a wit," came ringing in my ear.

"~~He~~—!" I muttered between my teeth, and rushed into the street like a madman. "What a cursed slip!" thought I, as I hurried along, dashing against the passengers, until at length I came in contact with an old woman with a basket of chips upon her head, and away she went into the gutter.

"Is she drdnk, eh?" asked a gentleman who was passing.

"Merely a little top heavy," said I.

"He, he, he, you seem to be a wit!" was the reply.

I am not an irascible man. Nay, I flatter myself I have even an unusual share of the milk of human kindness—of that charity which teaches us to bear and forbear—of mercy which "descends like the gentle dews of heaven," and "blesseth him that gives and takes." But oh, how I did want to knock that man down! I went home—packed up my movables, and started for the country.

A PERILOUS ADVENTURE.

A GENTLEMAN, named Young, while on a tour through Switzerland, had engaged to go with a party to the top of the mount St. Bernard, but, having taken a walk in another direction, he did not return to the hospice till after the party had started, and were out of sight. He resolved, however, to make an attempt to overtake them, or to gain the summit alone, though warned that the undertaking was one of extreme danger. As it was early in the day, he began his ascent leisurely and carelessly; and, as might be expected, it was not long before he entirely missed the way. He had gained a considerable height, when, at last, he began to find himself involved in difficulties, and surrounded with precipices, among which he saw no way of advancing or retreating without danger. His attempts to extricate himself and gain a place of safety only made bad worse, till at last he found himself in a spot where all chance of escape seemed utterly hopeless: a narrow ledge of rock a few inches broad was all he had to stand upon—below was a frightful precipice—above the rock sloped upwards so steep and smooth, that he despaired of being able to clamber to the top of it. Desperate, however, as the attempt appeared to be, it seemed to offer the only way by which he could extricate himself; and being endowed with a very cool head, and great strength of nerve, he resolutely began to scale the rock, clinging to every little crevice in its smooth surface, as in a matter of life and death. By painful and fatiguing exertion, he gained the height of about ten feet from the ledge, but here he found that all further progress was utterly impracticable. While in this perplexity, his stick (a baton ferre, an iron-shod staff or pole, generally used by

travellers among the Alps) slipped from him, and rolling down, struck against the ledge and bounded over, and he was doomed to listen with feelings which cannot be described, to the sounds it made as it descended from crag to crag, warning him of the depth and ruggedness of the precipice over which he had the awful prospect of being immediately hurled. He found he could no longer hold by the rock, and when he thought of the narrowness of the ledge, and the force with which he must come down upon it, it seemed to him almost impossible that it could avail to stop his further descent. He was forced however to make the trial, and by a merciful interposition of Providence, which filled his mind with wonder, gratitude, and encouragement, his feet caught the ledge and saved him. Such was the force with which he had clung to the rock, when sliding down towards the ledge, that the points of his fingers were almost rubbed bare to the bone.

Placed as he now stood, he was, after all, in no better situation than before he made his last desperate effort. He contrived, however, to advance beyond the ledge, and he continued climbing and scrambling, till at last he fairly got himself into a position where he could move neither one way nor another. He was fixed more than midway up the front of a precipice, with his back to the rock, a small projecting point of granite, not four inches broad, supporting one foot, and the other resting on a still narrower prop; but, fortunately, his hands were comparatively disengaged. The rock rose about thirty feet perpendicular over his head, and, below, the precipice was so high, that, had he fallen, he must instantly have perished. To add to the horrors of his situation, the sun was now setting, and he was far too distant from the convent to be within hearing, but, fortunately, he was within sight of it. He began, therefore, as soon as he saw the hopelessness of any attempt of his own to escape, to wave his handkerchief, and make every effort to catch, if possible, some wandering eye at the convent; and again Providence interposed for his relief. It happened that a Capuchin monk arrived at the convent the night before; and, as he was looking about the next day on the surrounding scene, his sight was arrested by something he descried on a distant rock: and, on applying a telescope, Mr. Young's situation was ascertained, and his signal of distress understood. He had now the satisfaction of seeing two monks leave the convent, and make towards the foot of the rock; upon which, with astonishing deliberation, which has gained him a great name in that quarter, he took out his pencil and a bit of paper, wrote a few words in English and French, describing the extreme peril of his situation, picked a stone out of the rock, and tying up the whole in a corner of his handkerchief, threw it down towards the monks. It escaped, however, their notice; but finding, when they reached the bottom of the rock, that they were still beyond the hearing of Mr. Young

they ascended, by ways known only to themselves, and with a dexterity and readiness peculiar to the good monks of St. Bernard, to the top of the rock, from whence they spoke down to him, and learned the necessity of having recourse to ropes to extricate him from his critical situation. They instantly descended to the convent; and, soon after, six of the monks, accompanied by two chamois hunters, set out on their benevolent and perilous errand.

The company at the hospice, particularly some gentlemen who had been Mr. Young's travelling companions, were now left in a state of painful anxiety and suspense, which increased with the increasing coldness and darkness of the night. They stood in groups at the convent door, tracing the glimmering light of the lantern, as it slowly and irregularly ascended the mountain, till at last it came to a stand; and it was hoped the monks had reached the top of the rock, from which they were to let down the ropes to Mr. Young, in order to pull him up to where they stood. In the mean time, supper was announced in the convent, and the party sat down little disposed to enjoy the good cheer set before them, but encouraged to hope the best by the assurance and example of the brethren at the table, who tried to dissipate their alarms about their friend, though it proved afterwards that they were under the greatest apprehension themselves. Supper passed, and still no tidings from the mountain. It was found that the light had for some time disappeared, and the imagination was left to conjecture, either that it had fallen and been extinguished, in which case, the whole party would have been exposed to the greatest danger, or, that the monks had succeeded in their object, and that they were bringing down Mr. Young by a safer, but more circuitous road than the one by which they had ascended. At last after more than three hours' dreadful suspense, the glad sight of the lantern reappeared at a short distance from the convent; and in a few minutes Mr. Young was restored to his friends with lacerated fingers and torn clothes, but otherwise unhurt.

MISTER POPJOY.

(Continued from p. 28.)

CHAPTER XI.

BLIGHTED HOPES—A FATHER'S HATRED, A MOTHER'S LOVE, AND AN UNCLE'S KINDNESS—ADVENTURES IN THE BATH COACH—BECOME ENAMOURED OF A YOUNG LADY, WHO RETURNS MY LOVE.

Perhaps there is no emotion that is more truly painful to be sustained than mortification—the mortification that subjects us either to the sneers or pity of those around us. I certainly presume to lay down this proposition with consi-

derable confidence, having tasted to the very dregs the extreme sweets of it. But I will pass over the feelings that resulted from the failure of my tragedy. My disappointment could not long be kept to myself, and though sympathised with by a few—a very few—yet the far greater portion of my acquaintances, especially the junior members, thought it a fair subject for quizzing me most mercilessly. Among this latter class my father thought fit to associate himself, and affected to censure with unmitigated contempt what he was pleased to term my daring assumption in supposing that I was capable of writing anything fit to be read. The expression of these sentiments, which he thought proper more than once to utter to my face, led, indeed, to some bitter recriminations on my part, in which I did not fail to remind him of his own professional and honest method of getting up evidence for a client.

The consequence of this was that my father and myself seldom met without quarrelling, and it was indeed as much as my mother could do to prevent him executing a threat of thrashing me into a mummy. Had he indeed attempted to have put his threat into execution, fate only knows to what length my filial feelings of forbearance would have carried me. Having entered upon the state of manhood, and having had but little occasion to feel affection for the most selfish of parents, I do not think that I should have been disposed to prove a martyr.

One thing seemed very clear—we could not both rest in the same house without riots, and the common peace of a household required that we should be separated. My mother, poor kind soul, together with my sisters, saw the necessity of it, and it was proposed that until something was finally fixed with regard to my future pursuits, I should go on a visit to my uncle, Major Killwell.

This gentleman, who was my mother's youngest brother, I have previously had occasion to mention as being known to my kind friend Captain Huntley at Bristol.

My uncle, who was noted for his eccentricities, had early in life entered a regiment of dragoons, with which he had served in Holland, and throughout the Peninsular war, with distinguished credit to himself. A very few years previously he had thought proper to retire on half-pay, which, added to a very pretty little property, enabled him to lead what he called a very jolly bachelor life. This he spent chiefly at a small but pretty villa, which he had christened Mount Fort, in the neighbourhood of Bath. About once in the year, however, he was in the habit of coming up to London to visit our family, and see some of his old cronies at the clubs. His arrival, indeed, at our residence was generally hailed with the liveliest joy by us all, with the exception of my father, between whom and the Major a coolness had existed for some years. This had arisen, in fact, from the circumstance of my uncle, who was trustee to my

mother's property, refusing to sell out certain stock to be embarked in some speculations in which my father had latterly invested considerable ventures of his own. Owing to this feeling, perhaps, the Major, though greatly against my mother's inclination, had declined to make our house his home during his stay in town. His fine figure and dark handsome countenance had, from a very early period, inspired me with a boyish feeling of admiration, which was no less captivated by his many presents as well as humorous and jocular manners. My uncle had repeatedly given the family invitations, of which, for some years previously, my father had taken great care we should not accept. Opposed to each other in temper and disposition, my uncle, I believe, in return for my father's petty methods of annoyance, regarded him with sentiments of the utmost contempt. He had manifested a great disinclination to my entering the medical profession, a feeling on his part which, in all probability, had only tended to make my father more determined upon the subject.

Such was the relative whom my mother, well knowing my uncle's kind heart, thought of committing me to the care of for some twelve months or so. Some few fears, indeed, the kind soul was led to entertain. The Major was wedded to the sports of the field, and there was still a spice of dare-devil feeling in his composition which, as it might involve me in some thoughtless danger or dilemma, my mother greatly dreaded. In one or two letters, therefore, that passed between them on the subject of my visit, and in one of which my uncle stated the pleasure he should have in making a man of me, my mother was so alarmed at the expression, well knowing his eccentric habits, that she proceeded to tell him she should never forgive him or herself if I was thoughtlessly exposed to any danger, as it was a thing which, by education and habit, I had been wholly unaccustomed to from my birth. To this my worthy relative thought proper to send a letter, filled with somewhat equivocal assurances that my mother might depend upon it he would take as much care of me as if I were his own son, and that it should be his aim to consult my welfare and happiness.

It was in the early part of the month of November when I bade adieu to home for my journey to Bath. My mother and sisters, at parting, as usual showered blessings upon me; my father I did not see. Wrapt within the ample folds of a warm cloak, I took my place at nine o'clock in the morning in the interior of the Bath coach. The snow was thick on the ground, the roads being exceedingly heavy, while a lowering sky and a biting north-easterly wind seemed much calculated to remind one of the comforts of a blazing fire.

The coach had no sooner started off than I proceeded to take a peep from between the fur collar of my cloak at my fellow-travellers. They were three in number, but so wrapped up in outer habiliments that my scrutiny was anything but a very perfect one. A tall stout gentleman, whose grey hair peeped from

under his travelling cap, occupied the seat with myself, while immediately facing me was a stout, plethoric-looking, red-faced man, whose drab great coat and belcher-handkerchief seemed somewhat at variance with the straw-coloured kid gloves sported rather ostentatiously by a monstrous large sized pair of hands. Next to him reclined a figure that soon particularly occupied my attention; it was that of a young lady, dressed in a braided riding-habit and hat. Her form was partially enshrouded in a military cloak, from underneath which peeped forth one of the prettiest little-feet I had ever beheld. My curiosity was on the stretch to gain, if possible, a glance of her countenance; but that for the present was effectually enshrouded under a thick veil which the lady wore.

It was easy to perceive that my companions were nearly as curious as myself in respect to the fair and somewhat eccentrically-dressed traveller. A dialogue which shortly ensued between the two gentlemen, soon served to enlighten my understanding in respect to their characters. The windows of the coach had both remained up for some few minutes after we had started on our journey, when the tall stout gentleman proceeded to lower the one adjoining his side.

"Oh, sir, pray don't put the windows down," exclaimed the plethoric gentleman, in an agony of alarm; "we shall be frozen to death as sure as a cucumber!" "My dear sir, only consider," suggested the stout gentleman, "we must have breathing space."

"Why bless you, sir," replied his opponent, "I can breathe with the window up, and I feels sure as you can, as you is a greater man than I am."

"Sir, you do me honour," exclaimed the stout gentleman, "but if this window is put up, only think of what a confined atmosphere it will be."

"Yes, sir," replied the other, "but only to think of that ere cutting hair as is a coming in upon me at the werry present time. Besides, (suggested the cockney, very plausibly,) if you don't mind me, sir, think of this ere good lady, and what she's a suffering."

"Gallant Knight!" murmured the lady.

"What, ma'am, is that you said about night?" exclaimed the cockney; "Of course it'll be a great deal colder at night, the gentleman must know that. You heas the lady, sir, (continued the speaker,) poor thing, she does't like to complain of the window."

"Well, sir," exclaimed the tall gentleman in a tone of resignation, "there s ne-withstanding your appeal, as it is for the lady; but my only motive for wishing the window down was a very unpleasant constitutional malady I have on my lungs, which, in a confined atmosphere, is very apt to be caught by some ill-fated person of a full habit."

The tall gentleman, as he spoke, coughed peculiarly, and was in the act of

raising the window, when his hand was precipitately arrested by that of the short gentleman.

"Never mind, sir—never mind the window," hurriedly exclaimed the alarmed plethoric man.

"But the lady, sir," interposed the stout gentleman.

"Oh, never mind, sir," replied the short man; "the good lady won't mind it, I'm sure; I know you won't, Mem—will yer, Mem?"

"Barbarian!" murmured the lady, in the same low tone of voice. This was followed by a sigh, so low and plaintive, that I confess I had already, I hardly knew why, felt—shall I confess it—a thrilling emotion of interest for the unknown, greater than I had ever previously done for womankind in the whole course of my life. Hitherto, indeed, I had hardly ever ventured to think of love, possessed as I was of a countenance which I felt to be the very antithesis of that divine passion. I had never yet, indeed, ventured to express a temporary feeling of admiration for a pretty girl, that I did not receive a smile of contempt in return, or, what was still worse, my declaration was treated as a jest, as I have previously observed. In fact, to be looked upon seriously, was one of the greatest desideratums in my existence.

The appearance of the interesting stranger in the riding habit had already induced that vagrant faculty—the imagination—to determine who she might be. She had evidently the appearance of being at least a lady in the land, as I argued to myself in my youthful and unsophisticated feelings. Her dress was of the most expensive description, and if it was at all outre' it was at least becomingly so, and only added in my susceptible mind to the belief that it enshrined a divinity at least. That she appeared possessed of aristocratic notions as well as most dignified feelings seemed beyond doubt, else why those speaking words, "Gallant Knight," not that there was anything in the bearing of the citizen calculated to remind one of chivalry. That individual, from whose countenance the rubicund glow of good living seemed fled for ever, as, with his head thrown as far back as possible from the tall stout gentleman, he glased suspiciously on him at intervals. Even the lady's brief compliment, and it was satisfaction to me to dwell upon that fact, though, indeed, by a feeling of gratitude, no doubt, on her part, had been withdrawn or merged in the more deserved application of "barbarian," which his intense selfishness had evidently merited.

"Oh, Job! (I mentally ejaculated, as I gazed at that dark envious veil that I felt assured, by a feeling of intuition, concealed a countenance radiant in beauty,) what a lucky day would it be, to be loved by such a creature? but thy ill-starred countenance! At this thought I involuntarily heaved a sigh. Hea-

vens! could I be mistaken in the response of a faint echo from the bosom of the interesting stranger. A thrill of delight ran through my frame at the very thought. I gazed at her, to detect if possible some action, however trifling, that might flatter my soaring hopes, that I had, for once in my life, met with at least a sympathising feeling in a female bosom.

It might be imagination, but I thought from the position of the lady's head that she was steadfastly regarding me. My spirits felt in a flutter. I determined to address her, but never before had I been so much at a loss for a topic. While, however, I was debating the matter, the lady produced a small gold-mounted riding-whip, with which, after gently disengaging that exquisite little foot which I had previously so much admired, she commenced beating time upon it with the lash, whilst she hummed in whispered tones the admired song—"He was a chief of low degree." Oh! how I cursed the jolting of the coach that nearly drowned the murmuring tones of that sweet voice.

I had already manufactured, after some pains, what I deemed would be a suitable compliment in addressing an observation to her, when it was entirely put to flight by a remark of the stout gentleman's.

"I beg your pardon, Madam (said that individual), but I think we have the honour of a professional lady's company?"

"Sir?" exclaimed the lady.

"The fact is, Ma'am (exclaimed the short gentleman, giving me an odious wink, as intended to be expressive of his own wit), the gentleman wants to know if you aint an actress, mem?"

"Sir (exclaimed the stout gentleman in considerable wrath)—you presume in putting such a construction upon my simple enquiry."

"I say, Sir (dogmatically exclaimed the short gentleman), I do not presume."

"You're a low fellow, Sir, to put an impertinent construction upon my enquiry."

"I say, Sir, that's false—every bit of it (exclaimed the short man in a violent rage); you are no gentleman to say so. Mem (continued the speaker, turning suddenly to the lady)—I appeal to you—to your feelings as a lady, if I've said anything to hurt you?"

"Hurt me! (exclaimed the lady) base churl; you dare not—I defy you."

"Lord, Ma'am (exclaimed the discomfited short man), you needn't be so very fierce."

"Really, Madam (exclaimed the tall gentleman), I am sure I have to apologise, particularly for the offender's vulgarity."

"D—n it, Sir; do you mean to call me vulgar?" said the short man, in a threatening voice.

" Assuredly, the most vulgar fellow I ever met with," was the response.

" Very well, Sir (exclaimed the short stout man)—though you are bigger than me, I'll teach you manners, if you'll say that when we leave the vehicle."

" For heaven's sake (exclaimed the lady, in the sweetest accents of distress), let there be no life lost, nor blood spilt, on account of an unhappy damsel."

At this address the short man looked amazed; his opponent smiled, and I thought superciliously, as he addressed her—

" Really, Madam, I should have been happy to have protected you from this scene."

" I thank you, sir knight (exclaimed the lady); but I feel assured I shall not want protection so long as your gallant youth is the companion of my wan-

derings."

" Madam, I will protect you with my life, if it is requisite," I exclaimed, with a fierce energy, as I felt the blood tingling through my veins at this flattering mark of favour.

At this declaration the tall gentleman gazed with astonishment upon us both, while his companion indulged in a loose laugh, for which at that moment, if I had possessed the power, I would have annihilated him.

The lady appeared to sympathise with me fully in my feelings, as, bending her head towards me, she whispered in the sweetest accents:—

" For heaven's sake—for the sake of a hapless damsel, gallant stranger, do not embroil yourself in deadly conflict with one unworthy of your knightly arms."

" Fear not, dearest lady (I whispered in the furor of intoxication, and assuming the same exalted style of chivalric feeling which pervaded the mind of my *inamorata*,) I feel he is unworthy of my gauntlet."

The lightest tap of one of her beautiful feet, which was brought into juxtaposition with my own, rewarded me for my speech.

It was but too evident to perceive that the footing I had established myself upon with the interesting creature before me, had drawn upon us the very close scrutiny of our two fellow travellers. A smile, expressive of something very like contempt, sat upon the countenance of the tall gentleman, while the face of the other betrayed a broad grin; while an occasional shrug of the shoulders, as he took a pinch of snuff, at the same time eying us askance, bordered upon absolute impertinence.

My thoughts were in a kind of tumult; I confess I found myself placed in a more flattering situation than I had ever previously known in life. Elated—appealed to—the flattering preference exhibited by a young and beautiful woman evidently in the higher ranks of life—choosing me, I might say, as a protector—a champion. My vanity had never dared soar so high. Nor were these feelings

less delightful from the romantic language, unusual as it might be in everyday existence, by which I had been addressed. Although with a nature by no means fond of fighting, I then deemed that I could have engaged armies in defence of the beautiful unknown. I only lamented the presence of the two travellers that prevented me from confidentially engaging in conversation one whose manner and appearance seemed already so deeply to have engaged my affections. With these emotions it was with considerable pleasure I beheld the tall gentleman alight at a village some forty miles from London, where the coach stopped to change horses. I had descended immediately after him from the coach, being desirous of obtaining a little refreshment for the interesting unknown. While engaged in giving orders respecting the preparation of a little red wine negus and a biscuit, I beheld the tall gentleman, who was partly hidden from me by a crowd of outside passengers, enter into conversation with the coachman on a subject that instantly arrested my attention.

"Burns, can you inform me who that very odd lady is in the inside?" he inquired.

"Why, Doctor, (replied the coachman, with a peculiar grin,) I've just been talking about her to the gentleman alongside me on the box; I understand she came in a great hurry and flustered this morning down to our office, and took places for two."

"For two persons, indeed!" said the tall gentleman.

"Yes, sir, it seemed she expected some one, a servant, I think, to join her, and seemed quite in a taking that the person didn't come."

"Then you have never seen her before?"

"Never set eyes on her, sir—don't know what to make on her, but she seems to have lots of the needful—purse full of guineas."

"It's very odd—do you know the tall thin young man in the coach with the red nose?"

He was alluding to myself, of course. Oh, what I felt at that moment, when the possession of such a feature thus seemed to mark me.

"I don't know anything of him, Doctor, (replied the coachman,) only that his place was taken two days previously for Bath."

"It is certainly very singular, (said the doctor, musing;) the lady is strangely eccentric and flighty, and from what I've seen, I think you are carrying off a runaway heiress."

"Lord bless me, do you think so, Doctor? (exclaimed the coachman;) why you can't mean the bagsman, sir?"

"Oh, no, not that fellow, coachman, but the other young sprig. It appears to me they have met in the coach by appointment; I should like to have seen the affair out, I must confess; but here comes my gig." Slipping half-a-crown

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into the coachman's hand, the gentleman hastily drank of his brandy-and-water, and stepped into a very handsome tilbury, which, driven by a livery servant, had arrived at the door.

More than ever interested with my charming new acquaintance by what I had gathered, I hastened to the coach with the negus.

"Now, (thought I, as an obsequious ostler opened the door,) now for the exquisite felicity of seeing that face that is for ever to fix my fate in life." Assuming the best grace I could, with a voice that faltered with emotion, I entreated of her to take a little refreshment.

"Dear, sir Knight, (said the lady, in a voice of music,) I need it not; but coming from your hands it would seem courtesy unbecoming a damsel of my condition to refuse it."

So saying, she freed from a fur-covered glove, a hand, whose beauty far eclipsed the gems that bound the white and taper fingers. Taking the glass from my trembling hand, she was in the act of passing it beneath her veil, with the evident intention of not revealing her features, which I felt so anxious to gaze upon.

"Ah, do not be so cruel, (I sighed, continuing in the same kind of high flown language, which I should have found it difficult to have avoided on now addressing her;) deign to lay aside that envious veil, which, like some gloomy cloud, obscures the beauty of the mid-day sun and makes dull the earth."

"Ah, rather say, sir Knight, the moon, (exclaimed the lady fervently;) I love the moon; moon-light is heavenly."

"With those we love," I aspirated in my gentlest tone.

"True, true, sir Cavalier (said the lady); heaven has gifted you with a soul for love."

"Then deign to hear me, gracious lady, and let me gaze on that face, which to see were to worship."

"Alas! (sighed the unknown,) it were not seemly, sir Knight, that a hapless damsel like myself, lone and forsaken, should display her features in her wanderings; even the peerless Orionu, the lover of that flower of chivalry, Amadis de Gaul——"

At that moment the warning voice of the coachman was heard:—"All right there, gentlemen."

The lady threw herself back in her seat, at the same moment the short man jumped in, but not before I had managed to secure the place next to the lady I already adored.

I was about to renew my entreaties that the lady would throw aside a portion of her veil, when a withering thought of my own face at once stopped me. "I am praying of her to shew me her countenance, but how will she regard me

when I display my own?" the peculiar beauty of which had hitherto been concealed by the collar of my coat. I justly feared for the event, and only wished that it could as readily endure the ordeal of inspection but half as well as her own countenance.

On waking from a fit of deep despondency induced by this thought, I did not fail to observe a considerable show of anxiety on the part of the lady; she seemed somewhat fidgety and uneasy, asked the hour, and once or twice put her head out of the window, and seemed to gaze anxiously behind on the road we had passed. The snow was falling fast in front of the coach, which was making but little way.

"Beautiful damsel, (I whispered,) you seem anxious?"

"Ah, sir Knight, (replied the lady in the same low tone,) I dread pursuit; at eleven o'clock my father must have missed me, and his vassals even now, I fear, are tracking in our footsteps."

"Then you have fled from home?"

"Even so; a damsel most distressed, I am fleeing to avoid a hated suitor, whom my lordly sire would have me wed."

"Blessed be the day I've met you (I exclaimed); oh how happy should I be to dwell on the least thought that would induce you to vouchsafe a kindly thought of me!"

"There is a fate in love!" sighed the sady—

"I know not—I ask not if truth's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee whatever thou art."

"Oh that indeed you applied those lines to me (I said); you would make me the happiest of mankind."

"Oh spare my blushes now, sir Knight, and bid our horses speed—my father's steeds are swift of foot."

I would indeed gladly have fulfilled her commands had I imagined my voice would have had any influence with the coachman. I dreaded the thought of her being snatched away from me. The fall of snow, instead of abating, appeared to increase every minute, and during the course of a couple of hours since we had started from the village where the tall gentleman had left us, a very perceptible difference had taken place on the roads; the snow was laying three feet high on the ground, and it was with great difficulty that the horses dragged the vehicle onwards. The necessity of making faster way induced the coachman to obtain an additional pair of horses; but in the course of another hour the snow had so accumulated, that the further progress of the coach seemed attended with considerable danger.

Many of the passengers were in a state of considerable alarm, while the

coachman proceeded to express his fears that if it continued snowing much longer the roads would be rendered impassable.

On arriving at ——, such, indeed, proved to be the fact, and it was considered too dangerous an experiment for the coach to attempt proceeding further. The evening had set in with no appearance of cessation in the snow storm. On this fact being communicated directly on the arrival of the coach, an obsequious offer was made by the landlord of the sledges for the use of such gentlemen as were anxious to arrive at their journey's end.

My fair companion in the coach seemed in considerable trouble on learning that the coach would be obliged to stop the night.

"I fear you are disappointed, fair lady, in not being enabled to proceed?" I remarked.

"Oh! I must journey onwards—

"No rest but the grave for the pilgrim of love!"

(exclaimed the lady.) A sledge! anything—my pursuers are, fast approaching on my path!

"Oh! that to me the wings were given
Which bear the turtle to her nest!"

"Do not alarm yourself, I will procure a sledge for you, and if you will but allow me to protect you to the end of your journey, I swear to do so with the fidelity of a true Knight."

"Oh! you are indeed the flower of chivalry (said the lady); I resign myself to your knightly protection—let us haste on."

Knowing, however, that she must be necessarily very fatigued, I objected to proceed until she had taken some refreshment. Escorting her, therefore, into the house, and desirous of escaping the vulgar and impertinent remarks to which I felt we should be subjected in the room appropriated generally to the passengers, I conducted the interesting unknown to a private sitting room, where a warm fire shed its grateful blaze on the hearth. Leaving my fair companion to make her toilet, I proceeded to order dinner and a sledge, and was fortunate in securing one just in time; an accommodation, however, for which the landlord thought proper to charge the moderate sum of three guineas, although the distance was something less than thirty-five miles. However, I thought not of such dross as money on an occasion like the present, neither on my uncle and the object of my journey. Every thought was absorbed in the beautiful and interesting young creature who had so romantically associated with myself.

(To be Continued.)

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

To his native cot he'd again returned,
 The table was spread and the bright fire burned,
 He sat by the hearth in the old oaken seat,
 His children around him, the dog at his feet.
 Round his neck his youngest had ventured to twine,
 As clings to the oak the delicate vine,
 Her soft little arms. He'd caress her, and then,
 Not content, she would prattle, "oh, kiss me again!"
 And even the dog would attention demand,
 By thrusting his head in his master's hand;
 Preparing the meal the wife was intent,
 His mother her joy-streaming eyes on him bent.
 But the soldier's heart lay sad in his breast,
 Forgetful of joy as his eye confess'd;
 The cloud on his brow his mother espied,
 And asked the cause, and he thus replied—
 "I paused as homeward I bent my way,
 O'er yonder hill, at the close of day;
 I gazed around, when the waves rolled o'er
 In playful chase to the pebbly shore,
 When the orb of day, as it downward rolled,
 Had robed the west in a sheet of gold,
 I heard while fondly gazing around,
 The song of the peasant—oh peaceful sound!
 And the voice of birds in the verdant trees,
 Whose branches waved in the evening breeze.
 By the smoke that curled from that cherished spot
 At distance I knew my own loved cot.
 I drew my breath—I shouted aloud
 To welcome my home—but there came a cloud—
 For I thought how soon the scene might change,
 And war and havoc around me range;
 The flowery mead and silvery flood
 Be a blasted heath and a stream of blood,
 And the blaze of a city flash on high,
 Like the crimson hue of yon western sky;
 The peasant's song with his labours fled,
 And famine shrieking along instead,
 For, mother, I have seen such changes wrought.
 Then wonder not if with saddened thought
 I look upon thee and my babes and wife,
 To think that the storm of battle strife
 May burst around us, to blast and burn,
 And leave no home for the soldier's return!"

HAYDN, MOZART, AND BEETHOVEN.

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

Mozart and Haydn, the creators of our present instrumental music, were the first that displayed this art in its full glory; he who then contemplated it with exceeding love, and penetrated its inmost nature, was Beethoven! The instrumental compositions of all these three masters breathe the same romantic spirit, which is founded upon the most profound conception of the peculiarities of this art; but the character of their compositions differ considerably.

In those of Haydn the expression of a child-like and serene mind predominates. His symphonies lead us through endless green groves, among a various crowd of jovial and happy mortals. Youth of both sexes pass away, gliding and winding in dances; smiling children, lurking behind trees and rosebushes, throw flowers at each other in sport. It is a life full of love and bliss, as before the fall of man, in eternal youth; no sufferings, no pains, but a sweet, wooing, longing for the beloved being, who glides away far in the radiance of sunset; but as long as she remains there, there is no night, it is she who makes hills and groves to glow.

Mozart introduces us into the depths of the world of spirits. Fear surrounds us, but without anguish: we feel rather a sensation of the infinite. Love and mournful tender feelings, sound through the sweet voices of spirits; the night approaches in radiant glistening purple; and, with an inexpressible attraction, we are drawn among these apparitions, which, kindly inviting us to join their circles, fly in eternal mazy dances through the clouds.

Beethoven's instrumental music opens for us the regions of the awful and immeasurable. Glowing beams shoot through the dark night, and we perceive gigantic shadows waving up and down, encircling us closer and closer, annihilating ourselves, but not the sweet pangs of infinite longing, in which those raptures, which rose with sounds of triumph, sink and dissolve. In this pain of love, hope, and joy, consuming itself, but not oppressing our breast—under the weight of this full-toned harmony of passions, we continue to live, and become enraptured visionaries!

Romantic taste is very rare, but still rarer is romantic talent; therefore there are so few who are able to strike that lyre, whose sounds unclose the wonderful regions of the romantic world.

Haydn represents the world and human nature romantically, he is therefore more tangible and more intelligible to the majority of mankind.

Mozart delights in the superhuman and wonderful, which dwell in the inmost depths of the human mind.

Beethoven's music sets in motion the lever of fear, horror, terror, and pain, and creates that infinite longing which characterises romantic art; he, therefore, is a pure romantic composer. This accounts, perhaps, for his not succeeding in vocal compositions, which exclude the character of this infinite longing, but require a clear representation of feelings expressed by words, and which breathe a sensation of the influence of the infinite regions.

SCHEME VERSUS STRATAGEM.

In 1631, Lorenzo Celoi was elected Doge of Genoa. His father was still alive, and displayed on this occasion a strange weakness of mind and character. He took it into his head that it was unbecoming in him to uncover his head in the presence of his son, and yet custom and the respect due to the chief magistrate of the republic, required this courtesy from every citizen. To avoid the dilemma, the old gentleman hit upon a notable scheme; and that was, never to wear any covering for his head at all. But the son, conscious that ridicule was excited by his father's affectation, placed a cross in front of the ducal cap, and thus obviated the old man's scruples, and induced him to go with his head covered again. When he came into the presence of the doge, he took off his cap, saying, "It is to the cross that I do reverence, and not to my son, or the dignity with which he is invested."

VISIONS OF THE NIGHT.

THERE are certain periods in the existence of rational beings, in which all the physical and mental powers yield the supreme sway to the imagination. These occur, either when the perfect torpor of sleep has bound up the intellectual with the physical energies, or when a fiery temperature, by its enervating influence has created that peculiar intermediate state to which the felicitous appellation of "dreamy existence" has been applied. With the first of these conditions all the world is familiar, and it visits equally the active and inert mind; the other, however, seems reserved for temperaments of a peculiar organisation. In both cases, but more especially in the last, the new despot, arrayed in robes of most fantastic hue, exerts over an ideal region a power which baffles the analysis of philosophy; sometimes peopling her domains with subjects of transcendent horror, at others, with the brightest objects of unmixed delight, and then running

riot in the midst of creation, exceeding in wildness the most untamed conceptions of Ovid.

To these waking dreams I have been from my earliest youth strangely addicted, and owe to them many of the happiest moments of a chequered existence. Their shadowy outlines, however, frequently fade from my memory, like the early mist in summer or the path of a gallant ship upon the ocean, setting all recovery at defiance.

Midnight of the twelfth of July, a day to be remembered for its intense temperature, found me listless and exhausted in the silent and deserted streets of this great metropolis: The very stones beneath my feet seemed coals of fire, and the heavens above a liquid and glowing concave. From well-known symptoms I was aware that I was rapidly passing, whether for weal or woe, into one of my old abstractions. St. Paul's with all her sober grandeur, the work of days and of a generation which have passed away, the silent city of the countless dead within her enclosures, whose monuments were scarcely visible in the dark shadow of the sacred edifice, had just occupied my mind and excited thoughts of deep solemnity. I was endeavouring to call into renewed existence the beautiful, the gay and the wise, who there repose in the common bosom of their parent earth, and was placing in sad contrast their mouldering remains with their former loveliness. My eyes had for some time rested on a solitary, unassuming stone, which had often before spoken to my heart volumes of tenderest import. It contained no pompous recital of virtues or achievements; it simply recorded the name and age of some lovely female, prematurely summoned to a better world. It was surmounted by an emblem of touching simplicity, a rose-bush, from which one lovely and just-opened flower had been rudely torn and cast upon the ground; beneath this was inscribed,

ROBERTINA.

OBIIT. ANN. ET. 18.

How long I mused, and what fancies passed through my excited imagination, I know not. I was only conscious of their existence by the conviction that they were gradually vanishing away, and were replaced by others of a different mood and texture.

Dissonant, mingled and unearthly sounds drew my attention to an opposite quarter, now covered with cyclopean foundations, crowded with massive blocks of granite, where the hand of industry is rearing a column destined to announce to a remote generation the prosperous fortunes of an esteemed citizen. The whole of the immense space seemed at once "instinct with life;" and every thing on which the labour of man had impressed itself underwent a rapid metamorphosis. The limited boundaries of the space before me became expanded and varied. The luxuriant and wide-spreading wilderness sprung up

before me, and was covered with the uncouth forms of the bison in countless numbers. The shaggy bear seemed to wander through the entangled forests; The stately deer, in all its variety bounded over extended plains. The snow-white ermine issued cautiously from its concealed burrows. The rich, brown martin, with its elegant form and keen and lively eye, seemed in the act of pouncing on its prey, while its kindred sable reposed on the shaded banks of streams of perfect transparency, or sported gaily among the branches of the over-hanging forest. The beaver too was there, with all its mimic rivalry of human architecture and social polity. My senses were absorbed, my powers of motion ceased; the proud city had vanished, and the aboriginal forest with all its wonders was before me. The mixed assembly speedily settled into order, and an immense arena was filled with myriads of the shaggy inhabitants of the wilderness. They had assembled in council! In their several tribes, though in unequal proportions, they had contributed to the edifice whose proud outlines were before them, and each claimed that its future name should record their deserts. The barbarous and unclassic title on its corner-stone was speedily obliterated; but with regard to a substitute, "discord ruled the hour;" and it appeared for some time dubious whether any authority short of the voluminous ledgers of the projector could decide to whose spoils the city would be most indebted for the ornament about to adorn her. The beaver pathetically urged the merits of his almost extirminated race; the bison and the deer, the slaughter of ten thousand herds; the ermine and the martin, "the golden streams which had flowed from their less numerous but more costly contributions. As is usual in assemblies of this kind, the important matter was committed to a select body of their greatest members; and the rapturous acclamations of the united throng which accompanied their report, "it shall be called *Hive Hall*," startled me from my reverie.

LONDON FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH.

The majority of our fair fashionables are leaving London for the different watering places, but they either carry with them or have sent after them, all that is most novel and elegant in the various departments of the toilette. Fashion used to be quite at a stand-still during the months of August and September; that that is not the case at present our plates will sufficiently testify; but, independent of their testimony, we are about to present our gentle readers with intelligence which will prove to them that the march of fashion keeps pace with the progress of the age.

We refer to our plates for some new forms of *pardessus*. We find, also, that shawls composed of taffetas or *poult de soie*, festooned round

the border in silk to correspond, or else the festoons are edged with *effile*, have increased in vogue.

We must observe also that, in a good many instances, the *mantelet* and the *visite*, neither of which have lost anything of their vogue, are composed of the same material as the robe. This is, in some degree, a revived fashion, for our fair readers may recollect, some seasons ago, that scarfs of the same material as the robe were adopted by many *elegantes*, but for a very short time only. At present the garniture of the *mantelet* or *visite* is always the same as that of the robe, if the latter has any trimming, but in many instances the robe, if silk, is made without trimming; and then *passementerie* or lace is employed for the *pardessus*. Sometimes even a simple quilling of ribbon is adopted. Muslin ones are usually decorated with flounces or embroidery. Since the weather has been so warm lace *mantelets* and scarfs have been much more extensively seen. We may cite in particular the *mantelet-shale* as one of the most remarkable creations of the season; they are made both in lace and muslin, and are composed of two very large rounded points cut out at the bend of the arm, so that the shape is perfectly displayed. Others, composed of India muslin, are encircled with an embroidery in feather-stitch, or a single lace *volant* surmounted by a *bouillonnée*, through which ribbon is run.

Bonnets have, from the beginning of the season, been of a very light kind, and they are now even lighter than before; we do not speak of those adopted in plain walking dress, for we have no alterations of any kind to notice in it since last month, but we observe that in public promenade and carriage dress, Italian straw and silk bonnets, especially the former, seem to have entirely disappeared. Crape, *tulle*, and horsehair, are the materials generally adopted for bonnets. The latter, nearly as transparent as lace, has the advantage of being firmer, and when embroidered, as is sometimes the case, in coloured silks, has an extremely novel as well as pretty appearance. We may cite among the prettiest of the plain white ones those with moderately open brims, the interior trimmed with a *bouillonnée* of pink or blue crape, and the exterior with a taffeta *ruche* of the same colour; the *ruche* winds round the crown, and one end of it attaches a lace lappet, forming a *nœud* with floating ends. We may cite also, among the crape bonnets, those with the brims rather more open; they are trimmed with very small *têtes de plumes* on the exterior, and *mancinis* of delicate flowers in the interior. We observe that white crape bonnets are in a majority, but the feathers are either coloured or shaded, and the flowers correspond; pink and a delicate shade of *oiseau* are preferred.

We have no change to announce in early morning costume, but for elegant *négligé* we may cite cambric pelisse robes as most decidedly in vogue both for home costume and the promenade; they are made in a very simple style, but it is a simplicity which may be rendered very expensive if such is the pleasure of the wearer. Some have the front of the *corsage* and skirt ornamented in the form of a broken cone with detached wreaths embroidered in feather-stitch at a considerable distance from each other; this style of garniture may be rendered very expensive by having the embroideries encircled with Valenciennes lace. The *corsages* of these robes are high, and tight to the shape; the sleeves are always demi-large—we refer to our plates for some models of them.

The pelisse robes of muslin lined with silk or crape, and made as described in our preceding numbers, are also fashionable for the promenade; but, elegant as they certainly are, they have by no means displaced summer silks. Those of the pelisse form, either in silk, or trimmed with *passementerie* of a very light kind, are still more general than white robes. Where the dress is of the round robe form, the skirt is either without trimming, or the garniture is composed of flounces. We perceive that plain skirts increase in favour, and we do not wonder at it, for their extravagant width renders a garniture not only unnecessary, but gives it in many respects an ungraceful effect.

We have been obliged of late to repeat that the forms of robes, whether for morning or evening dress, have suffered very little change, at least as regards the *corsage*; this is not only literally true, but it is very right that it should be so, for we never remember fashion and reason so completely in unison, since whether the *corsage* is high or moderately low, it cannot be made in a manner more becoming to the shape. Fancy is allowed considerable latitude in the sleeves, as will be seen by a reference to our plates. We may cite as the last novelty in evening dress the *robes à l'Aspasie*, composed in general of embroidered tarlatane; the *corsage*, not quite half-high, is made alternately with a fold between each *colonette* of embroidery; the sleeves are wide, descending just below the elbow; they are open at the lower part, but partially attached by fancy buttons placed at regular distances so as to display the beauty of the arm; a light embroidery in a running pattern borders each side of the opening. The skirt is double, and each ornamented with a deep embroidery round the border.

Although head-dresses of hair, ornamented in a simple style, with flowers or ribbons, are those most generally adopted in evening dresses, yet caps are by no means laid aside, their form is still small and round, but their details are very varied; they are for the most part made with open

earliest, displaying the beauty of the hair. *Tulle* of the most transparent kind seems equally in favour with rich lace for these head-dresses. The garniture is composed of gauze ribbons and flowers, with which small early fruits are sometimes mingled. We prefer flowers only, but the mixture is fashionable, and therefore we must not condemn it.

Fashionable colours are still the same as last month, but white is more in vogue, and we have observed some new shades of green and yellow.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH.

Although many of our own *beau monde* have, as usual, quitted Paris for the German Spas or their country seats, we have still a good many remaining; and as the influx of foreigners is very great, Paris seems nearly as full and as brilliant as ever. The materials for *chapeaux* and *capotes* continue the same as last month; *poult de soie* is a good deal in request for morning *capotes*; *paille de fantaisie* and *paille de riz* are very predominant in the public promenades later in the day, and *chapeaux* composed of crape *tulle* and lace are seen both in the public promenades and half dress, but more especially in the latter. We may cite amongst the most admired *chapeaux* that have recently appeared, those of rice straw: some are trimmed with a half wreath of red periwinkles, and the interior of the brim decorated with a *bouillonné* of *tulle* to correspond; others have the exterior decorated with a bouquet of marabouts shaded in green, pink, or blue with white; ribbons shaded in the same colours completes the garniture of the exterior, and *coques* of the same ribbon are disposed in a novel manner in the interior of the brim. Several coloured crape *capotes* covered with *point d'Angleterre*, have the exterior adorned with a half wreath of small flowers of different kinds and hues; ribbon to correspond completes the garniture. Some others composed of white crape, are ornamented on the exterior with white ribbon, and in the interior with *mancinis* of red geranium. The most decidedly *distingué* of all the half dress *chapeaux* are those composed of white crape with *entre deux* of blonde lace, and a garniture composed of two white feathers of the drooping kind, and white ribbon. We have seen some also on which sprigs of roses were employed instead of the feathers. The effect is very elegant, but not so striking as the first style of garniture.

The various descriptions of silk *pardessus*, both plain and coloured, seem now to have given place to those that may, from their extreme lightness, be properly called summer *pardessus*; and in truth we have a great variety of them; first we may cite the muslin *mantlets* embroidered

are crocheted in small running patterns ; they are trimmed with festooned fringes. There are also small muslin *mantelets* entirely embroidered in feather-stitch ; they are extremely small, but a single row of very broad lace, while it adds to their length, gives them an elegant finish. Mantes, *mantelets*, and *visites* of black lace are in still greater vogue than those of muslin ; and though last not least, are the *mantelets* of tarlatane lined with coloured crape, and encircled with an embroidery in silk of the colour of the crape, which serves as a heading to a festooned *volant* of the same colour.

We have no actual change to notice in promenade robes, but white ones are more in request. A good many made in the *demi-peignoir* form have the sleeves à la *Louis XIV.* ; they are demi-long, descending about half way to the wrist, with deep turned up cuffs edged with Valenciennes lace, set on with very little fulness ; another style of sleeve, and much in favour for muslin robes, and indeed for all those of half-transparent materials, is arranged in rows of *bouillonnée* from the top to the wrist.

Silks, though not so generally worn as those of lighter materials, are, nevertheless, very fashionable, particularly taffetas, *soulards*, and *poult de soie*. Close high *corsages* are not so generally seen as they have been, for the majority of those in morning or half-dress, though high at the back, are open on the bosom, displaying a high *chemisette*. The two modes, most in request are the high *corsages* cut bias and full on the shoulder and at the waist, and those made *en guimpe*, that is, tight to the shape and cut straight. These forms are particularly in favour for barege robes ; when the robe is worn over white, the skirt is merely trimmed with three deep tucks ; but if the under dress is coloured, the robe is trimmed with *volants*. The sleeves may be either large or quite tight. Caps are fashionable, not only in morning and half-dress, but even in the *méglige du soir*, for which they are almost as much in vogue as coiffures *en cheveux*. We have no observations to make on morning caps, but those lately adopted in home dress are very novel, and we think very pretty. A good many are composed of alternate *biais* of *tulle*, and coloured *dentelle de soie*. The garniture may either be *choux* of *dentelle de soie*, or tufts of small flowers. Another very pretty style of home cap is composed of rows of lace arranged to the shape of the head, and each joining ornamented with a very narrow *ruche* of gauze ribbon.

Evening caps are composed also of lace or *tulle* ; some are decorated with ribbons, or *chicorées* forming wreaths or agraffes, but flowers predominate. Some caps are composed of alternate *ruches* of *tulle*, and small wreaths of flowers ; others are decorated with tufts of flowers, and

we frequently see a sprig placed on one side drooping with something of the effect of a feather ; the flowers are always small and of delicate kind, *roses mignonnes*, moss roses, roses half blown, violets, pensées, cowslips, daisies, in short all the early flowers of a small kind, and some delicate exotics are in vogue.

The late fête given at Vincennes by the duke and duchess of Montpensier, was attended by all the *élite* of the French *beau monde*, and as the costumes were in a style of simple elegance worthy of the attention of our fair readers, we cannot refrain from a short notice of them. Several robes composed of *organdy* or tarlatane were trimmed with flounces embroidered with straw. The *coiffures* were of hair adorned with field flowers. Other robes were composed of Italian taffeta, white, pink, or straw colour. The majority of these were, we may say, covered with lace flounces, reaching from the bottom of the skirt nearly to the waist. The *coiffures* adopted with these latter robes were mostly those of fancy, formed of a little lace or *passementerie* intermixed with foliage or flowers ; these head-dresses had a novel effect, and were generally admired. We have no alteration to notice in fashionable colours this month.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

No. 1.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

Lavender silk robe ; *corsage à l'Elizabeth*, made high, very long waisted, and descending in a deep rounded point ; it is trimmed with black lace ; demi-long sleeve over a cambric one. The skirt is trimmed with five black lace flounces diminishing gradually in width as they mount, and each headed by a silk *ruche*. *Chapeau* of straw-coloured crape ; a round open shape, the interior trimmed with half wreaths of flowers without foliage ; the exterior with a white spotted *tulle* veil, looped back at each side by a single rose. Black lace scarf.

No. 2.

EVENING DRESS.

Muslin robe ; a low *corsage*, and long sleeves, *bouillonné* from the top to the wrist ; lace ruffle. There are two skirts ; the second open in front, and each trimmed round the border with a fall of lace set on plain. *Ceinture* of rich ribbon descending in floating ends. Evening *mantelet* of Brussels lace. The hair, disposed in soft bands at the sides, and a twisted knot behind, is decorated with three bands of velvet ribbon arranged in a full knot on each side.

No. 3.

HALF DRESS CAP.

Of *tulle*. A perfectly round shape, bordered with a double row of *tulle blonde*. The exterior is trimmed with a twisted band and knot of blue ribbon, the interior with full clusters of *coques* of blue ribbon intermixed with small white flowers.

No. 4.

MORNING VISITING DRESS.

Pink barege robe; a high *corsage*, and demi-long sleeves over muslin ones, terminating by very full lace ruffles. *Chapeau* of white *tulle bouillonné* over *gros de Naples*; a round shape, the interior trimmed with an intermixture of pink and white *tulle*, and the exterior with a bouquet of white feathers divided by a knot of pink *tulle*. Black lace *mantelet à charge*.

No. 5.

EVENING DRESS.

White and straw-coloured striped *mousseline de soie*; a low *corsage* moderately pointed, and short tight sleeves. The skirt is decorated with two flounces, each terminated by fancy silk trimming. Tarlatane *fichu à la Marie Antoinette*; the lower part bordered with *bouillonné*. The front trimmed with a lappel edged with lace; the lappel crosses and ties behind. Black lace mittens. Head-dress of hair.

No. 6.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

Blue *poulte de soie* robe; a high close *corsage*, and long tight sleeves. Fancy straw *chapeau*; a close shape, the interior trimmed with *brides* to correspond, the exterior with roses placed at the back. Muslin *mantelet* embroidered *au crochet*, and trimmed with three flounces to correspond.

No. 7.

SEA-SIDE DRESS.

Green *gros de Naples* robe; the *corsage*, high behind and open in front, is trimmed with a festooned lappel. The sleeves are a three-quarter length, and similarly finished. Two deep flounces festooned round the border ornament the skirt. *Chapeau* of pink *poulte de soie*; a small round shape, the edge of the brim lightly turned up, and the interior trimmed with *tulle* and pink *brides*; tufts of flowers and foliage decorate the exterior.

No. 8.

DINNER CAP.

Of *point d'Angleterre*. It is rather a long shape, the caul nearly covered with rows of lace and ribbon between; a double row of lace goes round the front, and a very large rosette of purple ribbon is placed at each ear.

No. 9.

MORNING CAP.

Composed of clear cambric; a close shape; it is trimmed with the same, festooned at the edges; pink knots and *brides* complete the garniture.

No. 10.

DEMI TOILETTE.

Light green *mousseline de soie* robe; the *corsage* half-high and full; the sleeves a three-quarter length, and easy width; muslin under sleeves. The skirt is trimmed with three flounces cut in large scallops at the edges. Pink crape *chapeau*; a moderately close shape, trimmed with *ruches* of the same, and pink ribbon. Muslin *chemisette*, made high, and trimmed round the top with lace. Pink and white silk scarf, terminated by a rich fringe.

No. 11.

HOME DRESS.

Pink taffeta robe. The *corsage* is high at the back, moderately open on the bosom, and trimmed with a lappel bordered with fringe. The lower part of the *corsage* and the front of the skirt are ornamented with fancy silk buttons placed at regular distances. Demi-long sleeves of the Mameluke form, trimmed with fringe, and looped at the bend of the arm by fancy silk cords and buttons. Head-dress of hair.

No. 12.

DINNER CAP.

Of spotted *tulle*; the caul covered with a *fanchon* of the same; the front is very full trimmed with lace; a band and *coques* of white, ribbon complete the garniture.

No. 13.

MORNING CANEZOU.

Of embroidered muslin; made quite up to the throat. Neck knot of blue ribbon.

No. 14.

MORNING CAP.

Composed of muslin, with a triple border of Valenciennes lace. The trimming is straw coloured ribbon.



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

GILES GEFFROY,

THE MAN OF GENIUS WHO WROTE POETRY.

GILES GEFFROY was the son of honest parents, as most people are whose parents are not thieves ; he was born, not to the inheritance of wealth, for his father and mother had none to leave him ; nor to the inheritance of genius, it might be supposed, for his father and mother had quite as little of that as of wealth. But as some persons make shift to get wealth, though not born to it, so it sometimes happens that genius is the possession of the son though not of the father and mother. The father of Giles occupied a small farm under a great man, whose name was Sir Arthur Bradley, Bart. ; and it was at a very early age indeed that young Geffroy knew that Sir Arthur's name was not Bart., but Bradley, and that bart. meant baronet.

The poet Gray speaks of "many a flower born to blush unseen," and all that kind of thing ; but, for the most part, geniuses who have fathers and mothers seldom blush unseen, if they blush at all. Young Giles's genius was first discovered by his father and mother ; by whom it was communicated to the parish clerk, who, happening to be a schoolmaster in a small way, was mightily pleased to reckon among his scholars so great a prodigy. As the youth grew up towards manhood he manifested still farther proofs of genius, by his decidedly anti-agricultural propensities. The ordinary implements of husbandry were his utter aversion ; no persuasion in the world could induce him to handle the plough or the spade, harrows were his abomination, and from scythes and sickles he turned away with undisguised disgust. His father was too amiable a man to horsewhip the lad, though he often said, "that he did not know what the dickens would become of him if he did not learn to work." He loved the fields and the groves, for he would wander therein with a marvellous lackadaisicalness, making poetry while his mother was making puddings. So, in short

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time, he became the talk of the village; and when he was sitting on a gate and reading Thomson's Seasons, the agricultural operatives would pass by gazing with astonishment at the wondrous youth who could find a pleasure in reading; for it was a striking peculiarity of the lads of the village to think that they had read quite enough at school, and to regard reading for pleasure with as much astonishment as they would look upon amateur hedging and ditching.

By the instrumentality of the parish clerk, and the parson to boot, the fame of Giles reached the hall, and became known to Sir Arthur Bradley, who, though no genius himself, was a great admirer of genius in others. Sir Arthur was more than astonished, that a young man who was born in a village, and had never been to college, could write verses; for Sir Arthur himself had been to college upwards of three years, and notwithstanding all the mathematics, port, and morning prayers that he had undergone there, he could not write six lines of poetry for the life of him. In an evil hour, it happened that Sir Arthur expressed a wish to see some of that wonderful stuff called poetry, which had been fabricated by Giles, as he swung upon gates or strolled through copses. So the parson told the clerk, and the clerk told Giles's father, and Giles's father told Giles's mother, and Giles's mother told Giles's self, who forthwith set about mending his pens, and raling his paper, making as much fuss with the purity and neatness of his manuscript as a Jewish Rabbi, when transcribing the Pentateuch. In a few days the transcription was completed; and then the difficulty was how to convey the precious treasure to the sublime and awful hands of the great and mighty Baronet. It was mentioned to the clerk, by whom it was conveyed to the parson, by whom it was communicated to the Baronet, that young Giles had transcribed a poem, which he was anxious to lay at the feet of Sir Arthur Bradley.

As the Baronet was now committed as a patron of genius, what could he do better in the way of patronage, than give the genius a dinner? An invitation was sent accordingly; and then did Giles, the poet, scarcely knew whether he stood upon his head or upon his heels. For a while he doubted whether he was destined to dine at the Baronet's own table, or in the housekeeper's room. It was a marvellous thing for him to wear his Sunday clothes on any other day than Sunday, and still more marvellous for him to wear gloves on any day; therefore when he found himself on the way to the hall with his Sunday clothes upon his back, and a pair of new gloves upon his hands, which stuck out on each side of him, like the fins of a frightened fish, he was overwhelmed with astonishment, and thought that if any of the agricultural operatives should meet him in this guise, they would think him mad. A terrible bumping of his heart gave him notice that he was approaching the mansion; and while he was hesitating whether he should enter by the principal or a side entrance, a servant

appeared on the steps of the front door, to usher in Mr. Giles Geffroy. When the young gentleman heard his name for the first time in his life loudly and sonorously announced as Mister Giles Geffroy, the blood rose to his cheeks, and he proudly thought to himself, what a fine thing it is to be a man of genius!

When the drawing-room door was opened for him, he was almost afraid to enter it, for the carpet looked too fine to tread upon, and the chairs by far too elegant to sit down on. The voice of Sir Arthur Bradley encouraged the youth; and after the first shock was over, and when he saw with his own eyes that persons were actually sitting on these very fine chairs, and were apparently insensible to the awful beauty of the furniture, he, also, at Sir Arthur's invitation, seated himself. Having thus deposited himself, he was next at a loss what to do with his fingers and his eyes; and having looked at the rest of the company, to see how they managed these matters, he found them all so variously employed, that he knew not which to select as a model. As to the matter of his tongue, he felt as though it were under an enchantment, and whether it cleaved to the roof of his mouth, or whether in his fright he had swallowed it, he could scarcely tell. From this state of perplexity he was in time relieved, but only to undergo still greater perplexities; for the dining-room posed him more than the drawing-room had, and he felt very much as one of the uninitiated would have felt had he by stealth introduced himself among the adepts of the heathen mysteries. But when he had taken a glass or two of wine, he felt the inspiration of initiation coming upon him, and he was no longer a stranger; and when Sir Arthur Bradley talked of poetry, Giles Geffroy's countenance brightened up, his tongue was loosened, and he discoursed most eloquently concerning Thomson's *Seasons* and Young's *Night Thoughts*.

This visit, gratifying as it was to the literary ambition of Giles, and to the honest pride of his parents, was not the most propitious event that could have happened to Giles, for it set him making comparisons, and comparisons are odious. He compared the sanded floor of his father's cottage with the carpeted rooms of the hall; he compared the splendid sideboard in Sir Arthur's dining-room with the little corner cupboard which contained the cottage crockery; he looked up to the cottage ceiling—it was not far to look—and there, instead of Grecian lamps, he saw pendant fitches of unclassical bacon; he compared the unceremonious table of his parental home with the well-appointed table of the Baronet; he compared bacon and cabbage with turbot, venison, and such like diet, and gave the preference to the latter. In the next place, all the neighbours thought him proud of having dined at the Baronet's house; and they endeavoured to mortify him and his parents, by making sneering remarks about genius, and by expressing their wonder that Giles was not brought up to something. But his mother said—and I love her for saying so, though she was

wrong—"That with his talents he may do anything." So said the parish clerk, so said the parson, and so said Sir Arthur Bradley. The worst of those talents with which a man can do anything, is, that they are at the same time the talents with which the owner does nothing. Thus it proved with Giles Geffroy; for in process of time his father and mother died, and left him sole and undisputed heir to all their possessions.

Now came upon him the perplexities of business; he had some difficulty to ascertain what he was worth. The farm which his father had cultivated, and the house in which he had dwelt, belonged to Sir Arthur Bradley; but the furniture of the house, and the stock of the farm, after paying off his father's debts, belonged to Giles; therefore, the heir, with a laudable diligence and propriety of procedure, set himself to examine the amount of the debts, and the extent of the property; and when he set the one against the other, they seemed as well fitted, as if they had been made for one another; and thus, when all was settled, nothing remained. Giles consulted with his friends what was best to be done. He spoke first to the parish clerk, his old schoolmaster; and he was decidedly of opinion that he had better consult his friends. With this recommendation he called upon the parson, who was exactly of the same opinion as the clerk, saying that the best thing that he could do would be to consult his friends. From the parson he went to Sir Arthur himself, who gave him a most cordial welcome, shook him by the hand with amazing condescension, and expressed his great readiness to serve the young man, according to the best of his power. That was just the thing Giles wanted.

"Do you intend to carry on the farm?" said the worthy Baronet.

"I should be very happy to do so, (replied Giles,) only I have no capital, and I don't very well understand farming."

These were certainly objections, and the Baronet saw the force of them, and replied, saying—

"The best thing you can do is to consult your friends, and see if they can assist you."

Now Giles Geffroy, who had talents equal to anything, found himself at a loss to discover who were his friends. Very likely he is not the first in the world that has been so puzzled. For a few weeks he was invited, now to this neighbour's, and now to that; not so much, it appeared, out of compassion to his wants, as out of compliment to his genius; but this sort of thing cannot last long; people in the country prefer pudding to poetry, and they cannot think why people who have hands should not support themselves. So they one and all began to think and to say, that it was a pity that a young man of such ability as Giles Geffroy should bury his talents in a country village; that London was the only place in the world for a genius to thrive in; and thus they

unanimously recommended him to try his fortune in London. Kindhearted people do not like to see their friends starve, and it is rather expensive to feed them, so they endeavour to get rid of them. The parish-clerk knew nothing of London, but the parson did, and was ready enough to give Giles letters of introduction to some men of letters, by whose means he might be brought into notice. The Baronet was also willing to give him five guineas towards paying his expenses; and the parish-clerk was willing to give him a copy of Cocker's Arithmetic, to teach him how to make the best use of the five guineas. With five guineas, Cocker's Arithmetic, Thomson's Seasons, and Young's Night Thoughts, and the blessings and the good wishes of the whole parish, who were proud of his talents, and glad to get rid of him, Giles journeyed to London in search of a livelihood and immortality. All the way along he amused himself with thoughts of what should be his first literary production—whether an epic poem, or a tragedy; anything lower he thought would be degrading. At length, when he entered the great city, he was full of poetry and covered with dust. Nine o'clock at night in Fetter-lane, in the middle of March, is not a very poetical season; nor are the sights, sounds, and smells of the closer parts of a great metropolis, vastly conducive to inspiration. Giles could not help congratulating the dryades, oreads, nymphs, and fauns, that they were not under the necessity of putting up even for a single night, at the White Horse, Fetter-lane—a very good inn no doubt in its way, but far from being a poetical object to the eye of any unsophisticated villager.

It was the first concern of our genius to deliver his letters of introduction, in which he supposed, of course, that he was described as a genius of the first order, and by means of which he expected to receive a cordial and admiring welcome. He was, therefore, not a little surprised to hear, from the very first person to whom he presented himself, that the present was the very worst time for any one to come to London with a view to literary success.

"Which do you think would be the best time?" said Giles, with much seriousness and sincerity, and with a real desire of information.

"You are disposed to be waggish," said the new friend.

There, however, the worthy gentleman was in error, for Giles Geffroy was as little inclined to waggery as any man living. He was a perfect realist; he thought that everything was what it appeared; he knew that people did laugh sometimes, but he could not tell why they laughed, nor did he know what they laughed at; besides, he was a genius, and there is a certain solemnity in genius incompatible with laughter and waggery, especially in the higher order of genius, that is, epic poem and tragedy genius.

When he had presented all his letters of introduction, he found that all to whom he had been introduced were unanimous in the opinion that the present

was the worst possible time for a young man to come to London on a literary speculation. But there was another point on which they were also unanimous, and that was a very important one—they were all quite willing, and would be most happy, to do anything to serve him. With this consoling thought he hired lodgings, and set about writing an epic poem. What a very great genius, or what a very small stomach, a man must have who can write an epic poem in less time than he can spend five guineas in victuals, and drink, and lodging ! especially when one pound sixteen shillings and sixpence have been deducted from that sum for travelling expenses. But with genius so great, or with stomach so small, Giles Geffroy was not gifted; therefore, his money was all gone before his epic poem was finished. That was a pity. Still there was no need to be cast down, for he could but call on those friends who would be most happy to do anything to serve him. He called accordingly; but that very thing which would have been of the greatest immediate service to him, viz., a dinner, none of them would give him; he did not ask them, to be sure, but it was their business to ask him; it was not, however, their pleasure. Generous people, I have frequently had occasion to observe, like to do good in their own way; they object to all kinds of dictation; so it was with Giles Geffroy's friends. They did not give him a dinner, which, at best, could have served him but a day. They gave him good advice enough to last him for many months; they recommended him to finish his poem as soon as he could, and in the meantime, perhaps, his friends, they said, could afford him some temporary assistance.

"Alack! alack! (said Giles to himself,) I wish my friends would tell me who my friends are."

It happened in the course of his multifarious reading, that Giles had somewhere seen it set down in print that booksellers are the best patrons of genius; so he went to a very respectable bookseller; and after waiting two hours and three quarters, was admitted to an audience. Giles thought he had never seen such a nice man in his life—so pleasant, so polite, such a pray-take-a-chair style of address, that by a hop, skip, and a jump effort of imagination, Giles, with his mind's eye, saw his poem already printed, and felt his mind's fingers paddling among the sovereigns he was to receive for the copyright. At the mention of an epic poem, the bookseller looked serious; of course it was all right that he should look so, for an epic poem is a serious matter.

"What is the subject, sacred or profane?"

"Sacred, by all means (replied Giles); I would not for the world write anything profane."

"Certainly not (said the bookseller); I have a great abhorrence of profanity. What is the title of your poem?"

"The Leviticus; I am doing the whole book of Leviticus into blank verse.

It appears to me to be a work very much wanted, it being almost the only part of the sacred scriptures that has not been versified."

The bookseller looked more serious, and said, "I am afraid, sir, that I cannot flatter you with any great hopes of success, for poetry is not in much request, and especially sacred poetry, and more especially epic poetry."

"Now that is passing strange! (said Giles.) Poetry not in request! Par-
don me, sir, you ought of course to know your own business; but I can assure
you that poetry is very much in request. Is not Milton's *Paradise Lost* in every
library? and have not I, at this very moment, the tenth edition of Young's
Night Thoughts in my pocket?"

"All that may be true, (replied the bookseller, relaxing from his seriousness
into an involuntary smile;) but modern poetry, unless of very decided excel-
lence, meets with no encouragement."

On hearing this, Giles's hopes were raised to the acme of full assurance, for
he was satisfied that his poetry was decidedly excellent. Exultingly, therefore,
he replied—

"Well, sir, if that be all, I can soon satisfy you, for I wrote some verses on
the river Dee, which runs by the village where I was born, and I showed them
to Sir Arthur Bradley, who said he had never seen anything so fine in his life,
and that they were equal to anything in Thomson's *Seasons*! Have you read
Thomson's *Seasons*, sir?"

Then drawing his manuscript from his pocket, he presented it to the book-
seller, saying, "Just have the goodness to read two or three hundred lines of
this poem, and I will venture to say that you will pronounce them to be equal to
anything in Thomson's *Seasons*. I am in no hurry, I can stay while you read
them, or, if you prefer it, I will read them to you."

The bookseller chose neither; but speedily, though not discourteously, dis-
missed the genius from the audience, hopeless of all negotiation.

"Bless, me, (said Giles to himself, as soon as he was alone,) what a strange
place this world is! I never saw anything like it in the course of my life! The
man would not even read my poetry, and I was not going to make any charge
for reading it."

There are more booksellers than one in London, so Giles tried another—
another—and another; they were all in the same story. They had evidently
entered into a conspiracy against him; but who was at the bottom of the con-
spiracy it was impossible for him to say or conjecture. It was a manifest ab-
surdity, he thought, that all the world should admire Thomson's *Seasons*, and
yet that nobody should admire him whom Sir Arthur Bradley had pronounced
to be equal to Thomson.

It now occurred to him that about this time Sir Arthur Bradley himself might

be in London. He knew that the Baronet had a house in town, but he did not know where, so he inquired of one or two people in Holborn, and they could not tell him; but finding a court guide on a book-stall, the secret of Sir Arthur's town residence was revealed to him; and, having ascertained that it was at the west end of the town, he prepared to seek it out. For a while he was puzzled to find the west end of the town, for it appeared to him that the town had no end. However, as they who seek till they find will not lose their labour, so it happened with Giles Geffroy, who did at last discover the residence of his patron, far away, indeed, from any end of the town, for it was in the midst of many streets and squares. It seemed to the unfortunate genius that he was destined to meet with wonders and paradoxes wherever he went, for the servant who opened the door to him told him that Sir Arthur Bradley could not be seen. Is he invisible? thought Giles; and so thinking he looked astonished.

"Indeed Mr. Geffroy, (said the servant,) my master is in such a state that he can see no one!"

"Is he blind?" said Giles.

"No;" replied the porter.

"Is he deaf?"

"No," said the porter.

"Then I wish you would tell him that I am starving."

Now the domestics of Sir Arthur Bradley had not any idea of starving; therefore the porter looked upon Giles Geffroy with much astonishment, and seemed for a moment to regard the starving man as a great natural curiosity; but when the first shock of his wonder was over, he felt compassion for the youth; for though he did not know what starving was, so far as himself was concerned, yet he knew that it was something to be dreaded; and as he found it a serious inconvenience even to wait for his dinner, of course he concluded that it must be a far greater inconvenience to have no dinner to wait for. The domestic, notwithstanding the invisibility of Sir Arthur Bradley, invited Giles into the house, and into the housekeeper's room; and when the servants heard that he was starving, they all lifted up their hands, and eyes, and voices, saying, "what the young man what used to make such nice poetry!" They were incredulous, forgetting that poetry is not good to eat. But when the housekeeper brought him some cold beef and pickled walnuts, they all saw that he had a marvellous good appetite. While he was eating they kept asking him many questions, to none of which he had leisure to reply. But at last he finished, and when he had satisfied his hunger, he was desirous of satisfying his curiosity; he inquired into the cause of Sir Arthur's invisibility, and he heard that the Baronet was in great trouble because his daughter had married against his consent.

"I should not care who was married or who was single, (said Giles to himself,) if I had such nice cold beef and pickled walnuts to eat every day of my life." Then addressing himself to his informant, he said, "And I pray you what is the great evil of this marriage, that the worthy Baronet takes it so much to heart?"

"Sir Arthur is angry that his daughter has not only married without his consent, but that she has degraded herself by a low connection," was the answer he received.

When Giles Geffroy heard this, he supposed that she might have married the parish-clerk or the village blacksmith; but when he heard that the degradation went no farther than to a marriage with a merchant in the city, he was rather more surprised at the fastidiousness of Sir Arthur Bradley than at the humble taste of his daughter, and he replied, "It is well it is no worse."

"But he is of such low origin," said the cook.

"Not lower than Adam, who was formed out of the dust of the ground," replied Giles.

"Sir Arthur swears (said the butler,) that he will not leave her a single shilling; and that if any of the servants carry any letter or message to her, they shall lose their places; and that if her brother keeps up any acquaintance with her he shall be disinherited."

"Bless me, what a Turk! (exclaimed Giles;) I could not have thought when he admired my poetry, and said that it was equal to Thomson's Seasons, that he was capable of being in such a towering passion."

While he was speaking, a message came from Mr. Bradley, the son of Sir Arthur, to desire that Mr. Geffroy would favour him with his company in the library for a few minutes. Giles obeyed the summons, and the son of the angry Baronet said—

"Mr. Geffroy, understanding that you were in the house, I took the liberty to send for you to ask whether you will have the goodness to take a small parcel into the city for me?"

"Sir, (replied Giles, whose spirits and gratitude were amply excited by the opportune refreshment of the Baronet's pantry,) I would walk to the world's end to serve any individual of the illustrious house of Bradley."

"I don't wish you to walk so far as that (replied Mr. Bradley); but if you will deliver this packet to its address you will oblige me. You can keep a secret?"

"Ay, that I can (said Giles); and he was about to tell Mr. Bradley how many secrets he had kept, by way of proof and illustration, but the young gentleman had not time or inclination to hear them, and he cut the matter short by saying,

"You have heard from the servants of my sister's marriage, and of my father's disapproval of it. This parcel is addressed to her, and I must beg that you will deliver it into her hands, and bring me at your earliest convenience an answer."

Mr. Bradley, with the parcel, put also a piece of money into the messenger's hand, and the messenger put the money into his pocket without looking at it; but he made as much haste out of the house as he possibly could, in order that he might ascertain whether it were a shilling or a sovereign. He would have been glad of a shilling, but of a sovereign gladder still—and it was a sovereign. So he walked along light-hearted, singing jubilant, and for a moment he forgot the Leviticud. Then he said to himself, "I shall get more by going errands, than by writing epic poems."

When he arrived at the merchant's house, which was quite as handsome and well-furnished as Sir Arthur Bradley's, and saw the Baronet's married daughter, the lady very readily recognised him as the Mr. Geffroy who was distinguished for his poetical writings.

"So you have come to London to exercise your poetical talents, (said Mrs. Marshall;) I hope you find it answer?"

"I cannot say much for the matter at present," replied Giles.

"I believe that poetry is not done at a premium now," said Mr. Marshall, who happened to be present at the colloquy.

"Ah, sir! (said Giles, not exactly understanding the mercantile metaphor, but perfectly understanding the word premium,) I only wish that a premium was offered for poetry, I think I should win it. But the publishers are in a conspiracy against me, and will not let the public judge of my talents."

"Then if I were in your place I would conspire against the publishers, and not let them have any more manuscripts."

"But, sir, how can I live without it?"

"How do you live with it?"

"Not at all, (replied Giles,) but what else can I do? I have no skill in farming, and no capital to stock a farm with."

"Then you cannot be a farmer. You can write of course?"—"Admirably."

"Do you understand accounts?"—"Perfectly, sir."

"Will you try a seat in my counting-house?"—"Most thankfully."

Twenty years after this, Sir Arthur Bradley was reconciled to his daughter; and Mr. Marshall retired from business, and Giles Geffroy succeeded him, rejoicing that he had not succeeded as a poet.

THE INDIAN BRIDE.

A TRADITION OF MONUMENT MOUNTAIN.

"As monumental bronze unchang'd his look,
A soul that pity touch'd, but never shook;
Train'd from his tree-rock'd cradle to his bier,
The fierce extremes of good and ill to brook
Impassive—fearing but the shame of fear—
A stoic of the woods—a man without a tear."

In the county of Berkshire, state of Massachusetts, a lofty mountain rears its gray form, which bears the above title. If there is anything sublime attached to a mount, a rare beauty will be admitted to linger around this wild towering line of rocks. Its bold and frowning front extends about one mile, and so roughly is it flung together by nature, and standing at the same time so perpendicular, that a tremulous chill hurries over the body as the awe-struck beholder gazes upon it. A few knotty dwarfish pines are to be seen peering obliquely from the narrow crevices, looking green even among the rocks, like hope flourishing on the borders of despair. The red bolt from the thunder-cloud, the winds, and the power of centuries, have torn away many fragments of stone from on high, and sent them smoking to the base, where, already, a long pyramidal line is sirung along, forming quite a mountain in itself. The rear of this place falls with a gentle slope, which is overshadowed by tall and regal looking trees, whose giant roots never have been broken. It presents a fearful yet magnificent appearance. There is no village near to wake the solemnity of its solitude, and silence is as profound at the sun's meridian as at the hush of midnight. It always seemed to me this spot was a favourite with the sun, for the first rosy flush of morning appeared uneasy until drinking the dew from the trees upon its brow, and his last rays lingered there at evening, even after a partial twilight began to fling a dusky shade over the vast valley below. But this may be imagination.

I must just mention a circumstance in relation to this mountain, which gave it the appellation which it has received.

Once, this backward slope was studded with the wigwams of the Indians, called the Stockbridge tribe, and tradition has handed many an ambiguous and chilling tale in regard to them. It was an established law among them, that, when an Indian had committed a deed, the penalty of which was death, he should plunge himself, or, refusing to do this, be plunged by some of his tribe, over this frightful precipice. Many had been dashed in the rocky vale below, and so high was the spot from where the victims were cast off, that it was generally supposed that the rapid descent through the air deprived them of breath,

and few, if any, had ever been conscious of anything when they had reached the earth.

A beautiful squaw transgressed by marrying into another tribe, and the penalty for such an offence was, and ever had been, death. She was well aware what her fate would be previous to her sealing it, but it did not restrain her; she disobeyed, and nothing could atone but the full extent of the law. Although she had courage sufficient to face death in marrying, she did not feel willing to sacrifice herself according to the mandate, and it therefore devolved upon some one to precipitate her over the cloud-clapt mountain. All her limbs being bound except her hands, she was borne to the verge and launched away with all the stoicism for which the Indians are famous. But here a thing occurred which had never been known before. In her downward flight, she came in contact with the long branch of a pine, which swung out many feet from the rocks, and, grasping it with the clutch of death, succeeded in breaking the force she had attained, and remained holding fast suspended between the top and base of the mountain. There she hung at the mercy of a slender branch, without even the hope of rescue. The space between her and the rocks was too much to think of touching them, and her strength, even in the cause of life, was not sufficient to draw her up to the limb. She cast her eye up, but nothing was there but her relentless enemies, whose diminished and dusky forms were arranged along the edge of the mount. They mocked her in the situation in which she was placed, and the aisles of the forest reverberated to their hideous and unearthly yells. Below all was in miniature—the rocks were dwindled to a level with the surrounding vale, the trees had shrunk away to bushes, and an old chief, who was sitting on a rock stringing his bow, was but a speck, and the outline of his form could scarcely be traced.

It was morn when her sentence was executed, and tradition says that when the shadows of evening began to gather round, she still was there, and her shrill cry was heard disturbing the quietness of the hour. Night came and passed away, and still she was swinging on this sloping pine, and the noise which she uttered told that hunger was doing his work upon her. Late in the morning some of the Indians going to the verge of the precipice, and bending over, saw a few crows circling round the unfortunate victim's head, as if impatient for her wasting body, which they evinced by diving and darting at her form, and then rising suddenly in the air with out-stretched wings, as if some motion of life had deterred them from their purpose. Often did they rest their weary wings upon the very tree by which she was supported, and the long day passed with some one of these sable creatures watching the moment when the grasp should fail, and her body fall below.

* * * * *

It was on the night of the second day that a scene took place which has never been forgotten. The sun fell away at eve with a peculiar splendour, turning every object in the valley to a golden light, and causing the Housatonic, in its serpentine course, to gleam up and spangle like liquid fire. Many was the hunter who lay watching the beauty of the beams which were flung around him; and when the last gorgeous scene had faded from Monument Mountain, the broad heavens were clear and blue, except the crimson folds which floated in grandeur along the west. Yet the squaw still hung by the branch of the pine, and her cries alternately rose through the deep stillness that reigned around.

But soon a leaden haze began to rise along the azure wall of the west, and was shortly succeeded by dark, dismal looking clouds, around whose edge the lightning was silently playing, as if to light them on in their sad and gloomy pathway. The thunder muttered faintly, then sent its roll up to the meridian, and finally, with increased power, cracked and shook through the very heavens. The shriek of the squaw was heard in the profound pause after the roar had died away, but its echo stirred not the sympathies of any of the tribe. Higher and higher rose the storm, the lightning crinkled over the sky more vividly, and the report followed so soon and heavy, that the gray old trees of the mount trembled as the peals burst through the upper world.

Night had set in with all its blackness, when a party of the tribe proceeded to behold the situation of the squaw. Soon after their arrival, a flame of fire suddenly lit up the world, the pine was struck by a thunderbolt, setting it on fire, which being parted from the cleft of the rock, spun round and round so swift, that nought could be traced of the tree itself, or the squaw whom they supposed to be attached to it. Upward it hurried into the air, burning and whizzing in its course, the torrents of rain not even dimming its glare. Tradition says it whirled with such velocity, that it did not seem, to the eye, to turn at all. Away it went, and it is said the Indians gazed at it until it was no bigger than a star; when finally it was lost in the blackness of the sky. The base of the mount was immediately examined, but nothing was to be seen, either of the pine or the squaw, when it was finally concluded, in council, that it was the work of the Great Spirit. The Indians, therefore, raised a monument by rolling stones together, which stands to this day, and from which the mountain takes its name.

The untutored urchin quickens his pace when passing this spot after daylight has departed from its summit, and whistles a lively air to elevate his drooping spirits; and the teamster, as the crack of his whip rings among the rocks, starts from his seat as if a spirit spoke, so strange are the associations connected with Monument Mountains.]

MIDNIGHT.

'Tis midnight all, the solemn noon of night!
 Through the clear vault of Heaven, in constant care,
 The silent moon pursues her pathless course,
 And the lone stars, like "wakeful sentinels,"
 Do keep their vigil in the far-off sky!
 Nature reposes on the lap of night,
 And earth's glad voices now are hushed and still,
 Save but the cricket's solemn, distant chirp,
 And the deep baying of the faithful dog!

The city's hum has ceased: no more the sound
 Is heard of busy artists, at their toil,
 Nor hurried step of eager, gathering crowds,
 Who throng the mart, intent on paltry gain!
 'Tis silent all—no sound of human voice,
 Save the hoarse watchman's cry, "Past twelve o'clock!"

Man resteth from his labours; all his cares
 Lost in the soothing rest oblivion gives!
 Forgot are all his carking woes and toils,
 While "his tired nature" hugs the grateful couch,
 Wrapped by the balmy mantle of repose!
 Man resteth from his labours, only where
 The feeble taper 'lumes the house of woe;
 Where, bending low beneath the sick one's couch,
 The anxious mother mourns her suffering child,
 Or the fond wife bewails her bosom's lord;
 Or where, perchance, in secret halls of vice,
 The haggard gambler tempts the desperate die,
 Or rushes madly on the dart of death;
 Or where, in chambers of more shameful crime,
 The child of guilty pleasure seeks his lust!

Man resteth! Sweet his peaceful, hallowed rest,
 Where conscience slumbereth peacefully within.
 The infant smileth mid his dream of heaven,
 And the fond mother folds her happy boy
 Close to love's aching breast, and keeps him there:—
 The maiden murmurs in her dream of love
 The name long cherished in her inmost soul,
 Then blushes at the memory of the name;
 While the fond lover, starting from his couch,
 Calls for a moment on her treasured name,
 Then turns him to his pleasant sleep again:—

The peasant slumbers, on his humble bed,
 More happy than his lord, who restless turns,
 But still his fevered frame no rest can find :—
 The merchant dreameth of increasing gain,—
 The miser counteth oft his hoarded gold,—
 But oh ! the pillow of the man of guilt !
 No peace is there—but demons haunt his bed,
 Weave all his dreams, and riot in his groans :—
 The prisoner turns him on his lowly pallet,
 And the deep clanking of his dungeon chain
 Goes up for witness to the bar of Heaven :—
 He who deceived the heart of trusting love,
 And basely ruined, where he should protect,
 Starts back, all trembling, at the pallid form
 Of the lost victim, beckoning him afar,
 And shrieks, and groans, and prays for death—for hell :—
 He who hath trod dishonour's shameful path,
 And wrung the widow and her lonely babes,
 What ghastly visions gloom upon his sleep :—
 But ah ! whence comes that shriek of wild despair,
 That yell of agony, too dire for earth ?—
 'Twas from the murderer's couch, of scorpion-sting,
 Where conscience points him to his victim slain,
 And whispers of his fearful, written doom !

Man resteth—for a moment's fleeting space !
 But soon the morning's dawn shall call him forth,
 Again to mingle with the busy world !
 But for a little while—and man shall rest
 In Death's long slumber, in the grave's still night :
 And he shall wake no more on earth again :
 But, at the last, the mighty angel's trump
 Shall wake him from the midnight of the tomb,
 And call him up to judgment: There, in truth,
 Must he be judged for all his actions done;
 And, if he be accounted meet for such reward,
 Shall cease from all his labours and his cares,
 And enter into everlasting rest.

MUSICAL MISERIES.

Ow all the things in the world there is none so ill-used as a pianoforte. Talk of donkies ! they have had a bed of roses in comparison. Messrs. Broadwood, ye have much to answer for. How many unfortunate, defenceless instruments have ye sent forth into the world, only to be abused and thumped worse than parish-apprentices ! Verily, Messrs. Broadwood, ye have made some noise in

the world ! You are not only noisy in yourselves, but you are the cause of noise in others. How many heads have you set aching ? How many sets of nerves have you destroyed ? How many ear drums have you split ? How many pious men have you made swear ? How many persons have you driven from their homes ? How many have you driven to distraction ? How many innocent babes have you disturbed from their sweet slumbers ? How many dogs have you made howl ? How many girls have you caused to make fools of themselves ? How many admiring lovers have you sent into fits ? How many myriads of stockings have you kept from being darned ? Tell me that, ye carvers of wood and spinners of metal ! Better ye had never been born. You have spread a plague among us, and the sins you have caused the mothers to commit will be perpetuated from generation to generation. How easy it is to become loquacious on a sore subject ? The truth is, I care not who knows it, I hate amateur-music and amateur-musicians. I would have it made punishable, by fine and imprisonment, for any one to play in the hearing of others, who could not play well. I know I am not on the popular side—I know I am on dangerous ground, and I feel my position. I care not a rush ; I will brave any man in a cause like this. I could die content if I could make these earless, heartless, soulless creatures quiver, as their quiverings have made me quiver. I could resign my breath with calmness and composure if more than one fiddler that I know were choked with their own fiddlesticks. I am no stoic. Yet I never can think of an amateur-musician with temper.

MARRIAGE IN LAPLAND.

IT is death in Lapland to marry a maid without the consent of her parents or friends. When a young man has formed an attachment to a female, the fashion is to appoint their friends to meet, to behold the two young parties run a race together. The maid is allowed, in starting, the advantage of a third part of the race, so that it is impossible, except voluntarily, that she should be overtaken. If the maid out-run her suitor, the matter is ended; he must never have her, it being penal for the man to renew the proposal of marriage. But if the maid has an affection for him, though at first she runs hard, to try the truth of his love, she will (without Atalanta's golden balls to retard her speed) pretend some casualty, and make a voluntary halt before she come to the mark or end of the race. Thus none are compelled to marry against their own wills; and this is the cause that in Lapland the married people are richer in their contentment than in other lands, where so many forced matches make feigned love, and cause real unhappiness.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A FELON.

(Continued from p. 95.)

He heard me with calmness, and there was a look of such utter wretchedness in his countenance that went to my bosom, steeped in iniquity as it was.

"Stawell, you were once my friend and companion, (said Moreland, with a solemnity and dignity in his manner that I had never beheld before). I have dragged your secret—your deep and deadly sin—from that miserable deceived girl. Your conduct is all known to me. Infamously as you have acted, you yet have it in your power, in some measure, to repair the wrong you have done to the preserver of your life; marry her, marry her, and I will bless you both."

The poor fellow, hurried away by his feelings, wept like a child; his generous and manly nature was melted. Oh! what a tale is mine to tell; the bitter drops of anguish stand upon my sickly and furrowed brow in describing the noble, the high-minded Moreland, and the fatal, the damning scene that ensued. He, the best of men, as I have said, wept like a child, while Mary struggled hysterically with her feelings. Surprised and shamed, I felt enraged at detection, and fiercely rang the bell, ordering one of the servants to take her mistress up stairs.

"Let there be no feeling of difference—no strife on my account, I beg," sobbed Mary, turning her tearful eyes upon us as she was about to leave the saloon, "I feel that I am unworthy of it." Nearly choaked with grief, she left the room.

"By what right do you presume, (I observed,) to advise me, Mr. Moreland, with regard to the conduct I ought to pursue?"

"By the right of a friend—of a man, and a Christian!" replied Moreland, firmly.

"This will not avail you, sir, in taking so great a liberty," I replied.

"Oh! Edward, I implore you by the memory of your days of innocence, to suppress this spirit (said Moreland, in an imploring tone); in a good cause it might do, but think of your boundless wickedness to that poor girl. She, who by the ties of gratitude alone you were bound to love and cherish for her attention to yourself. How have you requited her and that good old man, whose heart you have broken! Late as it is, be just—render the only act of justice that you can to that unfortunate girl, by marrying her immediately."

"I shall pursue my own measures, without your advice, sir," I coldly remarked.

"And will you not, then, marry her? (he said, while a shudder seemed to pass over his frame). I would move your feelings, Edward—I would awaken

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your conscience to a sense of justice before you are lost for ever! Let me implore you by every hope you have of happiness, to wash from her the guilt of her past life in the eyes of the world. Think, Edward, of her innocence as it was, and of what she is now; wretched and dejected—with no relative to champion her outraged innocence but a poor helpless and heart-broken father."

"She seems to want no champion at least while you are here," I exclaimed with a sneer; "but you may spare your entreaties."

"Then, by God, you shall marry her, villain! —— villain as you are!" exclaimed Moreland, and stamping violently, his eyes seemed to flash fire.

My own blood had risen at the reproach.

"Unsay that word! (I said, springing fiercely towards him) unsay it, or——"

"What, miscreant?" interposed Moreland, as he laid a powerful hand upon my shoulder.

Acting on the impulse of the moment, I struck him a violent blow on the chest, which he replied to with a smile of ineffable disdain.

"You are a villain; but steeped in infamy as you are, you must render me an account of your villainy in a different manner than this boys' play."

I had scarcely uttered my assent, when two young men came in to pay me a morning visit; they had partially beheld the assault through the windows, and even heard the opprobrious language. The spirit of dueling was then fearfully abroad, but particularly on the continent.

A maddening feeling of rage possessed me at the time, and I hastily asked and obtained the services of a young Frenchman, who, without desiring to hear any thing more than that I had been assaulted, agreed to act as my friend.

"You perhaps will, as an Englishman, do me a similar favour, sir," said Moreland, with that air of dignity he knew so well how to assume, addressing a naval officer who was one of the party, and whose ship was in the bay. "I ask your services against a seducer and a villain!" he exclaimed, regarding me with a stern look.

Thus appealed to, the officer took Moreland aside, and apparently assured of the justice of his cause, acquiesced. He indeed suggested that the meeting should be deferred until the morrow. But besides my pride was too nettled, this additional exposure all conspired to make me claim an instant adjustment. Pistols were immediately procured; and, passing out at the back of the house, having crossed the road and two or three gardens, we entered on a piece of ground close to an olive grove. Here the ground was immediately measured by the seconds, two other gentlemen, Italians, calmly looking on.

My passion, by the time I was placed at twelve paces facing Moreland, had taken time to cool, and my conscience already was bitterly upbraiding me. From the effects of passion, probably, acting upon a sanguine temperament,

Moreland's nose had burst out bleeding, which he was endeavouring to stop while he regarded me with a steadfast, and I thought searching glance.

Had peacemakers then been present my soul might have been, perhaps, saved a portion of its present load of infamy. But no one stepped forward to propose an accommodation—a deadly weapon was handed to each of us. It was agreed we were to fire by signal.

The silence of death was broken by the word, "Fire!" when our pistols were simultaneously discharged.

I stood untouched, while, with a groan of agony, the unhappy Moreland staggered towards me.

I caught him in my arms, and was covered with the blood that bubbled through the bosom of his shirt.

"Edward, (murmured the dying man, turning his fading eye to mine, which, horror stricken as I was, he seemed to hold in a spell,)—be good to her—marry poor Mary—and I for—forgive—you—"

"I will, I will!" I murmured, nearly choaked.

"Swear, swear by the side of a dy—"

Overcome with the exertion he had made, he fainted in my arms. We laid him on the grass to staunch the blood that issued from the wound. It was all in vain. But for a moment he returned to consciousness, and his glazing eyes fixing my horror-stricken glance, seemed to remind me of my promise, until a gentle sigh, in scarcely more than a minute's time, announced me a homicide!

Hell seemed raging in my heart. I sought to shut out all consciousness of hearing, and had the fatal weapon in my hand been loaded, I should at once have ended my guilty existence. But my measure of guilt was not yet half full! Other victims were to be added to the scene of death.

While a hurried consultation was held as to the disposal of the body, Mary Clifton, who had been alarmed by the report of one of the servants shortly after we had quitted the house, now made her appearance on the fatal spot with her informant. Wild and dejected in her aspect, with her long hair hanging dishevelled over her shoulders, she rushed forward with an exclamation of joy at seeing me safe; but her glance falling suddenly upon the unhappy Moreland she started back with one wild shriek of horror, and fell to the ground in a state of insensibility. It was the appalling occurrence of a moment.

I remember not clearly the events that transpired immediately after the duel. A wild delirium seemed raging in my brain. I have some recollection of seeing the body of Moreland laid on a table in my own house, and of placing my hand on his pale cold face. But when I awoke to actual consciousness, it was by the bed side of the miserable Mary Clifton. The shock, in her delicate state of

health, had been too acute. The pangs of premature labour had been brought on, and amid agonies unutterable—within two hours of the duel, she had given birth to a still-born infant. She seemed dying, and I was lamenting over her in all the pangs of grief and despair, when my second in the duel came to inform me that the officers of the law had got scent of the duel, and that my personal safety, nay, my liberty for years, depended upon my embarking immediately with him in a vessel which was just weighing anchor for France. Two of his friends, who had been witnesses of the duel, accompanied him. For some time I resisted their united entreaties until the recapitulation of the certainty of an immediate, and, probably long confinement, induced me to listen to suggestions for my safety. In a state bordering upon distraction, I gave half the money I possessed to the attached girl who attended us, together with a message to deliver to her mistress if she recovered, that I would write immediately for her to join me on my arrival in France, and that nothing should have torn me away from her at such a moment but the actual necessity. Then giving the physician who attended a few injunctions, I went on board the vessel with my friend.

After my embarkation the agitation of my mind and body conspired to throw me on a bed of sickness, and during the greater part of the voyage I was in a raging fever. One fearful vision was constantly by my bed-side. It was that of Henry Moreland, whose dying glance seemed to rivet mine in a fearful fascination. For weeks indeed did I thus seem spectre-haunted.

I was landed at Marseilles but the shadow of my former self, and was considerably relieved to hear from the physician I had left in attendance upon Mary, that though unable to leave her bed she had grown considerably better. I felt at least that I had not two deaths to answer for. I grew in health, and the brief remorse that had taken such a sudden possession of my feelings, in a month or two after my landing yielded to the all-evil feelings of my nature, that soon regained their accustomed force. I began to look upon the affair of the duel as one that was unavoidable on my part. But what indeed disturbed me most was the rash promise which I considered I had made to Moreland in his last moments. Strange as it may appear, my short absence from Mary's society had not a little contributed to estrange my thoughts from her. After the late events I felt that her presence, besides being a clog upon my actions, was an everlasting reproach to my conscience. My villainy, indeed, in her angelic countenance appeared to me to be reflected in still blacker deformity. To tie myself to her for life, therefore, in my selfish considerations, seemed allied to madness. I was even thinking of the best means of acquiring for her some comfortable asylum, when I received a letter from her, that relieved me of a great portion of my uneasiness. It was filled with tenderness, and evidently

written in the spirit of one whose thoughts were fixed upon another and a better world. Actuated by the deepest remorse for her past guilt, she delicately gave me to understand that she felt I had ceased to love her, and that her only wish was to bury her sorrows and her guilt in some lonely spot where she could still breathe a prayer for my welfare in life. Notwithstanding the holiness of religion that pervaded her epistle, it was but too easy to perceive that the pang of unrequited affection seemed to have taken deep root in her bosom. There was a passage in her letter in which she said that a feeling too strong to be resisted made her wish to obtain her father's forgiveness if possible before he died, as she felt she could never know peace hereafter without it.

"God bless you, we may never meet again; but I pray—will ever pray, oh, how earnestly, that we may be forgiven our past wickedness. Edward, I shudder when I think of my guilt, steeped in iniquity as I have been; nothing but the infinite love and goodness of our blessed Saviour, in which I put my whole trust, can save us. Be warned in time, dearest, turn from the thousand paths of worldliness and guilt, to the gushing fountains of God's grace and goodness; and, oh, partake with me in that blessed feeling which, wicked as I am, breathes of peace to my struggling afflicted bosom, and stays those thoughts inseparably connected with your dear image.—God bless you—you will still sometimes think of the wretched and unhappy Mary."

Such was the conclusion of the long letter written by Mary Clifton. I replied to it, but receiving no answer, I immediately instituted inquiries, and discovered that she had left Naples for England, shortly after the date of her letter. Oh! man, the infamy of guilt that thou heapest up for thyself in illicit love! I, who would have given my existence for the possession of the once beautiful and blooming Mary, now that she was robbed of that gem of womanly innocence felt happy and relieved that she had quitted me.

Alone, as it were, in the world, and steeped in crime, I became harrassed with gloomy apprehensions. I departed from France, and went wandering over the Pyrenees into Spain, without any fixed end or purpose. The mountainous and rugged sublimity of the country, though in the most inclement season of the year, were in unison with my feelings. I felt as if condemned to wander for ever in the hope of flying from the dark guilty dream of the past. I possessed two letters in my uncle's handwriting, which had been forwarded to me from Naples, but which I had never dared to open. Often as I had taken the sealed packets from my pocket an undefinable fear—a horror at having my infernal deeds laid bare to me in all their naked deformity, with the well-merited curses of the deceived old man—stopped me. At length this frightful feeling yielded to necessity. My last note had been cashed, and my own slender funds, which I had placed under the guardianship of my uncle, could not be made available

without communicating with him. The prospect of want, which yet I had known not, was too urgent to be denied. I tore open the letters one after the other with a trembling hand, and perused their contents.

The first epistle, which was dated on the day of the fatal duel, was written in words of his usual love and kindness, with enquiries after my health and pursuits that cut me like so many daggers, while a bill of credit for a considerable sum upon a bank at Naples accompanied it.

I turned to the second epistle in a lingering hope rather than expectation that my villainy might not have reached his ear. Delusive thought!—the first line resolved my anxious doubts, as—"Monster! murderer!—you are at last unmasked in your devilish deformity." I read no more, but with a sickening feeling, having secured the document for the payment of the money, consigned the others to the flames, with the consciousness of having for ever forfeited the favour of my uncle. It was with a bitter regret I reflected that the prospect of future wealth which had dazzled my eyes, had failed from me as a dream, and that, bred up to no calling, I was but a wretched pittance removed from a state of beggary. All my worldly thoughts needed but this stimulus to rouse them to their wonted action. In a few days I went to that vortex of dissipation—that temple of refinement and ruin—Paris. There I soon began to flatter myself—more fool—that I had at last found the true school of philosophy for a mind like mine, where the gay votary of fashion, the educated infidel of one day, plunged into fancied annihilation as a relief from the lowering clouds of care, and became displayed the next a ghastly and unregarded corpse upon the Morgue. Having obtained the property in my uncle's possession, which he transmitted in a bill, but without a single line of communication, I at once gave way to the wild impulses of my nature, and greedily draining the atheistical principles of the day, became an eager convert to infidelity, and amid scenes of reckless sensuality affected to laugh to scorn all other feelings than those found under the Epicurean creed I had adopted. My mind no longer preyed upon itself in the recollection of the past. In the life of a gambler a thousand new hopes and fears daily agitated my breast, and if my thoughts at any branding moment reverted to my past guilt, I blamed my fate in being made a victim, and who was deserving of commiseration rather than punishment. Besides, the depth of my wickedness I saw daily, if possible, exceeded by men around me who yet seemed gay and happy, and I already blamed an over-sensitive feeling, resulting from having not been sufficiently acquainted with the world as the great cause of my suffering.

Such were the vain dogmas in which I indulged. For two years I may say I never reflected seriously, having launched on the dark stream of life, until one memorable night a long and unexpected run of ill-luck left me a beggar, every-

thing gone—to the last article of jewellery that studded my person. As my last stake was swept away I sat like one astounded at the event. A feverish heat oppressed me, and I drank madly of wine, the price of which I had not in the world. Fortunately it was chargeless in that mansion of ruin. I passed from the steaming and crowded rooms into the open air. Its refreshing coolness revived me. In the pangs of disappointment I had bitten through my lip, and the blood that trickled from my face on to my white glove drew my attention to the fact by the ghastly light of a lamp. It looked ominous.

An insatiable feeling—one burning thirst to redeem my evil luck, *Tantalus* like—was uppermost in my mind. But where was I to obtain it? I had been stripped at once of near eight hundred Napoleons, by a united run of chances that had defied every calculation, and how I was to live I knew not.

As I paced my weary way to my hotel, a thought struck across my brain like lightning; it presented the only chance of retrieving my losses, at least, of giving me the prospect of redemption for which I thirsted. My beggary was not yet known. I had always lived in an expensive style up to that evening, and believing my credit still good, I determined at once to borrow a sum of money, in the hopes of retrieving my fortune. For several moments I ran over rapidly in my mind those persons whom I thought most likely to comply with my wishes, until I fixed upon a lady who was once celebrated for her fashion and accomplishments.

The Baroness d'Eclerc, although termed, perhaps, rather *passée* with regard to her beauty, was still one of the most elegant women in Paris. She had first become a permanent resident at Paris three years previous, and a report had gone out that she was married, and lived separated from her husband, a German Baron. Although her domestic history seemed shrouded by some little appearance of mystery, the elegance of the lady's manners, together with the splendour of her domestic establishment, made her mansion the general rendezvous of the first men in Paris. If report, indeed, had in any way sullied the fair reputation of the lady, her *conversations* were, nevertheless, among the most brilliantly attended. The extraordinary fascination of the lady's address, and her skill in languages, together with her vast fund of polite and scientific knowledge in particular, gave to her society a tone and a dignity that in a great measure neutralised the rumours that were occasionally whispered to her prejudice. That the Baroness was a woman of intrigue had been stated by many, but utterly disbelieved by those best acquainted with her. Indeed, there was only one instance where the report seemed to have been probable from circumstances. Shortly after her having taken a residence at Paris, she seemed to have formed a close intimacy with a young man of high rank. The Count Damont had acquired the reputation of being a wild and reckless *roué*, and before knowing the Baroness,

had managed, a few years after his coming of age, to run through a princely fortune. Desperate in his affairs, and still an ardent gambler, the Baroness, shortly after their acquaintance, had appeared to receive him entirely into her confidence. He became possessed of a suite of rooms in her mansion, and commonly attended her when she visited, or rode, or drove out. Attentions so marked, notwithstanding the great discrepancy that existed between their ages, had, indeed, given rise to the reports I have previously mentioned as inimical to the lady's name. But the sequel of this *liaison*, if such it were, was rendered, perhaps, somewhat memorable by the Count's sudden and tragical death. An inveterate gambler, and supposed to be supplied with funds by the Baroness, his thoughtless extravagance made him always a needy man, and losing a heavy sum of money at Frascati's one night, he was seen to rush madly from the house, and was found dead the next morning near the Montmatre, with his brains blown out, and one of his own pistols, recently discharged, lying by him. On this melancholy occasion, the Baroness had displayed every sign of inconsolable grief, and in the examination that was made with regard to the Count's dissipated life, both she and her servants underwent an examination, when one circumstance only was established—that the Baroness had repeatedly lent heavy sums of money to the infatuated young nobleman, who had made such a melancholy end.

For several months after this tragical occurrence, the Baroness had attested the sincerity of her grief by confining herself to her house in deep mourning, until time, the solicitude of her friends, and the influence of a naturally sprightly disposition, had restored her to her usual habits of gaiety, and her house once more became the focus of attraction to the serious, as well as to the light and thoughtless hearts, with which Paris abounded.

Such is a brief history of the lady whose mansion I now sought. I had been introduced some months previous by a gay young militaire, and won by her peculiar fascination of manner I had been assiduous in those attentions and compliments for which my education and disposition had, perhaps, most eminently fitted me to shine in. From my first interview, indeed, my vanity whispered to me that I had made considerable impression upon the elegant and accomplished Baroness. There seemed to my skilled ear a more than ordinary softness in her voice when she addressed me with a language, told by her still fine and expressive eyes, that induced me to the belief that she aimed at no less a conquest than my heart. Though I admired her, she was one of the last women upon earth whom I could have loved. I was now, however, to prove the sincerity of some professions she had made, desiring me to command her when she could be made serviceable to my interests. I knew that she was seldom to be found alone, and entering the mansion, which was a very elegant

one, in the suburbs of the city, near the Marias, I wrote a line on my card, requesting a private interview for a moment. This I dispatched to her by Carlos, her own lacquey, a somewhat sombre-looking Italian.

In a little more than a minute, the lady joined me in the ante-room, where I had been ushered. She appeared in all the pride of conscious beauty, and immediately proceeded to rally me upon the mystery of my visit.

In a few words, I explained the nature of it.

It might be fancy, but I thought her eyes glanced upon me during my request with a singular expression.

"And is that *all*, my dear Chevalier," exclaimed the lady, with a burst of lively merriment, when I had concluded my request for the loan of a hundred Napoleons. "So small a matter I consider you may fairly *claim* of me. Believe me," she exclaimed, in her softest manner, laying her jewelled fingers complacently upon my shoulder, "when I told you to come to me when you wanted a friend, it should not be in vain. But, my dear friend, you must wait for a moment, as I have no money with me."

Patting my cheek with a smiling air, she tripped out of the chamber, and presently returned with a small paper box.

"Here are one hundred and fifty louis; it is not worth while parting them, my dear young friend."

"Oh, Madame la Baronne," I exclaimed, in all the eagerness of a ruined gamester, "I shall never forget your kindness. To-morrow, I hope to have the pleasure of returning them."

"Oh, Chevalier," said the lady, with one of her most winning smiles, "fortune, like most of my sex, is fickle. May she, however, to-night, be as favourably disposed to give as I wish. After all, gaming, like many pleasures, is attended with proportionable risk."

"My luck has indeed been accursed," I said bitterly.

"Pooh! forget it like a man. While there is life there is hope," said the fascinating Baroness. "You are young, and life is smiling with its thousand flowers before you—be bold—be enterprising, my dear friend—do not fear—*lis bon temps viendrai*."

"I hope so (I observed)—if not"—I paused—

"If not (she re-echoed in a low tone of voice), be silent, be discreet, as you value the future, and come to me. Let me see you to-morrow, at all events; but never mention to me those pieces of gold, if you feel grateful—*le qu'on nomme libéralité n'est souvent que le vanité de donner que nous aimons mieux que ce que nous donnons*." Uttering these words, she pressed my hand, and slipped out of the chamber, leaving me, I confess, no less astonished than pleased at the result of my interview.

Passing out of the house, I pursued my way with eager steps towards Frascati's, my mind buried in a labyrinth of thought at the generosity of the Baroness, which I could only account for on a supposition that she was deeply in love with me. Determined to woo my good fortune, if such was the case, and hope ever animating my guilty bosom, I took my station at the gaming table, where piles of wealth were displayed by the bank, as if to stimulate the avaricious, and make deeper the despair of the poverty-stricken.

What ~~is~~ ~~not~~ to tell the various chances of the game. I became beggared a second time, and at three in the morning rushed madly home to my hotel, cursing my ~~mis~~ unhappy fate.

The morning brought bitter and sombre reflections. I had lost every franc I had in the world. My only hope on earth, by some mysterious chance, seemed to rest upon the Baroness d'Eclerc.

With a desperate spirit I sought her house. The porter had already announced that his lady was out, when he was corrected by her servant Carlos, who informed me that she had desired me to be admitted. I was shown up to her boudoir, where she was sipping her chocolate.

"I have expected you, my dear Chevalier (exclaimed she, in her usual gay and friendly tone); so you were again baffled by *la mauvaise fortune*?"

I started, surprised indeed at the swiftness of her intelligence. "I shall certainly take you for a witch, though a beautiful one (I remarked); and who, pray, told you the news, Madame la Baronne?"

"Oh, being a witch I have my little birds and familiars [that brings me information from all places (she replied in the same light tone)]; I should surprise you, perhaps, by my information if I told you all I know."

"You are no less wonderful than charming (I exclaimed); perhaps you will tell me my fortune?"

For a moment her eye encountered mine with an expression so searching and peculiar, that with all my hardihood I quailed under it.

"Yours is a difficult countenance to peruse (she observed slowly), but I have clearly traced two instances of your past success in life."

"My past successes?" I uttered incredulously.

"And why not? (said the strange woman before me,) you have been a successful lover, have you not? and a conquering duelist as well?"

"A thousand devils! then you know me indeed," I remarked.

"Of course I do, my Chevalier (said the lady); but I can better tell the future than the past. Dare you listen?" she added, in a changed and serious tone of voice.

"It is, (I said) always a pleasure to listen to you, Madame."

"A truce to compliment, this is no time for it, Chevalier. Listen to my de-

scription of your future prospects, (said the lady,) it is a dark and dreary one, a sea of wretchedness, with the lowering clouds of poverty and infamy above it."

"Baroness, you picture darkly."

"Hear me out, Chevalier, (exclaimed the Baroness, her eyes kindling like some sybil under the power of inspiration, while her voice sank into a kind of loud whisper). When you called upon me last night you were a beggar, and had lost your last louis; was it not so?"

Her words seemed to curd the pulsation of my heart, and my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth as I assented by a nod.

"Penury and trouble are before you, (continued the fair speaker, regarding me earnestly,) a life of degradation and truckling crime."

"You go too far," I gasped.

"Oh no; without a franc piece in your pocket, and with a ruined name, bred, too, to no profession, a gambler and an outcast, what path of industry can be open to you—what resource is left you, but some few uncertain years of petty crime, the arts of the swindler, the tricks of the decoy gamester, and the bluster of the bully. These resources, it is true, may for a time sustain you, amid the scorn and detestation of the virtuous of mankind, until goaded at last into some desperate act of daring, you perish miserably upon the scaffold."

"Your picture is flattering, Madame," I exclaimed, whilst a fierce resentment flushed my face.

"You are indignant," said the Baroness, relapsing into one of her sunny smiles,—"indignant that I should speak the truth. Now, Chevalier, what would you say to that person who would snatch you from the appalling picture I have drawn, snatch you from infamy, and once more surround you with affluence and pleasure?"

"My eternal gratitude."

"Eternal gratitude," she exclaimed, almost with a sneer on her expressive features,—"what is that, but like the eternal love, made up of the babbling whine of a silly boy, who speaks he knows not what. You are a man, I take it, of other stuff, adventurous and gallant, possessed of a spirit that would rise superior to the tide and time of circumstances. Tell me, in return for what I offer—for it is in my hands your fate rests—though false to all the rest of humankind, would you dare nobly, and act fearlessly, for her who rescues you?"

"So help me Heaven," I exclaimed.

"Heaven and you, Chevalier, are a separate destiny, if some tales be true. It is enough for us, in my poor idea, to make a heaven upon earth. Chevalier, for wealth, for splendour, to be won by my means, dare you"—and her voice

sank to a hissing whisper,—“dare you join your fate with mine for two years? Would you be faithful so long?” she uttered.

“I will!” I exclaimed.

“Will you encounter (she said) the prospect of danger?”

“Without flinching,” I replied, hurried away by the mastery which this extraordinary woman seemed to have acquired over my feelings.

“And you would not shrink from any task I might enjoin you to do?”

“Except murder,” I murmured.

“Murder—(and I thought her cheek blanched at the word)—unless, indeed it be for darling revenge, is the act of fools or madmen. There is no fear o’ blood in that to which I would ally you; but what if the punishment of discovery falls little short of that which is awarded for the taking of life?”

“I care not (I exclaimed). Prove me.”

(To be Continued.)

A GERMAN WATCH SONG.

The sun is gone down, and the moon springeth upwards,
The night creepeth onward, the nightingale singeth.
To himself said a watchman, “Is any knight waiting
In pain for his lady, to give her his greeting?
Now then for their meeting.”

His words heard a knight in the garden while roaming.
“Ah! watchman,” he said, “is the daylight fast coming?
And may I not see her—and wilt thou not aid me?
“Go wait in thy covert lest the cock crow revellie,
And the dawn should betray thee.”

Then in went that watchman and called for the fair,
And gently he roused her—“Rise, lady! prepare!
New tidings I bring thee, and strange to thine ear;
Come rouse thee up quickly, thy knight tarries near;
Rise, lady! appear!”

“Ah, watchman! though purely the moon shines above,
Yet trust not securely that feigned tale of love:
Far, far from my presence my own knight is straying;
And sadly repining I mourn his long staying,
And weep his delaying.”

Nay, lady! yet trust me, no falsehood is there.”
Then up sprang that lady, and braided her hair,
And donn’d her white garment, her purest of white;
And, her heart with joy trembling, she rash’d to the sight
Of her own faithful knight.

A RIDE IN AN OMNIBUS.

FROM AN AMERICAN PUBLICATION.

It was about four o'clock, in the afternoon of a very wet, warm, and blue-devilish day, in the summer of 1832, that a young gentleman, indebted to nature for a person by no means frightful to look upon—to fortune, for a large sufficiency of the goods of this world—and to his father for the romantic appellative of John Atherton Hastings, mounted the unstable steps of an omnibus, at the corner of Pine-street and Broadway. The vehicle was without a tenant; all such of my readers, therefore, that are conversant with the ways of those modern helps to pedestrians, will at once conceive that its progress was none of the most speedy; and that time is allowed to say a few words of the individual who has just taken possession.

He was by birth a Virginian; rich, as has been hinted; just emancipated from college and his minority; modest to an excess—indeed the development of this quality in his organization might be called bashfulness; strangely addicted to blushing; not loquacious at any time, but in the presence of females, especially young ones, not much more talkative than an oyster; and to conclude, very apt to be flurried by sudden and unexpected occurrences. He had arrived in New York but two or three days previous, with the intent to enlarge his mind by an assiduous observation of matters and things in general, as they appear in that great metropolis; and especially of the theatres, opera, fashions, Broadway, and the city-hotel, where he had established his quarters.

Taking the stops and the slow pace into consideration, the omnibus may be faintly supposed by this time to have reached Maiden-lane; and John Atherton Hastings was fast sinking into a reverie of no particular character, when his thoughts were suddenly turned in a new direction, by an abrupt halt and the opening of the door; humiliating reflection, that such a common-place incident should have power over the workings of man's lofty intellect! But we won't enlarge upon that just now. The door opened, as has been mentioned; and the young Virginian's incipient speculations as to the idiosyncrasies of the newcomer, were cut short by the apparition of a bundle of female habiliments, at the top of which was a close calash, of green silk, with a thick veil hanging from it in front, and, at the other extremity, at least one very neat little foot; a fact of which the disclosure was unavoidably made in the process of stepping into the vehicle. John Hatherton Hastings was on the point of undergoing a *tele-a-tete* with a woman, shut up in a moving apartment of not more than five feet by eleven.

The door was shut with a bang; the figure advanced and seated itself oppo-

site the young southron; the horses moved on; and his face assumed the colour of England's meteor banner. The veil worn by the stranger was thick enough to defy his gaze, if he had ventured to look, which he did not; but he felt in his inmost soul that eyes of some sort or other were fixed on his blushing countenance.

The embarrassment was, perhaps, mutual for a time; but that of the lady soon passed away, if such was the case: his alarm probably gave her an equal degree of courage; there was a slight motion beneath the huge cloak that enveloped her form; then, an exceedingly white, small hand, peeped from beneath its folds; and, in another moment, the hand was raised, the veil twitched on one side, and a young, lovely, and laughing face shone out like the silver moon from under a cloud, of which the most remarkable features were two large, black, mischievous eyes, and a small red mouth, which rivalled them in the playful malice of its expression. John Atherton Hastings looked up; blushed deeper than ever; and, for a moment, wished himself safe in his college once more.

Silence remained unbroken for several minutes; his alarm began to subside, at finding himself not only unhurt, but not likely to come to any desperate harm; and, after two or three efforts, he succeeded in raising his eyes once more. Those of his pretty companion were now cast down, but he felt certain that such was not the case a moment before; the sweet little mouth seemed ready to melt into a smile, and the aspect of things in general was so encouraging, that he ventured to utter, "Allow me," and to take from the other white hand (which, by this time, had also emerged from its hiding-place,) a small silk umbrella, dripping with moisture. The courtesy was repaid with a slight bow, a glance from the bright black eyes, which now seemed much less formidable in their expression, and a barely perceptible severing of the pretty red lips, which he was content to receive as equivalent to a "Thank you." John Atherton Hastings began to suspect that an omnibus might be as pleasant a place as a small, uncarpeted, fourth-story room in a college.

His second attempt was, of course, an observation upon the weather; and this called up a decided smile, and a rather audible "Very unpleasant, indeed, sir."

The collegian thought conversation a dreadful awkward affair to manage, and silence resumed its sway; the lady perceived the necessity of making a demonstration, knowing that where people have nothing to say, every moment increases the difficulty, and a small, prettily-bound volume made its appearance; it was one of the annuals, and, luckily, one too that Hastings had never seen; his courage revived; and a remark was hazarded, which happily met with favour and a responsive answer; a delicate finger was gently insinuated among the

leaves, and the youth, taking this for an overture, put away the umbrella, reached forth his hand, and possessed himself of the volume.

Matters are now in excellent train, and the reader will have the goodness to manage the rest of the interview to his own liking. It is enough to say, that, all things considered, the parties made themselves very agreeable; that any third person coming in at this juncture, would have taken them for acquaintances of several weeks' standing; that smiles had grown into fair samples of laughter; and that when the vehicle stopped, far up in Broadway, the door opened, and a gentleman made his appearance, in whom the lady appeared to recognize a father—or uncle, or some sort of protector, resumed her umbrella, and got out. John Atherton Hastings did not know which to confound most heartily—the omnibus for stopping at all, or his own stupidity in not ascertaining the name and residence of his charming companion.

He was once more alone, and his thoughts were exceedingly pleasant; he had indeed, taken no steps to secure a renewal of the acquaintance; but he hoped to accomplish that very desirable end, somehow or other, and he felt proud and happy in going over again the incidents of the ride, in which he had acquitted himself with so much heroism and gallantry. John Atherton Hastings firmly resolved never again to be in the least afraid of a woman.

A few moments more brought him to his own place of destination; the omnibus stopped, and he rose to get out; as he did so, his eye was caught by a glittering object, lying amidst the straw that in rainy weather serves as a carpet in those travelling houses; he picked it up, and found that it was a very small, handsome pocket-book, with a polished steel clasp; of course it belonged to the lovely and lively stranger, and would, no doubt, prove the means of discovering who she was. With a thrill of delight, he placed it beside his own, in the pocket of his surtout, and went on his way rejoicing and full of gratitude to the omnibus.

It is painful to have to say, that his expectations were not fully realized; he found, indeed, a name—and a very pretty one, too—written within the treasure, and also a lock of beautiful dark hair, enclosed in a small gold frame, with a glass, attached to the inside of one of its covers; he learned, further that the book was the property of a certain Catherine Somerville, but all his researches were fruitless in ascertaining the residence, or even the very existence of any such personage. For weeks, and indeed months, he employed himself in the search, but to no purpose; Longworth's Directory gave him no clue to the incognita; and of the four or five hundred persons whom he teased with inquiries, not one could give him any intelligence of a Mr. Somerville, likely to have a daughter, and such a daughter as his own lost and lamented Catherine.

He might, indeed, have advertised the pocket-book in the papers; but this

measure either did not occur to him, or, if it did, he cared not to resort to it; perhaps he had no great inclination to give up his treasure without securing an interview with the fair proprietor, and feared that an advertisement would only bring forward some brother, or father, whose thanks he should consider by no means a fair equivalent. Be that as it may, advertise he did not; and his hopes grew every day fainter and fainter.

It was about three months after the date of that memorable encounter, that circumstances, or, to speak more correctly, another heavy shower of rain, induced him to enter another omnibus. This time the conveyance was full at his entrance; that is, full in the opinion of all the passengers; the driver practically announced his conviction that it would hold five or six more, by taking in all that offered. Our friend very soon found himself unpleasantly situated between a stout gentleman, whose thoroughly-soaked greatcoat imparted to our hero's garments and person more wet than warmth, and another gentleman, not at all stout, whose sharp elbow made an extremely unpleasant impression upon his ribs. In fact, before he had ridden an hundred yards, John Atherton Hastings had heaped on the omnibus nearly as many curses, and was now on the point of concluding to give up his place, and "bide the pitiless peiting" without, when his ear was suddenly struck by the sound of the name with which his feelings and hopes were so closely mingled. Catherine Somerville was decidedly mentioned by one of two dashing-looking young men who had come in within a few minutes. Our young friend now concluded to stay where he was, for the present.

At length there was a ring at the bell, and the omnibus stopped; several got out, and among them, he who had spoken that word of power. Our hero did the same, accidentally revenging himself in his haste on his sharp-elbowed neighbour, by planting the heel of his boot precisely upon the most sensitive corn in that person's possession; without stopping, however, to offer an apology, he descended the steps and pursued the young stranger on whom his hopes were just at this time suspended. Bashfulness was forgotten in his anxiety, and he boldly addressed, without blushing, a person he had never seen before.

"I must beg your forgiveness, sir, for the liberty I am taking, but you mentioned the name of—of—a person—a lady—whom it is important for me to see. I have been seeking for her for several months but in vain. You would impose upon me the most lasting obligation, by favouring me with the address of that lady—of Miss Somerville."

The stranger appeared a good deal surprised, a little suspicious, and somewhat affronted, and it was evident that his first impulse was to give a cool and rather uncivil reply; but he was a good-natured fellow, and when he took time to reflect on the agitation, the earnestness, and, above all, the extremely gentle

look of the person who thus addressed him, his heart relented; and after a little parley, he consented to tell Hastings all he knew, which, in truth, was but very little. His acquaintance with Miss Somerville was exceedingly slight, he said; she was from Boston, and now on a visit to one of her friends in New York; the address of that friend he gave, and then John Atherton Hastings, with many thanks, made his bow and wended his way, with his faith in the virtue and excellence of the omnibus more firmly established than ever.

In the evening he knocked at the door of the house which contained his now discovered incognita; his agitation was absolutely oppressive, and the rat-tat-tat of the knocker was scarcely louder than that kept up by his heart. A servant appeared.

"Miss Somerville?"

"Not at home, sir."

"When is it likely I shall find her within?"

"She leaves town to-morrow at four o'clock; will probably be at home all the morning."

Mr. Hastings left his card, and would call at eleven; and then he went to the theatre, not to enjoy the play, but simply because he knew not what else to do with himself.

The City-hall clock struck eleven the next morning, as our hero once more lifted the knocker at No.—, in Broadway. Miss Somerville was at home, in the drawing-room, and alone. The servant ushered him to the door of the apartment, threw it open and announced "Mr. Hastings." The lady was at the window, performing some delicate duty to several rare exotics, whose fragrance perfumed the air; the young man rushed forward his movements were too quick and abrupt to say he advanced—exclaiming:—

"How delighted I am to find you at last!"

The lady turned and presented to his bewildered gaze a very beautiful set of features indeed, but not at all those of his lovely unknown! He stood as if rooted to the floor; blundered out some vague attempt at an apology; and wished himself and the omnibus somewhere in the interior of Cafraria, and safe out of his present scrape.

"I beg ten thousand pardons, Mise—Madam—I am sure—I—that is, I thought—I wished to see Miss Catherine Somerville."

"You do see Miss Catherine Somerville," answered the lady.

John Atherton Hastings began to blush, and looked like a fool; and then not knowing what better to do, made several bows, and retreated with all possible haste, repeating his efforts to utter something at least in the shape of an explanation. By the time he had reached the door, he was not very distinctly advised whether his hand or his foot was the proper instrument wherewith to

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open it; he succeeded, however, in turning the handle, and rushed out like a madman, overturning in his precipitate flight the footman, who just then was coming in with a salver loaded with costly glasses, decanters, and goblets, of which, in another moment, not one was smashed into less than seven distinct fragments. How he got out of the house he never precisely knew; but out he did get, somehow or other, and hurrying to his hotel, shut himself up in his own room, and enacted the part of a lunatic for the rest of the day.

Time will wear out the deepest griefs; at any rate it wore out the mortification and rage of the collegian. In the spring of the next year he was again in New York, and again (so the fates willed) took a seat in an omnibus. There were three or four passengers; and his ride, altogether, was pleasant enough. He got out at the corner of Broom-street, and the first man he met, full in the face, as he stepped from the vehicle, was one of his former class-mates at college.

"Hastings!" exclaimed one, and "Walters!" the other.

"Why, Jack, where have you come from?" said Walters; and "Walters, my dear fellow, what the deuce brings you to New York?" answered Hastings; and then, by way of obtaining satisfactory answers to these and several other mutual inquiries, the young men linked arms, and betook themselves to a stroll. The conversation that then ensued is in no way likely to prove instructive or entertaining to readers in general, save and except one small piece of information elicited by our hero; to wit, that Richard Walters was now on his way to Boston, with his sister, and a young lady who had been staying for more than three months at his father's house in Virginia, on a visit to the sister aforesaid; the object of the present journey being the return of that visit by one of equal duration, on the part of Miss Walters, to her friend and late guest, Miss Catherine Somerville. The reader may fancy the sudden effect of this bit of intelligence, on the susceptible heart of John Atherton Hastings. The result was, that in less than ten minutes he had told all his perplexities to his friend, and both were striding as fast as their legs could transport them, in the way that led to the house where the glasses had suffered from Hastings' impetuosity, and at which Miss Somerville and her friend Miss Walters were staying during their brief stay at New York.

Walters had heard, from Miss Somerville, of the strange caper played off by his present companion; but that young lady, with very commendable delicacy, had always refused to mention the name of her eccentric visitor, and he therefore knew nothing of Atherton's agency in the matter; touching the pocket-book, he could give no explanation.

But if he could not, Miss Somerville could; and she did, too. It was undoubtedly her chattel; the gift of a dear brother, an officer in the navy, and

just at this time on service in the Mediterranean. It was his hair that the locket contained; and the young lady with large black eyes and the mischievous mouth was her, Catherine Somerville's, cousin. At the time of the adventure which formed the opening scene of this drama of misadventures, the said cousin, Harriet Evertson, was about departing for Charleston, where she resided. the eventful ride in the omnibus was one of her wild frolics; the abstraction o the pocket-book was partly another, and partly the result of a certain supposed secret affection, cherished, in spite of her teeth, by Miss Harriet Evertson, for the young sailor whose hair it contained; her design was to take out the glossy ringlet, have another inserted, and then restore the book to its rightful owner; but this design was frustrated, as has been seen, by its loss in the omnibus; and the time of her departure was too near at hand to admit of any steps for its recovery.

Such was the account given by Miss Catherine Somerville, partly from facts that had recently come to her knowledge, and partly conjectural. There is nothing more to be told, save that our hero, having nothing especial to keep him in New-York, accompanied his friend and the two ladies to Boston; that in process of time there was a wedding; and that both John Atherton Hastings and his pretty wife Catherine, very often exclaim, with a smile that does not betoken much of unhappiness, "one may do a worse thing, sometimes, than take a ride in an omnibus."

THE MAID OF HONOUR.

It was on a fine May morning, during the reign of Queen Anne, that one of her Maids of Honour was tempted, by the mildness of the weather, to stray beyond the grounds of the royal palace at Windsor. She had wandered to some distance, admiring the smiling appearance of Nature in every opening flower, when she was arrested in her ramble by the sky becoming suddenly overcast. She hastily retraced her steps; but having several fields to cross before she could reach the castle, she was compelled by a heavy shower to seek shelter beneath the friendly roof of a farm house, ere she had accomplished one half of the distance. The rain continued to descend, and caused another traveller, also, to seek the same welcome shelter.

This second applicant for shelter was a gay young cavalry officer, who, like the lady, albeit an ardent admirer of the beauties of Nature, felt a strong disinclination to have one of her most precious gifts showered upon him.

It is not to be supposed that a young officer, thus accidentally thrown into the company of a young and lovely woman, would be tongue-tied; neither in those

days were ladies so reserved as etiquette requires them to be in the more refined period of the present age.

When the rain abated, they left the friendly shelter, and, their roads lying in the same direction, they strolled onward in company. There can be little doubt that this short walk across the wet fields, and over the stiles, and by the perfumed hedgerows, afforded the young man several opportunities of displaying his attention and his gallantry to the lady ; and it really was surprising to see the frequent occurrence of puddles of water, which required the firm hand of the officer to enable his fair companion to step safely over them ; equally numerous were the wet twigs of bushes that required to be held back by the same strong hand, whilst the lady passed ; and as for the stiles—so wet and slippery were they that the gentleman was obliged to employ both hands to ensure her safety : these country stiles are terrible annoyances to young people—very

A few days after the above event there was a grand party given by a person of distinction in the town of Windsor, and among the numerous guests that were invited, chance, or fate, ordained that the young Maid of Honour and the gay young officer should be included. Their previous meeting without introductions, was a good introduction on their present meeting, and during the evening the son of Mars paid his fair companion, and frequent partner in the dance, the greatest attention.

From this period they might be often seen in each other's company, strolling in the vicinity of the castle ; and when they met at ball or rout, the young lady was always saluted as a partner by her gallant admirer.

We will now take a glance at the previous history of these young lovers. The Maid of Honour, or, as we will for the future call her, Lucy Spencer, was the youngest daughter of a wealthy merchant, who had procured this distinguished appointment for his daughter through the influence of certain noblemen, whose estates were mortgaged to the wealthy citizen. The old gentleman having been brought up in the counting-house from boyhood, was naturally a close calculator of gain and profit ; and next to his love of money, was his ambition for titles for his three daughters, by bestowing large fortunes on whom, he was in hopes of marrying them to noblemen. Having thus taken a slight glance at the family history of Lucy, we will take the same liberty with that of her lover. Charles Osborne was the only child of the youngest son of the Baron Osborne, the father of Charles died in embarrassed circumstances, leaving him to the tender mercies of a proud uncle, who had a short time previously succeeded to the family honours and estates. His uncle soon gave Charles to understand that he was to expect but little assistance from him ; and having purchased him a commission in a cavalry regiment, he told him he must depend on his sword and hi-

own exertions for his future prospects in life; for having two sons of his own to provide for, he had but little to spare for nephews.

Having thus taken a glance at their circumstances, we will return to the lovers. Summer had passed away, and stern winter had changed the face of nature, binding the lakes and rivers with her icy fetters. Queen Anne and her court had long since returned to her palace in London; the young couple met less frequently, for Lucy was in attendance upon her Majesty in London, and Charles was with his regiment at Windsor; but still they did meet whenever opportunity would allow. On one occasion, when Charles came to spend a few days in London, he found Lucy in tears; on inquiring the cause, she handed him a letter, saying that she had received it a short time previous from her father. The young soldier hastily glanced at its contents, which stated that her father had had a most advantageous offer of marriage for her, made by a certain young nobleman of high birth, and that he should expect an answer with her consent within a couple of days.

"The countenance of the young man was flushed as he returned the letter. After a pause, he said—

"'Well, Lucy, have you made up your mind what answer to return your father?"'

"Yes, Charles; I will confess to him my pre-attachment to another, and beg of him not to press his request."

Charles gently took the maiden's hand within his own, as he said—"My dear Lucy, though my whole happiness depends on you, yet I would have you consider before you refuse the offer; remember, he has everything in his favour—title, wealth, and influence; while I, alas! have nothing but my sword to depend on."

The sobbing girl threw herself upon his neck, and as the tears trickled down her cheeks, she exclaimed—"Oh, Charles, you but little knew my heart to think I could give it even a moment's consideration. No, no, Charles; this heart never beat but for one."

The enraptured youth pressed her to his bosom, and kissed a tear from her cheek, as he said—

"I will go and plead our cause before your father; it is our only hope—though I have but little, save an untarnished name, to recommend me to his favour."

"Alas! it is of little use; you know not my father's avaricious disposition; he will refuse you because you are—you are—"

"I know what you would say, dear Lucy; because I am poor; but surely he would not prefer wealth or titles to his daughter's happiness."

"Wealth is his god; he makes no allowance for affection, but thinks riches

and titles must bring happiness; but God grant you may succeed with him, though I have no hopes."

On the following day Charles Osborne waited upon the wealthy citizen, and having stated the facts, and pleaded his cause with impassioned eloquence, waited for his reply. The old man appeared astonished at first, but he patiently heard him out, and then, after a pause, replied—

"I admire, young man, your straightforward way of doing business; you bring me a letter from my daughter, declining this nobleman's offer, on the grounds of a prior attachment; and you, after talking about love, affection, and so on, ask my daughter's hand for yourself. This is all very well; I do not wish to interfere with my daughter's affections, provided her choice is at least as advantageous as the one that has been made by Lord ———; in addition to which, of course, sir, you are aware I have promised to put down £15,000 on the day of my daughter's marriage. Having stated this much, sir, you will allow me to enquire respecting your estates. Pray, are you the heir to Baron Osborne?"

"No, sir; he has two sons before me; I am only his nephew."

"Only his nephew! Then, pray, sir, what property do you possess?"

"None, sir; I depend on my commission for an honourable living."

The old man looked at him with amazement, saying—"What prospects have you?"

"None, except my chance of promotion."

The citizen, colouring to the temples, and half choked with rage, exclaimed—

"And is it possible, a mere beggar!—a fortune-hunter, like you, should have the assurance to aspire to the hand of one of her Majesty's maids of honour!—one who has been sued for by a wealthy nobleman, and whose fortune will be £15,000 on the day of marriage!"

The young man haughtily replied—"I am no fortune hunter, old usurer; I came here to ask the hand of your daughter; I neither ask nor want your wealth; I have enough to keep me, and I want no more. Keep your wealth, since you set a greater value on it than on your daughter's happiness!"

The old gentleman rang the bell violently, and ordered the servant to shew the young man out. Just as he was leaving the apartment, he called him back, saying—

"Mark me, young man, if she dares to marry without my consent, whenever marries her marries a beggar, for I swear, if she was starving, she should not have one single farthing from me!"

Thus saying, he left the apartment by another door, leaving the servant to show Charles out.

Strung to the quick with the insult he had received, and despairing of ever gaining her father's consent to their union, Charles informed Lucy what had taken place between them.

"I knew it would be so (she replied, as she wiped a tear from her cheek); money is his god; even his children's happiness is nothing in the scale where money is concerned. Hitherto I have been a dutiful daughter to him; but in this, to me all-important affair, I will exercise a free will."

On the following day Lucy received another letter from her father, insisting upon her compliance with his wishes, and forbidding her again holding correspondence with the young officer. This last injunction she immediately set at defiance, by communicating to Charles the contents of this letter. Things had now come to a crisis; something must be done. The same thoughts occurred to them that had occurred to thousands of lovers before them; a private marriage would put it out of the power of unreasonable parents to interfere. This idea was acted upon, and Lucy became his bride. Her father was enraged beyond bounds, when he found his scheme of ennobling his family thus blighted by his daughter's disobedience; the only consolation left him was that he had saved the £15,000 he was to have given as her dower. He not only forbade the family ever noticing her again, but, through his influence, she was disgraced and dismissed the court. The lovers had anticipated all this, and were not surprised when the storm burst around them; they had an antidote for every accumulated trouble—they loved each other, and did not repent the step they had taken.

At first, life went on smoothly with them; but after a time little expenses crept on one after another; and, in due course of time, Lucy materially added to the expense by presenting to her dear Charles a fine little girl, as a tie to bind them, if possible, more strongly in each other's affections.

Joyfully did they retrench their expenses to provide for this little new-comer. But with all their frugality, Charles found his pay insufficient to meet his outgoings, and even little necessaries they were compelled to curtail in order to prevent getting into debt. In spite of his care to hide his troubles from his wife, she could not help noticing the cloud upon his brow, though his kindness towards her had not abated in the least; yet there were times she would surprise him in grief. On one occasion, she entered his apartment, when he was more than usually melancholy; she hung around his neck, and pressed on him to confide in her his troubles.

"Dear Lucy, I find it impossible to disguise our circumstances from you any longer; my means are not sufficient to cover our expenses, and in spite of my efforts, I find we are becoming more and more involved."

"My dear Charles, I have known it to be the case for some time past, and

have done my best to avoid it. But say, dear, in what can I assist you to get over this difficulty; shall we give up this house, and go into apartments? I am clever with my needle and with my pencil; I shall be able to earn a trifle, and it will be amusement for me. Will you allow me, Charles?"

"My dear Lucy, I cannot think of such a thing; while I have health I hope to be able to maintain ourselves without your exertions. The only thing is, I must change my course of life. As an officer, I am obliged to keep up a certain appearance in society, which is expensive; and were I in private life, this might be dispensed with. I know of no other remedy for this, than selling my commission, and putting the money to a better account; there will be nothing disgraceful in my following some honest calling. What say you, Lucy, to turn all our little property into money, and emigrate to the New World? —many officers of my acquaintance have done so, and set up as farmers, and are now doing well."

"Oh! that would be happiness indeed, Charles; then I could be always with you; besides, what amusement it would be to me to have a little poultry yard of my own to look after; you know how fond I always was of a rural life; when I was with her Majesty, I was never so happy as when the court was at Windsor, so that I could steal away from the pomp and splendour, and take a rural walk and a draught of milk at some farm-house."

Charles threw his arms around her neck, and imprinting a kiss upon her still rosy cheek, exclaimed: "And I have to thank that love of rural life for having met you at the farm, my Lucy, when we were driven to take shelter from the shower."

"Yes, Charles; and often have I blessed that shower; but are you serious about going to America?"

"I have seriously thought it over, Lucy, before I mentioned it to you; and I have come to the conclusion, that if you approve of it, we will waste no time, but commence our preparations at once."

"Oh yes, Charles, do; the thoughts of having you always near me is delightful!"

From this date the young couple had fully made up their mind to emigrate to America. Charles left no time in settling his affairs, and early in the spring he had converted his little property into cash, and took his departure for the New World.

All was now happy anticipation; with what pleasure did the young husband look upon the smiling face of his bride, as, with a mother's fondness she pressed her infant to her breast, and talked of happiness in store. But, alas! how soon a sunny sky is overcast, and desolation spread around.

Scarce half the voyage had been completed when an alarm was given that

some bales of goods had ignited in the hold; the smoke and heat soon confirmed the report to be too true. Water was plentifully cast below, but they could not reach the seat of the fire. In vain the officers scoured the horizon with their glasses—no friendly sail was nigh to render assistance. The men did all that was in the power of men to do, but vain were their efforts to check the flames.

How truly has the author of "The Ship on Fire" depicted such a scene!—

"Hark!—what was that? Hark, hark to the shout—
"Fire! fire!" then a stamp; then a roar,
And an uproar of voices arose in the air,
And the mother knelt down, and the half-muttered prayer
That she offered to God, in her agony wild,
Was, 'Father, have mercy—look down on my child!'
She flew to her husband—she clung to his side;
Oh, there was her refuge whate'er might betide!

"Fire! fire! it was raging above and below,
And the cheeks of the sailors grew pale at the sight,
And their eyes glistened wild in the glare of the light,
Twas vain o'er the ravage the waters to drip—
The pitiless flame was the lord of the ship,
And the smoke in thick wreaths mounted higher and higher,
Oh, God! it is fearful to perish by fire.
Alone with destruction—alone on the sea—
Great Father of Mercy, our hope is in Thee."

In vain the affrighted passengers ran from side to side, and from stem to stern. The vessel was in flames below, and the men, choking with smoke and heat on deck, could render but little assistance. As a last resource, they had scuttled the ship, but this proved useless, for the flames had reached her upper deck, and were darting in spires like flashes of lightning. The two boats were lowered, and in the confusion of getting in, the largest was upset, and many a poor creature perished in the water. The other boat, to prevent sharing a similar fate, was compelled to push off, and leave a number of frantic victims upon her burning deck. The flames had now reached her rigging, and cast a fearful glare on all around. Owing to the quantity of water they had let in, the burning vessel was fast sinking; but still those in the boat could see the unfortunate victims rushing from place to place as the devouring element increased around them; but the boat was full—they dare not take another; one by one they were seen to sink amidst the smoke and flames; some few jumped over, and avoided one death to meet another. On the only part of the deck that was now clear from fire, were seen a couple clinging to each other—it was Charles Osborne and his wife! He had stripped, wet curtains about her, but yet she was suffering from the heat. Impulsively he called upon them to save his wife and child, and he would perish. Poor Lucy frankly held out her babe, imploring them to save it.

"Save my babe! (she screamed)—it will add but little to the weight—save our babe, and we will die blessing you!"

The boat's crew, affected by the sight, were about complying, when the captain, who was in the boat, shouted out—

“Pull off, lads!—the ship is sinking!—we shall all be swamped in the whirlpool!”

The captain had spoken too true; the boat had scarcely time to pull off before the ship gave a lurch, and the stern rising up several feet, her head dipped under, and the next moment she went down amidst the whirling of water and hissing of the burning rigging, leaving all around in darkness, save a faint glimmer from the twinkling stars.

Those in the boat had now seen the last of their ill-fated ship, and were about to pull off, they knew not whither, when a faint choking cry was heard from something floating past.

“The child! the child! (cried several of the persons in the boat,) let us save the child!”

The next instant a humane arm was stretched towards the object—it was the mother and her infant—supported by the buoyancy of her clothes, but she was fast sinking. She held her child as in the grasp of death, and it required some force to separate the infant from its half-unconscious mother.

“For God’s sake do not part them! (cried one more feeling than the rest,) they will add but little to our weight; besides, the infant will die without its mother. You that are husbands and fathers, I appeal to your feelings—put the question to your hearts—were they yours could you sacrifice the mother?”

A murmur ran through the boat. Some said they were already sinking, and the first heavy sea would swamp them. But the better feelings of the captain and a few others prevailed, and Lucy with her infant were taken into the boat. They slowly drifted away. And, after many hours’ exposure in the open boat, they fortunately fell in with a vessel bound for England.

On her arrival in her native country she knew not where to apply for assistance; friends she had none, and her relations had cast her off—her father had even cursed her; and she now wandered the streets with her infant, in want of a meal. Nothing had been saved from the burning ship, except the trifles of jewellery she had about her, but that was all sold; she had lived upon its produce for a few short weeks, and now, alas! she had not sufficient left to procure the next night’s lodging.

“Would to heaven, my dear babe, we had perished with thy father! (she sobbed in despair, as she pressed her milkless breast to the infant’s lips to stay its crying). For thy sake, my babe, I will go to my father and implore him for bread; but if he refuses! Oh, God, what shall I do?”

Famished and exhausted, she arrived at the mansion of her father, and with trembling hand she pulled the bell; she sent in her name and waited in the



THE MAID OF HONOR.

hall ; while there a carriage drove up and two ladies alighted—they were her sisters ! with a toss of the head they passed her, exclaiming, “ What impudence, to be sure, to come here ! ”

Lucy had waited but a minute when she heard her father’s angry voice exclaim—

“ Tell the woman I know no such person ; and desire her to leave the house immediately, and never show her face here again.”

A choking sensation stopped her utterance when the servant delivered the message,—that servant who, in former days, had waited on her slightest wish, was now ordered to drive her from the door. She wandered she knew not where, till, exhausted, she sank upon a step and wept.

Pause we now, a single moment, to point out to our fair readers two pictures : the first, the Maid of Honour, so admirably portrayed by our engraver,—the other, the poor, forlorn, forsaken Lucy, whose portraiture, alas, needs no artist’s aid ; its faithful representative may be but too frequently seen in the highways and by-ways of the great metropolis at the present day. The one a proud beauty, luxuriating in all the splendor of a court, and receiving, as her undoubted right, the homage of the titled and the noble of the land ; breathing the rarest perfumes ; by whom the richest dresses and most costly jewellery are thrown aside for the last new fashion ; and who, amidst the profusion of a regal table, will taste of a dozen dishes, without appetite for either, and think eating a vulgar necessity of human nature—though rather partial, as our artist has not forgotten to shew, to the decoction of the tea, plant : the other, a wandering outcast, with a starving infant, no shelter, no friends, no hope ! That Lucy as she was : this, Lucy as she is !

The starving mother sat weeping on the step ; while thus absorbed in grief she was recognised by one who had formerly been her servant.

“ My dear Madam, what afflicts you ? ” said the tender-hearted girl, grieved to see her late mistress in tears.

Lucy looked up on hearing a consoling voice, the first she had heard for weeks, she recognised the girl but could only sob out, “ My babe, my babe is dying for want of nourishment ! ”

The affectionate girl burst into tears at hearing her mistress’s distress, and readily gave her the few shillings she had about her, and procured her a lodging, becoming answerable for the rent. With tears of gratitude Lucy thanked her benefactress : here was the first kind hand that had assisted her in her distress, and Lucy felt that she could never be sufficiently grateful. Early on the following morning the young woman visited her again, and having heard the particulars of her mistress’s distress, promised to use her interest with some ladies, and procure for her their needlework ; which promise she fulfilled on the following day.

Lucy now felt happy to think that she could do something for her own support; and, as she plied her needle the hours seemed not so long; yet often would she look on the smiling face of her little girl, and think how different would have been its prospects had her dear Charles lived; at such reflections a gloom would come over her, but it was speedily dispelled by some of the child's little engaging ways.

* * * * *

Two years had elapsed, and Lucy found herself again plunged into distress by the removal of her patrons to a distant part of the country. Her former servant had been her only visitor during these two long years, and now she again befriended her, but the trifles she could assist her to was insufficient; in vain she applied to her former friends; alas, how strangely does adversity alter friendship! she tried them all, but failed of obtaining even an interview—and those to whom she wrote returned no answer. Thus was she deserted by all except one faithful girl who had been her domestic, and she could ill afford to spare the trifling pittance; but even this at last was stopped, for owing to a severe illness the young woman was removed to an hospital, and thus Lucy was deprived of her last prop. Hunger drove her once more to ask relief of her father. Neither herself nor child had tasted food that day, when, in the dusk of evening, she met her father as he was returning from a walk; with tears she besought him to relieve her,—he would have passed her by, but she threw herself upon her knees before him, imploring for the means to purchase a bit of bread for her famishing child. With a sarcastic smile he told her to live on love since she married for affection, and then coolly passed on, leaving his daughter upon her knees weeping. But, hard as was his heart, his feelings as a parent prevailed, and retracing the steps he had taken, he threw her a few pieces of silver, at the same time telling her never to let him see her again.

Lucy hastened to procure food for her child, and then returned home. But her constitution gave way under the weight of accumulated trouble and privation, and in less than a week she was confined to a bed of sickness. Her landlady, fearing lest she should actually die of want, applied to a gentleman, known for his charity in the neighbourhood. Having stated the case to him, he promised to visit her on the following morning. At the time appointed the benevolent stranger made his appearance at Lucy's lodging. He was a young man, rather above the middle height, and dressed in deep mourning. The landlady led him up to the small back attic occupied by the sick woman. The gentleman had scarcely entered the room, when Lucy sank upon her pillow—she had fainted.

"Poor thing, (said the landlady,) it is weakness—the often faints, but then she takes no nourishing food to strengthen her."

"She does seem ill, indeed (said the stranger)—the flesh is wasted from her bones." As he assisted the woman to chafe her temples and apply restoratives, he half muttered "Poor creature, how much those features put me in mind of my dear angel; how pale and wasted, and yet how beautiful." Turning to the woman, he enquired if any physician had been sent for.

"No, sir, she has not the means of paying for one."

"Thank heaven I have—(said the gentleman, and, taking some silver from his purse, he said)—procure for her the necessaries she may want; in the meantime, I will send a physician, and at this time to-morrow I will call again."

On Lucy's recovering she looked round for the stranger, and being informed he had left, she sank again upon her pillow, but still she seemed to have something on her mind, several times giving utterance to broken sentences: "How much like him—did I not know to the contrary, I should believe it was himself. Oh, that countenance! so much like his."

"Ah, dear me—still lightheaded," said the lady.

"She will be more easy to-morrow, (observed the physician). Give her the things I have ordered, and after the composing draught she will be better."

On the following day the gentleman again visited the poor creature he had already so much befriended; on entering the room, he approached the patient. Lucy opened her eyes to see who was near her, when, giving a faint scream, she uttered the words, "Charles! 'tis Charles!" and fainted.

The stranger sprang forward, and caught her in his arms, exclaiming, "It is—it is, my Lucy!"

It was some considerable time before she returned to a state of consciousness—but, at last, after the application of various restoratives, she gradually recovered. And oh, what joy! each that had thought the other dead, were locked in a fond embrace.

In a few days Lucy was sufficiently recovered to allow of being removed to his own residence, where, with her mind at rest, and the best of attendance, she speedily regained her health.

It is needless to say that the young woman who had been so kind to Lucy during her distress was not forgotten by her mistress, now that she was again in affluence. The faithful creature was removed from the hospital, and, after her recovery, was taken into the family, in the capacity of lady's maid, where she continued for many years.

It now remains to be cleared up, how Charles escaped from the sinking vessel. He related to his wife that on the foundering of the vessel he was sucked down in the whirlpool; but, after struggling for a short time, he succeeded in freeing himself, and reached the surface in an exhausted state; fortunately, a portion of

the wreck was near him, to which he clung for support. He now strained his eyes to pierce the darkness in search of his wife ; but nothing save pieces of the vessel and casks were occasionally floating past.

The morning dawned and found him still supported by the portion of the ill-fated ship ; he again strained his eyes in hopes of seeing his dear Lucy, but all had vanished, and not a vestige of the vessel or her crew were in sight, and he naturally concluded that all, save himself, had perished. He had seen the boat put off before he had been separated from his wife and child, so that if it was saved, he had no hopes of Lucy being with it. Yet Providence had not deserted him, for, in the course of the morning, he was picked up by a vessel bound for Italy. But his sufferings, both physical and mental, had been so great, that for some time his life was despaired of ; but, owing to a good constitution, and the fatherly care of an elderly English gentleman, who was a passenger on board, he recovered in health, though not in spirits.

A melancholy had settled upon him, and it was with reluctance that he was drawn into conversation by his aged friend.

" You must not give way to despair (the old gentleman would say)—all things are ordered for the best by a wise Providence ; we ought not to grieve at those we love so dearly being taken from us, for let us hope our loss is their gain, and that when our short course is run on earth we shall again be united in realms of bliss. I, like you, young man, have been bereaved of all I held most dear on earth,—wife—son—and daughters ; all snatched away in the space of one short week. The fever came amongst us and swept all away but me—I, a poor decrepit old man, lived, while those in the pride of youth fell a sacrifice to its ravages, leaving me childless, and without even one that I can call my kinsman ; I am the last of my race !"

The poor old gentleman wept at the thoughts of his once blooming family, but now, alas ! no more ; then, by an effort, he calmed himself.

" But why this weakness ?—(he continued)—I ought more to rejoice, for I feel that my end is fast approaching, and then I shall be again united with those I loved. But not so with you, my friend ; you have youth and strength on your side ; grief is but for a season, and you will yet be happy."

" I may be reconciled, but, alas, happiness has for ever fled !"

" Let us trust in the Divine Disposer of all things, (said the old gentleman), it is his will and we must not complain. It has pleased Providence to similarly afflict us both, and cast us into each others company ; let us not separate, but be to each other as father and son ; you have lost your wealth as well as family, but I have enough for both, and to spare. I am journeying to Italy for my health, and perhaps the change of scene may divert your mind from its heavy affliction."

Charles refused to become a burthen to the generous man ; but he would hear of no excuse.

" If, (said the old gentleman,) your spirit will not allow you to accept my offer as a gift, will you engage yourself to me as a companion, and consider you earn what you receive ? "

Charles would fain have excused himself but the old man would take no denial ; at last Charles gave his consent.

" Then henceforward I have a son, and as long as I may be spared I will be a father to you ! "

The good old man kept his word, for in every respect he took a father's care of his adopted son, who reciprocated his affection. But the old gentleman was not long for this world. In a little better than twelve months he ceased to live, meeting his death with Christian fortitude. Charles could not have felt more grieved at the death of his own parent, than he was at the death of this worthy man. He died possessed of property to the amount of 20,000*l.*, the whole of which he bequeathed to his adopted son.

Charles Osborne now returned to his native country, where he lived a retired life, finding amusement in relieving the distresses of his fellow creatures. His benevolence led to the discovery of his wife and child, thus proving that charity has its own reward.

* * * * *
A few years after the above events, Mr. Osborne received a letter from his uncle, containing the melancholy tidings of the death of his two cousins, who fell in the famous battle of Malplaquet. The loss of his two sons so affected Baron Osborne, that he died shortly after of a broken heart, leaving his nephew, Charles, heir to the title and large estates.

The first to congratulate the young Baron and his lady on their good fortune, were Lucy's father and her two sisters, but they met with the cool reception from the Baron that their hypocrisy deserved.

The old citizen, not content with his hoard of wealth, speculated in the great bubble of the day—became a ruined man—and died in a debtor's prison, leaving his two daughters dependent upon their sister.

THE VALUE OF LADY COLLECTORS.

It was stated at an anniversary meeting of the Ladies' Bible Association, that a calculation had been made in Birmingham respecting the proportionate value of the services of gentlemen and ladies, as collectors for charitable and religious purposes, and it was found that one lady was worth thirteen gentlemen and a half !

THE BEGGAR MOTHER TO HER INFANT.

Sleep on, sleep on, my loveliest one;
 Unconscious of thy mother's woes—
 They shall not break thy sweet repose:
 Sleep on, sleep on, my darling son!

Oh! what though she, with grief oppressed,
 With sleepless bosom met the storm;
 Yet, sleep; thou little angel-form:
 Sleep on, sleep on, my infant biest.

For her, though shelter there be nona,
 To screen her from the blast's alarms,
 Yet, thou, upon thy mother's arms,
 Sleep on, sleep on, my darling one.

Thy gentle dreams be dreams of joy,
 And in thy slumber softly smile:
 For if thou liv'st a little while,
 Thou'l't weep, my beauteous infant boy!

My rags thy down; my breath thy fire;
 All I can give a mother's kiss—
 And yet in misery like this,
 Thou sleepest! sleep, my heart's desire!

In sleep thou smil'st; thou smil'st awake;
 But soon, too soon, my child, like me,
 Thou'l't wake to weep in poverty;
 Like mine, thy guiltless heart will break.

But now, upon thy seraph-face,
 The warm tear gushes from my eye:
 Yet while I weep, yet while I sigh—
 Sleep thou—sleep on, my child, in peace!

THE SPIDER.

A GERMAN PARABLE.

A BOY accompanied his father into the vineyard, and there discovered a bee in a spider's web. The spider had begun to kill the bee, but the boy liberated the bee and destroyed the web of the spider. The father, who saw it, inquired, "How can you esteem the instinct and the dexterity of this animal so little, as to destroy its web, on which so much skill and labour have been bestowed? Did you not observe with what beauty and regularity the tender threads were arranged; how can you then, at the same time, be so compassionate and yet so severe?" The boy replied, "Is not the ingenuity of the spider wicked, and

does it not tend to kill and destroy? But the bee gathers honey and wax in its hive. Therefore I liberated the bee and destroyed the web of the spider." The father commended the judgment of ingenuous simplicity; which condemns the bright cunning that springs from selfishness and aims at mischief and ruin. "But," continued the father, "perhaps you have still done injustice to the spider. See, it defends our ripe grapes from the flies and wasps, with the web which it spins over them. "Does it do this," inquired the boy, "to protect the fruit, or rather to satisfy its own thirst for blood?" "True," answered the father, "they concern themselves but little about the grapes." "O," said the boy, "the good which they practise without designing it is of no value. A good motive is all that makes a good action estimable and lovely." "Very true, (said the father,) our thanks are due to nature, who knows how to employ what is vicious and unfriendly, in the preservation of what is good and useful." Then the boy inquired, "Why does the spider sit alone in its web, while the bees live together in social union, and work for general good? Thus the spiders ought to make a large common net." "Dear child, (replied the father,) many can unite only in noble designs. The alliance of wickedness and selfishness carries the seed of ruin in itself. Therefore wise nature will not attempt what man has so often found impossible and destructive. As they were returning home the boy said, "I have learned nothing to-day from that vicious insect." "Why not? (inquired the father). Nature has placed the malicious along with the friendly, and the evil with the good, that the good may appear lovelier and brighter in the contrast. And thus man can receive instruction even from the vicious."

MISTER POPJOY.

(Continued from p. 116.)

On rejoining the fair unknown in our sitting room, I beheld her sitting by the fire in a pensive mood, but still with her hat on, to which was still attached that veil which I had anathematised a hundred times during my journey.

I entreated of her to allow me to take it off; "besides, I have ordered dinner (I observed), and we shall necessarily have to wait an hour or so."

"I fear it would not be decorous, indeed, dear cavalier," pleaded the lady.

"Surely there can be no harm to shew those eyes, whose beams only tend to invigorate the arm of chivalry in defence of beauty," I observed.

"Indeed, I think you may imagine me forward, sir cavalier (said the lady), like some of the ladies, light o' love, whom knights-errant but too oftentimes meet with in their adventures; but still I deem you are of gentle blood, and

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that, like a peerless champion, female honour would be dearer to you than aught life has to offer.

" You only do me justice."—My limbs trembled in anxious expectation as I beheld her gracefully lift her hat with the veil attached to it, from her head, and disclosed—start not, reader of these veritable pages—no wan and wrinkled visage such as the imagination possibly may have pictured to thee, displayed itself, but the fresh and blooming countenance of a Hebe, radiant in smiles and beauty, and characterised with an air of modesty and reserve that only enhanced her numerous perfections.

" Sun of my existence (I exclaimed, giving way to the aspiration of the moment); thy intervening beams have become essential to my existence!"

I had fallen upon one knee before the object of my idolatry, in the most approved style of a *preux chevalier* of yore, and had even ventured to take her small hand in mine, on which I was about to imprint a kiss with quite as much of devotion as subject ever felt for sovereign, when the sound of the door being opened prevented me. I had started upon my legs, but not so soon but that I had some reason to believe, from a peculiar smile on the face of the waiter, who entered with the dinner at the moment, he had seen me. It was the first time I had ever bowed the knee to woman, and to be detected in the act by a strange zepenial, I confess confused me not a little, while the lovely girl blushed deeply.

The dinner was duly laid, and now came a trying moment for myself. Hitherto my face had been muffled under the folds of my handkerchief, as well as screened by the high collar of my cloak, and dreading the effect the exhibition of my striking and expressive countenance might have upon the lovely girl, I was in inward dread of the event.

With a desperate air I laid aside my cloak, pulled off my handkerchief, and passed my fingers rapidly through my hair, and catching a side reflection of my face in the glass, seated myself facing the lady, challenging yet dreading scrutiny.

As I commenced cutting a fowl, I perceived her rosy smile; but—ecstatic thought!—no look of distaste—no frown of disapproval disturbed the sweet serenity of her speaking countenance.

Not so, however, with a menial scoundrel who officiously waited at table, and who did all but laugh outright as he held my fair companion's plate.

Informing him that we had no occasion for his services, and that I would ring when I needed them, he went about his business—that was, as my conscience told me, to report my singular ugliness, with, if possible, tenfold exaggeration.

" This (I exclaimed, as we proceeded in our dinner), is the happiest moment of my life; and yet I owe it to a lady of whose name I am ignorant.

At this hint, the dark eyes of my companion shot one of those wild glances

which appeared to go through me, as she replied—" My particular friends call me Emma—Emma Gray."

" Sweet—dear Emma."

" Noah ! (exclaimed my companion)—breathe not the name; the very walls have ears—methinks I see my father now."

" Where ?" I exclaimed.

" In my mind's eye, Horatio," rejoined the lady, in thoughtful mood. Then suddenly pushing aside her knife and fork, and starting up with an appearance of great excitement, she exclaimed—" Sir knight, to horse—horse—we must away—my father—

" His horsemen hard behind us ride,
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer a lonely bride
When they have slain her lover."

This paraphrase was delivered with a feeling and effect which, calling up as it did rather an unpleasant idea, almost drew tears from my eyes. And yet, I must confess, the lady's excitement somewhat frightened me, and I rose and led her to her seat, assuring her there was no occasion to be alarmed, and that the sledge would be ready directly.

Still she remained pitifully nervous; every sound of passing footsteps induced her to exclaim—" Here they come for poor Emma," in an agony of fear.

In her present nervous state, I deemed it useless to worry the beautiful girl with questions relative to her flight from home. It was enough for the present that I knew it was to avoid a marriage with a hated rival, and to this fact alone I attributed a certain little strangeness of manner and flightiness of sentiment that distinguished my beautiful companion. The apprehension of pursuit, however, operated as stringently upon my mind as her own, and I rang the bell to know if the sledge was prepared.

" Everything ready, sir (exclaimed the fellow who attended); the sledge is waiting, and your luggage is packed safely away with that of the lady."

Having paid the bill, which I could not help noticing was a most enormous one, my companion proceeded with great alacrity to array herself in her hat, cloak, and veil, and in a few moments we found ourselves surrounded by a crowd of people at the inn, travellers, ostlers, waiting and chambermaids, who had evidently stationed themselves to have a glance at the runaway pair, as we were considered.

" Here they are—make way!"—" I can't see her face"—" Lord what a fright he is!" These and many other agreeable observations we were obliged to put up with as we walked to the sledge, which was drawn up in the road before the door. The better to indulge the general curiosity, one of the ostlers had got a

link, with which he affected to be very particular in lighting our way, while in reality the scoundrel was directing the torch so that the bystanders who followed could best have a view at our faces.

Having seen that the luggage was safe, I handed the lady into the carriage, the body of which was composed of a post chaise taken off the axletree, and had me sooner seated myself beside her, than those around us apparently thought it an admirable opportunity of cracking a few jokes.

"A speedy knot and a happy lot."

"Two in the church and one out."

"Marry in haste and repent at leisure."

"Faint heart never won fair lady."

"Keep your spirits up, sir, you've a deal to go through with."

Such were the greetings that fell upon my ears, and which there seemed every chance of our being amused with for some time, as the driver seemed involved in the general conspiracy, pretending that he had mislaid his whip.

I was getting in a rage.

"Dear sir knight (murmured my lovely companion, placing her hand upon mine), mind not these base churls, who know no thought of love or honor. Though chill's the blast, a fairer clime with summer bowers await us."

"And I will love thee all the day, as I didst had odw

Over the hills and far away."

"Dearest lady (I murmured, recalled by these affectionate lines to the unlooked-for bliss of my present state), with you life would be one lasting admirer. Soon shall we be beyond the reach of pursuit."

Vaunting boast! at that instant the sound of carriage wheels broke audibly upon the ear, and the following moment a post-chaise with four smoking horses, dashed up to the inn door.

"Oh heavens!" exclaimed my companion in a paroxysm of terror, as a tall and venerable-looking gentleman alighted from the vehicle, followed by a young looking young man.

That dreadful presentiment which has ever preceded my misfortunes at that instant came over me.

"They will confine me again (said my companion, wildly); save me—protect me."

Alas! all confidence in my protective powers had fled as I beheld the younger gentleman, who had exchanged a few words with the landlord, come running towards our vehicle.

"Father (he exclaimed aloud), we have come up in time. Poor Emma is here with some villain who has assisted her to the step no doubt."

In a moment, followed by the ever-anxious crowd of people, he was by the side of our vehicle flourishing a large stick.

"Come forth, thou contemptible and accursed villain (exclaimed the infuriated young man), come forth, that I may immolate thee at the shrine of a brother's vengeance, thou contemptible wretch, to seduce away an unfortunate mad girl."

"Mad girl!" I echoed.

"Yes, you villain," exclaimed the excited young man, dashing open the chaise door. In spite of the shrieks of my terrified companion, he then seized me by the collar of my coat, and dragging me from the interior, proceeded, in spite of all the resistance I could make, to belabour my shoulders most unmercifully with his cudgel.

"Villain, scoundrel (I cried) do you intend to kill me?"

"No, you base scoundrel—you sneaking rascal (exclaimed the infuriated young man) I will leave that for the law to do."

Entangled in my cloak, I was thrown down on the snowy ground, as the blows rained thick and heavy upon me, and no one from among the crowd coming forward to assist me, I thought that I should have been sacrificed on the spot. My assailant, who seemed beside himself with rage, would actually have murdered me had not his father, who had been engaged with my companion, who had fainted in his arms, come forward to my rescue.

"Cease, Frederick, cease, or you will kill the wretch," he exclaimed.

"Had my poor sister been in her right mind, I could have pardoned him, sir (exclaimed the young man), but to seduce away a poor imbecile and unfortunate being, I could kill him!"

"Pitch into him—serve him right!" exclaimed several of the rascally bystanders, who, as is usual in similar cases, seldom condescend to inquire into particulars previous to pronouneing judgment.

Fortunately for me there was one of the waiters, who, moved by a thought of humanity or hope of reward, came to my assistance. He raised me from the ground, and leading me into the house, administered to me a glass of hot brandy and water, after which, with vows of vengeance, I was put to bed, for I was too badly punished to help myself. Thus was I left to all the horrors of reflection, in an adventure, during which Heaven knows no passing thought of guilt or deceit had entered into my thoughts.

CHAPTER XII.

OUR OF THE FRYING PAN INTO THE FIRE—DUEL AND NO DUEL.

After the events detailed at the conclusion of the last chapter, it will, I believe, be needless for me to assure the reader that I passed a most miserable

night. The fever of my mind and body conjoined kept me tossing restlessly to and fro, while I cursed my unhappy fate at thus becoming the victim of these cruel conspiracies against my peace which seemed regularly to waylay me in my journey through life. What was my offence—if offence it could be called—but that of aiding and protecting a helpless girl, who herself had taught me to believe that she was flying from a state of persecution at home, and the charge of insanity brought against her, now that my imagination had become fearfully sobered down by the villainous thrashing I had received, I could not deem but too well founded, when I seriously reflected on all her very strange conduct and mode of expression, and I felt vexed indeed with myself that my admiration had prevented me at once knowing such to be the case.

The knowledge of the preceding fact, I must confess, had dissipated much of that love and its concomitant visions with which, upto the period of the present denouement, I had regarded her. Although bruised from head to foot by the injuries I had received, my corporeal was far exceeded by my mental suffering as I reflected upon the brutal indignity to which I had been subjected, and all of which my conscience told me I had not in the slightest way merited. My feelings, indeed, were stung to the quick, and a burning thirst of revenge was the predominant sentiment of my mind.

"Yes (I exclaimed), I will at least have a gentleman's satisfaction for the cowardly treatment I have received. He dare not refuse me if he has a name to lose."

Filled with this one thought, which acted as a balm to my lacerated dignity, at a very early hour in the morning I rang the bell. The waiter who had assisted me the previous evening appeared at the summons.

"Pray, (I enquired,) is the gentleman—the ruffian, perhaps I should rather say, who set upon me with a bludgeon, in the house?"

"He is, sir, (replied the man,) he leaves, with the old gentleman and Miss, I believe directly after breakfast."

"Very well; have the goodness to bring me writing materials, as you must deliver a note to him from me."

In a few minutes the man returned with a most expressive glow upon his countenance, and laid materials for writing upon a table beside the bed. He then brought his forefinger very significantly into contact with his nasal organ, and said—

I have a letter, sir, for you from the young lady, which was just put into my hand by the chambermaid, who says that the poor dear young lady's been a crying and talking on quite wildly about the way in which the tall gentleman served you last night."

"Indeed, (I exclaimed, as I took the note and tore it open with some re-

maining feelings of interest. It was blotted with the maiden's tears, and ran as follows :—

“ Gallant and peerless Knight—Language cannot tell thy noble heart all that thy faithful Emma has endured; thy ruffian and most inglorious treatment yesterday; when divested of thy armour, and set upon by recreant numbers, my headstrong brother in the van, they bore thee to the earth. If maidens tears could have alleviated the indignity, then would thy gallant spirit cease to grieve. And yet I fear swift floods of mighty vengeance may induce thee in thy knightly panoply to take a dire vengeance for the foul disgrace thus placed upon thee. I fear thy valiant and resolute arm is bent on swift destruction to the heedless wretches who knew not thy puissant power. Yet debonaire and peerless as thou art, a maiden sues thee spare a brother's life, whose thoughts have done thy knightly honour wrong. My spirit droops till I hear from thee, thou friend of wandering damsels—and dreaded exterminator of all sorcery and the wicked. Adieu : thy Emma cannot choose but cherish thy sweet image.”

On reading this rhodomontade, which after all cleverly seemed to divine my thoughts, I heaved a sigh of regret for the condition of the poor girl, and seriously debated with myself if it were advisable to proceed in calling her brother to an account. Had the fair object of my late impassioned idolatry indeed been fully capable of appreciating my forbearance, there was no sacrifice of feeling, I felt, which I would have refused her; but benighted as her intellects appeared to be, her request had infinitely less of weight. Besides, the publicity of my shame, as well as the degrading nature of it, demanded imperatively that I should take immediate notice of it; and what notice could I so properly take of it, I argued, as to demand that reparation for the injury received which one gentleman is bound to afford to another.

Let not the reader imagine from this record of my life that my nature was unforgiving, or that I was at all a duelist in principle. Far from it; it was only an injury of a most atrocious dye, and such I considered my most unprovoked assailant, where the legal remedy was inefficient to make a proper reparation to my dignity, that I felt myself thrown upon the latter necessity. I argued the necessity, however, most philosophically.

“ You've been hatingadoed like a slave, why the devil don't you call him out?” said Honour.

“ Shoot him!” said Anger, mercilessly.

“ He deserves it!” said Prejudice.

“ It is the usual course to pursue in like cases among gentlemen,” said Custom, coolly,

“ But, suppose, (whispered Fear,) you should get shot yourself?”

“ That would be an awkward thing,” observed Reflection.

"So it would be, in law, even if you shot him," said Casperion.
 "Pensebold (drawled Doubt); will fighting mend your case?"
 "Is my wrong, then, to go unrevenged?" said Pride, furiously.
 "Certainly not!" said Honour.
 "Certainly not!" said Vengeance.
 These two latter chimed in their negatives in concert, and their united voices drowned those of Patience and Forgiveness, who attempted to plead as the representatives of Religion and Morality.

Raising myself with difficulty in bed, by the help of the waiter, I managed to scrawl a few lines expressive of my sentiments, which ran as follows:—

"Sir,—After your most ruffianly and unmanly assault upon me last night, without seeking a word of explanation, and taking me wholly at a disadvantage, I should consider myself, indeed, as deserving your infamous and unprovoked treatment, did I not call upon you to make me the only satisfaction you have in your power, by affording me an early meeting upon fairer terms than when last we met. If you have any pretensions to the name of gentleman you cannot refuse me. To-morrow I expect to have a friend here who will make the necessary arrangements on my behalf. I am, sir, &c. J. Popjoy."

Who to address my note to I knew not, but on asking the waiter he informed me that my opponent was Lieutenant Grey. I folded up the note, and bade the waiter be particular to deliver it into the young man's own hands. I then hastily proceeded to write a few lines to my uncle, as it seemed out of the question my being able to quit my bed for at least a couple of days without a very painful effort. Having briefly stated how I was situated, and begging to see him immediately, I dispatched this note by the coach, which, in regular course ought to have carried myself, but for the unfortunate cause of my detention. But a short time after I had sent the waiter off with this note, he returned with a reply from my opponent, which I hastened to peruse with a beating heart. It was, as I had fully expected, couched in accents of defiance, and ran as follows:—

"Sir,—Your letter is the very thing I could have wished, since it will enable me, I trust, still more to mark my just indignation of your execrable conduct.

"There seems at present every probability of our remaining here for several days. I expect a friend here by to-morrow morning, and the sooner you have obtained the countenance of one the better. I am, sir, &c. R. De Gray."

"The fellow is evidently a fire-eater!" I murmured to myself. But little time, however, was to be lost. I mainly depended upon my uncle's presence and assistance in this affair, in which I felt certain he could not but approve of my conduct. I endeavoured to compose my thoughts while taking my breakfast. But, in good truth, I cannot say that I felt the future more agreeable from

saving the immediate prospect of a duel upon my hands. Myanger, dabbled, since the receipt of my opponent's note, seemed wonderfully to have blushed my anger against him, and Prudence whispered me that in the excitement of hostile feelings I had been precipitate in not listening to her counsels. Although this is a confession which, did I not assume to have possessed of great philosophy, I should scarcely have dared to have made in the present day; yet some experience has fully convinced me that such feelings in matters of this kind, however brave and fearless an exterior outward appearance may speak more earnest than people deem. As an able author said—

"After being fired at once or twice, the ear becomes more nervous and less nice."

Yet I venture to affirm that such is only the case where a man has fought with repeated impunity, for I feel certain that a crack on the leg, if only by a ricochetting ball, would have the effect of inducing all those kindly sympathies and feelings for care of self, which in the anger, the bustle and the stimulants incident to preparation, is frequently unthought of. Where, indeed, a man goes out to meet an antagonist, with a very fair chance of receiving an ounce of lead through the head or the heart, I do defy any man, whatever his courage, to feel that indifference, without, indeed, he is some suicidal rascal, who fights about trifles simply because he is careless of life from having outlived nearly everything that ought to be dear to him. Of this class are your rous, who, having no check of morality or religion, and impudicat at the same time with a host of vices, are eager and tenacious about one doubtful virtue, and utterly careless, perhaps, in throwing for a chance in which they have no equal stake. Besides, as I argued in support of this view of a practice which by its warmest admirers (Irishmen excepted) was only looked upon as a necessary evil, many of your blustering duelists—your twelve-pace men killers, have been found frequently wanting in spirit and enterprise where the interests of a country were at stake; and vice versa, many of our most gallant and distinguished officers who have covered themselves with glory on the field of battle, have been independently of all moral feelings, more liable to the influence of nervous trepidation in a single dueling encounter, than when with the cool contemplation before them of boarding an enemy's vessel, or storming the deadly breach. So much, perhaps, for custom, or some inexplicable feeling. However as I knew that my uncle could not be included among these latter heroes, he having fought some seven or eight duels in his life, so I had but little doubt but that the affair once placed in his hands it would soon be brought to a termination.

(To be Continued.)

LONDON FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH.

We begin already to see a change in the materials for promenade dress, except for bonnets, which are still as light as they have been during the season; and so they will in all probability continue unless the weather should prove rainy. We have, of course, no change to announce in their forms; nor could we, indeed, expect any as the season is drawing towards its close; but the manner of trimming bonnets vary so often as to give an air of novelty, which, to say the truth, does often surprise us not a little.

We may cite amongst the prettiest bonnets that have appeared since our last number, those marked 1, 4, and 10 in our plates; and those for early morning dress, composed of white or dark drab-coloured *gros de Naples*; the shapes are always close; the first have the material arranged in flatings both on the brim and on the crown; the interior of the brim is trimmed with narrow lace and cut ribbon in the cap style; but from the closeness of brim, the trimming is barely perceptible; the exterior is edged with a narrow fulling of the silk, a wreath of cut ribbon in the form of vine leaves encircles the bottom of the crown, and is terminated with a knot at the back of it; *bridles*, tying in full bows and ends under the chin, complete the garniture. The drab-coloured bonnets have the material arranged in casings put two and two together, and folds of silk placed horizontally between, there are two rows of each; the interior of the brim is ornamented only with *bridles* of drab-coloured-ribbon figured in ruby, a twisted *rolet* of the same goes round the crown ending in a *papillon* bow with short ends at the back; a full *chow* composed of black lace, the heart composed of puffs of ribbon, is placed on one side. These bonnets are very fashionable for the morning promenade at the sea-side and watering-places; and they are certainly very novel. Rice straw and fancy straw are preferred later in the day for the promenade; the principal change as regards the first is that the flowers with which they are decorated are placed *en gerbe* upon the brim; the others are principally trimmed with ribbon of new pattern, to which a single flower, usually an exotic of a large size, is added on one side. Bonnets of *tulle bouillonnée* have lost nothing of their vogue in carriage dress and *demi-toilette*. We may cite also those of drab-coloured crape, trimmed with pink *tulle* in a novel and dressy style, though without flowers or ribbons. We have seen also some rice-straw bonnets, the brims formed of alternate bands of coloured blonde and rice-straw; they are trimmed with wreaths of flowers, narrow in the centre and very full at the sides. Crape bonnets

are quite as much in favour as ever ; the prettiest of these, in our opinion, are those of white or pink crape ; the garniture is composed of a lace point thrown carelessly over the caul ; one end of it falls rather below the caul, the others are looped back at each side by a wreath of flowers without foliage.

Silk *pardessus* are at this moment in a majority in promenade dress, although those of muslin and lace are by no means laid aside, but they are adopted only on very warm days. We have seen cashmere scarfs, which had been laid aside during the last six weeks, make their appearance again. Barege shawls, which, though they were fashionable all through the season, had not been much seen during the very hot weather, are also a good deal adopted ; they are of a very large size, and in general of cashmere patterns.

Silks are decidedly predominant in promenade dress at this moment, for although materials of a lighter kind, as bareges and muslins, are by no means laid aside, they are much less seen in promenade robes than they were last month. The pelisse robe form is in a majority ; some that have just appeared are of blue and *groseille* shot silk, they have the corsages high and close, the front decorated *en cœur* with *passementerie*, composed of an intermixture of silk and chenille ; this trimming is of an open kind, and has a very rich effect, though it is a light pattern ; the front of the skirt is decorated in a similar style, but reversed, and upon a much larger scale. The sleeve, rather more than a three quarter length, and tight, are bordered to correspond ; the under sleeves are composed of muslin arranged in two close *bouillons* at the wrist, and terminated by a row of narrow lace.

If round robes are adopted, they are either made without garnitures, or else they are trimmed with flounces ; in the latter case the flounces are usually scalloped at the edges, and headed by *passementerie*. The rage for these fancy trimmings continues unabated, and as new ones appear every day, and fashion exacts that they should be very often changed, these trimmings become in reality very expensive, though they do not appear so.

Peignoirs are still the morning robes most generally in vogue ; they are composed of cambric, of jaconot muslin, or of barege ; the latter increase in favour. Caps are adopted by even the youngest married ladies in morning dress, particularly for the early part of the morning, and certainly nothing can be more becoming than the present form of these head-dresses. Those for the early morning are still the same that we have recently described. We have noticed amongst those adopted later in the day some of a form that we consider equally new and becoming.

It is composed of guaze ribbon and *tulle* étais, each crossing the other on the forehead; three dozes of ribbon, gradually increasing in size, and alternating with *tulle*, descend on each side.

Evening dress is now principally distinguished by its elegant simplicity. Robes-polynaire of tulle, mualin, or *mousseline de soie* are greatly in vogue; these dresses have the corsage always made half high, and ornamented with a narrow but very thick *ruche* of *tulle*; the sleeves are very short, and also trimmed with *ruches*. The skirt is usually finished by a very deep flounce, headed by a *ruche* of a larger size; a floating ceinture of broad taffeta ribbon is indispensable with a dress of this kind.

Caps, though fashionable in evening dress, are not so much so as head-dresses of hair, or *demi-coiffures*—the latter are very much in vogue; as they are made without cauls they display all the luxuriance of the back hair; they are composed of lace lappets, retained at the sides by flowers; so great is the variety of flowers employed, that we can hardly say what are those most in request; those employed for these head-dresses must always be of very moderate size, such as roses myrtilles, sprig of geranium, &c., &c., &c. We have as yet no change to announce in fashionable colours.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH.

Morning promenade dress, whether for the watering places or the country, is at present of that very simple kind that we have already described. We need hardly say that Paris is now deserted, and consequently it is only from the two sources above mentioned that we draw our fashions. Simplicity is, indeed, the order of the day, but it is a simplicity of a very tasteful kind. The close *capote* and simple scarf of the morning promenade gives place for that of the afternoon to an elegant *chapeau* and *mantellet*. We may cite among the most novel of the first, some of white or coloured crape, the material laid on plain; if white it is spotted pretty closely in small coloured spots; if coloured it is spotted in the same hue but of a much deeper shade, the interior of the brim is trimmed with white *tulle* *bouillonné*, the exterior with a wreath of water flowers. *Chapeaux* of white horse-hair, the exterior decorated with a wreath of exotics formed of the beards of feathers, and the interior with *macchinis* of ribbon corresponding with the colour of the flowers, are also very extensively seen. Several *chapeaux* composed entirely of ribbon, are trimmed in a simple but very novel style, with a small lace lappet disposed partly in a drapery, and partly in a rosette, in the centre of which is a single flower. The generality of fancy straw

chequers are beginning to be considered rather common, but there are still some of new patterns a good deal in vogue, they resemble cuttings of lace placed in a bias direction on the brim between plain spaces. These chequers are usually trimmed with another of ribbon-cut-in-silks, and alternately blue and green, the mixture of these two colours would formerly have been considered in very bad taste, but it is now exceedingly fashionable.

We have no particular change to notice in *pardeuses*; those of lace and embroidered muslin retain all their vogue during the heat of the day, but silk *mantelets à la Duchesse*, and cashmere scarfs, are adopted when the air is fresh, or for an evening stroll. The materials for promenades robes are still of a light kind; the only silks adopted are taffetas. They are usually made in the *redingote* form, and trimmed with *bouquets*; the other materials are printed muslins and taffetas, and *change* and *mousselines de laine*; the last has recently come again into fashion, but we must observe that neither that nor *bouquet* is at all fashionable unless composed of pure wool, and of the newest patterns; this stupendously is occasioned by the numerous imitations of real *bouquets* and *mousselines de laine*; light materials are always made in the robe form, the *corsages* are still in general high, almost all are full at the waist, the fulness being let in at the shoulders, so that the centre of the *corsage* is plain at the top, but the entire, both back and front, full at the bottom; the sleeves are almost invariably of a half length, and either wide, or *muslin sleeves à laillonne*, or else demi-large. If a trimming is adopted for the skirt, it must be either composed of flowers or ricks, *bedouine* however, that though trimmings are decidedly fashionable, they are by no means indispensable. White is decidedly adopted this year by our most elegant ladies of the mode with them the favourite home negligé, as well as that adopted to go to the spa or to bath; a *redingote* of very fine muslin is adopted for the latter. It may either be trimmed with the *bouquets* of camellia, or with a narrow *volant*, fastened with embroidery; or what is still more elegant, *Valenciennes lace*. After the *negligé* comes until the hour of dinner, the home *vestibilité* is generally adopted; it should be composed of Indian muslin with a petticoat of the same, it is attached at the skirt only by a fancy silk button & large sleeve. A still lighter negligé is a *petticoat* composed of *taffetas*, and worn over a jacket made of petticoat embroidered, *en tâlier*. The dinner robe may be composed of muslin or taffeta, but in general it is of the former embroidered in feather stitch over coloured silk skirts. The robes most in favour for wear at the *Chateaux* and the *Spas* are composed of *tulle*, trimmed

with festooned *volants*, and worn with *ceintures* of broad plaided ribbon in rather dark colours, carelessly tied in long floating ends. This style of dress is at once very simple and in excellent taste.

It is now the season for rural balls, and notwithstanding the warmth of the weather, they never were more numerous. The toilets are remarkable only for extreme lightness and simplicity; the majority of the robes are composed of white tarlatanes, *organdy*, or *tulle* over white taffeta. The *corsages* are moderately low, and the sleeves as short as they can well be made; the trimmings are either flounces, or if the under dress is coloured, which is sometimes the case, the garniture of the robe is composed of silk roulleaux to correspond; they are of a very small size and arranged in festoons. Another style of garniture, and one that has a very light and pretty effect, is formed by *tulle ruches*; they are from three to five in number, and always of different sizes, the one at bottom large, the others decreasing as they mount. The head dresses are always of hair ornamented with flowers; in many instances natural flowers are employed. Fashionable colours remain the same as last month, but white is still more in favour.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

No. 1.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

Azure blue *foulard* robe; the *corsage* tight to the shape, the sleeves of an easy width, descending only a little below the elbow; the skirt is trimmed with two deep *volants*. Straw coloured crape *chapeau*; a round open shape, the interior of the brim trimmed with *tulle bouillonné* and *brides*, tied in short bows and long ends; ribbon and two short spotted feathers decorate the exterior. Black lace *mantelet à la Marie Antoinette*; it is of small size, very open on the bosom, and attached by a knot of blue ribbon.

No. 2.

MORNING DRESS.

Cambric robe; a high *corsage*, and long tight sleeves. The front of the skirt is embroidered *en tablier*, and finished with a festooned flounce. The upper dress is a cambric *peignoir* fastened merely at the top, and flowing loosely over the robe; the sleeves are of a three-quarter length, rather wide at the bottom, and terminated by three flounces. The *peignoir* a three-quarter length, is embroidered all round, and terminated by a worked flounce. Head-dress of hair.

No. 3.

SEA-SIDE DRESS.

Lilac barege robe ; a high close *corsage* ; sleeves of a three-quarter length and tight over cambric ones. The skirt is trimmed with two deep tucks surmounted and headed by a light embroidery in black silk, Italian straw *chapées* ; an open shape, the exterior very full trimmed with white lace, and a tuft of red heath blossoms placed low on each side ; the interior is decorated with *coques* and *rides* of white ribbon. Black lace shawl.

No. 4.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

Foulard robe, striped in green and white ; the *corsage* opens *en cœur* over a high *chemisette* ; the sleeves are demi-long, easy but not wide. Under sleeves of muslin *bouillonnée*, very full. Pink crape *chapées* ; a small round shape, covered with folds of *tulle*, and trimmed with a fall *choc* of *tulle* and *gaunce* ribbons. Muslin *manelet visite*, lined with pink taffeta ; it is a large size, open on the bosom ; the scarf ends are rounded, and the whole trimmed with embroidered *volants*.

No. 5.

MORNING CAP.

A round shape ; composed of Brussels net bordered with a row of narrow Valenciennes lace, and trimmed with three bands of blue ribbon, and a knot at the back with floating ends.

No. 6.

DINNER CANEZOU.

Composed of embroidered muslin. It is of a large size, and a round shape, high at the back, but opening low on the bosom ; the opening is terminated by a knot of blue ribbon, which attaches two scarf ends of embroidered muslin.

No. 7.

HALF DRESS CAP.

Composed of *tulle*. A small shape, trimmed with a *tulle* drapery, and a profusion of lilac ribbon.

No. 8.

HOME DRESS.

Painted muslin robe. The *corsage* is high at the back, very open in front, and arranged in full folds, displaying an embroidered muslin *chemisette*. Short full sleeves, muslin under sleeves ; lace ruffles ; lace cap ; white China crape shawl.

No. 9.

EVENING DRESS.

Sprigged *organdy* robe, over straw-coloured taffeta; a low *corsage*, sharply pointed at bottom, and edged with lace at top. Short tight sleeves, composed of cross folds, and terminated by lace. The skirt a three-quarter length, open at each side, but partially closed by rich ribbon crossed in lozenges, and terminated by floating ends with tassels. Head-dress of hair.

No. 10.

MORNING VISITING DRESS.

Pink barege robe. A high *corsage* and long tight sleeves. The skirt is trimmed with two very deep scalloped flounces. Tarlatane mantle, very ample, and a three-quarter length; it is trimmed with two richly embroidered flounces; they are very deep, and each headed by an embroidered *entre deux*. Rice straw *chapeau*; a moderately close shape, decorated with white ribbon, and a full bouquet of white feathers.

No. 11.

MORNING VISITING DRESS.

Pink *moire* robe; half-high *corsage*, and long tight sleeves. *Manfelet* of the same; a small size, trimmed with flounces to correspond. Pale pink *chapeau*; a small round shape, the interior decorated with sprigs of lilac, the exterior with ribbon.

No. 12.

DINNER CAP.

Composed of *tulle de Bruxelles*; it is a round shape, trimmed with three rows of Brussels lace, and bands, knots, and *coques* of straw-coloured ribbon.

No. 13.

MORNING CANEZOU.

A heart-shape, of embroidered cambric, and trimmed with Valenciennes lace, and a knot of pink ribbon at the waist.

No. 14.

DINNER CAP.

Of *blonde d'été*; the shape is a *bonnet d'enfant*. The garniture is composed of a full knot of *coques* without ends of pink gauze ribbon at each side, and two floating ends at the back.







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THE STAR OF THE HAREM.

THE LADIES' CABINET

OF

FASHION, MUSIC, AND ROMANCE.

THE STAR OF THE HAREM.

A SCENE IN THE BOSPHORUS.

I HAD agreed for my passage with the captain of a Greek polacre, who was to sail in the evening for Odessa. The polacre was a remarkably pretty barque, but had what the sailors call a roguish look ; and, unless I shrewdly misconceived appearances, had played her part among the island in the days when the sabre did more than the invoice, and Greek captains traded in more matters than they would acknowledge in any custom-house in the Mediterranean. But all was now innocent. The polacre had been purified from all her pirate frolics ; her destination was legitimate ; and my baggage, wallet, and leash of Anatoly greyhounds, were put on board. The cabin was sufficiently small, and I had taken it to myself, with the fair additional stipulation that neither more goods nor passengers should be taken on board than the vessel would be able to carry. The captain, a showy, bronzed, tall Greek, shook me by the hand, in token of being charmed with all my stipulations ; pledged himself by the image of the Virgin, which hung prominent and propitious over his forecastle, to fulfil every condition with accuracy unequalled by any navigator of the seas ; and finished by promising me a passage worthy of an emperor.

The wind was blowing right up the Bosphorus, and I became impatient to begin my voyage. But Captain Callistrato's impatience threw mine totally in the back ground. He ranted, raved, and flung out his whole vocabulary of sea-names upon his crew, his passengers, and all things else within his memory. But, to my surprise, there lay our gallant vessel yet with her grapnels to the quay, and her anchor fast in the ooze. As I gazed at the reflection of the moon-rise in the mirror of the waters, I hinted to the captain that the first preliminary to movement was connected with hoisting his anchor. He struck his ample forehead in utter astonishment at the stupidity of his crew, and gave instant

OCTOBER, 1847.

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orders for the handspikes to be in readiness. The orders were echoed and re-echoed round the deck. Yet, by some singular mischance, neither grapnel nor anchor stirred. After observing this strange neglect to the captain, who instantly darted away to have it rectified, I went down to my cabin. Imagine my indignation; I found it half full already, my trunks occupied as ottomans by half a dozen long-bearded Osmanlis quietly preparing their pipes for a final treat, before they lay down on their carpets. This was intolerable. It was now my turn to rave. I rushed upon deck, determined to abate the nuisance in the most summary manner, by compelling the captain to clear my cabin of every interloper at once, and to leave his fresh passengers on shore. But I was too late for this part of the performance. I found the deck a pile of goods of every kind; the polacre overloaded to such a degree that the first gale would in all probability blow her over; and the captain wringing his hands at "the trick which had been played upon him by the knavery of the crew."

The dew and the gusts together at length overcame my repugnance to venture into the stifling atmosphere of my cabin, possessed as it was by interlopers; and down I plunged, found a snoring Turk for my pillow, and wrapping myself up in my cloak, waited to be trampled on by the next importation of the disastrous captain.

But, to sleep was impossible, and after an hour or two wasted in vain attempt, I left the Turks to settle the matter with each other, and went above. There what a scene met my eye! If I had seen the polacre overloaded before, what was I to make of her now! She was actually a pile of goods. Stem and stern were equally undistinguishable. The gale was increasing: in half an hour we must be in the Euxine; and in half a minute after that it was fifty chances to one but that our story was told. My first business now was to find the captain. But he had, I suppose, exhausted all his patheties, for he was not to be found. He had ensconced himself among his bales, and he might as well be looked for in the billows that were, now beginning to tumble about us in a sufficiently menacing style. As I was rather angrily continuing my search, the mate of the ship, a little Maltese, with shrewd eyes and the air of a humorist addressed me:—

" You may as well give over your trouble for the night, sir, (said he) for where the captain does not choose to be found, it will not be a very easy matter to find him."

" Is the rascal hanged, drowned, or run away?" was my impatient exclamation to the mate.

" The last should be first, (coolly replied the Maltese); the others may come all in good time. But if you expect to see Captain Callistrate until the moon is down, and we are fairly out of the channel——,"

Here he was interrupted by a loud voice from the water, hailing the vessel. "What, more passengers! (I exclaimed); is the captain out of his senses? we cannot find room to stand already."

"He is not accountable for those that are shoved overboard; (was the cool reply), he is paid alike for all. (On looking over the side he said,) but this seems a cargo of another calibre."

"A rope had been already thrown from the felucca which followed us, and a stately Greek, magnificently attired, came up the chains. His arrival had evidently been expected, and the captain now appeared, as if he had started from the sea along with him. A young and very lovely female was next hauled up the side, and conducted along the deck to a sofa, which a couple of female attendants covered with cushions and shawls, and where the young beauty was waited upon with peculiar attention.

My curiosity was a little roused; and the Maltese, with whom I had become confidential, on the approved merit of being a good listener, told me in a whisper, and with a visage worthy of a privy councillor, that our new passenger was no less a personage than the Hospodar of Wallachia. "He was summoned to Constantinople (said the Maltese), to give some account of his proceedings with the Muscovites; in other words to leave his head and his money in the seraglio. Some unknown friend found means to let him know that to-night was to finish his earthly troubles; and the Greek, perhaps thinking that his share of trouble was not enough yet, hired the palaore at an hour's notice to carry him to Rhodes."

"And hired my cabin too, I suppose, among the rest?"

"Yes, (was the answer), the captain never refuses money—that is the first point; and as you payed handsomely, and the Greek paid handsomely also, it would have hurt his feelings to have disappointed either. This, too, accounts for the state of the deck; he would not deprive so many poor fellows of their market for a few scruples of conscience, and so, giving way to his compassion, and pocketing their money, he has fairly left the Turkish custom-house behind, and carries them, smugglers, goods, and all, to the north of his highness the sultan's line of fire."

A sudden sound of oars interrupted the dialogue.

"By our lady, (exclaimed the Maltese,) the officers are on our track! I would not give a ducat for the life of any man among us by sunrise if we suffer them to catch us."

The captain was evidently quick-eared to the sound, for I saw the rascal struggling his way, in infinite haste and terror, through the boxes and piles that almost touch in our deck. A blaze of musketry alongshore, followed by the booming of a heavy gun, showed that the Turkish fort astern was on the

alert. We had nothing for it now but to hoist every strip of canvass, and distance the Moslem if we were able. But the polacre could scarcely move; the sails could not be handed, and the men could not stir upon deck, from the enormous compilation of merchandise which the roguery of Callistrato had suffered to gather there. I was not totally indifferent to the result, for a Turkish cimeter or knife was not likely to be a very discriminating judge of nationality at midnight. But, even if I were, I should have been made zealous by the evident terror of the *STAR OF THE HAREM*. In moments of general alarm, all the world becomes communicative; and I learned from one of the Greek attendants that there was a little romance connected with the public part of his highness's flight. A young Italian, an officer in the Austro-Venitian squadron lying in the Propontis for its summer trip up the Mediterranean, had contrived to establish an interest in the heart of the fair Greek; which, as happens in other cases, was by no means entertained with the same cordiality by her guardian. A bullet and the cimeter were the promised rewards of the Italian's farther attentions; and the young beauty, disconsolate of course, but not the less handsome for her melancholy, as I could attest, on the visible evidence of her magnificent eyes and lovely expression, was whirled away from Constantinople, never to see her worshipper more.

In the mean time our clumsy attempts to get up the sails proceeded, and though the wind was now blowing a gale, and we began to feel the swell at the mouth of the Bosphorus, the polacre crept on a snail's pace, while the Turkish guard-boats were evidently coming up at full gallop. The hospodar's anxiety was obvious enough, but it was at least within the line of manliness; but Callistrato was the grand performer of the hour. He was in an agony, and his agony had now the advantage of being perfectly sincere. With such a weight of contraband upon his soul, no man was more likely to be bastinadoed out of the world on his first capture, if he were not sliced like a cucumber by the first Turk who got footing on the polacre. He ranted and raved, recounted all the sins of his life, an extraordinary exhibition of memory; harangued, whined wept, and made himself so abjectly ridiculous, that I could not help alternately scorning and laughing at his distress. I was fully revenged for the plunder of my passage-money. The whole cabin was in the same confusion. Jew and Turk, the sly Smyrniote, whose soul is made of oil and figs, the smooth Peraite, who lives by European plunder in all shapes, and the Rabbi, to whom nothing Christian or infidel comes amiss, were all gathering up whatever they could abstract most precious from their bags, and preparing plausibilities for the remorseless ears of the Doganieri.

There was no time for ceremony; I introduced myself to the hospodar, acquainted him briefly with the nature of the case, kicked Captain Callistrato out

from the centre of a fortification of bales, which I verily believe he was pilfering at the moment; sent him by the same summary process to the feet of the hospodar, and there insisted on his surrendering the command of the vessel to his mate. But the Maltese was not ambitious of an honour which promised little more than promotion to the rope or the axe, and left the affair again in my hands.

The sound of the oars was becoming still more audible; and even the long phosphoric flash from their stroke was beginning to show itself on the waters. They could not be more than the third of a league off; when, seeing the urgent necessity of coming to some determination on the subject, I held a council with the hospodar. The point in question was, whether he considered that our being overhauled by the sultan's barges would be likely to involve himself in any inconvenience. On this view he gave his opinion gallantly and promptly; that he could not conceive any pursuit to be made after him at so short a notice, and that, on the mere chance, it would be cruel, and even criminal, to expose so many people to the hazard of the Turkish laws.

But this view of the question differed vastly from my own. I ventured to doubt his highness's prudence in trusting anything to the mercy of a gang of Turks, let loose, in the darkness, to do just what they liked with a ship and cargo. I equally doubted that, if they once found a man of his rank on board, they would not at least detain him until intelligence from the capital had decided his fate; concluded with laying down sailors' law on the subject, namely—always to escape where we were not strong enough to fight—and always to fight where we were not quick enough to escape. In the present instance my advice was—to ask no questions, but fire away, to the last cartridge among us; then to make terms, if we could, and, if we could not, to make up our minds to go to the bottom all standing. My rough advice was suited to the time; the hospodar made an oriental obeisance in token of submission, sent to his cabin for his carbine and pistols, and went to take a last embrace, if such it was to be, of his beautiful charge, who lay like the personification of the Tragic Muse clasping her hands, and turning her fine eyes alternately on him and on heaven. The glance decided him, as it might have decided the most inveterate stoic that ever had a stone instead of a heart in his bosom. It perfectly re-kindled all my ardour against Turks and Doganieri; we now began a general muster of our military means. The hospodar drew up the unwilling *volunteers*, whom I had enlisted under penalty of throwing overboard every man who refused to handle pike or pistol. I gathered the crew, and laboured to set them about working the ship. The first step was, of course, to clear the deck; and my hand was the first to fling a huge toppling bale of Salonica cottons plump into the water. But the howl of wrath and wonder that followed from every

corner of the ship, satisfied me of the metal of which its defenders were made. The crew to a man instantly deserted me, and dropped sail and tackle out of their hands. One half ran down into the cabin, and the other fell on their knees before the Virgin and her lantern in the forecastle.

All the work was now at a stand. While I was attempting to force two or three of those slovens to the ropes again, I was surprised by a voice from one of the ports. My first idea was, that the Turks had fairly come up with us, and that the affair was to be ended in the national style. But the voice told me that the Doganieri were still at some distance, and that, seeing the vessel in distress, a boat's crew from the pilot station had come off to inquire what was the matter. Nothing could be more welcome; for the pilots at the mouth of the channel are Greeks, and their help is always to be looked for against the Osmanlis, right or wrong, when it can be given with impunity.

The cause of our embarrassment was briefly communicated to the speaker, a tall and handsome son of the sea, who caught it at once, and recommended our getting off the coast as speedily as possible. Still those confounded bales were not to be moved by my single hand, and the crew were too busy with their genuflections to assist in the operation. But the pilot-boat settled the whole affair in a moment; at a whistle, a dozen stout fellows sprang up the vessel's side like cats, and began clearing the decks in a masterly style. Away went box and bale, away went trunk and package; all flew over the side with the speed of light, and the polacre began to feel the wind and give way in gallant trim. The pilot next threw his men out upon the rigging; the effect was marvellous, and we soon felt her shoot away like an eagle.

I remained looking out for the lighthouse at the entrance, while the pilot went aft, as he said, to ascertain the nearing of the boats in pursuit. But I was speedily startled by the sound of a tumult; loud voices and the clashing of swords followed. The disturbance, however, was over before I could reach the spot, and I saw the hospodar issuing from the crowd, sword in hand, and in great agitation. He explained the cause, by saying that he had found the scoundrel pilot actually kneeling at the fair girl's feet, kissing her hand, and making the most extravagant declarations of his insolent and unaccountable passion; that, in consequence of his attempt to punish this insolence, the fellow had forced him to draw his cimeter, and that, finally, in the struggle, he had been thrown overboard. This was the first hasty version. The hospodar was in a flame; from him I could learn no more. But the Greek attendants, who kept their senses a little cooler, had recognized in the pilot the Italian clever! who, it appeared, by his declaration to the lady in that brief interview, had been the conveyancer of the original warning, which prompted the hospodar's escape; had been watching in his boat off the coast for the passing of the vessel; and,

after assisting so effectually in the general escape of the vessel and crew, was to find his career so speedily and cruelly extinguished.

As the story transpired, the general sympathy for the death of this gallant fellow reached even the hospodar, who now expressed the deepest regret for his rash violence, especially on its being known that the chief purpose of the Italian's coming on board was to tell him that the boats in pursuit were sent expressly to bring him back, dead or alive, to wait the sultan's pleasure. But all lamentations were now fruitless; and there was nothing to be done, but to make the best of our way, and fight or fly as we could.

The intelligence of the actual pursuit of the hospodar had completed my determination; and, taking the helm in my own hand, I steered right for the open sea. But, though we had left our pursuers some leagues behind, a shower of rockets, which fell directly ahead of the polacre, soon taught us that signals fly faster than sails. The gun from the fort had alarmed the shore, and the whole line of guard-boats were out in our front to bring us to. Another fit of terror now seized my Mediterranean heroes, and the ropes and carbines were equally dropped together. One or two black-browed knaves, with their hands on their knives, even attempted to get up a mutiny, and it was not till a handspike well applied to the *os frontis* of the foremost put an end to his oratory for a time, and a few peltings of the round shot that lay at my feet dispersed the rest, that I felt secure against being sent to feed the tunnies, for which the strait has been renowned. This demonstration on my part ended with a solemn promise to blow up the vessel, smugglers and all, on the first disturbance among my rabble of poltroons. The people of the pilot-boat, too, were on my hands. For the Italian, as not one of themselves, they exhibited no extravagant sympathy; but they by no means wished to come into actual contact with the Turkish muskets. There was no time for parley. To a man they went over the side, wished me a lucky escape, and rowed shoreward. The situation was perplexing. But, when I walked towards the spot where the hospodar, now helpless as a child, according to the custom of oriental repentance, was sitting on the deck with his hands clasped over his brows, and the group round his fair charge were kneeling, praying, and weeping, in every form of anguish and fear, my wits began to clear a little, and I resolved to try the effect of a piece of that manœuvring which I had learned in the Archipelago.

A swarm of the Turkish boats were now coming up close, yet in their usual clumsy manner of clustering together; but two or three were lying astern of the rest, and about as many more were taking a sweep, evidently to cut off my retreat. On being hailed by the foremost boat to lie-to, I answered that they had only to send an officer on board. This intelligence was received by the Turks with a shout of triumph, for naval victories are rare in their annals; but

in my bark the public feeling was directly the reverse. The knaves, whom no persuasion could have hitherto induced to pull a trigger, now bounced with all the angry heroism of Alexanders. I was declared to be the blackest of traitors, the basest of dastards, and openly charged with selling the ship, at a moment when every man in her was ready to resist to the last drop of his blood. Even the hospodar, roused by the near approach of his fate, and probably still more by the miseries to which his young beauty must be exposed, came hastily toward me, and asked, in a voice struggling with emotion, whether I could think of surrendering; and, bidding him draw his sword, and cut down the first man who flinched, called upon the Alexanders to stand by me, and fight, at least, till I bade them give in. I still held the helm in my hand. The enemy, a little lulled by the expectation of an easy victory, had laid by their oars, and were preparing to jump on board for a glorious harvest of robbery. They were mistaken, at least, for the time. A single turn of the helm brought the polacre into the very centre of the swarm. The shout was turned into a universal howl of terror. Successive crashes, followed by successive howls, told us that the prow was doing its work in good style; and a scattering of turbans on the water, and the phosphoric splash of hands striking out for the shore, satisfied me of the success of my stratagem, simple as it was. The cluster was broken, scattered, crushed, and swamped, in five minutes. The shout now was ours, and we bore on for the mouth of the strait with furious speed. Little harm, however, was done except to the boats, for the Turks swam like fishes, and they were within a few hundred yards of the shore.

But our night's work was not yet over. The boats in rear of the broken cluster were still to be passed; and here came the tug of war. The Turk, fighting in a fleet, is the most helpless of animals; but, fighting alone, is by no means to be despised. An unlucky shift of the wind, at this moment, threw our huge, unwieldy, latine sail aback; and, in the confusion, nothing could prevent the Turks from getting alongside. Of the crews of three, every man was, in the next minute, creeping up our unfortunate vessel, from stem to stern. Our situation began to be awkward. Muskets were out of the question, for, after the first shot or two, the whole affair was hand to hand. The confusion was horrible. Yet, after all, the darkness was perhaps in our favour; for we at least knew something of the ground, and our crew, who would undoubtedly have thrown down their arms at the first sight of an Osmanli in daylight, fell to, by the necessity of the case, and did their business very handsomely. The Turks at last gave way, and, between being tossed overboard and leaping overboard, they began to leave us a clear vessel. We should now have sung Io Pean, and left our enemies far on the beam, but for the remnant of the squadron which we had already run down. The delay occasioned by the fight

enabled them to come up, and we found ourselves unexpectedly boarded by a fresh crowd of ruffians. Our resistance on this emergency sorely stripped us of our laurels. Three-fourths of our warriors instantly ran down into the cabin or tumbled into the hold. The hospodar, with two or three Albanians alone, retreated to the quarterdeck, where he defended himself desperately. As to remain by the helm was useless, I made my way to him there, luckily found an arm-chest, and, by firing, kept off the enemy for a while. But they seemed to be receiving a continual increase to their numbers, and at length they made a general rush, and completely closed us in. A blow on the head brought down the hospodar, while a shot through my arm disabled me for anything but a looker-on. The appearance of affairs was gloomy. I thought that the time for blowing-up was come, if I could but be suffered to creep down to the magazine; and, away I went.

But, while I was in the act of stretching away on my hands and feet for the purpose, I heard a wild cry among the crowd of Turks, and felt them scattering and tumbling round me in all directions. Lanterns were now run up to the rigging by a new set of comers, and half a dozen stout fellows were soon hewing their way toward the stern. The Turks, taken by surprise, fell like straws, and the fight was done almost as soon as it had commenced. I now thought no more of the magazine, and made my way back, to see what was become of the hospodar.

The whole scene was like a theatrical *finale*. There knelt the Italian, with the hospodar's hand on his head, and the arm of the Star of the Harem round his neck. There was no time for etiquette; all was nature. The young officer, when thrown overboard, had swam to the shore, had collected some Genoese, and come up just in time. We certainly owed him our lives; and the hospodar, especially, would have been headless in the court of the seraglio within twenty-four hours but for his following us. We were, of course, all gratitude. Even the Jew pedlars voted him a contribution, and Captain Callistrato, creeping out from his rat-hole in the hold, produced his best anker of brandy as a propitiation. The deck was cleared. We dashed into the Euxine. All were happy, Jews, smugglers, and Smyrnioites. The fair girl and her hero were the happiest of all; and, three days after, I saw them marching, the handsomest pair in the Russian dominions, to the foot of the high altar at Odessa. The hospodar had now done with Turkey; the Italian had done with the sea; and the hands of the priest united, in my presence, two hearts which promised as glowingly for long delight as any that ever bound themselves in the golden links of a *marriage for love*.

THE MEDICAL KNOWLEDGE OF SHAKSPEARE.

I was not a little surprised at the reference of such eminent physicians as Sir Henry Halford, and the late Mr. Abernethy, to the pages of Shakespeare, for an elucidation or proof of some of the peculiar symptoms of particular diseases; but that surprise excited a curiosity anxious to be gratified, in a re-perusal or cursory survey of my favourite author—chiefly, but not solely, to be further satisfied on this subject. This article is partly the result of that research, written with the hope of exciting a kindred feeling in the breasts of others having more curiosity and leisure than I to pursue such matters; and of evincing that experience is preferable to mere theory in all indispositions affecting constitutional habits—in physiology and philosophy.

The reference of Halford was to a symptom of insanity, as given by Hamlet in the closet-scene with his mother:—

“ Ecstasy !
*My pulse as yours doth temperately keep time,
 And make as healthful music. 'Tis not madness
 That I have uttered. Bring me to the test,
 And I ~~the~~ master will reward—which madness
 Would gambol from.”*

Sir Henry related (before the Royal College of Physicians) that he and Sir J. Tushill had been in attendance on a gentleman in a state of mental derangement; yet who appeared to have his symptoms so alleviated, as to be permitted to make his will, both physicians being witnesses. But on departing after, the medical gentlemen conversed on the circumstance, particularly on the impropriety or singularity of their being witnesses to the will of such a patient, when Sir Henry proposed the test of Shakspeare, whether he would reward the will: but the patient gambolled from the master.

The reference of Abernethy was to the description of the fitful paroxysm of an intermittent, as given by Caesar of Caesar:—

“ He had a fever when he was in Spain ;
 And when the fit was on him, I did mark
 How he did shake—'tis true this god did shake ;
 His coward lips did from their colour fly,
 And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world,
 Did lose its lustre. I did hear him groan ;
 Ay, and that tongue of his which bade the Romans
 Mark him, and write his speech in their books,
 ' Alas,' it cried, ' give me some drink, Titinius.' ”

Such reference is creditable to all parties; although Abernethy, as a surgeon, might have known how Shakspeare makes one say quizzically of the “ tent,”

lying in "the surgeon's box or the patient's wound," and Malford, as a physician, might recollect—

" Throw physic to the dogs ;
I'll none of it ;"

and again, in an almost vituperative strain—

" Trust not the physician,
He kills more than you rob."

But Shakspeare must not be made responsible, in *propria persona*, for what his dramatic characters may say from circumstances ; and perhaps he may really have concluded, with the son of Sirach, " give place to the physician, for he was sent from God."

Shakspeare was not so devoid of learning as is commonly or customarily supposed ; and although he may not have received a classical education, he may have acquired a classical and scientific knowledge. Nay, he did acquire, and was so perfectly conscious of his own attainments, and of his claims to literary immortality, that he glances more than obliquely at them in some of his sonnets. He was convinced that no man ever attained excellence without gifts, sedulously cultivated ; nor literary success without laborious study : his writings are therefore the result, not of natural endowments enthusiastically exerted, but of personal experience improved or matured by the judgment resulting from the testimony of others, read as well as heard ; but this is not now my theme.

He who would excel in one branch of science, art, or of literature, must have a more or less intimacy with its correlative dependencies. Shakspeare may not have walked the hospital, although he trod scrutinising in the ways of life. He may not immediately have made physic or surgery, pharmacy or physiology, his peculiar study ; yet must he have acquired a knowledge of the thousand ills which flesh is heir to, from other sources than personal experience. Hence it was that he was enabled " to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature ;" and hence

" Each trait of many coloured life he drew ;
Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new."

Shakspeare appears to have been so fastidiously accurate, as to remark the difference between the acceptance of disease and distemper—the former, a fatal illness ; the latter, a temporary indisposition.

" Little faults proceeding on distemper.—*Hen. 5.*
'Tis but a body yet distemper'd."—*Hen. 4.*

Again—

" We're all diseased ;
And with our surfeiting and wanton hours,
Have wrought ourselves into a burning fever."

But in speaking occasionally of fevers, he discriminates not only between the kinds, but the degrees or stages of the malady, marking an intermittent passing into a continued form; and exhibiting Sir John Falstaff in the fatal embraces of the "*quotidian tertian*," and *delirium tremens*—having "his nose as sharp as a pen," &c.

The febrile exacerbations of an intermittent have been already pointed out in Abernethy's reference. Concerning surfeits, as producing not only fevers, but indisposition or inability for literary or similar pursuits, he is equally pointed.

"Fat paunches make lean pates, and grosser bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankerout the wits."

And not only is he aware of the effects of a pampered stomach on the brain, but of an agitated mind on the animal appetites, clearly evidenced when he makes Henry the Eighth give to Wolsey some papers of no very agreeable tendency; and adds—"read this; and this; and afterwards this: and then to breakfast with what appetite you may!"

He must have been well apprised that

"Dangers alike to mortal life
From joy or sorrow flow;"

for he has exhibited many, very many, instances in which a circumstance calculated deeply to affect an individual, may change the whole tenor of his life—nay, affect life itself. Many instances might be quoted, such as mental agony corroding the bodily strength:—

"She never told her love;
But let concealment (like the worm i' the bud,)
Feed on her damask cheek;"

and, again, the emotions of the heart being suppressed from corporeal display:—

"To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life."

So, too, in his very beautiful address of Macbeth concerning his lady:—

"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles, &c. &c."

which, however, has not received the cordial approbation of the faculty, because the poet answers,

"Therein the patient must minister to himself."

Yet Boswell, (in his life of Johnson,) tells us that the lexicographer, having adopted that address, at his dying hour, was answered also by his doctor as Macbeth had been by his. But whether a disease of the imagination, or, if termed better, a derangement of the memory, can be ameliorated by medicine,

is, perhaps, even less questionable, as in the days of our dramatic poet; for still, (as Milton says, in his immortal epic,)—

“The mind is its own place; and, in itself,
Can make a hell of heaven, or heaven of hell.”

But I mean not to dispute here whether any course of medicine, or mere alteration in diet, independent of a radical change of the wonted habits of any afflicted with a disordered imagination or memory, can restore *sana mens in corpore sano*.

Of idiosyncrasies, or constitutional peculiarities, our poet was not ignorant:—

“Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
Some, too, are mad, if they behold a cat;

 for affection,
Master of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes.”

But take we, for one minute, a bee's flight among his plays to cull. The *pia mater* and *epididymus* are distinctly referred to in Troilus and Cressida, Act II. Scene 1; and in Twelfth Night, Act I. Scene 5. In the Second Act of Lear he refers to even a peculiarity of hysteria. In the Second Part (Act I.) of Henry IV. he refers to the effects of a distempered mind; noticing, at the same time, the increase of muscular strength:—

“My limbs,
Enraged with grief, are thrice themselves.”

The impossibility of curing scrofula is noted:—

“Strangely-visited people,
All swollen and ulcerous, pitiful to the eyes,
The mere despair of surgery.”—*Macbeth*.

Yet, concerning surgery, he was not ignorant. In Antony and Cleopatra (Act. I. Scene 1), he saith,

“We do lance diseases in our bodies;”

and in Timon of Athens, he actually speaks of

“Cauterising the root of the tongue.”

Podagram, chiragram, hipagram (sciatica), and cockatrice, are often used by him; and diseases are quoted wholesale by Thersites, in Troilus and Cressida; as well as adverted to by Caliban, in the Tempest.

He seems occasionally to understand, not only the symptomatology, but the prognosis of diseases. “This apoplexy,” says he, in Henry II., “will certainly be his end;” and again, in the words of Coriolanus,

“A very apoplexy;
Lethargy, mulled, deaf, sleepy, insensible.”

Similarly might he have commented on epilepsy, when he saith, in Othello,

" My lord hath fallen into an epilepsy ; "

equally well, as he has unequivocally stated, that

" Universal plodding
Prisons up the nimble spirits in the arteries ; "

or asserts again, in Coriolanus,

" Your affections are a sick man's appetite,
Which most desires what would increase the evil."

I might notice also his knowledge of the common remedies for some diseases, and the virtues of prominent herbs; how he speaks of the belladonna, as the insane root which takes the reason prisoner; of causes wherein poppy or mandragora would avail not; and of his making the dose of Othello " bitter as colo-quintida." His knowledge of the effects of quicksilver (as stated in Hamlet) might also be specified; in conjunction with his knowledge of comparative anatomy, evidenced in various parts. So, too, might I notice his appreciation of the various effects of music—its stimulating and its sedative effects: "the brisk ear-piercing fife;" and the soothing note which "comes o'er the ear like the sweet south;" adding also his acquaintance with its narcotic effect:—

" Most heav'ly music !
It nips me into list'ning ; and thick slumber
Hangs on my eyes."

With that in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*,—

" Music kill and strike more dead
Than common sleep, of all these five the sense ; "

and subjoining his allusion to the "concord of sweet sounds," with his denunciation of the man who has not music in his soul, as being "fit for treasons stratagems and spoils."

I might notice these and many other instances of learning as well as mere information, or the judgment resulting from personal experience, if my theme was to disprove the common idea that Shakspeare possessed not knowledge, by human testimony from written books; because he possessed transcendant genius, aptitude, and discernment. But there is one farther allusion may be permitted on the theme I have selected:

The circulation of the blood was not discovered; at least acknowledged, during Shakspeare's time; yet we find that he distinctly advertis, in unequivocal language, to that point; similarly as we find a declaration in the best books, that the blood is the seat of life, or the blood is the life of an animal.—(See Genesis.)

Thus our poet gives an accurate representation of the relative condition of

the expense of circulation, when describing the phenomena which they present in the grasp of mental agony, as the blood for the last time retreats to its centre of circulation—

" Oft have I seen a timely-panted ghost—
Of ashy semblance, meagre, without blood;
Being all descended to the lab'ring heart,
Which, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;
There in the heart it cools; and ne'er returns
To blush and beautify the skin again."

THE LOVER'S RETURN.

ANOTHER twenty years ago I was travelling between Berwick and Selkirk, and having started at the crowing of the cock, I had left Melrose before four in the afternoon. On arriving at Abbotsford, I perceived a Highland soldier, apparently as fatigued as myself, leaning upon a walking-stick, and gazing intently on the fairy palace of the magician whose wand is since broken, but whose magic still remains. I am no particular disciple of Lovat's, yet the man carried his soul upon his face, and we were friends at the first glance. He wore a plain Highland bonnet, and a coarse gray great-coat, buttoned to the throat. His dress bespeaks him to belong only to the ranks; but there was a dignity in his manner, and a fire, a glowing language in his eyes, worthy of a chieftain. His height might exceed five feet nine, and his age be about thirty. The traces of manly beauty were still upon his cheeks; but the sun of a western hemisphere had tinged them with a sallow hue, and imprinted untimely furrows.

Our conversation related chiefly to the classic scenery around us; and we had pleasantly journeyed together for two or three miles, when we arrived at a little ungraceful burial-ground by the way-side, near which there was neither church nor dwelling. Its low wall was thinly covered with turf; and we sat down upon it to rest. My companion became silent and melancholy, and his eyes wandered anxiously among the graves.

" Here, (said he) sleep some of my father's children, who died in infancy." He picked up a small stone from the ground, and, throwing it gently about ten yards, "that, (added he) is the very spot. But, thank heaven, no grave-stone has been raised during my absence! It is a token I shall find my parents living—end, (continued he, with a sigh) may I also find their love! It is hard, sir, when the heart of a parent is turned against his own child."

He drooped his head for a few moments upon his breast and was silent, and hastily raising his forehead to his eyes, seemed to dash away a solitary tear.

Then, turning to me, he continued :—" You may think, sir, this is weakness in a soldier—but human hearts beat beneath a red coat. My father, whose name is Campbell, and who was brought from Argyleshire while young, is a wealthy farmer in this neighbourhood. Twelve years ago I loved a being gentle as the light of a summer morn. We were children together, and she grew in beauty in my sight, as the star of evening steals into glory through the twilight. But she was poor and portionless, the daughter of a mean shepherd. Our attachment offended my father. He commanded me to leave her for ever. I could not, and he turned me from his house. I wandered, I knew not, and I cared not, whither. But I will not detain you with my history. In my utmost need I met a serjeant of the 42nd, who was then upon the recruiting service, and in a few weeks I joined that regiment of proud hearts. I was at Brussels when the invitation to the wolf and the raven rang at midnight through the streets. It was the herald of a day of glory and of death. There were three Highland regiments of us—three joined in one—joined in rivalry, in love, and in purpose; and, thank fate! I was present when the till then invincible legions of the cuirassed Gauls rushed, with their war-horses neighing destruction, upon a kneeling phalanx of Scottish hearts, shielded only by the plaid and the bare bayonet from the unsheathed sabres of the united glory of France, as they poured like torrents of death on the waving plumes of our devoted band, to extirpate our name from the annals of Scottish heroism. Then—then—in the hour of peril and of death, the genius of our country burst forth through the darkness of despair, like the first flash of the young sun upon the earth when Gon said, ' Let there be light!'—as the Scot's Greys flying to our aid raised the electric shout, ' Scotland for ever!'—' Scotland for ever!' returned our tartanic clansmen: ' Scotland for ever!' reverberated as from the hearts we had left behind us: and ' Scotland for ever!' re-echoed ' Victory!' It was a moment of inspiration and of triumph. Forward dashed our Highland heroes, fearless as their fathers, resistless as our mountain cataracts! The proud steed and its mailed rider quailed at the shout. Home and its world of unutterable joys—yes, home and the fair bosom that would welcome its hero—glory and the spirit of our fathers—all rushed upon our imagination at the sound. It was a moment of poetry, of patriotism, and of inspiration. Heavens! (added he, starting to his feet and grasping his staff, as the enthusiasm of the past gushed back upon his soul) to have joined in that shout was to live an eternity in the vibration of a pendulum!"

In a few minutes the animated soul that gave eloquence to his tongue drew itself back into the chambers of humanity, and, resuming his seat upon the low wall, he continued :—

" I left my old regiment with the prospect of promotion, and have since served

in the West Indies; but I have heard nothing of my father—nothing of my mother—nothing of her I love!"

While he was yet speaking the gravedigger entered the ground. He approached within a few yards of where we sat. He measured off a narrow piece of earth—it encircled the little stone which the soldier had thrown to mark out the burial-place of his family. Convulsions rushed over the features of my companion: he shivered—he grasped my arm—his lips quivered—his breathing became short and loud—the cold sweat trickled from his temples. He sprang over the wall—he rushed towards the spot.

"Man! (he exclaimed, in agony) whose grave is that?"

"Hoot! awa' wi' ye; (said the gravedigger, starting back at his manner) whatna a way is that to gliff a body—are ye daft?"

"Answer me! (cried the soldier, seizing his hand) whose grave—whose grave is that?"

"Mercy me! (replied the man of death) ye are surely out o' your head; it's an auld body they ca'd Adam Campbell's grave. Now, are ye onything the wiser for spierin'?"

"My father!" cried my comrade, as I approached him; and clasping his hands together, he bent his head upon my shoulder and wept aloud.

I will not dwell upon this painful scene. During his absence, adversity had given the fortunes of his father to the wind; and he had died in an humble cottage, unlamented and unnoticed by the friends of his prosperity.

At the request of my fellow-traveller I accompanied him to the house of mourning. Two or three poor cottagers sat around the fire. A few white hairs fell around the whiter face of the deceased, which seemed to indicate that he died from sorrow rather than from age. The son pressed his lips to his father's cheek. He groaned in spirit, and was troubled. He raised his head in agony, and, with a voice almost inarticulate with grief, exclaimed inquiringly, "My mother?"

The wondering peasants started to their feet, and in silence pointed to a lowly bed. He hastened forward—he fell upon his knees by the bedside.

"My mother!—O my mother! (he exclaimed) do not you, too, leave me. Look at me—speak to me—I am you own son—your own Willie—have you too forgot me, mother?"

She, too, lay upon her death-bed, and the tide of life was fast ebbing; but the remembered voice of her beloved son drove it back for a moment. She opened her eyes—she attempted to raise her feeble hand, and it fell upon his head. She spoke, but he alone knew the words that she uttered; they seemed accents of mingled anguish, of joy, and of blessing.

For several minutes he bent over the bed, and wept bitterly. He held her

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withered hand in his ; and, as we approached him, the hand he held was stiff and lifeless. He wept no longer—he gazed from the dead body of his father to that of his mother—his eyes wandered wildly from one to the other—he smote his hand upon his brow, and threw himself upon a chair, while misery transfixed him, as if a thunderbolt had entered his soul.

I will not give a description of the melancholy funerals and the solitary mourner. The father's obsequies were delayed, and the son laid both his parents in the same grave.

Several months passed away before I gained information respecting the sequel of my little story. After his parents were laid in the dust, William Campbell, with a sad and anxious heart, made enquiries after Jeanie Leslie, the object of his early affections, to whom I have already alluded. For several weeks his search was fruitless ; but at length he learned that considerable property had been left to her father by a distant relative, and that he now resided somewhere in Dumfriesshire.

In the same garb which I have described, the soldier set out upon his journey. With little difficulty he discovered the house. It resembled such as are occupied by the higher class of farmers. The front door stood open. He knocked, but no one answered. He proceeded along the passage—he heard voices in an apartment on his right—again he knocked but was unheeded. He entered uninvited. A group were standing in the middle of the floor, and among them a minister, commencing the marriage service of the church of Scotland. The bride hung her head sorrowfully, and tears were stealing down her cheeks ; she was his own Jeanie Leslie. The clergyman paused. The bride's father stepped forward angrily, and enquired, “What do ye want, sir ?” but instantly recognizing his features, he seized him by the breast, and, in a voice half-choked with passion, continued : “Sorrow tak' ye for a scoundrel ! what's brought ye here ; and the mair especially at a time like this ! Get out o' my house, sir ! I say, Willie Campbell, get out o' my house, an' never darken my deer again wi' your ne'er-do-weel countenance !”

A sudden shriek followed the mention of his name, and Jeanie Leslie fell into the arms of her maid.

“ Peace Mr. Leslie !” said the soldier, pushing the old man aside ; “ since matters are thus, I will only stop to say farewell, for auld lang syne ; you cannot deny me that.”

He passed towards the object of his young love. She spoke not—she moved not—he took her hand, but she seemed unconscious of what he did. And, as he gazed upon her beautiful countenance, absence became as a dream. The very language he had acquired during their separation was laid aside. Nature triumphed over art, and he addressed her in the accents in which he had first breathed love and won her heart.

"Jeanie!" said he, pressing her hand between his, "it's a sair thing to say farewell, but at present I maun say it. This is a scene I never expected to see, for oh, Jeanie! I could have trusted to your truth and to your love as the farmer trusts to seed-time and harvest, and is not disappointed. I thought it was ill enough, when, boping to find my father's forgiveness, I found them digging his grave; or, when I reached my mother's bedside, and found her only able to stretch out her hand and say, 'It's my ain bairn!—it's my ain bairn. But I maun bid ye farewell, Willie—farewell already!—it is sair—sair! But oh, may the blessing o' the God o' Abraham——' As she said this, the death-rattle grew louder and louder in her throat—for a moment her eyes became as bright as diamonds—I thought it was the immortal spark leaving the body, and before I could speak the cold film of death passed over them, and the tears I saw gathering in them while she was speaking rolled down the cheeks of a corpse! But oh, Jeanie, woman! it wasna a trial like this—this is like separating the flesh from the bones, and burning the marrow! But ye maun be anither's now—farewell!—farewell!"

"No! no! my ain Willie," she exclaimed, recovering from the agony of stupefaction; "my hand is still free, and my heart has aye been yours—save me, Willie! save me!" and she threw herself into his arms.

The bridegroom looked from one to another, imploring them to commence an attack upon the intruder, but he looked in vain. The father again seized the old grey coat of the soldier, and, almost rending it in twain, discovered underneath, to the astonished company, the richly laced uniform of a British officer. He dropped the fragment of the outer garment in wonder, and, at the same time dropping his wrath, exclaimed, "Mr. Campbell!—or what are ye?—will you explain yourself?"

A few words explained all. The bridegroom, a wealthy, middle-aged man, without a heart, left the house, gnashing his teeth. Blindly as our military honours are conferred, merit is not always overlooked in this country, where money is everything, and the Scottish soldier had obtained the promotion he deserved. Jeanie's joy was like a dream of heaven. In a few weeks she gave her hand to Captain Campbell, to whom long years before she had given her young heart.

"The sea of Fortune does not ever flow;
She draws her favours to the lowest ebb;
Her tides have equal times to come and go;
Her loome doth weave the fine and coarsest web.
No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard but may in fine amend."

SOUTHWELL.

THE POET'S WIFE.

A wife—no flame of fickle glow
 For wanton moths to flutter round,
 No soulless picture for a show,
 No slave in fashion's fetters bound ;
 No dressed-up doll, for vain parade,
 No toy for pleasure's giddy dance,
 No trifling fool, by caprice swayed,
 No prude that chills the heart's romance
 Though such a thousand charms may own,
 And fortune, boundless as the sea,
 Or even beckon from a throne,
 Oh, such is not the wife for me !

But give me one whose youth has sprung
 Ensanctuaried in her home,
 The dear domestic ties among
 From which our holiest feelings come ;
 Where like a flower of Eden sweet,
 She breathes all love and purity—
 Oh, were it mine with such to meet !
 For such should be the wife for me !

A wife !—I in a wife would find
 A ministering angel's part,
 To soothe my vexed and wearied mind,
 To balm and bless my wounded heart ;
 To pillow on her gentle breast
 My aching head, and while her kiss
 My brow of agony caressed,
 To change its throbs to thrills of bliss.

Or if in lingering pain I lay,
 To hover near my restless bed,
 With care unwearyed night and day,
 With angel look, and fairy tread ;
 To do whate'er may do me good—
 And if a murmur from me breaks,
 To bear with every wayward mood
 The fretfulness of pain awakes.

In better hours with heart and soul,
 My pleasures, hopes, and views to share ;
 And when misfortunes on us roll,
 To bear, and teach me how to bear.

With me on pious knee to fall
 Before our God, and from above
 Upon each other's head to call
 The choicest blessings of his love.
 "Through good or ill, through storm or shine,"
 In sickness, poverty, or death,
 To cling to me, entirely mine,
 Unchanging to her latest breath ;
 To gratify my least desire,
 To all my wants to minister—
 All this from her I would require—
 All this and more I'd do for her.
 But vain would be the hope to find
 Such partner for my stormy life ;
 So to my lonely lot resigned,
 The muse shall be my only wife !

MY MOST INTIMATE FRIEND.

THERE are very few people in this world so poorly provided as not to have a "most intimate friend;" albeit there is much difference in the characteristics of the relation. For example, the most intimate friend of a young lady of fashion is one of her own sex and nearly her own age—good-looking and pleasant, but not sufficiently beautiful or attractive to stand in the light of a rival under any possible combination of circumstances. If the friend have a dashing brother or cousin, unmarried, the force of the attachment is seldom diminished by that contingency. Friendship in this case is mostly displayed by a frequent exchange of visits at odd hours, and still more frequent exchange of small three-cornered notes, written in a fine, lady-like illegible hand, and abounding with "dears," "loves," and small secrets. They go shopping together, buy their gloves and shoes at the same place, and never adventure upon a new dress or bonnet without several consultations. Marriage generally puts an end to this class of friendships; very soon after the ceremony they are observed to cool down into mere acquaintances, and on some idle day when the bride has nothing better to do, she throws the hoarded collection of notes into the fire.

Schoolboys are also much addicted to friendships; if you see a couple of lads with their arms over each other's necks, as they trudge along of a morning, you may be pretty sure they are intimate friends. They sit next to each other at school, have a community of apples and marbles, and generally contrive to get flogged together; there being very few pieces of mischief in which both have not taken an equal share. A new face will sometimes give a death-blow

to an intimacy of this description, but in general they subsist unimpaired until the removal of one to some other school, or of both to college.

Sailors are much given to friendships; but they seldom outlive the voyage. Jack has sometimes been known to refuse a berth on board a particular vessel without his old shipmate; but sea-cronies in general shake hands and part whenever they reach their port of discharge, and each looks out for a new Achates. Grog and tobacco are the principal tests of maritime friendship. Jack will give his money to any poor fellow that wants it, and thinks nothing of lending a helping hand wherever his aid may be needed; but if he is out of tobacco, or feels inclined for some grog, his first look-out is for his "particular friend." The old fellow would rather drink with a stranger than drink alone but he gets drunk with peculiar satisfaction, tossing off glass for glass, when he sees Tom, "what sailed with him in the saucy little Nancy."

Young men are less addicted to friendships than almost any other class of rational beings. All the tender and affectionate feelings they have to spare are chiefly bestowed upon the ladies. Nevertheless, you will now and then see a new edition of Damon and Pythias, between twenty and twenty-five. The characteristics are exceedingly variable, depending more than in any other instance upon the disposition and habits of the parties. If they be of a literary turn, you will find them reading the same books, pursuing the same studies, and very often entertaining the same opinions. They are apt to take long walks together, and each makes a point of admiring the other's poetry. Friendship between young men in business manifests itself chiefly in money accommodations; they endorse for each other, and when one fails the other is almost certain to have trouble with his creditors. Fashionable young men dine, sup, drink, and go out riding together, and bet upon the same horses. But friendship in this class of society is more a matter of habit than anything else, and is very seldom professed to such an extent as to attract notice. "My very intimate friend" in the mouth of a young man, is, for the most part, synonymous with "a capital good fellow, always glad to meet him, and know he would do anything in the world to serve me—provided he could do it without trouble."

The intimate friendships of old gentlemen are made up with greater caution, and almost universally have their foundation in some accord of taste or occupation. They form the most numerous class of all; there is the friendship of gourmandery, of money-making, and of politics; of wine, whist, back-gammon, and old pictures; and stronger than all these, the friendship of long association. They are less ardent than the attachments of younger people, but more durable; more difficult to ascertain, but with more safety to be relied on. They display themselves rather in actions than in words, and if broken by death or accident, or disagreement, are much less easily replaced by others.

A NIGHT'S ADVENTURE.

"Hist! hist! are you still there?"

"We are, both of us. Have you seen him?"

"Yes, the wretch! I have tried for the last time to obtain from him—you know what; he received me no better than usual. So now, since extremities have become indispensable, let us proceed as agreed upon. Kirmann, courage, my boy! 'Tis close upon the stroke of twelve; he will then go out; follow, till you see him entering a dark and deserted street, then pounce upon him, hand to wrist, and make him deliver up the objects in question. No pity, my friends! swear that you will have none."

"We swear!"

"'Tis well; I shall be near at hand to watch the result!"

The three individuals thus conversing, did not present the ordinary resemblance to malefactors. One of them, he who would appear to direct the enterprise, seemed to be a good sort of citizen, well clothed, healthy, of honest dimensions, and such a one as you may see every day in any frequented street with a full handkerchief under his arm, or an empty one in his hand. Something observable in the gait, starched look, and apparently disjointed haunches, would lead you to believe that this man employed himself at some very common trade, which, that we may make no mistake, we shall not yet name.

The smaller of the remaining two had one of the most grotesque faces you can conceive. His projecting proboscis trussed up between the eyes, might prove that nature had not forgotten to make some noses for the convenience of spectacles; his mouth was encircled with scanty and large teeth, and add to all this—he was humpbacked. By the unsteady glimmer of a lamp swinging in the night wind, it was not impossible to perceive that the keen sight of the dwarf glanced with delight upon a pistol which he held in his right hand.

The third personage, owing to his physical conformation, partook in some manner of a relationship between his two associates. Gaunt, withered, and cadaverous looking, his left arm raised, as if to point his weapon at the breast of a giant, it gave him no distant resemblance to a gibbet. Ever and anon he was quaking. Was it from cold, or fear? It struck the hour of midnight.

From a house well known in the quarter of St. Martin, slowly poured out nearly a dozen men; the two suborned individuals, ever on the alert, were issuing at intervals, for the purpose of reconnoitering, from the dark alley, which they had chosen for concealment; they were obliged at least twenty times to go back and wait anew. At length they espied the being of their search. It was a kind of fashionsable animal, frizzled, scented, and adopting a

peculiar tie of the cravat. He crossed over to the other side of the street, shivering and humming an air, and was soon lost in one of the narrow cross-roads. He walked on rapidly, as if to avoid coming in contact with another wayfarer, whose heavy footsteps sounded not far off; but changing all at once from the disposition of dread to that of boldness, he suddenly stopped short, and allowed sufficient time for those to come up who were effectually pursuing him.

"Halt! (cries one of them)—money or life!"

"Eh? what? eh?"

"Money, or life!"

And the mouths of two pistols were presented, the one at his hat, the other at the height of his stomach.

"Speak a word and you are a dead man," chimed in two voices.

"For heaven's sake, gentlemen. I have nothing to give you. I possess not this watch, and 'tis a pinchbeck one."

In that case, then, off with your clothes!"

"Do, kind gentlemen, be content with my hat. I have of late made the dearest sacrifices to clothe myself. My poor aged mother denied herself her little earnings to pay for my outfit."

"Liar!—off with your coat, and ne delay, or else —. Ah, to commence, throw away that switch."

"There, then, gentlemen: there is my beautiful superfine black coat and velvet collar; you can get a hundred and twenty francs for it anywhere, if the tailor has not deceived me."

"Now, your vest."

"Would you send me away *en chemise*?"

"Now, off with the rest!"

"Oh! merciful heaven! the sole pair I possess! for pity's sake, gentlemen for pity!"

A peal of laughter answered his supplication, and the same voice continued,

"Away with you, and beware how you look behind you."

The bird so strangely plucked of his plumage, waited not for a second induction. He sped on his course, propelled forward by the fresh morning breeze, and a slight crack of a whip which descended on his shoulders, as he was turning the first corner. He received the following morning by the earliest post a billet, thus penned:—

"Considering you as much a coward as a swindler, I contrived last night to let my two journeymen, Paul and Kirmann, across your path, each furnished with a chocolate pistol. You might have supped off them. I had them pre-

vionally tested by my worthy friend, the commissary of police. You preferred restoring the clothes with which I had furnished you, and for which you had refused paying me; you have done right, for we are now quits. Get angry, if you choose, and receive the felicitations of your very humble servant,

"YOUR TAILOR."

THE KING'S DREAM.

"Is not the morrow Lammas-day?" said King William II., as he sat in his banqueting-hall in Winchester castle, surrounded by his peers and courtiers.

"Even so, my liege (said the abbot of Westminster); and it is a day which our church has commanded all her children to keep peculiarly holy."

"Say you so, reverend father? (rejoined the king;) then Holy Mother Church shall, for once, own that I am a pious and obedient son; for I mean to keep that day most religiously, by chasing the dapple deer in the New Forest from sunrise to sunset."

"Heaven forfend, my liege! (said the abbot, shuddering and crossing himself,) that, by indulging in any profane sports on so solemn a day, you should draw down the vengeance of heaven upon you; a vengeance of which you have had so many warnings."

"Now, by the face of St. Luke, father (said the king,) thou maddest me. How and wherefore have I incurred the vengeance of heaven? is it for not letting a doting old bishop at Rome give away all the mitres and fat livings in my kingdom; and for not praying to St. Peter and St. Paul to intercede for me with our Lord—the first of which I hold to be as bad in politics, as the latter is in religion.

"Dost thou not constantly, (resumed the abbot,) even as thou hast done just now, scoff and rail at our holy religion? Dost thou not plunder the religious houses of their treasure? Hast thou not torn the offerings from the altars, and robbed the chapelries of their holy reliques? Dost thou not at thy wild was-sailings, quaff out of sacramental cups; and are not thy lewd lemans decked with ornaments that were sacred to the holy virgin?"

"Guilty, most reverend father—guilty! guilty, (said the king,) I will but ave the morrow's chace in the New Forest; and then for that and all other y-gone sins, thou shalt shrive me; and the rest of my days shall be spent in pity and penitence. But, come what come may, I must and will hunt tomorrow."

A shout of applause and delight burst from the king's retainers at the determination of their master.

"Heaven pardon you!" said the abbot, and crossed himself.

"Amen! amen!" responded several other ecclesiastics who were seated at the royal table; and the king rising to retire to rest, the revel closed, and the banqueting-hall was deserted by the gay courtiers.

"Rouse me to-morrow by day-break, Walter Tyrrel, (said the king); I will not lose this chance for all the peevish priests in Christendom."

That evening the king retired to his chamber, but not to rest. Daring and reckless as he was, his mind was sometimes startled at his own impieties, and in the solitude of his chamber he had leisure to reflect on the rapacious and tyrannical career which he was pursuing—on the jealousy and discontent with which his subjects in general regarded his rule—and on the power, malice, and wounded feelings of the clergy. That evening, too, some undefined and ill-omened thoughts weighed on his bosom; he started at his own shadow as he paced the apartment with a hurried and disordered step, and shuddered as he heard the owl shriek, or the bat beat its leathern wings against the casement. "What means this weakness? (he said,) am I not king of England? Did not my father's right hand win the crown which he bequeathed to me? Shall the marmars of the hungry Saxon varlets, or the curses of the cowed minions of the bishop of Rome, frighten me from my regal seat? Those varlets must fight the field of Hastings o'er again, and that bishop exchange his triple crown for a casque like this, (taking up his helmet,) ere William Rufus shall quail either at factious discontents or papal anathemas!"

Somewhat calmed by his mental colloquy, and commanding himself to the protection of St. Luke, (a practice which, notwithstanding his vaunted contempt for priests and saints, he never, even for a day, omitted), he endeavoured to compose himself to sleep. His lids fell over his corporeal organs of vision, but his mental sight was more painfully acute than ever; sometimes he fancied himself surrounded by enemies, who with fearful gestures and naked weapons assailed him, while he felt himself chained to the ground, as if by magical power, and unable to move a limb. Once he dreamed that he saw a noble falcon, with a golden crown upon its head, and with a plumage red as his own locks, attempt to soar into the air, when a large white owl seized upon it, and slew as easily as it would destroy a mouse. But the dream which most haunted his imagination was one in which he fancied himself stretched on his back in the midst of a vast forest, with all the veins in his arms burst, and the blood copiously streaming from them. Thrice did he awake from this dream, and as often did it return upon him, each succeeding time with a more vivid and painful sensation of reality than before. At length when the last drop of blood seemed receding from his veins, and the coldness of death seemed invading his heart, he fancied that a voice, dreadful as that of the destroying angel, sounded in his ear, and starting from his sleep he saw the gray light of morning stream.

ing through a latticeed casement, and his faithful retainer, Walter Tyrrel, standing by his bed-side.

" Ha ! good Tyrrel, (said the king,) thou hast awakened me from a weary dream. Methought, Tyrrel, that I lay wounded and bleeding—but paha ! why should I tire thy ears, and torture my own mind by trying to recall a shadow ? the jargon of those cursed monks has bewildered my senses. But what news of the good Abbot of Westminster ?"

" He is in the chapel of the castle, praying that the wrath of heaven, which he says that you are about to provoke, may be averted from your royal head."

" And this is Lammas day ! (said William, not appearing to notice Tyrrel's speech). By St. Luke ! the blessed sun of heaven appears determined this day to be as profane as myself, for he has dressed himself in his brightest beams, and is darting his arrows of light, right and left; and the clouds are speeding away from them, as fast as the deer in the New Forest will flee to avoid my shafts."

" It is indeed a glorious morning, sire, and your faithful servants are in attendance, and your stately charger, Norman, is pawing the ground, and anxious to snuff up the dew upon the green sward in the forest."

Accoutred for the chase, the king descended to the palace gates, where his faithful steed, who uttered a shrill neigh, and pawed the ground in testimony of delight at beholding his master, stood ready, and evidently anxious for the day's sport.

The royal huntsman was preparing to mount, and had one foot in the stirrup, when a barefooted monk, whose appearance betokened the rigour with which he had kept the vows of his order, rushed towards him, and seizing his arm, exclaimed : " Go not forth to the forest to-day, Sir King ; in the name of the Mother of God, I charge ye, go not forth."

" And wherefore not ?" said the king, smiling.

" It is Lammas-day ! (returned the monk); a day which God and good angels enjoin thee to keep holy."

" Nay, reverend father," replied William, " does not the sun shine, and do not the birds warble, and the dapple deer bound in the forest on Lammas day ? and wherefore must the poor king of England be deprived on that day of those pleasures which the Almighty in his wisdom vouchsafes to the meanest of his creatures ?"

" But I have had a dream, (said the monk, solemnly,) a hideous dream ; such as the wise do not see and forget, but ponder deeply and lay to heart."

" A dream ! (said the king : and as he spake the high colour in his cheek faded) ; a dream good father !—but what have I to do with thy dreams ? (he

added, forcing a laugh;) thou art a right monk, I warrant thee, and to procure a piece of money dreamest such things as best suit thy purpose. Marry, and each man to his craft; so give him a hundred shillings, Walter Tyrrel, and bid him dream henceforth of better fortune to our person."

The monk fixed his bright gray eye for a moment on the king, then drew his cloak closer round him, made the sign of the cross on his forehead, and disappeared among the assembled multitude.

"Tyrrel! (said the king, much awed and abashed at this strange interview, but yet gazing wistfully on his huntsmen and archers clad in their forest costume around him, and at his spirited steed now neighing still more impatiently, and seeming to reproach him for his delay); What sayest thou, good Walter Tyrrel?"

"Dreams, my liege, are the voice of God (said Tyrrel); and wise men do not try their truth to their own loss and hindrance."

"Dismiss the train, Tyrrel, (said the king, and sighed); unsaddle roan Norman—we will talk of this anon at dinner; till then, farewell."

The morning wore away heavily until the hour of dinner arrived, when the king and his courtiers were again seated in the banqueting-hall. William's mind was still depressed, as well by the loss of the day's sport, as by the recollection of the friar's and his own dreams, which he could not help thinking portended some evil to him. The Abbot of Westminster and the other ecclesiastics read the thoughts with which his bosom was agitated, and, unwilling to disturb what they considered their salutary influence on his mind, they did not attempt to break the moody silence in which the monarch indulged. The Baron of Mans, Sir Walter Tyrrel, and the other nobles and knights, were infected with the monarch's moodiness, and the banquet passed away in dulness, gloom, and almost silence. By degrees, however, as the cup circulated round the table, the coldness of the king's spirit began to thaw. He listened, not displeased, to the jokes with which his returning gaiety inspired his courtiers, and smiled at the antics of the court fool, whose gibes and jeers had hitherto fallen pointless on his ear.

"By heaven! (said the king), I would that this Lammas-day was well over. Fill me another goblet, varlet. Death! (he continued, throwing away the cup from which he had been drinking, and seizing upon one about double its size); the cares of such a day as this cannot be drowned in an ordinary bumper. (Having drained his goblet, he cried): Where is Eustace Fitzharding, my minstrel? Ha! I crave your pardon, my gentle troubadour. I saw ye not; a song, a song, good Eustace, and let it be a sprightly one."

"My liege, (said the youth,) I was born and brought up in the greenwood, and will try to recall to my memory a lay which I have often heard in my boy-

ish days. Yet 'tis a lay that was chanted among the humblest of the forest tribe, and is scarcely fitted for the ears of a royal huntsman, and of lordly and knightly archers:—

“We are warriors gallant and true,
 But our triumphs are ne'er stain'd with tears,
 For our only war-cry is the huntsman's halloo,
 And the blood that we shed is the deer's;
 And the greenwood tree
 Is our armoury,
 And of broad oak-leaves our garlands be.

“We sleep not the sun's light away,
 Nor shame with our revels the moon;
 But we chase the fleet deer at the break of day,
 And we feast on his haunches at noon;
 While the greenwood tree
 Waves over us free,
 And of broad oak-leaves our garlands be.

“We drink not the blood-red wine,
 But our nut-brown ale is good;
 For the song and the dance of the great we ne'er pine,
 While the rough wind, our chorister rude,
 Through the greenwood tree
 Whistles jollily,
 And the oak-leaves dance to his minstrelsy.

“To the forest, then, merry men all,
 Our triumphs are ne'er stain'd with tears,
 For our only war-cry is the huntsman's call,
 And the blood that we shed is the deer's;
 And the greenwood tree
 Is our armoury,
 And of broad oak-leaves our garlands be.”

“Te the forest, then, merry men all!” shouted the king, rising from his seat. “By the face of St. Luke! we have listened to this puling abbot too long. One of thy chansons, Eustace, as far excells all his tedious homilies as the green leaves and waving branches of the forest do the pitiful gothic tracery with which the dunce who contrived this hall has striven to mimic them. To the forest—to the forest! Saddle roan Norman. Tyrrel, Fitzharding, Bevis—away with us—away!”

The king's obstinacy and impetuosity were such that no one attempted to reason with him, or to dissuade him from his enterprise. Besides, the wine and the song had exerted their influence on his followers as well as on himself, and all were eager to indemnify themselves for the loss of their morning's sport by

redoubled vigour in pursuing the chase in the afternoon. In a very short time the king and his retainers were mounted, and on the road to the forest. Many fearful omens were remarked as the royal party set out, and all who observed them pronounced the king to be a doomed man. Some affirmed that birds of strange nature and evil aspect were seen hovering about his head; and it was said, that as he rode in the full glare of the sun, and while the horse cast a strongly marked shadow on the ground, there was no shadow perceptible of the rider. At length the party arrived in the New Forest, their bugles sounded cheerily among the woods, and they were not many minutes before a noble stag was started.

"Back! back! (said one to the king); he has an evil eye, and his hoofs and antlers are not like those of a mortal deer."

The king heeded not, but setting up a cry of exuberant delight when he beheld the stately creature, he spurred on his steed, and impelled him forward with so much impetuosity, that, with the exception of Tyrrel, none of his retainers were able to keep up with him. In the meantime the deer held on his course untired, through brooks, over hills, and amidst the recesses of the forest, keeping beyond the arrows of his pursuers. At length, however, the king evidently gained upon him; the arrow was fixed to the bow, and with unerring eye and certain aim he let fly the winged messenger of death at the animal. The arrow seemed to strike at his heart, and the king exclaimed, "Laurels! Laurels! I have hit him;" but, to his astonishment, he saw the arrow fall harmless to the ground, and the deer bound along as lightly as before. "By St. Luke! (he said,) 'tis marvellous; my aim never disappointed me before; and lifting up his hand to shade his eyes from the sun, he stood gazing at the hart to ascertain which way he fled, and the nature of his wound. As he was standing in this manner, another hart darted past him with the velocity of lightning. Sir Walter Tyrrel immediately shot at him; but his arrow, glancing from its direction, shot the king in his side, which his uplifted arm had left exposed; and uttering a dreadful groan, the monarch fell from his horse. Tyrrel, immediately dismounting, ran toward him, and saw the pallor of death upon his face. William was unable to utter a word; but putting his hand to the arrow, he broke off that part which protruded from his body, and his head sank like lead upon the earth. One groan burst from his livid lips, one convulsive throb shot through his whole frame, and then the spirit of the red king passed away for ever.

"Curse on my unlucky arm! (said Tyrrel,) and curse on this evil-omened Lammas-day's chase! I have struck cold the noblest heart in England; and should I wait till his followers come up, my body will be made to dangle from one of yonder trees, in reward for my skill in archery. But, gray Lightfoot,

my noble palfrey, (added he, springing on his horse's back,) thou must now exert all thy mettle and thy strength; let but thy heels save thy master's neck, and thou shalt have free pasturage and unbroken rest hereafter."

He sprung through the forest with the swiftness of one of its dappled demis;
and before the king's body was found by his attendants, Sir Walter
Tyrrel was safe on board a bark, which was sailing before the wind for the
coast of Normandy.

NAPOLEON AT EYLAU.

OUR Subscribers from July to the present month are now entitled to the Premium Print representing Napoleon at Eylau. This is the second of a series of beautiful engravings, presented at stated periods, and is in the same style, and uniform with our first. It represents another period of the eventful history of Napoleon Bonaparte. The battle of Eylau was fought on the 8th of February, 1807, between the Russian and French troops, and is generally admitted to have been one of the most vigorous and obstinately contested battles in the history of the war; it was celebrated at Paris and at Warsaw with the usual accompaniments of triumph. The loss of the Russians was stated in the French bulletin at 7,000 killed, 12,000 prisoners, and an equal number put *hors de combat*; besides losing 45 pieces of cannon and 18 colours. The French account likewise stated that the Emperor, neither in this nor any other battle where he commanded, ever lost any of his cannon; but they admitted their loss in killed and wounded to be very severe—one account estimates it at 1,000 killed, and 5,700 wounded, including 1,090 so severely as to be rendered for ever unfit for service; but General Beaumengen estimates their loss at 10,000 killed, 12,000 wounded, and 2,000 prisoners. Among the French were four colonels killed, and five generals and four colonels wounded; amongst the latter were Marshal Augereau, and General Hautpoul, who died of his wounds. The eagle of one of the French battalions, according to their account, was lost, that is, no doubt, was taken by the enemy.

Very different from this was the account of the Russian general, who, in a letter dated on the field of battle, to the Emperor of Russia, states that the French were completely defeated; and that he had taken 1,000 prisoners and 12 standards which he had the honour to send to his Imperial Majesty. He estimated his own loss at 6,000, and that of the French at 12,000.

That it was a hard contested battle there can be no doubt, and that the loss on both sides must have been severe, as the battle was fought by the artillery and cavalry; for twelve hours 300 pieces of cannon were sending forth an iron

shower on the opposite lines. The battle was so hard contested that both parties claimed the victory ; but if we judge from the fact of Bonaparte keeping possession of Eylau for several days after the Russians had retreated, we must decide the victory in favour of the French.

The day after the battle presented a horrid scene of dead and dying men ; over the space of a square league lay the frozen bodies of from 9,000 to 10,000 friends and foes, with those of near 5,000 horses ; in every direction were strewed knapsacks, broken muskets, sabres, cannon-balls, and shells ; and twenty-four pieces of cannon, near which lay the bodies of their drivers, who were killed while endeavouring to carry them off. The sight was made the more conspicuous owing to the ground being covered with snow at the time. Many of the Russian slain were found with the insignia of their orders. To bury all the dead and provide for the wounded was a work of immense labour ; forty-eight hours after the battle there were still upwards of 500 wounded Russians laying upon the snow, whom the French had not been able to provide for, or even to shelter their wounded limbs from the bitter frost ; at last bread and brandy was procured for them, and eventually they were carried to a place of shelter, and their wounds attended to.

Even the hardened breast of Napoleon could not suppress a sigh, while riding at the head of his staff, on the following day, over the field of battle, at beholding the ravage and desolation the demon of war had cast around in a few short hours, destroying the lives of thousands, and filling with sorrow the breasts of tens of thousands of weeping families. Oh ! what rivers of blood have been shed to feast man's ambition.

EFFECTS OF FEAR.

GEORGE CROKATCHI, a Polish soldier, deserted from his service in the harvest of the year 1677. He was discovered a few days after, drinking and making merry in an ale-house. The moment he was apprehended, he was so much terrified, that he gave a loud shriek, and was immediately deprived of the power of speech. When brought to a court-martial, it was impossible to make him articulate a word, nay, he became as immovable as a statue, and appeared totally unconscious of what was going forward. In the prison to which he was conducted he neither ate nor drank. The officer's and priests at first threatened him, and afterwards endeavoured to sooth and console him, but all their efforts were in vain. He remained senseless and immovable. His irons were struck off, and he was taken out of prison, but he did not move. Twenty days and nights were passed in this way, and he gradually sunk and died.

MISTER POPJOY.

(Continued from p. 185.)

In the course of the morning I learnt from the waiter that Mr. De Gray was prevented returning to town by the indisposition of his daughter which had assuaged a character that had obliged them to send for the nearest medical assistance. This news of the poor girl's illness I sincerely lamented, but the fact of the madness seemed at once to have dispelled my passion as quickly as it had arisen. I thought it well, therefore, under the circumstances, that I had written no reply.

Towards evening I was greatly pleased by the arrival of my uncle, who, with some little anxiety visible on his handsome, though sun-tanned features, entered my room.

"Well, Job, (exclaimed my relative, shaking my hand cordially), you seem in reality to have commenced your adventures in earnest. I have ordered dinner to be brought here, when you must proceed to detail at length all the circumstances connected with your present situation. Do you really, Job, feel much hurt?"

"Very sore and very stiff, indeed, uncle. I feel just as if I had been pounded to a jelly."

"Ah! I know the feeling, my dear boy (said my uncle); I remember just having had the same feelings, only the occasion was materially different. When a boy, with some others I was frequently in the habit of bathing in a forbidden stream that ran very near our school. The miller, who was the owner of the river where we bathed, was enraged to the highest degree at our frequent audacity, inasmuch as it was a source of complaint to his family and their friends, the ladies in particular, who were obliged to pass along a path close within view. It happened on one unfortunate day, induced by the heat of the weather, that, careless of repeated warnings, I undressed myself, and stepped into the pool, as we called it, at the same time not intending to swim out or expose myself to the view of the miller or his friends. In the water, with a fine open space before him, it is a difficult thing for a swimmer to resist plunging forward. I unfortunately did plunge forward, and, pleased with the refreshing coolness of the water had quite forgotten both the 'miller and his men,' when they were forcibly recalled to my recollection by a shout or growl of execration; and, looking round, I beheld the sturdy proprietor himself, who had cunningly taken a circuitous path and come plump into possession of my clothes, thus being literally bereft of bag and baggage."

OCTOBER, 1847.

" You d—d young scamp, I've got you now," exclaimed the miller, flourishing a thick stick with a look of infinite satisfaction.

" I had no recourse left me but to entreat fair usage. I might as well have petitioned a post. The fellow affected to be going off with my kit; I was obliged, like a river god, to leave my cozy bed and follow him, when the rogue determined to make up for former misdemeanors, and taking me boldly at disadvantage, laid on so barbarously that I was scarcely able to move out for a week afterwards. That occurrence, though it gave me an idea of what a sound thrubbing was, also taught me an essential point in military matters, never to suffer myself to be outflanked, for fear of suffering in the rear.

Shortly after my uncle had concluded the waiter brought up dinner, in which meal I managed to join him. As soon as the things were taken away, my uncle ordered cigars and whiskey. After making two glasses of most aromatic flavoured jamb, which was his favourite beverage, he handed one to me, assuring me of its sovereign virtue as a splendid digestive, especially when accompanied by a fine old flavoured havannah cigar, which latter, however, being hitherto quite unaccustomed to, I declined.

" Now, my dear Job, for the whole particulars of your story; keep nothing back from me," said my uncle, adjusting himself very gravely on his chair.

Desirous of informing him of every particular, I at once went through the short journal of my narrative and its consequences.

" It is a most unpleasant affair, Job, and that's the fact (said my uncle when I had finished); I can't think for the soul of me how you could be led astray by such a wild-goose step with a sheer bedlamite—pretty though she might be—and then with this young fellow, her brother; if you could only have managed to have left a few marks about him in return for his numerous favours, the thing might have passed off; but as it is to fight about nothing, for it amounts to that—it's a great pity—though I used to do the same thing myself at your age—but the opinions have changed, Job, wonderfully on the subject of duelling within the last thirty years or so. Have you ever practised with the pistol?"

" Never!" I replied.

" Humph! And, pray, what kind of a fellow does your opponent appear to be?" inquired my uncle.

" A regular fire-eater (I replied), judging from his note."

" Let me see it."

I handed him the brief epistle, which he proceeded to read; but when he came to the signature, I observed a visible change in my uncle's manner.

" Robert de Gray—Gray (he muttered); is he a tall handsome-looking fellow?" inquired my uncle, anxiously

"To the best of my belief he is," I replied.

"Devil take me, Job, if you have not got into a disagreeable mess; the fellow is a lieutenant in the —— dragoons, and a regular candle-snuffer—this must be looked to."

As my worthy relative spoke, he rose upon his legs, and commenced pacing the apartment to and fro, leaving me by no means in a very pleasant state of mind from the nature of his intelligence. Truth to say, I began to wish I had been somewhat less hasty in sending my message.

"Suppose he is a shot, uncle (I exclaimed, in a feeling of desperation)—at four or six paces his shooting won't stand him in much stead."

"B——n, Job, there's hopes of you, though they have tried to spoil you at home (said my uncle, with a kindly feeling, as he walked up to the bed and shook my hand)—there spoke the blood of a Killwell—that would have been my speech. But, Job (continued my relative), you've lost your chance of equality by the laws of honour—paradoxical as it may seem—by having become the challenger; he can claim the usual and established usage in these matters. No, no; I have met this youngster two or three times in town, and I must endeavour to make his friend hear reason."

I don't know exactly how it was, but I had got into low spirits, and my kind relative employed himself in endeavouring to dissipate it, which none could better do, by a variety of laughable stories; and we did not part until a late hour.

On the following morning, after breakfasting together, my uncle at once proceeded to act on my behalf, by waiting upon Mr. De Gray, junior, and who referred him at once to a captain in the same regiment with him, who had arrived that very morning.

"They seem as obstinate in this matter as a couple of boys desirous of exhibiting their newly-fledged valour, to make a stir among the ladies in country quarters," observed my uncle, as he entered my room and took a seat.

"When is the meeting arranged, then, to take place (I enquired, with a slight feeling of trepidation at heart.)—Although I am a little sore or so, I feel much better to-day, and am quite ready."

"That's right, Job, you've a good spirit (said my uncle, evidently pleased at my seeming alacrity); however, you may rest quiet till to-morrow. I have a little bit of a letter to write, boy, to your mother, about some business (said my uncle, and sitting down, he proceeded to fill a sheet of paper, fold and seal it, then looking at his watch, which he had placed upon the table, he said—

"I am going out, Job, for half an hour. Good bye—affend no one—but don't forget the family spirit on the mother's side, boy."

With these words, and a warmer pressure of the hand than usual, my uncle

strode from the apartment, leaving me somewhat affected and surprised by his parting address.

I was not long, however, suffered to muse upon these, as the waiter, who had hitherto attended upon me, came running into the room in a state of considerable alarm.

"Oh, sir, the gentleman who came to see you—"

"What of him?" I exclaimed.

"He's gone out to fight a duel with Mr. de Grey, the gentleman who beat ——"

"Good God! (I exclaimed, starting from my bed in a violent emotion, for now the whole truth at once flashed upon my mind)—give me my clothes quick—run for a constable—yet, stop, help me on with my things—which way have they gone?"

Almost beside myself with anxiety and fear for my kindred's safety, I huddled on my clothes with all possible haste, and with a long-woollen night-cap dangling from my head, and having only one boot on, the waiter having pointed out the direction the party had gone across some meadows, I rushed down stairs, flew past the wondering waiters and people of the inn, who, believing me mad, sprang out of my way with the alacrity they would have used in avoiding an infuriated bull. But onwards I hastened, reckless of the cries and shouts raised behind me, in the direction pointed out by the waiter.

After flying across two or three meadows, I looked in vain around for the objects of my search, when suddenly a sound of voices on the other side of a high hedge that separated me from an adjoining meadow, drew my attention, when, looking through a gap, I beheld the tall person of my uncle facing that of my late antagonist, each holding a pistol, and apparently only waiting the signal, while a third gentleman stood some twenty paces away from them, holding a white handkerchief in his hand.

"Are you ready?" exclaimed this gentleman, who was acting as umpire.

"Hold—help—murder—don't fire—it's my battle—wait till I come!" I shouted at the top of my lungs, as I rushed at the gap in the hedge, and scrambled through it with the loss of half of my night-gown, which, having my trousers unbraced, had been dragged entirely forth by an envious thorn.

"Good Lord, what's the meaning of this—here's a comical fellow," exclaimed Mr. de Gray, bursting out in a roar of laughter at my appearance, as I threw myself before him and my uncle.

"Ha! ha! ha! did you ever see such a sight," exclaimed my antagonist, fairly reeling with laughter.

"Never, by heaven—ha! ha! ha!" exclaimed his friend, laughing in concert until the tears came into his eyes.

" May the devil fly off with me, if it's not you, Job (exclaimed the Major, with difficulty composing his muscles) ; surely, boy, you've gone croxy."

" I should be croxy to let you fight my battle (I exclaimed) ; I'll fight my own duels."

" You fight?—ha! ha! ha! (yelled my late antagonist, almost hysterical with laughter)—pray, who are you?"

" You ought to be the last person to forget," I exclaimed, in indignant tones, endeavouring to assume an air of dignity which only brought redoubled peals of mirth, in which, to my shame, I beheld my uncle, after keeping his countenance as long as he could, join in the general convulsion.

" Very well, gentlemen—this is all very well (I exclaimed, for I felt myself getting in a rage at such cavalier treatment) ; bruising a gentleman one day, and ridiculing him the next, is by no means a joke, in my opinion."

" Was it you I struck?—possible!—was it you?" enquired Mr. de Gray.

" It would be useless to conceal the fact (exclaimed my uncle, repressing his mirth by a great effort, and assuming an air of dignity and command)—this gentleman is my nephew, who sent you, Mr. de Gray, a challenge; I really believed him incapable of attending to this business himself at present, and I, therefore besides, having other reasons, especially knowing you were a shot, was desirous of occupying his place."

" Devilish handsome, Major (exclaimed the young man); but, pardon me, Major, your nephew does so much resemble, at this moment, a clown, that, I beg your pardon, I cannot help laughing; besides, he has left half his shirt behind on the hedge."

Another peal of merriment issued so loud and long from the lips of the humourists, that I fairly thought they would never cease; for what with my naturally comical features, heightened by the effect of my white night-cap, the streaming fragments of my late night-gown, and my feet exhibiting only one boot, that, as my uncle afterwards informed me, it was impossible to resist a cachinatory convulsion. I was deeply angered, however, at the manner in which I was treated, and begged, in an indignant voice, to take the pistol and ground of my uncle.

" I won't fight you, sir—I won't fight you, sir—I couldn't if you had done me the greatest wrong," exclaimed Mr. de Gray.

" But it is you who have done me the wrong," I exclaimed, as he was about to go off again in a giggle.

" Well, if it was you I struck the other night, I really am sorry for it (exclaimed the young man, frankly), for I am certain (he continued, with difficulty restraining another fit of laughter) you are the last man to play the ' gallant, gay Lothario.' "

" Well, I am glad (exclaimed the umpire) this serious looking business is so amicably settled."

" But stay a moment, gentlemen, if you please (said my uncle, stepping forward with that dignity he so well knew how to assume)—there must be no feeling approaching to disrepect towards my nephew. It is alone owing, gentlemen, to the fact of his having discovered that I was about taking his place in this matter, and being desirous of taking that duty upon himself, that induced him to struggle out of his room in this state."

" Well, I honour him the more for it (exclaimed my late antagonist); and I do from circumstances fully believe that he meant no disrepect to my poor sister."

" Well, gentlemen, that is quite enough," said my uncle; and as, after this acknowledgment, I could not carry the affair any further, I was obliged to appear satisfied, although every bone in my body ached. The next day my uncle and I took our departure, and I never again saw my first love.

(To be Continued.)

CUPID'S BOW

A winged child I found one day
Within a summer bower,
His bow unstrung beside him lay,
Enwreathed with many a flower.

He wept—and I in pity sought
His bosom's grief to know;
Some power, he cried, a spell has wrought
And spoil'd my faithful bow.

My useless shafts, on tallous hearts,
Now scarcely heeded fall;
And all the pain their wound imparts,
Is cured by play or ball.

* * * * *

I saw the child again—in flight—
And loud the urching laugh'd,
As from his bow, new-strang and bright,
He sent a glitt'ring shaft.

I asked the reason of his glee,
And thus the cause he told:
" My arrows now unerring flee,
I've strung my bow with gold."

THE LOCUST.

Onward they came, a dark continuous cloud
 Of congregated myriads numberless,
 The rushing of whose wings was as the sound
 Of a broad river headlong in its course
 Plunged from a mountain summit; or the roar
 Of a wild ocean in the autumn storm
 Shattering its billows on a shore of rocks.—SOUTHEY.

MR. PRINGLE, in his entertaining "African Sketches," gives the following account of these singular insects and their ravages:—

"Those destructive insects had made their appearance in this quarter of the colony in the preceding year (1824), being the first time they had been seen since 1808. They continued to advance from the north in 1825; and in 1826 the corn crops in Glen-Lynden were totally destroyed by them; and during 1827, 1828, and 1829, they extended their ravages through the whole of the northern and eastern districts of the colony. In 1830, they again disappeared. Their inroads, according to the best accounts I could obtain, appeared to be renewed periodically, about once in fifteen or twenty years, and generally continue for several years at a time. The locust of South Africa is not the same with the Asiatic, but a distinct species, to which Lichtenstein has given the name of 'gryllus devastator.' The swarms which infest the colony appear to come originally always from the northward, and are probably bred in the vast deserts of the interior, north and south of the Gareep or orange river. In coming up Glen-Lynden, we passed through a flying swarm, which had exactly the appearance as it approached, of a vast snow-cloud hanging on the slope of the mountain, from which the snow was falling in very large flakes. When we got into the midst of them, the air, all around and above, was darkened as by a thick cloud; and the rushing sound of the wings of the millions of these insects was as loud as the dash of a mill-wheel. Lichtenstein has used the very same similitudes in describing them. The ground, as they passed, became strewed with those that were wounded, or had wings broken in the flight, by coming in contact with their neighbours. But those formed but a trivial portion of the whole enormous mass. The column that we thus passed through was, as nearly as I could calculate, about half a mile in breadth, and from two to three miles in length. Much larger columns are frequently seen. The following details are chiefly extracted from a paper transmitted to me the preceding year by Captain Stockenstrom, for our South American journal. 'The flying locusts, though often seen in such numbers as to obscure the sky, when they are passing, and to destroy luxuriant fields of corn in a few hours, are less dreaded by the farmer than the larvæ, devoid of wings—vulgarly called by the colonists footgoers. On

the approach of the flying locusts, the husbandman, if the wind be favourable, kindles fires around his fields, and raises a dense smoke, which will probably prevent them from alighting. But the younger, or jumping locusts, no such slight obstacle will check in their course ; and a powerful stream alone, on the side they approach, can save the crops of the agriculturists from their ravages. Stagnant pools they cross, by the leading multitudes being drowned, and forming a bridge for those following : even the Orange river is crossed, where it flows calmly, by their myriads, in this manner. In the same manner fires are extinguished by the incalculable numbers which precipitate themselves on the flames in succession, and which, by perishing, provide a passage for the rest. Their numbers are, indeed, so inconceivably great, that the inhabitants regard their approach with the utmost dismay, as involving not only the destruction of their crops and gardens, but often, also, of the entire pasturage of the country ; in which case the farmer has no resource but to hasten from the district, where they have " devoured every green thing," in order to search for a precarious subsistence for his flocks in such parts of the wilderness as they may have missed in their migration. Failing to find such privileged tracts, his flocks must perish. The locusts usually begin their march after sunrise, and encamp at sunset ; and unhappy the husbandman on whose fields they quarter themselves. If their halting-place happens to be in the neighbourhood of a farm-house, the inhabitants frequently endeavour to destroy them by driving flocks of sheep and cattle to the spot before the sun rises, in order to trample them to death ; but unless the number be comparatively inconsiderable, little benefit is derived from such efforts.'

" The flight and swarms of locusts are usually followed by immense flocks of birds, which subsist entirely on those insects and their larvæ, and which Captain Stockenstrom says somewhat resemble the Cape mountain-swallow. I did not see any of those birds myself, but Mr. Barrow has described them as a species of thrush, about the size of a common skylark. This bird is called by the colonists locust-bird ; it is never seen in the colony except in pursuit of the locust swarms, which it follows in countless flocks, and builds its nest and rears its young in the midst of its prey. ' Not only the locust-birds,' says Captain Stockenstrom, ' but every animal, domestic and wild, contributes to the destruction of the locust swarms ; fowls, sheep, horses, dogs, antelopes, and almost every living thing, may be seen devouring them with equal greediness ; while the half-starved bushmen, and even some of the colonial Hottentots, consider them a great luxury, consuming great quantities fresh, and drying abundance for future emergencies. Great havoc is also committed among the locusts by their own kindred ; for as soon as any one of them gets hurt, or meets with an accident which impedes his progress, his fellow travellers nearest to him immediately turn upon him and devour him with great voracity.' "

THE CONFESSIONS OF A FELON.

(Continued from p. 156.)

" You are staunch, Chevalier, or twenty years' unremitting study of character is lost upon me (said my fair companion.) But, before I speak further, you must swear, *by my oath*, to keep my secret."

With these words she reached down a bible.

My brain was on the rack to acquire the promised mine of wealth, and following her in the utterance of one of the most appalling oaths that tongue ever repeated, I awoke endless misery to my soul if ever I betrayed the secret with which she was about to entrust me.

" And now (I exclaimed, almost wrought up to frenzy), speak it, Baroness."

She answered me with a peculiar smile ; walking to the door of the boudoir, she touched a spring bolt, which secured it ; she then walked before a splendid looking-glass, of which there were several with gilt framework let into the tapestry.

" This is a fine glass, my dear Chevalier—is it not?" she exclaimed, as if taking a survey of her stately and finely-rounded figure.'

" The reflection is worth a million glasses (I observed, as I kissed her hand)—but the secret—"

" Will soon be disclosed." Saying which, she pressed upon the gilt moulding, and to my infinite astonishment the glass swung slowly round with the wainscoting, disclosing a narrow dark aperture with a flight of steps.

I had started back in astonishment. " What is the meaning of this ?"

" Follow me, and see ; you are expected." Saying which, the Baroness bade me follow her, which I did down a long and narrow flight of thick carpeted steps through a passage which was immersed in cimerian darkness. At length I heard, the faint tinkle as of a distant bell. The next moment a flash of light glimmered like lightning in the darkness. It proceeded from the opening of a door, through which I followed the strange woman before me.

I found myself now in a low, vaulted, windowless chamber, rendered almost intolerable, in consequence of a furnace in the corner, as well as from two lamps whose brilliancy far greater than day. But what principally struck me were two men, who sat at work at a large oaken table. Each wore a mask, which seemed hastily adopted for the occasion, but I did not notice that the hands of either of them, instead of being like that of common men, were both fine and white, and were evidently not used to coarse

On our entrance they both turned round and silently saluted me with their heads, as though they had been prepared for my presence.

"I have brought you," said my conductress, "a valuable accession to our association, gentlemen."

"He is welcome," exclaimed the slighter of the two men, in a voice which my quick ears identified as closely resembling that of a young artist whom I had frequently observed at the lady's soirees. As he spoke he shook me by the hand. There was then another oath administered by the Baroness, which she read from a paper handed her by the taller of the two men, in which all joined, and in which all swore by the most sacred and solemn of obligations to be true to each other, and in case of treachery to visit with death the offender against the general safety.

"Now, gentlemen, are you satisfied," said the Baroness.

"We are," was the reply, and throwing off their masks, I beheld before me the young artist previously mentioned, and in the dark brow, glittering eyes and unbending features of the other, Carlos, the lacquey!

"He is not what he is deemed, though it has suited well our purpose," said the Baroness, reading, in a glance, my thoughts.

At the same moment the Italian flung back part of his coat, and exhibited an order of knighthood.

"I came prepared for this. Perhaps Monsieur would like to read my diploma," and, as he spoke, he tendered me a parchment.

"Enough, enough (I exclaimed), I am satisfied; but the means of wealth—the secret which we have all so solemnly sworn to preserve for two years—what is it?"

"It fills the apartment. Behold," said the Baroness, and lifting a piece of green baize, my eyes became rivetted upon piles of silver and gold, together with heaps of bank notes.

I had, indeed, suspected, and now knew that I was linked—enrolled by a most damning oath—as one of a band of forgers. As the conviction of the fact, and its deadly chances, rose to my thoughts, I sunk, with a fearful apprehension, back upon a chair; when the fierce heat of the apartment acting upon my excited mind, I fainted. When I recovered, I found myself in the boudoir of the Baroness, who was assiduously engaged in rubbing my temples with *eau de Cologne*.

"My dear Chevalier (^{had} observed, as I opened my eyes), your nerves are weaker than I had imagined. You've alarmed me, and frightened our colleagues."

"Whence is this blood," I exclaimed, pointing to several drops on the frill of my shirt.

The Baroness looked confused.

Placing my hand quickly to my bosom over the region of my heart, I felt a slight puncture; it was still wet with the blood that had exuded. A wild suspicion flashed across my mind. "My life (I exclaimed) has been endangered."

The Baroness bit her lips as she answered. "My dear Chevalier, you alarmed Carlos, but it is past; I am more vexed than I can possibly tell at what has occurred. He is somewhat over-zealous for our general safety, and was hasty. Let me place a small piece of court plaster on that bosom I would protect with my life; but you seem faint—pardon me, dear Chevalier."

Saying this, she touched a painting in the tapestry, when a panel slowly swung open, and disclosed a tray, laden with the most sumptuous cold viands and wines, and which she proceeded to place on the table before us. Then, taking a place beside me on the sofa, and tenderly pressing me to partake of some refreshment with her, she proceeded, in all her blandishments, to unfold to me the nature, extent, and ramifications of a plan of fraud, directed at two governments, so deeply laid, so ingeniously contrived, that I heard her with astonishment, while my heart bounded in the feeling of almost certain safety.

She marked the impression she had made upon my mind, and with a proud exulting glance, exclaimed, "Am I a sorceror now?"

"*Vous êtes un ange,*" I exclaimed.

"But think me so for two years, Chevalier, and we shall be happy," she said, placing her white and jewelled hand upon my arm.

Miserable infatuation! I felt in a Circcean bower, with enchantment around me, and already certain of obtaining unlimited wealth, and in the ecstasy of my emotions worshipped in no measured terms the fascinating goddess of fortune before me.

When I left the house of the Baroness, it was towards the approach of evening, and as I passed by some of the servants in the hall, I almost started as I beheld Carlos in his livery among them. With his usual appearance of polite indifference, he preceded me to the door to usher me out. I felt in my heart that I could have shot the miscreant dead, as I beheld him with the selfsame unconcerned air as usual make his *congé* as I departed from the house.

The details of my story have already grown upon my hands, and the tenacious memory of guilt has clung pertinaciously to particulars which, if continued, would fill volumes. I must be brief; the chilly night wind that rushes through the nigh glassless windows, sounds like the moaning of the damned, and half freezes the blood in my veins, while I again seem to live o'er the dark records of the past that have consigned my soul to perdition.

* * * * *

My life became one mad excitement. The success of our frauds became

almost boundless as our desires. Furnished and practised in the use of the most extraordinary disguises, I passed at different times over Europe with all the speed of wings furnished by wealth, and bearing back with me the heavy proceeds of my success, was received with open arms by the Baroness, and more than satiated with caresses. Our other two colleagues united to shower down their plaudits upon my happy efforts, and I already felt the full value of my agency, without which their efforts were of little avail.

Thus eighteen months flew swiftly on. Vain, confident, and proud of my address, I already felt tired of the *gage d'amour* under which the Baroness would have detained me by virtue of my oath for two years. Detesting the rash oath of fidelity to her person, and backed by wealth, I became but too successful a wooer among the beauties that had occasionally met my eye in both France and England. My absence continued at times somewhat longer than usual, and excited uneasiness and suspicion. Nay, I believe that my route oftentimes, rapid as it was, was tracked by that arch fiend Carlos himself. On one occasion of my return the Baroness openly reproached me with my infidelities, until, indignant at her pertinacity, I asserted my right, and sneered at the oath she had made me take, as the dictate of a jealous woman's mind, and reminded her that it was unconnected with our compact of fraud. I perceived, indeed, that I had deeply touched her feelings. For a moment she walked to and fro in her boudoir, where our private interviews generally took place, until having, with her usual extraordinary command of her feelings, cooled her passion, she stopped opposite to me.

"Rash, shallow man, (she exclaimed,) and so your vanity has led you to believe your oath of fidelity to me is unconnected with our other tie. Hear from my lips the assurance that I loved you not but as a toy, and would still have caressed you to soothe those feelings which, if absorbed by another, threatened death to our confederacy. In the tumult of love—the madness of passion—what man ever yet could keep to himself even the bosom secret upon which his safety depended. You were young and passionate, and I necessarily dreaded some Delilah—but as for my love for you——"

A bitter and revengeful laugh filled up the pause her words had left, far more expressively than language.

While my vanity sunk under this avowal, I could not but admire the depth and subtlety of mind of this mistress of the human heart. I perceived that I had violently offended her, and hastened to make atonement by acknowledging the truth of her observation as applied in general, and after having promised, if she would again receive me into favour, to swerve no more, I succeeded in pacifying her, and we parted apparently the best of friends.

Still there was a lurking fear in my mind of treachery. I had become but too

true an adept in the school of fraud to trust to appearances, and I regarded with a feeling of more than vague suspicion the supposed suicide of my predecessor, the Count, who had been discovered with his brains blown out. As the Baroness appeared to increase in her attentions to me, so did I become more doubtful of their sincerity, and in several of the latter councils we had held, there was a snake-like glare in the Italian's glance as he regarded me, when he thought himself unobserved, that boded me no good. One, indeed, of the three, the young artist, I felt I could trust. Though linked in a deed of iniquity, originating less in a love of affluence and dissipation than actual want of the necessities of life, there was an open-hearted sincerity in his demeanor that still gave me a feeling of something like security in trusting my person among them in the singularly contrived intricacies of the house.

About this period, however, a paragraph in a foreign newspaper not a little alarmed us. It proceeded to state, "that it was supposed that the extensive and admirably-executed forgeries that had for so long a period been disseminated throughout Europe, were, from some circumstances only known to the French police, believed to be fabricated in the heart of Paris."

But what most of all, perhaps, created an alarm, was a discovery which the glowering eyes of Carlos had made, that a secret agent of the police had been introduced to the house, in the person of a dashing-looking cavalier. This individual, while pretending to mingle in the gaiety which the Baroness's house presented, had been observed by the Italian to watch every passing movement of the Baroness in a lynx-like observation. Desirous if possible of ascertaining if the Italian had not been deceived, I entered into communication one night at a *soiree* with the object of Carlos's suspicion. I was not a little induced by curiosity as well as interest. But there was an appearance of open-hearted frankness about Monsieur Goquet, as he was called, with so little of mystery and disguise in his manners, that I could not but come to the conclusion, as the other in the course of conversation detailed the events of his past life as a soldier, that the suspicions of the Italian were unfounded. That evening I left the house early, having an engagement to sup at the house of a celebrated *danseuse*. On leaving the house of the Baroness, as usual, we exchanged a secret pressure of the hand, that bespoke our mutual good feeling towards each other. It was in the depth of winter, and the night was cold and boisterous, while it was sufficiently late for most persons to have retired to bed. I had just stepped into the dark corner of a narrow street which conducted me by the nearest path to my hotel, when the sound of a footstep made me draw aside, at the same moment that a pistol was discharged close to me by a man muffled up in a cloak. This discovery, indeed, of the assassin, I made by the brief flash of the pistol, while felt at the accompanying moment of time somethin' strike my hat. Active and

determined in an instant, I drew a small pistol from my breast, and rushing, on, guided by the sound of steps, I caught a full glance of the ruffian's figure, as he turned the corner of the street, and fired at him. A heavy curse rang in my ears, and led me at first to imagine I had not fired in vain, but he successfully continued his flight, and was soon lost in the darkness of the night.

When I arrived at my hotel, I perceived the narrow escape I had of being shot, as the bullet, no doubt aimed at my head, had gone through the centre of my hat, and even part of my hair. With a lurking suspicion in my mind that Carlos was the assassin, I resolved on the next day to endeavour to solve my doubts at once.

It was earlier than usual when I directed my carriage towards the house of the Baroness. I confess I looked upon it as a somewhat strange and suspicious circumstance, seeing Monsieur Goguet strolling about in the immediate neighbourhood, in company with an elderly man, at a spot where they could just command a view of the entrance to the house without being observed themselves. This circumstance aroused my suspicions, and I even contemplated directing my drive elsewhere, but the fear that timely warning might not be given, determined me at once to go to the house.

Being admitted instantly, as usual, I found the Baroness in her dressing-room. She appeared somewhat surprised, and remarked on the earliness of my visit.

"I have a particular reason for calling, Madame—where's Carlos?"

The Baroness changed colour at the mention of his name.

"He is unwell, I am sorry to say."

"What is the matter with him?" I inquired.

"He will answer your inquiries himself, shortly, my dear Chevalier (said the lady); but you seem excited."

"It is nothing (I said)—only an attempt at murder."

"Murder!—who—which—what do you mean?" said the Baroness.

Fixing my eyes upon her agitated countenance, I narrated the attempt that had been made upon my life the previous evening.

"It is strange—strange, indeed (she exclaimed). Your suspicions, I see, point at Carlos; he did not leave the house last night. But tell me frankly, my dear Chevalier, do you not visit privately at the Marchioness de Mire?"

I started at a secret which I had believed known but to one other person besides the lady.

"She is notoriously jealous and vindictive," said the Baroness, her countenance expressing an exultation which she could not entirely conceal at my confusion.

"I see, Madame, you are well supplied with intelligence," I observed, with some vexation.

"To be sure I am; and you are an inconstant and faithless swain (said the Baroness). But I sincerely rejoice at your escape from the vile hands of assassins. Your death would have made me miserable indeed."

This last observation was uttered in a tone of feeling that for a moment induced me to doubt the justice of my suspicions. I thanked her by some hollow compliments that rose so ready for the occasion.

"Come, come; we perfectly understand each other without compliments (uttered the lady). Chevalier, you can scarce have breakfasted, and must take chocolate with me—I have much to confer with you upon. A brilliant discovery has been made by Mallet, that promises an increase of our success; it is without exception a most extraordinary invention he has made with respect to his plate; but I cannot rest until I shew it to you—*allons mon cher.*"

Saying these words, the lady, after bolting the chamber door and lighting a wax taper, tripped with more than usual alacrity to the moving glass, and touching the spring, the secret staircase presently displayed itself. Leading the way, that I might not tread upon her dress, I stopped at the door of the work-room where the forgeries were usually executed.

"Not there, my dear Chevalier (said the Baroness, in a low voice); you have not yet seen all our subterranean wonders."

We had, indeed, now passed two flights of stairs beyond the work-room, and had passed from the carpeted stairs into a narrow flight of stone steps, while the damp air that rose every minute threatened to put out our light.

"Whither, my dear Baroness, are you going—why the deuce does Mallet try his experiments so far down in the earth?"

"The fumes from the arsenic he uses could not be borne elsewhere (said the Baroness); but here we are at his gloomy chamber at last. For heaven's sake don't let the light go out, Chevalier, or I do not know how we shall get back."

As she spoke, we stopped at a small and heavily studded door, which, like all the secret contrivances in the house, appeared to yield to a spring she touched.

"Have a care, my dear Chevalier, how you go down the steps; they are three in number."

The door had swung open, disclosing a pitchy darkness. Shielding the light with one hand, and the Baroness immediately behind me, an indefinite feeling of suspicion had just flashed across my mind, when the Baroness gave me a sudden push from behind that dashed me down a flight of steps upon the damp earth of a dungeon, at the same moment that the light being extinguished, the door closed to with a clashing sound.

"Perfidious wretch! (exclaimed the Baroness, in a loud and exulting voice, through a small grating that I afterwards discovered in the door)—you have

heard your death-warrant in the sound of that closing door. My revenge is terrible as your base and broken oath."

In that astounding moment of horror, my prudence of mind did not entirely forsake me. Springing up from the ground, I rushed up the steps. I already heard her retreating footsteps, when, madly throwing my hands over the surface of the door, I felt the grating through which she had spoken, and in despairing accents shouted—

"Baroness—for God's sake!—one minute's conversation!"

She evidently heard me—my heart appeared to leap with a feeling of hope, as her steps approached my dungeon, and in all probability my grave.

"Well, fool, what is it that you would say?" she exclaimed.

"Do you, indeed, mean me to perish miserably thus?" (I said). But no—no!—it is merely to alarm me—you have not the heart to do so black an act."

"Indeed!" she replied.

"No, no—you could not—dare not."

"Deceive not yourself; you escaped Carlos's bullet, but will not escape me—you have spurned my love, and betrayed it—and your fate is sealed!"

There was a horrid calmness in the tone of her voice that sent each word like a stiletto to my heart and brain, and that induced the big drops of perspiration to stand upon my brow.

"But your own safety (I urged)—I have been seen to enter your house, and when missed, shall be demanded at your hands."

"Idiot—you know me not!—let them search the house for you—(and a low fiendish laugh bespoke her feelings of security).—To gratify your further feelings (she added)—the weight of our united guilt, if detection be near, shall be placed upon yourself alone; and circumstances already invented in my mind shall be so made to appear that you have buried your guilt in the Seine."

At hearing this, I groaned aloud in my anguish; the sense of my desolation at once overpowered me, and I broke out into the most piteous lamentations. Her fiend-like nature seemed to gloat upon my misery; she remained in silence at the door for some minutes. Again, my ears drank eagerly on the half-stifled sound of her voice.

"Chevalier, I am disposed to grant you one favour, and one only."

"Name it, I implore you, Madame," I exclaimed in the ecstasy of a momentary hope.

"I will furnish you with poison to end your sufferings."

I heard her, and the bitter thirst of vengeance rose even greater than my sufferings. I had a small pair of pistols about my person, without which I never moved, and the thought of shooting her through the grating struck my mind

I was already fumbling for them in the bosom of my coat to execute my purpose when the fiend in human form spoke.

"Adieu, mon cher Chevalier; you will see me once again—to-morrow—for the last time."

I listened breathlessly, and heard her departing footsteps die away in the distance of the narrow passage. Oh, God! what I endured in rage, agony, and remorse, can never be told. I cursed and prayed almost in a breath. After these tempests of passion were over, I proceeded to grope about my dungeon, in the solitary hope of discovering some barred-up door or window that might offer a chance of escape. My search, however, was ineffectual. The damp and clammy sides of the walls alone met my hands, and I felt certain that I was doomed to perish in one of the lowest dungeons of the house, where my vain cries of despair could possibly meet no human ear. Distracted and miserable, one wretched consolation in my distress presented itself. I was armed, and could at least put a period to my sufferings, and so be saved the miserable and lingering pangs of starvation. To add, if possible, to my distress, I found the dungeon infested with rats and other vermin, that destroyed all hopes of rest. When night came I know not, being in Stygian darkness. The pangs of hunger and thirst too began to excite my coming appetite.

At length Carlos came to pay me a visit, taunting me like a fiend; he presented me through the bars of the little wicket a small packet, which, with a sneer, he gave me to understand had been sent as a last mark of regard from the Baroneess, who was too much engaged to see me herself. Strange to say, I had already cocked one of my pistols and fixed it at the bars and was about to pull the trigger, as I received the paper from the miscreant, when a sudden thought of my own safety stopped my hand.

Assuming suddenly [a feeling of desperate resolution, I bade him tell the Baroneess that, notwithstanding her infamous cruelty, I was still thankful for the potion she had sent me, as it would end my sufferings that were already growing intense.

"It is right that you should be grateful, (exclaimed the villain, with a chuckling and malignant laugh, sounding through the bars). But the rats will have most reason to be grateful, for you will die in a little better condition for them than if you lingered."

"Villain, here goes to escape your longer cruelty!" saying this, I made a noise with my mouth as if I had swallowed the powder.

"I hope you find it to your palate, monsieur," exclaimed the wretch.

I replied by a deep groan, partly natural and partly assumed, and pretended to be in great suffering; having, however, taken care to have both my pistols cocked in my hands, [in the hope that, considering me in a dying state, he would

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open the door. For the present, however, I found my stratagem of no avail, as after listening at the door apparently for several minutes, I heard him move away. When he had left the spot, I felt, indeed, as if my last solitary chance had departed. The chill damp of despair stood upon my brow. Once more I made a vain feal round the stone walls of the vault that seemed destined for my grave. Thoughts the most terrific crowded fast on my brain. I had previously, at different periods, shouted and screamed myself hoarse, and I now felt as if my brain was on fire, while a burning thirst parched my tongue. I had sat down upon the stone steps, and was already thinking of putting a speedy end to my sufferings when I heard the sound of approaching steps together with the faint gleam of a light through the bars. In a tumult of mingled hope and despair, I instantly proceeded to put in practice my previously concerted design and laid down by the side of the steps, pretending death, while my pistols, ready cocked in my hands, were concealed partly under my clothes. I had scarcely time to make this arrangement when the steps stopped at the door, and I heard a half whispered conversation between the Baroness and her infamous accomplice, Carlos.

"If he took the whole of the powder (she observed), he must be certainly dead by this time; I never knew it fail."

"Pooh, (said her companion,) I have known some constitutions stand against these powders for days together."

"You had better hail him," said the Baroness.

"Chevalier, what ho! most puissant chevalier!" exclaimed the miscreant Italian, aloud.

But I laid immovable, until I feared that the throbbing of my heart would be heard.

"You're quite right, Madame, your powder has effectually done his business, (said the Italian triumphantly.) Besides endangering us by his gaieties, he was getting by far too knowing and too consequential, so that it's well he is disposed of."

"Poor rash fool! to dare my vengeance, (exclaimed the Baroness.) You must bury the body to-night, but first of all I am particularly anxious to obtain any papers he may have in his possession; they may be useful."

"Rest quiet for a moment and I will get them (said the bravo, opening the door and descending the steps). Ah! here is my proud gentleman, that returned my fire by giving me this wound in my arm. Here he lies, stiff enough. We shall have no more of his crowing. Your despised passion is satiated, and my vengeance ——"

"Never mind any remarks, quick with the papers, (said the Baroness, as she descended two or three of the steps, holding a small lamp in her hand, so that it threw its light on my person.)

"The gentleman doesn't stand on such punctilio, now, as he used to," said the Italian, stooping over me, while he was in the act of thrusting his hand into my pocket.

At that instant of time, with a maniac shout of hope and vengeance, I shot him through the head with my right-hand pistol; then making a rush from under him, I succeeded in seizing with a frantic grasp the retreating figure of the Baronesa, as with an appalling scream, she was in the act of closing the door upon me. It was her clothes that I had caught in my hands, which, however, effectually prevented her succeeding in her design of shutting the door upon me. With the sudden strength inspired by the love of life, though weak from want of sustenance and opposed to a powerful woman, I soon managed to dash open the half-closed door, and sprang upon her with all the ferocity of a tiger.

"Devil! she devil! (I exclaimed,) who's the conqueror now?"

"Wretch! that is to be proved," exclaimed the Baronesa, freeing herself from my grasp by a powerful effort.

(*To be Continued.*)

THE HOTEL ON FIRE!

"WELL," said I to myself, getting into the diligence to go from Havre to Paris, "a pretty day I will have of it, to be crammed from sunrise till sunset in a jolting prison, face to face with a parcel of folks I have never laid my eyes on before!"

To tell the truth, I was in a mood for grumbling, and on looking at my companions I saw nothing to soften it. They were well dressed, to be sure, but there was a general air of coldness, distance, and restraint, that promised badly.

"What are we waiting for?" I inquired, rather pettishly, of the conducteur.

"Only for Colonel Aubin, and it wants a few minutes of the time. Ay, yonder he comes."

Hardly was the word said, before a genteel, elegantly-formed man, in a military dress and a blue Spanish cloak, made his appearance. In spite of large black eyes and mustachios, the smile on a handsome mouth with ivory teeth, indicated habitual gaiety and good humour.

"Ah, gentlemen, (said he, looking round on taking his seat) I am glad to see we are full. A diligence is a dull affair, which nothing can make tolerable but good company."

My blue-devils took flight in a minute. The officer had made his remark in

such a pleasant tone that it seemed immediately to banish the reserve and awaken the kind feelings of every one, and the next moment we were as merry as if we had been over a bottle of champagne. The colonel was the life of the party ; witty and easy, at the same time well-informed and polite.

The diligence rolled on rapidly, and as we suddenly turned round a hill that overhung the river, one of the passengers cried out—"There is Caudeback ; what a beautiful landscape !"

In a moment every eye was directed through the windows and fixed in admiration. It was, indeed, a lovely prospect. The valley below, swelling in gentle undulations, was covered with wheat and rye fields in their tenderest green, and far away rose lofty hills in softened blue. Not a fence or hedge-row broke the wide-spread sea of verdure, but here and there wooded spots with lofty trees lay like islands, and white cottages sprinkled over the scene shone like so many distant sails. Just at our feet glided on the river, broad, still, and silvery, which, here making a bend, enclosed most of the valley in its semicircle. The day was one of the sweetest to give effect to picturesque beauty ; clear, without being dazzling, with a few light, white clouds now and then skimming across the sun, and varying the tints of the landscape beneath. Our handsome officer, who had hitherto been the life of the party by his wit, intelligence, and good-humour, sunk back in his seat, with his hand passed over his eyes.

The diligence rattled on through the town, ascended the hill beyond, and entering a road, bordered on either side by formal rows of apple-trees, the beautiful landscape disappeared behind us. Once, and only once, as our lumbering vehicle was passing through the town, the officer looked hurriedly out of the windows, and convulsively shrinking back, resumed his former position. I know not how it was, but his sudden and incomprehensible taciturnity seemed contagious. From being as gay as a wedding-party, we became as grave as the attendants of a funeral. The officer was the first to break the silence, and, by his conversational powers, our former hilarity was soon restored.

"And now, Monsieur l'officier, (said a passenger) if I be not too bold, pray tell me why you were seized with such a fit of the blue-devils—you, 'the gayest of the gay'—just when every one else was enraptured with the finest view on our route?"

The officer's countenance fell, but he immediately regained an appearance of composure.

"I have no reason, gentlemen, (said he) to make any mystery ; and perhaps my involuntary conduct requires an explanation. I was in that town once before, and the sudden mention of it brought to memory one of the most eventful and awful scenes of my life—one which I cannot even think of now without shudder-

ing. I would detail what, after five years, has lost little of its original intensity, did I not fear of tiring you."

We all earnestly begged him to proceed, as we well perceived it was no ordinary circumstance that had produced such enduring effects on one of his temperament.

"Five years ago, then, (said the officer) as I was on my way from Paris to Havre, to join my regiment, the diligence, in passing through Rouen, took in an old gentleman and his daughter, whose whole air and appearance bore the stamp of birth and education. I occupied a back seat, and as they entered, I alternately offered it to both of them; but they declined, coldly, though politely. The other seats were filled with young officers, destined for the same place as myself. They were all strangers to me; yet, as there is a kind of freemasonry among military men, conversation soon became general and unrestrained among us. The father and daughter seemed alone excluded from the common gaiety. It was not until after perhaps an hour, that I bethought me of the want of good feeling, not to say of politeness, in making these two individuals feel that they were the only strangers. I addressed some few indifferent words to the old gentleman, who replied readily and freely, and we soon got into a steady and interesting conversation. He now, of his own accord, requested me, as a favour to exchange seats, as riding backward affected him. This change brought me alongside the daughter, not a little to my wishes, you may be sure, as I was gallant to all the sex, and especially to those having any pretension to beauty. I had not distinctly seen my fair fellow-traveller, on account of her veil and bonnet; but a fine form, and glimpses of sparkling black eyes, and a lovely complexion, were quite enough. Never in my life did I use so much exertion to render myself interesting, and never with less success. She always answered me intelligently and politely, yet so very briefly, that after several attempts I desisted, and renewed my intercourse with the more sociable father. When we arrived at the hotel, in the town we have just passed, we officers agreed to sup together. The father and daughter withdrew to their apartments. Our supper was prolonged until pretty late in the night; but, as we had to depart at the break of day, we at last separated to get a few hours' repose. Whether it was the fatigue of the journey, mental excitement, or the effect of an extra glass, I know not, but I felt no inclination to sleep. I took books out of my trunk, novels, travels, and poetry, but all to no purpose. My eye glanced over the pages in a kind of vacuity, that left no distinct impression on the mind. I looked out at the moon, and paced up and down the room with a vague feeling of impatience and unhappiness, for no assignable reason. It was so very still that the ticking of my watch struck me with a distinctness so painful that I stopped it.

"While in this state I was startled by a voice quite near me, which I immediately knew for that of my fair fellow-traveller, warbling exquisitely, in a soft under-tone, the beautiful air 'Nel Corpo,' from the opera of Idalide. For a moment I experienced a thrill of satisfaction that a human being was awake, and so near me. On examination I found that there was a door between my room and hers, apparently long nailed up and disused. Two or three times I was on the point of tapping, and of conversation, but the utter impropriety and indecency of such conduct at often struck me. As I was impatiently ruminating, she commenced in the same *sotto voce* the song from 'Trilby Lutrim,' 'Ecoute.' I listened till she had concluded the first verse. Then taking up the tune, I sang, loud enough for her to hear, the second verse, where Trilby replies to Jenny. Her voice immediately paused, and after a few light footstamps and gentle movements, I heard no farther noise in her chamber. I listened long and eagerly, and then reflected with compunction that I had taken an unwarrentable liberty in breathing one accent to a strange lady in her bedroom.

"It must have been very late, when, wearied more in mind than body, I threw myself without undressing on the bed. As for sleep, I had no expectation of it. I did sleep, however—a sleep I shall never forget. Frequently I was awaked by sudden starts, and when I slumbered again I was surrounded by strange forms and faces, that stared frightfully at me, and shouted in my ear. My dreams eventually assumed greater distinctness on my senses. I seemed to hear tumultuous voices, the roaring of drums, the ringing of bells, and occasionally peals like thunder: I felt oppressed by the glare of light. Even now, I am conscious of having suffered much in the throes of that deep and feverish sleep. A noise like thunder, and a violent vibration startled me from my uneasy couch, and I sprang on the floor; I looked around me with half-scattered senses; my dreams still continued, for I heard the shouts and screams of hundreds of voices, the drums rolled their alarms as on the eve of battle, numerous bells clanged forth their jangling notes, and the room glared red with rapid flashes, as if illuminated by the burstings of a volcano. Accustomed to danger, I soon collected myself; I approached the window, and saw that the town was on fire, and that the conflagration was raging around the very spot where I was sleeping. It was the blowing up of a house in the vicinity that had suddenly aroused me. The wind blew high, and the flames, rolling on in broad sheets, were spreading from house to house. My hotel was evidently burning. It may well be supposed that I did not gaze long: I rushed toward my door, but at the very moment I recollect the lady near me. I paused—I confess it—but it was only a pause—whether I should not save myself. 'What, leave a helpless woman! never!' I knocked violently at her door; this was not a time for ceremony—I tried with all my strength to force an entry; but in vain: the door resisted my utmost ef-

forts. Meanwhile the light became more and more bright, and the noise of the crowd increased below, as if nearer and more numerous. I sprung to my door, and found it closed; I remembered well locking it before going to bed, and taking the key out, but had utterly forgotten where I had put it. After attempting to burst it open with my foot, I essayed with a chair, and then a table, till both were shivered into fragments, without so much as shaking the solid fastenings. I relaxed my exertions, exhausted and bathed in perspiration. Once more I went to the window to try and ascertain my exact situation. I discovered that the conflagration was rapidly hemming me in, and that they were actively plying fire-engines, and now and then blowing up houses to try to arrest its progress. As I could see by the light that the street below was crowded with people, I determined to call for assistance. The window-sashes closed by a construction that I did not understand, and my efforts to open them were unavailing. In my impatience I dashed both hands through the panes of glass, and though severely cut by them I felt no pain at the time. The smoke poured in so dense and hot through the aperture I had made, that I had to retire; but reaching the window a second time, I called loudly for aid. Amid the clamour of voices and the roaring of the flames, a cannon could scarcely have been heard. I hallooed till I was aware that it was in vain, and the stifling vapour drove me from my position.

"The room began to be oppressively hot, and the floor parched my feet. I had faced death in a hundred battle-fields, and feared it not; but to die thus amid excruciating and protracted torments! I sank down on my bed in despair. The black smoke that had dashed against my window was now mingled with gushes of dark red flame, that shivered the remaining panes, and covered the room with a murky cloud. 'Good heavens!' I exclaimed, 'it is all over! I have nothing to do but die like a man.' My eyes, irritated by the vapour, were filled with tears, and I could no longer distinguish objects; my body was scorching, and I panted for breath, inhaling, at every respiration, a poisoned atmosphere. At this time a loud splash rattled through the shivered panes, and I was deluged with a shower of water. The fire-engines were playing on the house, and the streams had penetrated my chambers. By the sudden effusion of cold water, I was restored to life, and with it to hope. The air of the room was more clear and refreshed. Once more I arose, resolved to make another effort at preservation. I seized the tongs and poker, and tried to force back the locks of the two doors. My strength seemed to increase with my desperation. I toiled till the skin was rubbed from my before lacerated hands, and they were bathed in blood. It was all useless, and hope died thoroughly within me. Almost fainting, I staggered back against the wall. In that position saw my reflection in a large Psyche, and in spite of my absorbing situation, I was appalled at my appearance. M

eyes were haggard and blood-shotten, my hair, bedewed with perspiration, hung in lank spikes, my lips were black and parched, and the pallidness of my skin was frightfully contrasted with spots of soot, and streaks of gore from my bleeding hands.

"What I have related was but the events of a few minutes, but hours seemed compressed in the hurried thoughts and rapid action of that horrid period. The consummation was rapidly approaching. A wooden portico covered with tin, just under my window, had long resisted the furious element, and had been kept below ignition by the engines; but at length, overcome by the intense heat from the neighbouring houses, it spouted up in a pyramid of fire, that was borne by the wind, with whirls of smothering smoke, immediately into my room. My lungs were so overcome with the heated and deleterious air, that I felt choked; my head swam round, and my knees were sinking under me. I remembered to have heard that there is always in such cases a layer of pure air near the floor, and I threw myself on my face. In fact I did breathe more freely there. I listened for human accents or movements in the house, but heard none. All at once the noise of the crowd below subsided, and from the few occasional shouts through speaking-trumpets, I understood that the house was about to be blown up. I almost felt relieved to think that this would speedily terminate my dreadful fate. While thus extended on the floor, my eye caught the door-key near me. I remembered afterwards having hung it on a nail just above, from whence it had fallen. A ray of hope rushed into my mind. I seized the key and gained the door; but the dense, sulphurous medium into which I rose, overpowered my exhausted frame. I reeled round, and fell senseless. I only remember that as I sprang from the floor, it seemed to me I heard something like footsteps and voices, and that as I fell a loud crash rang in my ears.

"How long I lay insensible I know not. When I recovered I found myself on a bed in a handsome room, a gentleman in black, who I afterwards discovered was a physician, close by me, and several servants around. As soon as I moved, he begged me to remain quiet, and, indeed, I had no other inclination. I felt as if there was scarcely force in me to inhale or expire my breath. I had aching in my limbs and a soreness along my veins, especially in my arms; but the worst of all was a most insufferable nausea. The burns were inconsiderable. My head was bathed in Cologne water, leeches applied to my chest, and iced water given me to drink, till finally the irritability of my stomach was allayed. It was, however, three days before I was restored to anything like comfort. Even then I was as weak as a child, but the disease was conquered. I had made many attempts to question my attendants, and they had as often positively refused to talk with me. When they saw me really convalescent, my queries were satisfied. How had I been saved? Who had thought of the stranger.

when every one was intent on his own safety and that of his property? Who but woman, weak, timid woman, who, careless to the impulses of ambition, perils all when she can serve humanity? My lovely neighbour had been awakened by her father a few minutes before, and hurried off to a place of safety. As soon as the inmates of the hotel were assembled, and she saw that one was missing, that I was not there, she beseeched the firemen, the landlord, the officers, her old father to save me. They declared with one voice that the attempt was useless—madness. Hardly had her father left her to look after his trunks, when again she begged and implored the firemen, until moved by her tears and a full purse, two of the strongest and most resolute offered to go. But who was to show them the way? Before the question could well be asked, she rushed before them, while a scream was heard from every one near her. She led the way to the room she had so lately occupied, now almost as dark as night with smoke. The firemen recoiled till they saw her still press on. A sturdy blow from their axes, and the door flew in shivers. A fireman rushing in, raised my lifeless body on his shoulders, while at the same time his companion had to catch up and bear off the heroic girl, who had sunk on the floor the moment she had seen my prostrate form. ‘And where is my preserver?’ I exclaimed, when I had heard the history. ‘She is in the same hotel where you are at present, (said the physician); but with her delicate frame, her convalescence cannot be as rapid as yours.’

‘The first use, you may rest assured, that I made of my returning health, was to visit one to whom I owed everything. With my ardent gratitude, I should have been fascinated had I found her less beautiful or less amiable: as it was I found her an angel. I will not tire you with the details of what may seem to you a mawkish love-story of common romance. Suffice it to say, that awful night, which still makes my blood run cold, made me, what I still am—a happy husband.’

WEDDING RINGS.

THE singular custom of wearing wedding rings, appears to have taken its rise among the Romans. Before the celebration of their nuptials, there was a meeting of friends at the house of the lady’s father, to settle the articles of the marriage contract, when it was agreed that the dowry should be paid down on the wedding day, or soon after. On this occasion there was commonly a feast, at the conclusion of which, the man gave to the woman a ring as a pledge, which she put on the fourth finger of the left hand, because it was believed that a nerve reached from thence to the heart, and a day was then fixed for the marriage.

LONDON FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH.

We are now fairly entered into the *demi saison*, a time that, if it does not afford much novelty, gives us perhaps a greater variety of costume than any other part of the year. Bonnets are still for the most part those of summer, but with this difference—that some of the very lightest kind disappear daily; thus those of openworked fancy straw are now scarcely ever seen. Rice straw is not yet laid aside, but generally speaking the majority of these bonnets are trimmed in an autumnal style. We have recently seen some decorated with shaded orange ribbons, the shades varying from the deepest to the palest shade of orange; the ribbon was arranged in a twisted rouleau round the bottom of the crown, and a *chou* with floating ends on one side, and a tuft of autumnal flowers in very striking colours was placed on the other. The contrast between the snowy whiteness of the bonnet and the full hues of the ribbons, is, in our opinion, rather showy than elegant; but it is fashionable, and in that magic word everything desirable is comprised. We must not forget to say that the interior of the front is trimmed at the sides with orange *tulle*, arranged in a very light style. Another kind of garniture is composed of violet velvet arranged in full clusters of *coques* on each side, and small roses of a deep shade of red in the interior of the brim.

Bonnets of Italian straw are in a good many instances trimmed with velvet, and still more with feathers and ribbons shaded in full colours. Silk bonnets—we mean those of *poult de soie*—have increased in favour, particularly those of a full shade of pink, trimmed with black lace, and those of drab either drawn or *bouillonée*; the latter, trimmed with ribbon to correspond—to which in some instances flowers are added—will, we are sure, retain their vogue for promenade quite as long as the weather permits.

Lace and muslin mantiles, scarfs, and shawls, are nearly if not quite laid aside; it is true that black lace scarfs lined with silk, and even black lace shawls of a very large size, are still occasionally, but very rarely, seen in carriage dress, but never in the promenade. Barege shawls continue to be fashionable; and cashmere scarfs, which—except in the very hottest weather—were always adopted, are now very extensively seen. Black *moire mantelets* of a very large size, so fashionable during the spring, have entirely resumed their vogue; but we have no alterations to notice either in their form or trimming, the latter being composed of either *passementerie* or black lace: talking of *passementerie*, we really think the inventions of the manufacturers of this kind of garniture are

inexhaustible. They have already produced several new patterns, and we have reason to believe that these trimmings will be just as fashionable during the ensuing autumn and winter as they were last year, indeed we may say during several years past.

Some *Visites* of a novel kind have appeared in carriage dress. We may cite as the most remarkable some of tea green *poult de soie*, half wadded and lined with pink sarsenet. They are made a little larger than those adopted in the spring, have sleeves of a half length, and with a second front, which, buttoning to the throat, allows the fronts of the *Visite* to descend somewhat in the heart form. The trimming is composed of swansdown; it encircles the *Visite* and the sleeves; the under front fastens in the centre with small fancy silk buttons. We have reason to believe that swansdown will be a good deal employed for trimmings during the autumn. Some years ago it was very fashionable, and always preceded the introduction of the different kinds of furs used in winter, it was also an early spring fur, a season for which its great beauty and delicacy makes it peculiarly appropriate.

Promenade robes are now almost invariably composed of silks; the pelisse form still continues its vogue, but as yet we do not find any actual novelty in the make of dresses. A new material composed of silk and wool, somewhat resembling poplin, but of a slighter kind, has just appeared. We have seen it in pomona green, deep blue, and a rich golden shade of brown. These dresses are always made in the robe form; the *corsages*, quite high and close, have the front trimmed with *effilé* disposed en V, from the point of the shoulder to the waist; the *effilé* has an open-worked braiding of a new kind, and each point of the V is ornamented with a fancy silk button. Long tight sleeves, with cleft *mancherons*, rather deep, and edged with *effilé*. Some robes have the skirts made without trimming, others are decorated with festooned flounces.

Robes de chambre have now entirely displaced *peignoirs*, but they are not, like the latter, worn after the early part of the day. A good many are composed of *mousseline de laine* printed in large showy patterns, mostly of the Turkish kind; they are lined with sarsenet, generally of one of the colours of the robe; the under-dress is always of muslin.

There is as yet little change in the materials for evening or dinner robes; they are still of a light kind, but silks, that is to say *poults de soie*, and taffetas, are more seen than muslins and tarlatanes, although the latter, particularly India muslin, is still in very great vogue, and we have reason to believe will continue to be so for some time. We may cite among the muslin robes most in request, those embroidered *au crochet*, and lined with pink or blue taffeta. They are generally made half-high,

some with long sleeves tight at the top, but demi-large, and drawn full at the bottom ; others have the sleeves demi-long, finished with lace à la *Maintenon*. In the latter case the front of the *corsage* and skirt is frequently decorated with lace disposed à l'*échelle*. Several taffeta robes are plaided in very large patterns, either blue and white, or cherry and white ; the *corsage*, rather more than half-high at the back, is drawn full in front on the shoulder, and crossing at the waist leaves the top open on a richly embroidered *chemisette*. Short sleeves over long ones of the clearest muslin arranged in *bouillonné* by very broad embroidered *entre deux*. Summer colours still predominate in evening dress and for bonnets, but Pomona green and dark shades of grey are beginning to appear in the promenade.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH.

Our fair Parisians, whether at the spas or their country seats, are beginning to occupy themselves with their autumnal toilette ; little, however, is yet known on the subject, for no decided change has yet taken place. The balls at the *Chateaux* and watering places are more numerous and brilliant than ever, and it is only from the orders which have been despatched to Paris that we are enabled to ascertain what changes will take place during the autumn in out-door dress.

First, then, there is not a shadow of doubt that the Cashmere will enjoy the honours of the season. These beautiful shawls, of the very largest size, and with new patterns in brilliant colours, will, we have reason to believe, nearly, if not quite, supersede every other *pardessus* during the beginning of the season. Those with deep blue or orange grounds, with patterns of the Turkish kind, or in rosaces, will be most in request for the first style of public promenade dress and morning exhibitions ; black grounds, with rich patterns, are likely to be more adopted for general wear. But while the weather continues warm and fine, the China crape shawls, of which we have formerly spoken, and Cashmere scarfs, will decidedly predominate, but their vogue will not, in all probability, extend beyond the beginning of November, while that of the Cashmere will increase every day.

Crape *chapeaux* and those of *paille de riz* still retain their vogue, but the former are seldom seen except in carriage dress. The latter are still extensively adopted for the public promenade, but those trimmed with lace or *tulle* are less seen than usual, feathers, shaded in full colours or autumnal flowers, being substituted. We have reason to believe that satin *chapeaux* will be a good deal seen before the end of October. Some rose and gold coloured ones have already appeared ; the trimming of the

first is composed of black lace, intermixed with roses of three different shades of red, and rose coloured satin ribbons figured in black; the others are decorated with ribbon to correspond with the *chapeau*, and feathers of the same hue, but tipped with flame colour.

Barege robes are still seen in the promenades, but those of silk greatly predominate. The *redingote* form is preferred. Close and open *corsages* seem in equal request; the latter, indeed, have lately been most predominant, and this is, we believe, occasioned by the extreme beauty of the *chemisettes* worn with these dresses; the embroidery, indeed, is so exquisite as to be, in some instances, more expensive than lace. No change has taken place in the trimmings of robes, but we observe that *ruches* predominate for *redingotes*, and that for dresses made in the robe form the number of those without trimming at the bottom increases daily. We have heard that it is positively intended to diminish the width of skirts in the ensuing season, but this has been so often said within the last four seasons, that we shall never announce it as a fact till we have actually seen the change take place. Indeed, even then, we could hardly be sure that the change would continue, for we recollect, nine years ago, one of our most celebrated *couturières* did actually commence the reduction of skirts to a moderate width, but she was speedily obliged to abandon the experiment, and since then they have continued to increase so enormously as to be very unbecoming, even in tall women, while those of an under size, particularly if they are inclined to be stout, have really the appearance of Dutch dolls.

Evening and ball dress displays at this moment a great degree of taste in a simply elegant style. We speak, of course, of the toilettes adopted at the spas or the country seats of our *élégantes*, for it is to them we must look—Paris being now entirely deserted. India muslin, taffeta, and *poult de soie* are the materials for the evening robes. Those of muslin having the *corsage* half high, drawn full at the bottom of the waist, and forming a little the V at the top. The sleeves reach nearly, but not quite, to the elbow; they are easy but not wide; those of the under dress, which is always of white or coloured taffeta, are tight. Some of these robes have the skirts trimmed with two or three embroidered muslin flounces, and the sleeves and *corsage* with lace. Others have the *corsage*, sleeves, and border of the skirt, embroidered in the finest coloured worsted, generally in one colour only—green, rose, or blue.

If the robe is *poult de soie*, or taffeta, the *corsage* is à la *vierge*, with short tight sleeves. The skirt is trimmed with several narrow scalloped flounces, if the material is striped or plaided; but, if it is a shot or plain silk, the garniture is composed of four or five rows of *effilé* to correspond.

This trimming is broad, and the open heading is very beautiful. If the dress is flounced, there is a lace *berthe*, and a fall of lace to the sleeves. If trimmed with *effilé*, the sleeves are usually decorated in the *mancheron* style with the same, and a row of narrow lace stands up round the bust.

Taffeta and tarlatane are the materials for ball robes; the former are always of very light colours, as pale pink, azure blue, or a very light shade of green. The *corsages* are very low, and the sleeves extremely short. If there is only a single skirt it is generally trimmed very high with *ruches*; they may either be of crape, or of the material of the dress. If there are two skirts, they are usually trimmed with lace flounces. In the first case the *berthe* and sleeves are trimmed with *ruches*, in the other with lace.

Tarlatane robes usually have *corsages à la grecque*, and the short sleeves hooped high in the Grecian style. They are always made with two or three skirts. We have seen some of the former, with the second skirt bordered with a narrow wreath of flowers or foliage; others of three skirts, each festooned in large round *dents*, with pink or blue silk. A third style, and, in our opinion, a very pretty and rather novel garniture, is composed of a cockle shell wreath of *ganze* ribbon; it is of the most transparent kind, and in beautiful colours.

Small lace caps, or demi-coiffures composed of a lace lappet and flowers are the head-dresses in evening costume. Those for balls are either flowers or ribbons; generally speaking they correspond in some degree with the trimming of the dress. Some autumnal colours are beginning to mingle with the light hues of summer; aventurine, some dark shades of grey, and ruby, are seen both in morning and half-dress, but orange is the only full tint admitted in evening costume, and then only for trimmings.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

No. 1.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

Lavender *gros d'automne* robe: a high close *corsage* covered by a heart pelerine, which descends in deep robings down the front of the skirt; the pelerine and robings are bordered with flat fancy trimming, disposed in festoons, and surmounted by black lace put full on the pelerine and flat on the robing; a double row of fancy silk buttons ornaments the centre of the dress. Sleeves a three quarter length, and moderately wide, with deep turned up cuffs—cambric under sleeves. Italian straw *chapeau*, a round brim, the interior trimmed with half wreaths of orange flowers, and ribbon figured in two shades of orange; the exterior is decorated with ribbon, a large flower, and a black lace veil.

No. 2.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

Muslin robe; a high *corsage* arranged in full folds, and demi-large sleeves surmounted by bell *mancherons*, trimmed with four tucks. The skirt is decorated with a succession of tucks reaching nearly to the hips. *Ceinture* of green ribbon with long floating ends. Rice straw *chapeau*, a small shape lined with pink crape, and trimmed with pink ribbon, and a bouquet of pink and white shaded marabouts. Cashmere scarf.

No. 3.

DINNER CAP.

Composed of English lace, and trimmed with a pink satin *fanchon*; pink ribbon, and small tufts of flowers placed between the lace.

No. 4.

EVENING BERTHE.

Composed of two rows of *point d'Angleterre*, and a heading formed by a *ruche* and a row of narrow lace. Breast knot of orange ribbon.

No. 5.

MORNING CAP.

A round shape of *tulle*; bordered with Valenciennes lace, and profusely trimmed with light green ribbon.

No. 6.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

Violet *poult de soie* robe; a high close *corsage*, and sleeves a three-quarter length over sleeves of muslin *bouillonné*. The skirt is trimmed with two deep black lace flounces. *Mantelet* of the same silk, very full trimmed with black lace, it is arranged *en revers* on the front. The *chapeau* is formed of an intermixture of bands of green ribbon and rice straw; it is a close shape, and rather a large brim. The garniture is a dark green velvet ribbon.

No. 7.

MORNING DRESS.

Muslin open robe over a high dress of the same; the latter has the *corsage* quite high and embroidered, as is also the border of the skirt. The robe, opening *en V* on the *corsage*, is trimmed, as well as the front of the skirt on each side, with a fold edged with narrow lace; a broad pink ribbon is run through it. The *ceinture* corresponds. Long sleeves with cuffs *en saute*. Lace cap, a very small shape, trimmed with ribbon, the ends edged with lace.

No. 8.

DEMI TOILETTE.

Pink *mousseline de soie* robe; *corsage en gerbe*, opening on a lace

guimpe; short sleeves trimmed with three rows of lace. The skirt is decorated with three flounces, each edged with lace; *ceinture* of pink and white cross striped ribbon. Head-dress of hair.

No. 9.

DINNER DRESS.

Grey lilac taffeta robe; a low *corsage*, deeply pointed at bottom, and round at top; it is trimmed with a *berthe* of two folds scalloped at the edges. Short sleeves, terminated by a scalloped *volant*. The skirt is decorated with two very deep flounces to correspond. Cap of *tulle blonde*; a very small round open shape; the garniture is composed of roses of different hues, and pink ribbon.

No. 10.

HALF DRESS CAP.

Composed of *tulle*, the head piece is entirely covered with *ruches*; the garniture is composed of a band, rosettes, and *brides* of pink gauze ribbon.

No. 11.

EVENING CAP.

Of *point d'Angleterre*, trimmed with yellow ribbon and white flowers.

No. 12.

DINNER CAP FOR HALF MOURNING.

Composed of French grey *tulle*, edged with white lace, and trimmed with *tulle brides*, rosettes, and a *ruche*.

No. 13.

SEA-SIDE DRESS.

Pea-green barege robe, a high *corsage*, entirely *bouillonnée*. Long sleeves, demi-large, and terminated by three rows of *bouillonnée*. The skirt is trimmed with a succession of tucks, reaching to the knee. Pale pink *poult de soie chapeau*, a long and rather close brim; the trimming is composed of pink ribbon, and a white *tulle* veil. Scarlet cashmere scarf, the ends embroidered in white, and finished with white and scarlet fringe.

No. 14.

SEA-SIDE MANTELET AND ROBE.

Pink striped foulard robe, trimmed as is also the front of the skirt with a row of pink ribbon, *à la vielle*. Long tight sleeves, lace collar, and ruffles. Blue satin mantelet, lined with white sarsenet; the back part is rounded and deep, the scarf ends wide and rather long; it has a rather large hood, and the entire bordered with three rows of black velvet ribbon.





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THE LADIES' CABINET

OF

FASHION, MUSIC, AND ROMANCE.

ALARMS OF A BACHELOR.

It must be an extraordinary thing to have a wife. Not that a married man is an extraordinary thing; but the certainty of being married must be extraordinary. To behold your Eve at last in the sweet wilderness of the world, to feel that you are no longer alone—to look down upon a group of lovely children—those little angel resemblances—those blooming responsibilities—those flattering miniatures—ourselves uncorrupted, unwrinkled, rejuvenized, sleeping while we watch, smiling while we weep, pure while we sin, living when we die, and preserving our very identity from the maw of death.

"Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face:
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his:
This little abstract doth contain that large,
Which died in Geffrey; and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as high a volume."

I could never read that passage without pitying a bachelor, and beholding in perspective a dozen "little abstracts" at least, climbing my chair, and peeping from behind the curtain, and yet I never married. I am a hardened, hopeless, obtuse Benedict, knocking about the world at random, an uncared for creature, thrust into the worst room, and put off the last on all occasions. The young women draw themselves up cautiously when I approach; and as I am but a younger brother, upon five hundred a year, which I can never make more, but which I have several ways of making less, the more aspiring mothers get their chickens under their wings from me, as a hen gathers her brood when a hawk hovers over the barn yard. London, that "dear, distracting town," I have long ago abandoned, and made Travelling my bride. All those four quarters of the globe which I could scarce find with my finger at school, I have now trodden with my foot. I have lived to weary of Smyrna and Egypt; I am sated with reminiscences of Greece among her broken temples; I went for excitement

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from Rome to America, and after tasting the hospitality of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, I came back yawning to Paris.

"The dence!" I said to my friend Rider. "How?" replied he interrogatively.

"Life is a box—or—or—ore," yawned I. "It is a bliss," said he.

"I am always wretched," said I. "I am perfectly happy" said he.

"It is constitutional," said I. "Pooh!" replied he.

"Heaven help me," said I. "You must help yourself," said he.

"I want excitement," said I. "You want a wife," said he.

I looked him full in the eyes.

"Will you do me a favour?" asked I, earnestly. "If I can," said he.

"You are married, are you not?" asked I. "I am," replied he. "Thank heaven, I am."

"Then tell me (cried I) as you love me, *how* is it?" "How is *what*?" asked he.

"Marriage (replied I). Are you, really and truly, all things considered, happy?" "By Jove (said he), I am."

"Candidly?" "As I am a man."

"Enough (said I), I'll think of it."

"At eleven, precisely!" said I to the concierge.

A bow and a scrape, and a "oui, monsieur," was my reply, and I mounted the interminable steps of the Hotel de la Terrasse, to the quatrième, au-dessus de l'entresol, to pack.

The Paris houses are four, five, six, seven stories high. Then there are elegantly furnished rooms "plus haut!" up stairs.

The entresol is a division between the stories; a low, dark, horrid place. So a regular Paris hotel may be said to be fourteen or sixteen stories high. The steps and halls are either of polished bricks or of marble, tessellated by squares of black and white. You must commence the ascent slowly.

The concierge, or porter, is a person who, with his family, lives in a box of a room at the entrance, by the front door, (a huge, double gate, like that of a walled town,) to answer strangers, receive cards, etc. There he is all day and night, watching through a hole in the wall, like the aperture through which the ticket-vender sells tickets at the theatre. You enter the hotel from the street by an immense gate, which also admits carriages into the court, and generally there is a gutter pouring out through the entry. Inquiring for a friend, the concierge directs you to his division of the house, and up you mount, with aching knees and panting breast, wandering about and bewildered in a wilderness of halls and apartments, soon losing the account of each stage or entresol, and sometimes

when you fancy yourself in the fifth, amazed to find yourself only an second! It is an odd piece of extravagance, a Paris hotel. At eleven the cab came as I had ordered.

The cab is abbreviated from cabriolet. It is a kind of gig, holding, however, two persons without the driver; who, with the horses and the vehicle itself, is in general ragged and beggarly. There are decent ones, however, and you have the advantage of viewing the town, many parts of which are too wet, filthy and disgusting, for a pedestrian who wishes to "go clean like a gentleman."

"To which place?" said the driver, as he deposited a small portmanteau on the wooden apron which reached to our chests.

"Premierement to the grande poste."

The Rue Rivoli, Place Vendome and Boulevards, are the inhabitable parts of Paris, all the rest is frightful; or, at the least, can be reached only through almost impenetrable avenues of mud. Some of the streets are so narrow as to be in fact but alleys. Then the immense height of the walls on each side of the eternally overshadowed streets, which by some mysterious influence are perpetually inundated with a black, thick, sloppy, slimy substance, between mud, water, and offals. The pavement slopes down each side to the centre, along which a gutter, broad and noisome, for ever stagnates--except when the wheels or hoofs of the ever-flowing tide of vehicles and beasts, carriages, cabs, diligences, asses, horses, etc. etc., disturb and distribute upon unwary passengers and upon the sides of the dwelling, their offensive waters. You enter the Palais Royal through such a place. On all sides it is flanked by scenes of repulsive misery, damps, filth, and gloom, which cause the amazed stranger to recoil. In many of these dens of beggary and disease, people are born, live and die, almost without beholding the sunshine and the sky, or feeling the balmy blessing of fresh air. Here also are thousands of shops, some of only sufficient dimensions to admit the single person of the keeper, others ample and elegant. The mighty mass of human beings are ever swarming and clustering like bees--countless throngs of women without hat or mantle, neatly, and some beautifully attired, with caps of snowy white, and the snowy stocking unsoiled amid the filth. Here, too, are seen forms of another sort, gaunt, ragged wretches; crippled, starved, and every way blasted with time and chance; half clad, and horrid creatures, whom water has not visited, nor the sweet breeze of heaven touched for years. Among them now lightly rolls the superb equipage of a noble, the lovely mistress reclining upon velvet, with a well-fed lap-dog by her side. Now the ponderous diligence or omnibus thunders and splashes among the shrinking crowd; and again, a military horseman, on some message of haste, dashes through, his burnished arms glancing in the shadows. On the side walks (which, when the rarest any at all, are scarcely wide enough for two persons) ever

and anon paces a stern sentinel, the bayonet glittering at his shoulder, the silent representative of the present powers till Louis Philippe is swept away with Marie Antoinette, Robespierre, and Napoleon, among the rubbish of the past.

At length we reached the grande poste, and entered the court amid diligences, passing in and out, and a crowd of heavily-booted postillions, with whip in hand, ready to start with new mails, or resting after a night's ride. Most of the Parisians, or strangers, receive their letters through their banker. One who neglects this arrangement must send for them with his passport or go himself. The good gentlemen who attend in the little office of the Poste Restante, are fair specimens of the French people in any authority, whom I had met with from Marseilles or Geneva to Nantes. All the diligence-office keepers, the drivers, the maitres d'hôtel, the conducteurs, etc. etc. etc., being peculiarly cross, rude and disobliging. After a longer subsequent residence in Paris, I was absolutely obliged to have my letters directed to my banker. The worthy official was snappy, and snarling at a pretty girl with a journal in his hand—angry at being interrupted in a paragraph. He assured me very rudely that there was nothing for me, but upon my insisting he looked grumbly and found one! The French politeness—a national characteristic, like the horizon, has always receded from my approach. But there is a vast deal of manner. A shopkeeper will overwhelm you with bows and smiles, but their solicitations are often intrusive, and sometimes impertinent.

"And where now?" cried the cab-driver, breaking my reverie.

"To the Messageries Royales, Rue Montmartre."

We were presently in another immense courtyard, filled with twenty or thirty diligences coming and going every minute, amid the bustle of the crowd, the confusion of loading and unloading baggage, the clattering of horses, the blasts of the horns and the everlasting sacre of the Frenchmen who had anything whatever to do. In a few more minutes I was seated in the intérieur of a diligence just ready to set off for Boulogne and Calais; my portmanteau was deposited on the top, my cloak and "Gibbon" with me, and I sat waiting with some impatience the arrival of whatever persons fate had selected for my fellow passengers.

It is a busy and grotesque scene a "messagerie" at Paris—and new numbers were swarming in, and new incidents were every moment soliciting my attention in different parts of the yard. I closed the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." As I turned down the leaf at the "character and studies of the Senator Boethius," a carriage drove up, containing a very lovely young girl of eighteen or perhaps twenty, who, after alighting, passed the window hanging on the arm of a gentleman, inquiring for the voiture for Boulogne, and were shown to the carriage in which I sat.

"By Jove; (said I to myself) she is very pretty."

After a friendly leave taken in French, the old gentleman handed her in, shook her heartily by the hand, and, pleading some particular engagement, departed.

"Mais Monsieur B., (cried his fair companion, in French) tell me how much must I give the man for carrying the portmanteau?"

"One franc," replied the old gentleman, and again he bowed off.

The conducteur came by suddenly and closed the door. There we sat alone.

I offered her the choice of seats. No, she was very well. I was about to add something to relieve the awkwardness, but glancing at the face of my companion, I perceived she was in tears.

There was a moment's silence; then, as if unable any longer to restrain her sorrows, she somewhat hastily disentangled from her reticule a cambric kerchief, covered her face in it, and, with a slight rocking motion of the head, wept bitterly.

"Bless my soul, (thought I) I wish I could do something for her. What could be the matter? Was she French or English? Her language was that of the former. Her manner and face proclaimed her the latter. Her dress was exceedingly neat and elegant, and very French. In a moment her grief appeared excessive, and knowing my inability to console her, and that the greatest kindness a stranger could extend, would be to withdraw all observation and leave the swollen tide to subside by itself, I had reopened Gibbon, and was forcing my sympathies from the visible grief of my present companion, to the remoter and much more feeble claims of poor Boethius, when the carriage door opened, and a porter popped his uncombed head in to demand pay for the lady's portmanteau. She fumbled a minute in her purse and gave him a franc. The fellow began, as those scoundrels always do, particularly when they think they can extort, by their rude importunity, double pay from a stranger or an unprotected female. A franc was not half enough. He must have three francs. He never received less than three francs at least; and he held the piece in his hand as if about to return it. The poor girl muttered "dear me!" in sweet English, and put her hand into her purse again. "I was told, (she said again in French to the man) that one franc was quite enough for carrying so very small a trunk, merely from the carriage to the diligence."

"Oh no, madame, three francs is my least pay. I must have three."

"You must have no such thing, (said I,) and you shall not. Pray, madame, allow me the pleasure of dismissing this scoundrel, who is well paid with ten sous."

"If you will be so very kind," murmured the lady.

"If you would meddle with your own affairs," growled the rascal.

"If you would close the door, conducteur," said I, with affected sternness.

The fellow scowled at me and withdrew. The conducteur closed the door. The lady leaned back in her seat and resumed her weeping. I opened Gibbon again and went on with Boethius.

"Allons ! en voiture !" shouted the conducteur, and the door was again opened for more passengers. They were an elderly lady in deep black, and a young man of perhaps eighteen. As they seated themselves, the driver and the conducteur clambered up to their places ; the fine, giant horses began to move, the whip cracked, the postillion swore his usual sacre, and off we started for London.

As we moved heavily along through the gloomy, crowded and filthy, but most picturesque streets, the lovely young girl, after one or two glances along the far and narrow perspective, again resorted to her kerchief; and I turned to survey the other two, whom some single, and to me unknown, influence among the mighty millions that flow toward London, was drawing to that immense metropolis. I was rather surprised to perceive that the elderly lady in black was also strongly agitated with anguish ; tears stealing each moment from her aged eyes, which, whenever she deemed herself unobserved, were lifted with a deep earnestness to heaven, as if entreating strength to bear some too grievous burden. Both the ladies thus in tears, I cast my eyes on the youth whose mother had made the second in our sorrowing circle. The young man was also labouring under an evident excitement, but of an opposite nature. He was continually betraying the stirrings in his heart of a delight and joy which he could neither repress nor conceal. Sometimes he assumed a solemn demeanour, and spoke to his mother in a tone of seriousness, but the next minute he was rubbing his hands gleefully together, smiling to himself out of the carriage-window, laughing aloud at ordinary trifles, and pressing his arms and elbows against his sides with a gesture of hearty gratification.

They were three interesting characters to a lover of human nature and of adventure ; and I waited, with a mixture of sympathy and curiosity, the unfolding of the plot.

"Dear, dear, dear, dear !" said the young girl, at length ; "we are at the gate already." She took another tearful glance, and flung herself back again with her handkerchief to her face.

"Yes, we're here, true enough;" said the youth, with a broad Sootch accent, and rubbing the palms of his hands together.

The elderly lady in black rolled up her eyes, clasped her hands, and sighed. I turned over another leaf of Boethius.

A half an hour thus passed away when the young girl, who had been raining

and clearing up again, like an April heaven, every five minutes, suddenly thought herself of something which she seemed to fear was lost, and the search for which diverted her mind from her sorrow. She looked here and there, under her, in her bosom, in her reticule, and in a pretty basket in which female voyageuses often carry the minor necessaries of the journey, cakes, peppermints, etc. etc. At length after several "oh my's," and "dear, dear me's," she drew it forth in the form of a letter, closely written and crossed at right angles. Her eyes sparkled with pleasure, her face brightened with a smile, and she received our congratulations upon her recovery with much grace and good humour. The young Scotchman said, he "tho't how it wad be, but he was na sure o' anything." The elderly lady in black smiled faintly at the elastic spirits of her companion; I kept on close with Boethius. After the brief interruption to the general silence, they all relapsed into their own thoughts. The lad pressed his elbows against his sides, rubbed his hands and chuckled; the elderly lady clasped her hands under some agonising recollection; and the girl, after carefully perusing almost half the letter, threw herself back once more in a new fit of anguish, which appeared greatly heightened by the late found treasure.

"So ho," thought I, "a letter—a love letter. Poor girl! Some desperate attachment! Some fine, fond, fascinating young Frenchman—with mustaches—a cruel father—the whole thing forbidden—recalled from Paris—heart-broken—poor creature, poor creature!"

I read on through my reverie, and was just thinking whether the "consolation of philosophy" composed by Boethius in the tower of Pavia, could have contained any antidote against love in the bosom of a young girl of twenty, when the object of my speculations suddenly tore the letter with some vehemence, once, twice, three, four times, and then taking carefully the fragments, tore each one separately into bits small enough for a theatrical snow storm, and scattered them out of the window along the road.

I flattered myself I behaved as a grave gentleman should; I neither smiled, nor raised my eyes, but kept on till poor Boethius yielded to his horrid fate; though, I confess, I witnessed his end with as little pity as Theodorick himself. I had insensibly become interested in the scene.

"This was then no true-lover whom she mourned," thought I. "Some heartless flirt has won and slighted her affections; but then, heartless flirts don't write letters of four pages, crossed at right angles."

"Pray, sir," said she, suddenly addressing me, "can you tell me whether it is really necessary to have a letter about one, directed to oneself, to hand into the custom-house with the passports?"

"By no means," I replied; "at least, I have never heard of such a necessity."

"An' if there be," said the Scotchman, "I've got one about me from my uncle that I think will get me through."

The elderly lady in black gave a shudder.

The lad chuckled and winked to me.

Our fair companion, whose grief appeared to come and pass away by momentary impulses, now busied herself in taking off her bonnet; tying it up to the netting on the top; arranging her cap and curls. Her complexion was of the fairest. Her eyes large, blue, and full of expression; her teeth white and regular, and her cheeks and lips, without any poetry or nonsense, rosy. In short, she was a fresh, glowing English girl, full of health, esprit and naïveté, whose evident anguish made sympathy with her only an amusement, since it had left her youthful graces all as fresh and fair as a half-blown rose. She was certainly pretty—dangerous eyes for a bachelor. I began to think, with my friend Rider, "certainly I want a wife. Peradventure my time is come."

She had now arranged herself to her satisfaction; and I, having nothing more to do, fell back into melancholy. Something was said respecting the comfort of the seats.

"Ah," said she, apparently half talking to herself, "how time and circumstances change one's ideas. When I came to Paris, I was as particular where I sat as can be, but now—" She sighed with an air of careless despair; "I do not care in the least where I am now; here, or there, or on top, or behind—it's all the same to me."

Once more her eyes filled with tears. Once more I dropped my attention to the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

"Weel, I'm glad I have such a comfortable place at last," said the Scotchman. "I shall sleep to-night like a stone."

"Poor boy!" said the mother, with a sigh, "this is his fifth night in the diligence."

"Dear! dear! dear!" exclaimed the girl, "what can make you in such a hurry?"

She said this rather as a comment than an interrogation.

The elderly lady in black only wiped the corner of her eyes.

The lad laughed outright, and pressed his sides contentedly with his elbows.

"Dear me," said the pretty incognita, "what a lovely scene! Did you ever see anything so beautiful, sir?"

"A great many things," answered I, smiling.

"But I think I never saw anything so lovely as this."

"Why, you do not seriously compare those broad, endless hills and heaths to the picturesque scenery of England!"

"Oh, England!" said she quickly, and with an expression of dislike; "do-

not mention England; I am tired of its stupidity. France—delightful Paris! Oh, I could live there for ever! Don't you like Paris, sir?"

"Not much," replied I. "It is a filthy place—a heartless, wicked place. For those who are particularly fond of amusement or fashion, it is well enough; but I like my own country better."

"Dear! dear! that's so extraordinary!"

"Were I a Frenchman," I replied, "I should probably think Paris a paradise."

"Ah, but, sir, there are attachments which one forms in such a place." Her features clouded over suddenly as she spoke.

"True," I rejoined, "where the affections are engaged, even Paris must seem a heaven."

"Oh, sir, I know such delightful people there. I have spent so many, many pleasant hours—I have been so happy—so perfectly, so completely happy, that, when I now quit it, perhaps for years—perhaps for ever—"

"What an enthusiastic creature," thought I; "with what soul she emphasises."

"Parting from those we love," said I aloud, "must certainly—"

I looked up. Her eyes were swimming in tears, and out came the handkerchief again.

The elderly lady in black had both her hands before her face.

The Scotchman rubbed his palms together, and looked out of the window.

I laid my hand once more on the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

But my companion seemed to find relief in unbosoming her grief. Perhaps she felt intuitively that I sympathised with her. Perhaps she thought the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" a very voluminous volume for the only talking one among her fellow-passengers.

"Yes, sir," she resumed, taking down the handkerchief, "parting from those we love is, indeed, a trial. But I am used to trials. My life has not been long, but you would scarcely believe, sir, what I have suffered, young as I am."

"I trust your adversity is now over," said I.

"Ah! no, sir, I fear not; we can never say our adversity is over in this world. I shall never be happy again till I see Paris, I am sure—never, never."

Her face darkened a little. I thought she was going to weep again, but she did not.

"Well, then," asked I, "if you dislike England, and are so pleased with Paris, why do you not reside there?"

"Oh, sir, my husband can't endure Paris."

"Your what? I beg your pardon," said I. "Can't endure Paris?"

"Why, yes," she said, with a smile; "you said you could not, just now."

"But why does he stay in it, then?" said I—the word *husband* lending a new key to the mystery.

"Dear me, sir," said she, "he does not stay in it."

"Why, you said—that is—I thought your husband was in Paris."

"Oh, dear, no. He is in London."

She leaned back again in tears, and covered her face with her handkerchief.

"Weel. Here we are at St. Denis," said the Scotchman, "and now we'll change horses. I wish the devils would go along faster, for I'm in a braw humour for my dinner. I hae nae tasted a morsel these fifteen hours, and then naething to speak of. Dinna ye feel hungry, mother?"

"No, my child," replied the matron, "I shall never feel hunger again, I fear."

"I hope my uncle will be ready."

The elderly lady sighed, and said nothing. The lad laughed and chuckled, and I looked out along the strange streets of this celebrated old town, renowned for its ancient abbey of Benedictine monks, and as the burial-place of the kings of France.

As we moved on again the conversation grew more general. The Scotchman talked of his dinner, his dog, and his uncle. The mother's grief, though less violent than that of her lovely companion, was more lasting, and the young girl herself, with many apologies and pressing solicitations for us alp to share, produced some light edibles from her little basket, a bottle of wine, and a silver cup, and we were all much amused to find that during the motion of the carriage no one could drink. The fair hostess of the feast laughed as heartily as if care had never moistened her eyes. I was thrown quite off from my romantic speculations. There is a sober reality, too, about the name of "husband," at which most novelists close the third volume; but a "husband" in London, and a heart in Paris—that's awkward.

At length, we stopped late in the evening for dinner at Beauvais, another celebrated town, with a theatre, and a high, unfinished cathedral. Neither of the ladies dined, but, having become quite familiarly acquainted, enjoyed their own refection in the carriage, and afterwards walked in the moonlight.

My friend, the Scotchman, sat next to me at table. I observed, after the "potage," that, notwithstanding his hunger, he had eaten nothing.

"Why, your appetite has left you, sir?"

"Oh, no, no—I'm as hungry as a shark; but I'm an old traveller about these parts, and I never touch a mouthful of French soups; I know too well how they mak' them. I saw you swallowed yours vera unsuspectingly, so I wad na say onything about it;" and he laughed and chuckled again, as if his gratification was growing habitual.

"How do they make them?" inquired I.

"Oh, ye see, they gather all the little bits o' bread and meat aff the plates of the last dinner, and perhaps aff the table, or the floor, just as it happens—all the slops and leavins, de ye see, and they ding them all in thegither. I wad na touch a drap for a kingdom. But here comes the goose. I ken there's na patchwork about him;" and, very leisurely drawing the dish towards him, he helped himself to an abundance, and fell to with vigour.

"Your mother does not dine, sir?"

"Oh, no, puir soul, she's nae appetite the day."

"She seems unwell."

"Why, yes, she is very much distressed at present about the death of my father, puir man, who was drowned the ither day aff Portsmouth, and we have only just got the news. I'll thank ye to pass that dish of tomato. This goose is as tough as an auld devil. Thank ye. I'm going to London new, to see the opening of the will, and tak' charge of th' estate. I haven't been in London for six years, and I thank this goose was born afore I cam' awa'."

This affectionate speech was made with a full mouth, and concluded by a loud laugh.

"Won't you take out some fruit for your mother?" asked I, as I was rising. "Perhaps some grapes will refresh her."

"Oh, no! never mind her. The gude woman is no chicken, and she's used to travellin'. Besides, she'll not eat onything at present, for my father's death. She takes on about it dreadfully. Isn't yon a strappin' pretty lassie—yon waiting-maid. When I was here last, I cam' wi' a young, mad deeivil of a French officer. He checked all the chambermaids under the chin, between Marseilles and this Beaurvais, and kissed them, and a bonny buss he gave yon wench, I remember. By the way, I'll tak' some o' those nuts for mysel', and an apple or twa, for we have a long night's ride before us."

We got through the night very comfortably. A soft moon lighted nearly all the hours. We chatted a little, and dozed a little, and the poor widow sobbed once or twice—and I could hear the heartless young heir indulging, ever and anon, in his congratulatory chuckle—and the horses neighed, kicked, and snorted, and the postillion swore—and the pretty young wife talked very eloquently upon metaphysics, and character, and nations, and said she hated the English with all her heart, and thought the French made the best husbands. "Oh, sir," said she, "they are so animated—so ardent—so fond—so intellectual. Your Englishman is dull and gloomy, if not cross—he is wrapped up in his own business. It is always, 'How can I make money?' while a Frenchman thinks, 'How can I be happy, and how can I render those around me so?'"

"I am sorry," said I, "to be so rude, but I cannot agree with you. The

Frenchman, probably, makes the best lover, but a husband is altogether a different affair."

"Oh, yes," she sighed; "I know that too well—that is, I have often seen it exemplified. But the Frenchman certainly is a most graceful lover."

"A Frenchman," said I, "makes love with too much ardour—he is too theatrical—too forward. He oversteps the limits of civility."

"Oh, dear, dear, no. Pardon me, sir; I must put you right in that. I must say, whatever may be faults of a Frenchman, he makes love with the most perfect, the most unexceptionable civility. There is not a word or an action but is inspired by the soul of tenderness and refinement."

Daylight brought us to Abbeville, and we were allowed time for coffee and hot milk—a refreshment which almost compensates for a sleepless night. Our subsequent ride lay by the memorable forest of Cressy to Montreuil, an old town mentioned by Sterne. This is seven or eight hours from Boulogne, where we were to embark in the steamer for London.

As we advanced towards the limits of France, I perceived the heart of our young companion growing sadder and sadder, and the handkerchief was once or twice resorted to, and was always kept ready in case of sudden necessity. Without wishing in the least to intrude within the circle of her private thoughts, I could not avoid, in the course of our day's ride, learning much more of her history, disposition, and present feelings. I am fond of unfolding any character, especially that of an ardent and intelligent woman. It disclosed itself as easily and artlessly as a bud opening in the summer morning, yet I detected the worm at work amid its bright leaves. She was one of the thousand females whose sentiments have been more cultivated than their reason, who act more from impulse than reflection, and who, in the dangerous experiment of marriage, rashly stake their all in adventure, where the chances are fearfully against them. She had, it appeared, a year before, been joined to a plain young man, in a good business—one who had loved her long and well—of an irreproachable character, of kind heart and sound understanding—whose prudence, fortune and fair prospects in life rendered the match altogether too advantageous not to be earnestly enforced by her friends. She had never been from home, had seen nothing of the world, was ignorant of any nearer approach to love than a thorough respect and friendship; and, yielding to the influence of all around her—an influence to which she could oppose no definite objection, in the full bloom and freshness of her charms and of her soul, she had married. This sketch of her past life I gathered from her, partly through her frank words, and partly by implication. Her pride and her sense of propriety, and her still unimpaired respect for her husband, combined to render her his eloquent eulogist through

all her careless, rambling explanations; but, I could easily see, while she spake of her own happiness as a wife, that she returned towards its re-enjoyment with a reluctant heart; and that, though her guileless words plainly proved his deep and unsuspecting affection for her, they equally betrayed that it was too feebly requited.

"My husband, (continued she, with her girlish, confiding frankness, after a long debate, in which she had fairly talked me out,) thinks there is no other woman in the world like me. He gives me my own way in 'everything—I have whatever I choose to ask for; he places the utmost confidence in me, as you may see; for I have been three months now in Paris all alone. I am sure, with such a husband, I ought to be happy. As for my visit, I ought to be very much obliged to him. For I never—never enjoyed anything so much in all my life. Such friends! such company! such delightful amusements! What is there in England to compensate me for all these? Oh, dear Paris! Are you fond of music, sir?"

"Passionately."

"So am I. Now there's Herbert. It is so strange. He cannot tell one tune from another. I have studied music very carefully, and play the piano, they do say, pretty well. I'll not be backward, (for where's the use;) I play very well indeed. All our family are musical—ma, and pa, and aunt Sally, and uncle John—and, even, all uncle John's children. They all come round to see me, on purpose to hear me sing and play. (She flung herself back again, with a sigh, and a changed note.) Now, Herbert does not care a pin for music. I believe he tried to like it, for my sake; he would do anything for "my sake"; but once, when he was listening attentively to one of my songs, I looked round, and what do you think? he was asleep—fast asleep—his head bobbing up and down, just so;" and she showed her white teeth, in one of her humorous smiles.

I let the little, unhappy chatterbox run on; for they are well off, who have the hours of a French diligence so well beguiled; and my companion was so pretty and lively, and emphasized her words so enthusiastically, that her chat was doubly amusing.

"In Paris, we danced, and sung, and rode, and drank champagne, and went to the opera, and to parties. Now, not one of these does Herbert care a single sous about. Then he is the gravest creature—never smiles—never jokes, and, what is more, never can take a joke. I don't know anything in the world so delightful as to meet with persons who laugh at once, and heartily, at droll things. Now Herbert is all for business. Morning, noon and night—business—business—business—and, when it is not business, why, it is politics—re-form—the Catholics—Lord John Russell—this ministry and that ministry.

What do I care about their ministries? Now, in Paris, I have nothing of these things. There all is gaiety—joy—refinement—amusement. There people only think about being happy. There men, when they meet women, are their companions—their friends—their—heigho!"

Poor Herbert!

In a few minutes, the conversation was quite changed, for it rarely kept long in one course; and I suffered it to meander as it would. We were speaking of character, of the different grades of crime, and of the different degrees of guilt, even in the same crime.

"Now, (said I,) there is murder—a deliberate murder—for malice or avarice—what can be more awful? But a noble fellow, although the immorality there, too, would be great, might be entangled in a duel, and a duel, you know—" I looked up to continue, but she was once more in tears. Out came the reticule, and then the handkerchief. I had touched some new chord. There was several moment's silence.

"So, so, (I thought;) a duel! the deuse; what can all this be? Herbert, Herbert, I fear this bodes thee a bad fireside."

"Excuse me, air, (at length said my companion); you must think me very silly. I am most wretched—such a calamity! I have a friend, who, a few days before I left Paris—The most dreadful circumstance—I cannot relate it!"

"Good heavens! I trust nothing serious."

"I fear—I hope—it is impossible to tell."

"Where was it?" I asked; for I had heard of no duel in Paris.

"Directly through the arm," said she from behind the handkarchief.

"Not mortal?"

"Oh no, I trust not. The surgeon thinks he will recover."

"And the cause?"

"Oh, sir, I cannot explain it. I do not understand it myself. It is that which has irritated my feelings so, (as you have observed,) but I cannot bear to think of it. Let us change the subject. See those apples—those beautiful apples, (continued she, brightening up like a lively child). How rich their great red cheeks look. They had not thought of being ripe, when I passed this way to Paris."

We had an elegant dinner at Boulogne, at the neat Hotel d'Orleans, where a friend of the husband was already in waiting to see the pretty wife off in the steamer, which started at once in the night for London. I strolled around the old town, in the steps of Caligula and Napoleon, and killed the lonely evening at the circus, where the usual feats were performed by man and beast; handkerchiefs were picked up, hoops jumped through, and the wretched jokes of the clown flung a forlorn-looking audience into a roar.

At one I was on board the steamer, whither I had previously been, and taken the only unengaged berth. On descending into the little cabin, which was crowded, I found my young Scotch friend, with his usual hard-mouthed impudence, just drawing the coverlet of my bed up to his chin; his hat, coat, vest and boots lay by his side; my name had been pinned ostentatiously against the curtain.

"Oh, how d' ye do to-night?" (said he in his broadest accent, as we recognized each other). "How d' ye get on, noo? You come late down for these steamers. I ken them weel enough. I have been here an hour at least. I shall be vera comfortable here, but I think ye'll be no gettin' a bed if ye dinna mind."

I debated a moment the advantages of a dispute; the captain was on deck, half the other passengers were asleep, so I ordered a spare mattress on the floor, and wrapping my "gude cloak" about me, passed a comfortable night with no other interruption than one or two lurches and crashes as the boat yielded to a rather heavy swell, and an occasional call for the steward, or the basin.

The next day at three, we were getting along bravely up the Thames by Margate, Gravesend, Woolwich, and Greenwich, with a world of vessels of every description flying by us with their wide wings spread broadly and heavily to the wind. The English wife had been sick in the cabin, but came at length upon deck. There was the poor old lady in black, yet lost in ill-concealed anguish, and her hopeful son agitated with delight as ill-concealed. I had got on well with the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, but we were now drawing too near the land to admit of further reading. Finding my agreeable stage-companion yet alone, I begged her to call upon me without hesitation, should she have need, on landing.

"You will want a carriage (said I); you will have to wait at the Custom-house."

"No, oh no, sir, (she replied with a sigh); no, Herbert will be there. I am sure Herbert will be there."

"Well, in case he should not, you know I should be most happy."

"Thank you, thank you. I am certain Herbert will be there. Herbert never fails. He is punctuality itself. He said he would be there, and will be."

Poor Herbert! I had really a curiosity to see him. Punctuality and business, but no music, no dancing, no champagna; a grave, English heart, bent on industry, and interested in his country's welfare, but without the art to chain the affections of a beautiful, giddy young wife, whose very loveliness, guilelessness, and purity rendered her more dangerous to others and to herself.

Oh! man, dream not that matrimony makes woman yours. On the contrary,

it is only then that real love begins, or real dislike. Good husband! neglect not the assiduities of the lover. Be more careful to please the wife than ever you were the mistress.

"At length we floated into the midst of the great Babel. Mist, smoke, ships—dark, heavy masses of black houses, domes, spires, bridges, towers, and monuments. A multitude of small boats crowded around the steamer. My companion was about to descend into the barge, which was to land the rest of us."

"Had you not better," said I, "look around among those small boats? Your husband may come out into the stream for you."

"Dear, dear," said she, "so he may!"

She looked around, and, suddenly turning a little pale, placed her hand on her bosom, as if short of breath.

"He is there, I see him!" she said in a low voice, and then waved him welcome with a kerchief, perhaps wet with tears of grief at his coming.

We were now to part. She left me her card and address, desired the pleasure of seeing me at her house in London, and bade me a hasty, but kind adieu.

I saw Herbert in the small boat; his face lighted with hope, pleasure and love, eagerly pressing his way towards the idol of his heart. I saw the warm flush of his eye as he seized her hand, and led her, with his impatient arm around her waist, to a seat in the stern. I noted her own countenance, pale, languid and spiritless, betraying all the sickness of her heart, as oarsmen pushed off with them. He still held his arm tenderly around her waist, with the affection of a noble and fond husband—ignorant that he pressed only a soulless form—that his voice and his presence only awakened repressed regrets and vain recollections. That she whose absence he had evidently counted as a burden, to whose arrival he had looked forward with ardent love, had learnt in the gaiety and fashion of Paris to despise his quiet fireside, and to indulge in feelings and wishes of happiness and love, in which his image could only mingle as a dark intruder. I followed in imagination this bright and thoughtless girl to the home of her husband. I heard his warm welcome. Beheld his delighted embrace returned with cold effort, and, perhaps, with peevish carelessness. I felt his unsuspecting heart sink with alarm. His manly nature darken with disappointment. I heard his fond enquiries and her evasive replies; that fatigue and want of sleep had overcome her. I followed her dreams while her early friend and faithful husband, with cautious tread, stole to her pillow, and watched the face he loved. She treads in fancy through the gay saloon—lights are sparkling—mirrors blazing—music breathing—graceful figures float round her in the dance. One is there whom her eyes follow with soft delight—she leans on his arm—he whispers in her ear—he is by her side—he is at her feet! Poor Herbert! his is not the only heart that must rue Paris.

THE MISFORTUNES OF A FORTUNE-HUNTER.

AN INCIDENT AT DOVER.

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN of good family, who could look back, at least two generations, without tracing his pedigree to a cobbler, or a shaver—we don't mean a barber—but whose fortune was in an inverse ratio to his birth, having the good luck to raise the wind by a timely hit, visited Dover in a gig and tandem. He had learned enough Greek and Latin, and natural philosophy and mathematics, to forget it all in a year after leaving school. He had learned a profession which he did not practise, and he practised many things which he did not learn from his profession. He had a vast many wants without the means of supplying them, and professed as lofty a contempt for all useful occupations, as if he had been rich enough to pass for a fool. He was always well-dressed, well-mounted, and well received on the score of these recommendations, added to that of his ancient descent; for, as we said before, he could trace back to a great grandfather, whom nobody knew anything about, so nobody could deny his having been a gentleman. Nothing is so great a demonstration of ancient descent, as the utter obscurity of the origin of a family.

Be this as it may, our hero was excessively fond of style, good living, and gentlemanly indulgences of all sorts; but his taste was cramped by the want of the one thing needful. It is true, he got credit sometimes; but his genius was consequently rebuked by frequent dunnings of certain importunate people, who had the impudence to want their money sometimes. If it were not for this living upon credit would be the happiest of all possible modes of life, except that of a beggar, which we consider surpassingly superlative. Beggars are the true gentlemen commoners of the earth; they form the only privileged order, the real aristocracy of the land—they pay no taxes—obey no laws—they toil not, neither do they spin—they eat when they are not hungry, and drink when they are not dry—they neither serve as jurymen nor militiamen—neither are they troubled to hold office in the parish—they have no country to serve nor family to maintain—they are not obliged to wash their hands and faces, or comb their hair every morning—they fear nothing but the poor-house and the mendicity society's officers—love nothing so well as lying, except drinking—and eat what they please in Lent. In short, as the old song says,—

“ Each city, each town, and every village,
Affords us either an alms or pillage;
And if the weather be cold and raw,
Then in the barn we tumble on the straw;
If warm and fair, by yea-cock and nay-cock—
The fields will afford us a hedge or a hay-cock—
A hay-cock—a hay-cock—and hay-cock,” &c.

Truly it is a noble vocation; and nothing can afford a dearer proof of the march of mind and the improved spirit of the age, than the multiplication and daily increase of this wise commonwealth of beggars, who have the good sense to know the difference of living by the sweat of their own brows, and that of other people. Next to the wisdom of begging, is that of borrowing—or, as the cant phrase is, living upon tick.

The outward man of our hero was well to look at, especially as it was always clothed in the habiliments of fashion. He was tall, straight, stiff, and stately; his head resembled the classical model of a mop; and his whiskers would have delighted the good Lady Bausiere. The ladies approved of him; and if he had only been able to achieve a house in Grosvenor-square or Regents-park, it is the general opinion, that he might have carried a first-rate belle. But alas! without these, what is man! Our hero felt this at every step, and his spirit rose manfully against the injustice of the world. At one time he had actually resolved to sit down to his profession, and by persevering attention, amass a fortune that would supply the place of the cardinal virtues. But alas! the seductions of Regent-street, and the soirees, and the sweet pretty belles, with their little bonnets and tight sleeves—there was no resisting them; and our hero abandoned his profession in despair. Finding he could not resist the allurements of pleasure, he resolved within himself to kill two birds with one stone, as it were—that is, to join profit and pleasure—and while he was sporting the butterfly in Bond-street to have an eye to securing the main chance—a rich wife—at the same time.

In pursuance of this gallant resolution, he made demonstrations towards every real or reputed heiress that fell in his way. Every Jack has his Gill—if one won't another will—what's one man's meat is another man's poison—there is no accounting for tastes—and he who never gets tired will come to the end of his journey at last—quoth our hero, and continued to persevere in the midst of eternal disappointments. He might have succeeded in some instances but for the eternal vigilance of the mammas, who justly thought, that having brought up their daughters to nothing but spending money, the least they could do was to provide them with rich husbands. Either the pursuit itself, or the frequent failure of our hero in running down his game, began to lower him in the estimation of the world—that is, the little world in which he flourished. Success only can sanctify any undertaking; and a successful highwayman, or prosperous rogue, is often more admired than an unlucky dog who has nothing but his blundering honesty to recommend him. Besides, there is, we know not for what reason, a prejudice against gentlemen who pursue fortune in the shape of a young lady of twenty thousand charms—we mean pounds. Men labour their fortune in various ways; some by handcraft trades—some by shaving

beards, and some by shaving bills—some by long voyages at sea, and others by long perilous journeys on land. They spend the best part of their lives in these pursuits, and at last, when worn with care, hardships, and anxieties, they sit down in their old age, to nourish their infirmities and pamper their appetites with luxuries, that carry death in their train. Now we would ask, is it not better to carry fortune by a *coup de main*, and achieve an heiress off hand, than to chase her all our lives, and only be in at our own death, instead of the death of our game? The prejudice against fortune-hunters, as they are called, is therefore unjust; and we advise all young fellows of spirit to hunt away bravely, rather than drudge through the desperate, long, lingering avenues of a profession.

Be this as it may, our hero began to be held rather cheap by the young ladies, who used to compare notes, and find out that he had made the same demonstrations towards some scores of them. It is observed by deep philosophers, that the last thing a man or woman will pardon in others, is the fault of which they are most guilty themselves. All these pretty belle-butterflies had flirted with divers young men, and intended to do it again; but they were exceedingly indignant at our hero, and turned their backs to him on all public occasions. Some ignoble spirits would have turned, in grovelling despair, to a profession, and quit for ever the pursuit of these fatal beauties. But our hero was not the man to despair. He mustered all his credit, and made a dead and successful set at his tailor, who furnished him with two full suits, the price of which he apportioned equally among his punctual customers, who, he justly thought, ought to pay something for being in good credit. He blew a desperate blast, and raised the wind for a gig and tandem, which he obtained by means that have puzzled us more than any phenomenon we ever witnessed in all our lives. He did all this, and he triumphantly departed for Dover, where the *quoad hoc* hook catches many an inexperienced belle and beau.

The arrival of our hero occasioned quite a sensation. The young ladies enquired who he was, and their mammas what he was worth. The answer to this latter question was by no means satisfactory; although nothing absolutely certain could be gathered for some time, as to the precise state of his finances. Meanwhile he singled out a young lady whom fame reported to be heiress to a large estate. Our hero baited the *quoad hoc* hook, and angled for the fair lady of fortune, with more than the patience of a professor of what Izaac Walton calls the “gentle craft.” The young lady was quite unknowing in the ways of the *bon ton*. She had been bred up in the country, where she studied romance in books of religion, and religion in books of romance. She had never run the gauntlet through a phalanx of beaux; neither had she lost the sweetest inheritance of a woman—that willing, wilful credulity which almost loves to be de-

luded, and which would rather be deceived into conviction of worth, than be obliged to believe that it has been deceived. She was in truth deplorably unsophisticated in the ways of men and of the world. She did not even dream that money was actually necessary to supply our wants, much less did it enter into her innocent fancy, that it was utterly impossible to be married at present, without the indispensable requisites of mahogany folding-doors and marble mantel-pieces, silver forks, satin curtains, Brussels carpets, and all those things which constitute the happiness of life. In short, she had no tournure at all, and was moreover a little blue, having somehow imbibed a notion, than no man was worth a lady's eye, unless he was distinguished by something of some sort or other—she hardly knew what. It never entered her head—and why should it? for this is the result of experience alone—it never entered her head, that good sense, a good heart, and a good disposition, were far more important ingredients in the composition of wedded bliss, than a pretty turn for poetry, or a decided vocation to the fine arts.

But her lady mother, under whose guardian wing our heroine now first expanded her pinions, was another sort of "animal," as the polite say of a woman. She was perfectly aware of the ingredients necessary to the proper constitution of a rational wedding. None knew better than herself, that money only becomes the brighter for wearing, and that a vast many other things especially valued by inexperienced young ladies, not only lose their lustre and value, but actually wear out entirely in the course of time. Experience had taught her, that Cupid was only the divinity of youth, whereas honest Plutus never lost his attractions, but only fascinated his votaries the more strongly as they grew in age and wisdom. In short, she had a great contempt for merit, and a much greater veneration for money.

Acting under these opposite conclusions, it is little to be wondered at, if the old lady and the young one drew different ways. Our hero made daily progress with the daughter, and lost ground with the mother faster than he gained it with the other. The old lady watched him intently, and always had something particular to say to her daughter, whenever he occupied her attention for a moment. She could not stir a step without the young lady, and grew so weak and infirm, that at length she could not walk across the room without the aid of her arm. Our hero entered the lists in the art of mining and countermining, but he was no match for the old lady, who, though she had but two eyes, and those none of the brightest, saw all that Argus could have seen with his fifty. The opposition of currents is sure to raise the froth; and opposition in love hath the same effect on the imagination, which is Cupid's prime minister, if not Cupid himself.

In this way things went on; our hero was in the situation of a general with

two frontiers to defend, and lost ground on one as fast as he gained it on the other. With the young lady he was better than well; with the old one worse than bad. About this time, another pretender entered the lists against our hero, equally well-dressed, equal in whisker, equal in intrepidity, and equally in want of cash. A rival is sure to bring matters to a crisis, except in the case of a young lady who knows and properly estimates the exquisite delights of flirtation. The good mother saw pretty clearly, that this new pretender would infallibly, by the force of repulsion, drive her daughter to the opposite side—that is, into the arms of our hero. She therefore cut the matter short at once, and forbade the young lady to speak, walk, sit, ride, or exchange looks with our hero. The young lady obeyed in all except the last injunction; and, if the truth must be told, made up in looks for the absence of all the others. The old lady saw it would not do, and forthwith sending for our hero, peremptorily dismissed him, with the assurance that her daughter should never marry him—that if she did, she would never see or speak to her more, but hold her alien to her heart for ever. She then quitted our hero with tears in her eyes, leaving him with his eyes wide open.

He took his hat and stick—paid his bill—no, I am wrong, he promised it should be paid—and casting a look at the window of his lady love that cracked six panes of glass, proceeded in a fit of desperation to a part of the cliff. On arriving at the wild and dreary spot, our hero took out a pocket-glass and adjusted his whiskers to the nicety of a hair—he then deliberately drew forth his penknife with a pearl handle and silver springs, and scraped his nails. After this he pulled up his neckcloth five or six times, and shook his head manfully; then he took off his coat, folded it up carefully, laid it down, took it up, kissed it, and shed some bitter tears over this object of his dearest cares; then, after a solemn and affecting pause, he tied a white pocket handkerchief about his head, cast his eyes upwards, clasped his hands, took one farewell look at himself in the pocket-glass, then dashing it into a thousand pieces, he rushed furiously to the edge of the precipice, and turning a summerset by mistake backwards, fell flat on his back on the hard rock, where he laid motionless for some time—doubtless as much surprised as was poor Gloster, when he threw himself, as he supposed, from the same cliff, to find that he was not dead. The truth is our hero could hardly believe himself alive, until at length he recognized, to his utter surprise and disappointment, that he had committed an egregious blunder in throwing himself down *on* the top of the rock, instead of *from* the rock.

He determined, in his own mind, to do the thing better the next time, and was preparing to avoid a similar blunder, when he thought he saw in the distance a sylph-like form, gliding swiftly in the direction of the cliff. He gazed

again, and it assumed the port of mortal woman. A little nearer, and he recognised the form of the sovereign lady of his heart, the rich heiress. She had seen him depart with murder in his eye, and desperation in his step; she had heard from her mother of his summary dismissal, and had no doubt he had gone to the cliff to throw himself off. Taking advantage of the interregnum of a nap, she escaped the maternal guardianship, and followed him to the cliff. She had seen his preparation for self-immolation; she had seen the pathetic farewell between him and himself, the tying of the handkerchief, and the rush towards the edge of the rock; and she had seen him disappear, just as with a shriek, which he heard not, she had fallen insensible to the ground. When she came to herself, and recalled what she had seen, she determined to follow her lover to the cliff, and throw herself among the fishes. But who can describe her delight, when, on arriving at the fatal spot, she saw her true lover running towards her, apparently as well as ever he was in his life! An explanation took place, which was followed by words of sweet consolation on the part of the young lady.

"I swear (she exclaimed), by the genius which inhabits this cliff, by the nymphs which sport in its neighbourhood, by the dryads and hamadryads that live in these hollow cavities, that I will not obey my cruel mether. I will marry thee, and should my obdurate parent disinherit me, and send me forth to beggary, I will share it with thee. Let her disinherit me if she will; what is fortune—what is—"

"Dis—dis—disin—disinherit, did you say?" exclaimed our hero, staring in wild astonishment.

"Yes, disinherit (replied the young lady enthusiastically); I will brave disinheritance, poverty, exile, want, neglect, contempt, remorse, despair, death, all for you, so you don't kill yourself again."

"Dis—disiu—disinherit! (continued our hero, in a state of increasing distraction,) pov—, ex—, wa—, neg—, con—, re—, des—, death; why what is all this, angel of my immortal soul!"

"O don't take on so—don't take on so—my own dear heart; I swear again and again, a hundred, ay, ten hundred thousand million times, that I don't care if my mother cuts me off with a shilling—"

"Cut—cut—off—shilling—why I thought—that is—I understood—that is, I was assured—that—that—you had a fortune in your own right!"

"No, not a penny, thank heaven; I can now show you the extent of my love, by sacrificing fortune—everything for you. I'll follow you in beggary through the world."

"I'll be —— if you will, (our hero was just going to say, but checked himself, and cried out in accents of rage and despair), so you have no fortune of your own?"

"No, thank heaven."

"And you are entirely dependant on your mother?"

"Yes; and she has sworn to disinherit me if I marry you, thank heaven; you have now an opportunity of showing the disinterestedness of your love."

Our hero started up in a phrensy of despair—he rushed madly and impetuously to the edge of the cliff, then suddenly stopping he exclaimed "No, I won't be such a fool, either;" and quietly walking up to the young lady he said "Take my advice, Miss,—be a good girl, and mind what your mother says to you."

Our hero was shortly after seen furiously driving down the road with his gig and tandem; having left a few small debts in Dover that he forgot to settle, and a pocket-book, containing a diary, from which the following are extracts.

DIARY OF A MAN IN SEARCH OF A FORTUNE.

YES, 'tis but too true!—gone! But let me read it again. Here it is—"Married, on Monday evening, the twentieth instant, by the Reverend John Brush, Mr. John Johnson, of the firm of Johnson, Johnson, and Co., merchants, to Miss Julia Horn, daughter of the late Jacob Horn, all of the city of Bath." The deuse take these Johnsons! They are marrying all the girls in the city. This is the third of my loves, that this single firm has taken to wife. They make greater havoc among them than death—they are more ruthless than the king of terrors. He, while he removes the objects of my affection from my reach, hides them also from my sight, and allows time to heal the wounds of grief. But these Johnsons not only snatch them from my arms, but they parade them day by day before me, continually keeping alive my sorrow.

I think I could have better borne the loss of my fair Julia, if it had occurred in any other firm. I think I could have closed the transparent lids of her blue eyes, and have placed the shilling pieces on them, to keep them shut, and not even have wept. I could—I think I could have tied the pink riband around her pale face, to keep her jaws together in death, and have kiszed her cold lips thus closed—I could have done this—and have thanked heaven that matters were no worse. But when I read the announcement of her marriage, the fountain of my tears was tapped, and the "waters of bitterness" flowed as freely through the faucet, as cider from the barrel when the spigot is out and the bunghole is open. Oh Julia! Julia! "How often would I have gathered thee under my wing, as a hen gathereth her *chicken*, but thou *wouldst not!*" Thou art gone now, and I am desolate! Thou art gone, and with thee the Gold-street property and the railroad stock! Jack Johnson cannot love thee, Julia, as I would have loved; he cannot prize thee as I would, for he is rich already, and thy goods and chattels, and lands and tenements, will be to him as the drop to

the overflowing bucket, while to me, in my poverty, they would have been like water in the desert. But, as Joseph Faithful says, "its no use crying ; what's done can't be helped."

"SIR—I'll thank you not to come to my house no more—me and my family don't want to see you, so you'll please to make yourself scarce.—Yours to command,

ISRAEL STUBBS."

There ! there's a pretty note to receive from that infernal old butcher, Stubbs, after all the trouble and expense I have been put to on his daughter's account. Let me consider—yes—it is five months since I concluded to make the attempt—and now all my labour is lost. By heavens ! I'll bring an action against the old man for "money laid out and expended" for his daughter. There is the money I paid for seventeen night's admission to the theatre, without including the cost of ices, lemonades, etc. Heavens ! how shall I ever recover from the disgrace of dragging that dowdy girl up and down the illuminated walk ? While I had expectations of marrying her and fingering some of the receipts of the stall in —— market, I didn't mind it ; but now——. Let me proceed—and then the hack hire, candy, sugar-plums, comfits, gloves, waist ribands, gilt rings, and the false diamonds, which I told her *belonged to my late mother*. But, if this will not answer, I will bring an action for "work and labour"—and, heaven knows, I have had enough of that. Have I not dragged her all over the city, lifted her into and out of hacks. This last item is no joke, considering her weight and my size. I struck off eighty pounds from the result, when I weighed her at the slaughter-house, in order to bring her down to something near my own standard. But I do not care who knows it now—she weighs two hundred and eleven pounds ! I do believe that some of the fat hogs her father has killed, are rising up in judgment against him in the person of his daughter, for she is increasing in size every day. She has *picked up* wonderfully since I have known her. Ugh !—it's sickening to think of having such a mass of flesh tied to one for life. I'm rather glad the old man has forbidden me his house.

I really ought to be a very happy man. I am in magnificent health. My blood goes rioting through my veins like a brook, giving elasticity to my steps, vigour to my frame, energy to my mind, and a happiness to my heart, that almost makes me ready to cry aloud with joy, and give vent to my exulting feelings in shouts ! I am almost *painfully* easy in pecuniary matters, and entirely satisfied with my prospects. Indeed, I think I may as well set myself down as an *engaged man*. How fortunate for me that she is so fond of poetry ! I stormed her heart last evening, armed *cap-a-pie* with it. I made my entry, wielding Tom Moore in one hand, as my lance, and brandishing Byron, as my shield, in the other. Ours was a Parthian warfare, a running fight. She com-

menced on Byron, and ran (I after her) over the whole list of poets, with an observation on this one, a remark on that, a trite quotation from another, until at last she got stuck in that *quagmire* to superficial readers, Milton. Her superlatives were all exhausted—"sublime—beautiful—charming—exquisite—thrilling," etc. etc. had been already used. Here I made my conquest. I extricated her from the mire almost without her knowledge. In a moment after, we were sailing down the smooth and full tide of Southey's poetry, without a breaker in sight, and in another moment I was sailing out of the room with the full breeze of her favour.

Mem.—There is nothing like knowing when to say good-night—will recollect hereafter to leave a lady while I still wish to remain—will never bid her good-by after a stupid silence—will always let my last observation be pleasant or witty, and—

"What did you say, Ned? just—just heard that Miss—— has been secretly married these six months? oh! oh!—

"‘Oh! ever thus from childhood’s hour,
I’ve seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower,’" etc. etc.

[Will write it out some other time.]

I deserve my punishment. I who have prostituted every better feeling with which I have been endowed, for the sake of gain; who have striven for years to barter my body for gold; deserve to love as I do love, to be beloved as I am now loved, and to know that she around whom my very heart-strings are entwined, is sinking into the grave. It is just, that I who have knelt at every shrine, (but knelt only—I never worshipped but at thine, Mary!) I who have offered lip homage upon every altar that would receive my vows, should at length love where death shall be my successful rival, and should strive for a prize that the grave-worm will win. Where are now my visions of wealth and splendour, my selfish hopes, my base aspirations?—shattered—sunk—fallen!—a fit end to my worthless career. It would be too happy a fate for me to be permitted to love and cherish thee, Mary, in poverty and want; to labour with my hands for thy maintenance, and to earn by the “sweat of my brow” the food that would be sweetened by thy smile. I dare not ask this; and oh! I know that though I should pray for it, my prayers would be unheard. The decree has gone forth, the destroyer is abroad; already his baneful breath has driven the colour from thy cheek; already thy gentle form is sinking under his withering influence.

It is not two months since I obtained from her the sweet confession that my love was returned. There has been a fearful change in her appearance since then. I fear the shock she received from my impetuous avowal of my passion has diminished her few remaining days. She was dreadfully agitated. How the recollection of that scene haunts me. It was a lovely night. The young'

moon, darting her silver rays between the branches of the trees which lined the road, would ever and anon strike through the glass window, and light up with her intensely bright radiance, the pale face of her who leaned upon my breast in a corner of the coach. One long dark ringlet had escaped from the confinement of her hat, and hung down, sweetly shading her cheek! Her eyes were closed—but I could easily perceive from the heaving of her bosom, and the slight shudder which occasionally shook her frame, that they were not closed in sleep. She had just made to me the blissful avowal that I was beloved. I was giving utterance to the tumultuous feelings which swelled my heart almost to bursting, when my hand was suddenly and convulsively seized by hers. "I am dying," she faintly articulated, and sunk lifeless in my arms! When, after a furious drive of twenty minutes, I delivered her to her mother, I thought she was already lost to me for ever. The care of her parent, however, soon restored her to life, and—. But why do I pen these recollections here? I know not—except that I would preserve some visible record of the transient and fleeting moments of happiness I have enjoyed.

"Like sunset gleams, that linger late,
When all is dark'ning fast,
Are hours like these, we snatch from fate,
The brightest and the last."

I can open to this entry hereafter, and it will give me back, for a moment, lost happiness and wretched hopes.

I sometimes think she does not love as I do, or she would not be so resigned to her fate. She cannot have the faintest hope of recovery, and yet she does not murmur at being thus cut off in her youth and loveliness. She spoke to me last evening of her approaching end, and tried to prepare me for our last parting; and when she saw my distress, she told me that she blamed herself *for suffering me to love her*. "She had long known," she said, "that she must die young, and she ought to have repelled advances, she knew must end in disappointment and unhappiness. But oh," she continued, "it is so sweet to be beloved—and, besides, I did not think I should have to go so very, very soon. I hoped I should be permitted to remain with you a little while, and I thought I should be able so gradually to accustom you to the idea of my early doom, that when at last we parted to be re-united in another world, we should bid farewell as calmly as we do now, when we have the hope of a re-union to-morrow."

I am glad I have lived the life I have. It has been a good preparation for the scenes I have now to pass through. If my feelings were not completely blunted; if my heart was not of stone, I should never have been able to watch by the dying bed of this young girl.

LINES ON LEAVING HOME.

Ah sad was the morning though spring gaily smiled,
 And the bird and the blossom invited to roam,
 Ah sad was the hour when by fancy beguiled,
 I passed from thy portal, my own happy home!

I paused and looked back with a tremulous sigh,
 From the hilltop aloft o'er the green lawn that peers,
 And grief's dewy dimness o'ershadowed each eye,
 As I saw at thy casement a mother in tears.

The house-dog, fond playmate for many a year,
 Came bounding with joy on my lingering track,
 And every mute object to memory dear,
 With eloquent fondness seemed wooing me back.

For a moment my spirit its purpose misgave,
 As I gazed at the landscape's familiar array ;
 But ambition cried shame, and its faltering slave,
 With a sigh-heaving bosom soon bounded away.

To the cold world, that smiles on its wishes alone,
 With youth's stirring visions of glory I came,
 Untitled, unhonoured, unfriended, unknown,
 To strive for the guerdons of fortune and fame.

I joined in its turmoils, though strange was the scene,
 And starting the din from its tumults that rose,
 To a heart that from childhood accustomed had been,
 To the lullaby murmur of nature's repose.

With the blithe and the buoyant of spirit I met,
 Where the dance and the song with the wine-cup were crowned.
 While painting and sculpture looked round with regret,
 On the bright forms that moved in their glory around.

And though joy lit the banquet, I felt all the while,
 Unthrilled by its gladness, unquiet and lone,
 Like one cast ashore on some beautiful isle,
 Whose dwellers were strangers, whose language unknown.

Then fondly I turned to my boyhood's fair bowers,
 No more from their hallowed endearments to roam ;
 Though the world may boast prouder and gaudier flowers,
 Yet sweeter by far are the blossoms of home !

THE CONFESSIONS OF A FELON.

(Continued from p. 242.)

Thrusting her hand into her bosom, the Baroness drew out a small stiletto, which she flashed in her uplifted hand with a resolution that showed her desperation. She had thrown herself in a menacing attitude in the passage to oppose me, while the lamp that had fallen threw a dying gleam upon her fine figure and flashing eyes, as she threatened to sheathe the poniard in my bosom if I offered to advance.

"Murderess!—fiend in woman's form!—you look upon your death!" I exclaimed, presenting my remaining pistol at her head; "throw away your poniard, or die."

"Take it, then," she exclaimed. Suiting the action to the word, she hurled the glittering weapon at my head; at the same instant, she turned round and made a sudden bound up the stairs, as if with the intention of gaining the entrance before me. Urged by what seemed to be an almost irresistible love of life, I sprang after her. She was three steps in advance of me, and had touched the spring of the panel to which the glass was attached, and had partly passed through it, her glance flashing a triumphant look upon me, when the secret door was dashed quite open, and both of us found ourselves the next moment in the boudoir, in the presence of Goquet and Mallet, and surrounded by half-a-dozen *gens-d'armes*.

The desperate woman sunk down on a sofa, overcome at the sight, while a smile of triumph sat on the countenance of the police spy. Leaving four of the men to guard us, he immediately lit a wax candle, and, taking two of the *gens-d'armes* with him, proceeded to explore the subterranean passage.

A dead and ominous silence had been hitherto observed. The Baroness had turned deadly pale, but there was still an air of defiance and command in her manner that seemed to inspire an involuntary civility in the bearing of our guards towards her.

"Come, gentlemen, whatever may be thought of my conduct, I will, at least, prove to you that I am a Frenchwoman at heart, by drinking to the Republic and *la belle France*. You cannot refuse joining me in the toast." She then desired one of the *gens-d'armes*, a young-looking man, to draw the cork of a bottle of Burgundy, which she pointed out in a beau fet.

An elderly soldier, who seemed the senior of the party, remonstrated against taking the wine, but was overruled by his companions. The bottle was accordingly opened, and several glasses filled, while, notwithstanding my situation, I was inwardly admiring the extraordinary nerve of the woman before me.

"The Burgundy smells like a *bouquet*, Madame," exclaimed the young man who had officiated.

"Now, Messieurs, wait for my toast. This, at least, is a time to forget and forgive;" and she tendered me a glass of wine, which I indignantly refused.

"Are all ready?" she exclaimed, elevating her own glass—"Vive la belle France et la Republic!"

At the same moment, a suspicion which had just crossed my mind was horribly realised—as, repeating the toast, at nearly the same instant the *gens-d'armes* emptied their glasses, together with the unfortunate Mallet, and instantly fell to the ground in writhing convulsions.

"Devil!" I exclaimed—"I, at least, have escaped."

"It is even so," she said. "While these paralysed wretches are writhing their last, help me to destroy the wretches below." As she spoke, she shut to the glass door.

"Fiend! I leave you," I said, "to your work of death alone. Your doom will soon be sealed."

"Now, indeed, if murder has its due," exclaimed a faint voice. At the same moment, the wretched Mallet, on whose constitution the deadly potion seemed to have taken a less momentous effect, raised himself on his knees, with one of the *gens-d'armes'* pistols he had picked up from the floor, which he levelled and fired within two yards of the fell destroyer. With a half-stifled shriek, she fell across the sofa she had just risen from, while her white neck and bosom became deluged with blood. At the same instant, loud, heavy, and reiterated blows from the interior of the secret passage announced that the alarm had already been taken below.

Determined, if possible, to escape, I hastily enveloped myself in the large blue coat, sash, sword, and boots of one of the dead men, and was quitting the room, when three or four of the police corps rushed into the room, and, at once seeing through my disguise, arrested me.

At the scene of horror before them—the black and disfigured countenances of their dead comrades, of whom they deemed me the destroyer—their rage had risen to such a pitch, that I was expecting to be instantly put to death, when I pointed out the bleeding body of the Baroness as the poisoner.

"Wretches!" faintly exclaimed the wounded woman, raising herself, "would that I had sacrificed you all! My vengeance would have been then complete; but I—I—die only half satisfied." Her frame trembled violently for a moment, when, with a loud groan, she expired.

The men, familiarised with horror, were appalled at the terrific scene of death, and were beginning to remove the bodies, when the loud knocking at the wainscotting beneath the glass drew their attention.

Hastily making known to them the nature of the place where Goquet and his companions were, I proceeded with them to search for the secret spring; but so admirably had it been made and fitted, that we looked in vain until one of the men, cutting the panelling by the side of the glass, discovered the place, on pressing on which the glass yielded. No sooner was it opened, than the three men entered the apartment, fatigued with their exertions, and dragging in with them the still breathing body of Carlos.

That night the news of the astounding discovery that had been made, with its extraordinary attending events of murders, was proclaimed, trumpet-tongued, throughout Paris. It seemed for awhile to startle as with an earthquake shock the gay and thoughtless crowds whom the guilty and gifted woman had nightly received at her house. But how should I describe the harrowing scene of shame and misery that awaited me as a criminal at the bar of justice? The sole survivor of the forgers, their accumulated guilt of fraud and murder seemed accumulated on my single head. It was in vain that I made a public confession; my sentence was, to be branded as a felon on the arm, and work with chains in the galleys for life.

This sentence, even worse than death, was immediately put into execution. Nine months after my sentence, I was sent, with some hundreds of my fellow-culprits, to Cherbourg, where from sunrise to sunset we were employed in the most disgusting drudgery of beasts of burden. The fears of a violent death—of rotting piecemeal in a dungeon—I had felt; but now I was doomed to be half-maddened by the lash of the brutal overseer. Like others, my passions, from being pent up, had become the more deadly ferocious, and I determined to escape my present employment, or perish in the attempt. With this single feeling to support me, I watched for months in vain for an opportunity: we were guarded too strictly, day and night, to afford a chance. Nearly a year of my confinement had passed, when I formed an acquaintance with a Belgian, named Montnuil. He was short and thick in stature, and of exceeding strength. We worked in the same gang. I saw that, although he managed to conceal his feelings from our overseers, his thoughts were bordering on frenzy. I spoke to him in English, which he spoke well. He had been a servant in an English family, and his crime was having connived with housebreakers to rob them. In this attempt, a fellow-servant had been killed, and he had been sentenced to pass the remainder of his days in slavery. Communicating our designs together in English, we both agreed, at any sacrifice, to attempt an escape.

The difficulties were almost insurmountable, but what cannot the human mind achieve, stimulated as we were? The first grand achievement was the stealing of a file from a workman, which Montnuil managed to secret. To be brief, after days and nights of sleepless pain, we at last put our design into ex-

cution. At sunset, the gangs were marched off from the work with their guard. Just before their departure, Montnuil, who had previously filed through the links of our fetters, managed, with myself, to pull them asunder. The night was cold and foggy, and, watching a momentary opportunity, we both rolled down a high bank, among numerous piles of granite that stood partly imbedded in mud at the harbour's edge. Our first apprehension was, that we should be missed before the convicts reached the prison; in that case, pursuit would be so instantaneous there would be no chance of escape. And yet time was only valuable to us, in the hope of getting on board some small craft, the owners of which, either by force or entreaty, we should hope to induce to put over to the English coast.

The chances against our escape seemed as hundreds to one, and yet a thrill of hope throbbed through our bosoms as we heard from our place of concealment the dull, heavy clank of the convicts' chains die off in the distance. A sentry, however, still paced along the rugged mounds of earth above us. With a frantic gesture, Montnuil displayed his sharp-pointed file. A ghastly smile overspread his coarse countenance, as he whispered me the necessity of removing him.

"The relieving rounds," he observed, "will not be here for an hour; before that time I will be free, or dead."

This last word was uttered with a grating sound between his teeth, with an emphasis that at once showed me his desperate resolution.

"It will only be necessary to disarm him," I remarked.

"Fool! There is but one sure and only way. This is no time for scruples; even now we may be missed. Remain quiet; I will do the business."

Montnuil quitted my side, and in a moment I saw him stealing like a cat up the bank, pausing each moment the sentinel's measured tread approached the brink. I felt sick at heart at the crime that was about to be perpetrated; I had never yet countenanced cool assassination, and now that crimes had even allied me to a bloodhound I felt a strong compunction at the meditated murder. The attempt, indeed, was attended with the greatest hazard. Montnuil had all but gained the summit, and now threw himself down under a piece of projecting board. The soldier, who was a *nulle moustache*, had taken his walk to the brink, when his attention was arrested by the sound of some falling earth, which his intended destroyer had dislodged; he paused at the brink of the mound, seemed satisfied with his glance, and wheeled round. The following moment Montnuil rose up with the rapidity of a spectre, and stole behind the unconscious soldier, who fell under the fatal blow with scarce a groan. In a moment the murderer was by my side, the wretch triumphing in his exploit as he handed me his file, while he secured the bayonet of his victim about his dress.

"Now, comrade, for our lives. Did you ever yet go to sea on a log of timber? That is our only chance. You swim, and so do I, but we should go down long before we met a sail."

Following him, we instantly proceeded to launch an immense piece of timber, which seemed to have been the lower mast of a frigate. On to this we got astride two yards from each other, and commenced paddling ourselves out of the harbour. We had yet to pass under the range of another sentry on a rampart high over the mouth of the harbour, but were little apprehensive of the event, as the night had deepened considerably during the ten minutes or quarter of an hour that had elapsed since we had first hidden ourselves. The tide was ebbing fast, so that we were carried along, each of us merely extending our length on the mast, so that we might run less chance of being observed from the shore. In this manner, making no other motion in the water with our hands and feet but what was absolutely requisite to guide our course. We had floated beyond the harbour and out to sea, keeping a watchful eye on the sloop of war, distinguished by the light that now glimmered on board. We passed, however, about a mile to leeward of the vessel. The night was still, and Montnul, with a voice of triumph, and as if unconscious of the dreary prospect immediately before us, had just exclaimed that we had nothing to fear, when the sounds of the drum and firing of cannon by the guard beating the alarm announced that our flight was discovered.

"Do you hear it?" I exclaimed. "We are not more than ten minutes now from the sloop; if she should send her boats out"—

"Let them send; it will be next to pitch dark soon, and if we can only steal upon some fishing boat, *diable!* but we'll make good our footing, and sail to h—l but they shall never take us—at least, alive."

Looking back to the shore, I beheld a boat, with a flaming torch in the bow, palled out of the harbour, which was presently followed by a second. I drew my companion's attention to the fact, and observed that, as they could not see us at that distance, it would be well to strain every nerve to get as far out to sea as we could.

He attended to this advice, and with our hands and feet we immediately proceeded to impel the log through the waves at a considerable rate, which exertion besides, was attended with the happy effect of restoring the circulation to our chilled limbs.

While thus employed, on occasionally turning our heads to look behind us, we beheld the two boats part company, the one sweeping down the coast along shore, while the other, under the influence of her powerfully manned oars, plainly describable by means of the torch she carried, came sweeping along in the direction of our float.

Ten moments pulling, notwithstanding our exertions, had brought them within three or four hundred yards of the spot, when we both took a reclining posture, enduring a partial suffocation from the waves that broke over us every other minute, rather than allow ourselves to be seen.

I had managed to turn myself on our float, and beheld the boat, with some soldiers in the stern sheets, standing straight towards us, with feelings it would be difficult to describe. The light of the torch shed a fierce glare on the sea. They still held on—the glare of the torch even fell upon our persons—we heard the dash of their oars and their voices plainly in conversation. Another minute and they would have been alongside, when a voice in the stern sheets exclaimed “C'est inutile,—retournous.”

The boat was then put about, and made for the sloop, where we beheld it stationary for a time, when it returned to the shore.

By this time we had got some three or four miles out to sea, and though we had escaped death in being recaptured, the prospect before us was sufficiently harrowing—on a wild sea, without a mouthful of food—in nearly pitchy darkness, and exposed to all the inclemency of the elements. Still we held on in the hope of discovering one of the many fishing vessels that pursued their avocation chiefly at night off the coast. Our look-out, however, seemed perfectly hopeless—the lights on shore twinkled far in the distance, but no friendly gleam at sea furnished a rescue from our condition. Our situation had indeed grown perilous. Notwithstanding our constant exertions, our limbs had grown chilled from long immersion in the water, so that, amid the washing of the waves, it was with difficulty we held on to our float. As the night deepened the wind rose, and the seas every now and then broke with a violence that washed completely over us.

We were sinking fast—both in strength and spirits—when we beheld a feeble light ahead of us, glimmering upon the dark ocean before us like a solitary star, to which we made with what haste we could. In the course of half an hour we had got sufficiently close to perceive with joy that it was a small fishing boat. Hailing the crew, consisting of a man and two boys, they were thrown into considerable alarm, and it was some minutes before they sufficiently mastered their surprise to assist us into their boat.

Montnul asserted that we had been upset in a boat, and had luckily found the log of wood which had supported us so long. As if in doubt of our story, or requiring some confirmation of it, the fisher, who was an elderly man, took his small lantern from the bow of the boat, and turned it full upon our persons.

“Ah, mon Dieu, (he exclaimed, drawing back with a look of horror from our tell-tale clothes) you are escaped galley-slaves!”

NOVEMBER, 1847.

" You are right for once in your life, (exclaimed Montnui sternly) and you must assist us to escape, by instantly weighing and hoisting sail for England. Your refusal will be your death, as we are both desperate and well-armed."

My ruffian associate drew his bayonet as he spoke, while the old man and the boys commenced supplicating for mercy.

" It is impossible to think of reaching England, good gentlemen, (exclaimed the old man,) we have neither sufficient water nor provisions, even if my boat would live in the heavy seas in mid channel."

The old man entreated in vain. He saw we were both determined, and with loud lamentations proceeded to fulfil our wishes.

Having refreshed ourselves with a draught of bad wine, a gallon jug of which we found in the boat, and assisting the old man, we soon had the satisfaction of seeing the boat expand her sails to a brisk breeze, that wafted us swiftly towards the English coast. We knew perfectly well that we had a distance of sixty or seventy leagues of sea to traverse before we could reach the nearest port of England. Yet, urged by the thrilling hope of ultimate escape, after our recent sufferings, we thought but little of the danger of traversing so great a space of ocean in a small and but inadequately fitted-up boat.

Unfortunately for us it came on to blow rather stiffly as the morning dawned. We took all the reefs we could in our sail, still we were constantly threatened to be engulfed in the heavy seas that broke around us, the spray of which, falling every moment into the boat, obliged us to keep the boys employed in baling. Several large vessels occasionally hove in sight, which we did all we could to avoid, though, from the telescopes levelled at us, we could not but, in several instances, perceive the surprise the appearance our cockle-shell of a boat excited.

The wind still held on favourably for us. The old man and his two nephews, such the lads proved to be, lamenting their unhappy fate, the more progress the heat made. We were enabled to make a scanty meal of some mouldy biscuit and the wine found in the boat, the greater portion of which, however, Montnui arrogated to himself. The afternoon turned out fine, and a partial sunahine gilded the water, and raised our spirits. There seemed now every chance of our making the English coast, and availing himself of an opportunity, when unperceived, my companion whispered in my ear that it would never do to let the old man and his son land, to inform the authorities.

Steeped as I was in guilt, I resolutely set my face against harming the old man or the boys, and assuming a tone which, for many reasons, I had hitherto neglected to do, expressed my avowal of aiding them if he attempted to molest them. The miacreatant proceeded to bully, but I was firm, and seeing that I was so, he appeared to lay aside his bloodthirsty project. The sun, in the appearance

of which we had congratulated ourselves, set almost obscured in black clouds that excited the apprehensions of the old fisher. He prognosticated that we should have foul weather, at the same time he informed us if a gale arose nothing could save the boat. We had previously just succeeded in making out the white cliffs of Albion, and now earnestly hoped that we should effect our landing before it came on.

Vain hope; from the distant lights we already fancied that we were not far from the land, when the wind gradually increased in its violence until it blew a gale; this was accompanied by a heavy sleet and a muttering of distant thunder. A few glimmering stars alone appeared in the dark sky, that enabled us just to see ourselves precipitated each moment into the hollow of the seas, from which we scarcely expected to rise again; still the boat appeared to hold on miraculously. The old man sat like a spectre at the helm, his face illumined by the lightning that each moment flashed across the horizon; while the two lads, in all the anguish of anticipated death, were loud in their lamentations. With the exception of a blasphemous oath every moment we were threatened by a sea, Montnuil spoke not, as he stood up in the boat, clinging to the mast and looking anxiously a-head.

The wind was evidently increasing, when the boat, struck by a cross sea, became half filled with water.

"Bale for life (shouted Montnuil)—bale away."

Vain hope! a flash of lightning seemed to play round the devoted boat at that moment, when we were engulfed by a tremendous sea.

Although an excellent and a practical swimmer, I was nearly suffocated before I gained the surface of the water; when I rose, a flash of lightning showed me Montnuil and the old fisherman, who had risen close to me on the crest of a mountain billow, grappling together for the possession of a small cask they each held on to.

"Dog! quit your hold," exclaimed the fierce voice of Montnuil, which was followed by several gurgling cries, and the next moment they both disappeared beneath the dark waters in a death struggle. A moment after, the disputed cask came within my reach. I immediately took possession of it. I knew that I could not be very far from land, and with a desperate hope still clung to my prize, amid the angry war of elements around me. Buoyant as I found the cask, from its rolling nature I experienced the greatest difficulty in retaining my hold, and there were intervals, indeed, when I made up my mind to abandon it altogether, and trust to my swimming. Had I done so; I must inevitably have been drowned; but continuing to keep a firm hold, and drawing in a long breath each time I emerged from a wave, I managed to retain my hold, until, to my inexpressible joy, I found my feet touch the ground, and I was thrown by a wave

far up on a sandy beach, which I immediately scrambled up until stopped by a range of cliffs. Sick almost to death with my exertions, I threw myself down on the beach, and experienced considerable relief on throwing up a quantity of salt water which I had been compelled to swallow.

Exploring the beach after this, I discovered a small ravine, or gully, that took me from the shore to the summit of the cliffs. The storm still continued to rage with unabated fury, and walking over a rugged down, I soon reached the high road, which I had not traversed far when I came to the house of a small farmer. Here, telling them I had been shipwrecked, I was kindly received, and learnt that I had been cast on a sandy part of the rugged coast of Cornwall. Having stopped for two days, and been treated with the greatest hospitality by my kind entertainers, and even furnished by the landlord with a suit of clothes, I took leave of him, and pursued my way towards London, where, after enduring all the degradation incident to a state of absolute pauperism, frequently being obliged by my wants to solicit alms, I arrived at the end of my journey in seven days.

It was at the close of a November's evening that, wearied and penniless, and having sold my waistcoat in the morning for a loaf of bread, I entered the great metropolis. Though inured to hardship and reckless in conduct, my pride had hitherto saved me from all thoughts of petty fraud. I had even felt myself above begging, except when absolutely forced to it, and now that I held on my painful way, and beheld the display of wealth that crowded the shop-windows, I felt that there was yet a field for me to retaliate upon mankind the hardships and persecutions with which I had begun to conceive myself oppressed. My sufferings, indeed, had rendered me desperate, and determined me, as soon as opportunity would serve, to make use of those talents which I knew myself possessed of to prey upon mankind. But where to obtain a shelter, or lay my head for the present, I knew not. Having passed some brick-kilns at work in the neighbourhood of Camberwell, the weather being piercingly cold, I pursued my way back to them, and reached them nearly fainting from fatigue. I had scarcely, indeed, taken a seat near the heated bricks, which were piled up in the centre of an extensive piece of waste ground, than I found that I was not the only houseless wanderer who had there sought a shelter.

There were two men, an elderly and a middle-aged man, who seemed a little disturbed at my approach, and who, by their eagerness to get a glance of my face, betrayed their own by the bluish flame that rose from the centre of the kiln. Dissipation and crime seemed legibly written in the hollow eyes and ruffian aspect of the elder man. Brief as the glance was I had of the younger man, as they slunk back to a seat they had formed of bricks and straw I thought that the features, which were comely, were familiar to me. My presence, however, seemed anything but acceptable to either of them. After whispering together

for a moment, the elder of the two addressed me in a manner that showed me he was, as I had suspected, intoxicated.

"I say, my rummy cove, you're a queer-looking, outlandish chap; tip out your *brads*, and pay your *footing* here. You can't have hotel comforts for nothing, you know."

"To be sure he can't," said the younger, drawing on the other side of me as he spoke.

"You're both mistaken (I exclaimed, calmly). My fortunes, probably, are forlorn as your own. I am a desperate man, and without the price of the humblest bed, or I should not be here."

"Gammon (exclaimed the elder man). Now tell us your calling, if you mean to say you're one of us. Are you a *cracksman*, a *grand toby man*, a *list-maker*, a *smasher*, or a *buzzman*? Now tip us the *gag*."

"I do not understand your terms (I replied); but of this be certain—I have the means of taking my own part, if you molest me."

As I spoke, I drew back a step or two, and raised the heavy stick which I carried in an attitude of defence.

"Stash it, Ben; he's a cove like us—hard down on his luck (said the younger man); and may I never handle a darkey or a jemmy if I haven't seen his phiz before in some nook (continued the speaker, suddenly changing his manner of speaking). Pray, Sir, will you do me the favour of giving me your name? I will not solicit your card, not being prepared to exchange my own this moment."

"Your voice (I replied) seems familiar to my ear, as does your countenance; but where we may have met I know not."

"D—n it! it's that that puzzles me (said the man). You look like some greenhorn that I've done in my day, but how, when, or where——"

Suddenly he struck his forehead violently, with an oath of surprise.

"Can it be possible (he exclaimed)? Your name is Stowell?"

"And yours (I exclaimed, as he stood face to face with me, by the kiln's light) is——"

"Clifford, at your service—once in your service."

"I have not forgotten you (I exclaimed, bitterly); by the same token that you robbed me——"

"Easy, easy, Mr. Stowell—that's an ugly word. We've both been rascals in our day; but forget the past in this strange meeting after so many years, and tell me how you have got so devilishly low in the world."

"My story, if I have one (I said, haughtily), is not for every ear."

"Good Lord! and are you rich enough to be grand still (said Clifford)? Though I am somewhat blackened and hardened since I saw you, yet I mean friendly."

"The best proof of your fidelity——"

"Whaist! let that plea stick by the wa', as a Scotchman would say (observed Clifford). You played the villain yourself to a lovely girl—deceived your relative, and employed me in the basest service, besides bringing down curses on my head. I had been made your tool. Was it strange that, thrown upon my own resources so often as I had been in life, I should have escaped without some little contamination of principle, and, consequently, that, having the power in my hands, I should forego so glorious a chance of indemnity as presented itself at Naples? Ask your own heart——"

"Oh, you're giving him a little of your Old Bailey gag, eh, Clifffy?" said the elderly man, affecting a facetious wink.

A moment's reflection had convinced me, indeed, while Clifford spoke, of the utter folly of quarrelling with a man whose crimes, in all probability, were light compared with my own.

"I have no wish (I said) to rip up old grievances; neither of us are in a state to care much for the past when the future appears of so much consequence."

"Your luck, I guess, has been worse than my own (said Clifford, thoughtfully). I knew you were devoted to play, and then that duel affair—it's easily accounted for how you're come down."

"You're right (I exclaimed, bitterly); and now can you teach me best how to obtain clothes, to make an appearance?"

"Yes, I can, and much more than that (said Clifford, confidently). You are right—a good appearance is the first step that is indispensable, whether in the pursuit of crime or industry; and I suppose the world has not particularly improved your taste, and that you're not over nice?"

"You may be right (I exclaimed); necessity has no law."

"Come, you speak to the purpose (said Clifford). Although you see me here with my companion on what is termed the night-crawl, it is a particular appointment we have. I will now prove to you, though I made free with a little cash of yours—and which, by the way, only steeped me further in the mire—crime has not altogether steeled my heart. Here's a sovereign—don't start—you'll find it good. You'll value it more than you did a hundred or a thousand in former days, for it will do you more service. It will get you a lodging; if you're knocked up, take a cab. You'll get a bed and supper at any public-house—that is, if you pay for it before-hand, for, truth to say, you do not look over-flourishing."

"Your kindness shall, at least, be remembered," I said.

"Say nothing about that (said Clifford). In three days, if you'll ask for me at that 'flash ken' (and he gave me a card), you'll hear of me, or see me, if I've any luck, and we'll talk of other matters."

As he finished speaking, two figures darkened the space between us and the kiln.

Perceiving, from the manner of the two new-comers, who were joined by the half-intoxicated companion of Clifford, that my presence was viewed with suspicion, I hastily bade the latter good night, and departed with a feeling of joy in being thus unexpectedly made the possessor of a solitary piece of gold. Making my way to the nearest tavern, after being eyed for some time with suspicion, I managed to obtain refreshments and a bed, and awoke the next morning with a feeling that I had been a stranger to for a long time previous. The morning I spent in serious contemplation of my future prospects. Although my trial in France had been copied into most of the papers of Europe, yet, having been tried and convicted under an assumed name, I was still in hopes that, if my uncle was living, he was ignorant of the indelible disgrace of my conduct. At all events, if he were alive, it was my determination to effect, if possible, a reconciliation, by addressing myself to his naturally kind heart. The first thing, however, was to ascertain his existence. Calling upon a tradesman in town, with whom I knew he dealt, I represented myself as an old servant of the old gentleman's, and proceeded to make inquiries. I learnt, indeed, that, though bowed down by infirmities (family troubles my informant termed them) rather than years, he still existed, though he had foregone his usual walks in the fields, and now led a melancholy and somewhat secluded life with a young lady (the daughter of a clergyman), whom he appeared to have adopted.

At this intelligence, a hundred hopes flashed across my mind, and I knew the young lady, indeed, could be no other than Mary Clifton, and felt it presented me with an admirable opportunity of offering to expiate the wrongs I had done poor Mary by offering her my hand at once. Conceiving that there would, at least, be thought a feeling of contrition in the offer, I sat down and wrote a long and pathetic letter, which I thought calculated to touch the heart of both Mary and my uncle. In this I described my contrition and shame for the past, and stated that I had gone wandering about the world with an upbraiding conscience, and that I only trespassed on his notice, being very ill at that moment, that I might obtain, if possible, his forgiveness, and make reparation to the injured Mary before I died.

To this hypocritical effusion I attached the decent address of a wretched lodging which I had taken in one of the courts leading out of Drury-lane. It was on the second day that, with a feeling of feverish intensity, I heard the post-man's knock at the door. The moment afterwards the woman of the house entered my squalid-looking chamber with a letter in the well-known handwriting of my uncle. Almost breathless with the intensity of my emotions, I broke the

seal of those armorial bearings which I had so vilely dishonoured, and read the following brief contents:—

" Infatuated criminal! The perusal of your letter has only tended to convince me that you are for ever lost to every principle of honesty and truth. Your conviction for forgery in Paris I have long known, though ignorant of your escape from those laws it has been the guilty business of your life to outrage. If it be possible that one so young and steeped in duplicity and crime can feel remorse, seek forgiveness of that one great Being before whom alone all hearts are known. Your offer of atonement to your noble-hearted victim comes too late; it is now an insult, nor does it require much penetration to see through your shallow artifice. For my part, the hours of sorrow you have caused me are over; would that I could say as much for the best and most abused of women. These are the last lines I shall ever write to you. That you may not perish from want, or plead that as an excuse for future crime, I have been induced to do for you far more than you deserve. Enclosed is an order, which, presented by yourself, will entitle you to the sum of five pounds a month. This you will only receive on condition of keeping your name out of the criminal calendar, and on condition of never writing to, or in any way communicating with, her whom you have so basely treated, or myself."

Although disappointed in my main object, I knew the uncompromising determination of my uncle's resolves too well to expect any other favour than that expressed in his letter, and which, indeed, my heart told me I alone owed to Mary Clifton. In my then impoverished and miserable state, I felt not a little relief to have the allowance he had made me. Slender as it was, it still kept me from absolute destitution, and prevented me having recourse to one so low and desperate in his crimes as I deemed Clifford to be. I never even went near the place to inquire after him, but, obtaining clothes from the first immediate instalment, which I drew from a tradesman who had formerly been a confidential servant in my uncle's service, I had the satisfaction of being enabled to make a decent appearance. Desirous of learning, if possible, any news with regard to my escape, I ventured into a coffee-house frequented by foreigners, and, looking at some French papers two or three weeks old, read an exaggerated account of the murder of the soldier, and my escape and supposed death, together with that of Montnui and the fisherman, the bodies of whom, locked in their last fierce embrace, were picked up near Falmouth a few days after the wreck. Relieved of a great portion of my fear, I still deemed it only prudent to disguise myself, so that those who had formerly known me abroad could not by any chance recognise me. In this art, indeed, I had been made but too great a proficient, under the Baroness d'Eclere to dread the result. In the course of a week or two, by means

of a wig, allowing my moustache and whiskers to grow, and painting my eyebrows, I felt confidence in the efficiency of my disguise. One tell-tale mark of infamy at times harassed me with the fears of detection through some untoward accident—that was the brand upon my arm, which I dreadfully lacerated in a vain hope of effacing the damning mark.

(To be Continued.)

ADVERTISING FOR A WIFE.

MODESTY, diffidence, and a proper humility, are jewels in the cap of merit; but downright bashfulness, your real *mauvaise honte*, is terrible, and is a distinct mark of ill-breeding, or rather of no breeding at all. Your dashing impudent fops, who say a thousand silly things to the ladies, and flutter around them like butterflies, are yet more endurable than your bashful fellows who sneak into a corner, terrified to catch a look, or exchange a word with pretty women.

Such an identical person paid me a visit on one of the cold days last week, and broke in upon me with a thousand bows and apologies, while busily engaged with pen in hand, thinking of a cure for the monetary panic, which would not run the risk of being knocked on the head by a friend the moment it was announced.

"Sit down, sir, if you please; make no more apologies: sit down and tell me your business." "Well, sir, I'm come for a curious business, quite an intrusion, I'm sure, but so it is; necessity knows no ceremony. Some time ago I read in your paper a description of the miseries of an old bachelor, and it was so to the life—so true, and so exactly my condition, that I have made bold to call for advice; for misery, they say, loves company, and one wretched bachelor may be able to counsel another—that it is—" "Stop, stop, my friend; before you proceed, let me correct an error in which you have, no doubt, inadvertently fallen. Though I might be able from memory to describe the misery of single wretchedness, I had not the courage constantly to face it. You must not be deceived, I am no longer a bachelor; do you want the proofs, look there; that black-eyed, ruddy-cheeked fellow on the carpet, employed in cutting out ships and houses from old newspapers, is my oldest; he designs himself to be an editor, for he contends that nothing is easier; it is only, he says, cutting out slips from one paper and putting them into another. That little one who struts about in a paper cocked-hat and wooden sword, with which, ever and anon, he pokes at my ribs, while busily engaged in considering how the nation is to be saved, is my second hopeful; he is a Wellington; all children, sir, are great men; he goes for a soldier if there be wars. That little golden-haired urchin, with a melting blue

eye, who is sure to ask me for candy, while I am describing, in bitter terms, the tyranny of the Bank directors, is my youngest; and there, with the basket of stockings near her, sits my better half; there is the sparkling fire, and here are my slippers: does all this look like the miseries of a bachelor?" "Well, I beg your pardon, sir, for believing that you were as wretched as I am; but still when you hear my story you may possibly advise me what is best to be done." "Go on, sir." "Well, sir, thus it is: My father realised a handsome property by his industry, which he left to me; but such were his rigid notions of the necessity of constant occupation to prevent idleness and other evils, that my time was employed, after I had left school, which was at an early age, from sunrise to bed-time. It was an incessant round of occupation—labour, keeping books, and making out bills. Behold me now, at the age of twenty-three, with a good constitution, correct principles, and a handsome income. I have lost my parents—I am alone in the world. I wish to marry, but really, sir, to my shame I confess it, I have no acquaintance among young ladies. I do not know any. My secluded manner of living has prevented my cultivating their acquaintance; and if by accident I am thrown into their society, my tongue is literally tied. I do not know how to address them—I am not conversant with the topics which are usually discussed. In short, sir, I wish to advertise for a wife, and not knowing how to draw up such an advertisement, I came to beg that favour at your hands."

"So, so (said I to myself), here's a little modesty tumbled into decay—'Cœlebs in Search of a Wife.'

He was a good-looking young fellow, and had a quick eye, which led me very much to doubt his reserved, retired, and abashed condition before the ladies.

"Have you, sir, considered the risk in taking a wife in this strange way? How very liable you may be to gross imposition! What lady of delicacy or reputation would venture to contract an alliance so very solemn and obligatory, through the channel of a newspaper advertisement?"

"Very probably, sir; but a poor honest girl might be struck with it; a clever, well-educated, daughter, ill-treated by a fiery step-mother, might, in despair, change her condition for a better one; nay, a spirited girl might admire the novelty, and boldly make the experiment."

"Well, sir, and how are you to conduct the negociation with your native bashfulness? You have no superannuated grandmother or old maiden aunt to arrange preliminaries."

"That's very true; but, sir, necessity will give me confidence, and despair afford me courage."

I wrote the advertisement for him, which he thankfully and carefully placed in his pocket-book, and bade us good morning.



(Susanna)

"Poor devil (said I), here's a condition—here's a novelty—here's a *rara avis*!—a fellow of twenty-three, with a good character and income, and not sufficient impudence to ask for a wife! I know lots of young ladies who would have sufficient charity to break him of his bashfulness in a few lessons."

However, his case is not a novel one. It shows the necessity of parents accustoming their sons in early life to cultivate the society of respectable females. They should be encouraged in any disposition they may manifest for good female society, although they may incur the charge of being either a beau or a dandy. Boys should go to dancing-schools, not only because it teaches them grace, but it accustoms them in early life to the society of women. They dance with those girls whom, in later periods, they may admire and respect as ladies. The lives of children should be chequered with innocent amusements—study and labour require such relief, and they should not be brought up in close confinement, in a doggrel way which unfits them for society when they are men, nor be driven to the dire necessity of advertising for a wife, and taking the risk of such a desperate adventure.

SUSANNAH.

WHITHER are thy thoughts now roaming, gentle lady? Why, unnoticed and uncared for, does thy bower spread around thee its fragrance and its shade? Perchance, thou art dreaming of days of old romance, when young knights laid at the feet of beauty their hard-won spurs, or sought at twilight hour her pity and love—or when the palmer threw aside his cloak and scalloped hat, to disclose the lover, who had brought her many a trophy from Syria's burning fields—or when in lofty and glittering halls and amid gorgeous dames, crowds of warriors sought her smile—or when she listened from her lofty lattice to the songs of passing minstrels, sweeter to her pleased ear than the melody of the nightingale, that warbled from the silver beach tree the live-long night. Perchance, thou art dreaming of less gaudy scenes, where nature, in unimpaired and silent grandeur, spreads all her charms—when thou wouldest have no companions, but the gay and careless revellers in the sunshine and the grove—no sound to distract thy wandering fancy, but the humming of glittering insects, the notes of the birds, the dying murmurs of the breeze, or the falling of distant waters—no brightness but the chequered sun-beams, scarcely stealing through the quivering trees, and purple twilight slowly chasing them away, till at last the only lamp to light up the vast and tranquil theatre, is the flitting fire-fly or the twinkling star. Perchance, thou art dreaming neither of old days of romantic splendour, nor scenes of rural and tranquil joy—some secret thought may be swelling that gentle bosom—scarcely acknowledged to thyself, and of which profane curiosity may not venture to inquire.

THE CASTLE OF GELAHAUSEN.

NEAR the heights of the Westerau, in the delightful valley of the Kinzig, may be seen the dilapidated, moss-clad walls of the once rich imperial city of Gelahausen, round which the Kinzig winds its lingering course, and at a short distance the remains of the magnificent palace of the same name, erected by the Emperor Frederick.

It was on the summit of those beautiful heights, called the Rhongebirge, where they are united to the Vogelbirge by a picturesque ridge of hills, that Frederick Barbarossa, son of Frederick the Squinter, Duke of Suabia, passed the fairest days of his youth. Gifted with all the qualities of heart and mind, skilled in all the arts of chivalry, few opponents withstood his lance, and never did the savage denizens of the forests, which covered the hills around him, escape his spear or bolt. It was seldom that the noble youth assisted at tilt, tourney, foray, or hunting party, without bearing off the prize of victory. Well versed in the chronicles and legends of former times, he excelled in the minstrel's noble art. When the winter's tempests had passed away, and spring revisited his native valleys with its train of sylvan joys, Frederick sallied forth, his bow on his shoulder, and was joyfully received at the surrounding castles, and by his father's vassals, who hailed the day when his favourite sports and exercises brought him once more among them.

In one of those excursions, the path happened to lead him to a noble castle, the gate of which was overhung with clustering branches of full-blown lilac. Beneath the porch sat the owner of the castle and his lovely daughter, with several faithful watch-dogs basking in the sunbeams.

"God be with you!" exclaimed the youth.

"And with you," replied the old man, laying aside a piece of armour he was examining.

"Do not disturb yourself, Erwin (said Frederick); and you, fair maiden, I am sure, will not refuse a traveller a meal and shelter, till the lark summon him to pursue his journey."

"Gela, bring a draught of fresh mead for our guest," said Erwin to his daughter.

The maiden was about to rise from her seat, when Frederick requested her to proceed with her work, and added, with a smile, that he would earn his cup of welcome like a true minstrel. Both bowing assent to his proposal, he sang the joys of spring, its choir of winged songsters, its blossoms, and the sweet perfumes of its expanding flowers. Gela's work dropped from her hands, and her eyes were suffused with moisture. The old man listened with delight; even the

dogs raised themselves up, as if attending to the melodious accents of the youthful singer. A thrill of pleasure vibrated through Frederick's heart when he heard the maiden applaud his minstrelsy; and far sweeter did he find the cup of welcome which she presented to him than the richest beverage he had ever tasted in his father's halls. Frederick's heart had been insensible to the smiles of the most beautiful ladies of the court; Gela's blue eye had now awakened in his bosom a new feeling, to which he had hitherto been a stranger.

Scarcely had the first rays of morning gilded the foliage of the surrounding woods, when Frederick sprang from his sleepless couch to confide to his lyre the melancholy emotions of his heart, but for the first time his skilful fingers did not respond to the workings of his mind. He was hastening out to quell the storm of his feelings in the cool morning breeze, but as he crossed the spacious hall he was met by Gela, beautiful as the rose when the first rays of the sun sparkle on the dew-drops from the fragrant cup. He approached, and greeted the maiden, who returned his salutation with graceful courtesy.

On his return to his father's palace, he concealed his love in the inmost recesses of his heart, but his companions observed that an extraordinary change had taken place in him. The chase no longer delighted him, nor could the chivalrous pastimes of the age divert his melancholy: his guitar was the only confidant of his secret sorrow. In vain did his father endeavour to discover the cause of this change, and no less vain were the inquiries of his tender mother, Judith, daughter of Henry, Duke of Bavaria, surnamed the Black.

Frederick sometimes strolled into the woods, armed as usual with spear and bow, but the beasts of the forest passed unheeded and unscathed by his shafts. Unconsciously his steps were attracted towards the castle where the star of his existence radiated in all its gentle splendour; but he dared not approach the idol of his affections, for his love was timid as the startled roe. One morning, however, as he was wandering among the sylvan scenes that surrounded the castle where Gela resided, he suddenly perceived the beauteous maiden seeking for wild herbs within bow-shot of the walls. His first impulse was to speak to her, but the words died upon his lips. The maiden blushed deeply, and regarded the youth with astonishment, for he stood before her motionless, as if transfixed by enchantment.

"You seem unwell, my Lord (said she); will you not enter our castle, and take rest and refreshment?"

"Gela! (cried Frederick, throwing himself at her feet, as if restored to animation by her words), you do not, then, reject my suit? May I ever hope to see you again? Will you listen to the outpourings of my heart, for I swear——"

"Oh, swear not (said Gela, interrupting him), but rise, for it is not fit, my Lord, that I should see you thus before me."

"Gela, I love you (replied the impassioned youth). Say but the word—may I hope? may I live!"

Gela answered, hesitatingly, "Let to-morrow's earliest dawn find you in the chapel of the castle;" and, before Frederick had time to reply, she had disappeared among the trees. He seemed as if awakened from a dream. At length, he entered the mansion, and passed a tedious day in conversing with Erwin, whose daughter did not appear.

Scarcely had the warder announced the hour of midnight from the donjon turret ere the impatient Frederick descended with a hasty step into the vaulted chapel, where he anxiously awaited the appearance of the lovely Gela. Long had he to wait, for it was not till the morning twilight shed its first grey streaks through the painted windows that the door which communicated with the corridor of the castle (the private entrance for its inmates) creaked upon its hinges. Frederick started up, scarcely able to breathe with emotion. When he beheld the adored form of Gela, he flew towards her, and in impassioned accents renewed the declaration of his affection. Gela listened to him for awhile, then, leading him to a seat before the altar, seated herself by his side, and exclaimed in a calm and solemn voice,

"My Lord, my meeting you here, and at this hour, is a sufficient proof that your love has struck a responding chord in my poor heart. But, alas! your love must be my only guardian—my inward devotion your only hope. I never can be yours. No, my Lord; you are called to higher and more glorious destinies. The noblest ladies await your selection—a princess becoming your exalted rank must be your bride. An humble maiden such as I cannot aspire to that honour. Leave me, then, I beseech you—I never can be yours."

Frederick cast himself at her feet, and endeavoured to overcome her resolution by arguments and fresh protestations of his love.

Gela replied, in a tone of mild submission, "Here, in God's presence, I promise you that my love shall never cease. May Heaven forgive me, if my affection is deserving of punishment; but my love shall and must be pure and holy as the place in which I have made you this confession."

Frederick dared not interrupt her; his eyes were fixed on hers; but when she ceased speaking, and his ear was no longer enraptured by the sweet melody of her voice, he exclaimed, in despair, "Oh, Gela, must I never see you again?"

"Yes (answered Gela, pointing to an image of the Virgin Mary, sculptured with exquisite skill, over which the rays of the rising sun, darting through the painted windows, threw the splendour of their colours)—here, before this altar, and at this hour, as often as you please, but at no other place, for I will keep my love in all its purity for another and a better world. Here our feelings will be under the guidance of God and his angels."

Frederick, who flattered himself he should eventually overcome her scruples, could not contain his excess of happiness ; he vowed eternal love and fidelity.

Henceforth, each morning's dawn found the lovers seated within the holy sanctuary, where they indulged without reserve in the felicity of their mutual passion ; but that passion was pure as heaven's ether, and their souls were free from every earthly thought.

When the news of the fall of Odessa, in the year 1146, became known in Germany, and the eloquent Bernard of Clairvaux preached the crusade throughout Europe, the Emperor, Conrad the Third, was amongst the first to answer the inspiring appeal which called all Christian knights to rally round the banner of the Cross. It was then that a noble thirst for glory was rekindled in Frederick's bosom. He also affixed the red cross to his mantle, and, having assembled his faithful Suabians, followed his uncle, the Emperor, to Palestine.

Though heart-broken at this interruption of their innocent affection, Gela was the first to urge him to join the expedition, as became the future Duke of Suabia. The parting hour at length arrived. At the same holy spot where they had so often met the lovers bade adieu to each other ; and as Frederick imprinted the last kiss on the maiden's lips, he said,

" Thus let our love be sealed for ever."

" For ever," responded Gela, and quickly disengaged herself from his embrace for the trumpets already sounded for the warrior's departure.

Throughout the various perils and vicissitudes of the crusade Frederick was animated by the desperation of his love, which excited him to the performance of prodigies of valour. The rosebud, a symbol of his Gela's youth and purity, was the emblem on his shield and banner. This symbol was his protection. Often, when overpowering numbers oppressed the Christian hosts, Frederick's war-cry, " Gela to the rescue ! " struck terror into the hearts of the Saracens and turned the scale of victory.

At length, when the imperial army was compelled, by treachery and the reverses they sustained in the burning deserts of Iconium, to retreat to Constantinople, Frederick there received the mournful tidings of his father's death, which rendered it necessary for him to return home.

No sooner had his subjects tendered their allegiance, than his love, which had augmented by separation, impelled him to the castle where his Gela dwelt. Impatient of delay, and anticipating the happiness of their union, Frederick hastened to the Kinzig ; but what was his disappointment and agony when he heard by the way that Gela had taken the veil. He received the confirmation of this astounding intelligence from Erwin, who presented him with a letter and an embroidered scarf, which his daughter had confided to his care for the young Duke on the very day she entered the convent. Frederick pressed the scarf

and letter to his quivering lips, and, with eyes bedimmed with tears, he read the following words :—

" It behoves the Duke of Swabia to select a wife among the princesses of his own rank. For a whole year, his love was the sole happiness of Gela's life—so it will ever be. Let that love be as eternal as it was pure and holy."

The unhappy Duke, casting himself on his knees, swore to obey the mandate, and he kept his word. The scarf, the dear pledge of his Gela's affection, accompanied him in all his expeditions, and in the hour of peril was wound around his casque. Yielding, at length, to the entreaties of his family, and the representation of his counsellors, he married Adelheid, daughter of the Margrave Theobald of Vohburg, in the year 1149; yet love was a stranger to their union; and when the imperial crown was placed on the head of the heroic Frederick, he immediately separated from Adelheid, whom, however, he treated with all the respect and courtesy due to her rank.

His love for Gela remained unchanged. At the place where her father's castle had stood he built a magnificent palace, which was his favourite place of residence; and on the spot where he so unexpectedly met her in the woods he founded a noble city, one of the finest monuments of the age, to which he gave the name of Gelhausen. The last relic of the heroic race of Hohenstaufen has long since descended to the grave, and the name of Frederick Barbarossa adorns the page of history, but his love for the beautiful Gela still lives in the traditions of the people.

HANDEL AND DR. GREENE.

Dr. Greene, a personal friend, as well as warm admirer, of Handel's, brought to the great German an anthem of his own composition, requesting the favour of his opinion and remarks upon it. Handel readily received the production, promised to examine it immediately, and invited the doctor to breakfast with him the next day. Dr. Greene accordingly waited upon the illustrious musician. Handel, who had inspected the composition, received him with cordiality, gave him an elegant breakfast, and treated him with every politeness, but constantly continued to evade his visitor's questions respecting the opinion of his anthem. Greene, at length, too impatient to wait any longer for the great composer's decision on the merits of his piece, exclaimed vehemently, " My dearest friend, keep me no longer in suspense—tell me, I pray you—tell me what you think of my anthem?" Handel, who had found it scientifically written, but very deficient in melody, answered, " Oh, it is ver fine, my dear doctor, ver fine, indeed; only it do vant air, and so 'I flung it out ov de window."



THE REQUIEM.

THE REQUIUM.

Thou hast fought life's battle boldly—
 Thou hast conquered in the fight:
 Though thy brows shine now so coldly—
 Coldly in their dazzling white—

Thou shalt wear a crown that beareth
 Undimmed lustre ever more,
 Thou shalt wander by the waters
 Of that radiant Eden shore;

'Mong the crystal flowers that languish
 Never for the dews of morning;
 Where comes never pain or anguish—
 Never more comes hate, or scorning:

Where the Eden trees are singing,
 With the music of the blest;
 Where go solemn seraphs winging—
 Where the forms "in white" are drest.

Nature's mourning for her lover;
 And the closed flowers murmur sorrow:
 Ne'er on them will thine eyes hover—
 Never bless them with "Good Morrow."

Soon we strew upon thy bosom
 Herbs and honey—death-sheets cold—
 Soon the pansies fine will blossom,
 When thou'rt sleeping 'neath the mould.

O'er thee soon will winds be sweeping
 In a cadence soft and slow:
 O'er thee will One watch be keeping,
 While thy cold head resteth low.

NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.

AN old paragraph from an English journal is going the rounds, in which it is alleged that Warren Hastings, when Governor-general of India, found in the district of Benares a subterranean vault, containing a printing-press of antique and singular fashion, with moveable types upon it, set as if ready for printing; and that from the best information that could be obtained, the discoverers were of opinion that the vault had been closed for at least a thousand years! It is scarcely to be credited that an art so peculiarly fitted to perpetuate itself, should be ever lost to the knowledge of mankind.

NOVEMBER, 1847.

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A CHAPTER ON FEMALE HAIR.

HAIR should be abundant, soft, flexible, growing in long locks, of a colour suitable to the skin, thick in the mass, delicate and distinct in the particular. The mode of wearing it should differ. Those who have it growing low in the nape of the neck should prefer wearing it in locks hanging down, rather than turned up with a comb. The gathering it, however, in that manner, is delicate and feminine, and suits many. In general, the mode of wearing the hair is to be regulated according to the shape of the head. Ringlets hanging about the forehead suit almost everybody. On the other hand, the fashion of parting the hair smoothly, and drawing it tight back on either side, is becoming to few. It has a look of vanity, instead of simplicity. The face must do everything for it, which is asking too much, especially as hair, in its freer state, is the ornament intended for it by nature. Hair is to the human aspect what foliage is to the landscape. Its look of fertility is so striking that it has been compared to flowers, and even to fruit. The Greek and other poets talk of hyacinthine locks, of clustering locks (an image taken from grapes), of locks like tendrils. The favourite epithet for a Greek beauty was "well-haired," and the same epithet was applied to woods. Apuleius says that Venus herself, if she were bald, would not be Venus. So entirely do I agree with him, and so much do I think that the sentiment of anything beautiful, even where the real beauty is wanting, is the best part of it, that I prefer the help of artificial hair to an ungraceful want of it. I do not wish to be deceived. I would know that the hair was artificial, and would have the wearer inform me so. This would show her worthy of being allowed it. I remember, when I was at Florence, a lady of quality, an English-woman, whose beauty was admired by everybody, but never did it appear so admirable to me as when she told me one day that the ringlets that hung from her cap were not her own. Here, thought I, it is not artifice that assists beauty—it is truth. Here is a woman who knows that there is a beauty in hair, beyond the material of it, or the pride of being thought to possess it. The first step in taste is to dislike all artifice; the next is to demand nature in her perfection; but the best of all is to find out the hidden beauty, which is the soul of beauty itself, to wit, the sentiment of it. The loveliest hair is nothing, if the wearer is incapable of a grace. The finest eyes are not fine, if they say nothing. What is the finest harp to me, strung with gold, and adorned with a figure of Venus, if it answer with a discordant note, and hath no chords in it fit to be wakened? Long live, therefore, say I, lovely natural locks at five-and-twenty, and lovely artificial locks, if they must be resorted to, at five-and-thirty or forty. Let the harp be new strung, if the frame warrant it, and the sounding board hath a delicate

utterance. A woman of taste should no more scruple to resort to such helps at one age, than she would consent to resort to them at an age when no such locks exist in nature. Till then, let her not cease to help herself to a plentiful supply. The spirit in which it is worn gives the right to wear it. Affectation and pretension spoil everything—sentiment and simplicity warrant it. Above all things, cleanliness. This should be the motto of personal beauty. Let a woman keep what she has clean, and she may adorn it as she pleases. Oil, for example, is two different things, on clean hair and unclean. On the one, it is but an aggravation of the dirt: to the other, if not moist enough by nature, it may add a reasonable grace. The best, however, is undoubtedly that which can most dispense with it. A lover is a little startled when he finds the paper, in which a lock of hair has been enclosed, stained and spotted as if it had wrapped a cheese-cake. Ladies, when about to give away locks, may as well omit oil that time, and be content with the washing. If they argue that it will not look so glossy in those eyes in which they desire it to shine most, let them own as much to the favoured person, and he will never look at it but their candour shall give it a double lustre.

"Love adds a precious seeing to the eye;"

and how much does not sincerity add to love! One of the excuses for oil is the perfume mixed with it. The taste for this was carried so far among the ancients, that Anacreon does not scruple to wish that the painter of his mistress's portrait could convey the odour breathing from her delicate oiled tresses. Even this taste seems to have a foundation in nature. Mary Honeycomb, a little black-eyed relation of mine, (often called Molly from a certain dairy-maid turn of hers, and our regard for old English customs,) has hair with a natural scent of spice.

The poets of antiquity, and the modern ones after them, talk much of yellow and golden tresses, tresses like the morn, etc. Much curiosity has been evinced respecting the nature of this famous poetical hair; and as much anxiety shown in hoping that it was not red. May I venture to say in behalf of red hair, that I am one of those in whose eyes it is not so very shocking! Perhaps, as "pity melts the soul to love," there may be something of such a feeling in my tenderness for that Pariah of a colour. Perhaps there are many reasons, all very good-natured: but so it is, I find myself the ready champion of all persons who are at a disadvantage with the world, especially women, and sociable ones. Hair of this extreme complexion appears never to have been in request; and yet, to say nothing of the general liking of the ancients for all the other shades of yellow and gold, a good redheaded commentator might render it a hard matter to pronounce that Theocritus has not given two of his beautiful swains hair

amounting to a positive fiery. Fire red is the epithet, however it may be understood,

“Both fiery-tressed heads, both in their bloom.”

I do not believe the golden hair to have been red : but this I believe, that it was nearer to it than some colours, and that it went a good deal beyond what is sometimes supposed to have been auburn. The word yellow, a convertible term for it, will not do for auburn. Auburn is a rare and glorious colour, and I suspect will always be more admired by us of the north, where the fair complexions that recommended golden hair are as easy to be met with as they are difficult in the south. Ovid and Anacreon, the two greatest masters of the ancient world, in painting external beauty, both seemed to have preferred it to golden, notwithstanding the popular cry in the other's favour ; unless, indeed, the hair they speak of is too dark in its ground for auburn. The Latin poet, in his fourteenth love-elegy, book the first, speaking of tresses which he says Apollo would have envied, and which he preferred to those of Venus, as Apelles painted her, tells us, that they were neither black nor golden, but mixed, as it were, of both. And he compares them to cedar on the declivities of Ida, with the bark stripped. This implies a dash of tawny ; I have seen pine trees, in a southern evening sun, take a lustrous burnished aspect, between dark and golden, a good deal like what I conceive to be the colour he alludes to. Anacreon describes hair of a similar beauty. His touch, as usual, is brief and exquisite :—

“Deepening inwardly, a dun ;
Sparkling golden next the sun,”

which Ben Johnson has rendered in a line,

“Gold upon a ground of black.”

Perhaps, the true auburn is something more lustrous throughout, and more metallic than this. The cedar with the bark stripped looks more like it. At all events, that it is not the golden hair of the ancients has been proved to me beyond a doubt by a memorandum in my possession, worth a thousand treatises of the learned. This is a solitary hair of the famous Lucretia Borgia, whom Ariosto has so praised for her virtues, and whom the rest of the world is so contented to call a wretch. It was given by a wild acquaintance, who stole it from a lock of her hair preserved in the Ambrosian Library at Milan. On the envelope he put a happy motto :—

“And Beauty draws us with a single hair.”

If ever hair was golden, it is this. It is not red, it is not yellow, it is not auburn : it is golden, and nothing else ; and though natural-looking, too, must have had a surprising appearance in the mass. Lucretia, beautiful in every respect, must

have looked like a vision in a picture, an angel from the sun. Everybody who sees it cries out and pronounces it the real thing. I must confess, after all, I prefer the auburn as we construe it. It forms, I think, a finer shade for the skin; a richer warmth; a darker lustre. But Lucretia's hair must have been still divine. Wat Sylvan, a man of genius whom I have become acquainted with over it, as other acquaintance commences over a bottle, was inspired on the occasion with the following verses:

“Borgia, thou wert once almost too august,
And high for adoration; now thou art dust!
All that remains of thee these plaits unfold,
Bright hair, meand'ring with pellucid gold!”

The sentiment implied in the last line will be echoed by every bosom that has worn a lock of hair next it, or longed to do so. Hair is at once the most delicate and lasting of our memorials; and survives us like love. It is so light, so gentle, so escaping from the idea of death, that, with a lock of hair belonging to a child or a friend, we may almost look up to heaven, and compare notes with the angelic nature; may almost say, “I have a piece of thee here, not unworthy of thy being now.”

A TEMPTATION AND A MYSTERY.

THERE is something very puzzling in the annexed communication, which came to us written in the most lady-like and delicate little hand imaginable. The reward proposed in the concluding line of the second stanza, is altogether too tempting to be overlooked, and we could not think of refusing, on our part, to fulfil the condition by which we shall be entitled to claim it from Clorinda—“when we have found her out.”

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADIES' CABINET.

Permit a giddy, trifling girl,
For once to fill your poet's corner,
Who cares not, how the critics snarl,
Nor beaux and macaronies scorn her.

She longs, in print, her lines to see;
Grant her request—(you can't refuse it);
And, if you find her out, your fee
Shall be—to kiss her—if you choose it.

The above is a selection, but should it be deemed worthy of an insertion in your “poet's corner,” I shall be happy to see it there; and would not even object—“if you choose it,” to its being placed among the originals. Yours,
“till you find her out,”

CLORINDA.

THE GIPSY'S PROPHECY.

It was in the year 1822 that I visited the prisons of Rome. Among the unfortunate creatures brought hither by distress or guilt, I observed in the corner of a dungeon a young female seated on a handful of straw, nursing her infant. Her complexion was swarthy, and in her large black eyes glowed the fire of the sun of Italy. The relicts of her apparel indicated that previous to her imprisonment she had worn the garb of a Roman peasant. Her expressive physiognomy and her bold look seemed calculated to excite curiosity. I approached, and begged her to relate to me through what misfortune she found herself in this place of horror.

"St. Francis! (she exclaimed); what interest can the narrative of my extraordinary misfortune have for free and happy people? My name is Maria Gracia. My mother lost her life in giving birth to me. My father, devoted to his own pleasures and caring but little about my education, placed me, while yet very young, in a convent. The older I grew, the more irksome this kind of life became to me; for my inclinations, my disposition, and the vivacity of my character, all seemed to urge me on to a futurity full of trouble. A circumstance, which I never could account for, had a powerful influence upon my fate. On some particular occasion, a gipsy woman was admitted into the convent for our amusement. All the sisters were allowed to hold their ear to the tin-speaking trumpet of the old sibyl, who moreover gave to each of us a slip of paper, on which was written what the hag termed a decree of heaven. Thrice did I go up to her for the purpose of enjoying the like favour, and thrice the oracle became mute. This refusal of the old woman excited partly my anger and partly my curiosity. I begged—intreated—wept; at length the gipsy was moved with my tears.

"You insist upon it, unhappy girl, (said she); well then, know that you will be the wife of a robber, who will murder your father, and that your hair will turn gray in a dungeon."

At the age of fifteen such predictions make no very deep impression. I laughed heartily on the subject with my companions, and loaded the old prophetess with ridicule. At night, however, when I was alone, my mind became, against my will, a prey to apprehensions. I passed the hours in anxiety and painful reverie; the prediction of the fortune-teller incessantly haunted my waking dreams.

My father took me out of the convent, but only to shut me up again with an old housekeeper at his country-seat, about five miles from Rome. One

night the weather was very tempestuous. I could not sleep. I fancied that I heard a confused sound of voices under my window, which looked into the garden. I awoke my Aja, who never went to bed without her weapon, which was a large carving-knife. Presently we heard the outer window-shutter broken open. We concealed ourselves behind the curtain; I had armed myself with the knife. A pane of the window was cut, and a hand was protruded through the aperture to unfasten the catch which secured it. I seized the opportunity and struck so effective a blow that the hand dropped at my feet. A sigh of agony and the sound of footsteps succeeded, and then all was quiet again.

At daybreak I repaired to Rome, where I related my adventure to my father; he admired my courage, and permitted me to leave the lonely villa. He was by this time thinking of marrying me, and even hoped that my adventure, which was soon rumoured abroad, would forward his design.

Among my suitors there was a young cavalier, the beauty of whose handsome features was heightened by a delicate paleness. He gave himself out for a Florentine, and carried his arm in a sling, in consequence, as it was said, of a slight wound which he had received in an affair of honour. His kind attentions and amiable manners soon made a deep impression upon me. He solicited my hand. My father, with his usual levity, gave his consent, and we were united.

The day after our marriage my husband was no longer the tender lover; his looks were wild, his voice was harsh, and his smile sarcastic. Distressed at this melancholy change, I asked with tears, the cause of it.

"Would you know who I am? (cried he.) Do you recollect the night you cut off the hand of an unknown person who would have penetrated into your chamber? Well, that hand was mine! Look here! (his mutilated arm but too strongly confirmed his story.) I had seen you, and was captivated by your beauty. I determined to carry you off. With two of my comrades I ventured to climb up to your chamber window. From the reception which you gave me we inferred that you had men to protect you. I retired, but learned the next day that to you alone I owed the loss of my hand. Shame and rage at being thus baffled by a girl of sixteen awakened within me thoughts of revenge. I came under an assumed name to Rome; my friends, my artifices, my gold, accomplished the rest. You are now the wife of a robber!"

At this word a feeling of horror seized my soul; nevertheless, whether it was owing to the flexibility of my disposition, to the prediction of the gipsy, to the secret fondness of romantic adventure to which the heart but too often resigns itself, or finally to the hope of bringing back, by the power of love, a stray soul dwelling in a yet youthful body, to the track of virtue; in short, I threw myself at the feet of my husband, and implored him with tears not to cast me from him, for I would never cease to love him. Moved by my tears and my resignation, he

clasped me to his bosom, and for three years I was, or imagined that I was, happy.

One evening, however, he returned home pale and perturbed, his garments torn and spattered with blood. In broken sentences he told me that he had been obliged to defend his life against assassins, and charged me to observe the profoundest silence respecting this mysterious occurrence. I could not help trembling, but not for him; my soul was shaken by melancholy forebodings of a different kind. A horrid dream terrified me—I awoke. At the same moment my husband also was startled out of his sleep; his convulsed lips several times pronounced the name of my father. The recollection of that gloomy prophecy enveloped my senses in darkness. Oh my unhappy father! Oh my still more wretched husband! The former had actually attacked the latter, having probably been apprised of the real state of the case, and desirous of withdrawing me from so disgraceful a connection. The agents of justice were soon in search of us, and we escaped with difficulty to the mountains.

There my husband bethought himself of his former comrades. He sought them out, discovered them, and a cavern of banditti was now my dwelling. His companions welcomed him with joy; but he had violated one of their laws, which forbids any of the members of the band to marry, and enacts, that if a woman should fall into their hands, she shall belong exclusively to the captain. No sooner had the latter set eyes on me than he rudely insisted on his right. His daring hand had already grasped me, when a ball from my husband's pistol extended the wretch on the ground. Disliked as he was by the band, his fall was a signal for a shout of joy from his comrades, who unanimously elected my husband their leader.

So completely was I possessed by that wild spirit which must have betrayed itself in my looks to the gipsy at the grate of the nunnery, that I was quite proud of my husband's elevation. I now wrapped myself in the coarse habiliments of a peasant, of which these rags still cover me, and with equal courage and pleasure accompanied my husband in his expeditions. Towns and villages rang with his exploits; fate at length overtook him. He fell in a conflict with the horsemen who were sent against us and had discovered our retreat. At the moment when I saw my husband drop, I sought shelter in a cavern for my infant; there I was seized and dragged to this dungeon, where I anticipate with horror the fulfilment of the latter part of that fearful prediction.

Such was the narrative of Maria Grazia, the widow of the bandit chief. In pity for her situation I offered her some pieces of gold, but she refused them, at the same time caressing her child, which had fallen asleep at her bosom.

I LOVE THEE NO MORE.

Yes,—I can bear to see thee now,
 With quiet lip, and placid brow ;
 Thine eyes may watch me as they will,
 They cannot make one heat-string thrill :
 I've known thee fickle, known my peace
 The sport of thy most cold caprice ;
 Now sue,—now woo,—I've snapped the chain,—
 I cannot be thy slave again.

There was a time when I for thee
 Looked with all love's anxiety :
 When sitting breathless,—feverish,—mute,
 I've listened, trembling for thy foot :
 Thy presence was as if I quaffed
 From life's rich fount a daily draught ;
 Thy parting dimmed, yet fed the flame,—
 Now, come or go,—'tis all the same !

'Tis over,—I have flung thee off,
 With careless heart, and bitter scoff,—
 Thou ! who didst dare,—fool that thou wert,
 To trifle with a trusting heart !
 Though thou didst know how deep and true
 My feelings were in root and hue.
 Oh, search this world,—a firmer mind,
 Or fonder heart, thou wilt not find !

LONDON FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH.

ALL the light and tasteful attire of summer has now given place to the rich materials with which in the last days of autumn we see the winter fashions ushered in. But before we speak of materials, let us see what we have to say of form. We refer for those of bonnets to our plates, but we must observe it is generally understood that the changes which may be made during the season, will be gradual and slight. In fact, we have with respect to forms during several years past been diverging more and more from the custom formerly so prevalent of sudden and violent changes; and we must say that as regards bonnets, the shapes are at present so exceedingly becoming, that we think it hardly possible to change for the better.

The new materials, or rather we should say the winter materials, and new trimmings, give to these head-dresses an appearance equally novel and striking. We may cite, among the most remarkable, several satin

ones, trimmed in various ways with velvet. Some of those for morning dress are composed of drab-coloured satin; they are drawn shapes, the casings close, and put two and two together; a rouleau of velvet and satin, twisted together, encircles the bottom of the crown, on each side of which is a *chou*, composed of an intermixture of satin and velvet, arranged in a very novel way. Some others, intended to be worn later in the day, have the satin laid on in full quills, and divided into compartments by bands of velvet; a wreath of velvet flowers and foliage encircles the bottom of the crown, and velvet *coques* and *brides* decorate the interior of the brim. In other instances the bonnet is composed wholly of satin, the trimming is a mixture of satin ribbon striped with velvet and black lace. The colours of the satin and velvet are frequently strongly contrasted, as pink satin and black velvet, lilac and green, dark blue and *groseille*, but the prettiest contrasts, in our opinion, are composed of a very dark and a very light shade of the same colour:

Some of the most elegant bonnets for carriage-dress and the public promenade, are composed of *velours épingle*, and trimmed with velvet and velvet flowers. Several had the edge of the brim trimmed with folds of velvet, there are three put pretty close together; the bottom of the crown is decorated in the same style, and a tuft of velvet flowers partly drooping on the brim, is placed on each side. The velvet and the *velours épingle* correspond in colour, but the flowers are in varied and brilliant hues. Where the bonnet is entirely composed of velvet, the trimming is generally feathers, with sometimes a drapery or *violette* of black lace. We have noticed several new feathers; some of the willow kind are dotted in such a way as to have the appearance of being dotted over with lady-birds; others are party coloured, and several of the willow kind are shaded in a perfectly novel manner.

Cashmere shawls are still, as we foretold they would be, the *pardessus* most in vogue; but a number of mantles and other *pardessus* of different forms, are either appearing, or in preparation for the ensuing season. One of the most remarkable of these is the *chale mantelet*, which may be composed of either velvet or satin; it is of a large size, wadded, lined with silk or satin, and generally of a dark colour, but rarely black; it is made with a small pelerine collar, and invisible sleeves, so called because they are concealed by the folds of the *mantelet*, which closes down the front; the scarf ends are long and wide, and the pelerine part, as the back is called, is rounded and extremely deep. Some satin ones are trimmed with narrow velvet bands, arranged in two rows of lozenges. *Passementerie* and black lace are, however, more in request, and a good many in carriage dress are trimmed with swansdown.

The reign of this beautiful fur will, however, be short, except for evening wraps, for which we have reason to believe it will still be continued. The regular winter furs, sable, ermine, chinchilla, and a great variety of second-rate furs, will be pretty generally seen in the course of the month. We may assert with confidence, that sable has lost nothing of its price, or its pretensions, for it is still the reigning fur; ermine, though so beautiful, and employed even by royalty, being much less expensive; it is, indeed, confined almost exclusively to carriage dress, or for evening, but sable may be worn at any time. The second-rate furs are principally of the mock sable kind, with the exception, however, of squirrel, which is worn only by children or very young people. There is some talk of bringing boas again into vogue, but we do not think it at all likely that they will be revived. Mantelets of a large size, and made with armholes will take the place of fur cardinals, but the extravagant price of sable will render those of real sable very much beyond the reach of very moderate fortunes, and those of mock sable are not likely to be adopted by elegant women, so that the *mantelets écharpes* with long scarf-ends, and the pretty Victorines with short ones, are more likely to be numerous. Muffs will no doubt be fashionable, but we cannot yet say whether any alteration will take place in their size.

The materials for promenade and half-dress robes are silks, cashmeres, and poplins. We need hardly say that the latter are Irish, at least no others will be accounted highly fashionable, and certainly they are by far the most beautiful that are made. Silks are now of full colours. We refer for the forms of robes to our prints, but we must observe that for the promenade, pelisse robes will certainly be more generally adopted than round ones. With the exception, however, of those of cashmere, which it is expected will be made round, the *corsages* of all will generally be high; and the trimming, if any, composed of flounces of the material of the dress, or else rich fringe disposed in the style of flounces.

Silks and satines will take place of light materials for evening robes, with the exception of India muslin, which is expected to keep its place for a good while to come. It is more strongly rumoured this month than last, that the skirts of robes will be considerably reduced in width in the course of the winter. There is also a good deal said about the revival of trains; but we give these as rumours merely, for we have no certainty on the subject. In other respects the alterations will be very trifling, except as regards trimmings, and that is a point not yet settled. Fashionable colours are purple, orange, lavender and other shades of grey, drab, violet, and full shades of red and green.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH.

The *beau monde* have not yet returned to Paris; but the fair portion of it are by no means unmindful of their *toilettes*, while they are still in what may be called the half season; they are engaged in preparations to open the winter campaign with spirit. We must, however, notice some few autumnal novelties, which from their extreme novelty and prettiness will probably be continued through November, at least. We may cite among these some *capotes* of *gros de Naples*, ornamented with pinks, dahlias, and other flowers remarkable for their beauty and the brilliancy of their colours; they are not, however, artificial, but merely composed of *gros de Naples* or satin pinked like a *chicorée*, but so well and tastefully arranged, that they really rival those made by the artificial florists. We may cite also as an autumnal fashion which will certainly be continued during the early part of the winter, Italian straw *chapeaux* trimmed with velvet. We have seen a few lined with *griseille* or violet coloured velvet; the lining turning up over the brim, and edging it with a row of sharp points; a small *fanchon* similarly ornamented, adorned the crown, and was attached on each side by a small but very prettily formed velvet knot.

We may cite among the winter *capotes* those of black satin; some with drawn shapes, ornamented with a mixture of black lace and scarlet geraniums; others of rose-coloured satin trimmed with very rich ribbons; a dead ground of a deeper colour than the *capote*, figured in black satin, and a bouquet of three *plumes étagées*, shaded in the two colours.

The *chapeaux* most worthy of remark are principally of velvet. Some black ones are trimmed with the same material intermingled with roses of three different colours, citron, rose-colour, and ruby. Others also black, have the garniture composed of a mixture of lilac satin, black velvet and black lace; several are composed of ruby or deep blue velvet, and trimmed with feathers, either those of the willow kind or some of the new fancy feathers in imitation of herons plumes; or tufts of feathers called *aigrettes de coq*. Satin is not much employed for *chapeaux*. We have, however, seen a few both blue and citron decorated with Italian fuschias, and black lace *violettes*.

The *pardessus* most remarkable, both for novelty and elegance, are those given in our plates. We find that there is more variety both in forms and dimensions than had been anticipated. Those for plain promenade dress are of a large size, either satin or cashmere, of quiet colours; the trimmings will be *passemeuterie* of corresponding hues. Several new modifications of the *Visite* and the *polonaise* are prepared for public pro-

menade and carriage dress. These *pardessus* are principally composed of velvet; the garniture are composed of new kinds of *passementerie*.

Silks will certainly be the materials most in request for promenade robes in the beginning of the season; merinos, however, are creeping in, and fancy materials of a fine woollen kind are expected to be very fashionable. We are not, however, quite certain in stating them to be of wool merely, for they are stained, figured, or plaided in satin. No decided alteration is expected to take place in the forms of promenade robes; those made in the *redingote* style will be generally preferred.

We may cite among the robes recently prepared for dinner dress, some of the *robe-peignoir* form, composed of green *gros d'hiver*; the *corsage* half-high, made à la *mancheron*, with triple ruffles of black lace. The skirt is decorated with a single flounce of black lace, so very deep that it almost forms a double skirt. Others composed of *popeline écossaise*, *pekin royal*, and different kinds of shot silks, have a *corsage guimpe* made tight, and in bias; the trimming of the front of the skirt is arranged *en tablier* with *biais* and ribbons to correspond; the same kind of trimming is repeated in smaller dimensions on the *corsage* and the short tight sleeves.

Evening robes are still composed of light materials, taffetas, both white and flowered, *argandy*, and tarlatane. There is no doubt that satin robes will appear in the course of November, but they are not expected to be very general. The *corsages* are low, quite as much so as they have been; the round *corsages* are now replaced by very deep points, which there is no doubt will be universally adopted during the winter; the sleeves are all short. The trimmings, either flounces or *bouillonneés*; lace will be much in vogue for the former, indeed both black and white lace will this season be quite as extensively employed as it was last year in every department of the toilette for which they can be used.

We may cite among the most elegant *coiffures* prepared for dinner dress, a lappet doubled on the hair attached by a rose; the ends fall in unequal lengths on the right and left. Caps of *application d'Angleterre* ornamented with geraniums of different tints. Speaking of caps, we must observe that they are still as small as ever; besides those above mentioned, there are several composed of blonde lace and trimmed with velvet *coques* of brilliant colours, such as ruby, *groseille*, and that very bright green called *Vert lumière*. We must not forget those very becoming little caps composed of black blonde lace; the lace is laid in rows one above another, the garniture is composed of a tuft of small rosebuds placed on each side, and floating *brides* of pink taffeta.

The hair will be principally ornamented with flowers in evening dress;

wreaths will retain all their vogue; some are already prepared of a very novel kind, they are formed of flowers and foliage of the same colour; pink, blue, and orange are the hues; they seem strewed with dew-drops; the effect by candlelight is very brilliant. Fashionable colours are *graceille*, crimson, bishop's violet, *violet de beis*; several shades of faun-colour, of grey, green, and yellow. Pink, light blue, and other light colours are still retained in evening dress.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

No. 1.

MORNING VISITING DRESS.

Blue levantine robe; the *corsage* a three-quarter height; close tight sleeves, a three-quarter length, and rounded at the bottom; cambric under sleeves, and lace ruffles. Cambric *chemisette*. Straw-coloured satin *capote*, of a close shape and rather long brim; trimmed round the edge with a fulness of white satin ribbon, and in the interior with small white flowers. The crown is decorated with a fulness of ribbon, at each end of which is two white flowers; white *brides* complete the garniture. Green satin pelisse-cloak, close fitting on the body, rather open on the bosom, and made with a deep jacket, and demi-long sleeves very wide at the lower part. The garniture is composed of very deep fringe, surmounted on the skirt, which is of a half-length, by four rows of black velvet ribbon, the sleeves are furnished with eight.

No. 2.

HOME DRESS.

Shot silk robe; rose-colour and black; the *corsage* is quite high at the back, open on the bosom, and tight to the shape. Tight sleeves, a half-length terminated by a *volant* of three falls; under sleeves of muslin *bouillonée*. Embroidered muslin *chemisette* made up to the throat, and frilled with lace. Lace cap, a small round shape, trimmed with roses without foliage.

No. 3.

DEMI TOILETTE.

Grey satin robe; a half-high *corsage*, nearly covered by a black lace pelerine. Demi-long sleeves terminated by a triple fall of lace; the skirt is trimmed with three deep flounces, each bordered with black lace and headed by a grey *galon*. The hair is arranged in soft bands, and a twisted knot behind.

No. 4.

MORNING VISITING DRESS.

Green satin robe; the *corsage*, a three-quarter height, is trimmed with a pelerine, embroidered in *soutache*. The front of the skirt is similarly ornamented. Sleeve a three-quarter length over a cambric one. Pink *velours épingle*. *Chapeau*, a small round and rather close shape, trimmed with white *têtes de plumes*, and satin ribbon. White cashmere *pardessus* bordered with *passementerie* and lace.

No. 5.

Presents a model of an under sleeve composed of muslin, and trimmed with a double fall of lace.

No. 6.

Also a model of a sleeve, the lower part decorated with *bouillonnée*.

No. 7.

EVENING CAP.

Composed of *tulle*, bordered with blonde lace, and trimmed with roses.

No. 8.

MORNING CANEZOU.

Composed of black *mousseline de soie*, and trimmed with black lace; it is made quite high and of the heart form.

No. 9.

EVENING CAP.

Composed of Brussels lace, and trimmed with fawn coloured ribbon, a rose, and a *gerbe* of foliage.

No. 10.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

Robe of *rose noisette* levantine; a high *corsage* and long tight sleeves. Blue velvet mantle, lined with satin to correspond. It is a three-quarter length made with a pelerine of two rounded falls; they are, and also the bottom, trimmed with broad lace, a row is disposed plain up the front, and *en revers* on the top. Puce coloured satin *chapeau*, trimmed with ribbon to correspond, arranged in a very novel manner, for which we refer to our plate.

No. 11.

HOME DRESS.

Muslin under dress ; a high *corsage* embroidered in front, and a falling collar, long sleeves, *bouillonné* at the bottom, and terminated by Valenciennes ruffles. The skirt is trimmed with an embroidered flounce. Open robe of one of the new winter striped silks ; the *corsage*, opening *en revers*, is trimmed with *passementerie*, which is continued down the skirt. Demi-long sleeves, and cuff à la *mousquetaire*. Valenciennes lace cap, decorated with bands and *coques* of one of the new winter ribbons.

No. 12.

DINNER CAP.

Of application de Bruxelles, decorated with crimson figured ribbon.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESSES.

No. 13

Chapeau of pale straw coloured *velours épingle*; a small round shape, trimmed with ribbon to correspond, and white lace. Pekin robe ; a white ground striped with blue satin stripes ; a high close *corsage*, and demi-long sleeves of moderate width over wide cambric ones with Valenciennes ruffles. The *corsage* is trimmed down the front with a flounce of the same material ; it descends to the waist. The front of the skirt is decorated *en tablier* with a flounce disposed in the form of a broken cone ; the sleeves are terminated with flounces. Visite of the material of the robe ; a small size trimmed *en suite*.

No. 14.

Lavender bloom poplin robe ; a high close *corsage* and long tight sleeves. The skirt is trimmed with a single flounce headed by a fulling of ribbon to correspond. Pink satin *chapeau* ; a small shape crowned by a full feather, half pink half white ; pink *brides* complete the trimming. Cashmer shawl of a large size disposed in the form of a cloak.

No. 15.

A half-dress canezou of embroidered muslin ; trimmed with lace ; a round shape.

No. 16.

MORNING CAP.

Of *tulle* ; bordered *en papillon*, with valenciennes lace, and trimmed with knots and bands of crimson ribbon.









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

LOVE AND TREACHERY.

A TALE OF BRITTANY.

THERE is, in a wild and unfrequented part of Brittany, a small farm-house, which I once visited with as much reverence as many a devout worshipper has felt at the shrine of his saint. It is situated at the distance of about a league from the small town of Nozay, and is within sight of a solitary windmill, on the hill beyond that place, called the Moulin à vent de Bohalard. Around it are about thirty acres of arable land, sheltered by the slopes that sweep down towards it on three sides; but beyond that little patch of cultivation, the hills around are—as every one knows who has visited that part of France—covered with heath, which, on the table-land at the summit, ends in that sandy unproductive sort of track called landes.

Early one day in the beginning of the month of June, and in the year 1794, the old farmer who at that time cultivated the little spot of productive land which I have mentioned, and fed his sheep upon the neighbouring heaths, stood before his door gazing up towards the sky, as if to ascertain what sort of weather was to predominate through the day. His dress was simply that of a peasant of that province; and the expression of his countenance, at the time I speak of, was stern and melancholy. Well, indeed, might it be so; for in the Vendean wars of the preceding year, his two sons—his only children—had fallen gallantly fighting against the revolutionary tyranny; and, childless in his old age, he stood and saw his country each day accumulating crime, and drowning her best hopes in blood.

As he paused before the cottage door on the day I mention, and gazed up to the sky, he saw nothing but thin gray clouds drifting slowly over the wide and awful expanse of heaven, promising one of those warm wet days which so often serve as a link between the summer and the spring; but, when he let his glance

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sink to the side of the hill, he beheld a young woman descending towards him by a little path, which traced its wavy line amongst the heath and fern, till both heath and fern were lost in the arid landes beyond.

"Some one seeks milk," he thought at first, as his eye rested on the figure; and he was about to turn into his house to see whether he had any to spare; but there was something in the form of the approaching visitor—something in the step and in the air, that made him pause, and watch her coming more closely, while a strong expression of anxiety gradually appeared in his straining eye.

She came on rapidly, as if in haste, and yet with a wavering and uncertain step, as if much wearied. When nearer, too, he saw that her clothes were not those of a peasant girl, and through haste, terror, and fatigue, there shone an air of grace and dignity not to be mistaken. La Brousse took an involuntary step to meet her; and, as if he understood it all at once—as if he saw that she was the wife or child of some Vendean chief, flying from the revolutionary butchers—the words, "Poor thing!" were murmured ere he asked the stranger a question.

When she came near, the spectacle she offered was a sad one. She was young and graceful, and exquisitely beautiful; but weariness, sorrow, and terror, were written in every line of her countenance, while her dress was soiled and torn, and dabbed in many parts with blood. Her story was soon told; for none of those attached to the cause of royalty, even in the times of the bitterest persecution, ever hesitated to rely entirely upon the loyalty and honour of the Breton peasantry; so that Clara de la Roche, the daughter of the unhappy marquis of that name, who fell in the rout at Mans, related her tale to the good farmer La Brousse, with as much confidence of sympathy, protection and good faith, as if she had been relating it to the ears of a parent. He had once given shelter to her brother after some unsuccessful effort in the royal cause; and she had now sought him out, and besought him with tears to let her live even as a servant in his house, till some of those dreams of triumphant loyalty, in which the Vendees still indulged, should at length be realized.

The old man led her in as tenderly, and as affectionately, as if she had been his own child, set before her all his cottage afforded, soothed her sorrow, and spoke the sweet hope of better days and happier fortunes. "She could not act as his servant, (he said, looking at her small, delicate hands,) for her appearance would at once betray her; but the daughter of a noble royalist—and especially a child of the house of La Roche—should never want bread or protection, while old La Brousse could give it, though the very act might cost his life. Mademoiselle, however, must consent to lie concealed," he added; and he showed her how the back of one of those wide armoires, which are so common

in that country, had been contrived to act as a door to a little room beyond, which was lighted by a concealed window, and which, though extremely small, was neat and comfortable. Here, La Brousse told her, she must spend the greater part of her day, as her brother had done while he lay concealed in his house; but that, at night, when the doors and windows were all closed, she might come forth in security, and towards dusk might even venture to take a walk across the landes.

While the good old peasant was still in the act of showing her how to open and close the door at will, a step was heard behind them; and, turning quickly round, Clara beheld a pretty peasant girl, of about eighteen or twenty, entering the cottage; while old La Brousse told her not to be afraid, as it was only Ninette, a cousin's child, who kept his house for him, and who might be trusted as well as himself. Clara had no fears when she beheld a peasant; and she felt, too, as most women would feel, that although she might see but little of Ninette, yet there was great comfort in having one of her own sex constantly near her. The peasant girl, too, habituated to such scenes, seemed to understand her situation at once, and came forward to speak to her with much kindness; but the tidings that she had seen horsemen upon the hill riding about as if in search of some one, abridged all ceremony, and Clara at once took up her abode in her place of concealment.

Scarcely was the door in the back of the armoire closed, and the interior of the cottage restored to its usual aspect, when Clara, as she listened anxiously, heard the tramp of horses—to her ears a sound accursed—and the shouting voices of soldiery disturbing the quiet solitude in which she had taken refuge. In another moment they had entered the cottage, and she soon found that she herself, together with several other royalists, was the object of their search. With breathless anxiety she continued to listen while the whole house was examined, with the exception of the very spot in which she lay concealed. Nor was her fear to end, even when the soldiers had satisfied themselves that she was not there; for, having given the farm of Dervais as a rendezvous to several of their comrades scattered over the hill, the dragoons remained for several hours drinking, singing, and mingling together in a foul strain of blasphemy, ferocity, boasting, and ribaldry—which they called conversation. At length, however, after many a weary moment spent by Clara in intense anxiety, the soldiers were joined by their companions; and, mounting their horses, they rode away, leaving her to a longer interval of peace and security than she had known for many months.

The wide kitchen of La Brousse's farm-house was only lighted by one small resin candle; but the eyes of Clara de la Roche were dazzled for a moment, and

she was in the midst of the room ere she perceived another figure besides those of the good farmer and his young relation. It was that of a man about six-and-twenty years of age, dressed in the garb of a peasant, and with a complexion so bronzed with the sun, as to speak plainly habits of constant exposure and toil. But still there was something in his appearance which at once made Clara doubt that he was altogether that which he seemed.

When Clara entered, he was leaning with one hand upon a large oaken chair, his head slightly bent, and his eyes raised towards the opening door; but the moment he perceived that the steadfast gaze with which he regarded the fair fugitive raised a bright blush upon her cheek, he dropped his look to the ground; and, though there was space enough for all, drew back a step, as if to give her greater room to advance.

Old La Brousse, who saw their eyes meet, and the surprise that painted itself on Clara's countenance at beholding a stranger, instantly came forward to quiet her apprehensions, by saying "My nephew, Mademoiselle;" but though Ninette looked from Auguste to the face of the young lady, with a glance that seemed to claim Clara's admiration for the handsome young peasant, yet she appeared, the moment after, to think that the eyes of Auguste de la Brousse expressed somewhat more of admiration for the fair fugitive than was necessary or becoming. The whole family, however, were kind and gentle toward her, and Clara sat down with them to their homely supper. Ninette was soon all gaiety; but the young peasant was grave, and even sad. Nevertheless, in the course of the evening, he spoke to Mademoiselle de la Roche more than once; and, when Clara retired to her place of concealment, she needed no other voice to tell her that neither his birth nor his education had been amongst the peasants of Bretagne.

Next night, as soon as the house was completely closed in, and all prying eyes excluded, Clara again ventured from her place of concealment; and certainly, if she had before appeared handsome in the eyes of Auguste, she now, refreshed by repose, looked loveliness itself. Clara could not but feel that she was admired; and perhaps, at another moment, the admiration of the young stranger, whose tone and manner, and language, as well as his appearance, all belied the character he assumed, might not have been unpleasant to a heart naturally gentle and affectionate, and ready to cling to anything for support and consolation. But she saw, at the same time, that every look that Auguste turned towards her, every word that he addressed to her, inflicted a pang upon Ninette; and though Clara well knew the passion which the poor girl was nourishing could only end in her ruin, if the object of it was base; and in her unhappiness, if he were noble and virtuous, yet her heart was not one willing to inflict pain upon any

human being; and she remained cold, silent, and reserved, where she would gladly have confided her feelings, her sorrows, and her hopes.

During the course of the day that followed, Ninette scarcely came near the place of Mademoiselle de la Roche's concealment; and although, two days before, Clara had regarded it with delighted satisfaction, as the first secure resting-place she had found for long, she now began to feel the confinement and the solitude irksome. At length, however, night came, and this time it was the voice of La Brousse himself that gave the signal for her to come forth. Ninette was sitting pettishly in one corner of the room, while Auguste stood by the table with his hand resting on a small packet of books, which he was not long in offering to Clara, as a means of occupying her solitary hours. He did so with the calm and graceful ease that characterized his every action; but there was a light in his eye as he did so, that added a pang to all those that Ninette was already inflicting on herself, and gave even Clara no small pain on her account, though her own heart beat, and her own cheek burned, she scarce knew why.

The conduct of Ninette, indeed, acted as a restraint upon all. She sat gloomy and frowning, biting her pretty lips in silence, while old La Brousse chid her, though not unkindly, for her ill-humour; and the young stranger, unconscious of the feelings he had himself excited, gazed upon her with surprise. Perhaps it was Clara de la Roche alone that saw and understood the real motives of the poor girl's behaviour. She did not indeed know that from the first hour that Auguste La Brousse, as the young stranger called himself, had set his foot across the threshold of the farm of Dervais, Ninette had determined that he should be her lover, whether he would or not. She did not know that he had treated her with the most cool indifference; nor that Ninette, in order to attract his admiration, had coquettishly into a passion for him, which had received no encouragement; but she clearly saw that love was at the bottom of the poor girl's heart, and she felt grieved that her presence should in any way give her a foretaste of the disappointment that she was destined ultimately to undergo. Her own heart, however, was clear.

Her hand had been promised by her father to the son of an old and dear friend; and, although she had never yet met him to whom she was destined—though the death of her father and her brother left her free from all such engagements—yet a touch of the same enthusiasm which inspired the loyalty of her house, mingled with the veneration for her father's memory, made her set a watch upon her own feelings, lest she should ever be tempted to violate the promise that he had given.

The sun had been up for several hours, and the small room, to the precincts of which she was confined, was close and oppressive; and, after listening for a

moment at the partition, to ensure that no strangers were in the farm, she knocked gently, to call the attention of Ninette.

No one answered; but on listening again, she plainly heard the young girl bustling about her usual occupations in the kitchen, and she once more endeavoured to make herself heard. Still no reply was returned; and concluding that some danger existed of which she was not aware, she desisted, and merely opened a small window, consisting of a single pane of glass, which, concealed among the masonry, served to give a portion of air and light to the apartment itself, without being discernible from the court yard, into which it looked.

Clara succeeded in drawing back the window, as she had done on the preceding day; and the soft fresh air of summer, that now breathed warm and fragrant upon her cheek, made her long for peace and freedom. The little aperture was too high to afford any view of the world without; but Clara paused to listen, in order that her ear might not be quite so much a prisoner as her eye. The first sounds she heard from the court, however, were not the most welcome. There was the tramp of armed men, the grounding of muskets; and the next moment she could distinguish plainly from the other side the voice of old La Brousse speaking angrily to Ninette, as he entered the kitchen in haste.

"Base girl! (he cried), what mean these soldiers without? You have betrayed us, Ninette—you have betrayed us—and have brought the stain of treachery upon my hearth!—Out upon thee! Out upon thee, base girl!"

Even as he spoke there were other sounds in the cottage; and it was evident that the house was in the hands of a party of the revolutionary troops from Nantes. Clara trembled in every limb; but she gently drew near and listened at the door that opened into the 'armoire,' while the commandant of the detachment, with many a threat and many a blasphemy, interrogated old La Brousse upon the place of her concealment. She was mentioned by name—her person was described—and there could be no earthly doubt that the information which led to the search that was then in progress, had been accurate and precise. Still old La Brousse held out; and, as the soldiers seemed ignorant of the exact place of her concealment, he sternly refused to aid them by a word. At length, there was a pause; and then the voice of the commandant was again heard in a tone of command.

"Take him out into the court! (he said). Draw up a party—place the old brigand against the barn-door, and give him a volley! Let us see whether the wolf will die dumb! If she be given up you save your life, old man!"

"It is not worth saving," replied old La Brousse; and there was a noise of feet moving towards the door. As we have said, Clara de la Roche trembled in every limb; but she did not hesitate; and, with a firm hand, she withdrew

the bolt of the concealed door, and in the next moment stood before her pursuers. The scene around her was one that might well make her heart quail. In the midst of a number of ferocious faces, sat the well-known Carrier, one of the most sanguinary monsters which the French revolution had generated. His naked sword lay beside him on the table, and with his hand he pointed to the door, towards which a party of soldiers were leading poor old La Brousse. In the other corner of the apartment, overpowered by the consciousness of base treachery, lay fainting on the floor the unhappy Ninette, not even noticed by those to whom she had betrayed the secret intrusted to her; and several soldiers were seen descending the staircase that led to the rooms above, through which they had been prosecuting an ineffectual search. The suddenness of Clara's appearance, and her extraordinary beauty, seemed, for a moment, to surprise even Carrier himself; and, starting up, he gazed upon her for an instant, at the same time making a sign with his hand to the soldiers who were leading the old man towards the door.

Clara was very pale, and her heart beat with all that hurried throbbing to which the struggle between anguish, horror, and noble resolution, might well give rise. "I claim your promise, sir!"—she said, advancing toward the leader of the revolutionary force, "I claim your promise, sir! You said, if Clara de la Roche were given up, yonder old man's life would be spared."

Carrier paused, and still gazed upon her; but his pause proceeded from no feeling of mercy toward poor old La Brousse, nor from any difficulty in finding an excuse for violating his promise. Such considerations never impeded the progress of a jacobin. He did pause, however; and with a look conveying to the mind of the unhappy girl more feelings of repugnance than the aspect of death itself might have done, he answered—"You are as bold as you are beautiful. Knowing yourself to be a brigand, and the daughter of a brigand, are you not afraid?"

"I have done no wrong," replied Clara; "and why should I fear?"

"Well, well," he answered, "the time may come, and the time will come, when you will fear; and when such is the case, send for me. As for the old brigand," he added, with dignity, "I will keep my word. Set him free; but take care, Citizen La Brousse, how you venture to shelter an aristocrat again. There will be no mercy for a second offence."

Clara looked upon her own fate as sealed, but she thanked heaven that her safety had not been purchased by the blood of the devoted old man; and, patiently suffering herself to be placed on horseback, she was led away toward Nantes, the streets of which city, and the river which flowed past its streets, were every day stained with the blood of creatures, young and fair, and beautiful as herself.

As the party which escorted Clara de la Roche approached the banks of the Loire, her eyes rested on a large boat filled with human beings of every age, and sex, and class—from the old man with snowy hair, to the curly-headed child—from the lovely girl of eighteen, to the aged matron whose remaining hours could have been but few at best. They were tied together; and though some wept and cast down their eyes, while others were looking up, appealing to the glowing heavens above them, all was silent. At length two or three ferocious-looking wretches, who had been pushing the boat forward toward the centre of the river, leaped into a smaller boat by its side. A cannon shot was heard as a signal, a rope was drawn, which seemed to pass under the large bark; it reeled for a moment as if upon a stormy sea—settled heavily down—there was a loud, parting shriek, as its human freight bade the earth adieu for ever, and a howl of fierce delight from the monsters that lined the shore.

Clara closed her eyes, and when she opened them again the boat with all it contained was gone; but where it had last appeared, the waters were rushing and bubbling, as if the shallow river scarcely concealed the stragglies of the 200 victims, who at that moment had found eternity beneath its waves. The brain of the poor prisoner reeled; her heart felt sick, the next moment sense forsook her, and she fell from the horse that bore her to such a scene of crime and horror. A brief pause of happy forgetfulness followed next; and then, when her eyes opened, she found herself in a close, dark dungeon, with a multitude of her fellow-creatures lying around her, in loathsomeness and misery, and disease, and despair.

It was night, and the farm of old La Brousse was left in solitude, for he had indignantly sent the unhappy girl who had betrayed the secrets of his dwelling back to her family; and—suspecting that his own life and liberty had not been left to him, when much smaller offences were daily visited with death, without some treacherous motive—he had himself gone forth to seek, in the most obscure parts of the desolate tract amidst which his house was situated, the young stranger whom we have seen under the name of Auguste. By some evil chance, however, they had missed each other; and, after the place had remained for some time without the presence of a single breathing thing, the door was gently opened, and the young stranger entered, habited as usual in the dress of a peasant. He looked round the vacant kitchen in some surprise, in seeing it dark and untenanted; and then, approaching the foot of the stairs, he pronounced the name of La Brousse and Ninette. No answer was of course returned; but while he was anxiously striving to obtain a light from the half-extinct embers, the door was again unclosed, and the old farmer stood beside him.

"Haste, haste, La Brousse! (cried the young man,) get me a light, and bring me my sabre and bugle. I hear Carrier is roaming the country with one of his infernal bands of murderers. He must be met with ere he returns to Nantes; and I have named the rendezvous for day-break to-morrow, at the mill of Bohalard."

"It is in vain, Monseigneur, (replied the old man,) it is in vain; by this time he is in Nantes; and he has dragged Mademoiselle de la Roche along with him."

Auguste made no reply for several minutes; and his first words were, "My sabre and my bugle!"

Casting himself down in a chair, while the old man went to fetch the articles he demanded from the place where they were concealed, the other covered his eyes with his hands, and remained for several moments in deep and painful thought, from which he only roused himself for a moment to bolt the door by which he had entered. La Brousse at length returned; and Auguste, while buckling on his sabre and slingng the horn over his shoulder, grasped his arm, and whispered, "Up to the high window, La Brousse! I heard a noise but now in the court. Arm yourself as best you can, and then bring me news of what you see below. Quick! the moon is shining."

The old man speedily came back with a fowling-piece in his hand, and a broadsword by his side; and he now replied in the same low tone, that there were men evidently skulking under the shadow of the barn.

"We may save her yet! (exclaimed his young companion). Now open the door!" and drawing with one hand a pistol, which had lain concealed in a thick silk handkerchief that was tied round his waist, he held his bugle in the other, and prepared to go forth the moment the way was clear. As soon as his foot was beyond the threshold, "Qui va là?" was shouted from several different sides of the court-yard; and the next moment five men with levelled muskets advanced into the moonlight, exclaiming "Rends-toi, brigand!"

He raised the bugle to his lips, and for all reply blew one long loud blast, waving back La Brousse who was following him, and then sprang once more into the cottage. For a moment the soldiers seemed uncertain; but as he retreated the word "Fire!" was given, and the next instant the five muskets were at once discharged. Three of the balls whistled through the doorway; but by that time the young Vendean was himself masked by the wall, and had forcibly pulled the old farmer out of the line of fire.

The struggle that followed, however, was a fierce one. It was the bold heart and the strong hand doing the bidding of hatred and revenge. Old La Brousse, notwithstanding the load of years, overpowered one of the assailants young enough to be his son, and cast him headlong on the earth, while Auguste cut

down another ; but the third sprang upon the old farmer, while struggling to terminate the contest with the first opponent, and, seizing him behind, mastered his arms and tied them in a moment with all the skill of a jailer. At that instant Auguste turned upon him ; but the man that La Brousse had overpowered now rose up but little hurt, and the young Vendean found himself attacked at once by two well-armed men, each equal to himself in personal strength. The game they seemed resolved to play was a deadly one ; while one kept him engaged the other calmly loaded his musket, and the fate of Auguste seemed decided ; but scarcely had the cartridge been rammed down into the gun, when a large stag-hound dashed down from the high grounds into the court, and at once sprang to the throat of the second soldier, at the instant he was about to level his weapon at the head of the young Vendean ; and in a minute after, while Auguste still prolonged the combat with his opponent, and the gallant hound still held his grasp of the other, nine or ten men in the wild costume of the Vendean soldiers, warned by the bugle of their leader, poured into the court and overpowered all resistance.

A light was brought, and held alternately to the countenances of the two men who had prolonged the contest so fiercely, when the glare of the burning resin lighted first upon the features of a young, and then upon those of a middle-aged man, without displaying any extraordinary brutality of expression, or any marks of those savage passions which might be expected in the willing followers of the blood-thirsty Carrier.

"It is as I thought, (cried Auguste, as he gazed upon the face of the elder.) How is it, fellow, that you, who were so long faithful to our cause, are now amongst the foremost of its base adversaries, and are especially chosen to capture the son of your ancient master and benefactor?"

"I was faithful to your cause, (replied the man, with an abruptness which the revolutionists greatly affected,) as long as I had no opportunity of abandoning it ; and I was chosen to capture you, because I knew your person. But I am pleading for my life—or rather for that of one to whom life is more valuable —this young man here, my son ; and I know well that I must offer something more than words to purchase it at your hands. Listen to me then—if you will spare us and set us at liberty, I will set free her who was taken from this place this morning."

"Ah, (cried Auguste,) free and unharmed?"

"Free and unharmed as she went (replied the other). You had better take my offer, for it is her only chance for life."

Some further conversation ensued, which it is unnecessary to detail. The soldier named the time—the night following—and the place—a sequestred spot upon the banks of the Loire, about two miles above the city of Nantes. He

spoke boldly in regard to his power of performing what he promised. His son willingly undertook to be his surety; and after some discussion amongst the Vendean, in regard to the propriety of liberating him, he was at length set free, and departed.

It was a soft calm night, with the moon shining clear and sweet in the sky, and one or two planets wandering like boats of light over the surface of the profound blue ocean of the heavens. All the world, too, was hushed in sleep; and, as the young Vendean took his way toward the spot appointed for the exchange of the two prisoners, not a sound was to be heard but the steps of his own party. Between them they led the young soldier who had remained in their hands as a hostage; and as they advanced through a winding dell, the tall trees of which hid the Loire from their sight, they paused at every aperture in the thick foliage, to gaze out over the waters. At length the dull sound of oars was heard from the water, and a small boat was seen shooting up the middle of the stream. In it there appeared but two persons, and one of them was evidently a female. The heart of the young Vendean beat quick while the rower pulled on, and then guided his boat direct to the little landing-place. It glided rapidly through the water, touched the shore, and in a moment after, the hand of Clara de la Roche was clasped in that of her deliverer.

The young soldier was immediately set at liberty; and, without the interchange of a word, sprang into the boat, and was dropping down the Loire with his father, while Clara, hardly believing her senses, was hurrying on with her new companion toward a spot where horses had been prepared to carry them away from pursuit.

"Oh, sir, I feel that I have to thank you for more than life!" she said, at length, turning to him whom we have called Auguste.

"For nothing—nothing, dearest girl!" he answered. "Nay, do not start!" he added, marking the surprise which the expression he had used toward her called forth—"nay, do not start!—Did not the man who set you at liberty tell you, that it was into the hands of Auguste de Beaumont, he was about to deliver you? Did he not say, that it was to the care and guidance of your promised husband, that he was about to yield you?"

Clara had no time to reply; for, ere she could express by one word any of the mingled emotions which such tidings might well call up in her heart, there was a rustle in the trees—a rush of many feet—a momentary struggle; and in the end, she found herself once more a prisoner by the side of her lover, while a troop of revolutionary soldiers from Nantes insulted them by every sort of bitter mockery and coarse jest.

It would be more harrowing than interesting to detail the passing of a night

in the dungeons of a revolutionary prison. That night—however long and dreadful it might seem to Clara de la Roche—passed at length; and, by daylight, the minions of the grossest tyranny that ever darkened the earth came to drag the unhappy girl to the fate reserved for all that was great and noble in France. Strange, however, to say, that fate did not seem in her eyes so appaling as one might suppose. Weary of prosecution, and terror, and flight, and uncertainty, and grief, there was anticipation very like a feeling of relief, in the thought of one brief step leading to immortality, and peace, and joy; and she advanced to the cart destined to drag her to the place of execution, with greater alacrity than her tyrants were accustomed or willing to behold. In the fatal vehicle were already placed Auguste de Beaumont, the friend who had accompanied him on his ill-starred expedition, and good old La Brousse, the farmer of Dervais. They waited but for her alone, and, when she was placed in the cart the word was given to march. The procession moved forward through the streets of Nantes toward the river, escorted by a small body of cavalry; and, though the hour was yet early, it was remarked that large crowds were collected to see a sight which certainly had not the advantage of novelty in that unhappy town. There was a deep solemn stillness, too, in the multitude, as the cart rolled through the midst of them, that had something in it portentous as well as awful; and a low murmur, like the rush of a receding wave, was heard, as the history of the two younger victims was whispered among the people.

The tyrants, however, had no dread, and the vehicle went slowly on; when, in passing the end of a narrow street which led toward the Place d'Armes, the clatter of a horse's feet at full gallop was heard from a parallel avenue. The horse galloped on, but the street was filled with people, and for a minute there was heard loud murmurs at the further end. The next instant came a profound silence, during which nothing was distinguished but the creaking of the heavy cart wheels, and the slow tramp of the soldiers' horses; but then—one loud stentorian voice shouted, with a sound that was heard through the whole street, "Robespierre is dead!!! Down with the tyrants!!!"

A cry of joy, and triumph, and encouragement, burst from the multitude round. The soldiers were overpowered in a moment; one or two were killed on the spot. The cords that tied the prisoners were cut—a thousand hands were held out to give them aid—a thousand voices cried fly here, or fly there; but at length one, more prudent than the rest, exclaimed, "To the gates! To the gates!" and in five minutes Auguste de Beaumont, bearing Clara in his arms, and followed by their fellow-prisoners, was clear of the city of Nantes.

THE LOVE LETTER.

FANNY, in her bower seated,
 By the rosy zephyrs fann'd,
 To herself these words repeated,
 Edward's letter in her hand :—
 “ Hang the fellow!—fie upon it!
 What am I to do or say?
 Here this silly, saucy sonnet,
 Bids me name the marriage-day ! ”

Then she sigh'd, and pluck'd a flower,
 Tore its leaves apart—and then
 Nothing said for near an hour,
 Save “ Heigh-ho!—these men—these men ! ”
 Bridal bells—the pastor's mission—
 Friends and kindred—hopes and fears—
 Crowded on her mental vision,
 Till her heart dissolved in tears !

Simple girl! But see, she raises
 Her sweet face, all sunshine now.
 Marvel not at lovers' praises—
 Gaze upon that sunlit brow.
 Now she parts her flowing tresses,
 Smiles, and reads the letter o'er,
 To the winds her love confesses,
 Which she ne'er has done before.

List!—she speaks again!—and hear her:
 “ Edward, I am all thine own !
 Can a passion be sincerer
 Than that breathed for thee alone ? ”
 Edward sought the yielding maiden,
 Pressed her to his heart for life—
 And, with every blessing laden,
 They became—*mere man and wife!*

Do my readers ask, “ sir poet,
 Wherefore weave your web of song ? ”
 To instruct you—and I'll show it;
 Mark me well, ye wooing throng :
 To the fair you'd marry—better
 Write than speak—but write in time—
 And be sure to put the letter
In the very best of rhyme!

THE WILD-ROSE TREE.

A DIALOGUE AND A FABLE.

"And round about he taught sweet flowers to grow;
 The Rose ingrained in purest scarlet dye;
 The Lily fresh; and Violet below;
 The Marigold; and cheerful Rosemary;
 The Spartan Myrtle, whence sweet gum does flow;
 The purple Hyacinth; and fresh Costmary;
 And Saffron, sought for in Cilician soil;
 And Laurel too, the ornament of Phœbus' toil.

Fresh Rhododaphne; and the Sabine flower,
 Matching the wealth of the ancient Frankincense;
 And pallid Ivy, building his own bower;
 And Box, yet mindful of his old offence;
 Red Amaranthus, luckless paramour;
 Oxeye, still green; and bitter Patience;
 Ne wants there pale Narcisse, that, in a well
 Seeing his beauty, in love with it fell."

SPENSER.

SAGE.—One summer morning all the flowers of the garden were blowing in the sunshine. They were carefully cultivated before the windows of the king's palace, where the nobility crowded to gaze at and admire them. They were magnificently arrayed in all the gorgeous hues of the rainbow. Some grew in clusters of crimson and gold; others rose alone, tall and beautiful, in purple pride. Many embossed with their snowy balls masses of carefully trimmed verdure, and many crept along the ground till it glittered with their golden eyes like the heavens with stars; a few sprinkled with bursts of violet bowers of luxuriant green, and here and there others laid their glowing cheeks against the stained side of an antique gray wall, or hung indolently from its hoar top in all the bliss of sunshine, idleness and beauty. They were watched and cherished by a careful gardener, who plucked the weeds from about their roots, watered them in the evening, and sometimes spread over them a glass case to shield them from the wind and storm.

A youth full of grace and manly beauty roved through the garden. From his broad pale forehead, the raven locks fell in glossy ringlets to his shoulders. His large thoughtful eyes glanced over the scene with a cold, unmoved admiration. In one hand he held a pencil, and in the other a small portfolio, for he was a painter and a poet by the favour of nature. The brilliant crowd of flowers blushed as they felt the glances of his bright eyes, for his soul was in them.

CHILD.—But flowers cannot feel. They are too frail, too fleeting. Intellectual existence would be to them no joy—and to nature no use. They wither

in a day—an hour. They learn no sciences. They exhibit no reason. They accomplish no enterprises. How can flowers live, and why should they?

SAGE.—And what art thou, my child? If thou art other than a flower, art thou better? Youth exists thus but to unfold its leaves in the sun; and to the young, existence itself is bliss. Frail are the tender flowers; so art thou, my child. On every balmy breeze may float thy death, and thy mind's leaves also wither as thy day rolls on. Fleeting didst thou say? Thou, and such as thou, pass away by millions; unknown, unarmoured, unmissed, even like the flowers. Why should not these radiant things have hopes and blessings? Why should they not feel the morning dew at their hearts? The bee courts, the sun kisses, the rain washes, and the night cools and rests them. They rejoice in their unfolding glory; they mourn in their sad decay; at daybreak they open and triumph in their strength and loveliness, and when their brief lives are ended, they leave with reluctance the summer scene; they turn their expiring leaves to the rolling sun; they lean to catch the murmur of the bee that has forsaken them; they fall with anguish from their bright eminence, like queens dethroned and dying.

CHILD.—And the beautiful youth, dear father?

SAGE.—He gazed around upon them sadly. They were gay; they were grand; they were superb; but he could not paint—he would not describe them; they followed his steps with their silent wishes.

CHILD.—But, father, what was the youth to them; could flowers love?

SAGE.—Not as the wife loves, child; but as the woman.

CHILD.—But, father—

SAGE.—But, child—

CHILD.—I meant to say, dear father, wives are women.

SAGE.—But women are not always wives. The one love only virtue and their husbands; the other only admiration and the world. Thou mayest not fully comprehend this now. These flowers we spoke of, were framed for admiration. They courted and lived upon it, loving it better than the sunshine which matured and the dew which refreshed them. Why dost thou sigh?

CHILD.—When thou didst paint these pretty flowers, blooming together so peacefully in that lovely garden, I said to myself, "Here would be true happiness if they could feel." Thou sayest that they can feel, and yet with feeling come repining and dishonour.

SAGE.—With man or flowers it is the same in this. No scene so tranquil but some evil lurks—no breast so still, but envy or disappointment, or distrust, or fear, or phantom enters sometimes to disturb it. It is the world. A tear? Art thou not happy?

CHILD.—All but for the flowers and the sad lesson I have learned.

SAGE.—Why thus it is. In all thy flowery way, sweet child, though heaven should pour its summer always on thee, and thy bright road be sprinkled with blossoms, there will ever and anon come these cold truths blowing on the like an ungentle wind that comes from ice-clad mountains. Lessons, dear child, that must be learned, and winds that must be borne by all who travel in the way of human life. Come, now thou knowest the worst, thou smilest again.

CHILD.—And the beautiful youth, dear father?

SAGE.—He gazed around with a vacant eye. He was a philosopher as well as a poet and a painter. He knew their hearts. He saw their vanity. He saw some shrink from affectation, and others display themselves in confident pride. He marked their studied attitudes, their practised blushes—for they had been gazed on by all the neighbourhood till they had grown anxious to be gazed on; of bashfulness and modesty (the most beautiful charms of woman) they knew only enough to feign them in company, and to laugh at them in secret. They knew this young poet was beloved by the prince and by all the world; that his praise was immortality, and immortality, to man or flowers, is a tempting draught. The youth had stolen forth to sketch the loveliest object he saw. He had composed a poem upon woman, and was now seeking the sweetest emblem he could find with which he might embellish his pages for the present generation and for all posterity. Great was the commotion that arose among the ambitious beauties of the king's garden. The flowers were all belles in their way, and very lovely ones too, as belles sometimes are. One felt secure that it would be selected from the brilliancy of its complexion, one from the glittering golden dust with which nature had powdered its leaves, another from its tall stature, another from its sweet and gracious attitude, and another from the perfume which it breathed upon the air.

In a distant spot, just without the garden, stood a weeping willow, which drooped its long, melancholy, beautiful branches over the bosom of a glassy brook; and within its shade, a swell of green turf, without any marble decoration, announced by its simple and forsaken mound, that the remains of some human being mouldered beneath. It lay in a silent, lovely, sylvan recess without any of the gorgeousness and brilliancy of the rest of the garden; no pomp, no fountains, no statues, no grandeur—nothing but stillness, silence, and nature. Upon the grave grew a single wild rose, yet partly bathed in dew, and half hidden amid briars; the youth sat down on a fragment of broken rock and looked on it.

"How the world will admire me on paper," said a tall rose.

"I wish, (said the orange blossom,) he could paint my fragrance as well as myself."

"If he will but look at me, (said the lilac,) I am sure of him."

"Thou sure of him! (exclaimed the snow-ball, with a sneer,) why, there is not one white leaf about thee."

"He will choose me," said the violet.

"And wherefore, pray, Miss Minx?" said the daisy.

"Why, does he not want something to express modesty? (replied the other,) and am I not the most modest of flowers?"

"No; (retorted the rose,) I am more modest than thou, as thou mayest perceive by my blushing."

"He looked particularly at me, (said the acacia). I am beautiful everywhere, but I am charming in poetry."

"How they talk, poor things!" said an enormous sunflower to herself tossing her head in the breeze. "They will feel silly enough when he returns for me."

"Be so good as to hold your head from between me and the sun, will you?" said a dandelion, which had been overlooked by the gardener, and then soliloquised in a low tone, "really the envy of these roses is ridiculous; but I shall be richly revenged presently."

All this while the youth lay regarding the brook and the willow—the simple grave and the lovely floweret watching over its bosom.

At length he spoke to it.

"Who lies in this grave, my pretty flower."

"A poor blind old man, who was once the gardener of all those lovely flowers. But anxious to serve his master, he laboured too severely—lost his sight, and at length died. He had no relations—no friends—but only one poor orphan boy whom he had adopted, and whom he loved sincerely. He buried him here and planted me on his bosom; but he is dead too, now."

"And art thou not wretched in so lonely a retreat?"

"Oh no, for when poor Herbert was alive, I grew by his humble cottage, satisfied with my lot, and he never allowed any one to injure me. Indeed he used to say before he lost his sight, that he preferred me before all the flowers of the King's garden; but that was because he loved me."

"I have come to transplant thee to a more cheerful scene. Thou shalt bloom in yonder garden with the fairest flowers there."

"Beseech thee, dear youth, leave me as I am. What flower will deck this good old man's grave were I away?"

"He needs no decoration. He feels it not. He will never reward—will never know it. Wherefore shouldst thou bury thyself here, when so remarkable an opportunity is offered thee of living with the great?"

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"Because my duty and my love doth bind me here. Besides, I should disgrace yonder beauteous, and happy, and virtuous assembly. They are nobly born and nurtured. I am homely and obscure. I should shame them with my lowly manners, or I should only be seen among them to be despised, for their grace and glory would eclipse me."

"If thou wilt not accompany me, then, at least lend me thine advice. I have come forth this morning to paint the fairest flower, and to write its character beneath. Which is most worthy of such an honour?"

"In the King's gardens they are all worthy. I dare not presume to judge—to compare. When I gaze at them, sometimes, through yonder tall iron gate, I am lost and bewildered in admiration of their wondrous charms. Their perfume comes sweeping over me upon the evening breeze, and the sun exhibits their varied and lustrous hues till I am dazzled."

"Dost thou never *envy* them?" inquired the youth.

"I sometimes wish my lot had been cast where I might also be admired and loved."

"They are, in truth, a fair company," murmured the admiring youth.

"They have all the radiance of Heaven, with all the grace and perfumes of the earth (said the lowly plant, enthusiastically). I have a thousand times wished myself a painter, that I might transcribe their beauties as they wave in the breeze."

"And suppose thou wert desired to paint the loveliest and only one of all that enrich the earth, and load the gale with ambrosial odours, which wouldst thou select?"

"There is the lily floating lazily on the crystal tide, its graceful cup swinging to the motion of the silver stream."

"But I love not the lily with its cloying sweetness."

"Then the rose—"

"Has queened it so long among the flowers, that her beauty is spoiled by her pride."

"The tulip, at least, dazzles."

"But I would not be dazzled."

"Then the violet is charming and so modest."

"It has been praised for modesty till it is filled with affectation, and shrinks to court, not elude observation."

"I know not (said the simple, wild sweetbriar, with a sigh) how I can aid thee in thy choice. Indeed, gentle youth, my lot is not among the beautiful nor the fair, and thou wilt find nothing to suit thee here, and nothing to aid thy selection. What there is better beneath the rainbow, than those gorgeous and gay creatures I have named, I know not. They must bloom in some heavenlier planet than this. Fare thee well, sweet sir, and Heaven direct thy steps."

But while the timid, lowly blossom was speaking, the youth, who first sat in languid despondency, hopeless of securing a leaf bright enough for his gifted lesson, suddenly seemed animated with the impulse of a new and delightful thought. A glow of feeling broke over his noble features. He seized his pencil, and spoke again with all the enthusiasm of poetic inspiration.

"In despairing to aid me, dear floweret, thou hast aided me most. Thou hast unconsciously pointed me to a flower, than which wood, vale, mountain, or town hath no higher offering. It is simplicity united with nobleness—innocence with perfect beauty—grace, which all sees but itself—love, faithful but unpresuming—gratitude, without hope of praise or reward—admiration of others, without envy—obscurity, without discontent—lowliness, dignified with independence—sweetness, with humility—misfortune, without complaint—personal loveliness, with exquisite modesty—the tenderness of a woman—the moral worth of a hero, without pride or ostentation."

"Thou hast drawn the lily," said the floweret.

But the youth said, "No, gentle blossom; I have painted *thyself!*"

CLASSIFICATION OF NOSES.

Noses may be divided into four classes, thus :—

The *Grecian*: denoting amiability of disposition, equanimity of temper, imagination, patience in labour, and resignation in tribulation.

The *Roman*: imperiousness, courage, presence of mind, choler, nobleness of heart.

The *Cat* or *Tiger*: cunning, deceit, revenge, obstinacy, and selfishness.

The *Pug*: imbecility of mind, and indecision of character. Of three of these there are innumerable grades—the Grecian descends to the pug—the Roman to the aquiline—but the Cat or Tiger is *sui generis*.

The Grecian nose is most conspicuous in quiet scenes of life—in the study. The Roman, in spirit-stirring scenes—in war. Men of science often, and of imagination always, have the Grecian nose. Daring soldiers and fearless adventurers generally have the Roman nose. Every one knows what a Pug is. We need not enter into any particulars of it—nature forms her thousands of them, and we regard them not. The Cat or Tiger nose: whoever has the least imagination will readily conceive what we mean by this definition; it is a long, flattish nose, not unlike that of the animals from whom we have borrowed the name. Avoid men with such noses—they are deceitful friends and dangerous enemies, whenever it suits their whim or interest.

ELIAS, THE FOREDOOMED!

WHO SOLD HALF HIMSELF TO THE SPIRIT OF DARKNESS.

MASTER Thibault Gaulmin was an illuminator of missals, in Writer-street, Great St. Nicholas. When, in the beginning of the year 1416, he established himself in the shop which he occupied till his death, people flocked from all parts of Paris to admire his sign, a painting fresh from his own hands. It was easy to recognise the touch of a skilful illuminator in the radiant halo, crowning the head of St. Nicholas, and in the glittering cross he held in his left hand, while with his right he was blessing three children. The hair of these last was so fair, and their features so delicate, that there was not a fine lady who did not at once form a wish to have a missal illuminated by Master Gaulmin. This was the most acceptable present that could be made, the most elegant compliment that could be presented at the hotel Saint Paul, or the humble residence of Madame Isabel.

Master Thibault was fond of his art; this was proved by the perfection he had attained to; he applied to it with love, with devotion; and here the expression is not misplaced; for his task was really a work of piety. He used frequently to say that beginning a missal was to him like entering into a church, and he took a pleasure in comparing his art with that of the glass stainer who had decorated with such resplendent colours the windows of his parish church; when the sun shone upon these colours, there fell upon the pillars, on the altar, on the benches—a light so deliciously varied, a blue so celestial, a crimson so tender, that Master Gaulmin could only compare it to those flower works, and those azure and vermillion illuminations upon the white vellum of his manuscripts. A missal without illuminations was in his idea a new church without stained windows. It may be easily imagined that this conviction was eminently conducive to the success of his profession. It was his consolation under private and public calamities. His country was delivered over to the stranger, his city was torn by factions, his retired neighbourhood was often troubled by tumults, and as the last and keenest affliction, he had just lost a beloved wife. But he forgot all in the exercise of his art, and his old age had been happy, if his son Elias had not been an idler and a spendthrift. Even in this Master Gaulmin was not wholly inconsolable. What father ever despairs of his child; he consoled himself by reflecting that Elias was still very young, only twenty, and that he should live to see him a staid orderly youth, and above all a skilful illuminator. But, alas! this, like many others, was but a desitful hope, for, while he was indulging these delightful anticipations, old Master Gaulmin died.

His death was in some respects opportune ; he died when printing had been just invented for his destruction, and thus he escaped the blow of an enemy. The famous Bible, without a date, had, towards the close of his sickness, arrived at Mayence, and produced the greatest commotion in Writer's-street ; the implement fell from the hands of the despairing illuminators and writers, and calligraphy and illumination perished before this new scourge. Master Gaulmin, then, quitted this world in peace, leaving his son a fortune of nearly eight thousand pounds. During his father's life, Elias was limited in his extravagance, because Master Gaulmin kept his purse-strings tightly closed ; but he was scarcely dead when his son commenced the life of a lord, purchased a mansion in the neighbourhood of the court, where, thanks to the munificence he displayed, and to the entertainments he gave, he soon managed to introduce himself. By means of his illuminated missals he had more than one successful love affair. But Elias was by no means constant. He spent some sacks of crowns upon a lady, and then went to another ; and thus he went on spending and loving until there only remained to him two thousand crowns, when his heart was caught by Madame Ellenor. As he really felt something like a passion for her, and knew but one way of exhibiting it, he soon came to the bottom of the treasure amassed by his father, Master Gaulmin, in Writer's-street, by sixty years of incessant toil. Ellenor, a gentle loving woman, had become attached to him, and had often endeavoured to withdraw him from his prodigal career, not that she was apprehensive of his falling into misery, for she could not believe him so mad as to keep up such an establishment without an immense and well-secured revenue, but because she thought that this expense was in gratitude for her love, and she was so true, so pure, so disinterested, that her heart revolted at the idea of her lover estimating her by gold. When these thoughts crossed her mind, she was melancholy, humble, and with tears in her eyes she asked Elias if he really loved her, and Elias consoled her by kissing away her tears ; he promised her to put an end to his expenses, and to lead a more humble life with her for the future—"and a more happy one," added Ellenor—as she kissed his forehead. Elias kept his word, for he was obliged to do it ; his coffers were frightfully empty ; no more balls, no more presents, no more sumptuous banquets, and Ellenor thanked him for the sacrifices he made. She enjoyed his company more frequently and more exclusively ; he was more her own, and her love for him increased.

" Shall we not be more happy (she would say to him in the tone of a confiding woman)—shall we not be more happy in a small and simply-furnished apartment than in these vast ones hung with silk and velvet ; and, besides, we shall be more together than even at present?"

Did she perceive the embarrassment of Elias's affairs, and with all the

delicacy and devotion of her sex did she adopt this means of quieting his apprehensions upon her account?

Elias thought so, for he was much affected when she spoke to him in this way, for, in fact, he was making rapid strides to ruin, nothing now remaining to him but his mansion and his splendid tapestry, his turkey carpets, and his money chest of sandel wood inlaid with gold. He still preserved it, but empty, horribly empty; so much so as to give a vertigo to whoever gazed into its depths. There was nothing left in it but a little missal, the exquisite masterpiece of Master Thibault Gaulmin, which he had buried in the money chest beneath his riches, as the most precious of his treasures. Elias had just lit upon it; he would doubtless much rather have lit upon some good crown pieces; but the precious manuscript was not without its value, a value which had been on the increase since printing had destroyed the art that had produced it.

He left the house to go in search of a Jew, who lived close to the palace of Tournelles, to whom he hoped to sell the beautiful missal. But one thought was uppermost in his mind. He was fearful of committing a mortal sin by thus disposing of a holy book to a Jew. On passing the street of the Celestin monks, he looked about him for a priest whom he might consult upon this point, when he perceived a gentle, fresh little woman, who had just issued from a house in Barrey-street. Our gallant Elias soon forgot the Jew, missal, empty money chest, and the tender Ellenor, at sight of this face, so fair and rosy, set in a muslin cap rivalling in whiteness the brow it partially concealed.

"Sister, sister (said he, in a gentle voice, as he walked behind her)—sister."

The Beguine, for such she appeared to be, who was not upon her guard, and who had not, like the sisters of St. Clare, taken a vow of silence, answered—
"My Lord."

His dress was so rich that he could not be other than a lord.

This reply gave Elias permission to pursue the conversation; it was not right to let an opportunity escape.

"Sister (said he, in a caressing tone, and drawing out the precious missal)—sister,—but what is your name?"

The lady, who had observed the missal with its purple cover and its clasps of gold, as Elias had wished, said, in a low voice, "Agnes Briarda."

"Well, my pretty Agnes Briarda, how like you this nice book! is not the azure purer than that of the heavens—the gold brighter than the rays of the sun of summer, the violet fresher than that of the laticlave of the bishops, and the red more resplendent than that of your fresh lips!"

She smiled, as it were, at the angels. Was it at the sight of the handsome missal, or of such a fine cavalier? Certain it is that Elias, while thus conversing

with her, entered beneath the gateway of an hotel, and that the little lady followed him against her will; and it were a fine sight to see the bound of joy she gave when Elias said to her, "This book is yours, my pretty Agnes, if——"

She was so enraptured, and the spring caused by those gracious words was so violent, that she disappeared from before the eyes of Elias, who remained confounded, not knowing on which side to turn. When he had somewhat recovered from the shock, he began to reflect. He had just deprived himself of his last resource, and had not a farthing in his magnificent mansion; he entered it, therefore, very melancholy, and flung himself into an arm-chair at a distance from that occupied by Ellenor. During a space of ten minutes, he remained silently contemplating the pomp and luxury that surrounded him, humble and insignificant as he was in purse. This splendour aggravated the feeling of his misery, and he felt wretched and miserable, like a body consumed beneath splendid clothing.

"What is the matter, Elias? (said Ellenor, embracing him, after a pause,) you are overcome with the sadness of despair to-day. You are, at length, on the point of being obliged to confess it;" and she smiled as she added—"My good, my dear Elias, it is that you are poor—that you have ruined yourself for me; but I gave you warning of it. I implored you to set bounds to your extravagance, but it is all over. Reproaches are now unavailing. Come—I love you dearly, and I can work for your support, and we shall journey gaily through life, mutually aiding and encouraging each other."

There was in the heart of Elias a pang more poignant still than his poverty, the sudden disappearance of the little lady, leaving no hope of his again seeing her. There are few believers now-a-days in love at first sight. Romances have brought it into disgust, and yet these secret sympathies, these mysterious attractions, which are communicated and intermingled in a single look, have their existence; and it was a positive fact that Elias was in love downright—in love to such a pitch as to part with his last precious treasured resource for a single smile. To dissemble the real cause of his distress, he confessed to Ellenor the extent of his embarrassment; and while, with downcast head, he proceeded with the melancholy disclosure, Ellenor was unclasping her gold bracelets and a pearl necklace, from which was suspended a diamond cross.

"Take these, Elias (said she)—take these jewels; you insisted on my wearing them, to see if they would make me handsome. No, no! They are unbecoming at present, and I should be handsomer far without these expensive ornaments, which are as burdensome as chains. Look, look! I am vain. Is not my neck white enough without pearls, and my arm without the gold of bracelets?"

While she said this, she lavished a thousand caresses upon Elias, and placed

the jewels in his hands. At first, he refused the generous offer; then, after glancing at the cross with a look indicative of some singular project, he accepted it. Doubtless he was calculating what it would sell for. We shall soon see.

On the following morning he repaired to the Jew with the pearls and diamonds which Eilenor had so generously sacrificed. When at the corner of St. Paul's-place he beheld before him—who?—guess—Agnes Briarda. His blood rushed in torrents to his head; his heart fainted within him, and he reeled like a drunken man. She was ascending the steps leading to a church. Yielding to this irresistible attraction, which had before hurried him away, he followed her, dipped his hand in the holy water, and held it to her with complacency. Agnes raised her eyes to ascertain to whom the white hand belonged that was thus piously occupied, and, on recognising Elias, her features became lighted with a smile similar to that of the preceding evening. They were at the extremity of the nave—at all times gloomy, but especially so on that day, for the sky was covered with clouds, and not a soul was in the church.

"Agnes (said he), gentle little Agnes (his voice trembling like that of a real lover)—Agnes, how much a scarlet velvet bonnet would become you?" She acquiesced by a gentle bow, as if to the altar. "Agnes, how much better lace would be than that stomacher of yours." She cast her eyes upon the ground. "And, instead of that black cross upon your neck (here he drew the diamond cross from his pocket), how much more charming you would appear in this." He was fascinated, lost in his irresistible passion for Agnes, and made the diamonds sparkle in the gloom.

"My Lord, they are as dazzling as the altar on the eve of Easter——"

"Dazzling as your eyes, Agnes!" and, growing intoxicated with his own words, he placed the pearl necklace upon her neck, and gazed with delight upon the diamond cross reposing upon her bosom. He was so wrapt in contemplation and ecstasy that he no longer beheld the cross, the necklace, or the lady—all had vanished.

"It must be the devil! (said he, recovering from his stupor.) I give her everything—I let her carry off everything without the slightest recompense—and I feel that I could give her my life, without the reservation of a single hour."

These were his reflections as he repaired to the Jew, from whom he got very little money in exchange for his gold. He then returned to his house disconsolate, as may be supposed, for it is melancholy to abide with a woman who should have our affection, and who has it not. Her caresses become the most poignant reproaches—self-reproaches. Such was the position of Elias, and the more he sought to avoid the marks of affection and kisses of Eilenor, the more she lavished them upon him to console him.

"Banish this melancholy humour, Elias, or I shall not dare to leave you alone this evening."

This reminded him that she was going to spend some time with an old relation, and he put on as calm and as pleasing an air as he could assume. Upon this, Ellenor left him, after a thousand tender adieus. When she was gone, he breathed like a man relieved from an oppressive weight, and soon resolved upon returning in search of the lady; and for the space of two hours he walked up and down St. Paul's-place in front of the handsome convent, nearly as long before the church, and it was night before he returned to his house. He called for the last two candles that were remaining, and the servant took care to mention the circumstance, as if to remind him that it was some time since he had received his wages. When he found himself alone in those sumptuous apartments, which he must very soon abandon, his heart heaved convulsively, for he loved luxury and ease, and then it is so heart-rending to fall, when, by fair or foul means, by folly or prudence, we have once elevated ourselves. It seemed to him impossible that he could ever bring himself to quit this magnificent hotel and the sumptuous furniture, where Agnes—this was the drift of his speculations—would look so beautiful. It was no longer Ellenor.

He wandered with rapid strides through the vast saloons, and his heavy step resounded upon the thick carpet. "What! (exclaimed he,) tricked, baffled, like a novice, by a nun!" And this irritation of his self-love only served to increase the venom of his love-wound. In short, after two long hours' march up and down, fuming, swearing, protesting to God and all his saints, he flung himself into an arm-chair, and, after a long silence, "I would willingly give half myself to the devil!" cried he. You perceive it was *the half*—a conscientious surrender worthy of the age. The devil, who is always on the look-out, like a roaring lion, heard the words as they fell. Beware how you call him, even with a sign, with a thought; the moment you think of him, he is by your side. Think of evil, it is done—think of the devil, and he appears.

Elias had scarcely uttered these fatal words than he beheld before him a transparent cloud: it was at first small, but it gradually grew larger and denser until it equalled Elias in height, standing erect as he was with terror. He thought the carpet and the boards were on fire, and he was looking from side to side, when in the centre of the black cloud he beheld two large red eyes, flickering like expiring lamps, and two rows of white teeth, gnashing or laughing, it was hard to say which. Elias fell back at full length upon his chair. A long black hand was put forth from the cloud, and passed thrice along Elias's body, leaning particularly upon the left, the side of the heart—a species of infernal magnetism by which the devil took possession of half of him. The consequence of this operation, as may easily be supposed, was to throw Elias into a fit of

utter stupefaction. When he returned to himself, the clock of St. Paul's was striking twelve. He got up, and supported himself for some time with difficulty on his tottering limbs. He felt as if he was drunk (certain it is that it would have taken less to make him so), and gazed with a stupid air towards the quarter where he had seen the terrific cloud, and where he could no longer discern anything. He then fell back in his chair once more, and fell asleep. He was visited by a most extraordinary dream—a nightmare, such as might be the natural result of his position. He saw clearly into his own body: the blood, on leaving his heart, divided itself into two distinct currents, like the waters of two rivers at the spot where they unite. The current of the left was rapid and disorderly, that of the right calm and regular, consequently the heart had two different pulsations. He heard with alarm, in the delirious dream produced by such a state, their quick, unequal, feverish pulsations—here harmonious and well-cadenced health—one-half under the influence of heaven, the other under the influence of hell. It was a deplorable struggle which he had established within him, not for this night only, but for his entire life. To restore peace, one of these powers must assume the ascendant, whence must result an incessant control every day, every hour.

Elias awoke at break of day, his lights were fading, and the first beams of the morning mingling with the light of the expiring flames produced a shadowy brightness, which he gazed upon with half-closed eyes. He fancied he still beheld the vapour of the preceding evening, he sought for it—he held out his hand in the direction in which it had arisen, and if he had not found himself in his arm chair he would have been inclined to attribute the scene of the evening to some troubled dream like that which had followed it, and would have confounded fancy with reality; but this was impossible, for the more awake did he grow, the more clearly did he see again the formidable apparition; and then he experienced the irrefragable proofs of it in its effects, exactly corresponding with those he had observed in his sleep. At length, being fully convinced of his situation, he began to reflect on the best means of turning his bargain to account; a sudden and maddening thought—a thought proceeding from the left side of his heart and brain, the nun,—this thought was irresistible. He was rising in obedience to it, when Ellenor, sprang joyfully into the apartment. “Up already—up already, Elias! I expected to find you in bed; you are not so early when I am here. Good God! how hot your cheek is, that on the side of your heart; it is burning, and your heart beats against mine so as to give me pain; you are feverish. Your hand—yet your pulse is calm. Your other hand—what disorder is here? Send for the physician instantly. Oh, Elias!”

Elias tried to withdraw himself from her embraces and the tender expressions of her solicitude; at length he succeeded in extricating himself, and left the

house abruptly without a reply. It is easy to conceive from what a height she fell ; she who till then had had the whole heart of Elias. She ran to every corner of the apartment, searching every where without knowing what she sought for. She then summoned the domestics and questioned them. She learned from them that Elias had spent the night in the saloon ; the two lights burnt quite out gave additional evidence of it ; then the truth flashed upon her. She had no longer any doubts ; he had been labouring all night long to procure some resources, and he was obliged to go out immediately in the morning for the profits of his labour. This made her weep ; she drew from her belt some gold pieces, the produce of the sale of some of her little ornaments, which she brought as her part of the little labour fund they were to amass by their united exertions. This was not unaccompanied with satisfaction. Meantime what was Elias doing ? Not rendering himself worthy of the tender devotion of Ellenor ; and while she was picturing to herself such gay visions of a future that was everything to her, you might observe him beneath the porch of Saint Paul's church, waiting for Agnes, certainly not in a state of calm beatitude, but in the agonies of intolerable agitation.

He loved Ellenor, with a calm but deep passion. His love for Agnes was violent, sudden, and overwhelming. Of this he was more convinced by the scene of the preceding evening ; the one attracted him forcibly—the other gently ; he was a fearful picture of the concealed tortures of the man who is undecided and irresolute in the grand circumstances of life ; no state of indecision could be greater than that of Elias. Brain—heart—feeling—thought—intelligence, all divided in two halves, exact halves—two principles opposed with equal force—two equal armies, what a combat—what a tumult in his existence. He was blaming himself for the consequences of his terrible wish, as quickly granted as expressed, when he forgot all at the sight of Agnes, who stood beside him.

“ Has my lord got another gold cross, or a pretty missal to give me ? ”

“ You shall have everything, my pretty Agnes, everything ; ” he said, and gently took her hand.

“ Oh, my lord ! (and she trembled,) my lord, don’t hold me so, don’t look at me so ; your fingers are burning, and your looks are painful to me.”

“ Yours have pained me much more, my pretty Agnes.”

“ Mercy, mercy ; don’t fix your eyes upon me so ; particularly this near one. I shall follow you—I shall follow you ! ” In fact she did follow him without once thinking of the consequences. She was tamed, and followed him like a pet lamb.

Towards the close of the day, Elias returned to Ellenor, who had passed the whole day in uneasiness. She did not ask him where he had been : she did not scold him as soon as she saw him—she felt relieved and flew to embrace him.

These caresses disconcerted him, and then he observed, that she had been working all day for him ; that for him she had parted with her last jewels, while he had been spending with Agnes the money which he had gained at play in the morning. He was so affected at it, that, letting his head fall upon her shoulder, he was on the point of confessing his infidelity, and renouncing Agnes for ever ; but, at the instant the word was coming from his lips, a sudden motion, passing from his heart along his left side, reminded him that he was under the dominion of a powerful hand—under the blow of an irrevocable decree—and he was silent. He would have recurred to those hours of loving calmness he once enjoyed by the side of Ellenor ; he desired it, but he could not. He had no longer the peace of the interior, he was no longer beside Ellenor ; it was of Agnes—of gaming—that he had become empassioned. He only thought of the ruin that had bewitched him, and the cards that enriched him. And Ellenor mistook the real cause of his melancholy and his abstraction.

" Elias, I am not without courage, and it falls to me to console you. I am skilful at my needle ; I shall provide for our wants. Be comforted." With this she bid him good night, and withdrew. As no desolating thought crossed her mind to scare away sleep, she very soon closed her eyes.

Elias then left the house. We may easily suppose that this was to return to Agnes.

The obscure chronicler, who has preserved the present story, leans to the belief (with the credulity of the age) of the young and innocent nun being the agent of the devil.

Alas ! the spirit of evil glides into us betimes, under the forms of virtue and beauty, and, in truth, we must admit of some mysterious influence to explain the sudden and absolute dominion that Agnes had assumed over Elias.

While he was absent with her, Ellenor had dreams of a blissful futurity. Had her lover been beside her he had heard her words of love pronounced with emotion, and he would have found her more loving than ever when she awoke. She did awake—she was alone—she uttered a cry of astonishment, for the illusions of sleep were not quite dissipated. She called—she felt—she drew aside the curtains—Elias was not there ! yet it was broad day. She arose in disorder, hurried through the house, and remained thunderstruck on hearing that her Elias had been out since evening—not that she as yet suspected her misfortune. She loved him too well to think for a moment that he could cease to love her, but she was uneasy. The streets were deserted ; he might have perished by the hand of an assassin, or else he was devoting himself to nightly labours that would destroy him, in order to extricate himself from his difficulties, and she resolved to scold him for the uneasiness he caused his poor Ellenor. These menaced reproaches became more like caresses when he entered towards even-

ing. He had gained a large sum at play; he gave a few pieces of gold to Ellenor, gave a lying account of his enormous gains, and again left the hotel without an excuse or an adieu. At length she began to see, confusedly, it is true, as it happens when a person has been long blind. She asked herself with alarm, whence all this gold? Was it by business, or by crime, it was acquired? She shuddered at the thought of despising Elias—Elias whom she fancied she could never cease to love, and then she thought she could read in his look something wild and savage, which seemed to her to reveal a mind troubled by a wicked action. She was far from suspecting the cause, but she saw the effect and she wept, and wept every day.

Meantime, Agnes had become a fine lady at court, and squandered the money won at play by Elias.

The cards became fatal in his hands to all the players, and when, in their despair, they challenged him to combat, his left hand deprived them of life, after having deprived them of fortune, and the nun enjoyed in profusion the produce of so many calamities. No ball took place at the court, or at the houses of the nobility, at which Agnes did not appear, with the magnificence of a Queen, while Ellenor, abandoned in her splendid mansion, was deplored the loss, not of fortune and splendour, but of the love of Elias. She was mistaken; he had not ceased to love her. He still loved her with all that part of his soul which he had not lost in the terrible transaction. That pure remainder of soul was, it is true, every day diminishing, as the part of Satan extended itself, and as Agnes got possession of the heart of Elias. But Ellenor still reigned in this uncontaminated sanctuary. In his dreams, he mentioned the name of Ellenor, and roused the jealousy and anger of Agnes. He then felt the full weight of the yoke imposed on him, and regretted the affection of Ellenor. One morning in particular, when, after one of those dreams, he had experienced the violent character of Agnes, he left the house in a disconsolate mood, and repaired to his hotel in St. Antony street. The nearer he drew to it, the more he thought of returning to virtue, by returning to Ellenor. The narrow asylum she still occupied in his thoughts was also open to repentance, to remorse. He felt that he was gliding towards a precipice without bottom. Ellenor was his support, his port, his refuge. When he knocked at the door he started as if at a welcome intelligence, he started almost as much as Ellenor, who had been expecting him from hour to hour for a month. The sound of his footsteps upon the stairs recalled to his recollection so many days of peace and happiness, and when he had entered the rich apartment where he had left his wife in indigence he was moved to tears. With a trembling hand he opened the door of Ellenor's apartment: he feared she was not there, he feared she was. He suddenly

sprang into it, fell at her feet, and embraced them, as the guilty wretch that flies to a church embraces the altar.

"Pardon, pardon! Oh, how pale you are!—how thin!—and it is I who—. Can you forgive me, Ellenor?"

"Oh, yes. You will not believe it, but I have suffered much."

"How beautiful are those curtains—how rich this furniture—how beautiful you look. You shall be mine for ever!"

Ellenor replied not; she enjoyed this return in rapturous silence. She was resigned in misfortune and in happiness.

Elias was on his knees, and forgetting the irrevocable compact, caressingly implored his angelic wife. Other days of happiness came back upon him, and, perhaps, in that long adoration, the better part of his soul was fast gaining the ascendant with its pure rays over the darker portion under the influence of Satan. Their heads were close to each other, and Elias breathed all the innocence and purity of the soul of Ellenor. He felt himself grasped by the left arm—it was Agnes that had followed him. Ellenor uttered a cry of terror, not at the sight of Agnes, for she did not know her, but at the sight of the sudden change in the countenance of Elias the moment the nun had touched the arm over which the infernal hand had passed. There seemed an awful relationship between the demon and the young woman. With her apparently weak hand she forced him to arise, and, by a mysterious power she forced him to repulse Ellenor, crying out, "Begone! leave this hotel; it belongs to her whom I love more than you! quit it, Ellenor."

The irresistible power which constrained him to speak thus insolently, contracted his features and suffocated his voice, and he was menacing Ellenor with his left hand when she departed in tears. Her last look at Elias was so winning, that he would doubtless have returned to her if he had had the slightest control over himself, but he no longer belonged to himself. There was no longer anything firm in him, no longer anything but the vertigo that carried him from the whirlwind of to-day to the whirlwind of to-morrow. He rioted in the wildest and fiercest emotions; he rolled upon the slope of the precipice, tumbling from rock to rock, tearing himself to pieces in his rapid fall. Like the fool, who to increase his misery has some lucid intervals, he perceived the abyss before him, without being able to avert it. Then it was that he cursed Agnes without being able to bless Ellenor. He flew from church to church, and assisted at the service for the criminal on his way to the scaffold, finding himself guilty as he, and like him about to meet his doom. He was not deceived. That ever increasing agitation in which he had lived had undermined his constitution, and he was stretched upon his death bed.

* * * * *

THE ABSENT FRIEND.

THEY tell me he is changed—that time
 Has thinned his hair, and marked his brow,
 And altered him so much, that I
 Should scarcely know him now.
 It may be so; yet it were strange,
 If time had left no trace behind,
 Whereby the memory of a friend
 Might some resemblance find.

It may be so. They say that grief
 Has stolen the bloom of health away,
 Yet left a flush in either cheek,
 As if to mock decay.
 They say that busy care has been
 At work within his heart so long,
 That the free thoughts of youth are lost
 Its tangled web among.

They hinted that his early love
 Was lingering in his bosom yet;
 Strange, that in man faith should be found,
 That he should not forget!
 It may be so—but much I doubt,
 If such, indeed, the truth can be;
 'Tis so unlike all that has passed
 Within my memory.

They tell me he has toiled for wealth,
 And found it, in a foreign land;
 But fortune's treasures have been bought
 Full dearly at his hand.
 For health is wrecked, amid the hopes
 Which float upon life's treacherous wave,
 And now, they say, his gold may buy,
 Perhaps, a stranger's grave!

They speak of it in careless tones,
 And idly breathe their prophecy;
 As if the thought of losing him,
 Were nothing, but to me.
 They do not know the loneliness
 Death has already round me cast
 The gloom upon the future thrown,
 The difference of the past.

But ah, they tell me he is changed!
 That memory would in vain recal
 The looks, the smiles of other days,
 That he has lost them all!
 It may be so—I cannot tell—
 The outward signs, I do not see.
 An altered heart is all I fear,
 For that were all to me.

A DELICATE APPETITE

At a village not above eighteen miles from Benares, where we halted for the day, we were visited by a gaunt, grim-looking Hindoo, of some celebrity in the neighbourhood, which he had acquired, as well as the admiration of his caste, by his capacity of devouring a sheep at a single meal. He was a tall, bony person, somewhat past the prime of life, with a thin wiry frame, and a countenance of the most imperturbable equanimity, though as ugly as a sheep-eater might be expected to be. He offered, for a few rupees, to devour an entire sheep, if we would pay for the animal as well as for the different accessories of the meal. There was something so extraordinary in the proposal, that we readily acquiesced. We accordingly prepared to witness this marvellous feat, by purchasing the largest sheep we could find, which weighed, when prepared for cooking, just thirty-two pounds. We purchased it for one rupee.

All being now ready, the carnivorous Ladra commenced his extraordinary feast. Having cut off the sheep's head with a single blow of his sabre, and jointed the body in due form, he separated all the meat from the bones, the whole quantity to be devoured amounting to about twenty pounds. This meat he minced very fine, forming it into balls about the size of a small fowl's egg first mixing it with plenty of spice and curry powder. As soon as the whole was prepared, he fried some of the balls over a fire, which he had previously kindled at the root of a tree, eating and frying till the whole were consumed. At intervals he washed down the meat with copious potations of ghee, which is sometimes so rancid as to be quite disgusting; and this happened to be the case now. After his prodigious meal, the performer was certainly less active than he had formerly been. His meagre body had acquired a considerable degree of rotundity, and although he declared that he felt not the slightest inconvenience, it was evident that he had taken as much as he could hold, and more than was agreeable. He acknowledged that he could not manage to eat a sheep more than twice in one week, and that this was oftener than he should like to do it.

MARINE POST-OFFICE.

At Essex Bay, in one of the Gallipagos Islands, there is a cave, well secured against the weather, in which whalers deposit letters, sometimes for the information of other whalers, sometimes to be carried home by any returning hunter of the deep that chances to pass that way. Ships have been known to go hundreds of miles out of their course, to visit this receptacle of intelligence. The fact strikingly illustrates the existence of a common bond among civilized nations.

THE LOST DIAMONDS.

Since laws were made for every degree,
To curb vice in others, as well as me,
I wonder we ha'nt better company
Upon Tyburn tree!
But gold from law can take out the sting:
And if rich men like us were to swing,
'Twould thin the land, such numbers to string
Upon Tyburn tree!

A CITY lounger, whether inhabitant of Paris or London, becomes familiar with strange mutations of fortune. New faces, new enterprise, new shops, greet his daily observation. After awhile, the old site puts on a new face, hangs out a new sign. The former occupant and his business disappear. No one knows whither—few care, least of all the idle loiterer seeking amusement in the changing diversity of the streets. Sometimes an old face reappears after a lapse of years; of such an event we have a strange story to tell.

Many years since we were acquainted with a young man who opened a jeweller's shop in Bond-street. His name, for obvious reasons, we conceal, but he shall be known to our readers as Charles Stanwood. In personal accomplishments and family connections he was superior to the generality of the class who follow mechanical professions. Reverse of fortune caused young Stanwood to be apprenticed to a jeweller; he became, in the course of time, an experienced judge and skilful setter of precious stones, and, with promise of support from a numerous circle of acquaintance, opened—perhaps prematurely, for his capital was of trifling amount—a shop in the leading thoroughfare of fashion.

Business thrrove. The shop became a favourite resort of ladies, who possibly might have been influenced by the handsome person and captivating manners of the young jeweller. Although Stanwood's capital was small—stock, therefore, necessarily scanty—yet, through connection with his deceased father's mercantile friends, he was occasionally entrusted with diamonds, and other precious articles, to sell on commission, and so was enabled to compete, in point of attractive display, with his most wealthy rivals in trade.

Our hero was attached to a young lady, by whom the affection was returned; though it would have put her inexperienced feelings to a severe trial if she had seen what we were daily witnesses of—the specious, courtly, insinuating attentions of the handsome jeweller to the youth and beauty who crowded his establishment.

One day there alighted, from a dashing equipage, two ladies, whom Stanwood recognised—one as a peeress, her companion, the wife of a rich commoner.

DECEMBER, 1847.

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After minute inspection of many articles, which often caused him to leave the fair customers in quest of jewellery in a different part of the shop, they departed, without making a purchase, and were ushered to the carriage by the obsequious jeweller. There was nothing extraordinary or unusual in such a proceeding; but in replacing, in proper safety, one of the trays, he missed a necklace of diamonds, of exceedingly great value, but which his visitors had not, apparently, particularly scrutinised. The necklace belonged to a merchant, to whom it had been consigned from Russia, and who, being a personal friend, and having a high opinion of Stanwood's integrity, deemed his attractive and fashionable shop the best mart for sale of such an article. It was, therefore, placed in his charge to find a purchaser.

Breathless with emotion at the sudden loss, the jeweller stood leaning against the counter, endeavouring to recall minutely every circumstance of the visit. There was—there could be no mistake! He had seen the necklace when displaying the tray; he missed it on returning from the carriage. Although he happened to be alone, without an assistant, it were impossible any depredator could have seized the opportunity of his back being turned for a moment, as he had taken the precaution, ere handing the ladies to a seat, to close the door.

To accuse his recent customers of the theft would be ruin to his business. If his first step were to seek the ladies, they would, he judged, deny the appropriation (perhaps, indeed, one only was guilty), and time would be afforded for effectually concealing or destroying the property. He deemed it more advisable to seek a private interview with the peer, lay open the state of affairs, and, by promising secrecy, the matter might doubtless be arranged without loss.

It was a task requiring more than ordinary courage, even to state his case, but character, property, credit—all that is valuable—were at stake; nerving resolution to a pitch of daring, he knocked at the door of his lordship's gloomy, but spacious, mansion. On being ushered into the library, the peer, who perceived his embarrassment, by kindness of tone, and the urbanity peculiar to high station, succeeded, in some measure, in putting him at ease.

After stammering awhile, the jeweller delivered himself of the strange, unpleasant tale, which the nobleman heard with so much composure, that the other began to believe his lordship was aware of his wife's propensities, and that the outward affair would—for himself—have happier termination than his fears first suggested. But this belief was illusory. A strong, burning indignation was suppressed under outward calmness of demeanour. Soon as Stanwood concluded, the peer rang the bell, and, on a servant's entrance, inquired if her ladyship had come home. He was answered in the affirmative. Bidding the man wait, his lordship wrote a hasty note to the magistrate of a neighbouring police-office, which he was ordered to deliver immediately, without further communication with any party.

"I would have you, sir, take notice (said the nobleman, leaving the door of the library open as the man lingered a moment in the hall), that my messenger has had speech with no one in the house—it may be important to the justice of your case!"

The valet shortly returned, accompanied by a police-officer. Soon as the latter appeared, the owner of the mansion commanded the outer doors to be locked, the keys to be given to the functionary.

"Now re-state your charge in presence of the officer," said the peer, addressing Charles Stanwood.

The jeweller, whose thoughts began to take an unpleasant turn at the probable consequences of a charge he might fail to substantiate, repeated the history of the transaction. When he had concluded, the nobleman, addressing the officer, recapitulated the leading points, and requested he would instantly commence a search through the house, in presence of Mr. Stanwood and himself, as rigid—or he himself should not be satisfied, and certainly the accuser would not be more contested—as though he were in the domicile of a reputed thief. He begged also the officer and accuser, both, to bear witness that, up to the present moment, her ladyship was ignorant of the charge. We need not repeat the details of this domiciliary inquiry; suffice it to say, the jeweller himself, both openly and to his own conscience, was forced to confess that all had been done which the strongest suspicion warranted. The necklace was not found.

"We will now, if you please (said the peer, casting a keen glance at the discontented jeweller), pay a visit to my friend. His wife is as deeply implicated as her ladyship, though I have no control over his proceedings."

The commoner, who lived in an adjoining street, happened to be at home when the ill-matched visitors arrived. In his presence, Stanwood had to repeat once more the perplexing story. The gentleman betrayed considerable anger and excitement during the recital, and was with difficulty persuaded by his friend to wait the conclusion.

"You hear what Mr. Stanwood affirms (said the nobleman, addressing his friend); let me tell you what I have done."

When he had informed him of the nature and extent of search which his house had undergone, he added, "I do not presume to dictate what should be your conduct."

"My house shall undergo the same scrutiny," cried the commoner.

Search commenced, was carried on and concluded, as unsatisfactorily—to Stanwood—as in the previous instance.

"Can you aid Mr. Stanwood further in recovery of his property, so far as we or our families are concerned?" demanded the nobleman.

The officer replied he had never, during his experience, made a more rigorous

search, and, as it had been done promptly and unexpectedly, he could assure Mr. Stanwood that, so far as the two gentlemen and their families were concerned, there was nothing further could be done—and, were they even of disreputable character, nothing more could he attempt or advise.

"Have you, sir, now done with us?" cried the peer, addressing the jeweller, sternly, yet quietly.

Charles, distracted with his loss, stunned by the unavailing result of the search, which seemed to foreclose hope of recovering the necklace, and foreshadowed approaching ruin, replied that he had no other remark to offer, or course to pursue, than repeat what he asserted in the morning—begging pardon of his lordship and friend for the nature of the unpleasant revelation, which his own conscience and justice to his creditors demanded should not be stifled.

"Well, sir (continued the peer), your further proceedings are of no moment to us. Whether we have done with *you* is a material question, which I shall take the advice of friends on ere I decide. If you ever did, or do now, entertain an opinion that, through fear of this disgraceful charge being made public, we—or I will speak only for myself—I should be induced to purchase your silence, banish the thought! Take the full measure of action which the law allows to suspicion, and let this officer be witness that I afford every facility."

The commener said his lordship's intentions coincided with his own.

There was something so oppressive to a clear conscience in the quiet, dignified hauteur of the two friends, that the spirit of the young man was roused, and, though he beheld ruin in every shape, and on every side, staring him in the face, he plucked up courage to say that, in the present state of the affair, advice might prove of benefit to all parties—with that view, he would himself seek it; and, meanwhile, he was as firm in his charge as they were in submitting themselves to the proof. Here ended the colloquy.

In returning home, chafed and distressed, Charles could not dismiss from his mind that he ought immediately to acquaint the owner of the necklace of the loss, yet he could not summon courage—he clung to the hope that something might yet turn up to guide him out of the perplexing labyrinth. He went straight to his lawyer. The solicitor shook his head—it was a bad case. The parties were of such high rank, undoubted wealth, so liberal in their household expenditure, that the ladies would appear, according to all ordinary judgment, to have no temptation. There was, perhaps, a mistake—at least, the world would say so. As his suspicions were so strong, he should have followed the carriage, or have seen the ladies in the first instance. Without, of course, giving any opinion on the guilt or innocence of the accused, his client would have had more power over female fears, and doubtless have reaped more advantage, than by running tilt against the virtuous indignation of their husbands.

"A man whom ruin frowns on may be excused some confusion in his actions (said Stanwood, rather sharply); I consult you for the benefit of your skill in my future course, not that you should read me a lecture on what I have done. A prophet of the past is not entitled to much honour."

The lawyer, with a smile at the excusable anger of his client, declared he should not suffer from want of advice—but he viewed the case as nigh hopeless. As his own testimony was entirely unsupported by other evidence, it were useless to commence proceedings against the nobleman or his friend; they had already done voluntarily as much, or more, than the law could have enforced. As for making it a jury case, it was impracticable for want of witnesses, and, even if this difficulty were removed, sympathy would be strongly in favour of the defendants, from the manner in which they met the charge. The property must be somewhere. And all that he could do was, to make the police acquainted not only with the robbery (of that, by-the-bye, they already knew something), but with the exact description of the necklace, the facial cutting and weight of the precious stones, mode of setting, and other particulars. An accurate description should also be distributed among the trade, to which might be added the offer of a competent reward for recovery of the property, or on apprehension of any party on whom it should be found. With respect to the owner's claim, that was a matter of debtor and creditor, which would be arranged better by appeal to the party's feelings than by a solicitor's interference. As Stanwood was, by bond, answerable for the return of the jewels, or their value, he could not escape from the penalty. As to the threatened legal proceedings of the peer and his untitled friend, he had not much to fear; though indirectly, in respect to his business connection, their hostility might prove extremely hurtful.

The solicitor's advice, as far as practicable, was adopted, and Stanwood passed a miserable, restless night. Next morning, on looking over the public journals, he found a tolerably distinct representation of the affair, though filled out with blanks, asterisks, and inuendoes, in lieu of streets and names. He who had prided himself on the array of handsome equipages blocking the way-side in front of his door, was doomed to loiter through the morn without a call, without a customer. The afternoon prints repeated the morning version, with additions descriptive of the magnanimous forbearance of the high-spirited nobleman, &c., with tributes of consolation to the injured dames, concluding with advice to ladies in selecting their tradesmen.

Dinner and afternoon paper discussed—alike indigestible—Stanwood was relieved from the solitary monotony of the morning by a visitor. It was the owner of the necklace, who having heard reports which the papers circulated, came, with anxious face, to ascertain whether the story referred to Charles Stanwood. It was but too true, as the jeweller, with rueful visage, admitted.

THE LOST DIAMONDS.

"This happened yesterday morning, (exclaimed the merchant, in extreme anger;) and every one is to be informed of the loss—if you call it such—but myself! what construction am I to put on such behaviour?"

Stanwood answered, though not with clearness, that no unfavourable construction could be justly applied—a man's honesty were not the less, if his courage were not always equal to the emergency. The merchant, without commenting on this reply, enquired if he had not been at certain rooms (which he named) on last Monday night, after play-house hours.

Charles admitted that he was present.

"Did he know (enquired the creditor) the name and character of the tall man, with dark whiskers, and black cane with jewelled top, whom he appeared so familiar with on that night?"

The startled jeweller replied in the negative—he was a total stranger—had never seen him before—knew not his name.

"Then I do, (exclaimed the merchant); he is a noted gambler. Is it fair to ask if you often visit those rooms?"

Poor Charles began to believe that all powers, human and transcendental were leagued against him. With quiet and correct habits, such as would have commanded respect from the most rigid business man, or moralist, he had been induced on that evening—having heard frequently of the rooms—to venture on a glance, by way of curiosity, after leaving the theatre, in order that he might not appear quite ignorant of life amongst his acquaintances. When there, probably a new face attracted the gambler's attention, whom he certainly knew not, nor had met there, or elsewhere, before—as he now solemnly assured the merchant.

The proprietor of the necklace replied, coldly, he was glad to hear it; a party known to both, a young man on town, with more money than prudence, had seen him there on the occasion, and knowing Stanwood's responsible connection with the merchant, had wit enough to put his friend on his guard.

From examination of the jeweller's books and stock, it appeared he was far from being able—if everything were sold—to pay, in full, all demands, including the limit price put on the necklace. But as he offered to make immediate inventory of effects, and showed every disposition to act honourably, the merchant was much softened, and went away with the declaration that he would allow fair time for the discovery of the property, ere he pressed his claim; and that an additional reward, on his behalf, should be advertised.

There were yet two parties whom he was most anxious, yet most dreaded to encounter. These were the lady to whom he was attached, and her father. Mr. Benson was a retired merchant, and had higher notions of his daughter's future position than as wedded partner of a shopkeeper. He was, therefore, extremely

averse to the match, although he could not object to Stanwood, either in respect of deficiency of personal accomplishments, or morals, nor yet on the score of means, as the business of the jeweller, though comparatively in embryo, promised eventually to realize its owner a handsome fortune. Clara Benson was nineteen, in two years more would be of age, and, as her father feared, if he interposed decided obstacles to a union, would, on attaining her majority, exercise its privilege, as guardian of her own happiness. The jeweller, as we have intimated, was of respectable family, his father having been a merchant of repute. It was at the house of a mutual acquaintance—no other than the proprietor, or consignee, of the lost necklace—that the lovers first met; the father, therefore, had no plea of reproach against the daughter, from the way in which they became acquainted. So he thought fit (on reviewing all the circumstances, more especially that the time would arrive when his consent or denial would not be regarded or required, and the swain's increasing income rendered application to his purse unnecessary) to yield at discretion, and the addresses of Stanwood were permitted.

The first hint of a storm in that quarter occurred in the evening, when Charles summoning courage, ventured a visit to the house of his expected father-in-law. He was informed at the door, that both Mr. and Miss Benson were "not at home," which, from circumstances, he disbelieved, and construed into a denial. His strong hopes had been ever built on the depth of Clara's affection; on that rock he now relied, and resolved to seek an interview—and, if necessary, explanation—at an early hour in the morning.

By putting in practice this resolution, he, in fact, stole a march on Mr. Benson, who was surprised, on returning home from a morning walk, to learn that Mr. Stanwood was in the drawing-room with his daughter. Thither the retired merchant stole, deeming it no breach of decorum—under the peculiar circumstances—to listen in the back drawing-room to what was uttered in the front. He heard, from the lover, sighs, protestations, vows of unalterable affection, mixed with complaints of cruel fortune. These were in response to a cruel interdict which her father had placed against further intercourse. A week ago Mr. Benson's injunction would have been laughed at by the jeweller, and disregarded by his daughter. But times were changed, and Stanwood, who had now no home to offer, felt the change bitterly, yet he struggled against his hard lot.

"It rests with yourself, Miss Benson, (exclaimed Charles in agony,) whether I am to be treated as a criminal—I have had property stolen from my possession, and every one turns upon me as though I were the thief. Let me but meet pity in one dear bosom, and I will bear misfortune bravely, proudly!"

The low voice of Clara was heard murmuring a disclaimer of accusation. Her father, she said, had not asked her to give up her attachment—indeed, he would find he had no power to extort such a surrender—but she had promised—what she could not refuse an only surviving parent—that, as there were rumours affecting Mr. Stanwood's character, (which she had no faith in) as well as a certainty of his complete ruin, she would postpone any further intimacy for the space of one twelvemonth, to allow interval for the truth to appear.

"And what were those rumours affecting his character?" demanded Mr. Stanwood, with eagerness.

"Let me answer that question," cried Mr. Benson, throwing open the folding-doors.

Charles could not deny having held conversation with a professed gambler, in a disreputable locality—though in vain urging as an excuse, that he had been led there for the first and only time, having been often jeered at for his ignorance of life, even by young men of high standing and character in society.

His excuse might be certainly fair—as Mr. Benson admitted—yet appearance with such company stood in very disagreeable opposition with the mysterious disappearance of the diamonds! He was also forced to confess insolvency, if the jewels were not forthcoming; and whether recovered or not, his business in Bond-street—as any one but slightly acquainted with the peculiarities of a West-End connection must be aware of—was totally ruined. Had he even stanch friends, he would be unable to bear up against the influence of the deeply insulted ladies, whose wide aristocratic circle would make common cause with them.

Against these arguments and insinuations, Charles had nothing to oppose—so far as they militated against his union with Clara. He felt himself totally in the old man's power—he had no home to offer the lady, were she disposed to favour his suit—he had only his own conscientious integrity to rely on, and that availed naught in the way of providing maintenance for a wife. The postponement of intercourse for one year, was, he judged, a manœuvre to deceive Clara—the real intention being to break off the match altogether. Like a general, who has made the best fight circumstances admit of, and who retreats slowly, and with regret, before a superior force, so Stanwood was forced to accept the conditions, and take a year's farewell of Clara.

At home, the jeweller had leisure to reflect on the occurrences of the last three days. He felt thoroughly beaten. He had often read how hard it was to climb—how easy it was to fall; yet, in his own history, he had exceeded romantic fiction. From comparative affluence to poverty, he slid down, as though along

an inclined plane, and every one gave him a kick as he passed. The world, in its infinite wisdom, had condescended to read him a great moral lesson—yet he knew not how to profit by it, for he could neither see the crime he had committed, nor was he prepared to act otherwise than he had done, if the same circumstances—for which he suffered—were repeated.

Time was fruitful in events. The necklace could not be heard of. His once crowded shop was shunned—the principal creditor grew pressing, as his effects, through lack of business, were undergoing a gradual dissipation instead of increase. He committed a voluntary act of bankruptcy—obtained in due course his discharge, and left the court with the bankrupt's allowance, clothes and gold watch. The world was all before him, and before he renewed general acquaintance with it, love prompted inquiry after the Bensons. On passing final examination, and receiving his certificate, the commissioner complimented the bankrupt on the accuracy of his books and faithful account of stock. Elated with the praise, hope whispered he might regain influence with Mr. Benson, perhaps be put in a way to begin business under happier auspices. This hope perished miserably. The harsh unfeeling old man had carried off his daughter to the East Indies, under pretence of realizing long neglected property, but—as Charles knew full well—to escape the alliance.

What bitter thoughts succeeded this news! His character was unimpeached—his creditors pitied his fate! Had but his friends (and who should have been more eager than his intended father-in-law?) rallied round him in the hour of difficulty—he might have transferred his business to the city, or some quarter beyond the influence of his aristocratic enemies, and flourished anew!

He fell sick—became the victim of a long, cruel fever, and when he slowly awoke to recovery, found himself penniless, deserted and forgotten. His name had passed away from the street where he once dwelt—another name occupied its place—ware of another description ornamented the windows. To look at Bond-street, with his melancholy gaze, it seemed as though what had been was nothing but a dream. His eyes glanced upon his apparel—there was a change there—and he hurried away to conceal his poverty.

After a while, Stanwood sought and obtained employment as a journeyman, in the service of a jeweller in the city. Some years passed over his head whilst gaining a mere livelihood by skill in repairing jewellery and setting stones. Use is second nature, and Charles became, in some degree, reconciled—if not content—with his present humble situation. In the city, he was removed from casual contact either with former customers or rivals in trade—was known merely as an artisan who had—to use the common expression—seen better days, and was appreciated by his employer as an excellent workman.

Memory of former station held him solitary in his amusements. He would

not consort with members of his class—was fond, when holy and leisure days permitted, (he worked at home, as it is technically called by the piece, not day-work,) to stroll by himself into the country. Though abandoned by former equals—without relish for society of a lower grade—nature had not lost her charms. Though even hope had fled—that kindly aspiration which dwells in the ruined tenement when every other glorious guest has departed—yet he felt a melancholy pleasure in the woods, and by the silent stream; elsewhere he was frowned on by the aristocratic spirit of man; in solitude, which was not solitude to him, he experienced in the glorious sunlight, and beneath the chequered shade of the grove, a buoyant upspringing of mind, which was at times more than consolation—a positive delight.

Fed by such high thoughts and aspirations, he was sustained in poverty, without falling into the coarse habits and associations which poverty breeds. It chanced on one occasion, that loitering through a lane, a few miles from London, he leaned over a paddock-fence, attracted by the beauty of the verdure. A carriage drove by, and, turning his head, he beheld a face—changed, though not forgotten. He could not be mistaken—it must be Clara Benson! The carriage was fortunately detained at the entrance of the paddock sufficient time to allow Stanwood to confirm his conjecture of the lady's identity; but the aged gentleman at her side was certainly not her father. Perhaps he was her husband—some old, wealthy nabob, whom an unfeeling parent had forced on her choice. The thought conveyed a bitter pang, which he would gladly have deemed himself insensible of, after such lapse of time. Both occupants of the carriage stared at the lingering intruder—but it was the idle glance cast on a stranger. The gate was opened and the equipage passed on.

This unexpected rencontre was food of bitter thought for many a day. Oft memory recurred to his lone walk, to the close-shaven paddock, the equipage which bore her who was once the lode-star of his affections. Oft was he prompted to pay a second visit to the spot, but reason sternly asked for what purpose, but to embitter his peace? If Clara had left the protection of her father, it was exchanged only for the guardianship of a husband. No! no! there are incidents in some men's lives which they do well to tear from memory.

As the most efficient and skilful workman, Stanwood was one morning sent for, to receive instructions to reset some jewellery. His employer informed him he had gained a new customer, a lady of fashion and distinction, and as it was not usual for people of quality to resort to city tradesmen, he was anxious to show her ladyship that the work entrusted to his care could be as well executed as in Bond-street or St. James's. A diamond necklace (old fashioned style) was to be changed into ear-rings and bracelets, after a particular pattern produced. The master-jeweller told his workman, that although he had full confidence in his

honesty, yet the stones being of great value, he should require him to bring his work every evening, to be placed in the vault, to prevent chance of loss by fire, house-robbery, or other casualty—indeed, in the case of any other artificer than Stanwood, he would have had the work performed under his own personal inspection. Perhaps the confidence reposed was not so very great, as gems of great value are not easily disposable by workmen, and would be stopped by pawn-brokers and money-lenders on suspicion.

A draught of the patterns was placed in Stanwood's hands, together with the jewel-case, which he opened.

"Are you ill?" cried the employer, seeing his workman tremble and turn pale.

Charles made excuse, pleading sudden giddiness, and promising to bring back the precious articles in the evening—and every evening until the work was finished, which he punctually did. When he had completed the order, he was desired to carry it home to her ladyship's residence; arrived at the mansion, Charles was, by his own desire, ushered into the presence of her ladyship's husband.

"I have come, my lord (said Charles), to save a criminal from deserved punishment."

"How, sir—what mean you?" exclaimed the peer.

Stanwood related exactly how the necklace had fallen again into his possession. The nobleman changed colour—stammered—begged to have the article in his possession for a few minutes, that he might take it up stairs, and resolve the horrid doubt which his story had raised.

Stanwood declared it should not go out of his possession, save into the hands of a magistrate.

"Wait awhile," cried the nobleman, hurriedly, as he rushed like a madman from the room.

In a quarter of an hour he returned, pale in face, and with disturbed eye, and seating himself near Stanwood, said, he understood him to say that he had not testified recognition of the necklace in presence of his employer or any one else, the secret was still in his keeping?

"In mine alone :" replied Charles.

"Then I will give you twenty thousand pounds to still keep the knowledge to yourself."

Charles consented, and the affair was settled.

Upon riding in St. James's Park a few days after the above events, he thought he saw Miss Benson and the elderly gentleman in one of the carriages; he rode past the carriage again to determine if he were recognized. She started as though struck with the face, and he rode on. They met again, in the evening, at a public library, a fashionable promenade when the weather out-of-doors was

unfavourable. On beholding, a second time, the apparition, the lady fainted, and was conveyed home by her uncle.

Stanwood called in the morning—was admitted. To Clara he was as one risen from the dead. On her lover's bankruptcy, her father hurried her from England, promising they should return after a very short stay in the East. Under one pretence or another she was detained in luxurious captivity—she could bestow no milder term on her unwilling residence in the Indies—till Mr. Benson fell sick and died. By his will it appeared she was bequeathed heiress of his wealth, under trust for a term of years, provided—such was his aversion to the jeweller—that she did not marry Charles Stanwood: if she broke this stipulation the property passed to the testator's only brother, a merchant at Calcutta, who was also appointed guardian. Her uncle being inclined to forsake commerce, she waited the arrangement of his affairs, and under his escort returned to England. Since her return, she had made repeated inquiries of mutual friends, but could learn nothing respecting Mr. Stanwood; all trace was lost.

The lovers found Mr. Benson, the guardian, far more tractable and considerate than his deceased brother. He very cheerfully executed an instrument reconveying his brother's property to his niece, on her marriage with the long-lost, and, by all but Clara, forgotten Charles Stanwood. Once more, the jeweller was visible in his old haunts; was seen in Bond-street—not in his former capacity, but in a new profession—a lounger like ourself. From his lips—long after the aristocratic parties affected by his story were at rest—we gleaned what we have faithfully narrated; and have only to add that the career of Charles and his wife was smooth and unruffled.

THE VOICE OF VIRTUE.

Thou treach'rous heart! what means thy thrill
Of pleasure when his name is spoken?
From hour to hour, why keep'st thou still
One chain of thought, undim'd unbroken?

Art thou so false? down, traitor, down,
With thoughts and dreams, thy rebel crew;
Let virtue repossess her throne,
And all her ancient power renew.

When passion's welling fount o'erflows,
She frowns o'er every silent tear;
Or when my cheek too wildly glows
With rapture if his name I hear.

She is my deity; and still
Her voice shall all my hopes control,
Till death this aching heart shall kill,
Or madness claim my shrinking soul.

FUN WITH THE DOCTOR!

"Who is that, Susan?"

"Doctor Carpus, Miss."

"O, fiddlestick on Doctor Carpus! I wish he would stay at home and mind his own business."

These brief sentences passed between Miss Mary Mayflower and the servant, who had made her appearance at Mary's chamber door after admitting a visitor.

"Carpus is quite a passable fellow," Jane, Mary's sister, remarked, smiling a little sarcastically.

"You had better go down and entertain him, then."

"No, I thank you, Miss! I beg leave to decline that honour. His attentions are special, and my pretty sister Mary is the object of them. I wish you joy, Mrs. Doctor Carpus."

"Now that is too bad, sis! I declare I will insult him if you worry me after that style!"

"No, don't do that, Mary. No lady can be excused for wantonly insulting a gentleman."

"But what am I to do? He is intolerable to me, and yet persists in coming here two or three times a week. If he would only ask for you occasionally—or, if the girls were at home!—But no—'Miss Mary!' is the word, and I must parade myself down, and endure his tittle-tattle for an hour. I wish I'd sent word down that I was not at home."

"And so burdened your conscience with a lie."

"Exactly! That's the rub!"

"No—no—sis. That is not the remedy. Say that you are engaged—if you do not wish to see him."

"I'm not too much engaged to see company. So that would be as much a lie as the other."

"Say, then, that you cannot be seen. Base your actions on the truth, and abide there."

"That's easy enough to advise; but not so easy to do."

"It would be easy enough for Mary Mayflower, if she once set her head that way. My sister is not, I believe, in the habit of stopping at half-way measures, or to ask what may be the result of an action, if she feels much inclination to do it. So I must conclude that there are some attractions about Doctor Carpus after all."

"Oh, of course! Some wonderfully strong attractions!" returned Mary, half-laughing, half-woxéd; as she left the room to attend Doctor Carpus below.

"Good evening, Doctor!"

"Good evening, Miss Mary!"

Were said with a forced smile of pleasure on one side, and a real smile on the other. Then came—

"It is a delightful evening."

"Yes, beautiful."

"The air is as soft and balmy as May."

"Yes. We have had very pleasant weather lately."

"The finest I ever remember to have known."

A pause.

"How beautiful the evening sky is!—(resumed Carpus, eloquently)—the moon is brilliant, and the stars shine with an unusual lustre. Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn, are all above the horizon. It is rare, indeed, that our firmament is so richly studded with gems."

"Rarely indeed."

"Have you met with Nichol's Architecture of the Heavens?"

"No, sir."

"Speaking of Saturn reminds me of the volume. I don't know when I have been more interested in a work. His nebular hypothesis is most admirably sustained. By it, the rings of Saturn are more satisfactorily accounted for than by any other theory I have met. Likewise, the Zodiacal lights, comets, systems of stars—the vast nebulous masses that lie far off in the almost infinite depths of space, and only dimly revealed by aid of powerful telescopes; in fact, the whole universe of suns and stars."

"It must be an attractive volume."

"Exceedingly so, especially to the student of natural science. To me it has been a feast of reason. In the science of astronomy, there is something that lifts a man out of himself—that carries him up, as it were, into the seventh heaven of his mind. Something that reveals the divinity within him."

As Dr. Carpus, whom the reader ought to know, was a young M.D., with a diploma six months old, handsomely framed, and hung up conspicuously in his bedroom, said this, he could not help rising from his chair, and taking a turn or two across the floor, at the same time that his right hand sought his forehead, and brushed back the long hair, to reveal its (the forehead's) ample (in his mind) dimensions. As this is a very good place to say it, it might as well come in here, that Doctor Carpus was a young man of twenty-five; who had a very good conceit of himself. He had graduated, after a regular course of instruction, with more credit according to his own idea than any other student at the University. It is true, that the Professors of Chemistry and Anatomy, if asked their opinion of the matter, might have given a different testimony. Still, Car-

pus was sincere. He really thought that he had graduated with distinguished honour.

The good conceit of himself which thus led him into a false estimate of his worth in this respect, accompanied him in all other matters. In commencing his professional career, he had no doubt but that, in the course of a very short time, he would be overrun with business. Six months' experience rather made his mind waver in regard to this, when a friend suggested, that it was next to impossible for an unmarried physician to succeed. He must have a wife to add weight to his professional importance. The hint was at once taken, and Doctor Carpus began to look around for some one whom he would be willing to take as a partner. In considering this matter, he laid it down as a governing rule in the case, that Mrs. Carpus must be rich and beautiful. Among the large circle of his acquaintances, no one struck his fancy so completely as Miss Mary Mayflower. Her father was reputed to have no small share of this world's goods, and as for Mary, she was called a beauty everywhere. Mary Mayflower became, therefore, the object of his particular attentions, greatly to the sprightly maiden's annoyance.

This much, and now we will go on with our story. The Doctor, after taking a few dignified turns across the floor, resumed his seat near Mary, and started a new theme of discourse, in which he could show off to advantage. At last he thought it time to retire, and let the exhibition which he had made of himself have its true effect upon the maiden's mind.

"Thank heaven! he has gone at last—(exclaimed Mary, gliding into the room where her sister Jane sat reading.)—I declare, he is the most conceited, egotistical fellow I ever had the misfortune to meet! He is downright intolerable to me."

"Heigh-ho! And is that the way you speak of an absent lover?" Jane returned, laughing gaily.

"Lover! Don't talk of a lover to me, or I shall lose all patience."

"Why don't you send him off, then?"

"How can I send him off? I treat him as coldly as I can, but he don't take the hint."

"That he no doubt attributes to love's shrinking embarrassment."

"Hold your tongue, will you, Jane?"

"Ha! ha! keep cool, my pretty sis!"

"How can I keep cool under such an annoyance. To be beset this way by a conceited young upstart of a doctor, is too much."

"People are already beginning to set it down as a match," chimed in the fun-loving sister.

"Indeed, Jane, that is too much!—(Mary now said gravely.)—Who has made any allusion to it?"

"O, as to that, hundreds for what I know."

"No, but tell me one."

"Sarah Mortimer insinuated as much the last time I saw her."

"Sarah Mortimer did?"

"Yes, certainly. And I don't see any thing so very surprising in it. The inference is natural enough," replied Jane, with provoking calmness.

"Now isn't all this too much for any one to endure! Why I wouldn't have my name coupled with that of Doctor Carpus for any consideration in the world. It's a downright insult. The fact is, I'll offend him the next time he comes here, and so put an end to the matter.

"No, Mary, you must not do that."

"Yes, but I will, the conceited fool!"

"Mary—Mary! (Jane said, in a soothing tone)—don't get so excited about a mere trifle like this. Wait patiently until the declaration comes, and then refer him to Pa, who will send him off of course with a flea in his ear."

"Indeed, then, and I won't do any such thing; I'll insult him," returned the excited maiden.

This and much more passed between the sisters before they retired to rest for the night. On the next day, Mr. and Mrs. Mayflower left for Brighton, to be gone a couple of weeks, leaving their two daughters to keep house in their absence. Among the other members of the family was a pretty little Spanish poodle, who was by no means the least important personage in the house. It so happened a day or two after the departure of the old folks, that Fido was accidentally thrown down stairs, in consequence of which one of his fore-legs was pretty badly hurt. After the alarm that followed this serious accident had subsided, and Fido, with his leg bandaged, was laid upon the sofa, Mary, into whose mind a bright thought suddenly intruded itself, exclaimed—

"If I don't do it, my name is not Mary Mayflower!"

"Do what, sis?" Jane asked, looking up in surprise.

"I mean to have some fun with the doctor."

"What doctor?"

"Doctor Carpus."

"How?"

"I'm going to send for him, professionally."

"Mary!"

"I am. Fido needs a physician, and I don't know any one who would be so likely to understand his case as the learned Doctor Carpus."

"Why, Mary Mayflower! Are you crazy?"

"O, no. But I'm serious. The young man wants practice, and I feel a benevolent wish to advance his interests."

" It would be a capital joke!" Jane said, so amused at the idea, that she could not retain a grave countenance.

" It *will* be a capital joke, for I'll do it this very day."

" But will you see him?"

" Certainly I will—and look as solemn as the grave."

It was, perhaps, an hour after, that Doctor Carpus sat conversing with a young fellow practitioner, in regard to future prospects. Carpus was very sanguine, especially in respect to the impression he was evidently making upon the heart of Mary Mayflower. In the midst of this conversation, a messenger came in great haste with a note. He opened it and read—

" Please call at Mr. Mayflower's, in haste!"

" Has any thing serious happened?" the doctor asked in an anxious voice,

But the messenger had already disappeared.

" That looks well, don't it—(Carpus remarked to his friend, with a self-satisfied air)—I shall feather my nest there, certainly. But I must go immediately. Nothing the matter with Mary, I hope."

In a few minutes after, Doctor Carpus stepped from his house, and stood at the door of Mr. Mayflower's dwelling. The servant who admitted him, directed him with a serious air to go up into the front chamber. With a quick, quiet step he ascended the stairs, tapped lightly at the chamber door, and then opened it softly and passed in. The room was partially darkened, but not so much obscured that he did not at once perceive Mary seated near the bed, upon which lay the unfortunate poodle, with a thick bandage about one of his fore-legs.

" Has any thing serious occurred?" asked the doctor, as he paused and looked into Mary's sober, anxious face.

" Nothing very serious, I hope, Doctor. But we have been dreadfully frightened. Poor Fido fell down a whole flight of stairs, and has hurt himself very badly, I'm afraid. I did not know what to do, father and mother being away, and so I sent immediately for you."

For a few moments Doctor Carpus hardly knew where he was, or what to say or do. It was plain, serious as Mary seemed, that she was quizzing him; and that she had chosen a method to annoy and mortify him, of all others the most effectual. Vain and self-important as he was, his character had in it a spice of decision and firmness. He was likewise proud-spirited, and this determined him not to exhibit a portion of the surprise and indignation that he felt. Turning coolly to the bed, he removed the bandage from Fido's leg, and carefully examined it, much to the pain of the poor dog, who uttered a constant succession of distressing cries. He then replaced the bandage more carefully, and ordered the said bandage to be kept constantly wet with vinegar. A prescription was

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written and handed to Mary, with directions how to administer the medicine. Bowing then gravely with a dignified professional air, he promised to call punctually on the following morning, and then departed.

In the morning he came about the same hour—entered with perfect composure—bowed to Mary, who was in the sick chamber, with a courteous smile, and then turned to look after his patient, whom he pronounced better. Another prescription was written, and again the physician departed. This was continued for a week, sadly to the annoyance of Mary, who, however, kept up her assumed character as perfectly as did the doctor. By this time Fido could run about as usual, and as the doctor still called in regularly, Mary had to request him to suspend his professional visits, as their little pet seemed quite recovered.

Dr. Carpus bowed and smiled courteously at this, and then left the house. Of course, Mary was never after troubled with his company.

It happened about six months afterwards, when the whole story had gone the rounds, and Dr. Carpus had been annoyed by it to his heart's content, that a collector called upon Mr. Mayflower, and presented a bill for forty guineas for medical attendance in his family.

"But I don't owe Dr. Carpus anything—He has never practised in my family. What does he mean, pray, by sending me a bill?"

"I know nothing about it, (the collector replied). He gave me the bill among others, and asked me to present it."

"It's very strange! He never visited my family professionally."

"What shall I say to him, Mr. Mayflower?"

"Tell him that I say I don't owe him anything, and am surprised at his presuming to send me a bill."

"Very well, sir," and the collector withdrew.

An hour after, he returned with a new and more explicit bill. It called for forty guineas, for "six visits and medicine, to dog Fido." As soon as he read it, Mr. Mayflower became very angry, and said some hard things about Doctor Carpus. When he had cooled off a little, the collector formally demanded the bill, and was as formally told to go about his business, and that right speedily.

On the next morning, Mr. Mayflower was still further confounded to find a lawyer's letter on his desk, setting forth, that he, the said lawyer, had been instructed to bring a suit on a certain claim, fully expressed, ⁱⁿ favour of Doctor Carpus.

Here, then, the matter began to assume a rather serious form. A lawyer was consulted, who assured him that Carpus could not possibly recover the amount claimed, although he was legally entitled to regular fees for his services, which would undoubtedly be awarded him. But, as the prosecution of the suit would

necessarily lead to an unpleasant exposure of his daughter, who, if he defended the case, would be called into court to give evidence, the lawyer seriously advised the incensed old gentleman to settle the claim, unjust and exorbitant as it was, and so get clear of the whole matter.

It took old Mr. Mayflower some days to make up his mind to pay the bill. Finally, however, the tears and entreaties of poor Mary prevailed, who had a dreadful fear of being called into court. Her fun with the doctor brought the laugh on the wrong side.

About a week after the claim was settled, a letter was received from Doctor Carpus, couched in pretty plain but respectful language, setting forth the nature and effects of the practical joke which the young lady had played off upon him, and alleging, that as she had enjoyed a little fun at his expense, it was no more than fair that he should pay off the score in her own coin. In conclusion, he referred to a check for forty guineas, which he had enclosed, and stated, that as he had no legal right to the money, he could not retain them. He had succeeded in making the party who had provoked him to institute a mock-suit, sensible of her folly, and there he was willing to let the matter drop; trusting, that when next she took it into her head to have some fun with the doctor, she would think twice before she acted once. And here the matter ended, leaving both Doctor Carpus and Mary Mayflower somewhat wiser from having read attentively a new leaf to them in the book of human life.

THE ANATOMIST.

THE FALLACY OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

THERE lived once in Switzerland, a rich bachelor, about forty years of age, called Peter Gortz, who had the reputation of being a very pious, but rather austere and thrifty man. He kept but one servant, an orphan, whom, as a child, he took to wait on him, and afterwards taught her to read and write, boasting her fidelity, indulging her, as if she had been his daughter. He was her only friend. At sixteen, Caroline da Burgh was as comely a girl as eye need see; with the gait of a peacock, and a skin like new milk; but from her silent, almost haughty disposition, the young men called her prude, the young women—fool; though mothers, even of less lowly station, would point her out to their own giddy geese, and cry “Take pattern by poor Lina!”

Suddenly she appeared to grow timorous and melancholy; and one day was seen by a neighbour to hurry from her master’s house, in fearful agitation, Peter Gortz pursued, but missed her; the neighbour sought with better fortune,

and overheard her muttering to herself, "The Virgin forbid I should be so rash —yet—anything rather than that! I can bear it no longer."

The neighbour questioned her on the meaning of these words; but, as she only trembled, blushed, and wept, he forcibly led her back to her master, who looked pleased at her return, and, on what she had said being repeated to him, he merely laughed out, "I was too strict this morning, perhaps; silly wench, don't quarrel with thy second father."

Lina was about to retort, when Peter bade the other leave them. What was this person's amaze, when, next morning, his wealthy neighbour ran to him, all a-fright with the tidings that his house had been robbed of gold and plate, to a large amount, though no locks were broken, and his servant either murdered and concealed, or carried off alive, which seemed most likely, as everything that had belonged to her was missing, and no sounds of contention had disturbed her master in the night. The menaces she had used, tempted their hearer at once to suspect her, though the loser did not. She must, it was supposed, have taken the road to her native village. Officers of justice pursued that route, and, overtaking a waggon, whose driver looked alarmed at their appearance, insisted on searching it. There, indeed, they found a female answering the description given them, hidden, with her trunk, amid the straw. She denied her name, but a sheathed knife was found about her, on which it was engraven.

"Well, (she cried, as if bewildered,) no law can force my return to him."

Not heeding her they lifted out the box. "Tis heavy enough," (said, one significantly.)

She screamed to the driver. This appeal caused them to arrest him also. Falling on his knees, he swore by all the saints, that he only knew this girl as having hired him in the next town to come privately to a certain house for herself and baggage; that he had gone, stolen in, moved the box from her chamber to his waggon, where, by another bribe, she had induced him to conceal her. The lid was forced, and at the bottom of her wardrobe, sewn into some articles of apparel, were discovered a sum of money, and several articles of silver, bearing the initials of Peter Gortz.

In positive distraction Caroline shrieked, "I refused to be his wife, and told him I would leave him. Oh, he threatened to punish me."

"You had threatened, too, (said one of her captors,) and now of course would fain criminate your accuser."

"Nay, then I am lost, 'indeed!'" she cried, and was taken to the prison of the town she had just left, amidst the execrations of its assembled inhabitants, who had never before heard of such a way as hers for requiting an offer of marriage from a superior.

She was tried immediately on her apprehension. Who could bear witness in

her favour? Who knew her character so well as Peter Gortz himself? He gave his evidence with extreme reluctance; everything tended to prove her guilt. She was condemned to die, without delay; yet the priest who attended her could gain no avowal of the theft; finding her so impenitent, he tried all the power of terror upon her soul, with but the result of unnerving her for the awful fate she was to meet. I cannot grace my story with a word in praise of her heroism. She begged for time, she supplicated the Virgin to interpose, and save her young days; she grovelled at the feet of her guards, her shrieks and groans rung from the very scaffold, she struggled with the executioner, till even he was half overpowered by her pleading beauty. At last her strength and reason failed, she became insensible. The fatal cord was adjusted, and the poor girl left to hang for the usually appointed period.

Her body, according to the sentence of the law, was given for dissection. It fell to the lot of a rising anatomist, named Ebreson, who had it conveyed to the wonted scene of his scientific vigils, a large arched cellar, beneath his house, chosen for its coolness, yet its air was noisome, and its walls discoloured; it was lighted from the ceiling by an antique lamp, whose rays fell on the instruments of his labours, and still more terrific-looking preparations on which he had toiled. The operator was accustomed to attire himself, for these experiments, in a dark dress, which tightly fitted his gigantic figure, and left his lean arm bare. His fiery eyes, cadaverous and strong features, set off by the black locks which streamed over his shoulders, must have rendered him a frightful picture. Before him, on his table, lay the body of Caroline, partially covered with a cloth, often before used for similar purposes, and, here and there stained from the dead. Ebreson, who had hitherto been constrained to study from such revolting remnants as his elders might leave of their church-yard spoils, was gratified in obtaining an entire figure, so recently deprived of life. He had not attended Caroline's trial, though he had listened, with a sad, shuddering interest, to the account of her early crimes and punishment. He commenced his examination. The limbs were scarce yet rigid; and when he bared the face, he observed that the manner of her death had neither blackened nor distorted it; for the first time was he aware of her identity with one he had seen walk the world in maiden pride; oft had he felt inclined to ask the young thing's name. He knew it now—and half forgetting his art, sighed forth, "Had she but been as good as she was fair, this is not a breast that I could lacerate." He turned away to make some preparation for his horrid work, when a heavy sigh, which seemed to bear upon its breath the word "Mercy!" recalled him to the side of Caroline; he seized her wrist, a feeble fluttering pulse vibrated thrillingly to his touch.

She opened her eyes, gazed around her, saw the surgeon, and all his accom-

panying horrors. She sprung from the board, and threw herself at his feet; her own disarray affected her not, the feelings of this world she believed had passed for ever; but in the most earnest accents, she articulated, "I know not whether I am in the presence of God or a devil, but I am innocent."

"Innocent!" repeated Ebreson, in his sepulchral voice.

"Yes, (she continued, wringing her hands) in pity tortura me mot! or say that this dismal place is but purgatory—that I do deserve, for I did carry a knife about me, that I might put an end to my own life, rather than be his; but of the crime for which I suffered he knows me guiltless; and then, terrible being! canst read in my soul that I speak truth. Oh, thou lookest just; this will not last eternally. Spare, save me! and I will worship thee!"

Such an appeal, in such circumstances, and under such a delusion, could not, for a moment be doubted. Ebreson, in a transport of gratitude, poured over that dear bruised throat the vinegar, which he kept at hand as a disinfectant, weeping forth, "Be calm, my child; and fear me not—you are with a fellow creature, who believes, and will protect you. This earth, and the life so miraculously preserved, shall yet be endeared to you."

Instantly screening her limbs from the chill air, he led her to his own room, consigned her to bed, brought her food and wine, while his servant slept; and would have left her to rest, but that her state still bordered on delirium; so he sat all night, like an elder brother, beside her. But now what was to be done? To announce her existence to the world, cruelly as it had used her, and branded as was her lowly name, might but provoke fresh persecutions; she had no power to prove the crimes of Gortz; her new benefactor's bare assertion of her innocence would not have impressed others with a like conviction; for Ebreson was, as yet, an obscure and needy man. The only course left for her was to fly, call herself somebody else, and, in a distant part of the country, live in retirement; but how could she gain a living, while unable to mix with her kind? Ebreson resolved never to abandon her; he could toil for them both. He would trust no one with his secret. Caroline, he thought, would no longer be exclusively his if he shared the knowledge of her life with his dearest friend. He had one brother in the place, a catholic curé. Locking up his treasure, he stole out ere dawn, awakened this holy man, and borrowed all his money by telling him that debts and some quarrel consequent on a hasty marriage, forced him to change his name and residence. The priest charged himself with forwarding all goods; Ebreson then hired a swift conveyance, bade Caroline array herself in a suit of male attire he had procured for her; having packed up his books, instruments, &c., he commenced his journey.

* When his servant rose the curé was ready to account for everything. Ebreson found in his poor Caroline such intellect and virtue, that he married her.

The good curé settled with them, and they heard no tidings of Gortz, save that he had left his native town. One night, the curé entered their abode with a face of dismay. "Brother, (he cried,) I come from a shocking sight, the death-bed of a despairing sinner. I was called in to administer the consolations of religion to an aged man, who has not long resided here; he will have no physician, though the people about him think he cannot see another sun-rise; yet poverty is not the sole cause of his recklessness; he refused the last sacrament, calling himself unworthy of it; so I hastened hither to procure your charitable assistance."

"What is this unhappy penitent's name?" asked the wife.

"Gortz, sister."

"Now, all gentle saints be praised! (she exclaimed.) No questions, brother, our neighbour the notary must accompany us all—pray heaven we are not too late!"

The party accordingly hurried to the wretched abode of the dying man; as they entered his chamber they heard him rave, "Talk not to me of sealed confessions—the whole world gaped on her degradation—and I have wandered for twenty years—like the accursed undying Israelite—still no rest from that thought. I can give ye nothing, mercenaries! if ye find any gold, bury it at the gallows foot, or lay it out in masses—but no, no hopes of pardon for thy murderer, innocent Lina!"

Caroline drew aside his curtain; at first he stared without recognition; when she called him by name, believing that he beheld her spirit, he coweringly hid his face; but she removing his hand from his eyes, whispered, "Peter Gortz, take courage, I bring you peace and pardon. You are no murderer. The Queen of Heaven enabled her true servant wondrously to save me from death, and you from despair. I am a happy wife and mother, yonder is my husband, come to serve you."

The moment Gortz was assured of her life, he started up, and—retributive justice again! begged for one hour's—for but one half hour's breath. "Some potent restorative, (he cried,) my poor girl's fame must be cleared to all the world, and as much stonement made as wealth can make." The restorative was given—the notary was ready; to him Peter deposed that, believing Caroline thought herself entirely dependent, and in his power, her rejection of his suit, and threats of departure had stung him to vindictive madness. She told him she had packed up, ready to set forth with the first light, and insisted on leaving the house to seek a conveyance, telling him she had left her trunk open, he might search it if he would, for she had stolen nothing. Revenge prompted him to sew up the property in her clothes. Having confessed his guilt, he consigned his wealth to her, and sank into a slumber from which he never awoke.

A MOONLIGHT REVERIE.

The western sun withdraws the shortened day,
 And humid Evening, gliding o'er the sky,
 In her chill progress, to the ground condens'd
 The vapours throws. Where creeping waters ooze,
 Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind,
 Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along
 The dusky mantled lawn. Meanwhile the moon,
 Full orb'd, and breaking thro' the scattered clouds,
 Shows her broad visage in the crimson'd east.
 Turn'd to the sun direct, her spotted disk,
 Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend,
 And caverns deep, as optic tube descries,
 A smaller earth, gives us his blaze again,
 Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day.
 Now thro' the passing cloud she seems to stoop,
 Now up the cerulean rides sublime.
 Wide the pale deluge floats; and streaming mild
 O'er the sky'd mountain to the shadowy vale,
 While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam,
 The whole air whitens with a boundless tide
 Of silver radiance, trembling round the world.
 But, when half blotted from the sky, her light,
 Fainting, permits the starry fires to burn
 With keener lustre thro' the depth of heaven,
 Or near extinct her deadened orb appears,
 And scarce appears, of sickly beamless white,
 Oft' in this season, silent from the North
 A blaze of meteors shoots: ensweeping first
 The lower skies, they all at once converge
 High to the crown of heaven, and all at once
 Relapsing quick, as quickly reascend,
 And mix and thwart, extinguish and renew,
 All aether coursing in a maze of light.

* * * *

Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
 Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
 Ye constellations! while your angels strike,
 Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
 Ye woodlands all, awake! a boundless song
 Burst from the groves;

Sweet Philomela, charm
 The listening shades, and teach the night His praise
 Who reigns supreme o'er all the starry world.



A MOONLIGHT REVERIE.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A FELON.

(Concluded from p. 297.)

Assuming the name of Johnson, and taking a retired lodging in one of the thoroughfares leading out of the Strand, I daily began to perambulate the streets, and visit the taverns and theatres, where, indeed, I frequently met and even sat beside men whom I had known as acquaintances in Paris, without them having a suspicion of my identity. My success emboldened me, and, induced by my old habits, I became a nightly frequenter of some of the gambling houses in the neighbourhood of St. James's. There was one house in particular to which I principally confined my visits, which, though a hell of an infamous description, seemed to abound with wealth and desperate play. The men who frequented it appeared for the most part adventurers who had moved in a superior sphere. A gambler is the creature of superstition, and from having once or twice won a few pounds with very slender stakes, I was induced to believe that my fortune was more propitious at this table.

It was on my fourth or fifth visit to this table that I beheld a tall and elegantly dressed man eye me every now and then, with a close and observant glance that not a little alarmed me. An enormous beard and profusion of long black hair, together with a broad brimmed hat, so far shaded his features that, with the exception a keen pair of dark eyes, they were anything but clearly distinguishable. That this individual was disguised like myself, I had every reason to believe, and that he took some interest in my movements seemed evinced by the closeness with which he regarded my proceedings. He faced me at the board, and seemed to play a bold yet wary game, but with the worst success. My own winnings, indeed, had greatly accumulated, and while exulting in my own luck, I beheld the last guinea of the stranger swept away from the board, an event which he duly commemorated with a desperate curse. Apparently, indeed, I had occasion to mark that he seemed no stranger to the place, as I failed not to observe that secretly, on one or two occasions, there seemed a silent recognition pass between him and one or two men who sauntered in and out of the room. Having, however, apparently lost all his money, after drinking off half a tumbler of brandy which he called for, he left his seat. A moment or two afterwards, on turning my head, I found him at my elbow.

"The luck's been all your way, I think, to-night," he observed, in tones that sounded familiar to my ear.

I coolly assented to the remark.

"Perhaps you would lend a gentleman a trifle?" observed the stranger.

"It is scarcely likely that I should, to one whom I never saw before to my knowledge," I replied.

"I see, then, you're not *fat* (said the stranger, dropping his voice still lower)—have you quite forgotten a guinea that was lent you in the depths of your poverty?"

"Good God—you're—"

"A very unlucky dog," said Clifford, in the same low voice.

Taking five guineas I had before me, I slipped them into his hand unperceived by those present.

"Damn me, you're made of the right sort after all, and I was wrong."

Having uttered this remark, he slunk back to his seat, where he again commenced playing.

But why should I detail the particulars of that evening? I beheld him lose the money with which I had just supplied him, and, as if my own fortunes seemed to have become linked with his, a singularly cross run in the game which I affixed by constantly doubling my stakes, in a few minutes stripped me of every shilling; and, with the blighted feelings of a fiend—with a hall of disappointments raging in my heart, and which none but a gambler can well know, I started up from the board, kicked away my chair, and left the house.

I had no sooner left the house than I was joined by Clifford. I was desperate, and penniless, and that very night agreed to assist him in a robbery which he had planned, and from which he stated his certainty of receiving a considerable booty. Although there was a warrant out for his apprehension for swindling, he had succeeded in eluding it for the previous three weeks, and had actually made a considerable sum of money by assuming a foreign title, and giving false characters to servants. In most instances he had been paid immediately for the fraud by the servants, while others had agreed to a "put-up" affair, or, in other words, had acquiesced in assisting in robbing their employers the first favourable opportunity. And it was now in one of these latter infamous thefts that he prevailed upon me to join him, agreeing to share a third of the plunder with me.

We were successful beyond our most sanguine expectations. At midnight we received over a garden wall, from the treacherous domestic, jewels and plate to a great amount, which, through the agency of "fences," or receivers of stolen goods, we managed to dispose of for near half their value, out of which a third was given to our principal accomplice. Thus carried into the lower channels of crime, it required nothing more than my expensive and dissipated habits to continue me in a career of villainy as extensive as it was varied.

Having had several narrow escapes in cases of housebreaking with Clifford, and the man with whom I had met him on my arrival in London, and who was

celebrated for his skill and finesse as a cracksmen, I became fearful of pursuing long that dangerous avocation. Besides, notwithstanding all my caution, I had already become noticed by the thief-takers, and more than suspected, and with Clifford attached myself to an extensive gang of swindlers that carried on a wholesale system of plunder upon the unwary. In this nefarious pursuit, my address and knowledge of the world, and dexterous disguises, enabled me to excel, and I soon found myself at the head of the gang, Clifford acting but a subordinate part. Our great difficulty consisted in steering clear of the criminal law or at least taking care to leave no evidence for our conviction. For many months I thus existed with others in a state of absolute splendour, until the treachery of an inferior accomplice turned evidence against us in a fraud, and Clifford, myself, and two others were suddenly seized and committed to prison on the charge of obtaining goods under false pretences.

On our trial, by the aid of some money and property that remained in our possession, we were enabled to secure the best legal assistance, as well as bribe a material evidence, by which means chiefly the prosecutors failed in bringing home that charge legally, of which there could be no moral doubt. Though liberated from prison, we were distressed and wretched in circumstances, but even more wary though not less desperate in our feelings than before. The system of swindling, however, by which we had duped the credulous, had become completely exploded by our trial, and Clifford and myself—it was strange, but I had become attached to him in crime—determined upon endeavouring to discover some fresh El Dorado of wealth. I had indeed become intimately well acquainted by this time with the whole machinery, and all the extensive ramifications of guilt in the great metropolis, and had besides an extensive connection with those wary “receivers” and “go betweens,” who, frequently screened by wealth and apparent respectability, become absolutely indispensable in their agency to the successful commission of crime. Still, what to do for immediate support, Clifford and myself knew not; having just been liberated, our every movement was watched. One resource was only open; I had some arrears of my small allowance due, which my uncle’s agent would, in the execution of his trust, pay only into my own hands. Having been in prison for two months, and having been tried under an assumed name, I was still in hopes that the circumstance had not transpired, and called upon my uncle’s agent.

Walking up to his counting-house, he received me with a chilling sternness, and told me that his agency was concluded, and that he could possibly have nothing more to do with me.

Stung at this intelligence, my reckless audacity induced me to write a letter to my uncle, in which I claimed as a right the allowance he had only made conditionally, hinting, in case of refusal, that neither he nor his darling pet,

Mary Clifton, need be surprised to hear that his family name should be coupled with crime.

To this epistle, to the composition of which I was partly stimulated by Clifford, I received no reply, nor to a second which I sent, couched even in more threatening terms than the first. Enraged at the result, and more brutalized than ever by repeated fits of intoxication, I became wrought upon by the artful representations of the designing Clifford, and even entertained the idea of revenging myself by robbing my uncle's house. Although somewhat startled at the thought in the first instance, the idea soon became but too familiar, until I resolved at last, in conjunction with Clifford, and the man whom I had formerly met in his company, to perpetrate the crime.

Acquainted as I was with every passage and closet in the mansion, and knowing where the plate and jewels were kept, I had little or no doubt but that by means of skeleton keys, we should be easily enabled to possess ourselves of the property, and with little fear of detection. Having laid our plan, and obtained an advance of cash from a "fence," or receiver, with whom we had been but too frequently connected, Clifford and myself immediately proceeded by water to a small village on the coast, within a few miles of the spot, from whence we were to reconnoitre, and after having arranged the time we were to be joined on the night fixed upon by Smith Jemmy, and who was to drive down a light tax-cart, which was to carry ourselves and plunder up to the metropolis. The agency of this fellow burglar was indeed indispensable, but particularly in the opening of locks, for which, having early in life been apprenticed to a locksmith, he had subsequently become celebrated as a burglar. Taking our abode up in a small cottage in the village, kept by an old woman, I soon managed to learn from her every particular connected with my uncle's life. Within the last two or three years, in consequence, as my informant told me, of his nephew having turned out a very profligate character, the poor old gentleman had become immersed in grief and sadness. He had given up his dogs and horses, and become quite retired, being seldom seen, and then only in company with Miss Clifton, whom he had adopted as a daughter. She, my informant added, was in a deep consumption, and was given over as incurable by the doctors, though she still daily made a practice of visiting the poor and afflicted in the country for many miles round.

Hardened as I had become, I was touched at the picture which the woman had drawn, and with a feeling of bitterness reflected on the misery and affliction which I had occasioned to those whose only fault had been loving me but too well.

That same night, while Clifford went to amuse himself at a public-house, I took a lonely stroll towards my uncle's park. It was late when I reached it,

and, knowing that the keepers had gone their rounds, and that the inmates were most likely in bed, I climbed over the palings, and bent my steps towards the house. The night was melancholy and still, with the exception of a low wind that seemed to murmur mournfully along the lofty avenue of elms, in the shade of which I bent my way. I have said the wind was low, yet still a straggling scud under its influence sailed along the sky every other minute, obscuring the bright rays of a full moon that threw a melancholy charm over the scene. As I approached the old mansion, which was partially wrapt in the shade of some lofty elms, and gazed upon its venerable front, the thoughts of other days, ere guilt had quite seared my heart, stole one by one upon my reflections. When last I had trod that scene I was, comparatively speaking, innocent and happy, and but little dreamt of the deep and deadly guilt into which my passions were about to engulf me. I had loved poor Mary, at first, in innocence—at least, in unpremeditated guilt. I had repaid her for preserving my life by planting the sting of shame and degradation in her heart, and by sending her venerable parent prematurely to his grave. Thither also had I sent the early friend of my boyhood, for speaking the words of honour to my ears. The love and affection of an uncle I had likewise requited by meanness, falsehood, and duplicity; and, after a long tissue of infamy unexampled, I had at length come as a thief in the night-time, with my ruffian companions, to plunder him who had only been but too bountiful.

As these reflections passed through my mind, my bosom, hardened and impenitent as it usually was, felt overladen with the weight of my guilt, and I sunk at the foot of a tree, and, pondering over the dreadful past, wept like a child. Blessed tears! if those feelings had then but continued, I should have been saved some portion of that remorse which now bows my guilty head with despair to the dust. Smothering my feelings, I passed once or twice round the house, and gazed at a window where a light still exhibited itself. There poor Mary, I thought, is, in all probability, offering up her orisons, and praying in all the sincerity of a grief-stricken heart, and preparing for that approaching hour when the grave will close upon her sorrow and her shame—perhaps praying for me. My thoughts had grown agonising.

With slow and unequal steps I quitted the scene, determined in my own mind to forego this last act of premeditated infamy that had induced my visit to the country.

The sudden remorse of the wicked is generally short-lived. The *bardinage* of my companion soon eradicated for the time the better feelings of the previous evening. Going out the following night to make an observation of the premises, he returned and spoke of the certain success of the project. He had learnt my uncle was in the habit of reading prayers to the servants on the Sabbath evening,

when nothing would be easier than for me to gain admittance, and secrete myself until the family had retired to rest.

Our plan being laid, Clifford immediately wrote to town, and gave notice to our accomplice to join us at a certain hour on the Sunday night, near a hamlet which he described to him. As the time approached, I felt a thousand anxious fears as to the result, which I had never experienced before, even in the most desperate undertakings.

At length the day arrived which we had named for the robbery. The evening came on dark and cloudy, and seemed to prognosticate an approaching storm. It was in every way favourable to our nefarious design. Outside of the hamlet we had appointed for a rendezvous with our third accomplice, whom we met in attendance with a light cart, expressly hired for the occasion, which we secreted under an old shed just outside of the park gates, and then proceeded on together towards the house, in the hope of my being enabled to gain an entrance, and conceal myself until all had retired to rest, when, knowing the fastenings of the door, I was to admit my confederates into the house. In case I failed in obtaining an immediate entrance, our plan was to retire to the barn, and drive a few miles beyond the village and wait for midnight, when Smith Jemmy was to use his skill in effecting an entrance through some of the doors of the domestic offices connected with the building.

As we approached the mansion under the cover of total darkness, the expected tempest came bursting over our heads. A heavy shower of rain, accompanied by a crash of thunder, as if the heavens had broken asunder, burst from over our heads, and for a moment shook my guilty soul. My companions were evidently in no better spirits than myself, as we halted for a moment facing the mansion. Nearly at the same moment the distant village clock struck eight, which, from the information gathered by Clifford, was the hour my uncle had accustomed himself of late to read prayers to his servants. Leaving Clifford to keep watch at a corner of the mansion, to give us notice, by imitating the cry of an owl, of any one's approach, Smith Jemmy and myself stole along the front of the house, but everything seemed buried in darkness. Listening at the door, we heard the faint murmur of voices from the interior of the house, that convinced us of the true information acquired by Clifford, whom we now joined. Proceeding round to the back of the house, soaking with rain, Clifford went forward alone, and, after being absent for a minute or two, rejoined us with the intelligence that he had found a door ajar.

"Be resolute—be firm," he whispered, in a voice anything but calculated to reassure me.

With a sinking heart I accompanied him to the spot, where a small postern door, that was chiefly used by the servants, had been left unbolted. Pushing it

gently open, I listened to the sound of a single voice, which I instantly recognised for that of my uncle. It evidently issued from a large parlour on the right of the entrance, which he had formerly fitted up as an armoury.

"Now is your time—you knew the passages," whispered Clifford.

As the solemn tones of the old man's voice smote my ear, my recent remorse, at the undertaking was revived. I hesitated. The following moment, shame, and the fear of being thought weak and imbecile by those with whom I had enlisted at much trouble and expense in the undertaking, determined me. Hastily slipping off my boots, and telling Clifford to be punctual with his companion, I opened the door by a swift motion, to prevent it creaking, shut it by the same movement, and then with a noiseless step passed near the door that enclosed my uncle and family. I then stole up the grand staircase, intending to conceal myself in the drawing-room, which I had reason to believe was seldom used, and which, moreover, held one or two curiously-contrived closets that, in case of necessity, would sufficiently screen me. I had only just, however, reached the landing-place, when I heard the armoury-door open below, which was followed by the sound of feet on the stairs. Fearing that I had been overheard, I immediately opened the drawing-room door as noiselessly as I could, and stole into the room.

I had no sooner entered it than I beheld with alarm that it had been recently tenanted, as a fire still burnt on the hearth, while two chairs, as though only recently quitted, stood by a table, on which a lamp still burnt. Fearful of discovery, I would have passed out of the door again, and taken my chance of concealment in some of the upper rooms, but it was now too late: the sound of one or two persons' steps were evidently approaching the door when I reached the nearest of the two closets, one of which I pulled open and entered. Fearful of attempting to close the door, on account of the noise it would occasion, I had scarcely time to pull it nearly to, when, through the slight opening, I beheld my uncle enter the apartment, supporting on his arm the fading form of Mary Clifton. Time and grief, since I had seen them last, seemed, indeed, to have pressed them both with a withering touch. The once jolly, rubicund visage of my uncle had grown wan and more furrowed, and there was a restlessness in his grey eyes that indicated a mind ill at ease. When my glance rested upon the once-blooming and lovely Mary Clifton, as she sank into a seat, I beheld a change indeed. Her form had wasted to a mere shadow, while her singularly bright eyes, and the hectic flush upon her wan, pale cheeks, gave a look of beauty and interest to her whole person of a nature too ethereal for this world.

Although trembling for the fear of discovery, my eyes became rivetted upon the pair, while a choking sensation of my present purpose appeared to rise in my throat. Mary had sunk with her head upon her hand, while the big tears coursed each other down her face.

"I fear you are not so well to-night, my dear Mary," said the old man, in his kindest tone.

"I am always well with you, my dear sir (she replied), but I never listen to the book of truth without thinking of the infinite goodness of that great Being, before whose dread presence I must soon appear, without feeling bowed down by a sense of my own guilt."

"My poor child, you have ever been an object of pity rather than condemnation in my eyes. You have been the victim—the dupe—rather than the votary of guilt. A villain——"

"Oh, spare him! spare him! (exclaimed the dying girl, in accents of entreaty). Base as he is, I cannot yet divest my sinful heart of the love it still feels for him. He will surely repent."

"Mary, he is unworthy of a thought," said the old man.

"Oh, how I could have cherished his image as his wife, witness me heaven. In poverty and distress I could have toiled for him, and have comforted him, amid the desolation of the world; but now, I can only weep at my own unworthiness, while I pray God to forgive him."

"Talk not of forgiveness, my poor misguided child, for, to my feelings, such you are; but endeavour to dispel for ever from your mind the recollection of a monster, who seems to have been destitute of human feelings."

"Still the merciful and mysterious working of God's holy spirit (said Mary, solemnly), may bring him to your bosom a miserable and broken-hearted penitent."

"No, no, Mary; it is all passed. I have long since ceased to hope (said the old man, bitterly). Bad and vitiated educational habits have been engravened on a heart of stone. He is lost, lost for ever."

"Oh, even at the eleventh hour, how many have been saved, dear sir. Think of that. Even now, overtaken by poverty and repentance, that wretched man may be exposed to the pitiless pelting of this night, without a place to lay his weary head."

"And who's to blame, Mary? Have I not acted as a parent," said the old man, overcome by a tumult of feeling.

"You have been but too kind; but we will yet pray that the united horrors of hopeless anguish and despair may be spared on his death-bed, and that some passing ray of remorse may, through goodness of the Omnipotent, kindle a repentance in his bosom, deep and sincere as his deeds have been heavy. Let us pray for him even now, before that Almighty, whose ears are ever opened to the supplications of the lowly in heart."

Acting under the impulse of a deep religious enthusiasm, poor Mary rose from her seat, took the old man by the hand, and, as if controlling him by her

own spiritual power, she placed a cushion for him on the floor, when he sunk on his knees beside her, and their voices were soon engaged in praying with a fervency touching to behold.

To describe my emotions during this scene were a difficult task. The remaining spark of remorse for my past evil life was kindled into a flame at the wreck and the wretchedness I had caused. Seared in wickedness as I was, I wept in the deep contrition of my heart. Once or twice I felt as if irresistibly impelled to quit my hiding place, confess my latest act of diabolical infamy, and pray for pardon, but that the fear of the alarm which my presence would occasion prevented me. As it was it became a difficult task to prevent my emotions making my presence known. It was, therefore, relief to me when Mary Clifton, after she had regained her seat, complained of feeling weaker than usual, and rang the bell for her maid.

"God bless you, my dear child," said my uncle, as he impressed a kiss upon her pale forehead. "Do not forget your medicine, that you may have a good night's sleep."

"I shall soon sleep sound enough," said Mary—a spiritual look of gladness and hope irradiating her countenance as she spoke.

Affectionately bidding my uncle good night, she passed from the room leaning upon the arm of her maid.

No sooner had she left the chamber than I beheld the old man bury his face in his hands as if in long and deep contemplation, from which he was only aroused by the appearance of a small supper tray, which, after taking a single glass of wine, he left untouched.

For some few minutes the old gentleman walked up and down the room, a heavy sigh every now and then bursting from his surcharged bosom, while something like a single tear glistened in the corner of his pale grey eye. Again a powerful impulse urged me to quit the closet, and bare the remorse and anguish that agitated my mind before him, but my evil genius seemed to keep me back, while the agitation of conflicting passions, notwithstanding my drenched clothes, induced the perspiration to trickle down my face. After a mortal struggle of fierce intensity, I had resolved upon making my guilty purpose known, and entreating forgiveness, when I beheld the old man suddenly ring the bell, while he lit his chamber taper, with which he left the room. His slow and feeble steps, as he ascended to his chamber, smote upon my heart, as if my only remaining hope in life had departed with his presence.

Sick at heart, I had risen from my recumbent posture in the closet, when the sound of a脚步 at the door made me shrink within its recess again. It was an old grayheaded domestic, upon whom I had often played many a boyish prank. After putting the fire and lights out, he left the room in darkness, to

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solitude and myself. In the anguish of my mind I attempted, for the first time in my life, to pray! Bitter mockery! My parched tongue clave to the roof of my mouth, while my agitated mind sent forth thoughts wild and confused. Throwing my exhausted frame into a chair, I attempted to review the flood of crime through which I had already waded, until I became immersed in despair. The hour, the place, the scene I had just witnessed—all went to my heart, and in the blessed moment of sorrow and repentance I swore to give up my abandoned associates, and study, by a new life, even at the eleventh hour, if possible, as Mary had said, to seek and obtain forgiveness at the throne of grace.

"Yes (I exclaimed to myself), I will fly from the house, write a confession of guilt to my uncle, and endeavour, by the practice of virtue in some remote corner of the world, to acquire the esteem of the good."

One by one I heard the servants retire to rest, and, knowing that there were some hours to elapse before the time at which I was to meet my guilty associates, I almost insensibly yielded to the heaviness that oppressed my eyelids. Throwing myself back in the arm chair, I was soon in a restless slumber, disturbed by images painful as my late thoughts, from which I was only awoke by the distant chime of the village clock sounding midnight. Cold and wretched, I arose from my comfortless sleep, a feeling of indefinite evil, notwithstanding my good resolves, preying upon my mind. With a noiseless step I descended the staircase, having first obtained a light from the materials with which I was furnished, when I gently unbarred the back door, where, like bloodhounds, true to their scent, I found my two associates anxiously expecting me.

"Well, is it all right in the crib (inquired Smith Jemmy)? Damme, you look as if you'd seen a ghost."

"Follow me (I exclaimed), and you shall hear all."

Closing the door to with a peremptory action, I moved from the house with swift steps to a clump of trees that stood some five hundred yards off.

"What the devil's the meaning of all this (exclaimed Clifford)? Everything was silent as death in the crib."

"Aye, there was not a glim but our own to be seen (said his companion); but perhaps you want to put us up to a move, though you needn't have taken us so far."

"My meaning is this—to abandon all thoughts of robbing that house."

"Abandon—what! Do I hear right (exclaimed Clifford)? After all our time—difficulty in getting the *dibs*—and the doors, too, now open for us to enter—"

"You're joking!" exclaimed Smith Jemmy, with a blasphemous oath.

"Hear me (I exclaimed, feeling myself contemptible and pusillanimous in the eyes of my confederates as I spoke). That house holds all that is—that

should be—dear to me. You both once may have had relatives who were kind, and from whose affection you have become]for a time estranged—to have them again awakened into life at some time, even amid thoughts of villainy and fraud. So it has been with me to-night. For worlds I would not follow up this robbery that has been planned."

"D——n! (exclaimed Smith Jemmy, as he gnashed his teeth, in a violent rage)—here's a pretty spooney! What d'ye thing of this for a cooler, Clifff?"

His more subtle companion, however, concealing his feelings, and thinking that my remorse would be but of short duration, immediately proceeded to use the arts he was so well master of to overrule my determination, by describing the miseries of my penniless state, and the prospect of a rich booty—which, after all, was, as he proceeded to argue, a part only of what I was entitled to.

I heard him in silence. "Come what may, my resolution is determined (I exclaimed, sternly). I shall now proceed to town as I can; and if I but hear of an attempt at putting your scheme into execution, I swear that I will become an informer myself."

Saying these words, I immediately walked off, amid the murmur of their oaths of disappointment and vengeance.

I had already, indeed, got two miles on my road, and was pleasing myself with the thought that I had, at least, done something worthy of reforming my life, when the idea of my late associates executing the robbery during my absence, and in spite of my threats, suggested itself suddenly to my mind. I knew them both to be desperate men, and with their feelings wound up on the present occasion to the thoughts of successful booty. Besides this, I had completely identified myself with them, and had even been the first to enter the house myself, and leave the door unfastened. They would, therefore, be but slightly influenced by my threat, which would only be imputed to the weakness of the moment. As these new thoughts came into my head, I felt a pang of disappointment at the weakness of my measures, and instantly commenced retracing my steps, deeming there was yet time to frighten my associates by absolute defiance, in case they persisted, or else, as a last resort, give the alarm.

While making all the haste I could, I deeply lamented not having emerged from my concealment while in the house. That feverish thought seemed to haunt me with one absorbing regret. Was it an emanation from my guardian and better angel, or the mere momentary feelings of acute repentance? Alas! my regret for that one momentary indecision is doomed to be the closing feeling of my wretched existence. But let me unfold the remainder of my narrative of woe.

I had proceeded back some two miles on my way, when the sound of an approaching cart broke upon my ear. The moon had partially appeared from

behind a bank of deep clouds, and by her light I was enabled to recognise the vehicle of the two robbers when a few yards off. Calling out a pass-word which had been agreed upon, the cart, though against the expressed inclination of the elder robber, was stopped.

"You've been late," I remarked.

"Late! Jump in; there's no time to ask or answer questions," exclaimed Clifford, in a hurried manner.

"Tell me (I demanded), have you dared to proceed in this without me?"

"We have," replied Smith Jemmy, surlily.

"Villain! you shall answer this—both of you," I exclaimed.

"Take care of yourself before you think of others," exclaimed Smith Jemmy, in a threatening voice.

"Good God! (I exclaimed, as a ray of moonlight at that moment showed me Clifford's countenance, which was pale as death,) there's streaks of blood upon your face."

"Blood!—I didn't spill it, then (said Clifford, faintly); but get up, and you will hear all. I wish to God we had been guided by you."

"Mary Clifton—my uncle (I murmured, leaning against the wheel for support during the sickening sensation that crept over me). Have you dared—"

"Dared! I always said I never would be taken by a single man (muttered Smith Jemmy)—besides, he woke up and grappled me by the arm; he would have given the alarm."

I heard no more; the intensity of my emotions received a happy relief in insensibility. My perceptions are confused of having been carried to town in the cart by the side of my uncle's murderer. I was seized, indeed, with a raging fever, produced by cold caught from my wet clothes, and exasperated by mental solicitude. It was owing, indeed, entirely to Clifford that I had not been abandoned on the road. Bad as he had become during a long course of profligacy, I found he had still some humanity left, and besides taking me to town, had placed me in a lodging with some acquaintance, where he left me on going over to Holland to avoid the hot search that was made for the murderers of my uncle.

The secrecy of my abode, together with my illness, which had reduced me to death's door, had alone perhaps tended to preserve me from being apprehended upon suspicion of that crime of horror, the particulars of which I only gleaned after months of illness from the newspapers. My ill-fated uncle had been awoke on the night of the robbery, by hearing some one in his room, and had jumped out of bed and seized Smith Jemmy in the act of breaking open a jewel box that stood on the toilet table. Calling upon him to surrender, the robber struck him a blow on the head with a small crow-bar, that knocked the old man senseless on the floor.

Fearful that the household would be alarmed, the robbers hastily picked up their booty and decamped, but not before Clifford had had the humanity to lift my uncle on to the bed, and in which he afterwards continued for a fortnight, when he died from effusion of blood on the brain. Mary—poor Mary Clifford, survived him but a few weeks, and, by her dying directions, was laid in the same grave as her father, the victims of a guilty but repentant wretch.

* * * * *

It is nearly eight and forty hours since I tasted food, and famine already bows me to the earth that shall soon close over me. Fearful and many have been my struggles with the fiend that has hourly whispered me to rob, as my only resort. I have sought for employment, but, characterless and garbed in misery, a deaf ear has been turned to my supplications. Maddened by the cravings of hunger, I tried to beg, but my gaunt and frenzied looks appalled rather than won the charitable—if such there be.

Each night that I have crept to my lone garret, strange thoughts and visions of the past have glanced along my seared brain. Can the dead rise to blanch with dread the living? My senses, I fear, have wandered—hunger has debilitated me.

* * * * *

But I have prayed deeply—earnestly—at last. The fiend cannot persuade me. Oh! blessed Redeemer, support me—I cannot starve—rather let me shorten the lingering pangs of destitution and death—save me!

And here the M.S. terminated. The latter portion of it was hardly readable. It had been written apparently at different times, and upon any little scrap of paper that chance threw in his way, with ink of various colours, and sometimes in pencil,—in all probability scrawled out in a coffee-shop or a tap-room.

After the perusal of these Confessions, for such they seemed to be, I laid down the paper with a feeling of deep commiseration for the wretched and guilty man, whom there was great reason to suspect had committed suicide. So deep was the impression made on my mind, that for several days I thought of little but of the strange circumstances that had made me the depositary of a history so strange and eventful. Desirous, if possible, of gleaning some further particulars of the unfortunate Stawell, I took repeated walks in the parks and Kensington Gardens, but looked in vain to behold the object of my solicitude.

It was, I think, at the expiration of six days, that a paragraph in the papers announced the discovery of a man's corpse in the Serpentine, and which was exposed in the dead-house to be owned. I felt certain, from the brief account given of the drowned man, that it was the ill-fated object of my search. Nor was I deceived on going to view the body. Though somewhat decomposed, the

pale and finely formed features, and curly long black hair, black and tattered dress, the tall and commanding figure, though wasted to nearly a skeleton, at once satisfied me of the identity of the hapless man, who had thus, in the anguish of his guilty and desponding soul, and under the pangs of starvation, rushed unbidden into his Maker's presence,

It is needless to say, there existed no one who could or would recognise the last remains of the wretched outcast. The right shoulder, which had been laid bare, though evidently cut, and scarified, still displayed that fatal brand that in death proclaimed the felon!

"He's been a bad 'un," exclaimed one of the men of the Humane Society, as, lifting the lifeless and stiffened limb, he allowed it to fall heavily upon the bench on which the body was exposed.

The few spectators who were present shrank from the sight as if from contamination, and even I turned from a scene that called up so many painful ideas.

The following day I learnt that in a pauper's shell the suicide was consigned to his long home—

"No words of prayer to consecrate his lowly tomb."

RUBENS' WIFE.

THE PAINTER TO HIS LOVE.

Dearest, a look is but a ray
Reflected in a certain way;
A word, whatever tone it wear,
Is but a trembling wave of air,
A touch, obedience to a clause
In nature's pure material laws.

The very flowers that bend and meet,
In sweetening others grow more sweet;
The clods by day, the stars by night,
Inweave their floating locks of light;
The rainbow, heaven's own forehead's broid,
Is but the embrace of sun and shade.

How few that love us have we found!
How wide the world that girds them round!
Like mountain streams we meet and part,
Each living in the other's heart,
Our course unknown, our hope to be
Yet mingled in the distant sea!

But ocean coils and heaves in vain,
Bound in the woven moonbeam's chain;
And love and hope are but the play
Of some capricious planet's ray,
To light, to lead, to rouse, to charm,
Till death shall hush in icy calm.



Rubens. Del.

Berry. Sculp.

RUBENS' WIFE.

MISTER POPJOY.

(Continued from p. 230.)

CHAPTER XIII.

SHOOTING A FOX—AM TRIED FOR MURDER—MY FACE SAVES MY NECK.

After I had been about a fortnight at my uncle's house, and really began to feel myself comfortable, notwithstanding I frequently detected the domestics indulging in a sly grin at the expense of my unfortunate features,—not at all improved by my four front teeth having been knocked out by the ruffian De Gray, who I think had a spouse of his sister's malady in him,—I say after I had been located about a fortnight, I received a letter from my father—the first I had ever received from him, in which with a savage gusto he dwelt upon the thrashing I had received at the “hands of an honourable man, who had rescued his unfortunate sister from my clutches.” He affected not to believe that I was ignorant of the imbecile state of her mind, for I must have been certain that no woman, who had not entirely lost her senses, would receive attentions from the ugliest mortal ever created. He had taken care, he said, that my mother should be fully informed of the career of villainy I had entered upon, in order that she might satisfy herself that I was not exactly the innocent young man she delighted to consider me. He had seen the full particulars of the affair in the paper, and in which he put the utmost confidence. He had shown it to my mother, and for my satisfaction he could tell me that she believed every word of it, which had had so serious an effect on her, that she took to her bed at once, and had remained seriously ill ever since. It would be useless for me to come to town thinking to see her, for he was determined I should never darken his door again. I had chosen to seek the favour of a crack-brained old fox hunter, no doubt for what I could wheedle him out of, and there I had better remain, for it was my only dependence, as I should never receive one farthing more from him, &c. &c. With this fatherly letter he also sent me a copy of a London paper, in which the account of my misfortune had appeared, and which I verily believe had been inserted by himself, as the version given in the country paper in which it first appeared kept pretty closely to the facts; but in this the whole transaction was made to bear so villainous a character, that I could not be at all surprised at the effect it had had on my mother. In it I was described as the son of a highly respectable solicitor in an extensive practice, who had had every means thrown in my way of pushing my fortune in the world in an honourable calling, but, owing to a naturally vicious disposition, I had taken to low company, frequenting night houses, &c., and now, to crown all, had succeeded in inducing a young lady of good family, but of unsound mind, to elope with me, not, as it appeared, with an intention of an honourable marriage, but with the

most base design; but being pursued by her father and brother, they fortunately arrived just in time to rescue the young lady from dishonour. The account went on to say that when I found myself disappointed in my diabolical intention I had turned my rage on the brother, upon whom I had committed a dreadful assault, and should no doubt have killed him had it not been for the interference of the people of the inn; and that when, on the following day, the brother demanded that satisfaction which one gentleman owes to another, I had slunk away, and gone to reside in the country until the affair had blown over.

Being anxious to learn the truth of my mother's illness, and to disabuse her mind as to the circumstances, I wrote to my eldest sister, and explained the affair as it really had happened. In a few days I received an answer, from which I learnt that my mother, although much hurt at what she had read, had not been confined to her bed, nor indeed seriously indisposed. The letter contained a sum of money, and my mother promised to remit me a similar amount every quarter, out of her own private income. This was very acceptable to me, for, although I might have had anything I wanted from my uncle, I did not wish to be beholden to him for my pocket money.

My father's malevolence I could have laughed at, but the base perversion of the truth in every line of the newspaper account of my travelling adventure, was a more serious matter, although I was utterly powerless to help myself, or disabuse the public mind upon the point. The "Heartless Depravity," as it was headed, was so carefully drawn up, that there was no laying hold of the publisher for a libel, if I had even been inclined to figure as a prosecutor in a court of law, which I certainly was not; and when I wrote to the editor of the paper in which the offensive paragraph had appeared, requesting an insertion of the plain facts of the case, the only satisfaction I got was a "Notice to Correspondents:—Job P. is informed that we received the paragraph of which he complains from a highly respectable correspondent, and see no reason to doubt its perfect correctness." One consolation I had, however, in my misfortunes, that no one in the neighbourhood of my uncle's residence was aware of my identity with the "heartless scoundrel," the "disgrace of the family," the "sneaking coward," as I had the pleasure of hearing myself called at my uncle's table when the account was read one evening by a prosing old sergeant whom my uncle kept about him, to an assembly of country squires.

For some weeks after my arrival at my uncle's I was too unwell—sore both in body and mind, to leave the house. However, as nothing sublunary is lasting, I gradually recovered my health and spirits, and accompanied him in most of his outdoor amusements; but my usual ill-luck followed me, or rather I should say accompanied me here, for being out early one morning with a gun, looking out for small birds to have a shot at, I discovered, sneaking out from one of the farm buildings, sly Reynard, who no doubt thought to pass unobserved.

I was too quick for him, however, for I fired and broke both his hind legs. At the moment I had seized my prize, and was holding it up by the neck, two neighbouring squires, who were on their way to the meet, which was to take place in the neighbourhood, came by on horseback, and I then became aware, by the torrent of abuse which they poured upon me, and threats of a horsewhip, that I had been guilty of a great crime in shooting a fox! and although they afterwards, upon learning who I was, in some sort apologised for their conduct, which they attributed to the heinousness of my offence, I could plainly perceive that I had eternally disgraced myself in their eyes.

This was my first misadventure, to speak of, since I had arrived at my uncle's, for I take no account of breaking crockeryware and glasses, as scarcely a day passed without something of that kind happening; but the killing a fox turned out in the end a more serious annoyance to me than could at first have been imagined, as will be seen in the sequel.

One day, being out with my uncle, in following the hounds we came to a good stiff fence, which the others took with the greatest ease, and which, being mounted on one of my uncle's best horses, I felt very strongly inclined to attempt; when, however, I came close to it, my heart failed me, and I endeavoured to check the animal, but too late to prevent it making the spring, although quite time enough to balk it, and the effect was what might have been expected; instead of clearing the fence, it struck its legs against it, and rolled over on to the other side, breaking its own legs, and so seriously injuring me that I was thought to be dead. I was carried off to the nearest house, and a surgeon sent for, who, upon examining me, found that I had broken an arm, dislocated an ankle, and fractured two ribs.

This kept me a prisoner to the house for two months, and in so far was of benefit to me that it kept me out of mischief—better for me if they had treated me as they did the poor horse that I had maimed, and which they shot on the spot to put it out of its misery, for my life was one continued series of misfortunes, which, if they had involved no one else in their consequences, might have been bearable; but this was not the case, for they generally caused as much annoyance to somebody else as they did to myself; and in this instance I had caused the loss of my uncle's best horse, and one which he valued even above its worth, from the fact of its having been a gift, while a pony, of an old crony of his, who had since gone the way of all flesh. If the worthy old man had not had one of the best tempers in the world, he would at once have got rid of one who was continually getting him into some scrape.

Having sufficiently recovered to be able to stroll about the grounds in the neighbourhood of the house, although not strong enough to mount a horse (for which, indeed, I felt no inclination), I would sometimes pass an afternoon by

the side of a beautiful little trout stream that ran very near; although of course I had my usual luck, it served to pass away the time that I found hang heavy on my hands. At other times I would take a gun, and shoot anything that came in my way (always excepting a fox) from a rook to a rabbit, and if I ever had luck in anything it was in this, which made it a rather favourite amusement with me. This, however, was fated to be the cause of the most serious misfortune that ever I met with, and the recollection of which will haunt me to my grave.

Having been out one day shooting, I had just got so far on my return as the barn near which I had shot the fox, when, turning a sharp corner, I came suddenly upon a couple of rabbits, who were enjoying the warmth of the sun by the side of the barn. Without the least hesitation, my gun was at my shoulder, and discharged at the very moment that one of my uncle's domestics, a young woman who had the care of the dairy department, came out from a doorway in the barn not three yards from me, and whose body received the entire contents of my fowling piece. A heart-piercing scream followed the discharge, and she fell to the ground. Several persons were immediately on the spot, but too late to be of any service—she died in less than five minutes!

Stupified with horror, I have but little recollection of what followed, until I found myself placed before a magistrate on a charge of murder. The case was made to appear remarkably clear against me: the report of the gun had been heard, and the girl's shriek, by several witnesses, who had found me on the spot with the gun in my hand; no one else was near, and the young woman herself had pointed me out as her murderer. Having collected my scattered senses, I endeavoured to explain how the accident had happened, but in so very incoherent a manner that my very confusion was taken as evidence of my guilt. Whilst the inquiry was proceeding, a neighbouring squire, a magistrate also, came in, and on the affair being recounted to him he turned to look at me, and I then saw that he was one of the two who had threatened to horsewhip me for shooting the fox. He immediately recognised me, exclaiming,—“Ah, this is just what might have been expected from such a fellow. Why do you know, (turning to his worthy compeer,) not long since I detected this miscreant in the fact of shooting a fox!”

“Shoot a fox!” exclaimed the other, horror-struck, and then turning to the clerk continued,—“Dubbins, make out his commitment. I believe the man who would shoot a fox would commit any crime!” and I was at once conveyed to the county gaol!

My uncle, being at a friend's house some miles away, did not hear of it until next day, when he hastened home, and endeavoured to procure my liberation on bail, but the crime was thought of too deep a dye to permit of this, and I lay

in gaol for four months before my trial came on. During the time I lay here my mother died, and I have the consolation of believing that I was mainly instrumental in causing her death. Indulgent to me, however, to the last, by her will she left me half her property, (which was at her own disposal,) leaving the other half between my two sisters. My portion was left to my uncle in trust for me, pending my trial, because, by a cruel law, the crown is heir to all the property a criminal is possessed of, by which the widow and the orphan are not only deprived of the husband, and the father, but at the same time robbed of the means of supporting their own existence. This may be truly called visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children.

At length my trial came on. I will not attempt to describe my feelings on being arraigned for the dreadful crime of murder. I could scarcely stand, and it was rather by the motion of my lips than the sound of my voice that the clerk was enabled to announce that I pleaded "Not Guilty."

Of all the juries on the face of the earth, next to a Welsh jury, a Somersetshire jury is the most ignorant, and in the hands of such a jury was my life now placed. Two prisoners had been already sentenced to death that morning, one of them for sheep stealing; and although the case was far from being clear against the man, he was found guilty, "as an example, because there had been a good deal about lately!"

My name was next on the calendar, and the counsel for the prosecution laid the statement of his case before the jury in a very candid manner; he told them "the crime would be so clearly proved by the witnesses he should call that there was no necessity for him to say one word in aggravation; they would be made acquainted with the horrid details of a career of iniquity commencing with seduction and terminating in a double murder! He could not trust himself to dwell upon the case—his feelings overcame him—here was an instance of a lovely woman [she was the most ill-looking female in the whole establishment] being hurried into eternity, with her babe unborn, by the hand of the man who, not content with having robbed her of woman's greatest treasure, had sent her to her final account, with all her sins upon her head—the greatest of which was the one into which that miscreant (pointing to me) had led her!" And here the black hypocrite dropped down into his seat and buried his face in his white handkerchief, agitating the two tails of his wig as though he were in fit of the ague. The consequence of this display was that there was scarcely a dry eye in the court. Oh Job! Job! an evil star was surely in the ascendant when thou wast born. I found that the case was worse than I had been aware of, for upon the coroner's inquest it had been discovered that the woman was six months gone with child, and as no one came forward to confess to the paternity, it was concluded that I had first seduced her, and then, finding unpleasant con-

sequences likely to ensue, had thought, by destroying her, to at once get rid of an annoyance and hide my own guilt.

The counsel, starting up, was proceeding to call his witnesses, when a suggestion was made, that, as there were many to be examined, it would be as well if the jury were allowed to retire for a little refreshment. To this circumstance I verily believe that I owe my life. They were absent about half an hour; and so good use had they made of their time, that when they came back they were in most excellent temper. All the witnesses were examined, and never was a clearer case made out, and so completely to the conviction of the Judge, that he summed up as a mere matter of form, not occupying five minutes. The jury, however, were not so easily satisfied, and it took them an hour to decide my fate. At length they returned, and the Judge began fumbling beneath his little desk for the black cap, when the foreman, in answer to the usual inquiry, replied—"Not Guilty!" The whole court was stupefied: the Judge, who appeared to be rather hard of hearing, had just got the cap in his two hands and was going to place it on his head, when his arm was arrested, and he was informed of his mistake. He could hardly believe that it was so, and asked the jury if that was their verdict? They replied that it was their unanimous verdict, and they had come to this decision from a conviction that no beautiful young woman, as the counsel had described her to be, could by any possibility have been seduced by the owner of such a repulsive countenance as that of the prisoner; and that, as no motive for the crime would then remain, they saw no reason why it should not have been the result of mere accident! Yes, my ugly face had saved my neck! It was the first time it ever stood my friend, and in all probability the last.

On my acquittal I returned to my uncle's house, until my affairs should be arranged. Here, however, I made but a short stay, my presence in London being necessary. I found my mother's property considerably more than I had expected, and that my portion would produce me about £300 a year. I determined, therefore, to give up all thoughts of a profession, and live upon my income.

CHAPTER XIV.

I PROCEED ON MY TRAVELS IN SEARCH OF QUIETUDE, AND MEET WITH FRESH TROUBLES. CONCLUSION.

I had now become master of a handsome independence, yet, strange to say, I felt but little of that elation which most young men possess in the acquisition of property. My life, indeed, had been so chequered, so interwoven, as it were, with misfortunes, anxieties, and troubles of one kind or another, that I had fallen into that very wretched state of mind which may be termed "hopeless." I had become sick of myself, and would gladly have changed my being

to a working porter, if it had been possible, merely to have obtained a new set of feelings. In this state of mind, after having put my affairs into an arrangement that would prevent my presence becoming necessary in London, I once more left the metropolis, determined to bury myself in the country, and to wander among its rural retreats as far as possible from the noisy and babbling haunts of man. In the repose of some quiet village, and with my books for companions, I should surely be enabled to obtain that uninterrupted seclusion that has now become so congenial to my feelings. Alas for the designs of man (at least, of an unfortunate man), how vain and chimerical do they oftentimes become when attempted to be put into execution. I had formed no hopes of ambition—I had desired to sacrifice no set of my fellow-men to my own individual aspirations—neither fame, gain, or glory had influenced me, at the hazard of defeat, to attempt any enterprise inadequate to my strength. No such thing, kind reader—a peaceable, a quiet, and an inoffensive man, as thou hast hitherto known me. Sickened with the disappointments I had endured and unfortunately occasioned others, I merely sought, as it were, an oasis in the desert—in other words, a quiet village, where I might endeavour to forget my wretched destiny in quiet amid my books, and that unaspiring hope was to be rudely crushed. Yes; while I was picturing the rural beauty of a sylvan retreat, and the happiness of living where mischief and disappointment could not well reach a recluse whose world had become centred in a world of his own, that most mischievous fiend of the Fates was already engaged in weaving the thread of my destiny into a knot the most vexatious and humiliating to human nature.

To proceed with the sketch of my life. Having packed among my luggage a select library, I proceeded by the mail to a centrally situated town in the north of England, from whence it was my intention to proceed to some picturesque and secluded village. As it was early in the morning when the mail arrived, having travelled all night, I was put down at an hotel with the rest of the passengers, and could not help observing that the guard stared rather hard at my countenance, which was partly muffled up, as I alighted from the vehicle in the yard.

"May I inquire, Sir, in what name you are booked?" he inquired, in a tone and with a look in which doubt and curiosity were ludicrously blended.

"My name (I said, somewhat nettled at his freedom)—that can possibly be of no consequence to you, since my fare is paid."

"Oh, I beg pardon, Sir," observed the man with a smirk, muttering something about "shilling—see any time"—words so incongruous that I scarcely imagined they could in any way appertain to or relate to myself.

Feeling somewhat tired with the cramped position in which I had been for so many hours, as it was very early, I thought I would, if possible, snatch a few

hours' repose before I proceeded further into the country to obtain a quiet residence in some of the surrounding villages.

While waiting in the coffee-room for my trunks to be taken up to the chamber I was to occupy, I could not help observing that, when I left the room to follow the *fille de chambre*, two or three of the servants whom I passed looked at me with an air of curiosity, and a smirk on their countenances, that was no less unaccountable than provoking.

"Hang these people (I thought to myself); they seem more impudent physiognomists than even the *canaille* of the great metropolis; but I'll take care their love of the ludicrous shall not be held at my expense more than I can help, for I'll keep my face muffled up while exposed to their view, on purpose to disappoint them."

Just as I had concluded this reflection, the girl stopped at one of the doors of a long range of rooms, and, throwing it open, with a demure, stolen glance at my face, she asked if I had any orders to give?

"None, my good girl (I replied), but that I wish to be called at ten o'clock."

"You'll take breakfast, I suppose, Sir?" said the girl.

"I suppose I shall, my dear," I said.

At this remark, which I said rather sharply, to check the girl's curiosity, to my exceeding astonishment it had a very different effect, as she immediately burst into a loud fit of laughter, declaring me to be the funniest gentleman she had ever seen, and that she would be sure to come and see me.

"The devil you will!" I thought, as, enraged at an assertion which I considered to be akin to a direct insult, I shut the door of the room in her face.

My indignant feelings of surprise, however, soon gave way to slumber, which, brief as it was, seemed made up of dreams that might sufficiently have warned me of the immediate troubles in store, but for the confiding nature of my disposition. Irritable and unrefreshed, I was awakened at the appointed hour by a rapping at the door, and, making my toilet as well as I could, I determined to put into execution my scheme of baulking the detestable spirit that seemed to pervade the household at the sight of my countenance, by tying a silk handkerchief in such a way that all but my nose and eyes were hidden. It is true I could not conceal from myself the oddity of such an appearance on a fine spring morning; but, as I argued, who could tell but what I might have the tooth or face-ache? At all events, I felt certain, as my mouth was hidden, there was certainly less cause of triumph to the maliciously-minded beholder.

Thus muffled, therefore, I left my room, and commenced descending the staircase to go to the coffee-room; but conceive my vexation, reader, when, on reaching the hall, I found it nearly lined with servants and visitors, to the street door, the eyes of whom were all directed to my unworthy person. Had I been

a wild Indian, just imported, greater surprise and merriment could not have been excited. There was a general grin that sat on the countenances of the people—the women giggled as they looked at me, while, as I passed in review order, I heard the mysteriously-whispered words, “That’s he”—“That’s him”—“I’ll swear to him”—repeated in a variety of intonations. Never had my feelings been more acutely wounded. Almost bursting with rage and mortification as one of the waiters with a detestable grin opened the coffee-room door, I could not suppress giving some vent to my emotions.

“You will know me again, I imagine.”

This I said in what I intended to be a stern and impressive manner, but it only produced a general titter, while the words “Fanny gentleman”—“How comic”—made me mad with vexation, and, after casting a look of what I intended to be dignified contempt upon them, but which only produced a roar of laughter, I took refuge in the coffee-room, and, placing myself in a corner, with my back to the rest of the room, I ordered breakfast, intending, after finishing my meal, to learn the meaning of the conduct I had witnessed. At one moment, indeed, I was induced to believe that I was taken for some one else; but then, as I argued to myself, who was there like me living that could have given rise to such a mistake? At length I began to think it might have arisen in consequence of my face looking worse, in all probability, than usual. Under this belief I walked up to the looking-glass, but no—there was, it was true, the self-same curl-up nose, with the red tip—the same small grey eyes—in fact, the aspect that had so often created a sensation, but without any additional claims to honorary distinction. It was odd, but even while making this survey I was an object of sly scrutiny to every one in the room. Thought pretending to be looking over the paper, or employed in conversation or mastication, the eyes of all present were secretly watching my every motion. I was evidently the lion in the eyes of the company. How I wished for some portion of the beast’s strength, to retaliate the cruel wrongs with which my sensitive mind was then visited. “Good heavens! (I exclaimed to myself, rubbing my eyes)—this must be surely some dream.”

As if to further convince me, however, of the stern reality, the landlord at that moment entered the room, and coming up to my unsocial seat, which I had taken, he made me a low bow, looking like a man charged with a secret mission, he softly whispered if I would not be shown to a private room.

“No, I don’t want any private room—I’ll breakfast here,” I said.

“Very well, sir, (said the man, then gently lowering his head) I fear, sir, you find the people curious and rude.”

“Most d—ably,” I replied.

“I am sorry for it, sir; I shall endeavour to repress their curiosity,” said the man, withdrawing.

"Well, he is civil, at all events (I remarked), but still it is strange that I should have caused such a sensation; it certainly transcends by far any I have hitherto created by my unfortunate countenance."

My breakfast was brought in by a waiter: the rogue, however, pretending to wear a quiet gravity, while in reality it was an easy task to perceive that he was with difficulty restraining from direct laughter, which he seemed only enabled to do by not trusting his eyes to look upon me.

When the man was gone, I began to reflect upon the extreme disagreeableness of my situation, and determined upon losing no time in taking a ride into the country, and endeavour to discover in some retired village, a few miles out of the town, some quiet and domesticated family who would receive me as an inmate.

Having despatched my breakfast, I rose up to ring the bell, but was immediately anticipated by a little bald-headed stout gentleman, who, hastily exclaiming—"permit me, Mr. L." rang it for me.

I bowed, of course, wondering who he could mean by Mr. L. That he had mistaken me was evident.

It was strange, although there were many persons in the coffee-room, the man immediately singled me out.

"Have you any orders, sir?" he inquired.

"Yes. Pray, tell me, have you got a quiet horse in your stables, as I shall want one for an hour or two?"

"We have several (said the man); are you going farther than the theatre sir?"

"The theatre, sir—(I replied)—I am going to take a ride in the country."

"There have been dreadful houses lately.—Oh! I beg pardon, sir—I'll tell the ostler," and the fellow glided out of the room with that noiseless spectre-like rapidity which a waiter only can assume.

In a few minutes he returned to inform me that the horse was at the door.

To all appearance the animal was worthy of being ridden by a gentleman, but there was a stooping in the ears that, to my judgment, formed and fostered as it had been under the matured experience of my uncle, indicated ill health, or a lurking spirit of vice. While taking a preparatory survey of the animal, I could not help noticing that there seemed all the servants of the house, and that all eyes seemed fixed upon me as some prodigy. On turning my head, too, to crown the whole, I beheld the landlord and his whole family, consisting of some seven or eight young people, crouching in a bow window, with that cheerful smirk upon their faces, so galling to my feelings.

Heaven forgive me, if, in the agitation and perplexity of my mind, I d——d them with a feeling of sincerity that helped to relieve the oppression. Desirous

of getting out of the place, I at once mounted the horse, and was trotting out of the yard, when a sound of squabbling fell upon my ears, and two gentlemen rushed from the house towards me.

"Pray, sir, excuse me (said one); I've laid a bet about you."

"So have I (said the other, eagerly); perhaps you'll settle it?"

"Sir, you're a puppy," I exclaimed, and immediately dashed out of the yard amidst a general giggle. What crime had I done to become a martyr thus to the insults of my fellow-men—a pretty beginning indeed I had made towards a peaceful retreat from worldly troubles. Buried in thought, I had nearly once or twice suffered myself to come into contact with passing vehicles, when, on passing a somewhat open space of ground in the suburbs, my glance fell upon a nearly square building, on which was written in large characters—Theatre Royal. This immediately brought to my recollection the observation of the waiter, if I wanted to go farther than the theatre, and again changed the tenor of my reflections in endeavouring to account for the sensation I appeared to have made at the inn. However, I endeavoured to effect the object of my ride, if I possibly could, and forgot the perplexities of the past. After riding through several villages and hamlets, and making inquiries, I at length, by great good fortune, discovered apartments that would exactly suit me. It was in the house of the widow of a clergyman, who had seen better days. Left with only a small annuity, she had been in the habit of letting three very neat rooms *en suite* on the first floor, but, as she informed me, had found a difficulty in keeping a lodger on account of the lonely situation of the house. This was its chief recommendation in my eyes, nor was I a little pleased to find that her family consisted only of a son, a boy of fourteen, and a little girl, a niece. Here at least I can take refuge from the annoyances of the world, I thought, and pass my hours in undisturbed tranquillity.

Mrs. Bunker, the widow, was a little pretty black-eyed woman, with a ready flow of language, that marked the possession of excellent animal spirits. Desirous of closing with her terms, I immediately offered her a reference to my banker in London. This, however, she would not hear of, protesting that she could not be mistaken in knowing a thorough gentleman at the first glance. Shall I confess it, after my late sorry usage, her politeness and urbanity not a little tranquillized my mind, and induced me to regard myself with more complacency than I had done for the last six hours at least.

After a very agreeable chat, I took my leave of the pretty widow, and inwardly congratulating myself upon my good luck, rode back in much better spirits than I had started out with. Desirous of getting back soon, I gave one or two smart taps with my cane on the buttock of my nag, but soon found that he required little incentive to action, as he continued at a good hand gallop

until within a mile of the town, when, on trying to pull him up so as to enter the town in a little decent style, I found the difficulty of the task. The more I pulled, the more the headstrong beast lowered his ears, until, getting the bit between his teeth, for not an atom of a curb was there to check his leathery mouth, he increased helter skelter to the top of his speed, and at that pace entered the town amid cries of "shame, shame, to ride so fast," from the passengers. In those moments of anguish, never did man endeavour with a better will than I to summon to my aid my uncle's rules of horsemanship in this emergency. I had heard him speak, indeed, of having once saved his life by striking a horse down with a blow between the ears, that had carried him within a few yards of a precipice; but I, alas! in this case could not reach the beast's head, which was almost between his fore-legs. In a desperate fear, as I got to the market place, I made one bold and vigorous effort to pull him up; but it was vain, the beast seemed bent upon casting me down, and at once dashed recklessly among the stalls, overturning fruit and fish, and capsizing the owners; still I held my seat amidst the curses, screams, and execrations of the injured and the fearful; at length, turning sharply round the corner of the archway of the inn, the brute and myself came down together with a stunning crash upon the ground.

By some signal luck, for which I have ever felt grateful, I chanced to be pitched upon a quantity of straw that saved my bones. Confused, sore, and bruised, I started to my legs, and found myself immediately surrounded by a crowd of waiters and guests from the inn.

"Oh, sir, I am happy you are not killed!" said one.

"I am afraid you thought us rude, this morning, but abilities like yours—."

I felt too confused to make any reply. I was immediately taken upstairs and put to bed. In a few minutes a surgeon appeared; who, after murmuring his happiness in being called in to save the health of one so much celebrated as he was pleased to say I was, (all of which was unknown to me,) was proceeding without either with or by your leave, to take blood from my arm, when I resolutely resisted.

"I know, my dear sir, (said the surgeon, with a most provoking smile,) you are anxious about your engagement—"

"Engagement, sir! I am happy to say I can meet all my engagements."

"I hope you will always be able to do so, sir, (said the surgeon, pertinaciously,) but a little blood——" but I was resolute in refusing to be bled; I knew indeed that bleeding was an advisable thing under circumstances, but my experience when with Mr. Stilwell had convinced me that he would have been no true surgeon apothecary if he had not kept me helplessly under his hands for some weeks, and perhaps months. Determined to leave the detestable inn on

the morrow, I was about sinking into a sound slumber, when the landlord of the inn, with a most obsequious bow, entered the room.

"Beg pardon, sir, but we are all so anxious to hear how you are?"

"Indeed I am much obliged to you all, (I observed, drily,) but especially to your ostler, who evidently had an intention of breaking my neck with that confounded vicious horse of yours."

"Vicious, sir, (replied the host, with an incredulous smile,) the gentlest thing in the stables; I am sorry to say you've broken his knees, sir, a thirty pound job, at least."

"I will not pay a farthing for him, I can tell you frankly," I said.

"Oh, sir, with your reputation as a gentleman, you can't mean that; but we shall come to some arrangement I hope in the morning; but what am I to do the meanwhile with regard to the posse of market people below, sir; what shall I say, as they insist upon seeing you now, fearing that if you were to die, they should never be paid?"

"And pray, (I exclaimed, vexed at the dilemma that I had brought upon myself,) what do they demand?"

"They talk about ten pounds among them, sir, that is the fish and fruit people, but then there is an obstinate old washerwoman with a broken head, who swears she will take nothing under a five-pound note."

"Indeed, I shall comply with no such exorbitant demands, (I exclaimed in opposition,) do they think that I am made of money? if so they're mistaken; tell them to call to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock, when I will settle with them."

After asking if there was anything I wanted, the host withdrew, and I was left to my own painful ruminations. As if it was determined that I was to have no rest, no sooner was I sinking into a partial repose between waking and sleeping, than I heard and beheld, in that dreaming state, the head waiter steal softly into the chamber, and laying a packet on the table, he murmured something about "letters for you, directed to the wrong hotel by mistake," and then vanished from the room.

It was morning before I was awakened by a violent knocking at my room door. "Very well," I replied.

"Some gentlemen particularly wish to see you below, immediately," exclaimed the waiter loudly, thrusting his head into the room and as quickly taking his departure.

It was impossible not to be struck by the rudeness of the man, and it only strengthened my desire to leave the place as quickly as possible. Fortunately, with the exception of a pain in my left shoulder, I felt no ill effects from the fall of the previous day; and after dressing myself and locking up my boxes,

I was going out of the room, when my eyes were attracted to the packet of letters, which I then indistinctly recollect having seen laid on the side table. Taking them up in my hand and wondering who they could be from, I discovered to my surprise, that instead of being directed to me, they were superscribed to J. L——, Esq., with the name of another hotel in the town.

"There has been some mistake," I said to myself, and putting the letters in my waistcoat pocket, I descended into the coffee room, where a scene awaited me, which, alas for my miserable recollection, I shall never forget to the day of my death.

I had remarked, I should observe, in threading the passage, that the servants, instead of smiling in their usual facetious manner of the preceding morning, actually smiled defiance, one or two of the waiters hanging upon my rear. Wondering at the unaccountable change of demeanour, I had no sooner set foot in the coffee room than I found it half filled with people, who were being addressed by a tall stout gentleman in shabby black and with a white hat, who, with his back partially towards me, was exclaiming in a confident tone,— "Gentlemen, I tell you, as the manager of the theatre, he's an impostor; I've just left the *real—the great Mr. L—*, (laying a particular stress upon these words) and this rascal ought to be ducked without the law."

Here the speaker was violently interrupted by several persons who gazing on me with looks of hatred, announced my presence simultaneously. "Here he is—here's the sham—here's the impostor—kick him out—knock him down—let's pump upon him!" together with sundry other comforting suggestions.

"Now, sir, aint you a pretty rascal of a cheat, (exclaimed the tall man, striding up to me,) to come into a respectable city like this, and pass yourself off as a great man!"

"I, sir, pass myself off? (I replied, amazed at the effrontery of the man,) I never passed myself off for otherwise than what I am."

"That's false!" uttered at least a dozen voices, with a vehemence that astonished me.

"You're an impostor, sir, (said a tall thin man, whom I had observed most attentive to my every movement in the coffee room the preceding day,) you're an impostor, sir, as the respectable manager says, to come and pass yourself off as the great Mr. L——, the actor."

"Mr. L——, the actor! (I exclaimed, a sudden light breaking in upon my astounded faculties,) here has been some mistake."

"Mistake! (uttered the manager derisively, amid a shower of insulting epithets hurled at me.) Yes, you knew the great Mr. L—— was engaged for a few nights, and an ugly humbugging fellow like you thought to pass yourself off for him."

"Gentlemen, hear me, (I exclaimed, driven to desperation by the light I was

received in); has any gentleman ever, for a moment, heard me call myself that name?"

"There, it is just as we said, (exclaimed the tall thin man); like all these impostors, he's coming the law over us; no, you knew better than to say you were, outright."

"Then how dare you or any one presume to say I passed myself off for Mr. L——?"

"Now let me speak a word to you, (said the short stout man, who had rung the bell so assiduously for me the previous morning,) you didn't call yourself Mr. L——, no, sir, but you allowed yourself to be called Mr. L——, by myself yesterday morning, and I am ready on oath to verify it; then, sir, if further proof be wanted, why attempt to assume the comic vein in making the servants laugh—why muffle that ugly mouth up that would have at once exposed the cheat? why, with all this, when you saw you were suspected, why attempt to hide yourself in the corner there at breakfast; and why refuse to decide the wager of these two gentlemen? why not acknowledge that you were not the real—the great Mr. L——?"

All this was uttered with a rapidity and with a tone and manner so convincing, that, like a celebrated governor on his impeachment, I almost felt myself guilty under the appalling eloquence of my accuser. "Gentlemen, (I exclaimed,) this is some fatal error: you all err, I am innocent."

"Innocent, sir—look there, even Mr. L——'s letters in his pocket," exclaimed the manager, triumphantly pointing to the accursed letters, which I had forgotten in the hubbub.

"Seize him—hold him—he's some swindler!" exclaimed several of my accusers, who precipitated themselves upon me.

Making a desperate rush to the door I forced it open, and darted into the room adjoining the bar, where the landlord and his family sat, and where I immediately found myself in the custody of an officer whom the head waiter had brought in a few minutes before.

In spite of the landlord's attempts, I was now surrounded by an immense crowd, who hissed and hooted me, while the market people, whose goods I had upset, expressed their rage and disappointment (imagining they would never be indemnified) by the most vociferous and horrible imprecations. In spite of the officer's exertions to protect me, although he still retained his hold, we were hustled by a crowd along the passage, while I was cuffed and scratched, and my clothes torn to pieces, by the stall-people. At last I grew desperate and struck out right and left in my own defence. Fortunately, one or two constables came up in time to save me from being pulled to pieces.

Let me run over the rest of the maddening detail; ill-fated wretch that I am.

I was taken before a magistrate, who, as there was no charge of an actual criminal nature, was about contenting himself with requiring sureties to keep the peace, when I desired to be heard, and told the simple facts. To corroborate my respectability I handed letters from my banker and others. As I proceeded in producing these documents it was astonishing to perceive how the feelings of the people who crowded the room to give evidence against me, changed. Some of them, indeed, slipped away unperceived, while others had the impudence to say that "they thought from the first there was some mistake in thinking the gentleman ever meant to deceive."

Sick at heart I returned to the inn, to be received with smiles and the humblest apologies of the landlord and his myrmidons; but I repelled them with disgust, and hastening to my room, found a note from the clergyman's widow, expressing her wonder that, as a swindler and impostor, I should dare to attempt fixing my abode at her residence. Cursing in my heart my miserable existence, which I confess I felt inclined to terminate, after being fleeced of nearly a quarter's income for my two days' residence in the city, I threw myself once more in the coach, and came up to London, having had years of misery crowded in the short space of time since I had quitted it last.

If it be considered a strange physiological fact that Maria Antoinette's hair turned grey in a single night, it is more singular that mine should have resisted the accumulated griefs that fate has delighted heaping on my devoted head.

Thwarted in my intention of retiring into the country to lead a life of peace, I have settled myself in furnished apartments in one of the busiest thoroughfares of the metropolis, the Strand, and here I am able to live in comparative seclusion, for the inhabitants have quite enough to do to attend to their own affairs, and the passengers generally consist of three classes—those who look into all the shop windows; those who look at their own feet; and those who look as far ahead as they can see. A favourite recreation of mine used to be going up and down the river in the small steam-boats, although I scarcely ever went on board one without some little accident happening, and I began to be known at length to the captains as "the unlucky gentleman!" and if they got sight of me coming down to the pier, I had the satisfaction of hearing the word given to "Go on!" I disregarded these warnings, however, of my evil genius, until at length came the climax: I had just stepped on board of one of them one morning, when the little vessel blew up with a dreadful crash—it was the CRICKET! I was only saved from a watery grave by being dragged up by a boat-hook, and have never ventured on board a steamer since. The jury, no doubt, returned the best verdict they could upon the evidence laid before them: my firm conviction is that the cause of the unfortunate accident was none other than MISTER POPJOY!

THE FAIRY BARQUE.

(See Vignette Title.)

HASTEN from your coral caves,
Every nymph that sportive laves
In the green sea's cozy wells,
And gild the fins, and spot the shells.
Hasten, and our morrice join,
Ere the gaudy morning shine !

Rising from the foamy wave,
Instantly your aid we crave,
Come, and trip like our gay band,
Trackless on the amber sand.
Haste, or we must hence away,
Yet an hour and all is day.

At your bidding from our feet
Shall the ocean monsters fleet ;
Sea nettle and stinging-fish glide
Back upon the refluent tide.

Haste, the dawn has streaked the cloud,
Hark ! the village cock has crow'd.

See, the clouds of night retire,
Hesper gleams with languid fire ;
Quickly then our revels join,
For the Fairy Bark is on the brine.

Loiterers ! we must away,
Yonder breaks the orb of day.

LONDON FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH.

THE light and tasteful materials of the *demi saison* are now entirely laid aside ; they are replaced by the rich and comfortable ones of winter. Cloaks seem to supersede all other *par-dessus*, and those composed of velvet are decidedly preferred for the public promenade or carriage dress. We see also some of very fine woollen materials plaided in large patterns, and striking colours. There a few of a three-quarter length the form is between a mantle and a *Visite*. Others are composed of three falls of the pelerine kind ; these also are a three-quarter length, excessively wide at the bottom, but gradually diminishing as they ascend, so as to sit easily and becomingly round the neck and shoulders. They are lined with sarsenet of one of the colours of the cloak. Some velvet mantles, either violet, puce-colour, or emerald green, are lined with white satin ; they are rather less than a three-quarter length ; are formed to the shape by seams on the shoulders ; a small pelerine of the same form, cut in a point

behind, hollowed a little on the shoulder, and descending in a small point in front, has a novel effect; it is trimmed, as is also the round of the mantle, with a stamped velvet border, edged with very broad fringe.

Velvet and satin are the materials for carriage bonnets; but we observe that the latter is principally employed for those of the drawn kind. Some that have lately appeared are composed of ruby or emerald green satin; each runner is ornamented with a *bouillon* of black *ture* encircling a satin rouleau; a willow plume, shaded in black and the colour of the bonnet, is placed on one side, and an ornament composed of *coques* of ribbon of a very novel form on the other. The interior is trimmed at the sides with very small tufts composed of an intermixture of satin and black velvet. We may cite amongst the most elegant carriage bonnets, those of pink satin partially covered by three *biais* of *velours épingle*; they are divided by *entre deux* of black lace, gathered at each side; a pink marabout willow plume, spotted with black adorns the exterior; the interior has a tuft of small roses of a deeper shade than the bonnet placed on each side.

We see also several bonnets composed of a mixture of velvet and satin; they are always very simply trimmed when worn for the promenade, and of dark colours; a black lace *voilette* is a favourite accessory. When they are intended for carriage dress they are of lighter and more brilliant hues, and frequently decorated with white lace; in some instances the garniture is completed by flowers, but feathers are more generally employed.

A variety of fine woollen materials have appeared for promenade robes, but their vogue seems still rather undecided, a general preference being given to silks; they are also the most in vogue for carriage and public promenade dress; black and dark coloured velvet robes are also beginning to be a good deal made up for both. The pelisse robe form appears as if it never would go out of fashion; this is perhaps in some degree accounted for by the variety which the different styles of trimming gives to these dresses. We may cite among the most novel kinds of trimming for them, one composed of chenille; it is disposed in the form of vine leaves; there are two rows interlaced in a novel manner; they descend from the top of the *corsage* to the bottom of the skirt. Tight sleeves, a three-quarter length, open and hollowed at the bottom; they are finished to correspond, but the foliage is much smaller. The *corsage*, we should observe, is tight to the shape, and made quite high, with a deeply rounded point at the bottom. If trimmings are adopted for the skirts of dresses made in the robe form, they are either tucks or flounces, but we see quite as many without garniture.

Silks, satins, and poplins, have replaced all kinds of light materials for indoor robes. The *corsages* are either made high at the back and open in front, or else closed ; and a good many are made in the pelisse robe form. Some are trimmed down each side of the front breadth with a *bouillonné* of the same, edged with *effilé*; it is large at the bottom, narrows towards the waist, and mounting on each side of the *corsage* encircles the back and shoulders in the pelerine style. We have seen some also, in which the *bouillonné* descended straight from the top of the *corsage* down the centre of the skirt, gradually widening from the waist to the bottom.

Caps are very much in favour in indoor dress. We may cite among the most novel, those that have the cauls drawn in runners by coloured ribbon; a full tuft of the same ribbon is placed in the interior on each side, and a single row of lace, put nearly plain over the forehead, and very full at the sides, falls over the ribbon.

The materials for evening robes are principally pekins, damasks, and satins with velvet stripes. Slight silks and satins are for the moment laid aside, but they will shortly reappear for ball dress. We have no decided alterations to notice in evening robes, except that demi-trains increase a little in length. Lace, both black and white, will enjoy even more than its usual vogue for trimmings. A new style, that is much admired, is a single flounce of broad lace arranged round the border of the robe in deep festoons; it is headed by a *ruche* of *tulle*, and each festoon looped by a *chou* of cut ribbon. The effect is equally novel and pretty.

A great variety of evening head-dresses have already appeared; they are all of great richness,—turbans, toquets, toques, *petits bords*, and a number of fancy *coiffures*. We may cite as the most remarkable of the turbans, those of gold or silver tissue intermixed with velvet; some are ornamented only with their own graceful folds; others are crowned with Iris plumes, or some of the new fancy feathers of which we have a great number. *Petits bords* are always of velvet, decorated with feathers; the principal alteration in these head-dresses is that the turbans are arranged in a somewhat lighter style than last year, and the *petits bords* are rather larger. Fashionable colours are those we cited last month.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH.

We may now say with confidence that the winter fashions are decided, with the exception of those modifications that every month brings us. We have little to say this month respecting promenade dress, because as yet there are but few of our fair fashionables in Paris. Our preparations are, however, all made for opening the winter campaign with spirit, as

our readers will see by the models we have given of public promenade dress, and the citations we are about to make.

One of the most novel, as well as elegant, of the new *pardessus*, is the *mantelet Cerito*; it is composed of satin of different shades of green, or purple, and lined in general with white; it is deep at the back, rounded and cut out as it approaches the arms, so that it falls gracefully over them; the scarf ends are broad and rather long. The pelérine is of a novel form; it is cleft upon the shoulders, rounded both before and behind, and descends rather low. The trimming is velvet lace, corresponding in colour with the mantelet.

Although furs have not yet appeared, they will be very generally worn. We see already several *pardessus* trimmed with sable fur for the public promenade, and ermine for demi-toilette, visits, &c., &c. The former are mostly composed of velvet and lined with satin; they are either of the pelisse-mantle form, rather a large size, and with sleeves, or else they are somewhat between a mantle and a *visite*; the trimming is always a very broad band of sable; the latter are composed of both satin and velvet. Some are mantelets with short ends; others, called *manteaux d'Espagne*, are short Spanish cloaks, with armholes, but without sleeves. They are made quite up to the neck, with a square falling collar, which is always of ermine. The band of ermine that encircles them is always very broad.

The new promenade *capotes* and *chapeaux* are either satin, velvet, or *velours épingle*. A good many *capotes*, both of satin and *velours épingle*, are of a dark shade of fawn colour. The first are of the drawn kind, the exterior trimmed with velvet flowers in brilliant hues, and ribbon corresponding with the colour of the *capote*, but spotted in shaded spots with the colours of the flowers; the interior is trimmed with small *coques* of the same ribbon. These *capotes* are a very close shape; the others are not quite so close; the material is laid on plain, a small *fauchon* edged with blonde of the colour of the *capote* decorates the crown, a band of ribbon of the same colour is twisted round the bottom of it, and a feather of a corresponding hue, spotted with ruby, placed on one side, droops over to the other: gerbes of small flowers of the same bright shade of red decorates the interior of the brim.

There are comparatively speaking few satin *chapeaux*, and they are mostly rose colour; a good many are trimmed with a velvet *nœud* of a corresponding hue on one side, and a feather shaded in different shades of red on the other. A good many of blue, green, or *scabieuse* velvet are ornamented only with a *nœud Fontanges*. This kind of trimming, apparently so simple, has, however, from the novel and elegant form of the *nœud*, a novel and striking effect.

The few evening robes that have as yet appeared are composed of

brocatelles and damasks, with dead grounds, figured or striped in satin. The effect of these materials is very beautiful by candle-light; they are not generally trimmed round the border, but the *corsages* are covered with lace, or else ornamented with *tulle* draperies; some of them are à la Grecque, others, coming from the shoulder, meet at the *ceinture*, and are divided by a tuft of flowers, or an ornament composed of ribbons. The sleeves are very short, and sufficiently wide to display the tight sleeve of the *chemisette*, which is confined to the arm by an *entre deux* of fine Valenciennes.

We have observed among the evening *coiffures* some composed of coloured blonde that have a very light and pretty effect; pink is most prevalent. They are placed on the crown of the head, and the lace falls behind. A white fancy feather shaded in the colour of the blonde, or a light sprig of flowers, always accompanies a *coiffure* of this kind. Lace lappets, both white and black, are also very much in vogue; the bouquets or the wreaths that accompany the former, are always of less striking hues than those adopted with black lace; these latter are of rich and striking colours.

Coiffures in the Spanish style, and called either Isabella or Montespan, are likely to have a great run. They are all of a small kind, and composed of a melange of black bugles, black lace, and black velvet, decorated only by a single damask rose placed on one side; it is difficult to imagine any thing more tasteful and becoming than those head-dresses. The turbans Abd-el-Kader, are also likely to be in great request; they are a mixture of white gauze and cashmere embroidered in gold; the ends fall back a little so as quite to disengage the neck, which gives the *coiffure* a very graceful effect. Fashionable colours are those we announced last month.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESSES.

No. 1.

Robe of *rose noisette* levantine; high *corsage*, and sleeves of a three-quarter length over long ones of muslin *bouillonné*; the skirt is trimmed with three flounces peaked at the edges. *Pardessus* of one of the new winter woollen materials; it is a three-quarter length cloak, very wide at the bottom, but formed to the shape at the top by a very deep pelerine of the shawl form, which is trimmed, as is also the round of the bottom and the fronts with three bands of black velvet. Black velvet *chapeau*; a square brim lined and edged with folds of pale pink satin; the crown is trimmed with folds and ends of intermingled velvet and satin.

No. 2.

Robe of one of the new striped winter silks. The bottom is trimmed with deep cross tucks. Deep crimson velvet pelisse cloak ; it is made a three-quarter length of an easy width ; a large pelerine forms a substitute for sleeves. The fronts are decorated with a border of *passementerie* of a novel kind. Green velvet *chapeau*, a small round open shape ; the interior trimmed with *coques* of white ribbon and green *brides* ; the exterior with a green velvet drapery, finished with green fringe.

No. 3.

DEMI TOILETTE.

Nankin-coloured cashmere robe, and tunic of the same. The *corsage* of the robe is low, with short tight sleeves over long demi-large muslin ones. The skirt is finished with an embroidered flounce round the border, and the centre is also ornamented with embroidered *gerbes* placed at some distance from each other. The *corsage* of the tunic is made high ; demi-long sleeves finished with embroidery. The skirt, long and deep behind, and sloping towards the front, is embroidered in *gerbes*, and encircled by a flounce, which narrowing to a point at the waist, spreads out over the *corsage* in the form of a lappel. Head-dress of hair.

No. 4.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

Green watered silk robe ; puce-coloured velvet pelisse cloak ; it is a three-quarter length, square at the bottom, open in front, and falling easily round the bust, with a large pelerine which descends very low behind, and is encircled with a border of *passementerie*, edged with fringe. The fronts and bottom of the mantle are similarly bordered without the fringe. Fawn-coloured satin *chapeau*, a round open shape ; the interior is trimmed with lace, the exterior with feathers.

No. 5.

YOUNG LADY'S DRESS.

Stone-coloured velvet bonnet, simply trimmed with ribbon. Blue cashmere frock, a high *corsage*, from whence a deep jacket descends on the skirt ; it is trimmed with a festooned flounce of the same, headed by *passementerie* ; the skirt, sufficiently short to show a good deal of the cambric pantaloons, is trimmed above the broad hem with *passementerie*.

No. 6.

YOUNG LADY'S DRESS.

Pink *velours épingle chapeau*, trimmed with a long curled feather ; lilac levantine frock ; a high *corsage*, long tight sleeves. The skirt is trimmed very high with three festooned flounces. Black velvet *petet mantelet*

No. 7.

YOUNG LADY'S PROMENADE DRESS.

Puce-coloured velvet *chapeau*. A close shape, trimmed with one of the new winter wreaths of flowers. Blue satin royal robe. Green velvet spencer, made quite up to the throat, and close fitting; the sleeves are slashed in the Spanish style. Lace collar and velvet neck-knot.

No. 8.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN'S DRESS.

Dark blue jacket; dark brown pantaloons. Velvet cap.

No. 9.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

Lemon-coloured *velours épingle chapeau*. A round, open shape, trimmed with a bird of paradise. Robe of light puce-coloured levantine; the skirt ornamented with seven black lace flounces with scarcely any fulness. Pale pink satin *mantelet duchesse*, lined with white satin, and of a very large size; it is very full trimmed with a deep flounce of the same; ornamented as is the scarf ends with black lace.

No. 10.

MORNING VISITING DRESS.

Pink shaded satin *chapeau*; a very small round shape, trimmed with a wreath of marabouts, and ribbon to correspond. Green satin robe, the border trimmed with three deep *bias*, set on full. Brown velvet *pardessus*; it is a cloak, a three-quarter length, easy round the body, and moderately full as it descends from the waist; it is made quite high, with Turkish sleeves; they are trimmed with a rich border of *passementerie* and fringe. The round of the bottom is decorated *en suite*.

No. 11.—MORNING CAP.

Of embroidered cambric; bordered with Valenciennes lace, and trimmed with pink ribbon.

No. 12.—DINNER CAP.

Of English lace; trimmed with tufts of exotics.

No. 13.—HALF DRESS CAP.

Of *tulle*, trimmed with salmon-coloured blonde.

No. 14.—DINNER CAP.

Of *tulle blonde* with *brides* of the same, and a wreath at the back of wild flowers of the Alps.

No. 15.

CHILD'S DRESS.

Blue velvet *chapeau*. Crimson velvet robe, and full cambric sleeves.

No. 16.

YOUNG LADY'S PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

Lavendar silk frock ; trimmed with flounces edged with *effilé*. Black velvet pelisse, the *corsage* close fitting to the throat, and buttoned down to the waist ; the skirt is a three-quarter length behind, but open and rounded before. Large sleeves looped with buttons. Pink bonnet of a very open shape, trimmed with ribbon to correspond.

No. 17.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

Stone-coloured striped silk robe ; blue satin mantle ; it is rather more than a three-quarter length, closed entirely down the front, and close fitting on the *corsage* part. A round and deep pelerine covers the arms, and rounding off falls very low behind. The pelerine and round of the mantle is embroidered in *passementerie* in a very novel style ; it is edged with fringe. *Oiseau velours épingle chapeau*, a round shape : the interior is trimmed with flowers of the same hue ; the exterior with a very full bouquet of feathers also to correspond.

No. 18.

Black lace short dress sleeve, trimmed with a knot formed of *coques* and ends of blue ribbon.

No. 19.

A half-dress canezou of India muslin. It is made quite high, arranged in folds, open about three parts in front, and trimmed with a *revers* formed of two rows of lace, and a lilac satin breast-knot.

No. 20.

Black lace dress demi-Venetian sleeve ; a double fall, looped high by *coques* of pale lemon-coloured ribbon.

HOME DRESSES.

No. 21.

Lilac levantine pelisse robe, made quite up to the throat. The front of the *corsage* and skirt is ornamented with bands of *passementerie* of a new description. They are divided by a row of buttons down the centre. Long tight sleeves, finished *en suite*. Pale blue satin *chapeau* ; a very open shape. The garniture is composed of a long white plume, and blue ribbon.

No. 22.

Green *reps* robe ; a low tight *corsage* and short sleeves. The skirt is trimmed with three flounces ; they are cut in deep scallops at the edges, finished with *effilé*, and mount very high on the skirt. *Coin de feu* of violet velvet, lined with satin, which turns over, and borders it all round ; the form is that of a loose *corsage*, terminating in a deep *basquine*, and loose sleeves of a three-quarter length. English lace cap, trimmed on each side with a full knot and floating ends of white ribbon.

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